

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

SHE SENT YOU?

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EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE, FRONT PORCH/GARDEN - MIDDAY

ALLAN, (young, emotional & heart heavy) exits the driver seat of his parked car, parked outside JOHN's house. Pulling out a note with John's address on.

Allan nervously double checks the address; he's at the right place. He places the note in his pocket. ALLAN then tucks a pistol into his belt, just above his bottom.

Allan then approaches the front door, knocks then takes a step back and patiently waits for an answer

After a few seconds, we hear the unlocking of the front door, soon revealing JOHN(older ,caring, funny) at the front door.

JOHN looks sternly at ALLAN

JOHN
(acting serious)
You've got a lot of nerve turning up
here kid...

There's a moment of silence, ALLAN feels threatened and cautious. In a moment of suspense, Allan goes to reach for the pistol behind him. Allan tries to find a response.

ALLAN
(playing it cool)
Well... ya know m...

JOHN laughs loudly and gives ALLAN a tough friendly hug, patting JOHN on the back. ALLAN silently sighs in relief whilst being hugged, and takes his hand away from his from his gun.

The hug ends but JOHN places ALLAN back a step, with his hands over ALLAN's shoulders

JOHN
(laughingly)
What the hell are ya doing down here?

ALLAN
Oh, um... just came by for a chat ya
kno...

JOHN
(slightly
apprehensive)
You not heard of a phone or
something? Wait... what have you
done?

ALLAN
Nothin' nothin', just fancied seeing
ya in the flesh

JOHN
(slightly less
apprehensive)
Well, you're here anyway, ya might as
well come in

JOHN gestures ALLAN to come in, ALLAN enters the house
whilst JOHN walks towards the kitchen

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MIDDAY

ALLAN walks through the living room door, and starts looking
at some photos hung up on the wall

JOHN (O.S.)
Tea, coffee? Beer?

ALLAN
Oh I'm good man. Thanks.

ALLAN stops looking at the photos, and then goes to sit
down.

JOHN enters, and sits opposite to ALLAN, placing a drink
next to his own seat.

JOHN
So... How ya keeping?

ALLAN
Oh yeah, good good. Same old still,
just working. How's you and Rachel?

JOHN
Yeah yeah great! We actually just got
this the other day.

JOHN pulls out RACHEL's ultrasound pregnancy scan and hands
it to ALLAN.

ALLAN
(flabbergasted)
Oh my god... that's yours right?

JOHN nods with the biggest smile on his face

ALLAN (cont'd)
John... tha-that's amazing!

John points to himself

JOHN
"Infertile" my ass haha!

ALLAN can't help but smile, whilst he puts the ultrasound
scan to one side

ALLAN
Wow... Boy or girl?

JOHN
Um well, we don't actually know yet
haha. Rachel wants to find out the on
the day they all pop out.

ALLAN
Wait wait, "They"? They as is in more
than one?

JOHN
Yep, "they". We're double booked.

ALLAN just expresses the word "woah" with a powerful sigh

JOHN (cont'd)
Anyway, enough about m...

A loud knock on the front door can be heard at the front
door

JOHN (cont'd)
Oh sorry, I'll get that

JOHN prepares to get up

ALLAN
(calmly)
You don't want to get that

JOHN
Pardon?

ALLAN
You don't wanna get that

JOHN stands up

JOHN
It's probably the pram or somethi...

ALLAN slowly brings out his gun, pointed at JOHN but rested on the chair arm, whilst trying to hold back his emotions

ALLAN
(dead serious)
You really don't want to

JOHN clocks ALLAN's pistol

JOHN
(playing it cool)
I guess it can wait...

ALLAN gestures with the gun for JOHN to sit back down

JOHN tensely sits back down

JOHN (cont'd)
What's this really about?

ALLAN is silent

JOHN (cont'd)
You just turn up at people's houses
with guns now or?

JOHN sits more back in his chair, almost reading ALLAN's mind.

JOHN (cont'd)
(scoffing)
Oh, no no, I get it now. I get it.
She sent you. Didn't She?

JOHN stares off ALLAN

JOHN (cont'd)
Of course She sent you. She REALLY
thought this through didn't She?

John looks around

JOHN (cont'd)
Of course it HAD to be you, isn't
this so bittersweet

JOHN (cont'd)
(unstable)
Well, are you gonna speak or what?

ALLAN
(reluctantly)
You know I don't want to do this...

John is flabbergasted

JOHN
(sarcastically)
Aw, well that's good. (getting
irritated) That's brilliant. You
"Don't want to do this"? Life's so
hard isn't it? Mummy's set you a
chore and ya don't want to do it!
Poor you!

Allan takes a minute to process this. There's another louder
knock at he door.

ALLAN
Look, it's either I do this, or HE
does this

Allan gestures to the front door

JOHN
There's another one?

ALLAN
She wanted VICTOR to come, as a, lets
say, precautionary measure

JOHN feels agitated hearing Victor's name, and looks down at
the floor, trying to figure a way out of this

ALLAN (cont'd)

Well, at least you chose a nice house

JOHN
(snarky)
Yeah, at least I got that right.

There's silence

JOHN (cont'd)
So, ya gonna do it or what? is my own
best man gonna orphan my children
before they're even fucking born?

ALLAN struggles to keep it together

ALLAN
(angrily snaps)
You KNEW what you were getting into
when you started working with her...

JOHN
(quickly)
That was BEFORE I lost faith in all
of this, that was BEFORE murder was
the first choice over anything else,
that was BEFORE we forced kids like
you to go to mates houses and murder
them, that was BEFORE...

ALLAN almost jumps out of his chair

ALLAN
(interrupting)
Alright, I get it! What are you
though? Some kind of saint? Mr. Clean
Sleeves? Oh you've never done
anything wrong have you?
(sarcastically) You've never killed,
you've never even smoked a cigarette,
have you? Yo...

JOHN
(interrupting and
losing)
Okay okay! I'm not I'm not jesus
alright? But... I just do... Do you
really think this is worth killing me
over? Some money? Some stupid money?!

ALLAN looks torn, as he agrees with JOHN internally, but
cannot risk disappointing his Her.

JOHN (cont'd)

Al, there's a way. There's ALWAYS a way out of this...

ALLAN

(depressed and
hopeless)

I'm sorry, I'm really sorry. I really am, so sorry, but you know what happens when She doesn't get her way...

JOHN can't believe this, he tries convincing himself it'll be okay internally whilst staring at ALLAN

JOHN

Don't do this...

ALLAN, tearing up, shakily points the gun towards JOHN's head.

JOHN closes his eyes

A gunshot pierces the room, there's silence apart from the sound of drywall debris hitting the hard floor

JOHN opens his eyes, revealing he wasn't hit at all, the bullet came close to his head within an inch of his life.

JOHN looks at the bullet mark in the wall behind him, then with eyes wide open, looks ALLAN

ALLAN

Victor isn't missing the next one...

JOHN is in pure disbelief, he cannot even find any words to use. They sit there for a moment whilst ALLAN stress fully rubs his forehead

ALLAN then looks back up at JOHN

ALLAN (cont'd)

What are you doing? This is your chance! Don't you have a backdoor?

JOHN processes what just happened. He then scrambles out of his chair, running straight for the back door. ALLAN is still sitting down.

The back door slams O.S, John has left the house.

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8.

ALLAN lets out a sigh

ALLAN (cont'd)
Jesus Christ...

END OF FILM