

HIT YOUR MARK

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Two men in suits sit in a dark room lit by a single lamp.

The first MAN, 25, lights a cigarette. His hair is frazzled; it's far from the only thing he does with no care.

MAN 1

(holding up a gun)

They should really make these more expensive, that way you don't get no creeps buying up your stock and shooting their families the first chance they get.

The second MAN, 32, lowers the gun. His suit is pressed, his gun is firmly in his hand. He doesn't just own the room, he owns the air everyone else breathes.

MAN 2

Any creeps.

MAN 1

Huh?

MAN 2

That way, you don't get any creeps buying up your stock.

MAN 1

(missing the point)

Exactly... Prove to me you ain't a useless bum and I'll hand you a nice Baretta, hell I'll even speed you through the system. I say keep the guns outta' the hands of bums, and you won't get no crack head shooting up schools or killing people in shopping malls.

MAN 2

That's unconstitutional.

MAN 1

Fuck the Constitution, that shit's too old. I was just reading an article. It took humans longer to go from bronze swords to steel swords than from steel swords to nuclear weapons.

MAN 2

So what?

MAN 1

We're progressing too fast. A bum tax is just what the world needs, something to separate the desperate and lonely from the rest of us.

MAN 2

You can't compare a gun to the most dangerous weapon in the world.

MAN 1

I'm not. Besides, the most dangerous weapon is your own dick.

Man 2 doesn't answer.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

Seriously... There are places I go to with my dick I wouldn't even go to with a gun.

MAN 2

That makes a woman the most powerful weapon.

Man 1 smiles. A long moment passes.

MAN 1

What should I call you?

MAN 2

You don't need to call me.

MAN 1

But if I did?

MAN 2

You don't.

MAN 1

I'm John. So if you need me, yell, John.

MAN 2

Did you just tell me your real name?

John hesitates a moment.

JOHN

No.

MAN 2

Are you dumb or are you--

Something passes the window in the other room, both men ready their guns.

MAN 2 (CONT'D)

He's early.

The second man stands up. Slowly walks to the window. Peaks through. The other man raises his gun to head height.

JOHN

Do I take the shot?

MAN 2

I can't see him yet.

The footsteps get closer to the door.

JOHN

Come on, man...

John gets fidgety.

Mail SLAMS through the mail slot. John starts to squeeze the trigger.

MAN 2

MAILMAN! John, don't shoot, it's the Mailman!

JOHN

(laughing)

You were right, too early.

MAN 2

Jesus Christ! You were a second away from blowing his brain through the back of his head.

JOHN

(smiling)

I told you my name would come in handy.

MAN 2

Are you listening to me!?

JOHN

Jesus Christ! I didn't shoot him!

MAN 2

But you intended to.

JOHN
Are we cleaning up his head?

MAN 2
Intending to kill means you wanted
to kill; you didn't even wait for
the door to open.

JOHN
The door? Are you his damn real
estate agent?

MAN 2
What was the assignment?

JOHN
To kill Mark Stevenson and leave.

MAN 2
Quietly.

JOHN
Ya of course.

MAN 2
No, not of course, do you know how
loud a bullet going through a door
is? Or the sound of an innocent man
hitting the ground?

MAN 1
Fuck you!

MAN 2
You're going to fuck this up.

Man 2 sits back down. He takes a deep sigh.

MAN 2 (CONT'D)
Call me Rex.

JOHN
Hey, that's my dog's name.

REX
I don't give a fuck.

John sits down next to Rex. Another long moment passes.

JOHN
I've been thinking.

REX
Keep it to yourself.

JOHN

(ignoring him)

Where are you going to kill him?
Will we let him see us first? Where
will we shoot him? What if someone
is with him? What if someone sees
us?

REX

I don't know.

JOHN

I'm going to let him walk into the
room and see us. I want to see his
eyes when I do him. And if there
are people with him, I'll do them
too.

REX

What if he yells? What if whoever
he is with is armed, or worse, a
child?

JOHN

Who the fuck would bring a kid to a
deal like this?

REX

Deal like what? We have no idea why
we're here.

JOHN

Yeah, I guess we'll just have to
wait and--

BANG. Rex gets shot in the back of the head.

John falls off his chair in fear. He pulls his gun out, reels
around, and aims at the noise. Another MAN is standing in the
kitchen, two bags in his right hand, a gun in his left. He
wheels his gun towards John.

MAN 3

Are you gonna shoot me? I'm a
fucking enigma, a ghost, I'm no
one, the only man that can kill me
was crucified 2000 years ago.

John is frozen with fear.

MAN 3 (CONT'D)

(softening)

Nah, I'm just kidding.

(MORE)

MAN 3 (CONT'D)
 (he chuckles)
 You should see your face.

Man 3 puts down his gun.

MAN 3 (CONT'D)
 Come help me with these bags.

John doesn't move; his legs won't work.

MAN 3 (CONT'D)
 (notices John)
 Shit, I'm sorry, man, that wasn't
 much of an entrance.

Man 3 walks over to John.

MAN 3 (CONT'D)
 (reaches a hand out)
 I'm Steve. And for the record, I
 just saved your life.

John looks at Rex's corpse.

JOHN
 No, Rex was going too... Rex was...

STEVE
 Who the fuck is Rex?

JOHN
 (raises his gun again)
 The guy you just murdered.

STEVE
 (puts his hands up)
 Alright. I get it. I'm the bad guy.
 Before you kill me, can I ask you
 to do one thing?

JOHN
 What?

STEVE
 Check the bedroom.

JOHN
 (shaking)
 Fuck you. How do I know you're not
 Mark?

STEVE
 I'm not Mark. Technically, I'm your
 boss. But I'm not Mark.

John starts to lower his gun. Steve starts unpacking his bags.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Mark is in the other room. Did you not read the file?

JOHN
I'm more of a visual learner.

STEVE
Now I know why your rates were so low. Please... Go check, I'm not lying.

John walks into the bedroom.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
About this anyway.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A man, presumably MARK, sits on the floor, his head in a bag, his arm zip-tied to the bedpost.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

John storms back into the kitchen. Steve has finished unpacking his bags. Files lay all across the counter.

JOHN
(points his gun at Steve)
Why the fuck is there a guy in there?

STEVE
(looks at his files)
That's Mark. I'm just a concerned third party.

JOHN
Fuck you, who is that!?

Steve looks up. John is pointing a gun at him again.

STEVE
Calm down, John.

JOHN

Fuck that. Don't say my name. Who that fuck is that in there!? And who the fuck are you!?

STEVE

That is Mark. The Internal Revenue Service is...

John closes the gap between the two of them. His face hardens.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(speeding up a bit)

The IRS is after Mr. Stevenson. As for the second question, I am here to make sure you finish the job and to give you these.

Steve hands John a stack of papers.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Please. Read them.

JOHN

They're just tax documents.

STEVE

Precisely, are you aware of the IRS's whistleblower policy?

(nothing)

Thought so... Well, we submit a short form, turn in Mr. Stevenson, get a nice reward, and the IRS asks no further questions.

JOHN

So what... We're your private contractors!

STEVE

Exactly, kill Mark, mail these forms, prove to the IRS he was corrupt, collect money from us, a little bonus from the IRS, then fuck off.

John looks back at Rex.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I understand you were locked up with him, so you feel attached. Don't! He was going to kill you. So I killed him.

John shoots Steve in the chest. Steve falls to the ground.
Blood bubbles up in his mouth. He starts to grin.

STEVE (CONT'D)
You just killed yourself. You
fucking moron. You should have
listened to me.

John reaches into the man's coat pocket. Grabs his gun.
Throws it across the room. A small crumpled piece of paper
flies with it.

John walks over and uncrumples it. It's a picture of John and
Rex sitting in the room.

John stumbles backwards.

JOHN
What did you do?

STEVE
What did I do? You just shot a
federal agent. And have another one
tied up in the bedroom.

JOHN
Fuck you, Federal agents don't kill
innocent men.

Steve starts to laugh. He coughs up blood instead.

STEVE
You're not innocent men. You're
hired killers. You're bums with
guns. As expendable as these tax
forms. And now you're expended.

JOHN
You set me up!?

John starts to panic.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Fuck this! Man... Fuck...
(hyperventilates)
Fuck me... You're fucking lying...
You're...

Steve starts to laugh again. He points to the camera in the
top corner of the room.

STEVE
Say hi to Washington, John.

John walks into the bedroom. BANG.

JOHN
 (to the camera)
 There. Is he enough?
 (points the gun at Steve)
 Do him, then I can go?

STEVE
 Are you trying to negotiate?

Steve starts to half laugh half die again.

JOHN
 (tearing up)
 I'll mail them and leave, I swear
 to God... I'm none the wiser, don't
 even need the money.

Steve laughs again. BANG. John shoots Steve.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (to the camera)
 No witnesses. I'll... I'll fuck
 off...

Knock at the door.

MAN 1
 (to the door)
 No one home!
 (to the camera)
 You'll never see me again! Please!

MAN AT THE DOOR (O.S.)
 (knocking)
 I just need a signature.

JOHN
 (to the door)
 I don't have one!
 (to the camera)
 Please...

MAN AT THE DOOR (O.S.)
 Hello? Signature for a package.

JOHN
 (opens the door)
 I said fuck...

BANG. The Mailman shoots John.

The Mailman looks at the camera, nods, then shuts the door and begins cleaning the scene.

FADE OUT.