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KILLER GAIN

10TH ANNIVERSARY RE-WRITE
2007

AN ORIGINAL SHORT SCREENPLAY BY
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BLACKNESS

FADE UP ON

INT. BATHROOM HIGH RISE FLAT---NIGHT

Establishing shot of a dingy bathroom in an equally begrimed flat; blood and fleshy pulp is splattered on all four walls of this bathroom. A man enters FRAME carrying the dead body of a young woman. The woman's corpse is clad in a dark blue dress.

(This man is the killer of this short film's title. He's just this minute--we presume-- shot the poor woman in his arms to death, hence all the blood.)

The killer carrying her is maybe twenty-years of age, wearing a pair of ripped jeans, a blood soaked t-shirt; he has a 9mm Beretta holster down the back of his trousers. He bundles the woman's body into the 'gore filled' bath -tub.

Once done, he straightens up, grabs the gun from the back of his trousers—accidentally pressing the eject button for the weapon's clip—he clicks the magazine back into place with the heel of his hand, turns around, places the gun on top of the toilet's header tank, turns back to face the bath-tub and the bloodied young woman's corpse sprawled within. A horrible grin spreads across his face.

KILLER

(mockingly)

Stay!

The killer exits the bathroom, laughing to himself.

LOW ANGLE: of the bath-tub-- the dead woman's blood smeared right arm hangs limply over the tub's edge.

CUT TO

INT. HALLWAY & LOUNGE NIGHT—SAMETIME

The killer walks down the hallway, enters the lounge, walks toward a coffee table, picks a note of paper from his rear pocket, sits down on the sofa and makes a telephone call.

(We never hear the other person's voice on the other end of the phone.)

KILLER

It's done! *(pause)* She's dead! *(pause)* No, no problem at all. In fact: the bitch never knew what hit her! *(pause)* Listen, let's stop talking about your recently deceased wife and let's start talking about how much money you owe me.

The killer rises up off the sofa...

CUT TO

INT. BATHROOM SAMETIME

LOW ANGLE CLOSE UP: *of the dead woman's hand, blood drips off the ends of her lifeless fingers. The fingers begin to twitch (just like in the E.C. Horror Comic books) the woman's crimson covered arm begins to snake up the side of the bath, her hand grips the tub's edge with real menace.*

CUT TO

INT. LOUNGE SAMETIME

The killer is still rambling into the phone.

KILLER

Yeah! Of course I'm sure she's dead! What...what are talking about? *(pause)* What do you mean nobody has ever successfully killed your wife before...?! I just did! What do you do, marry a different woman every week then hire someone to kill her...

CUT TO

INT. BATHROOM SAMETIME

LOW ANGLE: *of the bathroom floor, right at the moment the dead woman's bare feet (blood runs in lakes over her ankles) steps out of the bath and down onto the carpet.*

CUT TO

INT. LOUNGE SAMETIME

The killer paces around the lounge, becoming increasingly irritated with the person he's talking to on the phone.

KILLER

My gun?! Yes, I have my gun. *(pause)* No, I don't have it on me...I left it in the bathroom...

CUT TO

INT. BATHROOM SAMETIME

CLOSE UP: of the dead woman's hands-- she's picked up the 9mm Beretta off the top of the toilet header tank. Her bloodied hands snap the cocking slider back...

CUT TO

INT. LOUNGE SAMETIME

KILLER

(into the phone)

Yes! Her body is in the bathroom!

CUT TO

INT. BATHROOM SAMETIME

CLOSE UP: of the bathroom door handle, the dead woman's hand drops into FRAME and grips it...

CUT TO

INT. LOUNGE HALLWAY SAMETIME

The killer is still engaged on the phone as he paces towards the wide-open lounge doorway. The length of the hallway can be seen behind him.

KILLER

This is crap! *(pause)* What? Your...no, I did not shoot your wife in the face! Why would I do that?

In the BACKGROUND, over the killer's shoulder, at the opposite end of the hallway appears the dead woman. The killer never sense that she's there. He's too busy on

the phone. He has his back to her—he's in the FOREGROUND.

(into phone)

You're trying to tell me your wife comes back to life every time she dies...and this has happened before? *(pause)* This is bullshit! No, no shut up! You listen to me...shut your mouth! You meet me in one hour at the café, don't be late--just be there! And no more crap about dead wife's coming back to life, because believe me pal, yours ain't coming back! I did what you asked; she's dead...

As the killer continues to talk...

CLOSE SHOT: of the dead woman's hands as she raises the Beretta and takes aim at the killer.

(into phone)

All right, now you owe me. I want my money. The café! In one hour!

The killer slams the receiver down; he plucks a packet of cigarettes from out of his pocket, feeds one into his mouth...

(to himself)

Believe this...fucking prick...

The killer turns around, just about to light his cigarette; he finds himself staring at the standing corpse of the woman he shot to pieces only a few moments ago, aiming his gun at him.

A look of fear, curiosity and dread crosses his face.

...Shit!

CLOSE UP: of the dead woman curling her fingers around the weapon's trigger.

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SOUND OFF: *BLAM!*

THE END