

INT. DAY - HOSPITAL ROOM

GARY CLARK sits on a chair in a hospital room, staring blankly at the bed his wife died in. He holds a gun in one hand and a flask in the other. DR. RICHARD WEBBER walks in. GARY sees RICHARD.

GARY
I've been looking for you.

RICHARD
I've been looking for you.

GARY laughs.

GARY
You want to know something funny?
Do you?

GARY lifts the gun and points it directly at RICHARD.

RICHARD
Okay.

GARY
(Chuckles)
Five days ago when I bought this gun... Did you know you could buy a gun at a superstore? They have a whole section off of aisle eight. A gun section. Anyway when-- when-- when I bought the gun, I-- I got all this ammunition. Ammo. I bought a whole bunch of it because it was-- it was on sale.
(Chuckles again)
And then this morning I was packing it into my coat. I didn't have enough room for all of it in my pockets because... I wanted to bring my flask. You mind?

GARY hands the flask to RICHARD, gesturing for him to open it. GARY's hands are covered in the blood of his victims. RICHARD steps closer, reluctantly, and takes the bloody flask. RICHARD opens the cap and hands it back to GARY. GARY drinks.

GARY
I'm not much of a drinker, but I figured I'd need some liquid courage. You want some?

GARY hands the flask to RICHARD again. He doesn't take it.

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RICHARD

No, thanks.

GARY

(begins to laugh)

The funny part is I didn't need a drink until now. Right now. And the only reason I need a drink is because I only have one bullet left.

(laughs harder)

I left bullets at home because I thought I'd need a drink. And the only reason I need a drink is because I don't have enough bullets. See, I was gonna kill you. Shoot you right in the face. Watch you suffer and die. And then I was gonna shoot myself. But I only have one bullet left.

RICHARD

Then it seems you have a bit of a problem.

GARY

I do. I do. I have one hell of a problem. You sure you don't want a drink?

GARY hands the flask to RICHARD again. He takes it, smells the opening of the flask.

RICHARD

Vodka. That's nice.

RICHARD pours out the vodka onto the floor.

GARY

(point the gun at RICHARD)

HEY!

RICHARD drops the flask and puts his hands in the air.

RICHARD

What's it gonna be, Mr. Clark? Me or you? You shoot me, SWAT's gonna get you. And they're not gonna shoot you. They're gonna capture you and they're gonna take you to prison. Or you shoot yourself. Then you're free. Done. Maybe get to see your wife again. So you have a

(MORE)

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RICHARD (cont'd)
choice to make. Me or you? A life
in prison or an afterlife with your
wife?

GARY
Screw you!

RICHARD
See I've lived. I mean I've really,
really lived. I've failed, I've
been devastated, I've been broken.
I've gone to Hell and back. And
I've also known joy and passion and
I've had a great love.
(he moves closer to GARY and
sits on the edge of the
hospital bed)
See... death for me is not justice.
It's an... end of a beautiful
journey. And I'm not afraid to die.
The question is... Are you? A life
in prison or an afterlife with your
wife. Me or you? Your choice.

GARY lowers the gun and looks at RICHARD. The camera pans
out of the hospital room and into the hospital hallway. We
see SWAT run in and stand guard near the edge of the room.
Just before they turn into the door... A gunshot. Blackout.