

The Architect of Downfall

By

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The glowing sunset glistens through the arc-like windows of a large, tastefully furnished office. MICHAEL HOLT (early 30's), paces around his office as he talks on his cell phone.

MICHAEL

Of course it's not an option. She can either face the facts and take it all in stride, or she can sue my client and face the consequences. Either way, Bill, it's a win-win case for us. I'm trying to make this less painful for your client than it has to be, but don't get me wrong, if we have to, we will take her for all she's worth. I expect an answer by Wednesday morning.

Michael hangs up and pockets the cell phone. He heads over to his desk and dials a number on his office phone. It rings.

PATRICIA (V.O)

Yes, Mr. Holt?

MICHAEL

Any messages for me?

PATRICIA (V.O)

Give me a second.

(beat)

Yes. Maggie from Judge Gear's office called to say the only time she is available is on Wednesday evening.

MICHAEL

Good. Call her back and have her pencil me in for that evening.

Michael starts packing his briefcase.

PATRICIA (V.O)

Got it. As well, Shelly called asking you to remember to pick up the laundry.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL  
Nothing new there.

PATRICIA (V.O)  
And a Paul Green asked that you  
call or text him when you get a  
chance. He said you'd know what it  
was about.

Michael puts on his jacket.

MICHAEL  
Okay, got it. Anything else?

PATRICIA (V.O)  
No, that's it.

MICHAEL  
Why don't you call it a day,  
Patricia. I'm about to head out  
myself.

PATRICIA (V.O)  
Thanks, boss. I'll see you on  
Monday then.

MICHAEL  
Have a good one.

Michael hangs up. He whips out his cellphone again. INSERT  
on the phone as he texts, *"Hey Paul, I know it's my turn  
tonight, but there's no guarantee I'll find one by tonight.  
Will text back again later"*.

He pockets the cellphone and heads out the door.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

KAIRO, late 30's, leans patiently by his cargo van, scanning  
the vastly empty alley for any signs of life. He digs into  
his pocket and fishes out a pack of cigarettes and a  
lighter.

As he lights a cigarette, his attention is diverted by a  
beat-up car pulling into the alley and driving towards him.  
He keeps his guard up.

The car comes to a halt a few feet away from him. Kairo eyes  
the car suspiciously as the driver's side door opens.

INT. BAR - DAY

Conversations fill the air as patrons enjoy their drinks and appetizers in this crowded bar. Michael and a former colleague, BEN, sit by the bar, catching up.

BEN

So, there I am, watching with sheer fascination as this guy just rips into her. I mean, he was one step closer to jumping over the table and wringing her neck.

MICHAEL

Lover's spat?

BEN

Oh, most definitely. And you know me, I don't like involving myself in other people's business.

MICHAEL

Unless you're getting paid to?

BEN

Naturally. So anyway, he's shouting at her at the top of his lungs. Everybody in the restaurant is just glued to this scene. So this young kid, probably 17 or 18, finally gets fed up and walks over to their table. He grabs the guy by his collar, stands him up and starts screaming in his face.

They both laugh as Ben mimics the incident with his hands.

BEN

He's got a really good grip on him, shaking him back and forth, really hammering into him that he shouldn't be talking women like this. So get this, the woman gets up, grabs the kid by the collar and clocks him right in the face.

Ben is in hysterics. Michael laughs along.

BEN

She starts screaming at him to mind his own fucking business. Everybody in the restaurant just starts laughing, man. I mean, it's just plain hilarious.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

I guess some women like fighting  
their own battles.

BEN

Precisely the point.

Michael laughs as he takes a swig of beer. He notices a beautiful young woman at the other end of the bar shooting glances his way. He smiles politely. She smiles back. He returns to his conversation.

MICHAEL

At least the kid had good  
intentions.

BEN

Pretty much. The restaurant kicked  
the couple out, and offered the kid  
and his date a free coupon. What a  
night.

He eyes the woman again, who is still staring at him. He smiles again. Ben curiously follows his gaze.

BEN

Now see, that's not fair. How is it  
you always seem to attract  
attention that easily from the  
fairer sex? It's mind-boggling, is  
what it is.

MICHAEL

What can I say? I just happen to  
have a kind face.

BEN

(smirks)

If only they knew.

Michael chuckles, as he eyes the woman again.

MICHAEL

You're not going to hold it against  
me if I leave you here alone, will  
you?

Ben follows his gaze again.

BEN

Go, go. Sow your oats or whatever  
it is you intend to do. We'll catch  
up some more tomorrow.

Michael pats Ben on the arm as he takes his drink and heads over to the woman. Ben watches in fascination as he finishes his beer.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Kairo opens the back doors of the van to reveal a vast assortment of guns in cases.

KAIRO

What's your pleasure, man?

JACK (early 40's) steps closer to view the merchandise. He sports an unshaven beard covering up a scar on his left cheek. A black toque covers up his unkempt hair.

JACK

I need something small, easily concealable.

KAIRO

Okay, okay.

Kairo thinks for a moment, then grabs a gun and hands it to Jack. He examines it closely.

KAIRO

That's as small as it comes. It's accurate, lightweight yet balanced, smooth trigger pull and a tight cylinder lock-up.

Jack plays with it in his hand.

JACK

And the bullets?

Kairo fishes around for the box of bullets.

KAIRO

All with standard rimmed cartridges. I also have dumdums if you're interested.

JACK

Dumdums?

KAIRO

Hollow point bullets. Explodes on impact.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

That won't be necessary.

(beat)

How much for the gun?

Kairo smiles.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Michael, cellphone in hand, impatiently glances at the clock on the wall. 6:33pm. He peeks behind him at the line of people waiting for their clothes as well. He turns back to the laundry attendant sifting through clothes wrapped in plastic.

MICHAEL

What are you, new here? Hurry it up, man, some of us have plans tonight.

ATTENDANT

I'm trying my best here, sir. These clothes have been here three weeks now. They're bound to get mixed up with the older ones.

MICHAEL

(mutters)

Christ.

His cellphone vibrates. INSERT on cellphone. A message from PAUL GREEN reads "*Are we still on for tonight? She'd better be a cutie ;)*"

Michael smiles as he texts back. He glances at the clock again. 6:38pm.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael is talking on the cordless phone as he puts on his dress shirt.

MICHAEL

Honey, the guy was being a dick. How hard is it to find a bunch of clothes anyway?

He races around the bedroom as he hastily buttons his shirt

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

I'll get them tomorrow instead. I have a dinner date with the judge. I can't afford to be late.

He sits on the bed and puts on a pair of socks.

MICHAEL

Well, it's the only time he could see me, honey. You know how many meetings and cases I've dealt with this week? There's been hardly any time to discuss business with him.

He scurries towards the mirror by a dresser and sprays some cologne.

MICHAEL

Can't she sleep over at grandma's place? At least this way you can get your writing done in peace.

He checks himself out in the mirror. He looks dashing. He gives himself a wink.

MICHAEL

Yeah, yeah. I'll pick her up tomorrow myself.

He starts to head out of the bedroom.

MICHAEL

I love you too, sweetheart. Bye.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael searches his living room for his cuff links. As he does so, he dials a number on his cellphone.

MICHAEL

Hi Lisa. Guess I caught your voice mail. Can't wait to see you. I'll call you when I get to your building. See you soon.

Michael gets on his knees and searches underneath the couch.

VOICE (O.S)

Looking for these?

A startled Michael turns around, losing his footing in the process and falls on his rear. He stares up to see Jack, standing in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

In his left hand, he holds a pair of cuff links. His right hand is hidden behind his back.

MICHAEL

Who the hell are you? How did you get into my house?

Jack extends his left arm to Michael.

JACK

Are these what you're looking for?

Michael gets up hastily.

MICHAEL

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

JACK

I've never really known why people wear cuff links. I mean, what can cuff links do that a regular button can't?

Michael BOLDLY advances towards Jack

MICHAEL

(menacingly)

Okay, listen carefully. I don't know who the hell you are, or how you got into my house. You have exactly five seconds to turn around and get the fuck out of my place.

Jack studies Michael. He scoffs as he places the cuff links on a nearby table.

JACK

(to himself)

A guy tries to be nice, but that's the attitude he gets.

Michael is appalled.

MICHAEL

GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE, YOU PSYCHO, OR I'M GOING TO CALL THE COPS.

Jack hides his left hand behind his back. He smiles subtly.

JACK

No, you're not.

MICHAEL

I'm not?

Michael laughs mockingly as he whips out his cell phone and dials.

MICHAEL

I suggest you start high tailing it, bud.

Jack hasn't lost his subtle smile. He continues staring at the frantic Michael.

VOICE (V.O)

Hello, 911. What's your emergency?

MICHAEL

Hello, police?

Jack's smile disappears as he quickly swings his right hand from behind his back and points it at Michael.

VOICE (V.O)

Hello? State the nature of your emergency, sir.

Michael is frozen as he stares at a Colt Python Revolver aimed at his head. Jack's intriguing smile reappears.

VOICE (V.O)

Sir? Can you hear me? Sir?

JACK

Aren't you gonna answer her?

Michael is still frozen, though, breathing heavily.

MICHAEL

Um...sorry, my mistake. No emergency here.

VOICE (V.O)

Sir, if you are in trouble, state the...

Michael hangs up. With palms open, he slowly extends his arms as he backs away.

MICHAEL

Look, man, I don't want any trouble, alright? Just take whatever you want. I won't try and stop you.

(CONTINUED)

Jack is silent. Michael starts panicking.

MICHAEL  
Guy, just take whatever you want,  
man. I'm not gonna...

JACK  
Sit down.

MICHAEL  
What?

JACK  
(sternly)  
Sit. Down.

Michael hastily sits down on the couch.

Jack looks around the room. He makes his way to a photo rack and examines them. He picks up a framed photograph and studies it closely as he walks to the closest recliner and sits down. Gun in hand, he rests his arm on the hand rest.

MICHAEL  
Aren't you here to rob me or  
something?

JACK  
(smiling)  
Where were you off to in such a  
hurry?

MICHAEL  
I...um...I had...have a dinner  
meeting with a colleague.

Jack glances at his watch.

JACK  
At this time of night? What's so  
important that can't wait till the  
morning?

MICHAEL  
It's the only time I could meet  
him. I'm a lawyer. I work for...

JACK  
I don't care what you do for a  
living.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL  
Fair enough.

Beat.

JACK  
I smell cologne. You look sharp.  
Really important meeting?

MICHAEL  
Why? What's it to you?

Jack starts playing with the gun's trigger. Michael gets the message.

MICHAEL  
My job depends on it.

JACK  
Hm mm. Interesting.

MICHAEL  
What is this?

JACK  
(curious)  
What is what?

MICHAEL  
This. Aren't you suppose to rob me  
or something?

JACK  
Is that what I'm supposed to do?

MICHAEL  
Well, you're the one pointing a  
gun.

JACK  
And automatically you assume I'm  
here to rob you?

MICHAEL  
Well, yeah, I suppose.

JACK  
Well, rest easy. I'm not here to  
rob you.

Beat.

MICHAEL

If you're not gonna rob me, why are you still pointing that gun at me?

JACK

What, this? Exactly what you expect to do with a gun. Shoot something with it.

(beat)

Or someone.

MICHAEL

(horrified)

Sh...shoot someone? You mean me? Are you here to kill me?

JACK

(shrugs)

Sure, why not.

MICHAEL

I don't understand. Why? Why are you here to kill me?

Jack stays silent.

MICHAEL

Is this a joke?

(to himself)

This has to be a joke.

(to Jack)

Is this a joke?

JACK

No. No joke. Though that would be a really cruel joke to play on someone, don't you think? It'd have to be some really sick motherfuckers to think up a prank like that.

Michael is lost in space.

JACK

Are you alright?

MICHAEL

(stupefied)

Am I alright? You're going to kill me and you have the nerve to ask me if I'm alright?

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
Just asking.

MICHAEL  
(to himself)  
This isn't happening. This is not  
happening.  
(to Jack)  
Who sent you?

No answer.

MICHAEL  
Okay. I understand. You're not at  
liberty to say. How much are they  
paying you? I'll double it.

No answer.

MICHAEL  
Okay, fine. I'll triple it.

No answer.

MICHAEL  
Come on, man, work with me here.  
What's your price. Name your price  
and I'll pay it.

JACK  
I suppose in your line of work, you  
would have that kind of money, huh.

MICHAEL  
I can get you whatever you want.  
Just name your price. How much to  
walk away right now?

JACK  
I don't want your money.

MICHAEL  
What? I'm offering you three times  
whatever it is your getting paid.  
That's a good deal.

JACK  
I don't want your money.

MICHAEL  
Seriously, dude. Come on. Every man  
has a price. There has to be  
something that you want.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

You aren't capable of getting what I want.

MICHAEL

Try me. I'm a lawyer, man. I'm good at getting what I want. Just tell me what you want.

JACK

I think I'll pass. Thank you though.

Michael is speechless. Jack finally gets up. Michael panics.

JACK

This will be a lot easier if you just accept that someone is going to die tonight.

MICHAEL

(overwhelmed)

Please. I'm begging you. Please. Don't kill me. I'll do anything you want.

Jack glances at his watch again. He readies his pistol.

MICHAEL

Why are you doing this to me?  
(a realization)  
Does this have anything to do with my job? Did I hurt you or something? You lost a case to one of my clients? It wasn't personal. It's just my job, man. That's what I get paid to do. My job.

Jack rummages through his trench coat and fishes out a manila envelope. He throws it at Michael.

MICHAEL

What's this?

JACK

Open it.

Michael obeys and tears open the envelope. A couple of photographs fall on his lap. He picks them up and stares at them. His face is frozen. Mortified.

Jack picks up the framed photograph again.

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
How old is she?

MICHAEL  
(distracted)  
Huh?

JACK  
The little girl. How old is she?

Michael stares at the photos again.

MICHAEL  
Um...she's three.

JACK  
She's very beautiful. What's her name?

MICHAEL  
Where did you get these?

Jack ignores the question.

JACK  
What's the girl's name?

MICHAEL  
Kimberly.

Jack looks at the photo, deep in thought.

JACK  
(to himself)  
Kimberly. Sorry, my dear.

MICHAEL  
How did you get a hold of these?

JACK  
It seems harder and harder these days for people like you to cover up their tracks, don't you think?

Michael is at a loss for words.

MICHAEL  
I...uh...I...oh God!

Michael breaks down. Jack somberly watches. Michael looks up at Jack.

MICHAEL

It is you, isn't it.

JACK

In the flesh. Didn't think I'd need the photos to remind you.

Beat.

MICHAEL

You really are here to kill me, aren't you?

Jack stays silent as he glances at his watch again.

MICHAEL

How did you find me?

JACK

A trail of breadcrumbs. But that doesn't really matter now, does it? What matters now is what happens next.

Both their attentions are diverted to the sound of a car pulling into the driveway.

MICHAEL

Oh, Jesus.

JACK

The significant other, I presume?

Michael gets up.

MICHAEL

She has nothing to do with this. Leave her out of it.

JACK

Don't presume to be in a position to negotiate your predicament.

They hear the front door open and close.

VOICE (O.S)

Honey? Are you still here? Your car's still outside.

Jack beckons to Michael to reply.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

I'm in here, sweetheart.

SHELLY HOLT (30's), beautiful, enters the room, groceries in hand.

SHELLY

I thought you had a meeting to go to. Why are you...

(seeing Jack)

Oh my God!

Shelly drops the grocery bags.

JACK

I'm gonna need you to calm down, miss, otherwise I might get an itchy trigger finger.

SHELLY

(to Michael)

What the hell is going on?

MICHAEL

Honey, just calm down and come over here.

SHELLY

What do you mean calm down? There's a man in my house with a gun.

Jack points the gun at Shelly.

SHELLY

Oh my God!

MICHAEL

(to Jack)

NO!

(to Shelly)

Honey, just please, come over here, okay? Don't do anything to provoke him.

Shelly walks over to Michael

SHELLY

Is he here to rob us? Just give him what he wants.

JACK

(to himself)

Again with the robbing.

(CONTINUED)

(to Shelly)  
I'm not here to rob you, my dear.  
I'm just here to settle an old  
score with your husband.

SHELLY  
What score?

MICHAEL  
It's nothing to concern yourself  
with, honey, just sit down and keep  
your mouth shut.

SHELLY  
Don't tell me to shut up. I want to  
know what's going on.

JACK  
Your wife wants to know what's  
going on. Let's tell her a story,  
shall we, Michael?

MICHAEL  
(shaking his head)  
No.

Jack points the gun at Michael's head.

JACK  
That wasn't a request. Now your  
wife just asked you a question. I  
suggest you answer her.

Michael, head hung, struggles to fight his tears.

SHELLY  
Michael?

Michael can barely look at her.

MICHAEL  
I...uh...

Jack grows impatient. Shelly becomes uneasy.

SHELLY  
Michael, just tell me already.

MICHAEL  
I'm a sick man, Shelly.

SHELLY

What do you mean sick? Is it something serious?

Jack leers at Michael.

JACK

An incurable sickness.

Shelly looks at Jack, then at Michael.

SHELLY

Honey, baby, I'm really scared. What the hell is going on here?

MICHAEL

Three years ago, I did something bad. Something horrible...to this man.

SHELLY

What do you mean?

MICHAEL

My friends and I, we were at this gala. Um...

Shelly inches closer to Michael, wrapping her arm around his shoulders.

SHELLY

Baby, you can tell me anything.

MICHAEL

I know. Um, we were at this gala. Just a shindig to celebrate a deal we had inked with a major talent agency. They had a bunch of their clients there, beautiful women...really beautiful women. So, uh, my friends and I started making bets on which one could put out more. It was a stupid bet, honey. The bet was we try and determine who the most hottest of the bunch was, and we would each try and flirt with her.

Shelly takes her arm off Michael as she soaks in his story.

MICHAEL

We all agreed on one particular model who caught our eyes. We each

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
tried to buy her a drink, pick her up, but she wouldn't accept any of it. We got a bit frustrated that she had rejected all of us, so we decided to just stick to drinking and mingling. We, uh, ended up getting a little bit too drunk. We weren't thinking straight. We were still in a pissed off mood, so we waited, and we tailed her to her house. We just wanted to spook her, is all. We waited for her to open the door. When she did...we lunged at her.

Shelly slowly inches herself away from him. Jack's breathing intensifies.

MICHAEL  
It was dark. She started to scream, but one of my friends covered her mouth. We dragged her into the house. I locked the door while the guys dragged her into the living room.

Shelly looks away, tearing up in the process.

MICHAEL  
We got a little bit too excited. One of the guys started tearing off her clothes while the rest of us watched. She screamed again, so he hit her.

Jack's eyes start to well up.

MICHAEL  
We heard footsteps. A man came running down the stairs. We thought he was her roommate or something, so...

Michael struggles to look up at Jack, who leers back at him.

MICHAEL  
...we jumped him. We beat him up badly. Two of us braced him down, while the others started working on the woman.

Shelly buries her face in her hands, sobbing. She doesn't want to hear any more. Michael tears up.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

We, uh, we took turns. We took turns. We made the man watch while...

(breaking down)

...Christ, we raped her.

JACK

(sarcastically)

Don't stop now. It gets better.

Michael tries to compose himself.

MICHAEL

It wasn't until I watched the news a week later. Turns out that when she was admitted to hospital, she was...uh...

Michael looks up at Jack with an apologetic look.

MICHAEL

...she was a month pregnant.

Shelly gets up, unable to look at Michael.

MICHAEL

I'm so sorry, Shelly. You were never meant to find out.

Shelly lunges at Michael.

SHELLY

You asshole! You sick lying sack of shit. That's why she refused your drinks, you dumb son of a bitch. How could you do this? How could you do this to me? To us?

Shelly clumps down in despair. Michael is beside himself.

MICHAEL

I'm really sorry, baby, please believe me. I really am sorry. I need help. I know that now.

Jack picks up the photographs.

JACK

Would you like to hear the rest of that story?

Both Shelly and Michael look at him.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

While she was being treated for her injuries, she was told that due to the brute force rendered to her body, significant damage had been done to her fetus. The doctors said the baby had no chance of survival.

Michael hangs his head.

JACK

I'd like to think she did her best to tough it out over the following weeks. Being raped and losing a baby in the span of a week can really change a person's perspective on life. You can only imagine my reaction coming home one day to find my wife's lifeless body in the bathtub. Truth be told, I don't blame her for doing it. I'm not mad at her. I'm mad at myself for not being there at every second, every minute, and every hour of her need.

Jack readies his pistol.

JACK

I've had many sleepless nights dreaming about what I would do to the men who did that to her. She was too mortified to give even a tiny bit of description of her assailants. Oh, but I did find one of them. Breadcrumbs, mate. Turns out that night was the birth of a ritual among these so called friends.

(to Shelly)

Care to venture what your husband does on his free time?

Shelly glances at Michael. His expression tells all.

SHELLY

Jesus, Michael. How long have you and your friends been doing this?

Michael hangs his head again. Too ashamed to say.

(CONTINUED)

SHELLY

You're sick! You hear me? You're a sick excuse for a human being.

JACK

It's not until the end that people truly see the error of their ways.

Jack cocks the hammer. Shelly stops yelling and looks at Jack. This, in turn, grabs Michael's attention.

SHELLY

What are you going to do?

Jack ignores her.

MICHAEL

Killing me won't bring her back.

JACK

Who said anything about killing you?

Jack points his gun at Shelly.

JACK

I'm going to kill her.

SHELLY

OH GOD, NO!

Shelly drops to her knees.

MICHAEL

NO! NO, YOU'RE NOT.

JACK

This is what I came here to do, Michael.

Shelly trembles and closes her eyes. Crying, she starts praying silently, amidst Michael's pleas.

MICHAEL

Please don't do this. I beg of you. This is the mother of my child, for Christ sakes. Please!

SHELLY

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you, blessed are you among...

JACK  
I'm sorry, Michael. I  
don't think you'll fully  
appreciate my pain until I  
take something precious of  
yours.

SHELLY  
...all women, and blessed  
is the fruit of thy womb  
Jesus Christ. Holy Mary,  
mother of God, pray for us  
sinners...

MICHAEL  
You don't have to do this.  
I've learned my lesson.  
I'll turn myself in. I'll  
get help. I'll do anything,  
just, please, don't take  
her away from me.

SHELLY  
...now and at the hour of  
our death, Amen. Hail Mary,  
full of grace, the Lord  
is with you, blessed are  
you among all women, and  
blessed is the fruit...

JACK  
Say goodbye, Michael.

SHELLY  
...of thy womb, Jesus  
Christ...

MICHAEL  
NO! PLEASE GOD, NO!

SHELLY  
...Holy Mary, mother of  
God...

Jack pulls the trigger. CLICK.

Michael struggles to breathe. Shelly, eyes still closed,  
continues praying silently. Jack's heavy breathing slowly  
decreases.

MICHAEL  
The gun wasn't loaded?

JACK  
You surprise me, Michael. Even with  
all your indiscretions, your  
callous treatment of other women,  
your...disgusting sickness, you  
still claim to love this woman.

MICHAEL  
I love my wife more than anything  
else.

JACK  
Interesting. A serial defiler still  
in love with his wife. I have yet  
to hear stranger things.

Michael wipes away his tears and composes himself.

MICHAEL

Your gun wasn't loaded.

Jack looks at Shelly.

JACK

I'm sorry, my dear, that it had to come down to this. But this whole ordeal will all be over soon.

Jack reaches into his pocket and pulls out a bullet.

JACK

It really saddens me that this world is filled with animals like you, who have no cause for concern about their callous indiscretions. I pray that you will find redemption at some point in your pathetic, miserable existence.

Jack inserts the bullet into the pistol chamber. He looks at his pistol.

JACK

I did, however, promise you that someone would die here tonight. And I am a man of my word.

(to Michael)

I can guarantee you this. More will come to your doorstep such as myself, and it will be high time that you reap what you've sown.

Jack points the pistol to his temple. Michael and Shelly, still in tears, look on, horrified.

Jack cocks the hammer.

JACK

See you in hell, Michael.

BANG! Jack's lifeless body drops.

MICHAEL

OH GOD! OH JESUS!

Shelly is frozen. Michael trembles.

They look on as blood trickles from Jack's head to the photographs. REVEAL on first photograph of a pale woman lying on a medical table with cuts on her wrists.

(CONTINUED)

As the blood trickles on, we see a second photograph. An ultrasound of a fetus.

The blood finally trickles down and seems to slow down and build up on the final photograph. A photo of a handsome, clean shaven man and a beautiful woman, hugging. Jack and his wife. Smiling.

FADE TO BLACK.