

Fade Out

by
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FADE IN:

INT. A CLASSROOM - MORNING

Screenwriting class is just ending. A bleary-eyed TEACHER leans on the desk, holding her weight and her apathy.

TEACHER

...And next week I expect a full treatment.

KYLE and MATT, full of energy and youth, meet at the door.

KYLE

So...hear anything?

MATT

Yeah. They decided not to renew my option. I thought maybe it was going someplace.

KYLE

Man, I'm sorry. At least it paid for this semester.

They walk out into the hall.

MATT

What about you?

KYLE

Nothing, as usual.

MATT

I can't believe it. It's the best script I've ever seen. Even Ms. Hargis says it's the best she's ever seen.

KYLE

Like that's saying alot! After all these rejections I'm beginning to give up.

MATT

You? Well, don't. You're the one person I'm sure is gonna make it.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - EARLY AFTERNOON

Kyle checks his mailbox. An envelope from the "Meganormous Movie Company." He races up the stairs into his apartment.

INT. KYLE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kyle opens the letter. "We only accept submissions on recommendation from established producers." He sets the letter down as he sits at his computer. He types one key, then punches the desk with his fist. He looks at a script manuscript laying on the desk, then stares into space. He opens a drawer and takes out a gun, picks up the script and the letter, and walks out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA, MEGANORMOUS MOVIE COMPANY - AFTERNOON

Kyle walks in and gives the letter to KIMMI, the smiling blonde receptionist.

KYLE

I'd like to talk to Mr. Gourmand, please.

KIMMI

Let me call his secretary. Do you have an appointment?

Kyle reaches in his pocket and pulls out the gun. He puts it up to his head.

KYLE

This is my appointment. You get Gourmand right now or I'm going to blow my brains out.

A few other people are in the reception area. They nonchalantly duck down behind partitions or step into offices.

KIMMI

Well, let me see if he's in....

As she dials the phone she reaches under her desk and pushes a big red button.

KIMMI (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Lisa, it's Kimmi. Is Mr. Gourmand there? ...Well, there's a man with a gun down here. He says he's going to kill himself unless he sees Mr. Gourmand. ...No, I'm not kidding. ...No, I never seen him before. ...Okay, I'll hold on.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GOURMAND'S OFFICE

LISA, shapely, reaches under her desk and presses a big red button, then presses the intercom.

LISA

(to the intercom)

Mr. Gourmand, I'm sorry to disturb you,
but there is a man downstairs with a gun.
He's asking to see you.

MR. GOURMAND (V.O.)

(over the intercom)

A gun? It's not that director we just
fired?

LISA

No, Kimmi downstairs says she's never
seen him before.

MR. GOURMAND (V.O.)

You've notified security?

LISA

Yes, they're on the way.

MR. GOURMAND (V.O.)

What's he want?

LISA

He has the gun to his head. He says he's
going to kill himself if you don't see
him.

MR. GOURMAND (V.O.)

Okay, okay. Thank God the talent never
uses that entrance.

LISA

Mr. Gourmand, Kimmi is on the line. What
should I tell her?

MR. GOURMAND (V.O.)

He says he'll kill himself if he doesn't
speak to me? I guess I better go down.
Tell her I'm on my way.

LISA

(to the phone)

Kimmi? Mr. Gourmand says he'll be right
down to see the gentleman.

CUT TO:

Kimmi hangs up the phone.

KIMMI

Mr. Gourmand will be right down. Can I get you anything?

KYLE

A coffee would be nice.

He sits down on the edge of her desk, the gun still tightly against his head. She walks past him.

KIMMI

How do you take it?

KYLE

A little cream, please.

She passes the elevator, just as it opens. Mr. Gourmand, rotund and red-faced, gets out. At the same time several security guards come down the hall. He motions at them to wait.

MR. GOURMAND

I'm Alan Gourmand...may I help you?

Kyle holds out the script.

KYLE

I want you to read this. Read this or I'll splatter my brains all over the place.

Gourmand reaches out and takes it from him.

MR. GOURMAND

What is it?

KYLE

It's a script...a script! I just want you to read it.

MR. GOURMAND

I promise to read it, and you'll put the gun down?

KYLE

Yes.

Gourmand looks down at the script, then reaches to hand it back to Kyle.

MR. GOURMAND

That's ridiculous. We don't read any
unsolicited material.

Kyle pulls the trigger. Blood splatters over the script and Gourmand's hands. Kimmi walks out with a cup of coffee. Gourmand tosses the bloody script into a trash can just as Kyle's body slams to the floor. The sound causes ripples across the surface of the coffee in Kimmi's hand. She looks down, then throws the cup into the same trash can. The coffee splashes over the pages of the script.

MR. GOURMAND (cont'd)

(Motioning to the security
guards)

OK you guys....

FADE OUT.