

A NON-ZERO-SUM GAME

Written by

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INT. BATHROOM - DAY

CU. a plug magnified by the still water surrounding it. A tide is unleashed as the face resting in it whips back-

Clarity as CASPER (30's) lifts his head spraying water like a wet dog. He wipes his eyes with a fleshy palm, shivers drug eyed before the mirror. The hand by his side clutching a gun.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Casper returns to the room with renewed vigour. VIVIAN and DONALD stop squirming as he enters, letting rope and tape fall back into place as the chairs they are sat on steady themselves. Viv pleads with Casper through her gag.

VIVIAN

Mn srry.. Cas-ger mm s-rry!

CASPER

Cross your heart?

Casper laughs. Vivian stops trying to be heard and stares at him, looks down at the arms crossed over her chest beneath the rope. She looks over at Donald whose hands are taped in a prayer in front of him, the rage in his eyes is terrifying.

CASPER (CONT'D)

Look- I'm sorry.. I'm sorry you were never there for me- for.. Fuck-

Casper stifles, can't find the words he's rehearsed. Repeats phrases inwardly as the gun taps against his temple.

CASPER (CONT'D)

It's gonna be alright.. all of this I mean- this..

He waves the gun through the air and the pair duck down.

CASPER (CONT'D)

.. How can you live in this shit-hole by the way, it's- disgusting.

Casper looks around at the scores of empty cans, scattered takeaway boxes and tin trays from left-over TV dinners.

CASPER (CONT'D)

I mean, who brings up a child in this- shit?

Casper pulls a piece of paper from his pocket. Scans the room. Finds a wall with a crack in it. Exhibit A.

CASPER (CONT'D)
 Admission number seven, facial
 fracture, cheekbone, ten stitches.
 Tripped on a skateboard apparently!

He looks at the coffee table, crouches beside it, finds a
 chink in the corner.

CASPER (CONT'D)
 Admission number thirteen.. Front
 and lateral incisors knocked out,
 blunt force trauma. Very clumsy day

Casper looks exhausted, walks over to the window, opens it
 fully letting the chaos enter in. Hears the helicopters
 overhead. He waves his gun blatantly in the air.

As he looks down into the street sees a SAMARITAN holding a
 sign board. The MAN sees Casper and aims it at the window.

ON THE SIGN:

FORGIVENESS

Casper closes the window, turns around. The absurdity. Spots
 a familiar photo on the wall, a boy of about 9. Studies it.

CASPER (CONT'D)
 What am I doing, this is crazy.. I
 just wanted you to admit- to say it
 was wrong, that you're sorry-

Vivian beckons him over with a nod. Casper approaches
 cautiously. She nods harder biting on the gag. He removes it
 and the words spill out almost immediately from her mouth.

VIVIAN
 USELESS BASTARD WASTE OF [SPACE]..

Then all of a sudden.. BOOM. The chamber is emptied. Casper
 steps back as the blood spatters across his face. Then he
 turns to Donald and BOOM. The gun falls deftly to the floor.

Casper is still, the sound of metal rings through the air. He
 removes the lanyard from his neck and throws it to the floor.

ON THE ID BADGE:

CASPER JACOBS - CASE WORKER

CASPER (O.S.)
 That's for Danny.

And Casper is gone.