

THE ASSASSINATION

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An expensive and modern living room immaculately furnished but for the dozen empty bottles littered around the room amongst strewn clothing and debris. A single lamp lights the room from the wooden desk covered with stacks of paper and textbooks.

MATTHEW (30s) sits at the desk typing at a worn typewriter, looking frustrated as he glances at the pile of ungraded papers.

MATTHEW  
(looking at watch)  
Fuck, fuck! Haven't even finished  
grading half.

He pushes the chair back violently as he turns and rushes into another room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matthew emerges from the kitchen, still wearing his apron, covered in bits of lettuce. He carries a black plastic bag and begins shoving junk into the bag until it becomes full.

He ties it off and grabs the remaining few liquor bottles. He looks around the room for a place to put them.

MATTHEW  
(opening a full cabinet)  
Shit!

He proceeds to open a side table to shove the plastic bag into it and pushes the bottles in his arms beneath the sofa.

A car locking HORN rings out, startling Matthew who jumps up from leaning under the sofa.

He darts to the window and peeks through the curtains to sneak a glance at the outside.

POV: A stunning blonde, wearing a curve flattering white dress walks up the pavement. Expensive jewelry sparkles seductively at her ears and neck.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
(letting out a breath)  
Can't believe I almost missed this  
to grade for those schmucks.

Matthew looks around the room once more and finding it clear, he nods to himself. He looks down and realises he still has the apron on. He fumbles trying to untie it.

Finally, he rips it off and pushes it under the sofa.

He then steps to the door, waiting, as his hands hover over the doorknob.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

SARAH (late 20s) cool and confident, pauses outside the door. She takes a silver compact from her purse and admires herself for a moment in the small mirror. She smiles to herself before putting it away smoothly.

Her hand reaches up to the wood to knock but the door swings open before making contact.

INT. LIVING - NIGHT

Matthew stares at Sarah dumbstruck as she smiles seductively at him from the doorway.

MATTHEW  
(looking her up and down)  
Wow! Guess I must look like a poor  
slob in comparison.

They stand for an awkward minute as Sarah looks at him questioningly.

SARAH  
Are you going to bring me in from  
the cold?

MATTHEW  
(looking frazzled)  
Of course! I spend so much time  
around college students, I forget  
how to behave in public.

He gestures her in and stands aside for Sarah to step through elegantly as she takes in the expensive interior.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
(shutting the door)  
God, if this is what online dating  
looks like, I should have gotten  
into it sooner.

SARAH  
(nodding towards a chair)  
Is that a real Eames?

Matthew takes his eyes off her for the first time to spare a quick glance at the side chair.

MATTHEW  
I got it at my last promotion. Do  
you like interior design?

SARAH  
(scoffing slightly)  
No, I just notice the nicer things.

Matthew nods his head dog-like.

MATTHEW  
Well that's lucky, because you'll  
love this Cabernet then.

He ushers her through the open doorway to the dining room beyond, allowing her to go in front of him, smiling as she does so.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The pair walk into another beautifully decorated room, this time with a dining table and chairs. A single lit candle stands on the middle of the table and two full place settings lie facing each other.

Matthew walks around Sarah to pull up a dining chair for her and pushes it in gallantly as she takes a seat. He picks up the unopened bottle of wine from between their plates. He moves to the side table to begin uncorking it as Sarah once more, looks around the room.

SARAH  
You chose the decor yourself?

MATTHEW  
(twisting his ring finger  
unconsciously)  
Uh, actually, the ex-wife picked it  
all out.

SARAH  
Did she die or did she just run  
away?

MATTHEW

Why couldn't she have died and then run away?

SARAH

That'd be quite a feat.

MATTHEW

(glancing at Sarah)

Well, I know how to pick em'...clearly.

Sarah looks away. Matthew gets the wine uncorked and steps back to the table to pour into her and then his, glasses.

Matthew puts the bottle down.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

(walking out of the room)

I'll just grab the meal.

Sarah takes a sip from her wine as Matthew returns a moment later, a covered dish in his hands.

As he places the dish before her, he removes the lid and stands back.

A full and beautiful salad looks up at Sarah.

SARAH

Oh, is that all you got?

MATTHEW

(slightly disappointed)

Well I was grading the midterms all day. I can offer you more!

SARAH

(shaking her head)

No, this will do.

Sarah lifts her glass in a toast as Matthew takes the seat across from her and lifts his own.

SARAH (CONT'D)

To good grades. A's or B's!

MATTHEW

Well you'd definitely get an A.

Their glasses CLINK.

## INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The meal is over and Matthew leans back in his chair, grinning over at Sarah. He holds up the bottle of wine to his empty glass but notices it's out. Sarah's glass remains full.

SARAH  
(noticing)  
Do you have another bottle?

MATTHEW  
In the kitchen.

Sarah stands, careful to collect her purse as well, and goes to him on the other side of the table. She grabs his hand and pulls him up.

Matthew smiles with anticipation as she leads him out of the room.

## INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is clean and clear as Matthew and Sarah walk through the door, her still pulling him by the hand. Sarah puts her purse down by the fridge as she leans against it and pulls Matthew to her.

She teases his leg with her high heeled shoe and as Matthew leans in for a kiss, Sarah shifts her head away at the last second.

Matthew looks at her, embarrassed and a little shaky but Sarah simply reaches for her purse and opens it up.

SARAH  
(pulling out cigarettes)  
Do you mind if I smoke?

MATTHEW  
What, inside?  
(beat)  
Please, go ahead.

SARAH  
Want one?

MATTHEW  
(eager)  
I'd love one.

Sarah takes out a second cigarette but Matthew takes both from her delicate hands and puts both in his mouth.

She hands him a lighter and turns slightly to place the carton back in her bag.

As Matthew pulls a hand up to his lips to strike the lighter, a sickening SNAP fills the air.

Matthew looks down to see Sarah has tightly handcuffed his left hand to the fridge's handle.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
(shocked and the  
cigarettes dropping from  
his mouth)  
What the fuck?!

He moves to grab her but she steps away quickly, grabbing her bag from the counter. She begins uncorking the bottle of wine on the opposite counter as Matthew starts struggling against the handcuff and testing its strength.

Sarah opens the bottle and takes a deep swig. She smiles wolfishly at Matthew.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
Is this some sort of game? A joke?  
What is this?!

SARAH  
(laughing)  
Don't you know life's a game,  
smartass?

Sarah places the bottle down and picks up her nearby purse. Opening it up, she pulls a mask from within and puts it on.

MATTHEW  
What the actual fuck?

Sarah then goes to the stove and turns the gas all the way up on all the dials. She then opens the stove door. Matthew is now pulling at his arm wildly, a prisoner of his own doing.

Sarah walks to the stereo system and hits the power button before turning the VOLUME up to maximum to cover Matthews now SCREAMING voice.

Sarah turns back to him, eyes shining with laughter and winks at him as Matthew's screams turn to COUGHS.

SARAH  
Looks like you're the one dying and  
I'm the one running away.

She blows him a kiss as Matthew dissolves into a coughing fit. Sarah turns, swinging her bag on her shoulder and exits the room.

EXT. WALKWAY - NIGHT

Sarah walks towards her parked car, pulling the mask from her face, dropping it on the ground as she goes.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC blaring in the background and Matthew's muffled cries as the lone candle on the dining table flickers.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Sarah starts the car but pulls a cigarette from her bag before the car moves. She places it between her plump lips and right as she moves to light it, an EXPLOSION occurs in the background. She pauses, smiles and lights the cigarette.

The car pulls away.

END