

"Last One In Is A Rotten Egg"

by

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FADE IN:

MAX LEXITON (29) is married to JILL (27) who live in a quite suburb in a three bedroom house with a BMW parked in the drive.

The birds outside are chirping as the postman arrives admiring the yellow daffodils springing up in the front garden.

INT KITCHEN - MORNING

Max is sitting on a high stool at the kitchen counter watching the morning news whilst eating his toast.

The kettle sings signaling Max to get up and lift the kettle off the stove.

His trophy wife arrives with the morning post and hands it to Max, kissing him on the cheek.

JILL

Morning dear. I see you're up early. Forgot to tell me something?

MAX

Morning buttercup. The fellas arranged for a game of golf for this morning. And I was only told last night at short notice.

Max skims through the post one by one, and suddenly stops. He sets aside all the post and holds aloft the cream colored envelope towards the morning sun. Trying to peer inside-

START FLASHBACK

INT BEDROOM

JILL

What's wrong?

MAX

It's happened again.

JILL

You took the pill, right?

MAX

I don't think that's the problem.

JILL

I'm getting fed up with this circus act. Tomorrow we're seeing the doctor.

MAX
I don't think we should jump to
conclusions, and rush into this.

JILL
Two months of trying. I don't
think it's my fault. Make up
your own conclusions. We're
going and that's that.

END FLASHBACK

JILL
What's that you're holding?

MAX
Nothing.

Max sets the envelope on top of the others.

JILL
Looks important.

MAX
Just fancy junk mail. Where's
the paper?

JILL
It hasn't arrived. Give it
thirty minutes before calling.

Jill pours herself a cup of tea.

JILL
Do you want a coffee?

MAX
Go on.

Jill sets the cup of coffee next to Max's plate of toast,
before leaving the kitchen.

JILL(OS)
I'm going upstairs to make a
phone call if you need me.

Max is staring at the envelope with tunnel vision,
ignoring any disturbances.

MAX
Okay.

He picks up the envelope perplexed-

EXT COURTYARD

It's a bright sunny day. Sweat is running down Max's
forehead.

He is standing against a wall with a blindfold on and his hands are tied behind his back.

EXECUTIONER
You have been found guilty.
Death by firing squad.

MAX
But, but...

EXECUTIONER
Ready...

MAX
It's not my fault.

EXECUTIONER
...aim,

MAX
Listen to me, I'm innocent.

A short pause occurs, as Max tilts his ears to listen for a reply.

MAX
She's the problem, not me.

EXECUTIONER
FIRE!

[Beat]

INT KITCHEN

Max falls back onto his stool breathing heavily as he rips open the envelope he believes is the beginning of the end.

Sweat has started to drip off his forehead.

He gets the jitters opening this envelope.

He slides the letter out and reads the heading.

He gasps.

START FLASHBACK

INT OFFICE

Max and Jill are sitting on arm-less chairs opposite a sparse but regimental desk. The doctor is sitting quietly with a frown upon his face, waiting for an opportunity to speak.

JILL
 ...it's either my tubes or his
 plumbing. Something's not
 working and I know it's not me.

MAX
 In my defense-

JILL
 Max, let the doctor have his turn
 to speak.

DOCTOR MILLS
 May I?

JILL
 You may.

DOCTOR MILLS
 Well-

END FLASHBACK

INT KITCHEN

Max starts to read the letter.

MAX (VO)
 MR & Mrs Lexiton, thank you for...
 the tests you went for do not
 determine-

Jill walks back in.

JILL
 Is that the letter from the clinic?

Max is slightly startled.

MAX
 Yes it is-

INT TUNNEL

It's dark, damp and the air is moist. There's a light at
 the end of the tunnel, and a small crowd has started to
 gather.

BRAD
 Hey dude.

DEAN
 Brad, how's it going?

BRAD
 Not bad. Where's Phil?

DEAN
Haven't you heard?

BRAD
Heard what?

DEAN
Cancer got him.

BRAD
Damn, Phil was a good man.

Brad offers Dean a can.

BRAD
Beer?

DEAN
I'll pass. Today's the day.

Dean rubs his hands together.

DEAN
I can't wait. I'm glad it's not
a drill.

BRAD
I hate drills, we've lost too
many good men to this knob.

DEAN
Wanker.

BRAD
And if it's not masturbation,
it's the bloody wrong entrance.
Have you heard the stories?

DEAN
Don't tell me. I'm getting
squirm'ish.

BRAD
Not much of a crowd gathering here.

DEAN
That would be the cancer dude.

BRAD
Oh yeah. Damn.
(Shakes his head)

A sound can be heard over the speaker system.

SPEAKER
Ohhh, ahhh, that's it, that's it...

BRAD
Hear that. Sounds like the real
deal.

Brad puts his right hand up.

DEAN
I'm gonna get me some pussy.

Dean slams his hand into Brads.

A pistol is shot.

BRAD
Here we gooo!

DEAN
Last one in is a rotten egg.

Brad, Dean and the small crowd start running to a sprint
towards the light.

Drunk swimmers are falling over their feet and knocking
into the walls.

They are all jostling for space as the finish line is
within sight.

There's a tape across the exit as Brad raises his arms
breaking the tape with his chest, crossing the line first.

FADE TO WHITE

INT BEDROOM

JILL
...we're going and that's that.

INT KITCHEN

Jill snatches the letter out of Max's hand.

JILL
Let's see.

MAX
Hey.

JILL
I see.

MAX
What?

JILL
We're adopting.

FADE OUT.