

DEATH RULES EVERYTHING AROUND ME

Written by

some dude with a wicked haircut

FADE IN:

EXT. TOKYO SKYLINE - NIGHT

TOKYO JAPAN, one of the most densely populated cities in the world, apparent by the never ending pillars of concrete structures dominating the expansive landscape.

Rushing over the city, we come to rest over a strange black building, the **ASAHI BEER TOWER**, it's completely black and stocky, compared to it's surrounding neighbors. The top being the thicket and gradually sloping inwards towards the bottom, but the most unique portion of the tower is what sits atop it.

A giant gold colored flame, akin more to a tadpole, sits forever caught in a northwesterly wind, it encompasses the entire roof, it's design is strange and awe inspiring.

EXT. ASAHI BEER TOWER - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A hunched figure, almost lost against the black current of the darkened sky, stares blankly through a Nightforce Optics rifle scope, a long barrel protrudes into the night air, it's fluted tip exposes the impressive diameter of the barrel.

JOHN REAPER (60's) unmoving in his vigil lets out a sigh, his wrinkled lips coil downwards as he swings the behemoth .50 Cal over his shoulder and slumps against the lip of the roof.

The man's steely eyes glint against the flush Tokyo skyline as he reaches into his tactical vest and produces a pack of Marlboro-Ice Blast cigarettes.

Placing one in his mouth, he bites down on the filter and an audible click pierces the unsettlingly quiet night.

VOICE (O.S.)

You know that shit will kill you.

The **VOICE** is deep and distorted, rippling the air with it's ominous tone.

John stares into the darkness, calmly reaches for his Zippo and strikes against the wheel. The light flares up, and if only for a moment, a cloaked figure seems to waver, vanishing as it came.

JOHN

(lighting his cigarette)

That's a laugh, coming from you.

A menacing visage floats from the ether, clad in a flowing black robe, his ashen bones click against a towering scythe, a primordial specter...

DEATH come to life.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You're early.

DEATH
I can't sleep, I'm too excited!

Death's disembodied hull sweeps towards John, embracing him in a secretive huddle.

DEATH (CONT'D)
You going to shoot her in the head?

JOHN
What did we say about personal space?

Death huffs and parlays opposite John.

DEATH
Personal space?

He snorts at the thought.

DEATH (CONT'D)
I'm in your head John, how much more personal can it get?

JOHN
Doesn't change the fact that I still don't like you.

DEATH
Oh come now John, we've been through so much together. Why not share the details?

JOHN
Patience is a virtue...

Death fumes, clenching his scythe.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You should look those words up.

Grumbly, Death spins around and dips back into the ether, disappearing from view.

John, tossing the cigarette,, swings the Barrett M107 back onto it's bi-pod and peruses his line of sight.

Panning with the scope, the crosshairs, trace across the planked pier of the **SUMIDA RIVER**, a neon sign flashes with the words **TOKYO CRUISE**, reflecting the green light onto the waters edge.

The place is empty, except for a couple of birds in mid-flight, swooping towards the water in the attempts for a meal.

Without warning the cross-haired view goes black.

DEATH

Your eye looks so funny from this angle. Like a little button made of flesh.

John's head snaps up, and floating, nonchalantly, Death peers into the other end of the scope.

JOHN

Can't you see I'm working?

DEATH

Work harder John, I'm getting bored.

John gives Death a stern look and Death, begrudgingly, floats back over the edge and onto the rooftop.

John goes back to the scope, adjusting his frame to better suit his position.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Have you ever tried Fugu John?

JOHN

You know I haven't.

DEATH

I want to try it, I hear it's a delicacy. And it even has the potential to kill you.

JOHN

Why am I not surprised.

DEATH

Don't tell me you wouldn't want to try it, even for the thrill of it?

JOHN

Can't say it doesn't pique my interest... Maybe after the jobs done.

DEATH

What a strange land, remember trying to buy a train ticket; when we pushed the help button that guy popped out of the machine like a fucking jack-in-a-box. I almost pissed myself laughing...

Death chortles to himself.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Fucker didn't even speak English.

John, twists a dial ever so slightly on his scope, responding to Death's banter with a simple...

JOHN

Uh-huh.

DEATH

Or what about yesterday, when that drunk was passed out in front of the Roppongi station, and the cops gave him a fucking blanket and a pillow. Didn't even move the man, just made him comfortable.

JOHN

If I didn't know any better, I'd say you're falling in love.

DEATH

I hear you can buy used porn-star panties from vending machines...

JOHN

And so it begins.

DEATH

One hell of an urban legend, if it's not true...

(beat)

Fuck the Fugu, we should go get laid after.

JOHN

No, they'll be none of that this time, we have an early flight.

DEATH

But it's tradition...
 (beat)
 You found her?

JOHN

Don't get overly eager, it's only a car.

In the empty street below, a black Mercedes E550 pulls onto the pier, stopping against the neon sign, a pretty **YOUNG WOMAN** steps out of the vehicle and proceeds up it's length.

Her long black coat catches in the breeze and billows briefly around her waist. She stands by the edge of the water and peers at her reflection, her auburn hair coalescing around her shoulders, caught in the pale blue light of the full moon.

The scopes cross-hairs line up to her chest. John breathes a puff of air, relaxing his being.

DEATH

Before you take the shot I should tell you something, something you may not have noticed.

John removes his eye from the scope and hangs his head in frustration.

JOHN

Is this why you've been so restless?

DEATH

It is; I noticed something in PAXTON's office when we were there.

JOHN

Like what?

DEATH

His ledger, the fool left it out, so I looked.

JOHN

And?

DEATH

I shouldn't tell you, it'll make things more difficult. Especially for me.

JOHN

If you got something to say, just say it.

DEATH

I know her name.

JOHN

And why does that concern me?

DEATH

Because you know her, you even held her in your arms when she was but a babe.

John peers back at her, lining her face to the center of the scope.

JOHN

She doesn't look familiar.

DEATH

But her name will ring a bell. But I shouldn't...

JOHN

You can never resist telling me something I don't know, so just spit it out.

Death, recoils, claspng his hand over the space where his mouth may be.

John shakes his head and returns to his scope.

He traces the death laden crosshairs over her chest once more.

His finger lightly presses against the trigger.

DEATH

(fighting to keep it in)
Miss **KNIGHT, WEDNESDAY** Knight.

John Spikes upwards, like the name struck a note, his forehead wrinkles in thought and he turns to Death.

JOHN

VICTOR's daughter?

DEATH

The one and the same.

He examines her closer, etching every line of her face with his scope.

DEATH (CONT'D)

You owe Victor a debt of life do you not?

JOHN

He saved mine once.

DEATH

Sounds like he made a grave mistake...

(beat)

Carry on John, don't let this new information sway you, it's a non-starter.

John Sighs, hanging his head.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Don't do this to me John, you promised me, I've been patient, I've been good, you owe me.

JOHN

He was a good man!

DEATH

And none of the countless others might have been?

JOHN

None of those other men saved my life, while sacrificing their own.

DEATH

Don't fuck with me John!

John lifts the rifle and swings it over the lip of the roof.

He places the gun down and starts to dismantle it.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Listen to me John, they won't let you live, they're going to take their old dog to pasture. Is that what you want? To end up some bloodied stain on the inside of a locked room?

JOHN

Conflict of interest, they'll understand.

DEATH

They'll get someone else to do it.

JOHN

Fine, but it won't be by my hand.

Opening a broad case, he starts to compartmentalize the individual pieces, placing them in pre-formed foam cutouts.

DEATH

You're making me angry, this night was about me, you promised me a death and I demand it. No, I require it!

Snapping up the case, John flips the strap across his chest and begins to walk to the opposite side of the squared roof.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Stop, John.

John keeps walking, ignoring his demonic sidekick.

DEATH (CONT'D)

I'll make you do it.

John stops dead in his tracks. He turns to face him.

JOHN

You'll do what?

DEATH

I'll make you, you know I can.

JOHN

You'll have to fight me tooth and nail.

DEATH

If you make me, I won't just stop with her...

(beat)

You want a repeat of what happened last time? How many did I kill John, with your hands?

Death aims down the length of his scythe and pretends to shoot. Lining up imaginary heads, pegging them off, one by one.

JOHN

Fucking try it.

Death rushes up to him, caressing his shoulder, putting his arm around him.

DEATH

I don't want to, I love you John,
how many people wish they could
merely glimpse their god, I get to
have conversations with mine.

John spins away from death, back towards the direction he was heading.

Keeping pace, Death follows him.

DEATH (CONT'D)

John, stop. You're being
unreasonable.

JOHN

I've made up my mind. It's time to
go.

At the edge of the roof, a large pile of rope sits in a bundle, taking an arm full, he tosses it over the edge and the rope starts to uncoil fervently towards the ground.

Removing a carabineer from a compartment, he clips it onto a harness hidden beneath his vest.

But as if overcome by some great strain, John grabs his head, teetering on collapse.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Don't do this.

John moves away from the edge and he buckles to his knees, trying to move he can only manage a labored crawl across the gravel laden rooftop, forcing himself with every movement.

Death, floats close to the struggling John.

DEATH

You're making me do this.

John strains to rise, his teeth grit as he pushes himself from the ground.

But before anymore progress permits itself, John collapses.

Death disappears and everything goes quiet.

John lays motionless for a moment, eyes closed... only the stale breeze whistles briefly in the midnight air, pushing his silver hair to one side.

His eyes slowly open and he fumbles to his feet.

He breathes deep, filling his lungs with the sweet air of control.

Without anymore hesitation, he jogs over to the lip of the building and stares towards the pier.

Wednesday's still there, pacing in convoluted circles, a cell phone pressed firmly against her ear. Her hands make wild and animated gestures.

John smiles and removes the large flat case from his back.

Placing it on the gravel, he hurriedly unlatches it and raises the top half onto it's back.

Like a soul possessed, John begins to piece together the gun, configuring it with great speed and accuracy.

Completed, John retrieves the stocky magazine and slaps it into it's dock. Pulling on the slide he livens a round into it's chamber.

Unfolding the bi-pod he returns the gun to it's previous position.

With tentative breath, John lines the crosshairs onto his mark.

JOHN
(smiling)
You should've listened John.

He places his finger onto the trigger and carefully begins to add pressure, bringing the gun closer to it's finale.

But before it can reach it's climax, John depresses the trigger.

He grits his teeth, and claws at his head.

Yelling, John drops the gun and tumbles onto the loose filled pit of the roof.

He rolls in agony.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You're not in control...

He strikes at his head, trying to dump the deranged fiend from the recesses of his psyche.

John finally falls forward, he breathes deep and calmly, his lips curl upward, revealing a sinister smile.

But just as fast as it came, his face contorts back to the one of pain and agony.

He rolls violently, arching his back against the ground, his arms distorting in almost cartoonish ways.

Trying with all his might, John brings his arm to rest onto his tactical vest, he claws at a strap and it comes loose.

Reaching in, he grabs the handle of his .45 snub nose revolver, with violent tremors seizing his hand he shakily removes it from the holster.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I do not bend to your will.

With what might've been his last ounce of strength, he raises his hand, and presses the barrel into his temple.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You bend to mine!

John thumbs the hammer on the jet black piece, it clicks with violent intent...

FADE OUT: