

TERMINAL GAME

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FADE IN:

EXT. BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

HUBERT, an overweight man in his 60s, stands near his desk while packing a cardboard box with personal effects and a few books.

He looks distraught.

BRENDA, a good-looking African-American in her 40s, stands in the middle of the room.

Her face expresses profound sadness.

BRENDA
I can't believe it...

HUBERT
...37 years sucking my blood...this is Age Discrimination...I'm going to sue them...for millions...

BRENDA
...lawyers are expensive.

HUBERT
You'll see...they'll pay for what they did to me.

Brenda stares at his bulging belly.

BRENDA
Shouldn't you take care of your health first?

HUBERT
I'm fine...

He has a bout of hacking cough. He is breathless.

BRENDA
Are you OK?

HUBERT
Yeah.

BRENDA
You should check this cough.

MAN
It's nothing...

BRENDA
Did you get COBRA insurance?

HUBERT
No, I can't afford it.

BRENDA
Are you going to look for a job?

HUBERT
In a couple of years I'll get SOCIAL SECURITY.

BRENDA
Two years is a long time.

HUBERT
I have another thing in mind.

Hubert continues on filling up the box.

BRENDA
What?

HUBERT
I found a website where it's easy to beat the house.

BRENDA
Still gambling?

HUBERT
It's an easy way to make money.

BRENDA
Since we know each other, you always lost your money.

HUBERT
Not this time.

BRENDA
What's different this time?

A beat.

HUBERT
I learned how to roll the dice in my favor.

BRENDA
I don't know...it sounds like wishful thinking to me.

EXT. BUILDING - LOBBY - LATER

Hubert approaches the EXIT of the building.

He carries the heavy cardboard box.

He has difficulty walking. His breathing is deeply laborious.

A SECURITY GUARD stares at him with a compassionate expression.

SECURITY GUARD

I'm sorry...

MAN

(ironically)

For what?...More time to have fun.

INT. APARTMENT - ROOM - LATER

A typical New York studio apartment, comprising a large room, a miniature kitchen and a small bathroom.

The large room is decorated with a small bed with a night table and a lamp, a couch, one armchair and a desk with on top a computer and a printer.

Each piece of furniture is low-cost, imitation of IKEA originals.

The cardboard box lies on the floor. It contains books and personal effects.

INT. APARTMENT - ROOM - EVENING

Hubert sits at his desk. He is checking his mail.

HUBERT

(softly to himself)

Three letters, two are bills and...

He opens the last piece of mail and reads...

INSERT - CHRISTMAS CARD:

(handwritten)

A little gift for Christmas from your friends at the office. Brenda

BACK TO SCENE

Hubert holds a prepaid CREDIT CARD.

INSERT - CREDIT CARD

The front side of the card shows ONE
HUNDRED DOLLARS

BACK TO SCENE

INT. APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Hubert sits in front of the computer. He types frenetically on the keyboard.

He inputs some digits from the credit card he holds in his left hand and continues on typing.

INT. APARTMENT - ROOM - HALF HOUR LATER

Hubert stares at the computer screen with his eyes wide open.

He looks extremely excited.

He coughs violently.

HUBERT
...What's this? Am I dreaming? YES!
YES!..I WON!...I WO--

Suddenly, Hubert's face becomes whitish and distorted.

He presses his hands on his chest.

An horrendous shriek interrupts the silence of the room.

His body collapses massively on the floor.

DEAD!

The End

