

SAMPLE THREE
EXECUTIVE GAMES - SECOND DRAFT

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INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

We open on an empty stairwell. We can hear the '*click-clack*' of high heels. This person is running.

A woman comes into view. This is MARY-BETH. Her make up is streaked by tears and her left cheek is bruised. Her hair is a mess and the right arm of her blouse has been torn at the shoulder.

MARY-BETH reaches a landing. It is designated as '**FLOOR 14**'. She leans against the wall for a moment, taking deep breaths.

From above we can hear more footsteps, heavier but just as fast. This is clearly a male.

MARY-BETH moves to the railings and looks up. She briefly sees a hand above and then the lights die, replaced with the eerie, dull glow of the emergency light system.

MALE VOICE
(sing-song)
Mary-Beth, Mary-Beth... Time to pay
the piper.

MARY-BETH throws herself away from the railing and starts running down again.

We look up again and see the male - his face hidden by dark shadows.

MALE VOICE (CONT...)
(sing-song)
I can hear you.

MARY-BETH jumps the last few steps and hits the landing marked '**Floor 12**'. She lands awkwardly, her ankle twisting. She lets out a pained yelp.

MARY-BETH pushes the door open and stumbles through.

INT. 12TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MARY-BETH looks to her left and right, the corridor identical in both directions, long and bland, the boredom only broken by fake plants in heavy tubs spaced out between office doors.

MARY-BETH's breathing is coming hard and fast, panicked. She hobbles as fast she can, going right.

MARY-BETH is just reaching out to open an office door when we hear the male.

(CONTINUED)

MALE VOICE (O.S)
(angry)
I grow tired of this game.

MARY-BETH pushes the door open and slips inside the office space.

INT. OFFICE SPACE - CONTINUOUS

It is a large office, the area split into partitioned cubicles. MARY-BETH makes her way to the left and then towards the rear of the room.

The door to the office swings open behind her and MARY-BETH drops to the floor.

We can see the frame of the male in the doorway.

MARY-BETH crawls into one of the cubicles and hides under the desk. She pulls her knees up in front of herself. Fresh tears are pouring down her face. Her breathing is fast and shallow.

MALE VOICE (O.S)
I know. Let's play a new game.

MARY-BETH looks across at the next cubicle and sees the telephone. She shuffles around under the desk and reaches an arm up. She begins searching blindly for the phone that should be there.

MALE VOICE (O.S)(CONT...)
Marco.

MARY-BETH'S fingers find the mouse and the PC screen comes to life, accompanied by a musical chime. MARY-BETH snatches her hand back.

MALE VOICE (O.S)(CONT...)
Marco.

MARY-BETH slowly moves out from under the desk and lifts her head up. She reaches out and turns off the computer screen. She is visibly shaking.

MALE VOICE (O.S)(CONT...)
(chuckles)
Marco.

MARY-BETH straightens up and peers out over the top of the cubicle. The office appears empty, but as we pan around to face MARY-BETH we can see the male - his face still unseen - behind her.

(CONTINUED)

MALE VOICE (CONT...)

Polo.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. BUSY OFFICE - DAY

We open on a hive of activity. This is an office where things happen, where the job gets done. People are working at different tasks. Some are sat at their desks, typing or highlighting details on files etc... Others are carrying piles of paperwork from one place to another. A photocopier churns out papers.

Even those standing around the coffee machine are talking animatedly.

We move through all of this and settle on a female worker. This is JULIA HOLLAND. She is sat in one of many cubicles, the area sealed off on three sides by makeshift walls.

A smiling face appears over the top of the cubicle, the head topped with wavy red hair. This is LIZZIE JENKINS.

LIZZIE

A few of us are going out tonight.
It's Luke's birthday.

LIZZIE looks over to the left and waves at a young man. He waves back, but appears embarrassed.

LIZZIE

If he's lucky I might treat him to
a special present.

JULIA smiles, but shakes her head.

JULIA

Wish I could be there to see it.
The poor boy won't know what hit
him.

(pauses)

Unfortunately I can't. Not tonight.

LIZZIE raises an eyebrow jokingly.

LIZZIE

Another date with Mr Right? Aren't
you the lucky one.

(CONTINUED)

JULIA

I'm not sure if Josh is Mr Right.
Not yet, but I'm hoping to find
out.

LIZZIE

(jokingly)

Am I hearing this? Are you planning
on inviting him in for coffee?

JULIA

(smiling)

None of your damn business.

CUT TO:

INT. FOSTERS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

FOSTER is an ordinary looking man. He is, however quite
handsome and his suit is clearly expensive.

FOSTER is reclined in his chair and has his legs up on the
desk. He has the phone pressed to his ear and is nodding.

FOSTER

Yes, everything is ready. I'm just
waiting to hear back from the
others.

(pauses)

I thought we'd utilize the
penthouse, more relaxed
surroundings than the conference
room.

FOSTER frowns.

FOSTER (CONT...)

Is that such a good idea?

FOSTER'S cheeks redden and he returns to nodding his head.

FOSTER (CONT...)

Whatever you think is best, Mr
Ward.

(pauses)

I look forward to seeing you.

FOSTER drops his legs down from the desk and returns the
phone to the cradle. He picks up a framed picture of himself
with a wife and three teenage children. He doesn't look
happy.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK OF LIMO - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the Limo is leather upholstery. This is a vehicle where no expense has been spared.

RANDALL WARD straightens the tie at his neck and then pours himself a drink. He then leans back with a smug look on his face.

RANDALL is clearly a man of means. Everything about him screams money. His suit, his watch, his manicure fingers. This is a man who has it all and knows it.

Sat next to him is a younger man, in his early twenties. This is RANDALL'S son, VINCENT WARD. He carries the same kind of weight as his father.

RANDALL

I'd like you to be present at tonight's meeting.

VINCENT

I already have plans.

RANDALL

It's not a request. I expect you to be there, not negotiable.

VINCENT

Is it ever anything else?

RANDALL gives VINCENT a sideways glance and then downs the drink in one.

CUT TO:

INT. BUCKLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

ANDREW BUCKLEY is another man with money to spare, but he lacks the pose and stature of RANDALL WARD. To make up for this he surrounds himself with expensive objects. As such his office is filled with paintings and sculptures.

BUCKLEY is sat in a chair, rocking it backwards as he glares at the two men sat opposite him.

They are FINCH and JARROLD

BUCKLEY

I don't care which one of you dropped the ball on this. But you fucked up.

FINCH leans forward.

(CONTINUED)

FINCH

Sir, it was an easy mis...

BUCKLEY lets the chair fall forward and raises his hand, index finger outstretched and FINCH falls silent.

BUCKLEY

If you use the word mistake one more time It'll be more than a job you lose.

The door to the office opens and a middle aged women puts her head into the room. This is SANDRA.

BUCKLEY turns and glares at the intrusion.

BUCKLEY

(snaps)

What is it now, Sandra?

SANDRA

(nervously)

It's Mr Ward...

BUCKLEY turns back to the two young men.

BUCKLEY

Get the fuck out of my sight. This is your lucky day.

FINCH and JARROLD hurry out of the office, squeezing passed Sandra.

When they are gone BUCKLEY beckons SANDRA in.

BUCKLEY (CONT...)

What did he want?

SANDRA

(nervously)

He left a message. You are to be at the Hamilton building tonight for the annual meeting.

BUCKLEY places his hands behind his head and grins.

CUT TO:

INT. BUSY OFFICE - DAY

JULIA is walking towards her cubicle. She is balancing a pile of files one arm and trying her best not to spill the cup of coffee in her other hand.

FOSTER walks towards her with a friendly smile on his face. He starts talking with her but makes no attempt to help her with the awkward load she is carrying.

FOSTER

So, Julia. How long have you been with us now?

JULIA

Six months. Give or take a few days.

FOSTER nods.

FOSTER

You've settled in well and your work is exemplary.

JULIA

Thank you, Sir.

They have reached JULIA'S cubicle and she places down the coffee and then the files.

FOSTER

Could I see you in my office...?

FOSTER pauses and looks at his watch.

FOSTER (CONT...)

...Shall we say in ten minutes?

JULIA

No problem.

FOSTER smiles, resting a hand on her shoulder and then walks away.

LIZZIE'S head appears over the cubicle wall.

LIZZIE

Watch out for that one... He's one of those sexual predators.

They both giggle. JULIA looks over and sees FOSTER enter his office.

CUT TO:

INT. LLOYD'S FACTORY - DAY

STEPHEN LLOYD walks around the office and everyone looks up at him. In this place he is God.

The office overlooks a factory space, machinery and men working in unison.

As LLOYD walks around he is followed by staff members. They hand him papers and he either signs them or screws them up. He hardly ever looks anyone in the eye.

A young woman strides up to him. The only one in the room who seems to have a confidence that matches LLOYD'S.

She leans in close and whispers in his ear.

LLOYD
Tell him I'll be there.

LLOYD waves everyone away and walks over to the glass wall overlooking the factory. He is smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - DAY

DEXTER is driving when the phone rings. He reaches down and depresses a button and then adjusts the blue tooth headset hanging around his ear.

DEXTER
I've got the entertainment in hand,
Mr Foster. No need to panic.
(pauses)
No, using a different supplier this
time.
(pauses)
I'll get back to you later.

DEXTER ends the call and pulls up at the kerb. He beckons a man over from the street. This is PIMP.

PIMP runs over and jumps in the passenger side.

PIMP
Long time, no see, DEXTER.

DEXTER
You know how it is. Business gets
in the way of pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

PIMP
(nodding)
And which are you in need of today,
my good man? Business or pleasure?

DEXTER
A little bit of both. Four should
do the trick.

PIMP
Be at my place around six and I'll
have what you need.

DEXTER
Don't let me down. None of those
cheap whore's you usually deal
with.

PIMP
(laughing)
Have a little faith. For the money
you pay I'll get you the First
Lady.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY