

MAN HANGS HIMSELF

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Toes attempt to remain on a stool as it wobbles back and forth. The legs shake as they try to keep balance. MARK (50s) tries to slide a noose around his head, but it won't fit.

He gives one desperate push and gets rope gets tightly under his mouth as the stool gives in. The rope burns across his face as he screams and falls flat on his ass.

He sits up and touches the burn and recoils at the pain. Ready to breakdown, he sees the tine noose lay in front of him.

MARK
(cries)
Can't fucking do anything.

Outside the room, glass shatters. He snaps out of it.

Beat.

MARK (CONT'D)
He-Hello?

Footsteps approach slowly.

MARK (CONT'D)
Who's there?

Steps approach. Mark gets up on his feet.

MARK (CONT'D)
Please, just come in. I... I don't care.

The door creaks open. A gun aimed right at Mark comes into the moonlight. Holding the gun is a ROBBER in a black ski mask. He walks in slowly.

MARK (CONT'D)
Are you going to kill me?

ROBBER
Where do you keep it? The safe?

Mark relaxes, even chuckles to himself.

MARK
You're a day too late. It's all gone.

The Robber rushes up and holds the gun at Mark's face.

ROBBER

Does this look like a fucking joke?
Where's the safe?

MARK

It doesn't matter. She took
everything that was in it. I can
give you what's in my wallet--

ROBBER

I don't want no sears coupons, I
want what's in your fucking safe. I
know you have one.

MARK

What makes you sure?

ROBBER

(pulls the hammer)
Get up.

MARK

You didn't have it already pulled?

Robber grabs him by the collar and forces him up.

ROBBER

Shut the fuck up and walk.

Mark walks to the other side of the room, making sure to not
step on the noose. The robber notices but says nothing. Mark
throws a row of four books off the nearby shelf onto the
floor, clearly not caring for the works of Jane Austen. In
their stead is a safe.

ROBBER (CONT'D)

Go on.

Mark puts in the combination and opens it. He doesn't even
look in. Instead, he just backs away and lets the robber see
for himself.

ROBBER (CONT'D)

That's some shit.

Mark walks over to the mini bar and fixes himself two
glasses.

MARK

Mmmhm.
(holds out glass)
Bourbon?

The robber holds the gun at him. Looks at the safe. Looks at the noose. Looks at Mark, who is unfazed.

ROBBER

Why not.

Mark sloshes it down his throat. Pours himself another one and the robber finally starts his.

MARK

What's your name?

The robber savors the taste, but shakes his head.

MARK (CONT'D)

Right, of course.

The two share a drink in silence. The robber glances at the noose on the floor.

ROBBER

I take it I came at a bad time.

MARK

Can't imagine there ever being a good time for a thief. No offence.

ROBBER

Did you stop 'cause ya heard me break in?

Mark nods then drinks.

ROBBER (CONT'D)

My fault, man.

Mark looks at the rope.

MARK

I'll do it soon enough. Why do you care?

ROBBER

I don't believe in suicide.

MARK

A very convenient answer.

ROBBER

Convenient?

MARK

You break through my window, then sneak in like you're so...

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)
damn stealthy. Aim gun at me. Tell
me to open safe. Fucking television
these days, man. Watch "Rafifi" and
knockout the culture and aesthetic
birds with one stone.

Finishes the glass.

ROBBER
I don't know what that is.

Mark shatters his glass against the ground.

MARK
COURSE you don't.

He looks up to notice the robber's gun aimed at him.

ROBBER
You gonna calm down?

Mark stares straight into the barrel, hypnotized by it.

MARK
Yeah... Yeah I'll calm. Sorry about
that.

ROBBER
(to himself)
Rich dudes.

Drinks.

Mark leans over to pick up the glass.

ROBBER (CONT'D)
Why don't you just wait to clean
that?

Mark nods.

ROBBER (CONT'D)
Who's "She"?

MARK
The she-bitch that took my -- I'm
sorry -- your money? Ex-wife.

ROBBER
And you were gonna off yourself to
prove something to her?

MARK
You're really about this.

ROBBER
I don't believe in suicide.

MARK
Well believe it or not, it's real.
Just look over there.

Robber looks straight into Mark's eyes. Uncomfortable, Mark gets up and pours another glass.

ROBBER
I don't have to.

MARK
Jesus, you're fucking annoying.

Downs the glass. Walks over to the noose and stares down at it. He gets an idea.

MARK (CONT'D)
You wanna believe?

The robber says nothing. Mark picks up the stool and stands it upright. Gets on top of it.

MARK (CONT'D)
You can take whatever you want in here. All you have to do...

He has the robber's undivided attention.

MARK (CONT'D)
...is watch me do it. Deal?

Beat.

ROBBER
Man, shut up, you're drunk.

Mark tries to fit the noose over his neck

MARK
(struggles)
Deal?

He stops to look at his witness. The robber nods.

Mark tugs at the noose to test it.

ROBBER
Sturdy?

MARK

Spent 19 years becoming an eagle
scout.

Tightens the noose.

ROBBER

Never got the "hang yourself, drunk
as shit, in front of the dude
that's gonna ransack your place"
badge?

MARK

Nope, but today's the day for
change.

Kicks the stool out... the rope tightens as it holds his neck
for dear life. Unable to breathe, Mark's face shifts red with
bulging veins. His eyes... they grow desperate... sad...
regretful? He tries to muster sound, but is unable.

He sees the robber get up out and walk over the desk.
Methodically, he walks behind it and forces open a secret
wooden panel on the side. Giant wads of cash fill the hidden
space. Thousands are stored inside.

He takes a wad and looks back up at Mark, who dangles there,
confused and almost out of life.

ROBBER

Confused? She-bitch hired me, cuz.

He fires at the rope. Mark falls to the ground, flailing for
air like a fish.

MARK

(trying to breathe)
Wh-wha...

The robber approaches.

ROBBER

For an eagle scout with so much
culture, you really are a dipshit.

He stands above Mark.

ROBBER (CONT'D)

Told you, I don't believe in
suicide.

He blasts Mark between the eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

END