

NOT/GUILTY

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BLACK

Shallow breathing.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - NIGHT

A sparse room. Barely lit.

An opaque window.

A dirty mirror.

A chair.

A hand caked in blood .

A semi-automatic rests on a table.

A man - LEON (mid 30's) - gazes out the window, fraught.

LEON
Shit! Shit! Shit!

He wipes his sweat mottled brow.

NOEL (O.S.)
Fuckin' pussy. You missed.

Leon spins around to see NOEL (mid 30's) seated casually.

Leon raises his blood-encrusted hand.

NOEL
Flesh wound. You missed.

Noel lights a cigarette, savors a long drag, then blows a billow of smoke at Leon. He coughs.

LEON
I shouldn't have -

NOEL
You should have finished the job.
Shoot to kill.

LEON
It was only a kid.

NOEL
You were hired because you never
flunk a hit. Until now.

LEON
I couldn't.

NOEL
You could. If you had the balls.

LEON
It was a fuckin' kid!

NOEL
Did that stop you in Iraq?

Leon pauses, sinks into deep thought.

LEON
Iraq was different.

Noel stands, saunters in a circle around Leon.

NOEL
Different, how?

LEON
I wasn't just some gun for hire. We had honor.

Noel takes a deep drag.

NOEL
You only had one hit. One goddamn hit! And you fucked up. Where's your honor now, huh?

Leon glances at the gun.

NOEL (cont'd)
It's not too late. It's not too late to finish the job.

Leon turns away, back to the window.

LEON
No.

NOEL
One bullet left.

LEON
I said no.

NOEL
Only takes one bullet.

A cold silence.

NOEL (cont'd)
But you know that, don't ya? All it
took was one bullet to kill that kid
in Iraq. One bullet. Straight through
the head.

Anger swells. Leon clenches his fist. He trembles violently.

LEON
I was under orders!

NOEL
The Boss gave you an order, so what's
the difference? Finish the fuckin'
job!

Leon glances at his blood-stained hand, then back to the
gun.

Erratic breathing.

He spins back to the window.

LEON
I can't.

NOEL
You can.

LEON
I can't.

NOEL
You will.

Noel lurches towards Leon, squares up to him.

NOEL (cont'd)
Fuckin' pussy.

Leon buries his head in his hands.

LEON
No, no, I -

NOEL
Fuckin' failure. You're weak!

Leon begins to weep, shakes his head in protest.

NOEL (cont'd)
You think by not killin' again,
you'll somehow redeem yourself?
(MORE)

NOEL (cont'd)
Bullshit. Once a killer, always a
fuckin' killer.

LEON
Stop. Please stop.

Noel spits at Leon.

NOEL
Killer! Killer! Killer!

LEON
Stop!

Enraged, Leon drives his fist into Noel's face.

Noel staggers, then laughs, unblemished.

Rivulets of blood flow from Leon's nose.

He wipes his nose, then gazes at his blood soaked hand in
disbelief.

LEON (cont'd)
What the hell -

NOEL
Pathetic. Redeem yourself by honoring
your word. Honoring the contract.

Leon turns back to the gun. A deep breathe.

With tentative steps he approaches the gun, picks it up,
slowly rotates the cold steel in his hands.

NOEL (cont'd)
That's it. I knew it. Once a killer.

Tears stream down Leon's face. He glides over to the mirror,
gazing deeply into his own eyes laden with sadness. His
busted nose gushing blood.

LEON
One bullet?

NOEL
One bullet.

LEON
For honor?

NOEL
For honor.

At that moment, Leon's reflection transforms: he stares back at Noel, smirking, with a bloody nose.

REVEAL Leon alone in the room.

LEON
Once a killer.

NOEL (O.S.)
Always a -

Leon stuffs the barrel into his mouth, closes his eyes, pulls the trigger.

BLACK.