

# ENDGAME

A film by Phil Collinge & Andy Lord

**Running time ten minutes**



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**FADE IN**

**01 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. NIGHT**

A typical SEASIDE BOARDING HOUSE BEDROOM - CHINTZ, OLD FURNITURE etc. There are two doors, one to an en-suite bathroom and one out of the room. We see a BEDSIDE CLOCK. It is a numerical type. We see the numbers flick over from 10.07 to 10.08.

A MAN places a BATTERED SUITCASE on the bed. He is in his mid forties and rather seedy looking. He has greasy hair, GLASSES with quite a high prescription and a SHABBY MIS-BUTTONED CARDIGAN. He opens the case, which is full of MONEY. He smiles and rubs his hands. There is a knock on the door. He closes the SUITCASE, goes into the en-suite bathroom and shuts the door. The main door opens and a MAID pops her head round. She is in her late twenties, attractive, but not a beauty queen moonlighting as a domestic!

MAID  
Hello?...Room service?

As there is no answer, she enters and puts a TRAY on the bed. It contains a GLASS OF MILK and a PLATE OF JAMMIE DODGERS. We hear a toilet flush. The MAID looks round as the door to the en-suite opens.

MAID  
Oh, sorry...I didn't know  
you were in there...Room  
Service ...Your...order.

The MAN enters. He smiles disconcertingly.

MAN  
On the bedside cabinet  
please my dear

The MAID puts the tray down. The MAN remains standing and looking at her. She is obviously uncomfortable but tries not to show it.

MAID  
Miserable weather we're  
having.

The MAN says nothing. The MAID turns to leave. The MAN has moved across the room and closed the door. He stands by it, staring at her.

MAID  
Er...I've got to go now  
sir.

MAN  
I wonder if you could just  
move my suitcase...Bad  
back you see.

She tries to lift it.

MAID  
It's very heavy isn't it?

MAN  
(Smiles)  
Open it and look inside.

MAID  
Oh, no...I'm not supposed...

MAN  
Open it!

She is clearly concerned now. She opens the SUITCASE. The MAID looks at the MONEY and then at the MAN. He beams at her.

MAN  
Would you like to earn  
some of that?

MAID  
(Very concerned)  
What?...Er...No thank you  
...Look I'd love to stay  
but...

The MAN turns the KEY, which was already in the lock.

MAN  
Oh don't be like that...I  
just want to play...You'll  
enjoy it I promise.

He reaches under the bed and removes a LONG OBJECT WRAPPED IN BROWN PAPER.

MAID  
Look, I don't know what  
Your game is but...

MAN

Pin the tail on the donkey.

MAID

What!?

MAN

My game...You asked me  
what my game was and I've  
told you...My game is pin  
the tail on the donkey...and  
I want you to play it with me  
...I'll pay you.

The MAN unfastens the BROWN PAPER PARCEL. It contains a LARGE SHEET OF PAPER WITH A VERY CRUDELY DRAWN DONKEY ON IT. The MAN attaches the picture to the wall.

MAID

You want to play pin the  
tail on the donkey?...For  
money?

MAN

Oh yes...One thousand  
pounds a go.

MAID

No, look I'm sorry I have  
to go...I've got all the  
rooms to do and...well I  
haven't got that sort of  
money anyway so...

MAN

I'll give you some.

MAID

What?

MAN

Here...Ten thousand  
pounds...Just to play  
some games with me...  
Anything you win...you  
can keep.

MAID

Look er...

MAN

There's no need to worry  
...I'm not going to hurt  
you...Take it.

He hands over the MONEY. The MAID takes it with trembling hands.

MAID  
You're giving me ten  
Thousand pounds?

MAN  
Yes...but is OK... You  
see you'll never live to  
spend it.

He reaches in his pocket and produces a BLINDFOLD. He holds it as if he were about to strangle her with it.

MAN  
(Beaming)  
Me first I think.

He puts the BLINDFOLD on himself. The MAID watches in terror as he fumbles about. We see the MAN take a peek from under his BLINDFOLD. He pins the TAIL to the donkeys nose. He stands back and removes the BLINDFOLD.

MAN  
Your go.

MAID  
Er...No...I've got to go  
you see...They'll be  
wondering where I am.

MAN  
They know where you  
are. They sent you up here  
with my milk and biscuits  
...Put the blindfold on.

The MAID complies. She pins the TAIL far closer to the donkey than the MAN did and rips of her BLINDFOLD as quickly as she can.

MAN  
Good... You win...One  
thousand pounds...  
There you are.

He reaches under the bed again

MAN  
I've got a whole box of  
delights under here...  
Lets play.

He produces a KERPLUNK BOX and blows on a PARTY BLOWER.

CUT TO:

**02. INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. NIGHT**

C.U. the CLOCK. It shows 11.22. The room is littered with the evidence of A HOST OF COMPLETED GAMES. The MAN is holding a GUN on the MAID. He pulls the trigger and a FLAG WITH THE WORD BANG pops out. The MAN laughs uproariously. The MAID takes a deep and shuddering breath.

MAN  
Good one isn't it...Gets  
'em every time...D'you  
know what they call me  
in the pub?

MAID  
I think I can guess.

MAN  
Brian.

MAID  
Eh?

MAN  
Brian...That's what they  
call me ...I don't know why  
'cos my name's Gerald...I  
keep telling them but they  
never listen...No one ever  
remembers ...Till tonight  
...They'll remember me  
tonight.

CUT TO:

**03. INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. NIGHT**

CU. The CLOCK. It shows 11.47. A game of snap is underway. Most of the MONEY remains in the mans SUITCASE, but the MAID has won some.

MAN  
SNAP!!...I win...One  
thousand pounds please.

The MAID hands it over.

MAID

I don't know what you're getting so excited for...it's your money anyway.

MAN

It's not!...I've given it to you...Now I have to win it back...I want to play hopscotch now.

MAID

Where have you got all this money from anyway?... You've not robbed a bank have you?

MAN

It's my life savings...thirty thousand pounds...I've lived a very frugal life you see...a penny saved here, a money off coupon there... and the sale of my house for twenty nine and a half thousand pounds.

MAID

You've got thirty thousand pounds to spend on whatever you want...And you want to spend it playing children's games with me?

MAN

There's no point in being grown up if you can't be childish once in a while... Anyway, we're locked in a room together and I'm paying for your time... What do you think I should ask you to do?

MAID

OK...Hopscotch it is.

MAN

Go on then.

The MAID assumes the position and looks round warily as the MAN prepares his run up. We see that she has a handful of KERPLUNK SPINES in her hand. The MAN is beaming widely as he begins his run up. We see her grip the SPINES tightly. The MAN comes to a halt. He is looking at the SPINES in her hand.

MAN

That's not very nice.

MAID

What?

MAN

You could hurt someone with those...You could hurt me...Why would you want to do that?...I've not tried to hurt you have I?...I've given you money...We've played games...Please don't hurt me!

MAID

I...I'm sorry...I just thought.

MAN

Thought what?...What did you just think?

MAID

(whispers)

The money you gave me... You said I'd never live to spend it.

MAN

You won't...Oh!...No I didn't mean...No...I'm not going to kill you.

MAID

I'm glad to hear it.

MAN

God is.

MAID

What!?

MAN

It's the end of the world my dear...At precisely twelve o'clock tonight everything stops.

The MAID looks at him in puzzled disbelief.

MAN

...Oh it's been kept very secret ...To avoid panic you see...Only a few of us know... The chosen few...Don't look so worried my dear, it won't hurt...One minute we're here, the next nothing...ever...We've still got twelve minutes left and I want to play tiddlywinks... You tiddle whilst I wink.

The CLOCK shows 11.48.

CUT TO:

**03. INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. NIGHT**

The MAN and MAID are playing TIDDLYWINKS. The MAID is not very good largely due to her shaking with fear.

MAN

Don't look so worried...  
It's not the end of the world.

MAID

You said it was.

MAN

Oh yes...Well it is...But it's no good crying over spilt milk... I contracted conjunctivitis of the lower intestine once by drinking milk that had been cried into.

The MAN smiles more gently this time. The MAID smiles back.

MAID

You're completely mad  
aren't you?

MAN

Well I'm a bit miffed yes...  
And who wouldn't be if they'd just made the last HP payment on their combined fireplace and novelty foot spa ...Only to find out that the world was due to end any minute.

MAID

So...How did you find out then?

MAN

They send you a receipt.

MAID

No...No...How did you find out that the world was going to end?

MAN

Oh, that...Well, there's the writings of Nostradamus of course ...But he was as mad as a bicycle...Might as well try and decode the sound of a plate of beans negotiating it's way through the digestive system of a yak as listen to him...No, real doomsday prediction takes years of careful study and scientific research.

MAID

So that's what you did?

MAN

No, but I knew a bloke at work who had.

MAID

A bloke at work?!

MAN

Yea I was an odd job man...  
It was my life's ambition to be an odd job man.

MAID

Why?

MAN

I'm odd.

The MAID smiles despite herself.

MAID

So...how long have you known...That the world was going to end I mean?

MAN

Well...as the crow flies...  
in strictly linear terms...  
twenty-three years.

MAID

You've been waiting for the world to end for twenty three years?...All on the word of a bloke you knew from work?!

MAN

He wasn't just any bloke you know ...He worked in the warehouse...

MAID

Oh well...If he worked in the warehouse!

MAN

He had a very important job. He was a shelf.

The CLOCK turns to 11.59.

MAN

Right...No more games now ...It's nearly the end.

The MAID looks around fearfully.

MAID

What do we have to do?

MAN

Well that's up to you...but I wouldn't start Reading War and Peace or anything.

The MAN is sat on the bed with eyes closed and palms resting on his knees. The MAID watches him intently. CU. the CLOCK ticks onto 12.00. After a few moments the MAN opens one eye and looks around the room. He opens the other eye and looks at his watch, shakes it and sighs

MAN

Oh!...Maybe not then... Better luck next year eh?

Pull back. He is alone. The DOOR is open and the SUITCASE gone.

MAN

Miss!?...Miss!!!

**FADE TO BLACK.**