

My Suicide
by
Phil Clarke Jr.

copyright 2005
doglebe@yahoo.com

1 FADE IN ON: 1
2 INT. TAVERN. 2

Your typical tavern. The bar is wood. The walls are old brick and covered with breweriana.

CARL and STEVE sit at the bar, a few feet from each other. They are two EXTREMELY average-looking guys. They each have a drink in front of them. Steve is smoking. An ashtray sits in front of him. They watch the news on a nearby television.

'MURDER SUICIDE' appears on the television screen. The REPORTER ad-libs a story.

CARL
Doesn't that suck?

STEVE
What?

CARL
(points to TV)
That. Guy kills himself and his wife.

STEVE
Hmmm...

CARL
I mean, if you're going to kill yourself, then just kill yourself. Don't take other people with you.

Steve looks at Carl suspiciously.

STEVE
You think about killing yourself much?

CARL
Yeah... I mean, I'm not planning to kill myself. But if I was going to, I already figured out how.

Long silence.

Steve finishes his cigarette and puts it out in an ashtray in front of him.

CARL
You wanna know how?

STEVE

(beat)

Sure.

Carl inches his seat closer to him.

CARL

The whole thing takes about two months.

STEVE

Two months? You plan on starving yourself to death?

CARL

Nothing like that... For two months, practically every day, I call the national headquarters for Central Intelligence Agency--

STEVE

The C-I-A--?

CARL

In McLean, Virginia. I call up and ask about job opportunities.

STEVE

Job opportunities?

CARL

Job opportunities! Just to be on the phone with them. And I do it with my cell phone.

STEVE

No long distance charges?

CARL

That's not why. The phone company keeps records of every call made on a cell phone--

CUT TO:

3

INT. PERSONNEL OFFICE. CIA.

3

A mousy-looking woman sits behind her desk, talking on the phone (M.I.S). Papers are stacked neatly on her desk.

CARL (V.O.)

Each of my calls would be documented.

STEVE (V.O.)

So?

CARL (V.O.)

So, I would do this for about two months.

CUT TO:

4 INT. TAVERN.

4

Carl is a little bit closer to Steve. Steve lights another cigarette.

CARL

Log about forty or fifty calls. Let the bill come in and highlight all these calls... During these two months, I would also get a pistol. A semi-automatic pistol--

STEVE

You're going to get into a shoot-out with the C-I-A--?

CARL

Shoot-out--?

STEVE

They call that death by suicide--

CARL

That's not what I would do--

STEVE

But that's what they call it--

CARL

I know, but that's not what I'd do.

CUT TO:

5 INT. SHOOTING RANGE.

5

Carl fires a semi-automatic pistol at a paper target (M.I.S.). Shell casings are ejecting off to the side.

CARL (V.O.)

I'd take my semi-automatic pistol and go to a pistol range and fire off a few rounds.

He hits the target, but not very well.

He reloads the magazine and puts it in the pistol. He takes a single spent casing and puts it in his pocket.

CARL (V.O.)
I take one spent shell casing with me.

He walks off the range, looking around him as he does so.

CARL (V.O.)
I'll be needing it on the big day.

CUT TO:

6 INT. TAVERN.

6

The two are still talking.

CARL
Also during this time, I collect a couple of cigarette butts.

STEVE
Cigarette butts?

CARL
Off the street.

STEVE
Why?

CARL
'Cause I don't smoke.

STEVE
People are gonna think you're crazy.

CARL
I'm gonna kill myself. I don't care what people think.

STEVE
Good point.

CARL
As I get closer to the big day, I call the C-I-A more and more often. Ask about job opportunities. Starting salary. Benefits.
(MORE)

CARL (cont'd)
 Tour information. Whatever.
 Anything to log in that air time.

STEVE
 'Cause the phone company keeps
 records.

CARL
 Exactly!

CUT TO:

7 INT. CARL'S APARTMENT.

7

It's a modest place. Carl walks up to a small desk.

CARL (V.O.)
 On my last day, I stay home and get
 phone bills together listing my
 calls.

He looks at his phone bill. Several calls are highlighted in
 yellow.

He puts the bill in his shirt pocket.

CARL (V.O.)
 Remember that spent shell casing?

STEVE (V.O.)
 From the shooting range?

CARL (V.O.)
 I take that and those cigarette
 butts--

He grabs an envelope from the desk and takes it into the
 kitchen.

Steve sits on the stove, beer in hand. He watches Carl.

CARL (V.O.)
 And bring them in my kitchen, where
 I plan to kill myself.

He rips open the envelope and dumps its contents on the
 floor.

CARL (V.O.)
 I leave them where they can be
 found later.

It's the spent casing and two cigarette butts. They bounce
 before settling on the floor.

He grabs his cell phone and dials a number.

CARL (V.O.)
I make one last call to the C-I-A
for the usual stuff.

He hangs up the cell phone and picks up another phone, from the wall.

CARL (V.O.)
I then immediately--

His fingers press 9-1-1 on the phone.

CARL (V.O.)
Call the police.

He talks on the phone (M.I.S)

CARL (V.O.)
Acting like I'm scared, I give them
my name and address and say--

A RINGTONE is heard. Carl looks at Steve, surprised, as he pulls a cell phone from his jacket.

STEVE
Just give me a second--

He hops off the stove and walks out of the kitchen.

STEVE (V.O.)
Hi Honey. No. I'm just talking to
some guy in a bar. Keep going,
guy. I'm listening...

Carl looks at him (O.C.).

CARL
So, I give the cops my name and
address and shout, "Someone is
trying to break into my house and I
think they trying to kill--"

CUT TO:

8 INT. TAVERN.

8

Carl sits even closer to Steve. Steve has his cell phone against his ear.

STEVE

All right. I'll meet you there.
Bye--

He hangs up his cell phone and turns his attention back to Carl.

CARL

And I hang up the phone and shoot myself in the head.

CUT TO:

9 INT. CARL'S APARTMENT.

9

The police force in the door and cautiously enter the apartment, guns drawn.

CARL (V.O.)

The police arrive at my apartment because of my call. Maybe a neighbor even called because he heard the shot.

The police enter the kitchen. Carl lays in a pool of his own blood.

The bullet wound is on the left side of his head. The pistol is next to him.

CARL (V.O.)

When they search the crime scene, they see two spent shell casings on the floor--

The cops point to the casings, resting near the butts.

CARL (V.O.)

Two casings, but only one bullet?
What happened to the other bullet?

CUT TO:

10 INT. TAVERN.

10

Steve and Carl.

CARL

Investigating the matter, they find the cigarette butts and learn from those who know that I don't smoke. So who left the butts?

(MORE)

CARL (cont'd)
 Someone was there long enough to
 smoke two cigarettes.

Steve puts his cigarette out in the ashtray.

CUT TO:

11 INT. CARL'S APARTMENT.

11

A police officer leans over the body.

CARL (V.O.)
 Those who know me would also tell
 the cops that I'm right-handed, not
 left. When I actually shoot
 myself, I would use my left hand
 and shoot myself in the left side
 of my head.

The police officer looks at Carl's shirt pocket.

CARL (V.O.)
 The piece de resistance, however,
 would be--

He pulls out the phone bill.

CARL (V.O.)
 --the phone bill.

CUT TO:

12 INT. TAVERN.

12

Carl is still talking. Steve drinks his beer.

CARL
 The cops would look into the
 highlighted phone number and find
 out I was calling the C-I-A.
 They'd also find out that I called
 the C-I-A right before I called
 them to say someone was trying to
 break in to my place.

STEVE
 But there's no signs of forced
 entry.

CARL
 There doesn't have to be. They're
 gonna rule out suicide because
 right-handed people don't shoot
 themselves with their left hand.
 (MORE)

CARL (cont'd)
I made repeated calls to the C-I-A
up until my death.

STEVE
But you spoke with Personnel?

CARL
Yeah. That's what the C-I-A would
say if they remembered my calls.
But who would believe them?

STEVE
Good point.

CARL
Great point.

STEVE
But I don't get it. Why do all
this? Why get the C-I-A involved
at all? Why not just shoot
yourself normally

CARL
Why? If my death is labelled a
suicide, my family couldn't collect
on the insurance.

STEVE
Okay.

CARL
Second, if my death is labelled a
suicide, I can't be buried on
hallowed ground.

STEVE
(beat)
Fine. Hallowed ground.

CARL
Third, I want to leave people
guessing.

STEVE
Guessing?

CARL
Guessing! Newspapers and teevee
shows will investigate my death for
years. Conspiracy websites will be
dedicated to me. Books will be
written about me--

STEVE

Books?

CARL

They'd probably make a teevee movie about me--

STEVE

And a movie--?

CARL

--Trying to figure out who I am. I'd become legendary.

STEVE

Yeah. And if they made a movie about this, they'd probably get John Stamos to play you.

CARL

John Stamos--?

STEVE

Nevermind.

He finishes his beer.

STEVE

I'd love to stay and hear more, but I have to meet my wife.

He leaves a single on the bar and stands up.

STEVE

Good talking with you.

CARL

Yeah. You too.

Steve takes one last look at Carl and leaves.

Carl sits by himself and sips his beer. After a moment, he looks into Steve's ashtray.

He casually looks around.

He takes two butts from the ashtray and puts them in his shirt pocket.

He leaves.

FADE OUT.