

FINAL CURTAIN
An Original Screenplay by Fred Koszewnik

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INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (1930s)

A flickering overhead light spotlights MR. G, (40s), in striped pajamas. He sits bound and gagged near a desk with a phone. MR. STRANGEWAY, (40s), a gangster in long overcoat and hat, circles the chair then rips off G's gag.

MR. G

Who are you? What do you want?

Strangeway slaps G's face.

MR. STRANGEWAY

Shut up! I do all the talking.

MR. G

But I'm expected, on stage.

MR. STRANGEWAY

No one's gonna miss you.

G begins to perspire.

MR. G

Please, you've got to let me go!
I won't tell anyone. I promise.

MR. STRANGEWAY

That's right. You won't.

Strangeway edges closer, grabs G's head in both hands and forces a lingering, menacing kiss on him. G sputters and turns his head aside in revulsion.

MR. G

What are you going to do to me?

Strangeway laughs, then moves away and suddenly pulls out a gun.

Mr. G

Oh my God! You're - !

Strangeway fires two shots. Pop! Pop!

G slumps down dead in the chair.

MR. STRANGEWAY

The only thing worse than a bad actor
is a whiner.

He picks up the phone, dials.

MR. STRANGEWAY

The job's done.

(Long pause)

Yeah, I just told you. Godot's a no show.