

THE GAME

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD - DAY

Fenced in backyard with well manicured green grass.

JIMMY (12) and SEBASTIAN (12) play a fast-paced game of guns. They run around, dodging imaginary bullets, pointing their fingers at one another and making shooting SOUNDS.

Jimmy is small for his age, Sebastian tall.

JIMMY  
Blam, blam, blam!

SEBASTIAN  
Got you!

Jimmy falls to the grass, shot in the chest.

JIMMY  
Ug!

He uses his fingers to show the blood spewing from the wound.

SEBASTIAN  
Wow, Jimmy. You're good. Almost like for real.

JIMMY  
Yeah, I know, 'Bastian. Waaay better at this game than you!

SEBASTIAN  
No, you're not.

JIMMY  
You wish, dude! You know I am.

Jimmy jumps up, LAUGHING.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
You suck. 'Bastian sucks! 'Bastian sucks!

SEBASTIAN  
I do not!

JIMMY  
You suck so bad your farts implode and come out your mouth!

Sebastian blows a lungful of air at Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Gross! You got fart breath,  
buttmouth!

SEBASTIAN

You are such a loser.

Jimmy does a goofy victory dance.

JIMMY

(singing)

Oh, yeah. I got it, I got it, and  
you don't and never will. I got it,  
I got it...

Sebastian watches Jimmy do his dance. His hands ball into fists. After a beat, he smiles.

SEBASTIAN

Hey! I gotta idea. Come on!

The boys race toward the patio doors. The sliding glass door is open, the screen closed.

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Sebastian throws the screen door open, the boys enter the kitchen and jump over an old GOLDEN RETRIEVER lying on the doormat. It BARKS once.

They run into Sebastian's MOTHER (37). She has a plate of cookies, almost drops them.

MOTHER

'Bastian! Dammit.

SEBASTIAN

Sorry, mom!

MOTHER

Slow down.

The boys snag some cookies and keep running.

JIMMY

Sorry, Mrs. Molinaro! Thanks for  
the cookies!

Munching the cookies, they run upstairs, the dog barking as they go.

MOTHER  
 (calling out)  
 I mean it, Sebastian! Jimmy! Slow  
 it down! Stop barking, Michael!  
 Stop it, dammit, just stop it!

The dog chases after the boys and stops at the bottom of the stairs.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 Shut up, Michael! Shut up, shut up,  
 shut up!

An uneasy WHINE replaces the dog's barking. It doesn't want to go up the stairs, turns away, tail between its legs.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 Only one that ever listens to me.  
 Dumb dog.  
 (shouts to the ceiling)  
 You boys be good!  
 (singsongy)  
 Tequila. Tequila time. Time for  
 tequila.

The mother fills two shot glasses with tequila.

She turns a stereo on LOUD, blasting HEAVY BASS DRIVEN ROCK throughout the house. She knocks back the two shots and smiles.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

The boys run into the bedroom. The music from the downstairs stereo AMPLIFIES when the door opens. The door is left open.

Sebastian doesn't turn on the light. The curtained window filters dim sunlight into the room.

He goes to his computer and loads up a shooter video game with plenty of carnage and guns. He offers the seat to Jimmy.

SEBASTIAN  
 You first, little buddy.

Jimmy takes the seat.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
 Bet you can't beat me. No way you  
 can beat me. I'm so good at this  
 game, it's crazy.

JIMMY

Ha! I can beat you easy, Sebastian.  
'Cause... I got it, I got it, and  
you don't and never will...

Jimmy's attention is instantly absorbed by the game.

Sebastian takes a step back and watches Jimmy play. Staccato bursts of explosive white light from the video game ILLUMINATE his FACE.

Then Sebastian turns and tip-toes out of the room.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Sebastian opens the bedroom door, looks around for his parents, sneaks inside. The blaring ROCK MUSIC pumps up in volume.

He leaves the door open, runs to a sliding closet door, opens it, leans in and pulls out a WORLD WAR II M1 CARBINE and a BOX OF AMMUNITION.

The dog enters the room, head low, ears flat, baring its teeth and GROWLING.

Unaware the dog is sneaking up behind him, Sebastian removes the rifle's MAGAZINE.

There's a SINGLE CARTRIDGE inside.

Sebastian pulls it out, then tugs on the bullet until it comes out of its casing - a DUMMY ROUND with NO GUNPOWDER.

He puts the bullet back into the casing.

The dog BARKS, startling the boy. He drops the box of ammunition and the dummy round.

SEBASTIAN

(whispering)  
Dang it, Michael!

There is a pile of glittering bullets on the carpet - can't tell the difference between the live bullets and the dummy round.

Sebastian picks up the bullet on top of the pile, looks at the dog and then back at the cartridge in his hand.

The dog BARKS again.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry, boy. I know the fake bullet from the real ones. What do you think I am? Stupid? Now get!

The dog tucks tail and runs.

Sebastian picks up the pile of ammunition, puts it back in the box.

He aims the rifle, placing the butt on his firing shoulder, steadies the handgrip, eyeballs the sight and pretends to shoot by making a SHOOTING SOUND.

Smiles.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sebastian steps inside, rifle in hand. He quietly closes the door. The ROCK MUSIC volume decreases, but the thump, thump is loud and clear.

Thump, thump, thump!

Sebastian creeps up behind Jimmy like a hunter stalking his prey, touches the back of Jimmy's head with the rifle's barrel.

Jimmy turns around.

INT. HALLWAY/SEBASTIAN'S BEDROOM DOOR - DAY

The dog appears at the door, head down, ears back, GROWLING.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sebastian moves the rifle away from Jimmy's head, then puts a finger to his lips.

SEBASTIAN

Sh...!

(whispering)

My dad got this from an old junk shop for nothin'. Thing still works! Want to see? Watch.

He shows Jimmy the cartridge, then places it in the magazine, cocks the rifle, loading it into the chamber.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
Cool, huh? Dad said it was, like, a  
gun for shows? You know? Got all  
this neat free stuff like bullets  
and junk. Check this out.

He aims the rifle at Jimmy, moves forward suddenly, finger on  
the trigger.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
Bang...

INT. HALLWAY/SEBASTIAN'S BEDROOM DOOR - DAY

The dog PAWS at the carpet under the door, growling, whining,  
trying to get inside.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sebastian takes another step toward Jimmy.

SEBASTIAN  
...bang...

Jimmy falls off the chair, hits the floor.

Sebastian keeps coming, a wild grin on his face.

Jimmy scrambles away, crab-like, until his back hits the  
wall.

Sebastian puts the barrel against Jimmy's forehead, right  
between his eyes.

INT. HALLWAY/SEBASTIAN'S BEDROOM DOOR - DAY

The dog GOES BERSERK, barking, frothing, screaming, its paws  
clawing at the door.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

SEBASTIAN  
...you're dead.

Sebastian PULLS THE TRIGGER. A metallic CLICK follows as the  
firing mechanism releases and the hammer hits the primer.

Then...

...nothing but the thump, thump, thump from the bass, the dog barking, and Jimmy's alarmed BREATHING.

Sebastian LAUGHS.

He lowers the rifle, steps back - game's over - but a small POOL OF URINE puddles around Jimmy.

Sebastian stops laughing.

The dog barks. The rock and roll bass thumps. Sebastian stares at Jimmy in wonder. Jimmy CRIES.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - 33 YEARS LATER

Jimmy (45) wakes in horror. He sits up, pulls the sheets back and checks his ADULT DIAPER. It's been soiled. He checks the bed for urine - the diaper leaked, staining the sheets.

His girlfriend, ANNIE (40), rolls over, half asleep.

ANNIE

Babe...? Hun? You OK?

Jimmy crawls out of bed - carefully.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wearing a fresh adult diaper, Jimmy tosses the soiled one into a diaper pail.

He stares into the medicine cabinet mirror. He looks sick, terminally ill.

Annie enters.

ANNIE

Anything I can do?

Jimmy shakes his head.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Sebastian again?

Jimmy nods.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Oh, baby, I'm sorry. I am so, so sorry. I love you...

(MORE)



ANNIE (CONT'D)

I changed the sheets. Take a pill  
and come back to bed.

JIMMY

OK.

Annie kisses him, then slips into darkness.

Jimmy opens the mirrored medicine cabinet and stares at a  
number of bottled prescription ANTIDEPRESSANTS.

He reaches for a bottle, pulls out a pill and then... puts it  
back in the bottle. Closes the mirror and stares at his  
reflection, eyes wide and unblinking.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy sits at his work-desk, face lit up by a computer  
screen. Looks ghoulish, a cadaver in bathrobe and slippers.  
Checks his Facebook page.

He's got a FRIEND REQUEST. He frowns, leans close to the  
monitor to read it.

It's from Sebastian.

The PHOTO attached to the request is of Sebastian when he was  
twelve, smiling just like he did when he put the rifle to  
Jimmy's head.

Jimmy grabs his crotch and squeezes, but too late. Bladder  
releases.

JIMMY

Dammit...! Damn.

His eyes flash to Sebastian's friend request. He reads the  
message attached to it out loud.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

"Jimmy! It's Sebastian! How the  
hell are you? Been too long. What?  
Like 30 years? Crazy! Would love to  
see you again! Name the place,  
date, time, and I'll be there for  
you, little buddy!"

Jimmy looks at his groin, holds a beat, then puts his hand on  
the mouse.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Bang, bang...

He moves the mouse and clicks ACCEPT.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
You're dead.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jimmy and Annie are in the middle of an argument.

ANNIE  
Don't do this, Jimmy!

He slips on a jacket.

JIMMY  
Have you noticed that I'm still  
pissing myself? I'm a 45-year-old  
bedwetter! I go through diapers  
like a paraphilic infantilist! I  
wish it was a sexual fetish, honey.  
I wish that's all it was, but no.  
No, no, no. It's not sexy for me.  
Son of a bitch ruined my life. Now  
I'm gonna ruin his.

Jimmy opens a dresser drawer and pulls out a COLT SNUB NOSE  
.38, NICKLE-PLATED. He tests its weight.

ANNIE  
You take that with you, you can  
consider me gone.

Jimmy pockets the revolver.

JIMMY  
I already do.

Crosses to the front door and leaves.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Jimmy waits anxiously at a table, one hand in his jacket's  
pocket, holding the gun. Sips a beer.

A BELL on the restaurant's front door JINGLES.

Jimmy looks at the door, tightens his hand around the  
revolver.

A GUY walks in, talking on his cell.

Jimmy takes a big swig of beer, zips up his jacket, hand on the gun. The bell jingles again. He looks: A COUPLE walking out.

Jimmy knocks the beer back. The bell rings. He ignores it, finishes the beer.

He lowers the empty glass and there is Sebastian (45) standing next to the table.

SEBASTIAN

There you are, little buddy.

Jimmy reacts - knocks the beer glass over.

JIMMY

Aw, shit.

He moves to wipe it up, but Sebastian is much faster and sets the glass upright. Napkin in hand, he wipes the table clean.

SEBASTIAN

(joking)

Still got it, I see.

Sebastian tosses the soaked napkin in a nearby garbage can, straightens himself out, standing before Jimmy.

He's enormous, six foot five, taller. Jimmy is eclipsed in his shadow.

Sebastian stretches out his hand.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Jimmy.

They shake.

JIMMY

Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

(correcting him)

'Bastian.

JIMMY

Right. Right.

(beat)

Wow. You look... you're huge.

SEBASTIAN

I get that a lot.

JIMMY

I mean, sorry, but you're a...  
monster. Ha, ha, ha. Wow, you...  
you look great.

SEBASTIAN

Thanks. Huge monster and great.  
That's me. Life's been good to me,  
Jimmy. What can I say? Mind if  
I...?

JIMMY

No, no, yes! Sit! Sit! Please.

They LAUGH together as Sebastian sits down.

BEGIN MONTAGE

-- Jimmy and Sebastian converse with excitement, lots of hand  
gestures, laughter, etc.

-- Many beers are poured and consumed.

END MONTAGE

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The conversation has mellowed.

JIMMY

So... why now, Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN

(correcting him)  
'Bastian.

JIMMY

Right. After all these years. Why?  
Now?

SEBASTIAN

Well. There's something I've been  
wanting to tell you for - a long,  
long time, Jimmy, something I've  
wanted to say to you. In person.

JIMMY

Well, here I am, big guy. All  
yours.

SEBASTIAN

I'm sorry.

JIMMY  
You're... sorry?

SEBASTIAN  
Yeah. I am.

JIMMY  
What for?

SEBASTIAN  
How it ended.

JIMMY  
How, uh... how what ended? Catch me  
up to speed here.

SEBASTIAN  
Geez, I've never forgotten about  
it. I carry an enormous amount of  
regret because of it, Jimmy. An  
enormous amount. It's a burden.

JIMMY  
Can't have that now, can we,  
Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN  
'Bastian.

JIMMY  
Right.

SEBASTIAN  
And that's why I'm here. I'm sorry  
for it, the way the whole thing  
played out.

JIMMY  
What exactly are we talking about,  
Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN  
'Bastian.

JIMMY  
Right.

SEBASTIAN  
The rifle, the fake bullet,  
everything.

JIMMY  
Oh, thaaat. Wow, haven't thought  
about that it in, well - years.

SEBASTIAN

Really? Not me. I've thought about it every darn day since I was twelve, I swear, since I put that rifle in your face and pulled the trigger. Really messed me up, Jimmy. I feel very sorry about it. And I am sorry. I really, really am. Can you forgive me?

Beat.

JIMMY

I, uh... 'Bastian - S-Sebastian... I've... I gotta go to the bathroom. 'Scuse me.

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bathroom speakers pump out soothing New Age MUSIC.

Jimmy stands at the sink, splashes cold water on his face. Looks at himself in the mirror.

JIMMY

Oh, man.

He sees the bathroom door open in the mirror.

Sebastian walks in. The door closes behind him.

Sebastian crosses to the sink next to Jimmy and washes his hands.

SEBASTIAN

You OK, Jimmy?

JIMMY

I-I-I feel... I gotta take a piss.

SEBASTIAN

They say confession is good for the soul.

JIMMY

Aw, dammit, 'Bastian...

Jimmy crosses to a urinal and tries to take a piss. He keeps his eyes down, on the urinal. He frowns. Can't pee.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I... I, uh, I lied. I lied to you, about it.

SEBASTIAN  
Lied about what, little buddy?

JIMMY  
That day. When we were twelve. When  
we played the game.

SEBASTIAN  
Oh... Yeah. You said you never  
thought about it. You didn't  
remember. Right?

JIMMY  
That's not true. I thought about  
it. I think about it. Every damn  
day. Just like you. It messed me  
up... too. Messed me up bad.

SEBASTIAN  
Liar, liar, pants on fire.

Sebastian crosses to Jimmy at the urinal. He stands directly  
behind him, his body close.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
Sh...

Sebastian leans into Jimmy, body to body, hands on his hips,  
lips to his ear.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
I haven't exactly been honest with  
you either, Jimmy.

Jimmy zips up, makes a fast move to the sink. The urinal  
flushes. He turns and faces Sebastian.

JIMMY  
Oh... Oh. Oh, yeah?

SEBASTIAN  
Yeah. Oh, yeah. I got it, little  
buddy. I finally got it.

JIMMY  
What? Got what?

Sebastian does Jimmy's goofy victory dance that he did when  
he was twelve.

SEBASTIAN

(singing)

I got it, I got it, and you don't  
and never will. I got it, I got  
it...

He stops dancing.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Every time I've put a gun in  
someone's face, I've blown their  
brains out, Jimmy - except for you.  
You're the one that got away, and  
that's just bugged the heck outta  
me ever since. All the others? Real  
bullets. Bang, bang. To the head.  
They're dead. But you, darn it... I  
just didn't have the wherewithal. I  
have it now, of course, but back  
then, when I was twelve? Not so  
much.

JIMMY

What? Wha...?

SEBASTIAN

I've killed a lot of people, Jimmy.  
It's what I do. My hobby. I'm  
really very good at it.

A beat, then... Jimmy reaches into his jacket pocket and  
pulls out his COLT .38.

Sebastian pulls out an ENORMOUS SMITH & WESSON 500 MAGNUM.

They aim their guns at each another.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

I'm better at this than you, Jimmy.  
Years of experience.

A MAN (60s) enters the bathroom.

Jimmy and Sebastian immediately conceal their weapons. They  
acknowledge his presence with curt nods.

The man nods back, moves toward a urinal, senses the two men  
watching, hesitates, doesn't pee, but steps to the sink and  
rinses his hands.

The gentle New Age music plays on.

The man finishes rinsing his hands. Looks for a paper towel,  
fingers dripping.



Sebastian tears one from the dispenser and gives it to him. The man takes it without making eye contact, exits in a hurry.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
Asshole didn't leave a tip.

Jimmy and Sebastian pull out their guns and aim them at one another again.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
Aw, look at you, shakin' like leaf.

The bathroom door starts to open.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
Fuck off!

The bathroom door shuts.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
Now. Where were we?

Jimmy struggles to pull the hammer back on his revolver.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
Oh, that's right. Your .38 Special.  
A tiny, little gun for a tiny,  
little guy. You're full of  
surprises, Jimmy. I love surprises.  
Even little ones.

The .38 makes a metallic CLICKING SOUND as the hammer locks in place. As soon as Jimmy hears the sound his bladder releases.

JIMMY  
No. No, no, nooooo.

Beat.

SEBASTIAN  
(pronounces the acronym,  
letter for letter)  
O.M.G. You've pissed yourself.  
(beat)  
Oh ho ho ho, you lied all right.  
You have suffered, haven't you? I  
mean, you have really, really  
suffered because of that day. Oh,  
thank God. This is better than I  
ever imagined. I haven't... I  
haven't felt this good in years!  
You know what, little buddy?  
(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna shoot you in the face. Not now. Forget regrets. This is way too much fun.

The bathroom door swings open.

Jimmy and Sebastian look at the door and then each other.

They fire their weapons. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

BAM! DOUBLE-ACTING-IMPACT-DOORS are thrown open by a team of NURSES and a DOCTOR pushing a hospital gurney.

Jimmy's on the gurney, shot in the shoulder, rushed to emergency surgery.

Annie follows by his side, in tears.

JIMMY

Did I get him...? Did I get him...?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jimmy is in bed, asleep, shoulder bandaged and healing.

He wakes up, throws the sheet back, checks for urine: He's wearing a hospital gown, no diapers, the bed dry.

Annie opens the door and peeks inside. Face and eyes puffy from crying.

There's a POLICE OFFICER standing guard by the door.

Annie acknowledges the officer, then enters the room with GIFTS: Balloons, a bouquet of flowers, a CARD, and a little BOX wrapped in a pretty pink bow.

ANNIE

(whisper)

Hey, baby...

JIMMY

Hey, baby.

Annie sets the get gifts on a table, then crosses to him.

ANNIE

You stupid, selfish, fucked up son of a bitch!

She slaps him hard across the face.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Think loving you is easy!

She slaps him again.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Do you?

JIMMY  
Annie!

She slaps him again.

ANNIE  
Well, it isn't!

JIMMY  
Stop! Please! I'm sorry...!

She stares at him, furious tears running down her cheeks.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
You have every right to turn around  
and walk out of here.

ANNIE  
I already have.

She turns to go.

JIMMY  
I need you, Annie. I need you so  
bad. I shouldn't have done it. I  
shouldn't have left you. You were  
right. And I am so, so sorry I hurt  
you.

She hesitates, turns, and studies him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I don't want to lose you.

She shakes her head, then, after a beat, she crosses to him,  
touches his cheek, and embraces him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Annie...? Hey. Listen. I had the  
best sleep last night, best in  
years.

Jimmy looks at his groin and Annie looks with him. When she  
returns his gaze, he gives her an excited shake of the head.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Been like this for days.

ANNIE  
You haven't...?

JIMMY  
No. Nothin'. Only time I pee is  
when I use that bathroom! And I've  
had dreams. Good dreams. We went on  
a holiday, a long holiday together,  
and we didn't have to take diapers.

He LAUGHS.

ANNIE  
Oh, baby.

She kisses him. Afterwards, Jimmy acknowledges the gifts with  
a head nod.

JIMMY  
You're too good to me.

ANNIE  
Oh... Oh, no, these? No. No, baby.  
I didn't. Sorry. Someone dropped  
them off.

JIMMY  
Someone...?

ANNIE  
Yeah, a big guy. Here.

She gives Jimmy a card in an envelope.

He pulls the card out, opens it. Inside, there's a note that  
says "Get well fast, little buddy! The game is afoot!"

Jimmy unties the pink bow on the box, removes the top and  
pulls out the dummy round that Sebastian used when they were  
twelve.

FADE OUT.