

HOCKEY STRIKE

"The Seventh Set"

by

Garner R. Haines

Garner R. Haines
105 Rangoon Road
Toronto, ON M9C 4P3
Canada
416-626-6940
screenwriter@garnerhaines.ca

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scott and Dave are attempting to fix Dave's entertainment centre. Tools, parts and wires litter the floor.

SCOTT

Aha! I think I see the problem here. Hand me the needle-nosed pliers, will ya?

DAVE

Sure.

Scott touches something just as Dave passes him the pliers, and they're both ELECTROCUTED. They vibrate for a moment, then fall to the floor.

A FEMALE HAND taps Scott on the shoulder. He looks up.

POV Scott

DEATH(the cute Neil Gaiman's Sandman version) motions forward with her index finger.

RETURN TO SCENE

Scott nudges Dave's body.

SCOTT

Uh...Dave?

Dave lifts his head up, sees her too.

DAVE

Are you?

DEATH

(sympathetic
condescension)

Uh-huh.

DAVE

Hey, can I get your autograph?

CUT TO:

TITLES

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dave and Scott gush with fanboy glee at the one and only Angel of Death in the apartment with them. Death signs an autograph on a Sandman graphic novel.

DEATH

(reads)

"To my number one fan, sorry about the premature passing, hugs and kisses, Death"

She passes the comic to Dave.

DAVE

Cool.

SCOTT

(realizes something)

Hey!

Scott turns around.

INSERT SHOT

Scott and Dave's bodies lying on the floor beside the entertainment centre.

RETURN TO SCENE

Dave regards his autograph. Scott looks upset.

DAVE

What?

SCOTT

We're...dead, man.

Death walks forward, strokes Scott's cheek gently.

DEATH

Shhh. That's what I'm here for: to ease the transition to the next world. Nobody's ever really prepared for it, but I can help make it not seem so bad.

She's getting closer, still touching his face. (shoot in close two-shot).

SCOTT
 (still upset)
 How?

She leans in to kiss him. He closes his eyes. Their lips ALMOST touch when Dave realizes what's happening.

DAVE
 Hey! Hey! Keep your distance you
 immortal hussy!
 (to Scott)
 And did you forget you're married?

SCOTT
 (points to his corpse on
 the floor)
 Technically no.
 (beat)
 What's this all about?

DAVE
 Ever heard of "The Kiss of Death"?

SCOTT
 Yeah...

DAVE
 Well -
 (gestures)
 Death. Kissing. You do the math.

Scott backs away; he's got it.

SCOTT
 Oh my God.

DEATH
 It's not so bad, really.

SCOTT
 While the philosophy graduate in me
 is utterly fascinated by the
 ultimate knowledge you offer, the
 craven coward part would rather
 wait a few years for that info,
 thanks.

DEATH
 Yeah, but -
 (points with arm)
 You died.
 (shrug)
 Can't be simpler than that.

DAVE

At least you've got a kid to carry
on the name. I've got -

(looks around)

What have I got? A cool DVD and
surround system, my guitars, my
computer, video games...

SCOTT

(Eureka)

Games! That's it!

DAVE

What?

SCOTT

Death, I challenge you to a game
for our lives. If we win, you have
to let us live. If we lose, we
accept our fate and go quietly.

Death sighs and looks skyward.

DEATH

Thank you SO much Ingmar Bergman,
for putting ideas into the head of
every yahoo on the planet.

DAVE

I thought it was Motorhead.

SCOTT

Bergman got the idea from them, I
think.

DAVE

Oh.

DEATH

Okay, it's been a while, and it's
kinda slow at the moment; I don't
have any other appointments for -

(checks watch)

At least an hour. Not like that
night with the aliens and the
zombies.

(looks to both)

So, what'll it be? Chess like Max
Von Sydow or Poker like Lemmy
Kilmister?

Dave and Scott look at each other. They confer in whispers.

DAVE

Risk!

DEATH

Come again?

SCOTT

We play a game of Risk - all three of us - and if you win, you take us with you.

DEATH

Risk. I like the sound of it. How do you play?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, DINING ROOM - NIGHT, LATER

The game is in progress. Three colours of pieces scatter the board. Death, playing black (naturally), seems to control most of the board. Dave (blue) is holed up in Australia, Scott (red) has a few scattered countries in Asia.

DEATH

Looks like the game is almost over, boys. It's been fun.

DAVE

(to Scott)

You got anything?

DEATH

Hey! No table talk! Make your move!

DAVE

I'll fortify in Siam, and take my card.

Dave takes his card, looks hopeful.

DEATH

Whatever.

(beat)

But I've got a set, gentlemen, and this time around, it's worth sixty!

She takes out a handful of black pieces and drops them on Mongolia.

DAVE

Scott - !

SCOTT
Be cool. Luck is on our side.

DEATH
(chuckles)
Not so far.

SCOTT
You just wait.

DEATH
Not for long. China from Mongolia.
The Mongol Hordes are coming to
crush your sorry ass.

Scott and Dave look at the board, Dave extra nervously.

INSERT SHOT

There is only one red army on China

BACK TO SCENE

Death rolls her dice.

DEATH
Fives and fours. What do you have?

SCOTT
A six.

DEATH
Crap.

She takes her pieces away.

SCOTT
Again?

DEATH
You bet.

She rolls again.

SCOTT
I got a six.

Death slaps her head with one hand, takes the three armies
away with the other.

DEATH
You sure those aren't loaded dice?

SCOTT
You want to switch?

DEATH
Sure.

They switch.

SCOTT
Six!

DEATH
Judas Priest!

She takes more armies away.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Death rolling dice, misc numbers.

Scott rolling his one die, always a six or five.

Black armies being taken away.

Death pulling her hair in frustration.

Scott sitting smugly.

The pieces on the board dwindle.

RETURN TO SCENE

SCOTT
Sure you want to use all three?

DEATH
Yes, damn it!

SCOTT
Okay...

Death rolls three sixes.

DEATH
Aha!

SCOTT
Six.

DEATH
Crap!

SCOTT
Never say "die", eh?

Dave looks in awe.

DAVE
How did you do that?

SCOTT
That's how my luck has always gone with this game. I suck on offense, but I'm frickin' Vietnam when it comes to digging in and defending. Now, would you kindly show our guest what you have in your hand?

DAVE
With pleasure.

Dave reveals a card set.

DAVE
Now I think I'll get me some real estate.

DEATH
Alright! I give up! You can live. I'm sick of this stupid game! I have a schedule to keep.

DAVE
See ya later. REAL later.

SCOTT
(imitating Wallace Shawn)
Never get involved in a land war in Asia, when DEATH is on the line!

Death vanishes, giving them the finger. They wake up on the floor where they fell.

DAVE
Now where were we?

SCOTT
I think it's this wire right here.

SOUND of electrical buzzing. The lights go out.

BLACK OUT