

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

DANIEL, a well dressed male, fixes his ties as he admires himself in a mirror.

DANIEL
Perfect. Don't you think Kevin?

Extreme close up of the eye of a dead body lying on the bathroom floor.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Yeah, you're right; Something's off.

Daniel goes back to fixing his tie.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Such a gorgeous day Kevin. Wouldn't you agree?

He turns around and looks at Kevin. Close up of Kevin's pale face.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Not talking. How fitting of you.

Daniel turns back around, facing the mirror.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Oh how I dreamed a thousand dreams of us being friends, Kevin. Silly dreams I guess. Such a shame that you turned out to be a trader.

He finishes fixing his tie.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Now its perfect.

He says with an admiring glow on his face. He smiles a little.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Don't you think its perfect Kevin?

He happily asks Kevin as he completely turns around facing him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Thank you old friend.

Daniel walks to the door and opens it.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

We'll see each other again someday
Kevin. Hopefully you'll be a better
friend. Have a good sleep.

He turns around and smirks. He leaves the bathroom.