

The Role To Die For

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INT. MASON'S TRAILER - NIGHT

A soft breeze blows in from the window and a tattered script RUSTLES on a stained coffee table littered with sticky notes and piles of unwashed dishes. Soiled clothes and unopened fan mail letters are strewn across the brown leather couch.

MASON FORD, 23, with ruffled hair, boyish good looks and defiant brown eyes with a cockiness to match, stands in front of a full body mirror in Superman boxers with white pin striped crew socks, pulls out a Glock 22 from his waistband, and poses with a smirk.

MASON

You want a piece of this?

Mason pivots, ducks, and rolls, and slowly scans the entire living area while peering through the line of sight.

MASON (CONT'D)

PEW! PEW! PEW!

The door SWINGS open, Mason turns and aims the gun at the sound.

LEVI STONE, 25, his close friend/bodyguard, and a broody ex-marine built like a wrestler with narrow blue-gray eyes that always seem to skitter pauses mid-step. His face pales.

LEVI

What the hell are you doing?

MASON

Your face...

Mason bends over in a fit of laughter. His CACKLE jerks Levi out of a daze, he STOMPS towards him, in one quick motion SNAPS the gun out of his hands, and SMACKS Mason upside the head.

LEVI

It's not a damn toy. It's a weapon.

MASON

I know that, dumb ass. I was just trying to get used to the feel of it for my role.

LEVI

Well, next time you aim it at someone you better be ready to pull the trigger.

MASON

It's not loaded.

Levi's jaw clenches and he shakes his head.

LEVI

It doesn't matter.

Mason slips the gun back into his waistband and walks up behind him.

MASON

What?

LEVI

You don't get it.

MASON

Dude, I'm just practicing for this role. You know this is huge for me.

Levi swings around.

LEVI

It's my job, as your bodyguard...

Levi steps up to Mason and pokes him in the chest.

LEVI (CONT'D)

and your life depends on it!

Mason grips the back of his neck, and looks down at his feet.

MASON

Look, I'm sorry. I know shit was bad in Afghanistan, but it's me. I wouldn't shoot you. This is my shot for people to take me seriously.

LEVI

You know nothing. The last time a gun was put in my face, a brother on my squad put that same gun to his own head and blew his brains out.

MASON

You need to chill out. It wasn't that serious, bro.

Levi fists his hands at his sides.

LEVI

You need to grow the hell up.

MASON

You know what? I don't need you or your judgement. I can protect myself.

Levi glances at Mason's socks and boxers, and raises a brow.

LEVI

You sure about that?

Mason folds his arms across his chest, and shifts his weight to the other foot.

MASON

Fuck you, bro.

Levi glares at Mason, walks over to the door, looks back, but Mason disappears into his bedroom, and his shoulders slump as he exits.

LEVI

(to himself)

I hope you get it.

Mason fists his hair and tosses the Glock 22 on the bed.

EXT. MASON'S CAR - NIGHT

Mason slides into his sleek black 69' Chevy Camaro RS SS.

As he inserts the key into the ignition a gun is pressed into the back of his head, and it CLICKS.

Mason freezes and peers into the rearview mirror.

A WOMAN late 20's, frizzy red hair, wild dark eyes, wears a dirty t-shirt with his picture on it, with the words, "MINE" written in crimson red winks at him from the backseat.

MASON

What do you want?

The woman pushes her face into the side of his neck, and pulls his head back by his hair.

She rubs her nose along his nape and breathes in deep.

Mason swallows hard and squeezes his eyes shut.

WOMAN

I want to play a game.

MASON

I'll do anything. I have money.

Mason moves to reach for his wallet.

The woman yanks his head back and she SMACKS him on the side of the head with the gun.

Blood drips from his temple and glides down his cheek.

WOMAN

Don't move.

She reaches over and takes his cell phone out of the console. She types something into his phone.

MASON

Who are you?

Her eyes go unfocused, and her nervous twitch that makes her look like a caged lion.

WOMAN

I'm your biggest fan, but you never respond to my letters. Do you know how much time and love I put into them?

MASON

I'm sorry.

WOMAN

You're sorry?

She glares and pushes the barrel of the gun harder into the back of his head.

Tears form in Mason's eyes, and his breath catches.

MASON

I'll write whatever you want. I'll sign it. I'll even sign your shirt. Please...

WOMAN

You're gonna do better than that. We're going for a ride.

MASON

Where are we going?

WOMAN

To see your girlfriend.

The woman sneers and holds up a picture of him and JENNA (27). It's a picture of them both laughing into the camera, except there's a hole in black ink on Jenna's forehead.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

She needs to learn that you're mine. I'm the only one for you. You'll see.

Suddenly, a loud engine ROARS and something CRASHES into the back of the car.

The airbag WHOOSHES out and shoves into Mason's face, his head bobs. The woman SLAMS into the back of the passenger seat and drops the gun on the car floor.

As she reaches for the gun Mason dazed, but alert glances into the mirror and meets Levi's stone cold stare.

LEVI

Get out!

Mason glances back at the woman at the same time she grabs the gun, but Levi SLAMS into the car, and she loses her grip.

WOMAN

Fucking bastard!

Mason jumps out of the car and reaches inside to pull her out by the hair, but she already has the gun aimed at his head.

Levi runs to his side with his gun ready and aimed at the woman, and halts. He glares at the woman, and nods at Mason.

LEVI

The cops are already on their way. Put your gun down, it's over.

WOMAN

It will never be over.

She looks to Levi and moves toward Mason.

Mason backs up, and misses his step.

LEVI

Don't move!

The woman SHOOTS Levi in the chest at the same time he SHOOTS her in the head. They both fall to the ground.

MASON

No!

Mason RUNS over to Levi. Levi slowly gets up and opens his shirt to check his bulletproof vest.

LEVI

I'm okay.

MASON

Oh, thank god.

He pulls Levi in for a hug and they both walk over to the woman.

Levi checks her pulse and shakes his head.

He glances down at the woman's gun, pulls his own Glock 19 out, and looks back at hers with a frown. His jaw ticks.

LEVI

You're okay. Just breathe. It was a fake.

MASON

How do you know?

Levi lays his gun next to the replica and runs his finger along the handle.

LEVI

The slight difference in texture and coloration. Hers looks more like plastic.

MASON

Doesn't matter though, does it? She's dead.

Levi's eyes narrow, and his lips flatten into a straight line.

MASON (CONT'D)

Shit, I'm sorry.

Mason puts his hands on her chest and hangs his head over her body. He falls to his knees in a sob.

Levi sits down beside him and wraps his arms around Mason while staring at the woman's dead body.

LEVI

It never gets easier, ya know.

MASON

What?

LEVI

Killing people. It never feels justified.  
A part of you dies with them.

Tears trickle down his face.

Police sirens BLARE in the background.

LEVI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about earlier. You caught me off guard, and I was a jerk. I really hope you get the part. You deserve it.

Mason shakes his head and stares into the distance.

MASON

I'm the asshole. I'm sorry, too.

Levi drapes his arm over Mason's shoulder and tugs.

LEVI

You should call Jenna. You were supposed to be there 40 minutes ago. I'm surprised she's not blowing up your phone.

Mason pauses mid-chuckle. His eyes widen. He runs to his car and scrambles for his phone.

As he reaches for it, it RINGS and he flinches. He drops it, and picks it up.

He swallows hard, and his hand shakes as he holds it to his ear.

MASON

Hey, beautiful.

Jenna's rant and SCREAMS are heard in the background. Mason paces nervously, and he smiles into the phone.

MASON (CONT'D)

God, it's so good to hear your voice...

Jenna continues to yell.

Mason pulls the phone away and pinches his nose.

LEVI

Want me to talk to her for you?

Mason shakes his head no and turns away from him.

MASON

I...I didn't mean to...well, there's been an emergency...

Mason's mouth opens and closes. Tears form in his eyes, and he hangs his head.

MASON (CONT'D)

I'm okay, and I'm sorry I couldn't call sooner. I was held up at gun point and Levi was here. I'll have to go to the police station, but stay away from the media until I see you.

Levi steps up to him as Mason hangs up, and slides his phone into his pocket.

LEVI

She okay?

Mason nods.

MASON

That crazy woman texted her from my phone earlier.

LEVI

What did she say?

MASON

He's mine and you're dead.

LEVI

Jesus. I'm sorry.

MASON

My life, my girlfriend's life, and your own were all at risk because I was too damn caught up in the spotlight. My life will never be the same again.

LEVI

Well, if it's any consolation people will definitely take you seriously now. You'll be booked for interviews for an entire year.

MASON

It's not a role worth dying for.

LEVI

What are you going to do?

Mason runs his hands through his hair and blows out a breath.

MASON

I don't know. I need to be out of the spotlight and get my head right.

LEVI

This wasn't your fault.

Mason holds his blood smeared hands out palms up in front of him.

MASON

You may have pulled the trigger, but her blood is still on my hands.

LEVI

I'm a trained soldier and bodyguard. I should have known it was fake.

Mason grips Levi by the neck and pulls his face to look at him in the eye.

MASON

And you did exactly what you were trained to do. There was no way in hell you could have known.

Levi looks away. The police sirens BLARE louder as they get closer.

MASON (CONT'D)

Why did you come back?

LEVI

Because I made a vow to never leave a brother behind.

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10.

Five cop cars SKID to a stop, police officers rush out, guns pointed, and they immediately stand with their hands up in the air.