

INT. - DIVE BAR - DAY

It is a bright sunny day and light is slanting in through one of the windows. Camera enters and finds ROGER (man in his mid-20's) sitting at the end of the bar with a beer bottle and shot glass. He has a bandage around his head, covering one ear. He takes a long drink and turns towards the camera (Camera is the point of view of someone else sitting next to ROGER at the bar)

ROGER

I'm not an alcoholic. Let's just clear that up right from the start. And I'm not in denial either. What a double edged sword that whole logic train is on. "You're an alcoholic.", "No I'm not." "You're in denial.", "No I'm not.", "You're an alcoholic.", chuga-chuga-chuga.

He takes another drink and holds his hand up to order another beer.

ROGER (cont.)

The key is to know someone you know knows more than you know. I don't know anyone... really, so I have to learn things on my own.

I guess that's the most effective and retentive way to learn something. The hard way. We learn the most from the things we screw up.

ROGER's beer arrives, and he takes a long drink from.

ROGER (cont.)

My bad. Did you want one?

Camera shakes "no". ROGER holds his hand up to order another.

ROGER (cont.)

More for me then. (pause) Do you know why the Russians in Siberia play Russian roulette? Because it's always cold and fucking boring in Siberia, and there ain't nothing else to do.

CUT TO:

INT. - SPARSE ROOM IN "SIBERIA" - WINTERY NIGHT

Rough hewn wooden walls (or cement, I suppose)) a plain wooden table with a bottle of wine sits in the center of the room, two chairs and FOUR RUSSIAN MEN dressed very warmly.

ROGER V.O.

The rules to Russian roulette are simple. What else could they be but simple?

C.U. of gun and bullet being clunked onto the table.

ROGER V.O. (cont.)

One bullet in a gun with a revolving chamber... a revolver, if you will. You spin, point, shoot,

Gun is loaded, spun on the table, picked up and we hear a shot go off.

ROGER V.O. (cont.)

If you're not dead you win. Pass the gun around.

CUT TO:

INT. - DIVE BAR - DAY

ROGER

'Course in my case I lost and still survived, so I guess it was a tie really.

Turns out you can shoot yourself in the head and still live, but you have to be lucky, or unlucky, whatever. Luck. I just hope, if I play again, that I don't lose again. Losing... or tying, sucks. The game's only really fun for the winner.

Don't get me wrong. The game isn't that simple. There are a number of basic questions that need answering before you start trying to blow each other's brains out.

CUT TO:

INT. - SPARSE ROOM - WINTER NIGHT

The FOUR MEN are standing in a line in front of the table.

ROGER V.O.

Where are you going to do it? Who's going to clean up?

Cleaning supplies appear next to the FIRST MAN who steps into the corner to wait.

ROGER V.O. (cont.)

Who’s bringing the gun?

SECOND MAN takes gun out of pocket. and places it on the table and positions himself next to the table.

ROGER V.O. (cont.)

Who’s bringing the bullet?

THIRD MAN takes bullet out of pocket and places it on the table and positions himself at the table.

ROGER V.O. (cont.)

Who’s bringing the chips?

FORTH MAN pulls out the bottle of wine and slams it onto the table then positions himself behind the table.

ROGER V.O. (cont.)

Who’s bringing the big plastic sheet?

FIRST MAN in the corner holds up plastic sheet.

ROGER V.O. (cont.)

How many rounds are we going to play?

THREE MEN at the table look at each other. FORTH MAN holds up three fingers in a decisive way.

ROGER V.O. (cont.)

And, in my case, who’s going to explain it to the cops and hospital staff when the loser fails to lose.

Three men at the table look to the camera and shake their heads in disappointment. First man in the corner raises his hand. He has a cell phone.

CUT TO:

INT. - DIVE BAR - DAY

ROGER

I bet you want to know why I was playing.
I'll tell you. In a moment. I promise.

CUT TO:

EXT. - OPEN ROAD - DAY

ROGER is driving his car on a busy highway, making quick lane changes and bobbing his head to the music. He is unbandaged and appears happy.

ROGER V.O.

I took a drive the other day. Driving on some road
I've never been on before. I wanted to feel like an
explorer discovering new lands, never seen before by
human eyes.

ROGER crests a hill and pulls to the side and looks out over the horizon.

ROGER V.O. (cont.)

At this one point I crested over a hill and laid out before
me was this wonder-- horizon - Anyway, as far as the
eye could see. Crisscrossed with power lines. So many
of them. Going in different directions, and the towers
at different angles. It looked like the land was Gulliver and we,
the Lilliputians, had just finished tying him up with extension
cords and were ready to plug him in.

CUT TO:

INT. - DIVE BAR - DAY

ROGER

We Lilliputians. We. Us. Us little people. Another
humbling, or I dunno, annoying thing you learn on the road.
How many people there are out there.

CUT TO: Various face shots of different people, young and old, all races and ethnicities. One at a time flashing before our eyes faster and faster.

ROGER V.O.

And I don't know hardly any of them. Goddamn, so many of them. And they've all got full complete life stories attached to them. Each one!

Last face to flash by is CARRIE PIKE (24 year old female.) her image holds a little longer than the rest then fades to ROGER's face back at--

INT. - DIVE BAR - DAY

ROGER

Everyone out there has stories, and loves, and people who care about them. Even freaky homeless guys who smell like sweaty mustard have a priest or some homeless shelter worker who says,

Pull back to reveal BARTENDER talking to someone else at the end of the bar. He appears to be saying ROGER's line and nodding his head in the direction of ROGER.

ROGER

“Yeah, he comes in here all the time. Coffee, black.”
Everyone.

CUT TO:

EXT. - OPEN ROAD - DAY

ROGER is getting back into his car and driving on.

ROGER V.O.

And they're all driving too slow, or too fast, or too swervy, whatever. They're driving anyway you can think of that's not my style apparently. I dunno, maybe I just haven't noticed the people who're driving like me 'cause they're driving on different roads parallel to mine.

ROGER turns to see a car very similar to his driven by someone who looks very similar to him driving in the other direction.

ROGER V.O. (cont.)

My road. Ha. My Lilliputian road. I didn't build it. I couldn't lay two bricks together straight, much less figure out asphalt.

CUT TO:

INT. - DIVE BAR - DAY

ROGER

But I didn't want to sit here and tell you all the things I can't do. Can't build a road. Can't admit I'm in denial. Can't shoot myself in the head correctly.

He finishes off one of the beers and starts in on the next one.

ROGER (cont.)

Turns out, one of the things I can do is kill someone else. (pause) Happiest Goddammed song in the world, will now be forever connected in my mind with ... death.

CUT TO:

EXT. - OPEN ROAD - DAY

Roger is listening to The Beatles “She Loves You” and singing along looking around at the scenery and bopping his head. Something catches his eye for a moment. He turns back to the road and in a sudden panic turns the wheel and slams on the brakes.

CUT TO:

BLACK

Sound of Car crash. Silence for a moment, then ROGER's voice over. A photo of CARRIE PIKE falls into view. It's a happy photo of her smiling somewhere on a summer day.

ROGER V.O.

She was 24. I suppose it would have been ironically perfect had she been just 17. But no, she was 24.

A second photo of CARRIE lands on the first. She is hugging a large dog.

ROGER V.O. (cont.)

Her name was Carrie Pike. She was a veterinarian assistant.

A laminated event pass lands on the photo pile. It has a head shot of CARRIE and information about a Veterinarian Convention.

ROGER V.O. (cont.)

She was traveling on a working vacation, a convention for veterinarians with guest speakers from PETA and break out sessions on heart worm.

Various brochures about PETA and Heart Worm land one at a time on the pile.

ROGER V.O. (cont.)

I am directly responsible for the death of another living human being. Another Lilliputian. A person with a full life story. Start to finish. Born. Died.

Birth certificate falls onto the pile of photos. Then an accident report then a Death Certificate. Various pictures of CARRIE’s life fall faster and faster onto the pile. A hand comes into view and starts moving the pictures around.

ROGER V.O. (cont.)

She was not married. I don’t know if she was seeing anyone at the time. There comes a point when you just don’t want to learn anymore.

Hand stops moving the pictures. The photo is half revealed that shows CARRIE smiling and happy with an arm around her shoulder, but the person who belongs to that arm is covered by another photo.

CUT TO:

INT. - DIVE BAR - DAY

ROGER

So that’s it. I accidentally killed someone else.

CUT TO:

INT. - CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - DAY

ROGER enters with a 6 - pack of beer, a plastic sheet, and a bottle of cleaning solution. He spreads the plastic sheet over the bed. Places the cleaning solution on the end table next to the bed and puts a note next to it that reads “Sorry for the mess.”

He takes out a gun and places it on the bed.

ROGER V.O.

I got depressed. I tried to kill myself. And failed.
Perhaps I was saved for a reason.

CUT TO:

EXT. - OPEN ROAD - DAY

ROGER is driving in and out of traffic.

ROGER V.O. (cont.)

I mean, I could have got killed out there on the road.

CUT TO:

INT. - CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - DAY

ROGER is on the floor. The side of his head is bloody and he looks dazed. He scrambles for the phone and drops it on the floor, then falls back to the floor himself.

ROGER V.O. (cont.)

And I could have got killed by the gun.

CUT TO:

INT. - DIVE BAR - DAY

ROGER

Heck, I could have killed myself drinking any number
of times.

He finishes off his last beer.

ROGER (cont.)

But, I didn't. So, the way I figure it, I'm either a
superhero, which I've already eliminated as a possibility.
Or, I'm just really lucky.

OR. And this is where it gets really sticky. I could be
protected by God. For some other purpose.
Course, that'd be the same God that helped kill Carrie Pike,
but maybe her purpose had already been served.

CUT TO:

Various face shots of people again.

ROGER V.O.

They say that God loves us. All of us. And he
just wants us to find our purpose in life.

Last face is ROGER.

ROGER

And with a love like that, you know, I should be..... glad.