

POINT BLANK

Written by

Joe Harley

**1 EXT. STREET - DAY**

**1**

A Hawaiian-shirted figure stalks through a street in the suburbs. His eyes are hidden behind dark sunglasses, and his expression is impassive, cold. There is nobody else populating the streets - just him, feet hammering the ground at a brisk sense, the sky gloomy and oppressive. An eerie sense of silence surrounds the scene. Meet THE VIGILANTE.

CUT TO:

**2 INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

**2**

THE VIGILANTE shuts the door and stands still in the hallway of a nearby house. He gazes up the staircase towards the second floor, and briefly looks into each of the rooms in his immediate surroundings, just ducking his head in. He pauses just before ascending the stairs.

CUT TO:

**3 INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

**3**

THE VIGILANTE slowly edges round the doorway from the landing into a large bedroom. There is a freshly made bed at the centre of the room, various sundries crowding it - clearly used for storage rather than sleeping. There is a bright red suitcase sat flat on the bed, closed and zipped.

THE VIGILANTE moves towards the case and takes a brisk look over his shoulder. He forcefully unzips the the case, then casually flicks the lid open in one soft movement, sliding the sunglasses down the bridge of his nose.

The case is stacked with oblong packages wrapped in plastic - clearly drugs of some description. THE VIGILANTE shuts the lid and starts to zip up the case.

CUT TO:

**4 INT. LANDING - DAY**

**4**

A toilet can be heard flushing behind a closed door. The lock clicks open and a young man - some sort of LACKEY - can be seen emerging, back first, zipping up his flies.

THE LACKEY

You finally got here then? The boss  
said he'd sent for you...

THE LACKEY walks round into the BEDROOM, he stops dead in his tracks, his expression becomes still.

THE LACKEY

Shit.

We see THE VIGILANTE, a revolver levelled at the man opposite.

THE VIGILANTE

Two words.

THE VIGILANTE lets off three shots, his demeanour stays cool as a splash of blood stikes his cheek. A sickening thud can be heard.

THE VIGILANTE

Fuck off.

THE VIGILANTE slowly lowers the revolver, tucking into the back of his waistband.

He slowly reaches into the pocket of his jeans for a handkerchief, wiping the blood from his cheek. Gaze fixed dead ahead. He returns the cloth to his pocket, he walks away suitcase in hand.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. STREET - DAY

5

THE VIGILANTE can be seen walking back down the street outside, in the opposite direction, suitcase swinging as he goes. Head thrown back with a small smile.

CUT TO:

6 TITLE CARD

6

7 CLOSING CREDITS

7

THE END