

# **THE LONDONER**

---

A SHORT FILM.

Written by

Chris von Hoffmann

COLD OPEN:

EXT./INT. CAR. PARKED - DAY

DAVID (30s), bomber jacket and flap cap, sits. He studies a PHOTO. A SMILING MAN in his 40s. He turns it back:

*EVAN BROOKS // RIVERSTONE HOUSE*

He looks up at a COLONIAL HOUSE across the street.

OVER BLACK:

TITLE CARD: "THE LONDONER"

DAVID (V.O.)  
Never your house. Never your mess.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. COLONIAL HOUSE - FRONT ENTRANCE/LIVING ROOM - LATER

The front door opens. David steps inside with calm. Closes the door quietly. He stands still. Listens. Nothing.

INT. STAIRCASE LANDING - CONTINUOUS

David looks up the stairs. Empty. No movement.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

David walks in. Quick look around. Checks the back door. Locked.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CENTER - CONTINUOUS

David drags a CHAIR into position facing the front door.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David on a toilet seat, pants down, toilet paper protecting his skin.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CHAIR NEAR FRONT DOOR - LATER

David sits in the chair. Unwraps a STICK OF GUM, tosses it in his mouth, chews.

DAVID (V.O.)  
Fuck, I'm tired.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON CLOCK: 8:47AM

DAVID (V.O.)  
Twelve years in, and the job still  
feels like some miserable fucking  
wake.

DISSOLVE TO:

He puts a GLOCK-19 in his mouth, chokes on it by accident,  
pulls it out.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON CLOCK: 12:18PM

DAVID (V.O.)  
And it ain't fear. Just that slow  
rot deep down in ya' gut.

**FLASH MEMORY - EXT. WOOD STUMP - DAY**

*A MAN (50s) lies dead on the ground. Half his face blown off.  
An AXE is stuck in a nearby wood stump.*

INT. LIVING ROOM - CHAIR NEAR FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

David blows a bubble. It pops.

DAVID (V.O.)  
Same routine. Like lacin' up your  
boots before gettin' hit by a  
bullet train --

He pulls out a BURNER FLIP PHONE, checks the time.

DAVID  
Where is this cunt?

Snaps it shut.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DESK AREA - CONTINUOUS

David opens a drawer. Looks at a FEW PHOTOS of the target.

He glances at the mirror. Makes weird faces.

DAVID (V.O.)

I remember every gig. Not the faces, not the bodies. Just the smell. The foul onions in a council flat. Bleach and piss in a bedsit. It's like a shit-stain on the inside of ya' nut.

**FLASH MEMORY - INT. GARAGE - DAY**

*A BOXER (male, 30s), wearing HANDWRAPS, lying on the floor, beside a punching bag. Bullet through his eyeball.*

INT. LIVING ROOM - FLOOR - SIT-UPS - CONTINUOUS

Sit-ups. Fast. Aggressive.

DAVID (V.O.)

Once fancied meself a writer, like Hemingway.

INT. KITCHEN - FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

David removes a BEER from the fridge, and POPS the cap off with the wall-mounted opener.

DAVID (V.O.)

Or even a baker, like that Hollywood bloke.

He takes a BIG swig.

INT. LIVING ROOM - PUSH-UPS - CONTINUOUS

Push-ups. Fast. Aggressive.

DAVID (V.O.)

Never cared for blood, just wanted to be good at something. Anything.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CENTER - CONTINUOUS

David does a weird dance across the room.

DAVID (V.O.)  
 Me ol' mate, Mitchell, tried to  
 suck his own willy during playtime.  
 Now he's teachin' kids English in  
 Thailand and owns his own bar.  
 (beat)  
 I just kill people for bread.

**FLASH MEMORY - INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY**

*A BUSINESSMAN (60s) slumps in his desk chair. Bullet in his head. Papers scattered.*

INT. LIVING ROOM - WALL NEAR CHAIR - CONTINUOUS

David presses his forehead against the wall.

DAVID (V.O.)  
 Fuuuuuuuck this.

HARD CUT:

David sits. Pulls out the flip phone. Starts typing.

DAVID (V.O.)  
 Keep the payout. Keep the next job.  
 I'm gonna' write the next great  
 novel, and it's gonna' be bloody  
 brilliant.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

*"No more red-eyes, no more packed bags. I'm done."*

He hovers over SEND. Can't do it.

**FLASH MEMORY - INT. DRIVER'S SEAT - DAY**

*A BUSINESSWOMAN (20s) slumped in her car. Throat slit.*

INT. LIVING ROOM - CHAIR NEAR FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

The PHONE BUZZES. New message:

**"ABORT. CLIENT WITHDREW. JOB CANCELLED."**

David stares. Silence.

DAVID (V.O.)  
Suppose it was a nice dream.

He deletes his drafted text. Replies with a single thumbs-up.

DAVID (V.O.)  
Just a bit o' talk in the war room,  
isn't it...

David rises, hesitates, then kicks the chair down hard.  
Frustrated.

After a bit, he sets the chair upright.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MATCH LIGHT AREA - CONTINUOUS

Holding the target photo up, David strikes a match and sets  
it on fire. Watches it burn.

DAVID (V.O.)  
Ya' know, sometimes I reckon I  
weren't built right...

He blows out the match.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEAR FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

David SNAPS the burner phone in half. Pockets both pieces.

He opens the door quietly. Steps out.

DAVID (V.O.)  
...just got sent the wrong way,  
didn't I?

Door SLAMS shut.

CUT TO BLACK.  
ROLL CREDITS.