

GAME OVER

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EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - DAY

Outside a block of flats in Lewisham.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEDROOM WINDOW. OF FLAT - DAY

Inside a flat, a teenage boy, LUCA, is sitting at a desk, with a controller in his hands, he is facing a computer monitor. Above the bed is a poster of Thierry Henry playing at Arsenal, along with an Arsenal flag and scarf pinned to the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Luca is playing FIFA on his console.

LUCA

(to himself, under his breath)

Come on, come on

He frantically moves the joystick back and forwards, manically hitting buttons.

LUCA

(to himself, under his breath)

Go on Go on...

(Screams)

Gooooooooooooooooalllll!

A KNOCK at the door distracts him. He pauses the game, gets up and heads for the front door.

JACK

(To Luca)

Bloody Hell you're loud I could hear that scream from the door.

JACK follows Luca into the bedroom.

LUCA

(To Jack)

Yeah sorry mate, I was just in the middle of a game.

JACK

(To Luca)

I swear you're addicted to that game, you play it everyday.

LUCA

(To Jack)

I'm not that addicted, I just like playing it.

JACK

(To Luca)

Yeah, that's called being addicted, you barely spend any time with me anymore. Come on let's go outside and play football, like we used to.

LUCA

(To Jack)

I want to... but I still have more FIFA games to play for my weekend league.

JACK

(To Luca)

Come on man, you have all evening to play your matches, come out and play football with me before it gets dark outside.

LUCA

(To Jack)

Alright, I'll make a deal with you, you let me play three more games and then I'll come out and play football with you.

JACK

(To Luca)

Ok then, it's a deal, I'll give you time to play your matches. Meet on the pitch in an hour?

LUCA  
(To Jack)  
Alright I'll see you then.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Luca THROWS his controller on the floor and SLAMS his fist on the desk.

LUCA  
(To himself, aggravated )  
Ref what are you doing that was  
clearly a penalty!

He leans back in his chair as both his hands COVER his face.

LUCA  
(Mumbles to himself)  
Why do these referees always ruin my  
games. I would've won if it weren't  
for them. I can't believe I just lost  
four games in a row.

He looks down at his watch and checks the time.

LUCA  
(To himself)  
Oh crap, I'm late!

He darts around his room and scrambles to find his football clothes and get changed. He rushes towards the door and leaves his room.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

OPEN ON: The landscape of the countryside

The atmosphere is dark and gloomy, the Fog makes it hard to see the fields and the football pitch.

Luca walks TOWARDS THE CAMERA, he is carrying a boot bag, and playing with a football in his hand. It is a windy and dark day. He crosses a bridge and throws his ball in the air as a stranger in sports clothes, with a similar boot bag on his back, runs past him.

Everything is quiet, except the repetitive sound of the ball bouncing on Luca's feet as he does keepie ups.

The SOUND OF A CLICK. He stops and swiftly turns around and looks behind him, then left + right, all he can see are the fields and the forest.

The SOUND OF A CROWD CHEERING. Luca makes his way to the end of the path where there is a small hill.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH - DAY

The SOUND OF A CROWD CHEERING gets louder. Luca suddenly stops, his facial expression changes as he appears to be confused. He drops his ball.

An empty football pitch; green and freshly cut. A lone teenage footballer, PLAYER 1, is standing immobile in the centre of the pitch.

Luca drops his boot bag and walks towards Player 1. He waves his hand in front of Player 1's face to get a response, but he still won't move a muscle.

LUCA  
(Confused)  
Are you okay?

No response

Do you need me to call for help?

Still no response. Luca turns and moves on.

PLAYER 2 is standing still in the corner of the pitch. Luca approaches Player 2. Another CLICK sound.

Luca walks towards Player 2 and notices that his behaviour is similar to Player 1, he is immobile and is looking ahead of him, as though he is in a trance.

MUFFLED SOUND OF CHEERING. He pulls his phone out of his pocket to call for help. PLAYER 3 appears on the other side of the pitch.

LUCA

(To himself, aggravated & confused)

Where has he come from?!

He puts his phone back in his pocket and proceeds to jog towards Player 3 passing Payer 1, who has yet to move.

As soon as Luca faces Player 3, who is in the same football outfit as PlayerS 1 & 2, he instantly hears the same CLICK SOUND as earlier. He irritatedly turns around but once again, cannot see where the sound could possibly come from.

LUCA

(Shouting to himself)

What is going on?

ROARING CHANTS OF THE CROWD.

Before he can even react or communicate with Player 3, PLAYER 4 appears next to Player 1. Luca takes one step away from Player 3 and instantly, PLAYER 5 appears at the far end of a pitch. Then PLAYER 6 appears to Luca's left, then PLAYER 7 appears in goal on the other side of the pitch.

Luca moves from one Player to the next. He analyses where they are standing stationary on the pitch, he starts counting out loud.

LUCA

(To himself)

One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six,  
Seven, Eight, Nine, Te....

Luca pauses

Luca rushes to the centre of the pitch towards Player 1 and stands face to face with him, he looks down and notices a ball has appeared at the players feet.

A WHISTLE BLOWS. Another eleven player have appeared on the pitch, Player 1 passes the ball to him.

The MANAGER appears on the pitch, much older than the other

players, dressed in a suit.

MANAGER

(Shouting aggressively to Luca)

What are you doing?!

Luca stares at him in shock

OLDER MAN

(To Luca)

Well don't just stand there.... pass  
the ball!

PLAYER 12 charges towards him. Luca tries to move but it's too late, Player 12 knocks him over and steals the ball from him.

PLAYER 1 walks up to Luca and gives him his hand. Luca grabs his hand and the player lifts him back up to his feet.

LUCA

(To Player 1, confused)

Where are we? What is this?

Player 1 stares at Luca with a blank expression, then resumes running towards the ball.

Luca stands in the centre of the pitch, watching these odd strangers chase after the football. A CROWD CHEERING gets gradually LOUDER.

Luca checks his pocket for his phone to call for help, but realises, he has left it in his boot bag at the far end of the pitch. He walks towards his bag ignoring the players and their match. At the corner of the pitch, Player 15 shoulder barges him and knocks him once more to the ground. All the players are running towards the goal at the other end of the pitch.

Luca gets back on his feet, his back to the players and resumes his walk towards his bag. A GUN fires. SOUND OF A CROWD BOOING. Luca swiftly turns as half the players disappear. Player 3 is lying on the floor, motionless.

Luca runs towards Player 3 as fast as he can. He crouches over the body and checks for a pulse. Luca proceeds to shake the corpse's arm, then tries to give him CPR. He then stares into the distance, he is lost and doesn't know what to do.

Another GUNSHOT. He turns around, Player 4 drops to the ground. He gets up on his feet and runs towards him while the sound of a CROWD BOOING continues playing in the background. Again, he crouches over the body and grabs it by the collar and proceeds to shake his body repeatedly. Luca doesn't even have time to check player 4's pulse, before another GUNSHOT rings out from behind him. He turns around and sees another player on the ground. He takes a second to look at the other players who have yet to move, they appear to be paralyzed and are once again starring into the distance, without even noticing their teammates fates.

Another GUNSHOT. He turns around and proceeds to run until he gets to the centre circle of the pitch. Another sound of a GUNSHOT, then another GUNSHOT, and another one, he stands still as a cloud covers the sun, the wind blows his hair and he watches as his teammates gradually fall to the ground one by one.

The final sound of a GUNSHOT comes from the sky, as the final player, Player 1, falls to the ground. 10 players murdered without any traces of blood or bullets. The sound of the CROWD BOOING stops, Luca is alone on the football pitch, surrounded by 10 dead bodies. Luca waits. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. The sound of a GUN RELOADING. Luca lifts his hands up to his eyes in self-defence.

MATCH CUT:

EXT. LUCA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Luca's hands sense a headset. He lifts the headset from his eyes. He is sitting at a computer screen, headset in his hands, controller in his lap. He looks back up and sees that his FIFA video game is paused. He begins to remember, he was supposed to meet Jack on the football pitch. The sound of HEAVY BREATHING behind him. He turns and sees the barrels of a gun. A teenager looms over him, a handgun directed at his head.

LUCA  
 (To Stranger)  
 Who are you? What do you want?



The stranger doesn't reply. With a CLICK the barrel is loaded.

THE END