

the watchman

written by

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INT. CONFERENCE AREA/OFFICE - DAY

Multiple employees enter into a dated conference room. There are SIX chairs around the table and the various employees enter sitting across from each other. JACK, an arrogant, 20 something male dressed in a tailored suit. RANDALL, a 20 something male who looks like "every man's man." CYD, masc. presenting person, confident and nonchalant. CHARLIE, a nerdy and extremely particular young man, wearing a slightly oversized suit. Natalie wears a white suit with a forest green inner top.

NATALIE, walks into the bustling room last. Sees the DOORMAN.

DOORMAN  
Phones please.

Natalie, hesitant but determined to fit in, cautiously hands over the phone.

NATALIE  
Right, sorry.

As Natalie takes a seat, the DOORMAN abruptly closes the door. All of participants hear a CLICK.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM TABLE - CONTINUOUS

JACK  
See that's why this really ain't  
for you. If this was for you-

RANDALL  
I sold more than you man, what the  
hell you talking 'bout.

CYD  
We literally are all the top sales  
people. Do the numbers matter that  
much?

CHARLIE, is quietly fighting demons at the table not responding to any of the conversation. Randall looks over at Charlie with a concerned look on his face before turning back to the others.

RANDALL  
You sure about that...

CHARLIE

(matter of factly)

Well actually, I sold 21,726 units  
in this period alone. Which is 547  
less than I did last period. I  
slacked off big time.

Charlie pushes up his glasses to his face before quickly  
returning to fighting demons. Natalie comes to join the group

JACK

(under his breath)

Ain't no way...

JACK (CONT'D)

This can't be the right meeting.

NATALIE

Excuse me?

JACK

(to Natalie) Oh, I'm  
"sorry", I'm Jack.

NATALIE

(to Jack)

Hi, I'm Natalie.

JACK

(to Natalie)

You have beautiful eyes.

NATALIE

Um...thanks.

CYD

Does anyone know what this meeting  
is for?

CHARLIE

Well, according to the email, this  
meeting is supposed reveal who the  
top sales earner is.

RANDALL

I think there was also something  
about a promotion.

CYD

Oh, I see.

JACK

Since glasses here wants to be all high and mighty, why don't we play a game...

NATALIE

What game?

JACK

Glad you asked, sweetheart. Why don't we play "Who has the highest sales!"

CYD

Oh? You must be real confident in your numbers.

JACK

I am.

JACK (CONT'D)

So, anyone want to go first? Or should I?

NATALIE

I'll go, I guess. Um... I think I made like around 600K in sales this past quarter.

CHARLIE

Wow, that is very impressive. ...I made 650K.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM TABLE - LATER

The group of coworkers sit at the table finishing up a discussion of sales quotes. Figures, numbers and equations litter the pages of paper sprawled across the table.

CYD

Please, are you guys serious? This is stupid.

JACK

You only think its stupid because we made more than you.

Randall impatiently looks at the clock.

RANDALL

Okay, I've had enough of this  
childishness, its been close an  
hour and no one's here.

Randall gets up and makes his way to the door, others pay no attention to him and continue conversation. Randall grabs the handle, he gets ELECTROCUTED, only Charlie seems to notice. Cyd and the others look over to the scene that has Charlie bewildered. They all rush over to pull Randall off of the electrified handle, Charlie is in shock but stays put. A mysterious message begin to repeat itself over the loudspeaker.

SPEAKER

(like panther answer)

**To be a watchman one must have  
foresight for future planning,  
adaptability to changing  
circumstances, ability to balance  
risk to opportunity, results  
driven.**

**The Watchman Company, killing the  
competition since 1972.**

CYD

What the hell is going on?

CLOSE UP ON CHARLIE

Charlie, undoubtedly losing his mind, silently repeats the mantra to himself. Natalie then walks over to Charlie to comfort him.

NATALIE

Hey, Charlie, are you alright?

Charlie continues rocking back and forth while repeating the mantra, like he's in a trance. Natalie places a hand on Charlie's shoulder.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Hey, guys, I think there's  
something wrong with-

Natalie's sentence is cut off by Charlie wildly SWINGS at her.

CHARLIE

AHHHHH!

Natalie narrowly dodges out of the way. Noticing the attempt to attack Natalie, Jack rushes over to the scene violently and over the top shoving Charlie across the room. Charlie's uncontrollably falls backwards as his head STRIKES the fireplace.

NATALIE

Jack, what the hell?? What was that for?

JACK

(defensive)

Oh, so I try to save the pretty girl's life and this is the thanks I get?

Cyd noticeably concerned goes over to Charlie and tries to assist. Charlie's body now lays limp in a pool of their own blood seeping from their head. Cyd tries to stop the bleeding.

CYD

(shakily)

That was WAY over the top. What the **fuck** is wrong with you?

JACK

You women don't know a good man when you see one.

CYD

(sarcastically)

Oh, I'm sorry I didn't know you were a 'man'.

JACK

Oh, baby, I'm all man.

CYD

Really? 'Cause, your little "chucking- **fucking**-Charlie" stunt seemed like pretty rabid ape-shit to me.

JACK

Well, I didn't see you do anything.

CYD

Because there was nothing to do!

(concerned)

Come on Charlie get up...

JACK

What? So, I was supposed to let him  
hit Natasha?

NATALIE

It's Natalie.

JACK

Yeah, yeah, "Natalie" whatever.

Charlie's body goes cold, and there are no signs of life. Cyd  
gags in response.

CYD

Oh, god...

JACK

Psh, he's fine.

During all of the commotion surrounding Charlie's injuries,  
Natalie looks up to the loud speaker noticing the previously  
repeating mantra has stopped.

NATALIE

It stopped.

CYD & JACK

(in unison)

What? What stopped?

NATALIE

The mantra, the thing Charlie was  
muttering to himself, it stopped.

They pause and look at each other for a moment. The others  
agree and begin looking for a way out of the room.

CYD

We need to find a way out of here.

NOW.

SEARCHING FOR A WAY OUT MONTAGE:

... hands going through drawers

... hands pulling back curtains

... looking out of windows

... looking through shelves

Looking for a way out Jack, HITS button on the wall that  
controls the projector.

JACK  
(to himself)  
Maybe this will do something.  
(presses button)

The lights start to dim and a projector comes down, displaying:

"The Watchmen,  
killing the competition since  
1972".

A slide show of previous Watchmen contestants plays. Images show: Photos of the previous winners in the room (from innocent to progressively bloodier and gorier).

JACK (CONT'D)  
You've got to be kidding me. Guys--  
er, gals--you gotta see this.

Natalie and Cyd join Jack in watching the projected footage.

CYD  
What the hell?

NATALIE  
Oh my god.

The slideshow glitches before showing an array of security footage of the room and contestants before them. These images abruptly stop on the LIVE footage of them in the room.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

CYD  
Wait, is that us?

JACK  
It sure looks like it. Where the hell is the camera?

Jack begins looking for the camera and Cyd and Natalie are left by the table to speak to each other.

CYD  
Do you think they want us to...  
(neck slicing motion)

NATALIE  
(gulps and nods in  
agreement) Yeah, I-I  
think they do...

CYD  
No. No! This is insane. Insane!

Jack comes back to the table with a sinister look about him.

JACK  
Insane? HA, finally things are  
starting to get interesting...

Cyd looks at Natalie for a response and Natalie is dumbstruck and stunned into silence.

CYD  
This is **crazy**... right, Natalie?

Natalie doesn't respond, seemingly overwhelmed by the gravity of the situation. Jack in returns starts to approach Cyd. Cyd, terrified, begins to THROW items toward Jack.

CYD (CONT'D)  
You stay the **FUCK** away from me.

Jack pushes the table and the vase falls off and shatters on the floor. Natalie withdraws from the altercation visibly afraid.

JACK  
What? I haven't done anything yet.

CYD  
Back off, you crazy jackass!

Cyd throws more things at Jack.

JACK  
(sarcastically playful)  
Come on, Cyd-ie, this could be **fun**~

Cyd tries to keep distance between Jack and themself and Jack maneuvers around the table to get closer.

CYD  
No. There has to be another way.  
Jack, you seriously can't--

Jack continues to taunt Cyd.

JACK  
(smirking)  
Aww, why not~ You heard the man,  
**dead or alive.**

Jack lunges at Cyd over the table.

Cyd grabs whatever they can and tries to hurl it toward Jack. Jack lunges over (object) and tackles Cyd and begins choking Cyd.

CYD  
(struggling to breathe)  
Stay the **fuck** away from me you  
batshit asshole! Stay away. I said-

Natalie panics from the other side of the room clearly unsure of what to do.

NATALIE  
Jack, stop. STOP! You're hurting  
Cyd!

Cyd grabs a nearby shard and STABS Jack, he doesn't falter or let up.

JACK  
Dammit, Cyd, that hurt.

Natalie rushes over to pull Jack off Cyd who is slowly losing consciousness.

NATALIE  
S-stop, Jack! Please! This isn't--

Last moment of consciousness, Cyd pushes the shard deep into Jack as hard as they can, their hand starts to bleed in response. Jack grunts in pain but continues to squeeze harder.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
Stop! STOP! I said stop!

Color fades from Cyd's face, Natalie knocks Jack out using a blunt object.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
*I'm sorry! I'm sorry!...*

Natalie turns to Cyd, who is laying motionless beneath Jack's body. Natalie quickly pushes Jack off of Cyd before checking their status.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
Cyd? Cyd?

Natalie shakes Cyd's unresponsive body. Natalie panics at the motionless body of Cyd int her hands.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
Cyd? Cyd? Holy shit. Shit. Oh, god.  
Jack?

Natalie turns to Jack who is also no longer moving. Natalie is visibly shaken.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
Ugh... Oh, my god. What have the  
fuck did I just do?

In the midst of the self reflection of, Randall begins to move.

RANDALL  
(confused)  
My head...

NATALIE  
Randall?

Natalie rushes over to Randall, trying to assist the fallen comrade.

RANDALL  
(grunts) Ugh... My head...

Randall sits up and starts to survey the room. A brief glimpse panic arises.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
Damn, what the hell happened?

NATALIE  
Jack tried to--

The door **clicks**. Natalie's attention quickly turns to the door.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
Did you hear that?

Natalie gets up and checks the door.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
We gotta get out of here...

RANDALL

What?

NATALIE

I think it's--the door--it's open.

Natalie grabs Randall and struggles to get him up to make a run for it.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Randall, come on!

RANDALL

(confused)

Natalie, where are we even going?

INT. FIRE ESCAPE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Natalie and a dazed Randall run down a desolate fire escape hallway in a hurry. The echoes of their frantic footsteps fill the space. Both make it to the end of the hallway.

Natalie frantically tries to open the door.

NATALIE

Open! Shit. Fucking open!

RANDALL

It's not opening? Move.

Randall manhandles the door. Unexpectedly as they both continue to struggle with the door, the mantra from before begins to echo through the halls.

SPEAKER

**The watchman company, killing the competition since 1972. Killing, the competition, k-k-killing. K-k-kil-l-in-g-g.**

ENDING MONTAGE:

... dead bodies in the conference room footage from security camera

... empty halls of the fire escape

... the long staircase

... Natalie and Randall look at each other.

CUT TO BLACK.