

"The Big Game"

by
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INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

1

Three men are seated around a wooden conference table in a room with large windows overlooking the city. All of them are dressed in suits and ties. A plaque in the room reads: "THE AMERICAN TELEVISION NETWORK."

PRATT, 51, is the oldest. He has thin white, wispy hair and wears Ben Franklin glasses on his nose. COCHRANE, 42, has a full head of salt-and-pepper hair and is rather burly. WINWOOD, 27, the newest hire, has blond hair and chiseled features.

They all look concerned.

PRATT

What do you think is on his mind?

COCHRANE

I never know with him.

WINWOOD

Maybe he wants to tell us how happy he is with the latest ratings?

PRATT

(chuckles)

COCHRANE

G. W. McCoy happy?

(beat)

Impossible!

PRATT

You've only been here for three months, John. As a veteran of the network ratings wars, let me pass on one bit of information: G. W. McCoy - the cheesiest of *all* the big cheeses - is *never* happy.

WINWOOD

I haven't met him yet.

COCHRANE

He's not in town often. He's always flying here and there. This whole network was his idea. He's determined to see it succeed.

We hear approaching footsteps through the closed doors.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

WINWOOD

What's he like?

PRATT

You're about to find out.

The doors start to open slowly.

FADE TO:

2 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

2

G. W. MCCOY enters with a flourish, letting the doors close behind him. He is an older man, 60, and is wearing a crisp, pin-striped suit. He has a full head of curly black hair streaked with gray.

He walks to the conference table, pulls out a chair, and sits.

MCCOY

Good afternoon, gentlemen.

PRATT

Sir.

COCHRANE

Mr. McCoy.

WINWOOD

Good afternoon, sir.

McCoy looks at Winwood.

MCCOY

I *don't* recognize you.

WINWOOD

John Winwood, Mr. McCoy. I'm the new program developer.

MCCOY

New?

PRATT

He took over Stevenson's position.

MCCOY

What happened to Stevenson?

(beat)

He didn't go to a competitor, did he?

(CONTINUED)

COCHRANE

No. He retired.

MCCOY

Oh. . . Well, *that's* OK.

(beat)

We gave him a farewell party,
right?

COCHRANE

And a gold watch.

MCCOY

When was that?

PRATT

A little more than three months
ago.

MCCOY

Was I there?

COCHRANE

No, sir.

MCCOY

I must have been on the east
coast.

(beat)

Shame. I would have liked the
chance to say goodbye to old Stan.

PRATT

(correcting him)

Sam, sir.

MCCOY

Isn't that what I said?

(beat)

Anyway, welcome to ATN, Winwood.

WINWOOD

Thank you, sir. I'm pleased to be
here.

MCCOY

Good, good. Happy employees are
productive employees. Right,
Pratt?

PRATT

Absolutely.

(CONTINUED)

MCCOY

Well, gentlemen, as you know, time is money, and I didn't call you together to reminisce about Stan.

(beat)

Our network has a problem.

Winwood leans in.

WINWOOD

What would that be? The latest ratings book shows improved numbers for several of our series. Many that debuted this fall are doing well already.

MCCOY

You're direct. I like that.

(beat)

For a fairly new network, we're actually doing rather well. The advertisers are pleased with the bang they're getting for their buck.

COCHRANE

Then what, sir?

MCCOY

I'm talking about a genre of program that we *don't* have: Reality. They're all the rage, and I want one. Ours has to stand out from the crowd though - prettier contestants, bigger prizes, whatever it takes.

(beat)

What *haven't* the other networks made fodder for their shows yet?

WINWOOD

They run the gamut: Sex, greed, looks. . .

MCCOY

How about life and death? *That's* universal.

PRATT

(incredulously)

You want a reality series based . . . on death?

(CONTINUED)

MCCOY

Maybe it'd make for a better *game show*? They're hot now too. . . and cheap to produce.

COCHRANE

Wouldn't that be. . . well. . . a downer?

MCCOY

Not if it's handled correctly.

(beat)

I can see it now: Big, *big* prizes for the winner - a million bucks!

WINWOOD

That may not be enough. Some of the other shows are already offering that. . . and more.

MCCOY

Two million then. Five million. A *billion*.

WINWOOD

(flabbergasted)

A *billion*-dollar prize?

MCCOY

Whatever the network's coffers will bear.

(beat)

That could be the *grand* prize - after one contestant wins for several weeks in a row.

PRATT

What would the contestants need to do?

MCCOY

Whatever it takes - perform silly stunts, answer trivia questions, eat worms.

(beat)

Maybe the studio audience could decide the winner? Or the *home* audience? Imagine the feeling of power they'd have holding a human life in their hands.

(CONTINUED)

WINWOOD

(uneasily)
What would *really* happen to the
losing contestants?

MCCOY

What do you mean?
(beat)
They'd be killed, live on the air.

WINWOOD

What?

MCCOY

We could even recruit celebrities
to be their executioners - a
different one each week. I know
some has-beens who would *jump* at
the chance for TV exposure.

(beat)
They'd probably pay us!

WINWOOD

You really think people will sign
up for a program where, if they
lose, they'll be *killed*?

MCCOY

If the prize for the winners is
big enough.

(beat)
You're underestimating the
condition of the economy, Winwood.
If this contest is the only way
someone has to provide for his
family, he'll take the chance.

WINWOOD

But isn't that. . . murder?

MCCOY

Not with properly signed waivers.
People will know what they're
getting into and agree to hold the
network blameless.

PRATT

And the funeral costs?

MCCOY

We can pick up the tab for that.
(suddenly)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MCCOY (CONT'D)

Maybe we can develop a spin-off where we show the losers' funerals? *That* could be the reality show! If we slip a few bucks to the grieving widow, I'll bet she'll let us down in the casket.

(beat)

Tears! *Tears* are big business.

(longish beat)

Whaddya think?

PRATT

Brilliant!

COCHRANE

A hit in the making!

WINWOOD

Uhm. . .

MCCOY

This is top priority for all of you. I want to see a pilot in three months.

PRATT

What will the title be, sir?

MCCOY

Oh, I don't know. *G. W. McCoy Presents. . . Something or Other.*

(beat)

It'll come to me.

FADE TO:

Winwood is alone in the office. Three desks, one for each of the program developers, have been formed into a triangle of sorts. Behind him, their three names have been stencilled on the door, with Winwood in last position.

The phone on his desk rings. He stops typing on his keyboard and answers it.

WINWOOD

John Winwood.

(CONTINUED)

McCoy, on the other end of the line, is seen in a split screen. He is in his limousine.

MCCOY

Winwood, it's McCoy.

WINWOOD

Good morning, sir. I hope you had a pleasant weekend.

MCCOY

Busy! Deals, deals, deals. Network business doesn't wait for Monday.

(beat)

And you?

WINWOOD

Nothing special. My wife and I went out to DeLuca's for dinner on Saturday.

MCCOY

I didn't know you were married.

WINWOOD

For almost a year now.

MCCOY

I'm on my way to the airport, but I was thinking of that life-and-death show. I've been giving it some *serious* thought.

WINWOOD

(relieved)

So have I.

MCCOY

It's *definitely* better suited for a game show. The series with the losers' funerals would make a good reality show.

(beat)

We'll work on that one next.

WINWOOD

(surprised)

You want to go through with it?

MCCOY

Of course.

(beat)

I've set you guys up in Studio J.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MCCOY (CONT'D)

The set's gonna be a whopper!

(beat)

Head over later. Pratt's been there all weekend.

WINWOOD

I'll do that.

MCCOY

I want big: Lots of flashing lights, banks of TV screens - the works!

(beat)

A trap door would be a *great* idea.

Winwood is uneasy.

WINWOOD

You mean. . . pull a lever and the loser goes down the chute?

MCCOY

Right. There could be a big pit underneath. Think of the theater!

WINWOOD

What would. . . be in the pit?

MCCOY

Crocodiles, piranha - whatever the crew can get.

(beat)

We could even make that part of the set *transparent*. No sense in denying the audience their bread and circuses.

McCoy's signal starts to crackle.

MCCOY

I'm going to lose you in a minute. My chauffeur and I are approaching the tunnel by the airport. I have to catch a flight to Zurich.

WINWOOD

Zurich?

MCCOY

I'm getting my watch fixed. I always take it back to where I purchased it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (3)

3

MCCOY (CONT'D)

Sven, my jeweler, appreciates me
being a loyal customer.

WINWOOD

I'm sure he does.

MCCOY

Oh, I have a title for the new
show: *G. W. McCoy Presents: The
Big Game*.

FADE TO:

4

INT. STUDIO J - LATER

4

Pratt is standing with an anonymous female staffer,
looking at plans for the game show's set. Workers pass
back and forth behind them. We hear the sound of hammers
and saws at work.

PRATT

Yes, I think he'll like that
touch. Pull anybody you need off
of other productions. The boss has
given *The Big Game* top priority.

The staffer walks away with the blueprints as Winwood
approaches.

WINWOOD

Jerry?

Pratt slaps Winwood on the back.

PRATT

John, happy Monday! How are ya?

WINWOOD

I've been better. I just got off
the phone with McCoy.

PRATT

(chuckles)

Not a good way to start the
morning.

WINWOOD

That's just what I wanted to talk
with you about.

PRATT

What's the problem?

(CONTINUED)

Winwood is amazed.

WINWOOD

McCoy is planning a game show
where the losers will *die*, and
we're helping him. How can you be
so calm?

PRATT

(chuckles)
You *believe* him?

WINWOOD

(taken aback)
Of. . . Of course.

PRATT

Don't. You haven't known him as
long as I have.

(beat)
Sure, he's - to put it nicely -
eccentric, but he's no murderer.
Even a man as powerful as McCoy is
in this town is subject to the
law.

WINWOOD

So no contestant will *really* die?

PRATT

Of course not! It may look that
way, and they might *think* they're
going to die while they're playing
the game, but it's all part of the
show.

(ominously)
"Pay no attention to that man
behind the curtain!"

WINWOOD

Then why. . .

PRATT

Publicity and illusion. No one
will really know what happens,
especially if ATN pays the losing
contestants to keep out of sight
for a while, like some of the
other networks do for their shows.

(beat)
Do you remember *ALF*?

(CONTINUED)

WINWOOD

Sure.

PRATT

The producers never admitted that there was a little person inside the costume because they wanted to float the illusion that ALF was an *actual* alien. . . and some people believed it.

WINWOOD

But -

PRATT

McCoy's the head of the network. He signs my paycheck. . . and yours. We have to keep him happy. I've been here all weekend.

WINWOOD

The whole series is a lie!

PRATT

Welcome to the world of network TV.

(beat)

Give the boss what he wants. It'll be good for all of us - job security. And you never know, *The Big Game* may be a hit.

WINWOOD

I doubt it.

PRATT

You, Pete, and I have to come up with the rules for this game or we won't have a show.

WINWOOD

It'll have to be pretty tough for a *billion-dollar* prize.

PRATT

But *not* so tough that people feel stupid. We need somewhere between *Wheel of Fortune* and *Jeopardy!* for the question-and-answer part.

(beat)

TV trivia's good for that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

PRATT (CONT'D)

You want people to go, "Oh yeah!"
when they hear the answer.

FADE TO:

5 INT. WINWOOD HOME - LATE NIGHT

5

An exhausted Winwood enters the modest house, closing the door behind him. His lovely wife, BARBARA, comes up to him.

BARBARA

You're *finally* home.

WINWOOD

You're telling me.

He drops his briefcase to the floor.

BARBARA

You've been doing a *lot* of late
nights.

WINWOOD

(yawns)
I know.

He kisses her on the cheek.

BARBARA

Rough day?

WINWOOD

Monotonous: I spent most of it
writing TV trivia questions for
The Big Game.

BARBARA

Doesn't that premiere in a month
or so?

WINWOOD

It does.

(beat)

McCoy wants to air the premiere
live - not live on tape, but
really live.

BARBARA

It had better go well then - no
technical difficulties.

(CONTINUED)

WINWOOD

The set is *enormous*: Two levels
and enough electricity to light up
Sri Lanka.

BARBARA

(embarrassed)
I. . . kind of want to see it.

WINWOOD

You do?

BARBARA

It'll be an interesting study in
what people will do for 15 minutes
of fame.

WINWOOD

Thirty minutes; it's a half-hour
show.

BARBARA

Andy Warhol and I *beg* your
forgiveness.

(beat)
Besides, I want to see what you've
been spending all these late
nights on.

WINWOOD

(yawns)
It hasn't been by choice, believe
me.

BARBARA

We'll TiVo the premiere.

WINWOOD

For posterity?

BARBARA

You've forgotten already?

WINWOOD

My brain is putty.
(beat)
If I say "yes," will you be mad at
me?

BARBARA

Linda is getting married in Philly
that weekend. Remember?

(CONTINUED)

WINWOOD

Is *that* the same weekend as the premiere?

BARBARA

It is.

WINWOOD

With all this overtime, the days have been running into each other.

(beat)

Don't worry. I took the time off already.

BARBARA

We'll be back on the following Sunday. You can watch *The Big Game* then. That way, you'll be able to tell McCoy how wonderful it was over the water cooler on Monday morning.

FADE TO:

WINWOOD

Samantha Feldon?

MCCOY

You remember her?

WINWOOD

Of course! I watched *Spy Time* every week when I was a kid.

PRATT

Same here.

COCHRANE

Boy, was she a looker!

MCCOY

She's still very attractive. I'm *thrilled* she's going to be the first guest executioner.

PRATT

And may I say, sir, that you serving as host will make the series *extra special*.

(CONTINUED)

MCCOY

Thank you. It saves us money too.

(beat)

Others celebs are already calling to sign up for the following episodes' guest spots. I'm hearing from the agents of has-beens I didn't even know were still *alive*!

PRATT

Have you seen the publicity we're getting for it being a *live* broadcast?

MCCOY

Every little bit helps.

(beat)

I think the games you boys have developed are just the right mix of brawn and brains. We should get the eggheads *and* the jocks tuning in.

(beat)

I want you three and your families to be in the audience right up front for the premiere.

COCHRANE

I'll bring the Mrs.

PRATT

I'm just a lowly bachelor, but I'll be there.

WINWOOD

I'm afraid I can't make it.

McCoy is surprised.

MCCOY

What?

WINWOOD

I've got a wedding in Philly. I told the personnel director about needing this Friday off before I was hired.

McCoy looks disappointed.

MCCOY

You're *sure* you can't skip it?

(CONTINUED)

WINWOOD

I'm afraid not. It's my wife's favorite cousin, and she's in the bridal party.

(beat)

I'll be there for the *second* show.

MCCOY

Alrighty then.

McCoy stands and steps to the door.

MCCOY

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go check that the piranha have arrived.

FADE TO:

INT. WINWOOD HOME - SUNDAY NIGHT

The Winwoods enter, closing the door behind them. John, exhausted from the trip, is carrying a couple of suitcases. He plops them on the floor.

WINWOOD

It's good to be back!

BARBARA

Wasn't Linda a *beautiful* bride?

WINWOOD

Yes, but you were the prettiest woman there.

BARBARA

You sweet talker, you.

She kisses him on the cheek.

BARBARA

I have a couple of quick phone calls to make before I turn in. Do you mind?

WINWOOD

No. I want to watch *The Big Game*. I'm sure McCoy will be asking for my opinions on it tomorrow.

FADE TO:

8

INT. WINWOOD LIVING ROOM - LATER

8

Winwood is sitting on the couch, remote in hand and a blank look on his face, when his wife approaches.

BARBARA

Honey, I was going to make a
snack. Would you like something?
(longish beat)
Honey?

Winwood looks up suddenly.

WINWOOD

I'm. . . I'm sorry. Did you. . .
say something?

BARBARA

You're *really* engrossed in that
show.

He points at the TV screen.

WINWOOD

That's Jerry Pratt.

On screen, a nervous-looking Pratt stands on the
completed stage, among many lights and video screens.

BARBARA

What's he doing on the show?

WINWOOD

I'm not sure why, but he's a
contestant.

BARBARA

He looks. . . nervous.

On screen, Feldon, the guest executioner, is wearing a
black armband over her dress. She stands beside McCoy's
host lectern. A large lever has been built into the stage
before her.

BARBARA

What's that lady doing?

WINWOOD

Jerry must have lost the game.
She's going to pull the lever and
drop him into the piranha tank.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

Piranha?

On screen, Feldon pulls the lever. The trap door springs open, and Pratt falls through, screaming. He falls down a small slide and then into the transparent tank. The studio audience applauds wildly as Pratt splashes about in the water, fighting for his life.

Barbara gets a sick look on her face.

BARBARA

*Ugh! You can see the fish. . .
eating him.*

WINWOOD

It's all fake.

Sone stripped-bare bones rise to the top of the water.

BARBARA

I changed my mind. I. . . I *don't*
want to see this.

(beat)

It's too realistic.

She quickly walks away. Winwood leans forward in his chair, growing concerned.

WINWOOD

Yes, it certainly. . . is.

FADE TO:

Winwood, under the covers, is making a call from the phone on the night stand. Frustrated, he hangs up and settles in beside his wife.

BARBARA

Who were you calling?

WINWOOD

Jerry.

BARBARA

Why?

WINWOOD

I wanted to. . . to congratulate
him on his acting debut.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

(yawns)

You can congratulate him in the morning.

She reaches out, kisses Winwood good night, and turns off the bedroom light.

WINWOOD

(sotto voce)

I hope so.

FADE TO:

INT. ATN OFFICES - MORNING

Winwood and Cochrane are walking down an office corridor, talking. All about them, other employees are busily at work.

COCHRANE

Did you see the show?

WINWOOD

I watched it last night.

COCHRANE

(proudly)

Pretty good, huh? G. W.'s pleased.

They reach their office door and walk in. Cochrane swings the door shut behind them.

WINWOOD

What was Jerry doing as a contestant?

COCHRANE

Who?

WINWOOD

Jer-

Winwood looks about. There are now only two desks in the office. They are pressed against each other.

WINWOOD

Where's his desk?

COCHRANE

Whose desk?

(CONTINUED)

WINWOOD

Jerry's.

(beat)

There were *three* desks here when I left for the wedding.

COCHRANE

(beat)

I think you might have some jet lag. There have *never* been three desks in this office. Just *two* - yours and mine.

(beat)

Who's this Jerry?

WINWOOD

Jerry Pratt.

COCHRANE

Friend of yours?

WINWOOD

He's a friend of *both* of us.

COCHRANE

What's he do here?

WINWOOD

He's one of the program developers! His name's on the door. Right. . .

Confused, Winwood walks to the door and points at the *two* names stencilled on it: First Cochrane's, then his. An odd look crosses his face.

WINWOOD

There were *three* names there! I'm *sure* of it.

COCHRANE

I'm afraid you're wrong. They added your name under mine when you started.

Cochrane points to the same spot on the door.

COCHRANE

See? No Jerry Platt.

WINWOOD

Pratt.

(CONTINUED)

Winwood starts pacing, agitated.

WINWOOD

I. . . I need to speak with McCoy.
Where is he?

COCHRANE

I'm not sure.
(beat)
He's probably over at *The Big Game*
set.

Winwood quickly opens the door and strides out. Cochrane calls after him.

COCHRANE

Don't be long. We need to start
writing questions for episode 2.

FADE TO:

A large metal door creaks shut with a *clang* in back of Winwood. He takes some cautious steps, looking around. *The Big Game* set behind him is turned off.

He calls out angrily.

WINWOOD

McCoy! I know you're here. Show
yourself!

After a beat of silence, he takes a few more cautious steps. Gathering his courage, he turns around and walks to the dormant stage.

WINWOOD

I'll find you. . . you *murderer*.

He slowly climbs the steps to the stage. With a loud *ka-ching*, the stage comes to life as TV monitors, controls, and lights warm up.

McCoy walks out confidently from the wings. He and Winwood face each other several feet apart.

MCCOY

(nonchalantly)
How was the wedding?

WINWOOD

(angrily)
Why'd you kill Jerry?

MCCOY

You're very blunt for someone
who's been employed here for such
a short time.

WINWOOD

You told me you *liked* that.

MCCOY

Not when it's directed at *me*.
(beat)
Have you had your coffee?

WINWOOD

What are you talking about?

MCCOY

(beat)
No, I suppose not. If you had, you
wouldn't remember Mr. Pratt.

WINWOOD

(longish beat)
You *doped* the coffee?

MCCOY

That's why no one remembers he
ever existed.
(beat)

A combination of herbs and roots I
learned about overseas. Tasteless,
cheap, and effective.

WINWOOD

Someone else must remember him.

MCCOY

Not for long. I have *other* methods
to ensure totality. My operatives
are at work as we speak. Soon no
one but I will remember him at
all.

WINWOOD

I'll remember him.

MCCOY

We'll see about *that*.

(CONTINUED)

WINWOOD

Why was Jerry a contestant on this damn show of yours?

MCCOY

That you helped to create.

WINWOOD

I never thought you were *crazy* enough to commit a murder live on television!

MCCOY

I told you my plan for the losing contestants from the very beginning. Why the surprise now?

WINWOOD

(adamantly)

Why Jerry?

MCCOY

The scheduled contestant, Mr. Frederick Cranston from Santa Monica, never showed up. We were going out live on the air. We needed a replacement.

WINWOOD

Jerry never thought you would really -

MCCOY

I think he started to wonder about that when he was standing on the trap door above the piranha tank. I noticed a *little* sweat on his upper lip.

(beat)

Have you seen the overnights? Absolutely amazing! Advertisers are *clamoring* to buy spots. *The Big Game* is going to be a hit with a capital "H."

WINWOOD

It'll need a new host. I'm going to the police.

MCCOY

(chuckles)

Mind if I tag along?

(CONTINUED)

WINWOOD

What?

MCCOY

I have a three-decades-long reputation in this town. ATN regularly donates *large* sums of cash to charitable organizations championed by the local authorities. The idea that the police would believe you over me is. . . *laughable*.
(chuckles)

WINWOOD

Laugh now, McCoy. It will be your last.

McCoy pulls a gun from his pocket and aims it squarely at Winwood.

WINWOOD

Take it easy! You don't want *two* murders on your hands.

MCCOY

I don't care.
(beat)
I'll do whatever it takes to make this network a success. I got rid of Pratt, I can get rid of you.
(beat)
It will just take a bit longer with the family you have.

Winwood takes a deliberate step forward. He stops when McCoy readies his gun.

WINWOOD

You leave them out of this!

MCCOY

Why should I?

WINWOOD

You *are* nuts.

Winwood turns at the sound of approaching footsteps to see Cochrane.

COCHRANE

You shouldn't call G. W. that.

(CONTINUED)

WINWOOD

(relieved)

Pete, thank God! We have to -

Cochrane takes out his own gun and levels it at Winwood.

MCCOY

Mr. Cochrane loves his coffee.

McCoy gestures at Winwood with his gun.

MCCOY

We have a small problem to deal with.

COCHRANE

So I see.

Cochrane walks up the stairs to the stage. McCoy approaches Winwood, gesturing with his gun that the younger man should move back.

He points at the trap door. The three of them walk there. Gun in hand, Cochrane positions Winwood on it.

MCCOY

Since this *is* a game show stage,
let's play the game.

McCoy crosses part of the stage and stands behind the host's lectern. Cochrane keeps his gun aimed on Winwood, as McCoy launches into his pitchman style delivery.

MCCOY

Welcome, everyone, to *The Big Game*. I'm your genial host, G. W. McCoy. John Winwood of Los Angeles is now positioned over the pit where our losing contestant met his *grisly* end last week.

(beat)

Do you want to play our game, Mr. Winwood?

Winwood looks at Cochrane's gun.

WINWOOD

How can I refuse?

MCCOY

But first, a commercial break.

McCoy leans over his lectern.

(CONTINUED)

MCCOY

I have no desire to kill you,
unless you can't keep your mouth
shut.

(beat)

Think of your loved ones,
especially that pretty wife of
yours.

WINWOOD

Cut the crap! What do you want?

MCCOY

You win the game *and* keep your
mouth shut, and I'll let you and
yours live. If not, the piranha
haven't had a good meal since. . .
Pratt.

(beat)

If you try to run, Cochrane will
take care of you. . . and then
you'll end up in the tank anyway.

(chuckles)

Decide!

Winwood looks at both of his captors.

WINWOOD

(beat)

Get on with it.

McCoy goes back into host mode.

MCCOY

And we're back!

He picks up an oversized index card bearing *The Big Game's* logo from the lectern.

MCCOY

John Winwood, here's your life-or-
death question: Who was the
seventeenth president of the
United States?

There is a longish beat as Winwood looks at Cochrane's
gun. He then answers confidently.

WINWOOD

Andrew Johnson.

(CONTINUED)

McCoy pulls the lever beside him, dropping Winwood into the piranha tank. Winwood screams on the way down the slide and then splashes into the water.

MCCOY

My game. . . my rules.

Winwood tries valiantly to fight off the piranha. The water turns slowly red with his blood.

MCCOY

He *never* would have kept his mouth shut.

FADE TO BLACK.