

Fork to a Gunfight  
by  
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EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

JACK, late-20s, lean, with the earnest look of the overly competitive, shoots a look around the corner.

He pulls back, and is startled when MILO, 20s, and pudgy with the LCD tan of a computer gamer, is standing next to him.

JACK

Jesus! How the hell did you--

He spots something in Milo's hand just below camera frame.

JACK

Are you kidding me, Milo? This is a game of Assassin. Assassin!

(holding up a squirt gun)

We use squirt guns to play Assassin, not...

(beat)

You know, I've heard of people so stupid they bring a knife to a gun fight... you're the first person who ever brought a fork!

He reaches down, and yanks a small Halloween devil's pitchfork up into camera frame. Three tiny, dripping pink sponges are tied to the tips.

MILO

(grabbing it back)

It's not a fork! It's a trident.

Feared weapon of the Roman gladiator, and symbol of mighty Neptune, Lord of the Seas.

Jack holds up his gun, face clenched in exasperation. He pulls the trigger a couple of times, squirting the wall.

Gestures sharply at his example: *See?!*

Milo looks confused. Pokes the wall a couple of times. Gives Jack a, *What's the problem?* look.

Jack shoots another look around the corner.

JACK

(under his breath)

Last time I pick a partner from a hat.

MILO

(a wee bit smug)

Besides, Jack, a true assassin can sneak up right behind his target like a ninja. I'm like a ninja gladiator.

Jack looks like he wants to scrape Milo off the bottom of his shoe.

JACK

You're one of those guys who wears his Starfleet uniform to the Renaissance Faire, aren't you?

MILO

It's a legitimate costume! If a starship channeled Chronoton particles through its deflector dish, it could easily travel back to the time of Queen Elizabeth I.

(a bit patronizing)

It's technical, but I explain it on my blog.

Beat.

JACK

Do me a favor, will ya?

MILO

Okay.

JACK

(unzips his jacket)

Stick me with that fork.

(taps his chest)

Right here.

MILO

(stabs him)

Like that?

Three little damp spots appear on Jack's shirt.

JACK

Thank god for the "friendly fire" rule.

Jack sticks his squirt gun in his jacket pocket. Turns and walks down the alley, hands on his head.

JACK

Dead man walking!