

When Deals are Made

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICES - AFTERNOON

MR. BASTILE sits at his desk as he goes over several contracts. We hear a subtle knock at the door.

MR. BASTILE

Enter.

MATTHEW enters slowly, as a child entering the principal's office.

MATTHEW

Mr. Bastile, I'm sorry I'm late. I got held up with some...

MR. BASTILE

Held up with what?

(no answer)

We had a agreement, Mr. Gordon. No ...we had a binding contract.

MATTHEW

I know, but...

MR. BASTILE

There are no buts, there are no excuses. I believe that was clearly stated in our contract.

MATTHEW

Yes, Mr. Bastile.

MR. BASTILE

It seems you have breached our contract, Mr. Gordon.

MATTHEW

What do you mean? So, I was a little late. How is that a breach in our contract?

MR. BASTILE

I'm not talking about your punctuality.

(beat)

Have you not received all that you wanted?

MATTHEW

Yes ...I mean, I think so.

(CONTINUED)

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MR. BASTILE

You think so? Did I not return your son to you, take him from the brink of death?

MATTHEW

Yes, but he's...

MR. BASTILE

Did I not give you the wealth you desired, and the means for which you can attain even more?

MATTHEW

Of course. But my son ...he's not the same. I look into his eyes, and all I see is an emptiness.

MR. BASTILE

But surely the money takes care of his medical needs.

MATTHEW

Why are you doing this?

MR. BASTILE

Oh, Matthew. You have committed the worse breach within our agreement. It clearly states in article 665.

(reading a contract)

The soul shall remain as is during the physical life of the being known as Matthew Gordon, and no charitable deeds shall be practiced except for devious, selfish and/or malicious purposes.

(beat)

Matthew, you have been all too kind recently ...horribly charitable, in fact. Our contract is null and void. I shall repossess your son and all your material wealth immediately.

(pause)

Oh yes, I still retain the rights to your miserable soul and shall take possession of it upon your death.

Matthew gets angry.

MATTHEW

You can't do that! I will kill you with my own...

(CONTINUED)

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He suddenly falls to his knees in pain.

MR. BASTILE

It must be all that rich food
you've been eating.

Matthew tries to stand up, but can't.

MATTHEW

I swear to God, If you do anything
to my son, I will...

Bastile waves his hand and Matthew collapses.

MR. BASTILE

Oh, Matthew, you can swear to God
all you want, but only I can hear
you.

(beat)

Enjoy the rest of your days,
Matthew.

Bastile leaves.

CUT TO: