

INT. MARSHALL BOARDROOM

ATTICUS bursts into the boardroom. MYRA STARR stands opposite Atticus across the table. The rest of the BOARD look up at his interruption. A high-backed chair, where the player sits hidden, is turned away from Atticus.

ATTICUS

What the hell do you think you're doing?

MYRA STARR

(fully expecting him to burst in)

You're just in time for the vote.

ATTICUS

You think you can fire me?! My family built this business! My name is on the goddamn building!

MYRA STARR

Our stock price is rock-bottom and our shareholders want your head.

ATTICUS

It's the Saints! They exposed the Frontier! They robbed my train! They ruined my good name!

MYRA STARR

(menacing beginning to enter her voice)

We've done the risk assessment, and you are a liability.

ATTICUS

Bull shit! This company's nothing without me!

MYRA STARR

(Making this official, firm and taking charge)

The motion is to terminate Atticus Marshall and appoint me Chair of the Board. All in favor?

Half of the board, including Myra Starr raise their hands.

ATTICUS

All opposed?

Atticus and the other half of the board raise their hands.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)
You have a tie. Now what're you
gonna do?

MYRA STARR
Let's ask the tiebreaker.

The high-backed chair spins around revealing the PLAYER.

CUT TO QTE

A QTE starts giving the player two choices:

FIRE or TERMINATE

[IF] FIRE ATTICUS

PLAYER
Atticus Marshall, you are fired.

Two security guards appear behind Atticus and grab him by his
upper arms.

ATTICUS
Get your hands off me! You haven't
heard the last of Atticus Marshall!

MYRA STARR
(reveling in her victory)
Yes, I'm sure we'll hear you
hollerin' all the way down to the
lobby.

Atticus is dragged out of the room.

[IF] TERMINATE ATTICUS

The player pulls out a gun.

PLAYER
Looks like you're all out of
lawyers.

The player shoots Atticus in the head

AFTER QTE CHOICE
CUT TO

INT. MARSHALL BOARDROOM

Myra Starr sits down in the chairman's seat. She takes a
moment to take in her victory. Then she turns to the Player.

MYRA STARR
(to the point, getting
business done)
You held up your end of the deal.

Myra Starr pulls out a pen and signs a piece of paper. She slides it over to the player.

MYRA STARR (CONT'D)
(to the point, getting
business done)
And now, so have I. The Saints are
all yours.

PLAYER
Thanks. We made a good team.

MYRA STARR
(viper-like)
Don't go mistakin' us for friends.
This was business. You interfere
with Marshall again and you'll get
the horns.

END