

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

We open to a wide-angle establishing shot of two characters, a male (Darrel) dressed in a hoodie and jogger, and a female (Whiskey), dressed as a bartender, sitting across from each other at a kitchen island. Their heads are cut out-of-view, however, the woman is shaking up a drink. For the rest of this film, Darrel's face may be shown, however, Whiskey specifically will never have her face shown.

On the table, a chess set sits with white checkmated - Whiskey has won the game.

WHISKEY

You know, you are a loser in way more ways than one.

DARREL

Let's try again.

WHISKEY

Won't change anything.

Whiskey finishes shaking up her drink, then pours into a glass cup that appears (falls into place from off camera) on the table. Darrel reaches out for the drink, but Whiskey grabs the drink and drinks it instead. We can see an identical mark on his hand as Alex's mark from part 1.

DARREL

I thought that was for me.

WHISKEY

I need it. I have to sit here and baby you all day.

DARREL (looking at a medicine bottle)

Man... they did not tell me that this prescription would lecture me all day.

WHISKEY

I mean, looks like you need it. Look at you, you're a mess.

DARREL

Let's get back to the game.

They play a few moves, calling each out. Both characters seem to know what they are doing, moving with confidence, then pausing mid-movement to reconsider their strategies before moving again. Absolutely refer to world championship moves for this.

DARREL

So... You're not real, right?

WHISKEY

I'm right here, aren't I?

DARREL

Yeah, but like, you're only here because of the medicine, right?

WHISKEY

I don't think hallucination is a side effect of your prescription.

DARREL

Damn... that's crazy. So...

WHISKEY

Check.

Darrel takes a moment, then moves out of check.

WHISKEY

To put it bluntly, you messed up pretty bad, and according to my notes, you don't really deserve it. So, I'm buying you some extra time.

DARREL

What did I do?

WHISKEY

Man, what *didn't* you do. You don't remember anything?

DARREL (looking at the medicine bottle)

I took my medicine.

WHISKEY

And then?

DARREL

Did I lay down?

WHISKEY

No, you idiot. You went for a drive.

DARREL

Oh.

They spend a moment in silence.

DARREL (slowly realizing)

So I'm dead?

WHISKEY

Kind of. You're not quite there yet. You're, what do you guys call it again? Limbo?

DARREL

Is this a test? To see if I move on or not?

WHISKEY

Actually, your whole life is a test. How you choose to live, what kind of person you choose to be, etc. There's not like a judge or anything though; you all end up here anyways.

DARREL

That's... terrible. So bad people, murderers and all, they... get to move on?

WHISKEY

It's not moving on like you think it is. Trust me, this whole process, it's not as beautiful as your scriptures make it out to be.

DARREL

And... me?

WHISKEY

Sometimes people like me get to... push you one way or another. If you're really bad, we do our best to make sure you move to the other side. If you're really good, sometimes we ask what you'd prefer.

DARREL

You're an angel?

WHISKEY

Don't flirt with me.

DARREL

Huh? I wasn't-

WHISKEY

Check. Again, it's not that simple. I'm not that, but thank

you. I'm just here to buy you
time.

DARREL
Time for what?

WHISKEY
The ambulance is coming. And you,
you have something very special.
We need you to finish your job.

DARREL
What... job?

WHISKEY
You are very important. People
like you make our jobs easier.
Don't let me catch you out here
again.

Darrel attempts to talk, but no sound comes out.

WHISKEY
Checkmate. Don't let me catch you
out here again.

We cut to the emergency responders asking him to respond
after his eyes open. Then, we fade to black.

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We fade back into the kitchen. Another figure, *Click*, sits across the table from *Whiskey*. He inspects the chessboard, then moves two pawns off the table.

CLICK

He's gone?

WHISKEY

Yup. I sat here with him the entire time.

Click. *Click*. He disappears, then reappears with a horse and bishop piece and places it where the pawn was originally.

CLICK

Two down.

The two of them sit quietly, and then *Click* picks up the opposing king piece. He inspects it, then picks up the queen instead.

WHISKEY

And no signs of the queen while I was here.

CLICK

Where's *Bridge*?

We zoom in on the queen piece he is holding. Then, he cracks it.