

Execution at the End

by

Anon

FADE IN:

INT.DARK ROOM - DAY

We see a bloody man, tied up in a chair, unconscious.

There's a stranger in the other side of the room, looking out the window. Some sunlight penetrates the room, but darkness rules the space. A small, second source of light is the bulb over the tied up man.

A small radio plays a romantic tune, as the strager keeps staring at the landscape.

POV: The landscape is mostly deserted, lifeless all around, some destroyed buildings and decayed bones litter the enviroment.

THE STRANGER alternates between looking out the window and to a small photo in his hands, of a young beautiful woman.

THE TIED UP MAN wakes up, deeply breathing himself back to consciousness.

THE STRANGER puts the picture in his pocket, turns the radio off and sighs.

THE STRANGER is always under the darkness, we can't see his face.

STRANGER

Finally back to us, Mr Somerset?

SOMERSET starts to scream, but he's muffled by the tape in his mouth.

STRANGER

You can scream, but I don't think there's anyone besides me to listen. To be honest I don't know why I taped 'ya, maybe I'm used to it, I think.

THE STRANGER walks to a close table, shuffling through random objects, choosing which to use.

SOMERSET yells again, terrified.

STRANGER

Calm down, it'll all be over quick.

THE STRANGER picks up a large knife.

STRANGER(CONT'D)

If everything goes right, that is.

THE STRANGER walks to SOMERSET and grabs his arm.

SOMERSET screams.

STRANGER

You know, you should thank me. I was supposed to just kill ya'. But I kinda found another way, and if it works, hey, you're out alive. You're welcome.

THE STRANGER raises the knife.

STRANGER(CONT'D)

It'll just hurt a bit.

SOMERSET's right hand is chopped off.

SOMERSET screams in pain.

THE STRANGER coldly walks to the window, looking again at the horizon.

THE STRANGER looks at his right hand, he angrily grunts and returns.

STRANGER

You wanna get me desperate, don't ya?

THE STRANGER walks to the second arm.

SOMERSET screams and rustles around, knocking the chair.

STRANGER

Aw, you wanna escape? Run away? Well get ready to run a lot, 'cuz there ain't a living soul left for miles.

THE STRANGER raises the chair.

SOMERSET closes his eyes in anticipation.

Another hand gets chopped.

SOMERSET screams.

THE STRANGER walks again to the window, this time impatient and nervous.

THE STRANGER punches the window, screaming. He throws the knife on the floor and rests on the wall, putting his palms on his face.

STRANGER

I don't know why I even tried. Fucking stupid fuckin'-

THE STRANGER starts to get up. He sighs, defeated.

STRANGER(CONT'D)

(Tired)

You know, they say hope is the last to die, and since everything out there's already gone, I thought I could win this.

THE STRANGER walks to SOMERSET, removing his tape.

STRANGER(CONT'D)

Turns out I was wrong, since you and I are still here, there's only one way to do this.

While SOMERSET breathes deeply, THE STRANGER is at the table again, this time he's loading a gun.

SOMERSET

W-WHO ARE YOU?!

STRANGER

You know me, I'm someone you like, hell, admire even. But you'll learn to hate me in the next years.

SOMERSET

W-What? You're not making any sense! What do you want from me? What did I do?

STRANGER

Friend, is not about what you did.

THE STRANGER walks to SOMERSET, weapon ready.

STRANGER(CONT'D)

It's about what you will do.

SOMERSET

(Weakly)

W-What?

STRANGER

And trust me, it's inevitable, I tried everything.

SOMERSET

(Desperate)

YOU'RE NOT MAKING ANY SENSE!

STRANGER

Don't worry, you'll get it in a moment.

THE STRANGER puts the barrel in SOMERSET's head, finally revealing his face. He is identical to SOMERSET, some wrinkles and a beard reveal his age. His hands are metallic, definitely prosthetic.

SOMERSET is speechless.

THE STRANGER pulls the trigger, a body falls.

THE STRANGER takes the picture from his pocket, giving one last look and a kiss.

THE STRANGER disappears. The camera follows the picture falling, as it also disappears instants before reaching the floor.

The camera goes back up, the once decayed room is now a colorful office, people are working normally.

Through the window you can now see a vibrant futuristic city, clean and full of life.

We approach what seems to be a college.

INT.ROOM

A small crowd is gathered, it can't be more than 15 people, all are a bit old and gloomy.

THE HOST gets on stage to talk.

HOST

Good morning. Today we complete 20 years ever since the disappearance of Dr. Malcolm Somerset, chief researcher at the Metrolabs Particle Accelerator, but above all, a teacher here. He left a saddened wife, a cheerless class of 22 students and most of all, his work.

He begins to walk to the other side of the stage, a black piano is there.

HOST(CONT'D)

Dr Somerset's research, sprung from a golden heart and a brilliant mind, was perhaps our only chance of solving the mysteries of time travel, but all his life's work was burned on the same day he disappeared.

THE HOSTS chokes up.

HOST(CONT'D)

As always, Mrs Somerset will play something in his tribute, as we remember our dear friend, we miss you, buddy. Thank you.

The crows lightly claps, as a woman gets up from her seat and heads for the piano, she looks exactly like the woman in

the stranger's picture, just older.

The two hug, she sits down to play.

After a deep breath, she starts.

The crows silently listens to her tune, the same song we heard before in SOMERSET's radio.

FADE OUT.

THE END