

DARK ART

Written by

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OVER BLACK

Crickets CHIRP.

FOOTSTEPS grow LOUDER as they approach, then suddenly stop.

A young man WHIMPERS, afraid. Then --

BOOM! A GUNSHOT rings out!

FADE IN:

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - NIGHT

A large WOMAN, (42), dressed in stained coveralls and wearing red face paint, stands over the twitching corpse of a DEAD MAN, (23).

They are both illuminated by the bright headlights of a nearby panel van, which is parked about twenty feet away.

With a pistol in one hand and a camcorder in the other, the Woman kneels beside the slender Dead Man. With the camcorder, she ZOOMS in on what's left of his face.

Blood and brains shit out of the new hole in his head, mixes with his long blond hair.

The Woman shuts off the camcorder, stands and shakes her head, lets out a frustrated sigh.

She looks over her shoulder, at the van's bright headlights, then up at the full moon in the sky.

The Woman stares at the moon for a long moment, ponders. She turns, looks back at the van, smirks.

CUT TO:

EXT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Pistol gripped tight in her hand, the Woman opens the back doors of the van and reveals --

A scrawny MAN, (23), mouth gagged with a dirty rag and hands bound before his with zip-ties, lies on the tarp-covered floorboard. He's dressed in a blood-stained t-shirt and whitey-tighties. Messy blond hair covers his bruised face.

The Woman reaches inside the van, grabs the Man by his hair and YANKS him out of the vehicle.

He falls hard onto the ground, groans in pain.

The Woman SLAMS the back doors shut, grabs the camcorder off the roof of the van.

She turns back to the Man, aims both the camcorder and the pistol at him.

WOMAN
(stern)
Stand.

The Woman starts to record on the camcorder.

The Man stares up at the pistol with fear in his eyes. Slowly, he pushes himself off the ground and stands.

WOMAN
Walk.

The Woman nods to the left, motions for him to move in that direction. He does. She follows, pistol trained on his back.

Dead grass CRUNCHES beneath their feet as they march farther away from the van.

They keep walking. Farther. And farther.

Tears well up in the Man's eyes as he presses forward. He glances up at the full moon, an ominous sight.

The Woman slows.

WOMAN
Far enough.

The Man trembles with fear as he stops, turns around to face his captor. Piss streams down his bare legs.

He whimpers behind pleading eyes, desperate for mercy.

The Woman responds with a cold, emotionless gaze. She has no mercy to give.

WOMAN
Kneel.

The Man falls to his knees, begins to sob. He looks up, past the Woman, at the star filled sky beyond.

The Woman holds up the camcorder, adjusts her position until she has the shot she wants, finds it. She grins.

WOMAN
(under her breath)
Perfect.

With the camcorder held steady, the Woman aims the pistol at the Man's face. He shuts his tear-filled eyes tight as she pulls the hammer back.

WOMAN
(soft)
Cheer up, big guy. I'm about to
make you famous.

The Woman puts the barrel of the pistol up against the Man's cheek, just beneath his left eye.

She squeezes the trigger. BOOM!

SMASH TO:

BLACK

FADE OUT.