

"Last October"  
by  
Javier Torregrosa

23 Falmer Road  
Enfield Town  
Middlesex  
London  
England  
EN1 1PZ

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Mobile:- 07867 697016  
Email:- jayrex@hotmail.com

FADE IN

INT DAY - THE OFFICE

A MAN walks into his office carrying a file while taking of his black robes, placing them on a stand next to the door. He then notices someone else in the room.

THE MAN

Who are you? And how did you get in here?

The man picks up his pipe from a small table next to two chairs sitting opposite the only window in the room, and continues to walk to his desk. The MYSTERY MAN is sitting in front of his desk.

MYSTERY MAN

I'm GEORGE, and never mind how I got in here. I've come to talk to you...

THE MAN

(Interrupts)

Listen George, I'm very busy. Please arrange to speak with me by making an appointment with my secretary. Now please go!

GEORGE

I've only come to take a few moments of your time, that's all. And then I'll go. Deal?

The man places the file on top of his desk. He slides a drawer open, picks up his reading glasses and a box of matches.

THE MAN

I've only got twenty minutes and so I don't have the time.

GEORGE

I've come to get something off my chest. About last October.

Silence.

THE MAN

What about last October?

George brings out a torn newspaper article from the local newspaper, The Daily Chronicle and places it on the desk. On it has a picture of a sixteen year old boy with the heading, "Hit & Run Brings Sorrow onto the Community".

GEORGE

I've come to talk to you about this.

The man's starting to get slightly agitated and sets down his pipe and matches. And points at the torn newspaper with an open palm.

THE MAN

What's this got to do with you?

GEORGE

Well,

(Slight pause)

I'm the driver. And I've not been able to sleep at night ever since as I've been racked with guilt.

THE MAN

What do you want one to say? Do you want one to forgive you? Well...

(Pauses)

I'll tell you that I've never forgotten that day. Everyday I think about what I've said during that day, did my boy leave home on good or bad terms. I don't know, because I can't remember.

GEORGE

I'm very very sorry. I have totally regretted this ever happened and I want to say sorry before I turn myself in.

The man by now has slowly maneuvered his hand into his draw which stills lies ajar.

THE MAN

I'm not debating your sorrows. How noble of you to say you're sorry. But let me tell you what I've been thinking about ever since. What I would say and do to the man if I ever was in his presence.

By now the man has stood up and has started to walk slowly around the desk and past the two chairs when he entered the room, and then stands behind George.

THE MAN

I have often thought of telling him that he has robbed me and that he's ruined my families lives. But then again I've thought, what's the point?

GEORGE

I hope you and your family will  
forgive me?

THE MAN

It's not me you should be asking  
for forgiveness, it's your maker.

The man picks up a pillow from the chair and quickly  
places it onto George's head and fires his revolver.

The man pauses for a few seconds to listen for any  
movement outside his office door. After a few moments the  
man feels the coast is clear and picks up the empty shell  
and places it vertically on his desk. Leaves George  
slumped over in the chair and goes over to his stand, puts  
back on his robes and then leaves.

INT DAY - COURT

The court announcer walks in with the man and says...

COURT ANNOUNCER

Order, order everyone stand for  
the honorable Judge Frederickson,  
now presiding.

The judge sits down.

JUDGE FREDERICKSON

Prosecution, continue.

FADE OUT.