

ODYSSEY PICTURES PRESENTS

TIME
(a short story)

Written by
Steven A Goodman

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E-Mail@ John_Doe583@hotmail.com

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OVER BLACK:

Long, deep breathes. A man's soft voice speaks.

MAN (V.O.)

Some say we don't have enough. Others
speak of having too much.

(beat)

Yet, very few of us really sit down
and think about it in our lives.

A loud SLAM of metal against metal - a door being slammed
shut. (A prison cell door closing)

FADE IN:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

A long stretch of corridor. Dull in appearance with little
light shining in.

MAN (V.O.)

Lately, I've had plenty of time to
think about it. Now I understand how
precious it really is.

SOUND of FOOTSTEPS, several pairs at once - in unison.

MAN (V.O.)

Don't get me wrong though, I've never
been one for counting the minutes, or
hours for that fact. I was never a
nine to five guy.

FOCUS upon a pair of shiny black SHOES - WALKING towards us.
They are closely followed by two more pairs of shoes, either
side - a step behind.

MAN (V.O.)

I worked my own hours. When I wanted,
any day I wanted. But mostly, it was
when I needed ... it!

TICK! TICK! TICK! A soft SOUND of TICKING.

FADE IN:

INT. ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP on a circular clock - SOUNDS of each SECOND that
ticks away. The time states: 11.57am.

MAN (V.O.)
Time is almost upon us.

The seconds count down until it reaches 11.58am to one single beat LOUDER than the rest, then continues the second beat once more.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SILHOUETTE of a FIGURE sat upon a chair shines upon a pale colored wall. Still. Silent. Alone. (*Strapped to chair*)

MAN (V.O.)
As I sit here, I start pondering about my life. From my birth to this moment. The girls I watched, to the ones I made famous - if only for five minutes of their lives.

(*beat*)

To my teacher. My mentor, who taught me everything I needed to succeed in this path. The path he laid out before my own eyes.

CLOSE UP on a pair of eyes - dark, almost lifeless.

MAN (V.O.)
I can hear those whispers. The taste of their tears as they weep for those long gone. The smell of fear that reaps from the innocent.

CLOSE UP on the clock - SECONDS tick down to another minute passing by with a LOUDER TICK. The time now states: 11.59am.

MAN (V.O.)
It's almost here. The feeling of my work coming to an end.

(*beat*)

I leave with no compassion for my achievements, no forgiveness to ask. I seek no redemption for my work.

ON SILHOUETTE of man sat on a chair fixed to the wall.

MAN (V.O.)
There is no closure though in this case, for I leave behind a work that never ends. For this is who we are.

The clock draws closer to the hour mark, as it reaches it's destination: 12.00pm.

MAN (V.O.)

I became he, as my mentor became the man before him.

ON WALL where the figure appears to TENSE UP, unable to move from the chair. Then, slowly --

MAN (V.O.)

It's what we were born to do, to become. And now, even though I depart from this world ...

-- the figure RELAXES, the head and body SLUMPS forward slightly. Still. Silent. Dead.

MAN (V.O.)

... I leave behind my own mark, my student who shall now become the master. A mentor to the next. A never-ending cycle.

(beat)

My master's legacy, along with my work shall carry on through another.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER WHICH we hear his final words:

MAN (V.O.)

Some say we don't have enough. Others speak of having too much. Yes my friends, time is precious.

(beat)

Precious, because you never know how much you have left - to achieve everything you want in your life before the inevitable strikes.

THE END!