

Man In The Snow

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EXT. SNOWY TUNDRA - DAY

A man dressed in all BLACK COWBOY garb with a scarf wrapped around his face. Walks through a furious snow storm. He comes to halt.

In the powerful flurry of snow he spots a SHAPE, that resembles a man, about ten feet ahead.

The Black cowboy looks at the shape. He rises his hand and waves.

The Shape doesn't respond.

BLACK COWBOY
Can I help you?

The Shape draws his revolver, aiming at the cowboy in black.

THE SHAPE
Put yo hands up.

The Black cowboy raises his hands.

THE SHAPE(COUNT'D)
Keep'em up.

The shape moves closer, he's revealed to be a black man, with a wild stubbly beard and a singe in the corner of his left eyebrow. Also, dressed in black cowboy garb.

BLACK COWBOY
You're gonna kill me?

THE SHAPE
Maybe? Remove your scarf.

BLACK COWBOY
Why?

THE SHAPE
So I know I'm killing the right person. I would hate to kill the wrong person. I don't need anymore shit on my conscience.

BLACK COWBOY
I understand that.

Black cowboy removes his scarf.

BLACK COWBOY(COUNT'D)
Look familiar?

The Shape squints and tilts his head to get good look.

THE SHAPE
Can't tell from this far away and all
this wind and snow.

BLACK COWBOY
Then get closer.

The Shape gets a little closer.

BLACK COWBOY(COUNT'D)
How bout now?

He studies his face, recognizing a scar running across his
face.

THE SHAPE
Yeah it's you.

BLACK COWBOY
That's good.

The Shape cocks back the hammer on his revolver.

THE SHAPE
Any last words?

BLACK COWBOY
I didn't do it.

THE SHAPE
Well, the people who's job to decide
that, think you did. My job is to kill
whoever they say.

Black cowboy nods his head accepting his fate.

THE SHAPE(COUNT'D)
If you didn't... I'm sorry.

BANG!

The bullet enters his forehead, and out the back of his head.
Making a lake of his blood and puddles of brain matter in the
snow. His body drops diving right into the lake of his own
blood.

The shape puts his gun back in his holster.

EXT. SNOWY TUNDRA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The sound of gun hammer cocking freezes him in fear. He slowly turns his head to get a look behind him. A MAN, holds a gun to the back of his head.

THE SHAPE

Who the fuck are you?

MAN

Death follows those who kill.

THE SHAPE

So, your death.

DEATH

I'm your death.

THE SHAPE

And, who's your death?

DEATH

I don't know, yet. But, I don't doubt that they're following close behind me. So, can we make this quick?

THE SHAPE

I just don't understand. Who would want to kill me? I have no enemies.

DEATH

You kill people for a living, and you believe you have no enemies?

The shape shrugs. He got him there.

DEATH(COUNT'D)

Any last words?

THE SHAPE

We're in the middle of nowhere. I have no family or love ones. Does it even matter?

DEATH

I guess not.

BANG!

The shape is shot in the back of the head dropping to the ground. Revealing Death's face. A man with a scar running through his face. He looks over to the Black Cowboy's body. He walks over to him and kneels. Placing his hand on his shoulder.

DEATH

I was too late. I'm sorry Brother, I failed you. I always failed, especially when you needed me. And, now you're cuz of what I did. I'm sorry.

Death looks at his brother's scarf lying next to him. He picks it up and rises off his knee. He takes one more look at his brother. Wraps his scarf around his face and walks off.

A Man in white follows behind.

THE END: