

Sequence

By

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FADE IN:

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER-1567 ENGLAND-DAY

A dimly lit empty torture chamber. All sorts of mechanisms designed to cause pain are scattered across the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS-MOMENTS LATER

WILL (40) walks through the woods, axe slung over his shoulder. Curious and sadistic, he is the royal torturer. WILL looks around the forest, clearly searching for a suitable tree.

WILL (V.O.)

Many people ask, why do you do this job? There is no morality, or much money in fact, involved.

WILL stops beside a stout oak tree. He poises his axe, ready to chop it.

WILL (CONT'D)

But let me tell you what it really is.

WILL starts to viciously hack away at the tree trunk.

WILL (CONT'D)

This knowledge will only strike you after witnessing too many deaths and shed tears.

The tree finally falls to the ground after many efforts. WILL watches over with a triumphant smile.

WILL (V.O.)

It is the true sequence of death.

FADE TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM-40 YEARS EARLIER-DAY

SUBTITLE: '40 YEARS EARLIER'

A crying baby WILL is being cradled in his mother's arms.

WILL (V.O.)
Death starts from the moment you're
born.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM-7 YEARS LATER-DAY

7 year old WILL sits in a bored classroom drawing an intricate dog whilst the TEACHER drones on.

WILL (V.O.)
But the torture only starts later.

TEACHER
William? Are you listening?

WILL (V.O.)
Firstly, there is strangulation.

WILL looks around in confusion. The class laugh at his so called stupidity. The TEACHER glares.

WILL (CONT'D)
Squashing out any morsel of
imagination and filling the spaces
with enough words and numbers to
drown you.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKSMITH-10 YEARS LATER-NIGHT

An older WILL is pleading to a blacksmith. However, it is obvious from the blacksmith's expressions that his pleas are futile.

WILL (V.O.)
Then, you are stripped of your
perception of life and justice. For
this, cold reality is used.

WILL finally gets pushed out of the shop.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM-10 YEARS LATER-NIGHT

WILL watches with remorse and despair as a pretty girl dances lovingly with a handsome boy. WILL holds a bouquet of roses in one hand. The girl is presumably a crush of WILL'S.

WILL (V.O.)
After that, your heart will go and
you will never believe in love
again.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD-10 YEARS LATER-DAY

A congregation including WILL gather around a grave. WILL is crying quietly.

WILL (V.O.)
Hope withers away and flies with
the wind. Leaving you with your
naked soul.

CUT TO:

PRESENT DAY

EXT. PUBLIC SQUARE-DAY

A zealous crowd watch as WILL stands on a platform, axe in hand. A lady is knelt on the execution block, furiously muttering 'Hail Mary's.

WILL (V.O.)
Soon, even that goes.

WILL poises his axe to execute.

WILL (V.O.)
Leaving you as an unfeeling mind.

WILL chops off her head. A cheer rises from the crowd.

WILL (V.O.)
And none of the desperate pleas
that drown the world can reach your
ears.

Proudly, WILL holds up the head to show the public. The crowd cheer with even more zeal.

WILL (V.O.)
Because you've become the living
dead.

FADE TO:

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT

WILL sits placidly in a rocking chair by a burning fireplace.

WILL (V.O.)
So you wait. Till your body says
enough.

The fire dies all of a sudden. The room is in darkness.

WILL (V.O.)
Till the lights go out.

FADE OUT.