

THE HANGMEN WITH NO NAMES

By

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EXT. PARK - MORNING

A Californian park. Given the time of day, it's vacant. The smoky grey skies wait for day to come, yet gives the park a type of exuberance. In the park: tall eucalyptus and ash trees, lush green grass, and a baseball field.

EXT. PARK - STREETSIDE SIDEWALK

A sidewalk near a street that coincides middle class homes.

In the street, a glossy black Ford Crown with tinted windows.

The sidewalk remains dead empty, until--

A white sneaker steps onto its pavement.

It belongs to a MAN (30 or so) with blonde hair and baby blue eyes in a windbreaker. He saunters with his head hung low.

While he walks, the Ford Crown speeds up with the man. It moves little by little, following him.

The man hears the Ford's tire squeak and raises his head. He looks toward the Ford.

It stops. It's silent. As if it never moved.

The man picks up his pace and walks faster down the sidewalk.

The Ford Crown trails him again, cruising almost soundless.

The man looks in the street again.

The Ford presses on the brake.

The man stares at the car. He shuffles his feet back, feeling his anxiety.

Then, he dashes down the sidewalk. The car remains still in a way that it seems like it's watching him.

With fear in every step, the man's feet stomp the sidewalk.

He takes another step, but before he takes the other--

THE MAN

Gets blinded with a burlap sack over his head.

His lack of sight causes us to--

CUT TO:

A black screen.

INT. ROOM

A small, empty room. The ambiguity of its architecture insinuates the possibility of it being in a warehouse, but doesn't quite stem of the realm of possibility of it being a storage or industrial room.

In the room: the same man. He lays on the floor, his eyes shut and an arm sprawled across his face. He wakes up and moves his arm off his face.

To find that he can't.

He looks at the end of his arm to REVEAL that his hand is handcuffed to a radiator.

He pulls himself off the floor and manages to lie on his side.

In his new position, he studies his cuffed hand, then decides to budge it free.

He yanks it up upward persistently.

MAN

Nonono. This can't be happening.

Frantic, he tugs it harder.

Despite his effort, the endurance of the handcuff's chain withstands.

He gives up.

MAN (CONT'D)

Help! Somebody help me, please!

He waits for a response.

But after a beat, it remains dead silent.

MAN (CONT'D)

Somebody!

Still, no response.

He jerks the chain again, hoping to be free.

O.S: A hollow object falls to the ground.

Hearing this, the man stops moving.

He eavesdrop to the noises outside. FOOTSTEPS and the MURMURS of two distinct voices.

The outer noises cease and then the door opens.

Two brawny men in black hoodies enter. One wears an OWL MASK, the latter wears a TIGER MASK.

Tiger Mask rummages inside the pocket of his hoodie and unveils--

A Glock. He aims it at our poor protagonist and squeezes the trigger.

The gun pops, the bullet breezes the air, and it penetrates the man's calf, disgorging blood.

The man yelps in pain.

Observing this, Owl Mask forces Tiger Mask's gun down.

TIGER MASK

(belligerent)

Why did you do that? I could've killed him right here!

OWL MASK

That's not how we do, business.
Remember, torture is only necessary
if they don't comply.

They both look the man who moans with pain.

Shaking his head, Tiger Mask stashes the gun in his hoodie's pocket.

TIGER MASK

Whatever. You're too soft on 'em.

The man sucks the wind through his teeth.

MAN

(heaving)

Who are you people?

OWL MASK

Our identities are none of your concern, but you can call us the hangmen with no names.

Beat.

OWL MASK (CONT'D)
SAMUEL, do you know why you're here?

SAMUEL
No, no. I don't even know where I am. Please let me--

TIGER MASK
Liar! You--

Owl Mask gestures a hand of halt in front of Tiger Mask.

Tiger Mask exhales.

OWL MASK
Samuel, let me ask you again. Do you know why you're here?

SAMUEL
I told you. No. I don't even belong here.

A beat of silence.

OWL MASK
Do you know who Emily McClure is?

While Owl Man speaks, Samuel continues to heave in pain. He gets distracted, making his eyes linger to the bullet hole within his leg.

OWL MASK (CONT'D)
Samuel?

Samuel looks up.

SAMUEL
Who?

Owl Man nods toward Tiger Mask.

Tiger Mask stomps on Samuel's injured leg, causing to Samuel screams.

Tiger Mask's foot stays in place. Samuel's face flushes. His tears stream down his cheeks.

OWL MASK
I hate to repeat myself, Samuel. Do you know who Emily McClure is?

SAMUEL

No!

Tiger Mask laughs and looks back at Owl Mask.

TIGER MASK

(instigating)

He says he doesn't know.

While Tiger Mask laughs, Owl Mask stands solemn.

OWL MASK

Samuel, tell us the truth.

Samuel cries.

SAMUEL

I don't know her!

Beat.

OWL MASK

(to Tiger Mask)

Hit him again.

SAMUEL

(blubbering)

No!

Tiger Mask stomps on his leg. Crying, Samuel grits his teeth and shrieks out the pain.

Instead of a simple stomp, he digs his foot deeper into the wound. Under the soles of Tiger Mask's shoes, the wound oozes with blood.

OWL MASK

One week ago, twelve year-old Emily McClure waited for her father after soccer practice. While waiting, she was approached by a stranger. That stranger later abducted her and strangled her to death. Several lacerations were made on her back, thighs, and breasts. Not only that, she was defiled and an unwilling victim of necrophilia. A man approached us claiming you did it!

Samuel's eyes gleam with tears as he shakes his head in protest.

SAMUEL

No, I did not! You've got the wrong guy!

TIGER MASK

You're sick. You know that?

OWL MASK

Samuel, do you understand who you're dealing with?

Beat.

OWL MASK (CONT'D)

We kill people like you. We're the neighborhood watch. We are the hangmen.

SAMUEL

But, I'm trying to tell you! You got the wrong guy!

Tiger Mask presses on his leg again.

Beat.

Owl Mask sighs.

OWL MASK

We may have found the wrong guy.

Tiger Mask gets off Samuel's leg and walks to Owl.

TIGER MASK

What do you mean you found the wrong guy? This is him.

Samuel watches them converse.

OWL MASK

Yeah. By a tip. All the guys we dealt with would've snapped at this point. We did get the wrong guy last time.

Tiger Mask grunts.

TIGER MASK

You're too nice. I'll show you what to do.

Tiger Mask walks toward Samuel and pulls the Glock out of the hoodie's pocket.

TIGER MASK (CONT'D)
And I'll show you quick results.

As Tiger Mask approaches, Samuel transfixes his eyes in horror.

Tiger Mask hunches over his body, laying a foot on his wound.

He puts the Glock to the temple of Samuel's head.

Samuel bursts with more tears than ever before.

TIGER MASK (CONT'D)
Look here. I'm not a huge fan of cat and mouse. So, I'll make this blunt and simple. I'll give you five seconds to tell the truth or I'll plant a bullet that'll explode a chunk of your head all over your ugly windbreaker.

Tiger cocks the gun and puts a finger on the trigger.

TIGER MASK (CONT'D)
Five.

SAMUEL
(crying)
But, I didn't do it.

Beat.

TIGER MASK
Four. Three. Two.

Hearing every number, Samuel realizes his words are hopeless.

He surrenders and sobs.

TIGER MASK (CONT'D)
Wuh--

SAMUEL
Kill me! I'm going to die! Only God knows my soul!

Tiger Mask doesn't pull it.

Samuel crashes to the floor, crying his heart out. His eyes bawl with cowardice onto the floor.

TIGER MASK
I don't understand. He would've broke.

OWL MASK

I told you.

TIGER MASK

That means we gotta let 'im go.

Owl Mask digs in his back pocket. He pulls out a key.

He walks to the radiator and unlocks the cuff that arrested the radiator.

OWL MASK

Sorry about that, Samuel.

Owl Mask undoes the cuff that once bounded Samuel.

Though free, Samuel remains on the ground crying.

TIGER MASK

I guess we messed up big, didn't we?

OWL MASK

Yep.

Tiger Mask sighs.

TIGER MASK

Well, how do we take him back? The last guy we took we--

In a blink of an eye, Samuel BITES Tiger Mask's neck. He sinks his teeth in an artery and gnaws off a piece of skin.

Tiger Mask falls dead, bleeding to death. He struggles to breathe.

Tiger Mask looks above him. Samuel ogles at Tiger Mask, towering over him.

TIGER MASK (CONT'D)

(to Owl Mask,
asphyxiating)

What are you doing? Kill him!

Samuel stares at Owl Mask.

Then, dashes to him.

Owl fidgets the Glock out of his pocket.

He aims it, trembling with fear.

Before he can clench the trigger, Samuel lunges and hurls Owl to the ground.

Samuel bashes Owl's face in with three meaty punches, knocking him dead.

After a beat, he stares at his unconscious body.

He takes a second to rotate his head around the room, observing the mess he made. He relishes in it.

Then, he leers toward the camera and gives us a smile.

FADE OUT.