

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

CALL ME THE BREEZE

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FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Two men are in the open field. One is standing, the other on his knees, hands behind his back and blindfolded. The man standing is BROOKMAN (40s). The man held captive is LEARY (30s).

A nondescript sedan slowly pulls up and comes to a halt. Engine shuts off. The drivers side door opens and SHAW (late 50s) steps out. He wears a nice suit. Brookman is also in a suit. Leary in a casual shirt and shorts. Brookman pulls the blindfold off Leary. He's gagged also so still can't talk. Nervous mutterings out of his mouth as the two other men stand over him.

SHAW

What's the story?

BROOKMAN

Owed some very very dangerous people a ton of money and didn't pay up. Also, some funny business with an underage person.

Leary apologetically bows his head, whimpers.

SHAW

I see. Was he much trouble?

BROOKMAN

Not really. You gonna do it the usual way?

Shaw scans the landscape.

SHAW

Move him over to the tall grass.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - ANOTHER ANGLE

Same setup as before. Leary on his knees. Brookman standing close by. Brookman's eyes flare up as Shaw approaches brandishing a samurai sword. He wipes it with a towel.

BROOKMAN

Always the showman.

SHAW

You know this is it, right? After this I'm done.

BROOKMAN

I'm sure gonna miss this. You're the best at it.

Leary mutters in hysterics at what is surely going to be his fate.

SHAW

Do me a favor. Since this is going to be the last one, I'd like something to commemorate it by.

BROOKMAN

Like what?

SHAW

A picture.

BROOKMAN

Picture?

SHAW

Yeah. Take a picture of me mid-swing.

Leary howls under his gag.

BROOKMAN

Hey, quiet.

SHAW

Use your phone.

BROOKMAN

Are you sure?

SHAW

Yeah. I'm sure.

He looks down at Leary.

SHAW (cont'd)

Okay.

Brookman puts the blindfold back over Leary's head. He's positioned in front of a thicket of tall grass and weeds. Shaw stands behind Leary like a batter at the mound. Brookman gleefully looks through his phone camera.

SHAW (cont'd)

Take them in succession.

Shaw savors the moment, brings the blade of the samurai sword high up... (CLICK CLICK CLICK) and then down. Leary's body slumps over and his head rolls into the tall grass.

Shaw wipes down the samurai sword again with the towel. He stands by Brookman who shows him the photos.

SHAW (cont'd)  
Send me... that one. Delete the rest.  
Wait until I'm out of sight to send.

INT. SHAW'S CAR - DRIVING

Shaw sits behind the wheel. Emotionless. Yet slightly haggard. His phone dings. He takes it out of his pocket and looks at it. Holds it to his ear and calls.

SHAW  
Okay, good. See ya.

Hangs up quickly.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - ON BROOKMAN

Brookman selects the other photos and sends them to a contact in his phone. He dials.

BROOKMAN  
It's me. Listen, I just sent you some photos. I think you'll find them interesting.

Hangs up and puts the phone away. Smiles to himself.

FADE OUT.