

Sins & Souls

Written by

Bad One

FADE IN:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

A big digital clock shows 11:09. The commotion is very light.

On a bench sits RAY(20s), casually-dressed and fit as an athlete. He checks his phone and time to time, looks around him.

He spots JOE(50s), leaning against a pillar to his right. He dons an worn-out olive-brown jacket with a pair of construction boots.

Joe slowly walks towards Ray.

Ray shifts a little.

Joe sits beside him. Ray reverts to his phone.

JOE
Doing good?

Ray looks at him.

RAY
Sorry?

JOE
I asked are you doing good?

RAY
Yes. Why?

JOE
Just asking.

Joe sighs.

JOE
I had one hell of a day at work.

RAY
Oh.

JOE
Need to finish just one more thing
before hitting the sack.

RAY
Good luck for that.

JOE
Thanks. But I don't need it. I know
I'll get it done.

Ray nods.

He looks around, only TWO OTHER MEN standing far from them.
Both poorly dressed.

JOE
Why did you beat him?

RAY
What?

JOE
You heard me.

Ray looks at him for a moment and then looks away.

RAY
I don't know what are you saying.

Joe smirks.

JOE
Never mind. By the way, how much
time till the train arrives?

RAY
15...15 minutes.

Ray seems uneasy.

RAY
Excuse me. Nature's call.

JOE
Sure.

Ray stands up, walks quickly in the direction of the
restroom. He stares back, sees Joe sitting calmly on the
bench.

INT. TRAIN STATION'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

It's empty.

Ray rinses his face over a sink, takes a couple of breaths.

JOE
You hurt him real bad.

He turns and sees Joe standing by the door frame.

RAY
What?

JOE
You sliced off the kid's finger,
man.

RAY
Let me go. I don't know anything
about what you are saying.

Joe takes out a SEVERED INDEX FINGER from his jacket pocket.

JOE
Just a reminder.

He tosses the finger towards Ray. Ray backs off, the finger falls on the floor.

JOE
You can either act dumb or speak up. And frankly, it won't matter anyway.

Ray looks at the finger and then at Joe.

RAY
He tried to mug me.

JOE
No surprise there. He was meant to. But there was no need for you to do that.

He points at the finger, walks towards Ray.

RAY
It happened by mistake. He was not good with the knife.

JOE
You cost me one of my men.

RAY
Then you should train them better.

JOE
Oh! You bet I will.

Ray looks at the door behind Joe.

JOE
There's no one out there.

RAY
Just let me go.

JOE
I will. But first.

He kicks Ray square in his midsection. Ray falls hard on his back.

Joe rushes to the door and closes it.

He returns to Ray and crushes his right ankle with his foot.

Ray screams. Joe quickly covers his mouth and smashes his head on the floor.

Ray's out cold.

Joe catches his breath. He listens. There's complete silence.

He takes Ray's wallet, phone, and watch.

JOE
Lesson learnt?

He smacks his face, chuckles.

JOE
I don't think so.

He turns Ray's body over. Then he pins his knee on his back, grabs his face and with a jerk, snaps his neck. Dead.

JOE
That will do.

Then he drags his body towards the far end of the stalls, crams it in a small space between the stall and the wall. Obscured from view.

The sound of an approaching train resonates.

Joe quickly picks up the finger, puts it in his pocket. He takes a couple of breaths, then goes out.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The big digital clock shows 11:25.

The train stops at the station.

Joe looks around, sees the SAME TWO MEN standing. They wave at him. He waves back.

He sees a METALLIC GLINT coming from one of the man's jacket pockets.

Joe smiles and shakes his head.

He takes out the finger, drops it under the train, on the track.

He enters the railcar. The two men also enter the adjoining railcar.

Only a handful passengers across the car.

Joe takes out the wallet, starts to count the money as the train slowly departs from the station.

FADE OUT