

CONTENTED

by

Ricardo Bravo

For Impact50 Phase II
Act I

Draft 1

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A flat screen TV is displaying a NEWSCASTER (30s) looking straight at the camera, shell-shocked. After a long pause.

NEWSCASTER

Yes. That was President... Is-- is
this for real?

The TV switches off.

On the other side of the remote is Vincent (50's), a bearded stern-looking gentleman wearing a elegant burgundy dressing gown and smoking a cigarette.

A small CANARY tweets away inside a cage.

Vincent stares at the Canary. He nods to himself.

He takes one last long drag and puts out his cigarette on top of the half eaten remains of his full English.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Vincent wipes away the steam from his mirror. He is now recently showered and fully groomed.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Vincent poses in front of a tall mirror, wearing a three piece tweed suit. He adjusts a small white handkerchief on his suit pocket. He likes what he sees.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Vincent carries out the Canary's cage. He puts his hand inside and struggles to capture it. He finally does.

He tenderly caresses the Canary's head and releases.

The Canary flies away.

EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY

Vincent walks towards an extra large kennel. Inside, a GOLDEN RETRIEVER wags it tail happily.

He opens the kennel. The Dog rushes out and jumps up and down happily.

Vincent plays with the Dog and lets it lick his face. He takes off the Dog's collar.

VINCENT

Go. Come on.

The Dog stares at the woods and looks back at it's owner.

Vincent nods.

The Dog runs away and disappears behind the trees.

Vincent smiles a contented smile.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Vincent approaches a door carrying a small suitcase. He selects a key out of a keychain and unlocks the door.

He pulls a GLOCK PISTOL out of the back of his trousers.

INT. DANK ROOM - DAY

He enters a small dark room, dank and horrid.

A bloody and bruised WOMAN (20s) in her underwear lays on top of a soiled mattress. She is restrained by her ankle to a chain attached to the wall.

She jumps up and cowers against a corner, terrified.

Vincent throws in the keys and the suitcase.

VINCENT

Get dressed.

EXT. COURTYARD

The Woman, wearing a torn jogging outfit and jacket, stumbles as she walks on the road leading out of the huge manor house. She looks back at Vincent, dumbfounded.

Vincent shoos the Woman away using the pistol in his hand.

VINCENT

Go on. Go.

The Woman speeds up... and she runs. Faster. Faster.

BANG!

The woman falls to the ground. Head shattered.

Vincent looks on, smoking gun in hand. Contented.

Whistling, he walks towards his house. Nothing left to do but wait for the end.