

SAVIOUR

Written by

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EXT. SHOP - DAY

A MAN (65) opens the door to his boarded-up shop to a scene of street violence and vandalism. Outside his shop, four hooded youths threaten a pregnant GIRL (18).

YOUTH #1
Get lost Gramps, or you're next.

MAN
That's not fair. Why not me first?

The youth spins around and, grinning, lashes out a steel chain at the man's face, but the man manages to grab it. The youth stumbles forward, right into the man's fist, and falls to the ground. The other three youths look at each other and bolt. The man reaches out his hand to the shocked girl.

MAN (CONT'D)
You better come in. It's not safe.

INT. SHOP - DAY

The girl looks very grateful but the man puts up his hand.

MAN
You don't have to thank me. Just...
wait here please.

He goes into the back room. She notices that the shop is just a shell, empty of any stock or shelves, just a old boom-box on the floor. She turns when she hears him returning and is shocked to find him holding a ceremonial dagger. After a brief stand-off, she accepts the situation.

GIRL
It will happen. You'll never find
us all. You're not that good.

MAN
I arranged four days of civil
unrest just to flush you out.

He presses a button on the boom-box. Blaring music comes on.

EXT. SHOP - DAY

As the shot widens, the music joins the car alarms, police sirens breaking glass and shouting as the resuming riots cover up the faint screaming within.

FADE TO BLACK.