



# SEVERED

written by  
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FADE IN:

**EXT. STREET - DAWN**

The shadow of a man, slender, strong, confident, glides across the pavement. The sunrise casts his shadow ahead of him. It struts with confidence, purpose. As if to a beat.

The pavement flows under the shadow. From the top, a smoking cigarette comes into view.

The shadow man stops. Kneels down out of view.

Then, rises with a cigarette in-hand. He puffs on the smoke as it walks forward.

He walks over some broken glass. Some chunks of plastic.

Then, into view, an upside down car. The shadow walks by it, then stops.

A groaning man off-screen.

The shadow walks closer. A bloodied, SQUIRMING MAN lies halfway out of the driver's side window.

The shadow man kneels down next to him. The squirming man's jacket moves. Shadow man is doing something with it.

Squirming man rises with a gun in hand. Aims it down.

Fires.

Squirming Man goes still.

Shadow Man marches forward with casual calm, past the crashed car. A man comes into view, crawling on the ground, with only one arm. His right one missing. He screams and cries in pain. He reaches for something ahead of him.

Shadow Man aims down as he passes.

Fires.

The shadow glides across the pavement. Struts. Slows down. He approaches what the man was reaching for.

An arm handcuffed to a briefcase.

For the first time, the Shadow Man leans into view. He's a young man in a trim black suit with blond hair.

He tosses the smoke. Grabs the arm. He tries to pull the handcuffs back off the arm. The arm's too thick.

He fiddles with it for a moment. Shrugs.

He rises with the arm and briefcase. Then struts off.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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