

ANGER

by

Kristoffer Kindh

FADE IN:

**EXT. SPACE**

Stars.  
Distant galaxies, constellations, nebulas...  
A star.  
Fiery red  
Moves slowly towards it.

NARRATOR

HATE! ANGER! FURY!

It explodes.  
A massive display of pure energy.  
Million rainbows erupts from its core.  
A supernova.

NARRATOR

So much of it is inside me, carving me  
out.

The supernova evolves to a...  
Black hole  
All the light, all things draws to its center.  
Towards an uncertain future.

NARRATOR

Taking away everything that I know,  
that I want. That I love.

Sucks in with the rest, light and planets twists to its  
will. Changing them forever.

**INT. BLACK HOLE**

FADE IN: BLACK

Nothing  
Complete and utter darkness.

NARRATOR

And there is where it all starts and  
ends. One event, one combined event  
with devastating consequences.

Light.  
Smoke.  
Thick smoke...  
Cloud-like even.

NARRATOR

Something that I have to live with. To  
bear with me.

A silhouetted city in the distance.  
Skyscrapers stands high, comes closer to reveal...  
A city.  
Destroyed, polluted and ransacked.  
Goes on for miles.

**EXT. PLAZA OF DESTRUCTION - DAY**

Something moves on the ground far below.  
A figure amongst the wrecked environment.  
A SOLDIER OF RIGHTEOUSNESS diligently traverse his  
surroundings.  
Crooked, old.  
Strong.  
Every inch of him determined to move forward.

Bruised hands moves away junk.  
White power-armor brushes against the dust.  
A pistol in his holster, ready for action.  
His white colors faded.

Stops by a destroyed car.  
Something catches his eye.  
Lifts up a piece of glass and gold from the pavement.  
An armband.  
The sun reflects off it.  
Small letters is still visible: E...M...M...A

NARRATOR

Everything had an end. Everything can  
be changed. Even when, from our  
perspective, something is inevitable.  
Leaving us with only memories.

He pans the sky.

**ON DESTROYED CITY HORIZON**

The sun is barely visible through the cloudy haze.

Looks down on the armband, fingers scrubs off the dirt.  
Places it in a small pouch on his belt.  
Takes a deep breath...exhales.  
Continues to walk.

NARRATOR

Oh, how I wish it wasn't so, how I wish  
some things could be undone.

**EXT. CITY STREETS - DUSK**

He traverses street after street of trash and havoc.  
Set on a goal, moves all the more closer.

Passes haunted structures, crumbled and desolate.  
Buildings, shops, homes...  
Everything scarred from the actions of emotions.  
He looks at a nearby window.  
Empty.

NARRATOR

How I wish that my anger did not take  
over me.

Images flash by in his mind.  
Hears voices.  
Memories from a lost battle.  
A lost conflict.  
Yet he continues.

The debris and carnage starts to thin out.  
Complete buildings getting scarcer and the level of  
destruction is taken up a notch.  
Indication of fire is evident.  
Molten glass and heated concrete.  
Steam still pouring out of the sewers.

He comes forth to an end.  
End of the road.  
End of the line.  
Only a decline

**EXT. CRATER - DUSK**

A massive crater in the middle of the city.  
A barren landscape.  
Only empty space, expect for one thing.  
Something glisters in the middle.

He walks across the desolate expanse.  
Determined steps, holds his hand over his pouch.  
Smoke rises all around the circular plane.

NARRATOR

My entire world, decimated. For one  
simple thing.

He comes to the center.  
Picks up a shining object from the ground.  
A picture, inside a frame.  
Shattered glass.  
Of him and a woman.  
Smiling at each other.

He takes the armband out of the pouch, lays it over the picture.  
He looks around.  
Takes in the scenery.

NARRATOR

So much hate, so much anger. I made it happen. I did not control myself. Could have blamed you but didn't. Could have blamed others but didn't.

He falls down on his knees.

NARRATOR

Instead I destroyed my own world with what I did to myself. Now it's only me and me alone. If only a few words could ease the pain.

Look of shame.  
Despair, loneliness.  
Sadness.

NARRATOR

I'm sorry.

FADE OUT:

THE END