

COLLECTORS

Written by

Malin Lövenberg

+460702518046
malin.lovenberg@gmail.com
<http://www.malinlovenberg.com>

INT. ALLAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ALLAN

(v.o.)

My dear Readers. It seems my end has finally come. I know you've all been waiting for it, and trust me; so have I. It has been a long road of malicious nonsense polluted by your scientific ways of proving points that needn't be pointed and proof that needn't be proved.

(beat)

This trivial war can now finally be over, and I assure you that it will not bring sorrow to either of us, for with my demise and presumable death - I shall bring victory to us all.

(beat)

Trust me, readers and spectacular confidants when I write: my final ending will be your true beginning.

A man presses CTRL + S on a keyboard of a laptop, before slamming the lid shut. He smiles, pleased with himself. Grabbing a bottle of whiskey, he looks around as if saying goodbye to the room he has sat in for so many years. It is a small confined space with paper stacks and books up to its roof, and if someone were to not tread carefully when entering immensely gathered untouched dust would change the room into a hazardous grey sandstorm.

He taps his finger on the lid, itching to write more, but he masochistically refuses to even look at it; knowing he has said all that needs to be said.

He waits.

Soon they will come.

Lost in the hymn of his tapping, he is startled when someone knocks on the door. He arises from his chair and clears his throat.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Yes?

WOMAN

We've come to collect you, Author.

ALLAN

Yes.

He fixed his tie, brushes off his suit and breathes in. When he opens the door a woman in a white suit stands there, smiling. She reaches out her hand. Allan touches it softly. He gasps.

ALLAN (CONT'D)
Remarkable. Just like a human.

WOMAN
We're much more alike than you
think. Let's go for a walk, shall
we?

He nods.

ALLAN
Say, do they have whiskey on your
planet?

She laughs.