

WANDERING  
(excerpt from feature length screenplay)

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Writing sample

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INT. DILAPIDATED PARKING GARAGE. NIGHT.

The inside of the old parking garage resembles an abandoned temple with rows and rows of columns.

An **OLD MAN** (63) is running for his life through the columned hall. He's dressed in rags with dirty hair.

In his arms, he carries a wooden box.

Someone is chasing him - a shadowy figure.

**SWISH.**

Suddenly, the shadowy figure throws something: a capacitor cell encased in silicone-like liquid.

It hits the old man in the lower back.

**BZZT.**

An electric pulse radiates from the cell and the old man falls to the ground.

The wooden box crashes down beside him.

The old man tries to get up as the shadowy figure looms over him.

OLD MAN  
I'm sorry. Please.

Suddenly, the large doors further down in the room bursts open.

Through them enters **JOB** (47). Buzzed hair, short stubble.

Dressed inconspicuously in a gray-green windbreaker and sturdy boots, with the authoritative demeanor of a decorated general.

Armed men dressed entirely in dark colors follows behind him.

Job nods to the shadowy figure.

The shadow is **ABEL** (43), a scarred war veteran. He's Job's bodyguard and leader of the elite unit that's accompanying Job.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)  
...so, so sorry...

Job kneels down and grabs something from the toppled wooden box. It's a stack of old photographs.

The first one is depicting the old man and **A LITTLE GIRL** (7). In the picture, the old man is wearing finer clothes and has well-groomed hair.

Job sifts through the rest of the photos. The little girl grows older. Teenager. Young adult. Woman. The old man doesn't age a day.

*She's a human. He's a robot.*

Job points to the little girl.

JOB  
Who was she?

OLD MAN (WHISPERS)  
Please, I'm sorry.

Job holds the photo in front of the old man's face.

JOB  
Answer me. *Who was she?*

OLD MAN  
M-my...my owner.

JOB  
How long have you kept this hidden?

OLD MAN  
Please, I beg you, don't-

The old man reaches for the photo. Job quickly pulls it back.

JOB  
No, no, no.

He shows him the photo again.

JOB (CONT'D)  
Answer the question. For how long?

OLD MAN  
Since the war, since she...since  
she...

The old man has a pitiful look on his face.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)  
I just miss her sometimes. That's  
all.

JOB  
Where is she now?

OLD MAN  
W-what do you mean?

The old man can't seem to process the question.

OLD MAN (cont'd)  
She's dead. Th-they're all dead.  
There are no humans left, we killed  
them all. They're gone. All gone.

Job nods slowly and then gently takes the old man's head  
between his hands.

The old robot relaxes. Did he answer correctly?

Before he can think further, Job tenses his entire body and  
crushes the man's head with his bare hands.

Job releases his grip, and the lifeless body of the man  
drops to the floor.

Abel leans down and rips out the man's heart - a battery  
cell that still pulses with life.

He lifts a piece of skin on his palm, revealing two smooth  
metal surfaces reminiscent of positive and negative  
terminals.

Abel closes his hand around the battery cell. The cell stops  
pulsing. Abel straightens up, invigorated by the energy.

JOB  
Burn the trash.

Job turns to leave.

Behind him, the soldiers pour gasoline over the wooden box.

The flames that erupt are fierce and intense; everything is  
consumed by the flames.