

Fate of the Damned  
By Collin Jose

INT. SHADOWY OFFICE ROOM

Follow ZANE down the hall (BTB shot). He nervously opens an office door.

An angry man, VOSS, wearing a suit, stands near his desk examining a knife.

VOSS

What did I say about our deadline?

Voss slides the knife into the sheath.

Zane stands there uncomfortably.

ZANE

Its non-

Voss quickly turns around facing Zane.

VOSS

Its nonnegotiable!

Voss glares at him for a moment then takes a seat.

VOSS (CONT'D)

Did you at least obtain the item?

ZANE

HE was there.

VOSS

So what that he was there. I couldn't give a damn if the president was there! You had one job. One simple job.

ZANE

A stealth mission to Japan's most heavily guarded Sanctuary was no simple task.

VOSS

I funded you. I gave you the means to blow a city off the face of the earth!

ZANE

We lost a third of the squadron.

VOSS

They knew what they were signing up for. Thats why I hired you. The so-called best there is.

ZANE

Even with all the ammunition and guns, one fourth of my men couldn't even make a scratch. Let alone with HIM involved in the equation.

VOSS

The Reaper is one man! How is he stopping a band of mercenaries?

Voss glares at him.

VOSS (CONT'D)

That is what you are right?

ZANE

The Reaper is not one man. The reaper is a trio. Two men. One woman.

Voss sits back in his chair and takes a moment. He signals for Zane to sit down.

Voss leans in.

VOSS

How do you know this?

ZANE

She let me go. She told me to give this to you.

He takes out a beat-up envelope and slides it on the desk to Voss.

Voss opens the envelope. It was a picture of his gallery of ancient artifacts.

ZANE (CONT'D)

She said if you go after the Painting again. There is no one who can save your gallery from the hell fire they would unleash on your legacy.

Voss crumples up the paper and threw it at Zane.

ZANE (CONT'D)

I'm just the messenger she left alive.

VOSS

How did she have that much time to tell you all that and you didn't kill her?!

ZANE

The Reapers picked off my squad and left me defenseless. I was surrounded.

Voss bangs his hand on the table.

VOSS

Gather Squadron 2. I don't care of the threats The Reaper has to make. I am a man that hears..., and knows..., and sees. I want that painting Zane.

Zane points at the TV with the painting displayed.

ZANE

That painting is a foolish waste of resources.

Voss turns to look at the painting.

VOSS

Do you know why that painting is important?

ZANE

For the gallery.

VOSS

That painting has instructions etched into the rear framework containing information about the "Well of the Damned".

ZANE

Why didn't you tell us this?

Voss touches the tip of his knife

VOSS

Some men don't need a motive to kill. They just do. That was you and all your men! Not once did you question my intentions, nor did I yours. I simply asked you to get. The job. Done.

ZANE  
That would have been vital  
information to know Voss.

Zane hits the desk this time

ZANE (CONT'D)  
We could have been prepared, and  
half the casualties could have  
been prevented. We had 13 good men  
die.

VOSS  
13 good men?

Voss walks over to Zane.

Zane noticed the knife and stands up abruptly.

VOSS (CONT'D)  
There are no good men like you.

Voss stabs Zane.

ZANE  
(shaky voice)  
You're as brutal as the Reaper.

VOSS  
I'll handle the Reaper.

Zane clutches Voss shirt as he descends and dies in the  
chair.

Voss wipes off the blood from his knife and exits the room.