

# ANNIHILATION

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. DEATH ROW - EXECUTION CHAMBER - NIGHT

A silence so dense it rings. The soft, almost tender sound of dripping water.

Darkness stretches across old concrete. A faint bulb swings side to side up above in the ceiling, dragging shadows back and forth.

SEYMOUR (late 40s, wiry), strapped to a rough wooden chair, grins sickly as two guards tie him down. An old electric chair rig—wires like veins, scorched metal cap—dangles above the man's head.

SEYMOUR  
Dead or alive...  
I will never be sorry.

He bursts into laughter—maniac and hollow.

GUARD #1 finishes tying his left wrist as GUARD #2 finishes tying his torso to the chair.

GUARD #1  
(stern)  
You've said enough. Silence.

SEYMOUR inhales through his nose. His grin flickers, fading as he stares at the dim bulb up above—just for a moment.

And then, he grins again, shaking his head—almost as if putting a mask on.

SEYMOUR  
I break my pathetic victims.  
You will never break me.

GUARD #2  
We'll see that.

SEYMOUR giggles. A sound too afraid to admit it—mocking terrified.

GUARD #1 turns, and steps behind—reaching to an old ELECTRIC LEVER, half-buried in the cold, broken concrete walls.

His hand grips the lever tightly—gaze locked firmly on SEYMOUR.

A beat. And then..

GUARD #1  
Last words?

SEYMOUR  
Kiss my ass.

Not even a small silence of hesitation. Not even a breath of reverence—he just spits the words like venom.

GUARD #1 sighs. GUARD #2 steps back.

And then—

STRIKE!

A QUICK, WHITE-HOT FLASH. A thundercrack—  
—CUTS AWAY.

Smoke rises from Seymour's headpiece—coiling around him like a snake. Static crackles. But down below it—panting..

..almost sobbing.

He is still ALIVE.

Without hesitation, GUARD #1 just pulls the lever again.  
STRIKE. HARDER, LONGER.

SEYMOUR SCREAMS, guttural—CUTS AWAY.

His body jerks, then bounces forward, breathing heavily.  
Fingers buried in the wood.

SEYMOUR (CONT'D)  
(faint)  
Why..  
(beat)  
..why can't I die?

Silence—only his exhausted breath.

Then—

STRIKE!

A choked cry.

He bounces forward again. Still alive. Still trembling. Still in agony.

GUARD #1  
(under his breath)  
What the..?

GUARD #2 signals. A mutual nod.

A FINAL STRIKE.

The LONGEST. The HARDEST.

But, SEYMOUR still breathes.

GUARD #2 approaches, slowly—and just when he's behind of the chair, just behind SEYMOUR..

SEYMOUR  
(barely)  
I'm already dead..  
(beat)  
What part of me hasn't died  
already..?

BLACK.

SEYMOUR (V.O.)  
..Tell me.

Echoes in the dark.

A slow TITLE CARD fades in:

**ANNIHILATION**

FADE OUT.