

TALES FROM THE OTHER PLACE
E5: INCOGNITA

Written by

Kyle Wong

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EXT. THE WASTES, AFTERNOON

A gray, deserted expanse of desert. A lone car drives through a singular road.

NARRATOR

It was simple, really. I was gonna serve 44 years. I saw a chance, and I took it.

The car suddenly swerves erratically and crashes into a dune on the side of the road.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Let me repeat that: 44 years.
That's half my life.

A figure dressed in an overcoat, the Narrator, stumbles from the car, bloodied, trying to unlock some handcuffs. They come off. He looks around him at the vast expanse, at a loss.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Put yourself in those kinds of shoes, the Wastes look mighty damn promising.

EXT. CAMPSITE, NIGHT

The Narrator is backed against a corner, waving a gun at a few tribesman with spears and tattoos. They whoop and yell. The Narrator whoops and yells back.

NARRATOR

Upon nightfall, I was set upon by a bunch of savages.

The Narrator fires the gun. The tribesman scatter for a second, but then gather themselves when they realize the gun is loaded with blanks. The Narrator sadly looks at the gun.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I scared 'em off at first with the driver's gun, but to my disappointment at to their joy, it was filled with blanks.

EXT. WASTES, NIGHT

The tribesman carry a tied-up Narrator through the desert.

INT. TRIBAL CAMP, NIGHT

The Narrator is tied to a pole, where several tribesman dance around him by firelight.

NARRATOR

They took me off to their camp in the mountains, where they tied me to a pole and danced around me a bunch.

One tribesman, dancing, carries a bowl of gray liquid to the Narrator. More dancing. The Narrator is fed the liquid. He falls unconscious.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Then they fed me a foul-tasting gruel, and I fell asleep promptly after.

INT. TRIBAL THRONE ROOM, DAY

A decorated KING sits upon a wooden throne. He looks at the Narrator. The Narrator looks at him. Several silent tribespeople stand around them.

NARRATOR

In the morning they brought me to their king. He sat upon a throne and examined me head to toe. Then he waved me off.

The King waves the Narrator off. The Narrator is untied by the celebrating tribespeople.

INT. TRIBAL CAMP, DAY

The Narrator is knocked flat on the ground by some guards standing in front of a gate. He rubs dust off his face and glares at the guards.

NARRATOR

My initial expectation that I was set free was proved wrong shortly thereafter. I was still a prisoner.

INT. TRIBAL HOUSE, AFTERNOON

The Narrator, looking much dirtier and sporting lots of facial hair, feels for his hair. He holds a knife up. Then, he drops it and sobs.

NARRATOR

The days passed. Then weeks.
Months. I kept myself sane by
trying to keep myself clean,
maintaining my appearance, but that
soon tapered off.

INT. TRIBAL THRONE ROOM, DAY

The King examines the Narrator. A snowstorm rages outside.

NARRATOR

The king called me in every once in
a while, and he'd look at me and
examine me and let me off again.
This went on for some time. And
then they stopped feeding me.

INT. TRIBAL CAMP, NIGHT

A screaming Narrator is subdued by several guards.

NARRATOR

Perhaps this was some kind of cruel
ritual, I thought at first.

He's locked inside a cage.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Days passed. A week passed. Two.

Several days later, he is unlocked. He stumbles out.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And I was still here. Still
breathing. Still feeling fine. Then
they decided to take it up a notch.

INT. TRIBAL CAMP, NIGHT

Silhouettes by campfire hurl various objects at a tied up
narrator. He screams in pain.

NARRATOR

Swords. Spears. Arrows. They even
tried making bullets for my gun and
shooting those at me. Whatever they
threw at me, I healed quickly. I
felt the pain, sure, but I didn't
die. Then it slowly dawned on me.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The thing they fed me at the beginning. How only the women and children seemed to eat.

EXT. WASTES, NIGHT

Silhouettes creep along an expanse. A modern military convoy drives slowly through the Wastes.

The Narrator, now looking exactly like one of the tribesmen, points out the convoy. The group of tribesmen crouch beneath cover.

NARRATOR

They put piercings and tattoos on me 200 years ago. Allowed me to go on scouting parties. They did a dance. I joined in.

The Narrator looks beside him. A rotting car. He looks at the window's reflection. Sees himself.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I passed by a rotting car. Looked at myself in the mirror. I've changed. But I don't care any more.

From the convoy's perspective, the tribesmen swarm over the sand dune, blocking their exit. Soldiers get out and fire at the men, but they shrug off the bullets. Gradually, the convoy is overwhelmed.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Above, the flying objects grow closer and closer every day. I hear gunfire, the sounds of war, as civilization tries to make its way across the Wastes. But they don't know that its inhabitants have a secret weapon.

A car pulls away from the convoy. It drives away, trying to get away. The Narrator pulls a spear out of a soldier and watches the car drive away. He takes a radio out of his pocket and mutters into it. Then, he puts it away, and walks away with the rest of the tribesmen.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And the worst part is that I can't warn them.