

*In 1950's London, Theodore and Ashmedai, two assassins who work for opposing agencies, are tasked with killing each other. Things get complicated when they realise they have more in common than they think.*

I wrote this iteration of this story, which exists here as a script called *Les Faux*, for an assessment for a university course I completed in Year 12. The story of these two characters, here known as Ashmedai and Theodore, originated in 2022 as a short story called 'Speakeasy to Me'. *Lex Faux* is supposed to be a play on words, as the word *faux* has double meaning in French, depending on context. *Un faux* is a fake, a counterfeit, an imitation, or a falsehood or untruth. *Une faux* is a scythe. One can't tell the difference between the two when put with the plural article *les*. The beauty of *Les Faux* is that both genders of the word work in the context of this script. Over two years, I wrote bits and pieces that would eventually synthesise to become a short film script. Namely, I wrote scenes 4, 10, 11 and 12 first, and everything else followed, mostly because I didn't know how we got from making out on a bed, to homicide.

But *Les Faux*, the story of Theodore and Ashmedai, didn't start coming together until earlier this year. Only once I got to know my characters, once I got inside their heads, did I start to see their version of the story. The setting for each of the scenes became so clear in my mind, and I have tried my best to put to paper the who, what and where of the characters. The why and how have mostly been left up to interpretation, and also to the implied exposition scattered throughout. At the end of the day, I know why Ashmedai doesn't push harder for Theodore's partnership, or what exactly Theodore did (or didn't do) after the cut to black. But I think that audience interpretation is an important factor of modern media; media literacy is a dying thing. I feel that I have to trust my audience to read into the crumbs of information within the script if they want to know the characters as well as I do.

However, I know that reading too far into the story will not appeal to everyone. I recently asked a friend how they would describe *Les Faux*, and they replied with 'implicitly esoteric', which I choose to take as a compliment. I know that the story of Theodore and Ashmedai is not for everyone, but I think that there exists a niche for it somewhere. I hope that this story will touch someone. I hope it makes them feel things: sadness, grief, anger, despair, and warmth, joy and mirth. Mostly, when someone reads, or maybe one day watches, this story, I want them to feel seen.