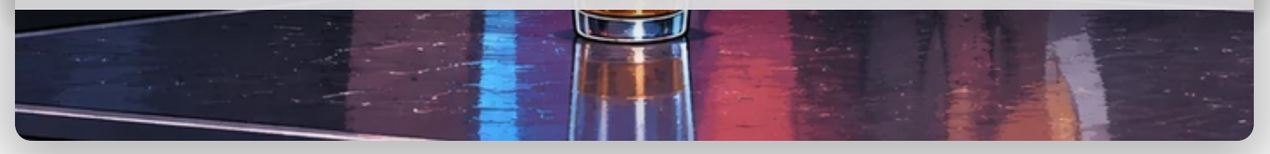


The Debt Collector

Kousik





An extreme close-up captures Julian sitting in a dimly lit diner booth, his sharp black coat contrasting with the nervous expression of a wealthy businessman across from him. A small brass hourglass sits silent and completely empty between them, marking the passage of time.



A quick flashback reveals a younger version of the businessman standing in a torrential downpour next to a smoking, wrecked luxury car, firmly shaking hands with Julian. The scene snaps back to the present diner as a thick stack of untouched cash is pushed across the table.



Julian sits motionless, his eyes locked on the businessman who nervously checks his expensive gold watch while offering empty smiles. Two heavy-set bodyguards step up silently behind the booth, their hands resting ominously inside their tailored jackets.



The heavy glass window of the diner distorts the pouring rain outside as tension reaches its breaking point between the two men. Julian maintains his absolute calm, realizing that wealth has made his former debtor forget the true value of a sworn promise.



Slowly and deliberately, Julian reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a single old car key alongside a weathered photograph. He places these items down right beside the untouched stack of cash without saying a single word.



Julian stands up smoothly, his hand casually buttoning his black coat as the businessman's arrogant smile instantly vanishes into absolute confusion. The atmosphere in the booth shifts from a simple financial transaction to an inescapable trap.



Stepping away from the booth, Julian leaves the bewildered businessman staring down at the mysterious photograph left behind on the Formica tabletop. The ambient diner lighting casts long, dramatic shadows across the empty seats as midnight approaches.



Julian pushes open the diner door and walks out into the cold, relentless night rain, pulling his collar up against the chill. He leaves behind a world of greed and corruption, stepping into the dark alleyways with quiet purpose.



Inside the warm diner, the businessman stares in absolute horror at the photograph, which reveals his own family waiting safely on the sidewalk across the street. The heavy realization of Julian's true design floods over him as he looks up at the wall clock.



The wall clock inside the diner ticks precisely to twelve o'clock, instantly flooding the rain-streaked glass windows with the harsh red and blue glow of silent police sirens. Outside, the night swallows the consequences of a debt finally paid in full.