

I Bring a Message

By

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INT. HOUSE - DAY

We open in a dimly lit house. It is wooden and rustic. It is a surreal mix of debauchery and class. The walls have crude posters of women and yet also religious posters and serene portraits. There is a heavy wooden table in the room with newspapers and beer bottles arrayed on top. There is a kitchen in the background with dishes in the sink. Remnants of pasta and sauce. At the table sit three men.

They are all decently dressed in button-down shirts of varying colors over white wife beater shirts. They have gold necklaces and gold rings, a glamor that belies their gruff demeanor as they huff cigars and scowl at the playing cards in their hands.

The youngest is MICHAEL (30). He is tall and bald and his eyes have the faintest hints of softness. His expression is faint and unfocused and he tips his hand several times.

The oldest is FRANK (65). He is shorter with faint wisps of graying hair. He squints through his glasses as the cards in hand. He looks around nervously, waiting to see what the others do first.

The last is RICK (40). He is of average height, and he has short brown hair. His eyes are the sharpest by far, and he reads the room with a calculating stare.

RICK

I raise.

MICHAEL

Get the fuck outta here.

FRANK

Hey don't swear, its a Sunday.

MICHAEL

Oh give it a break will ya?

RICK

Shut up and raise already.

They all show their cards. Rick wins and gathers all the chips with a laugh. The other two grumble. A fourth man enters the room. He is JOSEPH (55), he is balding with short black hair and glasses. He looks worn out and sad. He glares with irritation at the three of them.

JOSEPH

Will the three of you shut the fuck up? I'm trying to do the counts from the rackets here.

(CONTINUED)

RICK
Sorry boss.

Joseph rolls his eyes and walks down the hall to his office and slams his door.

MICHAEL
He's still upset huh?

FRANK
His wife and kids are dead, how do you think he's gonna act?

MICHAEL
I'm worried about him.

RICK
Maybe I should talk to him.

A knocking gets their attention. The three of them stare at the door.

FRANK
You expecting anyone?

MICHAEL
No.

RICK
Not me. Probably some salesmen or something. Mike, tell em to go away.

Michael gets up and walks toward the door. He opens it to see THE MESSENGER (THOUSANDS) standing there. He is plainly dressed with a simple t shirt and pants. His skin is dark tan and he has black hair and a short beard. He is polite and serene as he looks Michael over.

THE MESSENGER
I bring a message.

Michael stares confused. The other two stand up slowly.

MICHAEL
Uh, okay? Whats the message?

THE MESSENGER
As repugnant as you three are, you are not the ones they are claiming this night. You have one hour to leave this place. If you stay you will be taken as well.

(CONTINUED)

By this point the other two are by the door as well. They looked stunned at the perceived audacity of this stranger.

MICHAEL

Excuse me?

FRANK

Do you know who's place this is?

THE MESSENGER

Yes. This is the home of Joseph is it not?

RICK

Fuck this. (He points his finger at the Messenger.) Get the fuck outta here. I don't know what kind of game this is, but we're not having it. Don't come here again.

Rick slams the door on the Messenger.

MICHAEL

Fucking niggers.

FRANK

What did he mean by that?

RICK

Mean what?

FRANK

"They are claiming". It sounds kinda weird is all.

RICK

Frank you need to stop watching the conspiracy shows. The guy was a creep, just some tweaked out nigger looking for a few extra bucks.

MICHAEL

I don't know man. Guy didn't look tweaked. Maybe he knows something we don't. Like maybe another crew is gonna try and take a swing at us.

RICK

They wouldn't dare, we put the bad blood behind us.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
Something weird is going on. Maybe
we should see if he's still there.
We could "ask" him.

Frank walked to the door, one hand on his gun hidden away,
the other on the door. He opened the door to see no one
there.

RICK
See, he's gone. Gonna try his luck
somewhere else.

MICHAEL
There's no footprints, coming or
going.

FRANK
I told you, something weird is
going on.

RICK
Oh for the love of- ya know what?
You wanna go and search for him,
fine. I'm gonna check up on the
boss, something that is actually
important?

With that Rick huffed away and down the hall.

INT. JOSEPH'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is very similar to the man room with similar
decor, except with the added mix of knickknacks and old
photos. There is a desk with a lamp and papers laid out.
There are stacks of money in two piles. Joseph is counting
bills in one stack before moving them from one pile to
another.

Joseph pauses his count and pulls out from his desk a
picture. Of himself with a woman, in her forties and two
little girls, no older than six.

He just stares at it.

A knocking snaps him out of his reverie. He sighs.

JOSEPH
Come in.

Rick enters the room.

(CONTINUED)

RICK
Sorry for disturbing you. Me and
the boys are worried about you.

JOSEPH
I know.

RICK
Do you wanna talk about it?

Joseph says nothing and looks back at the picture. He
shrugs. Rick takes up a chair next to him.

JOSEPH
Life is very short.

RICK
Yep. It is. I'm sorry.

JOSEPH
What'cha gonna do.

The two of them say nothing for a while.

INT. HOUSE - DAY - 1 HOUR LATER

Frank is waiting by the door. Michael enters the house.

FRANK
Nothing?

MICHAEL
Nope. You know how the city is, he
could be anywhere now.

FRANK
Something really ain't right here.
Can you feel it?

Michael stares blankly. Frank sighs.

MICHAEL
You're always superstitious. Rick
was right after all. It's been an
hour, nothing.

INT. JOSEPH'S OFFICE - DAY

JOSEPH

Did you hear how things were before
the accident?

Rick said nothing, his eyes calculating.

RICK

Not much. I heard things were
strained.

JOSEPH

I was good to her, and to the kids!
I always provided for them and took
care of them. I loved them with all
my heart. My daughters knew I loved
them very much. She didn't need to
lift a finger! It was just never
good enough for her.

RICK

You should take it easy, you can't
let her get to you like this. She
didn't deserve you Joe.

JOSEPH

She took off, going God knows
where. I tried to catch up to her,
so we could talk things out. She
was driving so recklessly, she
didn't see the truck coming. She
took my daughters away from me!

RICK

It's all her fault if you ask me.
If she was a better mother and
wife, things would of gone
differently. You wouldn't have made
such... difficult choices.

Joseph said nothing and stared at him for an intense moment.
Rick stared right back, they were on the same page. They
nodded.

JOSEPH

Yeah, that's true. Bitch.

A muffled horn gets their attention. The sound piercing
through the room easily.

(CONTINUED)

RICK
What the hell?

INT. HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The horn reverberates out from the open door. Frank and Michael stare at the opening. Michael peers out the door. Rick enters from the office.

RICK
What the hell are you idiots doing?

FRANK
It wasn't us. It's coming from outside!

MICHAEL
I don't see nobody out there.

Just as soon as it came the horn stopped.

RICK
At least it stopped now. Will you close the door, you're letting in the cold.

Michael wordlessly closed it. Suddenly they began to sweat.

FRANK
Is it getting hot in here to anyone else?

RICK
Yeah.

They began to pant from the heat. They took off their button downs, leaving their undershirts on.

FRANK
Rick, I don't like this.
Something's up.

For once Rick doesn't argue, neither does Michael. They just put their hands on their guns.

MICHAEL
What's that?

A glowing yellow light begins peering through the openings of the door.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

That can't be the sun could it?

RICK

Nah, it's almost dusk.

Michael slowly walks toward the door. Frank and Rick take flanking positions to each side. They both nod to Michael. He tries to grab the door knob and instantly pulls back with searing pain. He screams in agony as his hand is burned, nearly charred.

FRANK

Mikey!!

The door pulls open seemingly on its own. The light and heat radiate into the room. Stuff starts to catch fire. The three mobsters flee from the door.

INT. JOSEPH'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The scream gets Josephs attention.

JOSEPH

The fucks going on out there?

He rushes toward the door and finds he cannot open it. It would not budge. He tries to push his body against it to no avail.

JOSEPH

Rick? Frank? Hello? Let me out of here. The fuck's going on?

The door gets warmer and Joseph has to back away. He starts to sweat profusely and promptly takes off his button down too.

INT. HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Ethereal tendrils, golden and twisting, worm their way into the room. They instantly latch to both Frank and Michael legs, burning the flesh to the bone while still holding them taut. They fall to the ground, wailing in agony as it swiftly pulls them away into the void outside.

Another tendril reaches for Rick but he ducks out of the way. He pulls out his gun and starts shooting at the ethereal mass as it slowly fills the room. Fires start to blaze cornering Rick to the office.

Wing shaped objects start to form as Rick tries to flee. He is too late and can do nothing but scream as the thing lunges at him.

INT. JOSEPH'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Joseph rushes behind his desk for his gun. With a burst the door opens to a badly charred Rick, stumbling through and onto the ground. His tongue is pulled out as if swollen. He gargles a couple fleeting breaths before dying.

JOSEPH

Rick!

The golden mass follows, as the heat and flames start to fan out into the office. Knickknacks begin to melt, wood catches fire. The body of Rick dissolves away into ashes.

The only thing that isn't burning is Joseph himself.

The winged being has entered the room. Wing like objects cover the heart of the glowing mass. The mass extends upward to give a more humanoid form with discernible arm-like appendages and a round like "face", complete with "eyes".

It simply stares at him.

Joseph points his gun but it has melted and he has to throw it away.

JOSEPH

Who are you? What do you want?

The thing points one of it's "arms" at something at the desk. The only other object that isn't burning.

The picture of Joseph's wife and daughters.

Joseph eyes widen and fear fills his face.

JOSEPH

Alright look. I get why you're here. I made some mistakes. I'm sorry. I couldn't help myself. If she was just able to satisfy my needs better, I wouldn't of had to-

Light flares from the being. Joseph's clothes burn away.

JOSEPH

NO! Wait, stop, stop! I'm sorry.
I'm sorry! Sorry sorry sorry! It's
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH (cont'd)
my fault, I shouldn't of touched
them, it's all my fault! Please
spare me, I'll change. I'll get out
of la cosa nostra, I'll be a better
man. Anything, please!

The light dims and the glowing pulls away. The being looks
him over for a moment.

It's "eyes" narrow. It speaks in a voice that is gentle and
soft with no discernible gender to it.

ANGEL
Mendax. (Liar.)

The Angel's wings unfurl and bathe Joseph in its heated
radiance. His screams turn to gurgles as the skin, muscles
and bones melt into molten ooze. The rest of the room surges
into an inferno.

The Angel reaches out and grabs the photo. He caresses it
gently before nodding. He fades away, his job done.

The fires rage throughout the house. The flames turn white
and golden. Joseph's remains disintegrate into ashes and
then to nothing.

Soon the entire building suffers the same fate.

Like it never existed.