

Darkness

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FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A room with a bed, a table and a chair.

A WOMAN in her twenties, innocent looking, stands on her knees in the middle of the room.

She stares up, at the gun muzzle in front of her.

JOB, 50's, long coat, steady hand, is the one aiming at her.

Woman closes her eyes.

WOMAN

What crimes, for God's sake...

Job throws a questioning look at something behind the Woman.

DARKNESS, his hands crossed on his chest, stares at Job with his fully black eyes.

He looks almost human; apart from the eyes, the only other thing that separates him from us is his smile: white and shining, from ear to ear, it can never disappear -- because he has no cheeks.

DARKNESS

Shoot.

JOB

I'm not your personal murderer,
Darkness.

DARKNESS

Shut up. Shoot.

JOB

She doesn't deserve this.

Darkness approaches Job, whispers to his ear.

DARKNESS

Did you just change my verdict?

JOB

She doesn't deserve to die.

DARKNESS

You don't deserve a word.

JOB

She doesn't deserve death for
rejecting you!

DARKNESS

How do you know what she deserves?
You don't know her.

JOB

She can't be a bad person...

DARKNESS

Nobody knows this bitch like I do!
Well, I sentenced her to death.
Shoot her, in that little brainless
head of hers, make it empty, make
the pieces of her skull rip her
brain, make...

JOB

No!

Woman cries.

WOMAN

(whispers)

Oh my God, he's crazy.

Darkness makes a few steps back from Job.

DARKNESS

Job.

Darkness walks around Job and Woman, back and forth. He's curious.

DARKNESS

Where does your allegiance lie,
with the snow or with burned skies?

WOMAN

Don't kill me, sir, please.

Job realizes he still points his gun at her. He lowers it.

JOB

Get up.

DARKNESS

Job, I swear with all the darkness
of this darkest of the worlds, I
swear, the fates of you two will be
in my hands tonight!

Job holsters his gun and tries to help Woman up.

WOMAN

No, no, don't touch me, please,
don't.

JOB

All right, all right, relax.

Darkness watches them with endless curiosity from a corner
of the room.

His grin becomes even wider, if that's even possible -- an
idea strikes him.

Woman gets on her feet, moves away from Job, to the corner
where Darkness stands.

JOB

Relax, I won't hurt you, I promise.
I'm leaving, look.

Job heads towards the exit, away from Woman.

BANG!

Something flies at the window. The glass crackles, but
doesn't break.

DARKNESS

No you're not.

Job looks through the window: the wind gains in strength,
turns into a true hurricane in mere seconds. Walking out now
would clearly be a suicide.

DARKNESS

The day is going to be stormy. You
better stay at home tonight.

JOB

I won't kill her.

WOMAN

Who are you talking to?

JOB

Sorry. Don't mind it. Just talking
to myself. To Darkness.

WOMAN

Leave, sir, please, I won't call
the police, I promise.

JOB

I will leave as soon as the wind
will calm.

He throws a glance at Darkness.

JOB

It's not going to be long.

Darkness laughs.

JOB

I'm not going to hurt you. I'm Job.
What's your name?

WOMAN

Winter.

JOB

Your name is Winter?

Winter shrugs.

WINTER

Yeah.

JOB

That's... one snowy name.

WINTER

Mhm.

Awkward.

WINTER

Okay, sir, nothing personal, but we
can't be in the same room.

Darkness gets up and goes towards the bathroom.

JOB

I understand. Stay here.

WINTER

Look, sir, I will take the
bathroom.

JOB

Why would you want to take the
bathroom?

Darkness grins at Job and disappears behind the bathroom doors.

WINTER

This hurricane will be over soon.

JOB

No, listen, I'm not asking. I will take the bathroom, that's out of the question.

Winter doesn't listen. She grabs her purse and races to the bathroom. Job crosses after her, but the bathroom door slams before his face.

CLICK.

Locked.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Winter sits on the edge of the rusty bathtub. Some dried-up blood and sperm leftovers on the brown floor. A piece of pipe lies in the corner.

She tries not to look on the floor. Darkness sits on the toilet and stares at Winter. The bathroom is so small that they sit almost cheek to cheek.

Darkness strokes her hair --

-- but his fingers go straight through it. He bends closer to her, whispers into her ear.

DARKNESS

Winter. Beautiful.

Winter opens her purse and takes out a pack of cigarettes. She digs deeper --

-- shit!

WINTER

Fuck.

DARKNESS

I used to know madmen, Winter. Some of them felt their sanity was nearing its end.

Winter looks at the door, hits the floor with her foot, irritated.

DARKNESS
And did nothing about it.

Winter looks deeper, tries to catch more light of the dim light bulb. Her rich cosmetics kit takes most of her purse.

DARKNESS
Just like you.

Winter takes out fake vampire fangs, throws them away and moans with frustration.

JOB (O.S.)
Is everything fine?

She startles.

DARKNESS
Envy us, we are having a crazy good time here!

WINTER
God damn it. Yes, it's okay!

Darkness leans back on the toilet, puts his hand on the flush tank.

DARKNESS
Winter. Winter.

Winter doesn't startle --

-- she freaks out. She looks straight at Darkness.

DARKNESS
Let's see what you've got in that little cosmetics bag of yours.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Job paces back and forth, from the bathroom doors to the crackled window.

He stops by the window, for the millionth time. The wind is nowhere near calming.

KRRR.

The door behind him opens.

Job turns around --

-- and falls, hit in the head by a piece of pipe.

LATER

Job wakes up. On a chair. Hands tied. Legs tied. Up -- ceiling, down -- floor. Left -- Darkness, right -- -- a crazy female clown with a sophisticated black and white make up of improvised cosmetics paint.

Barely recognizable, it's Winter.

With a cut-throat razor in her hand.

She stands on her feet, but her body takes as much room space as possible, with her arms stretched to sides.

Winter sees he's awake, jumps up and down, shaking her head with her mouth open, laughing.

DARKNESS

You should have killed her when you had the chance.

Job moves his arms, tries to set himself free --

-- and realizes his gun is still in his holster.

DARKNESS

Winter, what do you want to do to Job?

Winter opens her eyes wide, slashes the air with the razor.

DARKNESS

See that? That's what she really is like. Her true nature. She always was this way. Would you let her live now?

Winter jumps on Job, bites his cheek, laughs.

DARKNESS

This is the Winter nobody knew, not her family, not her friends. And when she will kill, they all will look in the TV cameras and say, "She was such a nice and calm girl, who would have thought."

Darkness lowers to Job's ear.

DARKNESS

They all will say, "We thought we knew her."

Winter chatters her teeth. She examines her razor.
She slowly cuts Job's face.

DARKNESS
You're the executioner. Execute.

Job feels the ropes fall off his hands and legs.
He pushes Winter off himself.

She falls on the floor, gets up, jumps at him --
-- he makes a step to a side.

Winter falls on the floor --
-- BANG! BANG!

Job holds the smoking gun in his hand.
Winter lies on the floor, stares at her bleeding legs,
surprised.

She looks up at Job --
-- and quickly crawls towards him, razor in her hand.

DARKNESS
KILL HER!

The crackled window finally shatters from Darkness' yell.
The chaotic hurricane wind breaks into the room.

DARKNESS
Shoot!

Job steps back, holsters his gun.
He dashes at Winter, false steps to the right --
-- and as she slashes her razor, Job stomps her wrist.
Winter screams from pain, drops the razor. Job kicks it to
the side.
Winter bites him in the heel and crawls after the razor, but
Job holds her.
He takes the rope off the floor and ties Winter's hands
behind her back and puts her on the bed.

DARKNESS
Oh, for fuck's sake!

Job puts improvised tourniquets on Winter's legs.

Darkness snaps his fingers and the ropes fall off Winter.

Winter crawls away from Job, towards the razor.

Job stands between her and the razor, draws his gun.

JOB
Winter, Winter, listen to me.

Winter growls.

DARKNESS
You don't even understand what kind
of a person she is.

JOB
Winter, look at me. He has no power
over you. You have to look inside
you. We willingly choose to serve
him.

Winter seems to come to her senses for a moment.

JOB
We can willingly tell him to go
fuck himself.

Winter shakes her head.

WINTER
No, no, no. No will can save from
Darkness.

JOB
Trust me, you just never tried.

The mad winds of the hurricane blow right in Job's face.

WINTER
His will is always stronger. He
never lets you go forever, no
matter what he promises. I'd rather
die than serve something like that
again.

Winter jumps at Job --

-- but he just steps aside.

She falls on the floor.

Job stands over her, aims her in the head.

WINTER

Don't shoot, Job. You're not his
murderer.

Winter grabs the razor with her left hand and cuts her own throat.

The winds calm.

Darkness stands over Winter.

DARKNESS

She was pretty.

Darkness steps over Winter's corpse. Job sits on the bed.

JOB

Who am I to you?

DARKNESS

You tell me.

JOB

One of thousands of your murderers.

DARKNESS

Not anymore.

Darkness leaves the room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The sun burns bright through the broken window, its light reflects from a million shards of glass into the room.

Winter's body is covered with Job's long coat.

Job still sits on the bed, holds the gun in his hand.

The police sirens approach.

Job puts the gun in his mouth --

-- BANG!

He falls dead.

FADE OUT.

THE END.