

REPENTANCE

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A deserted downtown street in an American city. Yellow street lights illuminate the surroundings. Only a few cars pass by and quickly disappear in the dark of the moonless summer night.

ROMA, a woman in her 20s with a beautiful, emaciated face, walks slowly up and down a short stretch of sidewalk.

Her skinny, sickly body is covered by a breast-only blouse and a mid-thigh skirt.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

A couple of blocks down the road, a car is parked alongside the sidewalk.

Inside, BORIS, a poker-faced man in his 50s observes the scene while talking on his cell phone with VLADIMIR, his boss.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

Boris and Vladimir speak with a RUSSIAN accent.

BORIS

She looks like a skeleton. No customers.

VLADIMIR (V.O.)

What a waste of time. I need money, talk to her.

BORIS

Really, would you go with her?

VLADIMIR (V.O.)

No, I wouldn't but she can still make a few bucks for us. Do something, tell her to show her tits. Cars will stop.

BORIS

She has breast cancer, the doc told me that she's terminal.

VLADIMIR
The JOHNS don't know that.

BORIS
You're right, a few hundreds will pay
for her rent. I'll talk to her.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

Boris stands beside Roma.

BORIS
I spoke with Vlad...he wants money...
show your boobs or something.

ROMA
My breasts hurt...

BORIS
You know what is going to happen to
you if you don't do it, right?

Tears wet Roma's eyes. Her face shows her emotional pain.

ROMA
Yeah, I know.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

An elegantly dressed African-American MAN (40) slowly
approaches Roma.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

From inside the car, Boris stares at what is going on
between Roma and the elegant man.

He talks on the cell phone with Vladimir.

BORIS
Vlad, she got a black guy.

Boris focuses his eyes in that direction.

BORIS (CONT'D)
He looks okay, maybe she can squeeze
him.

VLADIMIR (V.O.)
See what she does.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

The elegant man stands in front of Roma.

ROMA
Are we going?

ELEGANT MAN
I'm here for you.

ROMA
I have a room nearby...you pay for it, twenty-five dollars. No kisses and no touching of my breasts.

ELEGANT MAN
Okay.

ROMA
It's one hundred for half-hour and hundred fifty for an hour. Can you pay?

ELEGANT MAN
Yes.

ROMA
I'll take the money first.

ELEGANT MAN
Fine.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

The room is furnished with an old bed, one night table, a worn out armchair and a small sink with a rusty faucet.

The elegant man sits on the armchair.

Roma begins to remove her skirt.

Her movements are slow and fatigued.

ELEGANT MAN
It's not necessary.

ROMA
It's easier, if you want to--

ELEGANT MAN
Are you suffering?

Roma looks at him with surprise.

ROMA
I'm not suffering...I'm good.

ELEGANT MAN
I know you're not...you have a few
months to live.

Roma appears astonished.

ROMA
What the hell are you saying?...I'm--

ELEGANT MAN
You have terminal breast cancer.

Roma attempts a fake smile. It comes out as a grimace.

ROMA
How you know this?

ELEGANT MAN
There is nothing I don't know.

Roma bursts into a bout of rage.

ROMA
If you know everything, do you know
when I'll die?

ELEGANT MAN
I don't have the answer to this
question.

Roma hesitates for a few seconds.

Her gazes at him inquisitively.

ROMA
What you want from me? Who're you?

ELEGANT MAN
I came for you. I'm everything and
nothing.

Roma looks confused.

She stares at the elegant man in his eyes.

ROMA

Okay...let's do it. Put one hundred on the night table. If you wanna wash up, you can use the sink.

ELEGANT MAN

They'll take the money.

Roma lowers her eyes. She waits a few seconds before answering.

ROMA

...Yeah.

ELEGANT MAN

What you're doing is a sin.

ROMA

It's not my fault, it's the only life I know.

ELEGANT MAN

You must purge your soul of your transgressions.

ROMA

I'm not a sinner...

A long silent pause. She lowers her eyes.

ROMA (CONT'D)

(softly)

How can I do it?

ELEGANT MAN

You have to repent of your sins and pray to God.

ROMA

I've never prayed, I don't know how.

ELEGANT MAN

I'll teach you.

INT. CAR - ONE HOUR LATER

Boris talks on the cell phone with Vladimir.

BORIS

It's more than an hour...I don't know what's going on.

VLADIMIR
The guy must have a lot of dough and
she's taking it blow by blow.

BORIS
More than an hour? I'm not sure--

VLADIMIR
Maybe, she's dead.

BORIS
I'll go to check them out.

INT. CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER.

Boris stands in front of the door of the room occupied by
Roma and the elegant man.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

Boris knocks at the door.

No sound from inside.

BORIS
(loudly)
OPEN THE DOOR!

Again, no sound.

Boris tries to open the door. The door is locked from the
inside.

He takes his gun from the back pocket and points it to the
knob of the door.

Suddenly, his hand becomes paralyzed. His gun falls on the
floor.

He collapses awkwardly on his knees.

His body seems frozen.

He tries to speak but no sound comes out of his mouth.

INT. ROOM - SAME TIME

Roma kneels in front of the elegant man.

Her hands are folded. She prays silently.

The elegant man prays with her.

INT. ROOM - LATER

The elegant man puts his hand over Roma's head.

ELEGANT MAN
You have repented, your soul is
without sins. Your malady is gone
forever.

Roma gazes at the elegant man in disbelief.

ROMA
Am I not going to die?

ELEGANT MAN
These are my words.

Roma closes her eyes and starts sobbing.

ROMA
How, how...?

ELEGANT MAN
One day you'll fathom the mystery.

Roma appears agitated. Her body trembles.

ROMA
(screaming)
Who're you? Tell me...

ELEGANT MAN
I am the one who shall save humanity.

She bursts into tears.

ROMA
(hysterically)
Who're you!?!...Who're you!?!...
please...please...

A long silence.

The elegant man stares at her and smiles.

ELEGANT MAN
I am the BLACK MESSIAH.

The End