

The Gospel

(c) 2017

FADE IN:

1 INT. A DOCTOR'S STUDY - DAY

1

Everything is covered in darkness -- walls, ceilings, furniture. Ebony wood covers everything completely, except for the black, leather baroque chair behind the desk. FORD, an unhealthy man in his 30s, wears a long, patchy FUR COAT. He's transfixed on the darkness.

His stare is unsettling.

The sun is rising -- or setting on the horizon. It depends on where you're seeing it from.

BISHOP (O.S.)
We've finally cut through the lock,
sir.

Ford slowly fixes his gaze -- focus.

FORD
Sam and the boys really put you
through the cookie cutter, huh?

BISHOP, 20s, the perfect military model -- armed and clad in Kevlar -- walks into view.

BISHOP
I don't follow, sir.

FORD
That's ironic.

BISHOP
How do you mean, sir?

The sounds of muffled banging and shouting can be heard coming from downstairs.

FORD
That's our cue.

2 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

2

Ford stalks the cellar door. Six men, rag tag and armed, are scattered throughout the vicinity. Bishop walks too close behind.

BISHOP
Sir.

Ford stops, resolute. Bishop has to circle around to avoid crashing into him.

(CONTINUED)

FORD
(staring at the door)
Yeah.

BISHOP
It's bad, sir. You're not going to
like it.

FORD
Bad, can be fixed. Fucked, can not.

BISHOP
Should I write that down, sir?

3 INT. BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS 3

An entire wall of the basement is the front end of a steel vault. The door has been forced open by professionals.

Four armed men, rag tag and armed, stand guard at the door. It's open, but not enough to see inside as Ford and Bishop walk through.

4 INT. VAULT -- CONTINUOUS 4

GARRET, a BALD doctor who looks 50, is slumped over in the corner. Hovering over him with a shotgun is JUDAS, 60.

There is a pool of blood between Garret's legs, dripping from his broken nose.

Ford and Bishop enter, and Ford stares at the blood... then ambles over to Judas.

FORD
(loud whisper)
What the hell happened?

JUDAS
He just came at me --

FORD
-- He is a goddamn MEDICAL
ENGINEER! What are you scared he
might do? Check your blood
pressure?

Ford shucks Judas into the far corner of the vault.

FORD (CONT'D)
Who even are you, anyways?

JUDAS

Wh -- you know --

FORD

-- fucking Judas, that's who you are, you fucking Judas. Trying to ruin me again.

Ford points at Judas, and he is blasted to the wall by the force of Bishop's shotgun. There is a heavy silence as Ford directs his erratic behavior at Garret.

FORD (CONT'D)

(composed)

Used to call you doctors. Now --

Ford pulls Garret to his feet -- keeping him at arms length, making sure not to get blood on his coat.

FORD (CONT'D)

-- now everyone is a fucking engineer -- should be auctioneer. Life goes to the highest bidder, while the rest of us get pharmaceuticals that might as well come with a noose to hang ourselves with.

Ford inches closer to Garret. He examines Garret's head as he cranes backwards and away.

BISHOP

Any ideas, sir?

FORD

He's bald as a baby -- fuck.

BISHOP

I told you it was bad, sir.

Ford props Garret up against the wall. He rips off his shirt, revealing a BARE CHEST underneath.

FORD

Oh -- what have you gone and done now?

GARRET

I don't have it.

FORD

Mm, I think you do. Senator Baylor told me so himself -- and I really don't think he would lie to me.

(CONTINUED)

Ford works on Garret's belt -- their eyes locked. Garret gets a firm hold on his belt buckle.

GARRET

I can do it.

Garret removes his belt. Then, his pants.

FORD

How old are you, Garret?

GARRET

53.

FORD

Oo -- wrong answer. Maybe those neurorestoration procedures aren't working so good no more.

GARRET

I never had a neurorestoration --

FORD

-- Oh, that's right, you've had neurorestorative transplants, instead. Why fix up the old house, when you can just buy a new one? Right?

Panicked breaths reverberate off steel walls -- blood falls off Garret's face like pinballs melting to the ground.

FORD (CONT'D)

One hundred and sixty-five years old, isn't that right Dr. Garret? Your buddy on Wall Street was what -- 233 years old?

Garret is shaking. Barrel of a shotgun. Ford. Bishop. Shotgun. Ford rips down Garret's drawers.

FORD (CONT'D)

You all thought you could live forever -- immortals pissing in the Garden of Eden. Watching us get tangled in the chains of our own lusts and desires.

(to Bishop)

Am I getting too poetic here?

BISHOP

Sounds good to me, sir.

(CONTINUED)

FORD

You fucked us. With your endless greed -- you fucked us all.

Garret decides to make a run for it. It takes Ford a fraction of a second to smash him with a blow to the kidney.

FORD (CONT'D)

Where the fuck are you going? I got a whole spiel worked out for this...

BISHOP

No respect, sir.

FORD

Am I boring you? Let me get right back to it, then.

Ford drags Garret back up to eye level.

FORD (CONT'D)

This war isn't over -- this world doesn't belong to you. It belongs to the rest of us -- your tools you left out to rust. To die. You can't keep the temple all to yourselves -- us gentiles want our spot at the altar, too. We're willing to sacrifice everything for it... and your money isn't going to save you this time, Dr. Garret. Sacrifice is the only thing that can save you.

BISHOP (O.S.)

Should I write that down for Sunday Service, sir?

Bishop disappears, and the vault door is silent as it shuts behind him. The room tastes of blood and sweat.

GARRET

I don't have the entire cipher. Listen, Eckhart has the whole thing. My piece is in my study -- underneath my chair --

FORD

-- I know. Eckhart told me everything already.

(CONTINUED)

Garret can't breath. The oxygen has completely escaped the room.

GARRET

Then, what are you doing here?.

FORD

I'm spreading the good news, Dr. Garret.

Ford reveals a blood-stained hunting knife hidden in his FUR COAT.

Garret notices the gray, flesh color hidden underneath the fur, and the same color of the lining with sets of dark holes staring back at him in a sickening pattern. One set in particular seems to haunt him. He can't figure out why -- those dark holes, familiar, like EYES staring back at him. Until, he realizes -- it's Eckhart's eyes staring back at him.

Ford looks down at Garret's EXPOSED FLESH.

FORD (CONT'D)

If you knew I was coming, why didn't you shave down there, too?

FADE OUT