

The Prophet

By

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BLACK:

TITLE:

"And they, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, (for they are a rebellious house,) yet shall know that there hath been a prophet among them.

- Ezekiel 2:5

FADE IN:

EXT. FAITH MORGAN'S SUV, PARK - DAY

We are outside the driver's side window.

Sitting inside, behind the wheel is; FAITH MORGAN, late 30's, a distressed woman.

INT. SUV - SAME

Faith is staring at a picture of TREY GARRET; her twenty year old son.

A GOSPEL SONG plays on the radio.

After awhile Faith kisses the picture, gathers up her purse and a bible, then exits the SUV.

EXT. PLAYGROUND AREA, PARK - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Swings, see-saw, sand box; this is a playground area for small kids.

LATONYA NICOLE ANDERSON, 20's, is in a swing, SWINGING like a big kid; dressed in a leather jacket, jeans and sunglasses.

Faith approaches the swing set. She looks scared as hell.

She and Tonya are the only two souls out here.

FAITH
Uh...Tonya? Hi, my name is--

TONYA
How you doing, Faith?

Tonya keeps SWINGING. Faith blinks, stunned.

FAITH
You know my name?

(CONTINUED)

TONYA
Of course.

Faith hesitates before asking:

FAITH
Did...God tell you?

Tonya stops swinging...

TONYA
No, hon. I'm friends with your
cousin, remember? We met once
before.

FAITH
(embarrassed)
Oh, right. You and Mercedes. Sorry,
I guess I forgot.

Tonya slouches in the swing, a very relaxed personality.

TONYA
It's cool. That was a long time
ago. Besides you got a lot on your
mind, don't you?

FAITH
Yeah...too much.
(beat)
The reason I'm here...well, at the
church, Pastor Aaron told me that
you enjoy coming out here. I don't
mean to bother you...I could go if
I'm--

TONYA
(off Faith's bible)
You brought your bible. Why?

FAITH
I don't know...I mean I heard you
were a prophet and...

TONYA
(amused)
...and you thought we would have
bible study or something?

FAITH
(shamed)
No...I don't know...I guess I
thought it would be appropriate.

(CONTINUED)

As Faith BABBLES on, Tonya removes her sunglasses, rises from the swing and approaches the distraught woman; she places her cool palms on Faith's cheeks, silencing the woman.

TONYA
(soothing)
Shh...be silent for a minute, hon.

Tonya stares deep into Faith's eyes. An uncomfortably long time passes; as if Tonya were reading Faith's spirit.

Finally:

TONYA
A man escapes from prison where
he's been for fifteen years...

Faith frowns at her. Confused but intrigued.

FAITH
Um...OK.

TONYA
...he breaks into a house to look
for money and guns and finds a
young couple in bed.
(beat)
He orders the guy out of bed and
ties him to a chair, while tying
the girl to the bed he gets on top
of her, kisses her neck, then gets
up and goes into the bathroom...

Faith cannot believe what she is hearing.

Tonya speaks with a straight face the entire time.

TONYA
...while he's in there, the husband
tells his wife: "Listen, this guy's
an escaped convict, look at his
clothes! He probably spent lots of
time in jail and hasn't seen a
woman in years...

Faith listens. Quiet.

TONYA
"I saw how he kissed your neck. If
he wants sex, don't resist, don't
complain, do whatever he tells you.
Satisfy him no matter how much he
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TONYA (cont'd)
nauseates you. This guy is probably
very dangerous. If he gets angry,
he'll kill us. Be strong, honey. I
love you...

Faith can only shake her head.

TONYA
...to which his wife responds: "He
wasn't kissing my neck. He was
whispering in my ear. He told me he
was gay, thought you were cute, and
asked me if we had any vaseline. I
told him it was in the bathroom. Be
strong, honey. I love you, too!

A long beat...then:

Both women burst out LAUGHING.

Faith, especially, can't seem to stop.

Tonya has to keep her from collapsing to the ground.

FAITH
(hysterical)
I'm sorry...it's just...I can't
remember the last time...I laughed
at a bad joke!

Tonya smiles at her. Happy that Faith is happy.

TONYA
It's good that you're laughing,
girl.

After the laughing fit passes:

FAITH
You knew that was what I needed,
didn't you?

Tonya is silent. A knowing smile.

TONYA
God knew.

A beat...the mood turns tense. Serious.

TONYA
I know why you're here, Faith. I
know about Trey. What's happening
to him - to your son - is bad...

Faith is very quiet. Listening. Fear in her eyes.

TONYA

...what must be done to save his
life may be worse. Do you
understand?

FAITH

I do.

TONYA

Will you be able to find the
strength to trust *me* when the time
comes to do a terrible thing?

FAITH

I will.

Tonya KNEELS in front of Faith, looks up and extends her
hand...

TONYA

We need to pray for strength, hon.
Come on.

Faith takes her hand, KNEELS. They pray silently together.

AFTERWARDS:

Tonya rises and ANOINTS Faith's head with oil.

That done...Faith rises. They face each other.

TONYA

It's time. Ready?

FAITH

(deep breath)
Honestly? No, not really...

TONYA

(smiles)
But..?

FAITH

(sly smile)
But, I will bless the Lord at all
times.

TONYA

(well pleased)
You go, girl! Let's roll!

EXT. DRIVEWAY, FAITH MORGAN'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

(CONTINUED)

Faith's SUV pulls into the driveway.

INT. SUV - SAME

Faith, behind the wheel, turns off the ignition.

Tonya sits in the passenger seat, sleeping behind her sunglasses, SNORING softly, with drool clinging to her bottom lip.

They sit here for awhile. Faith shakes her head at the sleeping prophet.

Tonya MUMBLES in her sleep:

 TONYA
 (sleep)
 Mm...mm...yes...I like it...I like
 spaghetti...

Then...Tonya LAUGHS in her sleep state, for no apparent reason.

Faith gives the prophet a sick look.

 FAITH
 Oh, God...

 TONYA
 (sleep)
 ...mm...mm...yeah, put a little
 extra Ragu on that...I like
 spaghetti...thank you...God bless
 you...

Faith has had enough. She reaches over to wake up Tonya...

When suddenly:

 TONYA
 (sleep)
 Believe in her, Faith...

Faith draws back, quick. Suddenly spooked.

Tonya is still asleep, head cocked to one side; but her mouth seems to have a mind of it's own. Intensely creepy.

Even the prophet's voice sounds different.

Faith is near a heart attack...

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
T-Tonya?

TONYA
(sleep)
Receive, Faith...

FAITH
(leans close)
Receive what, sweetie?

TONYA
(sleep)
It is written; "He that receiveth
you receiveth me, and he that
receiveth me receiveth him that
sent me..."

Faith is stunned.

FAITH
Oh my God..

TONYA
(sleep)
It is written: "He that receiveth a
prophet in the name of a prophet
shall receive a prophet's reward;
and he that receiveth a righteous
man in the name of a righteous man
shall receive a righteous man's
reward..."

FAITH
Matthew...chapter ten, verses forty
and forty-one.

A long silence. Faith sits, GNAWING her thumbnail; thinking.

Then...

TONYA--

sits bolt upright, GASPING FOR BREATH. Faith SCREAMS,
startled.

FAITH
Are you OK?!

The prophet literally COUGHS UP SEA WATER with strands of
seaweed in it, like a drowning victim.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Jesus!

Tonya SPITS up more sea water, trying to catch it in her hands. She sits back; out of breath.

Faith tries PATTING Tonya on the back.

Tonya SHRUGS Faith's hand away, annoyed.

TONYA

Stop. Please, don't do that. I hate that.

Faith sits back, leaving her alone. But still worried.

FAITH

What was that about? I mean, what happened? Girl, I thought you were drowning for real.

Tonya wipes her wet mouth, exhausted. She looks at Faith:

TONYA

(serious)

I was...

Faith blinks.

TONYA

(off her look)

I have...dreams sometimes; visions, about the future...about the past. And sometimes they can be more than dreams.

FAITH

(hesitant)

What were you dreaming about just now?

TONYA

The Flood.

Faith doesn't get it...

FAITH

As in *katrina*?

TONYA

As in *Noah's Ark*, hon.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

You mean--

TONYA

--*The Flood.*

FAITH

(stupified)

And you were drowning in it?

TONYA

Yes. Scary times. One time I dreamed about the martyred Christians in the first century...I was in the hospital for a month after that one.

FAITH

I don't even know what to say.

Faith eyes the wet mess soaking her dash board and Tonya's lap; dripping seawater, ancient seaweed...

FAITH

You threw up water...is that..?

TONYA

Yes. Six thousand year old flood water. I'm sorry about the mess.

FAITH

What...I mean, what does it...taste like?

TONYA

Like six thousand year old flood water, hon.

FAITH

I don't believe it.

Faith is fascinated. Tonya is not in the least.

FAITH

How do you feel?

TONYA

Hungry. I need to eat something.

FAITH

I thought prophets fasted?

(CONTINUED)

TONYA

They do. And I did. I fasted for a month to prepare for you.

FAITH

A month? You knew about this for a month and you couldn't say anything to me?

TONYA

(shrugs)

God is a god of order. Things have to be done in his time, hon. Not my own.

FAITH

What were you like...before you became what you are now?

A grim look appears in the prophet's eyes:

TONYA

Evil...

She opens the door to exit the SUV. Faith hesitates.

FAITH

Wait...

Tonya is half in and half out of the passenger door.

The women look at each other.

FAITH

I need to ask you something.

TONYA

You want to know if I can save your son.

Faith says nothing.

TONYA

It's not up to me, hon.

FAITH

(expecting this)

It's up to God...

TONYA

Wrong, Faith...

When Faith looks at her:

(CONTINUED)

TONYA
...it's up to you.

Tonya closes the door on her.

INT. LIVING ROOM, FAITH'S HOUSE - DAY

ON A COGNAC GLASS--

brown liquor is POURED over the rocks.

A HAND picks up the glass; lifting it to the mouth of...

MICHAEL GARRET, 40, wearing a wife-beater, wave cap and draped in expensive jewelry.

He downs the drink. One GULP. Obviously not his first.

The two women come through the front door.

Michael keeps his back to them. He POURS himself a fresh shot of poison.

MICHAEL
(over his shoulder)
Where you been, Faith? That boy's
been up in that room acting a fool.

Michael turns, facing the women, drink in hand.

He stops; noticing Tonya and is instantly ticked.

MICHAEL
Are you serious, Faith?

He approaches them.

MICHAEL
(re:Tonya)
What the hell is this?

Before Faith can even reply:

TONYA
(to Faith)
Where's your bathroom?

FAITH
(pointing)
Right there.

Tonya exits.

Michael gets in Faith's face.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Who is she?

It's obvious this man intimidates Faith. She puts her hands on Michael's chest, trying to calm him down.

FAITH

Her name is Tonya. She's cool,
Mike. She's here to help us out.

MICHAEL

Help us out? You kidding me?

FAITH

No. She's a prophet.

MICHAEL

A what?

FAITH

A prophet.

MICHAEL

What the hell is that?

FAITH

A prophet, Mike. Like Moses.

Michael thinks. Finally:

MICHAEL

Moses Malone, the baller? What's he
got to do with this?

Faith SIGHS. Michael is obviously not too bright.

FAITH

No, Mike. Moses was in the bible.
Look, just trust me OK. Tonya's
here to help Trey. She's good
people.

MICHAEL

I don't give a damn how good she
is! You know I hate people all up
in my business, Faith!

FAITH

I know. But she's not like that--

The toilet FLUSHES. We hear Tonya GARGLING in the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

What the hell is she doing up in there?

Faith speaks low and fast:

FAITH

Be nice to her, Mike.

Michael GULPS his drink. Not liking any of this.

FAITH

And whatever you do...don't make her angry.

Before Michael can reply; Tonya reappears, DRYING her hands on her jeans.

The prophet joins the couple.

TONYA

You're out of toilet paper...and mouth wash. Sorry about that, but you can't have a sister walking around with seaweed breath, you know?

MICHAEL

(to Faith)

"Seaweed breath"? Hear that, boo?

Michael eyes Faith seriously. Giving her a hard "Get this crazy chick out of here" look.

Instead, Faith gives Tonya a sweet smile.

FAITH

That's OK, Tonya.

TONYA

(looking around)

Where's your kitchen?

Michael gets in Tonya's face. He SHOUTS at her for no reason.

MICHAEL

Hey?! Can you hear me?!

Tonya, however, is not to be intimidated.

(CONTINUED)

TONYA
(cool)
I can hear you, Mikey.

MICHAEL
Good! 'Cause you need to leave. I
don't know what Faith told--

Tonya puts a finger on his lips. Silencing Michael.

TONYA
(eyes closed)
Shh...

She takes his face in her hands (like Faith), leans close
and appears to just...LISTEN.

TONYA
...I can hear the pain in your
spirit. So toxic...so poisonous...

VISIONS--

begin to STRIKE the prophet like SLAPS to the face.

SNAPSHOT IMAGES FLASH THROUGH HER MIND:

--pow! A gun shot--

--blood SPLASHES on a crucifix--

--DEMON EYES open--

--Michael seated in the middle of an evil PENTAGRAM--

--blood DRIPS on hundred dollar bills--

--Trey SCREAMS in fire--

BACK TO - MICHAEL AND TONYA:

He BREAKS AWAY from the prophet's grip, STAGGERING; the
connection disorients them both.

Michael, enraged, SHOVES Tonya away from him.

MICHAEL
Get off me!

Faith CATCHES the prophet before she hits the floor, she is
very weak.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
(to Michael)
What happened?!

Michael is too disgusted to answer; he SWIPES at his cheeks, trying desperately to wipe off Tonya's touch.

Faith cradles the prophet in her arms. The two women look at each other.

TONYA
(sick)
I saw...w-what he did...oh, God, I know...the pain...the greed...how could he...?

MICHAEL
That chick is crazy!

Tonya gets to her feet; WOBBLY at first, then she manages to steady herself.

Faith moves to help her...

TONYA
No! Don't touch me! I'm OK!
I'm...good!

Tonya goes STAGGERING into the kitchen.

Faith follows Michael to the...

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where he POURS himself another drink with SHAKY hands.

MICHAEL
(holds up the bottle)
You want one, Faith?

FAITH
No...I want you to tell me what that girl saw?

Michael drinks...POURS another...drinks again...

When he is calm:

MICHAEL
She didn't see anything. She's a nut case. Plain and simple. You shouldn't have brought her here.

(CONTINUED)

Faith storms across the room; SNATCHES the drink out of Michael's hand and THROWS it against a wall - SMASH!

FAITH

Our son doesn't have the Flu! He's not dealing with a bout of diarrhea! He's possessed, Mike! POSSESSED! Now, if you did something, tell me!

MICHAEL

You need to back off, Faith!

FAITH

NO! YOU NEED TO TELL ME WHAT THE HELL YOU DID?!

The rage boils over; Michael gets in her face...

MICHAEL

(enraged)

DO YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW, FAITH?! HUH? DO YOU?!

FAITH

(soft)

What did you do to our son, Mike?

MICHAEL

(cynical laugh)

What did I do...?

(beat)

I did what had to be done, Faith.

FAITH

What does that even mean--

Then...suddenly breaking the tension...

TONYA(O.S.)

Do you guys have any lettuce? I love lettuce.

FAITH

(to Tonya)

Uh...yeah, it's in the bottom left drawer in the refrigerator, girl.

TONYA(O.S.)

Oh, praise him...!

MICHAEL
She going grocery shopping now,
Faith? What is this a soup kitchen?

FAITH
Mike--

...and...once more...

TONYA(O.S.)
um...you guys have any red
Kool-Aid?

That's it... Michael is fed up. He storms past Faith, heading into the...

KITCHEN - SAME

Where Tonya is sitting on the counter top, MUNCHING on a sandwich...looking very innocent.

Michael stops beneath the kitchen archway; he eyes Tonya coldly.

MICHAEL
Want some chips with that?

Tonya is genuinely touched by the offer:

TONYA
(mouth full)
Oh, God, that'd be a blessing!

MICHAEL
Why are you here? And don't tell me
it's because Faith invited
you...why are you really here?

Tonya SWALLOWS the food...tips him a sly WINK...

TONYA
(deadly serious)
To do what you can't, Mikey...

Faith stands over Michael's shoulder.

FAITH
Mike, leave her alone.

Michael ignores Faith.

MICHAEL
(to Tonya)
You don't act like a...
(looks at Faith)
...whatchamacallit...?

FAITH
Prophet.

MICHAEL
Yeah! You don't act like a prophet.

TONYA
I don't?

MICHAEL
No.

TONYA
What is a prophet supposed to act like, Mikey?

MICHAEL
Probably not like you...you act like a mooch.
(beat)
And quit calling me Mikey!

TONYA
Does it make you uncomfortable? Me calling you that?

MICHAEL
Yeah...you gonna stop?

TONYA
No. You look like a Mikey.
(beat)
Got any Kool-Aid?

Michael SNAPS:

MICHAEL
You know what...get the hell out of my house, you lunatic!

He moves to GRAB the prophet...big mistake; Michael doesn't get two feet before an INVISIBLE FORCE THROWS him back against the kitchen wall...PINNING him there, immobile.

Faith CRIES OUT...

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Michael!

She takes a step towards him...the prophet holds up a hand, Faith stops dead in her tracks.

Tonya, who hasn't moved a muscle, HOPS down from the counter top; sandwich in hand...

TONYA

Thou shalt not touch mine
anoointed...

She approaches a frozen, silent Michael...leans very close to him...

TONYA

(whisper)

You would do well and wise to remember that. And you really should show me some respect. Before I put your insides on the outside...Mikey...

FAITH

Please...he didn't mean disrespect!
He didn't know. D-Don't hurt him,
Tonya...

A beat...

TONYA

(to Faith)

You really need to grow up, girl.

Tonya turns away from them...instantly, Michael DROPS to the kitchen floor...

The prophet goes to the refrigerator; she RUMMAGES around inside.

Faith helps Michael to his feet; he SNATCHES away from her.

FAITH

Mike--

MICHAEL

You shut up! Just shut your mouth,
Faith! You brought her here!
There's something wrong with that
broad...!

(he exits)

But I got something for her,
though!

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
(panic)
Mike, no...don't--

IN THE LIVING ROOM--

Michael digs around in his backpack, looking for something.

IN THE KITCHEN--

Tonya sets a pitcher of water on the counter top.

Faith leans against the wall, near tears...

The prophet turns to leave, still eating on her sandwich...on her way out:

TONYA
Faith, I need you to make me some
red Kool-Aid...lots of sugar. I
like sugar.

FAITH
Are you for real? I mean, Kool-Aid?
Really?

TONYA
Faith, I need all the strength I
can get for what I'm called to
do...make the Kool-Aid,
hon...please...

FAITH
I don't understand you. What kind
of prophet are you?

TONYA
I'm not the kind of prophet you
think I am, Faith...
(leans close)
...trust me...you don't ever want
to know the kind of prophet I
really am. Make the Kool-Aid.

IN THE LIVING ROOM--

Tonya enters...

Michael turns to face her...a GUN in his hand...

TONYA
I know what you've done. That's why
I'm here...to undo what you did,
Mikey...

(CONTINUED)

Michael points the gun at her...pissed...

MICHAEL

I told you to quit calling me that!

The prophet looks at the gun, dismisses it entirely and takes a bite of her sandwich...

MICHAEL

You ain't right! I want you to stay away from us! Whatever it is that's in Trey, it's in you, too!

TONYA

Not even close, hon...

Faith appears with Tonya's Kool-Aid; she sees the gun and freaks...

FAITH

Mike, what the hell are you doing?!

MICHAEL

Shut up, Faith! I got this!

Tonya never takes her eyes off Michael...she opens her hand...

TONYA

Faith...give me my drink...

Faith gives it to her; Tonya takes a SIP, hands the glass back to Faith...

TONYA

(to Faith)

Little more sugar, hon.

FAITH

What?

Tonya is serious...she PRONUNCIATES each word:

TONYA

Put. More. Sugar. In. The. Glass.

Faith can't believe it...but obeys nonetheless.

Michael keeps the gun trained on the prophet.

Tonya removes her leather jacket, drops it to the floor; she walks towards Michael and does not stop until the GUN BARREL is poking between her breasts. No fear whatsoever.

(CONTINUED)

TONYA

(soft)

Michael, do you know what a prophet
really is?

ON MICHAEL'S TRIGGER FINGER--

all it takes is a little pressure...

ON MICHAEL--

nervous, uncertain..."What to do? What to do?"

Tonya carefully MOVES the gun barrel; positioning it
directly over her heart.

Michael is visibly confused...he opens his mouth to speak...

WHEN:

Pow! Without warning, Tonya SLAPS him...

TONYA

Look at me!

The blow stuns Michael...he looks at the prophet...

TONYA

I asked you a question, Mikey...

MICHAEL

I don't...what--

Pow! Another SLAP...ouch! Blood appears on Michael's lips.
The girl is strong...supernaturally strong.

TONYA

That hurt, Mikey?

MICHAEL

...you better stop--

Pow! Another open-handed BLOW to his face...Michael WINCES.

TONYA

I said did that hurt, Mikey!

MICHAEL

Yes...yes, it hurt!

Tears of pain build in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

TONYA

Now, tell me what a prophet is,
Mikey.

A beat...

Michael lowers the gun...

MICHAEL

Pain...a prophet...is pain...

He looks at Tonya...a defeated man; Tonya - being ever so gentle and loving - SMEARS the blood from his lips with her thumb. Cleaning him up...

TONYA

(teary eyed)

Your poor spirit...so much
confusion...so much sin...

Faith enters...takes in the scene.

Michael drops the gun; goes and sits on the couch...not crying but terribly quiet.

Tonya takes the glass from Faith, drinks the whole thing down at once...she BURPS LOUD:

TONYA

Excuse me...

FAITH

What happened?

But the prophet's attention is now focused on the...

BEDROOM DOOR--

...across the room. Tonya approaches it. Studies it. She presses her body close to it, feeling it, smelling it...it's almost erotic, in a way...then...something happens...

ON TONYA--

as she steps away from the door...BREATHING HARD...instantly terrified...

Michael and Faith can only watch, both scared...

Tonya SLOWLY reaches out and TOUCHES the bedroom door...

A beat...a JOLT suddenly goes through her body...the prophet SCREAMS and collapses to her knees in agony.

(CONTINUED)

Tonya sits on her knees, with her back to the others,
ROCKING herself back and forth...

TONYA

(to herself)

Oh, God...I can't...I can't do it,
father...I'm too scared...please
take this cup from my
lips...please, father, don't make
me do this...Jesus, wrap your
loving arms around me...so
scared...

Faith rushes over to help her; she TOUCHES Tonya's shoulder.

The prophet looks around, revealing; STIGMATIC WOUNDS.
Tonya's wrists and forehead are now wet with blood. Her eyes
are now big and black and bleeding...she looks possessed...

Faith RECOILS in horror...unable to really help herself.

TONYA

(to Faith)

I know it's name, Faith! The demon
that has your baby...I know who it
is...

Michael appears behind Faith; hands Faith a towel. Faith
tries to clean the blood off Tonya...

Tonya continues to RAMBLE...

TONYA

...I know...I know you, demon...I
know your name...

FAITH

Who is it Tonya...? What is it's
name?

But Tonya's mind appears to have simply snapped with the
knowledge...she can only MUMBLE...

Faith takes her by the shoulders:

FAITH

Tonya! Listen to me, girl! Tell me
who has Trey!

More MUMBLING from the prophet...SOBBING...

TONYA
...name...name...I know you...I
know your name...

Pow! Faith SLAPS her face...Tonya focuses, frowning...

FAITH
Tell me his name, Tonya!

A long beat...finally:

TONYA
(whisper)
The demon's name...is *Tiamat*...

Tonya gets to her feet...slowly regaining her momentum.

FAITH
Tonya...?

Tonya is silent...she returns to the...

BEDROOM DOOR--

and reaches for the knob, blood DRIPS from the open wound in
her wrist.

Before Tonya turns the knob...

TONYA
(over her shoulder)
No matter what you hear...don't
come in.

FAITH
O-Ok...

Tonya closes her eyes and WHISPERS A prayer to herself in
Tongues...she opens the door and slips inside...

The bedroom door closes behind her...

Michael and Faith hug...and wait...

TO BE CONTINUED...