

THE REVELATOR

By

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INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

An ornate cab with cherry wood walls, a marble floor and brass hand rails. The doors slowly glide open.

MASON ANDREWS (39) enters. He's fit and handsome, wears an Armani suit, a Rolex watch and carries a leather briefcase - a perfect poster boy for Wall Street.

Mason eyes the gold plated control panel. It contains circular, pearl white, floor buttons - 1 through 50.

The doors close. Mason moves forward to press a floor button. Instead, brings his palm to his chest. There's a sudden pain.

The elevator starts to rise - a DING as it passes each floor.

Mason stumbles back against the rear wall - loosens his tie. Perspiration beads on his forehead. He takes short, panicky breaths - something's wrong.

Mason places his fingers on his neck - checks his pulse.

MASON

Calm down.

Mason drops his briefcase - crosses his arms tightly across his chest - another sharp pain. His knees buckle and he slowly slides down to the marble floor.

The Elevator jolts to a halt.

BLACK SCREEN - TOTAL DARKNESS

A loud heartbeat - LUB DUB - LUB DUB - LUB -DUB. It fades.

Then total silence.

The light from the ceiling panel flickers - a glimpse of Mason on the floor, lifeless.

Back to dark.

A moment passes - a flicker of light. A glimpse of Mason. He sits upright, his head rests against the back wall.

Back to dark.

A flicker of light. It illuminates the elevator emergency SPEAKER, just to the right of the elevator control panel.

The Speaker CRACKLES - indiscernible.

A flicker of light. Mason eyes flutter open.

Back to Dark.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
(a deep baritone voice)
Mason.
(beat)
Mason, can you hear me?

MASON
How do you know my name?

SPEAKER (V.O.)
I know all names.

MASON
Please, call an ambulance.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
There is no need. You are not sick.

MASON
Just fucking do it!

SPEAKER (V.O.)
You are dead.

The ceiling light fades on - a low dim. Mason shakes his head - tries to remove the cobwebs. He grabs the rail, pulls himself up from the floor - approaches the Speaker Box.

MASON
(yells)
I'll sue your ass. Call the paramedics now.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
You are not listening.

Mason slams the Speaker Box with the palm of his hand. It goes right through like a ghost - his form has no substance. Mason pulls his hand back, stares at it - in shock.

MASON
Dead?

Mason stumbles back to the rear elevator wall, slithers to the floor.

MASON
I'm too young. I'm only...

Mason looks at the control panel. The Floor 39 button is brightly illuminated.

MASON

Thirty nine.

Mason closes his eyes.

MASON

Who are you?

SPEAKER (V.O.)

The question is, who were you. My identity does not matter.

Mason opens his eyes.

MASON

God?

SPEAKER (V.O.)

You don't believe in God, so how can I be?

MASON

I just was never sure. I didn't --

SPEAKER (V.O.)

I am the one who gave you life. I am the one who took it away. Does that satisfy your definition of God?

(beat)

Does it make any difference?

The round floor lights on the control panel start to randomly flicker on and off. Mason stares at them.

SPEAKER (V.O.)

Mason, you're confused?

MASON

Why are you here?

SPEAKER (V.O.)

I can choose to be anywhere. I can choose to be nowhere. I chose to be here - to judge you.

(beat)

Select a floor.

MASON

Judge me? For what? I don't understand.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
 Each floor represents a year in
 your life. You will select three.

MASON
 This has to be a dream.
 (defiant)
 No.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
 As you wish. We will just continue
 to your destination.

A red GOING DOWN ARROW lights up on the control panel.

MASON
 No - wait.
 (beat)
 Thirty - floor thirty.

The Floor 30 button glows. The speaker CRACKLES, then:

DISPATCHER VOICE (V.O.)
 This is 9-1-1. What is your
 emergency?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
 Um - I've been beaten - pretty
 badly. I'm bleeding. Help.
 Please...

DISPATCHER VOICE (V.O.)
 Do you know the identity of the
 person who assaulted you?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
 Um, no - I don't.
 (sobbing)
 It was a man. He wore a mask - a
 burglar. He's gone. Please, send
 someone.

DISPATCHER VOICE (V.O.)
 An ambulance is already on the way.
 Try to stay calm.

A tear runs down Mason's cheek. The Speaker CRACKLES.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
 You beat your wife rather severely
 that night, Mason. Was your rage
 caused by your loss in the stock
 market?

SPEAKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Or was it the scotch you poured
down your throat? Perhaps both?

MASON
I don't - um, don't really
remember.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
You do.

MASON
The money. It was the loss of
money.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
Yes, it was.
(beat)
Does it bother you that you beat
her like a savage, yet she still
lied to protect you?

MASON
I never did it again. We - we got
through it. We healed.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
She did not heal. She pretended to.
For your sake.
(beat)
Select another floor.

MASON
Please, stop.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
A floor, Mason.

MASON
Thirty five.

The Floor 35 button glows. The speaker CRACKLES, then:

MILITARY VOICE (V.O.)
Ready - Aim - Fire.

BANG - a volley of rifle shots.

MILITARY VOICE (V.O.)
Ready - Aim - Fire.

BANG - a volley of rifle shots.

MILITARY VOICE (V.O.)
Ready - Aim - Fire.

BANG - a volley of rifle shots.

Military TAPS begins to play and then fade. A WOMAN is heard SOBBING, uncontrollably.

MASON

I don't remember this.

SPEAKER (V.O.)

Because you were not there. It was your father's funeral. Your mother begged you to come. I know you remember that, Mason.

MASON

I - I - couldn't go. I had a --

SPEAKER (V.O.)

Business meeting.

MASON

It was important. My entire livelihood depended on it.

SPEAKER (V.O.)

Select your last floor.

Mason rubs his palms together - thinks.

MASON

What if --

SPEAKER (V.O.)

This is not a business deal, Mason. Nor is there any benefit from delay. Time has stopped for you. You cannot gain more by waiting.

(beat)

Select your last floor.

MASON

(meekly)

Thirty eight.

The Floor 38 button glows. The speaker CRACKLES, then:

A MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(desperate)

I'm ruined. Christ, how did this happen?

A WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Henry - no!

- A loud extended HONK from a car.
- The SCREECH of tires.
- A dull THUD.

A WOMAN'S VOICE
Oh, My God! Somebody - help him.

The Speaker CRACKLES.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
You weren't there, but you know
this don't you, Mason.

MASON
Yes.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
Say it.

MASON
Henry Sullivan. I lost his
retirement. I needed the
commissions. I should have put him
in a safer account.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
The woman?

MASON
Theresa - his wife. She - um, she
watched him as he step into
traffic. It was an accident.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
It was a suicide. He felt ashamed
for having been fooled by you.
(beat)
Did you spend the commissions
wisely?

MASON
(weakly)
No.

The red GOING DOWN ARROW lights up on the control panel.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
It is time to go.

MASON
Wait. I can change.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
You always could. You chose not to.

Mason comes to his knees, puts his hands together in prayer - bows his head.

MASON
Help me change.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
You have spent a lifetime confusing wealth with prosperity. It has been a wasted life.

MASON
Please, I couldn't have known...

SPEAKER (V.O.)
I said unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

MASON
There must be something I can do.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
How much would you pay for more?

Mason lowers his hands.

MASON
More?

SPEAKER (V.O.)
For more time. Time to redeem yourself. Would you be willing to give all that you have away?

Mason stares at the Speaker Box.

MASON
Something's wrong.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
You failed to make it right.

MASON
That may be true. But that's not what's wrong.

Mason rises from his kneeling position - straightens out his suit coat, readjusts his tie then picks up his briefcase.

MASON

If a rich man is precluded from heaven, then why would God allow him to use his wealth to buy his way in? Does God negotiate with a man for his life?

Mason approaches the control panel - stares at it.

MASON

It doesn't make sense.

SPEAKER (V.O.)

Answer me, Mason. How much will you pay? Decide.

MASON

There's no zero on the panel.

SPEAKER (V.O.)

Be careful, Mason.

The red GOING DOWN ARROW light flashes on and off.

Mason removes his wallet from his inside suit pocket. He pulls out a one dollar bill.

MASON

I don't believe that a true God would barter for my life. Do you?
(beat)
Would you be so merciless?

The Speaker CRACKLES.

Mason folds the dollar bill and clenches it in his fist. He extend his fist towards the Speaker Box.

MASON

Do you accept my payment?

BLACK SCREEN - TOTAL DARKNESS

A heartbeat - LUB DUB - LUB DUB - LUB -DUB.

The light from the ceiling panel flickers - a glimpse of Mason. He sits on the floor against the back wall - looks calm.

Back to dark.

The elevator doors glide open. PARAMEDIC ONE and PARAMEDIC TWO rush in - go to Mason.

PARAMEDIC one puts his finger on Mason's neck - checks his pulse. PARAMEDIC TWO places a heart pressure cuff around his arm - pumps.

PARAMEDIC ONE
His pulse is steady.
(to Mason)
Sir, are you alright? How are you feeling?

MASON
I feel fine. What happened?

PARAMEDIC ONE
The building had a power outage.
The elevator froze on the thirty ninth floor. We tried to contact you through the emergency speaker. You were - um, you...

MASON
I was what?

PARAMEDIC ONE
(to Paramedic Two)
What would you call it?

PARAMEDIC TWO
I'm not sure. Kind of like speaking in tongues, I guess. We thought you might have fallen and hit your head.

Mason looks down at his right hand - still clenched in a fist. He relaxes it to reveal a large gold needle where the one dollar had been before. The Speaker CRACKLES.

MASON
God exists.

PARAMEDIC TWO
(to Mason)
Okay, we're going to stand you up.
Are you ready?

Mason looks at the elevator control panel. All of the Floor lights above Floor 39 are lit.

MASON
And he is merciful.

FADE TO BLACK.