

REVELATIONS IN PLASTIC

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE

Clouds swirl in an otherwise clear, blue sky. A small Komodo dragon sits on a rock in a desert.

A THUNK is heard, and then a cloud of dust appears. The ROAR of a car is followed by the sight of a white convertible speeding away along the desert road.

EXT. HOME IN AFFLUENT, SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - SATURDAY - DUSK

A manicured lawn stretches before a large, ornate home. The front yard has a statue of a nude goddess standing over a water fountain.

INT. BEEZLE HOME LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

The library has walls lined with impressive, leather covered books, a fireplace, and a painting of a dog on the mantle.

ELSIE BEEZLE, around 80-years-old, sits on a leather chair before a crystal ball. Elsie's hair is gray and her body plump. She wears a bright colored dress and fuzzy slippers. Her eyes are wide and she looks shaken.

MARGARET BEEZLE, mid-30s, scurries into the room and sits across from Elsie. Margaret is attractive and consciously voluptuous. She wears a silk robe and has white cream on her face.

MARGARET
What's so important, Elsie?

Elsie covers the crystal ball with her hands.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Couldn't this wait until
morning?

ELSIE
Someone new will enter your
life. Soon.

Margaret looks unreceptively at Elsie.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
That's not all.

Elsie clasps her hands and looks both ways
before speaking.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
Someone in this house will
die in sixty days. Exactly.

MARGARET
Oh for God's sake! That
crystal ball again? Look, I
appreciate that you've done
this for a long time, but
honestly, Elsie ...

Elsie holds up her hands.

ELSIE
Believe what you want. I
saw it. Better to get
things in order.

Margaret stares at her through the white mask.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

A large congregation of affluent, well dressed
parishioners receives communion. Rows of people
walk through the aisles to the altar, above
which hovers a large screen projecting live
images of the parishioners.

The big screen shows a woman with freakishly enlarged, glistening red lips opens her mouth to receive communion.

Margaret, wearing a low cut silk blouse and tailored skirt, follows a few people behind.

Margaret closes her eyes as the priest, FATHER BOWDON, places the wafer on her tongue. She returns from the line and kneels in a pew.

Beside Margaret is BUDDY BEEZLE, mid-50s, her overweight, balding husband who sits, lightly picking his nose. He wears a designer suit and diamond studded watch.

Buddy stares vacantly at the priest on the screen.

Fourteen-year-old twins, GLORIA and SIMON, sit beside the Beezle parents.

Gloria wears dark eyeliner and a tank top with a skirt. She has long hair and an acerbic disposition.

Gloria reads a novel hidden in the cover of the hymnal.

Simon is tall, lanky, and appears dazed. When he speaks, his voice is quiet and dreamy. He wears a t-shirt that states "Don't Gamble with Eternity" in flaming, red letters.

Simon gazes at the priest, his mouth slightly agape.

Tears stream down Margaret's face as she nods in agreement with the sermon.

Father Bowdon, mid-50s, is trim with dyed black hair and a shortly clipped mustache, His voice is melodious; he smiles robotically no matter how damning the message.

Margaret wipes her tears. Buddy checks his beeper for calls, and closes his eyes.

FATHER BOWDON (OS)
... "Vanity of vanities," it says in Ecclesiastes, "all is vanity." Vanity constitutes our society's bane of existence ... the ambition, our drive for upward mobility, expensive cars, houses, wide screen televisions, clothes. What's it all for?

Father Bowdon pauses for effect.

In the last pew, an elderly man expels gas and looks around to see who heard.

In the second row, a large woman with long, gold earrings files her long, gold fingernails.

Across from her, a teenager plays with a cell phone.

EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT - CONTINUOUS

FRED FLETCHER, mid-20s, driving a white Mustang convertible, peels up in a cloud of smoke to a drive-thru window. Fred has long, shaggy hair partly obscuring a sweet face.

FATHER BOWDON (VO)
Ecclesiastes teaches us that it's all for naught. Vanity is emptiness. And without Christ, everything is vanity. Christ died and he will rise again. Straight from the Book of Revelation - the heavens will open and Christ will ride to earth on a white horse.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Buddy eyes the woman to his left and budges closer to her.

EXT. FAST FOOD DRIVE-THRU WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Fred rubs his bloodshot eyes. He tilts his head and squeezes in eye drops. A cashier thrusts out a bag. He grabs it, pulls out a paper crown meant for a child, and haphazardly smashes it down on his head.

FATHER BOWDON (VO)
The Bible describes Christ's return to earth: "His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns."

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Buddy slides a hymn book off the pew and bends to retrieve it, looking up the young woman's skirt in the process. She shifts away.

Margaret pays no attention to Buddy, as she pulls tissue from her purse and flips through the prayer book.

Simon reaches for her hand, which she squeezes affectionately. Simon leans against her.

The young woman does a double-take at Buddy's attire and Rolex, and coyly smiles at him.

Margaret glances at the woman, and smiles back, mistaking her flirtation with Buddy for kindness.

Buddy flips open his cell phone and sets it on his left side, out of Margaret's sight. He clicks a few buttons and slides it toward the woman. She enters a number and pushes it back.

Buddy slips it into his pocket, while watching the projection of the priest.

FATHER BOWDON (OS)

If he were here right now,
what would Jesus do? He
would embody traditional
family values ... Those same
values that many of us have
eschewed in the name of
personal freedom and
progress.

Margaret dabs her nose with a tissue. Gloria glares and Simon stares.

EXT. FAST FOOD DRIVE-THRU WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Fred speeds off.

FATHER BOWDON (VO)

He's coming and you have to
believe - even when it
doesn't seem to make sense -
and know that Christ is real
and he's on his way.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Father Bowdon raises his arms and faces his palms up.

FATHER BOWDON

Let us pray.

Everyone rises. Gloria rises slowly, gritting her teeth. The children whisper to each other.

GLORIA

Good god. If there's a
hell, I'm in it now.

SIMON

Don't say *hell*, Gloria.

GLORIA
Fuck off, Simon.

SIMON
We're in church, for
Chrissake.

EXT. CHURCH STEPS - MOMENTS LATER

People file past Father Bowdon, greeting him and shaking his hand. The Beezle family exits the church, and each shakes hands with the priest, who nods impersonally to Margaret, but keeps smiling.

FATHER BOWDON
Hello, Doctor Beezle, Missus
Beezle. Glad you all could
make it. It's nice to see
whole families in church.

Buddy smiles at him and rests his arm around Margaret's shoulders. Margaret avoids eye contact with the priest.

BUDDY
I've enjoyed your sermons
for over fifteen years now,
Father. Wouldn't miss 'em
for the world. You're a
true inspiration.

Father Bowdon frowns and turns away.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The white convertible skids to a halt before a stop sign across from the church. A golden glow surrounds Fred's head, which only Margaret shows any indication of seeing. Margaret gasps.

MARGARET
Jesus.

No one else more than glances at the car before it speeds off.

BUDDY

What?

GLORIA

Nice Mustang.

Margaret stares at the space where the car had stopped.

MARGARET

It was ... I think I just saw
Jesus.

BUDDY

Oh yeah?

MARGARET

(whispering)

Yeah ...

BUDDY

He's back already? Give him
my card if you see him
again. He could probably
use a facelift.

Margaret shakes off her astonishment. She looks
at Buddy.

MARGARET

Really, just like the sermon
... It was him.

SIMON

Mom, are you ok?

GLORIA

(mumbling to
Simon)

Of course she's ok. She had
a hallucination, that's all.
The Botox finally penetrated
her brain.

Gloria rolls her eyes.

GLORIA (CONT.)

I'm going to the car. Gimme
the keys, Dad.

Buddy hands Gloria the keys and she walks toward
the parking lot. Simon follows.

Margaret looks around, as if just recognizing
her surroundings.

MARGARET

Maybe there's something to
what your mother said.
Maybe he's the *someone* she
predicted would enter my
life. Jesus ...

BUDDY

Nonsense, doll. My mother's
psychic stuff is a bunch of
bullshit. She means well,
but doesn't know what the
fuck she's talking about.

Buddy sees Margaret is shaken. He kisses her
and sweeps away a strand of hair..

BUDDY

Those are the sweetest lips
in the civilized world ...

Buddy lifts Margaret's hand for another kiss,
but stops before touching his lips to it. He
examines her fingertips.

BUDDY

Did you know you've got a
chipped nail?

Margaret pulls her hand away from Buddy.
Congregants walk past; some greet and wave to
the Beezles.

MARGARET

My nail?

BUDDY

Get that fixed, sweetheart.
We pay good money for those
classy tips of yours.

Margaret studies her fingers. Buddy leans to
whisper in her ear.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

While you're at it, last
night when your legs were
wrapped around my head, I
saw that your little piggies
could use a brush up.

An elderly lady walking by hears Buddy and her
eyes widen.

MARGARET

(impatiently)

I've got an appointment
tomorrow.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Margaret and Buddy walk toward their Humvee,
where the children wait, listening to music.
Margaret sporadically looks back.

BUDDY

Looking for your secret
love, honey?

MARGARET

I don't have a secret love.

Buddy opens the passenger door for Margaret.

BUDDY

We all have our secrets.

Buddy slams her door shut and Margaret rolls
down the window.

MARGARET

Not me, Buddy. You know all mine.

They ride off.

INSERT - BUMPER STICKER ON BACK OF HUMVEE

"What Would Jesus Do?"

INT. EXAMINING ROOM OF DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Buddy reclines on an exam table, clearly receiving sexual gratification from the waist down. Animal art lines the walls. He idly pets his small Komodo dragon, SOLOMON, which sits on the armrest.

A woman in a postal uniform raises her head and moves to kiss him. He pushes it down.

BUDDY

You're not done yet, sweetheart. I've got a special delivery for you.

INT. FANCY NAIL SALON - CONTINUOUS

Margaret reclines in a pedicure chair, while a NAIL TECHNICIAN cleans her toes.

MARGARET

Let's do a French manicure today, Juan, and please try to stay in the lines this time. My husband's very picky.

NAIL TECHNICIAN

Name's not Juan,
(over-pronouncing)
it's Won. WAA, not HUWAA.
Your husband care about your
toes?