

DARK SKY PART 1 FINDING FAITH

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY RUINS -- MORNING (YEAR 2110:SUBTITLE)

Piles of rubble that once formed amazing buildings and shaped a beautiful city lay all around. The sky is a dark shade of grey, and there isn't a blade of grass, a single tree, a plant, or animals anywhere to be found. Cars are smashed by the fallen buildings, and there isn't a living thing in sight. The horizon gets no brighter in the distance; it is a grim world.

MACHINA, 30s an average-looking man, climbs to the top of the rubble; he is carrying a brown leather bag. He is dressed very plainly for a wanderer, just jeans with an A-shirt and overcoat. He looks behind to see a CREATURE following his trail. He looks ahead to see a camp fire burning and a signal torch that burns a green flame. Machina makes his way down the rubble toward the camp fire.

EXT. CITY RUINS -- MOMENTS LATER

Machina approaches the camp to see MERCHANT warming his hands near the fire.

Merchant notices Machina approaching and quickly stands. He wears a black cloak with the hood over his head.

MERCHANT

Hello, Stranger. What brings you to my camp?

Machina stops near the fire and looks behind him, but this time the creature is not there.

MACHINA

I saw your torch burning, figured I stop in to do a little tradin'. I been travelin' for a while, I could use a good meal and maybe some water.

MERCHANT

Have a seat. What do they call you, stranger?

Machina sits down by the fire and lays his bag next to him.

MACHINA

Stranger will be fine.

MERCHANT

Ah, trust no one, smart man. They call me Merchant, and I do most of the tradin' around here.

(MORE)

MERCHANT (CONT'D)

You're in luck; I just got few pounds of meat from a heavy man that came through. Excuse me for a moment.

Merchant walks to a small triangular cubby hole that is formed in the rubble.

Machina warms his hands at the fire.

Merchant returns with a worn suitcase, and he drops it in front of Machina.

MERCHANT (CONT'D)

Take a look and let me know if anything catches your eye.

Merchant sits next to the fire.

Machina zips the suitcase open and starts to rummage through it. It has a few bottles of water, a package of bacon, matches, knives, nude magazines, and other various items. Machina pulls out two bottles of water, matches, the bacon, and one nude magazine. He lays the items out next to the suitcase.

MACHINA

What would you ask for these?

Merchant smiles back at Machina and picks up the magazine; he begins to flip through it.

MERCHANT

Aahh, these magazines are quite popular with the travelers, Stranger. The heavy man traded me two pounds of bacon for one of those magazines.

Merchant tosses the magazine back down next to the other items Machina set aside. Machina picks his bag up and reaches inside. He pulls out a six shooter pistol.

MACHINA

This pistol is my best possession. but this bag and it's contents must be worth something.

Merchant takes the pistol from Machina and closely examines it.

MERCHANT

Fine weapon and the bag should make a decent pair of gloves but it will take more than this. What else do you have in your bag?

Machina closes his bag and tosses it over to Merchant.

MACHINA

What do you say I trade you the
pistol, the bag, and everything inside
for the things I've chosen?

Merchant shakes the bag up and hears items inside rattling
around. He smiles back at Machina.

MERCHANT

Well, Stranger, I believe you have
yourself a deal.

MACHINA

Good, and I suppose you could point
me in the direction of the closest
safe house?

Merchant nods and points over his right shoulder.

MERCHANT

(Pointing)

It's a good day of travel in that
direction, Stranger, but you're
welcome to camp here for the night.

Machina stands and picks up his new stuff.

MACHINA

I appreciate the offer but I must be
on my way.

MERCHANT

Well, good luck Stranger.

Machina walks away past the fire in the direction the Merchant
guided him.

Merchant opens the bag and turns it over, two empty bottles
and a spoon fall out. Merchant's face turns red and he jumps
up from his seat. He grabs the pistol and aims it at Machina.

MERCHANT (CONT'D)

Stop where you are, Stranger! I'm
afraid our deal is off; you've tricked
me.

Machina turns around to see Merchant aiming the pistol at
him.

MACHINA

Afraid not, Merchant, a deal is a
deal. Now, I really must go.

MERCHANT

Afraid not, Stranger.

Merchant pulls the trigger; CLICK, nothing happens.

Machina smiles at Merchant.

MACHINA

You didn't think I'd trade a loaded
pistol did you? By the way, they
call me Machina.

Machina turns and continues walking away.

Merchant lowers the gun and tosses it to the ground. He
watches Machina disappear over a pile of rubble.

MERCHANT

I'll see you again stranger.

Merchant stands near the fire when the creature that was
following Machina approaches him. The small goblin creature
stares at Merchant and Merchant stares back. Merchant's
eyes turn dark red and the creature quickly moves along past
him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY RUINS -- NIGHT

Machina moves over the destroyed buildings until he stumbles
upon an old camp ground that is now unoccupied. He sets all
his things down next to the fire pit. He picks up his matches
and proceeds to make a fire.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

It is an old room that seems to be barely in tact. Except
for the large wooden table in the center of the room there
is nothing else but the door to enter through. BURDORF, an
old prophet, sits at the head of the table. He has a long
beard with matching hair and a weathered look to him. SID
and MEAD, also old prophets sit on opposite sides of the
table. A worn brown book lays on the table between them.

BURDORF

I feel the chosen one is very close;
he will be here soon. I fear darkness
is with him.

SID

Yes, he is close, but the darkness I
don't feel.

BURDORF

An evil man following him, possibly traveling with him.

MEAD

What are we to do when the chosen one arrives?

Burdorf pulls the book toward him and opens the cover. He takes a moment to look over the page.

BURDORF

We are to send him on a journey of faith. His Faith shall rid our world of the evil that plagues it.

SID

What does the prophecy mean by faith?

MEAD

I assume that it means belief the higher power.

BURDORF

The journey of the chosen one will uncover that.

SID

What then, the chosen one and his faith will defeat the dark one and free our land from this evil?

BURDORF

I don't know, old friend; only the travels of the chosen one will tell.

MARIA, 19 and attractive, bursts into the room. She wears a long plaid skirt, a long sleeve black shirt with a plaid vest on top, and rough-looking brown sandals.

MARIA

Excuse me for interrupting, Burdorf, but Gatlin is causing trouble at the drinking well again.

Burdorf gives a deep sigh and closes the book. He looks to the other prophets.

BURDORF

Sid, Mead, I expect you can deal with this matter?

MEAD

Absolutely, Burdorf.

Burdorf stands and picks up the book.

BURDORF

I shall be in my room studying the book more closely.

Burdorf walks out of the room and Maria stands to the side of the door. Mead and Sid stand and slowly walk to the door.

MEAD

Has he hurt himself or anyone else yet?

MARIA

Not yet, Sir, but I think he is heading down that road very quickly.

MEAD

Thank you, Maria.

Mead and Sid hurry out of the door. Maria follows behind them closing it.

INT. DRINKING WELL -- CONTINUOUS

The drinking well is an old room that has a bar built into it with stools so people can sit for a drink. Tables are scattered across the room, none of them matching. Bottles of liquor are kept behind the bar and the BARTENDER stands waiting for orders.

GATLIN, 40s and a rough old cowboy, stumbles around the bar room waving his two six-shooter pistols around. PEOPLE sit at tables around the room having their drinks.

GATLIN

(Drunk)

Who wants some of old Gatlin? Come on you bags of scum. Show me what ya got!

People just try not to look at him and continue enjoying their drinks.

Gatlin walks on to a MAN sitting at a table and sticks one of his pistols in his face.

GATLIN (CONT'D)

(Drunk)

Com'on, ya punk. Pull out your gun. Fight like a man.

The man sits sweating nervously and trying to stay completely motionless, even holding his breath.

Sid and Mead burst through the door and walk over to Gatlin, who is harassing the man.

Mead places his hand on Gatlin's shoulder, who immediately spins and puts the gun into Mead's face.

GATLIN (CONT'D)

(Drunk)
Hello, Mead.

Mead slowly takes his hand away from Gatlin's shoulder.

MEAD

Hello, Gatlin.

Sid stands behind Mead watching.

SID

Put the guns away, Gatlin; you've had too much to drink.

GATLIN

(Drunk)
So what, I can drink as much as I want.

MEAD

Yes, you can. We just want to take you to Ariel's bunk room to sleep it off.

GATLIN

(Drunk)
What if I don't wanna sleep it off?

MEAD

If you do something stupid like shoot someone, then you'll be banished from the safe house.

Gatlin stares at Mead for a moment then drops the gun away from Mead's face.

GATLIN

(drunk)
Fine, have it your way. I just wanted to have a little fun; is that against the law!

Sid and Mead each grab one of Gatlin's arms and escort him out of the Drinking Well.

INT. BUNK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The room has rows of cots. There is a desk in the corner of the room. ARIEL, 30s and beautiful, sits behind the desk reading a book. She is dressed provocatively with a tight shirt revealing her large bust.

Sid and Mead carry Gatlin through the door and over to the nearest cot. They lay him down and then walk over to the desk.

SID

Ariel.

Ariel lays down her book and looks at the two prophets.

ARIEL

What can I do you men for tonight?

SID

We left Gatlin on one of your cots,
we figured you'd take care of him.

ARIEL

Let me guess, got drunk, got
depressed, and got violent.

MEAD

That's about the gist of it.

ARIEL

That man's gonna be the end of me
one day. All right I'll settle it
with him in the morning.

SID

Well, you have a splendid night Ariel.

ARIEL

You men have the same.

Mead and Sid leave the room. Ariel look over to the passed out Gatlin lying on her cot and shakes her head in disgust. She picks up her book and continues her reading.

INT. BURDORF'S ROOM -- LATER

It is a small room with only a cot, a desk, and a chair for him to sit at the desk. The walls covered with biblical quotes and crucifixes.

Burdorf sits at the desk reading a short book they call the prophecy. A dim light shines in the room but just enough so that he can read.

Maria slowly enters the room carrying a bowl of soup and a glass of water.

MARIA

Burdorf, Sir, I brought you something
to eat.

Burdorf stops reading to turn his attention to Maria.

BURDORF

Ah, thank you my dear. Please set it here if you will.

Maria walks to the desk and lays the soup and water down.

MARIA

Yes Sir, and sorry for the interruption. I just thought you'd be hungry.

BURDORF

No problem, dear, I thank you. Have you been doing your studies as I advised?

Maria smiles at Burdorf.

MARIA

Yes, I have and I think that when the time comes I will be ready for the trials.

BURDORF

I am sure you will, now..I must continue my studying.

Maria walks to the door.

MARIA

Oh, as usual the generator turns off at midnight, Sir.

BURDORF

No worry, I shall be long asleep by then. Thank you.

Maria smiles and leaves the room.

Burdorf pulls his soup close to him and begins sipping from it while he reads the book.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY RUINS -- MORNING

Machina lays on the ground next to the fire pit with his overcoat being used as a blanket.

Merchant walks over top of Machina and looks down at him. He gives him a nudge with his foot and Machina's eyes open. Machina quickly jumps to his feet when he sees the Merchant standing over him.

MERCHANT

Hello, Stranger.

Machina puts his overcoat on.

MACHINA

You're too late; I've eaten all the
bacon and drank the water and the
matches are useless without food to
cook.

Merchant stands still plainly looking at Machina.

MERCHANT

I didn't come for trouble, Stranger.
For a wanderer, you sure have a poor
sense of moderation.

MACHINA

Yeah, well, I traveled all night,
and by your directions I shouldn't
have much further to go, that is
unless you've fooled me.

MERCHANT

If I knew your intentions were to
trick me then I would've returned
the favor, but I didn't know and so
the directions I gave you were
perfect, Stranger.

MACHINA

I gave you my name; why do you still
choose to call me Stranger?

MERCHANT

Knowing your name doesn't mean you're
not a stranger, because you are.
Nonetheless, I am traveling to the
same place you are, shall we go
together?

Machina looks around to make sure there are no traps around.

MACHINA

I thought you ruled the trading in
this land, why do you want to go to
the safe house?

MERCHANT

I have a boss same as any, and he's
sending me to deal with a problem.

MACHINA

What kind of problem?

MERCHANT

The important kind of problem
stranger. Let's go.

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
info@filmmakers.com (serious inquiries only - for production or representation consideration)