

ODYSSEY PICTURES PRESENTS

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First Draft
10/08/2015

FADE IN:

INT. ROOM - DAY

A white room - no windows, no doors. A large oblong table stands central - chairs either end facing, empty.

CLOSE ON a DIGITAL CLOCK on one wall. The time: 11.55pm. The date: 31st December 1999. The time TICKS 11.56pm.

ON ROOM

Where now: Two MEN sit either end of the table, facing. Both well dressed, casual with a suave demeanor.

MAN #2

It's been far too long since we last spoke to one another.

MAN #1

Not long enough. Time goes by so fast for my liking.

MAN #2

Last we spoke, you discussed your visions of what you plan to bring forth upon the world.

MAN #1

I believed I've lived up to my word.

MAN #2

That you have, and so much more than I could ever have imagined.

MAN #1

I can only work with the tools that are in front of me.

MAN #2

Tools that were created with purpose, and meaning in mind.

MAN #1

What can I say? I like to ...

(beat)

... play with these puppets sometimes. They amuse me to no ends when I grow bored of them.

MAN #2

Is that how you saw them? Puppets!

MAN #1
Why not? I pull the strings and they
dance to my merry tune.

MAN #2
And what a merry dance you have lead
them all on.

MAN #1
(*sincerity*)
Thank you.

MAN #2
I sense your enjoyment of your
accomplishments.

MAN #1
Why shouldn't I?
(*beat*)
This world is but a stage on which
these puppets play upon.

A beat of SILENCE.

MAN #2
With so much love, so much humanity
that enrich their lives.
(*beat*)
You take it away in a heartbeat, all
for your own amusement.

MAN #1
You cannot have one without the
other, my dear friend.

MAN #2
But all those wars you created.
Nations attacking their neighbors,
millions of lives sacrificed - and
for what?

MAN #1
This world must be cleansed at times.

MAN #2
And those that kill for you? Those
that murder on your behalf, in your
own name!

MAN #1
Ah yes, that I am quite pleased of
myself - if I do say so.

MAN #2

Those lost souls that pass by in the
darkness, the whispers upon their
lips of your name.

MAN #1

The looks on their faces must be a
sweet sight to behold.

MAN #2

It is madness.

MAN #1

No, madness is standing by and
allowing it to happen and yet not
taking comfort, or glee in the
destruction before your eyes.

MAN #2

Because I am shackled by these rules
we both agreed upon.

(beat)

Neither of us may interfere while the
other lays the foundation for the
next hundred years of time.

Man #1 looks up at the lock --

-- as it reads: 11.58pm.

MAN #1

Time is almost upon us once again.

MAN #2

You feel no ... sadness for these so
called puppets, with all that you
have achieved over these years you've
had control?

MAN #1

No, why should I?

MAN #2

If only they knew the truth!

MAN #1

The truth? Why should they wish to
know that, I've always given you the
credit you deserve.

(smiles)

That was the right thing to do, after
all.

MAN #2

Even during my time, I've never caused such devastation, such pain and sacrifice as you have while under your control.

MAN #1

Thank you.

MAN #2

That was not aimed as a compliment.

MAN #1

I understand, and yet - even I can see that you, in some way are impressed by my work.

MAN #2

Impressed. Maybe! Yet through all this carnage, I still am confused at how they still love you.

MAN #1

Because I have my followers, those who worship me and spread my gospel to those wishing to listen.

MAN #2

A gospel you wrote. A gospel told of lies.

MAN #1

True, but they don't know that.

MAN #2

Maybe one day they will. They will see the truth. Their eyes will open wide and learn that it is not I who they should be fearful of, but you!

MAN #1

Possibly, but you must understand that I have a connection which you do not, and can never have.

MAN #2

Which is?

MAN #1

Faith, and hope my dear friend. I could threaten to bring forth the end of the world, and these puppets would always turn to me to save them ...

(MORE)

MAN #1 (cont'd)

(beat)

... never you!

The clock TICKS once more, reading: 11.59pm.

MAN #1

Time is almost upon us, and it will be interesting to sit back and watch you play your games. Trying to turn those against me with little hope.

MAN #2

I can all but try.

MAN #1

Even after all these centuries, you will never learn. They will remain blind to the truth for so long as they continue believing.

MAN #2

At least I may have given them some comfort. Some relief from the pain you have brought upon the world.

MAN #1

Until we meet again my dear brother.

Man #2 RISES from his seat, where upon a SHADOW casts against the backdrop. A shadow of a man with horns upon his forehead. The Devil.

He STEPS around to one wall - STOPS for a beat, GLANCES over his shoulder --

MAN #2

The people will see the truth. Be it a hundred years, or a thousand. They will eventually realize the truth.

-- where upon we see Man #1 remaining seated, a shadow casts upon the wall behind. A shadow of a glowing light, of God.

MAN #1

Not so long as I allow them to breathe.

MAN #2

They still look upon me as the evil of us two.

MAN #1
Evil with a capital D - my dear
friend.

MAN #2
And what does that make you then?

MAN #1
Why, my oldest friend. I simply put
am just ...
(beat)
... the Devil in Disguise.

Man #2 FADES into oblivion --

-- leaving Man #1 alone in the room. A slight smirk on his
face as he remains seated as we SLOWLY:

FADE TO BLACK: