

Club Prophecy

by

Erick Thorpe

Three Page Challenge

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FADE IN:

EXT. VENICE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Bleacher trash, football programs, and various school flyers blow around the lot. It's empty except for a couple of cars.

INT. PARKED SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS

TERRI

Y'know you ARE the Janitor. You might want to clean some of this shit up.

CHUCK THE JANITOR

CUSTODIAN. I got all night for that, baby. This is OUR time.

Slouched in the passenger side of the worn out nineteen seventy something buick is TERRI(17). Cute, in a menacing way. Hair dyed jet black. Too much red lipstick. Skirt so high, the slightest knee flexing shows her panties. Shows off the Betty Boop tattoo on her thigh. CHUCK THE JANITOR (43), leers all in her space. He swears he's still cool, like his car. Starting to comb his hair forward over his bald spot.

TERRI

(coy)

Is this where you bring all your jail bait?

CHUCK THE JANITOR

(wry)

Just on game nights. On school days it's under the auditorium stage. So you want to make out or what?

He grins devilishly. She looks at him repulsed, then SMACKS him in the face. They start to make out.

EXT. VENICE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

DEAFENING BOOM. Bright light comes from the football field.

INT. PARKED SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS

The car windows SHATTER. LOUD SCREAMS. Can't tell which is Terri.

TERRI P.O.V. FOOTBALL FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

The two hastily exit the car and run to the field. The fifty yard line is giant crater. At the bottom of the crater

stands a figure. ISO(18). Big guy. Fancy hooded cloak. Even through the cloak he has linebacker shoulders. He pulls back the hood enshrouding his face. Long silver hair dramatically catches the breeze. He looks up at the freaked out couple.

EXT. VENICE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD PARKING LOT --
CONTINUOUS

CHUCK THE JANITOR

He SEES us!

The two start to run. Chuck unchivalrously leaves Terri in the dust.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

The dirt begins to move under the big guy's feet. Like a conveyor belt, it lifts him out of the crater.

He reaches the parking lot fence. With a simple hand gesture, the FENCE SPLITS OPEN. In no hurry at all, he enters the lot watching Terri and Chuck running off.

CUT TO:

INT. VOLVOX RECORDS, MELROSE AVE -- CONTINUOUS

It's a small joint. One of LA's hidden treasures for scoring vinyl. Wall to wall records. In the basement it's the same. A sanctuary for derelict wax. Filing records like an old lady librarian sits EXO(18). Big guy, like our friend from the field. Same face. Could be twins. Shaved head with silver stubble defining his hairline. He RAISES HIS HEAD QUICKLY, like he just received a mild shock.

EXO

Shoot.

He grimaces disappointed.

EXO

(Under his breath)

He's here.

He gets up slowly. Zips up his hoody. Admires a record, Donald Byrd's "Dominoes". Begins to hum the tune. He makes a slight hand gesture. RECORD CRATES MOVE APART creating a walk way for him.

BACK TO:

EXT. VENICE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD PARKING LOT --
CONTINUOUS

Terri hunches over gasping for air. The mysterious man is almost upon her. Freaked out by his mobility, she tries to scream, but she's too damn tired and out of breath. Chuck is almost out of sight.

TERRI
(gasping for air)
Please...please don't hurt me.

He looks at her with sympathy.

TERRI
Some boyfriend...jerk.

The big guy WAVES HIS ARM. The ground CRACKS OPEN like an earthquake crevasse rapidly chasing down and enveloping Chuck. His faint scream fades as he falls into it.

TERRI
Wow. That was cool...What's your name?

ISO
Iso.

TERRI
Terri.

She begins to nervously twitch, like she's on a first date.

TERRI
Where are you from?

ISO
(grinning)
Not from around here.

TERRI
You need a place to stay?

He nods.

She takes him by the arm.

TERRI
My parents keep giving me crap about the type of men I bring home. Wait until they see you! If they give us any lip, feel free to put them in a hole too.

CUT TO: