

The Prophet

By

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06/02/2017

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

In the distance, a large, adoring crowd follows behind the PROPHEAT, a man in white robes, with a long beard, as he walks along. A WOMAN rushes into the street.

WOMAN  
The Prophet is here! The Prophet!

The Woman rushes off towards the crowd.

STREET DWELLER #1  
The Prophet!

STREET DWELLER #2  
The Prophet!

STREET DWELLER #3  
The Prophet!

MAN  
The Prophet!

The MAN rushes off.

EXT. PATH - DAY

The Prophet walks along, crowd in tow. The Man arrives.

MAN  
Prophet, Prophet!

PROPHEAT  
What is it, my son?

MAN  
Give me some advice.

The Prophet stops. The crowd gasp in anticipation.

PROPHEAT  
Do not get angry.

The crowd gasp in awe, then continue walking after the Prophet, but the Man isn't satisfied.

MAN  
Don't get angry?

PROPHEAT  
Yes, my child.

MAN  
But what if someone steals my parking space?

(CONTINUED)

PROPHET

Do not get angry.

MAN

But what if someone robs me?

PROPHET

Do not get angry.

MAN

Ahh, but what if someone  
blasphemes against the Prophet?

PROPHET

Do not get angry.

MAN

Surely anger can be used  
positively sometimes? Should we  
not be angered by the world's  
injustices and seek to correct  
them?

PROPHET

Do not get angry.

MAN

Should we not get angry at our  
mistakes and endeavour to correct  
them?

They enter a dark tunnel under a bridge.

PROPHET (V.O.)

Do not get angry!

MAN (V.O.)

But, Prophet, shouldn't we--

The Man gives out a blood-curdling SCREAM!

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TUNNEL - DAY

The Prophet, and the crowd, still in awe, emerge. The Prophet's robes are stained red all down the front. The crowd notice and look at him in terror. He looks serenely at them, but they all run away, and he sighs.

FADE OUT.

THE END