

The Prophet

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

In the distance, a large, adoring crowd follows behind the PROPHEt, 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!

PROPHEt
What is it, my son?

MAN
Give me some advice.

The Prophet stops. The crowd gasp in anticipation.

PROPHEt
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?

PROPHEt
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 (O.S.)
Do not get angry!

MAN (O.S.)
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