

BRIMSTONE
"Elemental"
By Derek Saul

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A ridiculously large and expensive apartment somewhere in the upper class of NYC's wealthy elite. Impeccably polished hardwood floors. Designer furniture. Tasteful impressionist art decorates the immaculate white walls. Brand name electronic equipment. Yet oddly impersonal.

We HEAR a MAN'S VOICE coming from the bedroom...

VOICE (O.C.)

Yeah... The Gauthier model is fine... Right... And tan beige... I cannot stress that enough... Absolutely...

The man (CARL MATHER), whose voice we've obviously been listening to, struts out from the bedroom, speaking on his CELL PHONE. He's in his late 40s, early 50s. Wearing a silk ARMANI SUIT. Stylishly coiffed brown hair with tints of grey on the sides. Looks about as charming as a bullfrog.

CARL

(into phone)

How about the one in the Coulier catalogue, the color looked right, but the texture...

He's moving around the apartment as he speaks on the phone, making little adjustments to the furniture, checking himself in the mirror every time he passes it...

CARL

(into phone)

The sky blue could work for me but it didn't seem to have enough pizzazz... Oh come on... Don't even get me started on the stitching...

We HEAR KNOCKING offscreen.

CARL

(into phone)

Okay, look, that's my door...

We'll continue this tomorrow...
(moving toward the
door)
No, don't make a move till you
hear from me... Right.

He collapses his cell and slips it into his suit jacket. He pauses in front of the door a moment, psyching himself, then swings it open.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN is standing there. Long wavy black hair. Creamy pale white skin. Eyes that can bore a hole through your soul with one look. Dressed in a revealing low-cut black dress. High heels.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Hi.

CARL
(jovial)
Glad you could make it. Come in,
come in.

The beautiful woman enters the apartment, Carl closing the door behind her. He directs her down the narrow doorway toward the spacious living room.

CARL
Can I get you a drink?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
No, thank you. I'm fine.

Carl nods, gestures her toward the couch.

CARL
Please, have a seat.

The woman does so, Carl sitting opposite her on the other couch.

They sit in silence a few moments, watching each other awkwardly. The woman glances over the apartment.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Very nice place you got here.

CARL
What's your name?

The woman shoots him a look. Carl's manner has suddenly become all business.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Lagosha.

CARL

(leans in closer)

Excuse me?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Lagosha.

CARL

Lagosha.

(smiles)

Can't say I've ever heard that name before. Very unusual.

Lagosha says nothing. Carl moves to the edge of the couch.

CARL

Well, Lagosha, let me be blunt for a second. You know why you're here. You came highly recommended by my associates, and I usually trust their judgment.

LAGOSHA

Then what are we waiting for?

Carl is surprised by her directness. Lagosha locks him with a ravenous glare.

LAGOSHA

I don't get paid to talk.

Carl seems satisfied by this. He rises from the couch, holding his hand out to Lagosha. She takes it, and Carl leads her toward the...

INT. BEDROOM

Lagosha enters, followed by Carl. Lagosha stops at the foot of the bed, turns to face Carl. Before she even completes her turn, Carl PUSHES her forcefully onto the bed.

She bounces off the mattress, using her legs to back herself up against the headboard as Carl maneuvers his way out of his jacket and tie. He falls onto the bed on top of her, moving his hands over her, fondling her with aggression. She lays her head back, moaning. He is necking her, and slowly moving down to her breasts.

LAGOSHA
(in between moans)
You're the head... of a financial
corporation... investments...
worth billions...

Carl grunts a response as he works roughly on her breasts...

LAGOSHA
But your name... is tainted...
your lineage... bathed in the...
blood of... innocents...

Carl stops, looks up at her.

CARL
What?

LAGOSHA
Blood runs thick... you can't
escape the destiny of your
ancestors...

CARL
What are you talking about? Who
are you?

LAGOSHA
The children must suffer for the
sins of their fathers...

CARL
Look, honey, after I'm done with
you, you'll have plenty of time
for other clients...
(grabs her hair)
...But I'm first, baby...

Suddenly we HEAR the faint sound of BLOWING WIND. Carl's
hair is being ruffled by the breeze.

CARL
What the hell...

He looks toward the WINDOWS. They're SHUT tight.

The wind is intensifying, growing STRONGER. It's starting to
blow objects across the room, SHATTERING picture frames and
mirrors.

Carl is looking around the room. He doesn't understand what
the fuck's going on.

Suddenly, he begins to GAG. His breathing is being blocked. He clutches his chest... choking... grasping at Lagosha's dress...

Lagosha smiles.

LAGOSHA

Find it hard to breathe, do you?

The winds pick up, almost at hurricane force, blowing Carl OFF THE BED and into the wall. He is still clutching his chest, gasping for air. His neck muscles begin to strain. Veins are about to burst, when suddenly...

WATER GUSHES OUT FROM CARL'S MOUTH like an exploding fountain, pouring out from his EARS and NOSE. His face has an oxygen-deprived bluish tinge to it.

Calmly, Lagosha climbs out of bed, the GALE FORCE WINDS having absolutely NO AFFECT on her, moving about as if the air were still. She gathers her things and strolls out the bedroom door.

As water continues to gush from every orifice in Carl's body, his skin begins to REDDEN, HEATING UP...

INT. LIVING ROOM

Lagosha strides confidently out the bedroom as behind her we SEE THE BEDROOM BURST INTO FLAMES.

Lagosha's eyes flash hellfire.

She walks out the front door without looking back.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER