

The Evil Before Eve

by

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FADE IN:

INT. JERUSALEM - MOTEL ROOM - DAY

A small, dark motel room with a small kitchenette, but very few amenities. With the curtains drawn, the only light comes from a desk lamp on a small desk.

SUPER - Jerusalem. June 16th.

The scene is SILENT with only a VOICE OVER HEARD.

RABBI SCHWARTZ (V.O.)

Although it has only been six days since my arrival in Jerusalem, it seems as if an age has passed.

An older man, RABBI SCHWARTZ, 60's, a thin, distinguished man smoking a pipe, sits in front of a desk. He calmly writes in a LEATHER BOUND JOURNAL.

RABBI SCHWARTZ (V.O.)

It has taken so long for the Ministry to approve my selected sites for the dig. I cannot wait any longer. I have spent my entire life in research. She is out there and I will find her...

A KNOCK on the door stops his writing.

He heads to and opens the door to see A YOUNG WOMAN, silhouetted and obscured by the mid-day sun peering in.

SHE WALKS IN.

It is the Rabbi's niece, LESLIE HILL, 18, a pretty girl with the same studious look her uncle has.

She carries in groceries as he returns to writing in his journal.

RABBI SCHWARTZ (V.O.)

I worry about Leslie. The desert is not a pleasant place for my brother's child. I am proud though that she has the same passion for archeology that I do.

INT. TEMPLE - DAY

From the darkness, a LIGHT SHEDS as a slab of rock removed.

A SILHOUETTE of a man stands at the entrance as an electric lantern goes on to reveal that he is Rabbi Schwartz.

Several workers stay outside as he enters.

He shines his light around the darkness to lighting this stone room about 400 square feet in size.

Along the walls are drawings and writings in ancient Hebrew. The drawings consist of scenes from Genesis in the Bible, showing God creating Adam.

The Rabbi shines a light into one drawing in particular.

CLOSE ON: A DRAWING depicting the biblical Eve being tempted to eat the Apple at the tree of knowledge.

Not by a SERPENT, but by ANOTHER WOMAN.

RABBI SCHWARTZ (V.O.)

The temple is not what I expected at all. It seemed more a tomb than a shrine. But nevertheless, it still shows that Lilith was more than an idle myth. She was worshipped here.

As the Rabbi walks slowly about the almost-empty room he sees, in the center, A STONE PEDESTAL.

Resting on its top, is A SMALL CHEST MADE OF GOLD.

It is ornate with three gold angels wrapped over the sides and front of the lid, like seals, locking it shut.

The Rabbi looks at the markings on and around it with great interest.

RABBI SCHWARTZ (V.O.)

Dear God.. The seal of the three Angels. Senoy, Sansenoy and Semangelof... Can this chest contain the Evil before Eve?

Slowly, he places a hand on the lid.

CLOSE ON: THE RABBI'S FACE turns to a mixture of amazement and horror as A BLINDING WHITE LIGHT engulfs him.

WHITE OUT:

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

KURT JOHNSON, 35, a well built, handsome man, stands at the water's edge as the waves rush up to his ankles. He pulls his wallet out of his pocket and looks inside.

INSERT - A SMALL WEDDING PHOTO of he and his wife, SHARON JOHNSON, late 20's, a beautiful, petite woman with long, flowing blonde hair.

A tear forms in Kurt's eyes as he drops the wallet. It hits the sand for a brief moment before the waves drags it into the sea.

Slowly, and without reservations, he starts to walk into the water, when...

A HAND TOUCHES HIS SHOULDER.

He quickly turns to see who it is. It takes a second for him to focus.

When he does, he's surprised to see that it is...

HIS WIFE SHARON.

KURT

Sharon?

SHARON

Yes, Kurt. It's me.

With a white flowing sundress and white blouse, she stands there. Her hair is long and flowing in the gentle sea breeze, even though tied with a white bow.

There is almost a HINT OF A GLOW about her, making her look quite angelic.

KURT

What are you doing here? They said you were... Dead.

SHARON

I am... I came to see you.

KURT

I missed you... God, I missed you.

He reaches over and hugs her. She holds him as he begins to cry. After a few moments, she pulls back.

SHARON

Kurt. I know you're lonely, but you can't do this. It's not your time.

KURT

(in tears)

You don't know what it's been like--
- A whole year-- I can't write--
my mind is all a mess. I want to
be with you so bad.

SHARON

And you will, someday-- but not
now.

Kurt looks at her as she speaks, but the FLUTTER OF BIRDS above them is distracting.

HE BRIEFLY LOOKS UP to the sky as the seagulls fly above him.

KURT

Do you remember that day on the
boardwalk?

Smiling, he looks back down to find that...

SHARON IS GONE.

He frantically looks around him and runs up the beach towards the Boardwalk, yelling out.

KURT

Sharon! Where did you go!

EXT. BOARDWALK - CONTINUOUS

Kurt runs up onto the boardwalk. He looks back and forth, down each end, calling Sharon's name.

KURT

Sharon!

Frantic and out of breath he runs up to someone who SITS ON A BENCH.

The OLD MAN, 70's, a street person, is unshaven, unkept and wears layers of mismatched and tattered clothes.

A SHOPPING CART rests near him, filled with everything imaginable, from soda bottles to broken computer parts.

He rocks the cart back and forth as if it were a baby carriage.

KURT

Have you seen Sharon?

OLD MAN

I knew a Sharon. She would dance with me at the U.S.O. every Saturday night. Boy, could she dance! Had legs that went all the way up--

KURT

No! That's not what I meant. Have you seen my wife, a young woman, run up here? Wearing white-- Just a few seconds ago.

The old man stares back at Kurt with eyes glazed over in dementia.

KURT

Never mind.

Saddened, Kurt turns and walks away.

The old man watches Kurt head down the boardwalk with his head down low.

The old man starts talking to the shopping cart, as if something alive was inside it.

OLD MAN

Sharon. Now that's a nice name for an Angel... Shhh. It's okay little one.

He bends over and picks up a trampled cigarette butt and lights it with an old Zippo lighter.

He inhales the smoke as if it was from a fine cigar.

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY STREETS - MORNING

As the sun begins to rise, the almost quiet city begins to awake, with cars and taxis going down the main drag.

Kurt walks aimlessly through the streets.

He stops at an intersection and rests his arms and head against a traffic signal pole.

On the other side of the street, SHARON COMES INTO FOCUS.

Kurt looks over and sees her.

KURT

Honey? Don't go. Not again.

SHARON

I have to, love. Take care of yourself.

He steps off the curb.

KURT

No. Don't leave. I want to be with you. I see you in everything. I don't want to live without you.

As he slowly walks across the street, a TAXICAB comes around the corner. Not noticing it, Kurt keeps walking towards her as they talk.

SHARON

I can't stay. I have to go.

KURT

NO! I love you.

SHARON

I know.

Just as Sharon says those last words, she looks down the street to see the taxi only TWENTY FEET away from Kurt.

SHARON

Kurt! No!

She looks away from the impending accident.

Kurt stops and turns to see the taxicab HEADING RIGHT FOR HIM.

His SCREAMS blend with the RING of an alarm clock.

WHITE OUT:

INT. KURT'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Kurt WAKES UP in a cold sweat as the ALARM CLOCK BLARES AWAY in his ears.

SUPER: Philadelphia. One years later.

He looks at the clock's display to see that it is 7 am.

Slowly, he gets up as if every bone in his body aches from lack of sleep.

Kurt leaves the room as the alarm clock continues to ring away.

BATHROOM

Kurt stares at the mirror in the almost dark bathroom, with the only light coming from the other room.

The cold water rushes from the faucet and splashes himself. The water clings to his face as he opens the medicine cabinet and grabs A STRAIGHT RAZOR.

He looks at it long and carefully.

AFTER A MOMENT, he turns on the light above the sink, puts shaving cream on his wet face and starts to shave.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - CITY STREETS - MORNING

Rush hour.

People and cars fill the streets, as they move about.

INT. PLAZA COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

BARRY BROOKS, 40's, an overweight, yet smartly dressed man, sits at a table. He eats his breakfast as Kurt enters.

BARRY

Over here.

Kurt sits down next to Barry as a WAITRESS comes over to take Kurt's order. A small Band-Aid covers Kurt's chin-- a cut from shaving.

KURT

Just coffee thanks-- Black.

She jots down the order and leaves.

BARRY

You know, you'll save a fortune on Band-Aids if you buy an electric shaver.

KURT

And give up my life of danger... Besides, my dad gave me that straight edge when I turned sixteen.

BARRY

Didn't like you very much, did he?

KURT

So, what's on your mind, Barry?

BARRY

Nothing much. Just wanted to see how you were doing.

KURT

Why don't I believe you?

Just then, the waitress comes back with Kurt's cup of coffee and sets it down in front of him.

Kurt reaches for his wallet, but Barry cuts him off.

BARRY

Just put it on my bill, Sally. You really should try the Cherry Danish. They make them fresh, here.

Kurt looks up at her.

KURT

No thanks, the coffee's just fine... You didn't call me here for a taste test. What's up?

Kurt puts his wallet away as the waitress walks away, she briefly looks back at him and smiles.

He awkwardly smiles back at her.

BARRY

How's the new book coming along?

KURT

It's not... Yet.

BARRY

Why didn't you tell me you're having a block?

KURT

It's no big deal. I'll write something soon. I promise.

He puts his fork down and fumbles for a moment under the table. He reaches into his briefcase and pulls out a folder with papers in it.

BARRY

Your contract requires one novel per year, due out for publication for the summer season-- I don't have to tell you that you're time is almost up.

KURT

Stall Jack-- I need more time.

BARRY

You don't have it. Listen... I know what's going on... Sharon meant a lot to you-- me too, but she's gone now and you have to go on with your life. It's been a year.

Kurt retaliates with a blazing glare.

KURT

I am getting on with my life.

BARRY

When dad died and left me the agency, I was scared. I didn't think I could do it without him. Then I realized that what he taught me will always be there for me. As Sharon will for you.

KURT

You're right. I can't get her out of her mind though. I have the same dream about her almost every night.

Kurt stirs his coffee, obsessively.

KURT

Maybe I'm just out of ideas.

BARRY

Do you remember the first time we met?

KURT

Yeah! I almost got arrested.

BARRY

You were quite the nut... You burst into dad's office-- threw down a hand written manuscript at him. I was already dialing security.

KURT
I was pretty ballsy.

BARRY
And you said?

KURT
Uh...

Barry thinks for a moment and begins to mimic Kurt's mannerisms.

BARRY
(impersonating Kurt)
Mr. Brooks. You're the best literary agent in country and I'm the best writer. Read the first chapter. If it doesn't blow your doors off, I'll leave and never come back.

KURT
And your point?

BARRY
After the rent a cops dragged you away, He read the first chapter, and then the second. He read the entire thing in one sitting...

KURT
Those were the days. It was a good read.

BARRY
I don't think he's ever read a client's work to the last page. He saw great talent in you, and so do I-- even now.

Kurt hangs his head low.

KURT
All right. What do you want me to do?

BARRY

Here me out... Write a sequel to "Gates of Hell," and put some guts into it... Literally.

KURT

"Gates of Hell?" God! That was like four years ago.

BARRY

It was your best book. The fans would love to see a sequel. Besides, it would be a quick write... And that's what you need right now.

KURT

I don't know if I can do that.

BARRY

Trust me, you can. You don't want me to have to call the cops again. This time for renegeing on your contract.

Kurt gets up with the folder and starts to walk away. He turns back to Barry.

KURT

And what if I can't?

BARRY

Then the world has lost a truly gifted writer.

KURT

Good point. Bullshit, but a good point.

Kurt turns back and leaves the coffee shop as Barry finishes his coffee.