

PROXIES

Written by

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OVER BLACK.

A loud siren.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(over megaphone)
Wake up. Contribute. Subsist.

FADE IN:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

A small, sparse apartment, devoid of any decorations and consisting of only a rudimentary kitchen, a bed, desk, and TV. The windows are all covered, allowing only the faintest sliver of light through. A man in his mid-twenties, SAM, wakes up and immediately takes a handful of pills from a bottle marked SUNDAY.

He mixes powder from a container also marked SUNDAY into a glass of water, creating a dark, muddy liquid. He drinks it while staring at a calendar on the wall that shows June 5 as the date. It says REALIZATION SOON. The next day, June 6, reads PURPOSE ABOUND.

HOME SPEAKER (V.O.)
Reminder: Meeting tomorrow at The
Authority. 6:00 AM. Tardiness means
cleansing.

Sam looks over at his door, it's locked. He starts playing a video game. The screen shows a character running through a sunny, grassy field. Sam's expression changes from blank to sorrowful.

BEGIN FLASHBACK.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Sam sits down, having a picnic with a girl. They are laughing and eating.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(over megaphone)
Report any sightings of The
Extremist and his Unordinaries.

Sam is unceremoniously pulled out of his daydreaming. He stares blankly into the TV screen. A loud knock at the door. He walks over and looks through the peephole. A middle-aged MAN wearing a purple blazer, yellow pants, and a brightly colored bowtie is standing in the hallway. His hair is long and blonde, accompanied by an unkempt beard and exotic sunglasses on his face.

SAM
(confused)
Who are you?

MAN
Let me in. You'll know then.

SAM
I can't have visitors today. Go
away before I call The Authority.

The man continues to stand in the hallway and starts whistling. Sam goes to grab his phone. He picks it up and starts dialing.

SAM (CONT'D)
By the way what are you doing out?
You're supposed to be refl-

As Sam turns around he sees the man now standing in his apartment. He drops his phone in surprise.

MAN
Shame on you for making your guest
wait outside for so long.

SAM
Help! Call The Authority, The
Extremist is trying to kill me!

THE EXTREMIST
Calm down, I'm not here to hurt
you.

SAM
The Authority said you knew dark
magic. Ancient evil.

THE EXTREMIST
What else?

SAM
They said you were tricky. They
said you would try to seduce people
with your perverted desires. I
won't let you. I know my place.

THE EXTREMIST
Your place in this dark hole all
day? Don't you wish to see the
world?

SAM
I know my purpose! Soon it will be
fully realized. I don't desire
cheap pleasures like you.

The Extremist slowly moves toward Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)
Stay back!

The Extremist opens the curtains on the window.

SAM (CONT'D)
Stop!

The light from outside blasts through the apartment. Sam
winces.

THE EXTREMIST
Marvelous.

The two look out the window at the bright, bustling city
outside.

SAM
(under his breath)
Just like the TV.

THE EXTREMIST
But real. You would never
understand without a little push.
Now enjoy what I've given you.

The door to his apartment opens. Sam looks out into the
hallway. He looks back to the Extremist, but he vanished. Sam
hesitates to leave.

THE EXTREMIST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Where's your spirit of defiance?

Sam quickly turns toward the voice, but no one is there.

THE EXTREMIST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
She would be so disappointed. How
pathetic.

Sam is frozen in indecision.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Sam emerges out of his building and into a dark, wet alley. He gasps. Fog rolls through the trashy lane as people wander around aimlessly. He starts walking forward.

Screams of agony penetrate the night. People run past him, some chasing others, wailing as they flee. A girl runs past him, chased by an older man. She catches his attention.

SAM

Alice!

Sam runs after them, but they disappear into the darkness. Sam's breath quickens. A man, dirty and injured, crawls toward Sam, wailing in desperation.

DIRTY MAN

Help... I thought... Forgive me.

Sam turns and runs toward the door he came from but can't find it. He starts sobbing. A figure emerges from the dark, approaching him. The figure is dressed in a white suit with gloves and no face. A faceless proxy.

FACELESS PROXY

Come. All is forgiven by The Authority.

The Faceless Proxy leads Sam, weeping and scared, back to his apartment.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

The two walk in and the Faceless Proxy pours pills from the bottle marked SUNDAY, into his hand, and gives them to Sam.

FACELESS PROXY

Take this.

The Faceless Proxy ushers Sam to his bed. Sam lies down, still recovering from the ordeal.

SAM

Were those.. The Unordinaries?

FACELESS PROXY

(nodding)

Don't forget their faces.

SAM

(sobbing)

I'm sorry.

FACELESS PROXY
You fell for his perversions. Such
foolishness is not without
consequence.

SAM
I deserve all of it.

The Faceless Proxy's demeanor quickly shifts from caring to menacing as he forcefully grabs Sam's face with his hand.

FACELESS PROXY
And?

SAM
And I should have listened to The
Authority.

The Faceless Proxy calms back down and lets go of Sam.

FACELESS PROXY
I'm glad you see it that way. It
seems you're finally ready for
tomorrow. But try to sleep now, you
have a long road ahead of you.

Sam drifts off to sleep. The Faceless Proxy grabs a pillow next to Sam and puts it over Sam's face. He ruthlessly smothers the life from Sam without a word.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Three men sit in three chairs, facing a door and watching an analog clock on the wall. The time reads 5:59 AM.

BUSINESSMAN #1
One minute.

BUSINESSMAN #2
Less.

BUSINESSMAN #3
To be late would be quite
unordinary.

The door opens and the Faceless Proxy walks in, revealing that two of the businessmen are dressed the same as him, and also faceless. The third businessman is The Extremist.

BUSINESSMAN #1
Right on time.

BUSINESSMAN #2
Cutting it close.

THE EXTREMIST
Extraordinary.

The Extremist gets up from his chair and walks toward the
Faceless Proxy.

THE EXTREMIST (CONT'D)
Welcome to The Authority. Good to
see you again.

CUT TO BLACK.