

FIRE & BRIMSTONE  
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FADE IN:

INT. BRIMSTONE ARCHITECTURE FIRM, STATEN ISLAND — MORNING

ELIJAH, a mid-twenties man with brown hair, a stutter, unhealthily pale skin, and pitted eyes, walks through a small, quiet firm, at which he is a junior partner. Elijah's hair is unkempt, and he wears a dress shirt tucked into black pants. Both are wrinkled and look slept-in. He drops an empty coffee cup into a trash can.

The office space he walks through has a half dozen spread out desks, where there are well dressed employees monotonously going through paperwork and pencilling at engineering prints. None of the workers look up while Elijah moves through the space.

Elijah sits at a small corner desk, with a desk-top drawing table.

SFX. ABRUPTLY, A PHONE STARTS RINGING.

INSERT CALLER ID SCREEN OF OFFICE PHONE AT ELIJAH'S DESK:  
JAMIESON RENOVATIONS.

Elijah lets the phone ring until it goes to voicemail and the answering machine picks up.

FEMALE CALLER

Elijah! Calling from Jamieson Reno about the plans you were drawing up for the new design. We were expecting to receive those yesterday, like we talked about, but life happens. Looking forward to seeing them. Give us a call back when you get this message. Okay, talk to you soon.

On Elijah's drawing table is a 24x36 engineering paper titled "JAMIESON RENOVATIONS." The paper is blank aside from a few erased lines.

ZEKE'S OFFICE, BRIMSTONE ARCHITECTURE

ZEKE, a balding, middle-aged Latin-American man and Senior Partner of the firm, is on the phone murmuring affirmations before he hangs up his phone.

FIRM BULLPEN

Elijah holding drafting pencil over drawing table, procrastinating and trying to stay awake. His knee bounces with misplaced energy. Fifteen paces away, a door opens. Elijah looks up to see Zeke leans through the doorframe and looks out across the bullpen, his eyes eventually meeting Elijah's.

ZEKE

Eli. Can I see you in my office?

Elijah pauses at the use of "Eli." He says nothing, but nods at Zeke, standing.

As Elijah begins walking over, Zeke retreats into the open doorway, leaving the door ajar. Elijah passes BARRY, another junior partner with blond hair and round glasses.

BARRY

(Looking up at Elijah)

Good luck, man.

Elijah exhales shakily and claps Barry on the shoulder as he passes him.

ZEKE'S OFFICE

Zeke is sitting, moving his chair closer into his desk. Elijah enters, about to speak.

ZEKE

(Cutting him off)

Could you close the door behind you?

Elijah shuts his mouth, eyes widening a bit, and he closes the door as he steps further into the room.

Zeke gestures with a hand for Elijah to take a seat across from him. Both chairs are mostly wooden, but have backs with fraying

upholstery. Elijah sits in the left chair and swallows, visibly nervous.

ZEKE

I just got off a very interesting call with Frankie Jamieson. She had some interesting things to say. (Cupping hands together) Anything you want to tell me, Eli?

Elijah straightens and leans forward a bit in his seat.

ELIJAH

(Stuttering badly)

I tried to... well I meant to have the plans-

ZEKE

Elijah, if we lose this Reno account, we take a big hit. As senior partner, I need to know if you can't handle the responsibility... Well? Should I give it to someone else? Barry has expressed interest, it might mean things are a bit delayed, but if it'll get the draft done! (Standing and striding toward the door comically) What do you say, should I bring him in here?

ELIJAH

(Clearly)

No! Wait!

Zeke stops by the door with his hand on the knob.

ELIJAH

Wait, wait, stop. I'll get it done; just give me until tomorrow!

Zeke looks to Elijah and touches his own nose.

ZEKE

You know that's a week's work...

ELIJAH

...I'll take it home.

Hesitating, Zeke looks at Elijah with skepticism.

ELIJAH

(Debating)

Off the clock, of course.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELIJAH'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Elijah leaning against balcony railing, smoking a cigarette. The balcony is small, has a metal railing with chipped paint, and the window of the unit next door is boarded up. Elijah takes a drag from the cigarette and flicks the ash over the side.

INT. ELIJAH'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK - MONTAGE

-Elijah at coffee table with pencil and paper. Empty take out containers on couch.

-Elijah at desk with wide-format prints, comparing them to drafting program on a screen.

-Elijah sitting at same desk not working, staring at wall.

-Elijah at counter, pouring a drink.

-Elijah sitting back down, sips drink, then downs it, stands back up.

-Elijah at counter, pouring another drink.

-Elijah sitting back down, finishing drink again, then after some deliberation, standing.

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO:

ELIJAH'S DESK - NIGHT

Elijah peels his face off of his desk, groaning.

INSERT ELIJAH'S PHONE, AN ALARM GOING OFF AND "2:00 AM" ON THE SCREEN.

Elijah opens and closes his jaw and rubs at his cheek. He slaps himself lightly once and begins back to work, setting another alarm, this time for 4 AM.

The room is silent, and he begins tracing over pieces of a design, a thin bond paper lain over top of a drawing tablet surface. This continues and Elijah looks pleasantly surprised with himself.

SFX. A DISTANT SIREN WAILING.

Elijah's head cranes up to look over to the balcony, only the screen door closed. As soon as he looks in that direction-

SFX. KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

ELIJAH

(Under his breath)

What the fuck? (Elijah checks the time again)

He stands and curiously walks over to the door while the knocking continues. Tilting his head, he opens the door with the door chain still in place.

ELIJAH

(Stutter less prominent)

It's two in the goddamn morning, what do you—

BARRY

(Slurring his words slightly)

Hey man! I didn't wake you, did I? Are you busy,  
can I come in?

ELIJAH

(Exhaling hard through his nose)

Yeah... yeah, give me one second.

Elijah closes the door.

SFX. DOOR CHAIN BEING REMOVED.

The door opens again and Elijah gestures for Barry to come in.

BARRY

(Stumbling in toward the couch)

Thanks, man, I'm seriously... seriously shittered.  
Been a while since I've crashed on your couch,  
hey?

ELIJAH

(Closing the door again and latching it)

Yeah... That's (trips over his words) that's why  
you're here? Nothing, um, nothing else?

They both sit on opposite ends of the couch.

BARRY

(Head back and eyes closed)

Nah, why? Is this about Zeke today? Man, fuck that guy.

ELIJAH

(Looks over to desk where the project lay abandoned)

No... no, not exactly... But, yeah, he can be a bit much.

BARRY

(Sitting up properly)

A bit much? He almost fired me last week for a measurement error on a draft. The guy's got a power complex. Whatever you did, man, it can't actually be that bad.

ELIJAH

(Clearly and quietly)

I almost lost the Jamieson account.

They're both silent for a moment.

BARRY

Well fuck.

ELIJAH

If I don't give Zeke at least something tomorrow, I'll be packing my things. They'll probably give you the account.



BARRY

But... you can get 'em drawn up, yeah?

ELIJAH

By morning? I don't know, like, realistically, I mean.

BARRY

Right...

ELIJAH

(Growing manic)

I probably should get my shit in gear, but, haven't had much of a fucking support system, y'know, since— (cuts himself off)

BARRY

No... you're right. Everyone needs a little help once in awhile. Or at least some fucking slack, man... I bet if you just talked to Zeke, it might work out better than you think.

ELIJAH

Yeah, Zeke doesn't exactly strike me as a 'cut you some slack' kind of guy. (Almost stands up. With hands on knees.) I just... Bear, maybe it's best. Maybe I should just enjoy the free-time I'd have if I'm painfully fired tomorrow.

BARRY

(Looking mournful)

If that's what you want. Your health is important too. It could be good for you. But you shouldn't have to suffer for it either...

Elijah nods slowly. While Barry takes all this in, he stands from Elijah's couch, and walks into the kitchen, stumbling less. Barry moves fluidly, like he knows what he's doing, and grabs a glass out of Elijah's cupboard. Barry pours a drink.

Elijah stands from couch and clutches head. After recovering, he walks by his desk and picks up his empty glass from earlier. Considers it a moment, before looking up at Barry who is standing between kitchen and living room sipping his drink.

ELIJAH

(Taking a step forward)

You probably don't need to be drinking anymore.

BARRY

(Drinking thirstily)

Mhm.

ELIJAH

(Now headed toward kitchen)

Serious Bear, cut it out.

Elijah reaches for Barry's glass as he approaches. Barry pushes off the wall and downs the last of the glass as he avoids Elijah. Barry leans against the opposite wall.

When Elijah pauses and agitatedly approaches again, Barry plucks Elijah's empty cup away, now holding one in either hand.

BARRY

(Sniffing Elijah's glass)

And what's your poison nowadays?

Elijah's hand stops a few inches from Barry before it falls and drops back to his side. He exhales defeated. Before he makes a realization.

ELIJAH

You're not drunk, are you?

BARRY

Not yet (stands from wall).

ELIJAH

(Taking cups and placing them on counter)

Then why act like it?

BARRY

(Stepping even closer. Suggestively.)

Well it got me through the door, didn't it?

ELIJAH

(Hesitates but turns back into the living room)

You know me... right? Maybe it's best I do get fired. Take some severance. Make some friends, while I'm on the job hunt I mean...

BARRY

(Following him. Sarcastically.)

What? You mean that your fellow Brimstonians aren't good enough for you? (Faking being insulted) How dare you?

Elijah tries not to smile and sits on the arm of the couch, falling back onto the cushions. He snorts and stares at the ceiling.

ELIJAH

(Pensive)

Well, I mean actual friends. No bullshit to make things messy. Still, you're the only one there who'll tolerate me, Bear, and we both know how that goes.

Barry walks further into the living room, placing what's left of his glass on the coffee table. Turns around to tower over Elijah.

BARRY

Yeah. (Leaning down slightly) I suppose we do.

CUT TO:

ELIJAH'S BEDROOM

Elijah lay sleeping face down on grey sheets. Barry's arm draped over his shoulders.

INSERT ELIJAH'S PHONE, AN ALARM GOING OFF AND "4:00 AM" ON THE SCREEN.

Elijah groans and tries to roll over to ignore it, still half-asleep.

Barry reaches over Elijah and grabs his phone off the night stand. He dismisses the alarm and puts the phone back down. He lays back down, back flat now and sighs. Looks like he can't

sleep. Barry grabs his glasses off of his side's bedside table, puts them on, and sits up.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

Barry standing over the sink in his boxers, finishing a glass of water. Splashing his face, he then walks over and closes the balcony door. He stops to survey the apartment. He picks up a few of the empty take out containers and walks them over to the trash can. Washing his hands, Barry starts heading back to the bedroom when he sees the drafting supplies splayed across Elijah's desk. He ignores it and continues

CUT TO:

BEDROOM

Barry is dressed and grabbing his things. He looks at Elijah sleeping and barely hesitates before turning and leaving the room. Following him through, he almost reaches the foyer when his eyes snag on the desk again. Barry shakes his head and looks frustrated with himself. He checks his watch and begins turning in his place. A few more seconds of hesitation and Barry approaches the desk and passively glances at the engineering paper, then the digital copy.

Barry shakes his head again and he turns to walk away but pauses a final time, before looking back toward the desk.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM – MORNING

Elijah wakes up to a shirt being thrown in his face. Barry hurriedly buckles his belt.

BARRY

Hurry up! We're late.

Elijah closes his eyes and groans before sitting up quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIMSTONE ARCHITECTURE – MORNING

Barry holds the door open for Elijah who enters, pauses looking around and then moves past the front desk into the bullpen. Barry follows behind him.

Elijah begins heading toward his desk, head down, no one looks up. He sits down and before he can settle in, Zeke catches his eye, standing in his office doorway.

Zeke perks up at the sight and begins walking over to Elijah. At first, Elijah nods in greeting, before his eyes go wide with panic. Elijah curses under his breath, scrambling with his bag and belongings to get settled into his desk and gather himself before Zeke gets there. He looks over to Barry, already working seamlessly at his desk. Zeke stops a few paces away.

Zeke looks over Elijah and his faked sense of calm, opens his mouth to say something, when Elijah's phone starts to ring.

ELIJAH

(Finger up to pause Zeke. Answering phone.)

Brimstone Architecture.

BARRY

(On other end of the call.)

Pretend it's Frankie Jamieson. I'm calling to ask about the plans again, why they're late, etc.

ELIJAH

Yes, Ms. Jamieson. There was just a problem with some finishing touches... uh huh... yes Ms. Jamieson. Of course. Of course. I will send them over as soon as possible.

Zeke, looking impressed, folds his arms in anticipation.

Elijah nods anxiously, while Zeke mouths something at him. Elijah can't discern it and looks at Zeke confused.

ZEKE  
(Very quiet)

Can I see them? (Points at the tube Elijah placed on his desk)

Elijah looks back and forth between Barry and Zeke, frantically.

BARRY

Don't panic.

ELIJAH

(Stutter evening. Through his teeth)

Good talking to you, Ms. Jamieson. Yeah. Right away. We can discuss the plans soon. (Hangs up)

Zeke pulls out print from tube and unrolls one of the pages. He considers the page for a good 20 seconds. Zeke lowers page to reveal his brows furrowed. He leans forward, spreading the page down over the surface of Elijah's desk.

Elijah peers down to get a look, but Zeke catches his attention.

ZEKE

I have some concerns.

ELIJAH  
(In resignation.)

Only some? That's an awfully nonchalant way of putting it. (Grabbing things off of desk)

ZEKE

Well, sure it could use some work.

Elijah pauses and looks back over.

ZEKE

But it is a first draft, and, it's done, so, what did I expect really. I'm just surprised you could get it done! You must have been up all night with it!

CUT TO:

ELIJAH'S BEDROOM — LAST NIGHT

Elijah sleeps soundly, getting no work done.

CUT TO:

ELIJAH'S DESK — BRIMSTONE BULLPEN

ELIJAH

Yeah... must have been.

Elijah stares at Zeke in dawning bewilderment, as he peers over the Jamieson Renovation plans for the first time. They are clumsily drawn up, but complete. He pulls out his drawing tablet and hooks it into his desk computer. Elijah pulls up the digital copy that has been transcribed much more cleanly into the drafting program. He and Zeke begin talking over the plans while Barry looks over, looks back down at his desk, and keeps working.

FADE OUT.