

Corpus Christi

FADE IN:

EXT. BROWN ORCHARD MOTEL - DUSK

A faded building off the beach surrounded by brown wasteland.

CHRISTOPHER JOSEPHS, 30's, and MARIA JOSEPHS, 50's, approach the motel from the ocean.

Sand whips into their face. Christopher helps Maria through the dirty wind.

Even though there's ocean, the rest is just Texas desert.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY

Christopher struggles against the wind to close the door behind them. Maria looks around the empty lobby.

Christopher brushes sand out of his stubble beard and rings a bell on the desk.

Nothing.

After a moment, Christopher rings the bell again.

MARIA

Think they shut themselves in already?

CHRISTOPHER

No. I'm sure they would've locked the door up.

FISHER (O.S.)

I'm coming!

They look toward a hallway door. It hesitantly opens and KINGSTON FISHER, 40's, in a wheelchair, rolls himself in.

FISHER

Howdy.

Christopher and Maria nod at him.

CHRISTOPHER

Hi.

FISHER

How can I help ya?

The two look at each other, then back to Fisher.

CHRISTOPHER

We have kind of a situation on our hands. It's getting real bad outside...

Christopher stops. He doesn't know how to finish.

Fisher nods.

FISHER

You guys need a place to stay for the storm?

CHRISTOPHER

We don't have much money.

Fisher looks at them closely.

FISHER

You's don't look high right now.

CHRISTOPHER

No. We don't do that.

FISHER

I'm sorry. It's just being here in the middle of nowhere and all, and times like this. Well, we're kind of used to dealing with squatters here, and, most of the time they're soaked through their brain.

Fisher wheels himself behind the desk.

FISHER

I kick them out any other time I see them, but nights like tonight, I don't.

Fisher selects a key hanging on the wall.

FISHER

At any rate, I appreciate you asking first instead of breaking in and making yourself at home. I can set you up in one of our rooms.

MARIA

If you need us to work it off, we can.

FISHER

Well, based on the storm that's on the way, let's just hope we can make it through the night, first. We can worry about the rest later.

Fisher wheels back around the desk and holds the key out to Christopher.

Christopher reaches for it and it slips through his fingers. He bends down to pick it up.

While kneeling in front of him, Christopher places his hand on Fisher's knee and squeezes it lightly.

CHRISTOPHER

Thank you. For everything.

FISHER

Well, like I said. I'm not used to being asked for permission. Thank you for that.

Christopher stands back up and Fisher takes a notebook off the desk and sets it in his lap.

FISHER

Now, I'm not charging you, but I'd still like to take your names down if I can, in case anything does happen because of the storm, and if someone comes up missing. This way I have a name to give them.

CHRISTOPHER

My name's Christopher Josephs.

Fisher writes.

CHRISTOPHER

And this is my mother, Maria.

Fisher finishes writing and wheels them to the door.

FISHER

Just to let you know, your room hasn't been touched in quite a long time, so I can't promise there won't be any dust that's built up.

MARIA

It'll be fine.

FISHER

Usually, this is where I'd help you carry your bags, but I see you don't have any.

MARIA

You've done more than enough already.

Christopher prepares to open the door to the storm again.

FISHER

They're naming this one Falco. He's supposed to be here in the next few hours. I got a couple extra boards in the back for your windows. I'll dig 'em up and bring 'em out to you as quick as I can.

Christopher nods and opens the door. Rain, sand, and wind whip into the room.

Christopher puts an arm around Maria and leads her out into the storm. They slam the door shut behind them.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Christopher closes the door hard behind them. Maria switches the light on and looks around the room.

MARIA

It's going to be a strong one, this time.

CHRISTOPHER

A little bit.

Christopher picks a white towel up off the bed and presses it against his face. He dabs the rain and dirty sand off.

He lays the towel out on the tiny bed.

CHRISTOPHER

I'll check for anymore towels or blankets in the bathroom and get a bed set up on the floor.

Maria settles herself into the room as Christopher walks past a closet door into the bathroom.

Maria fingers a blanket of dust on the nightstand next to the bed and wipes it on her clothes.

INT. BATHROOM

Christopher walks in and checks the cupboard under the sink. He finds a couple towels and blankets and pulls them out.

He sets them aside and starts to turn the sink faucet on to wash his hands.

He stops dead in his tracks.

The sink is wet with water droplets.

Christopher examines the faucet. No leak.

Christopher turns his head back outside the bathroom door and peeks back in the room.

CHRISTOPHER

Mom?

INT. ROOM

Christopher walks back out and looks at his mother by the bed. She looks back at him.

MARIA

What's wrong?

CHRISTOPHER

I don't know. Something's-

The closet door behind Christopher slams open and PARISH POLLOCK, 30's, leaps out and grabs Christopher around the throat.

He slams him into a wall and whispers into his ear.

POLLOCK

I've been here. You gotta go break into another room.

Pollock's eyes are glazed and red. He's hinged and coming down from a high.

CHRISTOPHER

The clerk gave us this room.

Pollock presses Christopher's face harder into the wall, holding him at bay.

Christopher doesn't even try to get free.

POLLOCK

You're lying.

MARIA

We have the key right here.

Maria quickly lifts the key up in her hands and Pollock looks at it.

POLLOCK

The clerk knows you're here?

Christopher nods.

Stoned, Pollock decides what to do.

Taking a deep breath, Pollock slams Christopher into the nightstand, knocking a lamp over to the ground.

Christopher falls and tries to put his arms under him to soften the blow.

His right hand lands on the lamp's bulb and smashes it.

A shard of glass jams up into Christopher's palm.

Pollock is on him in a heartbeat and punches at Christopher's face over and over.

Christopher doesn't even shield himself. He just picks the glass out of his hand before the next barrage of punches come.

Christopher looks at the wound in the middle of his palm.

Maria just cowers in a corner.

Pollock lifts Christopher up and throws him across the room.

Christopher's head slams into the glass window. Pollock rushes over and pulls his head back into the room.

The storm rages violently outside. Wind whirs in through the broken window.

A crown of blood leaks from Christopher's forehead. He still doesn't fight back.

MARIA

Please! Leave him alone!

Pollock shoves Christopher back onto the floor near the broken nightstand and picks up two wooden table legs.

He presses them down onto Christopher's chest hard and keeps shoving them down until he hears Christopher's ribs crack from the pressure.

Christopher strains to breathe as he asphyxiates under Pollock's weight on the wood.

MARIA

Please stop! You're killing him.

Pollock waits until Christopher's breaths stop coming, and he turns around to Maria in the corner.

He walks over to her and she backs away as far as she can.

Pollock towers over her and breathes deep.

POLLOCK

You smell good.

Pollock touches her cheek and Maria, scared, turns away.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY - NIGHT

Fisher wheels himself from the back room with a couple large pieces of wood on his lap.

He wheels around behind the desk and grabs a hammer and some nails.

INT. ROOM - SAME TIME

Christopher lies dead on the floor, the wooden table legs still on his chest.

Pollock holds Maria face down and spread eagle on the edge of the bed, her clothes pulled up.

He slowly pumps himself into her from behind. Maria cries and struggles, but can't get free.

Pollock closes his eyes and keeps his slow rhythm.

Eventually, he hears wetness and moisture with every penetration.

He backs out of her and looks down at himself.

He touches it and looks at his hand. Blood.

He looks at her as Maria pulls her undergarments back down and backs away on the bed, sulking.

He looks at the bit of blood on the bed and around her crotch.

POLLOCK

I wasn't rough. You didn't smell
like you were bleeding.

Maria holds herself and cries. She shakes her head.

POLLOCK

Why are you bleeding?

Maria doesn't answer. Just cries.

POLLOCK

Why're you bleeding!?

Maria's lip quivers.

MARIA

I've never...

She shakes her head and looks at him.

MARIA

No one's ever been... inside me
before.

Pollock swallows.

POLLOCK

I heard him call you 'mom'.

Maria reluctantly nods.

MARIA

Yes. I'm his mother.

Pollock just looks at her. Then he looks to Christopher, dead, on the ground.

Realization sinks in and he looks back at her, in shock.

EXT. BROWN ORCHARD MOTEL - NIGHT

Fisher rolls himself out into the whipping rain. He struggles to close the office door behind him.

He collects the wood and hammer and nails on his lap and starts towards the Josephs' room.

The wind pushes his chair back and forth.

Fisher stops when he sees the window to the room is broken.

Then, Pollock opens the door of the room and walks outside, dazed and sad.

Pollock doesn't look anywhere.

He just hangs his head, turns toward the beach, and walks into the storm.

Fisher starts wheeling after him.

FISHER

Hey!

Pollock keeps walking.

FISHER

HEY!

Parish Pollock, still walking, turns his head around.

He stares at Fisher for a moment, then turns his head back around and keeps walking towards the ocean.

Fisher wheels himself towards the room.

Pollock walks across the beach, bends down, and washes his hands in the tide.

He stands up, mesmerized, and watches the storm roar in from the sea. It's getting stronger.

Pollock walks into the water, and keeps going.

INT. ROOM - SAME TIME

Fisher finally makes it to the doorway, throws the wood aside, and wheels himself into the room.

Maria has Christopher's body laid on the bed now, the wooden table legs splayed over his chest in a cross.

Maria kneels next to him and weeps into her hands.

FISHER

Oh my God.

Maria looks up at him through her tears.

MARIA

The room wasn't empty.

Fisher looks out the window towards where Pollock had disappeared into the water.

FISHER

I'll go call someone.

Fisher wheels himself back around and struggles to get back out the door. The wind keeps pushing his chair back in.

Maria looks at him, and then down to Fisher's knee where Christopher had touched him earlier.

MARIA

You can walk, now.

Fisher looks at her. He doesn't understand.

Maria bows her head.

Fisher looks at Christopher.

The white towel Christopher had used to wipe his face earlier still lays on the bed.

Christopher's sandy face print is smudged on it.

Fisher watches Maria weep over Christopher's body.

FADE TO BLACK.