

Forgotten Faith
By

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OVER BLACK:

The sound of WHISTLING winds and harsh rain.

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

ROBERT DEARDEN, 30s, taps the steering wheel, anxious. Blood trickles down one side of his face, he rubs it away from his eye.

Not that it matters, it's impossible to see anything out the windshield through the darkness and battering rain.

Worried, He glances back at-

EMILY FLYNN, 20s, sprawled out across the back seat, unconscious. Her beauty hiding under tangled hair.

ROBERT

God, forgive me.

He turns back and loses control of the vehicle. Knuckles white on the helm, he manages to regain his authority.

ROBERT

I'm not going to make it.

INT. MOTEL - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Stained linoleum, obsolete brochures and a faded wood counter. Not a welcome sight for any inquiring customers.

JACOB WESTON, 60s, lean and unshaven. Appears more decrepit than the surroundings. He rests behind the counter and studies a photo frame.

JACOB

I miss you...

He wipes away a tear and throws the frame away, enraged.

The lights FLICKER. Jacob peers up, alarmed.

Tires SCREECH O.S. Jacob aims his attention at the-

INT. CAR - SAME

Robert checks the rear-view mirror and wipes away at his blooded face with the sleeve jacket.

ROBERT

Be calm.

INT. MOTEL RECEPTION -SAME

Surprised, Jacob watches Robert enter. Sets off a RING from a rusty bell above the door.

They stare at one another for a moment. Jacob decides to break the ice.

JACOB
Can I help you?

Robert wanders to the counter, uncertain. Takes a quick peek back at the car.

JACOB
Are you okay?

He breaks from his trance.

ROBERT
I need a room for the night.

Finally taking his focus from the car, he faces Jacob.

JACOB
Of course. Now that's something I
can help you with.

Jacob spins a ledger around and opens it, holds a pen.

JACOB
Just need some details from you if
you please.

Robert frowns at the ledger.

ROBERT
Is this necessary? Doesn't look
like you get many customers.

Jacob's taken aback.

JACOB
It's just procedure... Your name
and address will suffice.

Robert grabs the pen, scribbles away.

JACOB
What are you doing out in such
fine weather?

ROBERT
Excuse me?

JACOB
The storm. Just wondered why you're
out in it?

He points outside. Robert thinks fast.

ROBERT
Traveling.

JACOB
You don't have much luggage.

ROBERT
We travel light.

Jacob smiles, reminiscing.

JACOB
My wife used to love this type of storm, bless her. She thought of it as some kinda Ark type deal. "Gods way of getting rid of the sinners" she'd say.

ROBERT
I'm sorry for your loss.

JACOB
Thank you. So I'll put you in ten, it has a double bed--

ROBERT
Singles fine.

Off Jacob's expression.

ROBERT
What?

JACOB
I thought you were with someone?

ROBERT
No, it's just me.

JACOB
But, before you said "we"

ROBERT
Slip of the tongue.

He nods and passes Robert a key with an attached tag.

JACOB
Room sixteen, it's a nice room. I hope you have a comfortable stay.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 16 - NIGHT

Robert enters and drops a duffel bag beside the door. He spins and exits switching the light on-

Illuminating a modest room. Depressing wallpaper, ancient furniture and a single bed with unwashed bedspreads.

He struggles back in with Emily draped over his shoulder, carefully places her onto a wooden chair.

Robert closes the door and grabs the duffel bag. Dumps it on the bed and unzips it. He retrieves a REVOLVER and a length of ROPE.

He unbuttons his soaked jacket while looking over Emily, reveals a CLERICAL COLLAR.

LATER

Emily remains on the chair in the center of the room. Her arms now tied firm around the armrests.

She blinks, slowly opening her eyes.

EMILY

Awww...

Examines the new surroundings, it's quiet other than the HOWLING wind outside.

EMILY

What's going on?

Father Robert circles the chair, whiskey bottle in hand.

EMILY

Father... Why am I tied up?

She struggles against the rope - no luck.

EMILY

What are you doing?

FATHER ROBERT

My duty, you wicked creature. Not where I wanted to do it but it seems God isn't helping me with this one.

He takes a swig from the bottle.

FATHER ROBERT

How long have you possessed this girl's body? Actually... don't worry about it, it doesn't matter anymore.

EMILY

Please, Father. You're scaring me.

FATHER ROBERT

I doubt that.

Father Robert flaunts the revolver to Emily.

FATHER ROBERT

I hope to cause you some considerable pain before killing you.

EMILY

What? You can't... Father, please. I'm begging you. I'm not what you think. You know me, my family, we've been your parishioners for over fifteen years.

He aims the revolver at Emily.

FATHER ROBERT

I'm sorry that I can't save you, child. I can't take the chance after the last time.

Emily struggles to break free from her restraints, tears begin to fall.

EMILY

You're making a mistake. I know you've been struggling with your faith recently, Father. That something terrible happened and you're seeking redemption but this isn't the way to do it. You'll be killing an innocent person. Think about what you're doing.

The priest hesitates, questioning his actions.

EMILY

I just want to go home.

Father Roberts smirks, cocking the revolver.

FATHER ROBERT

Very convincing, demon. But your masquerade will not work on me anymore... I've seen you for what you really are.

EMILY

I forgive you, Father, and so will God...

His anger rising, Father Robert throws the bottle to the floor. Rushes at Emily and slaps her backhanded-

Throwing the chair and Emily to the floor with a THUD and-

Breaking one of the armrests.

Father Robert paces the room, deep in thought.

Emily slips her arm from the broken armrest.

A CRASH O.S. Father Robert strolls to the window, inspects the noise.

Emily takes her chance, unties her other arm from the chair.

The priest turns - SMASH! A lump of wood connects over his head, he crashes to the floor, dazed.

Emily's swift, opens the door and runs out.

ROBERT

No.

He tries to stand, but is unbalanced and falls back down.

RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

Jacob hits the T.V - nothing but snow. He lazily settles down and throws a cigarette between his lips. Lights a match but holds it in place-

A "no smoking sign" stares back at him, he smirks tipping it over.

JACOB

My place, my rules.

The door CRASHES open, startling Jacob.

Emily falls to the floor, her clothes now wet through.

EMILY

You have to help me.

Confused, Jacob takes the cigarette from his mouth.

JACOB

What's going on?

EMILY

He's crazy.

JACOB

Who?

Emily pushes herself up and rushes to Jacob, desperate.

EMILY

Father Dearden.

JACOB

Father...?

EMILY

He's trying to kill me... you need to call the police.

JACOB

I can't

He lifts the receiver, holds it out apologetically.

JACOB

The storm.

Concerned, Emily runs back to the full window and presses her hands against the glass, looks out.

EMILY

My God, he's coming.

Turns to Jacob.

EMILY

What are we going to do?

Jacob ponders, moves quick into the-

BACK OFFICE

Marches across the cluttered room, a faded CHRISTIAN CROSS hanging on the wall. Leaning over a desk, he-

Obtains an antique double-barrel SHOTGUN from underneath, unclips it - two shells ready for action. Snaps it shut and takes off back into-

RECEPTION

A SMASH underfoot as he enters, he looks down at the broken photo frame.

A picture of an old WOMAN and Jacob smiling.

Jacob's moment of reminiscing gets bought to an end as-

Father Robert steps into the room, pointing the revolver at Emily who cowers behind an armchair.

FATHER ROBERT

You're not escaping me, demon.

Jacob lifts the shotgun, presses it tight against his shoulder and aims it at the Father Robert.

EMILY

See, What did I tell you? He's crazy.

JACOB

Put that gun down, my friend.

The priest's focus doesn't leave its target.

FATHER ROBERT

I can't let this thing leave.

JACOB
She's just a girl, put it down.
Don't make me shoot you.

Emily talks through sniffles.

EMILY
I keep telling you, I'm not
possessed. I just wanna go home
to my family.

JACOB
I'm giving you five seconds to
drop that gun. I've lost one woman
to evil before and I promised myself
to never let it happen again. We
need to get you some help.

FATHER ROBERT
I can't let her leave, you must
understand.

JACOB
One...

The priest grits his teeth.

JACOB
Two...

FATHER ROBERT
You can't see what I see. If you
had seen what I have, you would be
pointing that gun in the other
direction.

JACOB
Three...

Emily tucks her head between her knees and rocks.

EMILY
I just wanna go home.

JACOB
Four...

Determined, Father Robert's gaze never leaves Emily.

FATHER ROBERT
Tell him what you did to your
mother.

JACOB
Five... Please.

FATHER ROBERT
I can't.

Father Robert jerks into action, fires a round off just barely missing Emily. He swings towards Jacob-

Who instinctively pulls the shotgun's trigger - BANG!

Striking Father Robert in the stomach, his body thrown back from the impact. He hits the floor and the revolver slides from his grasp.

Breathing heavily, Jacob drops the shotgun and walks over to the priest. He leans down, gulps.

JACOB

What have I done?

Father Robert tries to speak through the pain.

JACOB

What is it?

He leans in closer, bringing his ear to the Priests mouth.

FATHER ROBERT

You have... have... to... kil...

Father Robert breathes his last breath.

Jacob stands and turns to-

Emily who smiles at him, eyes now blazing red.

EMILY

Thanks for the help, old man.

She grabs his neck and lifts him from the floor like a pillow. Jacob struggles to breath.

OVER BLACK:

The WHISTLING winds are muffled out by a harrowing SCREAM.

FADE OUT: