

One of God's Special Children

October OWC

FADE IN:

EXT. SIESTA MOTEL - NIGHT

SUPER: VACA KEY, FLORIDA - OCTOBER, 2005

Rain pounds down in sheets.

Palm fronds whip about, horizontal to the empty parking lot.

Light shines through the blackness from the window of the front office of a small beat up motel.

INT. SIESTA MOTEL - FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Just what you'd expect from an off the path, cheap old motel - not much.

KIMMIE MAY (24 African American, very pregnant) stands behind a counter, cell phone to her ear.

A small radio sits on the counter.

FEMALE VOICE

(from radio)

Anyone still in the Key West vicinity is going to have to buckle down and ride Wilma out, as the 1A heading north appears to be under water. Wish we all had one of these about now. Stay safe.

Yellow Submarine by the Beatles begins.

Kimmie May eyes the radio, shakes her head.

KIMMIE MAY

(cute Southern drawl)

Holy Hell, the 1A's closed down now. What am I's gonna do? I think I already broke water.

(beat)

I ain't be bullshittin' you, damnit!

Her eyes dart to the front window, as rain batters away.

KIMMIE MAY (CONT'D)

You betta' be prayin' fo' me, girl.

She takes a hold of her silver cross, hanging from her neck. Her eyes go down to her bulbous stomach.

KIMMIE MAY (CONT'D)

What you think I be doing now? I be prayin' to Christ, to come down and get his child's big ass outta this Goddamn hurricane.

(beat)

I can curse all I's wants to curse.

(beat)

No, I be real...fifty five extra pounds, girl! As God is my witness, my ass looks like two beach balls about to pop out of M' britches.

(beat)

Bigger than you ever did sees me.

A FLASH of lightning beams in through the front window.

Blackness engulfs the room. The radio goes silent.

KIMMIE MAY (CONT'D)

What in God's name?"

(beat)

It just went all black...pitch black.

(beat)

Be quiet, you...

The lone light hanging from the ceiling comes back to life...slowly, goes out again, then lights the room.

The front door opens.

Kimmie May's eyes go wide.

LEW (African American, 35, handsome as Denzel in his heyday, dressed to the nines) walks in, a playful gleam in his shockingly bright green eyes.

KIMMIE MAY (CONT'D)

What the...who the...

Lew scans the room, his hands in prayer mode in front of him. His fingers seem longer than they should be.

Kimmie May's eyes look like saucers, as she watches him.

KIMMIE MAY (CONT'D)

My knight in shining armor just arrived. I gotta go, girl.

(beat)

I'll call you's back...I gotta go, now, damnit!

She closes her cell, backs away behind the counter.

Lew slowly advances, an odd but graceful glee in his step. He stretches his arms out to each side, in a welcoming gesture, his smile a mile wide.

KIMMIE MAY (CONT'D)

Who you supposed to be?

LEW

I'm here for you...

He looks down at the cross around Kimmie May's neck, then further down to her pregnant belly.

LEW (CONT'D)

...for you and your baby, Miss Kimmie May. Sometimes prayers actually get heard and answered.

Kimmie May seems confused...and scared at the same time.

KIMMIE MAY

How'd you get here? 1A's closed down...and you not even wet with a single drop o' water.

LEW

My chariot awaits outside, my dear. Take my hand and we'll get you to a hospital. Time is short, this nigh'.

His eyes bore into Kimmie May's eyes, then dance back down to her stomach.

LEW (CONT'D)

You look like you're literally about to pop. Let's get out of here before it's too late, Child.

Kimmie May furrows her brow, puts her hands on her hips, then raises a finger.

KIMMIE MAY

You din't say who you were nor how you gots here. Somethin' don't seem right witch you, Mister.

Lew smiles reassuringly, looks himself up and down.

LEW

You don't like what you see?

Kimmie May's hands go to her face in a moment of reckoning.

KIMMIE MAY

You...

LEW

Yes...you sure liked what you saw
about nine months ago...in old Key
West, you remember now?

KIMMIE MAY

You's my baby daddy?

Lew rolls his eyes, breaks out into a little tap dance
routine. His eyes sparkle.

LEW

I'm so much more than that...ain't
I, now?

Kimmmie May's eyes remain wide open, in shock.

KIMMIE MAY

OH...MY...GOD...

(beat)

You said you'd call, you two timin'
charlatan! You leave me knocked up
in this God forsaken Hell hole for
nine months and think you can just
waltz your damn fine ass in here, do
a quick tap dance and have me runnin'
into your arms?

(beat)

For reals?

LEW

We can dance together till eternity,
if that's what you'd like. I told
you I'd be back, and I am a man of
my word.

A tear runs down Kimmmie May's cheek. She wipes at it.

KIMMIE MAY

You here to take care of me...and my
baby?

LEW

Our baby...our special baby.

A smile forms on her lips. She looks down at her stomach
again. She rubs it lovingly.

KIMMIE MAY

He gonna be special, huh?

LEW

You have no idea, Child. Come to
me. Embrace me.

The front door opens unexpectedly, bringing a shrill gust of wind and a sheet of rain in.

Lew turns in surprise.

Kimmmie May clutches at her bosom in shock.

KIMMIE MAY
What in the Devil?

MICHAEL (60, thin and frail, soaking wet, dressed like a beach bum) saunters in.

LEW
Oh, sheeeeeeet. Are you fuckin'
kiddin' me?

Michael walks forward, flashes a grimace as he passes Lew.

Water rushes off his clothes and body, beading in shimmering balls where they fall.

MICHAEL
My child, I am here for you.

Kimmmie May backs up, brow furrowed.

KIMMIE MAY
Oh Lord, please help me...please
help me now, cuz there be some serious
fucked up shit goin' down.
(beat)
Who you sposed to be?

Lew approaches, agitated.

LEW
You come with me, Kimmmie May. Don't
go listenin' to a single word he
says.

Kimmmie May looks down at the shimmering beads, which now coat the entire floor.

Her eyes light up, as she looks into Michael's kind eyes.

KIMMIE MAY
Is this real or am I already dead?

Lew reaches out, his fingers even longer now, grabs Michael by the shoulder...spins him around and pulls him close with surprising ease.

LEW

The nice lady and I were having a private conversation, and it ain't any of your damned business, my friend.

Lew moves his face in, inches from Michael's.

LEW (CONT'D)

You're too late this time, cocksucker. She's with me.

MICHAEL

The "lady" is God's child and has given her entire life to the Heavenly Father, meaning, she's actually with me, late or not.

Michael glares down at Lew's hand, still tightly gripping his shoulder.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Lay thy foul hand off. You know our rules and you know it's her choice.

Lew releases his grip, backs away, eyes on fire.

KIMMIE MAY

Did God send you to save my baby? That why he here, too?

She points at Lew.

KIMMIE MAY (CONT'D)

My baby special?

Michael turns slowly to face her. His clothes and shoulder length hair are now completely dry.

Shimmering beads of water dance haphazardly through the air.

Michael smiles, puts his hand on Kimmie May's face.

MICHAEL

Yes, our God did send me here for you...and your baby.

Lew moves in quickly, his features more feral now...the good looks faded away.

LEW

Let's not tell half truths now.

He turns to Kimmie May.

LEW (CONT'D)

Sweet child, I'm here to bring you to safety. Ain't that right, my fine brother?

He looks directly into Michael's eyes.

MICHAEL

That is true. He will bring you to safety and your baby will be born, and you will prosper like you never have.

Lew laughs wildly, does another tap routine.

LEW

Ain't that the truth! And, Miss Kimmie May, if you choose to thwart my chivalrous and generous advances, you will die here tonight.

Kimmie May turns to Michael, eyes wide.

KIMMIE MAY

Is that tr...

LEW

That's the fact, Jack!

Lew spins around in wild unabashed glee.

Michael bows his head, slowly raises it back to Kimmie May's level.

MICHAEL

My child, you've given your life to God and that's why I've been sent here now. Your child cannot be born. You were deceived by the beast once, but now you must be strong. Take my hand and we'll ride this out together.

Michael reaches his hand out to Kimmie May.

LEW

Be strong, my big black ass! You fuckin' kiddin' me, Holmes?

Lew moves in close to Kimmie May.

LEW (CONT'D)

Child...you spent your life tryin' to be strong, livin' in poverty and always wantin', but never gettin'

(MORE)

LEW (CONT'D)

what you were destined to have. You
been prayin' to that motherfucker
for twenty four miserable years,
girl. And tell me...how many times
did the bitch answer those prayers?

He implores an answer, his eyes literally now filled with
dancing fire.

Kimmie May sobs, looks over to Michael. A shimmering bead
floats magically in front of her face.

LEW (CONT'D)

How many times did that motherfuckin'
hypocrite answer your Godly prayers?

KIMMIE MAY

Never...not one single time.

LEW

Not one single motherfuckin' time.

Kimmie May pounds on Michael's chest.

KIMMIE MAY

And you want me to just stay here
and die? That what my God want me
to do? Just die? How can that be?

Lew smiles, backs away, his hand extended out to her.

Michael focuses his eyes on Kimmie May, lays his arms out to
his side, palms facing upward.

MICHAEL

Jesus Christ died on the cross for
you, my child...for all of us. He's
now asking you to do the same for
all his children. It's God's way.

Lew dances a mad jig, an insane smile on his slowly changing
face. He spins in circles, hands above his head.

LEW

Live, die. Live, die. Live, die.
Does she want to live or does she
want to die, that is the question.
Final answer, PLEASE!

The shimmering beads slowly come together in front of Kimmie
May. They bond with each other and form a shimmering flat
screen that undulates in and out.

An image takes shape...slowly. A grey rectangle with blurry letters..that form into words.

KIMMIE MAY

What is it?

MICHAEL

It's your headstone. It's your destiny. Behold...

The blur fades, as words become clear.

INSERT Headstone on screen:

"And on that unholy night, God sent his Arch Angel, Michael down to bring one of his special children up to the Gates of Heaven.

Rest in peace, Kimberly May Douglas, you're in God's hands now."

The screen fades and the shimmering beads break apart.

Kimmie May stands shaking, head down.

Lew shakes his heads angrily, balls his fists, glares at Michael.

LEW

Motherfucker...I'll be damned.

Michael wraps his arms around Kimmie May, turns to Lew.

MICHAEL

You already are, and you always will be.

A sly smile forms on Michael's lips.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Now, get the fuck out of here!

Lew vanishes in a flash of electricity.

The radio on the counter comes back to life.

Scorpions' "Rock you like a Hurricane" starts up.

Kimmie May looks timidly up to Michael.

KIMMIE MAY

It's God's way?

Michael extends a hand...Kimmie May takes it, uncertainly.

The front door burst open. Rain and wind crash in. The shimmering beads float wildly about, as if in a dance.

MICHAEL
Walk with me, Child...

FADE OUT: