

DAMAGES

FADE IN:

EXT. MOTEL - DUSK

An ominous grey sky looms above a run-down motel.

A metal VACANCY sign CREAKS as it swings in the breeze.

Lightning flickers. Thunder RUMBLES.

A dirty white door with a rusted number seven opens into...

INT. ROOM SEVEN - CONTINUOUS

A shabby room with dark paneling, dingy drapes, particle board furniture. An unoccupied double bed sits to the side.

A small box lands on the discolored polyester bedspread. On the box: PLATINUM CHROME - DOUBLED EDGED - 100 BLADES.

Stained carpet leads to a desk, where a MAN sits down, his face out of sight.

FINGERS carefully grip a double edged razor blade, guide it down towards a slender ARM. Hatch-marked scars like a ladder say 'this canvas has seen a blade many times'.

The blade glistens as it nears the flesh. Ready to bite.

An emergency alert BLARES, followed by pulsating BEEPS.

On the TV screen, a red line cascades the words: EMERGENCY ALERT SYSTEM. HURRICANE WARNING IN EFFECT.

EMERGENCY ALERT

Direct strike of a potentially
catastrophic hurricane expected
late tonight and early Monday.

The razor blade falls on the desk.

Crimson blood trickles from the new hatch mark.

A pleasurable SIGH comes from AMIR, 32, gauntly thin, short dark hair and eyes.

His facial message isn't one of pain, but a release of pain as his eyelids flutter.

He sifts through the pages of a blood stained BIBLE, utters with a soft but sure voice.

AMIR

And almost all things by the law
are purged with blood, and without
shedding of blood is no remission.

The Bible closes.

Amir stands up, drops the Bible on the bed next to the box of
blades on his way into the...

BATHROOM

Amir stands in front of the mirror. Stares at his skeletal
features, dark circles under his eyes.

A drop of blood hits the white porcelain sink below.

He turns on the faucet. Water runs over his new cut.

Blood dissipates down his arm, swirls around the basin,
swallowed up by the drain.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Floral wallpaper. Outdated furniture. A room that hasn't seen
renovation since man stepped on the moon.

Amir leans a piece of plywood against the lobby counter. His
forearm sports a fresh gauze bandage.

He walks behind the counter. Rummages through a toolbox.

A TV above shows live radar through intermittent static.

Amir retrieves a claw hammer; pockets a handful of nails.

Outside, wind HOWLS.

He carries the plywood towards the window. Peers outside.

Under a streetlight, a tall FIGURE in black, face obscured,
walks against the wind towards the motel, a BODY in his arms.

His black fedora hat catches wind, blows off. It tumbles down
the vacant road.

Amir gets back to business; lifts the plywood up, covers the
vulnerable window.

Loud BEATS of the hammer echo as he fastens the protective
covering over the glass.

The lobby door swings open.

A gust of wind blows in behind FATHER THOMAS, 55, dark hair, deep brown narrow eyes, dressed in all black except for his white clergy collar.

Draped across his arms is DESTINY, 24, pasty skin, long hair.

Amir follows the priest, scurries behind the check-in desk.

Wind WHISTLES from outside.

FATHER THOMAS

A tree fell on the parish. We will
need a room to ride out the storm.
And hurry, she's getting heavy.

Destiny grunts sluggishly. Her eyes open then fall closed.

AMIR

Category four they're saying now.
She going to be ok?

FATHER THOMAS

The hospital's too far to chance it
in this weather.

Amir hands over a room key. Eyes the priest curiously.

AMIR

Twenty nine dollars a night, but
tonight it's on me, with the
weather and all. Room eight, just
down the way there.

Father Thomas nods, avoids eye contact. Shuffles out.

As the door closes behind him, Amir stares pensively.

He runs a finger across the hatch-marked scars.

INT. ROOM EIGHT - NIGHT

A generic motel room -- identical copy of room seven.

Father Thomas lies Destiny down on the double bed.

He removes his trench coat; gazes at the young girl as she writhes and moans.

THUNDER breaks his stare.

He walks over, lays his coat across a chair in the corner.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Amir opens up a leather journal on the check-in counter.

Pen in hand, he lowers it to the paper begins to write when --

-- a high pitched BEEP causes the pen to jerk across the page. On the TV screen an emergency broadcast warning.

EMERGENCY ALERT

Evacuation order is in effect.
Hurricane Veronica has been moving
at fourteen miles per hour. Winds
sustained at one hundred forty
miles per hour. It is expected to
reach the coast at approximately
midnight. Coastal storm surge and
extensive flooding to be expected.

The pen finds the paper once again. Begins writing: The demon comes at night. In the form of an evil serpent he hunts me. Waiting to suck the life out of me with his wicked fangs.

BEGIN FLASHBACK**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A room so dark it's hard to see who is asleep in bed.

An animal-like SCREAM.

AMIR

No! Leave me alone Father!

Small LEGS kick at large HANDS that grab.

AMIR

Please! You are hurting me! God No!

Another horrible SCREAM and then -- SILENCE. Pitch black.

END FLASHBACK**INT. LOBBY - NIGHT**

The pen begins writing again: I cast you out viper. I bind and rebuke every serpent that would try to twist and coil around me. You cause me great pain. I feel your presence, and I will cut you out like a cancerous tumor.

DING DING. From the bell on the counter startles Amir.

He jerks his head up to see Father Thomas standing across from him.

FATHER THOMAS
You look pretty involved in
whatever you're doing there.

He motions to the writing. Amir quickly shuts the journal, deposits it in the drawer below.

AMIR
What do ya need, Father?

FATHER THOMAS
The ice maker doesn't seem to be
working. And I cannot find a
vending machine. Where might I...

AMIR
Ice machine's been broken for three
years. And the candy man quit
coming a while back. This place
isn't exactly busy anymore.

Father Thomas throws his hands up in the air.

AMIR
I know CPR, if that helps.

Father Thomas grumbles under his breath, stomps out of the lobby. Wind blows outside as the door slams.

Thunder ROARS.

The clock on the wall reads eleven o'clock.

Amir gathers his journal and Bible. He turns off the lights, walks to the exit.

He flips the sign over to read CLOSED, then disappears.

INT. ROOM EIGHT - NIGHT

On the bed, Destiny rolls over on her back.

Her scrawny body looks malnourished. She has those dark sleepless eyes that seem hollow.

Father Thomas walks to the bedside.

FATHER THOMAS
Sit up child.

Destiny weakly wiggles up into a sitting position.

FATHER THOMAS

Take these. It will help you rest
through the bad part.

She doesn't question it. Holds out her hand to receive the sleeping pills. Washes them down with a glass of water.

He runs his hand over her head, down her hair. Looks into her soul-less eyes. Kisses her forehead.

FATHER THOMAS

Lie down now. You have more than
one storm to sleep through tonight.

He tucks her in. Pulls a chair over beside the bed where he takes a seat. Watches over her.

INT. ROOM SEVEN - NIGHT

Amir walks through the room into the...

BATHROOM

In front of the mirror, Amir splashes water on his face.

He reaches for the towel, notices the blood stains from earlier. Grabs a fresh towel instead, dries his face.

ROOM SEVEN

Amir pulls the desk drawer open. Next to the box of razor blades is a hunting knife with a serrated back blade.

The lights flicker.

He pulls the knife out, walks to the bed where he lies down.

He stares at the hunting blade, turns it, studies it. The cutting tool glistens in the light.

The TV blares an emergency broadcast tone. On the screen, the latest radar of the storm approaching -- a warning.

Something switches in his mind. He sets the knife down beside him on the bed; picks up the Holy Bible.

INT. ROOM EIGHT - NIGHT

Father Thomas, still in the chair, watches Destiny sleep.

He leans over to check her, wipes sweat from her forehead. Rubs tears from her soft cheek.

Cracked dry lips, thriving acne, and scab-covered sores litter a beautiful face underneath it all.

INT. ROOM SEVEN - NIGHT

Amir kneels before his bed. Head bowed.

AMIR

Saint Michael the Archangel, defend
me in battle. Be my protection
against the wickedness and snares
of the Devil. Thrust into hell
Satan and all evil spirits who
wander through the world for the
ruin of souls. And heal my damaged
soul oh God I pray. AMEN.

He climbs up into bed. A dreadful look in his eyes as he leans over to turn off the lamp.

He stares at the ceiling. His eyes wide open as if he fears the night.

On the TV screen, a weather radar with a warning cascades across the bottom. The volume muted.

Suddenly, the TV powers out. The room -- pitch black.

INT. ROOM EIGHT - NIGHT

Destiny tussles in bed. Her sluggish eyes open.

The sound of RUNNING WATER comes from the bathroom.

She reaches up, scratches her collar bone.

Her eyes widen, her mouth drops open as her hand moves further down her chest.

Her bra is still on, but where is her shirt? Her eyes widen, dart around the room. They have that look of betrayal. Panic.

The sound of FLUSHING. She hones in on the bathroom door.

A quick decision, Destiny scrambles out of the bed, trips over the chair.

THUD. It falls to the floor.

INT. ROOM SEVEN - CONTINUOUS

The sound resonates through the cheap motel walls.

Amir sits up in bed.

INT. ROOM EIGHT - CONTINUOUS

In jeans and her bra, Destiny searches around the room.

The doorhandle on the bathroom turns. Snags her attention.

Barefooted, she takes flight, runs for the exit.

Father Thomas walks out of the bathroom just as she bursts through the door.

FATHER THOMAS

Wait!

Wind WHIPS; blows inside the room.

Father Thomas takes off after her.

INT. ROOM SEVEN - CONTINUOUS

Amir reaches over to turn on the bedside lamp with no avail due to the power outage.

Thunder ROLLS.

Amir rocks nervously, isn't sure if this is a dream.

AMIR

Go away demon. Leave me now.

The sound of metal FLAPPING outside. Wind HOWLS. Then VOICES.

FATHER THOMAS (O.S.)

Hurry, get back inside! Now!

DESTINY (O.S.)

Let me go, FATHER! I don't want your help!

Amir grabs his knees; wraps his arms around them. Rocks back and forth.

His eyes dart around the darkened room.

DESTINY (O.S.)
No Father! You are hurting me!

Amir can't take it anymore. He bounds out of bed; slips his jeans over his boxers.

He grabs the jagged hunting knife from the pillow. Walks towards the door.

INT. ROOM EIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Father Thomas drags Destiny inside.

She runs to the other side of the room, putting the bed in between her and the priest.

He fights the wind to shut the door, then turns to face her.

FATHER THOMAS
What is wrong with you child?

DESTINY
Don't come near me!

He extends his hands. Takes a couple steps towards the bed.

Her hands tremble as she reaches up, crosses her arms to cover her exposed bra.

DESTINY
I'm telling you, stay away you
dirty stinking perverted...

The DOOR bursts open. Wind blows through.

Amir steps in. There is a distinct rage about his face. His eyes share a crazed look.

The knife hangs in his grip.

Father Thomas moves around the bed, positions himself next to Destiny who isn't against his company suddenly.

Destiny trembles in his arms.

FATHER THOMAS
Come on, son. Put the weapon down.

Amir takes a step closer. His eyes dead locked on Father Thomas now.

AMIR

All those nights in the orphanage.
You called yourself Father, but you
were a serpent. Satan comin' to
take our chastity.

FATHER THOMAS

You are mistaking me for someone
else. I'm not who you think I am.

Amir takes another step closer.

AMIR

I heard her while ago. Screaming
for help. I give you a free night
from the storm and you are over
here stealing innocence!

DESTINY

(trembling voice)
Please don't hurt us.

Amir steps closer. Holds his hands out like he's sizing up his opponent. Then pounces.

Destiny SCREAMS.

Amir grabs Father Thomas. Coils around him like a snake. The serrated blade shimmers against the priest's throat. Rosary beads hit the floor.

AMIR

(demonic voice)
The shame! You won't hurt another!

Destiny grabs the rosary necklace from the floor. Holds the small crucifix out towards the Amir.

DESTINY

Stop! He didn't hurt me! He saved
me from myself! He has saved me
time after time! Please! In God's
name! Release him! Release HIM!

Amir's eyes change. The rage melts like butter. His eyes well up. Tears roll down his face -- one of confusion and pain.

As fast as he pounced, he releases Father Thomas; spins around, runs out of the door.

Destiny falls into Father Thomas' arms. She hugs him tight. The rosary dangles beneath her tight grip.

FATHER THOMAS

It's ok now. Everything's going to be ok. Let me shut the door.

Father Thomas shuts the door. He walks to the bathroom. Disappears inside.

Destiny grabs the bedspread. Wraps it around her.

Father Thomas walks back in, carrying Destiny's *missing* shirt. He hands it to her.

FATHER THOMAS

It may be a little damp. Smells better though. You were covered in vomit so I cleaned it best I could while you slept.

A tear rolls down her cheek 'she was wrong'. She takes the shirt from Father Thomas.

DESTINY

Please forgive me.

The TV and lights suddenly come back on.

On the TV screen: demolished buildings, debris, a COUPLE stands on a roof signalling a helicopter.

EMERGENCY ALERT

Damages are extensive. Downed power lines, trees, washed out roads. This has been a catastrophic storm. More to come as the federal government accesses the damages.

FADE TO BLACK.

