

Now lie in it

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FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Curtains drawn. A rhythmic creaking permeates through the bombardment of rain against the window.

On the bed, on top of the floral patterns of the bedspread, JACKSON (28), nude, holds SAVANNAH's (24) bare legs over his shoulder as he thrusts himself into her.

Savannah's top half is still fully covered by a large open raincoat and t-shirt.

Jackson speeds up, grunting along with Savannah's moans. Thunder ROARS outside as Jackson pushes one final time. He collapses next to her, satisfied.

They stare at the ceiling, heavy breathing. Jackson

JACKSON
Haven't done that in a while.

SAVANNAH
We haven't?

Jackson reaches his hand O.S., pops the condom off.

JACKSON
That was good.

Silence.

SAVANNAH
I didn't.

He looks at her.

JACKSON
You were about to..

SAVANNAH
Something changed... Stopped
hitting the right spot.

Jackson exhales... In one fluid motion, he sits up on the side of the bed, away from her.

JACKSON
What time is he supposed to be
here?

SAVANNAH
What time is it?

Jackson looks around.

JACKSON
Don't have a watch.

SAVANNAH
Then why does it matter?

He gets impatient.

JACKSON
He said he'd fix this.

Savannah sits up against the headboard, lights a cigarette.

SAVANNAH
He'll either get here or he won't.
What's the use in giving a shit?

She takes a drag. Jackson walks into the bathroom, pissed.

INT. BATHROOM

The sink is filled with ice. Several unlabeled bottles of alcohol buried in it. Jackson grabs one and takes a swig.

He draws the shower curtain and looks inside. Faint squeals emanate from inside. Jackson's lips quiver as he looks on, wipes the sweat from his forehead.

He reaches into the ice and pulls an uncooked steak from the bottom, tosses it into the tub, draws the curtains closed.

Whatever is inside was hungry.

JACKSON
Where the fuck is he?

The lights go OUT.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)
Power's out.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Savannah flicks on her lighter. Jackson steps out of the bathroom with his own lighter on.

SAVANNAH

You should write about this in your blog.

JACKSON

It's a fucking book, not a blog.

SAVANNAH

Well, it's nothing right now.

JACKSON

A blog is what a child does to pass the time! Jesus, FUCK!

He punches a wall. Probably breaks a few knuckles.

The lights come back ON. He looks at her.

JACKSON

Shut the fuck up, Savannah! I didn't make you do it!

SAVANNAH

I didn't say anything!

JACKSON

You said with your fucking face!

Three loud knocks on the room door, they turn to the door, frozen in place.

JACKSON

What the fuck time is it?

Savannah slowly sits up on the side of the bed. Foot shadows block light from under the door. Another set of knocks makes them jump.

JACKSON

Is it him?

Savannah hustles to the door.

SAVANNAH

Must be the other guy coming to our room in a hurricane.

She turns door handle and pulls. Wind and rain rush into the room but the door only goes as far as the chain lock allows. She shuts it, releases the chain and opens it again.

GABRIEL (65), a tall and gaunt figure, stands firm in the powerful rain. He wears a long black trench coat and a wide-brimmed black hat.

The couple just stare at him.

GABRIEL
Have you told anyone?

JACKSON
There's no one else.

GABRIEL
Where is it?

SAVANNAH
Come in.

Gabriel steps inside. He takes off his soaked hat and coat, tosses them onto the bed.

Savannah tries to pick them up, keep the bed dry.

GABRIEL
You won't need it.

JACKSON
I know this costs a lot. Whatever it takes. We just need it gone.

GABRIEL
Let's get over the pleasantries. My name is Gabriel, please don't call me that.
(to Jackson)
You are Jackson and you,
(to Savannah)
Savannah. Correct?

JACKSON
What should we call yo-

GABRIEL
You do not speak my name. Correct?

SAVANNAH
Yes, correct.

Things settle down for a moment.

GABRIEL
Now... where is it?

JACKSON
In the tub.

SAVANNAH
We named him-

GABRIEL
You do not name him anything - He
is not yours!

Squeals from the bathroom. They look toward the door.

INT. BATHROOM

Jackson pushes the door open for Gabriel to enter.

He notices a baby bottle filled with translucent brown liquid
on top of the toilet tank.

GABRIEL
What's he drinking?

JACKSON
He wouldn't calm down.

GABRIEL
So you gave him rum?

JACKSON
It's bourbon.

GABRIEL
Outstanding.

Gabriel pulls the curtain back, stares at "it" for a moment.
Jackson looks over his shoulder. Savannah can't look.

GABRIEL
(understated)
Jesus.

He draws the curtains shut.

SAVANNAH
Can you fix it?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gabriel sits down at a round table. Jackson and Savannah sit
across from him.

GABRIEL

First and foremost. You must understand there is no turning back. This is it.

SAVANNAH

There's nothing to turn back to.

GABRIEL

That is correct. As you mentioned before, it does come with a price.

JACKSON

Anything.

GABRIEL

I would be more careful with absolutes if I were you.

SAVANNAH

We understand.

GABRIEL

I'm not sure that you do. What exactly would you have me do?

SAVANNAH

We were told you could make him better. Normal.

Gabriel smiles. Turns to Jackson.

GABRIEL

Is this what you want?

JACKSON

We didn't want this to happen. What he did to those children...

GABRIEL

I'm assuming the child was part of the deal? You knew about it?

SAVANNAH

We didn't know how far it would go.

GABRIEL

So you just went ahead with it to find out...

There is no answer but the rain beating on the glass.

GABRIEL

I see this all the time. Rednecks getting into a bind, looking for a quick answer.

JACKSON

That's not it.

SAVANNAH

We're not rednecks!

GABRIEL

Tell me what it is then!

SAVANNAH

He's writing a book!

Her answer amuses Gabriel.

GABRIEL

A book... A fucking book is worth all of this.

Jackson jumps out of his seat.

JACKSON

Well, obviously not or else we wouldn't have called you!

GABRIEL

Sit down you rat FUCK!

SAVANNAH

Sit down!

Jackson sits. They settle down.

SAVANNAH

Listen, we're regular people trying to fix a mistake.

GABRIEL

Do regular people lie with Satan? Did you enjoy yourself? Was he good? Did he make you cum?

JACKSON

Hey, man, shut the fuck up!

Gabriel turns to Jackson.

GABRIEL

And you... What were you doing?
Watching TV, drinking?

JACKSON

I didn't know, okay?

His answer puts a halt on Gabriel's interrogation. He looks at Savannah, who sobs silently.

GABRIEL

Well...

SAVANNAH

It was his idea. It's his book.

JACKSON

It was just an idea. He said things would start going my way if I let him do this. I told her what had happened and that was it. We didn't discuss it beyond that.

SAVANNAH

You planted the idea in my head like you fucking wanted it!

GABRIEL

Jesus Christ. I didn't know they still made them like you.

SAVANNAH

That's right, I fucked the devil, now what? Where do I have to sign? Let's do this.

GABRIEL

You've decided this?

JACKSON

We have.

GABRIEL

Alright... What you want me to do is an exorcism. I'll tell you right now that's not what I do. You can't take the devil out of the devil's son. I'm here to give you a choice.

The couple looks on, ready to hear it.

GABRIEL

It's your life or his.

They look at each other, then back to Gabriel.

JACKSON

He's done some bad things.

GABRIEL

I can't say that's a surprise.

SAVANNAH

We can't keep him.

GABRIEL

Keeping him is not one of the options.

SAVANNAH

We're telling you to take him.

GABRIEL

You choose your own life over your child's...

Savannah looks genuinely heartbroken.

Gabriel stands up, walks over to the bed. He puts on his trench coat and hat, walks behind them toward the bathroom.

The two can't bear to look at each other. The baby squeals.

The squeals grow nearer as Gabriel walks past them with the child. He stops near the front door, turns back toward them with the child, covered by bloody blankets, in his arms.

GABRIEL

There is one more thing... Don't expect this storm to pass.

He opens the door.

GABRIEL

It's like they always say, you've made your bed...

He steps out with the child. The door closes by itself behind him and the lock clicks into place.

Lighting projects Gabriel's shadow on to the window curtains as he walks away. The sounds of violent thunder and a never ending storm as we...

FADE OUT.