

P R O C E L L A

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BEAT-UP MOTEL - DAY

Deafening wind and relentless rain - a HURRICANE. The abandoned motel groans and creaks.

EXT. ROOM 39 - CONTINUOUS

Inside, GRUNTS and CRIES OF PAIN, followed by CRASHES. A particularly loud slam causes the number "9" on the door to teeter and fall to the ground.

Silence.

INT. ROOM 39 - CONTINUOUS

Like a battlefield. Smashed lamps, torn drapes.

ROBERT (30's) stands in the center of the room, grips a KNIFE. Bruises and slashes decorate his face; beneath his torn suit, his chest heaves with every exhausted breath. Despite this, he's poised to strike.

Across from him, SPIKE (30's) bug-eyed and skinny, sags against the wall. He's in worse shape: his stomach is sliced nearly open. Blood leaks out from between his lips... which form a weak, crazed smile.

Spike raises the knife feebly clasped in his hand. Not in self defense, but to motion Robert forwards.

SPIKE

(hoarse)

I started it. You finish it.

Robert sways with fatigue.

ROBERT

The hell is wrong with you?

Spike nods towards the window - the storm approaches.

SPIKE

Came out of nowhere, didn't it?

Robert watches the downpour, transfixed.

ROBERT

I've been in worse storms and worse shelters, but I've never seen one so sudden. And I've never been mugged during one.

SPIKE

I wasn't mugging you. I was murdering you.

Robert's attention snaps back to Spike.

ROBERT

Why?

SPIKE

(ignoring him)

So, there have been worse storms? Please, do tell.

Robert grows angry. He takes a step forward and raises the knife.

ROBERT

Why were you trying to kill me?

SPIKE

The same reason the storm is killing all of us.

Robert RUSHES Spike. With one arm, he PINS Spike's KNIFE-HAND to the WALL, and with the other, places his BLADE against spike's NECK.

ROBERT

You crazy bastard! What do you get from all this?

SPIKE

(gasping, chuckling)

Listen, listen to me. I'm bleeding out; in a couple minutes I'll be another dead junkie in a motel. I'll tell you, but first you have to tell me about the storms. Scratch my back, dear, and I'll scratch yours.

Robert gives him a cold stare.

Spike nods towards the window again.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

What else do you have to do?

Robert's eyes stray to the storm again...

... he backs away, entranced. Spike slides to the floor; Robert takes a seat on a dirty MATTRESS, knife held loosely.

ROBERT

Two years ago. God, how the stars shone. The winds carried off everyone but the skies were glass.

Robert's eyes dance around the room, the dim light of the downpour playing on their surface.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

It came all at once. My car broke down, and when I got out the flood carried me into an alley. Nearly pushed me through a fence, like a damn cheese grater. I thought I was going to drown.

SPIKE

Damn, and we were so close. How did you make it?

ROBERT

I was fading when I saw the light at the surface. Like an angel. The force of it pulled me up and out. I swam to a fire escape and laid on the rooftop. The stars shone as brightly as the orb of light did. Three hundred nine dead, and I was not one of them. It was God. What else could it be?

SPIKE

You believe in a God? Wasn't it your God that put you in the storm?

ROBERT

To test me, yes. Just like he's testing me now, here, with you.

Robert sinks into thought. His face shows conflict.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

And that's why I have to save you.

Spike laughs loudly as Robert TEARS OFF a piece of his suit. He approaches Spike, kneels, and wraps the clothing around Spike's lacerations. Weak, Spike can't resist.

SPIKE

I don't want to be saved here, man.
I want to drown... and I want you
to drown.

Robert shakes his head and continues to dress Spike's wounds.

ROBERT

I forgive you.

Robert turns Spike's arm, wrapping cloth around the forearm.
Spike's veins are DEAD BLACK.

Tattooed across Spike's arm, the word *Procella*.

SPIKE

Funny, that's the one thing I never
could do for you. Tell me, does
your God approve of what you do,
Robert?

Robert stops. He stares Spike in the eye, shocked.

Thunder RUMBLES in the distance.

ROBERT

You know me.

SPIKE

Is it one of the Commandments to
sling your whores around? How
about the drugs?

A stunned silence. Robert fumbles.

ROBERT

I haven't dealt in three years. I
cleaned up... Who are you?

SPIKE

A customer. Frequent. Surprised
you didn't remember me, with all
the fucking discounts you offered.

ROBERT

There were... a lot of you.

Spike goes silent. He looks at his black veins, traces a
finger along their dark path.

SPIKE

(wistful)
She didn't know I tweaked.

Robert's face collapses into guilt.

ROBERT
I've changed, man -

SPIKE
It wasn't her fault I hadn't paid.

ROBERT
No, it wasn't.

SPIKE
Your sharks turned her into a
whore, hawked her out in the
street. Got her addicted. She did
nothing wrong.

Silence.

ROBERT
It's sin, man. Sin is what got you
there, took her from you -

SPIKE
She didn't sin once, and I found
her in the gutter.

Robert stands and backs away from Spike. He takes a seat on
the floor, shell-shocked.

SPIKE (CONT'D)
I thought it would make me stop. I
did it more.

Spike struggles to contain tears. He starts with fragments
of sentences, but falls quiet.

ROBERT
I... I'm sorry. I've tried my best
to... change, to be the light
instead of the flood. But I guess
that doesn't mean the flood never
happened.

SPIKE
... When I found her, there was
some stuff in her jacket, some shit
a client had given her. I took it
and shot up. I thought it was the
best ride I'd ever had. She was
there. Her energy floated around.
It was warm.

A pause. The rain grows stronger.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

When I woke up I checked the bag. It wasn't any shit I'd ever seen before. I checked around, tried tons of different stuff. None of it came close.

ROBERT

What was it?

SPIKE

I still don't know. But it changed me. I felt a hum, a rhythm, pulsing in me. Months after I tried that stuff.

Spike looks out the window. He raises his hand, flexes the black veins.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

It started small. When I was angry, the air got moist.

Spike flexes his arm, clenches his fist. Outside, the storm shifts slightly; the rain intensifies every time Spike squeezes his fist.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

I learned to control it. I could make it rain just a little harder. Move the clouds just an inch.

The storm grows louder, more ferocious.

Robert's eyes grow wide.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

I tried to find you for years. Every rain, every droplet that ever touched you was me, looking.

ROBERT

No...

SPIKE

It wasn't God who put you there, in that storm, two years ago. It may have been your God who saved you, but it wasn't him who put you there. I've tried so hard, but you have always gotten away.

ROBERT

And the three hundred who died?

SPIKE
Irrelevant. Collateral damage.

Robert gazes out the window.

ROBERT
And now?

SPIKE
It's taken me months to build this
up. It will kill thousands.

ROBERT
Us?

SPIKE
It certainly can.

ROBERT
Then why follow me in here and stab
me?

SPIKE
You got away last time. I wanted
to make sure.

Robert stands. He grips the knife.

ROBERT
If I kill you, will it stop the
storm?

SPIKE
I can't control it if I'm dead. I
can barely handle it now. It's
bigger than I am, beyond me.

ROBERT
Can you stop it now?

Spike looks up, incredulous.

SPIKE
Why would I?

Robert steps to the window, nearly presses his face on the
glass. He closes his eyes.

ROBERT
If anyone could know regret, it's
me. Please. You could continue,
make it stronger, and kill
everyone. Kill me.

SPIKE
That's the plan.

ROBERT
Kill yourself, as well.

Spike lowers his eyes. Studies the carpet.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Stop this. Everyone will live.
You'll never see me again.

The winds slow. The rain weakens.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
None of these people have done
anything wrong. Just like her.

Silence.

Spike stares at the floor.

SPIKE
When I shot up that weird stuff,
and the trip started, she was
there. An aura. She wrapped me up
like a coat. And do you know what
she said to me?

Robert shakes his head.

ROBERT
What did she say?

SPIKE
She said that we've all done
something wrong.

Robert's eyes open.

Spike leans his head against the wall. His eyelids flicker.

O.S., winds howl and rain pounds. Glass CRACKS.

SMASH TO BLACK

The cacophony of destruction as the credits roll.

FADE OUT.