

PRAY FOR US SINNERS

Written by

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OVER BLACK

DAVID (V.O.)  
You're not supposed to be here.

INT. STATE HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

ECU on DAVID (20s) - he's withered and tired, with dark bags under his eyes, his skin practically hanging off his face. He's terrified.

DAVID  
No one is supposed to be here.

MAN (O.S.)  
And why's that?

DAVID  
I'm sick. It's not safe.

MAN (O.S.)  
Who told you that?

DAVID  
(holding back tears)  
Everyone. My parents, the doctors  
-- the voice.

We pull out to reveal padded white walls in the room, most of them ripped open with claw marks. David is in a straight jacket, chained to the bed.

MAN (O.S.)  
And you believe them?

DAVID  
(a tear falls)  
...I don't know what to believe  
anymore.

MAN (O.S.)  
I don't believe you're sick.

Out of focus, we see the MAN pull up a chair next to David's bed. He sits in the chair, his face coming into focus - 60s, long white hair, long white beard, battle weathered face with soulful eyes and a priest collar - this is FATHER ZEDA.

DAVID  
(very confused)  
-- what?

FATHER ZEDA  
You're not sick, David.

DAVID  
They said it was multip-

FATHER ZEDA  
Schizophrenia, yes I know. They  
were wrong.

DAVID  
--wr-wrong?

FATHER ZEDA  
Wrong.

David takes this in. His left arm begins to tremor in the  
straight jacket.

DAVID  
I don't understand.

FATHER ZEDA  
You are not sick. You don't have  
dissociative identity disorder, bi-  
polar with psychotic tendencies or  
whatever else they told you. You're  
not overreacting and you're not  
crazy.

(beat)  
My name is Father Zeda. You are  
undergoing a spiritual attack and  
we've spent the last six months  
working together to get these  
demons out of you.

DAVID  
Demon?

His left eye twitches.

FATHER ZEDA  
We don't have a lot of time. These  
moments of clarity are becoming few  
and far between. I need you to  
focus, David.

David's whole body is trembling now.

FATHER ZEDA (CONT'D)  
I'm here to help you. But I need  
you to trust me. This is our last  
chance. Do you trust me, David?

(MORE)

FATHER ZEDA (CONT'D)

(beat)  
David?

David suddenly stops shaking. A tear falls from his eye and splashes onto the concrete floor. For a moment, he is still - he looks desperately into Father Zeda's eyes.

DAVID  
(whispers)  
*Yes...help me...please...*

David CONVULSES, hurling himself backwards onto the bed. Father Zeda stands up out of his chair and moves it back towards the padded wall. *Here we go again...*

Animalistic groans emerge from David as he twists and writhes in the bed, chains clanking against the metal bedframe.

Father Zeda, calm and collected, takes out his rosary and parks himself back in the chair.

David's shaking stops. He lies limp in the bed.

FATHER ZEDA  
(beat)  
Who am I speaking to today?

David's body rises, slow and deathlike to a sitting position, but 'David' is no longer there.

His eyes are empty, a mischievous grin plastered on his face, cold sweat on his forehead.

*[Moving forward, everything in italics will be said in Latin.]*

DAVID  
*You are not welcome here.*

FATHER ZEDA  
Yeah well newsflash, neither are you. Now, tell me your name.

DAVID  
**Fuck. You.**

FATHER ZEDA  
Very original.

DAVID  
*This soul is MINE.*

FATHER ZEDA  
This soul belongs to God.

"David" HOWLS - the sound is ear piercing.

FATHER ZEDA (CONT'D)  
What claim do you have to this  
man's soul?

DAVID  
*His purpose -- is to serve Satan.*

FATHER ZEDA  
*The Lord's purpose prevails.*

David SCREAMS and lunges forward.

FATHER ZEDA (CONT'D)  
WHAT. CLAIM. DO. YOU. HAVE. TO.  
THIS. MAN'S. SOUL.

DAVID  
**FUCK YOUR MOTHER YOU COCKSUCKING  
SLAVE!**

FATHER ZEDA  
You don't scare me, demon.

"David" catches a glimpse of the chain link bracelet around  
his wrist (a sign of consecration to Mary for protection).

DAVID  
*Your lady is a lie.*

Father Zeda turns his attention to his rosary. He begins  
praying.

FATHER ZEDA  
Hail Mary, full of grace...

DAVID  
*She was a WHORE!*

FATHER ZEDA  
Blessed art thou among women...

DAVID  
*Who gave birth to a BASTARD WHORE  
CHILD. She was nothing but a CUNT!*

FATHER ZEDA  
Pray for us sinners now and at the  
hour of our deaths, Amen.

DAVID

*IT IS TOO LATE FOR YOU PRIEST! This soul is not yours to save. I'd rather he die.*

Father Zeda stands up and gets in "David's" face.

FATHER ZEDA

If that were true, why isn't he dead yet? You haven't won, demon, and you won't.

DAVID

**Why don't you go back to your chapel and suck on some altar boy's cock.**

FATHER ZEDA

Why don't you go back to hell where you came from.

He takes a deep breath and exhales on "David's" face (this is called exsufflation). "David" SHRIEKS and flails backwards onto the bed.

Burn marks sear into his face as he continues to scream. Father Zeda remains un-phased. He puts away the rosary, takes out some holy water, and waits.

"David's" screams turn to LAUGHTER.

DAVID

**Your breath smells like your mother's cunt you piece of shit.**

FATHER ZEDA

For what you demons have in depravity you sure lack in originality.

(beat)

I will not ask you again. Tell me what claim you have to this man's soul, in the name of God the Father.

DAVID

*Never.*

Father Zeda sprinkles holy water on him. The droplets burn "David's" skin, but he does not feel pain. Instead, he's chuckling.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
*Fool. Your parlor tricks won't save  
 this soul.*

FATHER ZEDA  
 And why's that?

DAVID  
*His mother promised him to me.*

Father Zeda's eyes widen.

FATHER ZEDA  
 He still has a choice. He has not  
 given up -

DAVID  
 - yet.  
 (beat)  
*His suffering is great, and it  
 tastes as sweet as your sins.*

FATHER ZEDA  
 My sins are forgiven.

DAVID  
*THEY EAT YOU ALIVE. I know all your  
 secrets, priest, the ones you won't  
 dare tell your confessor.*

"David" coughs and gags. A nail shoots out of his mouth and clangs against the concrete floor, missing Father Zeda by mere inches.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
*You're PATHETIC. You're WEAK. You  
 don't even BELIEVE anymore.*

FATHER ZEDA  
 I believe in one God, the Father,  
 the Almighty -

"David's" body levitates off the bed, the chains tight on the bed frame lifting it off the ground as well.

FATHER ZEDA (CONT'D)  
 - creator of heaven and earth.

DAVID  
**WHERE IS YOUR GOD NOW, PRIEST?**

FATHER ZEDA  
 You do not scare me, demon!

DAVID

*The quiver in your voice says  
otherwise.*

The chains begin to rattle. "David," still levitating mid air, gives a little tug and the chains SHATTER. He grins wildly as Father Zeda shields his face.

He reaches for his crucifix, but before he can grab it -

"David" lunges at him, pinning Father Zeda to the wall, his hand around his throat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(snarling)

**YOU THINK YOU CAN SAVE HIM?**

FATHER ZEDA

(breathlessly)

He's a child of God - he is already saved.

DAVID

He is **LOST FOREVER**, priest, **JUST LIKE YOU**. Your prayers won't save him just like they won't save **YOU**. His soul is **MINE to DEVOUR! GIVE UP! GIVE UP!**

Father Zeda gets his hand around the crucifix.

FATHER ZEDA

*...never.*

He SMASHES the crucifix into "David's" forehead. Smoke rises as it scorches his skin. He HOWLS.

FATHER ZEDA (CONT'D)

IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST I  
**COMMAND YOU TO TELL ME YOUR NAME!**

"David" stares straight at him, saliva drooling from his mouth.

DAVID

*I. AM. BEELZEBUB.*

Father Zeda seizes his moment - *this is it.*

FATHER ZEDA

In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit, **I COMMAND YOU TO LEAVE.**



He presses the crucifix harder into "David's" forehead, forcing "David" to release his grip, his body contorting as he falls to the floor.

FATHER ZEDA (CONT'D)  
In the name of Saint Francis of Assisi, **I COMMAND YOU TO LEAVE.**

DAVID  
*He will fall like the rest of them, and there will be nothing you can do to save him!*

FATHER ZEDA  
In the name of Saint Michael the Archangel, **I COMMAND YOU TO LEAVE.**

"David" convulses, spitting up blood.

DAVID  
*I AM NOT DONE WITH HIM!*

FATHER ZEDA  
In the name of Jesus Christ, **I COMMAND YOU TO LEAVE.**

"David" SHRIEKS. Father Zeda covers his ears as they start to bleed.

Without warning, David falls limp, crashing to the floor without attempting to break his fall.

The room is silent.

FATHER ZEDA (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
David?

David lies there, motionless.

He cautiously approaches, crucifix in hand.

A pool of blood forms under David's head which is riddled with burns. His breathing is shallow, but he's breathing.

Father Zeda gets closer. He hears mumbling.

FATHER ZEDA (CONT'D)  
David?

DAVID  
(his mouth barely moving)  
Our Father who art in Heaven...

Father Zeda exhales the breath he was holding. He makes the sign of the cross and tucks the crucifix back into his pocket.

Two ORDERLYS rush into the room. They tend to David with horrified caution. Never taking his eyes off David, Father Zeda backs out of the room into -

INT. STATE HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The atmosphere is buzzing - the whole floor witnessed the terrifying sounds from the room. All eyes are eagerly on him.

At the far end is DAVID'S MOTHER, petite in stature but a force to be reckoned with, dressed in conservatively in black. She's speaking with a NEWS REPORTER dabbing at her eyes with a tissue.

Father Zeda wipes his brow with a handkerchief, flecks of blood still lingering. He takes slow steps towards her. Her conversation with the news reporter becomes clearer...

DAVID'S MOTHER

My son was always a good boy, it's those demons that have been constantly oppressing him since he came home, he's be tormented, and only the good sweet Lord can save him now.

She notices him face to face with her now.

DAVID'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

(to Fr Zeda)

How is he, how's my David?

FATHER ZEDA

You won't win.

DAVID'S MOTHER

I beg your pardon?

FATHER ZEDA

(quiet, commanding)

I know what you've been doing. And you won't win.

She smiles wryly, just out of the view of the news camera. It's downright terrifying.

...yet.  
DAVID'S MOTHER

THE END.