

BLACKNESS

A locked door handle is JIGGLED violently. The door eventually SLAMS open. Empty glass bottles CLATTER down to the carpet. Heavy BREATHING. A light switch CLICKS on.

INT. ROOM 104 - NIGHT

A beautifully appointed, luxurious king size room illuminates as JORDAN, mid-20's, collapses onto the pile of discarded, alcoholic mini bottles. His eyelids slowly close over his bloodshot hazel eyes.

As the room's door slowly shuts, an UNKNOWN MALE slips in and LOCKS the door.

As Jordan SNORES, the UNKNOWN MALE lowers all the lights around the room, leaving an eerie feeling throughout. He drags Jordan by his feet to a more central location.

JORDAN

(wakes up; barely
audible)

I had a good time.

UNKNOWN MALE

Yes. You really did have a good
time Jordan.

(Beat)

Might even be considered a great
time by some.

JORDAN

(slurred)

Where are we?

(Beat)

Hey...where are we.

UNKNOWN MALE

The Branding Room.

JORDAN

(chuckling)

Branding Room...

UNKNOWN MALE

That is pretty funny Jordan.

JORDAN

(to himself)

You're pretty.

Jordan drifts off. The UNKNOWN MALE gently PATS Jordan's face a few times, waking him up.

UNKNOWN MALE

You left a mark.

JORDAN

I know.

(beat)

I didn't mean too.

The UNKNOWN MALE lets out a DISGUSTED SNORT then raises the bible above his head.

UNKNOWN MALE

You, without a doubt, meant everything
you did Jordan...

(the rest is mumbled)

The UNKNOWN MALE SMASHES a Bible across Jordan's face.

Jordan lays motionless, his breathing is wheezy and shallow. His eye swells, a trail of blood works down his temple.

O.S. Equipment is RUSTLED through, followed by a slow, ROLLING CLICK that comes to a stop as Jordan's face illuminates with a flood light.

The UNKNOWN MALE methodically walks around Jordan. Every few feet, he stops and CLICKS on another flood light, leaving Jordan bathed with intense light and cross shadows. The UNKNOWN MALE begins to UNLATCH, OPEN, and UNPACK archaic carving tools, needles, inkwells from an equally aged bag.

After meticulously setting up his tools the UNKNOWN MALE stands over Jordan staring at him. In one sweeping motion, he reaches down and TEARS open Jordan's finely tailored dress shirt; buttons SCATTER throughout the room.

The UNKNOWN MALE sits on the floor next to Jordan, he SLAPS his open hand on Jordan's bare chest.

FADE TO BLACK:

IN THE BLACKNESS low, monotone BUZZING begins. The BUZZING eventually FADES OUT.

TIME PASSES. Jordan's MOANS pierce the dark.

INT. ROOM 104 - LATER

Jordan's eyes and mouth explode open. He SUCKS in deep GASPS of air. Touching his chest, he MOANS. Moving his hand from his chest, to his forehead, and through his hair a streak of blood smears across his face and forehead.

JORDAN
(notices the blood)
Jesus fucking Christ.

Jordan struggles to get off the floor and to his feet, he looks around cautiously. There is a complete loss for his surroundings and situation.

INT. ROOM 104'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jordan stumbles in, he barely remains on his feet as he supports himself on the counter. IN THE REFLECTION Jordan leans in to look and touch the bruises and blood on his face and head.

Jordan's button-less shirt is opened slightly. The left side remains in place due to a pool of partially dried blood holding the shirt against his chest.

JORDAN
(looks at shirt)
What the fuck...

With pain and difficulty, Jordan tries to remove his shirt. The shirt STICKS to the center-left of his chest, he can't open it.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(slowly peels shirt)
Shit!

After several attempts to gingerly pull the shirt away, Jordan finally rips the shirt from his skin like a band-aid.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
FUCK!

The shirt remains on, but Jordan now opens the flap.

IN THE MIRROR'S REFLECTION Jordan sees his chest for the first time. There's dried blood and intersecting burn marks obscuring the view of a fresh tattoo directly over Jordan's heart.

Leaning towards the mirror, he slowly touches the tattoo, then SCREAMS, recoiling in pain. The tattoo is hypersensitive to touch. Stunned, he steps back and stumbles on the Bible. Jordan falls out of the bathroom and into the bedroom.

INT. ROOM 104 - CONTINUOUS

Confused, Jordan scrambles to the hotel room door and reaches for the handle, it's missing. Looking around he finds the discarded handle, grabs it and lunges for the door, trying to JAM and WIGGLE it into place. The handle refuses to fit.

Looking into the hole Jordan sees a solid, thick copper plate. Stunned, he DROPS the handle and moves to the curtains. He FLINGS them open. To his despair, there's a solid wall of the same copper plating behind the window curtains.

Frustrated, he falls to the floor. Laying back he hits his head on the door handle. Grabbing the handle he throws it, SMASHING the television. The television VIOLENTLY SPARKS.

Jordan crawls to the SPARKING television, occasionally touching the tattoo in pain. Jordan pulls himself up to look at the television, he notices a hotel room phone on the credenza. Jordan GRABS the phone.

JORDAN

Hello? Hello!

(hits the receiver
and buttons)

Hello? Is anyone there? I'm in
room...

(looks around)

It's. Room...

Dropping the phone Jordan slowly takes in his surroundings, realizing more starkly that he's completely alone and trapped. Trying to calm himself down and figure out his situation, Jordan begins to examine the room less frenetically.

He begins checking the draws of the credenza, all are empty. Under the bed is empty. After scouring the entire room Jordan sits on the bed and looks at the night table. After a moment of thought he opens the draw expecting to find something.

Realizing the Bible is missing, Jordan makes his way to the bathroom, scanning the floor. Nearing the bathroom he bends down to find the Bible. Slowly standing, Jordan stares at the Bible in his hand.

FLASHBACK:

INT. ROOM 104 - EARLIER

FROM JORDAN'S POV the bible is coming towards his head.

UNKNOWN MALE

(barely audible to
Jordan)

Lord...do not consider...
rejected...look...outward...

(the final word drifts
away)

Hea...

BACK TO PRESENT

Jordan brings the Bible to a high-end desk tucked away in the corner of the room. He PULLS a metal chain, the table lamp CLICKS on. In the low light, Jordan squints and scratches at the blood, his dried blood, on the Bible.

Sitting back with the Bible in hand he notices a single desk drawer. Jordan shoots up, puts the Bible on the table and grabs the drawer's handle; it's locked.

JORDAN

Shit...

Jordan PULLS HARDER at the handle, the desk and drawer will not budge. Becoming increasingly frustrated he kicks at it, the impact causes Jordan to fall.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Shit!

He begins cautiously looking around the desk for another way into the drawer.

O.S. Muffled LAUGHING. He gets off the floor, runs to the copper covered window and puts his ear to it. The LAUGHTER is in the hallway on the other side of the copper wall.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(screams)

Hello!

(pounding the copper)

Help! Help! I can't get out! Help!

The muted LAUGHING drifts off. Jordan lowers his head and hands onto the copper wall in despair.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

No...please.

(Beat)

I need. Help.

Jordan dishearteningly snatches the Bible off the desk then sits on the edge of the bed. He begins to leaf through it but is distracted by his disheveled appearance IN THE MIRROR'S REFLECTION. He hurls the Bible at the mirror, missing it, the Bible ironically SMASHES the center of the already cracked television glass.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(a slight snort)

Of course.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

INT. ROOM 104'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS (2ND LOOP)

IN THE REFLECTION Jordan leans in to look and touch the bruises and blood on his face and head. Looking at the blood on his hands, he's puzzled, sensing he's stood here before.

Jordan's shirt is opened slightly. The left side remains in place due to a pool of partially dried blood holding the shirt against his chest.

JORDAN
 (looks at shirt)
 What the...
 (he stops; he has
 said this before)

Abandoning the forboding feeling of DEJA VU, Jordan attempts to remove his shirt. The shirt STICKS.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 (slowly peels shirt)
 Shit!

After several attempts to gingerly pull the shirt away, Jordan finally rips the shirt away from his skin like a band-aid.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 FUCK!

Jordan now opens the flap, IN THE MIRROR'S REFLECTION he sees his chest for a **SECOND** time. There's dried blood and intersecting burn marks obscuring the view of a fresh tattoo directly over Jordan's heart.

Leaning towards the mirror, he slowly touches the tattoo, then SCREAMS, recoiling in pain. The tattoo is hypersensitive to touch. Stunned, he steps back and stumbles on the bible. Jordan falls out of the bathroom and into the bedroom.

Jordan, for a brief moment, suspiciously stares at the Bible.

INT. ROOM 104 - CONTINUOUS

LESS confused Jordan scrambles to the door and reaches for the handle, it's missing. Jordan **MORE QUICKLY** finds the discarded handle. He grabs it and lunges for the door trying to JAM and WIGGLE it into place, the handle refuses to fit.

Jordan **BRIEFLY** looks in the hole to see the solid copper plate, he drops the handle, moves to the curtains and FLINGS them open to reveal the solid wall of copper plating. Frustrated, he drops to the floor, lays back and hits his head on the handle. Grabbing the handle he throws it, SMASHING the television. The television VIOLENTLY SPARKS.

Jordan **QUICKLY WALKS** to the SPARKING television while touching the tattoo. He GRABS the hotel room phone on the credenza.

JORDAN

Hello? Hello!
 (hits the receiver
 and buttons)
 Hello? Is anyone there? I'm in
 room...
 (looks around)
 It's. Room...

AGAIN Jordan drops the phone to take in his surroundings and realizes he's completely alone and trapped. He begins to examine the room less frenetically trying to figure out his situation.

He checks the empty draws of the credenza. Under the bed is bare. After scouring the room Jordan sits on the bed, ~~looking at the night table he opens the draw expecting to find the Bible.~~

REMEMBERING the Bible is missing Jordan suspiciously peeks into the empty drawer then goes to just outside the bathroom, bends down and picks it up. Standing up Jordan stares at the Bible in his hand.

FLASHBACK:

INT. ROOM 104 - EARLIER

FROM JORDAN'S POV the bible is coming towards his head.

UNKNOWN MALE

(barely audible to
 Jordan)
 Lord...do not consider...
 rejected...look...outward...
 (the final word drifts
 away)
 Hea...

BACK TO PRESENT

Jordan moves to the high-end desk. He PULLS the metal chain CLICKING the lamp on. Moving the lamp over the Bible for more light, Jordan scratches at the blood, his dried blood, on the Bible's corner.

Sitting back, Jordan sets the Bible on the table while pulling at the locked drawer handle.

JORDAN

Shit...

Jordan PULLS HARDER but the drawer's handle will not budge. He **QUICKLY** kicks at it, the impact causes Jordan to fall.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Shit!

He looks around the desk for another way into the drawer.

O.S. Muffled LAUGHING. He gets off the floor and brings the chair with him **THIS TIME**. The LAUGHTER is in the hallway on the other side of the copper wall.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(screams)

~~Hello!~~ Hey!

SMASHES the chair apart against the copper wall.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(banging the copper)

Help! Help! I can't get out! Help!

The muted LAUGHING drifts off. Jordan lowers his head and hands onto the copper wall in despair.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

No...please.

(Beat)

I need. Help.

Jordan dishearteningly snatches the Bible off the desk then sits on the edge of the bed. He begins to leaf through it but is distracted by his disheveled appearance IN THE MIRROR'S REFLECTION. He hurls the Bible at the mirror, missing it, the Bible ironically SMASHES the center of the already cracked television glass.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(a slight snort)

Of course.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

INT. ROOM 104'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS (3RD LOOP)

IN THE REFLECTION Jordan touches his bruises, cuts, and blood. Looking at the blood he **knows** he's stood here before. Glancing at his slightly opened shirt, and **without hesitation**, he rips it open on the **first** try like a band-aid.

JORDAN

(endures the pain
easier)

Fuck.

The left side remains in place due to the partially dried blood. Jordan opens the flap, IN THE MIRROR'S REFLECTION he sees his chest for a **third** time, his surprise is dissipating. The dried blood and intersecting burn marks obscure the view of the tattoo over his heart.

Leaning towards the mirror, Jordan touches the tattoo, **knowing** and **accepting** there will be pain from the hypersensitive markings. Jordan only GRUNTS but still recoils in pain, causing him to stumble on the Bible **again** while backing up out of the bathroom.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Fucking god damn bible.

INT. ROOM 104 - CONTINUOUS

WITH LITTLE CONFUSION Jordan **IMMEDIATELY** finds the handle and tries to JAM and WIGGLE it into place **KNOWING** it won't fit. Jordan looks in the hole, **KNOWING** it's blocked by copper. Letting the handle fall he FLINGS open the curtains **KNOWING** it's a copper wall, he drops to the floor.

JORDAN

What the fuck is going on?

Forgetting about the handle Jordan lays back and hits his head on it **AGAIN**. He throws it, SMASHING the television. The television VIOLENTLY SPARKS. With no urgency **this time** Jordan walks to the SPARKING television while touching the tattoo. He PICKS UP the hotel room phone on the credenza.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(**KNOWS** the line is
dead)

Hello.

(HITS the receiver
and buttons)

Hello.

Jordan hangs up the phone and looks around, he's completely alone and trapped. He **REEXAMINES** the room less frenetically, trying to figure things out. He **AGAIN**, but quickly, scours the entire room. Finally he sits on the bed.

Looking at the night table Jordan **KNOWS** the Bible is missing. Deciding **NOT** to open the drawer Jordan instead BOLTS to just outside the bathroom, bends down, picks up the Bible, and stares at it while standing back up.

FLASHBACK:

INT. ROOM 104 - EARLIER

FROM JORDAN'S POV the bible is coming towards his head.

UNKNOWN MALE

(barely audible to
Jordan)

Lord...do not consider...
rejected...look...outward...
(the final word drifts
away)

Hea...

BACK TO PRESENT

Jordan tosses the Bible onto the high-end desk. He casually grabs the handle of the locked desk drawer without looking, he doesn't care about getting into the drawer anymore.

Jordan takes the chair and brings it with him to the copper wall. Without hesitation, and before anybody is on the other side talking, he inexplicably smashes! Picking up two splintered pieces of wood he begins BANGING on the copper

JORDAN

(deliberate, loud)

Fucking hear me! You mumbling fucks!
Hear! Me!

O.S. The muffled LAUGHING begins. Jordan BANGS harder

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(BANGS on the copper)

Help! Help! I can't get out! Help!

The muted LAUGHING drifts off. Jordan lowers his head and hands onto the copper wall in despair.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

No. I need help. What do I have to
fucking do.

Jordan dishearteningly snatches the Bible off the desk then turns in anger, throwing it towards the large mirror. Missing the mirror the Bible ironically SMASHES the center of the already cracked television glass.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(a slight snort)

Of course.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

INT. ROOM 104'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS (4TH LOOP)

IN THE REFLECTION Jordan turns immediately and *without hesitation* exits the bathroom, grabbing the Bible off the floor on the way out.

JORDAN
 (disgusted at himself)
 God. Damn. Bible!

INT. ROOM 104 - CONTINUOUS

Walking briskly, Jordan ignores the table and chair, instead he tosses the Bible onto the bed. He FLINGS open the curtains **KNOWING** it's a copper wall. He drops to the floor, lowers his head and waits.

TIME PASSES.

O.S. The muffled LAUGHING begins.

Jordan **IMMEDIATELY** scrambles up and presses his ear against the copper, trying desperately to hear.

JORDAN
 (to himself)
 Come on, give me something.

Jordan presses up closer to the copper. The MUMBLED GARBLE of the party goes on the outside of the room is LOUDER but indistinguishable.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 Just a little...louder --

UNKNOWN PARTY GOERS (O.S.)
 (through the mumbling
 and laughter)
 -- The Lord looks outward --

JORDAN
 (loud)
 Wait! What?
 (pressing harder;
 shouting)
 Lords what?

O.S. The muffled LAUGHTER and TALKING on the other side of the copper DRIFTS OFF.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 Fuck me.

Jordan sits on the bed. He's befuddled.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 (looks at the Bible;
 struggles to
 understand)
 The Lords. The Lords?

Jordan clutches the Bible with both hands and closes his eyes.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

The Lords...what?

With his eyes remaining closed, Jordan creates a mantra with the repetitive, silent mouthing of his words, "The Lords".

TIME PASSES. Jordan's eyes open with an epiphany.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

The LORD. It's the fucking LORD. *Singular.*

He opens the Bible and leafs through it vigorously.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(turning pages)

The Lord looks outward -- *fucking?*
It has to be...the Lord looks outward.

Jordan continues to aggressively search the Bible, leafing through it both forwards and backwards, while becoming increasingly impatient. After exhaustively examining the Bible he closes it without finding the passage he wants.

With pursed lips, Jordan slightly shakes his head back and forth.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(a slight snort)

Of course.

Jordan, accepting what he must do, turns to face the television. With a DEEP BREATH of resignation he throws the Bible **DELIBERATELY** at the television, breaking the glass.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

INT. ROOM 104'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS (**FINAL LOOP**)

IN THE REFLECTION Jordan looks at himself for a final time. Leaving his shirt and chest alone he immediately turns around to find the discarded Bible in the doorway. He picks up the Bible then places it on the bathroom counter.

Jordan calmly opens the Bible and runs his finger down the rough edge of the torn out page and lowers his head.

JORDAN

(to himself)

And the Word was made with --

(closes his yes)

-- Flesh.

OUT OF OPTIONS and realizing his "loop" can only be broken by removing the tattoo Jordan PUNCHES the mirror then calmly removes his shirt. He looks at the refracted image of himself. Lowering his head shimmers of broken glass in the sink catch his attention.

Reaching down, he slowly wraps his hand around a jagged piece; squeezing hard, blood oozes between his fingers. Raising the glass to his chest, the corner digs into the edge of his tattoo, blood slowly drips.

Jordan SCREAMS.

He painstakingly endures, continuing to dig at his own skin with the shard of glass. Halfway cutting through the edge of the tattoo, Jordan starts using his free hand to pull the tattooed skin away from his chest while continuing to cut.

Jordan is exhausted, but becomes more determined to finish the job and begins cutting faster and pulling harder at his own flesh. As the ~~knife~~ ^{glass} begins to cut the last piece of his tattoo, Jordan blacks out.

He drops the ~~knife~~ ^{glass}, it ~~CLATTERS~~ ^{SHATTERS} on the tile floor. As Jordan falls, the hand clutching the tattoo rips it from his chest as he hits the floor. Spread eagle on the bathroom tile, the freshly separated tattoo dangles from Jordan's limp hand.

O.S. a HIGH PITCHED BUZZ begins.

Jordan is motionless.

O.S. the BUZZING stops. The front door SQUEAKS open, the opened door fills the entire room, including the bathroom, with bright sunlight. The natural light quickly vanishes as the door is SLAMMED shut.

INT. ROOM 104 - CONTINUOUS

The UNKNOWN MALE walks slowly, deliberately. He examines the scattered remnants of Jordan's torturous night, stopping at each bloodied item to view it more closely.

INT. ROOM 104'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The UNKNOWN MALE enters and looks around, extremely satisfied with the destroyed bathroom and Jordan's condition.

UNKNOWN MALE

(looks at Jordan)

You never should have left a mark.

The UNKNOWN MALE reaches down, takes the tattoo out of Jordan's hand and holds it up to the bathroom light.

Extremely satisfied with *his* work, the UNKNOWN MALE leaves Jordan in the bathroom and exits with the tattoo.

INT. ROOM 104 - CONTINUOUS

Making his way to the high-end desk the UNKNOWN MALE stands over it and ADJUSTS the table lamp. Gently removing a skeleton key from his pocket, the UNKNOWN MALE gingerly unlocks the lone, unopened draw.

FROM THE DRAW the UNKNOWN MALE carefully places on the desk a carving board, an ornate circular box, an X-Acto knife, and a hand-held staple gun. Jordan's tattoo is placed on the board. With care and patience, the UNKNOWN MALE spreads and flattens the tattoo.

The UNKNOWN MALE removes the cover off the ornate circular box and places it, centered, on top of the tattoo. Using the box cover as an outline, he begins using the X-Acto knife to trim Jordan's tattoo into a circle.

As flesh is removed, the UNKNOWN MALE sets the extra skin pieces into a pile. Meticulously he continues, cutting and removing skin until the tattoo is a perfect circle.

THE UNKNOWN MALE places the freshly trimmed tattoo into the circular box, it's an exact fit. Putting the lid on the box, he takes pleasure in the completed task, then places the box in his pocket. He begins cleaning up his handy work.

The UNKNOWN MALE locks all the materials in the draw except for the staple gun and pieces of skin. He scoops up the staple gun and discarded skin.

INT. ROOM 104'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jordan is lifeless, his breathing is shallow, barely audible.

The UNKNOWN MALE enters and sits on the floor next to Jordan, he gently slides the hair out of Jordan's eyes.

UNKNOWN MALE

So how are you my friend?

(Beat)

Not good I see.

(to himself)

What kind of mess did you leave for me?

The UNKNOWN MALE uncurls and lays out the pieces of flesh. Like working on a jigsaw puzzle, he places and moves the pieces of skin around on the portion of Jordan's chest where the tattoo was removed.

UNKNOWN MALE (CONT'D)

Let's see if I can fix you up a bit
Jordan.

After finding the right spot to reattach each piece of skin, he takes out the staple gun. One piece at a time, the UNKNOWN MALE deliberately, with pleasure, STAPLES each piece of skin onto Jordan's chest. Jordan is unresponsive to the pain.

Jordan's chest is a mismatched array of small, stapled pieces of flesh and his open wound. The UNKNOWN MALE stands. Gently setting the staple gun on the counter he looks calmly down at Jordan.

UNKNOWN MALE (CONT'D)

All in all Jordan, I'd say it's not
so bad.

The UNKNOWN MALE takes the box out of his pocket and runs his fingers across the intricate patterns on the lid, then focuses on Jordan.

UNKNOWN MALE (CONT'D)

You left a mark on me.

(waves the box at
Jordan)

I took one off of you.

(Beat)

Even.

The UNKNOWN MALE picks up the Bible from the floor, then turns the light off and closes the door, leaving Jordan alone.

INT. ROOM 104 - CONTINUOUS

The UNKNOWN MALE takes the bible to the night table and respectfully places it in the top draw.

He crosses to the front door, takes one last look at the room, then exits and closes the front door behind him.

FADE TO BLACK

IN THE DARKNESS.

JORDAN (O.S.)

Do not consider his appearance or his height, for I have rejected him. The LORD does not look at the things people look at. People look at the outward appearance, but the LORD looks at the heart.

IN THE REFLECTION Jordan digs with his bloodied fingernail at the archaic demonic looking tattoo over his heart.