

CONFESSIONS

Original Screenplay

By

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"CONFESSIONS"

FADE IN:

INT. SAINT LUKE'S CHURCH - DAY

A heavily adorned, cold interior. Absent of any life. Small, flaming candles line the side, near the front.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

PEDESTRIANS walking here and there.

A crowd of ONLOOKERS gathered around a street performance.

A wooden stage with elaborate puppets. A puppet show.

Three puppets facing off. One wearing white, the likeness of God. The other wearing black with horns and a pitchfork, a stereotypical Devil.

In the middle the SINNER. Torn between Good and Evil.

One onlooker, a PRIEST(30's) dressed in traditional black, watches the puppet show a moment. Then, he turns and excuses himself through the crowd. Walks. Carries a silver BRIEFCASE by his side.

As he passes, His lips part showing off his gold-trimmed front teeth.

INT. SAINT LUKE'S CHURCH - DAY

The large, wooden, exterior doors open allowing a flood of sunlight in. The light extends the entire length of the church.

BILLY MCREADY(16) sticks his head just inside. A curious white lock of hair apparent within the brown.

Cautiously checking things out, he slowly sneaks in. Allows the door to close gently behind him.

The large cavernous room overlooking the boy.

Billy slowly makes his way to the front of the church. He passes several effigies of various SAINTS recessed into the side walls, looking down on him.

Billy hesitantly looks up at each one as he passes.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

The Devil puppet makes aggressive gestures towards the Sinner. Using his pitchfork in a stabbing motion.

The Sinner cowing in fear.

The onlookers laugh at the scene.

Dramatic MUSIC in the background getting intense.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

The gold-teethed priest walking still. Gets to the front of Saint Luke's Church. Looks around before going inside.

INT. SAINT LUKE'S CHURCH - DAY

Passing a confessional, Billy finally reaches the priest's stage. Continues around to the side and into a hallway.

At the far end of the hallway a half-opened door. The room's light casting shadows into the dark hallway.

INT. SAINT LUKE'S CHURCH - DAY

The gold-teethed priest enters quiet, professionally. All business. Closes the large doors behind him. Locks them from the inside.

He lays his brief case on the ground in front of him and flips the locks open easily.

In the case, a large, silver, semi-automatic PISTOL sits. The priest removes the gun and a large silencer. Attaches the silencer. Leaves the case on the ground.

Without hesitation the priest makes his way towards the front of the church. The same saintly effigies watch the priest as he passes.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

The Devil over the Sinner. Pitchfork ready to give an end to the Sinner. Making outrageous movements.

The God puppet allowing it. No match for the Devil.

The audience reacting.

The MUSIC getting still more intense.

INT. SAINT LUKE'S CHURCH - DAY

Billy makes his way to the end of the long hallway. Gets to the door and peers inside.

INT. SAINT LUKE'S CHURCH - DAY

The gold-teethed priest in the same, dark hallway. Walks with intention. On a mission. Billy not there. A different place in time.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

The Devil over the Sinner still.

Suddenly, another puppet dressed in black with white priest's collar enters from God's side. He wields a large sword.

INT. SAINT LUKE'S CHURCH - DAY

Billy stands at the door. Eyes wide with fear at what he sees.

INT. SAINT LUKE'S CHURCH - STUDY - DAY

A large wooden desk sits beneath a row of large windows. A large blood splatter on one of the windows behind the desk.

FATHER THOMAS(30'S) sits slumped backwards in his chair. A single bullet hole in his head.

Within the room's doorframe, Billy stands, eyes wide with horror.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

The Priest goes straight for the Devil with his sword. Gets him just before the Devil can finish the Sinner.

The dramatic MUSIC ends with a CRASH of symbols.

The Devil falls dead.

INT. SAINT LUKE'S CHURCH - DAY

The gold-teethed priest leaves Father Thomas's study. His pistol held by his side.

In the background, Father Thomas slumped backwards, dead from the priest's bullet. The blood stain on the window.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

God, the Priest and the Sinner rejoice. Do a dance.

Again, the audience reacts. Enjoying the finish.

INT. SAINT LUKE'S CHURCH - STUDY

Billy still standing at the study room door. Tears in his eyes.

NARRATOR(VO)

God has a saying, Sins kills the man,
Confessions kill the sinner.

INT. SAINT LUKE'S CHURCH - DAY

The gold-teethed priest removes the silencer, packs up his weapon. Closes the briefcase, picks up and leaves unnoticed.

EXT. SAINT LUKE'S CHURCH - NIGHT

Billy's face outlined by the darkness. His eyes closed.

NARRATOR(VO)

Sin is who we are. We are all guilty of something. Seeking Salvation.

INT. SAINT LUKES CHURCH - DAY

WORSHIPERS here and there. Doing religious activities. Sitting and prayer mostly.

POPS PHILEMON(70's) a frail old man sits in a pew near the rear.

EXT. SAINT LUKES CHURCH - NIGHT

Billy's terrified face still. His huddled body revealed, his eyes open. His pupils a window into his dark insides.

Billy's wretched face shivers from the outside cold. He sits against the church front out of the wind.

His shivering body sits pushed up against the large wooden exterior doors of the church.

Suddenly, He looks down at his arm. Bites down on a belt wrapped around his bicep. Pulls it tight. Slaps at the veins on his well-used forearm.

Gets his syringe. Injects something into a vein. Eyes roll back. Loses himself in the shadows.

INT. SAINT LUKES CHURCH - DAY

Pops Philemon sits in the rear pew. Gets up shuffles towards the exit. Stops at the donation box.

At the box, Pops finds his gift for the church, a large MONEY ROLL. Hundred-dollar bills. Pops takes the entire roll and forces it into the tiny slot in the donation box.

It takes several attempts to get the oversized wad of money into the box. Finally gets it in. Not done, though. Another similar sized, hundred-dollar money roll. It too goes into the box.

Satisfied, Pops smiles. Leaves the church.

NARRATOR(VO)

Our confessions will determine our fate. Our salvation.

EXT. SUBURBIA - DAY

In front of a two-story house. Nice car in the drive.

NARRATOR(VO)
Only then can we live.

An unusually bent tree in the front lawn.

Most houses on the street well taken care of. Most driveways empty. Occupants at work. Except here.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Middle class living room with matching interior. The television set the most expensive object in the place.

The place trashed. Turned over bookshelves, chairs.

Family photos on the walls.

A CRASH from the next room.

TITUS(OS)
Where the fuck is it!?

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

A woman MARTYR(30's) sits at the dining room table shaking and scared. Mascara runs below her eyes.

TITUS(20'S) stands over the woman carelessly wielding a pistol over her head.

Billy stands against the far wall. Trying to stay awake. Too high to keep his eyes open. Hasn't bathed in days. One can see the smells.

Titus points the pistol at the woman's head.

TITUS
Where is it!?

MARTYR
I don't know what you're talking about.

Titus pulls the woman up by her hair. Slaps her.

The woman recoils.

Titus stands over her quiet. Gets his mouth close to the woman's ear.

TITUS

(soft)

You believe in God?

Titus gets some distance between himself and the Martyr. Puts the end of the pistol to the her temple.

The woman holds her bleeding mouth. Stays quiet. Squeezes her eyes shut. Preparing herself.

Finally the woman gives in...

MARTYR

It's upstairs in the far bedroom. In the closet.

TITUS

That's it. That a girl.

Titus smiles at the woman. Bends down and kisses her on the head. Strokes her hair. Turns to the passed-out Billy.

TITUS

(to Billy)

What the fuck are you doing?

Titus goes to his accomplice holding up the wall. Gets to him. Shakes him.

TITUS

Watch her.

Billy comes to. Looks at his friend. Smiles.

TITUS

Fucking dope-head.

Titus slaps Billy's face. Wakes him up a bit. Startles Billy.

BILLY

I got it, Jeeze.

Titus hesitates. Watches Billy's face. Looks back at the cowed woman.

Finally, Titus hurries out of the room to whatever's waiting. Leaves Billy alone with the woman.

Billy looks at the her. She at him.

Billy can't hold his heavy eyelids open any longer. Closes them. Moves his head slightly to some unheard song.

The woman watches intently. Sees her chance. Looks back towards Billy's accomplice. Sees no one. Slides out of her chair slowly.

Billy doesn't notice. In his own world.

The woman stands. Makes a move past Billy. Gets to the next room.

Suddenly, Billy opens his eyes. Notices the woman gone. Gets frantic.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Martyr is almost at her front door. Reaches for the door knob.

Suddenly, Billy clumsily grabs her from behind.

She SCREAMS. Attempts to fight Billy off.

Billy holds her tight. Both bodies fall to the carpet.

The woman SCREAMS for her life.

Billy puts his hand over the woman's mouth to keep her from screaming. Muffled SCREAMS from beneath Billy's hand.

The woman continues to struggle. Almost gets Billy off her.

Again, the woman SCREAMS loud enough for anyone outside to hear.

Billy struggles to keep her quiet, on the ground. Suddenly, Billy holds his hand tight over the woman's mouth. Leans over her face. Cutting off her air.

The Martyr struggles a bit. Then, falls silent. Dead beneath Billy.

Titus enters carrying a small, sleek black BAG. Sees Billy over the dead Martyr.

TITUS

What the fuck! Billy get the fuck up.

Titus rushes to Billy. Pulls at his shirt sleeve.

Billy rolls off the dead woman. Stares. Frozen at the sight of her.

TITUS

Billy, let's get the fuck out of here!

Billy cries. Lowers his head in disgust. Gets close to the woman. Shakes her dead body trying to wake her.

BILLY

Wake up! I didn't mean it. Oh, God!

Billy covers his mouth trying to prevent himself from vomiting. It's no good. Vomit spews from his mouth and he leans over to let it all out.

His accomplice watches.

TITUS

Dope-head. I told you.

Suddenly, Titus points the pistol at Billy. Without hesitation...

BANG! Shoots his partner in the chest.

Horrorified, Billy covers the wound with his hand. Pulls his hand back. Sees the blood covering it. Falls backwards on the carpet next to the woman's body.

BILLY

(to himself)

Why? God, why? Oh God.

Titus leaves in a hurry. His job done.

Billy looks up as if towards Heaven. Staring at nothing.
The blank ceiling.

BILLY
(mumbling)
God. Please...

Suddenly...

bright light everywhere. Consumes the room and everything
in it until...

NARRATOR(VO)
I found my Salvation that day.

The light is the only thing left.

Then, blackness.

NARRATOR(VO)
I've been trying to get out ever since.

BLACK TITLE CARD: YEARS LATER

EXT. BLACK VOID - NIGHT

A lone Television set from afar. On. The only light in the
void.

Movement closer towards the television set. The light
getting brighter. The picture becoming clear.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON(30's) gives a press conference on the
television.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON(VO)
I have nothing against the Church.
(pause)
The State has legal authority to question
its leaders. My department intends to do
just that. Lawlessness has no immunity. My
job is to investigate, whomever may the
suspect be.

Reporter's VOICES from the television blending together.
All trying to ask a question.

On screen, The Detective points to a questioner.

Movement continues towards the television set. Closer. Until the Detective's head the only thing visible.

EXT. BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY

Detective Philemon's head and mouth still moving. A glass image.

The scope of a large, SNIPER'S RIFLE is now the viewing apparatus for the Detective's head replacing the television.

A man takes aim behind the rifle from the cover of a few stories high building across from the press conference.

Detective Philemon's head sits squarely within the scope's crosshairs.

Steady...

A few seconds with the Detective's head in the crosshairs. The man's finger squeezing the trigger.

Then, through the scope, Detective Philemon is disturbed by something next to him. Whatever it is interrupts his press conference. He bends down toward the disturbance.

The shooter hesitates. Moves the scope to get a look. Detective Philemon shoos away his SON(5) who has rushed to see his daddy.

The boy runs back to his embarrassed mother, the DETECTIVE'S WIFE(30's), standing nearby.

The shooter gets the Detective back in the scope's crosshairs. Holds it a second.

Suddenly the man backs off, FATHER MCREADY(40'S), dressed in black priest's garments, decides against it. Mcready's white lock of hair still evident.

Just to make sure, Mcready looks again through the scope of the rifle. Sees Detective Philemon. Finds his son. As he suspected.

FATHER MCREADY
(under his breath)
Shit.

With a professional air, Father Mcready pulls the rifle back. Quickly takes it apart. Places each piece in its place in a metal case. Picks it up. Walks.

Father Mcready leaves the rooftop.

INT. CONTINUING LIFE SANATORIUM - QUARTERS - DAY

A resident's quarters lined with religious items. Crosses on the walls, statues of Jesus. Every inch of space taken up by something to do with the Church.

Pops Philemon watches a religious program on a small, outdated television set. The sound up real loud. The PREACHER preaching ostentatiously.

At the bottom of the television screen, a banner reading:
To Make a Donation call: 888-456-9083

Pops Philemon stares at the television blankly. A half-smile on his face. His eyes proof of his identity lost within his own mind.

A MALE NURSE (20's) in all white enters. Carries a small medicine cup and glass of water.

MALE NURSE
Time for your medicine, Rudy.

Pops Philemon cuts the sound down. Turns to see his visitor.

POPS PHILEMON
Oh?

The nurse hands his patient the medicine cup. Several pills sit inside. Pops Philemon inspects them.

POPS PHILEMON
What am I taking these for?

MALE NURSE
They're to help calm you, remember?
(smiles)

Pops Philemon smiles back. The lack of knowing showing through his smile.

POPS PHILEMON

Of course.

Pops takes the pills without an argument. Takes the glass from the nurse and washes them down. Hands the items back to the nurse.

POPS PHILEMON

You seen my son anywhere?

MALE NURSE

No, but I will let you know if I do.
(smiles)

POPS PHILEMON

Hmm. Is there a phone I could use?

The nurse hesitates.

POPS PHILEMON

It's a toll free number.

Pops Philemon looks back at the television.

The nurse plays along.

MALE NURSE

I'll go see if I can find one. How 'bout that?

(smiles)

Pops Philemon trying to figure out the nurse's last statement. Stares blankly. Finally gives up. Turns back around to the television. Turns the volume up.

The preacher's VOICE taking the attention.

The nurse shakes his head. Leaves.

INT. CAR - DAY

Detective Philemon sits in the passenger seat while his wife drives. His son rides quietly in the back looking over a coloring book.

The detective stares out the window. Watches the passing pavement. Something obviously bothering him.

MRS. PHILEMON(OS)

Are you sure it's a good idea to be doing this?

The Detective continues staring.

MRS. PHILEMON(OS)

Don't you think you're becoming obsessed with this whole thing?

Detective Philemon ignores his wife. Lost in his thought.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Maybe.

The detective looks over at his concerned wife. Then glances back at his entertained son. Back out the window at the passing landscape.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - DAY

A run-down place in need of some housekeeping. Worn pews, paint peeling. Not the feel of a welcoming place.

A single roach scurries across the dark, bare floor. Stops. Antennae twitch in the shadows. Continues on.

The roach gets to a door. Light from beneath it. The roach gets under it. Stops again.

From beneath the door, the entire room is revealed.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - STUDY - DAY

A wood-lined room with furniture to match. One can smell the age of the place.

Father Mcready sits at a large desk. His attention is fixed on a made-up, cardboard box in front of him. The front and top exposed.

It's like he's talking to whatever's inside it.

Arts and crafts supplies take up space on the desk next to the modified cardboard box. Glue, scissors, material. A recorked bottle of wine.

FATHER MCREADY

(to himself)

One more.

The priest lifts the lid off a small tin container. He pulls up a large, writhing cockroach. Holds it gently between his forefinger and thumb with its back exposed.

Movement of the roach's antennae twitch and bend. The insect squirms between the priest's fingers. A tough hold.

The priest reaches for the small container of paper glue. He picks it up and holds the end over the back of the squirming insect. Squeezes the glue container.

A large glob of white glue extrudes from the end of the container. Lands directly on the back of the roach in the priest's hand covering the insects back.

Father Mcready gently lowers the insect into the cardboard box revealing its contents: A made up doll house. Table and chairs in the middle. Draperies and linen. Some real effort put into it.

The priest lowers the insect into its awaiting place. He carefully pushes the glue-filled back of the roach into a tiny hand-made, wooden chair.

Three identical, squirming roaches sit in adjacent chairs around a small table. All sitting upright with their backs firmly attached to their chairs. The fourth is now in its place.

The legs and antennae move in concerted fashion.

The priest sits back and inspects his work. Father Mcready stares at the scene. Amused.

The silent, intimate moment is suddenly broken by a KNOCK at the priest's study door.

Father Mcready looks at the door, startled.

He hastily grabs his roach mansion and sets it on the ground next to him. Slides it beneath his desk, out of sight.

FATHER MCREADY
(irritated)
Yes?

The door to the priest's study slowly opens. Young JUDAUS(15), the church's curate cautiously enters.

JUDAUS
Father, you have a visitor.

FATHER MCREADY
(calm)
A visitor? I told you I didn't want to be disturbed.

JUDAUS
(unsure)
Yes, Father, but the man insisted.

FATHER MCREADY
Another confession I...

A tall, slender MESSENGER(30's) gently pushes his way into Father Mcready's study. He's dressed in priest-like, black garments minus the collar.

Judaus doesn't put up a fight.

FATHER MCREADY
Suppose.

Father Mcready stands to address his visitor.

MESSENGER
Just a messenger, Mcready.

The look on Mcready's face indicates the familiarity in the visitor.

FATHER MCREADY
A Messiah? Only one of those you know.

Judaus looks at the stranger then to Mcready.

Mcready calmly watches the man.

The stranger slowly approaches the priest's desk. Stops just in front of the priest's desk.

The priest stares silent at the stranger. Looks at the waiting Judaus. Gives him a look.

Judaus gets the hint and leaves graciously.

FATHER MCREADY
(to messenger)
Sit.

The priest motions to a chair that sits in front of the old wooden desk.

The messenger remains standing.

Mcready takes his seat. Lifts the bottle of wine from the desktop and pours a glass.

FATHER MCREADY
(continuing)
Drink?

The messenger waves his hand slightly, refusing.

MESSENGER
I see you're taking care of the place.

The man looks around at the peeling paint and dust laden wood.

Father Mcready finishes pouring and takes a large drink.

FATHER MCREADY
No complaints.

MESSENGER
C'mon. A complaining priest is a happy priest. Am I right?

Mcready HUFFS but doesn't respond directly. Takes another drink.

FATHER MCREADY
What do you want?

The messenger smiles.

MESSENGER

The old man wants to see you.

Mcready takes a drink.

FATHER MCREADY

Yeah?

MESSENGER

Yeah.

Mcready hesitates.

MESSENGER

Your mark is still alive, Mcready. He's not happy.

FATHER MCREADY

Couldn't get a shot.

MESSENGER

Since when couldn't you get a shot? Better come up with something better than that.

Mcready stays silent. Acknowledging the truth in the stranger's statement.

FATHER MCREADY

Tell him you couldn't find me then.

MESSENGER

I'm not going back without you, Mcready.

Both men stare down each other.

FATHER MCREADY

Then neither of us are going back.

A silent moment.

Mcready takes a drink without taking his eyes off his guest.

FATHER MCREADY

Thinking about retiring this year.

MESSNEGER

Suppose you want a pension.

FATHER MCREADY

I want dispensation.

The messenger stops. Waits for Mcready to finish.

FATHER MCREADY

Tell him I'm out.

This garners a chuckle from the messenger.

MESSENGER

Out?

The messenger CHUCKLES. Gets Mcready's serious. Tone changes. More aggressive.

MESSENGER

I can't go back with that, Mcready. Not by myself.

FATHER MCREADY

Like I said, either you go alone or neither of us will make it back.

A sharp pain in Mcready's head. Mcready winces. Tries not to show it.

The messenger notices.

MESSENGER

You'll never get rid of that pain, Mcready.

FATHER MCREADY

I'll live with it.

Again, the two men stare down one another. Neither flinching.

A KNOCK at the study door. Interrupts the moment.

Father Mcready stands.

FATHER MCREADY

Now if you'll excuse me.

MESSENGER

Well. Makes my job more difficult. You'll owe, Mcready one way or another.

FATHER MCREADY

We'll all owe in the end.

Awkward silence.

Unaffected by the remark the stranger grins.

Reluctantly, the man gets the hint. Goes to leave. Opens the door to the priest's study, turns to Father Mcready.

MESSENGER

Next time, Mcready, I will have something to confess.

The stranger leaves.

Father Mcready carefully watches the Stranger leave. Then he Opens the top drawer to his desk. Gets a small pill bottle. Dumps several pills into his hand. Throws them in his mouth. Chases it with the last of his wine.

Father Mcready stands there a moment. Leans his head back. Closes his eyes.

A silent moment. Then...

Finally, Mcready leaves.

Business to attend to.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - DAY

A few PARISHONERS have lined up in the middle isle of the church waiting for communion from Father Mcready.

Staring off into space Father Mcready waits at the front ready to deliver the sacraments.

His face is off-white. Doesn't look well. Sweat collects on his brow.

Judaus prepares the offerings next to the priest not noticing the priest's condition.

Father Mcready fixates his eyes on the line of parishioners who've gathered for the night's service.

The line looks more like a homeless shelter line. The parishioners look greedy. Animal-like.

The line of parishioners watches the priest curiously. Waiting.

Finally ready for the communion, Judaus prepares to hand Father Mcready the first cracker. Holds a large silver plate in Father Mcready's direction.

The priest doesn't respond. Fixated on the distorting line in front of him.

Father Mcready wipes the sweat from his brow. Sweating profusely now.

JUDAUS

Father?

Suddenly, the interior of the church, including the parishioners, begins to swirl in a mess of vivid colors.

Father Mcready is ready to pass out.

Father Mcready drops to the floor suddenly. Lies on his back in the silence. Stares at the ceiling.

Judaus hovers over him trying to revive him. Father Mcready can't hear anything. Watches helpless. Suddenly, he passes out. Blackness.

INT. SAINT LUKE'S CHURCH - DAY

Young Billy Mcready again. Sneaking down the dark hallway. Sees the door to Father Thomas's study half open. The light from the room unusually bright.

Slowly, hesitantly Billy travels the long length of darkness. Gets to the open door. Hesitates before peering inside. Afraid of what he might find.

Seeing inside, Billy smiles.

INT. SAINT LUKE'S CHURCH - STUDY - DAY

Father Thomas sits at his desk doing paperwork. Looks up and sees Billy standing in the door. Stops. Smiles.

Billy smiles. Exuberant happiness. Stays within the frame of the half-open door.

FATHER THOMAS
Remember what I told you?

Young Mcready nods.

FATHER THOMAS
Never confess your sins, again. To anyone.

With this, Billy looks at Father Thomas confused.

BILLY MCREADY
But why?

FATHER THOMAS
(stearn)
Because I said.

The SQUEAK of a door causes Billy to turn around. Nothing. Looks back at Father Thomas. This time in horror at what he sees.

Again, Father Thomas slumped backwards. Blood stain on the window. Bullet hole in his head.

BILLY MCREADY
No!

Billy tries moving but can't. Stuck right where he stands. Holds his arm out towards the dead priest.

An agonizing look on his face.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - STUDY - NIGHT

Mcready's face. Eyes closed.

The priest's eyes come to life. Looks around. Alone. Eerily Quiet.

From the study sofa, Father Mcready sits up. Still groggy. Sweat on his forehead.

A FLUSH from the study toilet.

The bathroom door opens and Judaus enters the study. Sees Father Mcready sitting. Hurries to his side.

JUDAUS

Are you feeling okay? You passed out.

Father Mcready looks at Judaus. Doesn't answer. Still trying to get his bearing.

Worried, the young Judaus gently places his hand on the priest's cheek.

Reflexively, Father Mcready removes the young man's hand. Stands up.

FATHER MCREADY

I'm Okay. Overworked is all. I need some air.

Father Mcready walks to his desk. Removes his outer priest's garments. Casual dress beneath.

The priest looks at Judaus who is now sitting on the sofa. Watching him.

FATHER MCREADY

Go home. I'll be Okay.

JUDAUS

Are you sure? Maybe you shouldn't go out. You might have an accident.

The priest retrieves a hanging jacket from the coat stand.

FATHER MCREADY

I'll be fine.

(looks at Judaus)

Go ahead. I need some time alone.

Reluctantly, Judaus gets up to leave. Goes to the study door. Takes one last look at the priest. Leaves. Closes door behind him.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - NIGHT

Judaus extinguishes the last of the candles at the front of the church. Grabs jacket. Leaves the dark, cold space for the evening.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - STUDY - NIGHT

Father Mcready goes to his desk. Pulls the top drawer open. Grabs the generic pill bottle from it. Inspects its contents.

A few pills remaining.

Satisfied, he places the container in his jacket pocket.

Next, he goes to a small closet.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - CLOSET

Several hanging garments. A small space. Father Mcready kneels down. Finds a hidden door in the floorboard. Pulls it open.

Pulls out two, identical metal briefcases, both similar to the one from the rooftop. Sets them to the side.

Mcready reaches back inside the large, hidden space. Gets a carved, wooden box.

He pulls a chain from around his neck. A key dangles from it. Uses the key to unlock the box.

Inside, several stacks of ten and twenty dollar bills and several passports.

He grabs a stack of bills and places them in his pocket. Doesn't bother to count them.

Having what he needs, he locks the box and puts it in its hidden place. Places the two briefcases back. Closes the floor safe door.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - NIGHT

Father Mcready crosses the front of the church. On his way out.

The church interior is cold, creepy.

The Virgin Mary, herself a dilapidated thing, stares down at the priest. Watching. Sadness in her lifeless eyes.

The priest looks up at the statue briefly. Avoiding the gaze of the lifeless woman, he hurries to the front doors. Leaves.

INT. THE WRECK ROOM - NIGHT

A small, word-of-mouth bar. A few MALE PATRONS sit around tables drinking.

Dominatrix whips, ball-gags and leather paraphernalia are displayed in areas of the bar. Some in glass cases.

Father Mcready sits at one end of the bar alone. Drinking something harsh.

At the other end of the bar two MEN sit. Talking, drinking.

A young GIGOLO(20's), attractive, takes his attention from his own conversation with an OLDER MAN, gazes down the bar at Father Mcready.

Mcready's only interest is his drink. Doesn't notice the averted stare.

Father Mcready finishes his drink. Orders another from the MALE BARTENDER(30's).

The bartender, bad lighting showing his face, pours a healthy shot. Smiles at the priest. An eerie smile.

Father Mcready returns a polite smile.

FATHER MCREADY

Thanks.

The priest looks down the bar momentarily. Catches the Gigolo's gaze.

The man smiles coyly at the priest. Returns to his conversation. Half-listening.

The Gigolo can't keep his eyes off the priest. Returns his eyes in the priest's direction.

Father Mcready tries a half-smile. Back to his drink. Can feel the younger man's stare. Uncomfortable.

Down the bar, the Gigolo has excused himself from his friend. Moves toward Father Mcready. Gets near the priest. Takes a seat next to him.

Father Mcready stares straight ahead. Avoiding the young man's look.

The man looks at Mcready. Turns to face him.

GIGOLO

(feminine)

You been here before?

Father Mcready continues his straightforward stare.

FATHER MCREADY

No.

(drinks)

GIGOLO

You sure? You look familiar.

(drinks)

I'd remember that handsome look anywhere.

(smiles)

FATHER MCREADY

(looks at man)

I'm sure.

(back to drink)

Persistent, the man tries again.

GIGOLO

(points at Mcready)

You're an actor aren't you.

FATHER MCREADY

(lightens up)

I'm sorry. You've got me mixed up with someone else.

GIGOLO

Hmmm. I was sure of it.

(drinks)

By yourself?

FATHER MCREADY
Fortunately.
(looks at man)

The young man gets his head close to Father Mcready's ear.

GIGOLO
(low)
You like to party?

FATHER MCREADY
Would you excuse me?

The priest turns toward the young man. Leans back a little. Away from him. Continues sitting.

The Gigolo waits. Expects the priest to move.

The bar has begun to fill up with MEN and WOMEN. A few patrons stand around the bar near Father Mcready and the young man.

GIGOLO
Oh. You mean me?
(embarrassed; smiles)
If you need me I'll be at the other end.

Reluctantly, the Gigolo stands, turns to leave.

GIGOLO
(under his breath)
Fag.

He continues to make his way back to the other end of the bar. Takes up his conversation with his friend. Continues to look at Mcready.

Father Mcready downs the rest of his drink in one gulp. Throws several bills on the bar. Heads toward the restroom.

PATRONS congregate around the men and women's restrooms drinking, socializing.

INT. THE WRECK ROOM - RESTROOM - NIGHT

Horrible lighting reflects off porcelain walls. The décor not very well kept.

Father Mcready enters. Goes to a urinal.

A MAN in a too-tight T-shirt stands at an adjacent urinal, urinating. Minding his business.

Father Mcready urinates.

The man adjacent finishes. Leaves.

LAUGHTER from MEN in the closest stall. Door closed.

Father Mcready finishes. Goes to the sink. Turns the faucet on. Reaches in his pocket. Retrieves the pill bottle. Dumps several pills in his hand. Throws them in his mouth.

He cups his hands in the dirty sink taking water. Leans forward into his cupped hands. Chases the pills with the water.

Suddenly, the bathroom stall door BANGS open. Two YOUNG MEN(20's) exit. Hanging on each other, Intoxicated. Smile at Mcready's reflection in the mirror on their way out.

Father Mcready watches the men leave. Unaffected, turns the faucet off. Leaves.

EXT. SUBURBIA - STREET - NIGHT

Several houses. None worse or better than the other.

An old, 60's MERCEDES sits still near the curb directly in front of one of the houses.

A two-story house with a familiar, strangely bent tree in the front lawn.

A single light on behind closed curtains of the house.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Father Mcready sits in the still, darkness of the vehicle. He takes a swig from a liquor bottle.

He looks toward the source of the light in the house.

Been here before.

The priest takes another reckless drink from his bottle. Looks ahead at nothing. Considering.

Closes his eyes. Pushes an awaiting tear out. The only thing sparkling in the night. Mcready leans his head back on the seat. Raises his hand to his face to wipe the tear.

Suddenly...

A thin wire is forced around his neck with his raised hand in between. Pulled tight. Instantly, Mcready reacts. Struggles.

The liquor bottle falls from his lap to the passenger-side floorboard. The Liquid spilling out.

From the back seat the messenger, from the earlier visit, pulls on the wire's ends. Choking Mcready.

The only thing saving Mcready is his hand between the flesh of his neck and the metal. Mcready continues to struggle. Pushes himself back towards the back seat.

Mcready reaches for his only weapon, the liquor bottle. Too far to reach.

The messenger struggles to hold on. More difficult than expected. Continues to pull backwards.

Mcready kicks at the dashboard. Hits the cigarette lighter in with his foot.

The thin wire cutting into Mcready's hand. Blood oozes from the wound. Getting ever closer to Mcready's neck.

Mcready grabs at the wire with his free hand.

EXT. SUBURBIA - STREET - NIGHT

Quiet. A street lamp illuminates a portion of the street. The Mercedes sits in the silence of the shadows.

Shadowy movements of the struggle the only evidence of something wrong.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Mcready and the stranger continue to struggle. The RUSTLING of body parts the only noise.

A CLICK from the cigarette lighter.

Mcready notices. Reaches for the thing.

Closer... Closer.

Finally, grabs the lighter. The thing glows red. Mcready blindly shoves it towards his aggressor. Gets him in the face. Sizzling flesh.

Immediately, the stranger pulls back. Releases the wire to protect his face.

Free, Mcready instinctively goes for the distracted man. From the front seat grabs the man. Goes for his neck. The blood from Mcready's hand smearing the Stranger's face.

The messenger retreats backwards. Still sitting, his black coat pushes back. His shiny pistol revealed.

Mcready instantly goes for the gun. Gets it easily. In control now.

Suddenly, the struggling stops. The messenger knows he's got the short end. He CHUCKLES. Puts his hands up.

Both take a moment. Catch their breaths. Both breathing heavily.

Then...

MESSENGER

(sarcastic)

Don't shoot the messenger.

Mcready's irate. Can barely control himself.

MESSENGER

You can't run from it, Mcready. Death isn't the worst thing. It's what's after that hurts.

The messenger SNICKERS.

EXT. SUBURBIA - STREET - NIGHT

Still quiet.

The outline of Mcready's car.

Suddenly, a silent burst of gunfire lights up the interior.

The back door to the vehicle opens.

The messenger's body is pushed out onto the dark street.

Ghostly smoke emanates from the corpse.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Blood stains cover the back seat and portions of the window.

Mcready pulls the back door to. Hurriedly sits down in the front seat. Lays the bloodied gun on the seat next to him. Looks down at his bloodied shirt, his wounded hand.

Starts the car.

EXT. SUBURBIA - STREET - NIGHT

Mcready's car quickly pulls off.

The stranger's dead body a heap of shadows in the street. An ominous glow over it.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - STUDY - DAY

Sunlight shines through a large, framed window onto Mcready's wooden desk. The desk is littered with papers and an empty bottle of wine.

A closer inspection of the floor reveals a large, singular COCKROACH alone in the shadows of the sofa.

Antennae twitch and bend.

Laying just above the insect, Father Mcready's head lies still. Dead maybe.

A sign of life beneath the closed lids of the priest. Eyes move in rhythm with the roach's antennae.

Suddenly from nowhere, an unidentified HAND moves close to Mcready's head. Slowly... Almost touching him.

Feeling the person's presence, Father Mcready's eyes jut open wide. Fear still in them. In between dreaming and reality, Mcready jerks his head off the old sofa.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON(40's), tall with a smoker's face up close is dressed in casual business attire. Pulls his hand back away from the startled priest.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Can't be comfortable sleeping with that on.

His partner, DETECTIVE ZOE AMOS(30's), fresher, with looks too pretty to be a cop, stands behind.

Mcready, sitting now, looks down at his attire. Afraid of what he might find.

Wearing his black, priest's robe, he pulls his collar out to get a look at his clothes beneath his robe. The bloodied shirt beneath.

FATHER MCREADY

(nervous)

You get used to it.

Mcready rises from the sofa. Straightens his clothing. His mind.

DETECTIVE AMOS

Sorry to bother you, Father Mcready.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Did we wake you?

Mcready moves towards his guests to greet them.

FATHER MCREADY

Who let you in?

Philemon's demeanor is cold.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

We knocked. No one answered. We thought it would be okay.

(reaches hand out)

DETECTIVE PHILEMON (CONT'D)
Detective Philemon, Special Investigative
Unit.

Mcready hesitates. Remembers his wounded hand. Bandaged
now. Keeps it close to his side.

Philemon notices. Pulls is own hand back.

PHILEMON
(motions to Amos)
This is Detective Amos. Do you have a few
minutes?

FATHER MCREADY
Certainly. Have a seat.

The priest motions to the two chairs sitting in front of
his desk. Goes to sit behind the desk in his chair.
Immediately looks for something. Finds his white priest's
collar. Puts it on.
Detective Amos sits.

Suddenly, Judaus's standing in the doorway.

The office's three occupants turn to look at the boy.

JUDAUS
I'm sorry, Father. I was...

The priest stops Judaus with a look and a gentle wave of
his hand.

Judaus backs out of the office and gently closes the door.

The officers watch Judaus leave.

Philemon continues to stand. Keeps his distance between
himself and the priest.

Father Mcready notices Philemon's coldness.

FATHER MCREADY
(uneasy)
What can I do for you?

DETECTIVE AMOS
Father, we're investigating a homicide. Like
to ask you some questions.

FATHER MCREADY
Of course.
(composed)
What does a murder have to do with the
Church?

DETECTIVE AMOS
The victim was a priest. Found dead in the
street last night.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
Pedophile.

FATHER MCREADY
Excuse me?

The priest is taken back by the word.

DETECTIVE AMOS
The victim was a suspected pedophile. Had a
history we think. Father O'Malley.

FATHER MCREADY
(sits back in chair)
Father O'Malley?
(thinks)
My God.

Mcready sits quiet for a moment. Gets up. Turns toward the
window. Finally, back to his guests.

FATHER MCREADY
Anything I can do, I certainly will.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
We think the killer may be a parishioner.
Someone the victim knew.

DETECTIVE AMOS
Have you had anyone you've been worried
about? Maybe a confession you've heard?
Anything would help.

FATHER MCREADY

(thinking)

No. Nothing particular. Should I be worried?

DETECTIVE AMOS

No. We don't believe so.

FATHER MCREADY

I see.

(beat)

Anyways, a man's confession is between him and God. I'm just the conduit.

(smiles)

Awkward silence.

FATHER MCREADY

No. I haven't heard anything particularly disturbing.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Well, if God hears anything, you think he could let us know?

Detective Amos looks at her partner.

Philemon stares down the priest. Suspicious.

Father Mcready smiles at Philemon. Looks at the gentler Detective Amos.

FATHER MCREADY

I'll do everything within my power.

(gets up)

Now if you'll excuse me. I have some work to do.

Detective Amos rises.

DETECTIVE AMOS

Of course.

Detective Amos reaches in her jacket pocket and takes out a business card. Hands it to the priest.

DETECTIVE AMOS
Father, if you hear anything of interest
would you give us a call?

Father Mcready takes the card with his good hand. Looks at
it.

FATHER MCREADY
(smiles)
Certainly. If I hear anything.

Detective Amos holds her hand toward the priest.
Again, the priest refuses the handshake. His badly bandaged
hand. Blood stained.

Detective Amos notices. Pulls back the invitation.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
Better get that looked at.

The priest reluctantly acknowledges.

FATHER MCREADY
Yes, I intend to. Thank you.

DETECTIVE AMOS
Well.

The two detectives turn to leave.

DETECTIVE AMOS
Hate to keep you. Thanks for your time,
Father.

FATHER MCREADY
What's a special investigator doing working
on a homicide?

This gets Philemon's attention. Turns towards the priest.

PHILEMON
We're investigating the Church. The deceased
is a ranking member of the Church. Part of
our investigation.

FATHER MCREADY
Oh. Well.

PHILEMON

The guy did probably deserve it. For what he did. We can't have a guy being judge and jury, though. Regardless of what was done to him.

(smiles)

FATHER MCREADY

You're certainly right.

(smiles)

Detective Amos opens the door.

Detective Amos's demeanor a little hesitant with her partner's words.

Judaus is standing just outside the door. Listening perhaps.

The priest sees his guests to the door. Gives Judaus a look.

DETECTIVE AMOS

Thank you for your time, Father Mcready.

FATHER MCREADY

Sure. Stay for Mass?

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Not religious.

DETECTIVE AMOS

Thanks. Maybe next time, Father.

The two detectives leave. Pass Judaus on the way out.

The priest closes the door to his office. Stands there thinking about his visit. Goes to his desk. Sits. Suddenly, gets up. Goes to the window.

From his study window, Father Mcready watches the two detectives cross the street towards their vehicle.

EXT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - DAY

Detective Amos stands at the driver side door of a dark, unmarked, police vehicle across the street from the church. Philemon stands at the passenger door.

The two detectives look over the hood of the car at each other before getting in.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

I don't like him.

DETECTIVE AMOS

Don't be such an A-hole. You don't like any priests. What makes him different?

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

You're right. I don't like priests. They creep me out. Besides, I'm too ugly to be good-cop.

Detective Philemon opens the door of the car and gets in.

DETECTIVE AMOS

(sighs)

Jesus.

(rolls eyes)

You need to start smoking again. I'm gonna go buy you a pack of cigarettes.

Detective Amos stands there a moment. Looks back at church. Finally, she turns around, opens the door and gets in the car.

The detective's vehicle drives off.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - STUDY - DAY

Father Mcready watches the vehicle leave. Then goes to the coat closet and brings back the two, metal briefcases. Takes them to his desk.

Goes back, gets the wooden box.

Father Mcready flips the first briefcase's latches. Unlocks it. Opens the lid. Several pieces of the sniper rifle surrounded by Styrofoam padding.

Mcready visually inspects the first briefcase.

Satisfied, closes it.

He opens the second, identical briefcase. A large, silver DESERT EAGLE PISTOL and metal WRIST APPARATUS also held within Styrofoam molding.

Slowly he lifts the large, shiny pistol. Turns it over slowly several times inspecting it.

With an air of experience, Mcready loads the pistol with the waiting pistol clip and pulls the receiver back. Done, he puts it back in its place.

Next, takes out the metal wrist apparatus. Touches a switch. A four-inch knife blade pops out into place. Mcready resets the spring loaded knife. Replaces it also.

Closes the briefcase lid.

Mcready sets both briefcases on the floor. He then pulls the key from around his neck and unlocks the wooden box.

The priest removes all of the chest's contents and lays them on his desk. Newly minted, stacks of money, several passports.

He then begins to fill the chest with his personal papers and notes from the office. Fills the container with all the traces of his personal life.

As a final gesture, he takes his white, priest's collar from around his neck and throws it in. Closes it and locks it.

Mcready leaves the box on the desk. Goes into the study restroom.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - BATHROOM - DAY

Father Mcready stands in front of the sink mirror examining his reflection.

Finally, opens the medicine cabinet. Removes a pair of scissors and a disposable razor.

He lays the items on the edge of the sink.

The priest looks towards the ceiling. Closes his eyes for a moment. A trance.

Finally, the priest lowers his head and looks at his reflection once more. As if to say goodbye.

He takes the scissors off the sink edge. Grabs a large chunk of hair from his head and cuts it carelessly with the scissors. Does it again. And again.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - BATHROOM - DAY

Water RUNS into the sink.

Suddenly, Mcready raises his head from the sink revealing his new look.

He inspects his shiny, bald head in the mirror. Blood trickles down the side. Razor cuts.

He leans down and rinses his head again. Raises. Grabs a hanging towel and dries his head. Satisfied.

Throws the towel into the hair-filled sink.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - STUDY - DAY

Mcready sits in his chair in front of a now blazing fire in the fireplace. The large wooden chest now supplies the fuel for the fire.

Taking his last drink of wine, he watches the box crumble to what will soon be ashes.

The light of the fire giving the priest an eerie glow. He looks more assassin than priest.

Behind the priest, in the shadows, Judaus watches Mcready from a cracked office door. Silent.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A busy, late afternoon. WORKERS, other MEN and WOMEN walking to somewhere. All in a hurry. Most wearing something warm.

A tall priest, FATHER JEREMIAH(50's) walking amongst the lot. Wears a scar down the side of his cheek. A well-worn face. More scars unseen.

A few PASSERSBY acknowledge Jeremiah. Polite nodding and smiling.

Father Jeremiah ignores most courtesies. Indifferent. All business.

A street-side VENDOR(40's) up ahead.

Jeremiah stops. Orders something. Waits.

A pretty BLONDE(20's) walks past. Not enough clothing for this time of year.

Father Jeremiah follows her path with his eyes. Like any mortal man would. Gets a good look. Turns back to the vendor.

The vendor holds out his cup of coffee.

VENDOR

Don't blame you. Hard not to.

The vendor smiles at the priest. Acknowledging his wandering eye.

Father Jeremiah just give the vendor a look. Pays for the coffee. Takes it. Leaves.

The vendor stays silent. Not sure how to respond. Watches the priest leave. Back to his business.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CHAPEL - NIGHT

A few PARISHONERS sit in pews. Mostly down-and-outers.

A WOMAN WORSHIPER(60's) finishes her prayer. Gathers her things. Leaves.

The remaining parishioners sit in the Holy silence. In and out of sleep.

A confessional sits alone towards the front of the church. A wooden box with black curtains pulled.

An ELDERLY WOMAN(60's) exits the confessional. Leaves.

A waiting man, JOHN THE ADDICT(30'S) sees the woman leave the confessional. His turn to confess. Takes his turn in the confessional.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - CONFESSOR'S SIDE - NIGHT

John the Addict slides into the confessional seat. A dark, shadowy place.

The dividing partition slides back.

John waits for a response.

Nothing.

Hesitantly, he begins his confession.

JOHN THE ADDICT
Not sure how to begin, Father.

Awkward silence.
John the Addict continues.

JOHN THE ADDICT
Not sure where my life has gone. Ashamed of what I've become.

John the Addict gets a little emotional.

JOHN THE ADDICT
I've stolen money from my family. Done sex for money. Anything I could. To get dope. I mean, the other day I...Uh...

John shakes his head disgusted.

JOHN THE ADDICT
The other day I waited at the thirty-second street bingo parlor. You know the place?

An empty, silent response.

JOHN THE ADDICT
The thirty-second street bingo parlor. Nothing but grandmas and great-grandmas. I played a few games. Hell, I even came close to winning. At the end they have the bonus black-out game where the winner wins five grand. Well, an old gray-haired lady won. Prob'ly played her whole life to win that. On her way home to buy her grandkids something prob'ly.

Another silent pause.

Again, John the Addict shakes his remorseful head.

JOHN THE ADDICT

(to himself)

Why's she have to fucking win?

John catches his slip of the tongue. Puts his hand to his mouth.

JOHN THE ADDICT

Uh, sorry father.

John the Addict waits to see if he'll be scolded. Nothing.

JOHN THE ADDICT

Why's she have to win that night?

Again, John's remorse weighs in. He lowers his head. Shakes it.

JOHN THE ADDICT

Someone's grandma.

John the Addict waits for a response from the other side. Nothing.

JOHN THE ADDICT

Just want to get right again, Father. I don't want to die like this.

Another awkward silence.

A cell phone RINGS from the other side of the dividing partition.

Frustrated, the John gets a closer look through the screen at the other side.

JOHN THE ADDICT

Father?

Suddenly, John the Addict's remorseful demeanor changes.

JOHN THE ADDICT

You kidding me?

INT. CONFESSIONAL - PRIEST'S SIDE - NIGHT

Father Jeremiah sits with the cell phone to his ear.
Completely uninterested in the addicts confession.

FATHER JEREMIAH
(into phone)
Yeah. Uh huh. Mcready. Yeah.

ADDICT(OS)
Fucking asshole.

The priest Looks toward the profanity.

FATHER JEREMIAH
(into phone)
I'll go visit him.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - CONFESSOR'S SIDE - NIGHT

JOHN THE ADDICT
How could I be so stupid? Fucking talking to
you about my shit. Lot a good it's going to
do. I'm sure you and God are best buds.
Pals. When you see him could you tell him.
Could you tell him what an asshole you are?
Or I guess he already knows that. Seeing how
you guys are buddies and all. Fuck you!
(beat)
And fuck your God!

INT. CONFESSIONAL - PRIEST'S SIDE - NIGHT

Father Jeremiah looks through the dividing screen at the
ranting Addict.

FATHER JEREMIAH
(into phone)
Sure.

Father Jeremiah casually hangs up the phone. Watches John
the Addict through the screen.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - CONFESSOR'S SIDE - NIGHT

John the Addict makes a move to leave.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CHAPEL - NIGHT

One lone, SLEEPING PARISHONER(50'S) remains.

The confessional in the distance.

Suddenly, Father Jeremiah pulls his side of the confessional curtain back. Ducks out of the confessional. Taller than the confessional itself.

He steps over to the other side. Meets the exiting Addict. Grabs him by the scruff of the collar and pulls him the rest of the way out of the confessional. Gets his arm around his neck from behind.

Skinny, John the Addict struggles a bit.

Father Jeremiah's arm around his neck prevents noise from John.

Father Jeremiah continues without flinching. Pulls the struggling Addict towards a side hall.

The sleeping parishioner still sleeps. Unaffected by the goings on.

In the far corner pew, a dark-dressed, bald figure sits.

Unnoticed, Father Mcready watches Father Jeremiah's business from afar.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CHAPEL - SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

Father Jeremiah drags the struggling body to somewhere.

Only John the Addict's heels dragging the ground.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CHAPEL - NIGHT

Father Mcready sits still. Slowly gets up. Follows the path of the other priest and his confessor.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CHAPEL - PRAYER ROOM - NIGHT

A large effigy of Jesus on the cross at one end. Lit candles surrounding its base.

Father Jeremiah drags the struggling Addict into the prayer room. John the Addict no match for the priest.

Near the base of the Crucifix, Father Jeremiah stops. Continues to hold John's neck. Turns him around to face the Savior.

John the Addict's paws at the priest with his hands. Looks up sees the Savior's likeness.

FATHER JEREMIAH
Everything can be forgiven. Except
blasphemy.

With that, the priest twists the Addict's pencil thin neck. A SNAP.

Father Jeremiah drops the Addict's head on the floor. The lifeless head THUMPS the ground. Jeremiah looks up at the Crucifix. Makes the sign of the cross across his chest.

Suddenly, Father Jeremiah's attention is caught by something in the corner behind the Crucifix's base. Gets close.

A large ROACH sits in the loose shadows. Antenna twitch.

Jeremiah moves slowly towards it. Steps over the dead body of the Addict.
Slowly...

Gets close enough to it. Without looking, reaches down to remove his shoe. Gets it off. His eye on the insect. Raises the shoe in the air.

Quiet. Slowly...

The insect sits awaiting its fate. Unaware.

Suddenly...

From behind, a badly bandaged hand grabs Father Jeremiah's wrist. Prevents him from bringing the shoe down on the roach.

Startled, Jeremiah turns his head to look.

BAM! Mcready's free hand punches Father Jeremiah in the face.

Father Jeremiah drops to the floor. Looks up at his aggressor. Wipes his bloody mouth. Looks at the blood on his hand.

Mcready stands over Father Jeremiah. Points his pistol at the priest.

FATHER JEREMIAH
You know he'll get you for this.

FATHER MCREADY
He already has.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CHAPEL - NIGHT

Quiet, empty rows of pews except for the sleeping man.

BANG! From the prayer room echoes throughout the place.

The noise instantly wakes the man. Continues sitting. Not sure if he's dreaming.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CHAPEL - PRAYER ROOM - NIGHT

Two dead bodies. John the Addict and the priest.

A ghostly halo surrounding Jeremiah's dead body.

Mcready searches for something behind the Crucifix. Finds it. Backs up into the candle light. Gently holds the wriggling roach in his hand.

With the other hand, Mcready holds the small tin. Holds the roach over its open top. Places it in for safe keeping. Closes the top. Places the tin in his pocket.

Father Mcready looks up at the Savior.

Jesus looks down on his worker. Appears to be smirking at the priest. The waxy face unmoving.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CHAPEL - NIGHT

The sleeping man sitting. Wide awake now.

Then, Father Mcready enters. Walks past the man. His black priest's gown flowing behind as he walks. Like a ghost.

The man watches Mcready.

Mcready acknowledges the man. Nods. Continues past. Out the front doors. Gone.

The sleeping man slowly gets out of his pew. Goes to where Mcready came from. The prayer room.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CHAPEL - PRAYER ROOM - NIGHT

The glowing candlelight casts odd shadows.

The sleeping man cautiously enters. Immediately his eyes grow wide. Covers his mouth at the sight.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CHAPEL - DAY

The pale skin of a man's forearm. Too much hair to be a woman's.

A mosquito lands on the flesh.

The arm dead still.

The mosquito probes the surface of the arm. Finally gets its proboscis in. Taking a blood meal.

A more distant view of the arm shows Detective Philemon attached to it. Holding his arm in front of him. Curiously watching the mosquito go to work.

Several crime scene INVESTIGATORS walking here and there. Most carrying bags of gear to and from the prayer room.

Two INVESTIGATORS push a gurney with a filled, black body bag through the church main chapel. Past Detective Philemon.

Detective Amos in the background interviewing the sleeping man.

The sleeping man responding. Mouth moving. Hands and arms providing a description.

Detective Amos leaves the man. Goes towards her partner.

Detective Philemon standing still. Full concentration on his arm. The mosquito.

Again, a close look at the mosquito shows it feeding. Its back-end nice and swollen now with its host's blood.

Detective Amos gets near her partner.

DETECTIVE AMOS
You're not going to believe...

Philemon stops his partner mid-sentence. Raises his hand with forefinger held up. A "give me a minute" sign. An important moment.

Detective Amos reluctantly waits.

Philemon slowly reaches for his other forearm. Gets close to the mosquito. Almost touching.

Suddenly, Philemon grabs beneath his forearm just below the mosquito. Pulls his skin taught.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
You see, in order for a female mosquito to lay its eggs it must first take a blood meal. Otherwise it won't reproduce. Species will die off. The funny thing is...

Detective Amos listens. Watches her partner. Curious to what the hell he's up to.

Philemon pulls the skin around his arm tighter.

The mosquito squirming a little. Its belly getting fuller and fuller with the viscous, red liquid.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
The funny thing is, is that in order for a female mosquito to quit feeding she must detach herself from the host first. Otherwise, reflexively she'll keep feeding.

The mosquito's belly as big as it possibly can get. Getting bigger...bigger...

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

If you pull the skin around her tight the female mosquito can't pull out. She's stuck. Without another mechanism to stop the reflexive feeding, she'll keep sucking. Feeding until...

The mosquito's belly so big now one can see the light through it. Finally, the thing bursts from the pressure. Spilling blood on Philemon's skin.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Until she pops.

Satisfied, Philemon smiles. Wipes the dead thing from his arm. The blood.

DETECTIVE AMOS

(rolls eyes)
Oh God.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

A major flaw in the design of such a simple creature. Far from perfect.

Philemon looks at his waiting partner.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Like priests.
(pause)
Wonder if God anticipated it?
(looks around)
This. So much money and effort put into a place of worship.

DETECTIVE AMOS

Not even God could anticipate you.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

The female mosquito is just one example of imperfection.

DETECTIVE AMOS

Yeah? What about the male?

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Oh he doesn't feed on a host. Leaves all the work up to the woman.

Philemon smiles at his partner.

DETECTIVE AMOS

Kind of like us. Woman does all the work.

Detective Amos smiles back at her partner.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

What'd the old man have to say?

DETECTIVE AMOS

Swears he saw a priest come out of there.
Said something spooky about his face.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

He used "spooky"?

DETECTIVE AMOS

Yeah. Why?

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Funny word is all. Spooky.

DETECTIVE AMOS

Said he was completely bald. Wearing a
black, priest's robe. Also said his hand was
bandaged with a white cloth.

With that, Philemon gives his partner a look to confirm
what the other is thinking.

Suddenly, Detective Philemon looks at his watch.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Shoot. I've got to go.

DETECTIVE AMOS

Date with the Dad?

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Yeah. Can you start the paperwork on this?

Without waiting for a 'yes', Detective Philemon rushes
towards the Church's front doors.

His partner HUFFS.

DETECTIVE AMOS
(to herself)
He's not going to know if you're late,
anyways.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
Thanks. I'll meet you back at the office.

Detective Philemon waves to his partner on his way out.

INT. CONTINUING LIFE SANATORIUM - DAY

All white hallways. NURSES in all white uniforms wandering the white hallways carrying trays of food and medication. Not a spec of dirt anywhere.

INT. CONTINUING LIFE SANATORIUM - QUARTERS - DAY

Pops Philemon still sitting in front of the television. Another religious program on, blaring.

The Male Nurse enters again.

MALE NURSE
Rudy, somebody here to see you.

Pops Philemon turns. Smiles at the nurse. The blank, unknowing smile.

EXT. CONTINUING LIFE SANATORIUM - DAY

A peaceful garden. Birds CHIRP in the distance. Green, cut grass. A tempting play area for any child. Several empty park benches lining concrete walkways.

The backs of two men sitting alone. Detective Philemon and POPS PHILEMON(70'S). Both looking straight ahead at nothing in particular.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
How're the nurses treating you?

No answer from Pops.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
Looks like you're eating okay.

Again, no response. Detective Philemon lowers his head.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
You want to go back inside?

Detective Philemon raises his head. Looks over at the elder Philemon.

POPS PHILEMON
I want to go to mass. I need to tithe.
Fifteen percent. It'll help me.

Detective Philemon SIGHS. Frustrated.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
Pop, you've already given your share.

POPS PHILEMON
I haven't gone this week. I need to go. Need
to give. The Church needs it.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
(stern)
Pop, you gave them everything you had. We
had.
(pause)
You don't have anymore to give them. There's
nothing left, Pop.

Detective Philemon looks at his father.

POPS PHILEMON
You people. You don't know jack. What the
Church can do for you.
(pause)
If my son were here he'd take me. What do
you want from me?

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
Nothing, Pop. I just want to sit.

POPS PHILEMON
Take me inside. I'll wait for my son inside.
He'll take me to get some money.

The elder Philemon struggles to stand. His old bones barely holding him up. Shuffles off down the concrete path.

Detective Philemon sits for a moment. Watches his father. Shakes his head. Disappointed.

Finally, Detective Philemon gets up. Looks after his father.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

So how're they treating you here, Pop?

(pause)

How's the food?

Detective Philemon gently puts his arm within his father's. Helps him along.

Father and son walk arm in arm.

INT. THE PROPHET EZEKIEL'S CHURCH - DAY

Gold trim everywhere. One of the more elaborate cathedrals.

FATHER EZEKIEL(40'S), a dark, handsome man by any standard, stands in front of the large, adorned effigy of the Virgin Mary.

He watches the statue for a moment. Stands still. Runs a Rosary between the fingers of his free hand.

Then, with an air of dissatisfaction, pushes the young Gigolo servicing him from his knees.

FATHER EZEKIEL

Get out of my sight.

GIGOLO

Hey!

Disappointed, the Gigolo wipes his mouth. Pulls himself to his feet.

FATHER EZEKIEL

Go.

Reluctantly, the Gigolo obeys. Gets out of the priest's sight.

Father Ezekiel hurries to another part of the church.

His flowing robe trailing behind. Still carrying the Rosary.

INT. THE PROPHET EZEKIEL'S CHURCH - PRAYER ROOM - DAY

The statue of a Saint at one end. The object of attention.

Father Ezekiel enters. Goes to the wall. Touches a panel. A secret door opens. He enters. The door closes behind him.

INT. SECRET ROOM - DAY

The room is lined with various weapons. SWORDS, GUNS, more guns.

Father Ezekiel enters. Goes straight for a table. Gets a briefcase. One like Mcready's. Lays it on the table. Opens it.

The briefcase contains several KNIVES. All different sizes. All sharp. Professional looking.

Ezekiel takes one out. Inspects it. Turns it over feeling its razor sharp edge.

Suddenly, he throws the knife at a wall. The thing sticks tight.

Father Ezekiel grins.

He goes to the wall. Pulls the knife. Puts it back in its place. Closes the briefcase.

INT. THE PROPHET EZEKIEL'S CHURCH - PRAYER ROOM - DAY

Father Ezekiel quickly exits the secret door. Closes it behind him. He carries the briefcase near his side.

The Gigolo enters.

GIGOLO

Somebody here. Wants a confession.

FATHER EZEKIAL

(irritated)

Tell 'em to come back.

GIGOLO

But he insisted. Said you'd be expecting him.

With this, Father Ezekiel understands. Looks at his helper.

FATHER EZEKIEL

Fine. Tell him to wait. I'll be there in a moment.

The Gigolo gives a half-bow. Leaves.

Father Ezekiel lays the briefcase on the floor. Opens it. Pulls out his best two throwing knives.

INT. THE PROPHET EZEKIEL'S CHURCH - DAY

An OLD MAN(60's) sits in the front pew. Hat in his hands. Waiting for something.

The Gigolo talking to the old man.

INT. THE PROPHET EZEKIEL'S CHURCH - DAY

Father Ezekiel cautiously inspects the church. Sees the old man sitting, waiting for a confession.

The Gigolo leaves the man sitting.

Not who Ezekiel expected. Pulls back without being seen.

INT. THE PROPHET EZEKIEL'S CHURCH - PRAYER ROOM

Father Ezekiel replaces his knives back into their proper place. Closes the briefcase. Takes it with him.

INT. THE PROPHET EZEKIEL'S CHURCH - DAY

The old man gone.

Father Ezekiel enters carrying his briefcase.

Without hesitation goes straight for the confessional. Pulls the curtain back slides in.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - PRIEST'S SIDE - DAY

Father Ezekiel slides in. Sets the briefcase at his feet.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - CONFESSOR'S SIDE - DAY

A dark, silent place. The dividing partition slides back.

Father Ezekiel's outline on the other side.

FATHER EZEKIEL(OS)
What's the trouble, Good Sir?

INT. CONFESSIONAL - PRIEST'S SIDE - DAY

Father Ezekiel waits for a response. Nothing.

Tries again.

FATHER EZEKIEL
What is your confession, Sir?

FATHER MCREADY(OS)
I want your confession.

FATHER EZEKIEL
Excuse me?

Father Ezekiel gets closer to the dividing partition to get a better look.

FATHER MCREADY(OS)
Confess your sins.

Suddenly, Father Ezekiel realizes. Looks down at his briefcase. Back up at the dividing partition.

INT. THE PROPHET EZEKIEL'S CHURCH - DAY

A look at the confessional from afar.

Then, BANG!

A THUD from inside the confessional. A whiff of ghostly smoke emanating from the top of the confessional.

Father Mcready exits the confessional. Goes to the front of the church. Lights a candle for his victim. Looks up at the Virgin Mary statue.

Father Mcready turns to leave.

The Gigolo watches from the cover of something in the distance.

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Several open desk spaces.

Detective Philemon sits at a desk sifting through a pile of disorganized papers.

Detective Amos enters carrying a manila folder.

DETECTIVE AMOS
Drug convictions. Petty theft...

Detective Amos sits down next to her partner.

Philemon leans back in his chair listening.

DETECTIVE AMOS
Interesting. Was found shot along with a dead woman strangled to death. Paramedics had to bring him back. Nothing came of it. No record after that. Clean.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
Then he found God.

Detective Philemon gives his partner a "yeah, right" look.

DETECTIVE AMOS
Still doesn't give us anything. Besides the old man said it was a bald guy. Doesn't fit the description. Except the hand thing.

A pause considering.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
Let's stop by and see him again.

Philemon gets up. Grabs jacket off the chair.

Philemon's desk phone RINGS. He picks it up.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
Detective Philemon.
(listens)
Hi, dear. Not good. No, I won't be home until late.
(listens)

DETECTIVE PHILEMON (CONT'D)
Tell him I'll take him to the park tomorrow.
(listens)
I know. I'll try. I love you, too.
(listens)
Save me some spaghetti, will you?
(listens)
Okay, bye.

Detective Philemon hangs up.

Suddenly, DETECTIVE BENDER(30'S) enters.

DETECTIVE BENDER
You got another one.

Bender goes to Amos. Hands her another folder.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
You're kidding me? Another priest? Under the
Archbishop?

Detective Amos looks over the information in the folder.

DETECTIVE AMOS
Looks like it.
Detective Amos shakes her head.

DETECTIVE BENDER
Local boys are handling it.
(beat)
Your guy's on a roll. Same caliber weapon.
Both in church. Except the first one. No
remorse this guy.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
(to himself)
Investigate the Church for racketeering and
the priest's under it are being murdered.
What is going on?
(to Detective Amos)
I want histories on all our victims. Back to
their childhoods. Everything. Talk to
family. Friends. Medical records. Get
everything you can on them. I'm going see
our friend.

INT. MODERN PALACE - FORMAL DINING AREA - DAY

Large bay windows outlining the large, white eating room. A view of a beautiful landscape with a large pool in front just outside one of the windows.

The early morning air permeates the place.

The naked back of a well-built figure sits at the table for twenty. An overabundance of food on expensive silver at the man's disposal.

The man's uncouth presence out of place in the white room.

A SERVANT stands silently to the side. Awaiting the man's orders.

A close look at the man's back shows large wing tattoos taking up a majority of the man's muscular flesh.

The man eats his food in the silence of the morning.

A cell phone RINGS on the table next to the man, breaking the silence.

Casually, he wipes his mouth with a white linen cloth before answering.

A look at the man's face reveals his identity. His gold front teeth showing just enough. Father Thomas's ASSASSIN(40's).

ASSASSIN

Yes, Father?

(listens)

Very kind, thank you.

(listens)

I agree. Consider it done.

(listens)

I'll kill them both myself.

With that, the Assassin casually hangs up the phone. Lays it on the table next to his plate. Eats some more.

The servant continues standing, unflinching.

ASSASSIN

Bring me my robe and case.

The servant obeys. Moves from his spot. Within a moment, the servant returns with a black, priest's gown and silver briefcase. Stands awaiting further orders.

Allowing the servant to stand a moment, The assassin finally stands and allows the servant to drape his shoulders.

The Assassin finishes dressing. Buttons the gown completely. Places the white priest's collar on. Lifts the waiting case from the ground.

The Assassin prepares to leave.

SERVANT

And for dinner, Father?

The Assassin pauses.

ASSASSIN

Grilled duck sounds tempting.

SERVANT

As you wish.

The Assassin smiles. A greedy smile. Leaves taking the case with him.

EXT. LAKESIDE - DAY

The beautiful morning hangs a misty fog in the air. The water on the lake like ice.

On the sandy bank, several plain-dressed BAPTIST WORSHIPERS are gathered. A few carry black-bound Bibles. Some with shoes and sock off, pants rolled.

Behind the worshipers, high on the hill sits Mcready's old Mercedes.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Father Mcready sits alone in the driver's seat. Looks pale. Sickly.

He's undoing the several day's old bandage from around his wounded hand.

His silver pistol lays on the seat next to him.
Mcready winces at each turn of the blood soaked bandage.
Mostly dried blood.

Finally, he gets to the last turn. Pulls at the thing a
little. Won't budge. Stuck to the dried blood.

With a wince, Mcready pulls the bloody rag free revealing
the festering, infected wound of his palm. Gangrenous.

Mcready stops. Finds the pill bottle. Opens it. Tips it to
his mouth. Dumps the remainder in.

Mcready leans his head back on the seat. Closes his eyes.
Waits for the relief.

FATHER THOMAS(OS)

Son, they have no idea what they're doing.

Startled, Father Mcready looks towards the source of the
familiar voice.

Father Thomas sits across from Mcready. Watches the
worshippers from the passenger-side window.

Outside, a few of the Worshipers have entered the water.

The BAPTIST MINISTER with the bible open in front of him.
All are waist deep in the chilly water.

FATHER THOMAS

Always thought baptism was an archaic
ritual. Look at them. In that dirty water.
(chuckles)

FATHER THOMAS turns. looks at Mcready. Then at the pistol
on the seat. Back to Mcready.

Father Mcready watching the priest. Not responding.

FATHER THOMAS

I know what you're trying to do, Billy?

Mcready doesn't respond. Looks down at his lap like a child
being scolded.

FATHER THOMAS

You think they have any more choice than you do?

Billy looks up. Out the front windshield.

FATHER MCREADY

We all have a choice. You had a choice.

Mcready sadly looks at Father Thomas.

Guilty, Father Thomas turns from Mcready. Out the window towards the Worshipers.

FATHER THOMAS

You were the illegitimate child of a priest. A sin in His eyes. Desecration. Was only a matter of time before it happened.

Father Thomas looks at Mcready. Tears welled up in his eyes.

FATHER MCREADY

Look at me. What they did. They left me alone. Made me a slave. An assassin.

(beat)

You were my world. Everything. I had nothing after that.

FATHER THOMAS

He's going to kill you, Billy.

FATHER MCREADY

I don't care.

A silent moment. Both men considering.

Finally...

FATHER THOMAS

You can't stop it. He won't let you.

Mcready turns to his side window. Looking at nothing in particular.

FATHER MCREADY

I'm going to try.

Another silent moment.

FATHER MCREADY

All I can do.

Mcready turns back towards his father. Gone. Nothing there. Only thing seen are the Worshipers in the distance. In the water down the hill.

EXT. LAKESIDE - DAY

The minister leans a MALE WORSHIPER(20's) backwards into the water. Dunks him. Pulls him back.

The other Worshipers begin PRAISING. Holding hands and bibles high in the air. All in a state of religious ecstasy.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - DAY

Cold, empty interior.

A hand slowly runs along one of the pews. Feeling its texture.

Alone, Detective Philemon walks along the rows of pews. Not in a hurry. Quietly inspecting the church. Looks around at the majestic, carved effigies.

He gets to the front. The dilapidated Virgin Mary waiting. Detective Philemon gets to her. Stands beneath her looking up. A long quiet look.

He moves from the front of the church. Goes to inspect the rest.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - SIDE HALL - DAY

Philemon silently moves along the church. Admiring the church's detail more than anything. Gets to Mcready's closed office door.

The detective looks behind him to see if anybody's around. Gets close to the door. Touches the handle. Turns it gently.

Then...

JUDAUS (OS)
He's not here.

Startled, Detective Philemon turns around to meet the voice.

Judaus stands at the entrance of the hallway.

Detective Philemon takes a few steps towards Judaus.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
Do you know where he is? I need to talk to him. It's important.

JUDAUS
No. I'm worried about him though.

This peaks the Detective's interest.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
Yeah? Why?

Judaus moves towards the Detective.

JUDAUS
Was a man that came to see him the day before you did. Didn't look like a good guy. Father Mcready was shaken up after that. Terribly worried about something.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
Somebody was after him? Trying to hurt him?

JUDAUS
Yes. Maybe. I don't know.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
You know where he might be?

JUDAUS
I don't know. He's been gone for a few days. Is there something going on? Something bad?

Judaus's voice indicates a little worry.

JUDAUS
Please don't let anything happen to him. He's the closest thing to family I've got.

The Detective gives the young man his best condolence.
Nothing.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
May I have a look around?

Philemon motions to the priest's office door.

Judaus gives a "not-so-sure" look.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
It may help me find him. Get him back safe.

JUDAUS
(reluctant)
Sure, then. Go ahead.

The Detective looks at Judaus a moment then slowly opens
the door. Not sure what he'll find.

INT. RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - DAY

The motion of an opening door continues. Casts light from
the exterior into a long hallway entering into someone's
home. Loud cartoon SOUNDS coming from somewhere.

At the end, the room opens up into the kitchen. Sink and
fridge visible.

Slow movement through the dimmed hallway. The Assassin
moves unnoticed towards the kitchen.

Family photos hang on the wall within the hallway. A close
look shows Detective Philemon, wife and son in most.

The Assassin stops at a door to the right. The noise of the
cartoons coming from there.

INT. RESIDENCE - TELEVISION ROOM - DAY

Detective Philemon's son sits on a beanbag on the floor in
front of the blaring television.

The Assassin stands in the doorway. Watches the boy.

The boy realizes a presence. Looks. Unafraid, the boy just
stares.

The Assassin smiles. His gold teeth showing.

Comfortable, the boy returns the smile.

INT. RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - DAY

Still standing, the Assassin lifts his silenced pistol in the boy's direction. Without hesitation, fires a muffled shot.

Continues down the hallway towards the kitchen.
The music from the cartoons covering any sounds.

Suddenly, Mrs. Philemon moves into view within the kitchen.
Busy mopping the kitchen floor.

Her instincts let her know someone's in the hallway. Looks directly at the Assassin coming towards her.

The woman's eyes grow big. Covers her mouth. Frozen in place by fear.

ASSASSIN

Where is he?

MRS. PHILEMON

Who?

ASSASSIN

You husband.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - STUDY - DAY

The sun fills the entire room. Not such a gloomy place with the sunlight pouring in.

Philemon stands just inside the doorway. Scans the place.
Moves along the length of the wall. Towards the fireplace.

Moves past a bookshelf. Full of old books. Runs his fingers along their spines. Pulls one. Looks at its old cover.
Replaces it.

The Detective gets to the fireplace. Remnant of the recent fire.

Philemon gets the fire poker. Pushes the ash and material around. Gets close. Sees something. Fishes it out with the poker.

Judaus watches from the door. Not fully entered. Detective Philemon pulls the poker back. Gets a good look at the half burnt object on the end.

The priest's, white collar hangs from the poker's end. What's left of it.

Philemon puts it back in the fireplace. Rummages through the ash some more. Nothing else of importance.

Philemon continues his pass along the room's wall. Gets to the priest's desk. Opens a drawer. Another. Goes through each one. Nothing.

Something catches the Detective's eye. Something on the floor near the desk. Kneels down.

Detective Philemon gets face to face with Mcready's roach house. Marvels at it. Takes a second to look at the thing.

A roach scurries from the cardboard house to find a better hiding spot.

Philemon flinches.

Finally, Philemon continues.

A small, circular trash can near the desk.

Philemon inspects it. Some wadded paper. An empty bottle of wine. Nothing much. Continues. To the bathroom door. Opens it.

Judaus continues to watch from the doorway silent.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - BATHROOM - DAY

Door to the room gently pushes open. Philemon stands in the doorway. Looks around.

Gets to the sink first. Immediately his attention is caught by what's in it.

In the sink lays the remnant of what was once Mcready's head of hair.

The Detective's eyes grow big. He immediately leaves the place. Found what he was looking for.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - STUDY - DAY

Judaus still at the door waiting patiently.

Suddenly, the detective rushes out of the bathroom. Goes straight past the waiting Judaus. Almost pushes him out of the way to get out.

Judaus watches.

EXT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - DAY

The unmarked police car by the curb.

Detective Philemon hurries towards his vehicle. Talks on his cell phone.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Listen, he's our guy. Mcready fits the description.

(listens)

Something happened to him.

(listens)

I don't know. What'd you find on our priests?

(listens)

Okay. If Mcready's in the area I want him found. We need to find the common thread between our Priests. Find the next one before Mcready does.

(listens)

Okay. Call me when you get something. Bye.

Philemon gets in the car. Looks towards the church. Waits. Settles in for a long night.

EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT

The Mercedes in flames on the hill. No one around.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - NIGHT

From the rear of the church darkness except for flames of candlelight coming from the front. Around the Virgin Mary.

Judaus in quiet prayer on his knees before the Holy statue.

EXT. LONE ROAD - NIGHT

Father Mcready sits shotgun in an old beat up car. Mcready's face is pasty white from illness.

An older GENTLEMAN drives.

A large silver cross hangs from the rear view mirror.

Mcready stares blankly out the window. Consumed by thought.

The gentleman takes his eyes off the road for several seconds looking the priest over.

GENTLEMAN
(southern accent)
What takes you down south?

Mcready continues looking out the window.

FATHER MCREADY
Fate.

The gentleman notices Mcready's ill appearance. Sees his bandaged hand.

GENTLMAN
You Okay? Need a doctor?

FATHER MCREADY
I'm fine, thank you.

The Gentleman continues looking over Mcready.

GETNLEMAN
Are you a priest?

Mcready looks at the obnoxious, dangling cross on the mirror. Then to the gentleman.

FATHER MCREADY

No.

Mcready turns back towards the window.

FATHER MCREADY

I worship no one.

Still, the gentleman surveys his strange-looking passenger.

Mcready is doing his best to avoid conversation. Keeps his attention on the passing pavement.

GENTLEMAN(OS)

You will.

(preachy)

And call upon me in the day of trouble.

I will deliver thee and thou shall glorify me. Psalm fifty-fifteen.

(shakes finger)

God works in mysterious ways, my friend.

FATHER MCREADY

More than you know.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Detective Philemon sits quietly. Patiently. Looks at Father Mcready's church every now and then.

His cell phone RINGS.

Philemon finds it. Answers it.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Yeah?

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Late. Most lights off except around Detective Philemon's desk.

Detective Amos on her cell phone. Paces back and forth besides her desk.

DETECTIVE AMOS

I found something. Not sure what it has to do with anything.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Detective Philemon on the phone.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

What is it?

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE'S OFFICE

Detective Amos stops. Looks over folders she's collected.

DETECTIVE AMOS

All of our victims. All have similar histories, criminal records at an early age, prior convictions, theft, assault. Thing is, all were seriously injured during a crime. All had to be brought back by paramedics. After that no record. Everyone with the same thing. Just like Mcready.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Philemon listens. Squints his eyes. Lifts his head thinking about what his partner's saying. What it all means.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

(to himself)

What does it mean?

(to cell phone)

What's the motive? Why kill them now?

Doesn't make sense.

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Detective Amos on the phone.

DETECTIVE AMOS

Maybe Mcready's playing vigilante.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Philemon on his cell phone.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Who knows. Nothing else connecting Mcready to the victims?

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DETECTIVE AMOS

Besides all of them belonging to the Church?
Being priests under the same Diocese. No.

(listens)

No. Nothing about our next one. Can't get a
hold of a list of priest's names.

(listens)

Like talking to the mob. Yeah. I'll keep
trying. You staying there?

(listens)

Okay. Be careful.

Detective Amos hangs up her cell phone.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Detective Philemon sitting. Hangs up his cell phone. Looks
towards the church. No sign of anyone.

LIGHTNING lights up the dark sky. A storm coming.

Philemon dials a number on his cell. Waits for an answer.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Hi, honey. Probably in the shower.

INT. RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Detective's wife in a pool of her own blood on the
kitchen floor.

Her husband's voice on the answering machine somewhere in
the house.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON (VO)

Just calling to say I won't be home tonight.
Something important came up.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Detective Philemon on the phone.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

I'll be home sometime tomorrow. Kiss Rudy
for me. Love you. Bye.

Philemon hangs up. Takes a second to look at the phone unsure. Forgets about the thought.

A BEEP from his phone.

Philemon looks at the display. It shows the battery dead. He throws it on the seat next to him.

Another FLASH of lightning.

A little unsettled, the Detective pulls out his car ashtray. Filled with old cigarette butts. Philemon pushes the ashes and butts around looking for something salvageable.

Finding a squashed, mostly smoked butt, Philemon straightens the thing out. Finds a lighter in his pocket. Lights the end. Puffs hard to get a drag. Nothing but butt. The Detective makes a sour face.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Shit.

Philemon gives up. Smashes the butt back into the ashtray.

His craving unsatisfied, the Detective shifts uncomfortably. Notices an all-night MINIMART just down the road with its interior lights on.

Philemon checks his pockets. Finds some bills. Counts them. Just enough. Leaving the keys in the ignition, he gets out.

The Detective makes a beeline for the Minimart across the road, down the street.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A harsh urban setting.

The Gentleman's car pulls up to a curb. A business district.

Mcready gets out. He closes the door and leans in the window. He throws a neat stack of bills on the seat next to the gentleman.

FATHER MCREADY

Thank you.

The gentleman can't believe the amount of money. He snatches it off the seat.

Mcready leaves the car near the curb.

GENTLEMAN(OS)
God bless you!

Mcready continues to walk without responding to the gentleman.

GENTLEMAN
(out window)
God blesses those who give in his name!

The man's words seem to echo through the empty evening streets. Then silence.

FATHER MCREADY
(to himself)
God is dead.

EXT. MINIMART - NIGHT

Detective Philemon exits the minimart. Stops in the street. He immediately unwraps the cigarette pack. Tosses the plastic on the ground.

A loud THUNDERCLAP overhead.

The detective looks up at the ominous sky. Taps a cigarette from the pack and puts it in his mouth.

Lightning and another THUNDERCLAP following immediately after. The storm quickly approaching.

Philemon finds his lighter and attempts to light his cigarette.

As the cigarette takes the flame, the first raindrop hits directly on the cigarette in his mouth, ruining it.

Philemon removes the cigarette and looks at its wet end. Towards the sky.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
Oh C'mon.

A heavy DOWNPOUR follows the first raindrop. Catches Philemon in the street, soaking him.

Raining buckets now.

The Detective rushes under a storefront canopy, getting himself out of the rain for now. Inspects his new pack of smokes. All wet, ruined.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Shit.

With that he throws the pack on the sidewalk, frustrated.

Looks in the direction of the church. The rain providing a blurry foreground.

The outline of a dark FIGURE at the front of the church.

Philemon notices. Stands still. Squints to get a good look.

The figure goes to the front doors of the church. Pulls on them. Disappears inside.

Detective Philemon watches the figure disappear into the church.

Philemon waits a second. Runs across the street to his vehicle. The rain soaking him and everything around him.

He pulls on the car's handle to get in. Locked. Philemon checks his pockets for keys. Finds nothing. Peers into the front windshield at the ignition. Keys sitting in the ignition.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON

Shit.

Philemon turns to face the church. Hesitates trying to decide. Makes a cautious move towards the church.

At the front of the church, Philemon draws his weapon. He pulls on the heavy wooden doors. Unlocked.

The Detective hesitates. Takes a couple of preparatory breaths. Quickly opens the door and takes an offensive position just inside.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - NIGHT

Glowing candle light glows near the front. A hooded figure sits in the front pew with its head bowed. Prayer perhaps.

The Detective immediately notices. Trains his weapon on the figure. Moves against the wall silently towards it.

Sound of the RAIN on the roof the only sound.

As the Detective moves closer, he passes the statues of the Saints on the walls. Philemon can't help but look up at each one as he passes.

Each face of the statues within the wall resembling one of the priests killed by Father Mcready.

Philemon gets closer to the sitting figure. Almost to the front now.

A black hood covering the figure's head making the person unidentifiable.

The Detective only meters away from the figure.

Then from the side of the stage in front of both Philemon and the sitting figure, The Assassin comes out. His weapon trained on Philemon. He immediately fires at the Detective.

Detective Philemon takes the bullet. Goes down.

The Assassin goes to the Detective. Stands over him, stalking him.

Philemon laying on his back eyes closed, body limp. Blood around his head. Wounded. Dead it seems.

To make sure, the Assassin points his weapon. Lets two rounds go into Philemon's torso.

EXT. THE LORD'S CLUB - NIGHT

The facade of a church. A free standing building as old as the rest on the street.

A green, neon cross is perched on top. Gives The front a green glow.

A close look at the ground in front, near the door reveals the DOOR GUARD with a neat bullet hole in his forehead. Father Mcready's work.

A large chain and padlock dangles from the handle as it closes.

INT. THE LORD'S CLUB - NIGHT

The interior of the place has been converted into a nightclub with the main chapel a sitting area for PATRONS.

The windowless décor is mechanistic, almost futuristic though it still has remnants of a church.

A large, round table near the rear is swarmed by beautiful, YOUNG WOMEN. Several smoke from a large, communal hookah pipe that resembles an octopus.

DOMINUS(30'S), a striking Middle-Easterner, is flanked by a young woman who has his attention.

FATHER MCREADY(OS)

Dominus.

Dominus continues his task without looking up.

DOMINUS

No one here calls me that, Mcready.

Mcready stands in front of Dominus's table.

DOMINUS

(continuing)

And why would they? Look around. Pathetic, most of them.

(beat)

You were once like that, Mcready.

(to Mcready; smiles)

Remember?

FATHER MCREADY

Yeah.

DOMINUS

That is until I found you, your fucking savior.

DOMINUS (CONT'D)
(loud; looks around)
All of you!

With this, Mcready glances around at the patrons.
A sturdy-looking MAN(40's) in the distance with a drawn,
tired look catches Mcready's eye.

The man gives Father Mcready a knowing smile revealing
sickly, rotting teeth. The man's face appears to warp
causing his features to distort slightly.

DOMINUS (OS)
A handsome lot here.

Dominus is suddenly standing behind Mcready, his hands on
his shoulders. The table is now empty.

DOMINUS
Great personalities, too. Have a seat,
Mcready. You're a hard man to get ahold of.
Surprised to see you in the flesh.
(smiles)

Still composed, Mcready takes a seat.

Dominus sits at the now empty table next to him. He scoots
uncomfortably close to Mcready. Rubs his bald head.

DOMINUS
You look like shit, Mcready. Guess all that
killing takes it out of you.

Father Mcready pulls his head away from Dominus's hand.

Dominus LAUGHS. Moves back across the table to his original
spot. Pours two glasses full of whiskey. Slides one close
to Father Mcready.

Mcready doesn't even look at it. Keeps his stare on
Dominus.

DOMINUS
C'mon, Mcready. A priest refusing a drink?
(mocking)
I won't stand for it, Mcready.
(drinks)

DOMINUS (CONT'D)

Next you're going to tell me you're retiring. You want a dispensation.

(smiles)

Where has your gratitude gone, Mcready? Has it been that long that your memory's failed you?

Mcready doesn't respond. Stone-faced.

DOMINUS

Yeah?

With that, a video projection of unknown origin plays on the far wall of the club.

The club patrons turn to watch.

The image shows young Billy straddling the young woman Martyr.

On screen, Billy puts his hand over the woman's mouth to keep her from screaming. Muffled SCREAMS from beneath Billy's hand.

The Martyr continues to struggle. Almost gets Billy off her.

Again, she SCREAMS.

Billy holds his hand tight over the woman's mouth. Leans over her face. Cutting off her air.

The woman falls silent. Dead beneath Billy.

Titus appears on the projection carrying a small, sleek black bag. Sees Billy over the now dead woman.

TITUS (VO)

What the fuck! Billy get the fuck up!

Titus rushes to Billy. Pulls at his shirt sleeve. Billy rolls off the dead woman.

Billy stares. Frozen at the sight of the dead woman.

TITUS (VO)

Billy, let's get the fuck out of here!

Billy cries. Lowers his head in disgust. Gets close to the woman. Shakes her dead body trying to wake her.

BILLY(VO)

Wake up! I didn't mean it. Oh, God!

Billy covers his mouth trying to prevent himself from vomiting. It's no good. Vomit spews from his mouth and he leans over to let it all out.

His accomplice watches.

Watching, Father Mcready gets uncomfortable. Fidgets in his seat. The nausea returning.

Dominus CHUCKLES. Amused at the video of the younger Mcready.

The patrons LAUGH. Occasionally point at the playing video.

TITUS(VO)

Dope-head. I told you.

On screen, Titus points the pistol at Billy. Without hesitation...BANG! Shoots his partner in the chest.

Billy covers the wound with his hand. Pulls his hand back. Sees the blood covering it. Falls backwards on the carpet next to the Martyr's body.

BILLY(VO)

(to himself)

Why? God, why? Oh God.

Titus leaves in a hurry.

Father Mcready takes the glass of whiskey. Downs it in one gulp.

Dominus notices. Smiles at the priest.

The projection shows Billy looking up as if towards Heaven. Staring at nothing. The blank ceiling.

BILLY(VO)

(mumbling)

God. Please...

Dominus pours himself and his guest another drink.

DOMINUS

(mocking)

Oh God. Oh God.

(preachy)

Call upon me in the day of trouble.

(takes drink)

I forget which one wrote that one. It's the content not the scribe. Right, Mcready?

Father Mcready doesn't respond. Takes a drink from his glass.

DOMINUS

You want this crap to play in your head forever? You owe me, Mcready.

Dominus motions to the now paused video on the wall.

Mcready reluctantly looks at himself on screen.

FATHER MCREADY

Take it off.

Dominus stares at Mcready. The video remains a moment.

FATHER MCREADY

Please.

DOMINUS

Atta boy.

Then, as quick as it appeared, the video footage disappears.

The patrons continue as if nothing happened.

FATHER MCREADY

You always were the sadist. What is it about seeing pain that gives you satisfaction?

DOMINUS

See? This is what I'm talking about. I buy you books and send you to school and you eat the paper, Mcready.

(beat)

DOMINUS (CONT'D)

Pain is quite possibly one of the greatest gifts you have. Still you don't have the vision to see that.

(drinks)

How's that hand?

Dominus motions to Mcready's bandaged hand.

Mcready looks at it. Curls his fingers. Reminded of the pain there. The infection.

DOMINUS

That pain. That precious feeling that lets you know you're alive! It's only when you don't answer that pain. Ignore it.

(drinks)

I'm afraid you don't know what real pain is, Mcready.

FATHER MCREADY

That's all I know. Pain. Because of you.

Dominus SCOFFS.

DOMINUS

Pain? All that pain you've created, Mcready. I didn't put you in that house. Force you to be there. How do you think that poor lady felt under your weight unable to take a breath?

(drinks)

You people think free will is a token to do as you please.

Dominus leans back in his chair.

DOMINUS

I gave you life, Mcready. A second chance. Don't you see that? Why are you the only one unhappy for what you've been given? Ungrateful little shit.

Mcready sits still, head bowed.

DOMINUS

Now you want out?

MCREADY

I've paid what I owe, listened to confessions, killed people.

DOMINUS

You also killed some of my best workers, Mcready!

(pause)

One nosey policeman is all you had to get rid of. No. The only priest I know with a conscience.

(laughs)

You expect me to just forget that?

MCREADY

Yes.

DOMINUS

If I let everyone out of their obligations who'd I get to do confessions? Pass judgment?

(pause)

Come on, Mcready. That was your father's problem.

Mcready doesn't respond.

DOMINUS

Let me let you in on a little secret, Mcready.

Dominus leans in close to Mcready. Speaks low.

DOMINUS

There is nothing after this Mcready. This is it. The promised land. You're in it.

Dominus leans back in his chair. Smiles.

DOMINUS

You'll be like those guys who, after years in prison all the while longing to get out eventually do get out. Before long they're right back in that place they tried so hard to get away from realized the other side wasn't quite as comforting as they'd hoped.

FATHER MCREADY
I'm willing to take that chance.

A silent moment.

DOMINUS
Fine.

Dominus motions to the paused projection on the wall.

The projection plays in quick reverse. Gets to the part where young Billy's vomiting. Plays. Rewinds. Plays again.

The thing is stuck in a continuous loop. Comical now.

Again, the patrons turn to watch. LAUGH and point at the distraction.

Mcready can hardly watch. Reluctantly looks.
Suddenly, Mcready snaps. Points his pistol at Dominus.

FATHER MCREADY
Take it off!

Dominus sits still. Unfazed by Mcready's threat. Stares at the unflinching priest. Takes a drink.

DOMINUS
I really don't think that is nec...

FATHER MCREADY
Shut up!

Then, Dominus suddenly slams his hand down on the table. Startles everyone except Mcready.

DOMINUS
Jesus Christ!

Suddenly, the video shuts off.

The two adversaries stare at each other.

DOMINUS
(calm)
Alright, Mcready. I don't like arguing.
That's what marriage is for.

Dominus lifts his glass. Brings it up to toast Mcready.

DOMINUS

A truce. To fathers and sons.

Mcready doesn't respond face filled with rage. Holds the pistol steady.

FATHER MCREADY

Guilt is all I've known. All I've had.

DOMINUS

Listen to your conscious, Mcready.

Muffled, whispering VOICES from somewhere, everywhere finds Mcready's ears.

Mcready winces. Puts his free hand to his head. Barely maintains his composure.

DOMINUS

It gnaws at you don't it? A most productive creation, I must admit. Always there pestering. Reminding. Never letting up.

The pain in Mcready's head intensifies. His hand quivering. Distracting his aim.

The VOICES get louder more persistent.

Even louder.

Until...BANG! From Mcready's pistol.

A sudden bullet hole in Dominus's forehead. Blood splashes a nearby, concrete pillar.

With that the VOICES cease.

Dominus's hollow eyes continue to watch Mcready. Then his body falls over limp. Dead.

Ghostly smoke emanates from the hole in Dominus's head.

Mcready swings his pistol at the patrons.

The patron's faces warp and bend. All look sinister now.

Mcready stands. Maintains his pistol pointed.

The patrons maintain without flinching.

Mcready slowly backs out of the club entrance. His sickly body barely holding him up.

EXT. THE LORD'S CLUB - DAY

Mcready backs out of the front entrance. As he does he notices the large, dangling chain on the front.

Mcready pulls the chain securely around the door handles, locking it from the outside.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Mcready struggles with a large, wheeled dumpster and pushes it against the rear exit of Dominus's place. No way anyone is getting out.

EXT. THE LORD'S CLUB - DAY

The entire building is engulfed in flames.

Father Mcready watches from afar as flaming timbers fall from the decaying structure.

SCREAMS can be heard from inside as the patrons struggle to get the front door open.

EXT. SUBURBIA - DAY

Rain. Blurring the outline of the familiar house. Bent tree in the yard.

A close inspection of the front door. A long look. Sound of RAIN hitting the pavement.

From nowhere, Father Mcready stands in front of the door. Soaked with rain. Tired and Sickly.

Mcready contemplates. Looks at the door a moment.

Then, Father Mcready knocks. Waits.

Finally, someone answers. An ELDERLY WOMAN stands at the open door. Looks at her visitor.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Can I help you?

Mcready caught off guard. Hesitates.

FATHER MCREADY
The woman. That lived here before.

The woman waits.

FATHER MCREADY
The one that died.

The Elderly woman wrinkles her nose.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Sir, you have the wrong house.

FATHER MCREADY
There was a woman murdered here years ago.

ELDERLY WOMAN
I've lived here my whole life. Wasn't no one
killed here.

FATHER MCREADY
(persistent)
I was here. There was a woman.

The Elderly woman is fed up.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Like I said, young man, wasn't no one killed
here. You've got the wrong house.

With that the woman shuts the door on Mcready.

Mcready just stands there. Complete confusion on his face.

EXT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - DAY

The wet street surrounds the church.

Detective Philemon's vacant vehicle parked across the
street.

At the front door, a bald figure in black priest's
garments. Father Mcready hunched over. Pulling the door to
the church open. Slips inside.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - DAY

The front door closes. Father Mcready, disheveled and sickly falls to the floor. His pale face evidence of his state of health. Closes his eyes a moment.

ASSASSIN(OS)

Mister Mcready.

The Assassin's voice stirs Mcready. Looks up at the Assassin standing near him.

The Assassin stands with his pistol at his side.

Instinctively, Mcready tries getting up.

The Assassin pushes Mcready down with his foot.

Mcready easily falls back to the ground. His frail body no match for the Assassin.

The Assassin stands over Mcready now.

Again, Mcready tries standing to face the Assassin.

Again, the Assassin pushes Mcready to the floor with his foot.

Mcready falls to the ground again. This time finds the strength to pull himself away. Slowly, Mcready drags his unwilling body across the floor.

The Assassin follows, stalking him.

With his energy exhausted, Father Mcready gives up. Lays where he stops.

ASSASSIN

Looks like we've come full circle. First your father. Now his excuse for a son.

The Assassin points his weapon at the fallen priest. Readies the shot.

Mcready says something muffled. Too low for the Assassin to make out clearly. Causes the Assassin to hesitate. Lowers his weapon slightly.

ASSASSIN

What was that?

The Assassin gets near Mcready. Kneels down next to him. His pistol at his side. He grabs a fistful of Mcready's robe. Rolls him over.

As he does, Mcready thrusts his fist directly at the Assassin's chest. Turns his hidden knife deep within the Assassins heart. The knife attached to the metal wrist band from Mcready's briefcase.

The Assassin's eyes grow wide with surprise.

Mcready yanks out the knife buried deep in the Assassin's heart. Blood immediately escapes covering the Assassin's front.

The Assassin falls forward on the church floor. Still holding the pistol in his hand tight. A lake of blood surrounds the Assassin.

Judaus enters. Sees the fallen priest and the body of the Assassin.

JUDAUS

Father!

Judaus rushes to Mcready's side. Immediately sees the physical state of the priest, the blood beneath the Assassin.

JUDAUS

My God, Father.

Father Mcready looks up at the young eyes of Judaus. The priest's eyes a sad state.

Reflexively Judaus goes to help the priest up.

Judaus helps the priest towards the front of the church towards Mcready's study.

At the front they pass the statue of the Virgin Mary.

A long look at the statue, then movement down to its base. Beneath it.

INT. COMPARTMENT - DAY

A pitch black space. Nothing seen. Silence.

The RUSTLING of something within the space. Then the sound of a lighter being flicked on. Suddenly the space is illuminated by a lighter's flame.

Detective Philemon's outline now visible, arm attached to the flickering flame. His head raises as much as it can to inspect his coffin. Just enough space for his body.

INT. FATHER MCREADY'S CHURCH - STUDY - DAY

The front door to the study forces open. With the assistance of Judaus, Father Mcready stumbles through the door.

Judaus manages to get the priest to his couch. Lays him down.

Father Mcready MOANS.

JUDAUS

Stay here.

Judaus rushes out of the room to fetch the water.

The ill priest lays on the couch for a second.

Remembers something. Goes through his pockets. Finds something.

Father Mcready holds his tin container out. Manages to get the lid off. Holds it near the ground. Dumps out several roaches.

Hitting the ground, the roaches immediately scatter.

Mcready watches satisfied.

Lays his head on the sofa. Watches his creatures move about freely. Closes his eyes.

JUDAUS(OS)

Look at you. A sad, pathetic case.

Startled, Father Mcready looks toward Judaus's voice.

Judaus stands in the Study doorway. He points a pistol at Mcready.

Mcready struggles to a sitting position. Holds his wounded hand close to his side.

JUDAUS
Frail old man.

FATHER MCREADY
Judaus. Please.

Judaus moves along the wall closer to Mcready.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - DAY

The Virgin Mary statue still. It's wooden base becoming deformed, bent. A force from within pushing on it.

INT. COMPARTMENT - DAY

Light from the outside now finding its way into the space from the spaces between the wood.

Philemon has his legs in a squatting position pushing with all his might against the wood. The wood giving in until...

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - STUDY - DAY

Mcready sits. Hunched over a little. An obvious sickly state. Face pale, lifeless.

A CRACK from outside the room.

Judaus close to him now looks towards the sound. More interested in what's in front of him, keeps the gun and his eyes focused on Mcready.

Judaus takes a chair. Situates it in front of Mcready. Sits.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - DAY

The wood for the statues base now removed. Detective Philemon pulls himself from the tiny space. Stands. Checks the superficial wound on his head with his hand. Dried blood only.

Remembering, the Detective lifts his shirt revealing a KEVLAR VEST. Two smashed bullets imbedded within. The only thing that saved him.

A VOICE from the Priest's study gets Philemon's attention. Forgets about his near death for a moment. His police instincts taking over. Goes to investigate.

Down the isle, between rows of pews, the Assassin lays dead. The large pool of blood visible beneath him.

Philemon notices. Goes to inspect. Sees the Assassin's weapon slowly takes it not sure if the Assassin is dead.

Again, a VOICE from Mcready's study gets Philemon's attention. Leaves the Assassin's body. Creeps towards the priest's study near the front.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - STUDY - DAY

Judaus sits in front of Mcready still.

Mcready looks up at Judaus.

FATHER MCREADY

You're searching for an end that doesn't exist, Judaus.

JUDAUS

I've had no one my whole life. The Church has promised me a life.

(pause)

More than you ever offered me.

FATHER MCREADY

He's using you.

(pause)

Look at me. What I've become.

Judaus leans towards Mcready.

JUDAUS

You didn't appreciate what was given to you. That's the difference between you and I.

FATHER MCREADY

There is no difference between us.

(pause)

FATHER MCREADY (CONT'D)
What's happens after you kill me? What then?

JUDAUS
I take your place.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - DAY

Detective Philemon creeps through the church. Gets to the front of the church. Turns to look behind him making sure no one is there.

Nothing. Continues on. Sees the light on in the priest's study.

Judaus's VOICE coming from the room.

Detective Philemon takes a few more steps. A sudden CREAK from a wooden floor panel stops the Detective in his tracks.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - STUDY - DAY

The CREAK from just outside in the hallway stops Judaus. He turns to investigate.

As he turns, using what remaining strength he has Father Mcready snatches the weapon from the inexperienced Judaus.

Judaus can do nothing but watch Mcready's pistol pointed at him.

Suddenly, Detective Philemon is standing in the doorway. Pistol pointed at Mcready.

DETECTIVE PHILEMON
Drop the gun, Mcready. It's over.

An unexpected visitor. Mcready looks at Detective Philemon. Keeps his aim steady.

Philemon has Mcready dead in his sights.

Judaus sits still watches both men intently. Stuck in the middle.

An anxious moment...

Can cut the tension...

BANG! Father Mcready shoots Judaus in the head. Blood instantly escapes.

BANG! Detective Philemon reactively shoots Mcready.

Both Judaus and Mcready instantly slump over dead.

Detective Philemon can only watch.

Ghostly smoke emanates from both corpses.

From somewhere up high, a look at the two bodies laying in the silence. Their dead, empty faces.

INT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - DAY

An unidentifiable figure sits in the front pew. Gets up. Casually walks towards the exit.

The saintly effigies high on the wall watching. All statues representing one of the dead priests. Father Mcready's likeness now on one.

The figure opens the door. Leaves.

EXT. LAMENTATIONS CHURCH - DAY

Rain still.

NARRATOR (VO)

In the end, we all get what we're seeking.
Our Salvation is what we desire.

The front door to the church opens. The figure's lower half in full view. The figure's foot comes directly down on a roach on the Church steps.

A full look at the figure reveals Dominus. In the wet rain he lights a cigarette. Takes a drag.

Dominus looks down at where the living roach once stood. Back towards the interior of the church.

DOMINUS

Roaches.

Dominus leaves the church steps. Walks down the sidewalk
out of sight.

FADE OUT.

THE END