

Confessions
by
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FADE IN.

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH - NIGHT

BRIAN HARWOOD (37), walks up the steps to the Gothic church with both hands in his sweatshirt pockets.

Rain pours down and drenches Brian as he is on a cell phone.

BRIAN

Yeah. It's St. Patrick's Church on Grove. Hurry.

He closes the cell phone and puts it into his pants pocket.

Water drips down Brian's face. Brian looks haggard with dark five o'clock shadow and bags under his eyes.

He lays his hand on the handle of the front door. He pulls the door open.

INT. ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Brian enters the church. The door closes behind him. He looks around at the stained glass windows and chuckles lightly.

The church is practically empty as Brian approaches the front. A large display of Jesus on the cross hangs.

Brian notices a teenage boy seated at a pew in the front row. He approaches the boy.

Brian stands at the end of the pew. He looks at the teenager, ADAM WILKES (13). He notices he looks upset.

BRIAN

Bad day?

ADAM

(To Brian)

Try bad life.

BRIAN

Yeah. Life isn't all it's cracked up to be.

Adam scoffs, looks forward again.

ADAM

You're tellin' me. I'm not even

religious.

BRIAN

(Nods)

Me neither. Well, not anymore. I used to live here.

Adam looks back at Brian, confused.

ADAM

Live here?

BRIAN

I mean, my family used to drag me here. Constantly. It was my second home.

ADAM

(Smiles)

Oh, 'cause I was going to say...

Brian looks forward.

BRIAN

Yeah, literally was here six or seven days a week.

ADAM

Was? You don't come here anymore?

Brian looks around nervously.

BRIAN

Nah. It's been years since I was here.

Adam looks over at Brian again.

ADAM

How come?

BRIAN

Long story. What about you? What brings you here?

Adam looks to the ground.

ADAM

My family. They're always fighting, you know?

A small smile comes over Brian.

BRIAN

Yeah, I know. This is a nice quiet place to come. Gather your thoughts and all that.

Adam nods, still looking towards the ground.

ADAM

Yeah, I could spend all night here.

Brian looks towards Adam.

BRIAN

You could, but your family would worry.

Adam's cell phone rings. He grabs the phone from his pocket.

ADAM

No, they wont. Hang on a sec.

(Into phone)

Hello? I'm just out. I-I'm sorry I just didn't want to be there.

Brian lifts his head up, sees a priest walking towards them. He clutches his sweatshirt pockets close.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Ok, mom. I'm sorry. I'm on my way.

Brian turns his attention back towards Adam.

BRIAN

Your mom, huh?

ADAM

Yeah, she wanted to know what was going on.

The priest, STANLEY THYMES (68), approaches both Adam and Brian.

BRIAN

(Serious)

Yeah, you should get home. Your mom is already worrying.

Adam stands up, looks at Stanley.

ADAM

Hey Father.

Brian looks at Stanley.

BRIAN

(To Adam)
You better go now.

STANLEY
Everything all right, here?

Adam exits the row. He pauses to look at Stanley.

ADAM
Yeah, I gotta head home now.

Brian looks at Adam as Adam turns.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Thanks for listening.

Brian nods. Adam walks out of the church, pulls the hood of his sweatshirt up. He pushes the door to the church open, leaves.

STANLEY
Is everything ok with that young man?

Brian's attention, now focused on Stanley.

BRIAN
Yeah. He's fine. I need your help.

A warm look comes over Stanley's face.

STANLEY
Certainly. What can I do?

Brian looks over towards the confessional booths. Stanley follows Brian's look.

BRIAN
A confession needs to be made.

Stanley nods, puts his hand on Brian's shoulder to comfort him. Brian pulls away in a subtle manner.

STANLEY
Just go on in, I'll join you in just a moment.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - LATER

Brian closes the wooden door and sits down. Both hands are wedged into his sweatshirt pockets. He exhales and waits for Stanley.

The sound of a door being closed causes Brian's attention to the screen separating the confessional booths. Stanley slides the piece of wood to open the screen between them.

STANLEY

Hello, my son. I understand you need to make a confession.

Brian looks through the screen, sees Stanley who looks forward.

BRIAN

Yes, Father. It's been...Jesus, I don't think I have ever made a confession.

Stanley nods as Brian chuckles.

STANLEY

It's ok, my son. The Lord is understanding. The important part is that you are here. Do you seek forgiveness?

Brian removes a small .22 caliber pistol from his sweatshirt pocket, holds it in his hands.

BRIAN

Father, I have blood on my hands. Figuratively...and literally.

Stanley's eyes dart to the side to look at Brian from the corner of his eye.

STANLEY

You have blood on your hands literally?

Brian nods, his eyes are glassy.

BRIAN

Yes. I have killed a man. Two to be exact.

STANLEY

Why have you done this, my son?

A small tear drops down Brian's cheek. He looks over at Stanley.

BRIAN

It needed to be done.

STANLEY
Needed to be done? As in, the
Lord's work?

Brian shakes his head.

BRIAN
No. This was my work. It needed to
be done.

Stanley turns his head to Brian. Brian looks down.

STANLEY
Why did this need to be done?

BRIAN
They needed to be punished.

STANLEY
What did they do to deserve such
punishment?

Brian smiles.

BRIAN
They knew you.

Stanley continues to stare at Brian.

STANLEY
They...knew me?

Brian turns, looks into Stanley's eyes.

BRIAN
Yes. They knew you.

STANLEY
I'm confused, my son.

Brian punches the door.

BRIAN
I'm not your God damned son. Stop
saying that!

Stanley jumps backwards at Brian's outburst.

STANLEY
I apologize. I am just trying to
help with your confession.

Brian slides closer to the screen, stares in.

BRIAN

I said, a confession needs to be made. Not my confession.

Stanley sits there, motionless. Brian stares him down.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You really don't remember me, do you?

Stanley, terrified, looks away.

STANLEY

N-No...I'm sorry, I don't.

BRIAN

(Laughs)

Yeah, figures. It's hard to remember my face when you're always looking at me from behind.

Stanley sits up, moves closer to the screen.

STANLEY

I'm not sure what you're getting at. I have been a priest here for more than thirty years and--

BRIAN

Yeah, I remember. All the sermons, church help, bible studies. I was here for all that shit.

STANLEY

Ok, so I was your priest.

Brian cocks his gun, the sound echoes. Stanley looks towards the confessional screen, terrified.

BRIAN

Yeah, you were my priest. You were there for me during the worst of times for me. Brian...Brian Harwood. Ring a bell?

Fear overcomes Stanley. He thinks.

STANLEY

Brian...Brian! Yes, I do. You had, a very difficult family life.

Brian stands up.

BRIAN
More than just that. I confided
into you for everything.

Stanley moves closer to the screen.

STANLEY
Yes, I tried to help.

BRIAN
Helping does not include raping a
little boy. An emotionally fragile
boy.

Stanley shakes his head.

STANLEY
You are troubled, Brian. I have
never done that.

Brian holds the gun in his hand.

BRIAN
(Laughs)
That's what my dad and uncle said.
Before I killed them.

Brian punches the confessional door again.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
They covered for you. Always. I
mean, who the fuck would listen to
some stupid kid?

STANLEY
Look, Brian. I don't know what's
going on, but let me help you.

BRIAN
Fuck you and you're helping. You
"helped me" for seven years. Seven
God damn years! No remorse from
you!

Brian points the gun at Stanley.

STANLEY
Brian. Brian, please. What can I
do?

BRIAN
Confess. Isn't God all about
forgiving? At least he will forgive

you.

Stanley slides away from the screen.

STANLEY

You're upset. I don't know what you want me to confess about. I didn't do anything.

BRIAN

Isn't that just like a man of the cloth?

Stanley cocks his head to the side. Brian fires a shot. Stanley clutches his stomach. Stanley opens the door of his booth.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Brian looks around the church, no one is inside. He opens the door of the booth next to his. Stanley, still seated, clutches his stomach.

STANLEY

You're going to Hell.

Brian raises the gun, aimed towards Stanley's head.

BRIAN

At least my conscience will be clean.

The trigger is pulled, the gunshot echoes throughout the church. Brian sighs.

The gun still in his hands, Brian walks towards the exit of the church. Brian pushes the door open. Red and blue lights flash outside. Brian exits.

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Brian stands atop the steps, looks down at four police cars in the heavy rain.

The COPS draw their guns.

COP #1

Freeze!

COP #2

Put the gun down, now!

Brian drops to his knees, hands behind his head. He slides the gun down the steps.

Brian looks up at the sky, raindrops splash off his face. The cops approach up the steps, guns still drawn.

FADE OUT.