

BLIND FAITH

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FADE IN:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Heavy rain hits a church door canopy. FATHER JOE stands underneath, looking out at a water-drenched road.

He gazes at a gloomy sky, arms outstretched, receiving the downpour with grateful hands.

A car stops outside the church. Driver's window winds down.

The concerned DRIVER hoots his horn, grabs Father Joe's attention.

CAR DRIVER

Father Joe, get in! There's been a weather warning, a flood!

Father Joe smiles.

FATHER JOE

Then be on your way, my son. I have faith in the Lord. Everything happens for a reason.

Driver shakes his head, car drives off.

EXT. CHURCH ROOFTOP - DAY

Rain pelts down. Father Joe, calm, sits on the roof, the rest of the church submerged in water.

A dinghy, filled with terrified SURVIVORS, stops at the rooftop. HERO, battered and bruised, yells out to Father Joe.

HERO

Father Joe! Come on! We can squeeze you in!

Father Joe smiles, sways his head.

FATHER JOE

My child, should I need to be saved, the Lord will be my saviour.

Hero moves to drag the priest aboard, but the survivors grab him. A heated conversation takes place, fingers pointed at Father Joe, muted by a CRACK of THUNDER.

Hero reluctantly sits. He oars the dinghy away.

Father Joe smiles, takes out a piece of bread from his pocket and feeds a QUACKING duck that floats by.

EXT. CHURCH ROOFTOP CROSS - NIGHT

Father Joe wraps his arms around the large crucifix, knees deep in water. He kisses the cross, unfazed.

A spotlight falls upon him. Father Joe looks up at an air rescue helicopter.

A ladder stretches from the helicopter. RESCUER climbs down. He reaches out to Father Joe.

RESCUER
Take my hand!

Father Joe swipes his hand away.

FATHER JOE
I have faith in the Lord.

Gale force wind blows Rescuer's ladder side to side. He retreats up the ladder. The helicopter flies away.

Father Joe's neck deep in water. His smile sinks into a look of concern.

FATHER JOE
Lord, everything happens for a reason, but I'd appreciate it if you could help me out of this situation so I can spread the word. Now would be a good time.

Water covers Father Joe's head.

FADE TO WHITE.

FADE IN:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATES

Father Joe, disappointed, skulks towards a set of gates.

A BOOMING voice erupts.

GOD (O.S.)
Welcome Joseph McGuire, enter the gates of judgement.

FATHER JOE
Why... why didn't you save me?

GOD (O.S.)
Are you kidding me? I tried my best.

FATHER JOE
You tried your best?

GOD (O.S.)
Joe, I sent a car, a boat, I even
sent a helicopter.

Father Joe collapses to his knees, facepalms himself.

FADE OUT.