

Play God For Me...

Written by

R. L. Riley

Reginald.riley@yahoo.com

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FADE IN:

EXT. GREYSTONE'S HOME - DAY

A sweet suburban house, white picket fence and all.

SISTER LUKE, 23, suitcase in hand, walks up to the front door. A tired version of pretty, a smile and a good rest shy of stealing your heart.

She takes a deep breath, steadies herself, and enters.

INT. GREYSTONE'S HOME - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

A private hospice has been set-up in a grand bedroom.

CAIN (20s), in bed, He's sick. Too thin. Unconscious. He wears an oxygen mask; a tangle of tubes from his body.

Monitors tracking his compromised life functions.

Sister Luke pulls up a chair, sits down beside Cain. She puts a hand atop his hand and just sits with him.

In FOREGROUND... DR. HELDENS (40), stands in the doorway.

SISTER LUKE
Cain can you hear me...?

DR. HELDENS
I'm sorry, Adele.
(quickly)
Sister Luke. He never will.

SISTER LUKE
Will he die?

DR. HELDENS
No, his vital signs are stable.

SISTER LUKE
Well I don't understand. You said
the tests were promising.

DR. HELDENS
The final results are in, the
brain damage is irreversible.

SISTER LUKE
What is the prognosis?

DR. HELDENS

I'm sorry, but he will never come out of his coma.

SISTER LUKE

How long can he live in this kind of limbo?

DR. HELDENS

On life support, indefinitely.

SISTER LUKE

God, that's terrible. Why don't you let him go?

DR. HELDENS

They only teach us to prolong life.

SISTER LUKE

All they teach you is to prolong death.

DR. HELDENS

Hospital policy has taken that out of our hands.

SISTER LUKE

If the plug was pulled on that machine he would die, right?

DR. HELDENS

Most likely.

SISTER LUKE

Then it's God's will that he die.

DR. HELDENS

I cannot speak for God. I can only speak for man.

INT. GREYSTONE'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A humble but beautifully decorated home, contemporary and stylish, but still homey.

A very stern, silent dinner scene.

AGNES GREYSTONE, 50s, dignified and imposing, barely contains her fury. Sister Luke is walking on eggshells.

AGNES

Sister Luke, I'm worried about you.

SISTER LUKE

Don't be. I'm a good soldier. I learned it from you.

AGNES

Is that how I come off to you? A good soldier?

SISTER LUKE

Never explain and never complain. That's the Agnes Greystone way.

AGNES

The idea that I could have taught you that it's admirable to suffer in silence breaks my heart.

SISTER LUKE

I never said you taught me to suffer in silence.

AGNES

Oh, I see.

They each take a sip of the water.

SISTER LUKE

Cain loved life. This isn't living. And he wouldn't want this.

AGNES

How many times do we have to have this conversation? It's against the law.

SISTER LUKE

The law of man?

AGNES

And the law of God!

SISTER LUKE

You're kidding yourself, you're selling him false hope -- we both know how this is going to end! Your delusions are just hurting him more. He's in pain. He needs to sleep now...in peace. We need to help him... sleep.

She meets her mother's piercing gaze. Holds it steady.

SISTER LUKE
I'm sorry, mother. I really am.

A tense beat. Agnes is on her feet, snapping in fury.

AGNES
I'm a mother, not a priest. You
want absolution? Ask God.

INT. GREYSTONE'S HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

A panicked Agnes follows her, ascending the staircase.

AGNES
I'm a devote Catholic. I know it's
old fashioned but I still believe
in sin. Remember sin? Right and
wrong? I don't know if it's harps
and pearly gates but whatever it
is, you and I are not going to the
same place.

Agnes feels bad saying it, but not as bad as Sister Luke
does hearing it.

AGNES
I'll call the police. I mean it.

This stops Sister Luke cold. The last thing she expected
to hear.

She gives Agnes a comforting smile.

SISTER LUKE
Maybe it's better if you wait here
then.

Agnes, alone now, *hot-potatoes* her cell, taking it all
in. Confronted with her own dogma. A *crack in the ice*.

A shrine of PHOTOS of her son and daughter. Pictures from
healthier and happier times: smiling with their mother.

Agnes lifts a photo of *Sister Luke, 7, in her communion
dress*. She tries to inhale her tears, but it's useless.

Agnes shuts her eyes, whispers a hushed -

AGNES
Dear God, help us.

INT. GREYSTONE'S HOME - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Sister Luke sits next to Cain, her head buried in her hands. Whimpers in pain. Agnes watches her from the door.

AGNES

The Book of Luke tells us to
forgive and be forgiven. But often
there's nothing more difficult.

(then)

The Lord would never abandon one
of his children. And neither will
I.

She wraps her protective arms around her daughter -
Sister Luke warms to her mother's embrace.

SISTER LUKE

Oh, dear God. I believe in the
sanctity of life. Please forgive
me for wanting to make decisions
for you.

AGNES

Good-bye, Cain.

Amidst the tension, Agnes SWITCHES his life support OFF.

AGNES

Sister Luke, his rites.

She kisses Cain on his forehead - fingers her rosary.

SISTER LUKE

Through this holy anointing, and
by his most tender mercy, may the
Lord pardon you what sins you have
committed.

A faint, unsettling WHEEZING sound comes from Cain as he
takes his last breath's.

Mother and daughter cling to one another... and weep.

After several beats, an ALARM sounds...

FADE OUT.