

Play God For Me...

Written by

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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.