

Shamrock

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IN BLACK:

MALE VOICE

Some people believe that to be released from life is the same as being released from prison. And, yet, there is a hesitancy. Even panic

INT. ONE ROOM APARTMENT - NIGHT

An almost illusory image, murky, shadow-like, stands, moves.

A bucket, its red oxide surface the only color in an otherwise dark room.

The SOUND OF URINE, then a sharp sudden CRY.

MALE VOICE

No, it's not a fuckin' STD! Listen, it's coming from beneath a rib. The pain, it never ends.

A BUZZING sound as a dim florescent light flickers on.

SHAM, seen from the knees down, continues talking.

SHAM

Look!

A flash of RED.

SHAM

I'm bleeding internally. You need to get someone over here to bulldoze this building!

He coughs.

SHAM

Don't. Don't look at me. I don't want your pity... The Headaches, the dizziness, the nausea, I can live with. What I can't live with is the loneliness.

He looks at an empty chair.

SHAM

The utter loneliness.

Sham, now in full view, gun in hand, shakes.

SHAM

True, I chose to live alone. I chose to *live*. Isolated. Locked in this room.

He turns, looks at an iron plate, riveted in place, covering a window.

SHAM

But outside...

The sound of MOANS, MUFFLED CRIES.

SHAM

It's worse. Many, many times worse.

Sham turns, looks at a framed photograph of a young woman.

SHAM

In Boston, remember, they called me Shamrock. Father Shamrock. They thought I was pure, untouched.

He sighs.

SHAM

But they didn't know me. No one did. You, though, you knew me best ...The leashes and leads. The collar. The cage. Me, ass out, chained to a wall. You, whip in hand, strap-on in place. You were a disobedient little cunt, weren't you? A very naughty little girl in need of discipline.

He shakes his head.

SHAM

If only I hadn't killed you. Not that I didn't enjoy it. I did. I just wish you were here so I could do it again.

He looks at the gun in his hand.

SHAM

Still, I know it was wrong. Already, I've repented. Yet I'm not prepared to die, to face God, judgment.

He screams.

SHAM

Haven't I suffered enough? Haven't I? I've locked myself in this room, alone, away from friends and family, the public. All in an effort not to infect them with my immorality.

He drops down, crawls across the rubble covered floor.

SHAM

I should just do it. I should kill myself. But what I've done, is it really that bad? True, I've killed, but how many, tell me, has God killed?! The flood alone, how many innocent, still in the womb, unborn babies died? Sadistic fuck! Are you sitting in a room like this, are you?!

He stands, screams.

SHAM

Fuck it! Come judgment day I'm going to stand before you, one hand in my pants, the other around your throat. And I'm gonna enjoy it!

He lifts the gun.

SHAM

At the very least, I won't be alone.

BANG! The sound of a GUNSHOT.

FADE OUT