

THE SINNER'S PRAYER

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FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

A dimly lit room with old fashioned furniture. A bookshelf lines one side of the room. A large wooden cross adorns a wall.

A confessional booth in one corner.

FATHER TIM (70s) busies himself laying out pamphlets and sorting things between the benches.

MILDRED (60s) wearing a tent sized dress, waddles into the church. She sees him and waves, then points to the confessional booth before going in.

Father Tim rolls his eyes, looks to the ceiling.

FATHER TIM
Give me strength for this.

Father Tim enters his side of the confessional, pulls the curtain between the booths and his outline is visible to Mildred.

POV MILDRED IN CONFESSIONAL BOOTH:

MILDRED
Forgive me father for I have
sinned.

FATHER TIM
What have you done this time,
Mildred?

Mildred pulls out a doughnut from her purse and eats it while she attempts at her confession with a mouth full.

MILDRED
Well, first I kicked the dog.
Thought I'd broken his leg.

FATHER TIM
Did you mean to kick one of God's
creatures?

MILDRED
He took a whole steak off my dinner
plate. Damn right, I did.

FATHER TIM

Perhaps if you fed him as well as
you feed yourself, he would not try
to take your food.

Mildred takes the last bite of the doughnut, licks her
fingers.

MILDRED

He eats all my left over scraps.
That dog obsessed with eating. He
is already an overweight pig.

FATHER TIM

What is it that you really want,
Mildred? Because if I give you
advice, and you leave this time...

MILDRED

Not going to happen, Father. I need
forgiveness, I know what I did is
not right in the eyes of--

FATHER TIM

I think you should go on diet.

MILDRED

Are you calling me fat, Father?

FATHER TIM

No. Morbidly obese. One of the
seven deadly sins.

Mildred frown, struggles to get up.

MILDRED

Well, I never--

FATHER TIM

Ten hail Mary's and a strict weight
loss program.

Mildred slams the door open.

FATHER TIM (CONT'D)

Mildred? Hello?

Father Tim grins to himself.

END POV

JAMES (2s0) dressed in jeans and a wife-beater, tattoos and
piercings cover him, waits his turn outside the booth.

Mildred brushes past him as she leaves and he enters.
She snarls at James, wipes off her sleeve, disgusted.
James grimaces at the sight of Mildred.

JAMES

Gross.

James takes a seat on the confession side of the booth.

POV JAMES INSIDE CONFESSIONAL BOOTH:

JAMES (CONT'D)

Forgive me, Father, for I have
sinned.

James looks down and sees a purse on the floor. He opens it
and peeks in side.

FATHER TIM

Yes, my Son, you may confess.

JAMES

I was having a good time with this
hooker and I started to have dirty
thoughts.

FATHER TIM

You mean you had dirty thoughts and
went looking for a hooker.

James pulls out a doughnut from Mildred's purse. Seeing
nothing else of value he sets it back on the floor.

James takes a bite.

JAMES

That's not the sin.

FATHER TIM

Oh okay, go on.

JAMES

So I called out my wife's name
while we were doing it.

FATHER TIM

I see. I'm sure your wife was
flattered.

JAMES

That bitch punched me in the mouth
so hard she knocked out my front
tooth and cracked my jaw.

FATHER TIM

Perhaps try sleeping with your wife
instead, the way God intended.

JAMES

I tried, but you know how pregnant
women are. Besides, I thought it
was a sin to spank my willy. I have
needs.

FATHER TIM

You need to abstain from your
abhorrent sexual behavior. Twenty
hail Mary's. Thirty Our Father's
and no form of sex of for a month.

JAMES

Geez, Dude, that's impossible.

FATHER TIM

Tell me about it.

James pulls back the curtain, storms out of the church.

Father Tim lets out a long sigh, leaves the confessional.

He kneels in front of the cross, speaks with a sense of
familiarity.

FATHER TIM (CONT'D)

Almighty, forgive Mildred. She
knows not that her body should be
treated like a temple.

Father Tim chuckles.

FATHER TIM (CONT'D)

James needs to be helped with his
impure thoughts. What a tool he is.

Lightning strikes, the power flashes off.

Father Tim's eyes widen.

FATHER TIM (CONT'D)

Is that really necessary? I'm here
on my knees where you want me.

A candle, standing on the shelf above the fire place, flickers to life then dies.

Father Tim gets to his feet, rummages through his drawers. He finds his glasses, puts them on.

He digs a bit more, pulls out a torch and switches it on. It fades off.

FATHER TIM (CONT'D)
Help out an old man here.

He shuffles to the doorway.

Lightning crashes again, strikes the building.

Father Tim is flung backwards against the book case, scattering books to the floor. His glasses fall off.

The fire place gets a bit of a glow.

Father Tim feels searches for his glasses again.

A spark ignites in the fireplace, a small fire burns out of nothing.

Father Tim scuffles backwards.

A shadow forms on the wall, over the cross, grows into a large human shape.

The fire ignites fully.

The shadow slithers over to a chair and sits.

Father Tim finds his glasses, grabs them, shoves them on, and keeps staring at the shadow in disbelief.

FATHER TIM (CONT'D)
I rebuke you, evil spirit!

The flames crackle and dance to their own rhythm.

FATHER TIM (CONT'D)
I said, get out!

Laughter fills the room, causing Father Tim to shudder in fear.

SHADOW (V.O.)
After all these years of praying to me, begging me to come, this is how you greet me?

MILDRED (O.S.)
Yooooohooo, Father Tim.

Mildred bursts through the front doors.

FATHER TIM
Oh, god, what now?

Mildred moves slowly to where Father Tim stands, her eyes fixate on the shadow.

MILDRED
Forgot my...

SHADOW (V.O.)
Leave us, my son. This beast is my creation. Let me deal with it. You and I will have eternity to catch up.

Father Tim scurries past Mildred, out the church.

EXT. CHURCH - GARDENS -- CONTINUOUS

James stands peeing into a rose bush. He yanks on his zipper to close it when he sees Father Tim.

JAMES
Ah, sorry father, had to take a piss...

Father Tim puts his arm around James shoulder, leads him to the church door.

FATHER TIM
There's something you should see.

Father Tim opens the door a notch, nudges James into the church, shuts the door securely behind him.

He takes a seat on a bench in the garden, leans back and grins wide.

FADE OUT.