

NO DOUBT?

Written by

Kenny Allan

Address
Phone Number

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

GAVIN (30s), rough stubble and shaggy hair sits in the dark on the edge of his disheveled bed, head in hands.

Light flickers across Gavin's face as the TV announces the chaos on the streets.

GAVIN
(whispers)
God help me. God help us all.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Gavin stares into a tarnished mirror with red-rimmed eyes. He draws his hand over his face and slowly shakes his head.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

Gavin is talking into a mobile phone.

GAVIN
I don't know what to say!

We hear an angry elderly male voice at the end of the line.

ELDERLY MALE
You don't know what to say? The truth.

Gavin hangs up, distressed.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Gavin hurriedly walks along the small deserted street, sidestepping the occasional stray pedestrian.

He spots a person slumped against a shopfront and passes by. After a few paces, he stops and raises his eyes.

Taking a breath, he returns to the prostrate individual and gently raises their head. He holds their hand and talks to them. We cannot hear what is being said.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Gavin props himself against the sink, phone in hand. Eyes closed - clearly distressed - we hear an elderly woman sobbing at the other end.

GAVIN
 You know I can't, Mum.
 (beat)
 Mum?

MUM
 Why not? As if it matters anymore.
 As if it matters to anyone.

GAVIN
 It still matters to some people.
 (beat)
 It matters to me.

MUM
 Do I matter to you?

The man sighs deeply, head slumping as his Mum hangs up. We hear him beginning to weep out of shot.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The man straightens what appears to be a tie. When we see him fully, he is arranging his collar and robes. He is a priest.

He stands tall, takes a deep breath and steps through a door.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

Gavin stands behind the alter of a small sparsely decorated church, the wood panels and mottled carpets more befitting of a 1970s working mans' club.

The scant congregation stare at him, terrified. His eyes fall on a WOMAN (20s). She looks at him pleadingly, smiling through tears.

WOMAN
 Father, it's going to be alright
 isn't it? It is going to be alright
 for us isn't it?

We see the man looking straight at us. His face shows he is clearly having doubts.

He clears his throat and swallows hard.

GAVIN
 OK, let me tell you the truth.

FADE OUT.