

Bless you

Written by

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INT. CHURCH CONFESSIONAL BOX - DAY

A PRIEST eyes a queue and enters to Mrs. Jones, kneeling.

MRS. JONES

Bless me father, for I have
sinned...

PRIEST

How long is it since your last
confession?

MRS. JONES

This morning.

PRIEST

Right. Murder someone did we?

MRS. JONES

No but you know how you said there
may be a meteor scheduled to crash
to earth and not to tell anyone?

PRIEST

Only way you'd leave, Mrs. Jones!

MRS. JONES

You've not heard then? Well, I
told Mrs. Davies who fancies Mr.
Stevens and she said if the world
ends she can't last without him.

PRIEST

Isn't Mrs. Davies married to Bob
who does the picnics? Right, one
Hail Mary and an Our Father.

Mrs. Jones genuflects, exits and Mr. Stevens enters.

MR. STEVENS

Bless me father...

PRIEST

I'll stop you there, is this about
Mrs. Davies?

Pregnant silence. A SATANIST affirms himself in the church.

SATANSIT (O.S.)

I denounce Santa.

MR. STEVENS

Gerald. Dyslexic.

PRIEST

Okay. So, adultery? One decade of the rosary and hands off of Brenda, or the burgers will be crap, okay?

MR.STEVENS

And Father, Mo took the collection, Kevin shot the spit-wad and I trod the poo on Sister Jo's habit.

PRIEST

Good times. Alright. If there's nobody else I'll call that a nig...

MR.STEVENS

You can't. Half the village is in, even the atheists converted.

PRIEST

And an Our Father for bloody cheek.

MR.STEVENS

Good Luck, off to find Brenda and sod burgers we're all toast anyway.

PRIEST

And a Hail Holy Queen!

He eases off the wooden bench, hits a splinter and peeks out.

PRIEST (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Prick!

INT. CHURCH/OUTER CONFESSIONAL - A MOMENT ON

The Satanist screams. A NUN slaps him quiet. A hush.

NUN

Quiet in God's House. Father's coming and children Santa is real.

A LITTLE KID kicks the Satanist in the groin, a sneeze.

A back like Boris Johnson's enters the box in a blue rosette.

The priest exits and does an exaggerated sign of the cross.

PRIEST

Bless You! And protect you from all evil. Back in a jiffy.

The priest latches the box, smirks as the meteor hits.

