

Surviving Confession

"Pilot"

Written by

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INT. ST. LUKE'S PARISH - QUINN'S OFFICE - DAY

FATHER FRANKLIN QUINN (60s) sits at his desk, squinting his old eyes as he tries to read a resumé. He holds a glass of wine in his hand and periodically sips from it.

Across from him sits an uncomfortable FATHER DAVID MORRIS (late 20s). He eyes the drink in Father Quinn's hand and glances up at a ticking clock.

A small crinkle forms between Father Morris' eyebrows.

QUINN  
(without looking up)  
Problem?

Father Morris looks caught off guard.

FATHER MORRIS  
Uh...

He stammers as he points up at the clock.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)  
Your clock is off.

Quinn glances behind him at the clock.

QUINN  
How so?

FATHER MORRIS  
(confused)  
It's... not on the correct time.

QUINN  
It's set to the time in the Vatican.

He raises his wine glass to Father Morris.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Which is infallibly correct.

He gives a wink, takes a sip, and looks back down at his paper to squint some more.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Matignon High School. Harvard  
undergrad. You're a local boy.

FATHER MORRIS  
Yes, Father. Grew up in Cambridge.

Father Quinn smacks his lips after taking another gulp of wine.

QUINN  
Is that why you requested this  
placement?

FATHER MORRIS  
No.

QUINN  
Then why did you?

FATHER MORRIS  
I didn't.

QUINN  
Just coincidence?

Father Morris shrugs.

FATHER MORRIS  
Providence.  
(beat)  
Or maybe just bad luck.

Father Quinn eyes him and then gives a small nod.

QUINN  
Ministering in your own backyard can  
be... challenging.

Father Morris smirks.

FATHER MORRIS  
(quoting)  
"A prophet is not without honor  
except in his own town."

QUINN  
Nobody likes to call that booger-  
eating, altar boy, brat, they  
remember "Father".

FATHER MORRIS  
Good thing I wasn't an altar boy  
then.

Beat.

QUINN  
What was your parish?

FATHER MORRIS  
Saint Vincent.

QUINN  
That's a lovely church, did you enjoy  
it?

FATHER MORRIS  
Yes, they're lovely people.

QUINN  
I meant the building.

Beat.

FATHER MORRIS  
Yes. It's wonderful architecture.

Quinn nods.

QUINN  
Well, let's get you settled in.

Father Quinn rises to his feet.

INT. CLERGY HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Father Morris plops down his suitcase in a modestly  
furnished bedroom.

Father Quinn stands in the doorway.

QUINN  
My room is across the way. Bathroom  
is down the hall.  
(then)  
Do you have an automobile?

FATHER MORRIS  
Yes.

QUINN  
Good.  
(beat)  
I'll let you unpack. Don't dally, you  
have confession in thirty minutes.

Father Morris looks up in shock.

FATHER MORRIS  
What?

QUINN

You've taken confession before,  
haven't you?

FATHER MORRIS

No, not... not really.

QUINN

Well then, here's your chance.

FATHER MORRIS

Father, is that wise? I haven't even  
been introduced to the parishioners  
yet.

QUINN

Why would that matter?

FATHER MORRIS

Well... just for their comfort, I  
think it would be prudent if--

QUINN

You are ordained. You are fully  
capable of administering the  
sacrament.

(then)

Also, I don't want to.

(then)

You'll be fine. I'll be napping.

Quinn spins around and shuffles down the hallway.

INT. ST. LUKE'S PARISH - CONFESSIONAL - DAY

Father Morris slips on a purple stole and takes a seat on  
his chair. He exhales and checks his watch, clearly feeling  
nervous.

His eyes close and he MUTTERS a prayer.

Finished, his eyes snap open, he breathes in deeply again  
and glances around the inside of the confessional.

It's rather spacious for a confessional, and built out of  
rich dark wood.

Next to Father Morris is the typical screen for anonymous  
confessions, and across from him is a chair for face-to-face  
confessions.

He checks his watch again and waits.

And waits.

And waits.

And waits.

INT. ST. LUKE'S PARISH - CONFESSIONAL - LATER

Father Morris, still waiting, checks his watch again.

He fidgets on his hard-wooden chair, looking increasingly uncomfortable.

Long beat.

He checks his watch again and gnaws a little on his lower lip, trying to decide on something.

Finally, he makes a decision, gets to his feet and hurries out.

INT. ST. LUKE'S PARISH - LATER

We hear the sound of a TOILET FLUSH and Father Morris steps out into the main sanctuary.

He freezes.

Across the way is the exterior of the confessional. There are two doors on each side of it and by default they're left open, unless occupied.

And right now, one door is closed. Occupied.

Father Morris grimaces and then quickly slips back inside the confessional.

INT. ST. LUKE'S PARISH - CONFESSIONAL - CONTINUOUS

Father Morris quietly enters the box. He can hear the soft MUTTERINGS coming from the anonymous confessional, but can't quite make out the words.

He gingerly eases onto his chair.

Beat.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Father?

Father Morris clears his throat.

FATHER MORRIS  
Uh... yes?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
My penance?

There's a certain quality to the voice, perhaps it's the whisper of it, but it sounds almost... sultry.

He hesitates, unsure of what to do.

FATHER MORRIS  
Uh... uh -- a Hail Mary and a decade of the rosary.

Long beat.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Father Quinn?

Beat.

FATHER MORRIS  
No. It's Father Morris actually.

Beat.

There's a quick SHUFFLING sound and we hear her quickly exit the confessional.

Father Morris sighs and rubs his face with his hands.

INT. ST. LUKE'S PARISH - CONFESSIONAL - LATER

Father Morris still sits alone.

He glances down at his watch -- it's counting down.

Then it BEEPS as an alarm goes off -- the confession time finally over.

He looks relieved as he silences his alarm and just as he's about to remove his purple stole a GIRL suddenly enters the confessional.

Young (16), low cut shirt, cut jeans revealing skin, carries herself with a swagger.

This is KAT BROGAN.

She looks surprised to see Father Morris sitting there.

Father Morris flashes his best welcoming smile, smooths out his stole and gestures to the chair across from him.

FATHER MORRIS

My child.

KAT

You're not Father Quinn.

FATHER MORRIS

Yeah. I've been getting that a lot lately. I'm Father Morris.

Kat slips into the chair across from him.

KAT

I'm Kat.

FATHER MORRIS

Is that short for Kathryn?

KAT

(dryly)

No, it's short for pussy-kat.

She gives a little smirk and eyes him.

KAT (cont'd)

You're young.

FATHER MORRIS

Thank you.

KAT

Don't think I've ever seen a priest so young.

FATHER MORRIS

Well they do exist. All old priests were once young priests.

Beat.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)

Your confession?

KAT

(by rote)

Bless me Father, I've sinned, it's been a week since my last confession -- yadda, yadda, yadda.

(MORE)



KAT (cont'd)  
(then)  
I've masturbated. Probably about  
three times just today.

FATHER MORRIS  
Busy day.

KAT  
I lied to my parents. Lied to most  
everybody. Cheated at school. I  
sucked off Ben Coughlin in third  
period -- he tasted weird.

Father Morris' eyebrow arches.

Kat snorts a laugh.

KAT (cont'd)  
You're blushing.

FATHER MORRIS  
I don't believe I am.

He might be.

KAT  
Are you uncomfortable with this?

FATHER MORRIS  
No.

KAT  
It's fine if you are--

FATHER MORRIS  
I'm not--

KAT  
You guys tend to be weird about sex--

FATHER MORRIS  
Weird? We're not--

KAT  
You're not one of those pedophile  
priests are ya?

Beat.

FATHER MORRIS  
Of course not.

KAT

Oh.

(beat)

Too bad.

Kat bites her lower lip and seductively spreads her legs.

Father Morris stares at her, flabbergasted.

She laughs and he scowls at her.

FATHER MORRIS

Are you... trying to get a rise out  
of me?

KAT

Trying to get something to rise.

She flashes a smile.

He doesn't smile back.

FATHER MORRIS

And why is that?

She rolls her eyes.

KAT

Relax, gees, I was just having some  
fun.

FATHER MORRIS

Fun?

He nods.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)

I see.

(beat)

So are any of these confessions  
genuine?

KAT

They're all true if that's what you  
mean.

FATHER MORRIS

That's not quite what I mean.

KAT

I did them -- what do you want from  
me?

FATHER MORRIS  
Genuine acts is not the same as  
genuine contrition. Are you...  
grieved over the things you've done?

KAT  
Grieved?

FATHER MORRIS  
Are you sorry?

KAT  
(flippant)  
Sure. Yeah. Whatever.

FATHER MORRIS  
And you regret the choices you've  
made?

KAT  
I certainly regret giving Ben  
Coughlin a blowjob.

Father Morris just stares at her, uncertain with how to  
proceed.

FATHER MORRIS  
Is... is this how you normally do  
confession?

KAT  
Yeah. More or less.

She shrugs.

KAT (cont'd)  
Father Quinn doesn't mind. He calls  
it "imperfect contrition".

Father Morris considers the idea for a second, and then  
reluctantly nods.

FATHER MORRIS  
Yes. I suppose that's true. And we're  
all imperfect in our contrition.  
(then)  
My apologies if I came across as...  
judgmental. I'm new at this.

He offers an apologetic smile.

KAT  
Is this your first time? Am I popping  
your cherry?

FATHER MORRIS  
That's a little vulgar.

KAT  
Oh there you go being judgmental  
again.

FATHER MORRIS  
It's not judgmental it's--

KAT  
It's fine. I like it.  
(long beat)  
Actually I think I prefer you over  
Father Quinn.

FATHER MORRIS  
Really? Why is that?

KAT  
Father Quinn doesn't care.

FATHER MORRIS  
I very much doubt that.

KAT  
I very much don't. He doesn't care  
that I'm a whore, at least you call  
it out.

FATHER MORRIS  
I don't think you're--

KAT  
It's fine. I am a whore.

There's an awkward silence between them.

FATHER MORRIS  
This is a place of forgiveness.

She snorts a laugh.

KAT  
I don't care about forgiveness.

Beat.

She looks to him, eyes staring intently at him.

KAT (cont'd)  
I don't want to be forgiven.  
(beat)  
I want to be judged.

She turns her gaze to Father Morris.

KAT (cont'd)  
Will you judge me, Father?

He eyes her a moment.

FATHER MORRIS  
And what would I be sitting in  
judgment on?

She leans in, almost seductively.

INT. ST. LUKE'S PARISH - DAY

Kat exits the confessional and heads out the church doors.

INT. ST. LUKE'S PARISH - CONFESSIONAL - CONTINUOUS

Father Morris sits in the confessional looking somewhat shaken.

He exhales and rubs his temples.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Father Morris stands at the checkout.

FATHER MORRIS  
(to cashier)  
Thank you.

He scoops up his bags in his arms and heads toward the exit.  
Suddenly something catches his eye.

He freezes and peers intently down an aisle.

His gaze is fixed on a WOMAN (late 20s) with a small GIRL TODDLER riding in her grocery cart.

The woman we'll come to know as JENNIFER CONNER. Beautiful in an understated way. The kind of girl that infatuates men who know her, but who wouldn't give her a second look if they just passed her on the street.

She scans the shelves, oblivious to the fact that she's being watched, and flashes a bright, playful, smile at her daughter.

Father Morris stays where he is, transfixed.

Jennifer looks up.

Father Morris spins around, pretending not to notice her and makes a beeline for the exit.

She spots him and her smile fades as she watches him leave.

INT. ST. LUKE'S PARISH - DAY

It's Mass, and the pews are filled. Father Quinn stands before the parishioners finishing off his homily with a prayer.

Father Morris sits in the front pew staring up at him.

QUINN  
(in prayer)  
... so that through the embracing of  
your calling, your joy may be  
complete in Him, in His most holy  
name, amen.

The PARISHIONERS MUTTER AMEN.

Quinn turns to Father Morris and extends a hand.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Father Morris if you could stand  
please.

He does.

QUINN (cont'd)  
(to the parish)  
We are blessed to add to our parish  
staff at Saint Luke's--

RING. RING. RING.

Father Morris frantically hikes up his vestments to silence the phone in his pocket.

RING. RING.

He silences it and stuffs it quickly away, feeling absolutely mortified.

Father Quinn clears his throat.

QUINN (cont'd)  
We are blessed to have our new  
parochial vicar, Father David Morris  
joining us.

Father Morris smiles broadly and gives a slight bow.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Be sure to extend him a warm welcome  
to our community.

EXT. ST. LUKE'S PARISH - DAY

Father Morris is all polite smiles as he shakes hands with  
PARISHIONERS who are exiting the building.

The BROGAN FAMILY approaches him.

CHRIS BROGAN (40s) gives Father Morris a firm handshake.  
He's a dad's dad, receding hairline, paunchy gut, and  
clothes that were fashionable a decade ago.

CHRIS  
(as an introduction)  
Chris Brogan.

FATHER MORRIS  
Pleasure.

His faithful wife LAUREN BROGAN (40s) stands at his side  
with a broad smile. She has a sweet demeanor and slightly  
more fashion sense than her counterpart.

LAUREN  
We're very pleased to have you at our  
parish.

FATHER MORRIS  
Thank you.

CHRIS  
This is my wife Lauren. My daughter  
Kathryn...

He points to a more respectable looking Kat. She stares at  
Father Morris deadpan, and Father Morris gives a polite nod.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
... my sons, Sam, Mark, and Garret.

SAM (13), MARK (11) and GARRET (9), all dressed in suits with ties.

Father Morris smiles.

FATHER MORRIS  
You have a lovely family.

CHRIS  
Thank you, Father.

Father Morris locks eyes with Kat as she follows her family down the steps of the church.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Father Morris.

Father Morris breaks his gaze and turns back to see TOMMY MCALISTER (late 20s). A lanky man, all smiles, and a thick Boston accent, wraps Father Morris up in a hug.

TOMMY  
It's good to see you.

Father Morris gives him a sideways glance and then genuinely smiles as he recognizes him.

FATHER MORRIS  
Tommy? What are you doing here? You go to Saint Luke's?

TOMMY  
Last few years, yeah.  
(then)  
You remember my wife, right?

He gestures to MISSY MCALISTER (late 20s) who's clutching onto an INFANT GIRL in swaddling cloth.

FATHER MORRIS  
Of course I do.

MISSY  
(not expecting him to remember)  
Missy.

FATHER MORRIS  
I remember. And who's this little guy?

MISSY  
Girl.



FATHER MORRIS  
Girl -- sorry.

TOMMY  
My daughter, Savannah.

Father Morris smiles, admiring the child.

FATHER MORRIS  
She's a beauty Tommy.

TOMMY  
Ain't she though?  
(then)  
Hey whatcha doing for lunch?

FATHER MORRIS  
Um--

TOMMY  
You're coming to my place.

FATHER MORRIS  
I--

TOMMY  
You're coming over.  
(gesturing to Missy)  
She's a great cook -- she's a good  
cook. You'll love it -- even men of  
the cloth got to eat, right? Done  
deal.

Father Morris just grins.

INT. MCALISTER RESIDENCE - DAY

LAUGHTER from Tommy and Father Morris.

TOMMY  
Remember when we used to shoot those  
bottle rockets out of those plastic  
baseball bats? Cut a hole in the  
handle, light it, drop it in--

FATHER MORRIS  
Yeah, yeah--

TOMMY  
Like a little bazooka.

FATHER MORRIS  
Yeah. Totally.

TOMMY  
And you hit that car--

FATHER MORRIS  
Went off right in front of the  
windshield.

TOMMY  
And the guy jumps out of the car and  
you start running, and the driver  
starts chasing after you--

FATHER MORRIS  
No Joey started running. I ducked  
down in the grass -- the driver  
almost stepped on me.

Tommy snorts.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)  
That still might be the scariest  
moment of my life.

Missy clears the plates.

MISSY  
You done, Father?

FATHER MORRIS  
Yes, thank you. It was very good.

She takes his plate and Tommy stares at Father Morris. He  
shakes his head.

TOMMY  
Father.  
(beat)  
That's quite something.

Father Morris gives a weak smile.

FATHER MORRIS  
It's an adjustment for me too.

TOMMY  
Who would've thought, eh?  
(then)  
Guess your mom would be proud.

Father Morris just nods.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
You've seen your dad yet?

Beat.

FATHER MORRIS  
I'm still just getting settled in.

Tommy gives an understanding nod.

TOMMY  
You know I gotta say I'm surprised.

Father Morris eyes Tommy.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
When I heard you were going to  
seminary.  
(beat)  
I didn't think you'd stick with it.

FATHER MORRIS  
Oh yeah? Why's that?

Tommy shrugs.

TOMMY  
I dunno. Just... didn't seem like  
you, is all. I mean out of all us  
kids who woulda pegged you to be the  
one in the priesthood?

A somewhat awkward moment.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
Don't get me wrong, I think it's  
great and all, it just seemed like  
that was more your mom's dream than  
yours.

Father Morris gives a cold stare at Tommy.

FATHER MORRIS  
You can just call me David, if it  
makes it easier.

TOMMY  
No, no, no, I wouldn't want to be  
disrespectful.

FATHER MORRIS  
Maybe a little late for that.

Tommy arches an eyebrow.

Father Morris gets to his feet.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)  
I came to the priesthood from a  
fullness of heart, Tommy. Not a  
broken one.

TOMMY  
Oh hey, I didn't mean nothin' by it.

FATHER MORRIS  
Thanks for lunch.

TOMMY  
Father--

FATHER MORRIS  
Don't worry about it.

TOMMY  
I was just sayin--

FATHER MORRIS  
I know what you're saying.

Long beat.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)  
Thanks again.

TOMMY  
Father...

Father Morris heads out.

Tommy flings his napkin on the table and gives a heavy sigh.

INT. CLERGY HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Father Morris lies on his bed staring up at the ceiling.

Father Quinn appears at the doorway.

QUINN  
Come on.

Father Morris furrows his brow.

FATHER MORRIS  
Where?

QUINN  
Grief counseling.

EXT. SCHRIVER RESIDENCE - DAY

Father Quinn pulls his beat-up Buick next to the curb. He hops out of the driver side door, followed by Father Morris, carrying a muffin basket.

QUINN  
Their son's name was Tanner. Mother is Emma, father is Aaron.

FATHER MORRIS  
How old was he?

QUINN  
Sixteen.

They walk up the steps together to the porch.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Now listen, you don't know them, don't pretend you do. Don't overstate your empathy, it makes it worse. Mostly, just let them bitch at you.

Father Morris arches an eyebrow as Father Quinn rings the doorbell.

QUINN (cont'd)  
And turn your cell phone off.

Father Morris scrambles for his pocket, turning the phone to vibrate as EMMA SCHRIVER (40s) opens the door.

Father Quinn gives her a soft smile.

INT. SCHRIVER RESIDENCE - DAY

Emma sits across from Father Quinn and Father Morris, staring blankly.

She looks gaunt and frail.

QUINN  
Didn't see you on Sunday.

EMMA  
No. I...

Her voice just trails off and she doesn't bother to form a sentence.

Beat.

Father Morris glances at a large photo of a boy (TANNER) hanging in the room. Strong jaw, blue eyes, curly blonde hair, athletic build. Looks like the kind of kid that would be popular at school.

QUINN  
Is Aaron in?

Her eyes flick to the backdoor.

EMMA  
He doesn't want to talk.

QUINN  
That's quite all right. He doesn't have to, but it might help--

EMMA  
I don't think it would.  
(beat)  
He doesn't... appreciate, like I do.  
I -- I appreciate what you're trying to do for us, Father.

Father Quinn forces a smile.

EXT. SCHRIVER RESIDENCE - DAY

Father Quinn closes the front door and takes off down the steps with Father Morris following behind.

QUINN  
Six months and they're still wallowing in it.

FATHER MORRIS  
People grieve in different ways.

Quinn spins back to face Father Morris.

QUINN  
I've seen a lot of grief, Father.

He points a bony finger at the house.

QUINN (cont'd)  
And they suck at it.

VRRMMM - Father Morris' cell phone VIBRATES. He pulls it out and his eyes go wide.

ON SCREEN: Is an image of exposed FEMALE BREASTS.

QUINN (cont'd)  
(off his expression)  
Problem?

FATHER MORRIS  
Uh...

Father Morris quickly stuffs the phone back inside his pocket.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)  
No, no.  
(then)  
Could you drop me off at the school?

EXT. ST. LUKE'S CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Kat stands among a small GROUP of her friends.

Father Morris storms over to her and grabs her by the elbow.

FATHER MORRIS  
Excuse me.

KAT  
Hey, what the hell?

He pulls her away from her friends and holds up his cell phone to her.

FATHER MORRIS  
(hushed tone)  
Is this you?

Kat smiles wickedly.

KAT  
Did you like it?

FATHER MORRIS  
This does not come under the seal of confession. I will go to the police, and I will report you for transmitting pornographic images of a minor -- which is a felony.

KAT  
Please, I wish I had those boobs.

FATHER MORRIS  
So this is not you?

KAT  
Of course not.  
(then)  
We done?

Father Morris glowers.

FATHER MORRIS  
No. Sending pornography and calling  
me during Mass is not why I gave you  
my cell phone number.

KAT  
Why did you give it to me?

Father Morris cocks his head at her.

He clears his throat.

FATHER MORRIS  
I can't talk about that unless you  
give me permission.  
(then)  
Do I have your permission?

KAT  
No.

She turns on her heels and walks off.

Father Morris shakes his head in dismay.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Father Morris carries a bouquet of flowers as he walks  
through the cemetery.

He comes to a grave and stops.

Fresh flowers are already laid by the grave.

The corner of Father Morris' mouth twitches with a smile. It  
fades quick though as he thinks for a moment.

Then, he delicately places his bouquet next to the other  
flowers.



EXT. MORRIS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Father Morris walks along a sidewalk and makes his way up the stoop to a house.

Sounds of LAUGHTER and MUSIC emanate from the house and cause him to freeze.

He glances around and notices several cars parked along the street. Some kind of party is going on.

He rushes back down the stairs just as the front door opens and his father, PATRICK MORRIS (50s) exits the building. He holds a garbage bag filled with empty bottles.

Patrick freezes as he spots Father Morris.

PATRICK

David?

Father Morris winces as he turns back to face him.

FATHER MORRIS

I should've called first.

PATRICK

What are you doing here?

FATHER MORRIS

I was just... in the neighborhood.

(then)

You having a party?

Patrick looks back toward his house.

PATRICK

Just a little gathering with some of my students -- I do it every year.

He dumps his garbage into the garbage can. The bottles CLANK.

PATRICK (cont'd)

So are you in town for a while or...?

FATHER MORRIS

I'm serving at Saint Luke's.

PATRICK

Saint Luke's that's in... that's in...

FATHER MORRIS  
Belmont.

PATRICK  
Right.

Awkward beat.

PATRICK (cont'd)  
When did you get back in town?

FATHER MORRIS  
Just. Still settling in.

Patrick nods.

Another uncomfortable silence.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)  
I should've called first.

PATRICK  
Nah, nah, nah -- you wanna come up?

FATHER MORRIS  
I don't know if--

PATRICK  
Come on, come up.

Father Morris hesitates.

PATRICK (cont'd)  
Come on.

Patrick turns around and heads up the steps without waiting for Father Morris' reply.

INT. MORRIS RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Patrick leads Father Morris up the steps, through the doorway where he is greeted by a horde of graduate STUDENTS.

Father Morris gives a quick survey of the place.

The vibe of the "gathering" is a clash between a frat party and a cocktail party. Bottles of beer with chips, dip and weed, mixed alongside glasses of wine, cigars, and hors d'oeuvres.

PATRICK  
Everyone, this is my son, David.  
David, this is everyone.

STUDENTS  
Hi.

Father Morris nods politely at them and slips off his coat.

You could almost hear a record scratch as the students all notice his white collar and black shirt.

Beat.

PATRICK  
(to Father Morris)  
I'll take your coat.

Patrick grabs it and slips off to a bedroom, brushing past a FEMALE STUDENT (20s), who stares intently at Father Morris, with a glass of wine in her hand.

We'll come to know her, momentarily.

Father Morris steps further in. The CHATTERING slowly starts to build back up as he grabs a bottle of beer and pops off the top.

He takes a hefty swig and eases himself onto the sofa next to a STUDENT with bloodshot eyes, and is clearly stoned.

STONED STUDENT  
Are you a priest?

Father Morris gestures at his attire.

FATHER MORRIS  
Either that or a stripper.

The student LAUGHS, almost too loudly.

STONED STUDENT  
Knowing Dr. Morris, I'd guess  
stripper.  
(then)  
I'm gonna be honest, man -- can I be  
honest?

FATHER MORRIS  
Sure.

STONED STUDENT

I don't get it. I mean... it's the twenty-first century, right?

FATHER MORRIS

Last I checked a calendar.

STONED STUDENT

You'd think we would've evolved by now to a species that could actually be evidence-driven.

Father Morris cranes his neck and spots his father in the kitchen with the female student.

They're standing close together and exchanging words.

Father Morris' eyes narrow.

STONED STUDENT (cont'd)

I mean, objectively, you look at history and you see that every major atrocity has its roots in religion.

Across the way, the female student puts her hand delicately on Patrick's chest as she WHISPERS something to him.

Patrick grins.

Father Morris glowers.

STONED STUDENT (cont'd)

Of course I'm not saying all evil, but there's exclusive evil that only comes out of religion. Did you know that eighty-two percent of Egyptians favor stoning adulterers? I mean -- how messed up is that?

FATHER MORRIS

Excuse me.

Father Morris crosses to the kitchen to Patrick with his female student.

Patrick forces a smile.

PATRICK

Hey. This is uh... Alyssa.

He gestures in the direction of ALYSSA FAY. Skinny. Pretty. Has a tattoo that runs along her right shoulder.

PATRICK (cont'd)  
She's one of my best students.

Alyssa flashes a smile and extends her dainty hand.

ALYSSA  
Hi.

Father Morris glances sideways at her and doesn't shake it.

FATHER MORRIS  
(to Patrick)  
Could I get my coat please?

PATRICK  
What are you kidding me? You just got here.

Father Morris nods in the direction of the living room.

FATHER MORRIS  
Several of your students are clearly stoned.  
(beat)  
It's probably not a good idea for me to be here... man of the cloth and all.

Patrick rolls his eyes.

PATRICK  
(mumbles)  
Jesus Christ.  
(then)  
Sure. No problem.

He exits to grab his coat leaving Alyssa and Father Morris alone.

ALYSSA  
Your father is pretty great.

FATHER MORRIS  
Is he?

ALYSSA  
Well I mean, he's a great professor.

An awkward beat.

ALYSSA (cont'd)  
You know he talks about you.

Father Morris's eyes flick back over to her.

ALYSSA (cont'd)  
In -- in class, he talks about you.

Father Morris smooths out his white collar.

FATHER MORRIS  
I'm sure I'm a useful foil.

ALYSSA  
Not about your religion, if that's  
what you mean. Actually, you being a  
priest is kind of a shock.

FATHER MORRIS  
My mother was devout.

He looks coldly at her.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)  
Does he talk about her?

ALYSSA  
Uh...

Patrick reemerges and tosses the coat to Father Morris.

PATRICK  
Call first next time.

Father Morris catches his coat and heads for the door,  
slipping it on as he does.

STONED STUDENT  
Hey, you leavin' bro?

FATHER MORRIS  
Father. Not "bro" not "man," Father.  
And as much as I enjoyed your inane  
regurgitation of someone else's  
thoughts, I have better things to do  
then discuss the supposed evils of  
religion with a stoned moron.

STONED STUDENT  
I go to Harvard, douche.

FATHER MORRIS  
Which makes you a highly educated  
moron.

The crowd, and Patrick, begin to take notice of the heated exchange.

STONED STUDENT

Whatever bro, have fun not having sex for your fairy father in the sky.

FATHER MORRIS

Riiiiight. I forgot. You're "evidence-driven." Of course if you actually took a microsecond to examine your position, you'd actually find that apart from God you can't be evidence-driven, you can only be chemically driven since determinism is inescapable from metaphysical naturalism. But maybe you'll get to that next semester and you can bore us all with your theory of how immaterial realities -- like logic, or volition or objective morality are illusory. And speaking of morality -- what was it about those terrible Egyptians again? Oh, I remember, they punished adultery and you're in favor of adultery? You find adultery to be morally virtuous?

STONED STUDENT

No--

FATHER MORRIS

No? So the problem is that they punish immoral behavior? We shouldn't punish immoral behavior, is that it?

STONED STUDENT

They shouldn't be stoned.

FATHER MORRIS

They should be shot?

STONED STUDENT

No--

FATHER MORRIS

So it's not the means that makes it evil. It's evil because they punish, what you admit, is an immoral act? And you are good because you're against punishing, what you admit, is an immoral act?

Stone Student crinkles his forehead.

STONED STUDENT  
They shouldn't be stoned.

FATHER MORRIS  
You said that already. What you haven't said is how you ground your morality. You say things are "evil" or "good" as though that's authoritative, but maybe it's the Egyptians who are more morally evolved -- who's to say? Certainly not you, your worldview precludes objective morality.

(then)  
And as long as we're talking about atrocities, I hear Harvard has a good library, maybe you could crack open a history book and study about the atheistic regimes of Mao Tse-tung. Pol Pot. Stalin. These names ring a bell? Surely you've heard of Hitler at least.

STONED STUDENT  
Hitler was raised Catholic.

FATHER MORRIS  
So was he.

He points to Patrick.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)  
Does that make him a theist, moron?

Father Morris pulls open the door.

He spins back around.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)  
And by the way, it is only the twenty-first century because of the person of Jesus of Nazareth.

SLAM -- he storms out of the house and slams the door behind him.

INT. CLERGY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Father Morris stews over a glass of whiskey.



Quinn enters and eyes Father Morris.

QUINN  
You broke into my whiskey?

Father Morris glances up at him.

FATHER MORRIS  
I thought it was the house whiskey.

Quinn grabs the bottle and pours himself a glass.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)  
I thought you were on Vatican time.

QUINN  
I'm an American.

He smirks, then puts the bottle away and eases into a chair across from Father Morris.

VRRMMM. VRRRRM.

Father Morris' cell phone goes off.

He glances down at it and ON SCREEN sees a close-up image of an ANUS.

Father Quinn squints his eyes.

QUINN (cont'd)  
What is that?

FATHER MORRIS  
Self-portrait.

He rubs his face and takes a hefty swig of his drink.

VRRRMM. His phone vibrates again.

It's a call. He answers it.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)  
Hello?

KAT (O.S.)  
(lowering her voice)  
Hello. This is Detective Harry Butts,  
we have reason to believe that  
pornographic images of a minor have  
been sent to your phone.

Father Morris rolls his eyes.

FATHER MORRIS  
Goodnight.

KAT (O.S.)  
(lowered voice)  
You know that's a felony...

He hangs up.

INT. CLERGY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lights are out.

Father Morris lies in his bed staring up at the ceiling,  
unable to sleep.

INT. ST. LUKE'S PARISH - DAY

Father Morris sits in a pew, staring up at Jesus hanging on  
the cross.

A WOMAN (40s) enters the sanctuary and takes a seat a few  
rows behind him.

He glances over his shoulder at her.

She's a plump woman, conservatively put together, but seems  
troubled or uncomfortable.

Father Morris gives her a reassuring smile and turns back to  
the cross.

After a moment the woman moves out of her row and slides in  
right behind him.

WOMAN  
Father Morris.

Her voice seems somewhat familiar.

Father Morris glances back at her.

WOMAN (cont'd)  
I just wanted to apologize to you,  
for the other day.

Father Morris' nose crinkles.

FATHER MORRIS  
(confused)  
I'm sorry?

WOMAN  
 (whispers)  
 You know... in the confessional.  
 (beat)  
 I thought you were Father Quinn --  
 the whole thing is mortifying.

FATHER MORRIS  
 Oh. There's no need to be  
 embarrassed.

WOMAN  
 Well, I am embarrassed.

Father Morris nods.

FATHER MORRIS  
 I can understand that confessing to a  
 new priest could be uncomfortable.  
 I'm sure you've developed a trust  
 with Father Quinn.

WOMAN  
 Right. Yes. Exactly.

FATHER MORRIS  
 Let me just assure you that the seal  
 of confession is absolute, and we all  
 treat the sacrament as a sacred  
 trust.

She gives him a confused look.

WOMAN  
 Sure.  
 (beat)  
 Anyway, I'm just sorry you heard all  
 that.

FATHER MORRIS  
 You needn't apologize for confessing  
 sins.

She cocks an eyebrow, and her mouth opens, about to say  
 something, but nothing comes out.

Finally...

WOMAN  
 Okay. Well, um... thanks for being so  
 understanding.

She backs away, heading towards the exit.

FATHER MORRIS  
I'll see you at Mass.

Father Morris gives her a warm smile.

WOMAN  
Oh. No. I'm not -- I'm not Catholic.

Father Morris' smile fades.

He cocks his head at her as she exits through the large double doors.

Before Father Morris can think any more about it -- VRRRM. VRRRM.

He pulls his cell phone out of his pocket and glances at the incoming number.

FATHER MORRIS  
(answering)  
Good morning Detective Butts.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Hello?

The voice is female, but it isn't Kat's.

Father Morris clues in immediately.

FATHER MORRIS  
Yes, hello?

VOICE (O.S.)  
Who is this?

FATHER MORRIS  
This is, Father Morris.

His eyes narrow in concern.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Father Quinn and Father Morris enter the waiting room.

The Brogan family is seated in the corner. Chris has his arm draped around a distraught Lauren. She stares out blankly, eyes puffy and red.

Quinn eases into a seat across from her and takes hold of her hand.

Father Morris hangs back, keeping his distance.

QUINN  
(softly)  
How are you doing?

CHRIS  
We don't know anything yet. They  
won't tell us anything.

Lauren's eyes flick over to Father Morris. There's a coldness to her, an anger building.

QUINN  
Let's go to God in prayer.

Father Quinn eases himself to the floor and places a hand on both Chris and Lauren.

He bows his head and closes his eyes -- Chris does likewise. Lauren doesn't.

She stares at Father Morris. Unflinching. A penetrating stare as Quinn prays.

QUINN (cont'd)  
O Father, we pray that your spirit  
would be over us.

Father Morris lowers his head, but his eyes stay on Lauren.

QUINN (cont'd)  
We pray for your mercy. That you  
would heal her body, and her spirit  
in your most holy name. Amen.

CHRIS  
Amen.

Father Morris crosses himself.

Lauren still stares.

QUINN  
Have you had anything to eat?

CHRIS  
No.

LAUREN  
We're not hungry, Father.

QUINN  
What about the boys? Have they had  
anything?

Chris just shakes his head.

QUINN (cont'd)  
How about I take them and get them  
something? You two can stay...  
(beat)  
It could still be a while.

Chris nods.

QUINN (cont'd)  
(softly)  
Okay.

Quinn rises to his feet.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Come on boys.

He beckons them to get up off their seats.

They do.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Come on. Let's go find something to  
eat.

Quinn passes by Father Morris.

QUINN (cont'd)  
(whispered)  
Stay with them.  
(then to the boys)  
What do you like to eat?

Father Quinn and the Brogan boys disappear down the hallway.

Father Morris takes a step closer to Lauren and Chris, but  
stays standing.

LAUREN  
(to Father Morris)  
Why did she call you? Last night.

Father Morris opens his mouth to reply.

LAUREN (cont'd)  
Why was your number in her phone?

Father Morris hesitates a moment, carefully choosing his words.

FATHER MORRIS  
I gave her my number.

LAUREN  
Why?

He considers answering, but refrains.

LAUREN (cont'd)  
You were the last number she called.

CHRIS  
(tenderly)  
Honey...

Chris puts his hand on her knee.

LAUREN  
No! I wanna know why our teenage daughter is calling him.

FATHER MORRIS  
It's nothing like... that.

LAUREN  
What is it not like?

She gets to her feet and storms over to him.

Chris jumps up next to her.

LAUREN (cont'd)  
No really, what is it not like?  
(beat)  
Why did you give our teenage daughter your private cell phone number?

Long beat.

FATHER MORRIS  
I did it because... I wanted her to be able to reach me... if she ever needed to talk. As a priest.

Tears start to fill Lauren's eyes, bubbling from sadness or anger or a mixture of both.

LAUREN  
You knew.

Beat.

FATHER MORRIS  
I'm not at liberty--

LAUREN  
You knew and you said nothing!

CHRIS  
Honey--

FATHER MORRIS  
Lauren--

LAUREN  
Mrs. Brogan. I'm twenty years your senior, you treat me with some goddamn respect.

CHRIS  
Honey--

FATHER MORRIS  
Mrs. Brogan, please understand--

LAUREN  
I don't understand! You should've told us! We could've done something, we could've talked to her, we could've figured it out, we could've... we wouldn't be here!  
(then)  
We had a right to know! I had a right to know!

She stands there shaking. Chris puts his arm around her as she starts to sob.

The entire waiting area is staring at them.

INT. HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Father Morris sits by himself, holding a cup of coffee, but not drinking from it.

Father Quinn approaches.

QUINN  
Spoke with the doctor.

Father Morris motions to get up, but Quinn prompts him to stay seated.



QUINN (cont'd)  
Family is with her.

FATHER MORRIS  
How is she?

QUINN  
Had a rough night, but doesn't look  
like there's anything too serious.

FATHER MORRIS  
Thank God.

Father Quinn nods.

QUINN  
Is there anything I should know?

Beat.

FATHER MORRIS  
Have you taken her confession?

QUINN  
Not yet.

FATHER MORRIS  
I mean lately.

Quinn eyes Father Morris carefully.

QUINN  
I can't talk about that and neither  
can you.

Long beat.

FATHER MORRIS  
Then no, Father. There's nothing you  
should know.

A moment, then Quinn nods.

QUINN  
There are times you may want to  
question the sacrament. Don't.  
(beat)  
There's far more at stake than a  
misguided teenage girl.

FATHER MORRIS  
I'm not sure the Brogans understand  
that.

Father Quinn leans in close to him.

QUINN  
That's why they're not on the other  
side of the screen.

Quinn pats him reassuringly on his shoulder and turns to leave.

A thought suddenly drifts into Father Morris' mind.

FATHER MORRIS  
Father...

Quinn stops.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)  
There was a woman who came to see me  
today -- I didn't catch her name --  
it was kinda odd, she was...  
apologizing for her confession.

Quinn's forehead furrows.

QUINN  
Apologizing?

FATHER MORRIS  
Yes. She's not Catholic and I think  
she felt she was doing wrong by  
partaking of the sacrament.  
(then)  
Do you know who I'm talking about?

Quinn hesitates.

QUINN  
No. I'm not sure I do.

Father Morris opens his mouth to reply, but Quinn turns and walks off.

Father Morris gives a puzzled look.

INT. ST. LUKE'S PARISH - CONFESSIONAL - DAY

Father Morris is once again sitting patiently in the confessional.

Suddenly Jennifer Conner comes barging in and closes the confessional door behind her.

JENNIFER  
Hello, Father.

Father Morris' eyes go wide.

Jennifer plops down in the seat across from him and folds her arms across her chest.

FATHER MORRIS  
Hi.

JENNIFER  
That's it? "Hi"? No, "nice to see you"? "How have you been"?

FATHER MORRIS  
Are you here for confession?

JENNIFER  
I've been fine, thanks. How have you been, Father?

FATHER MORRIS  
So you're not here for confession?

JENNIFER  
It's more of a confrontation.

FATHER MORRIS  
Then you can confront me later.

JENNIFER  
But I'm free now.

FATHER MORRIS  
I'm not, and confessionals are for confessions. Hence the name.

JENNIFER  
Fine, I'll confess. These are my sins: I was rude. Very rude to a good friend -- a friend, I hadn't seen in a really long time. And instead of going up to her -- like a decent human being -- and reconnecting, I pretended I didn't see her and ran for the exit.

(beat)  
Sort of a dick move, right?

Father Morris shrugs his shoulders.

FATHER MORRIS  
Well... I wouldn't be too hard on  
yourself. Sometimes reconnecting can  
be a bit awkward, especially with  
people who were... such good friends.

JENNIFER  
Still a dick move.

FATHER MORRIS  
But hardly a mortal sin.

JENNIFER  
A penile sin?

FATHER MORRIS  
Venial is the word I'm going to  
pretend you were looking for.

She gives a smirk.

JENNIFER  
So, for my penance?

FATHER MORRIS  
How about an apology?

JENNIFER  
Mmmm -- I'm not sure you should let  
me off that easy.

FATHER MORRIS  
Well I'm a gracious guy.

She smirks.

Beat.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)  
I'm sorry.  
(beat)  
I wasn't expecting to see you and...  
(then)  
And frankly I didn't know if you even  
wanted to see me.

Jennifer gives an understanding nod.

There's a moment of silence between them.

JENNIFER  
So you're a priest now, eh?

FATHER MORRIS  
Seems like it.

JENNIFER  
It's weird.

FATHER MORRIS  
Yeah, for me too.

JENNIFER  
It's hard not to take it  
personally -- like I turned you gay  
or something.

He shakes his head.

FATHER MORRIS  
I came to this from a fullness of  
heart, not a broken one.

JENNIFER  
That sounds rehearsed.

FATHER MORRIS  
You didn't turn me gay for Jesus,  
how's that sound? Better?

She chuckles.

Beat.

JENNIFER  
Is your dad freakin'?

FATHER MORRIS  
I dunno.

JENNIFER  
Have you spoken to him?

FATHER MORRIS  
Yeah.

JENNIFER  
And?

FATHER MORRIS  
And it didn't come up.

JENNIFER  
You got a collar on your neck, it  
didn't come up?

Beat.

FATHER MORRIS  
How's your husband?

JENNIFER  
Brent.

FATHER MORRIS  
Brent. How's Brent?

JENNIFER  
Fine.  
(beat)  
He's been deployed again.

She runs a hand through her hair.

FATHER MORRIS  
That must be tough.

JENNIFER  
It's not tough, it's brutal.

Father Morris nods.

FATHER MORRIS  
Would you like me to pray for you?  
For him?

JENNIFER  
Nah, I'm not... I don't really  
believe in this anymore.

Long moment.

FATHER MORRIS  
I saw your baby.

Jennifer smiles.

JENNIFER  
Yeah. That's my Nellie. She's a  
sweetie.

Beat.

FATHER MORRIS  
I'm happy for you.

JENNIFER  
I'm happy for you too, Father.

She shakes her head.

JENNIFER (cont'd)  
I'm not going to get used to that. I  
think you'll always just be David to  
me.

She smiles.

JENNIFER (cont'd)  
My David.

She gets back up on her feet and points an accusing finger  
at him.

JENNIFER (cont'd)  
You say hi to me next time you see  
me.

FATHER MORRIS  
I will. And I'll pray for you. And  
Brent.

She gives him a nod and then starts for the door.

Stops.

Turns back around and wraps Father Morris in a hug.

JENNIFER  
It's good to see you.

And with that she heads out.

INT. ST. LUKE'S CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Father Morris stands in the corner as a COUNSELOR wraps up a  
talk to a group of STUDENTS.

COUNSELOR  
And it doesn't even have to be  
Catholic assistance. We've given you  
some prevention hotlines you can  
call -- those are good resources. And  
you can always, always, talk to any  
of your teachers, or to Father Quinn,  
or Father Morris.

He gestures to Father Morris, who nods.

COUNSELOR (cont'd)  
Are there any questions?

INT. ST. LUKE'S CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Lauren Brogan comes up to Father Morris.

LAUREN

Father.

Father Morris looks surprised to see her.

FATHER MORRIS

Mrs. Brogan. How are you doing?

LAUREN

We're fine.

FATHER MORRIS

She's home now?

LAUREN

Yes.

(beat)

And she is -- uh -- ready to make confession... for her sin. She wants to.

FATHER MORRIS

Right. I'll tell Father Quinn.

LAUREN

She requested you.

(beat)

In fact she won't do it otherwise.

Her eyes dart away, looking uncomfortable.

LAUREN (cont'd)

If you wouldn't mind.

FATHER MORRIS

I'll be right over.

INT. BROGAN RESIDENCE - KAT'S ROOM - DAY

Kat sits up in her bed, resting against a stack of pillows behind her back. Her mouth and all around her lips are bright red, and there's some signs of bruising.

Her room feels nothing like Kat. Bright colors, stuffed animals, it feels better suited for a younger girl.

There's a soft KNOCK on her door and Father Morris enters. His purple stole draped around his neck.



FATHER MORRIS

Hey.

She looks his way but doesn't say anything.

Father Morris grabs a chair and plops it next to her bed.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)

How are you feeling?

KAT

(flatly)

Like a million bucks.

FATHER MORRIS

Taking some pills and downing a bottle of bleach was not the penance I prescribed.

KAT

Yeah, well, I was just trying to get Ben Coughlin's taste out of my mouth.

FATHER MORRIS

The Holy Spirit cleanses better.

Kat snorts a laugh.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)

Certainly burns less.

KAT

Man did it burn -- hurt like hell.

(beat)

Stupid way to do it.

FATHER MORRIS

(pointedly)

There's no smart way to do it.

KAT

Right.

Beat.

FATHER MORRIS

Your mother tells me, you want absolution for your sin. Is that true?

She thinks for a moment.

KAT

If I died, would you still have to keep my confessions a secret?

He stares intently at her.

FATHER MORRIS

Death doesn't set us free. The truth does. And willfully neglecting your penance is grave.

Kat snorts another laugh.

KAT

You don't say "grave" to someone who is suicidal -- what's wrong with you?

FATHER MORRIS

This isn't a joke, Kat. This is serious. This about your very soul.

She looks away.

There's a beat.

KAT

(apathetic)

I'm ready for my confession, Father.

INT. PATRICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Father Morris sits alone in his dad's office.

He notices a picture on his shelf. It's of him, his father and a WOMAN we haven't seen. It's his MOTHER.

Suddenly the door behind him opens and Patrick steps in and without missing a beat...

PATRICK

For the record, metaphysical naturalism does not necessarily lead to determinism.

FATHER MORRIS

You're only saying that because of a brain state.

PATRICK

I'm saying that because I've read something beside Descartes.

FATHER MORRIS  
You're right, I should broaden my  
mind -- if only there were such a  
thing.

Patrick smirks and eyes Father Morris for a moment.

PATRICK  
As much as I might enjoy it, I don't  
think you're here to talk about the  
mind-body problem.

Beat.

FATHER MORRIS  
I wanted to apologize for the other  
night.

PATRICK  
For what?

FATHER MORRIS  
My behavior.

PATRICK  
What about it?

FATHER MORRIS  
It was wrong.

PATRICK  
You called a moron, a moron, what's  
wrong about that?

FATHER MORRIS  
It was uncharitable.

PATRICK  
So?

FATHER MORRIS  
So my behavior matters to me, and I  
want to apologize for it.

PATRICK  
I liked it. It was honest. It was an  
honest moment from you, not this  
bullshit.

He gestures at Father Morris.

PATRICK (cont'd)  
You don't really feel bad, you just think you should.

FATHER MORRIS  
Aspiring to be better than I actually am is not BS.

PATRICK  
Jesus, you can't even say the word? You know, you used to be interesting.

FATHER MORRIS  
Interesting?  
(beat)  
Well we can't all be interesting, like you dad.

PATRICK  
What the hell does that mean?

FATHER MORRIS  
Sleeping with your students, that's very interesting.

Patrick stares daggers at him.

PATRICK  
That's none of your business.

FATHER MORRIS  
Of course not.

He shakes his head.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)  
I don't know why I bother.

He gets to his feet.

PATRICK  
Yeah, being around me must be hard for such a good Christian, like you. I should be more grateful that you're trying to save me. You're a real martyr.

FATHER MORRIS  
That's not why I came -- it has nothing to do with Christ or this...

He gestures at his white collar.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)  
It should. But it doesn't. That's not  
why I came by. That's not the reason  
I -- I do it for mom.

(long beat)  
I went by her grave, and I saw fresh  
flowers laid there and I thought...  
maybe I was wrong. Maybe, just maybe,  
you weren't so damn interesting.

He shakes his head and walks out.

INT. CLERGY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Father Morris lies in his bed. Wide awake.

He rises.

INT. CLERGY HOUSE - QUINN'S ROOM - NIGHT

He slips into Quinn's dark room.

FATHER MORRIS  
Father Quinn.

Quinn is sprawled out and SNORING soundly on his bed.

Father Morris takes a seat on the mattress.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)  
Father Quinn.

He flicks on the lamp near the bedside.

Quinn's face scrunches as the light comes on.

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)  
Father Quinn.

The old man's eyelids flick open.

There's a moment of confusion and then his mind starts to  
catch up to his senses.

QUINN  
What on earth are you doing here?  
What time is it?

FATHER MORRIS  
It's late morning at the Vatican.

QUINN  
(mumbling)  
Oh screw the Vatican.

FATHER MORRIS  
I need confession, Father.

QUINN  
Now?

FATHER MORRIS  
Mortal sins shouldn't wait.

QUINN  
They can wait till morning. What do  
you think is going to happen to you?

FATHER MORRIS  
(softly)  
Father, please.

Quinn sighs, irritated.

QUINN  
Get my stole.

Father Morris retrieves the purple stole and hands it to  
Quinn.

Quinn drapes it over his neck and then lies back down on the  
bed. He closes his eyes and folds his hands across his  
chest.

FATHER MORRIS  
Father?

QUINN  
Go on. I'm listening.

Beat.

FATHER MORRIS  
Bless me Father, for I have sinned.  
It has been three weeks since my last  
confession. These are my sins: I hate  
being here. I never wanted to come  
back, I thought seminary was gonna be  
my fresh start.  
(beat)  
And I feel like I'm already failing  
as a priest.

QUINN

Mmmm.

Beat.

FATHER MORRIS

I embarrassed the sacrament of penance. I granted absolution for a confession I did not hear.

QUINN

What?

Father Morris rubs a tired hand across his face.

FATHER MORRIS

(embarrassed)

I slipped out to go to the bathroom, and when I got back there was someone already in there and I just--

Quinn chuckles.

QUINN

(off his laugh)

Sorry.

Father Morris thinks for a moment.

QUINN (cont'd)

You know we have a sign -- you just hang it over the confessional--

FATHER MORRIS

I know that now, thank you.

QUINN

Sorry. Go on.

Father Morris hesitates a moment.

FATHER MORRIS

Lust. I've lusted. Shamefully lusted. I've viewed pornographic images, and it elicited... arousal.

(beat)

I've been profane. Struggled to tame my tongue.

(beat)

I was unkind, and uncharitable to my fellow man. I've held hatred in my heart.

(MORE)

FATHER MORRIS (cont'd)

(beat)

I've been proud. I resented it when Mrs. Brogan accused me -- or suggested...

(beat)

To the extent that... I was almost glad that she suffered.

(beat)

I judged rashly. I judged you.

(beat)

And I'm starting to question my calling.

Beat.

QUINN

Father?

Beat and then SNNNNNOORE, Father Quinn is deep in sleep.

Father Morris sits at his bedside, just listening to Father Quinn breathing.

A thousand thoughts seem to swirl around in his troubled mind. And we PULL BACK, leaving Father Morris to ponder over many things.

INT. BROGAN RESIDENCE - KAT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kat sits up in bed with a laptop on her lap, staring intently at the screen.

There's a soft KNOCK at her door.

Kat quickly closes her laptop and dumps it on her nightstand.

KAT

(as "come in")

Yeah.

The door creaks open and her mother sticks her head in.

LAUREN

You ready for bed?

KAT

Yeah.

Lauren lingers a moment.



LAUREN

You know you can take a few days off,  
you don't need to jump back into  
school right away.

KAT

No. I'm already behind on my work.

LAUREN

I can get you your school work. I'll  
talk to the school -- we can work  
that out if you want to take some  
time--

KAT

Mom. I'm fine. Really.

Beat.

LAUREN

I think you should take some time.

Kat shoots her a sideways glance.

KAT

Are you asking me, or telling me?

LAUREN

I'm asking you to take some time.

Lauren eases herself onto Kat's bed.

She reaches out a hand and brushes some hair from her  
daughter's face.

LAUREN (cont'd)

You've been through a lot lately.

KAT

I'm fine.

Long beat.

LAUREN

How did your confession go with  
Father Morris?

KAT

Fine.

LAUREN

Anything I should know?

Kat gives a dramatic sigh and flops back against her pillows.

LAUREN (cont'd)  
I'm just asking--

KAT  
I don't ask about your confessions.

LAUREN  
You're not my mother. And if there's something going on with you, I want to know about it.

KAT  
There's nothing going on. I just -- I was emotional for a moment and I made a stupid mistake. Okay? It was a mistake, it was a mistake and I swear I'll never do it again. Okay? I swear. I won't do it again.

Tears start to well up in Lauren's eyes and she wipes them away.

LAUREN  
I just don't understand.  
(then)  
You know you can come to me, right?  
About anything, you can talk to me.

KAT  
I know.

Lauren shakes her head. Doesn't believe her.

KAT (cont'd)  
Mom. I'm fine. You don't need to worry about me.

Her mother looks intently at her.

LAUREN  
Kathryn, that's what you would've told me, right before I had to call an ambulance.

Beat.

Kat leans across and wraps her arms around her mother.

KAT  
Mom. I'm okay.

She holds her tight.

KAT (cont'd)  
I promise.

Lauren nods and then gets to her feet.

LAUREN  
You're still staying home for awhile.

Kat reluctantly nods in agreement.

LAUREN (cont'd)  
I love you.

KAT  
I love you too.

Beat.

LAUREN  
Goodnight.

Lauren exits her daughter's bedroom into the...

HALLWAY

She stands with her back against the door, seeming troubled by her thoughts.

Then she pulls out her daughter's cell phone from her pocket. She eyes it a second and unlocks the screen as she heads down the hallway.

INT. BROGAN RESIDENCE - KAT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kat retrieves her laptop from the nightstand and opens it.

ON SCREEN:

We see the Facebook page of a TEENAGE BOY. His picture seems somewhat familiar.

We've seen him before at the Schriver residence.

It's TANNER SCHRIVER. The dead boy.

Kat stares blankly at the screen for a moment and then THUNK -- snaps the laptop closed.

FADE TO BLACK.