

SEVEN WOUNDS

written by

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&

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INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - DAY

A dark wooden room.

Air escapes through a small mesh window. A SHADOWED FIGURE shuffles sparingly within.

A withered finger creeps from the darkness.

SNAP.

The mesh screen SHUTS. The door to the wooden box opens. A pastor with a weathered face and lined skin steps out from the shadows.

FATHER PETER DOHERTY, late 60s, early 70s, turns and gives one last look to the elderly woman sluggishly exiting the confessional booth.

After several moments, the door closes in the distance behind her. He blinks.

His withered hand strokes The Bible as he methodically strides towards the altar.

BOOM.

A door SLAMS. He jumps. Doherty slowly leans into a massive door at the rear of the church. It CREAKS open. Father Doherty descends into darkness.

INT. BASEMENT OF CHURCH - DAY

Father Doherty limps through the basement hallway. With every step, the walls seem to shrink.

A PRIEST prays in the small, cramped, stuffy room. Father Doherty strides by him as he enters a room.

He passes a closed door: *Father John Kennedy*.

INT. SMALL BEDROOM - DAY

Father Doherty turns left into a tiny minimalist bedroom. He picks up an old-fashioned radio. It spins as his fingers rummage through the channels.

He tunes through static until the opera begins to SERENADE him.

He Exhales the nerves and looks at the closet.

INT. PRIEST BEDROOM - CLOSET - DAY

Father Doherty, in the closet, rifles through the shelves. A shoebox, dusty and dogged, reveals itself.

A handle peeks through the dust bunnies. As if making a wish, he blows the cobwebs away, revealing a revolver. His fingers search.

One bullet.

His withered hand struggles against nervous tremors as he tries to load the gun.

The opera PLAYS on.

Father Doherty nestles the bullet into the chamber.

A large cross looms above him on the wall.

He picks up a cassock, places it around his neck, and kisses the cross resting on his chest. A bookmark lies on top of the Bible. He picks it up and places it lovingly in Revelations.

His hand dips into a bowl of holy water. He blesses the cross on the wall and then himself.

Comfort creeps onto his face as he smiles, taking in the image of Christ.

His fingers clasp themselves around the handle of the gun. He begins to CHANT. He shakes his head from side to side. A war wages in his mind.

He stands at Jesus's feet, stroking the crucifix.

FATHER DOHERTY

No! I will not.

FATHER DOHERTY (CONT'D)

You will, you must. It is the only way.

FATHER DOHERTY (CONT'D)

Christ is my savior.

FATHER DOHERTY (CONT'D)

NO!

He blinks seven times.

FATHER DOHERTY (CONT'D)

It shall be done.

BANG.

Blood splatters across the crucifix.

He falls and lands as if in deference to the cross.

The opera ends. The crowd cheers.

Static.

EXT. BACK STORE ALLEY- DAY

Motionless, JOHN KENNEDY, late, 30s early 40s, with dirty hair and a pained expression, lay in a back store alley.

His open shirt, faded with sweat and dirt reveals a cross. It hangs. Blood is crusted over a five-day beard and gash over his eye.

An empty whisky bottle lay next to his broken and scabbed lip.

A KITCHEN HAND, late 20s, gangsterish, stands above him. He shakes his head as he throws a bucket of water over his head.

KITCHEN HAND

Hey, Wake yo ass up!

John's eyes struggle to focus.

KITCHEN HAND (CONT'D)

That cross won't protect yo ass
back here, man.

KENNEDY

Doesn't protect you from anything.

Kennedy rises to his feet, wobbly. He drops a piece of cloth. The Kitchen Hand sees it.

KITCHEN HAND

Awwwww sheeiiiiitt! Big night, big
baller!

Kennedy shoots him a look.

KITCHEN HAND (CONT'D)

Looks like someone tore yo ass up!
Got you some panties to prove it.

KENNEDY

Shut up.

The Kitchen Hand leans in.

KITCHEN HAND

Hey, man, whatchyu need? More ladies? I can hook that up with the quickness!

No response.

Kennedy heads toward the street.

The Kitchen Hand shouts as he stumbles away.

KITCHEN HAND (CONT'D)

Hey, man, I was just kidding about the girls, man. Hey!? Hey, don't say nothin about that, alright? We coo, right!?

Kennedy staggers toward the door. He covers his eyes as the sunlight hits him.

The kitchen hand picks up the fallen cloth. It's the same as the bookmark of Father Doherty.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Kennedy finds his way to the street. He raises his gaze skyward. A car SCREECHES, stopping just short of hitting him.

DRIVER

WHAT ARE YOU, CRAZY!!!

Kennedy stares at the driver and holds his gaze. The driver swerves around him.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Asshole!!!

He drives away. Kennedy navigates his way toward a tattered apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY

Kennedy leans into an apartment door.

Locked.

He gives it a shoulder as he tries to open it.

Nothing.

He pats his pockets and pulls out a key. Kennedy jams it into the rusty lock and wrestles.

CLICK.

He falls in as the door opens.

INT. KENNEDY APARTMENT- CONTINUOUS.

The room is in its familiar chaos. Empty food containers, beer bottles, and dirty clothing sit atop unopened moving boxes.

A TV whispers in the background.

Kennedy picks up a beer from the ground. He gives it a quick sniff, takes a sip, and immediately spits it out.

Across the room, he sees a picture of himself in priests' robes with Father Doherty and a woman.

Certificates and other framed pictures and awards from his past gather dust bunnies in a corner. He stares for a moment, grabs painkillers and a half-drunk whiskey bottle, and washes back emotion.

The television cuts the silence. A familiar name yanks his attention.

TV REPORTER

Thirty-year-old Alison Brady was found beaten to death today in a park near Vermont in Los Angeles. Police are...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH

ALISON BRADY, 30s, attractive but worn down by life. She shifts, uneasy in a confessional booth. A clean-cut Kennedy sits on the other side.

ALISON BRADY

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. It has been six months since my last confession.

KENNEDY

What is it that troubles you?

ALISON BRADY

I stole, Father. I stole a shit ton.

He winces.

ALISON BRADY (CONT'D)

Sorry. I needed the money for my family. I don't know who to turn to. I can't go to jail.

KENNEDY

Do you repent your sins?

ALISON BRADY

I do, but I feel like I just need to get away from here, a new life, a new...

END FLASHBACK:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KENNEDY APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY

The TV inside Kennedy's apartment continues.

TV REPORTER (V.O)

And in other news today, chemicals used in illicit drug making were stolen from...

INT KENNEDY BATHROOM - DAY

Kennedy, now in the bathroom, looks into the mirror. Nausea strikes. He vomits into the toilet, cleans his face, and exits the bathroom. He grabs a dark jacket.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

MICHAEL SIMMONS, Late 30s, a handsome and wholesome businessman, drives his shiny silver SUV into the driveway of his perfect house.

He picks a flower out of his meticulously well-manicured garden. He walks to the front door, picking up a kid's bike along the way. He holds flowers in the other hand.

INT. SIMMONS KITCHEN - NIGHT

JOAN SIMMONS, 30s, blonde, the perfect trophy wife, is holding a knife up as he walks in on her, flowers hidden. He stares for a moment and then smiles.

A picture of them hangs on the wall, along with a picture of their family. His smile is returned as she goes back to cutting vegetables.

He hugs her from behind and pushes the flowers under her nose.

MICHAEL SIMMONS

Who is this lady cooking in my kitchen? Your husband's a lucky man.

JOAN SIMMONS

I think he'd be jealous! Charming man like you flirting with me.

MICHAEL SIMMONS

Well, I'm gonna take a quick shower in his bathroom, put on some of his clothes, eat his food, and then...

He kisses her lips and heads upstairs. She smiles through his kisses.

INT. SIMMONS BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Michael changes, the phone RINGS. He answers.

BREATHING.

MICHAEL SIMMONS

Hello? I told you not to call here... No, I can't. Listen to me, this, this is not gonna work. NO.

He looks toward the door and lowers his voice.

MICHAEL SIMMONS (CONT'D)

I can't have this conversation right now, bye.

EXT. OUTSIDE SIMMONS HOME KITCHEN WINDOW - NIGHT

A figure stares at Joan from outside the kitchen. A black gloved hand touches the window, stroking her face through the glass.

INT. SIMMONS SHOWER - NIGHT

Michael stands in the shower. Sharp INHALES as the hot water irrigates the scratch marks on his back.

He exits the shower and towels himself dry. Impatiently, he rips through the bathroom drawers. He pulls a box of tiny Band-Aids.

INT. SIMMONS KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joan sets the table as Michael hurries in.

MICHAEL SIMMONS

The shower head is leaking. I gotta get the wrench and fix it.

JOAN SIMMONS

Don't be long. Everything's hot and ready.

He grins mischievously and passionately kisses her neck. Her hands glide across his back and shoulders. He grimaces. She moans. He pulls himself away.

MICHAEL SIMMONS

I'll be back in a sec.

She kisses him once more before he exits.

EXT. SIMMONS REAR YARD - NIGHT

Michael glides out the back door.

A NOISE.

He spins around.

Nothing.

He smiles nervously to himself and continues to the garage.

INT. SIMMONS GARAGE - NIGHT

A dark and cluttered garage CREAKS in the night. He nervously looks through the cupboards. He pulls out a pack of large adhesive bandages.

He takes his shirt off and rips open a pack before applying it over the scratch marks.

Again, a NOISE.

Michael turns. A FIGURE in a black ski mask holding a baseball bat tilts his head as he looks at Michael.

MICHAEL SIMMONS

What the...

The bat swings.

BLACK OUT.

INT. SIMMONS GARAGE- NIGHT

Michael, semi-conscious, bleeding from the left ear, lay face down bound to a workbench. A black gloved hand strokes the bandage.

A weed eater ROARS. The figure moves it towards Michael's back.

INT. SIMMONS KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joan looks up as she hears a noise.

JOAN SIMMONS

Weeding? That man is crazy.

She takes the flowers and places them into a vase.

SCREAMS are muffled by the weed eater.

INT. SIMMONS GARAGE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The body of Michael Simmons lays "whipped" on the table. A peacock feather rests on his back. DETECTIVE STEVEN BOWER, mid to late 40s, slim, clean cut, and handsome, stands beside his partner Detective KELVIN FAIRWEATHER mid to late 40s, African American, cool and carefree. Both men ponder Simmons' corpse.

BOWER

Weed whacker, huh?

FAIRWEATHER

Killer's got imagination.

CSI HELEN COLE, late 30s, blonde, too gorgeous to be a cop, gives Bower a sexy smile as she takes notes on the scene. A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps away.

BOWER

Whatta we got?

HELEN COLE

Michael Simmons, forty. Death by... Whipping? Actually class three hemorrhaging. Fractured skull and lack of defensive wounds suggests he was unconscious at the time. And get this, he had his testicles removed, most likely post mortem.

FAIRWEATHER

Damn.

Bower and Fairweather give each other a look.

FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)

And the feather?

HELEN COLE

No idea.

Bower, scans the area for more clues. Cole continues.

HELEN COLE (CONT'D)

Wife found him when he didn't come back for dinner, thought he was weeding. Killer left the weed eater running. Finally ran out of gas.

BOWER

She inside?

HELEN COLE

Yah, I'll let you know if I get anything else, Steven.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Bower and Fairweather walk to the house, observing a distraught Mrs. Simmons in the kitchen with blood-stained clothes.

FAIRWEATHER

That Brady woman had her fingers
cut off. You think-

BOWER

I think it's gonna be a long
night.

They enter the kitchen.

INT. SIMMONS KITCHEN - NIGHT

Fairweather approaches the wife. Pain and anguish line her face. Bower walks into the living room.

INT. SIMMONS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bower sits casually on the sofa, taking in the room. A Bible sits on the table beside him. He opens the front cover.

"To Michael, Thank you for your ongoing support of the parish, Regards, Father Kennedy, St. Michaels Church"

He pulls out his notebook and flips back a page or two.

BOWER

I'll be dammed.

INT. KENNEDY APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Kennedy lamely sweeps up broken glass, there is a heavy, impatient KNOCK at the door. He opens it to reveal CINDY DOWELL, a short, sassy late 20s gal, with an air of unrestrained sensuality.

CINDY

I'm very disappointed in you,
Father.

He looks at her blankly as she peers into the apartment.

CINDY (CONT'D)

You had a party and didn't invite
me.

KENNEDY

It's not Father anymore, Cindy,
just John.

Uninvited, she maneuvers through the trashed living room.
He follows her, cleaning as he goes.

CINDY

I heard. News travels fast.

Cindy surveys the damage.

CINDY (CONT'D)

I thought maybe you had a woman
over last night.

KENNEDY

Sorry to disappoint.

CINDY

Father, sorry, John, you can tell
me, you know. I'm a big girl.

She gets close to him. He sweeps more intently.

KENNEDY

Cindy, do you mind?

She opens the fridge to see it empty save a few beer
cans.

CINDY

You've got no one, John. I'm not
just a neighbor. Don't be so quick
to push me away, okay?

KENNEDY

Cindy, I really need to-

CINDY

Fine, I'll leave, I get it, but
look around you. You're falling
apart, and this place is a dump.

She storms out. He takes in his "dump".

A moment later, she re-enters as if nothing happened.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Let's get you some breakfast.

He looks at her curiously before relenting, and follows
her out.

EXT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

Detective Bower walks up the steps of St. Michaels Church. A BEGGAR, filthy but with confidence, asks for money.

BEGGAR
Spare a dollar, sir, just a
dollar.

Bower ignores him.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)
Bless you.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

Bower walks through the aisle of the church. His shoes creak with each step.

He stands awkwardly before Jesus, taking in the stillness and grandeur.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Kennedy and Dowell sit on a park bench, eating a Danish and drinking coffee. An animated COUPLE argue in the playground. Michael studies them.

CINDY
You okay?

KENNEDY
Fine. You?

CINDY
I'm amazing. You've been booted
outta the church.

KENNEDY
I'm not good at confessing my
sins.

CINDY
I was hoping you were a sinner.

She goes to touch him again. He withdraws.

KENNEDY
I'm sorry.

CINDY

You're a piece of shit, you know that? A big fat piece of Catholic bullshit.

Cindy pulls a flask out of her pocket. She opens their coffee and pours brandy into each.

CINDY (CONT'D)

It's good for the soul.

KENNEDY

Confession or alcohol?

They both sip on their coffee and stare off into the park.

CINDY

Tell me what happened. What'd those cock suckers do to you?

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH OFFICES

Bower KNOCKS on the office door, and a rather uptight woman, LINDA JAMES, answers. She's early 30s, tall, slim, with a hardened face.

BOWER

I'm looking for Father Kennedy.

LINDA

Father Kennedy is no longer with us.

BOWER

Can you get me the name of his new Parish?

LINDA

I'm sorry I didn't get your name.

BOWER

My apologies, Detective Steven Bower, Homicide. And you are?

A male priest walks by. Bower studies him, looking for a name tag.

LINDA

Linda James.

BOWER

Are any of the... Father's,
around? I need to speak to one of
them about Father Kennedy.

LINDA

I deal with all the priests here
as their assistant. Bishop Canty
will be back tomorrow if you
prefer to wait.

BOWER

Do you know where he lives?

LINDA

Bishop Canty? Oh, I see; no, I'm
afraid I can't disclose personal
details about anyone without the
authority of the Bishop.

He hands her a card.

BOWER

A call would be appreciated, Ms.
James.

He grabs a bible from one of the benches as he exits.

EXT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

Bower exits the church on his cell phone as he looks at a
business card of Father John Kennedy.

BOWER

Yeah, get me an address on a John
Kennedy in the St Michael's Parish
area... No, smart ass, not the
president.

He hands the Bible to the beggar.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Here. Don't say I never gave you
nuthin.

He walks towards the car.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH OFFICES - DAY

An unseen figure pulls back a curtain from a window
inside the church, observing Bower walk away. The figure
glances at the beggar and then closes the curtain.

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EXT. KENNEDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

12

A preoccupied Kennedy races away from the front door of the complex, almost crashing into Bower as he turns a corner. Bower flashes his badge.

BOWER

Excuse me, Father Kennedy?

KENNEDY

Ahh, don't know any Father Kennedy officer.

BOWER

Apartment Five?

KENNEDY

Don't think so, sorry.

He examines Kennedy.

BOWER

What happened to your face?

KENNEDY

It's rough in the paint...
Basketball. Get carried away
sometimes

Bower looks him up and down.

BOWER

Power forward, huh?

KENNEDY

Good luck finding him.

Kennedy walks off. Bower watches.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Bower knocks on Kennedy's door when Cindy answers her door. She smiles flirtatiously.

CINDY

What can I do for you, detective?

BOWER

I'm looking for Father Kennedy,
you seen him?

CINDY

Yep.

BEAT.

BOWER

And?

CINDY

He's not home. Just left.
Surprised you didn't bump into
him.

BOWER

Yeah, so am I.

He pulls out a card and goes to hand it to her.

CINDY

Say 'hi' for me when you see him.

She blows him a kiss, laughs, and SLAMS the door. He
stands with the card extended to no one.

Bower smiles and sticks it in Kennedy's door.

INT. SEEDY BAR - DAY

Kennedy sits at a bar with a whiskey when his cell phone
RINGS.

He glances at the silent TV. A reporter stands outside
Simmons's home.

Detective Bower is chatting to camera. Kennedy is now
alert.

KENNEDY

Hey. Yeah, I saw him. Didn't feel
like it. Nothing. I dunno. Ok Bye.

He finishes his drink, staring at the empty glass.

An image of Michael Simmons appears on the screen.

Murdered.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. CONFSSIONAL BOOTH - DAY

Michael sits in the confessional booth. John Kennedy
takes his confession.

MICHAEL SIMMONS
 Forgive me, Father, for I have
 sinned. It's been two months since
 my last confession.

KENNEDY
 What is it that troubles you?

MICHAEL SIMMONS
 I have thoughts about other women.

KENNEDY
 Go on.

MICHAEL SIMMONS
 Well not just thoughts... I've had
 sex, Father. Lots of sex. And it
 wasn't with my wife.

Kennedy can not contain a grin.

KENNEDY
 Most people don't confess to sex
with their wife.

MICHAEL SIMMONS
 I'm sorry, Father, but I just
 couldn't control myself. She, they
 tempted me, you know? Well, you
 probably wouldn't know.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. SEEDY BAR- PRESENT - DAY

Cell Phone RINGS.

Kennedy snaps back to the present.

"Unknown Caller" - Kennedy answers.

KENNEDY
 Hello?

A voice, strangely metallic.

KILLER (V.O)
 People will pay for your sins,
 Father. Say goodbye to Beth. Such
 a pretty one.

KENNEDY
 Hello?

Dial tone. A cool, goth-like BARTENDER stands in front of him.

BARTENDER

Another?

Kennedy throws a crumpled ten-dollar bill across the bar and runs out the door.

EXT. LARGE OFFICE BUILDING - DUSK

BETH CARTWRIGHT, early 20s, blonde and cute as a button, leaves her office at dusk. She walks briskly down the street and crosses toward a seemingly deserted car park.

EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

Kennedy runs down the city street. He dodges people and cars as he crosses the street.

He dials a number. No answer.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Beth continues to walk. A voice similar to Kennedy's calls out.

HOT DOG VENDOR (O.S.)

Hey, Beth! Beth, wait.

She turns to the hot dog vendor.

HOT DOG VENDOR (CONT'D)

C'mon, you promised you'd buy one.

BETH CARTWRIGHT

Sorry, Jim, still gluten-free.

HOT DOG VENDOR

You'll regret it.

He shakes his head. She smiles.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Beth stands outside a dimly lit valet booth and looks for the attendant. Shadowed walls give her pause as she slowly reaches for her keys.

A gloved hand GRABS her keys before she can. Beth jumps. The ATTENDANT, a late 50s African American man with a bit of a limp."

ATTENDANT

Hey, you tryna take my job? Let me help you there, Miss Beth.

BETH CARTWRIGHT

Thank you.

ATTENDANT

How's your mama doin? Clean bill?

BETH CARTWRIGHT

In remission, thank God.

She hands him a twenty dollar bill.

ATTENDANT

Boss only pays me seven-fifty an hour. You believe that? Karma comes for everybody-

BETH CARTWRIGHT

Well, I hope I'm not around when it comes for him. Have a good night, Titus.

He hands her the keys.

ATTENDANT

You too, Miss Beth. Drive safe now, you hear?

She smiles and gives him a hug.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

You're an angel, aren't you? May God shine his light upon you.

She walks off toward her car.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Kennedy is now running down a tree-lined street. He tries a different number.

KENNEDY

C'mon, c'mon.

INT. BOWER'S CAR - DUSK

Bower's phone RINGS as he goes through paperwork in his car alone.

BOWER

Bower.

KILLER

I will sin again, just like your father did, Steven. Cold blood is so cold.

The killer breathes into the phone.

KILLER (CONT'D)

Ah, here she comes, so pretty.

The call ends. Dispatch calls Bower to his next job. Bower starts the car and then punches the wheel. He grabs his phone and makes a call.

EXT. CAR PARK - DUSK

As Beth walks, she hears FOOTSTEPS.

They get louder as she approaches her car. She picks up the pace. The footsteps behind her quicken.

EXT. CAR PARK - DUSK

Kennedy runs through a car park.

EXT. CAR - PARK

Beth arrives and opens the car door. The footsteps stop.

ATTENDANT

Beth! Beth, hold up!

She spins to find the ATTENDANT behind her smiling.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Sorry to scare you, Miss. You forgot your receipt. If we don't give it to you, your boss makes us pay for your parking.

BETH CARTWRIGHT

Oh? Thanks. Thank you.

He walks off, singing to himself.

EXT. KENNEDY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kennedy fumbles with his keys as he opens the front door.

BOWER'S card falls to the ground.

He quickly finds a black address book and searches.

BETH CARTWRIGHT 302 234 1678

KENNEDY quickly dials.

INT CARTWRIGHT'S CAR - NIGHT

Beth gets in her car and buckles her seat belt. Her cell phone RINGS. She answers it.

There's no one on the other end.

BETH CARTWRIGHT

Hello? Hello...

She hangs up and starts the car. A moment later, it RINGS again. Cell phone flashes FATHER KENNEDY, and she answers on speaker.

BETH CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)

Father Kennedy...

KENNEDY (V.O.)

Beth! Thank God you're okay.

BETH CARTWRIGHT

Lovely to hear your voice, Father.

A figure all in black rises. A cord is cinched around her neck. Her foot jams the accelerator pedal, making the engine SCREAM. A gag of paper is stuffed in her mouth.

KENNEDY (V.O.)

Beth? Beth? Please, Beth, you have to get to somewhere safe.

KILLER

Pray for her, John. Will he save her or let her die?

The killer ties the cord to hold in place. He grabs one wrist and then the other and ties them to the seatbelt pillar hook. The phone drops to the seat.

INTERCUT: Kennedy on his cell, sitting on his floor. Muffled CRIES and LAUGHTER echo from the cell.

A knife quickly slices her wrists. Her strangled cries die down. The engine slows to an idle.

INTERCUT: KENNEDY listens intently, tears streaming.

KILLER (V.O.)
It's all your fault, John. All,
your, fault.

Kennedy stares into empty space. He shuts his eyes tight.

INT. KENNEDY APARTMENT - DAY

A heavy KNOCK wakes a sleeping Kennedy from the floor. Another heavy KNOCK forces him to gain his bearings. He stands, knocking over the now-empty whiskey bottle.

FAIRWEATHER (V.O.)
Police, open up.

KENNEDY
Okay, I'm coming.

He stumbles, tripping over last night's woes.

BANG.

Kennedy opens the door from his knees.

Bower and Fairweather train their guns on Kennedy. He looks up at them as if in prayer.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
Sorry, tripped.

They holster their weapons and enter.

BOWER
I thought 'lying' was one of the seven deadly sins.

KENNEDY
You asked for Father Kennedy. He doesn't exist anymore.

BOWER
Then who are you?

KENNEDY
John Kennedy.

FAIRWEATHER

Look here smart ass-

Bower pushes Kennedy hard into the wall. Bower grabs Kennedy's phone and scrolls through it.

BOWER

Why did you call Beth Cartwright?

KENNEDY

Someone called and said he was gonna kill her. I ran home and called her but...

BOWER

But?

KENNEDY

He killed her. I heard him kill her.

BOWER

You didn't think to call 911.

KENNEDY

I didn't know where she was. I--

Bower releases the distraught Kennedy and walks around the room. He finds the same Bible that Simmons had.

He opens it.

BOWER

Three murders in three days, John. Each one was a member of your parish. Each one had a bible signed by you as a gift in their home.

KENNEDY

I gave everyone in the parish one of those bibles. Hundreds of them in the past fifteen years.

BOWER

So why did he call you, Father?

KENNEDY

It's John, and I don't know. I don't understand any of this.

FAIRWEATHER

And Beth Cartwright?

KENNEDY
She was a sweetheart.

INT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH PEWS - DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

Kennedy and Cartwright are sitting next to each other in the church pews.

BETH CARTWRIGHT
Does it count if we're not in the booth, Father?

KENNEDY
Technically, no, but I'm not much for rules.

She takes a breath.

BETH CARTWRIGHT
So, I have this "friend" who cheated on her taxes.

KENNEDY
Really?

BETH CARTWRIGHT
She wants to pay it back but is worried they may send her to jail.

KENNEDY
Nah, if all of the President's advisers can do it, then surely you, um, 'she' can too.

BETH CARTWRIGHT
Oh, Father, thank you so much.

KENNEDY
I have a friend in the IRS, I will see what I can do.

BETH CARTWRIGHT
My friend thanks you.

She kisses him on the cheek, and it lingers. He pulls back. She gives him a big hug. He smiles, feelings rise that he wishes weren't there.

END FLASHBACK

INT. KENNEDY APARTMENT - DAY

KENNEDY

I only knew her professionally.

FAIRWEATHER

Any sins we need to know about?

KENNEDY

I'm afraid I can't go outside the confessional, Detective.

BOWER

Three people have been murdered, John.

KENNEDY

I'm aware, but ...

Bower pulls out a plastic evidence bag with bloodied pages of the bible in it, shoving it in Kennedy's face.

Kennedy recoils. Bower stays on him.

BOWER

She choked on these as she struggled to breathe. You probably heard that, didn't you? Her neck was tied back, and her wrists were cut as she slowly bled to death.

Kennedy pulls himself away, but Bower is relentless.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Which do you think carries more weight in the eyes of your God, John, getting Beth's killer or some stupid fucking rule designed to protect criminals?

KENNEDY

It's about forgiving sin, not-

BOWER

Maybe you were drunk? Had a blackout.

KENNEDY

You think I did this?

BOWER

What are you hiding!!?

Bower grabs Kennedy's throat and squeezes.

BOWER (CONT'D)

I know they have records of people
who go to your church, past
parishioners, secrets YOU
shouldn't know!

Fairweather puts a comforting hand on Bower's shoulder.
Bower relaxes.

Cindy struts in at that moment.

CINDY

I was with him last night,
officers, and the night before.
Making sweet, passionate love.

KENNEDY

Thank you, Cindy, but no, I can
fight my own battles. I was at the
bar both nights, and I have no
idea when I got home. Beth's
killing, I was here as I said.

BOWER

This is only gonna get worse,
Father.

Bower and Fairweather both walk out.

Kennedy throws the last of the bottles into the trash.

CINDY

You let him call you Father.

KENNEDY

I need to get out of here.

He grabs his jacket, and they exit toward her apartment.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH OFFICES - DAY

The two Detectives are seated in the hallway of the
church offices. Fairweather knocks over a statue of Jesus
as he plays with a burning candle. Bower sits, uneasy.

Linda James walks smartly out of the office and
straightens the fallen idol.

LINDA

Bishop Canty will see you now.

BOWER

Thank you Ms. James.

INT. BISHOP'S OFFICE - DAY

Bishop CANTY, 60s, medium stature, calculating, and proud, sits at his opulent desk.

Photographs of himself with various dignitaries, including the Pope, line the wall. He holds Bower's card.

BISHOP CANTY

Detectives, an honor to meet you. Steven Bower. I believe I met your father here once. Outstanding police officer by all accounts, as I'm sure you are.

BOWER

Thank you your...Holiness.

BISHOP CANTY

Bishop is fine, Detective. This is all a tragedy. All these fine people dying from our parish. What do you make of it?

BOWER

We wanted to speak to you about Father Kennedy.

BISHOP CANTY

Kennedy. Hmmm, that's not a matter I can discuss. Church business. Why, you think he's involved?

FAIRWEATHER

He's a suspect of sorts.

BISHOP CANTY

I see. Well, I can tell you "off the record" that Mr. Kennedy is far from honest, is without integrity, and I imagine is quite capable of anything nowadays. He is not a man of character as it were.

BOWER

Are they the usual traits of a priest?

BISHOP CANTY

It was only a recent discovery.

BOWER

How recent?

BISHOP CANTY

That is all, gentlemen, I'm sorry.

BOWER

Bishop, how did you know my
Father?

BISHOP CANTY

I am sorry, gentlemen.

BOWER

Bishop-

BISHOP CANTY

He was just one of many officers
to grace us with his presence.
Nothing more than that, Detective.

Bishop Canty stands and walks toward the door, followed
by the Detectives.

EXT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

The detectives stand on the steps. Bower dials on his
cell phone. The beggar sits nearby.

FAIRWEATHER

What's the deal with your Dad?

BOWER

Fucking den of liars and perverts.

BEGGAR

Father Kennedy was a good man.
Never hurt nobody unless they
deserved it.

BOWER

What did you just say?

BEGGAR

Can't buy food with a Bible.

Bower pulls out a ten-dollar bill and reluctantly hands
it to the BEGGAR.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)

Father Doherty.

BOWER

Who's Father Doherty?

BEGGAR

The sickness.

FAIRWEATHER

Do I look like I speak Jesus?

BOWER

Where can I find Father Doherty?

BEGGAR

Probably drownin in a lake of
fire. Now piss off.

The Beggar pulls out a bag which has quite a bit of cash
in it and puts the \$10 in it.

BOWER

Careful, wouldn't want one of
those gargoyles to fall on you.

The Beggar looks warily above him as the detectives walk
off.

BEGGAR

Don't say I never gave you
nothing!

The beggar quickly motions to a worshiper walking by.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)

Just a dollar ma'am, one dollar.

She ignores him. He looks up at the gargoyle.

INT. BISHOP'S OFFICE

Linda James brings tea into the Bishop's Office. Bishop
has a folder open labeled **Father John Kennedy**, stamped
EXCOMMUNICATED. He quickly closes it.

Linda drops off the tea. She lingers.

LINDA

Will that be all?

She waits for a response from Bishop. Bishop sits staring
intently at the closed folder. He never looks up.

She leaves the office.

INT. SEEDY BAR - DAY

Kennedy and Cindy Dowell sit at the bar, empty drinks collect in front of them.

CINDY

So did you?

KENNEDY

Did I what?

She stares at him knowingly.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Kill them? You really think I would?

CINDY

Word is that you did some bad things.

She strokes the back of his hand.

KENNEDY

I didn't kill anyone!

CINDY

Hey, keep your pants on... For now.

He ignores the comment. He signals the bartender, who pours him another shot.

KENNEDY

Three months ago, I thanked God for giving me the perfect life. Good friends, a great job serving you. What more could a man ask for?

CINDY

What did he say?

KENNEDY

Not much.

He shoots his drink and sits in silence for a moment. The Bartender fills his glass again. Kennedy slides payment across the table.

CINDY

Wish I could say the same about God. Hasn't exactly inspired me with his magic.

Beat.

KENNEDY

I asked him to give me a challenge.

CINDY

Why the fuck did you do that?

KENNEDY

Because I'm stupid.

CINDY

Never ask God to give you a challenge. That's begging for an ass-kicking.

She strokes the now healing marks on his face.

CINDY (CONT'D)

You need love and affection, John.

KENNEDY

I'm sorry, I-

CINDY

You've had your ass kicked. Now you need something sweeter... Softer.

She leans over and kisses his neck.

KENNEDY

It's been fifteen years.

CINDY

I'll be gentle.

He weighs her words, then slowly downs his drink. He takes her hand and walks out with her.

INT. BOWERS HOME OFFICE - DAY

BOWER is at home in his 'almost' messy office. Silence fills his house. Certificates at every corner of the walls as well as pictures of him with his father in uniform.

His laptop glows in the dull light as he makes notes, scanning Google for "Peacock" references.

"...Ancient people believed that the **flesh of a peafowl did not decay after death, and it so became a symbol of immortality...**"

Bower prints the page.

He looks at a newspaper clipping on the desk beside him.

"POLICE DETECTIVE KILLS ARMED INTRUDER: Witnessed by young son"

His cell RINGS.

Unknown Caller

He answers.

BOWER

Bower.

The artificial distorted voice answers.

KILLER

Forgive me, Steven, for I have sinned. Your Daddy would be proud of me.

BOWER

What do you want?

The phone hangs up. Bower quickly dials another number.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Yeah, this is Bower. I just got another call. Did you get the trace from yesterday? Yeah, I know it's gonna be a damn burner, just do it, okay!

He hangs up and puts the clipping in his drawer, and ponders a series of still surveillance images on his desk showing a black figure leaving the back of Cartwright's car.

Bower's phone beeps next to the images. It's a text from Fairweather.

Kennedy not what he seems.

INT. KENNEDY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kennedy and Cindy are sleeping in bed, arms wrapped around each other. A noise wakes him but not her.

Bower and Fairweather hover over the bed.

BOWER (CONT'D)

You shouldn't leave your door unlocked.

KENNEDY

I didn't? If I had known you were coming...

BOWER

This isn't a joke. Three of your 'friends' have been murdered.

Cindy wakes.

CINDY

Hi boys.

KENNEDY

I'm just not... Coffee?

Kennedy begins to get dressed as Cindy walks through the bathroom dressing herself.

The Detectives examine the room, averting their eyes. Cindy, now in a robe, walks to Kennedy. She kisses him passionately on the lips.

CINDY

God answers when the time is right.

She walks provocatively past the detectives. Fairweather is entranced. Bower elbows him. Kennedy is fully dressed as he comes back into the kitchen.

KENNEDY

Sorry if I was smart back there. So what have you found?

FAIRWEATHER

A whole lotta dirt.

KENNEDY

I'm sorry?

FAIRWEATHER

Burglary, theft, arson, assault.

KENNEDY

I don't follow.

BOWER

It's you, John. Oakland 1985.

Kennedy pours himself a coffee while they wait.

KENNEDY

That was a long time ago.

BOWER

Old habits...

KENNEDY

They died, trust me.

BOWER

Why would we trust a man who protects rapists and child molesters?

KENNEDY

What?

FAIRWEATHER

You heard the man.

KENNEDY

Get out. Arrest me, or get the fuck out!

BOWER

You like listening to stories of men touching boys. Do you touch yourself when they tell you?

Kennedy goes right at Bower but is grabbed and pinned to the ground.

KENNEDY

Get out of my house assholes. You baiting me? Is that what this is about?

BOWER

It's about you, John. A nowhere man, abandoned by his parents, his wife, and now his church. You have nothing left.

Kennedy stops struggling as the words settle on him. Bower motions Fairweather to let him go. Kennedy gets to his feet.

KENNEDY

You want me to confess?! Get your notepad out. I'm serious.

Bower takes out his notebook.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Here's my confession. Do you know who killed that doctor on the east side two years ago? I do. Do you know which guy has HIV but is still fucking his wife? I do! Do you know which cop killed an innocent drug addict and then framed him for rape cause he didn't want to "lose face" with his boss, I do. I could solve half your caseload in five minutes.

Bower is in his face at the sound of cops framing a suspect.

BOWER

So, is this your brand of perverted justice?

KENNEDY

I'm not talking about me, asshole. I'm talking about them. The victims. The ones who I don't get to say five Hail Marys to and walk out with a fucking smile on their face.

He picks up his Bible and throws it in the trash can.

BOWER

What happened?

Kennedy ignores him.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Tell me here or tell me down at the station.

Slowly, he sits. Bower follows. They sit opposite each other at the table. Fairweather hovers.

KENNEDY

Two months ago, one of my closest friends, Father Peter Doherty, confessed his life of sin to me. Years of child abuse. It was disgusting.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

Father Kennedy and Doherty sit in the confessional booth.

FATHER DOHERTY

I loved them like they were mine.
I know God understands.

KENNEDY

What he understands is repentance,
Peter. Do you repent?

FATHER DOHERTY

I guess... I don't.

KENNEDY

Please, Peter, try.

A smiling Doherty looks at the mesh between them.

FATHER DOHERTY

I will, John. I will.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. KENNEDY APARTMENT

KENNEDY

I went to the Bishop. He refused
to hear me. I went to the
Cardinal. Nothing. They attacked
me for breaking confessional.

Beat.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I threatened to go to the media
and the police. They were moving
him away.

BOWER

So he could be our killer?

Kennedy shakes his head slowly.

INT. PRIEST BEDROOM

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

Father Doherty lay lifeless on the floor. Blood seeps from his head.

Father Kennedy BURSTS in the door. He sees the body. Kennedy slumps against the door looking at the body.

Guilt.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. KENNEDY APARTMENT - DAY

Fairweather and Bower listen intently.

KENNEDY

If I didn't go to the Cardinal, he may not have killed himself.

A realization comes to Bower. He flips through his notebook.

BOWER

I'll be damned. Come with us, I've got something to show you.

Kennedy is confused.

INT. POLICE VEHICLE - DAY

Bower sits in the back seat with Kennedy.

BOWER

Hardly a reason to fire you.

KENNEDY

I lied to them about being married and my record from when I was a teenager.

BOWER

Seems excessive.

KENNEDY

If you wrong their own, they will make your life hell, at all costs.

EXT. CHURCH CEMETERY - DAY

They exit the car. Kennedy sees an unnamed tomb opened up with police tape around it.

INT. TOMB - DAY

The casket's lid is off, and Kennedy tentatively approaches. It's empty.

BOWER

It was reported three weeks ago. Philip "Peter" Doherty, beloved father of no one, husband to no one. Never made the connection till now. Thought it was just a sick prank.

Sprayed on the wall,

When the seven wounds of Christ are healed, he will rise.

Kennedy stares at the words on the wall.

KENNEDY

I couldn't go to the funeral. I didn't know where he was buried until...

FAIRWEATHER

Explain these Seven Wounds.

KENNEDY

Christ had five wounds, but some say seven. There is no clear reference to seven in any bible I've read.

BOWER

We have three wounds so far. What can we expect?

KENNEDY

Um, spear to the side, crown of thorns, carrying the cross bar perhaps, maybe another beating?

FAIRWEATHER

Weren't you a priest?

KENNEDY

Jesus endured quite a bit during the crucifixion.

BOWER

How about castration?

KENNEDY

I don't follow?

Fairweather gives Bower a look.

FAIRWEATHER

I'll check on any recent murders
and see if a 'crowns of thorns'
turns up.

BOWER

A serial killer with religious
overtones.

FAIRWEATHER

Who woulda thought?

Kennedy walks over to the tomb, touching the walls.

INT. SMALL GYMNASIUM - DAY

Rock music blares in the small gym. TRAVIS BEVINGTON,
lean, very muscular, metrosexual, is doing bicep curls,
admiring himself in front of a mirror.

An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN nearby is lifting ten-pound hand
weights. He places his heavy dumbbells down and struts
over to her.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON

Hey.

The woman pumps without responding.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON (CONT'D)

Name's Travis. You know, your
technique is a bit off. If you
need me to help, I'm a Personal
Trainer in my spare time.

She barely acknowledges him.

Travis starts to flex.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON (CONT'D)

Yep. Pretty good, too.

She offers him more silence.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON (CONT'D)

So, what do you do?

GYM WOMAN

I own this gym, Travis. And I'm
the head personal trainer here.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON

Oky doky. Yeah, I was going to say
you've improved alot.

She rolls her eyes.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON (CONT'D)

I'll be over there if you...

She clean jerks a massive rack of weights.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON (CONT'D)

Oh... Great body.

She continues to work out. Travis leaves.

EXT. SMALL GYM - LATER

Bower and Fairweather approach Travis as he leaves the
gym. Bower flashes his badge.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON

Wait what?! She called the cops? I
told her she had a great body and
everything.

BOWER

You're a member of St Michael's
Parish, right?

TRAVIS BEVINGTON

How did you- that's private.

BOWER

We saw you leaving there
yesterday.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON

You been following me?

Travis takes a step backward.

FAIRWEATHER

There have been three murders of
parishioners recently. We're just
following up on a lead.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON

Hey, I'm no killer.

BOWER

I'm not saying you are, Mr.
Bevington.

Reeling, he takes another step away from the pair.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON
How'd you know my name?

BOWER
We just want you to be careful out there.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON
I can handle myself, Detective.
Three black belts.

He slowly karate chops the air.

BOWER
That's very impressive.

FAIRWEATHER
Very.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON
That being said, I can assure you that I'm not your killer. Anything else I can help you with?

BOWER
No. That's it. Call me if you notice anything...Off.

Bower hands him a card.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON
Thanks for your concern, but I'm a big boy.

Travis flexes his pecs as he says, "big boy" and walks away.

Bower and Fairweather notice the attractive woman working out in the window.

FAIRWEATHER
Think he's the killer?

BOWER
I don't think he can kill time.

Fairweather gawks through the window.

FAIRWEATHER
Think I need to get back to the gym.

INT. BASEMENT OF CHURCH - DAY

BEGIN DRAM SEQUENCE:

Kennedy drifts through the darkened basement hallway of the church. The same opera music that played during Doherty's death rings out with an eerie echo.

Kennedy blinks seven times and finds himself at the door of Doherty's room.

Doherty seated on the end of his bed with an altar boy reading next to him. Doherty looks up at Kennedy and smiles. Doherty puts a quieting finger to his lips.

Kennedy SCREAMS, but the sound is unable to leave his mouth.

INT. KENNEDY APARTMENT - NIGHT.

Kennedy sits on his bed, eyes closed. Sleep sways him left to right. A bottle of Brandy lies trapped in his hand. The weight of his head pulls him forward. He SNAPS awake, takes a swig, and screws on the lid.

A NOISE.

He listens closely and slowly walks to the kitchen. Upon entering, he sees Father Doherty dressed in black.

Doherty points at the wall. Kennedy looks at the wall and then back to Doherty. He's gone.

Kennedy shuffles to the wall and hears SCRATCHING inside.

Faint religious CHANTS.

Kennedy backs away from the wall and rushes back to his bed. He collapses. Blurry, he sees a vision of Jesus on his ceiling with his wounds.

JESUS

"Father. Why have you forsaken
me?"

Kennedy lapses in and out of consciousness as he tries to focus on the image above. It begins to shift.

INT. CEMETERY TOMB - NIGHT

Kennedy walks with a flashlight through the cemetery, approaching Doherty's tomb.

A Jesus-like figure glides at a distance in front of him. "He lives" is painted on the wall.

Kennedy now in the tomb, finds a coffin with a lid half off but empty. He walks to it.

VOICES

WHISPERING

SCRATCHING

Shadows dance on the walls. His sanity is on the brink.

He hears the tomb door SLAM behind him.

Kennedy runs to it. Locked. The coffin lid slides slowly off the coffin and falls to the floor. He walks slowly over to it, the voices RISING in pitch. Monks CHANTING loudly.

He peers over the rim of the coffin. Jesus lay in the coffin with a crown of thorns on his head. Jesus opens his eyes, reaches up, and grabs Kennedy's throat.

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. KENNEDY APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kennedy, on his back on the floor, wakes SCREAMING. His own hands wrapped around his throat.

He stops and stares at the room, taking it in. His cell phone RINGS

"Unknown" caller"

He answers it.

KENNEDY

Hello?

The artificially distorted voice answers.

VOICE

Forgive me, Father. It's time to sin again. The wounds are healing.

The caller hangs up. Kennedy opens the blinds to bright sunlight. He winces, looks at his watch, and staggers from the apartment.

EXT. HOUSE OF LINDA JAMES - DAY

Linda James exits the front door of her simple and tidy house. She stops to straighten her doormat and flower pots.

She hears FOOTSTEPS behind her. She quickens her steps, but the footsteps get closer. She turns to find Detective Bower.

BOWER

Sorry, Ms. James. Didn't mean to scare you.

LINDA

Yes, well, with everything going on... Any leads yet?

BOWER

We keep getting stonewalled by the church.

LINDA

They are very protective of their own.

A male walks from the side of the house carrying an axe. BRIAN JAMES, late 30s, early 40s, has a solid build and looks like a farmer. He spots Bower and Linda.

BRIAN JAMES

Everything okay?

LINDA

Yes, honey.

Bower scans Brian and the axe. Brian walks off to the garden.

BOWER

What do you think about Father Kennedy?

LINDA

My opinion?

BOWER

Yes.

A chopping sound is heard from the garden.

LINDA

Father Kennedy was a friend. But what he did to Father Doherty was unspeakable.

BOWER

I thought what Doherty did was unspeakable.

She swallows uncomfortably.

LINDA

Be that as it may, John had no right. He broke the sanctity of the churches' confessional.

BOWER

How would someone know of another parishioner's confessions?

LINDA

No one keeps records of confessions, Detective.

BOWER

Someone does.

He hands her another one of his cards. Brian walks back with a load of firewood. He stares at Bower.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Feel free to call me when you need someone to talk to.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH BISHOP'S OFFICE - DAY

Kennedy slowly enters the Bishop's office. A photo of Doherty and Linda James stares at him.

An empty space where Kennedy's used to be breaks the line of photos.

He rifles through office drawers and finds a file. He flicks through the pages and grabs the folder.

A hand on his shoulder.

Bishop Canty.

BISHOP CANTY

You were told never to set foot in this Church again.

KENNEDY

Call the police and have them
arrest me, they can take these as
evidence.

BISHOP CANTY

That is for the Lord to decide.

Canty eyes the folder.

BISHOP CANTY (CONT'D)

Give me those... Now!

Kennedy slowly hands over the files as they are snatched
from his hand.

BISHOP CANTY (CONT'D)

Now get out, before I have you
thrown out, again.

KENNEDY

The next victim's are in that
file. You don't give a shit, do
you?

BISHOP CANTY

How dare you question my faith
after all you have done to this
Church!

KENNEDY

If you care, then help!

BISHOP CANTY

I cared about you. I cared about
Father Doherty, and look where
that has gotten me.

KENNEDY

Then help me-

Bishop turns to the empty spot on the wall where the
picture once stood.

BISHOP CANTY

Get out of my sight. I said get
out!

Kennedy leaves. The Bishop stands trembling, the files
shaking in his hand.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH PEWS - CONTINUOUS

Kennedy is standing on the steps as Linda walks up with her husband, Brian. Once she sees him, she rummages through her bag.

LINDA

What are you doing here, John? If the Bishop finds you, he'll kill you himself.

KENNEDY

Look, I need to get those files to the police. Can you help me?

LINDA

I can't. I'd lose my job.

She hands him a silver whiskey flask.

"John, My beloved brother. It's ok to drink of the vine!"

LINDA (CONT'D (CONT'D))

I found this yesterday when I was cleaning up. I know it was special to you at one time.

Kennedy sits on the steps. A finger smooths over the inscription.

KENNEDY

I just wanted him to get help.

LINDA

I'm sorry Fa... John. I never expected-

KENNEDY

He saved my life.

LINDA

I don't understand.

Kennedy is transfixed by the flask.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Please excuse me.

She walks one way, tries gather her bearings, then spins to leave in the other direction.

Brian James waits until she's out of sight.

BRIAN JAMES

I know what happened. You stay
away from her, and my church.

KENNEDY

What?

James grabs him by the shirt.

BRIAN JAMES

I know who you are.

He pushes Kennedy against the church door.

BRIAN JAMES (CONT'D)

You can't outrun your sins,
Father. All tongues will confess.

James pushes past him and into the church.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

A curtain is pushed aside. The figure watches Kennedy
leave, scans the area, and spies Bower and Fairweather.
The pair are watching Kennedy from a car.

EXT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - NIGHT

A mist gently envelops the church at night.

A siren WAILS in the distance. The beggar on the church
steps shakes his head and covers his ears, begging for
the noise to stop.

A figure in black slinks silently by. A key slides into a
door lock.

CLICK.

The figure enters.

INT. BISHOP'S OFFICE - NIGHT- CONTINUOUS

The figure searches the table and drawers of the Bishop's
office by torchlight. Files are pulled and searched
before being stuffed into a backpack.

The flashlight reveals the picture of the Pope, crumpled
on the floor. The wall-safe, now barren, sits open in the
darkness.

SLAM.

A door closes in the distance.

The figure pauses and rushes out of the office before crashes into a guard, knocking him to the ground.

GUARD

Hey... HEY!

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH OFFICES - NIGHT

The figure takes off. The guard begins chase, gun drawn.

GUARD

Stop. Stop, or I will shoot!

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH PEWS - NIGHT

The figure runs and ducks down between two pews.

The guard, gun drawn, silently scans the room.

The night CREAKS. Panic spins him like a top.

He turns and FIRES twice.

The bullets strike a tall Jesus statue with beckoning hands, standing unmoved from his NEW' wounds.'

GUARD

I shot Jesus!

The guard, distraught at his deed, collapses to his knees.

A door SLAMS in the background.

More SILENCE.

To one side, another figure in black holding a shining knife watches on from the shadows.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAVIS BEVINGTON'S HOME - NIGHT

A BOOM followed by even louder GUNSHOTS and grunts fills the apartment. Travis Bevington is playing an XBOX fighting game.

He hears a KNOCK at the door.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON

One second! I'm just about
...there, DIE! God, I am amazing.

He gets up, and does a quick martial arts demo to no one. He accidentally kicks the table. He hobbles to the door in pain.

POV: The guest at the door looking at Travis.

We see Travis smiling. He looks the visitor up and down.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON (CONT'D)

Ohhhh, Been expecting you! Would
you like a drink?

The Figure shakes its head disapprovingly.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON (CONT'D)

No? Straight to it then. Daddy
like!

Travis walks to his bedroom, talking to the figure.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON (CONT'D)

Black leather... And the gloves,
Sexy.

INT. BEVINGTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They walk into a candle-lit room. Soft 80's music serenades the room. He strips down to his underwear. He is thrown a length of rope.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON

Oh yeah, rope! Don't be gentle
with Daddy. Hurt me!

He lays face down on the bed and ties one of his arms to a post. The hooded figure straddles him and ties the other arm to the bedpost. Travis moans with pleasure as the figure strokes his back with black-gloved hands. The gloved hand travels down his body.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON (CONT'D)

Hurt me. I hate you. Take care of
Daddy. C'mon, I dare you.

Travis's hair is pulled hard, wrenching his head back. He moans in pleasure again.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON (CONT'D)

Shit, Yes. C'mon, let's freaking go.

A dagger gleams in the candlelight. The free hand slides against Travis's throat.

TRAVIS BEVINGTON (CONT'D)

Ow, what's that? What are you..?
No. BEETLEJUICE! BEETLEJUICE!!
Safe word..

The blade is slowly dragged across his skin. It's then driven into his right side.

His face is pressed deep into the pillow as he screams. He struggles and slowly fades as his life escapes from his body.

The gloved hand slowly writes a message in blood on his back.

The killer climbs off of him and kneels next to the body as if in prayer. A loud NOISE outside.

The killer spins to listen.

A bright flash illuminates the room. As the brightness clears, police surround Bevington's body, and the killer is gone.

INT. BEVINGTON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Travis's back has the words "Post Tenebras Lux" painted on it in his blood.

BOWER

What's he missing?

HELEN COLE

Apart from four liters of blood
and all self-respect?

BOWER

May I?

HELEN COLE

Knock yourself out.

Bower, donning gloves, lifts Bevington's feet, searching. Lifts each arm and then his head.

A small piece of cloth hangs out of the mouth. He pries the stiff jaw open and pulls on the cloth. It is the same bookmark Kennedy and Doherty had.

Bower's business card is stapled to it. He glances to Cole.

HELEN COLE (CONT'D)

Do I put you down as a suspect?

He is about to close his mouth when he glances back.

BOWER

Speak no evil. No tongue.

FAIRWEATHER

Crazy. I'm guessing it wasn't self-inflicted.

Fairweather bends down to look closer.

FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)

The Bishop had one of those on his desk.

Bower hands the bookmark to Cole who bags it.

HELEN COLE

Thanks.

Bower bags his own card and hands it to Cole.

BOWER

We're headed down to the Church. Kelvin needs some sins forgiven.

FAIRWEATHER

Not from that church, we don't. This shit don't happen down at the Southern Baptist.

BOWER

They had a break-in last night. The security guard shot Jesus.

FAIRWEATHER

See, white people are crazy.

HELEN COLE

What do you mean, shot Jesus?

BOWER

You'll see when you get there.

Fairweather glances back and forth between Bower and Cole. Fairweather rolls his eyes and leaves the apartment.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

A cold steel crucifix holds up Beth Cartwright. Nails puncture her wrists. Blood streams. She smiles serenely.

Kennedy staggers toward her, falling to his knees. He looks up. The light halos her head. He is transfixed by the nails embedded into her ankles, not seeing blood dripping onto his hands.

He puts his hands to his face in distress. His face is now covered in blood. His eyes now full of panic.

Standing over him is Doherty, staring down with contempt.

Terror and confusion carry Kennedy to his feet. He runs.

CRASH.

Bishop Canty envelops him in his cape.

INT. KENNEDY APARTMENT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

Kennedy, drenched in sweat, thrashes face down on his bed. He awakes in a pose similar to Bevington. A loud KNOCK wakes him with a start.

KENNEDY

Urgh. Just a minute.

He wills his feet to the door. Bower and Fairweather stand with two coffees and a bag of food on the other side of the door. As Kennedy opens it, they walk straight in.

BOWER

Is there gonna be a day when you answer the door and don't look like shit?

KENNEDY

Bad dream.

BOWER

You play basketball again last night?

Kennedy touches a bruise on his face

BOWER (CONT'D)

Where are they?

Bower spots the papers stolen from the Church and picks them up.

KENNEDY

I have to warn people.

Fairweather returns from the bedroom holding up black clothing and a ski mask for Bower.

BOWER

Your lucky that stupid guard didn't shoot you. What's Post Tenebras Lux?

KENNEDY

"After darkness light." From the 1400's when the Calvinists and Lutherans supposedly brought society out of the dark ages with the first printed Bibles.

BOWER

And?

KENNEDY

Someone thinks you need enlightening?

BOWER

Let's take a drive.

INT. POLICE STATION CONFERENCE ROOM

A giant wall of the four murder victims and their wounds stares back at Kennedy. Pictures of the feather, bloodied pages of the bible, surveillance images, and the bookmark also line the walls. A tortured 18-year-old Kennedy's mug shot stares back at him.

Bower takes off his jacket and sits.

BOWER

If I confess something, will you?

Kennedy looks at him, confused.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Apart from the Jesus wounds
there's these.

Bower hands him pics of the victim's other wounds. He
gets stuck on Beth.

BOWER (CONT'D)

We both know Jesus didn't have his
balls whipped off. Or his fingers
cut off.

KENNEDY

No.

BOWER

And we know Simmons probably
fucked anything with a pulse. Eye
for an eye?

Kennedy nods and takes in the wall.

KENNEDY

The flesh of the peacock was
thought not to decay after death,
perfect for resurrection. Jesus'
trial was for forty days in the
desert. Seven is also the number
of spiritual purification. Cutting
pieces off the body, maybe this is
a form of that?

BOWER

And?

KENNEDY

How long ago did they steal
Doherty's body?

BOWER

Three weeks, Three days. And he
killed himself two weeks before
that. Shit, we have-

KENNEDY

Two days.

FAIRWEATHER

I wanna know how the killer knows
each of their sins so intimately.

KENNEDY

There was a safe open in the Bishop's office last night. It was empty.

FAIRWEATHER

The Bishop never mentioned it.

Kennedy picks up the bookmark exhibit as he takes in his mugshot again.

EXT. ST. MICHAELS CHURCH STEPS - DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

A drunken man lay on the steps of the church looking like the "Beggar". It's John Kennedy fifteen years earlier. A younger Father Doherty wakes him.

FATHER PETER DOHERTY

Not the most comfortable of places to sleep, son. Please, let me help you inside.

INT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Kennedy is now shaven and showered and is met by Father Doherty as he walks back into the room with a mug of soup.

FATHER PETER DOHERTY

She must have meant the world to you.

KENNEDY

God let me love her and then stole her from me.

FATHER PETER DOHERTY

Ahh Love. Love and pain seems to run like two rivers constantly meeting and then breaking apart again. If you decide to love John, then pain is the price you pay for it. Jesus felt that more than any of us could ever imagine.

Kennedy fights tears.

FATHER PETER DOHERTY (CONT'D)

Love is the bliss that opens the heart to the joys of God's kingdom. But pain can also be bliss when you rise above it.

KENNEDY

I don't understand.

FATHER PETER DOHERTY

It's something I read once. Sounded good at the time. Maybe you will show me one day what it means.

He hands Kennedy a bible with the same bookmark resting on top.

KENNEDY

I don't think I'm your man, Father.

END FLASHBACK.

FADE TO:

INT KENNEDY APARTMENT - DAY

Kennedy feels the sting of a swig from his flask. He sits staring into space in his now empty apartment. He hears an argument coming through the walls. He takes another swig.

He hears faint SCRATCHING noises from another wall.

The sound of monks CHANTING. He walks slowly to the wall. It gets louder.

FATHER PETER DOHERTY (V.O)

I'm coming for you, John. I'm coming for you. Confess, confess.

Kennedy backs away. His cell phone RINGS.

"Unknown Caller"

He answers as SCRATCHING from the walls gets louder.

VOICE

Forgive you, Father, for you have sinned. No one can save those doomed to purgatory.

MOANS overtake the SCRATCHING.

VOICE (CONT'D)
(filling the
apartment)

He hath spoken blasphemy. What
further need have we of witnesses?
Behold, now ye have heard his
blasphemy.

He drops the phone and runs from the apartment.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

In the darkness a dog BARKS.

Black shadows dance as Kennedy sits frozen on the park bench. The sounds of the night assail him from all directions.

A HOODED FIGURE walks toward him with a giant beast on a leash.

LAUGHTER fills the night sky.

A stick transforms into a serpent before his very eyes. It rises up and HISSES at him. The beast GROWLS.

He drops to his knees. Hands clasped in prayer.

KENNEDY
Please, God. Forgive me. I'm
sorry!

Suddenly, a poodle licks his face as the hooded man tries to pull his dog from Kennedy. The dog grabs the snake stick and shakes it.

HOODED MAN
Fucking weirdos.

A disoriented Kennedy climbs to his feet.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A spent Kennedy walks heavily toward his apartment. The glare of the streetlights torturing his eyeballs. Car tires screech nearby.

Without warning;

SNAP.

Like a vice grip, a chord cinches around his throat.

A figure in black yanks down on the chord, crushing Kennedy's windpipe. Kennedy fights the assailant as he's pulled back into a dark alley.

He thrashes to no avail. Trash cans SLAM against the pavement as Kennedy's feet BANG like crashing cymbals against them. Kennedy slowly stops struggling and slides to his knees in a hidden alcove.

The chord is released.

Kennedy is on his back, life sapped from his body.

The figure opens one of Kennedy's eyes. A blade gleams in the moonlight. The knife inches toward Kennedy's bloodshot eye.

Kennedy comes to as the blade pushes comes down. Kennedy quickly turns his head.

SLICE.

His ear rips against the steel.

STAB.

The figure stabs the brick pavement as he moves again. A frenzy of flashing knife strikes.

Kennedy scampers backward into a dead end.

Trapped in a corner, the figure approaches. Kennedy stands ready.

KENNEDY

I'm not your enemy. Whatever you
think I did, I didn't.

The figure moves forward. An unseen side door violently swings open.

BAM

The door hits the figure. The knife drops to the ground.

KITCHEN HAND

Yeah? And fuck you too!

Kennedy pounces on the knife.

The figure scurries away like a roach in the night.

The Kitchen Hand is oblivious to the would-be killer.

KITCHEN HAND (CONT'D)

Whoa, what the fuck? You again?
What's with the knife? You wanna
go, bro? You wanna go?

The Kitchen Hand shadowboxes the air, accidentally punching
the dumpster. His scream fills the alley as we

CUT TO:

EXT. ANTHONY CASEY APARTMENT - DAY

The Detectives are walking into a stylish apartment led
by ANTHONY CASEY, late 20s, slim and slightly effeminate.

BOWER

Nice place you have here, Mr.
Casey.

ANTHONY CASEY

Thank you, I decorated it myself.

FAIRWEATHER

You married, Sir?

ANTHONY CASEY

Ten years next week. She travels a
lot for work. Jet setter.

FAIRWEATHER

What do you do for work?

ANTHONY CASEY

I'm the editor of a fashion
magazine.

BOWER

We are investigating the deaths of
a number of people who happened to
be members of the St. Michaels
Parish.

ANTHONY CASEY

How did you find out I was a
member?

BOWER

We have access to some records.

ANTHONY CASEY

What's on those records?

FAIRWEATHER

Your name and a few details about you.

ANTHONY CASEY

What details?

BOWER

Relax Mr. Casey. We are only interested in finding a killer. We have no interest in your personal life. Now, did you ever go to confessional with Father Kennedy?

ANTHONY CASEY

Kennedy? Yes, I did. Oh dear God, what did he say?

BOWER

Nothing. That's why we are asking.

ANTHONY CASEY

I heard he was kicked out of the church. Did he say something? Is he the killer? I'm gonna call the Bishop. This is outrageous.

Casey runs to find a phone as the Detectives watch bemused.

ANTHONY CASEY (CONT'D)

I will not say a word until I have spoken to the Bishop. And I haven't killed anyone. I have done nothing wrong.

FAIRWEATHER

We're not saying-

ANTHONY CASEY

I am a patriotic member of this community. I am happily married and-

FAIRWEATHER

Okay, Sir. Here is my card. Please feel free to call us with anything you feel will help our investigation.

Bower turns back momentarily.

BOWER

Do you happen to know Travis
Bevington?

Casey slams the door.

ANTHONY CASEY (V.O.)

Where is that damn phone?

The Detectives slowly leave.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CASEY APARTMENT - DAY

The Detectives head back to their car.

FAIRWEATHER

Paranoid son of a bitch isn't he.

BOWER

I'm guessing he has a few
skeletons he wants to keep in the
closet.

FAIRWEATHER

I see what you did there.

BOWER

I'll be here all week.

FAIRWEATHER

You think he and Bevington?

BOWER

Call surveillance. Get them onto
Kennedy.

FAIRWEATHER

Thought we eliminated him as a
suspect.

BOWER

Gotta have the right bait to get
the best fish.

INT. KENNEDY APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

Kennedy and Cindy make love in bed. The sheets are all
over the place as are their clothes.

KENNEDY

You feel so good.

CINDY
Father, please, Father, forgive
me.

Kennedy stops and looks at her.

KENNEDY
I'm not a Father anymore, Cindy.

CINDY
I was just getting into fantasy
mode. Don't ruin it, John.

KENNEDY
I'm sorry, I just don't.

CINDY
Relax. It's just sex. Have some
fun.

He unexpectedly recalls a dream image of him whipping
Jesus and then of the figure above him with the knife
almost in his eye.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Why can't you just enjoy the
moment? You were a second ago.

KENNEDY
Everything's screwed up.

CINDY
Let me take care of you. Let me
love you, protect you.

She rolls back on top of him without resistance. She
kisses him, and he obliges. She moves rhythmically,
almost hypnotic.

Kennedy slips into a daydream. He imagines he's kissing
Beth Cartwright, and the kissing becomes more intense. He
rolls on top of Beth, and she is now covered in blood
with her hands tied to the bed. Recoiling and closing his
eyes, he opens them to find Cindy.

KENNEDY
I can't, Cindy. I just can't.

She pushes him off of her and starts to hunt for her
clothes.

CINDY
Goddammit, you're pathetic. No
one's gonna know you fucked me.

KENNEDY

I'll know.

She slaps him across the face.

Emotion overwhelms her.

CINDY

I thought you were different, I
thought you cared about me.

KENNEDY

I do care, that's why-

CINDY

No one cares.

KENNEDY

Cindy, please come back, let's
talk.

CINDY

Go fuck yourself, Father.

She storms out of his apartment.

Kennedy lay back on his bed, staring at the ceiling.

The SCRATCHING noise again. They grow louder and louder
and louder.

Dark shadows with claws, fight their way out the vents
and the mirror.

He grabs the bedside lamp and hurls it at the wall as he
SCREAMS. He covers his ears and looks upward.

KENNEDY

WHY ARE ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME?

INT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

Kennedy and Doherty, in full priest regalia, prepare the
Altar for Service.

KENNEDY

You're not gonna stop, are you?

FATHER PETER DOHERTY

I tried. I can't stop myself,
John.

JOHN KENNEDY

You have to, Peter. This is not
the way of the church.

FATHER PETER DOHERTY

You haven't been reading the news,
have you?

KENNEDY

The church is to condemn that to
the past-

FATHER PETER DOHERTY

Let it go, John. There is nothing
you can do.

Kennedy walks to Doherty.

KENNEDY

I will not have you destroy the
lives of any more children.

FATHER PETER DOHERTY

I have not destroyed the lives of
anyone. Love does not destroy.
Love conquers all fears and pain.
I give them love. I bring them
into my heart, God's heart.

KENNEDY

You are sick. You have twisted
this in your mind. You have lost
yourself.

FATHER PETER DOHERTY

Your oath binds you.

Kennedy pushes Doherty against the altar.

JOHN KENNEDY

I'm bound by God!

FATHER PETER DOHERTY

You have no idea of God. I took
you off the streets. I cleaned
you. I loved you like a son.

KENNEDY

And I shall never forget that,
Peter. You saved my life.

FATHER PETER DOHERTY

Then don't destroy mine.

KENNEDY

You've done that... Not me.

Kennedy sees a wizened old woman in the pews watching the whole thing. He quickly leaves.

END FLASHBACK:

INT KENNEDY APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

Tears well as Kennedy's flashback fades. His cell phone is RINGING

"Unknown caller."

He answers without speaking.

VOICE

He committed no sin, and no deceit
was found in his mouth. He will
rise.

Kennedy throws the phone at the wall. He reaches for the silver flask given to him by Doherty.

He takes a swig.

He stares at the transcription, haunted by the ghosts of his past. Faded memories inspire him to walk to the bathroom, where he starts to pour the rest out.

POV: Kennedy's reflection stares him down in the mirror.

He stops pouring and then drinks the rest.

EXT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

Bower and Fairweather see Bishop Canty walking away from the Church. They take up a position on either side of the Bishop as they walk down the street. Bower holds the files out.

BOWER

Gonna need some answers.

BISHOP CANTY

I don't play tit for tat
Detective.

BOWER

Then you get nothing.

He and Fairweather stop as the Bishop walks on. The Bishop stops and turns to face them.

FAIRWEATHER

What was in the safe?

The Bishop pauses.

BOWER

Why did you really get rid of Kennedy?

FAIRWEATHER

What are you hiding?

BISHOP CANTY

He lied to us.

BOWER

And Doherty was an angel.

BISHOP CANTY

There are no angels, Detective. Including you and your family.

BOWER

What?

Canty walks to a stunned Bower and takes the files from his hands. Bower grabs Canty and has to be restrained by Fairweather as a family watches on.

Canty walks off with the files.

EXT. KENNEDY'S APARTMENT - DAY.

Bower and Fairweather are walking toward Kennedy's apartment block as Kennedy leaves.

BOWER

You don't listen, do you?

KENNEDY

I can't just sit in there all day and night.

BOWER

We need to know what was in that safe.

KENNEDY

I don't...?

BOWER

Canty brought up my family. My father was a member of this church fifteen years ago. He knows something he shouldn't.

KENNEDY

He knew about my past, too. The only person I confessed to was Doherty.

A lightbulb goes off in Bower's mind.

BOWER

Kelvin, you are going to confessional.

Fairweather looks confused.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Bower and Helen are seated, sharing a drink. There is an uncomfortable silence in the air.

CSI HELEN COLE

I found the Lindberg baby today.

Bower's mind is a million miles away. She waits.

BOWER

That's great, Helen. Sorry if you think I've been a prick lately with all the canceled dates.

CSI HELEN COLE

Why would I think you're a prick? Asshole? Yes. Douchebag, or dick, maybe, but not a prick.

BOWER

This case is opening up some old wounds. I just need to take it slow.

HELEN COLE

I'm in no rush, Steven. I've got a messy divorce to handle and a dog that needs far more attention than you.

BOWER

Something happened when I was a kid. I'm not sure what to do.

HELEN COLE

It's okay.

Helen places a hand on his arm.

HELEN COLE (CONT'D)

Tell me when you're ready.

Bower's stern face breaks into a smile. He starts to laugh.

HELEN COLE (CONT'D)

You are losing it.

BOWER

It's just... You're amazing.

HELEN COLE

I'll show you amazing.

They kiss.

INT. BISHOP'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bishop Canty sits in his now dimly lit office. He strokes the Rotary phone that sits before him. He decides to place a call.

BISHOP CANTY

Yes, Police Commissioner Jackson please. This is Bishop Canty. It is indeed urgent... Thank you.

Linda James walks in and sets down his tea. Bishop Canty motions for her to leave.

BISHOP CANTY (CONT'D)

Hello, Robert. Your Detectives are very tenacious. I would appreciate some discretion. Need I remind you that many police officers and city officials have ventured into this church over the past thirty years, burdened by their sins. The files that were turned in, there are more... No you listen to me. I MUST, PROTECT, THIS CHURCH. Enough damage has been done to it. Good Day.

Linda stands in the doorway with a bowl of sugar. She heard everything. She places it on the desk, smiles awkwardly at Canty, and leaves.

INT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

Fairweather, in civilian clothes, walks down the aisle of the church. He looks nervous and quickly enters the confessional booth.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - DAY

Fairweather sits, uneasy.

FAIRWEATHER

Hello, is anyone there? Hello?

Fairweather opens the screen.

FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)

Father?

Fairweather's demeanor shifts. He starts searching the booth, running his hands over every edge. He spies a small wire and traces it to a corner.

A noise.

Someone sits in the priest's side of the booth.

UNKNOWN FATHER (V.O)

Do you have something to confess?

Fairweather continues to pick at the wire.

FAIRWEATHER

I, ah, not really.

UNKNOWN FATHER (V.O)

When was your last confession?

FAIRWEATHER

Quite some time ago.

UNKNOWN FATHER

Well, I will be here when you feel ready.

Fairweather follows the wire and slowly reaches up. A small microphone. He extricates it gently as he speaks.

FAIRWEATHER

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. It's been six years, give or take, since my last confession. I've had wicked thoughts, Father.

(MORE)

FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)

Sometimes I just want to kill some people, stupid people. There are just so many of them, Father.

UNKNOWN FATHER

Why do they trouble so much you my son?

FAIRWEATHER

People gotta think. They've stopped thinking and are just blabbing and ranting and Jesus needs to get back here and do some smiting Father. Clean this place up!

Silence fills the booth as Fairweather rolls u the wire and stuffs it in his pocket.

FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)

Father?

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Kennedy walks through an art gallery. He finds a YOUNG HIP GUY setting an ugly painting on a feature wall.

KENNEDY

Hey. I'm supposed to meet Cindy here.

YOUNG GUY

Sure, man. She's down back of the warehouse cataloging.

Kennedy waits patiently, checking out the not-so-appealing and somewhat "dark" art.

No sign of her. He walks through the doors into the warehouse area.

Large boxes and cabinets line the floor space. He can't see her anywhere. He calls and hears her cell RINGING in a nearby room.

He opens the door. She is sprawled on the floor, blood coming from her temple area. She groans. The Killer stands over her, holding a gun.

Kennedy stops dead.

KENNEDY

Please, this has to stop.

The killer cocks the gun.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
Just let her go. Take me.

Kennedy steps forward.

BANG.

The killer fires, just missing him.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry he's dead. I loved him
as much as you do.

The killer starts to shake and fires again

BANG.

Miss.

The gun rattles in his trembling hand. A third shot
doesn't fire.

Kennedy inches forward. The killer kicks him in the
groin. Kennedy drops. The killer grabs his head and
SMASHES it into a steel locker door.

The Hip Dude pokes his head in.

YOUNG MAN
Hey, did you find her? I heard a
bang. Whoa.

The killer points the gun at him and barrels right at
him. He knocks the young man aside and flees.

Kennedy slowly recovers and crawls to Cindy.

The hip dude is stunned.

INT. BISHOPS OFFICE - DAY

Fairweather stands guard as Bower barges into the
Bishop's office. Bower grabs a Bible and slams it in the
shocked Bishop's hand. He rips the Pope painting off the
wall, revealing a closed safe.

BOWER
What was in here?

BISHOP CANTY
I do not know what you're-

Canty takes his hand off the bible. Bower grabs his wrist, pushing his hand onto The Bible before grabbing a letter opener and holding it above Canty's hand.

BOWER

You're under oath, asshole. What did he steal that you'd allow innocent people to keep dying?

Canty rips his hand away.

BISHOP CANTY

How dare you.

Bower slams the bug and wires down on the desk. He drives the letter opener into The Bible.

BOWER

How dare me? Listen, you sniveling piece of shit. I'm not leaving here until you come clean on what the hell you are doing here and with who.

Canty sits in his chair and takes a moment.

BISHOP CANTY

Steven Bower, he mentioned you often, said how proud he was of you, how innocent you were.

BOWER

What are you talking about?

BISHOP CANTY

When you were thirteen, your father shot an unarmed teenage neighbor who was drunk and was accidentally climbing into your house one night. To avoid shame, your father planted a gun on him. You saw it and lied to the police to protect him. Tell me I am not wrong.

Bower takes a moment to digest.

BOWER

You recorded every confession?

BISHOP CANTY

Only the useful ones.

BOWER

You're gonna rot for this. Who knows about this book?

Canty doesn't answer. Bower grabs him.

BOWER (CONT'D)

When this is done. I'm coming after you.

Bower storms from the office.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Kennedy is pacing the room as Cindy sleeps in the hospital bed. Bower enters.

BOWER

She okay?

Kennedy nods and looks expectantly.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Bishop Canty bugged the booths. Wrote down every confession he could use. Someone else knew it was there.

Kennedy is dumbfounded.

KENNEDY

There are a few old priests, friends of his, that have been there for decades. But they are too old. There's Linda, but she doesn't seem...

BOWER

She looks strong enough. What about her husband, Brian. Maybe Doherty had something on him?

KENNEDY

Definitely, but...

BOWER

I need your help.

Cindy lay sleeping as Kennedy and Bower walk out.

INT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH PEWS - DAY

Kennedy is seated in the pews with his eyes closed. Bishop Canty is led out by Linda James, who points to where Kennedy is seated.

The Bishop sends Linda away as he watches Kennedy. Kennedy opens his eyes. Canty is before him.

KENNEDY

I'll leave. I'm sorry.

BISHOP CANTY

Wait, stay. I need to talk to you.

Canty sits beside him and stares forward, pondering his words.

KENNEDY

I'm sorry about what I said the other day. It was uncalled for.

BISHOP CANTY

Watching you sitting here praying.

KENNEDY

Was just thinking.

Canty rests his hand on Kennedy's. He squeezes his hand back

BISHOP CANTY

I know prayer when I see it.

KENNEDY

I should go. This is not...

He gets up to leave, Canty places a hand on his shoulder.

BISHOP CANTY

For years, I lied and covered up the sins of my fellow priests and this congregation. Unspeakable things. I have betrayed you all.

KENNEDY

You aren't to blame. This system is broken...

BISHOP CANTY

We have enormous responsibility placed upon our heads in these acts of forgiveness.

(MORE)

BISHOP CANTY (CONT'D)

I am not sure anyone but God can truly be at peace with our lot.

KENNEDY

I am not one of you anymore.

BISHOP CANTY

You will always be one of us, John.

JOHN KENNEDY

Didn't want him to kill himself. I just wanted him to stop and get help.

INT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH PEWS - DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

Two hands pull sharply away from one another.

Kennedy sits side by side with Doherty in the pews. Doherty moves away.

FATHER PETER DOHERTY

You have destroyed my life.

KENNEDY

Peter, did that yourself.

FATHER PETER DOHERTY

How dare you judge me.

JOHN KENNEDY

I'm sorry.

FATHER PETER DOHERTY

You will be.

KENNEDY

You need to get help.

FATHER PETER DOHERTY

I am being helped right now. Jesus is coming through me. I have answered his call, and he speaks.

Doherty stands for his impromptu sermon.

FATHER PETER DOHERTY (CONT'D)

How the mighty will fall. How they will reap what they sow.

(MORE)

FATHER PETER DOHERTY (CONT'D)
 There will be gnashing of teeth,
 so sayeth the Lord.

Kennedy walks out. Doherty seethes.

END FLASHBACK.

INT ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH PEWS - DAY

Kennedy and Canty are interrupted by Linda James.

LINDA
 Sir, there is an important phone
 call for you. Detective Bower.

BISHOP CANTY
 Stay as long as you like, John,
 and please, do come back.

The Bishop gets up and leaves.

Linda lingers on Kennedy before she walks away.

Kennedy is left alone until the BEGGAR sits behind him.

BEGGAR
 You saved them from him. Those
 boys and girls are safe now.

KENNEDY
 Are they really?

He gets up, touching the Beggar's shoulder in comfort as
 he walks past him.

EXT. ST. MICHAELS CHURCH STEPS - DAY

Kennedy is walking down the steps away from the church
 when Linda James comes running after him.

LINDA
 John wait. I just wanted to say
 thanks.

KENNEDY
 For what?

LINDA
 You've helped me see things that I
 thought I couldn't see.

KENNEDY

Well, whatever it was, I'm glad
it's been positive for you.

LINDA

Hey, are you doing anything
tonight?

KENNEDY

Ah, no?

LINDA

Good, you are coming over for
dinner with Brian and I.

KENNEDY

Look, I really don't-

LINDA

I insist. Seven o'clock at my
house.

They embrace and happily walk back into the church.

Bower watches the interaction from across the street.
Kennedy walks toward him.

EXT. KENNEDY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kennedy walks up to his apartment when he sees a still-
bandaged Cindy standing at the open doorway.

KENNEDY

What are you doing?

She spins shocked.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

You're supposed to be in the
hospital.

CINDY

I heard a noise, and the door was
open.

The mangled lock hangs.

A NOISE inside.

Through the slightly opened door, he sees his ransacked
apartment in the darkness.

KENNEDY

Stay out here and call the police.

CINDY

I did. John, be careful.

Kennedy enters slowly. Papers are strewn everywhere.

SINNER, EVIL, DEVIL, DEAD MAN. Each wall is written on in red.

POV: A pistol on the ground.

He grabs it with caution and enters the bedroom. A figure stands in the shadows.

KENNEDY

I have a gun.

Silence.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

What do you want from me?

The figure stays motionless.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Answer me!

The figure tilts his head to the left.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Police are on their way.

More silence.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Say something. Who are you?

Kennedy hears noises from outside his bedroom window. He slowly moves to the window while watching the figure.

Two uniforms burst in behind Kennedy, weapons trained on him and flashlights.

UNIFORM OFFICER

Freeze!

Kennedy drops his gun and raises his hands behind his head. He drops to his knees, tears welling in his eyes.

The bedroom light is switched on.

He sees Anthony Casey standing there, staring at him with dead vacant eyes. He has been tied vertically to a coat stand and beaten severely.

A sign hangs from his neck.

SODOM.

The cops quickly handcuff Kennedy as Casey's lifeless eyes accuse him of every sin.

INT. KENNEDY APARTMENT BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CSI Helen Cole examines Casey's body as other detectives scan the room.

Kennedy sits at his table across from Bower who holds a letter in his hand.

BOWER

"The wounds are being healed. He will rise. You are the final wound." Simple and to the point.

KENNEDY

Why does he hate me?

Bower points out the door.

BOWER

Or she.

KENNEDY

She? What Cindy?

BOWER

I'm sure there's two of them.

Bower looks through his notebook. Cole enters and pours a bag of silver coins on the table.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Coins?

KENNEDY

Thirty of them, I would imagine.

BOWER

Huh?

KENNEDY

Judas. I've betrayed them all. I deserve what's coming to me.

Fairweather walks in.

FAIRWEATHER

Dispatch says she was the one who called it in. Neighbors only heard a bang earlier. Probably Casey kicking in the door.

KENNEDY

Do you think he was gonna...?

BOWER

Gun was registered to him... Our killers' pattern was disrupted, Mr. Casey provided a perfect number five.

KENNEDY

I can't stay here anymore.

Bower's phone RINGS

Unknown caller

He answers.

BOWER

Bower.

As the voice starts, Bower flicks it to speaker phone.

VOICE

The Son of Man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend. And they shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be a wailing and gnashing of teeth.

The call disconnects. Bower dials a number.

BOWER

You getting his calls, too, John?

Kennedy is knowingly silent.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Ever think to tell us?

Bower makes a call.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Yeah, this is Bower. I need another trace and itemize all calls made to Kennedy's cell phone in the past week.

EXT. CHURCH - DUSK

Bower sits opposite the church. Linda walks off down the street. He nods to Fairweather, who slowly drives off.

The beggar watches Bower walk across the street to the church. Bower picklocks the front door.

He enters the aisle, his shoes echoing again. He softens his footsteps as he walks.

INT. KENNEDY APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Helen Cole is in Kennedy's apartment with her equipment. She is on the phone.

HELEN COLE

Get me, Bower.

She is looking at a plastic vial with a purple liquid in it.

HELEN COLE (CONT'D)

Steven? Kelvin, yeah, I'm just cleaning up down here at Kennedy's place. Yeah, well, it's Kennedy I'm concerned about. I found something else here, lots of it...

INT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kennedy is sitting with Brian James. Brian is pouring a beer for himself. Linda is in the kitchen within earshot.

Five animal heads line the wall: three deer, a wolf, and a bear.

A dining table is set to one side.

BRIAN JAMES

Never trust a man who doesn't drink. My Dad always said that. Of course, he was an alcoholic.

KENNEDY
Just trying to stay healthy.

BRIAN JAMES
I'd rather stay sane.

Kennedy looks at the stuffed animals on the walls.

KENNEDY
You do a lot of shooting, Brian?

BRIAN JAMES
Greatest sport ever.

KENNEDY
I prefer baseball.

BRIAN JAMES
Gotta love them Yankees.

KENNEDY
Angels, man, myself.

BRIAN JAMES
I like you, John. Sorry about the other day. I was going through some stuff. I'd be happy to confess, but you know...

Beat.

BRIAN JAMES (CONT'D)
You ever kill something, John?

Kennedy looks at him nervously.

BRIAN JAMES (CONT'D)
See that buck there? Had to finish him off with a knife. Ran out of ammo and had to chase him for a mile.

KENNEDY
Your ancestors would be proud.

BRIAN JAMES
Too right they would. Jesus was with me that day; I could feel it.

KENNEDY
How so?

BRIAN JAMES

The fire in me was burning, I felt
his presence.

Linda walks in carrying a chicken on a plate.

LINDA

Come on, boys, dinner is ready.

Kennedy and Brian make their way to the table. Brian
grabs the giant carving knife. Kennedy is wary but
smiling

BRIAN JAMES

Linda knows that fire, don't you,
honey?

LINDA

What fire?

Diving the knife deep into the dead bird, Brian let's out
a cry. He grins at them both.

BRIAN JAMES

When Jesus is with you, inside of
you and burning to get out.

LINDA

Brian, I'm sure John doesn't want
to talk about Jesus after his-

Brian waves the knife in front of Kennedy.

BRIAN JAMES

Have you sided with Lucifer, John?

KENNEDY

I. I-

Kennedy shifts uncomfortably.

BRIAN JAMES

Just messing with you, man. God,
the chicken looks good.

He dives the knife back into its body.

KENNEDY

It does.

INT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH OFFICES - NIGHT

The sound of a motor WHIZZES, as Bishop Canty shreds papers. Sweat drops from his brow. There is a KNOCK, which he doesn't hear.

There is a presence in the room. He stops shredding and turns.

BISHOP CANTY

Dear God, You scared the life out
of me. What can I do for you?

A canvas satchel bag is thrown onto his desk. He pulls out three large leather-bound books. He slumps into his chair.

BISHOP CANTY (CONT'D)

You found them? Wait, it was you
who...? Why, what do you want?

As the figure approaches, a black gloved hand reaches out and strokes the Bishop's face and his chest.

BISHOP CANTY (CONT'D)

I had to protect the church-

The figure pushes his head back down before Bishop can stand. His collar is ripped from his neck.

BISHOP CANTY (CONT'D)

We gave you money for what
happened. What more can you want?

KILLER

(whispering)
Your life. You killed Doherty.

Gloved knuckles hit Bishop's face. He falls to the ground. The figure looms over him.

BISHOP CANTY

He threatened to tell everyone
about the books. I had to protect
the church. Please don't. Please,
I beg of you.

Club strikes rain down on Canty's head. A door BANGS in the distance.

INT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Kennedy and his hosts are finishing dinner.

BRIAN JAMES

So I say, "You wanna mess with me,
then you're gonna have to deal
with my wife!"

They all laugh.

KENNEDY

Well, Brian, I have to say I
haven't laughed that much for a
long time. And Linda, that was the
best meal I have had in years...
I'm very grateful.

LINDA

The Lord does provide, John.

She holds his hand and squeezes it.

KENNEDY

Yes, he does, Linda.

BRIAN JAMES

You make sure you come back and
visit. I like you, John.

KENNEDY

Likewise, Brian. Well, I gotta get
going.

LINDA

Where are you staying?

KENNEDY

The police have me up at some dive
of a hotel.

LINDA

Well, you can stay here as long as
you like.

BRIAN JAMES

Hell yeah. Stay here and relax. No
killer is gonna get you in here.

KENNEDY

No, I do need some time to think,
and what better way than in a
place you can't sleep.

BRIAN JAMES

Well, you just call, okay?
Anytime. I like this guy, Linda.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

Bower walks down a hallway with his flashlight and a handful of files. A wood panel the size of a door has been left slightly open. It catches his eye. He walks to it.

He strokes the gap and slowly opens it.

He shines his light in and sees a body lying on an altar with a sheet draped over it.

He slowly enters.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Torchlight illuminates the room. Jars of body parts, bibles, and a crown of thorns are neatly placed around the altar.

Caution and trepidation accompany Bower as he approaches the body.

He slowly pulls the sheet back. It's Doherty. Grey and looking worse for wear.

Bower is hit with the smell. He steps back and bumps into something. He turns.

A figure in black swings the club as he raises his gun. A shot RINGS out.

EXT. HOUSE OF LINDA JAMES - NIGHT

Fairweather sits in his car outside Linda's house.

Brian James take out the garbage. He walks past his own bins, looks around, and dumps the three bags in three separate neighbor's bins.

Linda walks out of the house and gets in her car. She waves to Brian. He walks to her, and she hands him something as she drives off. Brian walks off down the street.

Fairweather exits his car and follows Brian.

EXT. KENNEDY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kennedy and Cindy meet at the base of the stairs as they both head upstairs.

KENNEDY
Shouldn't you be resting?

CINDY
No rest for the wicked.

He stops to unlock his door. She grabs his hand and pulls him toward her apartment.

CINDY (CONT'D)
I'm feeling wicked.

Kennedy smiles and allows himself to be led.

INT. CINDY DOWELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kennedy is lying in bed with Cindy post-bliss.

CINDY
We should take a trip together.

KENNEDY
We should.

CINDY
Let's go tonight. Just jump in my car and go south.

KENNEDY
Tonight? You don't mess around.

CINDY
I'm like the wind. I blow where I go. Pardon the pun.

KENNEDY
I can't go right now I am the seventh.

She's visibly stirred by his remark.

CINDY
Let's just go, John. I have money, lots of it. From my sugar daddy, he pays my way. Don't worry, we don't fuck.

KENNEDY
I have no plans of being number seven. I need to help the Detectives as best I can.

His cell phone rings. He looks at the screen.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Speaking of which... Hello. What is it? No. I'm coming down. I have to go.

He hangs up the phone and leaps out of bed, searching for his clothes. He puts them on as he speaks.

CINDY

What's happened?

JOHN KENNEDY

Bishop Canty has been killed. I have to get down there.

CINDY

You want me to come with you?

KENNEDY

No, I'll be fine. I'll call you later, or come by. I don't know.

CINDY

It's okay, Just go.

Kennedy rushes out of her apartment. She curls up in bed, holding the pillow. A slight smile rises.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Kennedy leaves the apartment building, rushing to his car. As he passes a doorway, a figure in black steps out to watch him leave.

The "killer" stops and looks to where Kennedy came from as Kennedy drives off. The figure walks up the stairs.

INT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH - NIGHT

Kennedy rushes in to find police looking upwards. He walks forward, following his gaze. He sees the Bishop strung up upside down by the ankles, a cross beam on his shoulders.

Kennedy falls to his knees in distress.

Detective Fairweather enters shortly after from a side door holding the three leather-bound books.

INT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH OFFICES - DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

Bishop Canty is seated opposite a younger Kennedy.

BISHOP CANTY

Welcome to the church, Father John. I think you will find this a most delightful place to work. The staff are supportive, and the parishioners are very generous.

KENNEDY

Thank you, Bishop. I am just glad to serve these wonderful people.

BISHOP CANTY

Once you have listened to all of their confessions, you will see service from a whole different side.

KENNEDY

How so?

BISHOP CANTY

We are all sinners, John.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH - NIGHT

Kennedy is seated in the pews with Fairweather, away from the crime scene. Kennedy looks through the books

FAIRWEATHER

He was looking for evidence on Linda. I haven't heard from him for four hours.

KENNEDY

I was with Linda having dinner tonight til nine.

FAIRWEATHER

I followed Brian to the neighbors. Seems he likes lonely housewives.

Kennedy sees the reference to Bower's father. He looks up at Fairweather.

KENNEDY

Jesus. No wonder Steven wanted this so badly. I guess I'm in here somewhere.

Fairweather closes the book and takes it from him.

FAIRWEATHER

You ever use acid? (PCP, Salvia)

KENNEDY

What? No, never.

FAIRWEATHER

Well, you had enough XXX at your place to keep fifty hippies/junkies happy for a year.

Kennedy is dumbfounded.

FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)

Small doses in everything, enough to fuck you up on a daily basis.

KENNEDY

That's crazy. But only... Cindy? Fuck.

There is a loud scream in the background. They spin to see Linda James screaming at the body slowly being lowered down. Kennedy runs over and embraces her.

Brian James watches on from the side. Fairweather spots Brian and glares at him, Brian stares back.

INT CINDY DOWELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Fairweather and Kennedy stand in the middle of Cindy's apartment. Blood droplets on the floor and walls.

KENNEDY

If he puts one hand on her...

FAIRWEATHER

She won't be too hard to find.

Fairweather comes out of the bedroom with a letter. Kennedy holds a sheet of LSD he picks up from her kitchen counter.

KENNEDY

I don't understand.

FAIRWEATHER

The missing link. Letter from
Doherty to Ms. Dowell. She just
left it on the bed.

He hands it to Kennedy, who reads it.

FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)

She was one of his first victims.
You think she honestly believes
this resurrection bullshit? And
where the hell are they keeping
the body?

KENNEDY

But it can't be her, I know her,
I...

FAIRWEATHER

Let's get you to the hotel. Unless
you have somewhere else you wanna
go.

KENNEDY

I'm a nowhere man, right?

FAIRWEATHER

I gotta find Bower.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

Bower is tied up, hood on head, and gagged. He lay in the
dark. He tries to free himself but can't. He hears
footsteps and stops moving. The door slowly opens. The
figure in black walks into the doorway. Cindy stands in
the doorway as well.

KILLER

I brought you a present.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kennedy is sitting in his 1-star hotel room. He sees a
Bible peeking through an open drawer. He takes out the
bible and stares at it. It stares back.

Pages fly. Moonlight refracts off orphan pages as he rips
them from their spine. He breaks down and cries.

I/E. ROOM AND HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kennedy wakes up in the middle of the night and exits the hotel room. He walks down a hallway of a building with doors on each side.

Light peers from underneath the door at the end of the hallway. His Hand inches from the handle. Kennedy opens the door.

Blinding daylight.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

He finds himself in the back alley where he was found lying by the Kitchen Hand. The Beggar is seated on a red mat in a lotus pose.

BEGGAR

Come, John, sit.

Kennedy sits opposite on his own red mat.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)

You wanted to speak to me.

KENNEDY

You wanted to speak to me. Hah, you kidding me?

BEGGAR

If you like.

KENNEDY

Oh, so you're God, or is it Satan?
Is this a fucking joke?

BEGGAR

I don't know, is it?

KENNEDY

You've been hunting me down.
Picking people off like it's some
sort of game.

BEGGAR

I love you, John, just like Job.
He was a good sport in the end.

KENNEDY

My life is not a sport. I just
want to be left alone. To be
happy.

BEGGAR
I gave you solitude.

John rises.

KENNEDY
I don't wanna die alone.

BEGGAR
I'm always with you.

KENNEDY
Don't give me that crap.

BEGGAR
John, I have given more than you
are willing to see. Look.

Kennedy hears a cell phone ringing.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)
Your phone is ringing.

KENNEDY
I don't have it on me.

BEGGAR
You want me to answer it?

KENNEDY
No, I will get it. Goodbye.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT & ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH

Kennedy wakes from his dream and grabs his cell phone
from the dresser.

INTERCUT.

INT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH

Cindy is calling. She has a bruised lip and cuts to the
corner of her mouth. A figure walks behind her.

CINDY
John? I'm sorry, John.

KENNEDY
Cindy, where are you?

CINDY
I can't do it, John. I can't kill
you. I love you.

KENNEDY

Cindy, please, you need help.

CINDY

I'm saying goodbye, John. I'm gonna end it now.

KENNEDY

Cindy, stop. Where are you? I can help. We can work it out. You don't have to do this.

Kennedy is putting on clothes. Cindy is revealed to be standing alone on the church altar in a light blue chiffon gown.

CINDY

I've been a bad girl, Father. Bad girls deserve to be punished. The evil must be pushed out of them.

KENNEDY

That's not true, Cindy. Please-

CINDY

You tried to push it out of me, John. You pushed hard. Not as hard as Father Doherty.

KENNEDY

Where are you?

CINDY

With Jesus.

KENNEDY

I'm coming down there, Cindy. Don't do anything.

He hangs up the phone and tries to call Fairweather. No answer. He runs out.

Cindy hangs up her phone as she walks toward an altar where Father Doherty lies.

INT. KENNEDY'S CAR - NIGHT

Kennedy is now in the car trying to reach Fairweather. No answer. He calls the station.

KENNEDY

Yes, this is John Kennedy. I need to get a hold of Detective Fairweather immediately... I don't have time for that. Tell them that I am heading down to St. Michael's church, where their murder suspect is... Hello?

He looks at his phone and sees the screen is blank. a
The battery icon flashes. Dead.

KENNEDY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Fuck. It's a fucking trap, I know it's a trap. I'm just gonna step right in it.

He breathes deep.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Trust John. Trust. Fuck!

He starts the car and pulls out.

EXT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH PARKING LOT - DAWN

Kennedy pulls up his car and gets out. The Beggar lay silently asleep.

Police crime scene tape hangs loosely around the premises. Kennedy climbs under it and finds the front door ajar.

INT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH PEWS - NIGHT

Kennedy creeps down the aisle. A guard is lying off to one side, unconscious and tied.

Candles burn brightly around Doherty's corpse on a slab altar. A crown of thorns rests on his chest with a bouquet of peacock feathers.

Kennedy hears a WHIMPER. Cindy is off to the side, chained to a pillar. Bower lay topless, hands, and feet bound up with a gag in his mouth. His eyes are alert and follow Kennedy.

KENNEDY

Cindy? What's going on?

CINDY

I must stop myself. I am evil. I must be punished.

KENNEDY

Cindy, no, you need help. They abused you.

Kennedy approaches her and sees that both hands are securely handcuffed apart.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

How did you get his body in here?

He spins to see a black figure swinging a baseball bat.

BLACK OUT.

INT. ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

The smell of blood fills the air. Kennedy, now tied to the base of the slab Doherty is lying on, has the Crown of Thorns on his head. His forehead has been pierced. He wakes to find Cindy standing over him, smiling, holding a gun.

CINDY

I love you, John.

Kennedy fights his ropes. No avail.

KENNEDY

Cindy, why the hell are you doing this?

LINDA (V.O)

When the seven wounds are healed, he will rise.

KENNEDY

Linda, where are you? I know it's you, Linda.

LINDA

John, my brother. A great sacrifice you are about to make.

KENNEDY

You've both been brainwashed by his delusions. He's dead, he will NOT rise!

Linda appears, gown flowing white.

LINDA

Oh, he will, and the glory shall
be all his. He foreswore it all.
After darkness, LIGHT!

KENNEDY

Please, Cindy, stop her. She is
crazy.

CINDY

I'm crazy, too, baby. You were my
Father, but Peter is my Lord. I am
his chosen one, his bride.

Linda's eyes go cold.

CINDY (CONT'D)

You should have loved me more.

Linda stops and glares at Cindy.

Linda makes her way over to her, picks up a knife from
the altar, and hides it behind her back.

CINDY (CONT'D)

We will be married. Betrothed in
the Kingdom of heaven. We are the
Trinity of God!!

LINDA

He is mine.

Cindy turns. Her chest meets Linda's knife. Cindy
staggers backward towards Bower. She collapses next to
him. The gun spills to the floor.

CINDY

John, help, John...

KENNEDY

Linda, please. No.

Linda looks up from the body in shock. She crawls over to
Kennedy and begins to kiss his feet.

LINDA

I'm sorry, Father. Please... Love
me. Cleanse my sins, my love. Take
this wretched soul and make it
clean.

She looks up and sees Kennedy staring at her with
disgust. She breaks from her trance and slaps his face.

LINDA (CONT'D)

She was worthless. My own sister,
fucking a pathetic drunk like you.
Disgusting. How could she?

Bower is using the knife, still implanted in Cindy's
chest, to slowly cut the rope ties on his wrists.

KENNEDY

She was your sister? But how?

LINDA

Never mind, John. You will see her
soon enough. In Hell, whores and
drunkards commune. You can
fornicate with her there.

She pushes the crowns of thorns further onto his head. He
SCREAMS, momentarily passing out from the pain.

The taste of blood wakes him. Linda cuts open his shirt
and discovers his crucifix.

Bower still slicing through the ropes in the background.

LINDA (CONT'D)

How dare you carry his image. You
are not worthy.

KENNEDY

Killing innocent people is?

LINDA

Those who have sinned cannot
forgive the sins of others. The
flesh had to be purged to be
immortal. They were evil and
unforgivable. They deserved to
die.

KENNEDY

The Bishop was your friend.

She pauses for a moment. A wave of emotion crosses her
which is then squashed.

LINDA

He was a sinner like the rest of
you!

KENNEDY

This is not gonna kill me you
stupid bitch.

LINDA

Oh really. I guess I haven't
thought this one through, have I.
What is a girl to do?

Bower has freed his hands. He reaches for the gun.

Linda skips around the altar like a child. She quickly
picks up a hidden nail gun. Now, walking like an adult,
she approaches Kennedy.

SHUMP SHUMP

She shoots him in the ankles without hesitation. He
SCREAMS in pain and fades out of consciousness.

LINDA JAMES

Oops...You think I'm some stupid
assistant, don't you? Father
Doherty saw my worth. He loved me,
he...

BOWER (O.S.)

Freeze, Linda. Put it down.

She freezes. The obscured nail gun remains on her right.
Bower stands armed beside a pillar.

BOWER (CONT'D)

You okay, John?

Kennedy slowly rouses.

KENNEDY

She shot me. She...

BOWER

Back away from him and get on your
knees. Put your hands where I can
see them.

She doesn't comply.

BOWER (CONT'D)

I said hands where I can see them.

She keeps the nail gun concealed.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Last warning bitch, show me your
fucking hands!

Kennedy frees himself, momentarily distracting Bower.

Linda quickly raises the nail gun.

SCHUMP SCHUMP

She shoots Bower twice in the chest. He drops to the floor, as does the gun.

Kennedy crawls behind the altar. Linda fires the nail gun at him. One grazes his calf as he hides behind the altar.

He grabs the knife. A nail hits inches from his hand.

LINDA

And the sun turned to blood...

KENNEDY

You're not going to heaven, Linda.

LINDA

What did you say?

KENNEDY

Does God love you after what you've done?

LINDA

Shut up!

KENNEDY

Can Jesus love a dirty, lying whore?

She goes into a frenzy, shooting the altar. As she approaches, he pushes the altar onto her. Doherty's lifeless body falls to the floor, knocking her sideways.

Kennedy quickly hobbles over. She continues shooting. He dodges the nails and smothers the nail gun, tossing it aside.

He pins her down and wraps Doherty's cassock around her neck. She begins to cry.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Oh no you don't. Don't you try that one on me bitch.

She stops crying instantly.

LINDA

I'm gonna make you pay for Peter. You killed him. He was my Lord and Savior. He was God. You killed him!!!

KENNEDY

You can't kill a God, Linda.

Kennedy tightens the cassock around her neck as she begins to scratch at his face. He pushes down.

Not seeing that she has grabbed the knife he dropped, she thrusts it into his shoulder, tearing his flesh.

He falls off, SCREAMING in pain.

They both clamor for the nail gun. Linda grabs it and aims it right between Kennedy's eyes. He stops and backs off. He slumps against the fallen altar and pulls the knife out of his arm.

She stands slowly, holding the gun on his forehead. She pulls the trigger.

CLICK CLICK

Nothing happens. She pulls again, nothing.

Kennedy grabs the gun Bower dropped. Linda examines the safety catch and flicks it across to red.

They hold on each other.

LINDA

You're too weak.

KENNEDY

Please just put it down.

She lowers the guns, tears streaming.

LINDA

I'm sorry.

She quickly brings the nail gun back up.

BANG.

Linda drops dead from a shot to the head.

Fairweather stands, pistol smoking.

FAIRWEATHER

Bitch.

Kennedy holds the gun on her. Fairweather clears Linda's weapon and walks to Bower.

FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)

You alright, partner?

BOWER

I owe you a doughnut.

FAIRWEATHER

And a mother fuckin coffee.

Bower staggers over to Kennedy, who is holding his thigh to stop the bleeding.

BOWER

You okay?

KENNEDY

I look that bad, huh?

BOWER

For the record, you have the worst taste in women I've ever seen.

KENNEDY

That's why I was a priest.

Bower lays next to Kennedy, both staring up at the cross as SIRENS wail in the distance. They LAUGH as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Kennedy and Bower sit beside a fire pit on a beach. A shoulder-strapped Bower watches as the equally strapped Kennedy puts a piece of wood on the fire.

KENNEDY

Four more weeks in the sling?

BOWER

The first two were the hardest. Think I'm good from here.

KENNEDY

Good. I entered you into the local arm wrestling tournament.

They laugh.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I hear the Mayor resigned after his press conference.

BOWER

And about fifty politicians and
cops.

KENNEDY

Media's having a field day.

BOWER

Amazing what a few carefully
selected anonymous e-mails can do.

KENNEDY

They say confession is good for
the soul.

BOWER

And keeping us warm.

On the fire pit, three books slowly burn.

KENNEDY

Ashes to ashes...

Bower watches as Kennedy stokes the fire even higher.

FADE OUT.