

TOUCHDOWN

Written by

Quinlyn Black

Logline: A gambling addict priest in church-mandated seclusion
tries to learn the score of the big game from a confessing
parishioner before BetSports closes bets on the Super Bowl.

Quinlyn Black

qblack@chapman.edu

(503)-621-4053

FADE IN:

EXT. CHURCH COURTYARD - DAY

Under an archway with a sign posted above reading "Jan 27-31: St. Barth Silent Retreat," walks FATHER SIMON, 43, a sheepish slave to his vices, down an empty walkway, absorbed in his cell phone, where the BetSports app is open on a Super Bowl betting pool.

A timer on the top of the screen reads that there are two days left to enter. A notification pops up indicating that the Eagles vs. Bears game has entered the fourth quarter and is tied.

Father Simon bets on the Bears before reluctantly handing his phone to a stern DEACON with a basket at the sanctuary entrance.

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Father Simon walks down the aisle behind two other PRIESTS, checking his watch. When the Priests turn right, he veers left toward a table where the basket lies.

Suddenly, the Deacon appears and nods for Simon to follow him.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

MARON MACDOUGALL, 56, a melodramatic housewife, sits in the confessional wearing a Caleb Williams Bears jersey. She makes a sign of the cross.

MARON

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. My last confession was three weeks ago.

She takes a deep breath.

MARON (CONT'D)

I... have failed my daughter. I have not been a good mother to Nora. ...I spent the money we were saving for her birthday present on Bears tickets.

In the booth next to her, Father Simon perks up.

FATHER SIMON

What's this, my child? Bears tickets?

MARON

Yes. Front row.

FATHER SIMON

Against the Eagles? Earlier tonight?

MARON

...Yes. I did it because I'm terrible. Here I have a successful husband, a good father to my children, and yet... Father, I'm having impure thoughts about Bears quarterback Caleb Williams. *Oh*. I know I shouldn't, but when I see him fondle that football down the field--

FATHER SIMON

How far down the field? Was that in overtime?

Maron blinks, pauses.

MARON

Third quarter. I don't remember the yardage... Anyway. It's silly. I go to all of these games foolishly thinking he'll notice me. I can't stop imagining myself jumping the fence and running up to him after a touchdown--

FATHER SIMON

Against the Eagles?

MARON

Not just the Eagles. Anyone. I've been to fifteen games this season--

FATHER SIMON

But he got a touchdown against the Eagles?

MARON

--I just want to be held like that goddamned football! *Oh, shit!* Forgive me, Father!

She makes another sign of the cross.

FATHER SIMON
Held in the endzone?

MARON
Why can't I be happy with Jerry?
What's wrong with me!

FATHER SIMON
What did Caleb Williams do?!

MARON
Oh, I'm horrible! I'm no better
than an animal!

FATHER SIMON
An animal like a bear or an eagle?
Jesus Christ, give me *something*,
lady!

Father Simon gasps. Maron is silent, mouth agape.

MARON
Erm. This is all I can remember. I
am sorry for these and all my sins.

FATHER SIMON
Ten Hail Marys.

Maron gets up to leave.

MARON
Thank you. ... Ahem, the Bears won.

FATHER SIMON
PRAISE JESUS!

FADE OUT.