

EXILE

Extraterrestrial lover exiled to Earth as
Reverend Patrick Clarke makes a dramatic
first impression.

FROM BLACK:

EXT. VILLAGE CHURCH NIGHT

Stone church in a village square illuminated by street lights and partial moon. The village is asleep, deserted.

A beam of blue light from the blackness of the clear night sky punctures the roof of the church.

INT. VILLAGE CHURCH NIGHT

The beam ends abruptly six inches above the floor of the altar. Inside the beam a brighter, pencil shaft sculpts a form from the air above the floor.

It is a man lying flat, face up. The beam disappears and he falls abruptly, cracking his tail bone and the back of his skull.

PATRICK CLARKE. Dark, handsome, late thirties, dressed in black.

PATRICK

Owe. Fuck.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

This is your new home.

PATRICK

You didn't have to...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Enjoy it.

Patrick sits up. A second beam briefly appears and draws, gently, a box trunk.

PATRICK

Thanks.

He opens the trunk. It contains clerical clothing-- everything black, tab collar shirts, vestment, a bible.

PATRICK

Oh God.

EXT. FRONT OF CHURCH MORNING

Patrick exits the front door of the church to find ALICE GRAHAM, late middle age, beaming at him.

ALICE
Reverend Clarke. Delighted.
Patty Graham.

Shaking his hand.

ALICE
Bishop Cullen phoned
yesterday to say you'd be
coming. So glad you're here.
Welcome.

PATRICK
(bewildered)
Thank you.

ALICE
You'll be wanting some help.
Cleaning up the place. Bit
of a shambles. It's been so
long...

She smiles warmly, still holding his hand. She looks him in the eye, then drops his hand.

ALICE
(flustered)
We'll set it straight in no
time. Short notice, you
know?

Patrick nods, but his eye is distracted by JUDITH CULLEN, nineteen, harried, rapidly crossing the square, dressed for the office, pointed heels on cobblestones.

A man driving a sheet rock delivery truck with piggy-back fork lift rounds the corner and skids to a stop ahead of her. JIMMY FOLEY falls out of the truck, seething, to confront her.

FOLEY

Fuckin' whore. Where've you been? Stickin' the monkey again? Mmmn. I got some of that.

He grabs her, pulls her in close by the ass.

JUDITH

(pushing back)

Jimmy, you're drunk. Leave off it, will you? I told you a hundred times we're done.

FOLEY

What? You can't fuck Jimmy Foley? You don't seem to mind fuckin' every other Jimmy. Whore.

He shoves her. Starts after her. Patrick has reached them. Confronts Foley.

PATRICK

That will be enough.

FOLEY

Oh what's this? Jesus Christ himself coming to save his little cunt? Got a thing for skanks, don't you Jesus?

PATRICK

You'll be leaving now.

FOLEY

(leering)

Oh, I will? You like the taste of blood, cunt licker?

He takes a swing for Patrick's mouth. Patrick directs the momentum of Foley's lunge, hurls him to the cobblestone pavement.

Foley starts to get up, but Patrick holds out his arm, and Foley lies in a heap.

Patrick inspects Foley, touching his head and concentrating for a moment.

JUDITH

Thanks, I think.

PATRICK

He'll be back in a minute.
And sober. He won't remember
what happened.

He looks up at Judith and smiles. Judith looks at him.
Their eyes lock.

PATRICK

(serious)

And he won't remember you.

JUDITH

That would be convenient.

(beat, Foley
groans)

Uh. Late for work. Uh.
Thank you. Uhm. Reverend.

She bolts off. He looks after, rises with a pained
expression. Alice marches up behind him.

ALICE

Well our Priest is a Knight
as well!

She is interrupted by Foley, who sits up bewildered,
stands, shakes himself off, notices the pair.

FOLEY

Mornin' maam. Reverend.

He tips his forehead with a little bow and heads for the
truck, climbs in, and motors off, fork lift riding piggy on
the back.

ALICE

Reverend Clarke. Where,
exactly did you say you're
from?

FADE TO BLACK:

PATRICK (O.S.)
I didn't.

THE END