

SAMPLE

from

WHATEVER

An Original Story and Screenplay

by

Alan Taylor

©

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A Two Part 2hr Drama

a.taylor@oxon.org

SMS: 0049 (0) 176 263 260 58

THE SERMON

FADE to BLACK:

We hear rapid knocks on windowpanes.

INT. LOUNGE, THE WRIGHT HOUSE - SUNDAY AM

Early morning light filters thru the curtains.

More knocks against the window.

SAM (O. V.)

Hey, Travis bud', you up?
Ready to roll? Meet ya maker'?
We're already late.

Silence.

SAM (CONT'D, O. V.)

I'll try the front door.

PHYLLIS (O. V.)

If he wanted to come he'd be
standing right beside us now.
In fact he would have woken us up.
Look at the state of these plants.

SAM (O. V.)

Travis. Hey you won!
The big Texas lotto!
One hundred million dollars.

PHYLLIS (O. V.)

That might get 'im.

We scan the broken table, discarded bottles, fallen chairs.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D, O. V.)

Would you step out?
If you looked as bad as he does with
that funny eye of his? Ugh!
I heard all about it. A real cesspit.
Ya even get herpes there, I know.
Makes ya wonder. They drink too ya know.
Those poor, poor child-ren.

We can just see an unshaven TRAVIS - he lies awake on the
sofa, his bandage is unravelled around his fingers.

His bad left eye seems a hollow mess.

SAM (O. V.)
 Maybe you're right. We came, eh?

PHYLLIS (O. V.)
 We came and we went. I am always right.
 I'm leadin' Bible class later.
 So let's go. Time's a' wastin'.

We hear them leave, and from a distance...

SAM (O. V.)
 Sad, eh?

PHYLLIS (O. V.)
 Sad for folks who are sad.

Travis lies back, then lurches up.

TRAVIS
 Fuckin' horses. You want me?

INT. BATHROOM, WRIGHT HOUSE - SUNDAY AM

TRAVIS at the mirror, his left eye - is that a worm?

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 You'll get me. I'll give ya sad.

Travis pivots quickly out the door. The lightcord swings.

INT. MAIN BEDROOM, THE WRIGHT HOUSE - SUNDAY AM

TRAVIS still in jeans and T-shirt, grabs his Bible and lurches out the room.

TRAVIS (O. V.)
 I'll give ya fuckin' sad!

We HOLD on the shelf of happy family pictures and the station-wagon engine start up and roar away.

INT. CHURCH - SUNDAY AM

In a corner, a blind OLD MAN, 80, yawns. As before, a full CONGREGATION, with SAM and PHYLLIS at their places near the front. But no heavenly light from the windows.

PHIL, the Community Leader, is a presence. MARVIS is here too, and even CASPER assists PASTOR ROBERTS at the altar.

There is a pause in the service - movement from behind,
then some whispers and turning of heads.

It is TRAVIS - striding down the middle aisle, wearing his
black hat He stands firm before the congregation.
Without a bandage. The awfulness of his eye is surly a sight
from Hell to remember. Shocked looks from the congregation.

PHYLLIS

Is that a worm I see?

Travis checks his Bible page, smiles, steps up the podium.
There are gasps! Pastor Roberts and Casper stand helpless.

TRAVIS

My fellow believers.

Travis raises his Bible, then down to the congregation,
smiling at Marvis and then Phyllis and Sam, then Phil.

WHISPERS (O. V.)

Worm! Worm!

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

As it clearly states in the
Corinthians: I appeal to you
brothers and sisters, in the name of
our Lord Jesus Christ.

WHISPERS (O. V.)

Drink! Drink!

Marvis looks away. Impatient children try to pull adult
hands down from their small eager eyes.

TRAVIS

...that all of you agree with one
another in what you say, that there
be no divisions among you...

A rainbow of light filters thru the mosaic windows.

PHIL

Get down, sir. Stop this! Now!

TRAVIS

...but that you be perfectly
united in mind and thought.

Travis looks up from the Bible, stares down at the assembly.

WHISPERS (O. V.)
Worm! Drink...Worms! Drunk.

Children begin to cry. The darkness has gone.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
We are one community.
Always have been, and always
will be. We will look after
eachother. Amen. Amen! Amen!

UPROAR!(O. V.). Travis shuts his Bible with a smile.

BLIND OLD MAN
Sound's about right!
He the new boss around here?

Travis strides down the aisle, pushes Casper aside - SHOCK!

Pastor Roberts nods to Sam who steps up and shadows Travis to the exit.

PHIL
Shame on you! Shame on you!
Do not darken our doors agin'!

Phyllis checks her watch, looks to her Bible.

MARVIS
Did you see? Did you see that?

EXT. CHURCH FRONT, SUNDAY - AM

MRS. JENKINS, 30s, their two CHILDREN, and MA JENKINS, 70s, are waiting on OFFICER JENKINS as he flicks dust off his PA JENKINS's shoulder.

OFFICER JENKINS
Okay, ma? We aint missed a lot.

Ma Jenkins tries to smile as her son reaches for the door, with the family eager to join the devout worshippers inside.

Then - the church door breaks open and TRAVIS bursts into the family circle. His putrid eye dominates our view.

MA JENKINS
Agh!

She grabs the terrified children.

PA JENKINS
My God! What is that?

OFFICER JENKINS
Travis? That you?

TRAVIS
And to hell with ya all!

OFFICER JENKINS
Travis that is ma own mother
you are talkin' to! Enough is enough!

TRAVIS
You agin' I swear you are askin' fer it.
Don't try me! I've had enough

Travis lurches down the stairs and towards his station-wagon. Sam arrives and stands alongside Officer Jenkins. Behind them is PHIL and CASPER who assist Mrs. Jenkins with the Jenkins children into the church.

Sam and Officer Jenkins track Travis sliding into his station-wagon, swearing out the window, and heading down the road and round the corner. They are joined by Casper.

SAM
Where does he think he's goin'?
There's nowhere to go to.

OFFICER JENKINS
Do I make the call?

The church organ fires up.

CONGREGATION SINGING (V. O.)
*Sowing in the morning; sowing
seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide
and the dewy eve*

SAM
Whatever.

Sam turns back into the church, leaves the door open for Officer Jenkins and Casper. The three men turn and enter the church as one.

CONGREGATION SINGING (V. O.)
*Waiting for the harvest,
and the time of reaping.*

The church door closes as we rise up above and into the skies, then down again. And as the hymn fades we hear a pacy Country rock song.

CONGREGATION SINGING (V. O.)
*We shall come rejoicing
...bringing in the sheaves!!!*

EXT/INT. THE OPEN ROAD, TEXAS - SUNDAY AM

Swooping down, we are now on the open road singing with TRAVIS across the wide plains of Texas.

The car radio blasts out Western tunes.

He is wearing his black cowboy hat.

This hat will stay with him forever.

END OF SAMPLE