

Script Fragment: The Prophecised
Scene: Harlow and Father April Share A Beer
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EXT. KANSAS FARM HOUR - EVENING

The cozy farmhouse sits in the middle of the Kansas heartland. Two pickup trucks sit in the dirt driveway and a dilapidated barn rests quietly in the background.

EXT. PORCH STEPS - EVENING

The sun sets in the western distance. The sky is a breathtaking orange hue, lightly painted with scattered clouds, silhouetted in front of the setting luminance.

HARLOW sits on the top step gazing out at the sun, which is in the last stages of disappearing behind the horizon. After the events of the past few days, he's giving in to his nicotine urges and lighting up his third cigarette.

FATHER APRIL appears from the front screen door carrying two bottled Corona's topped with lemon wedges. He takes a seat next to HARLOW and hands him a bottle.

HARLOW
Thanx, Padre. You're doing The
Lord's work now.

FATHER HARLOW
(smiling)
Thanx for the compliment.. And the
blasphemy.

The both chuckle and take a few drinks in silence.

FATHER APRIL
How are you feeling?

HARLOW
I've had broken bones before. But
i've never had bones that *just*
hurt.

FATHER APRIL
(grinning)
You took quite a beating.

HARLOW
Yeah well, the kid's safe. That's
all that matters.

More swigs of beer are taken. They both stare at the aftermath of the sunset.

FATHER APRIL
So?

HARLOW
So?

FATHER APRIL
What's our next move? All praises to getting us here to catch our breaths. But where do we go next?

HARLOW
(surprised)
You're asking me? Father, you're the Holy Warrior in this crusade. You're the one that got me mixed up in all this. I assumed you had some type of plan.

FATHER APRIL
I was specifically told to find you. That you would be the child's protector.

HARLOW
You were told by who?

FATHER APRIL
(look of obvious)
By the Holy Divinity. Harlow, you bare the battle-brand. You are a Prophet of Our Lord, Jesus Christ.

HARLOW spits out his beer in a fit of hysterical laughter.

HARLOW
I'm a Prophet of God?!?

FATHER APRIL
Yes you are.

More laughter ensues.

HARLOW
(laughing)
A Prophet... Oh shit!

FATHER APRIL
Language.

HARLOW

Sorry.

HARLOW finishes his laughter and takes another swig of beer.
FATHER APRIL does the same.

FATHER APRIL

(slightly annoyed)

You find that amusing?

HARLOW

I'm sorry, Father. But am no ones
Prophet, especially for any God. I
mean the lewd thoughts alone..

FATHER APRIL

Why do you find it so hard to
believe that you've been chosen for
this?

HARLOW finishes his beer and sucks on the lemon slice.

HARLOW

Oliver Morton.

FATHER APRIL

Pardon?

HARLOW

He's this guy that lived a few
doors down from me when I was a
kid. Always going out of his way to
help folks in the neighborhood.

He takes a long drag from his cigarette.

HARLOW (CONT'D)

My mother was a proud woman. Never
liked taking handouts from anyone.
So anytime he or anyone else
offered anything, she'd refuse.

FATHER APRIL

Okay.

HARLOW

Still. From time to time, he'd
leave a crate of food staples on
our back porch. Or an envelope of
money in our mail slot. My mother
would tell him to stop but he'd
feign ignorance.

FATHER APRIL
Sounds like a good man.

HARLOW
The best. Well, a lot of folks were weary of him. Said he was a little too 'friendly' with the kids around the way, but it was all bullshit.

FATHER APRIL
Language.

HARLOW
Sorry.

FATHER APRIL smiles as HARLOW takes another final pull from his cigarette and puts it out on the step near his foot.

HARLOW (CONT'D)
My point is, Oliver was just a human being who liked to help other human beings. He didn't need to be thanked or want anything in return. He was just... a good person.

HARLOW turns to focus on FATHER APRIL.

HARLOW (CONT'D)
He died at the ripe old age of 88. His housekeeper, Sia.. another single mom from the neighborhood he paid way too much money to clean his house twice a week... She found him in his bed.

HARLOW (CONT'D)
Arm crossed... smile on his face.. coroner says he quietly went to sleep and just didn't wake up. A good death.

HARLOW (CONT'D)
Oliver was an atheist. Was very open on his disbelief in God and religion. And I've still spent a majority of my adult life trying to live up to that man's example.

They both stared at each other for a few beats,

FATHER APRIL
So you're saying, like Oliver you
still don't believe in God?

HARLOW
(chuckling)
Father, I just got my butt kicked
my an Angel with giant wings and a
sword. I think the question of
belief has been answered.

FATHER APRIL
(puzzled)
Then I don't underst..

HARLOW
Even with all the good he did,
you're telling me Oliver Morton is
burning in hell right now because
he wouldn't bend the knee?

HARLOW stood, handing FATHER APRIL his pack of cigarettes.

HARLOW (CONT'D)
For the record, I *do* believe that
your God exists, Father. I'm just
not sure if he's the God I can
stand behind.

HARLOW starts to head back into the house.

FATHER APRIL
So you're not sure if you can stand
with *my* God, yet you still jump
head first into a fight with an
Archangel.. butt kicked, and all.

HARLOW
Yep.

FATHER APRIL
Why?

HARLOW
(pausing a few beats)
Because it's the right thing to do.
And at the end of everything, it's
what Oliver Morton would've done.

FATHER APRIL smiles and nods.

FATHER APRIL
That's good enough for God.

HARLOW disappears into the house, with his last words trailing off in the distance.

HARLOW
Tell him I said 'you're welcome'.

FATHER APRIL laughs.