

SCRIPT TITLE

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INT. CHAPEL.

Fleabag and Priest stand with whiskey glasses, outside of a confessional. Priest points to the confessional.

PRIEST  
You go in there. I go in there.

FLEABAG  
And you make me tell you all my secrets so you can ultimately trap and control me.

PRIEST  
Yeah.

Fleabag laughs.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
No. You tell me what's weighing on your heart and I listen without judgment, and in complete confidence.

FLEABAG  
Sounds dodgy.

PRIEST  
I just...listen! At the very least, it'll shut me up for a minute.

FLEABAG  
I'm not Catholic.

PRIEST  
Tonight, that doesn't matter.

FLEABAG  
Won't I catch fire or something?

PRIEST  
If you did, it would confirm my faith, so let's try it. Go on.

Fleabag has a drink.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Go on.

FLEABAG  
All right.

Fleabag steps inside the confessional. So does the priest, on the other side.

PRIEST

Okay, so you say "Bless me, Father,  
for I have sinned"-

FLEABAG

I'm not gonna say that.

PRIEST

What? Very good. "It's been..."  
Enter days, years, months... "Since  
my last confession."

FLEABAG

Mm-mm.

PRIEST

Then I say "That's okay,  
'blablablablabla" till you tell me  
what's on your mind. Tell me...your  
ssss-

FLEABAG

Sins.

They both laugh.

PRIEST

Sins. If you want.

FLEABAG

Why would I tell you my sins?

PRIEST

Because it'll make you feel better!  
And because...(whispers) I want to  
know.

Both laugh.

FLEABAG

I lied.

PRIEST

Okay.

FLEABAG

To you.

PRIEST

About.

FLEABAG

About. The miscarriage. I'm just covering for my sister who actually had the miscarriage because her husband didn't know she was pregnant, and it just...

PRIEST

Okay.

Beat.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Keep going.

FLEABAG

Well, I've stolen things. And I've had a lot of sex outside of marriage. And once or twice inside someone else's. And there's been a spot of sodomy. There's been much masturbation, a bit of violence, and of course the endless fucking blasphemy.

PRIEST

And?

FLEABAG

And.

PRIEST

Go on.

FLEABAG

And.

Vision/memory of Fleabag's dead best friend, Boo.

And. I.

Sees Boo again.

I can't.

Memory of her again.

PRIEST

It's okay. Go on.

FLEABAG

Frightened.

PRIEST

About what?

FLEABAG

Forgetting things. People.  
Forgetting people. And I'm ashamed  
of not knowing what I...

PRIEST

What you want? It's okay not to  
know what you want.

FLEABAG

No, I know what I want. I know  
exactly what I want. Right now.

PRIEST

What's that?

FLEABAG

It's bad.

PRIEST

It's okay.

FLEABAG

I want someone to tell me what to  
wear in the morning.

Priest laughs.

PRIEST

Okay, well, I think there are  
people who can-

FLEABAG

No, I want someone to tell me what  
to wear every morning. I want  
someone to tell me what to eat.  
What to like. What to hate. What to  
rage about. What to listen to. What  
band to like. What to buy tickets  
for. What to joke about. What not  
to joke about. I want someone to  
tell me what to believe in. Who to  
vote for and who to love and how  
to...tell them. I just think I want  
someone to tell me how to live my  
life, Father, because so far, I  
think I've been getting it wrong.  
And I know that's why people want  
someone like you in their lives,  
because you just tell them how to  
do it.

(MORE)

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

You just tell them what to do and what they'll get out of the end of it, even though I don't believe your bullshit and I know that scientifically nothing that I do makes any difference in the end, anyway, I'm still scared. Why am I still scared? So just tell me what to do. Just fucking tell me what to do, Father.

Pause.

PRIEST

Kneel.

FLEABAG

What?

PRIEST

Kneel.

Beat.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Just kneel.

Fleabag puts her drink down. Kneels down. Priest opens up the drape of the confessional.

Fleabag looks up at him. Priest kneels down and touches her face, caresses her face. Kisses gently, tenderly, then blabla, sexy. They stand up, kissing. Start kissing passionately.

They get out of the confessional, she starts pulling off his cassock and trying to undo his belt underneath, it's a lot.

FLEABAG

This is a skirt and trousers?

PRIEST

Sorry, sorry.

She tries hard to get his belt off underneath his cassock, has a hard time, he does away with it, they start kissing passionately again, props her up against the side of the confessional.

BAM. LOUD CRASH.

Painting falls off the wall.

Priest pulls away. Stares at Fleabag.

Fleabag chuckles.

Priest stares, not joking. Tormented. Fleabag stares back, realizes he's not joking.

Priest stumbles out of the chapel, ashamed, conflicted.

End.