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)
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.