

Rip & the Preacher 2008 03 14

EXT. CITY CENTER. DAY.

From a main road looking up a side street we see two lads, RIP and MICKY. They are wearing funeral clothes and RIP appears to be speaking aggressively. They are walking towards the main road. On the main road, just out of their view, is a STREET PREACHER. He is outside a bookies handing out gospel tracts.

CUT TO:

RIP (TO MICKY, ANGRILY)
...and just how the fuck did ya
manage to drop it???...

Micky tries offering an explanation but Rip cuts him short with a raised hand.

RIP (CONT'D)
DON'T!!... Fuckin' lucky I got it
before anyone clocked it!...

Rip shakes his head in disgust. He pulls a handgun from under his jacket and hands it aggressively to Micky.

RIP
Here.

Micky looks genuinely sorry.

MICKY
I'm sorry man,.. I shouldn't'a
brought it.

Rip looks incredulous.

RIP (SARCASTICALLY)
Nah? really? To my Da's funeral? Ya
fuckin' think!?

They walk on a few paces in silence. Rip is still angry.

RIP (CONT'D)
...and as for that minister
prick...you'd think my Da was a
saint!

The lads turn from a side street onto a main thoroughfare.

MICKY

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Aye a'know, sure they're *all* fulla
shit!

Out of the blue the street preacher steps into the path of the
lads. He is holding a bunch of gospel tracts.

PREACHER
Are ya saved lads?

His appearance is so abrupt it startles both Rip and Micky.

MICKY (TO PREACHER)
Fuck ye! Ya scared the crap outta
me!

The preacher uses this as a lead to begin a rant.

PREACHER
Ah.. *fear!*.. Fear is but a simple
lack of faith in the Lord!

He hands Micky a tract.

PREACHER (CONT'D)
Here ya go!

Rip resents this further intrusion and it makes him angrier.
He looks at the preacher with silent contempt then spits on
the path beside him. The preacher considers this for a second,
then spits back on the path beside Rip. Micky and Rip look at
each other in disbelief. The preacher speaks again as though
nothing has happened.

PREACHER (CONT'D - TO RIP)
You son - would you like to spend
an eternity in the fires of hell?

Rip is seriously pissed off.

RIP (ANGRILY)
Yeah.. .. Yeah, 'course I would...

Rip looks at Mickey and nods to the Preacher.

RIP (CONT'D)
... wanker!

Rip turns back to the preacher.

RIP

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Would you like to spend an eternity
bein' slapped up and down that
alley?

Rip nods to a nearby alleyway. The preacher is not quite sure how to react to this threat. Micky laughs, rolls the tract up and bounces it off the preachers' forehead. Again, the preacher is not quite sure how to respond. After a few seconds Micky jumps aggressively forward and growls at the preacher. The preacher flinches. Rip picks up on this.

RIP (MOCKING)

Ah.. *fear!*.. Fear is but a simple
lack of faith in the Lord!

The preacher thinks for a second then rallies.

PREACHER

I have *no* fear son ... *Whatever*
happens in this life is ok...
because it's all God's will.

Rip is further provoked by this rhetoric.

RIP (BITTERLY)

Ach don't talk balls! You don't
believe that shit anymore than I
do!

The preacher looks a bit put out.

PREACHER

Oh, I do!

Micky sees a chance to mix it up.

MICKY (TO PREACHER)

So you're sayin' that it was ok for
his Da to die then - It's what God
wanted?

Rip looks to Micky for a second then turns to the preacher.

RIP

Is that what you're sayin' preacher
man?

The preacher thinks before he answers. He addresses Rip.

PREACHER (STICKING TO HIS GUNS)

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Look son, I really *am* sorry for your loss, but *every single thing* that happens on Gods earth is all just part of the divine plan!

Rip becomes venomous and talks through gritted teeth.

RIP (FURIOUSLY)

Oh right, so that includes my Da's cancer then?.. Eaten a-fuckin-live... month after month, vomiting blood and begging me to help him end it all... Was that part of Gods glorious fuckin' plan then? Eh?

The preacher is adamant.

PREACHER

Well,.. I *am* sorry son, but like I said... *everything*, even cancer...

Rip loses it. He grabs the gun from Mickys waistband and jabs it in the preachers' ribs.

Micky had not expected this and looks decidedly worried. He panics a little and scans quickly to see if anyone has noticed. He moves in closer to shield the gun from public view as Rip marches the Preacher roughly into a dark corner off the alley.

Once in deep enough, Rip puts the gun to the preachers head and cocks it. The preacher is scared. Micky is out of his depth.

MICKY (NERVOUSLY)

Whoa, Easy on bro!

Rip holds the gun in place for several seconds. Micky is still scanning and looking uncomfortable. The preacher is obviously very frightened.

RIP (TO PREACHER)

Fear!.... There ya have it!

After a few seconds Rip removes the gun and the preacher relaxes just a little. Rip gloats, having proved his point. Micky looks a little relieved.

RIP (SMUG)

So how come you were frightened?...

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The preacher looks at him, but doesn't respond. Micky is still looking around, anxiously.

Micky
Just leave it bro - s'not worth it.

Rip ignores him.

RIP (FURIOUS AGAIN)
...I'll tell ya why. It's cause
you don't *really* believe, do ya! Ya
just like to talk the talk!

The preacher thinks about this then responds nervously but still resolute.

PREACHER
I do believe.

Rip thinks.

RIP
Yeah...? Well then, if you *really do*
believe...

Rip removes all but one bullet from the gun.

RIP (CONT'D)
... that everything that happens is
God's will...

The preacher stares at him. Rip closes and spins the chamber.

RIP (CONT'D)
... all part of Gods great plan..

Rip sticks the gun to the Preachers head.

RIP (CONT'D)
Six chambers... one bullet....

Micky panics.

MICKY
Aw man, Don't do it...!!

Rip holds the gun there for a few seconds longer before removing it and trying to put it in the preachers hand.

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RIP (CONT'D)

... put that to your head and pull
the trigger!

The preacher refuses to take it and raises his hands up out of the way.

PREACHER (NERVOUSLY)

No. (Beat) No, look, that's just
insane!

There is a pause. Rip nods knowingly.

RIP

Yeah, no surprise there! Just
another God Squad shit-talker!

Rip steps back from the preacher. He thinks for a few seconds, smiles briefly, then steps up close again and suddenly points the gun at his own head.

Micky looks confused and worried.

Rip stares the preacher in the eyes. After a few seconds Rip pulls the trigger. There is a loud 'click'.

Micky closes his eyes and sighs with relief. Rip is victorious.

RIP

See!!... Even I've more belief than
you,.. *preacher man!* And
I'm a fuckin' atheist.

Rip once more spits beside the preacher, but this time the preacher does not spit back. Rip turns to Micky.

RIP

C'mon Mick.

Rip hands Micky the gun and Micky puts it back in his waistband and they walk away. After a few seconds the preacher (who appears to be in a dilemma) calls.

PREACHER

Wait!

Rip and Micky stop and look at each other. Mick becomes worried again.

Micky

Aw man, forget him.... Let's just go!

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Rip looks at Micky briefly but does not reply. He turns and walks back to the preacher. Micky looks unhappy but follows.

They arrive at the Preacher and there is a short silent standoff.

The preacher puts his hand out for the gun. Micky and Rip look at each other. Rip nods to Micky who reluctantly hands the gun to the Preacher.

The Preacher takes the gun and looks at it, then at Rip. After a brief pause he looks up and mumbles a short prayer.

He lifts the gun to his temple and pauses.

He closes his eyes. He slowly, slowly pulls the trigger.

'Click'. He opens his eyes, looks at Rip then pauses for another few seconds.

He withdraws the gun and he and Rip stare at each other.

After another brief pause the Preacher then lifts the gun back to his forehead but this time doesn't close his eyes. He stares intently at Rip.

After a couple of seconds he slowly pulls the trigger two more times in slow succession... 'click'...'click'... He squeezes the trigger once more.

Rip and Micky look at each other, worried, then shuffle back a pace. The preacher pulls the trigger again ...'click'.

There is a brief moment where all three stand in stunned silence.

He then slowly removes the gun from his head and hands the gun back to Rip. They hold each others gaze for a few seconds.

The Preacher nods to Rip, then walks away.

Rip and Micky look at each other then watch him walk away.

Rip turns to Micky and hands him the gun. Rip looks stunned.

RIP (QUIETLY)

Fuck!

Micky is so relieved that it's all over that he slowly slides down the wall he is leaning against onto his hunkers. Mickey and rip look at each

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other but say nothing. They look back and see the preacher leaving the alley.

FADE TO BLACK.