

My Brother the Priest

By

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1 TEXT OVER BLACK

PROVERBS 22:6

Start children off on the way they
should go, and even when they are old
they will not turn from it.

2 EXT. TRAILER PARK--SUNSET.

Where thousands of miles of plains finally meet the Rocky Mountains, the city of Colorado Spring sits. A misguided, dirty, god-fearing metropolis.

It's golden hour. The sun sets.

At the foot of a rocky hillside, a grimy trailer park named "Emerald Acres" sits quietly.

A particularly run-down trailer stands amidst the others.

3 INT. TRAILER--CONTINUED.

Two young siblings cuddle under a care-bear blanket.

Using a Dora the Explorer flashlight, TAMAR(12) reads "Go, Dog. Go!" to her little brother SAMSON(5).

TAMAR

"Why are they going fast, in those cars? What are they going to do? Where are those dogs going?"

Sam points to a picture of a dog wearing goggles and laughs.

SAM

Look how funny his face is.

Tamar mimics the dog's facial expression. Sam's laughter is cut off by a terrifying, drunken yell.

DAD (O.S.)

Sam!

Sam's expression contorts into panic.

SAM

(whispering)

I'm sorry! I don't--

Tamar squeezes Sam's hand.

TAMAR
I'll calm him. Just stay under the
blankets, okay? UNDER.

Tamar gets out from under the care-bear blanket.

Sam sucks his thumb while listening to their muffled argument
several rooms over.

The argument gets closer.

TAMAR
Just STOP! Please!

A sound of a slap is followed by a scream.

Sam squeezes his eyes shut, plugs his ears, and repeats:

SAM
Where are those dogs going?

Where are those dogs going?

Where are those dogs going!

Then, a muted silence.

Drowning out the rest: All is quiet. All is calm.

This is a tortured place.

The scene goes black.

An older, croaky-voiced Tamar speaks over the darkness:

TAMAR (V.O./O.S.)
I protected him, when he was young,
you know.

I made him what he is, you know.

Of course, I'd always hoped he'd
become something more than a fucking
priest.

4 INT. POLICE STATION--DAY.

Tamar is a 30-year-old with already wrinkled skin and tired
eyes.

Her clothes look like they were designed for a little girl.

Pink butterfly necklace. Pink jean vest. Neon plastic bracelets.

Scabs cover her cheeks from picking, track marks line her arms like constellations, and her face is wet from crying.

Looking oddly sympathetic, a cop named Paul sits across from her. A zoom mic sits at the desk between them, recording every word.

PAUL

And your brother, Sam. Has he ever shown any signs of being abusive in any way?

Tamar laughs and pulls out a cigarette.

TAMAR

My brother? He's "a holy man." I have reasons to hate him, you know. I do.

But no reason not to trust him.

Tamar lights her cigarette.

PAUL

You can't smoke in here.

Unfazed, Tamar defiantly holds the cigarette in the lighter's flame longer than necessary as she inhales, then eerily stares at the lighter's flame before relinquishing it along with her smoky breath. Devilish.

TAMAR

My child is missing, Paul. I can smoke wherever the fuck I want.

She takes in another puff, tears filling her eyes.

5 TITLE CARD: MY BROTHER, THE PRIEST

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