HELLBENDERS

Sides - Clint

INT. OLD CHURCH - DAY

Macon opens the door, revealing CLINT LAPIERRE. Clint is a wannabe priest, impeccably groomed, a smile waiting on his face. Macon smiles back.

CLINT

Hi. My name's Clint LaPierre. I'm here under the auspices of the Bishop of the Brooklyn Diocese.

STEPHEN

Oh. Geeze.

Stephen looks around nervously for a place to hide the bong.

MACON

Welcome.

Macon draws Clint in and hugs him. Clint squirms uncomfortably in his arms and Macon releases him.

CLINT

I need to speak with the senior Deacon.

LARRY

You don't want to talk to Angus.

CLINT

And what is that smell? (to the camera) What are you doing?

LARRY

That's posterity, I don't think you need to worry about it. You know there was never a super hero named Clint.

CLINT

What? I need to speak to whoever's in charge. You know we have a new Holy Father. The Bishop has received orders directly from the top that we must clean our house. (MORE)

2.

CLINT (CONT'D)
In light of recent so-called
"clerical abuses," we're performing
financial and moral audits on all
non-essential services.

Larry and Elizabeth exchange a worried look.

CLINT (CONT'D)

And you... Augustine Hellbound Saints. There's next to nothing in official records, except a nearly two hundred thousand dollar annual cart blanche expense account. So again. Who's in charge?

Larry points at Stephen.

LARRY

That's the man.

Stephen straightens and turns too quickly, spilling the bong, water splashing his hand. He smiles and approaches, wiping his hand on his pants.

STEPHEN

Hi. Reverend Stephen de Hoyos. You can call me Stephen. Or Reverend. "The Rev."

He shakes Clint's hand. Clint scowls at the dampness, smells his fingers.

Wrienne Stern Costing