

OMG

By Terry Milner

Pilot:
"Gifts of the Spirit"

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COLD OPEN

INT. PERSPIRE GYM - CARDIO FLOOR - DUSK (DAY 1)

JAMIE THORNTON (26), pumps and sweats on a circuit trainer, eyes fixed on the televisions in front of him -- ten identical images of DONALD TRUMP on CNN.

On the treadmill next to Jamie STROLLS his best friend--

RODNEY BALLANTYNE (late 20's, African American) keeping what could be generously described as a leisurely pace as he scrolls through Instagram.

RODNEY
(re: Trump on TV)
Look away little Jamie.

JAMIE
He's in Dallas. Just look at that crowd.

RODNEY
Watching only makes him stronger.
And you more pissed off.

JAMIE
Good. I need this anger. Keeps me focused.

RODNEY
On what? The impending doom of the human race? VH1 cancelling Drag Race?

JAMIE
Worse. My mother's coming to town.

RODNEY
I do not like angry Jamie. I prefer you as the sweet little Southern boy who once saved my life.

JAMIE
I'm not that sweet.

RODNEY
Honey, you're so sweet you jizz vanilla milkshake.
(beat)
Not that I would know...

He catches himself watching Trump on the televisions.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 (shouting to the staff)
 Can somebody change the
 motherfucking channel!? This is
 Chelsea for god's sake!
 (turning to Jamie)
 Now see that's anger.

Jamie's workout ends. His machine slows to a halt. He jumps off, towels off the sweat.

Rodney steps off his treadmill without shutting it off. It's going so slowly it doesn't really matter.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 Finally! Now, can we stop
 pretending to work out and do what
 we came here for?

Rodney heads for the locker room. Jamie towels the copious sweat from his face, follows Rodney.

INT. PERSPIRE GYM - MEN'S LOCKER ROOM (DAY 1)

CLOSE ON Jamie's and Rodney's bare shoulders as they slowly stride through the changing room full of NAKED GUYS.

One of Jamie's shoulder blades sports a tattoo: a RED HEART sprouting angel's wings, with a banner that reads--

SURSUM CORDA

The few STRAIGHT GUYS pay little attention, but the GAYS totally check them out, especially Jamie. And why not? He's FLAT OUT ADORABLE, wearing only a towel and a beatific smile.

JAMIE
 How's your grandma?

RODNEY
 Back in the hospital. Don't suppose
 you could visit her this weekend?

JAMIE
 I can't. I've got my thing,
 remember?

RODNEY
 I'm just saying... she always feels
 better after she sees you.
 (MORE)

RODNEY (CONT'D)

I mean a lot better. Last time you came they were fixin' to put her on dialysis.

JAMIE

I just told her to take her insulin.

RODNEY

Say what you want...

JAMIE

That had nothing to do with me.
(Rodney shoots him an impatient look)
Fine. How's Monday?

RODNEY

(a la Morgan Freeman)
Oh, thank you, Miss Jamie.

JAMIE

(a la Jessica Tandy)
Why, sure, Hoke. You're my best friend.

RODNEY

God, I hate that fucking movie...

Rodney PUSHES OPEN a fogged-up glass door. The LOUD HISS of steam jets beckons them inside the steam room.

INT. STEAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Steam fills the tiled room, divided in two by a half-wall. The LEFT side is crowded with HOT GUYS MAKING OUT on the benches.

The RIGHT side is populated by maybe three or four LESS ATTRACTIVE MEN -- hard to see through the steam.

Moans of pleasure beckon Rodney to join the orgy in progress on the left. Jamie starts to follow him when--

A very different sound comes from the right side of the room. The sound of someone WEEPING softly. Jamie heads that way, through the steam.

He sees a CHUBBY ACNE-PRONE GUY sitting alone, crying softly. He goes to him, sits close.

JAMIE

Hi.

The Weeping Guy looks over, warily, into Jamie's kind eyes.

WEEPING GUY

No one ever sees me.

Jamie takes the guy's hand, then slowly raises his other hand to the guy's face. With his thumb he makes THE SIGN OF THE CROSS on the Weeping Guy's pimply forehead.

The Weeping Guy closes his eyes, stops crying, smiles peacefully until THE DOOR swings open and A JANITOR rolls a mop bucket into the room.

The SLOPPING and SLOSHING of the Janitor's mop kinda kills the mood. Jamie gently separates from his friend, stands and makes his way OUT of the steam room.

After watching Jamie go, Rodney glances over at the other side, curious about who Jamie was with.

THROUGH THE STEAM he can just see the silhouette of the Weeping Guy. Something is different about him. We can't really tell what... but RODNEY can.

He stands and walks over. He likes what he sees...

INT. PERSPIRE GYM - MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 1)

Jamie stands at a mirror, buttoning up his BLACK, COLLAR-LESS SHIRT. He reaches up to smooth his damp hair and notices he has a few zits. Zits that weren't there before.

Jamie stares at his new zits, then puts away whatever worrying thoughts they cause him and gets ready to leave. He reaches into his gym bag and pulls out--

A WHITE CLERICAL COLLAR. He expertly fastens the collar around his neck and heads for the exit.

EXT. PERSPIRE GYM - CHELSEA - DUSK

Jamie comes out of the gym, takes out his phone, opens a HOOKUP APP.

Scrolls through a few profiles of HOT YOUNG GUYS and starts swiping as he puts his earphones in and joins the stream of humanity flowing up Eighth Avenue.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jamie rushes into his apartment - the upper floor of a row house in Williamsburg - phone still in hand. He's got a live one on his app and is in a hurry to get the place ready.

His place is decorated in JESUS KITSCH and TEXAS IRONY. He looks for stuff to hide -- a little red PRAYER BOOK goes into a drawer. A CRUCIFIX hanging over his bed -- that goes too.

A black velvet JESUS welcoming the recently-deceased PRINCE into heaven, though? That can stay.

He strips off his priestly garb, tossing his collar into the bedroom, HOOKING IT deftly around a bed post. He's still shirtless when--

THE DOOR BUZZER sounds. Jamie buzzes his guest in. While he waits, he reaches for a t-shirt, then sees himself in the mirror, reconsiders, decides to stay shirtless.

He opens the door for BLAINE, a blonde surfer type about his age but WAY dumb. He sees Jamie shirtless, comes right in.

BLAINE

Fuck you're hot.

Blaine GRABS Jamie, KISSES him, backs him through the apartment and into his--

BEDROOM

He pushes Jamie ONTO THE BED, pinning him down, nuzzling his bare belly as he unbuttons Jamie's jeans. Jamie squirms and moans in pleasure until Blaine suddenly looks up.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Your profile said four-twenty friendly...

JAMIE

Oh, yeah. Here...

Jamie rolls over, reaches for the BONG on his nightstand. Blaine strips of his own shirt, hangs it on the bedposts, and that's when he spots it -- the thing Jamie forgot to hide.

HIS CLERICAL COLLAR, hanging on the bedpost.

BLAINE
Hey, is that a...

JAMIE
Halloween costume? Yeah. I went as
a priest.

BLAINE
It's like May though. Do you like,
wear it during sex?

JAMIE
Do you want me to?

BLAINE
Uh, no, brah...

Lots of Jesus-y things now catch Blaine's eye -- a tiny BABY
JESUS cradled by a drag queen doll. A miniature church with a
disco ball. Things Jamie forgot to hide.

Blaine gets out of bed.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
I gotta go...

Blaine finds his shirt, pulls it on.

JAMIE
Wait. Okay. It's not really a
costume. I'm actually a priest. Not
a Catholic priest, an Episcopal
priest. We're allowed to have sex.
I mean technically we're supposed
to be in a committed--

BLAINE
Yeah, I don't believe in like,
church and stuff.

JAMIE
That's not a requirement for
fucking me.

BLAINE
Sorry, I just can't. Could I still
hit that, though? For realsies.

Jamie gestures for Blaine to help himself. Blaine grabs the
bong, but there's no lighter. Jamie GETS UP, finds him one.
Blaine hits the bong super hard, exhales, hands it to Jamie.

After Blaine walks out the door, Jamie sits dejected on the
edge of his bed and takes a big hit.

EXT. ST. JOHN THE DIVINE CATHEDRAL - NEW YORK - DAY (DAY 2)

The BIG RED DOORS of the cathedral burst open as a dozen or so NEWLY ORDAINED CLERGY come out -- men and women, young and old, diverse in every way, all in clerical collars.

Celebratory organ music plays inside as these new priests are congratulated by FRIENDS AND FAMILY on the steps of the huge cathedral.

Jamie makes his way through the crowd of hugs and camera flashes until he finds His MOTHER, ANNELLE THORNTON, 50's, upscale and dresses the part, as only a woman from Dallas can.

ANNELLE

Just look at my adorable baby boy!
In his priest's collar and
everything.

JAMIE

I've been wearing this collar for
six months.

ANNELLE

Oh, you were just a deacon then. It
didn't count. Now you're a real
priest.

She notices Jamie's dyed a streak of his blonde hair magenta.

ANNELLE (CONT'D)

What in the world did you put in
your hair?

JAMIE

All the kids are doing it.

ANNELLE

Not in Dallas they're not. And your
skin looks terrible...

Annelle is accompanied by BISHOP TOMMY SINGLETON, 50's, Texan, a silver fox in clerical collar and purple shirt.

SINGLETON

Oh, leave the boy alone, Annelle.
Just means he's got a health
testosterone level!

Tommy goes for a full-frontal embrace, but Jamie maneuvers him into a side-hug.

SINGLETON (CONT'D)

Way to go, Rev! You did it!

ANNELLE

Guess I have to call you "Father" now.

JAMIE

You do and I'll get a face tattoo.

SINGLETON

Not sure how that'll go over back home.

ANNELLE

Oh, hush. Every Episcopal church in Dallas is gonna be fighting over my baby, isn't that right?

SINGLETON

I think we'll find him an opening somewhere...

Jamie catches a whiff of smarm in that remark, quickly dispelled by the approach of--

An elderly priest, FATHER ST. JOHN (70's, Afro-Caribbean). The tiny old man dotters up to them, reaching for Jamie's hand.

ST. JOHN

There he is! Congratulations!

JAMIE

Father St. John, this is my Bishop from Dallas, Tommy Singleton.

ST. JOHN

Bishop!

(kisses Tommy's ring)

An honor to meet you. And this lady is...?

JAMIE

This is my mother, Father.

Annelle smiles politely.

ST. JOHN

Of course! How are you, Jamie's mother?

ANNELLE

I'm very well, Father.

ST. JOHN

We have so enjoyed having Jamie as our seminary intern this year!

ANNELLE

And I'm so happy I could support him... while he worked for you for free.

ST. JOHN

Well, no need to worry anymore. I'm sure Jamie told you...

JAMIE

I haven't really had the-

ST. JOHN

The parish has scraped together the funds to hire Jamie as our Curate for the coming year.

ANNELLE

Curate?

ST. JOHN

Assistant Priest!

Annelle looks aghast at Singleton.

JAMIE

With Bishop Tommy's permission of course.

ST. JOHN

It's only part-time I'm afraid.

ANNELLE

No, no. Jamie's coming back to Dallas, isn't that right, Bishop Tommy?

SINGLETON

Well, I certainly, uh... ooh, is that Famous Episcopalian Sam Waterston over there? Your mama and I binge every season of Grace and Frankie, don't we, Annelle! Come on, let's go get a selfie.

ANNELLE

I'm staying right here.

SINGLETON

Come on then, Father. Let's let these two talk a minute.

They walk off together. Annelle stares at Jamie, near tears.

JAMIE

Mama...

ANNELLE

When you said you wanted to come to New York for seminary I said fine, have a lark! Enjoy yourself. But now it's time to come home.

JAMIE

New York is home.

ANNELLE

You take that back!

JAMIE

How can you possibly think I'd move back to Texas after everything that's happened?

ANNELLE

What in the world are you talking about? Oh, would you just get over it? Like it even matters who's President.

JAMIE

Oh My God. I can't with you right now.

ANNELLE

I'm not supposed to know this, but Tommy says there's a job coming open at Saint David's in Highland Park. A full time job. They can afford to pay you.

JAMIE

Which is exactly why I should stay at St. Barney's.

She's crying now.

ANNELLE

I'm all by myself. Since your daddy left I have nothing but church suppers and White Wine Book Club.

JAMIE

And Bishop Tommy apparently.

ANNELLE

You really think he likes me?

JAMIE

Mama... I can't live in Texas. Not anymore. Besides, no church in Dallas is gonna hire an openly gay priest.

ANNELLE

I'm sure your secret would be safe with Bishop Tommy.

JAMIE

It's not a secret!

ANNELLE

It is if you keep it! Jamie, it's such a good job. It comes with a free country club membership.

JAMIE

Oh, I see. Wow, Mom. What would Jesus do?

ANNELLE

If he had a hundred thousand dollars in student loans like some people I know, he'd do what his Mama told him.

SINGLETON (O.S.)

Annelle! Come here and meet Sam!

Annelle glares at Jamie as she leaves him standing alone, exasperated.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG - JAMIE'S BACK YARD - NIGHT (DAY 2)

The nerdiest party ever. In ONE CORNER of the little back yard, a small GLEE CLUB sings ancient hymns in close harmony.

OPPOSITE THEM a cluster of JESUSY HIPSTERS sit around a fire as a YOUNG TRANS MAN plays guitar... probably something by Sufjan Stevens. As Jamie broods in a corner by himself, sipping a beer--

A HORN BLOWS in the distance. Not a car horn from the street, an ACTUAL horn, like the Vikings are coming...

OR IS IT THE JEWS?

In through the driveway beside the house marches a throng of JEWISH SEMINARIANS, DRUNK and ROWDY, led by BETH COHEN (30's, kippah, denim jacket covered in activist buttons).

She BLOWS A SHOFAR, while some serious HIP HOP blasts from a boom box on someone's shoulder.

JAMIE

Beth Cohen!!!! Aaaaaggghh!!

BETH

Shalom, betch!

JAMIE

Where'd you find all these...

BETH

Meet the Queer Kehillah of Brooklyn College! I was the guest of honor at their annual Purim banquet and beer bust.

A tiny, adorable young JEWISH BOY saunters amorously up to Jamie. Beth stops him with her strong right arm.

BETH (CONT'D)

Easy there, Avi. Anyhow, we kinda got kicked out of the JCC. Hope you don't mind us crashing your party.

How can he object? His boring-ass party is suddenly CRANKING as the Jews and the Episcopalians GET DOWN.

Beth shucks her denim jacket, revealing a T-SHIRT printed with an IRONIC STAR OF DAVID. Everyone DANCES. Boys grind on girls, girls on girls, boys on boys...

A white-robed JESUS HIPSTER pours weed into a BRASS INCENSE BURNER, lights it and SWINGS it by its chain, doing round-the-worlds like a churchy fire dancer at Burning Man.

The partiers follow him in a stoner conga line, all breathing deep. Cute little Avi dances up behind Jamie. Beth joins in as they make a JAMIE SANDWICH.

Beth nods at Jamie's t-shirt.

BETH (CONT'D)

I like your t-shirt!

It reads QUEER FOR CHRIST.

JAMIE
Thanks. Trade ya!

Beth laughs, strips off her shirt. Jamie strips off his. They trade shirts and DANCE THEIR ASSES OFF.

EXT. JAMIE'S BACK YARD - LATER (DAY 2)

The party mellows to a quiet afterglow. Everyone sits around the fire passing a joint.

Rodney has joined them -- he passes the joint without hitting it. We notice he's the only one with a soft drink in his hand.

The guitarist strums a soulful melody.

BETH
I thought Episcopalians were like the gayest church there is.

JAMIE
Like they say... Texas is a whole other country.

BETH
Bet you ten dollars that Bishop's a closet case.

JAMIE
Oh, no, he totally is. What's worse is I think my mom likes him. Like she likes him.

Beth hits the joint, passes it to Jamie.

BETH
Post-menopausal magical thinking is a powerful hallucinogen, Bubba.

JAMIE
She's so lonely.

RODNEY
So are you, m'homo.

JAMIE
I can't help it. Guys freak when they find out what I am. Sometimes I freak myself out. Maybe celibacy is the answer. Or maybe seminary was just a huge mistake.

BETH

So. It's either move back to Texas
to be a priest who's a closet gay,
or stay in New York and be a gay
who's a closet priest. Like we used
to say in Nashville, that ain't no
kinda life, Preacher.

Beth appropriates the guitar and starts to play and sing --
maybe an acoustic version of The Scissor Sisters' TAKE YOUR
MAMA OUT.

BETH (CONT'D)

(singing)

*When you grow up
Livin' like a good boy oughta...
And your mama
Takes a shine to her best son.*

Beth keeps going with her soulful rendition of the song, like
the professional musician-turned-cantor she is.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - ICE MACHINE ALCOVE - NIGHT (DAY 2)

Annelle, in her nightgown, places an ICE BUCKET under the
hopper of the ice machine and hits the button.

BETH (V.O.)

(singing)

*But now your girl's gone a missin'
And your house's got an empty bed.
The folks'll wonder 'bout the
wedding they won't listen to a word
you said.*

As the melty, watery cubes drop slowly into the bucket,
Annelle glances--

DOWN THE HALL to see Singleton come out of his room, dressed
in his best New York clubbing outfit. He shuts his door, fast-
walks down the corridor, disappears around a corner.

Annelle looks down to see her ice bucket is OVERFLOWING.

BETH (V.O.)

*Gonna take your mama out all night
Yeah we'll show her what it's all
about!
We'll get her jacked up on some
cheap champagne we'll let the good
times all roll out.*

She heads back to her room.

EXT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT (DAY 2)

Little Avi snuggles up to Jamie, passed out drunk. Jamie smiles, puts his arm around him as Beth sings...

BETH (V.O.)
*And if the music ain't good, well
 it's just too bad
 We're gonna sing along no matter
 what...*

EXT. THE COCK - LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

A RED NEON SIGN glows above the door, in the shape of a BIG RED COCK -- the kind with feathers.

BETH (V.O.)
*Because the dancers don't mind at
 the New Orleans if you tip 'em
 and they make a cut.*

Singleton makes his way past some guys smoking outside, into through the seething, dancing mass of DIVERSE GAY MEN inside.

EXT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT (DAY 2)

ALL
 (singing)
*Do it! Take your mama out all night
 So she'll have no doubt
 That we're doing oh the best we can
 We're gonna do it
 Take your mama out all night
 You can stay up late 'cause baby
 you're a full grown man*

Beth finishes with a flourish. Jamie joins the others in a vigorous round of applause, trying not to wake his little snuggle buddy.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ST. MARGARET'S HOSPITAL - LOBBY CAFE - MORNING (DAY 3)

Jamie and Beth order coffee at a sad but busy facsimile of a Starbucks. A scarf hides Jamie's clerical collar. A stressed-out Latina BARISTA, SOL MARIE (20's) takes their order.

SOL MARIE
Paying together?

JAMIE
Yeah.

Jamie swipes his card. They move over to wait for their coffees.

BETH
So I work here, what's your excuse?

JAMIE
I promised a friend I'd visit his grandmother.

BETH
Look, you cannot move back to Texas.

JAMIE
But I need the job.

BETH
St. Barney's can pay you half time?

JAMIE
Yeah.

BETH
So why not work here the other half?

JAMIE
Seriously?

BETH
You were the best chaplain intern I ever had. The patients love you, dude.

JAMIE
You just wanna boss me.

BETH

I do that anyway. Of course we get zero respect. They're all like, "step back, freak, let science handle this."

JAMIE

Who's "they?"

Beth casts a baleful glance at the long line of DOCTORS in WHITE COATS waiting to order coffee.

BETH

Them. The White Coats. Of course when science can't handle it, when the patient dies, we're the first ones they call.

Jamie checks them all out. One in particular catches his eye, a handsome YOUNG DOCTOR (30, male, tall, African American) checking his phone.

JAMIE

He looks nice.

BETH

Are you kidding? He's the worst.

JAMIE

Who is he?

BETH

Darius Reed. Militant atheist and condescending prick. Hates anyone and anything even vaguely religious.

Jamie steals another look -- but this time Darius is LOOKING BACK. Jamie blushes, looks away. Darius smiles.

JAMIE

He's flirting with me.

BETH

Do not. Jamie, I mean it.

JAMIE

No, he totally is.

Sol Marie sets their coffees on the counter.

SOL MARIE

Grande red eye and flat white, extra foam.

BETH

So gay...

Beth takes her coffee, hands Jamie his - she sees he's still staring.

BETH (CONT'D)

Listen. Thou shalt not fuck your best friend's nemesis. It's forbidden in the Bible.

JAMIE

Everything's forbidden with you people.

BETH

Especially this. Anyway I gotta get to work. Behave yourself. And think about it, okay?

Jamie nods as she heads toward the elevator, though he's still distracted by the handsome young doctor -- now ordering at the counter.

DARIUS

Tall double mocha.

Sexy voice, too. Jamie glances over as Beth get into the elevator. As THE DOORS CLOSE she silently admonishes him-

BETH

(mouthing silently)
For-bid-den!

Jamie turns back to look for Darius -- suddenly he's RIGHT THERE.

DARIUS

What's forbidden?

JAMIE

Huh? Oh, Caffeine. She was just, you know, telling me to stay away from too much caffeine.

DARIUS

Okay.

JAMIE

It's bad for my anxiety. I have a serious anxiety disorder and caffeine is like pouring gas on a-

A sudden, LOUD HISSING sound comes from behind the espresso machine, followed by a SCREAM.

SOL MARIE

Aahhhh!!

BEHIND THE COUNTER, Sol Marie holds up her BADLY SCALDED HAND. The medical pros waiting on line GROAN at the delay in getting their coffees, though none come to her aid.

None but Darius, that is. He VAULTS over the counter, leads her to the sink, thrusts her hand under COLD RUNNING WATER.

Inspired, Jamie goes BEHIND THE COUNTER, reads the tickets and MAKES COFFEE DRINKS.

DARIUS

Do you know what you're doing?

JAMIE

Yeah, do you?

DARIUS

Maybe.

(to Sol Marie:)

Feel better?

SOL MARIE

A lot better.

DARIUS

(to Jamie:)

Guess I do.

Jamie EXPERTLY POURS a lovely froth design onto a latte -- a WINGED HEART just like the TATTOO on his shoulder.

JAMIE

Tall hot mocha?!

DARIUS

That's me.

JAMIE

(under his breath:)

Sure is.

(to Darius:)

Here you go!

Jamie hands the coffee to Darius, gets to work on the other orders. The LINE gets LONGER with impatient CUSTOMERS.

DARIUS

Hold it under the water for ten
more minutes.

Darius goes to the register. A RESPIRATORY THERAPIST (40's, heavyset) is next in line, amused at this hot young doctor taking her order.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

Okay, uh, what can I get for you?

RESPIRATORY THERAPIST

Never heard a doctor say that.

(flirty:)

Medium cappuccino please, doctor.
Extra sweet.

Darius hunts and pecks at the buttons on the register, no idea what he's doing. Somehow, it works.

DARIUS

Yes! Three seventy-five. Thank you.
Next customer?

The customers keep coming as Darius and Jamie keep waiting on them.

INT. CHELSEA ART GALLERY - DAY (DAY 3)

Annelle and Singleton browse the artwork. Annelle puzzles over a really UGLY piece of abstract expressionism.

ANNELLE

This one's called "God." Do you
think God is really that ugly?

Nearby, Singleton is quite taken with a PHOTO-REALISTIC MALE NUDE.

SINGLETON

Maybe they switched the placards
with this one.

ANNELLE

(admonishing:)

Tommy...

(beat)

About Jamie...

Singleton moves on to another, even more explicit male nude with a HUGE ERECTION. He steps back to take it in.

SINGLETON

You know, when I came here for seminary I didn't want to leave either.

ANNELLE

Why did you, then?

SINGLETON

My mother made me.

ANNELLE

After Ronnie left Jamie said he'd always be there for me. 'Course he was twelve at the time.

SINGLETON

I know you want your boy to come home. But he's still young, and you're asking him to give up a lot.

ANNELLE

You think it's okay for a priest to be... you know...?

SINGLETON

Times have changed, Annelle. So has the church.

ANNELLE

But not in Texas.

SINGLETON

It's fine as long as he's celibate.
(beat)
Is that what you want for him?

ANNELLE

You're the bishop. Can't you change the rule?

SINGLETON

I wish I could. But my hands are tied.

And so are the hands of the GIANT NAKED BONDAGE MAN in the picture they are now viewing.

INT. CITY HOSPITAL - LOBBY CAFE - DAY (DAY 3)

Jamie puts out a CLOSED sign on the counter as Darius lightly covers Sol Marie's burn with plastic wrap.

DARIUS
Take that to the E.R., okay?

SOL MARIE
I will. Thank you both so much.

Darius and Jamie WALK TOGETHER toward the elevators.

JAMIE
Good work back there.

DARIUS
Well, I am a doc-

JAMIE
The way you just intuitively took
over that cash register? You should
consider a job in food service.

Darius gets the joke, smiles.

DARIUS
I'm Darius.

JAMIE
Jamie. Nice to meet you.

Darius hits the UP button.

DARIUS
So, you visiting somebody?

JAMIE
No, I just like the coffee here.

The ELEVATOR DOORS open.

DARIUS
When I saw you with that nun I
thought you might be-

JAMIE
What nun? You mean Beth?

DARIUS
She's a chaplain, right?

JAMIE
Yeah, a Jewish chaplain.

DARIUS
What floor?

JAMIE
Uhh... seven.

Darius hits SEVEN.

DARIUS
Me, too.

INT. CITY HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

DARIUS
So she's what, a rabbi?

JAMIE
Sort of. She's a cantor. It's like
a singing rabbi.

DARIUS
Okay...

JAMIE
You don't know much about religion,
do you?

DARIUS
I know it's all a bunch of
poisonous, superstitious bullshit.

JAMIE
Okay then...

DARIUS
Let me ask you something. If you
were in the hospital, dying of some
massive infection, what do you want
more at that moment -- prayer, or
medicine?

JAMIE
If it's a drug-resistant bacteria I
picked up in the hospital because
doctors overprescribe antibiotics,
prayer might be my only hope.

DARIUS
That's good. Real good. You read
that on the Internet?

JAMIE
Yeah. Also two years of pre-med.

Darius is mildly impressed.

DARIUS

Well, it's a big relief to know
your friend's not a nun.

JAMIE

Why do you say that?

DARIUS

Cause that means you're probably
not a priest. And I don't date
priests. Give me your phone.

Jamie hands him his phone. Darius starts entering his details
into it.

INT. CITY HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY (DAY 3)

The elevators open. Darius hands Jamie's phone back to him as
he gets off the elevator.

DARIUS

Call me. Literally, I mean. I hate
text messages.

Darius snaps a devastatingly handsome selfie, then hands the
phone to Jamie, who nearly drops it.

JAMIE

Sorry. Sweaty.

DARIUS

Also, I'm not on Snapchat, or
Grindr, or any other digital
platform where people pretend to be
something they're not.

JAMIE

What else did the aliens do to you?

DARIUS

(walking away)
No such thing as aliens either.

JAMIE

Of course.

Darius heads down the corridor. After he's gone, Jamie WHIPS
OFF HIS SCARF, revealing his clerical collar.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An elderly black woman, BETTINA BALLANTYNE (late 70's) sits up in bed, watching ELLEN on television. A KNOCK at the door. Jamie POKES HIS HEAD in.

JAMIE

Bettina?

BETTINA

Deacon Jamie!

Jamie comes in. Bettina mutes her television.

BETTINA (CONT'D)

Come in here and let me hug your neck.

Jamie hugs her, sits on the edge of her bed.

BETTINA (CONT'D)

Father St. John was here earlier, he tells me you're staying at St. Barney's?

JAMIE

And your grandson Rodney tells me your blood sugar is too high.

BETTINA

He shouldn't be telling you all my business. Still I'm glad you'll be staying with us.

JAMIE

Actually I may have to go back to Dallas. Apparently my bishop has a job for me down there.

BETTINA

Well, I can't say I'd blame you. They got big fancy churches in Texas. Not sad and empty, like here. Only old people and poor people go to church in New York. Except for my Rodney! I thought I had lost him for sure. But then a miracle happened.

JAMIE

It wasn't a miracle...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GAY DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Jamie frantically searches a CROWDED DANCE FLOOR. He shoulder-checks people, knocks drinks from hands, looking for someone like a life depended on it.

Finally, he spots the door to the MEN'S ROOM and heads that way.

INT. GAY DANCE CLUB - MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamie looks around. Guys are peeing, washing hands. ONE stall door is closed. Jamie pushes it open--

It's Rodney. Lifeless, with a needle in his arm. Jamie bends down, searches for a pulse. Nothing. He looks at his pupils -- they are super dilated.

People start to crowd around. A BYSTANDER whips out his phone and start shooting video.

JAMIE

Call 9-1-1. Hey! It's a phone!
Fucking use it to call a fucking
ambulance!

One of the PATRONS makes the call. Jamie turns back to Rodney, on the floor, non-responsive.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Shit. Has anybody... Hey! Ask the
bartender if they've got some
Narcan behind the bar. NOW!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CITY HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - DAY (DAY 3)

Jamie places a communion wafer on Bettina's tongue.

JAMIE

The Body of Christ, the Bread of
Heaven. Your love and patience were
the real miracle, Bettina.

BETTINA

(chewing the wafer)
No. You did something to him, you
and God. Now he comes to church
with me every Sunday.

(MORE)

BETTINA (CONT'D)

He takes his medication, he eats healthy, and I swear he goes to that gym five times a week.

Jamie holds a little silver cup of wine to her lips.

JAMIE

He's very serious about fitness. The Blood of Christ, the cup of salvation. Also he's worried about you.

BETTINA

Yes, well, between you and me, it's not looking so good.

JAMIE

I'm so sorry.

Jamie makes the sign of the cross on her forehead.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Bettina, I lay my hands upon you in the Name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, beseeching him to uphold you and fill you with his grace, that you may know the healing power of his love.

BETTINA

Dear Lord, you are so awesome! Thank you. Thank you for my handsome young doctor, for my sweet grandson, for Ellen Degeneres... and for Father Jamie. May he bless all those rich white people in Texas as much as he has blessed us. Amen.

JAMIE

Amen.

BETTINA

I prayed for my doctor, even though I know it irritates him.

JAMIE

Anything else you need?

BETTINA

(patting his hand)
Nothing God has not already given me.

Beat. A KNOCK at the door.

DARIUS (O.S.)
Mrs. Ballantyne?

Jamie sees Darius standing outside the door, reflected in the mirror over the sink. In a panic, he heads for the bathroom.

JAMIE
Ummm... okay if I use your rest
room?

Jamie opens the bathroom door, steps inside. As he does, Darius OPENS the door to Bettina's room. The two doors open back-to-back, bang into each other. The handles catch.

DARIUS
Everything okay in there?

Jamie PULLS the bathroom door shut, YANKING Darius into the room.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
How in the... who's in there?

BETTINA
You be respectful, he's a man of
the cloth.

DARIUS
Then keep him locked up 'til I'm
gone.

BETTINA
You are a bad, bad man.

DARIUS
But I'm a very good doctor.

Darius uncovers her feet and examines them. He POKES one with a pen.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
Can you feel that?

BETTINA
Feel what?

Jamie can just get a glimpse of her ulcerated foot the mirror. He can almost feel her pain in his own foot. In fact he does feel it. He winces.

DARIUS
I wish I didn't have to say this...

BETTINA

Then don't.

DARIUS

We're going to have to amputate it.

Jamie listens, overcome with empathy for her. Bettina looks out the window. Her eyes well up with tears. So do Jamie's.

BETTINA

If you're trying to shake my faith,
you finally did it.

(beat)

Cut off whatever you want. I don't
care.

DARIUS

It needs to happen soon. Tomorrow,
if possible.

Darius COVERS HER FOOT with her blanket, pulls out his phone, makes a call.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

Hi, this is Dr. Reed. Who's the
surgeon on call tomorrow?

While Darius waits, Jamie slips silently OUT of the room.

INT. CITY HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jamie heads down the hall to the elevator. He hits the button, hoping Darius doesn't see him. He remembers to put his scarf back on, hiding his collar.

Waiting for the elevator, it's all Jamie can do to keep from taking his shoe off -- the pain in his foot is that real.

FINALLY, the elevator doors open. Jamie slips inside, slides to the floor in agony, unlacing his shoe to relieve the pain as the elevator doors SLIDE SHUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ANNELLE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT (DAY 3)

Jamie and Annelle drink wine, Jamie's foot propped on a pillow.

JAMIE

How was the gallery crawl?

ANNELLE

It was more like a penis parade.
The Bishop seemed to enjoy it...

JAMIE

Bishop? What happened to "Tommy?"

ANNELLE

Oh, I'm so stupid. Just a stupid
old hag hanging around where she
ain't wanted.

JAMIE

You're fifty-five. Anyway, I don't
think age is the issue.

ANNELLE

I spent half last month's alimony
check on looking this good only to
waste it on that asshole.

JAMIE

Mother!

ANNELLE

Well, I did. But not anymore.

JAMIE

Good.

Beat.

ANNELLE

Baby, I am so sorry. The thought of
you in thirty years, walking around
Dallas with a middle-aged divorcee
on your arm, pretending...

JAMIE

Mom...

ANNELLE

I've been so selfish. If this is where God's calling you to be, honey, I guess you have to stay.

A KNOCK on the door. Annelle goes to open it. It's Bishop Tommy -- she doesn't let him in.

SINGLETON

Hi.

ANNELLE

Do you know what time it is? Jamie and I are having a little us-time right now.

SINGLETON

I see. Hey, Jamie.

Singleton sees Jamie through the open door. Jamie gets to his feet. His foot isn't so bad now.

SINGLETON (CONT'D)

I'm glad you're here, actually. Can we talk a minute?

With a nod from Jamie, Annelle opens the door, allows him in.

ANNELLE

I'll get some more ice for that foot.

She heads down the hall. Singleton stands just inside the door.

SINGLETON

Sorry it's so late. And sorry I'm a little drunk.

JAMIE

So... you ditched my mom to go clubbing?

SINGLETON

I suggested we have a night to ourselves.

JAMIE

So you could gay it up in the big city?

Singleton looks wretched.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

My mom knows, by the way. So yeah,
no need to keep leading her on.

SINGLETON

She wanted me to order you back to
Dallas. I could do that you know.
I'm still your Bishop.

JAMIE

Bish, please...
(beat, he gets serious)
If you do I'll renounce my orders.

SINGLETON

That would be a real tragedy,
Jamie. For years, the church told
men like you... like us... that we
had to give up our sexuality for
the sake of our faith. After all
the progress that's been made, I
would never ask you to give up your
faith for the sake of your
sexuality.

(re: his foot)

What happened?

JAMIE

I slipped in the steam room.

SINGLETON

Oh really? Is this a gym I should
visit?

JAMIE

Please don't.

SINGLETON

Sorry.

Annelle returns, her bucket full of ice. She stops to face
Singleton.

SINGLETON (CONT'D)

We've got an early flight.

ANNELLE

I got upgraded, so I guess we won't
be sitting together.

SINGLETON

Can we share a cab?

ANNELLE

Maybe.

She comes on in, winking at Jamie. Singleton gives Jamie a little wave, heads out. The door closes behind him.

Annelle wraps some ice up in a towel, then wraps it around Jamie's foot. Jamie smiles at her.

INT. CITY HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY (DAY 4)

Jamie and Beth slowly walk and talk. Jamie has flowers.

BETH

I'm glad you're staying bubbly.

JAMIE

Yeah, me too. Were you serious about that job?

BETH

Yeah, baby! On one condition. You may not date Darius Reed.

JAMIE

But he's sooo dreamy.

BETH

Yeah, well, there are other Jesus Fish in the sea.

Jamie sees something down the corridor that stops him in his tracks. Beth follows his look to see--

Rodney WHEELING BETTINA down the corridor toward them. She's FULLY DRESSED, apparently headed home.

BETTINA

Father Jamie! Rabbi Beth! I'm going home!

JAMIE

I thought you were having surgery today.

BETH

Is it an insurance issue? Because I will rain holy fire--

BETTINA

No, no, it wasn't that. I'm healed! Look!

She proudly displays BOTH her feet, very much intact.

BETH
When did this happen?

BETTINA
It was the morning after Father
Jamie came to pray with me. I woke
up... and it was good as new!

Beth shoots Jamie an incredulous look.

RODNEY
Your foot is healed, Grandma. Your
diabetes not so much. You gotta be
good from now on, you hear me?

Jamie hands her the flowers as Rodney rolls her on down the
hall toward the exit. As they go out--

DARIUS appears next to the exit doors, watching in disbelief
as they roll by.

After they pass, Darius turns, sees Jamie and Beth at the
other end of the hall. His wonder at Bettina's recovery turns
to shock when he sees--

Jamie's CLERICAL COLLAR, now totally visible. Their eyes meet
-- Jamie's are hopeful and vulnerable. But Darius just turns
and walks away, shocked and disappointed.

Beth still stares in wonder at Jamie.

BETH
(to Jamie:)
You're hired.

Jamie avoids her gaze, watching as Rodney wheels a smiling
Bettina out through the doors and toward a waiting taxi.

END OF EPISODE