

**Synapse Technologies, Inc.
Columbus: Discovery and Beyond**

Article Name: Pay Now, Sin Later
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Source: Twelve years of Catholic school indoctrination

Time (period covered by content): Eternity

Places: Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory

Version: 2

V/T/G/A/An: Audio with graphic. (Or, Slide show,
though visuals may be lacking.)

About: A dramatization showing how the sale of indulgences to wipe away the temporal punishment due to sins became an abusive practice that led to the Protestant Reformation.

Notes: FILE = INDULGEN.DOC

EXT. GOTHIC CATHEDRAL DUSK

An attractive, but chaste, young PENITENT approaches the steps of the cathedral. Before she can enter, an INDULGENCES AGENT, dressed in priestly garb, catches her attention and—like a drug trafficker enticing a mark—draws her aside.

INDULGENCES AGENT

Psst! Hey, hey, lady. Got a minute?
C'mere.

PENITENT

Me, sir? You talking to me?

INDULGENCES AGENT

Right. Hey, listen. You want some indulgences? Have a look at these.

The agent shows her some fancily printed certificates.

INDULGENCES AGENT

They're hot off the printing press.
I got 'em in all denominations. From
a hundred years, to ten thousand
years off.

PENITENT

No, thanks. I don't think so. I'm
in a hurry to go to confession. I
don't want to be late.

INDULGENCES AGENT

Awh, don't worry about that. This
church just installed a twenty-four
hour confessional. Saw it myself.
It's inside, next to the sacristy.

PENITENT

Really. Ah. That's nice to know.

INDULGENCES AGENT

No problem. You slip a couple of
bucks into the till, whisper your
sins, and you get your penance in no
time. And speaking of time, how'd
you like to remove some of that
temporal punishment due to sins? I
know they say that purgatory can't
last forever, but a few million years
of burning, that can be pretty rough
on a soul.

PENITENT

No, I don't think so. I live a good, clean life.

INDULGENCES AGENT

Oh, sure. But we're all human, right? I mean, why else would you be coming to confession, right? Nobody's perfect. We all get urges. Just look at the popes. Even they got girlfriends. And anybody can see that you're a real attractive woman. Surely you'd like to have some fun while you're still young.

PENITENT

Harumph! I beg your pardon.

She breaks free of him and starts to rush toward the cathedral. He's quickly on her, though, and grabs her arm.

INDULGENCES AGENT

Wait, wait a minute. Hold on a second, will you?

PENITENT

Yes, what now?

He lets go of his grip and points out the certificates again.

INDULGENCES AGENT

Look, lady, I didn't mean to offend you, but these indulgences are guaranteed. *Ahead of time*. You can do whatever you want, and any prison time in Purgatory that the Church tacks on will automatically be taken care of.

She thinks for a moment.

PENITENT

You mean like a credit card for sins?

INDULGENCES AGENT

Now you got it! Pay now, sin later. No problem. It all goes for your Purgatorial account.

PENITENT

Hmmm. That does sound interesting.
How much?

INDULGENCES AGENT

For you, a buck for each hundred
years. Cheap.

PENITENT

(having second thoughts)
But how do I know these will work?

INDULGENCES AGENT

Here, have a look. I got the
bishop's "Imprimatur" right here.

PENITENT

Oh, yeah. That's like the Church's
good house-keeping seal of approval,
right?

INDULGENCES AGENT

Exactly. It's all signed, sealed,
and delivered. So, how much you
want?

PENITENT

Let's see. I'll take a thousand
years worth.

INDULGENCES AGENT

Good choice. O.K., here you go.

She reaches in her purse to pay him for the certificates.

OFF-SCREEN, the SOUNDS of a HAMMER POUNDING ON HEAVY
CATHEDRAL DOORS distracts her.

PENITENT

Hey, what's all that racket? What's
that monk doing - pounding on the
church doors? Who's he?

AT THE CATHEDRAL DOORS

A studious MONK nails a declaration to the cathedral doors.
Upon CLOSER inspection, we learn that the title of the document
is the DISPUTATION ON THE POWER AND EFFICACY OF INDULGENCES.
Scanning down the tract reveals a numbered list of 95
grievances.

BACK TO SCENE

INDULGENCES AGENT

Oh, him. That's Martin Luther.
Crazy priest. Don't pay any
attention to him. He's just a born
trouble maker. Just enjoy yourself.
I'm sure you will, now that you're
covered for awhile.

PENITENT

Thanks.
(Sexy wink)
I will.

The Penitent enters the cathedral with renewed confidence, as
the Indulgences Agent swoops away, hot on the trail of
another victim.

INDULGENCES AGENT

Hey, hey, buddy. You interested in
having a good time? Listen, I've got
something here that'll really take
care of you...