

# MIDNIGHT MASS

Episode Three

"PROVERBS"

3.A05 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - THE FIRST NIGHT 3.A05

The church is empty. Empty, until... Father Paul emerges from the vestibule. Steps inside. Takes in the church, for the first time (we assume).

Moves through the space, straightening things up. Tucking a stray hymnal into the pew. Heading back toward -

THE CONFSSIONAL. He lingers outside of it a moment... and then steps into the CONFESSOR'S SIDE.

3.B05 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, CONFSSIONAL - CONTINUOUS

He KNEELS down at the window, hands clasped. Takes a breath. And begins a CONFSSION, to the empty booth in front of him.

FR. PAUL

Bless me lord, for I have sinned...  
Wait, that's not right. Bless me  
lord, for I am **going** to sin.

He clears his throat.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Tomorrow morning I am going to  
introduce myself to the parish and  
lie to them about Monsignor John  
Pruitt.

3.AB05 EXT. HOLY LAND, COURTYARD - DAY 3.AB05

Out of the sea of people emerges an ELDERLY PRIEST. As we look at the LONG COAT and the DISTINCT HAT he wears...

We realize THIS IS MONSIGNOR PRUITT (late 70s). He's keeping up with a TOUR... we realize there are other PRIESTS in this tour, following a TOUR GUIDE.

Pruitt begins to WANDER AWAY, looking a little CONFUSED. DISORIENTED. And then, a YOUNG PRIEST catches up to him. Gently taking him by the elbow.

YOUNG PRIEST

Monsignor Pruitt - You okay?

He nods, and is led back to the group.

FR. PAUL (V.O.)

I'll lie directly, and I'll lie by  
omission.

(MORE)

FR. PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I won't tell them that John Pruitt was a lot sicker than they thought, when they sent him on that trip. That he arrived in the Holy Land bewildered and confused. That he'd wandered from his tour group frequently, that he'd spent hours lost in Jerusalem the first day and that he was **terrified**.

3.BB05 EXT. HOLY LAND, WAILING WALL - LATER

3.BB05

Pruitt looks at the WALL IN FRONT OF HIM. Staring the small rolls of PAPER sticking out... Prayers left in the cracks and crevices of this sacred place.

He looks over to his TOUR GROUP, not too far away. People are PRAYING, PUTTING THEIR OWN PAPER into the wall.

The men, some dressed in traditional robes, others in plain clothes, and all with the crowns of their heads covered with hats or Yarmulkes, lean heavily against the stone wall. Eyes closed. Their bodies rock back and forth in sync with the rhythmic prayers on their lips.

Pruitt TUCKS HIS OWN PRAYER into the wall, closing his eyes... and then opens them, stares at the spot where he's tucked his prayer, PUZZLED. As though he's suddenly forgotten what he's doing.

FR. PAUL (V.O.)

This wasn't just the odd senior moment - no, this was a man in the grips of dementia, more advanced than anyone in the parish had admitted, even to themselves. A man who, it seemed, had overstayed his allotted time on this Earth.

He becomes panicked. TROUBLED on every side. TRAPPED between the stone wall and a congregation of bodies that vibrate with the HUM of the men deep in PRAYER...

He looks to where his TOUR GROUP just was, but he can't see them anymore. He starts to cry. Afraid. Alone. Unsure of where he is. He places a hand against the Wailing Wall again - LEANING AGAINST IT FOR SUPPORT.

3.B05 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, CONFESSIONAL - CONTINUOUS

In the confessional, Father Paul sighs. And we see - THERE ARE TEARS IN HIS EYES.

FR. PAUL

*I'm not going to tell them any of that. I'm going to tell them that he is recovering in a hospital on the mainland. That things may still go back to normal. That he may yet be the same as they remember... that he may yet be the man, the leader, the shepherd they have grown to love over so many years.*

*(beat)*

*I'm going to tell them this lie for their benefit. So that when it starts, they will be ready...for what is to come. For the miracles that are to come.*

*CU on his face as he SMILES to himself, even through the tears in his eyes.*

MATCH CUT TO:

3.05 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - MORNING 3.05

CU on BEV KEANE'S FACE - cheeks fresh with tears. Her breath tremulous - halting - as she herself occasionally sobs in hushed tones. Eyes wide. These are TEARS OF RAPTURE.

We're in ST. PATRICK'S, moments after Leeza stood up. She is standing before Father Paul, taking COMMUNION as he places the Eucharist on her tongue.

Bev is ON HER KNEES at the top step, where she was just standing with the CHALICE, doing her part in Communion. But all of that is forgotten now, as the parish reacts to -

THE MIRACLE BEFORE THEIR EYES.

Bev LOOKS OUT at the congregation, dazed. As though to make sure EVERYONE IS SEEING WHAT SHE IS SEEING. She looks at -

ERIN, standing in the center of the aisle, a hand CLAMPED OVER HER OWN MOUTH as she holds her reaction.

Bev's gaze PANS ACROSS the parishioners, to RILEY, who is HALF-STANDING in the pew. AWE, CONFUSION and DENIAL.

She looks back up to the altar, where WARREN and OOKER stand a few feet beside Leeza and Fr. Paul, mouths hanging open.

Finally, the paralysis is broken as Dolly PUSHES WADE aside, rushing to her daughter. And then, PANDEMONIUM. The place ERUPTS, people RUSHING FORWARD. Trying to get close to Leeza.

Wade GRABS ONTO HIS DAUGHTER, tears in his eyes. The church is full of a DULL ROAR of voices, all astonished.

Leeza BEAMS, tears running down her cheeks as her parents fawn on her, some people rushing to TOUCH HER, as if to confirm what they're seeing -

Bev looks, though, as FATHER PAUL QUIETLY SLIPS AWAY. Heading toward the back of the church, as MASS IS DEFINITELY OVER...

BUT SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH HIM. He STEADIES HIMSELF as he NEARLY FALLS, catching his hand on the altar.

BEV WATCHES - noticing that Fr. Paul is PALE. SWEATY. He slips out the door into the SACRISTY, leaving the congregation to their rapture.

BEV LOOKS FROM LEEZA TO THE SACRISTY, still processing it all... but unlike those who cannot tear themselves away from the standing girl, BEV FOLLOWS THE PRIEST.

3.06 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, VESTIBULE - MOMENTS LATER ~~3.06~~

Fr. Paul enters the Vestibule from the procession, still in his vestments. He STUMBLES - NEARLY FALLING TO THE GROUND. Leaning on a wall for support. His breathing ERRATIC.

Using whatever furniture/walls he can for support, he stumbles for the exit. Just as he passes through the door, Bev Keane enters in pursuit.

BEV  
(tentative)  
Father?

3.07 EXT. RECTORY - DAY 3.07

Bev moves through the tiny graveyard that separates the church from the Rectory. Just in time to see Father Paul ENTER THE RECTORY AHEAD OF HER.

Going fast, still unsteady on his feet. So fast, he leaves the DOOR AJAR behind him.

3.08 INT. RECTORY - CONTINUOUS 3.08

Bev walks into the Rectory, lit only by the soft glow of sunlight filtered through windows dressed with sheer curtains. Down the hall, she hears the sound of RUNNING WATER and violent COUGHING.

3.09 INT. RECTORY, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 3.09

The water still running, Fr. Paul's hands clutch the edges of the sink. Water drips from his face. He takes a look at his labored reflection. Tries to get his breathing under control. Then, he LOOKS DOWN at the sink, revealing BLOOD SPOTS on the white porcelain. He stares. SCARED.

3.10 INT. RECTORY, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 3.10

Bev LISTENS to the SINK in the bathroom. She's worried for him, stepping forward, but wanting to keep her distance.

BEV  
(nervous)  
Father? Are you alright?  
(beat)  
Should I call Dr. Gunning?

Then she notices SOMETHING ON THE WALL. She STARES.

A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH ON THE WALL. We don't see what she sees (*we will at the end of this episode*)... but she stares at it very strangely. SHE CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT SHE'S SEEING...

She steps closer. For the second time today, HER MIND CANNOT QUITE COMPREHEND WHAT SHE IS WITNESSING. SHE SIMPLY STARES.

Fr. Paul emerges from the bathroom, his darkened frame filling the doorway. He steps forward into the dim natural light from an adjoining room. His dizzy spell behind him.

Bev turns and looks at him. And he REALIZES WHAT SHE IS LOOKING AT... and SUCKS IN A BREATH. They look at each other for a long, long time.

DOLLY (PRE-LAP)  
*It's a miracle. A true miracle.*

3.11 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE, OFFICE - LATER 3.11

Dolly and Wade stand close as they watch Sarah examine Leeza, who beams as Sarah taps her knee with a reflex hammer.

DOLLY  
Isn't it? A miracle, I mean?

SARAH  
It's amazing, of course... her reflexes are weak, but they are there.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

Had you felt anything - had you felt any sensations prior to this morning?

LEEZA

I don't know. I mean I've always felt - I mean even when I couldn't feel them, I could feel them, like we talked about. Phantom -

SARAH

Phantom Limb Syndrome, right. But nothing new? Different?

LEEZA

Nope.

Sarah moves onto Leeza's spine, using her gloved fingers to test the vertebrae. At the base of Leeza's spine is the FAINT GUNSHOT SCAR where the bullet pierced.

SARAH

Well, I... you're standing, you're walking, and that's what's important. I am so. So. Happy for you, Leeza.

(beat)

Your muscles are a little underdeveloped, which is understandable...

She moves toward a storage cabinet, digs through. Furnishes Leeza with a CANE.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Use this for the time being, even for short distances. Lean your weight through the arm holding the cane and only extend it about the distance of one relaxed step forward, does that make sense?

Leeza nods, grateful. Wade holds onto Dolly, beaming.

WADE

You ever... you ever seen anything like this? I mean, it's a miracle, isn't it? A real one. Like... "Gospels" real.

SARAH

Before today, no. I haven't seen anything like this before today. But now I have.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

Spinal injuries - they can heal themselves over time. It does happen. It's exceedingly rare, but it does happen.

(beat)

I'd like to send you to the mainland for some advanced testing, Leeza. I have a colleague there -

WADE

I don't know.

Sarah looks up at him, surprised.

SARAH

The more we can understand what happened for her, maybe it can help other people suffering from the same -

WADE

It's not that, it's just - over the years, all the appointments, the specialists, the experimental treatments we tried -

DOLLY

Truth be told, Sarah - we pay rent on a house we used to own.

Wade takes her hand.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Half the food we eat is bought on SNAP benefits and the other half is donated from the church. And I'm not complaining - we're all in the same boat here, especially on Crockett. Lotsa folks hurt, we aren't special and -

(remembers Leeza)

- We are not complaining, honey. You're worth every penny we'll ever have and so much more. But we went near bankrupt on tests and treatments and I don't think we need another one ever again.

SARAH

Without a CT or even a spinal tap we're in the dark about what's happening with her -

WADE

She's standing. She's walking.  
We're grateful. I don't need to  
know another damn thing.

(beat)

Feels wrong, doesn't it? To  
interrogate a miracle. Second-guess  
a gift from God.

He puts his arms around Leeza. Sarah frowns.

3.12 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 3.12

Sarah WATCHES through the window as Leeza and her family slowly walk away from her house, Leeza UNSTEADY on her new cane. She frowns, puzzled. THIS DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.

3.13 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 3.13

Sarah turns the corner, carrying a TRAY OF FOOD for her mother - and STOPS COLD.

MILDRED'S BED IS EMPTY.

SARAH

Mom... mom? Where'd you wander off  
to...

She puts the food down, moving through the living room.

3.15 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 3.15

Checks the kitchen.

SARAH

(alarmed now)

Mom... mom!

As she looks, confused, she hears -

NOISES ABOVE HER HEAD. CREAKING. FLOORBOARDS MOVING...  
SOMEONE IS WALKING AROUND UPSTAIRS.

3.16 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 3.16

Sarah climbs the stairs, looking out to find -

MILDRED, standing the doorway of a bedroom.

SARAH

Mom!

She rushes to her.

SARAH (CONT'D)

How did you - how did you get up here?!

MILDRED

My room - this is my room -

SARAH

Yeah, but not for - mom, you can't go on the stairs! You can't - you can't!

She tentatively LEADS her back to the stairs.

MILDRED

My room - it's different -

SARAH

I mean - I don't even know how to get you down!

Sarah stares at her mother, perplexed.

MILDRED

Do you know my daughter? She's a doctor. She can tell you... I have a bad hip. Two bad hips, a stereo pair. My daughter can explain. But my room... my room is all different...

Sarah sighs. At the end of her rope.

*RILEY (PRE-LAP)*

*She must have been misdiagnosed.*

3.17 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

3.17

Erin and Riley walk through the town square. Both still a little shellshocked. In a state of awe.

RILEY

I mean she must have been, right? It wasn't as bad as they thought, that's all.

(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)

And she's been healing slowly - imperceptibly - for a long time now, sitting in that wheelchair. Because she's young, and her little body just... did.

ERIN

Could be.

RILEY

People always jump to words like that. "Miracle." Something you don't understand? It's magic. Not sure why it happened? It's God. The antibiotics work as designed, that's not a miracle. It's biology.

ERIN

Sure.

RILEY

The really sick ones, the really insane ones - they won't even take the antibiotics. Sure, centuries of advancement in germ theory, biology, chemistry, medicine - no, they let their kid die in the middle of a prayer circle. How many people do you think naturally recover from spinal injuries like Leeza's? I mean do you think anyone at that church is even going to check?

Erin just offers a "hmm." He looks over at her.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Doctors examined Leeza Scarborough and said it was *highly unlikely* she'd ever walk again. The fact that she did only proves there's a huge difference between something being "unlikely" and being "impossible," that's all.

ERIN

I think you're half right. Yes, her body did that. It was able, over time, to restore its ability to walk. Yes, you're right. No, I don't think an invisible hand reached down and made it happen instantly.

(beat)

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

I guess I see miracles differently.  
The human body... it can do that.  
It can heal. Grow. Make another  
life. And don't get me started on  
the human mind, the human brain...

She smiles at him.

ERIN (CONT'D)

You ever think maybe that's the  
miracle? That's where I see it.  
God's not loud. He's quiet. The  
miracle isn't a rainbow in the sky,  
though people thought it was, once  
upon a time. No, the miracle's in  
how our eyes can see it at all.

They continue walking in silence.

CUT TO:

3.18 EXT. RECTORY - DAY

3.18

Bev stands sentry in the doorway of the rectory, in front of  
a SMALL CROWD of people, all BUZZING from what they saw  
earlier. Including ANNIE, ED, and others.

PARISHIONER

If he could - my wife, if he could  
just pray over my wife -

PARISHIONER 2

My husband, he's been so sick - his  
legs is almost destroyed, he can  
hardly walk, let alone work -

BEV

Calm down, all of you, you know  
that isn't how these things work.  
Let's not overreact - let's simply  
be grateful, let's be thankful, and  
let's be humble. Above all, humble.  
God doesn't seek glory, not like  
that. Here, let's pray.

She steps down, holding out her hands. They take them, and  
Bev leads them in a prayer.

BEV (CONT'D)

"Give thanks to the Lord, for he is  
good, for his steadfast love  
endures forever."

3.19 INT. RECTORY - CONTINUOUS

3.19

Father Paul WATCHES BEV through the window. He looks a little better... less ill. He's ON THE MEND.

BEV

"Give thanks to the God of gods,  
for his steadfast love endures  
forever. Give thanks to the Lord of  
lords, for his steadfast love  
endures forever; to him who alone  
does great wonders, for his  
steadfast love endures forever..."

CUT TO:

3.21 INT. REC CENTER - NIGHT

3.21

Father Paul and Riley sit across from each other. Another A.A. Meeting. Riley STARES at him.

FR. PAUL

How is it going? The fourth step is  
very difficult, but I believe you  
can get through it. I really do.

RILEY

We really aren't going to talk  
about it?

FR. PAUL

(smiles)

We can talk about it.

RILEY

Whole town's buzzing. A miracle at  
St. Patrick's. You're gonna have  
every resident with a bum knee or a  
head cold in the pews. Wouldn't be  
surprised if you get a phone call  
from some reporter on the mainland,  
might wanna run a human interest  
story about little Leeza's  
recovery. *About the priest who  
healed her.*

FR. PAUL

(shrugs)

This isn't about publicity, I'd  
turn that down. Matthew says, when  
you give something to someone in  
need, don't let your left hand know  
what your right hand is doing.

(MORE)

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

And Wade and Dolly, well - they aren't looking to exploit their daughter. Or sensationalize anything. Don't imagine this will summon that much attention outside of Crockett, actually, and that's okay. That's best. Leeza's the important thing.

RILEY

See, I'm a rational guy. And you know, so many of our myths - and our religions, eventually - came from natural processes we couldn't understand. So I can see my way through that pretty easily.

FR. PAUL

Good for you.

RILEY

I can wrap my head around a likely misdiagnosis. I've looked - it *happens*. It's rare, but it does. Her body could have been healing this whole time. I can explain all of it, if I'm honest. All of it is explainable.

FR. PAUL

That sounds wonderful, frankly.

RILEY

Except one thing. You *had to know*. You had to know she could walk. I mean, you went back up the steps. You beckoned her. If she hadn't... what would have happened to you? What would this community think of you if she hadn't?

FR. PAUL

But she did.

RILEY

And you had to know that.

FR. PAUL

What are you asking -

RILEY

I'm asking "how did you know that."

FR. PAUL

I don't have an answer that'll satisfy you. Not you. If I told someone else that I could just feel it, when she wheeled herself up the ramp... that I could almost see it... that I could almost hear her voice in my head, I felt so connected to her at that moment... that might be good enough for someone. But not for you, is it Riley Flynn.

RILEY

I suppose I'd want more.

FR. PAUL

And I'll always wish I could give you more. That's all I got.

CUT TO:

3.C23 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, SACRISTY - LATER THAT NIGHT 3.C23

Father Paul moves through the sacristy, setting things out for the following day's mass. On the table in the center, he lays out the communion cruets by a LARGE GLASS DECANTER.

Then, he OPENS THE DOOR to the outside, leaving it ajar.

He finds his way to a KNEELER, turning his back to the table, and kneels down. (Note: from this angle, we can see the DOOR, but we cannot see the TABLE WITH THE DECANTER.)

Crosses himself, closes his eyes, and begins praying. (Note: *this prayer is a traditional Catholic prayer, called "The Angelus Prayer."*)

FR. PAUL

(to himself)

Name of the father, son, holy spirit... the angel of the lord declared unto Mary, and she conceived of the holy spirit.

(fast, automatic)

Hail Mary full of grace the lord is with thee, blessed art though among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death, amen.

Behind him, OUT OF FOCUS, we see -

A FIGURE STEPS INTO THE DOORWAY. WEARING THE LONG BLACK COAT we've seen before. Fr. Paul HEARS HIM, but does not turn around. He continues praying as the figure CROSSES BEHIND HIM, stepping out of frame. Toward the DECANter.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to Your Word.

(fast, automatic)

Hail Mary full of grace the lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death, amen.

A few more sounds from OFFSCREEN, the soft noises of something being FILLED WITH LIQUID.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

And the word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.

(fast, automatic)

Hail Mary full of grace the lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death, amen.

More sounds of LIQUID being poured. Fr. Paul keeps his eyes down, hands clenched in prayer.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Pour forth, we beseech You, O Lord, Your Grace into our hearts; that as we have known the incarnation of Christ, your Son by the message of an angel, so by His passion and cross we may be brought to the glory of His Resurrection. Through the same Christ our lord.

Behind him, the figure RETURNS TO FRAME, still OUT OF FOCUS in the background. Walking back TOWARD THE DOOR, and out into the night... Fr. Paul does not watch it go.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

(fast, automatic)

Saint Michael the Archangel, defend us in the battle. Be our protection against the wickedness and snares of the devil.

(MORE)

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Rebuke him, O God, we humbly  
beseech thee; and do thou, O Prince  
of the heavenly host, by the divine  
power, cast into hell Satan and all  
the other evil spirits, who wander  
through the world seeking the ruin  
of souls. Amen.

He crosses himself, and steps up. Heads to the table -

Where the COMMUNION DECANTER is NOW FILLED with what looks  
like RED WINE. He PUTS THE GLASS STOPPER onto the decanter,  
and heads out, into the church.

DISSOLVE TO:

3.23 EXT. MAIN STREET - ANOTHER DAY

3.23

It's a typical day on Crockett Island, save for the walking  
miracle limping her way down the road.

With WARREN at her side, Leeza walks along with her cane.  
She's careful but also seems to be managing pretty well,  
better even than the day before.

Warren is FAWNING over her, and Leeza is blushing.

From across the street, on his bike, ALI watches. Mesmerized.

The sight of them has begun to draw inquisitive stares from  
VARIOUS COMMUNITY MEMBERS. WARREN glances at the onlookers,  
then at Leeza...

WARREN

Does it hurt at all?

LEEZA

No.

WARREN

Want me to carry your backpack?

LEEZA

Sure. Thanks.

A neighbor smiles and waves at Leeza. She waves back. A few  
onlookers gather, and before long... they are being FOLLOWED.  
People hanging back, just WATCHING HER WALK. Whispering.

3.24 INT. GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS

3.24

Joe places a six pack on the counter, along with a few microwave dinners. ANNIE is working the register, not wearing her glasses. She FROWNS a little looking up at him...

ANNIE

\$22.50.

Joe pulls out a messy wad of bills, counting. He glances toward the back, where the SHERIFF'S OFFICE door is open. Hassan is leaning in the doorframe, sipping coffee.

He nods to Joe, a friendly greeting. Joe shakes his head, and despite himself... offers a friendly wave back.

He HANDS THE MONEY TO ANNIE - holding it out. Keeping his eyes down, as usual... BUT NOTHING HAPPENS. She doesn't take it. He looks up.

Annie isn't paying attention - she's LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW. There's a COMMOTION OUTSIDE... people gathered on the sidewalk. All looking across the street -

WHERE LEEZA IS WALKING TO SCHOOL. Joe GASPS IN A BREATH.

CUT TO:

3.25 EXT. GENERAL STORE - MOMENTS LATER

3.25

Joe SPILLS OUT of the store, BAG OF GROCERIES under his arm. Unsteady on his feet. He steps onto the street, watching the girl he shot - the biggest mistake of his life - WALKING AROUND, SMILING.

He steps closer. Around him, people MURMUR. Some GLARE at him. And then - LEEZA NOTICES HIM. And she STOPS WALKING.

Her smile FADES AWAY. The same SHARP LOOK, that ANGER underneath... it's still there when she sees him. He tentatively steps closer, and she can see -

JOE IS CRYING. The bag of groceries DROPS TO THE GROUND beside him, forgotten. He nods to himself.

JOE

I, um... Jesus, it's true. I'd heard, but... hearing is not like seeing, and I'm so happy for you -

Warren BURSTS FORWARD, aggressively.

WARREN

How about you give her some space.

JOE

I just wanted to say -

WARREN

Here, let me help you.

Warren roughly GATHERS the groceries beside Joe, THRUSTS them back into Joe's hands. And when he's close enough...

WARREN (CONT'D)

(quietly)

You think this changes anything for you? Not for you, man. You still did what you did. This isn't about you. Take your shit and go.

Joe looks around, aware of the GLARES from the town.

JOE

I wasn't tryin' to -

WARREN

Go.

Joe nods. And after a moment, turns... and WALKS AWAY. Leeza watches him go, expressionless. Warren turns back to her.

WARREN (CONT'D)

You okay?

She nods. Watching Joe the whole time.

CUT TO:

3.26 EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

3.26

Erin ushers loitering students into the front doors of the school. Turns and sees -

Leeza and Warren approaching. But behind them, a CROWD OF ONLOOKERS. Keeping pace. Almost like Leeza is leading a small parade. Erin watches, still a bit amazed.

Students STOP as well, murmuring in amazement.

ERIN

Come on. Leave her be.

Leeza and Warren approach Erin.

ERIN (CONT'D)  
Good morning, you two.

LEEZA & WARREN  
(not quite in unison)  
Mornin' Ms. Greene.

ERIN  
Let's get you inside...

Erin holds the door open for them. Can't help staring herself as she watches Leeza WALK PAST HER, leaning on her cane. Erin looks out to the CROWD, loitering a few feet away...

AND CLOSES THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

3.27 INT. FLYNN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT 3.27

Ed sits in his reading chair. Finishes a book. Annie sits on the couch, doing the same. He stands, heading to the shelves. Reaches up to place the book back on the shelves...

AND DOES SO EASILY. He RUBS HIS BACK, smiling a little. CONFUSED, but FEELING BETTER THAN HE HAS IN YEARS.

He PULLS DOWN A RECORD. Places it on the turntable. Lifts the needle to place, and lowers it to the record.

**HOLLY HOLY, by Neil Diamond.**

(Note: we will play this song in its entirety, as the bedrock for a montage that will propel through the next THREE WEEKS of time on Crockett Island.)

3.29 INT. FLYNN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 3.29

Ed heads to Annie on the couch, holding an arm out to her. Pulling her up.

ANNIE  
What are you doing...

Ed pulls her close.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Oh! What about your back?

ED  
Just dance with me.

As the song plays, they DANCE. Annie SMILING, surprised as Ed MOVES WITHOUT PAIN. WITHOUT EFFORT. And we see - the SPARK OF THEIR LOVE STORY, re-lit.

SONG

*Holly holy eyes // Dream of only me  
// Where I am, what I am  
What I believe in // Holly holy.*

**BEGINNING OF "HOLLY HOLY" MONTAGE**

CUT TO:

3.30 INT. FLYNN HOUSE, WARREN'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT 3.30

Warren is in bed, the room dark. He's almost asleep when he hears - KNOCKING AT THE WINDOW.

SONG

*Holly holy dream // Wanting only  
you...*

He looks up at the window, and sees - LEEZA, at the glass. A SMILE ON HER FACE. In her PAJAMAS. She TAPS ON THE GLASS AGAIN. He heads to the window.

SONG (CONT'D)

*And she come // and I run just like  
the wind will // Holly holy.*

Warren OPENS THE WINDOW, and she gestures for him to join her outside, holding a finger to her lips... "quiet". Warren looks around, and SLIPS OUT THE WINDOW into the night... running into the dark with Leeza.

3.31 INT. FLYNN HOUSE, RILEY'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT 3.31

Riley sits in his bed, a notepad in one hand. A pen in the other. He looks down at the paper... it's a LIST. A LIST OF NAMES. They include mom. Dad. Erin. Tara-Beth...

SONG (CONT'D)

*Sing a song // Sing a song of songs  
// Sing it out // Sing it strong.*

He looks up from the list, seeing: TARA-BETH in the corner. As always. Keeping her vigil. After a moment, he puts the pad down, CLIMBING OUT OF BED.

CUT TO:

3.32 INT. FLYNN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 3.32

As the song builds, so does Ed and Annie's dance. They are both MOVING LIKE 20-YEAR OLDS - and we are surprised. They can DANCE. It looks, in fact, like this dance will lead to something more... something that also probably hasn't happened in a little while...

SONG (CONT'D)  
*Yeah! Yeah!*

CUT TO:

3.33 EXT. ERIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3.33

SLOW PUSH ON ERIN'S HOUSE. Riley ENTERS FRAME. Erin is sitting on the porch, reading. She looks up to see him, smiling.

SONG (CONT'D)  
*Call the sun in the dead of the  
night, and the sun gonna rise in  
the sky // Touch a man who can't  
walk upright and that lame man, he  
gonna fly //*

She stands, gesturing to Riley to join her. He climbs the steps, and sits next to her on the porch. Looking out at the Island in the dark.

CUT TO:

3.34 EXT. UPPARDS - LATER 3.34

Warren and Leeza are in the CANOE, floating in that small channel that separates the Uppards from the Island. Sitting close. Looking at the few lights of the island against the darkness of the water.

SONG (CONT'D)  
*And I fly // yeah... // And I  
fly...*

They look into each other's eyes, and finally LEAN IN TO KISS. It's the first kiss for each of them. And it's perfect.

CUT TO:

3.35 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - ANOTHER MORNING 3.35

The PROCESSION BEGINS, with Warren and Ooker leading Father Paul as they make their way to the altar. THE CHURCH IS MUCH, MUCH MORE CROWDED NOW. Word has SPREAD.

Father Paul SMILES as he looks at the CROWD.

SONG (CONT'D)  
*Holly holy love // Take the lonely  
child...*

VARIOUS. Bev. Erin. Ed. Annie. Wade. Dolly. Leeza. Warren.

THEN THE COMMUNION LINE. Parishioners RECEIVING THE EUCHARIST FROM FATHER PAUL. AND DRINKING THE WINE.

SONG (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
*And the seed // Let it be full with  
tomorrow // Holly holy*

All while Riley WATCHES, looking around. A little UNCOMFORTABLE with what he's seeing... His eyes finding ERIN, and they share a smile.

Off the COMMUNION -

CUT TO:

3.36 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER MORNING 3.36

- Father Paul gives COMMUNION to MILDRED in her hospital bed. Helping her through it, holding the chalice for her to drink.

SONG (CONT'D)  
*(Sing) Sing a song...*

CUT TO:

3.37 INT. HASSAN'S HOUSE - DAY 3.37

HASSAN and ALI kneel on prayer blankets on the floor, BOWING FORWARD - HANDS and HEADS touching the floor. Hassan rises first, saying "Alluhu akbar", and Ali follows suit.

SONG (CONT'D)  
*(Sing) Song a song of songs...*

CUT TO:

3.38 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE, STAIRS - NIGHT 3.38

Mildred slowly WALKS UP THE STAIRS, bad hips be damned. Sarah SPOTS HER, rushing up the stairs to help her. As she reaches her, Mildred FALLS TO HER KNEES -

SONG (CONT'D)  
*(Sing) Sing it out...*

CUT TO:

3.39 INT. SCHOOL, HALLWAY - ANOTHER DAY 3.39

Sturge KNEELS on the floor in front of a WATER FOUNTAIN, reaching for a tool to fix it. A pair of LEGS pass in the foreground, and we FOLLOW THEM -

SONG (CONT'D)  
*Sing it strong! (Sing!) (Sing!)  
(Sing!) Yeah!*

They belong to BEV KEANE, carrying a FADED YELLOW CAN, who heads to the SUPPLY CLOSET, opens it, and steps inside.

3.40 INT. SCHOOL, SUPPLY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS 3.40

She CLIMBS A STOOL, replacing the can of COMPOUND 1080 back with the others. SMILING as she does.

SONG (CONT'D)  
*Yeah!*

CUT TO:

3.41 INT. REC CENTER - ANOTHER NIGHT 3.41

CLOSE ON Riley's LIST OF NAMES. It has grown... REVEAL Riley and Father Paul, sitting across from each other. Another of their makeshift AA MEETINGS... and it seems to be going well.

SONG (CONT'D)  
*Call the sun in the dead of the  
night and the sun gonna rise in the  
sky...*

CUT TO:

3.42 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - ANOTHER MORNING 3.42

Joe Collie SITS UP in the jail cell, blinking his way out of a horrible drunk. The cell door is OPEN, though, and Hassan STEPS INSIDE, carrying two cups of coffee. He hands one to Joe, and sits across from him. The two of them sip.

SONG (CONT'D)  
*Touch a man who can't walk upright  
And that lame man, he gonna fly...*

CUT TO:

3.43 EXT. VARIOUS HOUSES, CROCKETT - DAY 3.43

VARIOUS DOORS opening, to reveal: LEEZA and WADE, well-dressed, going door to door. We realize, they've become MISSIONARIES.

SONG (CONT'D)  
*And I fly... (yeah)...*

Leeza HOLDS OUT literature to her neighbors, who take a look at what she's presenting.

CUT TO:

3.44 EXT. STREETS OF CROCKETT - ANOTHER DAY 3.44

Bev Keane and Dolly carry STACKS OF FLIERS. We glimpse them - "THE MIRACLE OF SAINT PATRICK'S". With a picture of LEEZA.

Various shots as they PUT THEM ON CARS, HAND THEM TO PEOPLE, LEAVE THEM IN MAILBOXES...

SONG (CONT'D)  
*God (And) I fly...*

CUT TO:

3.45 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER 3.45

THE CROWD STANDS as the procession begins. And it is PACKED. AS FULL AS WE'LL EVER SEE - (AS FULL AS WE SAFELY MAKE IT, but NOT standing room only - confined to the pews).

SONG (CONT'D)  
*Ohhh Holly holy dream...*

Father Paul SMILES as he moves down the aisle, Warren SWINGING the incense in front of him.

The faces regarding him are EAGER. JOYFUL. HOPEFUL.

THIS IS A RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.

SONG (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
*Dream 'bout only you...*

CUT TO:

3.46 EXT. UPPARDS - ANOTHER NIGHT 3.46

Warren and Leeza RUN. He's CHASING HER, playfully - she DOESN'T NEED A CANE ANYMORE. SHE IS RUNNING FAST.

SONG (CONT'D)  
*Holly Holy sun...*

He CATCHES HER, and they SPIN AROUND, before they start to KISS HUNGRILY.

CUT TO:

3.47 INT. ERIN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING 3.47

Riley helps Erin build a crib.

SONG (CONT'D)  
*Holly Holy rain...*

CUT TO:

3.48 INT. FLYNN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT 3.48

Where we started. Ed and Annie DANCING, as the song FADES.

SONG (CONT'D)  
*Holly Holy love...*

The song FADES AWAY, as Ed tenderly DIPS ANNIE. The camera PULLS BACK, leaving them there, staring into each other's eyes. The dance is over, and so is the montage.

**END OF "HOLLY HOLLY" MONTAGE**

DISSOLVE TO:

3.49 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, SACRISTY - MORNING 3.49

Warren, dressed in his CASSOCK, takes the stopper off a large DECANTER full of RED WINE, pours it into the CRUET, ready to be the COMMUNION WINE. THE WINE IS ALMOST EMPTY THOUGH...

Nearby, Ooker prepares the thurible as Father Paul enters.

FR. PAUL

Fill the extra cruets this week, we have quite the crowd.

OOKER

It is so crowded out there...

WARREN

(off the wine)

Do you have another bottle? We used to have extras but I haven't seen them lately -

FR. PAUL

You boys line up, I'll take care of it.

Ooker finishes LIGHTING the thurible, and heads out. Warren grabs a large PROCESSIONAL CROSS, following him out.

OOKER

(off the thurible)

I don't think it's lit.

WARREN

I'll get the lighter.

He turns around, heading back into the sacristy -

JUST IN TIME TO SEE FATHER PAUL HOLDING HIS FLASK ABOVE the third CRUET OF WINE. FINISHING FILLING IT UP...

Warren CLOCKS IT, but Father Paul just looks up at him and SMILES. Like it's nothing.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Ooker needs the lighter again.

FR. PAUL

Let's go!

3.50 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - LATER

3.50

Father Paul stands at the podium for his homily.

FR. PAUL

Three weeks ago, when we began this journey of repentance, I asked you to keep a few words in mind. "Rebirth." "Second chances." And "Eternal Life." That's a lot to wrap your head around, isn't it? I can barely visualize next week, let alone eternity, but let's give it a try. Close your eyes - and it's okay if it feels a bit silly - and try to picture it. Imagine *eternity*.

Most do. Riley, a little bemused, leaves his eyes open.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

It's difficult, isn't it. Impossible maybe. To most people, eternity is an abstract. A metaphor. A colorful exaggeration - when we're waiting for something we want, it takes "forever." We can sit in traffic for an "eternity."

He smiles, but BRACES HIS HAND on the pulpit. A bit UNEVEN, a little like he's had a MOMENTARY DIZZY SPELL.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Metaphors. Abstracts. Exaggerations. To us - but not to God. Not to him. And it shouldn't be to us, either. Communion, the transformation of bread and wine into the body and blood of our Lord - a metaphor? No, God tells us. Miracles, walking on water, rising from the dead - abstracts? No, God tells us. Eternal life... a colorful exaggeration?

Heads shaking "no." A few people even say it out loud.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

That's right, call it out. "No." The gifts of our Lord are as tangible as the ground beneath our feet and His covenant is not *abstract*. It is a contract - scrawled in flesh, inked in the blood of the martyrs, and yet - try as we might - we cannot even imagine - *cannot even mentally picture* - the reward promised.

He WIPES SWEAT from his forehead.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

If you're here for answers to the unknowable... it's incumbent upon me to tell you I have none. If you seek to understand how and why God's will shapes the world, brothers and sisters, *so do I*. I don't have all the answers. None of us do. What I have - what God gives us plentifully - are *mysteries*. God gives us miracles rarely, here and there, but mysteries - he gives...

He PAUSES HERE. Bev Keane SITS FORWARD. She can tell from where she's sitting - something is WRONG WITH HIM. A few MURMURS through the crowd as the silence stretches on.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Sorry.

(beat)

As adults, we tend to dislike mysteries. We feel uncomfortable, *not knowing*. But oh, to be a child... to look with awe and wonder and live with staggering honesty. To be guiltless, light as air. To bend softly as the Word of God sweeps over us like -

He suddenly BRACES HIMSELF on the podium. HE WAS ABOUT TO FALL. Bev STANDS, tilting toward him.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm fine. I'm sorry, I'm fine. Just tired today. A little dizzy spell! I'm just fine. I'm so sorry.

(beat)

The more we know... the less we bend. The more brittle we become. The easier to break. Like some would say this island *broke, was broken*.

He looks up, some color back in his face. Bev slowly SITS BACK DOWN. Whatever it was, it seems to have passed...

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

But I tell you this. The resurrection, body and soul - the redemption, body and soul - the *miracles* waiting for us here on Crockett Island - not metaphors.

(MORE)

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Not abstracts. Not colorful  
exaggerations - no. "Rebirth."  
"Second Chances." "Eternal"...  
"eternal li..."

His eyes FLUTTER. His legs give way -

FATHER PAUL COLLAPSES TO THE FLOOR.

A WAVE OF PANICKED VOICES as Bev RACES TO HIS SIDE, along  
with Warren and Ooker. The congregation STANDS - LEEZA IS  
RUNNING UP THE STEPS.

CLOSE ON FATHER PAUL'S UNCONSCIOUS FACE --

CUT TO:

3.A54 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT 3.A54

BLACK. Over darkness, a voice:

FR. PAUL

*The conversion of Saul took place  
on the road to Damascus. Saul was a  
persecutor of Christians, an enemy  
of the Church, heading to Damascus  
to round up believers and take them  
prisoner but as you know, as he  
nearly reached Damascus he saw a light so  
bright it knocked him to the ground  
and he was blinded and then Jesus  
spoke to him... and days later the  
scales fell from his eyes and Saul  
became a follower of Christ and  
then became the apostle Paul.*

FADE IN. We return to where we started. Fr. Paul kneels in  
the empty confessional, speaking to his god.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

*It was on that same road, outside  
of the city, that Monsignor John  
Pruitt, bewildered and confused,  
wandered from his tour group for  
the last time.*

*He folds his hands, settling in.*

3.AA54 EXT. HOLY LAND, THE DESERT - INTERCUT

3.AA54

No civilization in sight. Desert on every side. Pruitt SHUFFLES ALONG as the sun begins to set. Using his thin coat to protect him from the wind.

HE TREMBLES. LOST AND AFRAID. TEARS ON HIS CHEEKS.

THE WIND IS WORSE NOW. THE LIGHT FADING. SAND IN HIS FACE. Praying, crying, shivering as he gets further and further lost in the wilderness.

FR. PAUL (V.O.)

The old monsignor was lost,  
confused. Lost in the world, lost  
in his mind, separated from his  
group and certain to die out there  
in that desert, on the road to  
Damascus, when a horrible sandstorm  
overtook him.

Off of the beautiful WOOD CARVING of the sandstorm, we cut to:

3.BA54 EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

3.BA54

Msgr. Pruitt tries to walk against a HORRIBLE SAND STORM. VIOLENT. Visibility obliterated, sand tearing into his eyes and face as he stumbles in the dark.

INTERCUT with the confessional:

FR. PAUL (V.O.)

There had been, recently, horrible  
storms in the area - he'd heard  
this - astonishing storms. Seismic  
storms. Storms that had, he had  
heard, even unearthed ancient ruins  
in the desert - churned the ground  
and stirred the earth and pulled  
from it the mouths of structures  
and buildings from long ago - ruins  
long sealed within the Earth. And  
so as Monsignor Pruitt wandered,  
lost in the storm, the sand  
scratching his eyes, cutting into  
his face - he saw, in front of him--

3.CA54 EXT. DESERT - INTERCUT

3.CA54

Msgr. Pruitt steps into CLOSEUP, hand in front of his face, looking at --

*DARKNESS IN THE SANDS. AN UNEARTHED CAVE?*

FR. PAUL (V.O.)

*-- darkness in the dunes. The mouth of a cave, perhaps - the door to an ancient ruin, sealed off for hundreds, maybe thousands of years.*

3.A54 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, CONFESSIONAL - CONTINUOUS

*Fr. Paul continues his confession.*

FR. PAUL

*His failing mind only sought shelter, and in he went, eagerly, into the darkness of the thing, the cave-like entrance that had just opened up in front of him... until all light...*

*Suddenly, a LIGHT SHINES DOWN on his face from above. DISTRACTING HIM. Small, BRIGHT. Like a SPOTLIGHT -*

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

*Until... all light...*

*He SQUINTS, holding his hand up to shield him from the light, and we CUT TO --*

3.56 INT. RECTORY - DAY

3.56

*A PEN LIGHT, SHINING IN HIS EYES. Fr. Paul sits on the couch as Sarah SHINES A LIGHT in his eyes. Examining his pupils. Bev stands nearby, tensed.*

FR. PAUL

*Just a dizzy spell, that's all.*

SARAH

*Maybe so. Still.*

*She continues her examination. Listens to his lungs now, with her stethoscope.*

SARAH (CONT'D)

*Deep breath in... and out. In...*

FR. PAUL

*I promise, I'm alright.*

SARAH

... and out. Your heart rate is elevated, and your temperature... like your body's fighting a virus, but nothing's jumping out as too alarming.

BEV

He's okay, then.

SARAH

He'll live. But you are dehydrated, Father. Cut down on any salty foods, drink lots and lots of water and get a good night's rest. Let it work its way out of your system.

Bev nods, heading purposefully into the other room.

FR. PAUL

Thank you, Sarah.

SARAH

Just doin' my job.

FR. PAUL

It's more than that. You take care of people. Me, your mother, the whole island... you're a comfort to people. Proud of you.

Sarah smiles, shifting a little uncomfortably.

SARAH

(beat)

Thank you.

Bev returns, carrying a glass of water.

BEV

You heard the doctor, drink up. I'm canceling all of your afternoon appointments -

FR. PAUL

Oh, Beverly -

BEV

You need rest and you'll get it.

FR. PAUL

Not all of them.

(to Sarah)

There are some I will not miss.

He smiles.

BEV  
Thank you Doctor.

SARAH  
Of course.

Sarah gathers her things, and exits.

CUT TO:

3.57 INT. HASSAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 3.57

Hassan is at the counter, making lunch for his son.

HASSAN  
(shouting)  
Lunch is ready! Come on down!

ALI (O.S.)  
Be right there!

Hassan takes a bite of his own food. Not bad for a single dad (though not too complicated, either.)

And looks at the counter to see - ALI'S BACKPACK. Unzipped, casually thrown on the counter. He stares at it. A little curious -

THERE'S A BROWN BOOK POKING OUT. It doesn't look like a text book. Hassan looks, thinks better of it, and then finally -

Reaches out, gently pulling the book further out. And then picking it up altogether.

IT'S A BIBLE. He stares at it - not angry, but CURIOUS.

CUT TO:

3.58 INT. JOE COLLIE'S TRAILER - DAY 3.58

Joe sits on his couch, drinking his beer. Watching TV. Glances up at the DOG BED, still in the corner. Stares at it. And then... a KNOCK at his door.

He ignores it. Then... ANOTHER.

JOE  
Oh, fuck off.

ANOTHER. He BURSTS UP, heading toward the door.

JOE (CONT'D)  
(muttering)  
The fuck you want with me, just  
leave a guy in...

He THROWS OPEN THE DOOR.

JOE (CONT'D)  
The fuck do you -

HE STOPS COLD. LEEZA SCARBOROUGH is standing on the thresh  
hold. No cane, just standing. Joe GASPS.

LEEZA  
Hello.

She stares at him. Eyes giving us NOTHING. Expressionless.  
She POINTS past him... "may I come in?"

Not sure what to do, he wordlessly STEPS BACK. She walks past  
him into the trailer. Looking around. Takes in the CRAMPED  
SURROUNDINGS, the CLUTTER and NEGLECT... the CANS AND  
BOTTLES.

She spots a RIFLE mounted on the wall. Stops in front of it.  
STARES.

LEEZA (CONT'D)  
Is that the one?

Joe SWALLOWS. Doesn't know how to react...

LEEZA (CONT'D)  
Is it?

JOE  
No.

LEEZA  
Is it here? I'd like to see it if  
it's here.

JOE  
No, that one's my grandfather's, it  
doesn't even shoot. The - other  
one, that one I threw into the bay.  
Right after. Couldn't look at it  
anymore.

Leeza nods. Then looks around at the rest of the place.

LEEZA

It's just like I pictured.

(beat)

So here goes.

She turns and looks him in the eye.

LEEZA (CONT'D)

I was walking with my Dad and we weren't really going anywhere special, it was just something we did. It was when he'd talk the most to me, so I would ask him. Since I was a little girl. And we're walking, like any other evening and then - there it is. Like a clap of thunder and then I was just on the ground. But I didn't feel it. I didn't even feel like I was falling. It was like the Earth was the thing that moved, it rose up to meet me, my dad's screaming like an animal - I've never heard his voice like that and never have since - but I didn't feel it. I didn't feel it at all. And when I realized just how much I couldn't feel... that's when I got really scared.

Joe stares at her. Tears in his eyes.

LEEZA (CONT'D)

I hate you. Honesty is important so we'll start there. I hate you, Joe Collie. I have hated you for years. And the things I imagined doing to you... oh, I want you to hurt. I want to see you suffer. I want you to make those noises my dad made when he put his hand on the bullet hole in my spine. I want you to beg for my forgiveness, so that I can tell you "no." I want you to live in complete, absolute, misery.

(beat)

So when I say this place is just like I pictured it, what I really mean is - it's just like I hoped it would be.

JOE

I'm... I'm sorry -

LEEZA  
DAMN RIGHT YOU ARE SORRY!

Tears in her eyes now. Her lip QUIVERS with rage.

LEEZA (CONT'D)  
You stole from me. Not just who I was, but who I could've been. You stole things from me I didn't even have yet. You reached through time, Joe. You reached through time and you stole.

He cries openly now. Head down. Leeza calms. Steps toward him.

LEEZA (CONT'D)  
All of that is true. And all of that is still in here. But that isn't why I came here today. I came here today...

She steels herself. This is going to take effort.

LEEZA (CONT'D)  
... I came here today...

He looks up.

LEEZA (CONT'D)  
I forgive you.

He stares. His face a wreck of regret and confusion.

LEEZA (CONT'D)  
I forgive you. I forgive you, Joe Collie. And I... I see you now. I see you, and I'm still angry at you, but it's different - even now, just saying it, it's different. You know why it's different? Because the only thing standing between you and a better life is you. And with me now, thanks to God... it's the same. Only thing standing in my way was hate. Only thing in your way is you.

She steps closer to him.

LEEZA (CONT'D)

"Whoever is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he who rules his spirit than he who takes a city." That's Proverbs 16:32, Joe. Do you know what Proverbs means? What the books of Proverbs *is*? It means "wisdom." Wisdom and knowledge.

(beat)

So I forgive you Joe. I did my part. Rest is on you... Do the work. Do the work. If God can forgive you, and he says he can, all over the place he says it - then I can forgive you. And if I can forgive you, anyone can.

(beat)

Even you, Joe Collie. Even you.

She walks past him, and out of the trailer.

Joe LEANS BACK against the wall. In shock. Places a hand over his mouth -

AND SOBS INTO IT.

CUT TO:

3.59 INT. SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - EVENING

3.59

A PTA meeting in progress. Several faculty, including Bev and Erin, face parents. Sheriff Hassan is among them, out of uniform. Ed, Annie. Wade, Dolly. A few others we recognize from CHURCH. (Possibles: Joanie, Howie. Ooker's parents?)

BEV

I understand a few of you are upset, but let me just be the first to help calm you down - no one is taking a single thing away. All of the required lessons are still being taught. We haven't touched the curriculum, so we get that off the table right now.

HASSAN

Respectfully, that isn't the issue -

BEV

I understand, given your religious -  
*affiliation*, you may find the fact  
that your son is interested in the  
Bible... *offensive* I suppose -

HASSAN

Not at all! Not at all.

BEV

But I'd say if he's interested in  
Jesus, what's the harm of letting  
him learn a little about -

HASSAN

That is so not the issue, and thank  
you for this opportunity to  
clarify. He knows all about Jesus.

BEV

(beat)

Well, I imagine not quite *all*.

HASSAN

Muslims believe that Jesus is a  
prophet of God, and that the *Injeel*  
- the Bible - was revealed to him.  
As the Torah was revealed to Moses  
before that. We love Jesus. And we  
love the message that was revealed  
to him.

BEV

(blinks)

Oh. Well... we learn something new  
every day, don't we.

HASSAN

But we also believe - after the  
time of Jesus, thanks to the  
interference of men - there were  
deviations to Christianity. People  
altered the message. Priests,  
popes, kings... that's why today,  
there are so, so many versions of  
the Bible. People got in there,  
made their changes.

BEV

I'm not sure this is relevant -

HASSAN

We *do*, though, believe that the Bible contains some of the original word of God.

BEV

Well that's very generous of you.

HASSAN

We *also* believe that God revealed the Qur'an as the final message, never to be altered, to reassert the original revelations of the previous prophets - to correct some of those deviations that men made to God's message -

BEV

I don't think this is the place to talk about where our beliefs about scripture might diverge, Sheriff -

HASSAN

*Exactly.* There it is. *That's* the issue, and that's why I think some people in this room, including myself, are a little - *concerned.* Muslims encourage everyone to seek knowledge, so I am more than comfortable with my son studying a Bible. Thrilled, in fact, I've done it myself. Where I think there's an issue is that *this is a public school.*

Bev levels her gaze at him.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

*That's* the thing. I think what is concerning some of us is not the Bible itself, but that it was handed out - distributed - to the kids here in a public school. I'd just ask you to consider how you'd feel if you sent your child to a public school -

BEV

Sheriff -

HASSAN

- and he came home with copy of the Qur'an, asking about the Prophet Mohammad.

(MORE)

HASSAN (CONT'D)

Because I think if we are going to begin *teaching* religion, or *favoring* a particular religion in a public school, it begs the discussion of *how* and *which* and the whole can of worms and I expect if it *wasn't your brand* you'd feel it was an issue. I mean, if I handed out copies of the Qur'an to the children on this island, purely in the interest of the pursuit of knowledge, I expect you'd chase me out of town, Ms. Keane.

Bev stares at him.

ERIN

If I may - he's absolutely right. This is a public school, and - I'm a member of the same congregation a lot of you are, so you know where I fall, but still - reading scriptures in homeroom...

Bev STARES at Erin. Unblinking. Her eyes FIXED. The same small, polite SMILE on her face... but Erin FLINCHES a little. Wow, she's on this woman's radar now...

BEV

Why Sheriff, of course I wouldn't chase you out of town - and it makes me sad that you'd think that of me. People of Faith, any faith, why we're all of the same cloth. Cousins, really. And it was never my intention to disrespect anyone. Never in the least. It's just...

She smiles, turning to the group.

BEV (CONT'D)

Having a Bible present in the room - why it's just a book in the room! Like a Science book, or a history book.

ERIN

It's actually quite different -

BEV

Kids can take them or leave them. Sure, I might read an inspiring passage during homeroom from time to time, but that's simply me expressing my faith. I'm not evangelizing. I'm just sharing my faith with the children, in the hopes that they might be inspired. If we had a Muslim faculty member, and they quoted the Qur'an to the kids, I'd be fine with that, so long as the passage wasn't offensive. Which - forgive me for saying - a good portion of that text can be at times.

Hassan GASPS, smiling. Ready to come back but -

BEV (CONT'D)

That's not an attack, Sheriff, I certainly admit the Holy Bible - the Old Testament in particular - has some passages that are not suitable for children. Invaluable to adults, of course, but I'd never read the tale of Lot and his wife to a group of kids. Anything I quote, I vet beforehand.

ERIN

I don't think that's the point he's making -

BEV

And what is education if not providing a student with the option to learn? Why be afraid to let them read a particular text? What are we going to, burn books we find even a smidge controversial?

NODDING from parents. Erin looks around... and realizes THIS IS WORKING.

BEV (CONT'D)

In this case, well, current events - local events - they beg further study, don't they. I mean, I'll just say it - no point in pretending there isn't an elephant in the room - but we are living in a miraculous time. Right now. Right here, on Crockett Island.

(MORE)

BEV (CONT'D)

There are actual - bonafide - miracles happening right before our eyes at St. Patrick's, and this community - well Sheriff, you should know, you're responsible for observing this community - why we're in the midst of a full-blown religious revival at the moment, and if the children of this community can't discuss that at their own local school, well I just don't know what that is.

Erin GAPES at her... and then people START CLAPPING. Half the room, maybe more... the clapping BUILDS. Bev WAVES IT OFF, feigning humility. And then sits back. Eyes on Hassan the whole time. SATISFIED. And then, she turns her gaze to ERIN.

CUT TO:

3.60 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DUSK

3.60

Erin and Riley walk back toward their homes.

ERIN

Turns out we'll all bend pretty fucking far if the wind blows hard enough.

RILEY

Don't think that's what Fr. Paul meant.

ERIN

No, of course not. I think he's like me; faithful, but inclusive. Maybe even a secret moderate, I think, the more I listen to him. But this - I just couldn't be in that room listening to her bullshit another minute. You should have seen her - a particular brand of self-righteousness exclusive to a certain breed of religious, and I've never liked it. Never.

(beat)

Enough of that. Sorry. How are you? How's it going?

RILEY

Slowly. I'm - well I guess I'm having trouble approaching people directly, for my amends, so Fr.

(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)

Paul suggested I write letters instead. So I'm writing letters instead. Lots of letters.

ERIN

Must be difficult.

RILEY

Writing's hard enough, but delivering them... man, that's gonna be harder. Not looking forward.

(beat)

I did my fearless moral inventory and found out that man, I'm a coward.

ERIN

Don't do that. If I saw someone else treat you the way you treat yourself...

RILEY

You'd what?

ERIN

Well I'd kick their ass.

RILEY

Yeah? You'd kick their ass.

ERIN

Kick it.

(beat)

Seriously, I'll kick yours too -

She KICKS UP AT HIM, and he RUNS, laughing. She CHASES, playfully trying to kick it again.

CUT TO:

3.61 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

3.61

Sarah enters the living room.

SARAH

Alright mom, time for a bath before-

She stops. THE BED IS EMPTY. Mildred is STANDING AT THE WINDOW, looking out. Sarah takes a breath - her mom being mobile is more common these days, but she still isn't used to it. She starts GATHERING a robe, towels, and other things.

SARAH (CONT'D)

God! I swear mom, we're gonna have to tie you down. You're going to shatter those hips if you don't take it easy -

Mildred TURNS, looking at her. Sarah's too busy to notice, but we can tell - SOMETHING IS DIFFERENT. THE WAY SHE'S LOOKING AT HER... SHE'S AWARE. LUCID.

MILDRED

Sarah...

SARAH

- and I don't know why I even bother to keep telling you, I might as well be speaking German for all the good it does -

MILDRED

Sarah.

She STOPS. Turns, looks at her mother.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

Sarah. Honey. I've been... where have I been? Some place... dark, but I just... it's like I just woke up, and here you are... my beautiful girl...

SARAH

... mom?

MILDRED

When did you move me into the living room?

Sarah approaches, tears of joy and disbelief. And HUGS HER MOTHER... who HUGS HER RIGHT BACK.

CUT TO:

3.62 EXT. REC CENTER - NIGHT 3.62

Riley approaches the Rec Center, notepad in hand. Ready for his meeting.

3.63 INT. REC CENTER - CONTINUOUS 3.63

Riley enters, shutting the door behind him. Heading toward the center of the large space.

RILEY

Sorry I'm late - have you heard  
what happened at the school today?  
You may wanna hear about it -

He STOPS. Father Paul is waiting for him in the center of the  
room, on the folding chairs as always - BUT THERE'S A THIRD  
CHAIR NOW. AND JOE COLLIE IS SITTING IN IT.

FR. PAUL

Told you it'd catch on. We're a  
trio now.

RILEY

Hey Joe.

JOE

(embarrassed)  
So much for the anonymous part, eh  
partner?

LATER: They are all sitting in their little circle. Joe is  
sharing. Tears on his cheeks.

JOE (CONT'D)

- and after she left I didn't even  
wanna drink. I mean I wanted to but  
I didn't want to, if that makes  
sense. I don't know. I don't  
fuckin' know. I walked up and down  
the whole goddamned Island and I  
figured what happened for her, it  
happened here at St. Patrick's -  
that's what everybody's saying - so  
fuck it. I came here. And then Fr.  
Paul, he tells me about this  
meetin' you guys have...

FR. PAUL

So Leeza's forgiven you. And I  
heard your confession today, and  
God forgave you. So who's that  
leave?

JOE

(long beat)  
Well maybe I'm not as quick to  
forgive. As they are.

FR. PAUL

What do you think, Riley?

He sits back. Waits. Riley stares at him... odd being put on  
the spot.

RILEY

I don't think I'm in a place to say anything to anybody about their drinking -

FR. PAUL

Bullshit.

Both of them look at him. Surprised.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Sorry, that's bullshit. You've been coming here once a week - sometimes more, if we're honest, isn't it - and that's all you have to say? Remember that first night. Remember that Riley, who walked in here. Arms folded, walls up - I remember him. Think about him for a minute. And then talk. Because I think you can say something to Joe here that I can't. That no one else can. And that's what this is for, so don't bullshit me and do it, Riley.

Riley BLINKS. Father Paul waits, a gentle smile on his face. Riley clears his throat, and looks at Joe. And then...

RILEY

Moving forward... hell, that's the work, and it's hard to even see it. But you're here, Joe. You showed up. That's enough. It won't be forever, but it is for tonight. For tonight it's everything.

Joe nods. TEARS IN HIS EYES.

JOE

Thank you.

(beat)

Fuck, I need to smoke. You two excuse me a minute? I gotta smoke.

He stands up.

JOE (CONT'D)

(realizing)

Don't have to quit those too, do I?

FR. PAUL

Not unless you want to. Please.

Joe heads for the doors. They watch him go. Father Paul turns to Riley. SMILING.

RILEY

Don't.

FR. PAUL

"Iron sharpens iron, so one person sharpens a friend."

Riley shakes his head. A smile on his face.

3.64 INT. REC CENTER - LATER

3.64

The meeting is over. They STACK THE CHAIRS.

FR. PAUL

I think I can finish up here,  
gentlemen - you two go on ahead.

RILEY

You're sure?

FR. PAUL

Absolutely. I'll see you both at  
the next meeting?

RILEY

Of course.

JOE

Yeah. Yeah, I'll be here.  
Goodnight, Father.

RILEY

Goodnight Father.

They exit. Father Paul silently watches them go, standing stoically at attention. Once they're out of sight...

....Fr. Paul nearly COLLAPSES, clutching his stomach, leaning on a chair for support as he begins VIOLENTLY COUGHING.

CUT TO:

3.65 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

3.65

Riley and Joe walk together. The church visible in the distance. Joe SMOKES another cigarette.

JOE

Thank you. For what you said.

RILEY

I've been there. I *am* there.

JOE

(beat)

You know I thought, when they built that place, this Rec Center the town didn't need, using settlement money the town *did* need - when I saw Bev was naming it for Pruitt, it seemed so weird, him still alive and all - usually you dedicate a building to someone *after* they're dead, not that he realized what was happening, poor old confused thing that he was - nodded and waved, in front of this sign with his name on it - like a man seeing his own tombstone all carved before he's gone. "Pruitt Recreation Center..." what a fuckin' legacy. I mean why not call it "Bev Keane's Money Laundry," that's all it really was - "Keane's Coin Laundry" or "Keane's Con Laundry" or "Beverly Fucking Keane's Queen Evil Bitch Emporium Embezzlement 'R Us Incorporated LL-fuckin'-C" -

RILEY

Well you'd need a bigger sign -

JOE

Point is I thought I'd never step foot in that building. Never. Assumed I'd die on this island without ever seeing the inside. And to be in there, with you, and Father Paul, talking like this, under this fucking circumstance... feeling like my life might just be worth a... after all... well shows to go you, don't it. Never assume. Words to live by, them. *Never assume.*

RILEY

I'm glad you were there, Joe.

JOE

(considers)

You really are, aren't you. Ain't that a fucking trip.

They walk on. A beat of silence.

JOE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Only person that ever gave a damn about me was my sister. She escaped Crockett ages ago. She never understood why I stayed.

RILEY

Why did you?

JOE

I dunno. It felt... too easy to leave, I guess. Like I shouldn't be able to leave. I guess I'm a glutton for punishment.

(beat)

She died a few weeks back.

RILEY

I'm so sorry Joe.

Joe manages to contain his emotions, but it's clear this is a difficult subject for him.

JOE

Her kids buried her on the mainland. She didn't wanna come back here. Not even in death. I just wish I'd gone to see her. Wish I'd made the effort. I couldn't then, even just a few... but I bet I could now and that just, well it -

RILEY

Fuckin' sucks.

Joe nods. Trying to hold his tears.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Bet she'd be proud, seeing you tonight.

JOE

Thanks. Well - I should let you get to it.

(beat, and then)

Does it get any different? For people like us?

Riley considers the question.

RILEY

I don't think so. Nothing around us changes. I think maybe if we work hard enough - maybe *we become* different. And then maybe at least it feels different. I dunno.

Joe nods. He holds his hand out to Riley.

JOE

Here's to becoming different people.

Riley shakes his hand.

JOE (CONT'D)

'Night, Riley.

RILEY

Goodnight, Joe.

Riley watches him walk away. He watches for a long time.

CUT TO:

3.66 INT. HASSAN'S HOUSE, ALI'S ROOM - NIGHT

3.66

Ali and Hassan finish their Isha (night time prayers.) Again, Hassan SITS ON THE LEFT, leading the prayer.

HASSAN AND ALI

(whispering)

*Wa barik'ala Muhammad, wa'ala ali Muhammad. Kama barakta'ala Ibrahim, Wa'ala ali Ibrahima. Fil a'lamina Innaka hamidun Majid.*

HASSAN

(turning his head right)

*Assalamu alaikum wa rahmatullah.*

(turning his head left)

*Assalamu alaikum wa rahmatullah.*

ALI

(turning his head right)

*Assalamu alaikum wa rahmatullah.*

(turning his head left)

*Assalamu alaikum wa rahmatullah.*

And with that, they're finished. They roll up the mats.

HASSAN

(whispering)

Allahu akbar, astaghfirullah,  
astaghfirullah, astaghfirullah, la  
ilaha illa lah, Muhammed arasolu  
lah.

(to Ali)

Alright, off you go.

But as Ali sits on the bed, we can tell something is wrong.

ALI

I need to talk to you.

HASSAN

Sure thing.

ALI

I want... I want to go to St.  
Patrick's Sunday. Just to check it  
out.

HASSAN

(long beat)

Why?

ALI

Everyone at my school goes there -

HASSAN

No, they don't.

ALI

A lot of them do.

Hassan quiets. Choosing his response carefully. This is delicate for him...

ALI (CONT'D)

So I want to see - I just want to  
see what it's about.

Hassan shakes his head. He's not prepared for this.

HASSAN

No, no I don't think so.

ALI

There is no good reason why I  
can't.

HASSAN

There's an excellent reason. You're  
not a Christian.

ALI

Well that wasn't up to me, was it.

Hassan takes a breath.

ALI (CONT'D)

None of this has been up to me. You didn't ask me if I wanted to be Muslim.

HASSAN

You are Muslim, that isn't -

ALI

You didn't ask me if I wanted to move here. I liked Portland, dad. I really liked it.

HASSAN

I know.

ALI

You've never asked me anything. How I feel about anything. You decided to become muslim, for mom. You decided to move here because your precinct was fucking racist and you couldn't take it -

HASSAN

Hey.

ALI

You decide everything. You. But now that we're here... there's something special happening. The things happening here -

HASSAN

What things.

ALI

You know what things.

HASSAN

Um. Hm. Son, people have a way of exaggerating. Especially when you - I know that Leeza Scarborough's recovery - her misdiagnosis - I know that is a compelling thing. I know people can try to turn it into propaganda -

ALI

I know Leeza. Pretty well,  
actually. And it's a miracle, dad.  
It is.

Hassan looks at his son. Lets out a sigh. This is difficult.

HASSAN

That isn't the way it works, Ali.  
That isn't how Allah...

(beat)

You know why I chose Islam? Your  
mother. I chose it for her. Before  
her, I was... well I didn't believe  
in much of anything before her. She  
was strong, your mother. Her faith,  
it was... it was real. It was  
strong. It was beautiful. And  
she...

Hassan tries to hold back his tears.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

I don't know if I ever knew anyone  
with her heart. Or her faith. Or  
her kindness. And still, when it  
came - you were too young to  
remember, but do you know what it  
does? What it really does? What  
pancreatic cancer does to someone?  
Would you like me to tell you?  
Because I don't want to. I never -  
ever - want you to know what she  
went through. I bear that for us  
both, and that's right. That's  
right.

He turns to him, imploring.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

But Allah does not work that way.  
She kept her faith, she honored  
Him, to her last moment and if - if  
God really worked that way, if he  
decided to heal some people, and  
not others, if he chose to spare  
some, and not others - if he handed  
Leeza Scarborough a miracle, but  
lets a child die of a brain tumor  
across the way, in the mainland -  
that's not how it works, Ali. It's  
not. That's not how Allah works.

(MORE)

HASSAN (CONT'D)

No matter how exciting the stories  
are about St. Patrick's, or the  
Buddhists, or Scientology - it's  
not magic. It's just not.

Ali looks at him, level. This conversation might be over, but  
we can tell the battle isn't.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

Kiss your mother.

Ali reaches over and kisses the photo. Hassan stands up,  
bringing the WINDOW into frame behind him...

HASSAN (CONT'D)

And tomorrow we can talk more about  
it, if you'd like to -

Hassan reaches for the lamp on the nightstand, PULLING DOWN  
THE CHAIN, TURNING OFF THE LIGHT. With the reflected lamp now  
gone, the new darkness REVEALS:

A FACE AT THE WINDOW. A PALE FACE, AGAINST THE GLASS -- NO  
DETAILS, JUST PALE SKIN - THE SENSE OF REFLECTIVE EYES --

HASSAN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Hassan STARTS, shouting a little. Ali turns, concerned -  
NOTHING IS THERE.

Hassan blinks. It was only for a flash, but still.

ALI

What?

HASSAN

(beat)

Nothing. Nothing. I'm seeing  
things.

(beat, chuckles)

Sorry. Goodnight, son.

He shakes it off. It was so brief, he must have imagined  
it... he turns, looking at the window one more time before he  
exits.

CUT TO:

3.67 INT. RECTORY, KITCHEN - NIGHT 3.67

Bev places a chicken casserole in the refrigerator among a dozen of other covered dishes.

Sturge is buried underneath the nearby kitchen sink, replacing a busted pipe.

BEV

Will we be able to turn the water back on before the Father returns?

STURGE

(apathetic)

Almost done, Bev.

Bev maneuvers around Sturge and returns to...

3.68 INT. RECTORY, SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 3.68

Where Wade and Dolly sit together on the couch.

BEV

Thanks again for the dish. I'll probably have to start putting things in the deep freezer so it doesn't spoil. People have been so generous.

WADE

Father Paul deserves it.

BEV

Yes, he does. Which is why I wanted you to help me plan this - I'm thinking a community dinner to show him our appreciation. Nothing too extravagant. But we can fill up that Rec Center, no doubt, and I thought that you two should give the primary address -

WADE

Happy to.

BEV

Given what he's done for your family, and your status in the community Wade - it means a lot. As a father, as a mayor --

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN, startling them. They turn. Fr. Paul SPILLS INTO THE RECTORY, SICK AND PALE.

WADE

Father!

They RUSH TO HIM, as he KNOCKS a side table down, SHATTERING A LAMP.

BEV

Father! What's - oh god, oh god,  
not again -

DOLLY

What's wrong with him!

Sturge RUSHES IN from the kitchen, just in time to see -

FATHER PAUL COLLAPSE TO THE FLOOR.

Bev SCREAMS. Rushes to his side. But as she looks at him --

He starts CONVULSING. VIOLENTLY. LIKE A SEIZURE. They stare at him, horrified, no idea what to do for him. As he THRASHES-

THE BLOOD VESSELS IN HIS EYES BURST, turning the whites of his eyes BLOOD RED.

Dolly SCREAMS.

His skin turning almost GRAY, with BLOTCHES AND BRUISES OF PURPLE, RED AND BLUE and more BLOOD VESSELS BURST WITHIN.

BEV

Oh my god what's -

His maroon eyes ROLL UP into his head - DROOL AND FOAM COMING FROM HIS MOUTH --

And then his body CONTORTS HORRIBLY one last time.

AN AWFUL DEATH RATTLE COMES FROM HIS MOUTH as they stare.

And then...

FATHER PAUL IS DEAD.

No movement. No breath. Nothing.

Bev STARES AT HIM, TEARS ON HER FACE. Everyone is afraid to touch him. They look at each other, bewildered...

Wade finally reaches out. Putting a hand tentatively on Fr. Paul's CHEST. And then, CHECKING HIS PULSE.

He looks at Bev, and his face says it all.

THIS MAN IS DEAD.

They don't move. Just CRY.

And as they do, we ZOOM INTO HIS DARK, DILATED PUPIL -- UNTIL THE DARKNESS TAKES OVER THE SCREEN -- AND WE SEAMLESSLY DISSOLVE INTO --

DISSOLVE TO:

3.A72 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT. A72

Fr. Paul kneels at his confession. Staring at his folded hands, finding his words.

FR. PAUL

Darkness. It was darkness, in those ruins. No light. Every step forward a step into NOTHING... and then, SOMETHING up ahead. A sound - a sound that wasn't the roaring wind or the shifting sand behind him, above him, all around him in this shapeless box of ancient stone...

3.AA72 INT. RUINS, TOMB - INTERCUT

3.AA72

DARKNESS. The sound of HOWLING WIND outside the entrance. And then - A MATCH IS LIT. Revealing MSGR. PRUITT, huddled in the dark. TERRIFIED.

He tries to LOOK AROUND - most of it is lost to shadow. PILLARS, other ANCIENT STRUCTURES poking out of the darkness. But he can only see a few feet in any direction.

He turns his head, looking when -

TWO EYES REFLECT THE MATCH LIGHT from about ten feet away. In the darkness. REFLECTIVE EYES LIKE AN ANIMAL... A PREDATOR...

THE MATCH BURNS OUT.

Msgr. Pruitt DROPS it, and it's DARK AGAIN.

He FUMBLES the match book, and STRIKES ANOTHER ONE, HOLDING IT UP TO WHERE THE EYES JUST WERE...

NOTHING.

Just darkness.

He looks around, hearing -

*SHUFFLING NOISES IN THE DARK. Whatever is moving, it's just outside of his light...*

*The old man's eyes are WIDE WITH FEAR...*

*The match BURNS OUT with a HISS as it hits his fingers.*

*DARKNESS AGAIN.*

*The sounds of the old man FUMBLING the matches, and of something else... something MOVING in the dark...*

*He LIGHTS THE MATCH -*

*ILLUMINATING A HORRIBLE FACE, INCHES FROM HIS OWN -*

*WE BARELY GET TO SEE IT BEFORE IT POUNCES ON HIM - ONLY ENOUGH TO REALIZE IT WAS PALE, BALD, AND ITS EYES WERE REFLECTING THE FIRELIGHT -*

*The matchbook DROPS to the ground, and the lit match LANDS ON THE BOOK -*

*IGNITING ALL OF THEM -*

*FWOOSH -- the matches all CATCH FIRE, A BLOOM OF LIGHT -*

*SHOWING US HORRIBLE SIGHTS, IN SHADOWS, ON THE WALL.*

*A FIGURE, POUNCING DOWN ON THE OLD MAN - WE CAN'T TELL IF IT HAS ARMS, OR WINGS, OR BOTH -- NOT FROM THE SHADOWS --*

*CLOSE ON MSGR PRUITT'S HORRIFIED FACE ON THE GROUND, LIT BY THE BLOOMING MATCHBOOK, AS -*

*A SHARP FINGER/TALON PUNCTURES HIS THROAT --*

*HE SCREAMS -*

*AND A PALE FACE VIOLENTLY FASTENS ITSELF TO HIS NECK, DRINKING HUNGRILY.*

*ABOVE HIM, IN THE NOW DYING FIRELIGHT, HE SEES -*

*WINGS UNFURL. FLESHY, LIKE A BAT... BUT ALSO PALE... AND HUGE. A SIX-FOOT WINGSPAN, COVERING HIM UP - BLOCKING OUT THE LIGHT AS --*

*THE MATCHBOOK BURNS SLOWLY. The light getting DIMMER.*

*THE SOUNDS OF THE CREATURE, FEASTING ON HIS BLOOD. GULPING IT DOWN. SLURPING. SUCKING. DRAINING HIM.*

FR. PAUL (V.O.)

*Pain, yes, and those eyes - eyes  
and skin and hands, yes - but also  
WINGS - the sense of great wings,  
enfolding him, and his mind finally  
found the word...*

3.A72 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, CONFESSIONAL - CONTINUOUS

Fr. Paul continues his confession.

FR. PAUL

*... the word was unearthed by his  
fear like the tomb was unearthed by  
the storm and the word was...  
ANGEL...*

CUT TO:

3.BA72 INT. RUINS, TOMB - CONTINUOUS

3.BA72

*It LAUNCHES OFF OF HIM, back into the shadows.*

*HE'S ALONE AGAIN. Pale, almost DEAD. His neck wound HORRIBLE.*

*He tries to lift his head...*

*In the dying light from the matchbook, which is almost done  
burning, we can't quite see the creature again. It's in the  
darkness, nearby but not close enough to see...*

*JUST THOSE REFLECTING EYES as it watches him.*

MSGR. PRUITT

*Our... father... art in...  
heaven... hallowed...*

*He's too weak even to pray. The creature LEANS FORWARD, and  
we see its ARMS in the firelight -*

*PALE, WITH SHARP FINGERS. ALMOST TALONS.*

*We watch as it SLICES OPEN ITS OWN WRIST.*

*RED BLOOD FLOWS FROM THE WOUND.*

*And then, it HOLDS ITS HAND OUT TO HIM...*

FR. PAUL (V.O.)

*And then a hand, in the dark - a hand outstretched, STIGMATA - the wound of the lord and from the Angel's wrist the Blood of Christ flowed and a new word took shape, DRINK - DRINK...*

*With what strength he has left, he PUSHES HIMSELF UP. Trying to REACH THE PALE, BLEEDING HAND protruding from the shadows.*

*And just as the match book finally BURNS OUT, he does -*

*DRINKING THE BLOOD FROM THE WRIST as DARKNESS FALLS AGAIN.*

CUT TO:

3.A72 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, CONFESSIONAL - CONTINUOUS

*Fr. Paul kneels at the confessional.*

FR. PAUL

*"Take this all of you and drink from it. This is my blood... the blood of the new and everlasting covenant, shed for you and for all so that sins may be forgiven..." These words, in the old man's old mind, again and again, and again and again, as he drank. Then... darkness. Sleep.*

*He takes a moment. Settles back.*

CUT TO:

3.CA72 EXT. HOLY LAND, THE DESERT - THE NEXT MORNING 3.CA72

*The storm has passed. The desert is empty, its sand now swept to new configurations by the violent winds. And we can see the ENTRANCE TO THE RUINS, poking out of the sand. Half-buried again by the new sand.*

3.DA72 INT. RUINS, TOMB - MOMENTS LATER 3.DA72

*Sunlight pours in through the cavernous entrance, but we are far from that. We are pulled back, into the dark.*

*We see the DUSTY, BLOODY priest's uniform on the man on the ground. But we don't see his face.*

He GASPS in a breath... COUGHING VIOLENTLY. We tilt up to his hands, BLOODY. DUSTY. Trying to PULL HIMSELF UP...

DRAGGING HIMSELF toward the SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT.

FR. PAUL (V.O.)

Monsignor John Pruitt woke the next morning and the storm had passed and the sun was coming in through the cave's entrance and he walked to it, walked to it but his legs didn't hurt. His back didn't hurt. His mind was sharp and when he held a hand out, to shield him from the sun, that hand...

And as the broken priest CRAWLS on the dusty ground, he finally reaches the sunlight...

AND FATHER PAUL'S FACE COMES INTO THE LIGHT.

Blood on his chin and neck. But now that we see them like this, we can see the resemblance clearly - that this young priest and the old priest had the SAME FACE, just buried in years and time.

He STUMBLES TO HIS FEET, looking down at his hands. YOUNG AGAIN. NO WRINKLES...

As he stares at his hands, and reaches up to touch his face...

And then a NOISE summons his attention deeper in the tomb.

He turns. Away from the light, barely visible, is the CREATURE. We can only make out the PALE of its skin, the SHINING EYES.

And then, the creature STANDS. And we see the WINGS UNFURL.

And then, Father Paul's eyes FILL WITH TEARS. He drops to his knees... exhausted. Staring at it.

DISSOLVE TO:

3.A72 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, CONFESSIONAL - CONTINUOUS  
THE WOOD CARVING of Fr. Paul kneeling in front of the "Angel."

FR. PAUL

*I knew the journey would be long  
but I knew where this angel was  
needed and so I'd travel, and I'd  
wait, and the angel would catch up  
and I'd travel and wait and fear,  
lord, fear someone would discover  
it or one night he wouldn't be  
there, wouldn't fly to me and when  
he did I knew I had to hide him,  
and I'd hide it in Earth and pack  
it with antiquities and I'd leave  
the rest to God. Leave it to God,  
that I could bring it safely home,  
home to the place that needed it  
most... and by your grace I did.*

*He bows his head. The guilt now.*

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

*I knew all the while... I'd have to  
lie. At least at first. Lie to the  
very people I am here to save. I  
know, lord, that you wouldn't  
require me to lie unless it was  
part of your plan. In the same way  
that you guided me to find my way  
back, in the same way you protected  
me all the way home. You protected  
your angel as well, and somehow  
kept us from the sight of those who  
might seek to stop us. To persecute  
us as Saul once did. I know that  
you blessed our road back to  
Crockett, to the dear souls here on  
this island so that we may bring to  
them your love. And your mercy. And  
your miracles.*

*(beat)*

*So forgive me, Lord, for the small  
lies I must tell... in your  
service.*

*Satisfied, he makes the sign of the cross.*

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

*For my penance, I will serve you -  
faithfully - all the remaining days  
of my life. And deliver, to your  
glory, your children, who have so  
longed for your blessings.*

*(beat)*

*(MORE)*

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

*"O my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee and I detest all my sins because I dread the loss of heaven and the pains of hell; but most of all because they offend Thee, my God, Who are all good and deserving of all my love. I firmly resolve, with the help of Thy grace, to confess my sins, to do penance, and to amend my life. Amen."*

We SLOWLY ZOOM OUT as he finishes his confession...

3.72 INT. RECTORY - MOMENTS LATER

3.72

And we SLOWLY ZOOM OUT from Father Paul's DEAD, DILATED EYE. The sounds of Bev, Wade, and Dolly CRYING.

Sturge watches, fascinated by horrified, from the kitchen doorway.

The moment seems to last forever --

And then --

HE BLINKS.

Bev STARES... holding her breath.

BEV  
(quietly)  
... Monsignor?

Dolly and Wade look at her, CONFUSED. This isn't Monsignor Pruitt, this is Father Paul...

HE BLINKS AGAIN. His eyes looking up to Bev.

BEV (CONT'D)  
Oh thank God -

She LIFTS HIM UP, and he GRABS ONTO HER. Looking around. His eyes are still RED from the burst blood vessels, but he's ALIVE AGAIN.

He looks to Bev, and then to Dolly and Wade. And then to Sturge.

THEY ARE ALL STUNNED. HE WAS DEAD... HE WAS DEAD...

The camera PULLS BACK. As Bev CLINGS TO HIM, CRYING SOFTLY, repeating again and again:

BEV (CONT'D)

It's a miracle... thank God... a  
miracle... Monsignor... thank  
God... Thank God for you  
Monsignor...

We come to rest on a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH on the wall. (Note:  
THIS IS THE SAME PHOTOGRAPH BEV STARED AT THE BEGINNING OF  
THE EPISODE.)

And now we know why she stared -

IT'S AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH, BLACK AND WHITE. PART OF A NEWSPAPER  
STORY. Taken outside St. Patrick's, showing RENOVATIONS in  
progress. Maybe in the late 60's, or 70's.

And in the center of the story, RENOVATIONS COMPLETE AT ST.  
PATRICK'S, there is a young priest.

The name under the picture is FATHER PRUITT.

But the man in the photograph is FATHER PAUL.

They were always one and the same.

FADE TO BLACK.