

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL GRACE, LTD.

Pilot - *"Incorrigible"*

Written by

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ACT ONE

INT. CLOSE ON A PAIR OF OLD, FOLDED HANDS.

Resting atop an old wood desk. In the corner of the frame, nearby on the desk, rests a gavel.

MAN'S VOICE

Ma'am, I can say about the hell
that broke lose in Half Acre
well... why I did what I did
there... and what led to all
that...

Close on a second pair of folded hands. A younger man's hands in handcuffs.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

...I had a thought about how we
can't chose when we're born. To
who. Or what material we're made
out of. It would be awfully nice if
we could. But we can't. *We can't
choose when we're born, but....*

A moment goes by.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

*...we can choose when we're born
again.*

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (PAST)

In the background, a highrise building burns. In the foreground, a crowd flees the fire; among them, oddly, a fireman.

MAN'S VOICE

An inferno... picture hell for a
second.

(gives it a second)

That kind of fire. They happen
here. And, all it takes (I know a
lot about this, I've had specific
training) is a little oxygen and
fuel to start one. And oxygen is
all over the place. So...

EXT. FILIPINO EQUIVALENT ROUTE 66, PHILIPPINES - DAY (PAST)

A band of middle-aged Filipino, golden-era American-road-bike enthusiasts, ride their vintage Harleys and Triumphs along a coastal Filipino highway.

EXT. SAN DIEGO NAVAL BASE - LATER (PAST)

Naval Master at Arms (Navy Police) NANCE MISTERS, 24, walks briskly through the naval yard. Even though she's part of the Navy, she looks out of place here in her crisp, white uniform. Her purposeful beauty is in stark contrast to most of the other personnel and the yard itself, with its ships and dull machinery.

MAN'S VOICE

Just a little spark, then something gets hot...

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL GYM, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (PAST)

A county-wide gathering of Eagle Scouts. They fill a number of rows of folding chairs on the gym floor.

Alone on stage, in her Assistant Scout Master uniform, KAREN HALE (through jump cuts) demonstrates a series of complicated rope knots, naming each upon completion WHILE ALSO BEGINNING TO COME UNDONE EMOTIONALLY THROUGHOUT as if in the midst of a private personal crisis. She's on the verge of tears...

MAN'S VOICE

...something gets hot enough to ignite, and the fire spreads. It just takes a little while. Like a real short while. Like ten seconds. It's crazy.

EXT. RIVER - DAY (PAST)

Under the surface of this river, a ten-year-old African-American girl sinks. Her wrists are bound. Her ankles are bound. For now, she's alive; in fact, for some reason, she's smiling.

MAN'S VOICE

...in three minutes, a room can get so hot that everything in it ignites at once...

(MORE)

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

You can't control that, when it gets to that kind of point... it just keeps going and spreads all over...

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH, HERMOSILLO, MEXICO - MORNING

A Catholic church, once ornate, now in disrepair, sits along a rutted boulevard in industrial Hermosillo. In the distance, car assembly plant smokestacks send smoke around the city.

SHERIFF HECTOR CONTRERAS, 40s, crosses the small lot out front toward the church.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH, HERMOSILLO, MEXICO - CONTINUOUS

Hector makes his way down the aisle, noticing, with dismay, broken stained glass. Then a leaking roof. Then Hector heads for the confessional.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - MOMENTS LATER

Hector confesses in the tight contours of this old, dark box.

HECTOR

(*subtitled Spanish)

*Bless me father, for I'm going to sin and...

PRIEST

*Pardon... *Going?*

You can't see the priest well either; he's just a shape behind the filigreed screen.

HECTOR

*I'm sorry..?

PRIEST

*You're *going to..?* You *will* sin? You're *saying?* But you have not yet?

HECTOR

*I have not sinned this one yet--

PRIEST

**But you will?*

HECTOR

*I will.

PRIEST

*But how do you *know* you will? If you haven't--

HECTOR

*Well, it's like a lot sins, I guess. I know I shouldn't do it. But I really really want to. Yeah. So I'm pretty sure I will. Plus, it's too late anyway.

PRIEST

*But if it hasn't happened, you can stop it from--

HECTOR

*I can't. It's already started.

A heavier expression crosses Hector's face.

EXT. HALF ACRE NEVADA, USA - DAY

A young man lies in the swale of a two-lane desert roadway, a small knapsack beside him. He looks rough, in physical and emotional distress. Like a junkie - JAMES (he's the kind of guy who can't stay out of his own way - but you like him anyway - like Scoot McNairy).

Right now, with his wet eyes, he stares at a small bright bird resting on a fence post.

Though the young man looks like hell, you can tell seeing this bird pleases him. But now the bird flies off. And we hear a car stop alongside the young man. Then we hear a window roll down, then an old man's voice.

OLD MAN

What's with you?

The young man doesn't answer.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

What's with you, son?

JAMES

...my friend just had it with me.

OLD MAN

Had it with you? Why?

JAMES

I got sick. In his Caprice. He said
get out. I got out, then I got sick
out here.

OLD MAN

Can you sit up?

JAMES

Probably...

OLD MAN

Well sit up then, have some respect
for yourself.

The young man rolls over to face the road. He sees an old,
long, orange, old-man's car beside him. An old man's behind
the wheel. An old woman's in the passenger seat.

They're in their 70's but they're the kind of older people
one encounters rarely - whose age attributes to them - rather
than weakness and infirmity - something like momentousness -
MA and PA.

James has begun an arduous "sitting up."

PA

There you go.

MA

Your hands are shaking, honey.

JAMES

What do you want? I don't know you.

PA

You feel sick now, Son?

JAMES

Yes.

James begins to sink out of his seated-up shape. But Pa is
out of his old Plymouth Valiant, and he lifts the young man
up. Pa's mighty. He's carrying the young man toward the car.

PA

Ma, would you help with the door
please?

JAMES

Why are you lifting me in the air?
Unhand me.

PA
 (to Ma, laughing)
 He said "unhand me." Hear that?

MA
 (laughing as well)
 ...he thinks he's historical.

The young man's been kicking his left leg out.

JAMES
 I'm not trying to kick you. That's
 involuntary.

PA
 You're in a withdrawal.

Pa has deposited the young man in the back seat.

PA (CONT'D)
 I'll ride with you back here. I'll
 explain what's happening science
 wise.

The young man's leg keeps kicking.

JAMES
 I feel like I should say again that
 this kicking isn't personal. Toward
 you personally. I'm just doing it,
 Sir.

MA
 Oh, we've been kicked lots and
 lots.

PA
 It's where "kick the habit" comes
 from.

Pa has walked to the trunk, has opened it up.

WE'RE CLOSE FOR A MOMENT ON AN ITEM FROM THE TRUNK - A YELLOW
 PHONE BOOK FROM GREATER AUSTIN, TEXAS.

PA (CONT'D)
 (to himself, still amused)
 "unhand me..."

Then Pa takes the phone book toward the driver's door. We
 understand why when we see Ma come around to him. She's a
 tiny woman; has-to-sit-on-a-phone-book-to-drive size.

INT. MA AND PA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ma drives (on the phone book). James in back with Pa, Pa's large arm at rest over his shoulder to steady him.

PA
What's your name?

YOUNG MAN
James.

PA
...I'm Pa. That's Ma.

We see a little hand appear above the driver's seat back waving hi.

JAMES
Where to?

PA
...Half Acre. Home. We have a church and a... *What would you call it?*

MA
(invisible behind the front seat)
A center. I'd call it a center.

PA
We have a church and a center where we treat men and women troubled such as you.

Pa draws James nearer. Then Pa looks him in the eye. Then Pa smiles warmly.

PA (CONT'D)
...you didn't read the fine print.
It's not a sin.

MA
You're gonna be okay, James.

PA
You're gonna be okay.

INT. MA AND PA'S CAR - LATER

James stares out the window as we pass through the small town of Half Acre. There's a hardware store, a couple diners, an office of the Better Business Bureau, Lenscrafters, etc.

*Note: we're framed so the air freshener dangling from the rearview mirror hangs in the shot. The air freshener is in the shape of the Christian "fish."

Everything in town is in fine condition except for one building. The church. It's perfect, its columns painted pure white, fresh flowers adorn the porch and the silver cross atop the steeple shines.

Our Lady of Perpetual Grace.

Through the backseat window, as they drive by, James stares at it - the composition of the shot, the score and the expression James wears indicate that this building holds an integral place in the unfolding of our story.

MAN'S VOICE

...So I'm saying you could be....
say... just standing in your
kitchen or some place. Just
standing there. Making toast. Then,
next thing you know, if the right
elements align, you're standing in
an inferno...

We're on James for a last moment. It's been him narrating.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Prepared for nothing. Unready... to
face its power down. You're just
holding toast. Like an asshole. In
the middle of hell.

Then we're close briefly on Pa. There's something about this man. Timeless and epochal. His very face portends the dark, capricious power of the Old Testament.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. MA AND PA'S RANCH - DAY

The Valiant pulls up to Ma and Pa's ranch, sort of a redneck Graceland - a small compound with several buildings abutting the main house. There's a barn, a tack room, an old stable.

A few ranch hands work around the yard. They're all rough, and, though sober and clean, you can feel, in their stares, the young men have had hard lives heretofore.

INT. MA AND PA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Ma sweeps up the obvious valuables around and secures them in a surprisingly stout closet safe. Though she holds back a necklace and places this single piece of jewelry right out on the dresser for anyone to find.

INT. MA AND PA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

We track by the fireplace and notice a photo of a teenaged boy standing by a creek beside a younger Ma and Pa. We don't linger on it, but it's enough of a presence to pay attention to. Passing it, we enter the wider space of the living room where Ma, Pa and James stand in a prayer circle formed by joined hands.

PA

...this is a big day here, this is James' first clean one in a while. Give him a boost, how about it?

INT. GUEST BATHROOM - LATER

James pukes.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

James sits at the kitchen table, Ma and Pa beside him. Laid out on the table are his possessions: a cell phone, old leather wallet, Timex, some cash, and a room key from some place called the Skylark Motel.

MA

Gonna put your things in the safe,
James. For your own best interest.

INT. FLORIDA ROOM - DAY

Pa and James are dressed in Jack LaLanne old man's exercise jumpsuits and chuck a medicine ball back and forth.

INT. HALLWAY, MA AND PA'S - DAY

Ma passes by her bedroom with a laundry hamper. She glances over to see whether her necklace still rests atop the chest of drawers. It's still right there.

EXT. BACK PROPERTY, MA AND PA'S - DAY

Pa and James clear brush from the wooded acre behind the house. Pa's in a work shirt; he's a large, physical man, still over six feet with tattoos across his forearms, faded ones men came by years ago only in the service or prison.

JAMES

I can't promise you, Pa, that I'm worth your... well, you know, your efforts here. With me. I just wanted to say that.

PA

Don't say that.

JAMES

You don't know me. I'm not top notch.

Pa doesn't respond for a while.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You're kind, you and Ma. And you don't know me. I don't have a great deal of... you know. Character. I just wanted to tell you. In case you thought I did.

PA

Has this been easy? Your recovery?

JAMES

No.

PA

And you're way into it. You're four days into it.

JAMES

Because I want to change.

This whole while, Pa hasn't looked James' way. Now he does, to read on James' face whether what he just said was true. He studies the young man, reads his sincerity. Then he smiles.

PA

That's enough character for me.

Pa begins working again.

PA (CONT'D)

...our son Paul. He was an odd looking boy. Funny looking. Mean. He vexed me. And Ma. Then when he got older, he just fucking tormented and plagued us. He had a shrill and awful laugh. In fact. You'd just stiffen. Around him. Even when he was cheerful. He was a crumb. Paul hurt people. That's worse than watching your boy get hurt, too. That's the one thing that is.

They keep working for a while.

PA (CONT'D)

He was looked after, too. But Paul was rotten. I'd often pray, as Paul was taking shape into his bent shape, that he'd straighten out. He never did. He slipped away. I don't know where. Needing love. And guidance. And now he's off probably injuring people in all the ways that... you know. He's not weak. Like me. And you. He's *cruel*. And he never showed the character to want to change.

Pa stops clearing wood.

PA (CONT'D)

After Paul, I couldn't be a simple guy.

(MORE)

PA (CONT'D)

As I fathomed God, I honestly just strained to recognize his concern. Did you ever believe in that kind of God? A concerned kind?

JAMES

I guess. Once.

PA

It's comforting. False mostly.

JAMES

Probably.

PA

Like drugs. Drugs are like that. They're not really in you. You have to put them in there. Maybe like this idea God cares about you. Someone has to teach you that. You wouldn't get that from looking around. I look around, James. I'm a different sort of Christian. I don't demean myself either. I don't kneel. Bothers Ma, but life's hard, I stay on my toes. But you can learn something from what we've wished into God. As we built him. The strengths we wished in. When you leave here Sunday, honey, be what we wish God was. Be all powerful. Be gracious. Be the answer.

Pa smiles at James with real kindness.

JAMES

I'm just saying... it's my real challenge. Turning the corner. I might be incorrigible. You know what that word means? It means bad beyond correction.

PA

...I know what it means. Be kinder to yourself, James. Say this with me. I am my own God.

JAMES

I am my own God.

PA

And I am worthy of my longest brief life.

JAMES
I am worthy of my longest brief
life.

PA
You get it?

JAMES
I do.

PA
Now say amen.

As Pa has been talking, James is staring off to the ground under some trees. Suddenly his eyes narrow.

JAMES
Goddamn.

Pa's face stiffens a bit.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Sorry, Pa. That's a Williamson's
Sapsucker there. Female. Rare.
She's hurt I think...

James walks over and looks at an injured female Sapsucker. Its wing is bent funny and she can't fly. Carefully, James bends down and lays his hands on the bird. It's scared for sure, but James has a way.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Easy there. I'll take care of you.

PA
Pretty bird.

JAMES
Do you have a box, Pa?

PA
Yeah, sure,

James smiles. Pa winks.

PA (CONT'D)
But you have to say amen there at
the end, James, or it doesn't
count.

JAMES
Amen.

PA

Three days left. You're doing all right. Let me get you that box.

(smiles at James)

You're tending to the weak, little things, James. "No character?"

Maybe you're doing better than Him.

Pa goes. James is left there to consider that. It seems to give him comfort.

A SORT OF "ROCKY" TRAINING MONTAGE KICKS OFF

Pa and James, together, outdoors performing age-old calisthenics (in their Jack LaLannes) like trunk-twists.

Here, James exercises with the old stretch-cord spring contraption device.

Pa and James work a two-man-saw on a broad old tree out back. James is hanging in there, doing all right. Until he has to puke again.

Near evening, they jog together along a path through Pa's woods. James, determined to keep up with the older man, bears down on his pace. He's healing and improving. You can see it.

EXT. BACKYARD, MA AND PA'S HALF ACRE, NEVADA - MORNING

A card table rests in the shade of a tall Jeffrey Pine. There, Pa, Ma and James share lemonade. James watches, with pleasure, his Sapsucker have a bath in a small dish of water James put in its box. Ma holds James' motel key. She dangles it in front of him.

MA

So where is it? The old stash.

JAMES

No old stash.

MA

James. I've helped people mend for thirty years. Guys like you always have that old stash. You have a weak constitution. You broke the Guinness puke record this week, poor thing. You couldn't go a day without it. You have the old stash. You're good to leave after tomorrow. And I don't want you to just head right back to the stash.

(MORE)

MA (CONT'D)

So today I'm going to go chuck it.
And you shouldn't lie to me because
I care about you, and my son did
that and it hurts me.

James looks at Ma and we can tell from his face he's pained.

*Something is about to break between him and Ma and Pa and
that bothers him a lot. He's thinking hard about something.*

JAMES

Mattress...

MA

Under your mattress?

JAMES

Yeah. At the Skylark there. In
Montague.

MA

(she smiles, she's proud
of him)

Number one spot for the old stash.

(bigger smile)

You're not very original, James.

But you're smart, sweetie, thanks.

Ma smiles and we can see, whatever was about to be lost has
been restored. A long moment passes. And even though the
tension between them has been diffused, James seems to be
feeling private anxiety.

MA (CONT'D)

Make yourself at home.

(heading off)

I'll drive over to the Skylark
while Pa's preaching today and
clean your room of those remnants
of your former weakness. After I
shop for the pantry

EXT. BACK PORCH, MA AND PA'S - LATER

James sits out back. He's got the box with his bird in it on
his lap. He's looking it over. The Valiant is visible in the
distance, driving off down a little slope of road you can
just see from here. Then it's gone from sight. Then James
looks up.

His wheels are turning, doing some deep thinking we're not privy to. Then James stands up and rests the bird box on the porch rail.

A C.U. OF MA'S BEDROOM BUREAU DRESSER

The necklace is gone.

EXT. FIELD - SAME

James sprints across an avocado field east of Half Acre. He's got Ma's necklace in his left hand.

INT. OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL GRACE - SAME

Pa is at the altar, sermonizing.

PA

...And we also glory in our sufferings, because we know that suffering produces perseverance.

INT. SMALL GROCERY, HALF ACRE - SAME

Ma shops the produce section at Half Acre's grocery.

PA (V.O.)

...Do not conform to the evil desires you had when you lived in ignorance. Your enemy the devil prowls like a roaring lion...

INT. PAWN SHOP - LATER

James faces a teenager (YOUNG PAWN SHOP EMPLOYEE) across a pawn shop counter. The kid's just estimated Ma's necklace.

JAMES

60? No way. Hundred bucks.

YOUNG PAWN SHOP EMPLOYEE

60 dollars.

JAMES
 (in a hurry)
 Whatever. How old are you?

YOUNG PAWN SHOP EMPLOYEE
 15.

JAMES
 And you're the proprietor of a pawn shop? At 15?

YOUNG PAWN SHOP EMPLOYEE
 I don't know what proprietor means.

JAMES
 You own it.

YOUNG PAWN SHOP EMPLOYEE
 Oh, I don't. My dad does.

JAMES
 Where's he?

YOUNG PAWN SHOP EMPLOYEE
 AA.
 (has finished counting out
 the 60 dollars)
 60 dollars.

James watches the boy place Ma's necklace on a cloth, black display rack among several others. Then James leaves. But he stops at the door before he leaves entirely.

JAMES
 When's your Dad get back?

YOUNG PAWN SHOP EMPLOYEE
 Ten minutes.

INT. DOLLAR STORE, MONTAGUE ON THE GARDENS - LATER

In an aisle of the country dollar store, James picks out a single pair of panty hose.

PA (V.O.)
...Resist him, because you know the family of believers is undergoing the same kind of sufferings...

EXT. PETSMART, MONTAGUE ON THE GARDENS - LATER

Behind the back of the *Petsmart* building, James has met a middle-aged woman, in a *Petsmart* apron (two dogs on leashes). They're tucked behind the dumpsters, out of view, where she hands James a small brown bag...

PA (V.O.)
*..and the God of all grace, after
 you have suffered, will restore you-*

EXT. ROUTE 18 - SAME

Ma drives the Valiant past a roadside sign that reads *Montague On the Gardens 3 miles*. Her head's barely above the dashboard, she's a speedster and she's making great time.

EXT. SKYLARK MOTEL, MONTAGUE ON THE GARDENS - LATER

James approaches the two-story, pale blue Skylark building.

INT. SKYLARK MOTEL, ROOM 204 - MOMENTS LATER

James sits on the edge of one of the slim twin beds. He's tying a panty hose leg around his upper arm like a tourniquet. The pair to the panty hose leg rests on the bed beside a meager dose of heroin and syringe.

PA (V.O.)
*...and you will light up... you
 will light up in love and pure joy.*

EXT. SKYLARK MOTEL - SAME

Meanwhile, Ma has parked across the street from the Skylark. She's crossing the street toward the pale blue motel.

INT. SKYLARK MOTEL, ROOM 204 - SAME

James has finished tying the tourniquet. But rather than shoot up, he unties the panty hose (having left it coiled like a rope), and places it under the mattress a little ways, with the heroin he just bought and the syringe. Then he hurries toward the door to leave.

EXT. CATWALK, SECOND FLOOR, SKYLARK - MOMENTS LATER

James heads off from room 204, toward the rear stairwell. Reaching it, just as he descends from view, Ma appears, arriving at the catwalk from the front stairs. They've missed one another by a moment.

INT. ROOM 204 - MOMENTS LATER

We're inside the room. We watch Ma enter. Then she turns the lights on. She turns the room over and moves the mattress. And there, she's found the heroin and the syringe.

She rises, puts the kit in the trash can with the tourniquet. Then she begins to remake the room.

INT. PAWN SHOP - LATER

The teen store employee shelves some items. It's a long shot, and in it we see someone quietly approaching the boy from behind, from way back in the store at first, walking quietly in from the rear entrance. We can't tell who, his head is covered by pantyhose. He steps up behind the boy. It's James.

JAMES

Don't turn around or I'm gonna fuck you up. Where's the guy who owns this place?

YOUNG PAWN SHOP EMPLOYEE

Dad's running late.

JAMES

...fuck.

A moment passes. James doesn't do anything. It's hard to read (because his face is distorted and covered by the pantyhose) but James is wavering due to feeling unethical. So he undergoes some expressionless turmoil.

Then after he summons a decision, James raises a short lead pipe up like he's going to strike the back of the boy's head. Then he wavers again, and he lowers it.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Why aren't you in school?

YOUNG PAWN SHOP EMPLOYEE

I'm needed here.

JAMES

That's fucked up. Your father's a real asshole. That's all. You should be in school. Not picking up that guy's slack. Dad or not.

YOUNG PAWN SHOP EMPLOYEE

Okay, Sir.

Then James cracks the youngster on the back of his head with the pipe. The kid drops. James stands around like he'd like to say something tender. Then he grabs the jewelry display including Ma's necklace.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - LATER

James runs out the rear entrance of the shop. Then he stops dead. Then he quickly lifts his mask off. Pukes. Puts the mask back on and takes off.

INT. MA AND PA'S CAR - LATER

Ma drives back along the same route 18. Unusually, she seems to naturally drive at a breakneck speed. If you were a car she flies past, you'd just see hands on the wheel and a puff of permed blue hair above the seat horizon passing at 95 MPH.

EXT. AVOCADO FIELD - LATER

James sprints back across the field toward Ma and Pa's; he's got Ma's necklace in hand again.

INT. MA AND PA'S - LATER

James is in the house. He's just closed the front door behind him. Just as Ma drives up. James heads toward their bedroom. We watch him leave the necklace on the bureau.

Ma has since entered the house behind him. She walks toward the bedroom. She enters just as James leaves the bedroom through the bedroom's back French doors. She turns and checks to see that the necklace remains there on the bureau.

She seems pleased to see it resting there like it never left.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. RIVER - DAY (PAST)

We've returned to the image of the young black girl with the bound hands and feet sinking beneath the river. She's no longer smiling. She's alive, still, though. But she's alarmed and she's begun thrashing to free herself. It won't do any good.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, MA AND PA'S - DAY

James does chores, right now vacuuming the trunk of the Valiant. Sitting in a small straw-lined box, perched on the roof of the car, is the Sapsucker. James has made a small hole in the box so he can see the bird and it can see out. James smiles at the bird. Then he returns to the work.

He chucks the phone book Ma sits on to the side to vacuum the trunk space beneath it, but as it lands it opens up. There, hidden in the middle, is a great streak of dried blood. It's caught his eye. So James leans toward it to better make it out.

Then Pa's huge hands appear in the frame, lifting the book from the trunk.

PA

...Can I show you something?

They face each other. Pa holds the phone book. He's smiling.

PA (CONT'D)

Before I was a preacher I called on other strengths... sometimes. Other strengths...

Pa keeps his eyes set on James. Meanwhile, he's started tearing the phone book in two.

PA (CONT'D)

...than spiritual strengths, I'm embarrassed to say. To work matters out. I wonder can I still do it.

Pa does it. He's just torn a metro phone book in half - a 76-year-old man. But, maybe more notably, he's never taken his eyes from James and his smile's gone.

In this moment, briefly, Pa seems potent and menacing. It feels like a message-sending event. Until Pa smiles warmly once more.

PA (CONT'D)
I'll have to find something else
for Ma to sit on now. Me and my
pride. Dumb as the day I was born.

Then Pa wanders back into the house with the phone book he just destroyed. Then Pa stops, checks his watch and looks back at James.

PA (CONT'D)
You've almost made it through your
last day. How you doing?

JAMES
(sort of pleased)
I'm doing all right.

PA
(very pleased as well)
All right.

Then Pa smiles. Then he heads inside.

He hasn't noticed that the back cover of the phone book was torn off during his demonstration. We cut to an Hitchcock style close-up of the phone book rear cover, resting now on the driveway tarmac: *Yellow Pages Greater Austin, Texas*. There's blood on this, too.

James is out in the driveway alone, staring at it.

INT. MA AND PA'S KITCHEN - EVENING

James has joined Ma and Pa for homemade dinner. It's peaceful. James looks different. Clean. Healthy. Much better than when he arrived.

MA
(meaning James is finished
with his rehab)
You feel like a new man?

JAMES
(smiling)
I sort of do.

MA
Well, you are.

JAMES

...I have nothing to give you. I wish I did. For what you've done. I wish I had something to give you.

Ma hands James something. His phone.

MA

We're in there now. Keep in touch. That would be a gift.

PA

I could use a new lawn mower. Rideable one.

It's a joke. They all laugh. Then they get quiet again.

JAMES

I can find your son.

No one reacts for a minute. Then Pa looks at his wife. The energy in the room has changed. With just the mention of this person moods darken and grow serious.

PA

James--

JAMES

I could find people. I used to have to find people, Pa, who slipped off for alimony or what have you.

PA

James, please. We're grateful. But he's troubled. He saps your strength, we're not young. It takes me ten minutes to get out of bed.

MA

(feels differently about their son Paul)
Well, I get right up. Speak for yourself.

Pa looks at Ma. There's a long standing difference between them over Paul. She leaves the table. Pa follows.

INT. KITCHEN / INT. MA AND PA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

James sits alone at the kitchen table. He's looking across the room, toward the slender angle of light cutting out through the nearly closed, bedroom door. There, inside, James sees Ma and Pa joined in prayer, standing, holding hands.

MA

...please.

PA

I don't even know if I can anymore.

MA

Just for this.

Pa has started, like Ma, to lower himself to his knees. They're old. It's not easy. But they get there. Then they join hands again and continue to pray.

MA (CONT'D)

...our heavenly Lord, we thank you for the loving gift you offered, our opportunity to find our Paul and for reminding my husband here, that he's a very powerful man who is capable of kneeling and then rising again, then standing tall to take on whatever. What a mighty man my husband is...

PA

(she's making him laugh
sweetly now)

...okay....

MA

He's full of fight. My old bruiser. He's a father, and he knows *that's* a fifteen rounder right there so thank you for his great strength...

We're close on Pa as he listens to his wife. She's entreating him to please allow James to find their wayward son. In the kitchen, James watches with what feels like intense interest.

INT. JAMES' BEDROOM, MA AND PA'S - NIGHT

James lays in bed reading. Pa knocks on the door.

PA
James, do you think you can find
him?

James nods. Time passes.

PA (CONT'D)
Well, thank you, James. Thank you
very much. That would mean a lot to
his mom.

JAMES
...You want me to find him, Pa?

PA
Yeah.

Then Pa hands James a check.

JAMES
(meaning the check)
No way...

PA
You're broke. Go on. For your
expenses, in finding our son. And
we do all right, our church.

James finally nods. Then Pa hands James a small box - bread-
box sized, with the superficial, worn patina of a keepsake.
On it, Ma had many years ago cursive'd *Paul's Box*.

PA (CONT'D)
That's all of it. Ma keeps it.
Social security. Birth certificate.
Will that help?

James nods again. Some time passes. He stares at the check.
Hitchcock close up - the check. The account it's drawn on:

Our Lady Of Perpetual Grace, Ltd.

PA (CONT'D)
We wanted to give you something
else? For your... graduation?

Pa hands James a business looking form. At the top is
written: OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL GRACE, LTD - ASSIGNMENT OF
CREDENCE

PA (CONT'D)
A fresh start for you. Fill it out.

James studies the form.

PA (CONT'D)

We make a little unit. Me, you, and Ma. You'll be under our wing. We have some pull, around town. Don't get too excited, now. It's not gonna get you a car or anything. But with this you can get a checking account. A new cell phone. A small line of credit. Not much. A start.

James seems to appreciate this quite a bit. Pa begins to leave the room.

PA (CONT'D)

You deserve it. Congratulations.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

A super appears over the image of an Austin area one-story sheriff's building. It's a small, squat block building. "*Greater Austin, Texas*".

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, GREATER AUSTIN TEXAS - SAME

We meet someone new here, SHERIFF ELLIS WINE, 60. He looks bored as hell. He's at the computer, searching the web for acoustic guitars he may one day buy.

Then he closes the page and just sits there, like he's trying to think of what to do next. Just then his iPhone dings. It's a reminder message of duties to perform. The message reads:

Call mom

Air filter

Paul Allen Brown

He stares at the message a moment.

Then he looks across the small room at a dry-erase board. Posted atop it are blown up photos of assorted men and women. Among these, and the one Ellis has looked over at, is the school photo of a young black girl (the girl familiar to us from the river - the sinking girl).

Then Ellis opens an internal police search page. We watch him enter the name PAUL ALLEN BROWN and social security number.

Then he hits search. He sits a while. We watch the response "no results" appear. Then Ellis closes this page. Then he just sits there again.

Then he rises, steps over into some open space, does five push ups. Then he sits back down at starts looking at guitars again, while dialing his mother on the iPhone.

INT. LAX, INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - DAY (PAST)

Mild-seeming Filipino businessman EVARISH AMOG, 42, walks with his bags through the arrivals terminal with the earnest, dazzled energy of someone absorbing the U.S. for the first time, at once delighted, stunned and brimming.

INT. AVIS COUNTER, LAX - LATER (PAST)

Evarish concludes his rental car arrangement with a smile. Then he speaks Tagalog into his smart phone.

EVARISH
Salamat. Magandang araw iyo.

Then he aims the phone at the Avis rep.

FEMALE SIRI VOICE
(from the phone)
Thank you. Have a nice day.

EXT. NUTWOOD STREET, COMPTON - LATER (PAST)

Evarish drives a rental Ford Fusion through the most blighted stretch of blocks in Compton. He's glancing around; not just looking around, but seeking something specific.

EXT. STREET CORNER, NUTWOOD STREET - MOMENTS LATER (PAST)

Three African-American males hang around on this corner, laughing about something. Evarish walks up. They stare at him as he speaks into his smart phone.

EVARISH
Gusto kong bumili baril at bala.

They watch him press his translation app.

FEMALE SIRI VOICE

Hello, I would like to buy a handgun and a small amount of handgun ammunition. Thank you.

It was an unusual thing to have heard, in this way, from this guy. So no one says anything for a while.

EXT. HYUNDAI/GAS STATION, COMPTON - NIGHT (PAST)

Karen Hale, the African-America Eagle Scout leader, has stopped in Compton for gas. Her son COLIN, 16, sits in the passenger seat. Karen's at the pumps. Colin can see her there, beginning, for whatever reason, to cry. Then she turns her back to hide this.

But he sees it. Then he sees her cell on the passenger seat. He reaches for it. He pulls her texts up. He focuses on one specifically. It's a text to: *JAMES*

Her text reads: *I haven't heard from you since I left the message. I have to make decisions regarding my pregnancy. I will do alone if need be. If you don't respond I'll assume that's your wish. Do you even miss me? I really miss you.*

Then Colin looks out at his mom. Karen's brief crying bout is over and she touches off the gas at 8 dollars even, very carefully - stopping at 7:89, then 7:95, then touching it off finally at 8 dollars and no more.

Colin's watching her. He's an abiding kid. And nothing he just learned about sits well with him.

INT. ROUGH RIDERS MOTORCYCLE SHOP, POMONA - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

It's a large, active, space - rows of loud repairs taking place. Naval Master at Arms Nance Misters stands speaking with the SHOP OWNER.

INT. HECTOR CONTRERAS'S PICKUP TRUCK, MEXICO - DAY

Sheriff Hector Contreras (the likable early-confessor) drives along a dirt road outside Hermosillo Mexico. He's deep in thought - like he's weighing over a world of concern. It's clear something heavy is on Hector's mind.

JAMES (V.O.)

Grace.... in the sense of.....

EXT. OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL GRACE CHURCH, HALF ACRE - DAY

James stands outside the church, just standing there staring at the wall mount outside the entrance that bears the church's beautiful name - *Our Lady of Perpetual Grace*.

JAMES (V.O.)

... in the sense of the sign, the church sign, Grace means mercy. Or clemency. It means forgiveness.

Close on James as he looks at the words - they hold specific meaning for him - like he needs what it promises.

JAMES (V.O.)

And *perpetual*.... Well, that means it's going to last and last. *Perpetual's* got you covered. I'm saying that's a bargain you're going to make - *Perpetual Grace*. You're going to go in and get that... fuck it.

After another moment, James fortifies himself to make a move he's been wondering over. James walks into the church.

INT. OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL GRACE - MOMENTS LATER

James holds a meeting with Pa and Ma among the pews of their church. They're seated in a small group in the empty center of the place.

MA

Mexico?

PA

What's Paul doing in Mexico, James?

JAMES

He's sick. Pa. It's grave. Ma. I'm sorry. He's very sick.

PA

Why isn't he here? Why's he there--

JAMES

He's in a prison. He's in a prison hospital. In Hermosillo.

PA

Good Lord.

MA
 (chastising him gently for
 that)
 Pa.

PA
 Is he-- what? Sick how?

JAMES
 I didn't gather... liver failure?
 They said hepatitis. Something
 concerning that. They said late
 stages. That was clear. I'm sorry.

Ma and Pa take that in....

MA
 Oh, James...

JAMES
 There's a sheriff there. It's a
 little different than here. There's
 a sheriff there who oversees the
 prison, and the county, it's
 different...
 (the heart of the matter)
 We spoke privately. They'll let him
 go. You have to go, you have to pay
 him. But they'll let him go.

Ma looks over at Pa. It's her wish that they do what James
 just proposed. She's entreating Pa with just a look. He turns
 and sees her looking back at him this way.

EXT. MA AND PA'S, DRIVEWAY - DAY

James has walked Ma and Pa out to their long orange car where
 Pa stashes a suitcase in the trunk.

PA
 How are you feeling, James?

JAMES
 I feel good, Pa.

PA
 If you get itchy while we're gone,
 just find a quiet place, sit down,
 consider the series of events that
 lead to you laying on your belly on
 the side of the road. And don't
 repeat them.

Pa winks. Then he smiles.

JAMES

Good plan.

Then Ma and Pa enter Pa's Plymouth. Then James watches Ma smile and wave goodbye. Then he watches the old couple head off to Mexico. Every once in a while, a look will cast over James, like's he's lost in private thoughts and he's considering something different than whatever matter is at hand. He does this now. Ma and Pa draw out into the distance.

INT. BUS STATION, MONTAGUE ON THE GARDENS - LATER

...James has come to the nearly empty, bus station in Montague. He's opened a small locker. And he's removed a knapsack he seems to have stored there. Then, of all things, he removes a Wii gaming console from it.

INT. MOTEL ROOM, SKYLARK MOTEL - LATER

Oddly, James stands alone in the room, on his Wii board facing the TV, working up the Wii boxing menu by throwing shadow punches... as you do.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF THE TELEVISION SET

Two Wii avatars holding a conversation:

I.B. Woodpecker - on the way

California Dreamin' - wait

I.B. Woodpecker - what do you mean wait? they're on the way

California Dreamin' - i may not want to do it anymore

I.B. Woodpecker - wtf are you talking about, what?

California Dreamin' - yeah, i might change my mind i'm still deciding.

I.B. Woodpecker - they're on the way, man, what do you mean you're still deciding? decide. you have 10 minutes. or i'm cutting you out. wow man not cool wow

INT. GARAGE, SMALL HOME, HERMOSILLO MEXICO - SAME

Hector Contreras, sits in a chair in his garage, just sitting there in a Sheriff's uniform, amidst a garage space that looks awfully American middle class.

Lots of bikes. A canoe. Some kickboxing shit they used once. Station wagon. We push on Hector. The filmic effect. Hector is in private turmoil, struggling to come to grips with something integral. He looks at a small TV. On it we can see the Wii conversation we just witnessed. Hector is *California Dreamin'*.

Then, with a new decision, with the crispness of a man moving into the early stages of a new and liberating plan, he claps once, rises and heads into his home.

INT. BEDROOM, HECTOR'S FAMILY HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Hector's SONS, Mexican teen gargantuans - 220 plus lbs of sluggish apathy, play X Box *Call of Duty*. Hector has come in from his garage epiphany filled with cheer and enthusiasm.

HECTOR

(*subtitled Spanish)

*Outside. Both of you. And me. Into the sun. No more computer games. Let's go enjoy one another in a traditional family way. Emile. Matthias. Let's make some memories in the real sun.

EXT. BACK YARD, HECTOR'S SMALL HOME, HERMOSILLO - LATER

Hermosillo is where Ford and Chevy have relocated their factory labor. It teems with auto assembly factories and the view from Hector's back yard is densely industrial except for his patch of grass, where he's earmarked two soccer goals with brooms and roller skates.

His two goon sons stand idly in the middle of the yard while manipulating their cell phones. Hector enthusiastically dribbles a soccer ball past each of them and scores.

HECTOR

*Hurrah.

Hector "soars" around in the "I'm so happy I'm flying" arms-extended-while-running- celebratory trot around the "field." His sons don't notice. He grasps one by the shoulders.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

*Come. Rouse yourselves, sons.
Enjoy life. Together. As a family.
Let's discuss the feeling of our
bare feet on the grass. Let's tell
dirty jokes in the distance from
your mother. Oh, how we'll laugh.

Hector gets no response. Then he implores them directly.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

*Matthias? Emile? Let's do what I
just said. Let's seize the good
family times.

OLDER SON

*I don't want to.

YOUNGER SON

*My ear hurts.

Hector hasn't been able to rouse them.

Now, as the car factories in the distance exude industrial spew into the grey skyline, Hector looks at his boys like this failure to cajole them into likability was a final one.

There'll be no further efforts like this as there is no more hope they can brighten at all, even into young men worth just tolerating. For their parts, the young behemoths are looking once again at their phones. Hector walks back to the house.

HECTOR

(giving up)

*My two turds.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hector sits at the foot of his bed. He has once again assumed the posture of personal internal conflict. He's seated, arms leaned onto his knees. Then he leans slightly to one side to gain a look into the bedroom bath.

Hector's POV - there, in the bath, his wife showers while an iPad, propped just outside the shower doors on the tub side, plays a dubbed *Kardashians* with the volume way up so she can enjoy it while she cleans herself. It's a grim vista - a turn-off to witness.

Now, Hector digs out his cell phone. He swipes over three pages full of apps to one called iFile. Opening it we see a series of photos assigned to an unnamed contact.

They are all of Hector and a charmingly beautiful, full figured, vivacious woman his age. They're arm in arm. Hector seems like a different man in these photos. Carefree.

A little stamp on each photo lets us know they were taken in Santa Cruz, California. We watch Hector's face brighten as he looks at these lovely photos of him with another woman.

There's an option to text the contact. Hector clicks it and sends a text to the woman in the photo:

I'm going to leave my family. I found a way to leave them with security. I will see you in our future. All my love.

CUT TO:

WE'RE ONCE AGAIN ON THE TV SCREEN...

Hector has written the message to I.B. Woodpecker:

California Dreamin' - okay, let's do it

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. RIVERBED - DAY (PAST)

A riverbed somewhere in the American west. It's arid. Low hills in the distance. No roads. The body of the young black girl we've watch sink while restrained has washed up into the batches of dry bushes on shore. She was never able to free herself; she's dead.

EXT. CERESO PRISON, HERMOSILLO MEXICO - DAY

Each morning, lines of visitors stretch from the prison entrance gates, out along the parking lot, and spill into the street outside of Cereso - a thousand people daily. Somewhere in the distant middle of this line stand Ma and Pa.

Around them is a foreign soundscape. Spanish chatter. Some Spanish announcements over the prison P.A. It's disorienting. And it's hot out there. You can read on the older couple's faces that they're feeling disoriented.

Then they're relieved to see the kindly aspect of Sheriff Hector Contreras arriving just now at their side.

HECTOR

Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Brown?

PA

I'm Byron Brown.

HECTOR

Our friend James...?

MA

You know James?

HECTOR

Our friend James told me to expect you. For your son. Please will you come with me? Out of the heat? Out of the line? We'll get you taken care of quickly...

Hector has shouted an instruction farther afield in Spanish. One of the prison yard guards at a side gate to the building begins to open his door to permit them all in - this new group - Ma, Pa and Sheriff Hector Contreras.

INT. CERESO PRISON, HERMOSILLO - MOMENTS LATER

Hector has taken Ma and Pa into a basement area of the prison. It's an intensely poorly-afforded, poorly-tended area; it's third world. Ma and Pa follow Hector, passing several rough convicts in the hallway. They appear to be unsupervised.

Hector stops at a large holding cell. Right now there are two other prisoners in it. Both look shabby, but they lack the hard, convict quality of the men they've passed in the hall. Hector opens the cell door and gestures for Ma and Pa to go inside. Something they're clearly uncomfortable with.

HECTOR

I'm sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Brown. But as you can see, prison life here is different than the US. Inmates outnumber the guards a hundred to one. I have to go up to the hospital unit and get your son. You can't come there, but I can bring him here. For your own safety, it's best to place you in here. For your protection. This is the minimum security cell. These prisoners offer no threat. Please step in.

The couple shows some reluctance over this.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

We can go back outside if you like, but then you'll have to wait in that line. Which we can do. It could take four hours. Or five. Which is why I've brought you here. For expedition and your safety.

Ma and Pa finally step into the cell. Hector locks it.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

I'll just be a few minutes.

INT. CORRIDOR, CERESO PRISON - CONTINUOUS

We track with Hector down a long tight hallway. He reaches a heavy door. He unlocks it with a key from his chain. Hector begins to open it.

EXT. STAFF PARKING LOT, CERESO PRISON - SAME

We watch Hector step through this doorway out into the light of the day, into the prison's staff parking lot. He's locked the door behind him. Then he walks towards a red pickup.

INT. HECTOR'S PICKUP TRUCK, MOVING - LATER

Hector drives along a two-lane roadway outside Hermosillo. The prison's long gone from sight.

EXT. HECTOR'S HOUSE - LATER

Hector walks from the parked pickup towards his small house.

INT. HECTOR'S BEDROOM - LATER

Hector has entered his quiet bedroom. He kneels beside his bed. He crosses himself. Then he begins to say his penance.

HECTOR
(*subtitled Spanish)
*Hail Mary, full of grace...

INT. CELL, CERESO PRISON - SAME

Ma and Pa have remained in the cell. They sit side by side. We can read on each of their faces the dawning recognition that something isn't right.

EXT. DMV, MONTAGUE ON THE GARDENS, NEVADA - DAY

James approaches a small DMV location in Montague on the Gardens, finds a little door sign: BACK IN TEN MINUTES. James sees across the street the pawn shop where he cracked the kid on the head. After a moment's consideration, he heads over.

INT. PAWN SHOP, MONTAGUE ON THE GARDENS - LATER

James has entered and wanders through the aisles, looking for the boy.

BOY'S VOICE
Can I help you?

We hear him but we don't see him.

JAMES
I don't... I don't see you.

BOY'S VOICE
Over here. At the counter. Ready to assist you.

James looks over at the counter. There's no one there. But that's where the kid's voice is coming from. It's weird. James walks closer to the counter. Once he's close enough, he sees a cot has been set up behind the counter. On it lies the young pawn shop employee James beamed. He wears a padded helmet. But he seems happy to help James from this position.

YOUNG PAWN SHOP EMPLOYEE
I have to stay off my feet. Due to an event. Something you'd like to buy or sell?

It's an unusual sight - a shopkeeper on a cot. It would throw you off even if you weren't the one who put him there. The kid's name is GLENN.

JAMES
Browsing. Okay?

GLENN
Okay. Take your time. Let me know if you have any questions. My name's Glenn.

James starts to fake browse.

JAMES
...you hurt your head, Glenn?

GLENN
Someone else did. Someone ruthless. He bludgeoned me.

JAMES
How many times did he hit you?

GLENN
One.

JAMES
That's not bludgeoned.

GLENN
What's bludgeoned?

JAMES
Like five, man

GLENN
I don't know. I just heard Sergeant
Shaw say it.

James keeps browsing. But the way he's been characterized by
the boy seems to be on his mind.

JAMES
You want a milkshake or something?

INT. DINER, MONTAGUE ON THE GARDENS - LATER

James pays for two milkshakes.

INT. PAWN SHOP, MONTAGUE ON THE GARDENS - LATER

James is back at the counter. Glenn's enjoying the shake on
his cot. They're mid-conversation.

JAMES
Arson's ruthless. Murder.

GLENN
Yeah, for sure.

JAMES
Robbery, even with a small assault,
not really.

GLENN
My vocabulary, I have to tell you,
it's not a source of pride.

JAMES
That's because you work in a pawn
shop. You should be in 10th grade.
I'm sorry that had to happen to
you, man.

GLENN
Yeah.

JAMES

The guy probably had a good reason. Maybe he'll come by later and give you like two thousand bucks or something. Soon. Like in a couple weeks.

GLENN

That would be pretty fucking cool. Wonder what his reason was. He just took five shitty necklaces.

JAMES

Well, I'm sure it was a really great reason. And you'd maybe understand if you knew.

GLENN

Hey, thanks for the new vocab. And the shake.

JAMES

You're straight on that? The guy who gave you a little tap? Not ruthless.

GLENN

Well, it wasn't a *little tap*, man. I'm wearing a helmet here and--

JAMES

(checking his watch)
You gonna be all right? Long-term? Did they say, Glenn?

GLENN

Just have to stay off my feet. Should be all right. Unless someone comes and reclaims this cot.

Glenn laughs at his own joke.

James laughs as well. AN OFF-PUTTING CACKLE. It's irritating young Glenn, despite his generous nature. It's quite something, James' new laugh.

JAMES

Hey, I'm Paul. By the way. Paul Allen Brown.

GLENN

Glenn Purdue. Nice to meet you, Paul.

INT. DMV, MONTAGUE ON THE GARDENS - MOMENTS LATER

James stands at the glass divider, speaking with the CLERK.

JAMES

I've moved up here, yes, with my parents. They're getting older. I need to establish a Nevada license.

DMV CLERK

Do you have your birth certificate?

JAMES

I have everything I think I need.

James places a small box he's been holding - *Paul's Box* - on the counter. He's begun to take some documents from it.

INT. CELL, CERESO PRISON, HERMOSILLO - DAY

Ma and Pa are still waiting in the cell, ragged and exhausted seeming, when a guard comes over with a very rough looking young man. Lots of jailhouse tattoos, shaved head, the physique of a heavyweight fighter. The guard opens the cell and shoves the guy in. Pa comes over to the guard.

PA

I'm going to ask you again. All right? And you know what I'm saying, where's the other guy? He put us in here yesterday. *Where's the other guy?*

The guard ignores him. Pa eyes the new prisoner who glares back at him. The guard just walks off.

EXT. SONORA MORGUE, HERMOSILLO - DAY

The building looks like a squat cement bunker. We're around back, where Hector Contreras has come to meet the State Coroner. They're between parked pickups exchanging items.

They're doing this carefully, out of view. Hector hands the Coroner a thick envelope. The man hands Hector something similar. Hector peeks in the envelope from the Coroner. We get just a glimpse of some sort of official document with the *Seal of the Coroner of Hermosillo...*

INT. KINKO'S, MONTAGUE ON THE GARDENS - LATER

James gazes out the window when the fax machine rings and a fax arrives...

INT. BUS - AFTERNOON

James rides a bus, pulling out of Montague on the Gardens. On the seat next to him is *Paul's Box* and a large envelope containing the fax he received.

EXT. LAW OFFICES, HALF ACRE NEVADA - LATER (EVENING)

A bus clears frame and reveals James standing in front of a small storefront shop with the words LAW OFFICE stenciled on the window. It's a mom and pop type shop. Right now, a light is on and James heads inside.

INT. LAW OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

James walks in and pauses, looking at the office. It's furnished with down home flair; lots of wicker baskets, some wooden geese, homemade quilts hanging on the walls.

The only other decoration of interest is a large cross. It hangs above the desk of the middle-aged lawyer who sits there now. The guy's gone soft a long time ago; he couldn't run around the block, SCOTTY SHOLES, 48. He wears a Christian "fish" pin on his lapel, and stands when he sees James.

JAMES

Are you Scott Sholes?

SCOTTY

Scotty. Yes I am.

JAMES

I'm Paul Brown.

This means nothing to Scotty, although he shakes "Paul's" hand.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Byron and Lillian's son.

Still nothing.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Ma and Pa.

This kicks off a big reaction.

SCOTTY

Oh hey there. Paul Brown. Sit down.

JAMES

You probably heard some things
about me over the years.

SCOTTY

Love the sinner, hate the sin.
That's my way anyway. Now, what
brings you in, Paul? How are your
parents? They must be brimming with
joy at your return.

James stays quiet for a bit. Then his calmness cracks and he
buckles a little and tries to fend off crying.

JAMES

....Ma and Pa were killed. I'm
sorry to tell you, Scotty, I know--

SCOTTY

My word. No. What?

JAMES

There was an accident.

James hands Scotty the envelope. He tentatively opens it and
pulls out two official forms from the town of Hermosillo,
Mexico. These are the documents we saw Hector buying from the
Coroner. They're death certificates for Ma and Pa.

We see a quick series of C.U.s of the certificates, the
official seal of the Coroner of Hermosillo, a line item that
lists cause of death - VEHICULAR TRAUMA, etc. Scotty studies
them, moved emotionally at the dawning loss of Ma and Pa.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I spoke to a Sheriff, in
Hermosillo. They were hit by a
vehicle hauler. The Lord took them
quick. He said they died instantly.
So, I wasn't sure what to do. I
just came back to town a week ago.
Had a good week with them. That's
something I guess.

SCOTTY

It's a lot, Paul. I'm sure that made them happy. To see you again. I know they were upset for... well, since I've known them over...

Scotty looks down, embarrassed.

JAMES

Over me. That's okay. That's God's honest truth. So like I said, I didn't know what to do. I found a file with your name in it. I thought I better come down and, I don't know, get it started. The process. Started. Whatever process is involved.

SCOTTY

...You mean the estate? Oh, yes, we have to get that going.

JAMES

Scotty, without seeming hasty, but more in the gathering of information, how long does the process take?

SCOTTY

Well, normally it would be a few days, really. Maybe a week. Being Nevada.

JAMES

Okay.

SCOTTY

But your Pa had a unique... Their assets are in trust, held by Our Lady of Perpetual Grace, Limited. Now, the simplest, way of proceeding would be to dissolve the trust and assign control of the assets to you. But it's just going to take some time to process the estate particularly given it's value. Which is nearly four million. Give or take. Ninety days.

JAMES

I'm sorry?

SCOTTY

Three months. To get it wrapped up.

James' aspect changes slightly. You can tell this is much longer than he anticipated, and that this implies a potential unraveling of some hidden plan. James proceeds carefully...

JAMES

Scotty, correct me if I'm wrong, you're the lawyer here but... I thought in Nevada, with the dissolution of a corporate trust, when it holds the *personal* assets--

SCOTTY

I see right where you're going there, Paul. Not a lot of people would know that particular aspect of Nevada law. Good for you and your knowing. But what you're overlooking is the *limited* aspect. Our Lady isn't an "INC." It's a "LTD." And as of four months ago, at the start of the new fiscal, Nevada law changed and all limited liability corps now go through 90 day restive probate.

James remains a little stunned.

INT. BACKYARD, HECTOR CONTRERAS'S HOUSE - EVENING

Hector waters his lawn. But he's had to take a work call on his cell. He looks concerned.

VOICE ON PHONE

(*Subtitled Spanish)

*There's been a killing. In your cell, Hector. In your special little cell.

INT. CORRIDOR, CERESO PRISON - LATER

The guard we encountered earlier, who put the killer in Ma and Pa's cell, hurries along the tight passageway corridor, informing Hector, who walks alongside him, of the fuckup.

HECTOR

(*subtitled Spanish)

*Why the fuck did you put him in that cell? With the old people. I told you, only sissies go in the little cell.

GUARD

*It's was only for an hour. I had to clean the other one. I didn't think he'd kill him.

INT. CELL BLOCK, CERESO PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Hector and the guard approach the cell. They find the killer laying at Pa's feet, lifeless. Pa's shirt has been torn open and he's got blood all over his chest. He's got murder in his eyes. He glares at Hector. He's enraged. He's fearsome.

PA

I will kill you, motherfucker. I'm the pale horse of Death and hell follows me, boy. I am bathed in the blood of the lamb, you Spic coward cocksucker. Prepare for the devil. I'm going to deliver you to his fucking kingdom come.

Hector has been startled by the rage and by the power. He just stands there staring back at Pa.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

A TV SCREEN WITH THE NOW FAMILIAR WII AVATARS

We see an ongoing conversation between James' I.B. Woodpecker and Hector's California Dreamin'.

California Dreamin' - you said three weeks. i can't hold them for three months!

I.B. Woodpecker - what are you worried about they're just two old people.

California Dreamin' - check your email

I.B. Woodpecker - i told you not to contact me there

California Dreamin' - i don't care check your email; he just killed a 24-year-old-man with his shoe.

EXT. MA AND PA'S BACK PORCH - EVENING

James comes out on the porch. It's quiet. He digs out his cell phone to check his email. There's a message there from HCONTRERAS8991@aol.com. Upon opening, it reveals a series of photographs.

While waiting for them to load, James takes down the box with the Sapsucker. He takes off the lid. The bird just sits there a second. And now the photos are done loading on James' cell.

We go tight on them. THEY ARE A SERIES OF MUGSHOTS OF PA, GOING BACK NEARLY 70 YEARS. THERE ARE OVER TWENTY OF THEM.

It's a chronicle of Pa's life of crime. In all of them, as he ages, he looks harder and harder. But perhaps the most stunning one of all is his first one, taken when he was ten years old. It has the feel of a dust bowl photo. Young Pa, at ten, looks fierce, not the face of a child at all. He's holding a slate having been charged with a bygone crime.

It reads: *BYRON BROWN, 10 - INCORRIGIBLE.*

Having gained a fuller sense of Pa and his potential... James, overwhelmed, pukes. And right then the Sapsucker hops out of the box and flies a few feet, landing on the railing. It sits there a moment while James stares at the photo of Pa as a boy, his cold eyes staring at James.

Then, oddly, the bird flies back in the box on James' lap.

EXT. BACK PROPERTY, MA AND PA'S - MOMENTS LATER

James pukes again in the quiet backyard.

Then he sits down beneath the largest tree. Some time passes.

JAMES (V.O.)

Pa once said to sit under a tree or something and remember what lead to me to meeting him... led to me on my belly on the side of a road. The "series of events" he said... and not repeat them...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON THE FLAMES OF A HIGH-RISE FIRE

JAMES (V.O.)

First, well, way back... well, not way back. Three years ago. I ran away from a fire... when I was 23.

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (PAST)

We've returned to the image of a crowd fleeing the building - among them, the fireman...

JAMES (V.O.)

...and while I was serving as a fireman.

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES - MOMENTS LATER (PAST)

Here, the fireman has removed his helmet (James) and has come to rest safely a half block from the flames. He gasps for air. Then a corner of floor three explodes back in the highrise. Then James pukes.

JAMES (V.O.)

Ma's right. I have a weak constitution. The guy who took over my hose died. Trainee.

EXT. SAWTELLE BOULEVARD - DAY (PAST)

James, midday, in civilian clothes; he looks a little thrown. And he also looks like he's just wandering around.

JAMES (V.O.)

You pull a move like that, you're not really off to the races life-wise. You're fired first. Then just generally, as the word gets out, shamed. I just started drinking. More or less. Personally. You know. Around town. At Bingo parlors and demolition derbies. For some reason. I seem to recall.

INT. BINGO HALL - DAY (PAST)

James drinks while playing Bingo.

JAMES (V.O.)

They play Bingo at YMCAs or lousy hotels in rooms they call by fancy names like "The Tisdale Room." But they're shitty. Demolition Derby's were better. More exciting. Anyway, it wasn't a banner year.

EXT. DEMOLITION DERBY STADIUM - DAY (PAST)

As a derby takes place, we watch James, in an alcoholic fog, just drinking and watching the smash ups.

JAMES (V.O.)

Then I joined the Navy...

INT. JAMES CRAMPED APARTMENT - DAY (PAST)

James has been awakened from his sleep by someone at his door. It's a pair of Naval Ensigns (in naval uniforms) holding clipboards and looking at their watches and trying to explain to James that he is expected somewhere immediately even though James is just in his boxers and seems to have no idea what they're talking about.

JAMES (V.O.)

..and I don't even remember doing it.

(MORE)

JAMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I remember thinking about it once.
But I don't remember *doing it*.

INT. SUBMARINE - DAY (PAST)

James stands at "roll call" in the tight passageway of a submarine - mostly bewildered to be there.

JAMES (V.O.)
Saw the Philippines.

EXT. DECK, SUBMARINE - DAY (PAST)

The submarine is on the surface, is docked in fact. James (naval uniform) stands at the rear deck looking at the mainland of the Philippines a half-mile away.

JAMES (V.O.)
Which was cool because they're home
to the Visayan Wrinkled Hornbill.
Which is the number three
endangered bird out there. In the
world.

Close on James as he surveys the landscape.

JAMES (V.O.)
Their habitat is fruit-bearing
marshes, which we were docked right
next to in June. I'm a birder. So I
asked for shore leave the last day
before they molted. It was the
final day of my enlistment in fact.
They said I could leave a little
early to check them out. Then
someone above that person said I
couldn't. But I did anyway.

Then James just jumps overboard. Dives the fifty feet down straight into the water.

JAMES (V.O.)
I had 7 hours left in my whole term
of active duty, was being
discharged for good at 9 PM that
night. So I just left kind of
early. I didn't think they'd make a
whole big deal out of it. I got
sentenced to six months in the
brig. In "absentia"...

INT. MILITARY COURTROOM, NAVAL BASE PHILIPPINES - DAY (PAST)

Empty room other than the judge, two lawyers and a spinning ceiling fan. Super reads "Manila, Philippines."

JAMES (V.O.)

...."absentia" means I had taken off to Pomona. Where they couldn't find me. So I kind of ran away again. Like the fire. But man. *Six months? What?*

EXT. ROUGH RIDER MOTORCYCLE REPAIR SHOP, POMONA - DAY (PAST)

Among a ugly row of garage shops - upholsterers, car-window-tinters, there's a motorcycle repair shop we see James working in.

JAMES (V.O.)

The next event, in the series of events that led to me laying on the roadside, I took a job under the table fixing classic American road bikes - Old Triumphs and American Sonics.

James rides the bike he just repaired for a little tour out front, testing it.

JAMES (V.O.)

In the Philippines, I learned middle-aged men, like Filipino dentists and stuff are into 50s era American anything. Hairdos (it's hilarious) and classic road bikes.

EXT. MANILLA, PHILIPPINES/EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY (PAST)

For some reason, we're watching a playground full of Filipino sixth-graders (all-girls school) leaving for the day...

Close on one of them. She hears the noise of a motorcycle approaching. She looks across the city distance to see Evarish on his silver false *Triumph* rounding the corner, coming toward the school, to pick her up.

JAMES (V.O.)

So I'd just piece some classic American frames together with whatever cheap Asian parts I could fake in there and make work... Sold them for a bundle.

He waves to her. She waves back. Then panicked again over a new flaw with his cycle, Evarish gets both hands back on the handle bars, but not in time to slow or divert the bike.

He seems to have lost control (mechanical error) just as he approaches the playground at 30 mph. He lays the bike down and careens on his side at that speed into the now-fleeing group of school girls.

Soon, the bike clips a middle-aged faculty member- it brings her down to the pavement hard. In the aftermath of the crash - a new ordeal - Evarish's daughter is humiliated. We watch her receive collective scorn and ridicule from her classmates.

JAMES (V.O.)

But then, like I was saying, a couple elements started coming together, and they started a fire.

EXT. STREET, HIGHLAND PARK, LOS ANGELES - DAY (PAST)

Nance, head-to-toe in white, crosses the street and unlatches her holster latch. She has passed, without knowing it, a little rusted Hyundai in which Colin Hale and four African-American teen Eagle Scouts sit quietly. They watch her go by.

INT. KITCHEN, APT 3 - MOMENTS LATER (PAST)

The small space is barren or less. There's a TV's there. Couch. An ancient Dell computer from the 90's. Nance walks quietly through this space, her gun out in front.

At this moment, Nance turns the corner, into the greater room. She trains her gun on the man standing in there. He holds a gun as well, but his back is to Nance and he's unaware she's there.

MASTER AT ARMS NANCE MISTERS

Naval Master at Arms. Place your gun on the floor.

He turns. It's Evarish Amog.

EVARISH

(*Subtitled Tagalog)

*I don't understand anything you said.

MASTER AT ARMS NANCE MISTERS

(*Subtitled Tagalog)

*Place your gun on the floor. Why do you have a gun?

EVARISH

(*Subtitled Tagalog)

*To blast the guy who lives here in his leg. He sold me a false, vintage classic road motorcycle that has disgraced me. Someone was harmed. A well-liked female physical education teacher...

Suddenly, out of the blue, a back door on the southern wall of this room flies open (opening onto the fire escape) where Colin and the Eagle Scouts stand.

In this instant, they've fired a dozen spoons at Evarish from a jerry-rigged PVC dry ice canon. It's powerful and the impact of the silverware makes Evarish shriek with pain.

COLIN

Whoa...

MASTER AT ARMS NANCE MISTERS

Put that down. What is that?

EAGLE SCOUT #1

Dry ice canon.

COLIN

(to Evarish)

Sorry, man. We thought you were the guy who lives here.

MASTER AT ARMS NANCE MISTERS

It shoots spoons?

EAGLE SCOUT #2

It shoots whatever you put in it. We put spoons in it.

MASTER AT ARMS NANCE MISTERS

Why?

COLIN

We wanted to hit the guy in the neck and face with spoons.

MASTER AT ARMS NANCE MISTERS
Why did you want to do that?

COLIN
My mom.

The widest shot of the scene yet shows James visible outside the apartment, on the catwalk exterior of the room; he's behind the group. No one can see him. But he can see in. He seems to be able to size up some of what's happening in there. So he just quietly turns and walk away.

JAMES (V.O.)
The area... Los Angeles... was
burning up. For me....

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (PAST)

James rides a motorcycle through a stretch of the Mojave.

JAMES (V.O.)
...I was a Naval fugitive, hunted
by a crazed Filipino, and suddenly
(wow all of a sudden) knee deep
with a woman I didn't know real
well. I took off. On a fake
Triumph. Which I guess was running
away. Again. But then...

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER (PAST)

James has pulled over to the side of the highway. He sits on the bike. He's just sitting there as traffic hauls by. There is a rest stop (mega truck stop) up ahead.

JAMES (V.O.)
...I stopped... and just sat there
considering my weak constitution.
When I see trouble... violence...
what have you... I get sick. Like
actually sick. I like *birds*, man.
Show me the *easy* road, I'm on it.
But man I couldn't drive another
inch this day. I didn't want to be
weak. Like that. On the low road,
forever. I mean where does it go?

Closer on James.

JAMES (V.O.)

I thought about going back. Try to find the high road. Cause that guy who grabbed my hose... well he's dead. For sure...

On James, while he shares all this, we realize that it is the heart of the matter.

JAMES (V.O.)

But he had like seven kids (he was only like 22 - crazy)... And there's nothing up ahead, for them, on the low road. So I thought about going back - pay for my sins, then find a higher road. I liked this woman. She's super cool. And maybe Evering or whatever that guy's name was just shoots me in the hand or something. I could live with that. Do six in the brig. Then knuckle the fuck down and high road it all the way to wherever that goes. Yeah. I'm turning around.

(after a fateful moment)

Just after I stop at this mega truck stop to pee and grab a bite.

James has kicked his bike back on. Then he turns left for the mega truck stop.

JAMES (V.O.)

Then the fifth event happened... this was the big one. This was the major event. Of all of them.

Prelap a HORRIBLE LAUGH. A LOUD, GRATING, INSUFFERABLE LAUGH.

EXT. MEGA TRUCKSTOP, BARSTOW CALIFORNIA - LATER (PAST)

The guy laughing this laugh stands outside a truckstop restaurant, talking on his cell phone - PAUL ALLEN BROWN, 27.

James is walking past him, having parked his bike, heading into the squalid place to pee.

INT. TRUCKSTOP RESTAURANT - LATER (PAST)

Here, James sits at the counter. Paul Allen Brown sits beside him. They've been talking awhile. Paul is a character.

Odd-looking, as Pa described, with a tormenting laugh, but immensely kind-looking and instantly lovable. There's nothing hard or cruel about him.

PAUL

Yeah they disowned me. From their home. From my *room*. From my own Star Wars room that I made when I was nine. Just because I wanted to perform stage magic and breathtaking feats of illusion.

JAMES

Your parents?

PAUL

My dad's a pastor. Yeah. God hates magicians. Hates magic. It says in the bible. Something. They told me I couldn't live there anymore. I was 15.

JAMES

What, you wanted to be a magician?

PAUL

Yeah, but it was more than that. My dad takes things from people. He takes their money. His church. He rips people off. They have this center. They're supposed to help people. But they use it to rip people off. They get into their bank accounts with these shared accounts. They didn't want me around to see it. They cut me off. Sent me out. 15 years old, man.

JAMES

That's hardcore.

PAUL

They made up lies about me. And told people I was bad. They're the bad ones. I pulled a quarter from behind his ear with a little slight of hand once. He punched me in the neck.

INT. SHOWERS, TRUCKSTOP - LATER (PAST)

The two (James and Paul) shower at neighboring stalls. The conversation is still going.

PAUL

Someone should take *their* money, man. You know? Take that money back. You know?

James, all the while, has just been listening.

PAUL (CONT'D)

So where you headed?

JAMES

I don't know. I was thinking about turning around. Heading back. There's a woman there I like. I got in a little in deep with her. I left. Without saying much. I think I should go back. I think I just got a little spooked...

INT. STRIP BAR, TRUCKSTOP - LATER (PAST)

This is a truckstop of the mega sort that offer laundry, shower services, and gentleman's entertainment in fact. It's where Paul and James have moved on to. They're sitting at a cocktail table, having a good time, Paul's just wrapping up another horrifying laugh.

PAUL

So this lady? You already left her?

JAMES

Few days ago. But--

PAUL

So if you go back, you're just skulking back. With nothing.

JAMES

Not much. I'd have to serve some time in a brig too. Plus this Filipino guy wants to shoot me in the leg. Over some money.

PAUL

Why don't you go back different? Don't skulk back. Come back blowing your horn.

JAMES

About what?

PAUL

About having two millions dollars.

Paul makes eye contact with James. After tipping the stripper, Paul checks his wallet. He's short on cash.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Want to go splitsies on a room?

INT. TRUCKSTOP MOTEL ROOM - LATER, NIGHT (PAST)

The lights are off. But Paul and James lay awake in twin beds with some moonlight lighting the room. They're whispering.

PAUL

It would be easy, I'm saying...

EXT. HALF ACRE PARK - DAY (PAST)

A large public park in Half Acre. Ma and Pa are joined by about a dozen parishioners for a pot luck lunch/picnic. And right now Ma and Pa struggle to sit down on the grass. It's hard for them, being old.

PAUL (V.O.)

They're just a couple of old people....

At a distance, we see James, behind a tree, doing reconnaissance, checking out Ma and Pa. From here, they look not only old, but frail as well.

INT. TRUCKSTOP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PAST)

We're back with James and Paul in their room.

PAUL

And they stole all that money more or less. And it's not like we're hurting them. We'd just get them out of the picture for a little while. Couple weeks. So easy. I mean you'd have to get hooked on methadone over the next few weeks.

JAMES
For real I would?

PAUL
Yeah, they can tell.

JAMES
That's kind of intense.

PAUL
How many kids did the fire trainee
guy have? The guy who burned
holding your hose?

JAMES
James Jimenez. Seven.

PAUL
Jesus Christ.
(another laugh)
Lot of tuition. Man.

James just lays in the moonlight. He's thinking about this.

EXT. HALF ACRE - DAY (PAST)

On a quiet week day, James stands in the old downtown of Half
Acre, staring across the old main street at -

Our Lady of Perpetual Grace church. He's scouting the place.

JAMES (V.O.)
Something about the name hooked me.
Perpetual Grace. Give me some.

Then James turns, takes a few pills from a pill cannister...

Close on it - methadone.

Then James keeps walking away.

EXT. ROADWAY, OUTSKIRTS HALF ACRE - DAY (PAST)

James is walking easily along a two-lane roadway outside of
Half Acre. After a while, he stops. He just stands there. We
are back at the same place where Ma and Pa found him earlier.

PAUL (V.O.)
There's a spot on Highway 17. Near
this big old elm.
(MORE)

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It's a mile from this speed trap.
 Ma's a demon. Pa always makes her
 slow down a bit. Right there. Just
 lie down on Sunday after Church...

Then he begins to lay down on the road. We're close on his
 face as it touches down on the pavement.

JAMES (V.O.)
 ...nobody mentioned the "Limited"
 part though. I guess it doesn't go
 to everybody. It goes to whoever
 can hang in there and get it.

EXT. MA AND PA'S BACKYARD - DAY (PRESENT)

James is where we left him, sitting under a tree in Ma and
 Pa's backyard, quietly considering the series of events that
 led him here.

JAMES (V.O.)
 90 days....

After a moment, we here some footsteps. Someone drawing
 nearer. James hears them too. He looks up. He finds Sheriff
 Ellis Wine in his backyard. He's stopped just a few feet from
 James, looking down at him with a kind expression.

ELLIS
 Hello.

JAMES
 Hello.

ELLIS
 What's up?

JAMES
 Nothing much.

ELLIS
 This your home?

JAMES
 Family home. Yeah. What can I do
 for you.

ELLIS
 ...I'm Sheriff Ellis Wine. Austin,
 Texas. Greater Austin. Paul Brown?

Some moments go by.

JAMES

...yeah.

ELLIS

I've been looking for you, Paul.
For a long time. You just got a new
driver's license. Yeah?

JAMES

Yeah.

ELLIS

Okay. That's how I got here. That's
how I found you at this address.

JAMES

Yeah, I said how can I help you.

ELLIS

Yeah, I've been looking for you for
a while. Want to talk?

JAMES

What do you want to talk about?

Ellis stares at James.

ELLIS

The little girl, Paul.

Ellis pulls out a crime scene photo of the bound black girl
we saw earlier washed up on the side of the riverbed. James
has no clue what he's talking about.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

The dead little girl, Paul. In the
river.

James just sits there.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

You're a person of interest. Not
generally, maybe. But in regard to
this murder of Theresa Sincere
Williams, you're a person of
interest. So I can cuff you. So I'm
going to cuff you. Stand up.

(reaching for his cuffs)

Put your hands behind your head,
lace your hands, turn around.

James looks at Ellis. Then he does what Ellis just said; he
puts his hands behind his head, laces them and turns around.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
 Let's go talk about this, Paul.

INT. ELLIS' SHERIFF'S CAR - LATER

Ellis drives. James is in back. They pass through the small "old downtown" of Half Acre. James is looking out the window.

At this moment, he's staring at a building they pass by with acute interest - *Our Lady of Perpetual Grace*.

James is in the back seat looking at Our Lady.

Close on James.

JAMES (V.O.)
 It was almost as hot in the back of that car... I felt almost as hot as I did in the highrise. Handcuffed. For someone else's wrongdoings. Set up maybe. To pay for another guy's sins. I was wondering was I gonna run again. Soon as I could. But I began asking myself... Could you stand here and fight. Fight your new foes... Could you go to hell, could you stand in that fire if you knew in ninety days, if you could bear it, in ninety days, all your weakness would be gone, and you'd be the man standing. You'd be, well, you'd be born again. Could you?

ELLIS
 You want to get started?

JAMES
 Okay.

ELLIS
 Your name is Paul Allen Brown?

A pretty long while passes as James makes a decision.

JAMES
 Yes.

ELLIS
 Son of Byron and Lillian Brown.

More time passes.

JAMES

Yes.

James watches *Our Lady* go by as the sheriff's car cruises past it.

INT. PAUL ALLEN BROWN'S CAR, HALF ACRE - LATER

From inside a purple PT Cruiser (license plate ABRA CDBRA) parked across the street from the small, Half Acre police station, Paul Allen Brown sits, watching Ellis lead a cuffed James into the station.

After a quiet moment, and a moment of consideration, he just starts to laugh to himself - it's his awful laugh, like he's smarter than you... like he's got it all figured out and you don't.

CREDITS BEGIN.