HAND OF GOD

"Pilot"

By

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EXT. GRASSY AREA - MORNING

A MAN is on his knees. Eyes closed. Arms stretched towards the sky. He is smeared with dirt. He sports unkempt hair with three days worth of salt and pepper stubble on his chin. He appears to be in his 50's. He is naked.

His body jerks, stiffens and twitches haphazardly. He talks to himself, almost chanting, in an unfamiliar language.

PERNELL
Ishtala ma fonla. Mansho silli fonla shakta tun shakta tun suya...

We pull back to reveal he is in the middle of...

EXT. GUADALUPE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Guadalupe Park. A mile long green belt that runs through the center of San Vicente, California. The man is at the edge of a meadow. A small crowd of LOOKIE-LOOS has gathered around. They point and snicker. A young boy on a stroll with his mom, stops and stares. She covers his eyes and drags him away.

The man is oblivious...

PERNELL
I thraysh bonchela vocian. Hare tun vocian ma anjosi shakta...

Just beyond the crowd, HICKSON, a patrol cop, leans against his cruiser, watching. Amused. A second cruiser pulls up. SERGEANT SCOTT KESSLER, a seasoned veteran, steps out.

As he approaches Hickson, Kessler takes in the scene. He sees a HIPSTER CHICK using her phone to get video. He looks past her to get a look at the naked man, and stops cold...

KESSLER
Oh shit.

HICKSON
What?

KESSLER
You couldn't put a stop to this when you first got here?

HICKSON
I told dispatch I'm out of rubbers.

KESSLER
You dumb ass. Now we got an audience. And it's being recorded.

HICKSON
I wasn't going to touch that crazy ass without gloves. You never know what infectious shit he might have.

Kessler quickly heads for his trunk.

KESSLER
This from the same pussy hound who fucked Courtney Potts raw dog.

Hickson blushes a bit. Tries to cover it with swagger.

HICKSON
Some things are worth the risk.

Kessler grabs a blanket from the trunk. Hickson spots a box of latex gloves, reaches for it. Kessler slaps his hand away.

KESSLER
I got this. Can't have you embarrassing the city on film.

HICKSON
Come on, Scott. You think that video makes it to Youtube?

KESSLER
More like the 5 o'clock news.

HICKSON
For a naked fifty-one fifty?

Kessler wheels on him, pissed.

KESSLER
You dumb ass crackhead. Do you even look at the morning bulletins?

HICKSON
Hey, fuck you. If I'm missing something, just say it.

Kessler grabs a briefing off the passenger seat of his cruiser, shoves it into Hickson's chest. Hickson checks the brief. MISSING PERSON: PERNELL NATHANIEL HARRIS. He looks at the naked man in the clearing. We see it's the same man.

HICKSON (CONT'D)
Holy shit. That's Judge Maximum?

KESSLER
You picked a fucked up time to be worrying about infectious diseases.

HICKSON
Sarge... I'm sorry. If I--

KESSLER
Get that lady's phone. Do not take no for an answer.

Kessler pushes through the crowd, makes his way to Pernell.

PERNELL
Shakta entavala ma tun kendrit. Tun hoosh tola ma hunda...

KESSLER
Judge Harris? Can you hear me?

Pernell's jolted by the sound of his name. He opens his eyes. They're full of wonder, like a toddler seeing fireworks.

KESSLER (CONT'D)
Judge Harris, my name is Sergeant Kessler. Are you okay?

PERNELL
I am covered with the blood of Jesus Christ.

Kessler smiles like they're talking about the weather.

KESSLER
That's great. Would you mind if I covered you with a blanket of the San Vicente PD?

Pernell looks down, realizes he's naked. We see his eyes, as awareness kicks in, followed by shame. Kessler moves in and gently wraps the blanket around Pernell's shoulders...

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

CRYSTAL HARRIS, 40's, strides through the halls of San Vicente Valley Hospital's ER. A picture of California royalty, her wealth is announced by her expensive purse, jewelry, shoes, hair and boob job. She's a powerhouse, even now, when she's weighed down by worry.

She's escorted by DR. WILLIAMS, the venerable and respected head of the hospital.

CRYSTAL
Is his name on the admission papers?

DR. WILLIAMS
Of course not.

CRYSTAL
Does everyone who knows he's here, know they can't talk about it?

DR. WILLIAMS
Without exception.

CRYSTAL
How is he?

DR. WILLIAMS
We ran a full battery of diagnostic tests. Aside from being slightly dehydrated, he's in perfect health.

CRYSTAL
They found him naked in the middle of a park. It can't be all good.

DR. WILLIAMS
I meant physically. Mentally and emotionally? You can probably answer that better than me.

CRYSTAL
He seemed fine the last time I saw him. But that was three days ago.

DR. WILLIAMS
Well, he's been lucid and responsive since he got here. He knows who he is and where he is. The key now is to keep him steady and grounded. He doesn't need any more emotional jolts.

They approach a door with a UNIFORMED COP standing guard. Dr. Williams opens the door and they step into...

INT. HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Crystal follows Dr. Williams in. Pernell rises and greets her with arms open wide. He's sporting sweat pants, a yellow "Don't Worry, Be Happy" t-shirt, and slippers with the price tag still on.

PERNELL
Hey, baby.

She smiles, tries to be strong, but her eyes fill with tears.

CRYSTAL
Nice shirt.

Pernell wraps her in his arms.

PERNELL
I'm sorry, Chris.

CRYSTAL
Just tell me you're okay. I need you to be okay.

He lifts her chin up, smiles reassuringly.

PERNELL
I'm okay.

CRYSTAL
Then let's get you home.

PERNELL
I need to talk to PJ, first.

Crystal and Dr. Williams share a concerned look.

DR. WILLIAMS
Pernell, we talked about this.

PERNELL
If you mean you offered me your opinion, that's true. But you don't get a say in this, doc. No offense.

CRYSTAL
Honey, I think Dr. Williams is just being careful. You need to rest right now. We can talk to PJ later.

PERNELL
No, no, he said to come ASAP. As in, not now, but *RIGHT* now.

CRYSTAL
Who said that?

PERNELL
PJ.

Crystal stiffens. A look of alarm flashes in her eyes. She tries to hide it with a smile.

DR. WILLIAMS
Hold on, Pernell. I don't want you doing anything until you've had a good night's sleep. I'm afraid I have to insist.

Pernell wheels on Dr. Williams.

PERNELL
You are talking with a tone that implies an authority I don't think you have, Dr. Williams. Am I on house arrest?
(beat)
Then shut the fuck up, and get out of my way.

CRYSTAL
Pernell!

PERNELL
No. I told him I'd wait until you got here. You're here. Now I'm going to see my son.

He pushes past Dr. Williams and heads out.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Same hospital, three floors up. Pernell and Crystal walk into the Intensive Care Unit waiting room.

JOCELYN, a pretty girl in her 20's, greets them. She looks like a beauty pageant winner who hasn't slept in two years. Pernell gives her a hug.

PERNELL
Hey there, little lady. How are you holding up?

Jocelyn offers a weak smile, and a lie.

JOCELYN
Pretty good.

PERNELL
Where's my boy?

JOCELYN
Room 422.

PERNELL
Be right back.

Pernell gives her kiss on the forehead and walks out. Jocelyn waits until he's out of ear shot, turns to Crystal.

JOCELYN
I thought he didn't want to see PJ.

CRYSTAL
Guess he changed his mind.

JOCELYN
Is he okay?

CRYSTAL
I don't know.

INT. HOSPITAL - PJ'S ROOM - SAME

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP... We hear the monotonous beep of a heart monitor and the churn of a ventilator. Pernell stands in the doorway, looking at the ground.

PERNELL
Hey, PJ. I'm here.

PERNELL HARRIS, JR. (mid-20's), lies motionless, his head grotesquely swollen and wrapped in gauze. A tube runs from his mouth to the ventilator that breathes for him.

Pernell is careful not to see any of that as he walks over to the bed. He focuses on his son's feet.

PERNELL (CONT'D)
Thought you'd be up by now. But I should have known. You always knew how to milk the moment.
(beat)
Know how. Always know how.

He picks up PJ's limp hand. This is when his legs go weak. A father's grief surging through him.

PERNELL (CONT'D)
PJ... If you can hear me, squeeze my hand. One little squeeze.

He waits, desperate to feel or see anything. There's nothing.

PERNELL (CONT'D)
Come on now, slugger. Show me something.

He tries to smile but gets hit by a sudden sob. He struggles, and finally manages, to fight it back.

A beat. He lovingly rubs his son's hand, traces the veins with his fingertips...

PERNELL (CONT'D)
You can't give me one little squeeze?

Another sob. This time there's more. Pernell drops to his knees and cries like a baby... Or a father with a son on the verge of death.

INT. ICU WAITING ROOM - SAME

Crystal walks in with two coffees, hands one to Jocelyn. They sit side by side. They don't look at each other much. Jocelyn holds up papers from the seat next to her.

JOCELYN
Dr. Green says PJ was so young and healthy, he can give the gift of life to eight people. I think he'd like knowing that.

CRYSTAL
If he doesn't make it.

JOCELYN
He already didn't make it.
(beat)
We just need to decide when to turn the machine off.

Crystal ponders that for a moment. Then leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL - PJ'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pernell rinses the last of his tears off at the sink. His back is to PJ.

PERNELL
You better keep your mouth shut about this little episode when you wake up. And just so you know, when you do wake up, you get whatever you want. I'm putting everything on the table. Even the money for your start up. You know I think you're crazy, but hell... If you want to try to catch lightning, I will happily pay for the goddamn bottle. But you gotta wake up first. Deal?

PJ
How about we start with the promise you already made to me?

Pernell is jolted. He spins around, looks at PJ's face for the first time.

PJ (CONT'D)
You said you'd make sure he paid. Remember that?

PJ's lips aren't moving. The breathing tube is deep down his throat. And yet Pernell hears the voice clear as day. He stands there, stunned. Not sure what to do. So he answers.

PERNELL
I remember, PJ. And I will. Soon as they find the guy--

PJ
You find him.

PERNELL
What?

CRYSTAL (O.S.)
Pernell?

Pernell whips around. Crystal's in the doorway, freaked out. Pernell tries to play it off.

PERNELL
He um... You're supposed to talk to him like he's awake, even if he's not. I heard that somewhere.

PJ
You made a promise to me. Keep it.

Pernell whips around. PJ just lies there. Pernell looks back to Crystal on the outside chance, she heard it too. She didn't. She looks worried.

PERNELL
I'm ready. Let's go.

He walks out past Crystal, and we're on her face. She looks at her son lying in the bed, then to her husband, headed for the elevator. A woman with a lot to worry about.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MORNING

A huge stretch of freshly excavated land. Construction workers and heavy machinery dot the landscape.

Excavators, scrapers and bulldozers grade the land. A large sign on the edge of the site reads: FUTURE HOME OF BROOKS INNOVATIONS. The word “INNOVATIONS” has been X’d over with spray paint, and underneath it someone has scrawled “IMPERIALISTS.”

A town car pulls up in the shadow of the sign. ROBERT “BOBO” BOSTON (54), mayor of San Vicente, a man with three ex-wives, six kids, and too many vices to count, gets out of the car. Agitated. ASA (33), Bobo’s irresponsible oldest son, and chief of staff, gets out with him. He’s in the middle of a game on his cell phone. They’re in matching tuxedos.

Bobo walks over to the defaced sign. Shakes his head.

BOBO
Shit. Perfect.
(calls back to Asa)
Asa, call Burke over in Public Works. Tell him to get this corrected, immediately.

Asa pauses his game, looks at the sign, nods.

ASA
You got his number?

Bobo gives his son a withering look, but doesn’t have time to lay in to him, because a sporty Tesla is pulling up next to the town car.

GUY FRANKEL (40’s), a high-level executive with no kids, no spouse and no vices, gets out. His number two, ANNE (20’s), a feisty up and comer, gets out with him. Guy walks over to Bobo. Anne hangs back with Asa.

BOBO
I appreciate you coming out on short notice, Guy.

GUY
My pleasure, Mr. Mayor. But did I misread the invitation? I didn’t know this was a black tie affair.

BOBO
I’m walking my daughter down the aisle in about an hour.

GUY
Then why are you here?

BOBO
I wanted to show you something.

He hands Guy a tourist brochure.

BOBO (CONT'D)
You ever heard of Ardenwood? It's the pride of Fremont. Big old farm that's the same today, as it was 120 years ago. You go there, you can churn butter. Or milk a cow.

GUY
Sounds like a good time.

BOBO
(points to the brochure)
"*Visit the place where time stopped.*" Does that sound like a good home for Brooks *Innovations*?

Guy waves out over the expansive construction site.

GUY
Mr. Brooks would rather have his headquarters in San Vicente. I think that's pretty obvious.

BOBO
Then why the fuck did you reopen negotiations with Fremont?

GUY
Mr. Brooks believes in keeping his options open, just in case.

BOBO
Things have been done that can't be taken back. Too much money's passed hands to be having second thoughts. This train is moving, understand?

GUY
I do. But is everyone we need still on the train?

BOBO
Hell yes.

GUY
Even Judge Harris? We heard he took a few days off last week, without telling anybody. We heard how they found him, too.

Bobo sighs. Decides to run at it.

BOBO
The man's son shot himself in the head. If he had a few bad days, I think he gets a pass.

GUY
Of course he does. Any man would. But a big part of our plan to make San Vicente the epicenter of Brooks Innovations, hinges on the Judge. Grieving can be a long process...

BOBO
Pernell can multi-task.

GUY
As soon as we know that for sure, we'll stop looking for backups.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Police Chief TOBY WADE, 40's, steely authority, pulls up to the back of the station. Gets out of his car, wearing golf clothes. Not happy. The DUTY SERGEANT is there to greet him. They head for the building at a fast clip.

DUTY SERGEANT
Sorry to pull you out of your game, Chief. Something like this I just figured I should call.

TOBY
Stop apologizing. Where is he?

DUTY SERGEANT
Detective's Squad room.

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - MORNING

Pernell's still wearing his outfit from the hospital gift shop. He's still grimy and disheveled. He stands over a flustered DETECTIVE WARREN.

WARREN
I'm sorry, Judge. I'm not authorized to show you the file.

PERNELL
Fine. Don't show me anything. Verbally express to me the list of suspects. Can you at least do that?

TOBY (O.S.)
Easy, Pernell, we're the good guys.

PERNELL
Toby. You need to talk to him. He won't tell me a damn thing about Jocelyn's case.

TOBY
That's because he's not on it.

PERNELL
Shouldn't he be? Shouldn't your whole department be on it?

TOBY
Trust me, her case is top priority. I've got three of my best on it.

PERNELL
Really? Some piece of shit rapes my daughter in-law... Makes my son watch the whole thing... And they've been walking around free for seven months now.

TOBY
Not for lack of trying.

PERNELL
You know how much you can do in seven months, if you're trying? You can build a house from the ground up. Go around the world on a sail boat. Hell, you can have a baby in seven months, if you're pressed.

TOBY
We're all frustrated with how long--

PERNELL
I promised PJ we'd get the guy. Promised. You understand that?

TOBY
I do. And we will. I'm pushing this case as hard as if it was my own daughter.

PERNELL
You must not give a shit about your daughter, then.

Toby takes a second, so he can respond without yelling.

TOBY
I know you're feeling the strain right now, so I'll let that slide.

PERNELL
I don't want you to let it slide. Let it motivate you!

TOBY
(finally loses it)
To do what!? Manufacture evidence out of thin air? Snatch up a retard and beat on him until he confesses?

PERNELL
I want to see the file.

TOBY
Not while it's active.

PERNELL
Why not? I'm a judge. I'm family of the victim. You worried about somebody checking on your work?

Beat. Toby looks to Warren.

TOBY
Pull the file. Make him a copy.

He storms out.

INT. HARRIS ESTATE - KITCHEN - DAY

Pernell has the police file spread out all over the kitchen. Crystal walks in, dressed to the nines.

CRYSTAL
You made us miss the ceremony.

PERNELL
I wasn't up for a wedding.

CRYSTAL
But you were fine with going to the police station?

PERNELL
Somebody had to light a fire under Toby's ass. And I got a copy of Jocelyn's case file.

CRYSTAL
Wish you could have told me. I was this close to calling 9-1-1 again.

PERNELL
I'm a grown man. You don't have to call the police every time I leave the house.

Crystal stares at him, stunned. Anger rising.

CRYSTAL
I'm sorry, but last time you left, you didn't come back for three days. Actually, you didn't come back at all. They found you. Never mind that you were in the middle of a park. Naked. At least I didn't lose my son *and* my husband in the span of a week.

Pernell realizes she's crying. He softens a bit and walks over to her.

PERNELL
Sorry.
(beat)
I should have left a note.

CRYSTAL
So you want to tell me where you disappeared to for three days?

PERNELL
It's all kind of a blur.

CRYSTAL
Why don't we start with what happened to your clothes?

Pernell thinks back, flashes of memory coming in to focus.

PERNELL
I left them at the church.

CRYSTAL
What?

PERNELL
I think I got baptized.

CRYSTAL
By who?

INT. SAN VICENTE BANK & TRUST - MORNING

REVEREND PAUL DOBSON (late 30's), actor turned preacher, stands at a teller window. He wears a clergy shirt and collar under his cheap, shiny grey suit. He has perfect hair.

He's flanked by ALICIA (20's), a saucy chick from the wrong side of the tracks. Even in a modest skirt and blouse, her raw sex appeal and survivor's instinct are obvious.

They look towards the back of the bank, where MR. O'NEILL, the manager, confers with a TELLER. Mr. O'Neill waves Paul over. Paul flashes a smile that's even better than his hair, and whispers out the side of his mouth.

PAUL
Take your time walking over, Sister Alicia. Give him a good long look.

They start over. Alicia's hips are mesmerizing, and do not go unappreciated by Mr. O'Neill as they approach...

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Paul and Alicia sit across the desk from Mr. O'Neill, who scrutinizes a check.

PAUL
Your teller verified the signature, and the amount can't be a problem. I'm sure Mr. Harris's account could cover that check a hundred times over. Am I right?

MR. O'NEILL
Judge Harris must have been in a very generous mood.

ALICIA
He caught the spirit.

Mr. O'Neill gives her a look. She smiles.

PAUL
What she means is, God called him, and he answered. Praise the Lord.

MR. O'NEILL
That's wonderful. Except we can't cash a check this size on the spot.

PAUL
I'd be happy to open an account, with say a five thousand dollar starting balance, if we can get the other forty-five in cash.

MR. O'NEILL
What's the name of your church again?

PAUL
Hand of God Chapel.

He pulls out a glossy business card. The kind strip clubs use. He gives it to Alicia. She leans across the desk to hand it to Mr. O'Neill, giving him a great view.

ALICIA
It's a spirit filled ministry.

Mr. O'Neill forces himself to look away from Alicia's tits.

MR. O'NEILL
And you're a registered 503c?

PAUL
Technically, that piece of paperwork is pending. But it should be official any day now.

MR. O'NEILL
Best I can do is put a three day hold on the check.

PAUL
You really think the Lord's work should wait three days?

MR. O'NEILL
I'm sorry.

Paul lets out a heavy sigh. Looks down, crushed.

PAUL
Mind if I visit your restroom?

MR. O'NEILL
Sure. Two doors down, on the left.

Paul gives Alicia's hand a gentle squeeze and walks out. Alicia waits for the door to close, then turns to O'Neill.

ALICIA
Do you ever make exceptions?

MR. O'NEILL
I'd already be making an exception. Usually it's a seven day hold for amounts over ten thousand.

Alicia leans forward again. Her tits begging to be touched.

ALICIA
But theoretically, could you ever cash a check like this on the spot?

O'Neill's catching on. He enjoys the view this time.

MR. O'NEILL
Theoretically? I suppose there are sometimes special circumstances that warrant cashing a check of that size.

Alicia stands. Her skirt suddenly seems much shorter. She walks over to his side of the desk. Perches on the corner.

ALICIA
God needs Paul to save souls, Mr. O'Neill. That's a twenty-four seven fight, because Satan doesn't take time off. Not three days, three hours, or even three minutes.

O'Neill takes in her long, toned legs. Nervous, but excited. Alicia straddles his lap, strokes him. Works on his zipper.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
So I need you to tell me what it would take for our circumstance to be considered *special*.

O'Neill's breathing heavy. Alicia grinds her hips. O'Neill grunts like a pig. Alicia goes to work blowing his mind...

INT. SAN VICENTE BANK - MINUTES LATER

O'Neill supervises as the teller loads a pouch with $45,000 in cash. Paul takes the pouch, flashes his TV star smile.

PAUL
God bless you.

He offers Alicia his arm and they strut on out. O'Neill watches her go. Still flush. Kind of in love.

INT. GIDEON'S WAY - COMMON ROOM - DAY

The shabby common room of a halfway house. Walls dotted with signs about the rules, and posters encouraging non-criminal behavior. A half dozen chairs are set up in a semi-circle around a folding table. KD (30's), a tightly muscled, heavily tattooed ex-con, sets the table with snacks: a jug of punch and packs of stale pastries from the 99-Cents store.

Only one of the chairs is occupied. TICO, gaunt, meth head, sits, twitching. KD checks his watch. He looks out the door, down the hallway. Empty. He turns back. Tico has a pastry. He takes a huge bite. KD gives him a look.

KD
Those are for after.

Tico puts the half-eaten pastry back. Nods to the clock.

TICO
I thought it started at five.

KD has to accept this is it. He checks his handwritten notes.

KD
Thank you for coming. Let's open with a prayer.

Tico realizes KD wants to hold hands. He awkwardly obliges.

KD (CONT'D)
Heavenly Father, we ask you to bless this bible study. We know we are not worthy of your love or protections, but yet you give it to us unconditionally. We pray that you sit amongst us and guide us while we study your words. In the name of Jesus, we pray. Amen.

He opens his eyes and waits for Tico.

TICO
Oh. Amen.

KD
Let's turn to Psalms 145.

Tico just sits there.

TICO
I ain't got a bible.

KD sighs, turns his bible to the page, hands it to Tico.

KD
This is like a checklist from David on how good the Lord is. People say... People might say, what's so good about God? And you can...

MONTGOMERY, a large, scary looking ex-con, enters the room. KD brightens for a moment.

KD (CONT'D)
Hey, Montgomery. You here for Bible study?

MONTGOMERY
Game time.

He walks right by him, plops down on a couch and turns the TV on. Sounds of a basketball game fill the room.

KD
Would you mind turning that off, please?

MONTGOMERY
Playoffs, homie.

KD calmly walks over, picks up the remote and turns the TV off. His smile is warm, but with a hint of tension...

KD
Sorry, but this room's reserved for bible study. You're welcome to join us if you'd like.

He goes back to Tico, but before he can sit down, the TV's back on. KD walks back over, reaches for the remote. Montgomery snatches it away.

MONTGOMERY
Don't nobody give a fuck about your bible study, KD. Meth mouth only showed up for the donuts.
(beat)
You can pray all you want, preacher boy, but the game is staying on.

A face-off. Two hardened ex-cons ready to put it in overdrive, until... KD backs down. He heads back to Tico.

KD
Tico, can you please start with reading verse eight?

TICO
(not a great reader)
"The Lord is gracious and merciful, slow to anger and abounding in steadfast love...

As Tico reads, Montgomery talks to the TV. KD struggles to stay focused on Tico.

TICO (CONT'D)
The Lord is good to all, and his mercy is over all he has made."

Suddenly, KD spins around, grabs the back of his chair, raises it high, and... CRACK! Smashes it across Montgomery's head. Montgomery hits the floor. KD whacks him again. Harder.

MONTGOMERY
AHHHHH! What the fuck?!

Dazed, he scrambles to get to his feet. KD drops the chair and grabs Montgomery by the throat. He throws him over a coffee table, then picks him up again.

He punches him in the face. Montgomery falls. KD kicks him flush in the face. Montgomery crumples, unconscious. KD gives him two more vicious stomps for good measure.

KD
You're gonna respect God's time!

KD stands there, drenched in sweat. He turns the TV off, and now the room is eerily silent except for his heavy breathing.

He turns to see Tico backed up against a wall, one pastry in his mouth, another in his hand. KD glares at him, pissed.

TICO
It's not over?

EXT. HARRIS ESTATE - NIGHT

Crystal greets Bobo at his car. They walk on packed gravel, towards the house.

CRYSTAL
Sorry we missed Valerie's ceremony.

BOBO
I'm pretty sure you'll get another shot. That little girl is mighty fickle. How's Pernell?

Crystal ponders how to answer that...

CRYSTAL
You'll see.

BOBO
That bad?

CRYSTAL
You heard how they found him, right? Did you know he gave fifty thousand dollars to a preacher he'd never met before? Thinks he might be born again.

BOBO
If he doesn't get a grip, you're going to be out a lot more than fifty thousand.

CRYSTAL
Why don't you tell him that.

INT. HARRIS ESTATE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is a war room now. Pages from the police file are spread over every available surface. Pernell's still in his "Don't Worry, Be Happy" outfit. He runs over to Bobo with a rap sheet.

PERNELL
They went through the rape database. There's a guy from Sebastopol. Serial rapist. Same M.O. Makes the husband sit and watch while he's raping the wife. They ruled him out. You believe that shit?

BOBO
What? Toby know about this?

CRYSTAL
(rolls her eyes)
He's leaving out the part about how the guy's been in San Quentin the last three years. They probably figured he didn't break out of prison, rape Jocelyn, *and* break back in to prison.

PERNELL
I keep telling her, it's time to think outside the box. Maybe somebody let him out.
(MORE)

PERNELL (CONT'D)
Maybe the motherfucker taught his tricks to a cell mate, and his protege did it!

Crystal gives Bobo an “I tried to tell you” look.

BOBO
When’s the last time you slept?

PERNELL
It’s been a few days.

CRYSTAL
No shower either.

PERNELL
I’ve been busy.

BOBO
I talked to Guy. He said Mr. Brooks and everybody at Brooks Innovations sends their condolences.

PERNELL
Yeah, they sent flowers. Everybody’s sending flowers and condolences, like PJ’s dead.

CRYSTAL
They’re being nice.

BOBO
They’re worried about you. They want to know you’re okay.

PERNELL
I’m not okay. I won’t be okay until I keep my promise to PJ.

BOBO
Pernell, that could be a while.

PERNELL
Long as it takes.

BOBO
Then they need to think you’re okay in the meantime. Or they might think about taking their project elsewhere. See what I mean?

Pernell takes his focus off the file for the first time. Looks at Bobo.

PERNELL
They said that?

BOBO
To my face.

Pernell looks to Crystal. She nods.

PERNELL
I'm fine.

BOBO
Will you be at work Monday? That would help.

PERNELL
I'll be there.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HOLDING ROOM - MORNING

KD is in shackles. A BAILIFF stands watch near the door. His public defender, KELLY NOLAN, goes over a plea agreement.

KD
I gotta do the whole four? I thought you said two.

NOLAN
I was pushing for two, but you caught a bad break with the judge on this.

KD
How's that?

NOLAN
The guy you're going in front of? They call him Judge Maximum, as in maximum sentence. If you walk in there without this plea, I guarantee he will not only revoke your parole, but he'll tack on the maximum sentence for this latest offense. And they will not be served concurrently.

KD drops his head into his hands. The wind goes out of him.

INT. PERNELL'S COURTROOM - MORNING

Pernell's on the bench, and back to his old self. A self we're seeing for the first time. Groomed and shaven. Draped in a crisp black robe, a steely-eyed expression on his face.

Imposing. His trusted clerk, RANDY (54, looking forward to retiring at 55), surfs the internet at his desk.

GILBERT McCAULEY, a hard-nosed prosecutor stands behind his table. Across from him, a cheap looking DEFENSE ATTORNEY, sits with the DEFENDANT, a sad looking man in his 30's.

GILBERT
The state requests bail in the amount of fifty thousand dollars.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
Might as well make it a million, Your Honor. My client can't afford that bail, which is just one of the reasons he should be released on his own recognizance. Mr. Stevens can't run, Your Honor. He doesn't have the financial means. He's not accused of a violent crime, and he's got a wife and three kids he would never abandon. He does not in any way, shape or form, represent a flight risk.

PERNELL
He can't run?

Pernell ponders this for a moment. Looks over to his BAILIFF.

PERNELL (CONT'D)
Bring him in front of me.

The Bailiff walks the scared Defendant forward.

PERNELL (CONT'D)
You look like you're in good shape, Mr. Stevens. You got any injuries?

DEFENDANT
(confused)
No, sir.

PERNELL
(to Bailiff)
Lift up his pants leg.

The Bailiff lifts up the Defendant's pants leg. Pernell looks down from the bench.

PERNELL (CONT'D)
Damn. Look at that calf, counselor. You're saying he can't run?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
I'm saying he won't run.

PERNELL
No, you said he can't run. But he looks pretty damn fast to me. I'm not taking any chances on a boy with calves like that. Bail set at fifty thousand.

Pernell BANGS his gavel, as we...

EXT. HARRIS ESTATE - DAY

Crystal answers her front door to see Sgt. Kessler standing there, in uniform. She steels herself for more bad news.

KESSLER
Afternoon, Mrs. Harris. I'm Sergeant Kessler. Is your husband around?

CRYSTAL
He's at work.

KESSLER
Oh. I guess I thought he'd be taking a few days off.

CRYSTAL
No, he's fine. Why?

OFF Kessler's uncomfortable expression...

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Jocelyn lounges on a recliner in a warm, sunny room, full of soothing earth tones and natural wood. Her THERAPIST sits across from her, in a Harvard Library chair.

THERAPIST
Of course it's hard. But it's for your own good.

JOCELYN
What does it fix if I turn off that machine?

THERAPIST
You've got a lot of healing to do. We can't start wrestling with the real issues until you say goodbye.
(beat)
(MORE)

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
I want you to give yourself a fighting chance to feel good again. Don’t you want to feel good again?

Jocelyn nods, lost in her thoughts and pain.

JOCELYN
I don’t know if I’m ready for that.

THERAPIST
Is it because you think PJ will go to Hell if you take him off the respirator?

JOCELYN
You mean, because he committed suicide?

THERAPIST
Some people believe that.

JOCELYN
PJ’s not going to Hell.

THERAPIST
Is it because he didn’t leave a note. Are you afraid you’ll never get the answers you need?

Jocelyn looks out the window. Her eyes well with tears.

JOCELYN
It’s because it’s my fault.

THERAPIST
Don’t ever say that. Even if you feel it sometimes. You’re wrong.

JOCELYN
That’s what he said in the note.

The Therapist sits forward, stunned.

THERAPIST
You told everyone he didn’t leave a note. The police. Me.

JOCELYN
It wasn’t for the world.

Beat.

THERAPIST
And what did it say?

JOCELYN
It’s kind of long, but basically, he couldn’t get over having to watch me be raped, and not doing anything about it. He hated himself for that. That’s why he shot himself.

THERAPIST
Okay. Jocelyn... Even if that’s true. It doesn’t make it your fault.

Jocelyn lets out a short bitter laugh.

JOCELYN
From your mouth to God’s ear.

INT. HARRIS ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Crystal, Bobo and Asa are fixated on a laptop monitor. Kessler stands in the background as they watch the cell phone video from when Pernell was found.

BOBO
Play it again.

Asa hits play. We hear Pernell’s eerie chanting.

BOBO (CONT’D)
What the hell language is that?

ASA
Sounds like Muslim.

BOBO
You mean Arabic?

ASA
I mean like a fucking terrorist, hate to say it.

KESSLER
I think he’s speaking tongues. My auntie does it in church.

CRYSTAL
Oh Jesus. If he’s on some crazy religious trip...

ASA
Who do we know that speaks tongues?
(turns to Kessler)
Can you get your auntie down here?

BOBO
What the fuck? We are not looking for a tongues translator. We want this buried, not shared.
(to Kessler)
Who else has seen this?

KESSLER
Not a soul. I didn't think Judge Harris deserved to be humiliated, on top of everything else.

INT. PERNELL'S COURTROOM - DAY

Pernell scans KD's plea agreement. KD stares at him, fixated. Nolan checks his watch, wanting this over with. Pernell finishes reading, looks up at KD for the first time. Glaring.

PERNELL
You have anything to say before I send your sorry ass back to prison, Mr. Dennison?

KD stares back at Pernell, like he knows him. No, more like he's star struck.

KD
Yes, sir. I believe God has a plan for everyone, and me standing in front of you right now, is part of His plan. This ain't a coincidence.

PERNELL
No, it's not a coincidence. You're here because you attacked a man, and that's against the law.

KD
But my calling is to spread God's word. And I'm pretty sure the devil was using Montgomery to stop me.
(beat)
I'd do it again.

Nolan, not so discreetly, elbows his client to shut up.

PERNELL
So you don't care if you go to prison?

KD
Better to lose favor in the eyes of man than in the eyes the Lord.
(MORE)

KD (CONT'D)
It’s like you said, a man who knows his calling must do everything in his power to live up to it.

Silence. Awkward. Pernell shares a look with Randy, who’s paying full attention now. Rattled, Pernell looks to KD.

PERNELL
Have we met?

KD
Not officially, sir. But I saw you get baptized at Hand of God.

PERNELL
When was this?

KD
Three days ago. You testified about being called to serve God’s judgement. You opened my eyes to what it means to be saved.

PERNELL
Boy, I’m the last person you need to take religious advice from.

KD
Felt right to me, sir. I could tell you were anointed. And now I see. You’re a modern day Solomon. So whatever decision you make? I’m good with it.

Nolan elbows his client again. Harder. Gilbert waits for the hammer. Pernell thinks it over, then...

PERNELL
Mr. Dennison, did you fear for your safety or the safety of anyone around you at any time?

Gilbert is jolted by the question. Nolan recognizes an opening when he hears it. He whispers in KD’s ear.

KD
Uh... Yes. Yes, sir. Montgomery’s a big man.

GILBERT
Your Honor, Mr. Dennison has willingly signed a plea agreement. The question here is sentencing.

PERNELL
(to KD)
So you acted to protect yourself?

KD
Yes, sir.

Gilbert holds up a file.

GILBERT
Judge Harris, I'd like to bring your attention to the time line of violence perpetrated by Mr. Dennison. It includes eleven assault and batteries, four with a deadly weapon, a negligent homicide and two attempted murders.

He hands the document to Randy, who gives it to Pernell.

GILBERT (CONT'D)
This man's never gone more than six months without some sort of physical attack on another human being. And these are only the ones we know about.

He sits back down, confident he's made his point. Pernell weighs the heavy rap sheet in his hand. Looks to KD.

PERNELL
I'm assuming this was all before you were born again?

KD
Yes, sir.

GILBERT
(pops back up)
Were you born again two days ago when you beat Montgomery Dixon near to death because he wouldn't turn off the TV!

PERNELL
He just said that particular beating was in self-defense.

GILBERT
The victim was sitting down with his back to the defendant!

PERNELL
Charges dismissed.

Pernell bangs his gavel. KD jumps up, overjoyed.

KD
Praise God!

GILBERT
Your Honor! You can't do this--

PERNELL
(bangs his gavel)
Bang! Bang! Bang! Mr. McCauley.
That means I'm done deciding.

INT. PERNELL'S CHAMBERS - LATER

Pernell sits at his desk with a tumbler of Makers Mark. He opens a Bible, randomly flips through the pages.

TESSIE (O.S.)
Judge Harris, we need to talk.

Pernell looks up. TESSIE RUSSELL (40's), petite, pretty and razor sharp, stands there. Chanel suit. Bosca leather briefcase. All business.

PERNELL
I'm a little busy right now.

Tessie shuts the door, not taking no for an answer.

TESSIE
I'll make it quick.

INT. PERNELL'S COURTROOM - DAY

Gilbert McCauley storms in to the now empty courtroom. Seething. Randy looks up from his brown bag lunch and internet browsing.

RANDY
He's in a meeting.

GILBERT
You think I give a damn? I need to
talk to him right now!

He starts for Pernell's chambers. Randy stops him.

RANDY
In. A. Meeting. You try to get past
me, I'll make sure you do at least
a night in county.

Gilbert stops himself. Knows Randy's not bluffing.

GILBERT
Fine. Then give him a message. That shit he pulled this morning? He's not getting away with it. I'll make sure of that.

He storms back out. Randy goes back to eating.

INT. PERNELL'S CHAMBERS - MOMENTS LATER

Pernell's naked again.

This time he's got Tessie's legs wrapped around his back. The only thing she's still wearing are her heels. Pernell pounds away. Teresa urges him on like a pro, which she is. He finishes with a flourish and collapses next to her.

They breathe together for a while. Teresa starts to get up. Pernell pulls her back down.

TESSIE
Come on, Pernell. Randy's going to be knocking soon.

PERNELL
(voice cracking)
Two more minutes.

TESSIE
Are you crying?

PERNELL
Tess. This has to stop.

TESSIE
What are you talking about?

PERNELL
I love this. It's beautiful, but I don't think I can do it anymore.
(beat)
I'm married.

TESSIE
You've been married for twenty some odd years.

PERNELL
But now I'm baptized.

TESSIE
What?

PERNELL
I think I'm born again. And this is probably against the rules.

Tessie laughs. Not a chuckle, but a full on belly laugh. She catches a look of hurt and confusion from Pernell.

TESSIE
(can't stop laughing)
You're serious? I'm sorry, but... Pernell Harris catching religion? That doesn't even sound right.

PERNELL
I still want to be friends.

TESSIE
I'm an expensive friend.

PERNELL
I like talking to you, Tessie. I don't want that to stop.

Tessie starts to get dressed.

TESSIE
Sweetie, here's how this is going to work. No more standing appointment. You want to see me? You call. If you do, I'll be here. Hour minimum as usual. Five hundred per hour, as usual. What we do is up to you.

PERNELL
We're just going to talk.

Tessie steps close to him, lets him feel her body. Feel her breath. Pernell's thinking about backsliding, already. She puts her mouth close to his ear.

TESSIE
Good. I like talking to you.

She kisses his cheek. Pernell digs into his pants pocket. Tessie gets a paper from her briefcase.

TESSIE (CONT'D)
I found this on the internet. Story about people who woke up from comas. Made me think of PJ.

She hands him the paper. He hands her $500. She walks out.

INT. BOBO'S OFFICE - DAY

A SECRETARY lets Crystal in to the large, wood panelled office. Asa's on a couch playing with his phone. He doesn't look up.

ASA
He's in the crapper.

Crystal sits down to wait. Now Asa looks up.

ASA (CONT'D)
You can go in.

INT. BOBO'S EXECUTIVE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Crystal steps in. The stall door is slightly cracked. Bobo's on the toilet, with a can of Febreze.

CRYSTAL
What crawled up your ass and died?

BOBO
Doc put me on new blood pressure meds. They're giving me the shits. I wouldn't be able to make it from here to my car without an accident.

He sprays a blast of Febreze towards the door.

BOBO (CONT'D)
Your husband's not helping.

CRYSTAL
At least we got him back to work.

BOBO
Might not be for long.

CRYSTAL
I miss something?

BOBO
Some whack job psychopath came in spouting religious stuff. Pernell let him off scot free. Supervising Judge just opened a review. They're looking to suspend him.

CRYSTAL
Well you better get your ass in front of that, Bobo.

BOBO
Trust me, soon as I can get my ass off this toilet, I'll get to work on that. But a lot of these little fires we're dealing with seem to be getting fueled by religion? I'm starting to wonder what that preacher put in Pernell's head.

Crystal takes out a prescription bottle full of marijuana cigarettes. She lights one. Takes a deep drag.

CRYSTAL
A preacher with the wrong intentions could have a field day with Pernell right now. I'll talk to him.

BOBO
Good. It's all hands on deck until Pernell comes to his senses.

CRYSTAL
Should I tell the FOP Pernell can't make the awards dinner tonight?

BOBO
Can't do that. Guy Frankel's sending a rep. They want to see for themselves that Pernell's not off his rocker.

CRYSTAL
Shit.

BOBO
We need to manage this from the Pernell side. I'll work on keeping him on the bench. You make sure that preacher gets the message.

Crystal opens the door to the stall, hands him the half-smoked joint.

CRYSTAL
Finish this. Good for your blood pressure. And the shits.

INT. HAND OF GOD CHAPEL - DAY

Paul's in a brand new suit. He stands on a step ladder, hanging origami doves from the ceiling. Crystal walks in. Paul takes her in. Nice figure. Nice jewelry. He flashes a smile, steps down.

PAUL
Can I help you?

CRYSTAL
Oh my God, you're Thug Number Two!
(off his look)
Walker, Texas Ranger. Season six, episode six. You said, "Shut up, before I shut you up."

Paul's caught off guard, but his ego can't stop him from being pleased. He smiles.

PAUL
That was a long time ago.

CRYSTAL
Seems like yesterday to me.

She holds out her hand. He takes it, oozing charm.

PAUL
Reverend Dobson. It's a pleasure.

CRYSTAL
Crystal Harris. Apparently, you baptized my husband.

Paul goes cold. Crystal lets his hand go, starts to explore the place. He watches, on edge.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
How'd you and Pernell get so close?

PAUL
He came to me looking for answers. I put him in touch with Jesus.

Crystal circles back around to Paul, who's on edge.

CRYSTAL
And for that you get fifty thousand dollars? That's what a personal connection with Jesus is going for these days?

PAUL
I want you to know, I didn't ask for that money. But we're already putting it to work for the Lord.

Crystal gives him a look, fingers the lapel of his suit. She is a force of nature, keeping Paul off balance.

CRYSTAL
Nice suit. Is it new? Your whole life is like new isn't it? Actor, turned con man, turned preacher.
(vicious smile)
I did more than look you up on IMDB, Thug Number Two. You got a closet full of skeletons.

Paul tries to read Crystal's face, not sure how much she knows, or how she's going to use it.

PAUL
We've all done things we regret. But I'm a changed man. Praise God.

CRYSTAL
Well, you changed your name, I know that. You weren't born Paul Dobson, were you Oliver?

PAUL
When I got saved, I decided to take a name from the Bible.

CRYSTAL
That makes a lot of sense. Say, was my husband making sense when he wrote that check to you?
(Paul squirms)
Don't answer that. I don't want you to worry about that. I want you to keep that money. Pretend you won the lottery, except this prize comes with a string.
(cold, threatening)
And if you don't stay the hell away from my husband, I will pull that string, and use it to strangle you. Everything about you. Deal?

PAUL
I don't want trouble, Mrs. Harris.

CRYSTAL
(smiles, friendly again)
Call me, Crystal.

She walks out, leaving Paul shaken to the core...

INT. PERNELL'S CHAMBERS - DAY

And there's Pernell sitting behind his desk, looking about the same. Jocelyn stands in front of him, somber.

JOCELYN
I wanted you to hear it from me.

PERNELL
I don't want to hear it from anybody. I don't understand why you're in such a goddamn rush!

JOCELYN
There's no reason to wait. PJ's gone. He's moved on. It's time for us to do the same.

Pernell shows her the paper Tessie gave him.

PERNELL
You hear about this kid in Iowa? He was in a coma for 15 days. They were ten minutes away from harvesting his organs when he woke up. Now he walks around like nothing ever happened. Bought himself a Cold Stone franchise.

JOCELYN
I've talked to the experts. They all say there's no chance of getting PJ back.
(shaky)
It's the way he shot himself. The part of his brain that--

PERNELL
Experts can be wrong. Here's what we do, give PJ a week to wake--

JOCELYN
No. I'm not waiting. I want us to agree, so we can all say our good-byes the right way. But I'm his wife. I get to make this call.
(beat)
I'm sorry.

She walks out. Pernell's speechless. He takes out his phone, dials a number. It just rings.

PERNELL
Shit.

Randy walks in with a suit from the cleaners.

RANDY
Cleaners just dropped off your suit for tonight.
(off Pernell's face)
You okay?

Pernell grabs the suit and rushes out.

INT. HAND OF GOD CHAPEL - OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Paul practices his sermon like he's rehearsing a part.

PAUL
Are we going to go by what the movies say? No. TV? No. We have to define our manhood by what the Bible says. Titus two, verse two: "Teach men to be temperate, worthy of respect, self-controlled--

Pernell bangs through the door. Paul spins around pissed.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Alicia! You can't be--

He stops short when he sees Pernell standing there. Alicia right behind him, flustered.

ALICIA
He said it's important.

PERNELL
I've been calling you.

PAUL
Yes. And I've been meaning to call you back.

PERNELL
I need you to pray over my son.

PAUL
Right. I will uh... Here's the problem, I have a sermon to prepare and after that... I have a uh...

ALICIA
Don't forget, Lisa Drew's husband just got called to active duty.

PAUL
Right. I promised I'd counsel them before he reports. Maybe tomorrow--

PERNELL
They're talking about pulling the plug on my boy. This is not a tomorrow situation.

PAUL
Right. Okay. Obviously, it's urgent, but I have a congregation to serve, you understand...

ALICIA
Why don't we bring Brother Harris' request to the prayer circle?

PAUL
That's a splendid idea. Even better for your son. Matthew 18:20 says "*Where two or three are gathered in my name, I am present.*"

PERNELL
Then bring the fucking prayer circle to the hospital. What the hell is your problem?

Paul rubs his temples, a stress headache coming on.

PAUL
I got a visit from your wife. She made it very clear she would like to be involved in deciding your spiritual path, and it probably won't involve Hand of God.

PERNELL
Did she threaten you?

PAUL
There are things from my past that could severely damage my ability to spread the word, if they... came to light.

PERNELL
So this is a business decision?
(beat)
Did you know my great grand daddy built this town? That's right. And it's been passed from one generation to the next, ever since. So now, you can go down to City Hall and ask for Felicia...
(MORE)

PERNELL (CONT'D)
And she can take you in the basement, to the records room and let you see the actual deed for the city of San Vicente. You can't touch it, you understand. But you can look at it. And guess who's name is on it? That's right. Mine.

He puts an arm around Paul, squeezes hard.

PERNELL (CONT'D)
My wife's a powerhouse, no doubt about it, but that girl married up. If there's anyone who can hurt you in this town, it is the Honorable Pernell Fucking Harris.
(beat)
So if you're going to spin the wheel, you better know what number to put your chips on.

INT. HOSPITAL - PJ'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pernell stands at the foot of PJ's bed, head bowed. Paul stands at the side, hands hovering over PJ's body.

PAUL
Everybody says he's dead, Lord. They're ready to make it official.

Pernell takes out a pen knife and pushes the tip into PJ's foot. No reaction. He presses harder. No reaction.

PERNELL
Come on, son.

PAUL
But we know where there's a will there's a way. If it's God's will, there is a path to life--

Paul feels the bed jiggle, looks over. He spots the knife in Pernell's hand and stops talking mid-sentence.

PERNELL
It's okay. This is how they check if someone's coming out of a coma. Keep going.

PAUL
(tries to refocus)
So Lord, we humbly ask that you send a sign. Not for us, but for the non-believers.

PERNELL
Come on, PJ... Please.

Desperate, Pernell jabs PJ's foot with the knife, hard. A trickle of blood. Still no reaction.

PERNELL (CONT'D)
Goddammit, move something son!

PAUL
(freaking out)
Oh, Jesus. Help PJ show them Lord, RIGHT NOW, that yes, he is engaged in an epic battle, but he is not lost. He is not gone. Make it quick, Lord!

Pernell moves the knife down PJ's entire foot. Suddenly, the trickle of blood turns into a stream.

PERNELL
Oh shit.

Paul looks over as Pernell hurries to the counter, grabs a paper towel...

PAUL
What's wrong?

Pernell presses the towel to PJ's foot, it's immediately drenched in blood. More blood spurts out.

PERNELL
Shit!

PJ (O.S.)
Why won't you keep your promise?

PERNELL
(to PJ)
I'm trying to.

PAUL
What?

Blood spills off the table and onto the floor. Pernell drops to his knees trying to stem the tide.

PERNELL
Help me get this blood up!

PJ (O.S.)
What are you waiting for?

PERNELL
(to PJ)
I'm waiting for the police to find out who did it!
(to Paul)
I need more towels. HURRY!

Paul gives Pernell towels, but doesn't know what for.

PJ (O.S.)
The stream of justice is winding but true.

PERNELL
I can't serve justice until I know who did it.

PAUL
Brother Harris...?

PJ (O.S.)
Follow the stream.

The stream of blood courses towards the door. Pernell's mesmerized. His vision is distorted, until the only thing in focus is the stream of blood flowing out of the room. He watches it flow down the hall like it's alive, searching. An ICU NURSE runs towards him.

PJ (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Follow the stream.

ICU NURSE
What's wrong?

PERNELL
I can't stop the blood!

He points to PJ's foot, sees the tiny cut he caused and the small droplet of blood. Too little to drip down. Too little for the nurse to even notice.

ICU NURSE
What blood?

Pernell looks from the nurse to Paul. He's freaked out. Pernell looks down. The blood is gone.

PERNELL
Sorry. False alarm.

INT. FOP AWARDS BANQUET - COCKTAIL AREA - NIGHT

VIPs and COPS in suits and uniforms. A banner reads: FRATERNAL ORDER OF POLICE. CITIZEN AWARDS GALA. Crystal mingles with bigwigs, constantly looking towards the door. Bobo stands near the bar, nervous. Anne steps up to him.

ANNE
Where's the guest of honor?

BOBO
Already at his table, enjoying a fine meal.

ANNE
Great. Can't wait to see him.

They head in...

INT. FOP AWARDS BANQUET - DINING ROOM - LATER

Crystal and Pernell share a center table with Bobo, Toby and spouses. Pernell looks flustered, downs his wine.

CRYSTAL
You okay?

PERNELL
I'm great.

The PRESIDENT of the Fraternal Order of Police is at the podium.

PRESIDENT
Tonight, we honor a man who understands the difficult and important job we do as law enforcement. A man who rewards that work by making sure criminals get the justice they deserve.

CRYSTAL
(whispers to Pernell)
Nobody will be mad if you're not in the mood for a speech. Just get up there, say thank you, and get off.

PRESIDENT
It is with great pride that I award the civilian's badge of merit to my friend, our friend, the Honorable Pernell Harris.

To warm applause, Pernell steps on stage and greets the President with a hug. He receives an honorary badge and a certificate. He steps to the podium.

PERNELL
Thank you.
(beat)
As many of you know, my family is in the middle of a difficult time.

Ann watches from the back of the room.

PERNELL (CONT'D)
John even offered to reschedule tonight. Give me time to...
(fighting emotion)
Do what it is you do when your son shoots himself and is in a coma.

Crystal tenses, fearing a breakdown. Bobo says a silent prayer. Pernell steels himself and starts again.

PERNELL (CONT'D)
But the more I thought about it, the more determined I was to be here. Especially here. You all deal with tragedy all the time, but you still show up the next day. Even on your worst days, you show up and put your lives on the line because that's your job.
(starting to roll)
If you can do that, I should be able to muster up the fortitude to show up for some good music, great food and shiny hardware.

The audience claps as Pernell's down home charisma kicks in. Bobo and Crystal both breathe a sigh of relief.

PERNELL (CONT'D)
And this isn't some five and dime tin star. This thing is real. Hell, give me a pair of cuffs, I might arrest somebody on the way home. Or better yet, when I get home.
(looks to Crystal)
Watch out, sweetie.
(points)
My wife, ladies and gentleman.

The crowd laughs harder as Pernell and Crystal share a smile. Satisfied, Anne pulls out her phone and heads for the exit, just as...

A WAITRESS enters from the kitchen with a tray for coffee service. Anne deftly sidesteps her, but the waitress over corrects and loses her balance.

CLANG! The tray crashes to the floor. The coffee pot spins across the floor. The top pops off. Coffee pours out.

Up at the podium, Pernell watches spilled coffee stream across the floor. We see a strange look in his eyes and then we're in his head... Everything but the coffee is a blur.

And now as the coffee travels, it morphs into blood. Its path matches exactly, the stream of blood from PJ's foot that Pernell saw in the hospital. The server tries to clean it up.

PERNELL (CONT'D)
DON'T TOUCH IT!

The last bit of coffee gurgles out.

PERNELL (CONT'D)
Nobody move. Nobody fucking move!

Pernell's off the stage and running, following the coffee across the floor, and as it peters out... it hits someone's foot. Pernell looks up...

PERNELL (CONT'D)
What's your name?

SHANE BRENNAN, a cop in full blues, doesn't know what to say. Crystal runs to Pernell's side.

CRYSTAL
Sweetie... Honey, come on.

Bobo whispers to the President, then runs to the band leader. Crystal tries to pull Pernell away. He shakes her off.

PERNELL
What is your name?

PRESIDENT
(back at the mic)
Let's all give one more big hand to Judge Pernell Harris.

SHANE
(stammers)
Shane.

The band strikes up. The audience claps sporadically at first, then loudly, trying to cover the awkwardness. Crystal and Bobo pull Pernell out of the room...

INT. DR. GREENWALD'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

A frazzled Bobo stands in the home office of DR. GREENWALD, a psychiatrist, rubbing his eyes and wearing his bathrobe.

GREENWALD
What you're describing is called an Acute Stress Reaction.

PERNELL (O.S.)
Reverend Paul says I'm anointed.

INT. HARRIS ESTATE - INTERCUT

Pernell is charged. Invigorated. He tries to explain it to Crystal. She's mortified. We CUT BACK AND FORTH as the psychiatrist and Pernell lay out dueling theories.

PERNELL
It's what happens when you're born again. God gives everyone gifts.

GREENWALD
It's a common reaction to traumatic events. The more extreme the event, the more extreme the reaction.

PERNELL
For some people the gifts are more pronounced than others. It depends, what God has planned for you.

GREENWALD
In some cases a person's reality is actually altered. It's easier than you think for imagination to become hallucination.

PERNELL
The voices I'm hearing? The visions I'm seeing? They're real.

GREENWALD
Of course, he thinks they're real. Hallucinations activate the same perceptual systems of the brain as reality.

PERNELL
God is talking to me through PJ.

BOBO
Please tell me there's a pill for this.

GREENWALD
Medication won't be nearly enough. He should be treated by a professional. In a hospital.

CRYSTAL
What is God telling you to do?

Pernell gives her a look like she's stupid.

PERNELL
Get the man who raped Jocelyn.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MORNING

It's the construction site we saw before, only now it's empty and lifeless. Where before we saw dozens of workers, now there is one. A SECURITY GUARD. Guy and Anne give him instructions, as Bobo's car rolls up. Bobo and Asa jump out.

BOBO
I appreciate your flare for the dramatic, but this is going a bit far, Guy.

GUY
It's not a show, Robert. The key to this deal is gone. We have no choice, but to move on.

BOBO
Pernell's going to be fine.

ANNE
No he's not.

BOBO
Even if he's not, we can get him to do what we need.

GUY
Really? From what I hear, you can't get him through dinner.

BOBO
Pernell's dealing with personal issues. We all know that. But he can do whatever it takes to keep this deal on track. You don't believe me? Put me to the test.

A beat. Guy wants to believe.

GUY
Fine. Let's start with something easy. Have him sign the eminent domain order for the Vallco tract.

BOBO
And if he does, you end negotiations with Fremont?

GUY
No, we'll put them on hold. That's as far as I'll go.

INT. DINER - DAY

Bobo, Pernell and Asa share a booth. Bobo's egg whites and cantaloupe are untouched. He watches Pernell. Waiting. Pernell studies the eminent domain order. He reaches inside his jacket for a pen. Not there.

PERNELL
Shit. Where's my signing pen?

BOBO
(snaps at Asa)
We got it.

Asa takes a pen from his pocket, holds it out for Pernell. Pernell's panicking. He searches the rest of his pockets.

PERNELL
Shit. I had it this morning.

ASA
Damn. What was it, a solid gold Mont Blanc, or what?

Pernell looks at him hard.

PERNELL
It was a gift from PJ.

BOBO
I'm sure it's at home. Here, I told Guy he could file this today.

Pernell takes the pen, goes to the signature page. Almost signs. Doesn't.

PERNELL
I can't do this. My mind's not here right now.

BOBO
You don't need your mind. Just sign it. Please. The Brooks deal is riding on this, Pernell...

PERNELL
I got this urge that won't go away. It's like my dick just stays hard, except I don't need pussy.

BOBO
What *do* you need, Pernell? Please tell me what the hell you need.

PERNELL
Justice for PJ.

Bobo slams the table.

BOBO
He shot himself! There's no justice for that.

Nearby customers turn and stare at Bobo. Pernell looks at him with hurt eyes.

BOBO (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Somebody had to put that out there.

PERNELL
This all goes back to when Jocelyn was raped. PJ's never been the same. Not catching the rapist only made things worse.

BOBO
They're going to find the guy.

PERNELL
I told them who it is.

BOBO
The kid from the banquet?

PERNELL
(nods)
And I asked Toby to bring him in. He won't do it. I'm not sure he knows where his bread is buttered.

BOBO
You're in crazy town, Pernell.

PERNELL
If you talked to Toby, made sure he brought Brennan in, I wouldn't have to worry about that anymore. I'd be able to focus on other things.

His eyes go to the eminent domain order, and back up to Bobo.

BOBO
Are you holding this deal hostage? You know you got more to lose in this than anybody, right? You do know that, right!?

PERNELL
You think I'm worried about money?

BOBO
I'm not talking about money. I'm trying to secure our city's future.

PERNELL
And I'm trying to get some closure.

He hands the pen back to Asa and walks out. Bobo's on the verge of losing it. He turns to Asa.

BOBO
Get Chief Toby on the phone.

ASA
(nods, gets out his phone)
You got his number?

INT. BOBO'S OFFICE - DAY

Toby sits on the vintage leather couch. Bobo's at his desk.

TOBY
You want me to arrest an innocent man. A cop. Just to make Pernell feel better.

BOBO
Don't arrest him. Just bring him in, ask a few questions. No harm, no foul.

TOBY
On what grounds?

BOBO
On the grounds that this whole town is about to come tumbling down if you don't. See what I mean?
(beat)
Just say you got an anonymous tip.

TOBY
From a man who's off his goddamn rocker? You should be getting help for Pernell, not feeding his delusions. I'm not running Shane Brennan through the wringer. He doesn't deserve that.

Bobo leans across the desk and lets it fly.

BOBO
I don't give a damn about that cop's feelings. He is a microscopic speck of paint in the big picture I'm painting. You? You're just a teeny tiny bit bigger than a speck. Pernell on the other hand, is the fucking canvas. Without him, I have to start over.
(beat)
I'm too lazy to start over. You read me? Now, I'm going to keep this in the form of a request, but the only fucking answer I want to hear, is yes. Will you please bring Shane Brennan in for questioning?

EXT. SAN VICENTE POLICE STATION - CAR POOL LOT - DAY

Shane Brennan walks to his patrol car, with a spring in his step. A cop who loves his job. He takes a photo from his breast pocket. He kisses it, and clips it to the sun visor. We see a picture of his beautiful wife, and two adorable kids. A cop who loves his family. His LIEUTENANT taps on the window...

LIEUTENANT
Yo, Brennan.

SHANE
What's up Loo?

INT. SAN VICENTE PD - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Toby strides through the hall, flanked by an AIDE. All the cops watch him, wondering what the hell's going on.

He stops in front of two rooms at the end of the hall. One marked: INTERVIEW C. The other: OBSERVATION. He walks into...

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM C - DAY

Shane sits in a large, starkly furnished room. A large one-way window dominates the opposite wall. He does his best not to shake, but he's nervous. Toby sits across from him.

TOBY
Nothing to be nervous about, Shane. We're just here to clear some things up.

SHANE
Should I have somebody with me? Like from the union?

TOBY
That's within your rights, but I think it's better if we keep this unofficial.
(beat)
I'm thinking about your best interests, when I say that.

SHANE
What do you want to know?

TOBY
Where were you on the night of April 17th?

SHANE
That's more than seven months ago.

TOBY
Maybe this will help. Jocelyn Harris was raped that night.

SHANE
That's what's this is about?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - INTERCUT

Jocelyn Harris stares through the glass. Bobo waits in the back. Pernell sits next to Jocelyn on pins and needles.

PERNELL
I know this can't be easy.
(beat)
Just tell me if there's anything familiar about him. Maybe body language or the sound of his voice.

JOCELYN
There's something...
(steps closer)
I don't know what, but there is something about him.

Bobo perks up, surprised.

PERNELL
I knew it!
(to Bobo)
What did I tell you?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - INTERCUT

Toby speaks with a soothing tone, trying to keep Shane calm.

TOBY
Easy, Shane. Like I said, we're just clearing some things up.

SHANE
You think I raped somebody!?

TOBY
Nobody's accusing you of anything. I just asked where you were.

Shane's still scared, but now there's a streak of indignant pride. He looks Toby right in the eyes.

SHANE
I was at work, Chief. Swing shift. I was on a vandalism report when the 2-6-1 came over the radio. I offered to respond and was told to standby. Later that night, dispatch asked me to do a courtesy visit. I parked outside the victim's house for the rest of my shift.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

Tears fill Jocelyn's eyes as the memory comes flooding back.

JOCELYN
I couldn't sleep. Every creak in the floor, and rattle in the window made me want to scream like a lunatic. Until he got there. He shined a light through the window every half hour or so, to let me know he was there. He's the reason I made it through that first night.

Pernell is stunned. Bobo walks out.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Pernell, Bobo and Toby cluster in the hallway. Toby holds a case report, a transponder record and a dispatch log.

PERNELL
Okay, okay, I know what this looks like, but you have to understand, I'm not wrong. I *know* it was him.

BOBO
Are you fucking kidding me? He was working. He couldn't have done it.

PERNELL
That's an alibi. That's all it is.

TOBY
No, it's more than that. It's corroborated.

He hands Pernell documents one-by-one as he talks.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Rape took place between nine and nine forty-five. Officer Brennan responded to the vandalism call at nine fifteen.
(hands over the report)
Here's the report he made and the pictures he took. Date and time stamped, by the way.

BOBO
(to Pernell)
Are we done here?

PERNELL
No. You can set the time on a camera to whatever you want.

TOBY
(hands Pernell a printout)
But every cruiser has a transponder. His time and location are confirmed by GPS. Unless you think the goddamn satellites in the sky are lying to us, too!

Pernell holds the papers, reeling.

BOBO
Now are we done here?

PERNELL
No!

BOBO
What more do you want, Pernell?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Shane trembles with rage and shock.

SHANE
No fucking way! I want my rep.

Toby nods, takes out his phone. But before he dials, he leans close to Shane. Speaks with a gentle, grandfatherly voice.

TOBY
Aren't you supposed to be making Sergeant next month?

Shane nods, on the verge of tears.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Nothing that's happened so far changes that. I promise you. But the second I call your rep, this becomes official. Shane Brennan was questioned in connection with a rape. That's in writing. Your future starts going backwards real fast. Want me to make the call?

A long beat. Shane looks at his chief with fear and contempt, then shakes his head.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - INTERCUT

Pernell is riveted. Bobo is sick to his stomach. Jocelyn isn't sure what's going on. They watch Shane stand up.

TOBY
Go on up to the glass.

Shane slowly walks forward, stands in front of the glass. He unbuttons his pants, lets them fall around his ankles.

JOCELYN
What is he doing?

Shane pulls down his underwear. Jocelyn turns away.

PERNELL
He was wearing a mask, but you saw his privates, didn't you? That's one thing you had to have seen.

Pernell pulls her towards the glass. Jocelyn resists.

PERNELL (CONT'D)
Just take a quick look. See if there's something you recognize.

Shane's groin area is partially covered by his shirt. Toby instructs him from behind, hating himself.

TOBY
Lift your shirt. We need to see it all.

Now the tears Shane's been fighting come out, stinging his eyes. He pulls up his shirt, and stands there, in the raw.

On the other side of the glass, Jocelyn fights back nausea, tries to break away. Pernell holds tight.

JOCELYN
Let go of me!

PERNELL
That man raped you. He made PJ watch. Look at him! He needs to face justice for what he did to you and PJ.

He forces her to face Shane. Jocelyn sobs, closes her eyes tight. Bobo thinks of stepping in, but can't. Or won't.

PERNELL (CONT'D)
Look at him! Look! I have to know. Please, Jocelyn. Help me. Help PJ.

Finally, Jocelyn stops struggling. She knows the only way Pernell lets her go, is if she looks. She opens her eyes. Her tears flow freely, matching Shane's on the other side. But her voice is strong and resilient.

JOCELYN
There are pieces of that night I have been able to forget. Not a lot. Not enough. But there are some pieces I don't remember.
(beat)
What the penis... on the man who raped me for an hour in front of my husband... looks like...
(MORE)

JOCELYN (CONT'D)
is one of those pieces I don't remember.
(beat)
And I will do everything in my power to keep it that way.

She turns to Pernell with a cold, hard look.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)
Does that help?

Finally defeated, Pernell relaxes his grip. Jocelyn pulls away, then slaps him. Then spits on him. Then slaps him again. And walks out. Bobo puts the eminent domain order on the table in front of Pernell. Gives him a pen.

PERNELL
I don't understand...

BOBO
Just sign the fucking order.

Pernell signs. Bobo takes the order and walks out.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - INTERCUT

Toby pats Shane on the shoulder, feeling like shit.

TOBY
We're done, Shane. I'm sorry.

He walks out. Shane stands there, exposed. He looks at his reflection, not recognizing himself.

On the other side of the glass, Pernell stares at Shane. Confused. Stunned. Defeated.

INT. THE CORK CLUB - NIGHT

A drinker's bar. People don't come here to see or be seen. Pernell sits in a secluded booth in back. Paul joins him.

PAUL
Brother Harris. What's on your mind?

Pernell finishes his whiskey. Nods to a WAITER for another.

PERNELL
I think God's vision was wrong.

PAUL
His vision's never wrong. He's God.

PERNELL
Are you sure? Because everybody I know thinks I'm crazy, and I'm starting to wonder myself.

PAUL
That would put you in the company of Moses, John the Baptist, and Jesus himself.

PERNELL
So there's no way he could just be fucking with me, like a test?

PAUL
God doesn't test his children. The devil does.
(beat)
God gives you free will, so you can prove your faith by believing in him during times of trial. And the Devil saves his best tricks for God's anointed ones. If you're being tested, it means you're on the right track.

Pernell chews on that for a moment. He looks up at Paul, a resolve setting in.

EXT. GIDEON'S WAY - NIGHT

KD walks towards the halfway house, bible in hand. Pernell's car is parked next to the curb. As KD passes, Pernell drops the window, calls out.

PERNELL
You got a minute?

KD looks in, wary, then smiles when he sees Pernell. He gets in. Pernell pulls off.

INT. PERNELL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Pernell and KD ride through the streets of San Vicente.

PERNELL
You been staying out of trouble?

KD
God keeps me out of trouble.

PERNELL
I wasn't going to say this in court, but you were right about what you said. God chose me to mete out justice, just like Solomon.

KD
I knew it.

PERNELL
I can't do that without help.
(beat)
Solomon had this guy Benaiah.

KD
(correct pronunciation)
Benaiah.

PERNELL
That was one badass motherfucker.

Pernell pulls the car into an alley, and stops.

PERNELL (CONT'D)
You know what else God told me?
(KD's mesmerized)
He wants you to be my Benaiah.

KD is overcome with a sense of pride and purpose. He turns to Pernell, with a hard, bone chilling look in his eyes.

KD
I can do that.

INT. HARRIS ESTATE - LATER

Pernell walks in, surprised to find Crystal parked in a chair in the front hall. Waiting.

CRYSTAL
Where have you been?

PERNELL
Bible study.

CRYSTAL
Jocelyn called. She's turning off the machine tomorrow. You can't come. You're not to go anywhere near her.

PERNELL
All I did was ask her to help me catch the man who raped her.

CRYSTAL
Oh, I heard what you did. I'm surprised she didn't try to commit suicide herself.

PERNELL
I'm keeping my promise to PJ.

CRYSTAL
Stop saying that! Whatever you wanted to do for him, you should have done it while he was alive.

PERNELL
He is alive.

Crystal stands, exhausted in every way. She walks upstairs.

EXT. BRENNAN HOUSE - DAY

Shane plays with his kids on the front lawn. They take turns spraying each other with water. Peals of laughter fill the air, floating away and...

Drifting through the open window of a stolen truck, parked halfway down the block. KD sits in the driver's seat, baseball cap pulled low over his eyes.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)
Goodnight, my angel,
Now it's time to dream.
And dream how wonderful your life will be...

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - DAY

Crystal sings softly at PJ's bedside. Her voice is sweet and beautiful. Heartbreaking.

CRYSTAL
Someday your child may cry
And if you sing this lullaby
Then in your heart
There will always be
A part of me.

She squeezes his hand in hers. The tears flow freely.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Sleep well, my angel. I'll be here when you wake up.

EXT. RITE-AID - DAY

Shane pulls his car into the parking lot. He heads into the store. Seconds later, KD pulls in.

INT. HOSPITAL - PJ'S ROOM - LATER

Jocelyn leans in close, her mouth near PJ's ear as she whispers softly...

JOCELYN
I still don't get it. I'm the one who got raped. Me. You know how many times I thought about making it all go away with a bullet or a bottle of pills?
(beat)
You told me to fight off the nightmares and the daymares. You promised me I would have a life on the other side if I just held on. You made me a believer, PJ.
(beat)
Turns out you were full of shit.

She caresses his hand, kisses his cheek.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)
I want you to know everything's not going to be okay, and I won't get over this some day. I don't know what I'll do without you. I don't even know who I am without you.

Jocelyn gives him one last, incredibly tender kiss.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)
I hate you.

EXT. RITE-AID - DAY

Shane walks out with a shopping bag. He sees his car blocked in by KD's truck. It's empty, but the passenger door is open. Shane peeks in, looking for a clue as to who the owner is. KD emerges from between cars, presses a gun into Shane's back.

KD
That's a gun, Shane. Be smart or it won't just be you. It'll be your wife and babies, too.

He pushes Shane into the cab.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.)
Through this holy anointing may the Lord, in his love and mercy help you with the grace of the Holy Spirit...

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - MOMENTS LATER

Jocelyn and Crystal stand on either side of the bed, each holding one of PJ's hands. DR. GREEN stands by the ventilator machine. The hospital's CHAPLAIN finishes a prayer.

CHAPLAIN
May the Lord, who frees you from sin, save you and raise you up.

He makes the sign of the cross and nods to Dr. Green.

DR. GREEN
Jocelyn?

Jocelyn raises PJ's hand to her cheek, then kisses it, pressing it to her lips for a long time.

JOCELYN
I'm ready.

Dr. Green turns off the heart monitor. The blood pressure monitor. The oxygen monitor. There won't be any alarms intruding on the moment.

Jocelyn closes her eyes, praying silently. Dr. Green reaches for the power switch on the ventilator, and...

The door bursts open. Three people rush in. They've been running. Dr. Williams, a LAWYER, and Pernell Harris.

PERNELL
Get away from that machine!

CRYSTAL
Pernell!

JOCELYN
What the hell are you doing here?
(to Dr. Williams)
I told you he wasn't allowed here!

LAWYER
It's not up to him.

The lawyer holds up a court document.

LAWYER (CONT'D)
This is a forty-eight hour stay of the court, during which time you are required to keep Pernell Harris Junior connected to a ventilator and take all necessary measures to keep him alive.

JOCELYN
He's already dead!

Pernell looks at her with eyes full of love.

PERNELL
You're going to thank me one day.

Not today. Jocelyn attacks Pernell. Slapping, clawing, hitting. Dr. Williams pulls her off. She screams, pleading...

JOCELYN
Why are you doing this to me?!!

PERNELL
Because I believe in miracles.

INT. HAND OF GOD CHAPEL - NIGHT

At night, with the lights just right, and a full house singing with all their might, the place feels like a real church. Origami doves hang from the ceiling by the tiniest of threads. They seem to float above the packed house.

Paul stands on the small stage in front. He's "in his light" and the effect is a halo-like glow. Pernell sits in the front row. Paul quiets the congregation as the song ends.

PAUL
God worked a miracle today. Literally reached down and made his will be done.
(points to Pernell)
And he used this man to do it. Come on up, Brother Pernell. Testify.

Pernell steps up. The congregation stands and claps. He waits for quiet. Then...

PERNELL
I'm not exactly sure what to say, except, God just taught me about the miracle of life...

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

A dark and deserted field. The only light comes from the headlamps of KD's truck. KD stands in the glow of those headlamps, waist deep, in the middle of a large hole. He's digging. And there's Shane, lying next to the hole, hog tied.

SHANE
I didn't rape her. I didn't rape anybody. I swear to God, I didn't!

KD
Stop lying, Shane. I know the truth. You raped that woman... God wants you struck down.

SHANE
No. God would never tell anybody to kill somebody. God is love.

KD gives him a cold look, as he climbs out of the hole.

KD
You need to brush up on your bible studies, boy.
(recites)
Rejoice with him, O heavens; bow down to him, all gods, for he avenges the blood of his children and takes vengeance on his adversaries.

He takes out a long knife, holds it high...

SHANE
No... Please...

KD
He repays those who hate him and cleanses his people's land.

And brings it down hard with both hands...

SHANE
PLEASE GOD! NO!!!!

INT. HAND OF GOD CHAPEL - INTERCUT

The congregation is rapt with attention as Pernell talks.

PERNELL
I'm not a good man. I drink. I whore. I lie. Before last week I'd been to church two times.
(MORE)

PERNELL (CONT'D)
Once when I got married and, once when my mother died.

EXT. DESERTED FIELD - INTERCUT

Shane lies, covered in stab wounds, struggling to breathe. KD stands over him.

KD
You can still go to Heaven, Shane. Do you want to?

Shane gurgles blood. Feels the sensation leaving his body.

SHANE
Yes.

KD kneels down next to him. Sympathy in his eyes.

KD
Do you accept Jesus as your lord and saviour?

SHANE
Okay.

KD
Say I do.

SHANE
I do.

KD
Say, Dear Lord, please forgive me.

SHANE
Dear Lord, please forgive me.
(spits blood)
They made me rape her.

KD is jolted. Not sure he heard right.

KD
What did you say?

SHANE
I just wanted to get the book. They said... I had to rape her... I had to do it that way.

KD
Who’s they?

SHANE
Dear Lord, please... Forgive me.

A look of peace comes over Shane, as life begins to leave. KD violently shakes him and screams...

KD
Who's *they*? WHO MADE YOU?

Shane tries to answer, but instead, takes his last breath.

INT. HAND OF GOD CHAPEL - INTERCUT

The congregation is on its feet, worked up into a frenzy. Their excitement urges Pernell on. He's in the zone.

PERNELL
I don't know the Bible like I should. I don't even know The Lord's Prayer. But I do know this... God called.
(beat)
And I answered.

CONGREGATION
AMEN!

Shouts of "Amen," "Hallelujah," and "Praise God," as we...

FADE TO BLACK.