

MIDNIGHT MASS

Episode Four

"LAMENTATIONS"

ERIN PULLS HER SWEATER UP, exposing her belly to SARAH as she holds a FETAL DOPPLER (heartbeat monitor) to her skin.

ERIN

Thanks for getting me in before school. Do I get to see her today?

SARAH

You think it's a "her?" I thought you didn't want to know -

ERIN

I don't, I just want you to accidentally tell me, will you do that? No, don't do that.

SARAH

Today we're just listening. How are you feeling overall?

ERIN

Overwhelmed. Otherwise, mostly just excited. I can't wait to get *huge*. It'll be such a relief to slip into that elastic band and just eat and be comfortable all the time.

(beat)

I'm not going to be comfortable at all, am I...

Sarah continues to move the Doppler around, her brow beginning to pinch. She pauses.

ERIN (CONT'D)

I've been waiting for those weird cravings everyone talks about, but so far it's just been grapes and cottage cheese. And Lucky Charms. Straight out of the box. It could be worse I guess.

Sarah sits back on her stool, frowning. Erin notices.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Everything good?

Sarah remains calm. Reassures her with a smile.

SARAH

Maybe we take a look today after all.

She reaches over, getting the ULTRASOUND MACHINE ready. Powering it on, setting it up.

ERIN

Is that okay? I thought we weren't supposed to use that too much -

SARAH

It's okay today. How has movement been? Lots of fluttering, kicking?

ERIN

Oh yeah, like a little butterfly. With feet. "Not-so-Little-Foot."

SARAH

Any difference in the last 24-48 hours?

ERIN

I mean... I don't know. Even yesterday, she was...

Erin THINKS THIS OVER. And a REALIZATION HITS HER.

Sarah WATCHES the internal calculus on Erin's face, and nods to herself. Uh oh.

THE MACHINE BOOTS UP. Sarah SQUIRTS the gel. Rolls the ultrasound wand over Erin's belly.

Sarah TURNS THE MONITOR away from Erin, so that only she can see it. Erin tries to SIT UP, craning to see better.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Maybe I do want to know the sex!
You can tell me. Yeah, tell me. Go ahead.

Sarah doesn't react. Just keeps MOVING THE WAND, looking at the screen. Reaches down - PLAYING WITH THE VOLUME KNOB on a speaker. Confirming it's WORKING... a gentle RUSHING SOUND.

Sarah's wrist WORKS HARDER. SEARCHING. Sarah's brows FURROWED, she DOESN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT SHE'S SEEING...

SARAH

Have you had... cramps? Bleeding?

ERIN

No. And no.

SARAH

Or is there something else, you're not... is there anything you're not telling me?

ERIN

(beat)
Like what?

SARAH

I don't...

Erin CRANES HER NECK. SITTING FURTHER UP.

ERIN

Lemme see.

SARAH

I don't...

ERIN

What's wrong?

Sarah just SHAKES HER HEAD. She can't summon the words.

ERIN (CONT'D)

What's wrong! I don't hear the heartbeat, we should hear it, right?

SARAH

I don't -

ERIN

What do you see!

SARAH

Erin -

ERIN

What do you see!

SARAH

(beat)
Nothing.

ERIN

Come on, tell me -

SARAH

I mean it, I see nothing.

Erin blinks. Doesn't understand.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I mean there's... nothing here.

Erin TURNS THE MONITOR AROUND to face her. And as Sarah said... it's NOTHING. Just a dark oval onscreen.

ERIN

I don't understand -

SARAH

There's... nothing in your uterus.

ERIN

I don't -

SARAH

I thought maybe, sometimes - I mean sometimes they don't make it, their hearts stop beating, it's more common than - but they're still -

Sarah sits back. Looks at Erin, full of regret and empathy.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Are you sure nothing happened? I mean, you would have noticed -

ERIN

(tears)

I don't. I don't understand.

SARAH

In early weeks, people sometimes miscarry and don't realize it - but as far along as you - it would have been - noticeable. Very noticeable.

ERIN

(still processing)

Miscarry.

SARAH

And you wouldn't be the first to go through something like this, and maybe - block it out? But Erin, you'd - there's nothing to - I'm just so incredibly sorry. I'm just so sorry.

Erin stares at her. None of this makes sense.

ERIN

I didn't miscarry.

SARAH

There's - well there's not a lot I can do, I mean I can run a blood panel, send it out to the lab on the mainland, see if we can... it just, it seems you miscarried. I mean, you *must* have.

ERIN

I didn't... where is my baby.

SARAH

I'm going to put you in touch with a few of my colleagues on the mainland, there's a terrific counselor -

ERIN

(through tears)
Where is my baby.

Sarah sighs. She's at a complete loss...

CUT TO:

4.02 EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - EARLY MORNING 4.02

BEV KEANE kneels in front of the sign outside of St. Patrick's. Finishes putting up the letters, and steps away, revealing:

"MASS CANCELLED TODAY"

4.03 INT. RECTORY - MOMENTS LATER 4.03

CLOSE on the PHOTOGRAPH of YOUNG MONSIGNOR PRUITT (FATHER PAUL) on the wall. STURGE is staring at it, still trying to wrap his head around what he's seeing.

Bev steps into the front door, carrying a bag of GROCERIES. Not from a store, likely from her home.

BEV

How is he?

STURGE

Hm? Not sure.

She puts the bags down. Tracks what he's looking at: the PHOTO. Already old news to Bev.

BEV

(off the photo)

It's incredible, isn't it. I mean, I'd seen old photos for years and years, and still, it didn't even cross my mind, first time I saw him this way. It didn't even click. Suppose context is everything, isn't it. Amazing, how the scales fall from our eyes, isn't it. Dolly and Wade finally head home?

STURGE

Um hum.

BEV

Good, they need sleep. We all need sleep. Day's just startin'. How is he doing?

(beat)

Sturge.

He finally tears himself away from the photograph.

BEV (CONT'D)

Does he have a fever? Is he eating?

STURGE

I didn't - well I didn't get too close, none of us did. All three of us were a little scared shitless, truth be told.

BEV

Scared.

Sturge hangs his head a little.

STURGE

I just don't - I mean I'm not sure I understand what we saw. Neither are Dolly and Wade, though they seem a little more at peace with this than I am -

BEV

"Because you have seen me, you have believed. Blessed are those who believe without seeing."

STURGE

(beat)

So what do we call him? Father? Monsignor...?

BEV

Well he chose the name Paul, when he came back to us, and I respect that choice. Saul of Tarsus chose the same name after his own miracle and I think it fits. And when you talk to me about what you've seen, Sturge, about not understanding what *you've just seen* - you've seen the same as I've seen - seen a cripple walk again. Seen the old and infirm rejuvenated. Seen grey hair turning brown, turning blonde - seen arthritis, and glaucoma - and any other manner of disease - cured in the pews of St. Patrick's - *we've seen a man rise from the dead*, Sturge, and if that scares you that's okay, for a spell, but you better saddle up because there's *work*. What happens after Jesus rises, in the Gospels? The *work* begins, that's what.

She smiles at him. Trying to reassure him... but absolutely in charge of this conversation, just in case he hadn't realized it. Bev Keane... the first of the Apostles.

CUT TO:

4.04 INT. RECTORY, BEDROOM - LATER

4.04

Bev KNOCKS, then opens the door. Revealing: A DARK BEDROOM. The curtains DRAWN, SUNLIGHT KEPT OUT. Bev PEEKS AROUND the door.

BEV

Father?

Reveal: FATHER PAUL, sitting motionless on his bed. Dark circles under his eyes. ONE HAND TUCKED IN HIS LAP (we'll later realize he is hiding it, but not right now).

He turns slowly toward her, BLINKING in the dark as Bev strides into the room.

BEV (CONT'D)

Well good lord, why is it so dark in here! Look at you, up and about. Looks like God heard my prayers, I've been worried sick about you -

She PULLS THE CURTAINS, LETTING SUNLIGHT INTO THE ROOM -

HE FLINCHES BACK instinctively, staying out of the BEAM OF SUNLIGHT. She turns, looking at him.

FR. PAUL
Sorry... hurts my eyes.

She CLOSES the curtains again, leaving him in shadow.

BEV
Well that's alright, you had quite a night. Quite a night. Here, I made you the ginger chicken soup my mother used to make me when I was sick.

She hands him the bowl of soup from her tray.

FR. PAUL
That's very kind. I'm starving, I don't know if I've ever been this hungry.

BEV
Makes sense - always starving after a long trip. And you had quite a journey, that's for sure. Precious few have taken the road you took: the widow of Nain's son, Jairus' daughter, Lazarus - Jesus Christ himself took three days to walk that road, you didn't have three minutes!

He MOVES THE SPOON in the soup, brings it to his lips.

BEV (CONT'D)
Go on, eat up. You need your strength. Thought you were starving.

He sniffs the soup, frowning. Then sets it down.

FR. PAUL
Did you cancel the mass?

BEV
I did. Gonna be some questions, it's not like it used to be - daily mass used to be just Leeza and Annie Flynn, it's different now. Gonna have to tell them something soon.

(MORE)

BEV (CONT'D)

But you're already looking better,
I expect you'll be ready tomorrow
if you eat up, but you gotta eat
up.

FR. PAUL

I will.
(beat)
Just not right now.

BEV

If you want, maybe a quick check-
up? I could get Doctor Gunning -

FR. PAUL

--No.

She flinches. Didn't expect that.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Not necessary, just yet. I feel...
I feel that everything happening
here is a matter of faith, not
science. I don't want to cloud this
space with any doubt.

(beat)

You've always been a woman of great
faith, Bev.

BEV

Well I've always tried, and I'm
blessed you noticed.

FR. PAUL

I want to confide something in you.

She SITS, eager.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Something's changing. Shifting
inside of me. I remember when I was
younger, experiencing times of
great spiritual growth, but not...
not like this. It's like I can...
feel God, actually moving in me.

BEV

That's wonderful.

FR. PAUL

I think I should be left alone
today. To pray.

She stands to leave, and then hovers by the door.

BEV

Wade and Dolly are good people, and they can keep a secret. Sturge is gonna answer the call, be a good apostle to you, just needs some guidance. We can keep this quiet for a moment, but Monsignor... we should show 'em. Tell them who you are. Don't hide your light under a bushel, that's one of the parables and it was important enough that Matthew, Mark and Luke all wrote it down. Now we'll do what you ask, of course, and if you don't think they're ready well that's okay - Jesus revealed himself slowly after the Resurrection - but what a wonderful revelation it'll be. To know their own, dear Monsignor Pruitt was restored, by an Angel of God... think about it.

FR. PAUL

It will be indeed. In god's time.

BEV

There's no other, is there.

She nods, smiling. And exits the room, shutting the door behind her. He waits. And then... lifts his OTHER HAND from his lap, finally into our view. He STARES AT IT.

THERE ARE SCARS ALL OVER HIS FINGERS - LIKE BURNS. BURNS THAT ALREADY HEALING. He WINCES, looking at them. PERPLEXED. And then, after a moment...

REACHES OUT. Toward the SHAFT OF DAYLIGHT coming through the window.

His fingers get close, he HESITATES - and then slowly pushes them forward into the light beam. Almost immediately --

-- HIS FINGERS HISS. SMOKE RISING. HIS SKIN BEING SCORCHED BY THE SUNLIGHT -

He PULLS HIS HAND BACK. Cradling it. STARING. And we realize - he's tried this before, this morning. MORE THAN ONCE.

CUT TO:

4.05 EXT. ED'S BOAT - MORNING

4.05

ED and RILEY WORK THE BOAT. Riley watching as Ed LIFTS THE HEAVY EQUIPMENT effortlessly. Riley STARES - HIS FATHER'S BACK IS ENTIRELY HEALED. HE SEEMS YOUNGER. VITAL.

LATER: Riley leans against the side of the boat as Ed CASTS OUT another trap. Then approaches, taking off his work gloves and digging into his bag for A SNACK.

He offers some to Riley. Riley takes it.

ED

Thanks for helping out this morning.

RILEY

Starting to think you don't really need help. Your back... I mean you're right as rain, aren't you.

ED

Maybe.

RILEY

That why you told Warren he could stay home today?

ED

Not really. I wanted... well I wanted to talk to you, just us. Man to man.

RILEY

Oh? Okay.

ED

Well I suppose... shit son, I don't like talkin' much. Never have, it's just not comfortable to me the way it is to some others. Your mom, she's got that gift, but not me. Words are wasted on me, more than not. But I made confession a few days ago, and Father, well he said... I've been encouraged to talk to you about a few things. I guess - here goes, I guess - I guess I've harbored some resentment. For you.

RILEY

Okay.

ED

I mean, I chalked it up to normal friction, and I never took it personal - that you thought this was all beneath you.

RILEY

That wasn't it.

ED

Well you acted like it anyway, and then you were gone. And I was proud of you, college, grades, flashy job, and all that, but - I resented you, too. I'm tryin' to own that. And then I thought, he's a man now, big shot, fancy car - didn't even know what to tell people you did! I mean, *catching* something, *making* something, *moving* something - that's *real*. Food, furniture, a rig, a boat - it's tangible. But what do I know about Starters or what have you -

RILEY

Startups.

ED

And I guess I resented that too, like it weren't even worth explaining to your dumb old blue collar dad what the hell you were even doing out there.

RILEY

I tried to explain it to you. I didn't get very far. And you told me you didn't care about the internet, or about tech -

ED

Well the point is I was already resentful, in my heart, and I shouldn't have been, and then - well then the rest happened. And man, I resented that. Not just for the embarrassment of it all, for the - *stigma*, of it all - but for the money we spent on your legal fees. The cost to have you here, living with us, a grown man -

RILEY

Gee, I'm really glad we're having
this talk -

ED

Let me finish.

(beat, really trying)

I know I should be grateful you're
here, that my son is free and home.
God knows your mother, she's
grateful every day. But I resent
you sometimes and I *shouldn't*, is
what I'm saying right now. I
shouldn't.

He looks into his son's eyes, trying to make him hear him.

ED (CONT'D)

And then I resent myself, for
resenting you. And I thought -
maybe if we talked about it, might
not change it, but... you don't
have to respond. Just know that I'm
sorry, for what I feel towards you.
And that I forgive you the worst of
it. And I hope you'll forgive me.

RILEY

(beat)

Forgive you?

ED

Children don't do what you did on
their own. Not unless their parents
fail them something awful. Your
mother's a saint, so I guess that
just leaves me. So... I'm sorry,
son. For whatever I did.

Riley just looks out at the water. Ed does the same.

ED (CONT'D)

I love you, I really do. It's just
hard to do, for some reason, while
you're here. So I apologize. That's
all.

(beat)

Should head in. Could use some real
breakfast.

He pats Riley on the shoulder, and heads off to the wheel.
Riley stays there... trying not to cry.

CUT TO:

4.06 INT. FLYNN HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER THAT MORNING

4.06

Riley pours himself some coffee as WARREN stuffs his face, getting ready for school. Nearby, Ed reads the paper, eating his own breakfast as ANNIE comes storming into the room.

DRESSED DIFFERENTLY - almost PROFESSIONALLY. Hair pulled back. Her glasses are long gone, we haven't seen those in a while. And the GREY IN HER HAIR... it's almost GONE.

ANNIE

Oh my oh my oh my...

ED

(off her wardrobe)
Well lookit' you!

ANNIE

That was Bev Keane on the phone,
Erin Greene's called out sick
today. I'm gonna fill in for her at
the school!

Riley PERKS UP.

WARREN

Wait, what? Mom, that's my class -

ANNIE

Oh hush up, you can tolerate your
dear old mother for one day.

RILEY

What's wrong with her?

ANNIE

It's been a while since I had to
teach - I mean I filled in for her
mom a few times back in the day,
but only on emergencies, or just
those mornings when she wasn't
quite up to - I don't know what
I'll do!

ED

Oh you'll be great, relax.

WARREN

Mom, this isn't cool. School's lame
enough without having my mom there.

ED

Watch it.

Riley steps forward, sipping his coffee.

ANNIE

Warren honey, you're walking me in.
Come on, we're leaving early.

Warren ROLLS HIS EYES, grabbing his backpack. Riley watches them go, leaving him alone in the kitchen with his father.

His dad looks up at him, and chews his food. Neither speaks.

CUT TO:

4.08 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE, OFFICE - AFTERNOON

4.08

Sarah LABELS one of several VIALS OF BLOOD, writing ERIN GREENE in the "patient" box. Getting them ready to package for their journey to a mainland lab.

She labels one of the vials, putting it ON HER WINDOW SIL, just on the edge of a SUNBEAM, as she reaches for another.

MILDRED (O.S.)

What are you up to?

Sarah turns, surprised.

SARAH

Mom! You're... out of bed. Again.

MILDRED

Felt like a walk.

Sarah regards her. Once again, Mildred seems SURPRISINGLY LUCID. HEALTHIER, EVEN.

SARAH

Let's do it again.

MILDRED

(smiling)

Okay.

SARAH

What chores did you have to do growing up?

MILDRED

I kept the house clean, and I always did the dishes.

SARAH

When you were a teenager, what did you and your friends do for fun?

MILDRED

Wasn't a lot to do on the Crock Pot. Still isn't I suppose. Uppards, for booze and boys. Sometimes we stole a rowboat.

SARAH

What was my dad's name?

Mildred doesn't answer. Sarah frowns. THIS is more like what she expected - hesitation.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Mom?

MILDRED

Your dad's name was George.

SARAH

What did he do?

MILDRED

He was a fisherman. And then he joined the Navy.

SARAH

How did you meet?

MILDRED

At a dance. On the mainland.

SARAH

And who am I?

MILDRED

You are my world. My heart, my soul, my daughter Sarah. The doctor.

(beat)

Would you like some tea? I think I'm going to make us some tea.

She turns and leaves. Sarah marvels, amazed at her lucidity. As she watches her mother exit, WE SEE -

WHISPS OF SMOKE RISING FROM THE VIAL OF BLOOD ON THE SIL,
WHICH IS NOW IN THE SUNLIGHT.

Silently, the smoke RISES UP until -

THE VIAL CRACKS.

Sarah SPINS around, surprised. Pulls the vial away from the light, looking inside...

About THREE QUARTERS of the blood is NORMAL, untouched. But at the top is a fine layer of ASH, and some residual smoke.

LIKE PART OF THE BLOOD - and ONLY part of it - BURNED UP IN THE SUNLIGHT.

Sarah stares at it, perplexed.

CUT TO:

4.09 INT. ERIN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

4.09

Riley sits on the couch as Erin PACKS THINGS INTO A BOX. Her mother's things... old things.

ERIN

I've been meaning to pack up her things since I got here, and couldn't start, for whatever reason, and weeks became months and it never felt like a priority and then today - I've done two rooms and half the attic.

RILEY

Whatever you need to do.

She looks down at a CROSS-STITCH, one of many. This is a BIBLE QUOTE. "Look and see if there is any sorrow like my sorrow." Lamentations 1:12.

ERIN

Lot of people cross-stitch Bible verses. "Love one another," or "Trust in the lord," or whatever. But *my* mom... *my* mom goes with a passage from Lamentations. Only Peggy Greene - takes a special kind of self-pity to identify with the destruction of Jerusalem.

She shakes her head, stuffing it into a box. She picks up another cross-stitch. This one of a dove. Erin stares at it, and holds it up to Riley.

ERIN (CONT'D)

We kept birds when I was a kid.
Doves.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

Mom spent weeks building this coop, this ridiculous coop outside the kitchen window. Ordered pet doves from the mainland. And when she finally got them, the first thing she wanted to do was clip their wings. So she calls me over - her seven-year-old daughter - and tells me she needs me to hold them while she did it.

(beat)

I asked her why she had to do it, and she said "so they can't fly away." I said it wasn't fair. She told me - get this, again, this is a seven-year-old she's talking to - she told me "everyone gets their wings clipped, at some point."

She looks up at Riley. He just nods. Listening.

ERIN (CONT'D)

So I ask her the next question. The only question a kid's gonna have when they hear that. "Mom, did you get your wings clipped?" And she says to me... "Yep, oh yes. Day you were born."

(beat)

Day you were born.

Riley shakes his head.

ERIN (CONT'D)

So she got these clippers and I'm holding this bird and it is cooing in my hands and it felt like a cat purring and it trusted me and something just came over me and I let the dove go. And then she hit me. And I remember realizing it, clearly - the time she spent on the coop. The money. The whole thing... she wanted that bird more than she wanted me.

RILEY

I'm sorry.

Erin shrugs.

ERIN

Made it clear the rest of my life, one way or another.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

The behavior would change - drinking, yelling, hitting, something more nuanced, more passive aggressive - but the message behind it was crystal clear and it drove just about every interaction we ever had.

(beat)

I ruined her life.

She tries a smile.

ERIN (CONT'D)

And Little Foot, see, that baby saved...

(breaks a little)

... *saved mine*. Because I got out of here like I always said I would and I ran away at sixteen and I was going to be an actress, I was going to be a star and I traveled and I lived and by the time the drugs wore off I looked up and I had married my mother. I know that sounds ridiculous, but I did - I married my mother. First he was clingy, and then he was mean, and then he was just drunk a lot and he was hitting me, and I knew that posture and I just got really, really small and I would have stayed with him. Long haul. I would have died in that house.

But I woke up one morning feeling different and feeling sick and I took the test and I looked at that little plus sign, and I stared at it, and stared at it, and suddenly... that little baby changed it all and I packed my bag. Never thought twice about it. I was on a flight that afternoon and I never felt so good.

She wipes her eyes, looking up. Pleading.

ERIN (CONT'D)

You know - my shoulder's been fucked up, three years now. He dislocated it, once, and I didn't want to go to a doctor, and I just popped it back in myself, but it was never right. It always hurt.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

And I'm just realizing - that's gone too. That hurt. It was such a great reminder, I *loved* that hurt, after I left, because every time it ached I remembered what I escaped and what she saved me from and now *they're both gone*.

(beat)

That baby saved my life. And then she just... disappeared, Riley.

(beat)

How is that possible? How can that be possible? What... *happened to her?*

Riley wipes his eyes. Thinks of a response.

RILEY

I ran out of answers a long time ago. The idea that there's a god out there who's okay with this, who can sit back and watch... you, right now... I can't. I just can't.

He leans forward, trying to find the right words.

RILEY (CONT'D)

This place... it's a fishing net. Some people belong in it. Like my folks. My brother. But you... and me, I used to think... we just got caught up in the lines while they were dragging. We're *bycatch*.

She smiles sadly at this. She knows this feeling well.

RILEY (CONT'D)

You know I have this dream, this recurring dream. I've had it since I was inside. I'm lost in the dark, in blackness, and then I see, just a little, as the sun comes up - that I'm floating out in the middle of the bay, middle of the water. Grey water, morning water. Can't even see land. Just the sky lightening, sun about to rise. Water in every direction. Nothing but water... nothing but possibility.

He smiles at her through his tears.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I could just point the bow, find a wind or an oar or *paddle with my goddamned hands if I had to*, to a different shore, to a new life, and start from scratch, build it all from there...

(his smile fades)

But you know that dream always stops at the sunrise. Always. I never get further than that sunrise. That part, I can see. Clear as day. That part's real. But the rest, whatever life I have that's supposed to come after... that part I can't see. I can't even imagine it. And more I've had that dream, the more I just know - *it's not in the cards for me*. Because of what I did, because of who I was, because of my mistakes... *I'm not leaving this island*. I know it, late at night, no matter what I might let myself hope. Or what I'll say to my mom, or my dad, or my sponsor, or the warden, or my PO, or anyone else... I know it. Deep down, in my bones. I know it.

(beat)

But you... you can do anything. You always could do anything.

She smiles at him, sadly. After a long beat...

ERIN

Pray with me?

He stares at her. And all of it - his doubt, his guilt, his rage, his self-loathing - all of it is less important.

RILEY

(beat)

Sure. Yes.

He steps up from the couch, moving to her. Gently sinks to his knees in front of her. They stare into each other's eyes... and then she takes his hands in hers.

ERIN

(whispering)

Please God, please. Please. Help me understand.

He watches her, heart breaking for her as TEARS FALL.

ERIN (CONT'D)

(barely audible)

Have mercy, please have mercy on us. Our sorrow is too much. Too much. Mercy.

(beat, at normal voice)

Our Father. Who Art in Heaven.
Hallowed be thy name.

Riley watches... and then closes his eyes. This isn't for him, or for God, and it doesn't matter if he thinks anyone can hear him or not. *THIS IS FOR HER.*

ERIN & RILEY

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done.
On Earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day, our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses...

CUT TO:

4.10 INT. RECTORY, BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

4.10

Father Paul kneels in the darkened room, looking up at the crucifix on the wall.

FR. PAUL

...as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from...

He zones out. Looking down at his hand. At the ROSARY BEADS between his fingers.

He suddenly WRETCHES forward, dropping the beads and CLUTCHING HIS STOMACH. A SPASM. We can almost hear his STOMACH RUMBLING, it sounds PAINFUL.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

(agony)

Ah....

He TWITCHES a bit, holding the rosary close. It seems to pass, and he STRAIGHTENS UP again.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

... from evil, amen.

He ADVANCES to the next bead of the rosary.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)
Hail Mary, full of grace, the lord
is with thee, blessed art thou
among -

He FLINCHES AGAIN, curling his hand into a FIST at his stomach. THESE HUNGER PAINS ARE SERIOUS.

He rides it out, and then straightens up again. Opening his hand...

To see BLOOD IN IT.

The CROSS at the end of his rosary PUNCTURED HIS PALM as he clutched it during his spasm, making a VERY SMALL CUT that is bleeding. He stares at it.

Lifts his hand up to his mouth, quickly SUCKING THE BLOOD.

Lowers his hand. Watches the wound fill back up. And then... reaches up with the bottom of the tiny, thin metal cross...

AND OPENS THE WOUND FURTHER. DRAGGING THE METAL, TEARING THE WOUND MORE OPEN.

He lifts it up to his lips, fastening them on his palm. SUCKING BLOOD FROM HIS OWN HAND.

After a few moments, he LOWERS HIS HAND AGAIN. Staring at it...

And WIPING THE BLOOD AWAY...

TO REVEAL A FRESH WHITE SCAR.

THE WOUND IS JUST FINISHING HEALING, RIGHT BEFORE HIS EYES.

He stares at it, and then LICKS THE BLOOD from his hand, so that he can SEE THE HEALED SCAR UNOBSCURED.

He stares. And then...

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)
(quietly, absently)
... among women, and blessed is the
fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy
Mary, Mother of God, pray for us
sinners. Now, and at the hour...

He looks up. Mind working.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)
At the hour...

He stares at the SUNBEAM across the room, a safe distance away. And loses himself in thought.

CUT TO:

4.11 INT. GENERAL STORE - EVENING 4.11

JOE COLLIE STARES into the lens in closeup.

JOE
(under his breath)
... at the hour of our deaths,
amen.

Reveal that he's staring at THE LIQUOR SECTION. In the middle of the small aisle, looking at the BOTTLES in front of him. We see his HAND SHAKING at his side.

He lifts it up, self-conscious. Trying to control the shake.

JOE (CONT'D)
Come on, you fuckin'... come on.

From his office, HASSAN looks up and NOTICES JOE. He sighs. Slowly walks to the doorway, leaning against the frame.

HASSAN
Hey Joe.

This is enough to snap Joe out of it. He looks up at Hassan, face FLUSH. HE'S IN WITHDRAWAL. But you know... maybe, just maybe...

JOE
Sheriff. How you today?

HASSAN
I'm okay. Day's young though.
(gestures to the bottles)
How's my night gonna be, Joe?

JOE
Well shit, how should I know?

Hassan chuckles. He doesn't quite get it.

HASSAN
You OK, Joe?

JOE
(beat)
Working' on it, man. I'm workin' on
it.

He turns up the aisle, and LEAVES WITHOUT PICKING UP A BOTTLE. Hassan watches him go, a little surprised, then heads back into his office.

CUT TO:

4.12 EXT. RECTORY - NIGHT

4.12

The sun is down. The door of the rectory OPENS, TENTATIVELY... and Father Paul REACHES OUT HIS HAND. Cautious.

NO SMOKE. NO BURNING. He steps out, into the night. He seems BETTER NOW... somewhat energized. He looks around, up at the new moon above.

And then, carrying his case, steps out onto Crockett Island. Walking up the streets. PRAYING TO HIMSELF as he does... but not the rosary this time.

FR. PAUL

(quietly, to himself)

Angel of God, my guardian dear, to whom god's love commits me here, ever this day be at my side, to light and guard, to rule and guide... Angel of God, my guardian dear, to whom god's love commits me here...

4.13 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - LATER

4.13

Sarah OPENS THE DOOR, revealing Fr. Paul. He smiles warmly.

SARAH

Father Paul!

FR. PAUL

Sorry to call after dark, I've been a little ill, held up all day - but I'm back up and about and thought I owed your mother her mass.

Sarah steps aside, into the house, leaving the door open.

SARAH

Sure, and she's been - well you'll see, she's been doing remarkably well of late. Come on in.

4.14 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE, MILDRED'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 4.14

Father Paul steps into Mildred's ACTUAL BEDROOM. Upstairs, not the hospital bed. Her OWN SPACE. She's in the recliner, READING A BOOK. And she looks WELL.

He SMILES as he sees this, as though relieved. She LOOKS UP AT HIM - AND CATCHES HER BREATH.

MILDRED

John.

He nods. And in that silence... TEARS WELL IN HIS EYES. TEARS OF JOY. JOY THAT SHE HAS RECOGNIZED HIM.

FR. PAUL

Sarah let me in, she says you're...
well she says you're feeling
better.

He approaches her. Mildred STANDS, TEARS IN HER EYES. Walks up to him, slowly reaching out - TOUCHING HIS FACE.

He lets her. Smiling gently. And then - WINCES A LITTLE, bringing his hand to his stomach. ANOTHER HUNGER PANG.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm okay - my stomach,
it's... I'm fine.

MILDRED

(off his face)

How... how.

FR. PAUL

"Truly I say to you, if you have
faith and never doubt, even if you
say to this mountain, 'Be taken up
and cast into the sea,' it will be
done." With God, *all things are
possible.*

MILDRED

(beat)

I thought it was a dream, seeing
you... so young... at my bedside...

FR. PAUL

Maybe it is a dream. But if it is,
we are all having it. All of us.

He takes her hands, tears in his eyes. A smile of TRUE HAPPINESS ON HIS FACE.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)
I have so much to tell you. But
first...

He puts his case on the bed, OPENS IT. Reveals: his bible.
The eucharist. And the WINE.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)
Your mass. Your communion.

He POURS THE WINE from the corked bottle into the chalice.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)
In the name of the Father, and of
the son, and of the Holy Spirit.

She sits beside him.

MILDRED
Amen...

CUT TO:

4.15 INT. ERIN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

4.15

Riley sits on the couch. Erin is laying down, her HEAD ON HIS
LEG. Face tired from crying. A long beat of silence, as he
LOOKS DOWN AT HER. How beautiful she is...

ERIN
I'm just realizing you might think
I'm foolish.

RILEY
No.

ERIN
I mean, you prayed with me - all
day - and I love you for it. But...
you don't... I mean you don't
believe it. Any of it.

RILEY
I understand it. I do. The appeal
of it. The comfort of it -
everything happens for a reason,
there's good in everything, there's
a plan... I just... when Tara-Beth
died, there was no reason. No
good. No plan. No benefit. Nothing.
I was drunk and I killed her and
not a single thing - not a single
good thing - came out of it.

(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)

For a single person. And those things I found comforting, they just... were empty, all the sudden. Like I could see through it. The pointlessness of it, the hollowness of it... well it just knocked that faith down. Like it wasn't made of much more than styrofoam, and... I don't know. *I guess I lived a moment at complete odds with the existence of a loving God.*

ERIN

So what do you think? You think I'm delusional?

RILEY

No.

ERIN

You think I'm naive.

RILEY

God, no. I think... I think we all want, so badly, for there to be a reason. For everything. And some justice, some comfort. When we die.

ERIN

That's where religion comes from, isn't it. That's the whole question.

RILEY

It is.

ERIN

"What happens when we die."

RILEY

What the fuck happens.

ERIN

So what do you think? What happens when we die, Riley?

RILEY

I don't know. And I don't trust anyone who says they do. But I can only speak for myself, I guess.

ERIN

Speak for yourself then. What happens when you die.

RILEY

(long beat)

When *I* die. My body stops functioning. Shut down, either all at once or gradually. My breathing stops, my heart stops beating; *clinical death*. And a bit later - like *five whole minutes* later - my brain cells start dying. But in between, maybe my pineal gland releases a flood of DMT - it's a psychedelic chemical, released when we dream - so I *dream*. I dream bigger than ever before, because it's *all* of it, the last dump of DMT, all at once, and my neurons fire and I'm seeing a firework display of memory and imagination and I'm tripping, really, *tripping balls* and my mind rifles through memories, long and short-term and the dreams and memories mix and *it is a curtain call*, a dream to end all dreams, the last great dream and my mind just empties the fuckin' missile silos and then I...
stop.

(beat)

My brain activity ceases and there's nothing of me left, no pain, no memory, no awareness *that I ever was at all*, that I ever... *hurt* someone - or killed someone - everything is what it was *before me* as the electricity in my brain disperses til it's just dead tissue. Meat. **Oblivion.**

(beat)

And the other things that make me up - the microbes, and bacterium, billions of tiny little creatures that live in my eyelashes and my hair and my mouth and my skin and my gut and everywhere else - they keep on living and they *eat* and I'm *serving a purpose*, I'm *feeding life* and I'm broken apart and all the tiniest pieces are just recycled and then I'm billions of other places and my atoms are in plants and bugs and animals and I am like the stars in the sky that are there one moment and then scattered across the goddamned cosmos.

Erin nods. Takes it in. He smiles sadly at her.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Your turn. What happens when you die.

ERIN

Speaking for myself.

RILEY

That's right.

ERIN

(thinks)

No, not myself. I'm not the one who died today.

(long beat)

She was never *awake*. When she came down, into this little body, this just-forming little body... it was *asleep*, and so the only thing she ever knew was *dreaming*. She only ever dreamed and she didn't even have a name and then, in her sleep, that perfect little spirit just lifted up, because God didn't send her to suffer through a life on Earth, no - *this one, this special little soul*, he just sent her down here to sleep, just take a little nap, a quick dream, and then he called her *back*. Wanted her *back*. And she went back, same as she floated down, she rose up above the Earth, still dreaming, past the other souls in the atmosphere and past the stars and into a light so bright and for the first time she *starts to wake up*.

Erin sits forward, wiping a tear. A hopeful smile.

ERIN (CONT'D)

She wakes up to find herself wrapped in a feeling of *love*. Pure, amazing love. And of course she is, because *she's pure - she has never sinned*, she has never harmed a single living thing, not even an *ant* - and she is home.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

She isn't alone - there are people there, she doesn't know it but they're her family - her grandfather, her great grandfather, and they love her and they *name* her and god reaches down and kisses her head and then - as soon as He says her name, *she grows up*, in a blink. She's perfect. Her body what it would have been on her *best* day on Earth, her *perfect* age, the peak of her *self* - and they tell her about her mother down here on Earth, who'll be there soon enough and she is happy, nothing but joy for eternity, where she is *loved* and she is *never* alone and *that...* is what we mean when say the word "heaven." No mansions, no rivers of diamonds, no fluffy clouds and angel wings - *we are loved, and we aren't alone*. We are together again, with the people we love. *That* is God. *That* is heaven. And *that* is why we endure all that we endure, here on this big, blue, sad rock.

(beat)

I'll be there soon enough and I'll see my father and my grandmother and I'll see my little girl and she will be *happy* and safe. And I'll be so glad... *to meet her*.

She smiles through her tears. Stares into his eyes. He smiles at her. Nods. Thinks it through. And then...

RILEY

I really hope you're right.

ERIN

Not a word I hear you throw around a lot. "Hope."

RILEY

(beat)

I don't have much use for it, or I thought I didn't. Not for me. But for you, I guess I do. I really do.

She smiles. And she holds his hand.

CUT TO:

4.16 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE, OFFICE - NIGHT

4.16

Sarah sits at her desk. Yawning. It's late. Erin's FILE open in front of her, the previous ultrasound images... that faint outline of her baby. Sarah stares... it still doesn't make sense. Then, a CREAKING at the door.

She turns, seeing Mildred. Looking in on her, smiling.

SARAH

How was your mass, mom?

Mildred nods, smiling wistfully.

MILDRED

I think I'd like to go to church tomorrow.

SARAH

Yeah? You feel up to leaving the house.

MILDRED

I do.

Sarah nods. Damned if she knows how, or why, but... she believes it too.

SARAH

Okay. I think you're right.

MILDRED

I'd like you to come with me.

SARAH

Of course.

Mildred smiles.

MILDRED

Do you want a snack? I want to bake something. I haven't baked something... I don't know how long.

SARAH

(beat)

Sure. I'll help you.

She gets up, leaving Erin's file open on her desk. That'll do for tonight, and there are no answers. She walks with her mother into the house, to help her bake something.

CUT TO:

4.17 INT. RECTORY - LATER THAT NIGHT 4.17

Father Paul moves through the living room, clearly uneasy. Hand at his stomach. Murmuring a prayer to himself, almost a forgotten mantra at this point.

FR. PAUL

Angel of God, my guardian dear, to
whom god's love commits me here,
every this day be at my side, to
light and guard, to rule and
guide...

He FLINCHES as a fresh pain overtakes his stomach. SQUINTING as he DOUBLES OVER.

He opens his briefcase, removing the ornaments of the mass he brought to Mildred. Removing the GLASS BOTTLE, ONLY A QUARTER FULL NOW OF RED LIQUID...

He stares at it.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Angel of God, my guardian dear...
to whom...

He trails off. Puts the glass bottle down on the table.

DOUBLES OVER AGAIN. Another PANG to his stomach.

He goes to the rectory door, OPENING IT UP.

4.18 EXT. RECTORY - CONTINUOUS 4.18

He steps out the door, looking out into the night.

FR. PAUL

Where are you!!!

Silence.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

(quietly)
Angel of God, my guardian dear, to
whom God's love commits me here -
(loudly)
Where are you!!! Why won't you...
(quietly)
Why won't you come.

4.19 INT. RECTORY - CONTINUOUS

4.19

He PACES. Clutching his stomach. He doesn't understand this HUNGER, HOW INSANELY POWERFUL IT IS.

He looks up, eyes GLAZING OVER. Stares at the BOTTLE. AT THE RED LIQUID INSIDE. And after a moment...

Walks to it. Uncorks it -

AND POURS IT DOWN HIS THROAT. ALMOST MINDLESSLY. GREEDILY. GULPING IT DOWN, SOME OF IT RUNNING ALONG THE SIDES OF HIS MOUTH, DOWN HIS CHIN.

He GUZZLES it, loudly, and then the BOTTLE IS EMPTY. He LOWERS IT, GASPING A LITTLE. Eyes glazed over, that definitely was a GOOD FIX...

JOE (O.S.)

Uh, Father?

He STOPS COLD. Turns.

Joe Collie is standing in the STILL OPEN RECTORY DOOR. Awkwardly looking at Father Paul -

WHO IS HOLDING AN EMPTY BOTTLE, red liquid running down his chin.

JOE (CONT'D)

Um... sorry to interrupt, I...

FR. PAUL

(wiping his chin)

Oh. Hello Joe, I'm sorry, I -
hello, Joe. Hello.

He STARES at him.

JOE

I was just, um... well I was... I
had a hard day, but I did good, I
didn't, um, I didn't drink...

FR. PAUL

That's excellent.

Joe stares. To him, it looks like Father Paul just DOWNED the communion wine... and Joe isn't sure what to say.

JOE

But it's a real struggle, and you said to come by if I ever thought I was, well if it got too much. But you're busy.

FR. PAUL

No, not at all.

He waves him in. Joe steps inside, tentative. Looks at the SMALL RED PUDDLE on the floor at Father Paul's feet, at the EMPTY BOTTLE in his hand. The stain on his chin.

JOE

(trying to lighten the mood)

Been there, I can tell you that.

Father Paul BLINKS at him. Doesn't get it.

GRIPS HIS STOMACH as a fresh HUNGER PANG hits him - the "wine" only seems to have IGNITED HIS HUNGER MORE.

Joe watches, NERVOUS. THIS IS WEIRD.

JOE (CONT'D)

You okay, Father?

Fr. Paul HOLDS HIS STOMACH, a look of confusion on his face.

FR. PAUL

Well Joe, truth be told, I'm not feeling quite myself today, and well, I'm at a bit of a loss.

He absently WIPES the red liquid from his face. Joe watches, nodding - eyes back toward the DOOR. And then -

SOMETHING ELSE catches his eye.

THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE WALL, WITH THE YOUNG PRUITT. Joe steps toward it, staring.

JOE

Well that's just uncanny, ain't it. I mean you look - isn't that old Pruitt? You could be his son.

(beat)

That was a rumor when I was a kid, you know. That the old man wasn't exactly celibate. But hey, who can blame him, right? I mean, I wouldn't begrudge any of you - I mean you're only human, all of ya.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Who am I to judge a man his vices,
I mean, **me**? Shit.

Father Paul looks from the portrait, back to Joe.

JOE (CONT'D)

None of my business, really. Kinda
my motto my whole life. I'm sorry
to bother you, I'll see you
tomorrow night at the - at the
meetin'.

He starts toward the door.

FR. PAUL

Wait.

Joe stops. No idea what to do. Father Paul approaches him.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm proud of you, Joe.

JOE

Thanks Father.

FR. PAUL

I'm sorry, I just wasn't expecting
you. I'm proud of you, and I'm glad
you found strength today. Because I
know, that... compulsion, that
hunger... I know what you're
fighting against and I'm proud of
you. God's proud of you, too.

JOE

Thank you. I'm... thank you.

Father Paul holds out his arms, offering a hug. Joe stares at
him. It's weird. And then... he steps forward, allowing the
priest to hug him.

FR. PAUL

God bless you, Joe.

JOE

(beat)

Better late than never, I guess.

But Father Paul doesn't let him go. He HOLDS THE HUG. Joe
looks around, deeply uncomfortable now -

AS FATHER PAUL SMELLS HIS NECK. Breathes it in. Eyes GLAZED
OVER A LITTLE.

JOE (CONT'D)
Thanks. I'm - I'm gonna go.

Joe starts to PULL AWAY, but Father Paul HOLDS onto his wrist. STARING AT HIM.

JOE (CONT'D)
I'm just - I'm gonna go.

FR. PAUL
God bless you, Joe.

Joe tries one last time to PULL his arm back, but Father Paul HANGS ON TIGHT. Finally, Joe looks into his eyes.

JOE
What's wrong with you.

Father Paul BLINKS. CONFUSED.

JOE (CONT'D)
The fuck's wrong with you. Let me go. Let me -

He YANKS HIS ARM back, STUMBLING a bit toward the door. Father Paul FOLLOWS, trying to MAKE IT BETTER.

FR. PAUL
I'm sorry -

JOE
Stop it!

FR. PAUL
I'm sorry, Joe - just listen, Joe -

He GRABS AT HIM again, and Joe STRUGGLES, PULLING HIS ARM BACK FAST -

And LOSES HIS FOOTING. Falling, HITTING HIS HEAD ON THE CORNER OF THE DESK.

He hits the ground, UNCONSCIOUS.

Father Paul STARES AT HIM, CONCERNED AND SHOCKED -

AS HE SEES BLOOD FLOWING FROM JOE'S HEAD onto the carpet.

Joe is STILL BREATHING, GROANING IN PAIN.

JOE
(slurring)
The fuck - wrong - you -

Father Paul bends down beside him.

FR. PAUL
God I'm - I'm sorry, you okay? You
okay Joe? You...

His eyes GLAZE OVER as he looks at the BLOOD. Joe lays there, eyes closed, alive but SERIOUSLY HURT, as his cracked head BLEEDS OUT onto the floor.

Father Paul STARES AT THE BLOOD...

And then BENDS FORWARD. Putting his hand in the GROWING PUDDLE...

And lifting the BLOODY FINGERS TO HIS MOUTH.

He puts the fingers into his mouth, and CLOSES HIS EYES.

MOANING AS HE TASTES THE BLOOD. SAVORING IT.

And then opens them. Looks down at Joe -

WHO IS LOOKING UP AT HIM, WITH DAZED, FRIGHTENED EYES.

Father Paul BENDS DOWN, CLOSER TO THE PUDDLE OF BLOOD. SCOOPING UP MORE, BRINGING IT TO HIS MOUTH --

HIS EYES CLOSED as he eats --

4.A20 EXT. RECTORY - MOMENTS LATER 4.A20

In the dim light, we hear - a FAINT SCREAM from inside the rectory. So faint, the odds are very slim that anyone will ever hear it...

4.21 INT. RECTORY - CONTINUOUS 4.21

-- FATHER PAUL'S MOUTH is fastened to JOE COLLIE'S SKULL, and he is GORGING HIMSELF - CHEWING, CRUNCHING, BLOOD EVERYWHERE, AS JOE'S BODY TWITCHES against the onslaught.

4.23 EXT. CROCKETT ISLAND - MORNING 4.23

The sun rises over the island, all alone in the grey water.

CUT TO:

4.24 INT. ERIN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING 4.24

Riley slowly opens his eyes. Waking up. Looking up to see ERIN, across from him. They're both ON HER BED, but still dressed. On top of the covers. They fell asleep this way in the night, facing each other.

ERIN
Hi.

RILEY
Hi.

They stare. The intimacy between them is palpable.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I had that dream again, last night.

ERIN
The one on the water?

RILEY
That's right. But it was a little different this time - you know how that happens sometimes?

ERIN
I never remember my dreams.
(beat)
What was different?

4.25 EXT. BAY - BEFORE SUNRISE 4.25

Riley SITS IN THE SMALL ROW-BOAT, as we've seen before. Water surrounding him on all sides, grey. Barely distinguishable from the horizon, like before. The sun threatening to rise.

RILEY (V.O.)
I'm in the boat, waiting for the sun. Like always. But this time...

Something new. We see - ERIN SITTING IN THE BOAT across from him, at the bow. Facing him. Beautiful in the pre-dawn light.

4.26 INT. ERIN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 4.26

RILEY
... you're there too.

ERIN
And what do you think that means?

RILEY

I've got to go... unless you want me to walk you.

ERIN

Hm?

RILEY

Church.

ERIN

Oh. I don't think I'm going today. I think I'm going to the mainland. I want to go get - I don't know. Not a second opinion, just...

(beat)

A second opinion.

RILEY

Of course. I wouldn't blame if you if you didn't leave this house for a month. No one would.

ERIN

But...

(softly)

You could come back, maybe. This evening.

RILEY

I've got AA tonight...

ERIN

Maybe after.

RILEY

After.

ERIN

Maybe tonight. You could come back tonight maybe.

RILEY

I could do that.

ERIN

Okay.

She smiles at him, just a little, and then climbs out of bed.

CUT TO:

4.27 INT. HASSAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

4.27

Hassan sits on the couch. Leg bouncing. He is DISTRAUGHT, but trying to keep it together. Shaking his head. And then...

ALI enters the room. He's WELL DRESSED. Hair combed. We can tell... Well, he's in his Sunday Best.

ALI

(long beat)

I'm not going to do communion or anything.

HASSAN

I know. You can't. They won't let you.

(beat)

Because you're not a Christian.

ALI

Dad, please. We've been over this.

HASSAN

I know.

ALI

You said -

HASSAN

I know.

(sighs)

I understand that you're curious. And I will not tell my son... *not to look for God*. But son - my son, my young man - we already have Him.

Ali nods, and heads toward the door.

ALI

Thank you dad. I know this isn't easy for you, so thank you.

Hassan nods, managing a smile. And then his son leaves. He lets out a sigh, and all of the heartbreak and anxiety he has been hiding from the boy pour out. He stands, watching him ride away on his bicycle. And then lifts the photograph of HIS WIFE, looking at her.

HASSAN

Forgive me. He's... he's a lot like you, so I had to. Forgive me.

CUT TO:

4.28 EXT. CHESAPEAKE BREEZE - MORNING 4.28

Erin leans against the side of the boat, watching the island get smaller in the distance. Heading out into the grey water, toward the mainland. And hopefully, answers.

CUT TO:

4.29 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - LATER THAT MORNING 4.29

Standing room only at St. Patrick's. The ORGANIST laying a hymn, trying to keep people entertained. It's loud inside, as people wait for mass. Riley sits back with Ed and Annie.

ED

(beat)

You didn't come home last night.

Riley looks to his father, surprised he brought it up.

LEEZA sits with WADE and DOLLY, looking around. This is ODD... it's QUITE LATE, and no Father Paul.

ALI sits next to Leeza, and she smiles at him, encouraging.

Toward the back, MILDRED and SARAH sit with the crowd as well. Some people coming up to SAY HELLO to Mildred, SHAKING HER HAND. Pleasantly surprised to see her here.

Across the way, BEV sits off to the side. Ready to begin the mass. Throwing impatient glances to the back of the church. Making eyes with STURGE - "what's happening?"

Checking her watch.

Warren and OOKER stand in the back, not yet holding up the cross. Bev makes eye contact with Warren - "well?"

Warren SHRUGS. Shakes his head. "He's not here."

4.30 EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER 4.30

Bev walks briskly across the cemetery, toward the rectory.

4.31 EXT. RECTORY - MOMENTS LATER 4.31

Bev BANGS on the door.

BEV

Father? Father! We're all waiting.

She looks around. The blinds are drawn. Tries the doorknob. It's locked. She sighs, reaches into her pocket, and PULLS OUT HER KEYS.

4.32 INT. RECTORY - MOMENTS LATER

4.32

The sound of the key in the lock, and then the door opens. Bev steps inside.

BEV

Father, you're almost half an hour late and the natives are getting -

She stops cold. In the dimly lit room, she can see -

JOE COLLIE'S CORPSE. Pale, BLOODLESS. DRAINED. Bite marks all over his exposed skin, a huge STAIN on the carpet beneath him. And a few feet away -

FATHER PAUL. Leaning against the wall, in the shadows. BLOOD ALL OVER HIS FACE, HIS ARMS, HIS HANDS. STARING AT THE BODY.

He looks up to her. EXPRESSIONLESS. She STARES at the body. SHOCKED, certainly... but somehow not as much as we'd expect.

BEV (CONT'D)

Okay... okay.

She carefully moves through the dark space. Avoiding the BLOOD in the carpet - at least the blood that Father Paul wasn't able to consume.

FR. PAUL

I'm, um... I'm not sure why -

BEV

Hush now, you don't need to say a thing. Not you. Not to me. We've got to get you cleaned up, and get you to the church -

He reaches out, letting his hand fall into a RAY OF SUNSHINE. Bev watches as the SKIN HISSES, SMOKE RISES.

FR. PAUL

Here's the thing, though...

He pulls his hand back, waiting. Bev watches as THE BURN STARTS TO HEAL.

BEV

Okay. Lord, lord lord. Okay. You're gonna stay right here. Right here.

(MORE)

BEV (CONT'D)

(beat)

Here's what we'll do.

CUT TO:

4.33 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER 4.33

Bev comes in through the back of the church, where people are definitely growing more concerned and impatient. She LOCKS EYES with STURGE - "something's wrong."

She walks briskly up the aisle, heading for the altar. And then stands at the pulpit, addressing the church.

BEV

Excuse me, excuse me...

(murmurs quiet)

Good morning! Well I have to tell you it is such a delight to see this church so full every day, thank God. I'm afraid this morning though that we have to - well, I think we'll have to cancel mass.

Murmurs of surprise. Mildred and Sarah exchange glances, as do Riley and Annie.

BEV (CONT'D)

Father Paul's bouncing back from a stomach bug, poor thing, and I just had to physically restrain the dear man and put him to bed, he was so determined to be here! He'll be back on his feet in just no time at all but this morning, at least, maybe our own dear Dolly Scarborough - come up here Dolly - come on up -

(beat as Dolly stands)

Maybe Dolly can lead us in some singing, some readings, and some prayer, and we can still celebrate together, like the Christians of old, who sang praises to God long before they had priests to lead the way. And maybe we all start with Hymn number 473, "Be Thou My Vision". Dolly, can you lead us?

She nods to the ORGANIST, who starts playing, and Dolly takes her place as the congregation STANDS. Confused, but going with it. Dolly begins singing.

Bev LOCKS EYES with Wade, and with STURGE. Gesturing for them to follow her as she heads for the back. They do.

CUT TO:

4.34 INT. RECTORY - MOMENTS LATER

4.34

We can still hear the HYMN playing, song at full voice by a full church, in the distance as Sturge and Wade look down at Joe Collie's body. Bev steps around the corpse.

BEV

Wrap it up in that carpet, put it in your truck and take it to one of the empty houses on the West Bank. Do it now, while most of the Island is at church and tonight, late, tie an anchor to it and drop it five miles out.

WADE

But -

BEV

Yes Wade? What would you like to say?

WADE

I... I mean... we're not really - this is *Joe Collie*. This is...
(to Father Paul)
What the hell did you do?

Bev SLAPS Wade across the face. He stares at her, stunned. She takes a beat. Collecting herself. Staring into his eyes.

BEV

*"The man who acts presumptuously, by not obeying the **priest** who stands to minister there before the LORD your God, **that man shall die.**"*
- Deuteronomy.

(beat)

You're correct. This is *Joe Collie*. This isn't Ed Flynn, or Leeza Scarborough, or you, Wade.

(MORE)

BEV (CONT'D)

This is the man that put your daughter in a wheelchair, this is a man who has been a scourge on this community for his whole life - a sinner and a lech and a heathen of the first order, a maimer of *children* and a blessing to no one - and God has called in his debt.

She turns to Father Paul, who stares at her, unsure.

BEV (CONT'D)

Father - *Monsignor* - tell them. Tell them why you did what you did.

FR. PAUL

I... I don't know. Something - something just came over me, I don't even remember -

BEV

Because something moved *through* you. You *forget*, Wade. You forget our Lord is a *warrior*, and so are his angels. "*Follow him through the city and kill everyone whose forehead is not marked,*" "**I will fill your mountains with the dead.** Your hills, your valleys, and your streams will be filled and you will know that I am the LORD." - Ezekiel.

She looks to them, face heavy with conviction.

BEV (CONT'D)

Our Lord sent angels to Egypt, to slaughter the first-born of the Egyptians, turned cities to salt - women and children alike - and **drowned the world** when we were too lost to sin. Monsignor Pruitt *himself* is a *miracle of God* - and the performer of miracles, as you damn well know yourself, Wade - he is a miracle wrought by an Angel of the Lord and he is a *warrior*. God's got a plan and it's working through him and we are here to *witness*. Witness, and do our part.

(beat)

(MORE)

BEV (CONT'D)

Joe Collie wandered through his wasted life never knowing what his purpose was - what God's plan was - and then God raised Leeza back to her feet and he took Joe and now we know - we know God's plan for Joe - *he was to give strength to God's warrior*, and "do not that I have come to bring peace to the earth, I have not come to bring peace, **but a sword.**" That was Jesus, said that. Jesus himself.

(beat)

So if you want to question Him now, Wade, if you want to pick and choose which of his works are palatable to you, *for shame*. Return *all* His graces to sender, then, and have your little girl sit back down into that wheelchair but do not cherry-pick the glories of God. As David smote Goliath, as God ordered Moses to stone the blasphemers, the lord did take Joe Collie and who are you to question His Will, Wade Scarborough.

(beat)

Now wrap. It up. In. The carpet.

Wade nods. Stammers a little... but he will obey. She crouches to Father Paul, cupping his face - dried blood and all - in her hands. Turning his eyes to hers.

He stares into her eyes. Wanting to believe her... because yes, this makes sense. ***This is better than the alternative.***

BEV (CONT'D)

Is your conscience heavy? Do you have Guilt in your heart, for what you had to do?

FR. PAUL

(long beat)

No. Not at all.

BEV

Then ask yourself why God has let that cup pass you by. And carry on.

She helps him to his feet.

CUT TO:

4.35 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, MAINLAND - DAY

4.35

Erin sits on the exam table, hands clasped. Looking quite exhausted. Waiting patiently as... the DOCTOR enters the room, carrying her file.

DOCTOR

Okay, sorry to keep you waiting.
We've, um, we've run your labs...
and I wonder if there isn't
something else going on here. Which
is to say -

The doctor frowns.

ERIN

What.

DOCTOR

Well I wonder if perhaps you were
given some bad information. Or made
some assumptions. Or if perhaps the
information you've given me might
not be entirely accurate -

ERIN

I can put you in touch with my
doctor, she can make sure all the
information is correct, I just want
to know how this could happen -

DOCTOR

Well I don't believe anything has.

ERIN

What does that mean.

DOCTOR

I mean your tests are all negative -

ERIN

I know, I've lost the baby.

DOCTOR

No. I mean your hCG levels are
normal.

ERIN

(beat)
Okay.

DOCTOR

And even after a miscarriage,
they'd stay elevated for six weeks
or so.

ERIN

Well that's what I told you, I
didn't - I didn't have any - there
was no evidence of miscarriage.

DOCTOR

Miss Greene, *I don't see any
evidence you were pregnant at all.*

She stares. Blinks.

ERIN

I had an ultrasound -

DOCTOR

I don't know anything about that,
I'm just looking at your tests.

ERIN

I heard the heart beat. Many times.
I saw her moving, *I could see her
sucking her thumb -*

DOCTOR

I'm happy to talk to your doctor on
the island, and maybe she can share
some of her - I just, I'm sorry,
your body is not the body of a
woman who has been pregnant. It
just isn't.

ERIN

(long beat)

I was pregnant. I was -

DOCTOR

Not according to your blood. Or
your body. And the human body,
well, it doesn't - it can't just
pull a rip cord on something like,
and pretend nothing happened. It's
just not possible.

Tears come. Erin looks around the office, lost.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I wonder if, perhaps, we could
arrange for you to speak to someone
in our psych department.

4.36 EXT. ISLAND BELLE - EVENING 4.36

Erin sits on the ferry, heading back. She has COLLAPSED somewhat - resting her head on the armrest of the bench. As though she cannot find the strength to even lift it up. Eyes red with tears.

The grief and confusion so overwhelming, it is literally crushing her toward the ground.

Others on the ferry stare at her. But everyone is too uncomfortable to approach her.

CUT TO:

4.37 EXT. REC CENTER - EVENING 4.37

The sun is almost down. Riley stands at the door of the Rec Center, checking his watch. Frowning. Oh well.

He turns to leave... and sees FATHER PAUL, at the doorway of the rectory. Standing still in the twilight. Staring at him.

Riley manages a WAVE - and Father Paul gingerly steps off the porch. Riley doesn't know it, but we do now... he's scared he might burn up. But the sun is down, despite the glow in the sky, and he walks to the Rec Center.

RILEY

You're feeling better! I wasn't sure if this was still happening, and no one answered when I called the rectory -

FR. PAUL

Nothing to worry about. Feeling much, much better as the day went on. Come on in.

Father Paul OPENS THE REC CENTER DOOR with a key, and lets Riley in.

4.38 INT. REC CENTER - MINUTES LATER 4.38

They sit on their chairs, in the center of the space. The empty THIRD chair beside them.

FR. PAUL

I'm so sorry. I'll have to visit her, make sure she's alright.

RILEY

She's taking it easy, I don't
imagine she'll be up for visitors
anytime soon.

FR. PAUL

Of course.

RILEY

(beat)

What would you say to her, out of
curiosity? I mean, I was with her
most of yesterday, and I... I had
no idea what to say.

FR. PAUL

Who would. The will of God...
that's the thing, isn't it. What do
you say. "I'm sorry for your loss,"
"God works in mysterious ways," "if
you need anything..."

(beat)

That's so hollow, isn't it.

(beat)

I don't and can't and will never
understand the Will of God and I
wouldn't dare to presume what to
say to Erin Greene. Other than
that... we must trust in the Lord
with all our Hearts. Not rely on
our own insights.

Riley frowns.

RILEY

Give yourself over, whether you
understand or not.

FR. PAUL

That's right. And that's just...
well it's just true, isn't it. For
you, for me. Give ourselves over.
And maybe for a moment - stop
presuming to know the reason. To
understand the meaning. Sometimes
it's okay to just look at the world
and say "why, why, why. I do not
understand, and will not."
Sometimes that's okay.

Riley nods.

RILEY

You know, I agree with that.

FR. PAUL
Hard not to, isn't it.
(beat)
How are your amends going?

RILEY
Are we getting into that now?
Shouldn't we wait for Joe?

FR. PAUL
Oh. Joe isn't joining us tonight.

RILEY
Oh no, please don't tell me he fell
off. I don't know why, but I want
this to work for him. I really,
really do.

FR. PAUL
Oh no, in fact he was holding
strong yesterday. And proud of
himself. No, he's actually off-
island, he went to visit his
sister. Not sure when he'll be
back.

Riley's smile fades. He stares at Father Paul.

RILEY
His sister.

FR. PAUL
That's right.

RILEY
Oh.

Riley doesn't want to believe it. Doesn't want to believe
what he already knows...

THAT FATHER PAUL IS LYING.

He really, really doesn't want that to be true... but it is.

FR. PAUL
So let's start without him, I'm
sure he'll grace us next week.
(beat)
God, grant me the serenity -

Riley says the prayer with him, but his eyes don't leave the
Priest, who smiles as gently and empathetically as he ever
has. But now, Riley sees through it. Now, he sees the lie.

RILEY & FR. PAUL
- to accept the things I cannot
change. The courage to change the
things I can. And the wisdom to
know the difference.

CUT TO:

4.39 INT. FLYNN HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

4.39

Riley sits at the table, lost in thought. Still turning things over in his mind. He looks up, really taking a look at his family at the table.

ANNIE
I'm just glad to hear he's alright.
I'm not surprised, as hard as he's
been working lately - daily mass,
packed, and a full schedule beside -
did you know he's gone to bring
Mildred Gunning the sacrament every
day since he got here? Every day.
The man is a saint, and I'm glad
he's on the mend.

Annie hasn't worn her glasses in a long time, and the grey in her hair - once overwhelming - is nearly gone. She looks much younger. Happier. VIBRANT, even.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
And your little friend Ali - I was
so moved to see him in church
today. I can't imagine how that
must go over, with his dad, the
courage it would take to leave that
behind and come to church, alone,
at his age - despite his
upbringing, all that tradition -
but it just goes to show you - God
finds a way. God finds a way.

Same with Ed. Riley can really see it now... His father seems YOUNGER. HEALTHIER. Ed is at the fridge, pulling out a BEER. He looks at Warren - and GRABS A SECOND ONE.

ED
Here you go, Warren.

Annie immediately looks to Riley.

ANNIE
Honey -

ED

Oh shucks, he works like a man, he
can act like one too.

Warren stares at the beer. Then up at his brother.

WARREN

Nah, but thanks. I'm okay.

ANNIE

(awkward, off Riley)
Ed, honey, knock that off.

RILEY

It's okay. I mean - up to you,
Warren, but nothing on my account.

ED

See?

RILEY

I mean... You put one in my hand,
when I was his age. Didn't you.

Ed's smile fades.

ED

And my dad did it for me, too.

RILEY

Yeah. And I can't point to that, I
can't blame what happened - what I
did - on that. Even if it was put
to me like that. That it was
something men do.

ED

Not sure I get what you're driving
at.

RILEY

Phrasing.

ED

Imagine that's a lot of what you
talk to Father Paul about, isn't
it. Personal culpability.

RILEY

It is. And like I said, don't think
twice about it. On my account.

(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)

Warren's his own man, just about,
and he's got a better head on his
shoulders than I ever did, and I
think you're right to trust him. I
think that. For certain.

Warren smiles.

WARREN

I'm good. I don't need it.

Ed nods. Takes the beer, cracks it open for himself. Riley
watches him drink it. And then stands, plate in hand.

RILEY

Going out for the night.

ED

For the night?

RILEY

Yep.

ANNIE

Where are you -

RILEY

Out. Warren, don't know if you
needed to make that decision or
not, don't know if it'll ever be an
issue for you, and hope it isn't.
But I can tell you this - I've
never met one person - not one -
who regretted not taking the drink.
So good on you, even if it's just
tonight.

Warren smiles. Riley heads to the sink.

4.40 INT. FLYNN HOUSE, RILEY'S ROOM - LATER

4.40

Riley finishes CHANGING HIS SHIRT, getting ready to head to
Erin's. Something still WEIGHING on him, though. He turns -
seeing Annie in his doorway.

ANNIE

Heading out for the night, huh?

RILEY

Yeah.

ANNIE

Give her my best, and tell her I'm
so sorry.

RILEY

I will.

ANNIE

You know, when you were a little
boy, you asked me once - "if we're
on an island, why don't we live in
tree houses like Swiss Family
Robinson?" And I said "because
we're not shipwrecked, Riley, we're
meant to be here." And you... you
frowned.

(beat)

I know you never felt this was
home. Like Crockett wasn't so much
a place we lived as a place we live
through, waiting for help to come.
And well... help is here.

RILEY

Is it.

ANNIE

I don't need my glasses anymore.
Your father's better than he's been
in years. Something's happening
here, and I can't pretend it isn't.
I know you've struggled, with your
faith, with what happened -

RILEY

With what I did.

ANNIE

(beat)

With what you did, my beautiful
boy. Yes. But just think... God
isn't asking you to have faith in
something you can't see, not here.
Not now. He's just asking you to
look.

(beat)

Isn't that amazing?

RILEY

He's a liar, mom.

Her smile falls.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Father Paul. I don't know a lot. I don't know why Leeza walked and I don't know why you can see better and I don't know why Erin lost her baby and I don't know if there's a god after all or there's not or why anything happens or what is real or what isn't but - maybe you're right. About all of it. Maybe there's hope and maybe there's something for me and maybe there's a god and miracles, I don't know but I know one thing - *just one thing* - for a fact.

(beat)

Father Paul lied to me. Tonight.

He walks to her, giving her a hug, and a kiss on the cheek.

RILEY (CONT'D)

So believe, and pray for me. But please... be careful. All I ask.

And with that, he leaves.

CUT TO:

4.41 INT. REC CENTER - LATER

4.41

Father Paul paces. The doors are OPEN, he looks out into the night. Shaking his head.

FR. PAUL

(under his breath)

Angel of god my guardian dear to whom god's love commits me here ever this day - where are you. Where are you please. Please.

He paces inside, looking at - THE LARGE GLASS DECANTER. EMPTY, BUT WE CAN SEE THE STAIN OF THE RED LIQUID IT HELD. He KNEELS DOWN, hands clasped.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Please come. Please. Please. Angel of god my guardian dear to whom god's love commits me here ever this day be at my side to light and guard to rule and guide - angel of god my guardian dear to whom god's love commits me here -

AND THEN WE SEE IT. IN THE DOORWAY. Someone STANDING in the dim light, looking in at him. Father Paul turns. SENSES IT. And there, in the doorway -

IS THE "ANGEL."

We still can't see it too clearly, because IT IS WEARING A LONG COAT, and a FEDORA. MONSIGNOR PRUITT'S TELLTALE CLOTHES.

THIS IS WHY RILEY THOUGHT HE SAW MONSIGNOR PRUITT ON THE BEACH - THIS IS WHAT ERIN SAW OUT HER WINDOW. This creature has been wearing his clothes.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Oh, thank God. Where have you -

It RAISES A HAND. SHARP TALON-LIKE FINGERS, A SUBTLE GESTURE - but unmistakable. And Father Paul QUIETS.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Of course. I'm sorry. I'm just -
I've been lost. I don't know what's
- and I am out. I am out of the
Sacrament.

The creature WALKS SILENTLY into the space, pale face peeking out from under the hat. And Father Paul LOWERS HIMSELF TO HIS KNEES... whispering prayers as it passes him.

CUT TO:

4.42 EXT. ERIN'S STREET - NIGHT

4.42

Riley walks towards Erin's house. There it is up ahead, a light burning in the window. The night is quiet, dark. Most people are asleep, or about to be.

Riley STOPS at the bottom step. Looking up at the house... and then looking FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD.

TORN. Something pulling at him... he looks up at the house. Wants to let it go, wants to just go inside and not think about it... but...

RILEY

(to himself)

His sister.

He shakes his head. Nope, that's a lie. A lie, and he knows it. And dammit, God dammit... he KEEPS WALKING. AWAY FROM ERIN'S HOUSE... AND TOWARD THE CHURCH.

CUT TO:

4.43 EXT. REC CENTER - MOMENTS LATER 4.43

Riley walks across the lawn, toward the Rec Center. Past the dark church. Still shaking his head, reluctant. He sees the DOOR OPEN, faint light inside the Rec Center.

4.44 INT. REC CENTER - CONTINUOUS 4.44

Riley steps into the door, and STOPS COLD. Staring. NOT PROCESSING WHAT HE'S SEEING -

Across the room, Father Paul is ON HIS KNEES. And a PALE CREATURE, DRESSED IN THE COAT AND HAT -

HOLDING ITS WRIST OVER THE GLASS DECANTER. FILLING IT WITH ITS OWN BLOOD, dripping from the pale, hook-like talons.

Riley STARES - doesn't believe it - and then Father Paul looks up, and sees him.

FR. PAUL

Oh.

The "Angel" TURNS ITS HEAD, and as its inhuman eyes fall on Riley - he just BLINKS. DISBELIEF.

In a BLUR, faster than we can even see, the CREATURE LAUNCHES FROM THE GROUND. THE SENSE OF TWO MASSIVE WINGS, A PROPULSIVE FLAP -

And it is ON RILEY, leaping THIRTY FEET in a single moment. Father Paul GASPS from the ground, eyes wide as -

THE CREATURE SNAPS RILEY TO THE GROUND, HIS SCREAM CUT SHORT as it TEARS INTO HIS NECK.

Father Paul watches, we hear the SCREAMS, STRUGGLES, AND SLURPING FEASTING AS THE CREATURE EATS - and then he stands, EYES GLAZING OVER. AND HEADS TOWARD THEM.

He steps past them, looking down at Riley's TERRIFIED EYES as the pale creature FEVERISHLY GORGES ITSELF ON THE BLOOD FROM HIS NECK -

And then Father Paul glances outside. Looks left and right, making sure no one is watching. No one is. It is quiet.

As Riley dies on the ground behind him, in the grips of this pale, ferocious creature, Father Paul gently CLOSES THE DOOR.

FADE TO BLACK