

MIDNIGHT MASS

Episode Five

"GOSPEL"

5.01 INT. FLYNN HOUSE, RILEY'S ROOM - MORNING

5.01

Various CLOSEUPS of things in Riley's bedroom, in the new morning light. PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOUNG RILEY as a boy. With his parents. Serving mass as an altar boy, with Msgr. Pruitt. With a YOUNG ERIN. Relics of a life that is over.

There's a gentle knock at the door.

ANNIE (O.S.)

Riley? Honey?

(beat)

Breakfast.

Another gentle knock. And then the door opens. ANNIE looks inside. His bed is made, neatly.

5.02 INT. FLYNN HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER THAT MORNING

5.02

ED, Annie and WARREN sit at the table. Throwing glances at Riley's EMPTY CHAIR.

ED

Two nights in a row. Think we oughta talk to him, I don't like not knowing what he's -

WARREN

Rumor is he's spending a lot of time with Miss Greene.

ANNIE

Good for him.

(off Ed's look)

He's an adult, for God's sakes and if he could have just a little comfort in his... *good for him.*

She smiles at Ed. And to our surprise... ED SMILES BACK. It's small, but it's there. The first real moment of warmth for Riley... possibly because of his absence.

ED

(to Warren)

Late start today. Looks like it'll just be us.

WARREN

We can handle it.

CUT TO:

5.03 INT. ERIN'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - MORNING 5.03

ERIN sits at her table. Sipping coffee. Knees pulled up to her chest. She looks a little confused - a little tired. And we know why... Riley never showed up last night.

She retrieves her CELL PHONE, begins sending a text.

5.04 INT. REC CENTER - CONTINUOUS 5.04

On the floor, we see RILEY'S CELL PHONE. Next to a DRIED PUDDLE OF BLOOD. It CHIMES as the text message lands.

5.05 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE, OFFICE - MORNING 5.05

SARAH sits at her computer. Doing research. We glimpse the screen - she's reading about TELOMERES, and their relationship to aging.

MILDRED ENTERS... and Sarah GASPS. Mildred seems EVEN YOUNGER. Maybe in her late 60s now. Less wrinkled, her hair even holding some of her old color in between the streaks of silver... She is DRESSED TO GO OUT.

(Note: this is "younger" than we've seen, but not so we wonder why Sarah doesn't put her on a boat to go to a doctor immediately. Subtle touch here.)

MILDRED
Mornin', you.

SARAH
Wow. You look -

MILDRED
(off her dress)
It's an old thing. Dug it out of that footlocker in the closet. Most of those dresses haven't seen the light of day in decades. I haven't either, for that matter, feels like. Still fits pretty well though, doesn't it.
(beat)
Shall we?

Sarah shakes her head. Closes the tab on her computer.

CUT TO:

5.06 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

5.06

HASSAN sits behind his desk in the tiny office. The sounds of the GENERAL STORE outside. Across from him is JOANIE (late 40's, haggard). (*We've seen her before, around the island.*)

JOANIE

I know he's a troubled boy. Always has been. His daddy never did right by him, and me - well *I did my best*, I did what I could but I ain't perfect. I work two jobs, mainland jobs, and that still don't provide enough for his sisters. Which is why he does what he does. Money's gotta come from somewhere, and he puts food on the table, not that that matters much to you, does it Sheriff, law's the law, no matter the circumstance, ain't that right.

HASSAN

I'm not judging, Joanie. I only said it isn't unheard of; Bowl taking off for a few weeks -

JOANIE

Bill. His name's Bill. Was his so-called friends called him "Bowl" when he started selling the weed, and - well at least they didn't call him "Bong." Look, if you and these folks on the island won't give two shits about a missing boy, well then I don't know why y'all keep lining up at church, making a big show of how pious you are because *you sure as shit ain't Christians*.

HASSAN

Ma'am, I'm not a -

JOANIE

You know what I'm gettin' at.

HASSAN

I've been in touch with my counterparts on the mainland, and they've been in touch with Bo - *Bill's* employers and known acquaintances and we'll find him.

JOANIE

What about these folks here on the Island? You talkin' to them? 'Cause the mainlanders are one thing, but islanders *know*. Islanders always know.

HASSAN

Had a word with Joe Collie about him, best I can tell, he's the last person to see him on the island.

JOANIE

Was he sober?

HASSAN

Ma'am?

JOANIE

When you talked to him, was he sober?

HASSAN

Can't say for certain with Joe. Never can.

JOANIE

Talk to him again.

HASSAN

Look, Joe's hardly -

JOANIE

Just talk to him again. You didn't know him. These people never really knew him or if they did they didn't give two shits but that's *not supposed to matter*. When something like this happens, *we're all supposed to be the same*.

Hassan finds himself nodding. She is absolutely correct. No getting around that.

CUT TO:

5.07 EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - LATER THAT MORNING 5.07

STURGE is changing the letters on the sign as several PARISHIONERS LOOK ON, dressed for mass. Surprised to see what he's been putting up:

GOOD FRIDAY MASS 8 PM

E4STER V1G1L S4T M1DN1G...

He fishes for the **G** and the **T**, trying to finish the message.

LEEZA

Wait, you're saying every night? No morning masses at all?

STURGE

Time being.

WADE

Fr. Paul probably just needs another morning or two to recover from that head cold - but he'll be up and about tonight, isn't that right Sturge.

STURGE

Yessir. Spoke with him myself this mornin', feeling much better.

WADE turns to the others. And we realize - this little pageant was planned. Wade and Sturge are doing their lines just right.

WADE

Dolly spoke to him too and he had a few things to say about Good Friday. Isn't that right honey?
(beat)
Dolly?

But DOLLY missed her cue. She's too busy staring at -

MILDRED GUNNING, escorted by Sarah. As people see her - they GASP. MURMUR. HEAD TOWARD HER. Dolly steps forward.

DOLLY

That you Millie?

MILDRED

Last I checked... no mass this morning? I was so looking forward.

DOLLY

No - it's - wow. Look at you.

She turns to Wade, and SMILES. A KNOWING SMILE... and he returns it. Sturge also shares their look. ANOTHER MIRACLE. Whatever misgivings they might have had over Joe, this - this is further confirmation. AND THEY BEHOLD IT WITH JOY.

LEEZA

Oh my god, Mrs. Gunning looks so much...

She looks up, and realizes her mom is CRYING.

LEEZA (CONT'D)

Mom?

DOLLY

I'm sorry sweetie. It's just - what a time to be alive.

CUT TO:

5.08 EXT. RILEY'S HOUSE - LATER THAT MORNING

5.08

Erin KNOCKS again, and then the door opens. Revealing ANNIE.

ANNIE

Oh!

ERIN

Good morning Mrs. Flynn.

ANNIE

Oh, darling, I - well I heard about - Riley told us. I'm so, so sorry dear. I'm so sorry. You aren't...

Erin manages a polite smile, not wanting to talk about this, but Annie steps forward and touches her shoulder.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You aren't alone. I've lost one as well. Between the boys, there was gonna be one more. And it... well I didn't tell Ed for over a week. A whole week. I, um... See I found him that morning and I *hid* him, I was so out of my mind, I hid the little - goodness, I don't know why I'm telling you this.

ERIN

Thank you, and I'm - I'm sorry for you, as well -

ANNIE

Gracious, that's an overshare. I'm sorry.

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I'm just saying you aren't alone
and they don't understand that
grief, not the doctors or the
priests - the priests especially,
no *man* is ever going to understand -
but I'm here if you want to talk.

ERIN

Thank you.

ANNIE

And I hope Riley's been at least
some comfort, whether he
understands it or not. At least
they try. Ed tried.

ERIN

Is he here?

ANNIE

(blinks)
Ed?

ERIN

Riley.

ANNIE

Well no, no he isn't.

ERIN

He said he'd - well he didn't come
back last night and he hasn't
answered his phone. You're saying
he's not here?

ANNIE

(beat)
To be honest, I thought he was with
you.

Annie's smile is gone. NOW SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT HIM.

CUT TO:

5.09 EXT. JOE COLLIE'S TRAILER - DAY

5.09

Hassan KNOCKS on the door. Knocks again. And again.

NO ANSWER.

He frowns, looking up.

HASSAN

(loudly)

C'mon Joe, up and at 'em. I know
you can hear me in there.

Nothing.

He moves to the nearby window. Squints. The window is GRIMY,
tough to see inside. But no movement. No noise. No light.

He steps away from the window - and looks to the GENERATOR.
The same generator that BOWL had been helping Joe with in ep
1.03. And as he stares, he realizes -

THE GENERATOR IS NO LONGER RUNNING.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

Okay...

He heads back to the door, reaching for the knob. He tries
the handle... and it OPENS.

CUT TO:

5.10 EXT. MARINA - DAY

5.10

Warren and Ed HAUL IN the day's catch, unloading the boat.
Around them, other fishermen do the same. Warren looks up to
see ERIN walking up the pier. Heading toward them.

He looks back at his dad, who is back on the boat, getting
the next haul ready. Warren frowns, putting down his net and
walking toward Erin.

FROM THE BOAT: Ed watches as Warren reaches Erin. They talk.
She's CLEARLY WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING... And Warren SHAKES
HIS HEAD "NO."

Ed watches, curious, as he keeps working. When he looks back
up, Erin is WALKING AWAY, and Warren is returning.

ED

Everything okay?

WARREN

Yeah. Riley's just... MIA, I guess.

ED

Huh. Not with Erin Greene then.

WARREN

Guess not.

He takes this in. Nods. Gets back to work... but we can tell he's still thinking about it. Shaking his head.

ED

God damnit. God damnit, Riley...

BANG. He THROWS some equipment. Looks up at Warren. FULL OF RAGE. Face red.

ED (CONT'D)

He's gonna piss it all away, even after - *what the hell's the matter with him.* Let him. Let him. I mean, what are we supposed to do, what are we supposed to even - if he won't even...

He trails off. TEARS IN HIS EYES. And then... HITS THE BOAT. Warren jumps. Ed stares at his hand, SHOCKED. And then... BURIES IT. BURIES IT ALL.

ED (CONT'D)

Sorry, Warren. Sorry 'bout that. C'mon, back to... I'm sorry.

He goes back to work. Warren watches, heart breaking for him.

CUT TO:

5.11 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON 5.11

Hassan is back at his desk, on the phone. As he speaks, he stares at the empty cell in which Joe often resided.

HASSAN

C-O-L-L-I-E, Joseph.

A soft knock at the door pulls his eyes up. ERIN is there, looking uncomfortable. He motions for her to come in.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

4-22-69. Uh huh. Great, I'd appreciate that. Thanks, Mike.

He hangs up. Erin tentatively takes the seat across from him.

ERIN

Sorry to interrupt.

HASSAN

No, no. Just tracking down - what can I do for you. Ms. Greene?

ERIN

It's - it's probably nothing.

HASSAN

Most things are.

ERIN

Or - I don't know, it could be - I don't know what it could be.

(beat)

I guess this isn't an official report, because it hasn't been twenty four hours or forty eight hours or whatever they tell you to wait, but - and you're gonna laugh at me - but I have to report a missing person.

But Hassan doesn't laugh. Not at all. Just takes it in.

HASSAN

Who.

ERIN

Riley Flynn. He was supposed to come to my house last night and he didn't - I checked in with his family this morning and this afternoon and they haven't seen him.

HASSAN

Your house. Are you two...

ERIN

No. Not really. But we've been spending a lot of time together.

(beat)

And I know, Riley's - Riley's not the person on this island people are going to be worried about. Or looking for. But he - he wasn't on the ferry, so he didn't go to the mainland. I asked. And his phone just rings and rings and rings.

HASSAN

Uh huh.

(beat)

He say anything? Anything that you look at now, thinking back, that's... off?

ERIN

Nothing. And he - he said he was coming over.

HASSAN

Well sure, but maybe he just -

ERIN

(firmly)

He said he was coming over.

HASSAN

(beat)

Alright. The last time you saw him -

ERIN

Yesterday morning, when we woke up.

He looks up from his notepad. She doesn't elaborate.

ERIN (CONT'D)

He went to AA at St. Patrick's, him and Joe Collie.

HASSAN

(beat)

Joe was there? For certain?

ERIN

I don't know, I assume so. I know he's been going. After the meeting, Riley was home for dinner, his parents said so. And then he left, said he was heading to my house. He walked out, to meet me. And then... nothing.

HASSAN

What'd you two talk about? Yesterday morning?

ERIN

Plans for the day, a dream he had the night before.

HASSAN

You said "woke up," so he spent the night.

ERIN

He did. And no.

HASSAN

What were you talking about the night before?

She hesitates.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

Okay, listen - I believe you. I'm not trying to pry. Just hoping he said something - anything - that might tell us where he went. Could be something little. Something you forgot. His state of mind, it's important, because when I go shaking trees, and I will, if it turns out he's on a bender in some mainland hotel, he might have hinted, that's all, so that's all I'm looking for. What did you two talk about.

ERIN

Death.

(beat)

What it might be like. When we die.

HASSAN

Well. Um... see, that's what I'm talking about -

ERIN

Yes, that's why I'm here.

HASSAN

Did you bring up that topic or did he?

ERIN

I've asked myself that all day. It was on our minds, I... I recently lost, my, um... I miscarried.

HASSAN

I'm sorry.

ERIN

I'm pretty sure he brought up the idea, and I leaned into it pretty hard.

HASSAN

What did he say about it?

ERIN

What do you mean.

HASSAN

Death. Was he afraid of it?
Intrigued by it?

ERIN

He didn't seem afraid, no. He made
it sound like it might be a relief.

HASSAN

And after... how would you describe
his demeanor?

ERIN

He seemed - fine. But that's what
they say about people who aren't
really okay, isn't it. And that's
what they say about a lot of people
who... well who kill themselves.
They seemed fine.

Hassan nods.

HASSAN

They do say that sometimes, yes.

DISSOLVE TO:

5.12 EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT 5.12

Night has fallen. The crowd is finding their way into St. Patrick's. We hear the ORGAN MUSIC pouring out of the church. BEV stands out front, handing out bulletins. Greeting people as they enter.

5.13 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - CONTINUOUS 5.13

Ed and Annie are already seated. Both looking WORRIED - Riley is not with them. Dolly, Wade and Leeza are settling in.

In the front row, STURGE is seated. Dressed nicer than we've seen before, hair neat. Cleaned up. In a PLACE OF HONOR, right up front.

And we also realize that Erin's usual seat is VACANT.

5.14 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, SACRISTY - MOMENTS ~~LATER~~

Warren and OOKER prepare for service as FATHER PAUL enters through the side door.

FR. PAUL

Boys.

OOKER

Father.

WARREN

You feelin' better, Father?

Fr. Paul approaches the WINE and the HOST. The wine is in a LARGE DECANTER, ready for the larger congregation. He is carrying another GLASS BOTTLE, full of RED LIQUID...

THE BLOOD OF THE ANGEL, WE NOW KNOW.

Father Paul doesn't even bother hiding it anymore. He POURS THE BLOOD into the wine decanter. Warren and Ooker watch, confused.

FR. PAUL

Special night, boys. Eyes up and ears open.

5.15 EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER 5.15

Bev looks out at the arriving parishioners, seeing - MILDRED GUNNING, escorted by Sarah, heading her way. She SMILES.

BEV

You know I heard about it, I did, but seeing is believing, isn't it. Mildred Gunning, as I live and breathe.

MILDRED

Beverly Keane.

Mildred holds out her hand - but Bev HUGS HER. Mildred is surprised as Bev speaks into her ear.

BEV

(quietly)

God gave you back to us, and I'm so happy he did. And that you'll be with us for what comes next.

Bev releases Mildred, who stares at her... polite, of course, but a bit confused.

MILDRED

Well. Thank you so much and I'm
happy to be here.

BEV

And not alone.

She turns to Sarah, smiling. Beaming, even.

BEV (CONT'D)

I can't tell you how glad I am that
you're here, Sarah Gunning. I can't
possibly tell you.

SARAH

Well thank you. We should get you
inside, mom. Get you off your feet.

BEV

Of course.

As they begin to head up the stairs - MILDRED STOPS.

FATHER PAUL is standing at the top step. A strange expression
on his face - a truly joyful SMILE. Looking down at Sarah,
and Mildred, he SMILES softly.

FR. PAUL

Praise be.

Mildred HOLDS EYE CONTACT with him, and smiles warmly as
well. Ascending the stairs, Sarah holding her elbow.

MILDRED

Father.

She stops just shy of him... and holds out her hand. He
SHAKES IT, but they never take their eyes off each other.

FR. PAUL

I'm so glad you could join us. Both
of you.

Mildred nods. Smiles. And then steps past him, into the
church. Father Paul watches them go, and then looks out into
the night. Bev Keane joins him, standing beside him.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Anything?

BEV

Not yet.

FR. PAUL
Give him time. Have some faith,
Bev.

He turns, heading into the church. Bev follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

5.16 INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - LATER 5.16

Dolly stands at the pulpit, bible open in front of her. Wade and Bev are also on the altar, bibles open in their hands. Fr. Paul, in his RED CHASUBLE. The congregation are STANDING, listening to the reading.

DOLLY
(reading)
"They took the body of Jesus and bound it with burial cloths along with the spices, according to the Jewish burial custom. Now in the place where he had been crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new tomb, in which no one had yet been buried. So they laid Jesus there because of the Jewish preparation day; for the tomb was close by."
(beat)
The Gospel of the Lord.

CONGREGATION
Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ.

They all SIT DOWN. Fr. Paul LOOKS OUT at the congregation. Locking eyes with MILDRED, who smiles at him. Then to BEV AND STURGE, both of whom look at him with REVERENCE. As do WADE AND DOLLY... his DISCIPLES, waiting for his words.

And then he looks over to ED and ANNIE -

AND THE SEAT RILEY USUALLY TAKES. His smile fades. He scans the crowd, still as though HE'S EXPECTING TO SEE SOMEONE THERE who is absent. And then starts his homily.

FR. PAUL
"Good Friday." This is one of my favorite days of the year. The Passion of our lord...
(MORE)

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

just that word, "passion." We think of romance novels when we hear it but "passion" means a "strong and barely controllable emotion."

Barely controllable, that is what Jesus felt as he gave his life for us, so that we may have life eternal - his emotion was so strong, it was *barely controllable*. What a gift. Told so beautifully in the Gospel of John.

(beat)

"Gospel" means "Good News." Good news, on "Good" Friday, and it's the story of - well, such profound suffering. What's "good" about that?

He smiles at them. They hang on his every word.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Jesus' suffering in this story isn't simply necessary, it is "good". It is the price of eternal life. That suffering, he endures alone. The resurrection, he is alone, and then, well - he has a few allies. Then, more. A congregation. And more and more people spread that Good News, they tell that Good Story and then God *has an army*.

(beat)

What do those commercials say? "Be all that you can be?" I mean no offense to the armed services - which are honorable, of course, necessary - but that's not *all* you can be. In the army, you're fighting for God and *Country*. I'm going to offend you now but it's the truth - *God does not want you to fight for this country*.

A few MURMURS, but people are WITH HIM.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

The arrogance of that thought. *God has no country*. There is one God for the world, and the lines we draw and the treaties we draft and borders we close mean nothing. *Nothing*. To Him. No. Don't fight for a country, any country;

(MORE)

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

fight for *His Kingdom*. A Kingdom -
Jesus TELLS US - that has no flags
or borders. God's Army.

He surveys his church. His own army, growing all the time.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Make no mistake, though, it's a
war. That's what an army is *for*. So
as a congregation - as God's army -
how do we know how the fight's
going? We can't *see it*. Can't radio
HQ and ask for a status report. All
we have - all God gives us - is
right here.

(he taps his chest)

How we *feel*. That moral compass
inside each one of us pointing true
north - right to the Holy Spirit.

Conscience. In the army of God -
conscience is standard issue.

"There are many like it, but this
one is mine." You chuckle because
you think it's a quote from a war
movie. But it isn't. It's called
the *Rifleman's Creed*. A creed is -
by definition - not just a belief,
but a *religious* one.

(beat)

So we are fighting a war and there
will be casualties and we must be
soldiers. That's what Good Friday
is about, what Jesus' example is
about - **God will ask horrible
things of you**. Horrible. Look at
what he asked of his own Son. Look
what he endured, just today. We had
to call it "the **New** Covenant"
because God - while perfect -
changes. God's will dictates
morality, and as his will changes
so does morality change. It changed
when Jesus came to us, it changed
with the New Covenant. And we must,
as his army, shed the old Covenant
and rely on that compass. Rely *only*
on that. Listen to our general.

No laughter now. People are rapt.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

"Good" Friday is only "good"... the "good news" of the Gospels - themselves full of horror - is only "good"... because of one thing: **The resurrection.** Today is "good" because of *what is coming*. Easter. This Sunday. When Jesus is raised and **death itself is lain dead.** And the Army of the Lord begins to grow, starting with the gawking faces at the empty tomb.

(beat)

What is otherwise horrific... is good. Because of where it is leading. **Welcome to God's Army.** We are going to do great things.

He turns, heading back to the altar. The room is GALVANIZED by what he said, nodding and murmuring. Mildred, however... She is not. She stares at Fr. Paul with an uneasy expression.

5.17 EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - LATER THAT NIGHT 5.17

Sturge OPENS the doors, and parishioners FAN OUT, galvanized. But Mildred MOVES FAST, nodding politely and heading quickly down the stairs. Sarah trying to catch up.

SARAH

Mom! Mom! Stop!

Mildred doesn't. Sarah catches up, taking her arm.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Wait! Slow down. What's wrong?

(Note: we will see the end of this scene later in this ep).

CUT TO:

5.18 INT. ERIN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT 5.18

Erin is ASLEEP on her couch. Still dressed. Tucked into herself. Her PHONE on the table next to her... she clearly fell asleep waiting for a call. Or a text.

Softly, in the background -

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

She doesn't stir. Then... ANOTHER KNOCK.

Her eyes open. She sits up... looks over at her phone, picks it up. Looks at the time as -

ANOTHER KNOCK. And she's OFF THE COUCH.

5.19 EXT. ERIN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 5.19

She OPENS THE DOOR - Revealing RILEY standing on her porch.

Looking PERFECTLY NORMAL. BETTER, EVEN.

ERIN

Where the hell have you been! I've been calling you all day -

RILEY

I'm sorry.

She PUNCHES his shoulder.

ERIN

Don't do that. Where were you? What - *where were you?*

Riley stares at her, expressionless.

RILEY

You remember - a few days before you left town, you crawled in my window, woke me up, scared the shit out of me because you wanted to go out on a boat. Wouldn't take no for an answer and we did, we took the rowboat out. Far. Smoked a pack of cigarettes, easy, and watched the sun come up.

(beat)

Will you do that for me? Go for a little ride?

CUT TO:

5.20 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 5.20

Riley DRAGS an old ROWBOAT toward the water.

RILEY

Can't believe it's still here.

ERIN

It's not gonna sink, is it?

RILEY

Nah. Hop in.

Erin looks at him. A little wary. And then climbs into the boat. Riley PUSHES IT into the water, hopping inside. And then sits, his back to the bay, and starts ROWING.

CUT TO:

5.21 EXT. BAY - NIGHT

5.21

Riley and Erin sit across from each other in the boat. Riley rows, taking them far out into the dark water. Looking around... there is no more light. No sign of the island.

ERIN

You know... I think I'm pretty good about trust. Which is funny, considering my marriage. It was important to me: knowing I came out of that situation with trust in my heart.

(beat)

I didn't press because you never did, not once, not ever. You waited for me to come to you and I'm giving that back. I figured you'd tell me, when you were ready. But here we are and I've got to ask now. What is this about, Riley.

Riley stops rowing. Looks up at the STARS above them... no light pollution. You can almost see the milky way.

RILEY

That's where it all came from in the first place. Stars. Primitive man, they're hunting and gathering and stuff all day long, but at night... they sit around campfires. Trying to stay warm, safe from predators. Nothing to do but talk. And they look across the valleys and see other campfires, little spots of light in the landscape, and they know other people are out there, in the dark. They aren't alone.

He looks up at the stars.

RILEY (CONT'D)

So then they see these little spots of lights in the sky. They don't know what they are, they don't have a clue about space, or stars, or light waves, they just figured they looked an awful lot like *campfires*. Campfires in the sky.

(beat)

What kind of people must *those* be, they wondered... lighting their campfires way up there. So they start telling each other stories. *Those people*, they must be incredible. *Those* campfires, they belong to people more powerful than we've ever imagined. So all of it - every god, every goddess, every religion, and every holy war... all started right up there. Wondering who the hell could have lit those campfires in the sky.

He looks back to Erin.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I have to tell you a story and you're not going to believe it. I just need you to listen, can you promise me that?

ERIN

(beat)

Yes I can.

He nods.

RILEY

Okay.

(beat)

Okay.

As he begins to talk, we -

FLASH BACK TO:

5.22 INT. REC CENTER - THE NIGHT BEFORE

5.22

Riley stands just past the doorway, looking in at a wide-eyed FATHER PAUL, and at the ANGEL as it fills the decanter with its blood. As he stares -

The ANGEL POUNCES, soaring across the room, KNOCKING RILEY TO THE FLOOR as it VIOLENTLY TEARS INTO HIS THROAT.

Its SHARP TALONS PIERCE HIS NECK, OPENING UP HIS VEIN, BLOOD POURING OUT AS -

IT BREAKS HIS NECK EASILY. His head SNAPS TO THE SIDE as the creature FEASTS on his blood, and all is BLACK.

BLACK.

THE SOUND... of a PHONE DINGING. AN INCOMING TEXT.

FADE IN:

5.23 INT. REC CENTER - THE NEXT MORNING 5.23

Riley's eyes SLOWLY OPEN. He BLINKS. His eyes finding their focus, seeing -

DRIED BLOOD, SPREAD OUT AROUND HIM. FAINT SUNLIGHT visible through the HEAVY CURTAINS on the windows.

The sound of an incoming TEXT brings his eyes to - HIS PHONE, IN THE PUDDLE OF BLOOD.

He tries to move - but he CAN'T. SOMETHING IS HORRIBLY WRONG. He CAN'T MOVE HIS HEAD... CAN'T TURN IT. As he tries -

A POPPING SOUND from his neck. IT'S STILL BROKEN. But he's ALIVE. As he STRUGGLES, he tries to BREATHE - MAKING A HORRIBLE WHEEZING SOUND. PANIC RISING IN HIM.

He watches as SHOES APPROACH. Unhurried. A hand reaching down, PICKING UP THE PHONE. Avoiding the dried blood. And then KNEELING BESIDE HIM -

Hands GENTLY TAKE HIS HEAD, turning it carefully. Slowly.

And he is looking up at FATHER PAUL.

FR. PAUL

You're okay. You're okay. Don't try to talk, just relax. Focus on breathing.

Riley WHEEZES ANOTHER BREATH, and Fr. Paul MAINTAINS EYE CONTACT. Working with him.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

You're scared, I know. Don't try to move. Just breathe. Good. Good.

(MORE)

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

That's real good, you're doing great.

Another CRACKING POP from Riley's neck, and Riley's eyes WIDEN with the pain -

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Nope! That's good. It's good, you're fine. I had a sister.

Riley BLINKS. Caught off guard.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Named Alice, did I tell you that?

Riley blinks again, Fr. Paul holds his head gently. DISTRACTING HIM from what is happening to his BROKEN NECK.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

She was older. But much smaller. She had a way of making you forget that, though, she had a big presence. I was eight when she died. Polio. It was awful to watch and I was scared, Riley. Terrified of death. And that's what brought me to God. Trying to understand that - how death, her death, specifically - could be part of God's plan, that question led me all the way to the priesthood.

Another CRACK from Riley's neck as the bones SET, and Riley PANICS AGAIN as Fr. Paul holds him.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Shhh. Shhh. You're okay. See, God still has a plan, Riley. And death isn't part of it anymore, not for all of us. And we don't have to be afraid of it, ever again.

Riley tries to breathe, but the panic overtakes him. And he BLACKS OUT.

CUT TO BLACK.

5.24 DARKNESS. AND THEN...

5.24

A FLASH OF AN IMAGE - THE "ANGEL'S" FACE -- LUNGING AT US --

CUT TO:

5.25 INT. REC CENTER - LATER THAT DAY

5.25

Riley BLINKS awake, SCRAMBLING AWAY instinctively. His breathing QUICK, HEAVY. He HITS THE WALL, catching his breath even before he realizes -

HE CAN MOVE. And he can breathe easily. And his neck...

HIS NECK IS SUPPORTING THE WEIGHT OF HIS HEAD.

He reaches up, TOUCHING IT. There's dried blood, but NO WOUND. HIS NECK IS COMPLETELY HEALED.

He tilts his head, and his neck POPS SLIGHTLY. Just settling.

He looks up, realizing -

FATHER PAUL is sitting in the center of the room. TWO CHAIRS SET UP - just like usual. Like it's an AA MEETING.

He's reading a bible, looking up over it at Riley. Smiling gently.

FR. PAUL

How are you feeling?

Riley stares at him. Perplexed. Rubbing his neck. AND CLUTCHING HIS STOMACH, ABSENTLY. BUT FATHER PAUL CLOCKS IT.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

You look a lot better. Please, have a seat.

He gestures to the empty chair. Riley, though, is looking at something else -

THE DOOR.

He BOLTS UP, running for it.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

I wouldn't -

Riley THROWS THE DOOR OPEN -

And is immediately BLASTED WITH SUNLIGHT. HE SCREAMS IN PAIN, THROWING HIS ARM UP IN FRONT OF HIS FACE.

HIS SKIN SIZZLES. BLISTERS. SMOKE RISING AS FLAMES BURST INTO LIFE ON HIS ARM -

FATHER PAUL PULLS HIM BACKWARD, THROWING HIM TO THE GROUND. SWATting THE FLAMES. Riley SCREAMS, THRASHING -

THE FLAMES GO OUT, and Riley SCURRIES BACKWARD.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

It's okay! I can - well I can't exactly explain, but I can give it a good try - important thing is not to go outside right now.

Fr. Paul goes to the door, careful not to enter the beam of sunlight AND PUSHES IT CLOSED with his foot.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Sorry about that, I was hoping to warn you before - well, it's not a mistake you make twice.

Riley looks down at the BURNS ON HIS ARMS.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

(off his look)

Don't worry, it took your neck less than six hours to heal completely. Those burns'll be no problem. Have a seat.

Riley looks at the empty chair, and then to Fr. Paul.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

I promise, I'll explain everything I can and you'll feel better when I do. Sit, give your skin a chance to heal, if nothing else.

Riley stares. None of this seems real... but after a long beat, he STEPS TOWARD HIM. He doesn't really have another choice. He tries to find his voice.

RILEY

We're, um... we're having a meeting?

FR. PAUL

We're having *the* meeting.
(off Riley's hesitation)
I promise, it's okay. You've had a long night, a long journey, so sit, you'll be glad you did.

Riley finally sits down.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Let's start with Serenity.

RILEY

Are you fucking kidding me -

FR. PAUL

Not at all. I am not, and I will not - today you get nothing but *complete and total honesty* from me. And this prayer - today it applies to you, and me, *profoundly*.

(beat)

"Lord, grant me the serenity to *accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.*" Let's start in order. The things we cannot change.

He sits forward, looking into Riley's eyes.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

When I was... younger. I was the pastor at a small church in a very small community and one day, one of the altar boys - brand new altar boy, maybe 9 or 10, *smart* kid - it was around Easter and I had been talking about the Resurrection for weeks and one day this boy brings me a shoe box. Inside is a mouse he'd found in a trap and it was in bad shape. Tail's clipped off, leg's barely attached and it was suffering and this boy holds out this box to me and asks me if God will resurrect it, like he resurrected Jesus. *If he could do that, he says, he could do this.* So I take it. And we pray over it and I tell that boy to come back in three days and I send him home. Three days pass and the boy comes back -

Riley has GONE PALE. HE KNOWS THIS STORY. VERY WELL.

RILEY

- and it's better.

FR. PAUL

Yes. Running around in that little shoe box, right as rain and I help the boy set it free behind the church before mass. He is *amazed*.

(MORE)

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

His belief is confirmed - he *believes*. This moment sustains him for what, almost a decade? Faith enough for almost a decade off that one little mouse.

RILEY

But it wasn't an act of God.

FR. PAUL

Wasn't it? True, I had to put that mouse out of its misery, and true, it took me almost three days to find another mouse that looked just right - but what it gave this boy... you think that wasn't an act of God? That because he is acting *through* us, at times, he isn't acting at all?

RILEY

How do you know that story.
(beat, quietly)
Who are you.

FR. PAUL

You know who I am.

They regard each other. Fr. Paul waits, patient. Riley takes it in... and changes gears.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Come on, *really* look. And listen to yourself, you know who I am.
(beat)
Really? You need to see the marks in my hands, put your hand in my side -

RILEY

Not possible.

FR. PAUL

Come on, we're past that now. "*He said to Thomas, put your finger here; see my hands. Reach out your hand and put it into my side.*" And he believed; we're past that. You're past that.

Riley stares at him. And slowly nods. He's right. Whatever skepticism Riley has had, it has melted away.

RILEY

Okay then. How.

FR. PAUL

Same as you, basically. You've been taken back, also. Back to your best self, your peak self - your perfect self. As god wanted you. I just had a lot further to go than you did. Lot further to go.

Riley stares at him. Processing. And then moves on.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Why did you come back here, last night? I've wondered that, almost all day. Never once - and I've known you your whole life - have you just shown up here at night. And last night, that one specific moment... why? Did you feel a calling? A... *vocation*?

RILEY

Joe Collie's sister.

Fr. Paul's smile fades.

FR. PAUL

I lied to you about that. I apologize. I ask for your forgiveness, for that lie.

(realizes)

Is that why you came back here?

Riley just stares him down. Fr. Paul nods.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Total, complete honesty. That is my vow to you today, Riley. So okay. Joe was suffering. Suffering for no reason. The accident - and then what this community put him through after - he was beyond repair.

RILEY

Says who.

FR. PAUL

Well it's a cliché to say that the lord works in mysterious ways but he does, I can testify to that. And he... well, he *worked*. Through me. And he called Joe Collie home.

RILEY
You killed him.

FR. PAUL
It's not that simple.

RILEY
You fucking killed him, didn't you.
You and that -
(remembers)

He STANDS UP abruptly, touching his neck.

FR. PAUL
It *cannot be changed*. It's done and
it cannot be undone just like what
has happened to you - the miracle
that has happened to you - is done.
These are two things that *cannot be
changed* and we have to *accept* them.
With *serenity*. Together. Right now.

RILEY
What happened to me -

FR. PAUL
Riley -

RILEY
What the fuck was that thing -

FR. PAUL
You have to calm down -

RILEY
What was that fucking thing -

FR. PAUL
An angel.

Riley STARES AT HIM, eyes wide. Processing when -

The DOOR OPENS. BEV KEANE steps casually into the room.

BEV
Oh good. He's up.

FR. PAUL
Little worse for wear.

BEV
You weren't exactly pink in the
cheeks yourself, Monsignor, not at
first.

(MORE)

BEV (CONT'D)

I just wanted to see if everything was going to plan. And if you wanted Sturge to come in and clean up the -

She gestures to the dried blood on the floor.

FR. PAUL

Not just yet, we're still in the weeds of it. But I'm glad you're here. Right when you're needed, actually, God bless - why don't you, um... why don't you go over there.

BEV

(beat)

Are you sure?

FR. PAUL

Yeah, good and close.

Bev hesitates. Frowning.

BEV

Are you certain that's a good idea?

FR. PAUL

I'll stop him.

BEV

Okay then.

She walks toward Riley.

RILEY

Stop me?

FR. PAUL

Sit.

Fr. Paul stands, moving around behind him. Hands on his shoulders as Bev nears.

RILEY

Stop me from what -

Fr. Paul PUSHES HIM DOWN into the chair, easily. Holding his shoulders as Bev STOPS about two feet from him. Patient.

FR. PAUL

You feel it?

RILEY

I just - let me go, I just wanna go
home, I just fucking wanna go home -

Father Paul motions to Bev to get closer, she takes a step -
AND RILEY STOPS.

FR. PAUL

There it is.

A SMALL PULSING hums through his body - softly, rhythmically
BEATING in his ears.

It's a familiar rhythm...

A HEARTBEAT.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Little closer.

Bev leans closer, and the heartbeat AMPLIFIES in Riley's
ears. It's BEV'S HEARTBEAT.

RILEY

What the fuck -

FR. PAUL

Little closer.

Bev gives him a questioning look.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

I've got him.

She leans in, EXPOSING HER NECK. Holding it inches from
Riley's face.

RILEY

What th...

He TRAILS OFF. EYES GLAZING OVER. STARING AT HER NECK,
feeling the PULSE OF HER HEARTBEAT, LOUD IN HIS EARS.

HIS EYES GLAZE OVER. HIS STOMACH GROWLS. HE LOSES HIMSELF...

And then he LUNGES FORWARD -

And Fr. Paul SNAPS HIM BACK into the chair. Beverly DOESN'T
EVEN FLINCH.

FR. PAUL

Praise be. God and Heavenly Father,
grant us the serenity to accept
that which cannot be changed -
thank you Bev.

BEV

Of course. Riley, I am pleased to
see you up and around.

(beat)

Sturge and I will be at the rectory
when you're ready for the next
part, Monsignor.

FR. PAUL

I'll raise the blind when we're
ready.

She turns, walking out the door. Riley watches, COMPLETELY
PERPLEXED.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

It's powerful, isn't it.

Riley is SEIZED with a CRAMP in his stomach, a POWERFUL
HUNGER PAIN, DOUBLING OVER. THE SAME PAIN WE SAW FR. PAUL
DEALING WITH IN EP. 104.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, it hurts, I know. It
will pass. It will pass.

He sits down in his chair as Riley WRITHES on the floor.
Patient. Turning back to his bible.

DISSOLVE TO:

5.26 INT. REC CENTER - LATER

5.26

Riley is back up on his chair. The seizure has passed. Fr.
Paul regards him.

FR. PAUL

What did you feel? When she was
close to you?

(waits)

I know the answer, you don't have
to pretend.

(still nothing)

You felt hungry, painfully hungry.
Saw things, too.

(MORE)

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Saw yourself pulling her closer,
closer, and then everything went
red, didn't it, and something
started to change in you. It's
almost like you go to sleep. I
mean, you were aware of yourself,
when you lunged at her -

RILEY

I don't know what happened.

FR. PAUL

I do. You were aware of yourself,
but it was involuntary, wasn't it.
As if your body was acting under
some other will. It was. It will
again.
And this is the thing, this is
where we need to listen. Listen to
the Holy Spirit. Listen to our
conscience. Because you see,
Riley...

(beat)

I was there too. I had - well I had
been restored, I had been made
young again, I had been made pure
again, and then... like Jesus
before me, I died. I died on the
floor, just across the way there.
And then I was resurrected. But I
was scared and confused. And this
drive, in me, this powerful will -
I did the same thing you did. My
will became His will, and he moved
through me and Joe was taken and I
was sustained. I was nourished -

RILEY

Murderer.

FR. PAUL

Yes I suppose so but here is the
thing - there was *no guilt*. None.
Knowing that I should feel guilt,
and accepting that I did not...
Finding grace where the guilt
should have been - I wrestled with
that. I prayed. And then, Bev
Keane, she actually showed me -

He picks up his bible. Opens it.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Hebrews 9:14. *"How much more, then, will the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself unblemished to God, **cleanse our consciences from acts that lead to death...** so that we may serve the living God!"*

He SHUTS the book for effect. Stares at Riley.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Cleanse our consciences so that we may serve the living God! I read this passage and the graces of the holy spirit rained down on me. He had taken that guilt, cleansed my conscience, for I had simply been His vessel. Done his will.

(beat)

A murderer, maybe. So was Moses. Joseph. Paul, my namesake. I'm hardly unique, as a soldier of the lord. I'm not even unique in this room, am I. I mean... well you've killed someone.

RILEY

(long beat)

Yes. I have.

FR. PAUL

Tell me. No more lies, not what you told the parole board, the *truth*. The real truth. Right now.

Riley stares at him. Considers. And then... carefully...

RILEY

I don't even remember it.

FR. PAUL

You were drunk, and you don't remember it.

RILEY

I was drunk. I was at a party. I was at a party and I drank too much-

FR. PAUL

Come on, don't do that -

RILEY

That's what happened -

FR. PAUL

There's meaning, there's purpose
here you're willfully ignoring -

RILEY

It was fucking *ordinary* how it
happened.

Now Fr. Paul listens.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I knew enough not to drive, most of
the time, but there was a point, if
I went past it, where I *thought* I
could. Lot of us had that problem,
I remember mornings my roommate
came home and said "I'm lucky to be
alive" the next day, "I should **not**
have been driving", laughing about
it. That was the culture and it was
okay for some reason and the bars
kept pouring, even if you'd had
more than two and the waiters kept
serving, even though they validated
your parking and when my friends
said "shit, I can't believe I did
that," or "I don't remember how I
got home" I'd *laugh* with them. That
was what happened. I was having
fun, that's all. And it gets blurry
and I remember thinking I'd take a
cab home and I remember thinking
just another one or two and I
should switch to water - like that
makes a difference - and then I
remember less and less and then I'm
sitting on the side of the road and
the cops are there and this girl -
*this total stranger is dead and I
did it.*

(beat)

Weren't any skid marks on my side.
I didn't hit the brake. Didn't even
tap the break. I was literally
asleep at the wheel. That's what
happened. So don't talk to me about
God "moving through you," or "doing
his will." You don't know a fucking
thing about me. And our stories are
not the same.

Fr. Paul nods. Considers.

FR. PAUL
The guilt you feel... the remorse -

RILEY
Yes.

FR. PAUL
You feel that every day.

RILEY
Yes.

FR. PAUL
Even though you didn't mean to do
it.

RILEY
Yes.

FR. PAUL
See, I killed Joe, I watched myself
do it - with my own hands... and I
have no guilt. None. No remorse.
I've been spared all of that. How
does that make you feel?

RILEY
Disgusted.

FR. PAUL
How does that make you feel?

RILEY
Angry.

FR. PAUL
(shaking his head)
Nope, how does it make you feel.

RILEY
Fucking angry.

FR. PAUL
NO!

Riley FLINCHES BACK at this sudden BURST OF RAGE. Fr. Paul
STARES AT HIM, his congenial smile GONE.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)
I promised you complete honesty and
I am giving that to you and I am
tired of you lying to me, Riley
Flynn.

(MORE)

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

I have forgiven it, time and again,
but today is *critical* for us and I
am *finished*. Complete honesty.

(beat)

How does that make you feel.

Riley STARES AT HIM. Face betraying nothing. Thinking. And then... after a long beat...

RILEY

(quietly)

Jealous.

Father Paul CLOSES HIS EYES. A serene smile on his face. Nods. This... this is the truth.

FR. PAUL

Oh God and Heavenly Father, grant
us the serenity to accept that
which cannot be changed; courage to
change that which can be changed...

(to Riley)

Courage, Riley Flynn. Courage.
Let's find *that* now. The courage to
change what we can. God brought you
back for a reason. Look hard at
this. Your accident, that moment of
hell on Earth, you said it didn't
do anyone any good but it did,
didn't it, because it put you here.
On this island. Right now. Now, at
one of the most crucial times in
the history of our world. So have
courage, Riley. God chose you. The
guilt you cling to - you can let
that go. He's already changed you,
now it's just on you... to have
courage.

Fr. Paul gets up, heading to the window.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

So let's have some courage.

He RAISES THE BLIND, staying out of the sunlight.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Courage.

He heads back to his seat. They wait.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, by the way. That you
were frightened, last night.

(MORE)

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

I was frightened too, when it happened to me. Just about everyone who encounters an angel of the lord, in the Bible: they are afraid. Mary was afraid. Of Gabriel! And he was there to give her great news. Angels always have to say "be not afraid." "Fear not." Over and over and over again, they say that - because people are *terrified*.

(beat)

Moses was frightened when he beheld the burning bush. Jesus was frightened of his fate - he got on his knees in Gethsemane and prayed, *prayed* to be spared. And those at the tomb, who saw the stone rolled away... they were all frightened. All of them.

(beat)

Miracles, the true power of God... it is *scary*. But I'm still sorry that you were afraid.

RILEY

Did you feed? While that - "angel" - was ripping into my neck, and my blood was pouring out onto the floor - did you join in?

Fr. Paul just stares at him.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Total honesty, I thought you said -

FR. PAUL

Yes.

They stare at each other as -

The door opens. Bev and Sturge step inside. CARRYING A CHALICE. AND A KNIFE.

BEV

How are things going in here? I mean I can only imagine. Well, that's not entirely true, I don't have to imagine all of it, I've seen it. And let me tell you, Monsignor was scared. We were all tested.

(MORE)

BEV (CONT'D)

But for some reason, Riley Flynn, God has chosen you - you - to receive this blessing and we will not question His will and that's all that's important right now. You are being tested, as he was, as we all were, and we are here for you. We are here for you. "For just as the body is one and has many members, and all the members of the body, though many, are one body, so it is with Christ."

(beat)

And we are here to bless you. And keep you. As is God's will.

RILEY

(incredulous)

God's will.

Sturge begins ROLLING UP HIS SLEEVE.

BEV

Yes. Oh, yes, and don't mock, Riley, do not mock. God's will, and we know it from his own word, don't we Sturge.

STURGE

"Whoever eats my flesh and drinks my blood has eternal life."

She waits.

BEV

And.

STURGE

And... I, will -

BEV

"I will raise them up at the last day. For my flesh is real food and my blood is real drink. Whoever eats my flesh and drinks my blood remains in me, and I in them."
Gospel of John, and it's pretty specific, isn't it. Not really mincing words, is he.

Riley holds up his arms, still showing some BURNS.

RILEY

And this? Is this in the gospels?

BEV

Why no dear, that's in Revelation.
"The fourth angel poured his bowl
on the **sun**, and it was allowed to
scorch men with fire." Chapter 16,
verse 8. That's the thing about the
Jesus coming back to us - they told
us from the start, it wouldn't be
pretty.

Monsignor Pruitt was shaken, at
first. Even him. But it's all right
there in the book, Riley. The seven
bowls of God's wrath, poured out at
the second coming. The end of days.
The fourth bowl, upon the sun. The
fifth, since you asked, the fifth
bowl of god's wrath plunges the
world into darkness... which won't
be an issue for you, or Monsignor,
will it. Why it's almost as if God
is preparing you. *For that.* And
you're standing there, *blessed
among men, smirking* when I say
"God's will..."

She turns to Fr. Paul. Collecting herself.

BEV (CONT'D)

I'm frustrated.

FR. PAUL

I know.

BEV

He doesn't even - I mean he doesn't
even recognize, what he's been
given and I - I find it offensive.

FR. PAUL

That's immaterial, Bev.

BEV

I know. I know.

(beat)

Okay.

Sturge holds out his arm. And we can see - BANDAGES. FROM
PREVIOUS CUTS. He PULLS ONE OFF - revealing a cut along his
wrist. Barely begun healing.

Bev hands Sturge the knife. Fr. Paul stands beside him.

FR. PAUL

"When supper was ended, he took the cup. Again he gave you thanks and praise, gave the cup to his disciples, and said:

Sturge begins to OPEN HIS WOUND. Bev HOLDS THE CHALICE underneath the wound as Fr. Paul STEPS BACK, keeping his distance.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Take this, all of you, and drink from it: this is the cup of my blood, the blood of the new and everlasting covenant. It will be shed for you and for all so that sins may be forgiven. Do this in memory of me."

BEV

Amen.

Bev HOLDS OUT THE CHALICE to Fr. Paul, who gestures toward Riley. She takes a beat, and then begins to walk toward him.

FR. PAUL

(quickly, like he's saying mass)

In memory of his death and resurrection, we offer you, Father, this life-giving bread, this saving cup. We thank you for counting us worthy to stand in your presence and serve you. May all of us who share in the body and blood of Christ be brought together in unity by the Holy Spirit; remember our brothers and sisters who have gone to their rest in the hope of rising again; bring them and all the faithful departed into the light of your presence.

As Bev NEARS RILEY, we become aware again of the PULSING OF HER HEARTBEAT. Riley STARES at the chalice in her hands as the HEARTBEAT GETS LOUDER.

Riley's EYES GLAZE OVER as the sound becomes overwhelming. He STARES at the chalice...

RILEY

No.

BEV
Don't be obtuse.

He glares at her. The hunger still pulling at him.

BEV (CONT'D)
(impatient)
"Whoever drinks the cup of the Lord
in an unworthy manner will be
guilty of sinning against the body
and blood of the Lord, for those
who eat and drink without
discerning the body of Christ eat
and drink judgment on themselves" -

FR. PAUL
It's okay, Riley. And it's going to
happen. This is one of those things
you cannot change. Accept it...
with serenity. And grace.

He looks at him. And then... his eyes glaze over completely.
And he takes the cup -

DRINKING.

Slowly at first, and then MORE AND MORE HUNGRILY. Fr. Paul
nods, smiling. Serene.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)
Amen.

DISSOLVE TO:

5.27 INT. REC CENTER - EVENING

5.27

Riley sits in his chair, across from Fr. Paul. Blood on his
face. Staring straight ahead... expressionless. Bev and
Sturge are nowhere to be found.

Fr. Paul sits across from him, leaning forward. Looking for
the words. The right words.

FR. PAUL
Wisdom. The wisdom to know the
difference, between the things we
can change, the things we can't...
and the things we *shouldn't*.
(beat)
How do you feel.
(beat)
You feel better, don't you.

Riley slowly nods. He looks to the windows. The daylight is fading.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Wisdom. You and I, Riley, we're just the first. We know, we've seen, we've been blessed. And so many others - so many others on this island, they're being blessed as well right now and they don't even know. They don't even know it.

He leans forward.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

It is good, what we are doing. What we have to do. It's good, even the things we may not think we want to do. That hunger, that thirst it's good. That's why we don't feel guilt when we surrender. That's why we feel *better* after. And that's why... ***we share this gift.*** Look at what it has done already! Just what a *little* of the blood of the angel has done... for all of us. For your parents. For Leeza. For you. For so many in this community. Look at the good it has wrought. Look on it, and think on that warm feeling you have here. Right now. Think on that. Just answer me this...

He leans forward.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Do you feel at peace? Right now, your stomach full, your purpose clear, your Will given over to that Higher Power... do you feel at peace?

After a long, long beat... Riley nods. YES.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Praise be. Praise be. *"And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds."*

(beat)

Bless you, my boy. You always were blessed. You always were loved. You were always so special, and so smart. And you always *listened.*

(MORE)

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Thank you, for listening today.
When it's never been so important.

The door opens, and Bev steps inside. We can see - the
DAYLIGHT IS GONE.

BEV

I'm sorry to interrupt.

FR. PAUL

Quite alright.

BEV

The sun is down, people will start
arriving soon.

FR. PAUL

Excellent.
(to Riley)
Well... I believe that's it.

RILEY

(beat)
That's it.

FR. PAUL

Yep. That's the meeting.

RILEY

What... what happens to me now.

FR. PAUL

Now you can go.

Bev looks at him. She doesn't entirely approve.

RILEY

Just like that.

FR. PAUL

Just like that.

Fr. Paul stands up. Walks slowly toward him.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

And oh, the wonders you'll
experience. Out there. You will see
things you never saw. Colors,
lights. Hear things, smell things.
The world will burn brighter, it -
it hums, Riley. With His glory. The
majesty of creation heightened for
you. You will see. You will see.

He stands in front of him. Holding his hand out, offering to help Riley up. After a moment... Riley takes it.

BEV

Monsignor, I thought we'd agreed that he should stay inside the Rec Center -

FR. PAUL

It's alright, Beverly.

(to Riley)

"Blessed are the eyes that see the things you see." Not everyone is ready for the lord's revelation, Riley. Jesus took care, to show them enough, but not too much. Beverly and Sturge, and Wade and Dolly -

RILEY

The Mayor?

FR. PAUL

That's right, they are blessed as well, chosen as well. They think you should be made to stay here, but I think no. I think free will... well that was the ballgame, wasn't it. That was the whole thing. I have faith. In you. "In their hearts humans plan their course, but the LORD establishes their steps."

He gestures to the open door.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

I hope you come to mass tonight. Please come to mass, come to be with us. Come be with your family. Of which we all are. And your redemption, Riley - is *profound*. It will be an inspiration to all of us. To so many in those pews, who will struggle with the same fear that you struggled with.

BEV

Are you certain it isn't best that he stay here? Maybe just for another night or two...

He takes Riley by both elbows, looking into his eyes.

FR. PAUL

You know now, son. You are the bearer of the good news. And think on this...

He walks him toward the door.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

That hunger will return, when God wills it. And shortly after, you will - *you will* - give yourself over to it. To His will. And you'll hear it in your head - the voice of the Angel. Like your own thoughts at first, but then louder and louder. And he will whisper to you of God's plan... *I hear him more clearly every day. The more I give myself over to God, the more I hear the voice of his angel and you will too.*

Riley stands at the threshold.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

That's okay. That's *good*. Know that you will be moved to act, and there will be things you cannot change... but *whoever you choose to enter communion with - whoever serves god's purpose for you - as you give of yourself for them to drink - as you eat of their body and drink of their blood and they of yours and you are in the Communion of Saints...*

(beat)

Remember that it is a gift.

Riley looks into his eyes.

FR. PAUL (CONT'D)

God will tell you whom to give it to.

Riley looks at him, and tentatively steps out into the dusk. Takes a look around, and walks out into the night. Fr. Paul watches him go as Bev steps up beside him.

BEV

(quietly)

I worry. I worry about that one, he's hardly the reliable sort.

FR. PAUL

God chooses his vessels, Beverly.

BEV

But if he tells people -

FR. PAUL

What of it. That's what Apostles do. The doors stay open, just as the gates are always open. How else does Gospel spread?

He walks out toward the church.

CUT TO:

5.28 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - LATER 5.28

Riley walks in the night. And we can SEE AND HEAR the things he can - THE MUSIC OF THE CRICKETS. The FOOTSTEPS of residents, heading toward church... including MILDRED and SARAH, who he can HEAR, even across the street.

He looks around. The streetlights have CROWNS, like he's on mushrooms, or some other hallucinogen. Everything is HEIGHTENED, his new senses WAKING UP.

CUT TO:

5.29 EXT. BEACH - LATER 5.29

Riley stands at the beach, looking at the waves. Hearing the RUSH of them breaking, the RUMBLE of the waves... almost like a DEEP, FULL HEARTBEAT. THE HEARTBEAT OF THE OCEAN ITSELF.

He stares.

CUT TO:

5.32 EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - LATER 5.32

Mass is ended. Riley is hanging back, far out of the lights, away from the sight of the PARISHIONERS who are exiting. He hangs back, watching silently.

Watching as Sarah tries to CATCH UP with Mildred.

SARAH

Wait! Slow down. What's wrong?

Mildred turns back to her.

MILDRED

That's... I don't want you going
back there again.

SARAH

(blinks)
What?

MILDRED

That isn't... that's not my church.
And that's not the man I knew.

She turns, walking away. Sarah stares at her, perplexed.

Riley watches. Expressionless.

DISSOLVE TO:

5.33 EXT. STREETS OF CROCKETT ISLAND - LATER THAT NIGHT 5.33

Riley walks silently up the streets. Looking at the HOUSES,
some lights already being SWITCHED OFF. Taking in the breeze.
And holding his stomach...

AS IT RUMBLES. AND HE WINCES FROM THE HUNGER.

5.34 INT. FLYNN HOUSE, ED & ANNIE'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT 5.34

Ed and Annie are asleep in bed. Wrapped around each other...
the posture more of newlyweds than people their ages. They do
not stir -

And we PULL BACK TO REVEAL Riley STANDING AT THE FOOT OF
THEIR BED. IN THE DARK.

STARING AT THEM.

STARING.

RILEY'S POV: As they sleep, he can HEAR THEIR HEARTBEATS.
MEASURED, CALM. RESTING.

He stares... and then WALKS OUT OF THE ROOM.

5.35 INT. FLYNN HOUSE, WARREN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 5.35

Riley stands silently in the darkness, watching WARREN SLEEP.
Staring at him. Staring...

5.36 EXT. ERIN'S HOUSE - LATER 5.36

Riley steps off the street, looking up at Erin's house. It is DARK inside, the whole island is asleep. He looks at it. STARES. And then finally...

LOOKS UP AT THE SKY. AT THE STARS.

The light from the stars seems to BLEED OUT, TOWARD HIS EYES. There almost seems to be MUSIC - A VERY DISTANT ORGAN CHORD, AS THOUGH THE STARS THEMSELVES ARE HUMMING.

As he stares at the light, the sound seems to GROW...

IT'S BEAUTIFUL.

OFF THE STARS --

CUT TO:

5.37 EXT. BAY - BEFORE SUNRISE 5.37

-- RILEY LOOKS UP AT THE STARS, sitting in the rowboat. And then looks back down...

To Erin. Sitting across from him. NERVOUS.

ERIN
(long beat)
That's quite a story.

RILEY
I know.

She looks around. There is NOTHING IN SIGHT. Just the grey water, in all directions. Barely distinguishable from the horizon.

NOWHERE TO GO.

ERIN
So... let's say that... any of
that... is true.

RILEY
Let's.

ERIN
So you've told me that story. And
you've told it to me out here - you
brought us out here - *where there's
nowhere for me to go.*

He just stares at her.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Because - and again, I'm humoring
you, until the punchline - because
I'm certain there must be a
punchline -

RILEY

There isn't.

She stares at him. Her fear only growing.

ERIN

Okay. No punchline.
(beat)
So you've brought me out here...
where there is nowhere for me to
go... to what, then.

He stares.

ERIN (CONT'D)

To give me this... "gift?"

No answer.

ERIN (CONT'D)

To tell me you need help?

Nothing.

ERIN (CONT'D)

To scare me? See, because I can't
believe... I can't believe you'd
want to scare me. I don't believe
that. Nope. And even if you did...
well I wouldn't let you. I've been
scared a lot worse by a lot worse
and I don't - I don't let that
happen. Anymore. I'm done with
that.

(beat)

I'm not scared. Not of you. My
dear, dear you. If you need help,
or you're - sick - in some way, I'm
not scared of that. I'd get you the
help. I'd do that with you, without
judgment. Without fear. Just...
tell me what you need. Tell me why
we're out here. Tell me what you
want.

He looks at her. And we see from his perspective -

WE HEAR HER HEARTBEAT. WE SEE THE COLORS OF HER PULSING WITH IT. WE SEE HIS EYES, THREATENING TO GLAZE OVER. But he's...

Calm.

SERENE, even.

He looks up at the horizon. At the SUNLIGHT, just starting to spread.

LIKE IN HIS DREAM.

RILEY

You weren't quite right, what you said. About why I brought us out here. I wasn't trying to scare you, or isolate you.

He looks at her, smiling sadly.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I brought us out here so *I'd* have nowhere to go.

He looks into her eyes. And we see - he is at peace.

RILEY (CONT'D)

'Cuz I'm not as strong as you. Never was.

He looks back up, where the stars are already giving way to the morning light.

RILEY (CONT'D)

They are so... beautiful.

He stares at them. The light grows in the sky. The stars are FADING AWAY, giving way to the morning.

RILEY (CONT'D)

What do I want.

(long beat)

I want you to take this boat, row to the mainland, leave this place and never look back. But I knew you wouldn't do that.

(beat)

I also knew you wouldn't believe any of it. 'Less you saw.

The SUN IS RISING behind her. Riley looks at it, tears in his eyes.

RILEY (CONT'D)

So I want you to run, but... well I believe you're gonna row back there and do everything you can to save 'em. I'm just sorry you have to see this.

Erin stares at him, perplexed.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I love you, Erin Greene. I have loved you my whole life, one way or another.

The sun is rising now, the rays of the sun almost on him.

ERIN

(beat)

I love you too.

He nods. That's enough. That'll have to be enough.

RILEY

(long beat, and then...)

I did my best.

He smiles one last time... and CLOSES HIS EYES. BRACING FOR IT. Erin watches, mystified as -

THE ORANGE SUNLIGHT STARTS TO CREEP DOWN HIS FACE...

AND NOTHING HAPPENS.

The sound of the waves is all we hear. NO SMOKE, NO FIRE, NO BLISTERING.

Riley WAITS as the sunlight SPREADS DOWN HIS FACE, BATHING HIS SKIN IN MORNING LIGHT.

And finally...

RILEY OPENS HIS EYES. Surprised that...

NOTHING IS HAPPENING.

And as he SQUINTS against the morning light - raising his hand to shield his eyes -

HE LOOKS AT THE WOMAN SITTING IN THE BOAT, ACROSS FROM HIM.

IT'S NOT ERIN.

IT'S TARA-BETH, framed by the sunlight.

There is no blood. No glass. No siren light.

She does not seem broken, she does not seem dead.

She is SMILING GENTLY AT HIM, her face full of COMPASSION.

AND FORGIVENESS.

She REACHES OUT HER HAND.

He SMILES, looking into the redeeming sunlight, and TAKES IT.

And as he holds onto her, in the silence and brilliance of the morning -

WE CUT BACK.

TO SEE ERIN, SILENTLY SCREAMING IN HORROR, HER EYES WIDE, MOUTH OPEN -

SCREAMING A GUT-WRENCHING WAIL WE CANNOT HEAR --

We cut to what she is looking at:

JUST IN TIME TO SEE --

THE BURNING PILE OF ASHES --

STILL FAINTLY IN THE SHAPE OF RILEY FLYNN --

COLLAPSE UNDER THE WEIGHT OF HIS SINGED, BURNING CLOTHES --

LANDING ON THE BENCH OF THE ROWBOAT.

The morning breeze picking up his ashes...

Sending them out on the wind.

Erin WAILS in horror, now alone in the boat, as the beautiful sunrise spreads out across the bay.

FADE TO BLACK.