

A SMALL TOWN

written by

Steven Barnes and Tananarive Due

SECOND DRAFT
11/18/19

1

EXT - LITTLETON MAIN STREET - MORNING

1

ON A HIGHWAY SIGN: LITTLETON, Pop. 550. It's a dying strip of nothing, a dusty rural quarter-mile of Route 66. Perhaps New Mexico or Arizona. To call it a one-horse town, you would first have to lend it a horse.

On Main Street: a gas station/convenience store, a small-town bank, a tiny apartment building, the diner next door.

A billboard over Main Street: RILEY CAR EMPORIUM. The face of a grinning salesman promises NO CREDIT? NO PROBLEM. I OWN THE BANK!

A shiny vintage RED CORVETTE parks in front of the diner. A preening, well-dressed man, MAYOR TERRY RILEY (white, 50s, a Bob Odenkirk type) steps out.

ANGLE: his face is identical to the one on the billboard! He glad-hands passersby before entering the diner. His wife is waiting in the car. She could be a former showgirl, beauty outclassing him unless he's standing on his wallet.

Across the street from the rest of the buildings stands timeworn FIRST CHURCH OF LITTLETON. The church's attic window overlooks the street...

2

INT. JASON'S ROOM

2

The small attic space is extremely well-ordered but crammed with fix-it projects across several tables: VCRs and electronics, an old CROSS in need of paint. On the bookshelf: a college physics text, King James Bible, a Complete Shakespeare, African Folk Tales, Octavia E. Butler. A small, well made up twin bed is in the corner. Empty.

We realize a bearded man in glasses has been standing just out of frame, by the window, blending into the drab curtains with his dull clothing. JASON GRANT (black, 30s, Sterling K. Brown type), is looking down at Main Street. Think of James Stewart in *Rear Window*.

3

EXT. MAIN STREET

3

ATTIC WINDOW POV: Peeling paint on the facade of the LAST CHANCE DINER; a pothole that rattles a PICKUP TRUCK driving over it; an ugly TRASH PILE stuffed in an alleyway beside the small apartment building. Only the sports car is shiny.

4 INT. JASON'S LOFT

4

As he watches from the window, Jason looks anxious.

JASON

Trina, these people here, they
can't see what's missing every day.
How much better this could be. And
this one they call "mayor." Ought
to be ashamed to show his face.

Jason is talking to an empty room.

He pulls down his blinds. We now see a CHALKBOARD adjacent to the window, crammed with drawings and equations. At the top he has written: 2.6 SECONDS.

He scribbles, erases, scribbles. PRODUCTION NOTE: *the equations are physics equations of time, mass, momentum, friction, etc. The sort of things a guilt-ridden man might obsess over if shattered by a traffic accident.*

We realize this is a compulsion. As he writes faster, his chalk SQUEALS loudly against the board, steadily louder until it subtly blends (SFX) with the sound of screeching brakes...and a muted woman's scream.

As Jason scribbles, we notice a framed WEDDING PHOTO of a younger Jason and his lovely bride, beside a long-dead rose.

5 EXT MAIN STREET

5

Jason exits the church walking hunched like a man who doesn't want to be noticed. Crosses the street. When he passes the apartment building next to the diner and sees a door hanging loose on its hinge, he stops in his tracks. An elderly white couple emerges from the door.

JASON

(quiet, halting)

Door.

They don't answer, eyeing him warily. Jason points.

JASON (CONT'D)

Door's about to fall off that
hinge. See? You need to fix that.
Swings the wrong way, you could
have an accident.

The couple finally looks convinced of his sincerity. MRS. TURNER (white, 70s) examines the door with her husband, MR. TURNER (white, 70s).

MR. TURNER
Who're you telling, mister?

MRS. TURNER
We've complained a million times.

JASON
(more to himself)
Can't stay like that.

Jason turns his back, walking toward the diner.

Jason pulls out a notepad and jots down APT. DOOR HINGE.

MAYOR RILEY'S CORVETTE ALMOST SIDESWIPES JASON AS RILEY RACES AWAY FROM THE CURB. Riley never saw Jason, absently drinking his coffee to go. but his wife, Gloria (white, 30s, blonde, aging model type), looks aghast.

She mouths an apology to Jason as the car speeds off. We see her begin to scold Riley, but the car drives on. No apology.

MR. TURNER (O.S.)
Thinks he's king shit.

MRS. TURNER (O.S.)
Got the last part right.

Jason stares as Riley's car zips around the corner.

6 INT. JASON'S ROOM - EVENING

6

Jason looks bone tired, but he's ritualistically straightening the items he's repairing in his room. *Everything is meticulous.* Again he studies his equations...

...when he notices his small, old-school console color TV playing a snowy image of a local ad: we see Mayor Riley dressed as a cowboy, sitting atop a steer as it walks between rows of cars. Jason turns the volume up.

RILEY (ON TV)
--So come on 'round, partner, and rustle yourself up a deal! Riley Pre-Owned Auto Emporium - exit 5 off the Interstate three miles north of Littleton.

He holds a cheesy thumbs-up and grin. Then the TV's graphic shows an elaborate map: this town is *hard to find*.

Jason snaps off the TV, reminded of his earlier anger.

He stands over his NIGHT TABLE DRAWER: this is his nightly test. He almost turns off the light, but instead, he opens the drawer: inside, he has a 3/4 empty bottle of JOHNNY WALKER whiskey.

He holds the bottle like a fragile, living thing. Stares at it. Closes his eyes. A gentle relief crosses his face.

JASON

Not tonight, Mister Walker.

This is a ritual. And punishment. He puts the bottle back in the drawer, closes it. He SCORE-MARKS his pad: another in a long series of nights he has wrestled with demons and won. The pad is obsessively stitched with such marks.

7

EXT. CHURCH GARDEN - DAY

7

CLOSE ON bright, colorful roses blooming in the church's drab garden. Jason is clipping the rose bushes to perfection.

PASTOR NICKI (black, 50s, Viola Davis type) approaches in street clothes from a small cottage behind the church. Admiring the roses.

PASTOR NICKI

You really are a miracle.

Jason looks uncomfortable, almost pained, by the praise.

JASON

No, Pastor... Just know my fertilizer.

(uneasy beat)

Used to celebrate today.

PASTOR NICKI

Birthday?

Jason doesn't answer. Insight dawns on Pastor Nicki.

PASTOR NICKI (CONT'D)

Anniversary?

She's guessed right. That and much more.

JASON

Cops blamed the kid who blew through the light, but... I lost control. I'd estimate I spun for two point six seconds. Force vectors and coefficients of friction.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)
 (catches himself babbling)
 You steer into the skid.

He seems so wounded, floating in a sea of pain and guilt.

PASTOR NICKI
 (indicating roses)
 Healing comes in many forms, Jason.
 Great and small.

8 VARIETY OF ANGLES

8

There is an unsightly dumping ground adjacent to the rear of the church. Beside the SOLD sign, another: First Church of Littleton Beautification Project. As Jason clears, the desert heat beats down on him, but he seems to enjoy the exertion. He loses himself in it.

He pulls a tattered garbage bag away from a trash pile and finds beneath it A REMARKABLY ACCURATE DIORAMA OF THE TOWN'S MAIN STREET, maybe two by three feet, dusty but otherwise in fine condition: the church, the diner, the apartment building, the bank. It's all here.

The diorama is also dotted with cars and figures frozen in place. Nothing on the model is visibly moving.

He glances around for anyone who might have left it.

ON the diorama: CLOSE ON the abandoned lot behind the church...and a man's figure dressed similarly to him. *Is this him, frozen in place?* He is intrigued.

JASON
 Wait--what?

9 INT. LOFT STAIRWAY

9

Jason carries the model up the stairs, his arms wide. He moves carefully: this is special. He does not jar the model.

JASON
 Where did you come from?
 Well...welcome to the Island of
 Misfit Toys. You came to the right
 place for some TLC.

10 INT. JASON'S ROOM

10

Jason enters his open doorway, and carefully sets the model down on a table.

Cautiously, Jason turns the KEY in its mechanism, and to his delight, a sundial-style CLOCK built into the face starts moving. Little LIGHTS go on in some of the buildings. Cute!

He notices that the figure he saw in the trash lot is gone.

JASON

Where'd he go?

He sees a figure that could be him is now in the attic window. OH SHIT!

JASON (CONT'D)

Get the fu--

When he starts in surprise, his hip BUMPS the model. Cars and buildings on the model SHAKE.

BOOM. A large sound startles Jason, and his room shakes, glass tinkling. The curtains sway.

Up and down the street outside, CAR ALARMS blare, and we hear loud voices from the street. Jason goes to the window and peers down. A few people are wandering outside, quake-dazed.

JASON (CONT'D)

(to himself, shook)

What was that?

On Main Street, a crowd gathers at a LARGE SIGN that has fallen from Littleton Bank. Behind him, *Jason notices that the same sign has fallen down on the model.*

Jason is stunned, staring between his window and the street.

NARRATOR

Submitted for your approval Mr. Jason Grant. A man of small dreams and even smaller actions, who's found a world tiny enough to give him some measure of control. If he yearns for the power to steer his own life, that just makes him like the rest of us. But unlike the rest of us, Jason is about to discover what really happens when your wish is granted... in the Twilight Zone.

END TEASE

ACT I

11 EXT./INT. DINER - MORNING

11

The windows are DUSTY ON the outside, the building's paint chipped. Inside, the diner is a long counter in front of a grill and a small collection of booths. It's sanitary but cluttered, dishes stacked in the sink, a happy chaos, except the booths are nearly empty.

We almost don't see Jason sitting in the corner of a booth beside a brown plant screaming for water. His face is nearly hidden behind a colorful graphic novel: Octavia E. Butler's PARABLE OF THE SOWER. He's excited, eavesdropping.

At a booth near him, a FARMER in a cowboy hat (white, 60s) TOWNIE #1 (Latino, 50s-60s) and Townie #2 (black, 60s-70s), chat over coffee. They are older citizens who have seen everything, and hang around together.

TOWNIE #1

...We don't get earthquakes in Littleton. End of story.

FARMER

What about the 6.0 I gave your wife last night?

TOWNIE #2

A whole lotta shakin' goin' on!

They laugh like it's the first joke they've ever heard. Ana disapproves, gesturing toward her son, EMILIO (14, Latino) and they settle down.

Ana she walks right past Jason to the next booth with a plate and a pot of coffee. She only sees Jason when she turns around. She's startled.

ANA

Whoa. Sorry, I...missed you there. Jaxon, right? I'm bad with names.

JASON

Jason like the Argonauts.

ANA

Coffee?

He pushes his mug closer to her and she pours.

JASON

That was...something last night.

ANA

Big news in a little town. All anybody's talking about.

JASON

(noticing clientele)

One more customer and you'd have a jazz quintet. Always this empty?

ANA

Since they built the Interstate. Wish I'd known before I signed my lease. But live and learn. Breakfast?

Jason shakes his head, distracted. She walks to the counter.

JASON

(to himself now)

That was really something.

At the counter, Ana checks her son's schoolwork. Jason notices that the diner's kitchen area is decorated with her son's art work: superheroes, dragons, demons. *He's talented.*

ANA

(to Emilio)

OK, good. Go. After school, we jump on painting the wall.

Emilio packs his homework into his backpack.

EMILIO

That's like gold-plating a turd.

ANA

(hurt; she's working *hard*)

Hey. Language.

(tones down her response)

Paint works wonders. You'll see.

Jason dumps the rest of his water in the dying plant and gets up. As he passes the counter, he slides his graphic novel into Emilio's open backpack. A gift of colorful art.

Carefully, Jason removes a CLEAR TARP he covered the model with, sets it aside. He ignores the EQUATIONS on the board behind him. He approaches the model carefully.

JASON

Let's just say...the professor has questions.

Jason examines the model with a MAGNIFYING GLASS, walking around the table to take it all in. More and more excited.

JASON (CONT'D)

Oh, OK. I see you. All this detail. Hand made, not some assembly line. Not you.

CLOSE on the model: the side door to the apartment building across the street is slightly ajar, the tiny hinge loose.

JASON (CONT'D)

Oh snap. Even that loose door hinge--damn. Well played. You didn't miss a thing, huh? Moving parts...but I never see anything move. What's that all about? Let's take a look under the hood, shall we? Why yes, we shall.

He lifts up the edge of the model. Under the platform is an intricate mass of clockwork gears. He is delighted.

JASON (CONT'D)

Yes. Look at you. Don't need all that for a clock. It's all Matrix-y under here because...of course it is. Because you are just that badass. How long did you spend making this?

Jason's magnifying glass returns to Main Street, to the diner across the street, accurate even the peeling paint on the facade. *Is there a figure of a woman inside...?* He can't quite tell. The windows are too dusty.

Jason grabs a SPRAY BOTTLE and sprays water on the model. *Rain suddenly drums across his rooftop and windows.*

Jason pauses: Is he imagining the rain? He sprays again, and rain falls HARDER. A THUNDERCLAP rumbles above him.

Jason jumps up from his seat, pacing the floor. Mind blown.

Through his open window...

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)

Drive careful! Road's gonna be slippery.

Jason goes to the window and sticks his head outside. On the street, a couple of surprised townspeople are staring at the sky. *Rain is rare here. Droplets spray Jason's face...and then the rain slowly dissipates. As if it came from nowhere.*

Jason pulls back inside, stunned. And wet.

JASON

Okay...okay. Don't lose it.
Coincidence.

Jason sits in front of the model with new respect. He picks up the SPRAY BOTTLE again, but sets it down. Slowing down.

JASON (CONT'D)

Who would make something like this?
All this elegant complexity... Why
just throw it away? Why give up
this...
(deeper realization)
...power...?

Still stunned, Jason searches the room and finds a powerful FLASHLIGHT. Through his curtains, the sky outside is dark.

He clicks on the flashlight, lighting the model. BRIGHT LIGHT pours through Jason's window, *lighting his room.*

JASON (CONT'D)

Yes!

Beat while Jason stares, flabbergasted. Excited, Jason sets his watch's TIMER function and turns OFF the flashlight. The light outside remains...

JASON (CONT'D)

(watching stopwatch)
One one-thousand--

CLOSE on the watch's whizzing microseconds, and almost instantly--

--his window goes DARK. He flicks the light on again, moving the flashlight *even closer*--and the light through his window looks like it's midday. Blinding intensity.

Jason is so excited, he's shaking: the light outside STROBES while his hand shakes.

JASON (CONT'D)

"Let there be light."

He is giddy with possibilities.

JASON (CONT'D)
I am a god!

INTERCUT:

INT. JASON'S ROOM

Jason, singing to himself, works on the model with feverish delight, and every repair he makes is mirrored in the real world *instantly*.

13 EXT. VARIOUS LOCALES - LATER THAT NIGHT

13

Sleeping townspeople are unaware of a series of strange events in the dark: *PRODUCTION NOTE: these effects could feel slightly retro, like old-time stop motion. A pothole on Main Street filling itself. A fallen trash can stands up while a scared stray dog barks at it. A pile of leaves in the church yard blows away, leaving the yard clean. A dead tree flies from the ground. The alleyway trash pile beside the diner blows away.*

INT. JASON'S ROOM

Jason checks his window: the sky is graying, nearly dawn. He has time for one last fix before morning, but what? He studies the model. CLOSE on the diner and its flaking paint. Some paint on the side is fresh, but unfinished.

JASON
 Paint...paint...

He finds a tube of model paint and a slender paint brush. Using his magnifying glass for precision, he paints the model. We do not see his work, only his concentration.

JASON (CONT'D)
 Not sure about the color, but...

15 EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

15

The Last Chance Diner is painted with a loud PEACH COLOR that leaps out on the bland street like a tropical vacation. Passersby stare...and stream inside, business more brisk.

Jason watches townspeople's reactions as he stands across the street in front of the church, glowing with pride.

Everywhere he looks, people are talking about the night's strange events. Two townies are unloading a truck in front of the nearby GAS STATION/CONVENIENCE STORE.

TOWNIE #1

...then I bet it was a meteor.
Earth shook from here to the I-10,
but nothin' on the news. Meteor.

FARMER

Flashing like a disco ball? Who saw
it, me or you?
(conspiratorial)
It was a message, maybe Morse Code.
It was an intelligent
communication.

TOWNIE #2

From what...aliens?
(robotic)
"Take...us...to...your...shitty...
car lot."

FARMER has no answer for that.

TOWNIE #2 (CONT'D)

Exactly.

Listening, Jason is beside himself with excitement.

PASTOR NICKI

Well, that was fast.

Jason is startled when she approaches him: *Does she know?* Her husband, FRANCISCO (Filipino, 50s, cheerful), is with her.

PASTOR NICKI (CONT'D)

The trash on the new lot. How'd you
clear it out so quick?

JASON

Leaf blower.

FRANCISCO

When? We didn't hear a peep back in
the house...

Pastor Nicki's attention is drawn to the brightly painted diner. She's not quite sure if she likes it. It's *different*.

PASTOR NICKI

Well, that was one way to go.

JASON
It "pops," right?

PASTOR NICKI
(deciding)
Actually...yes. Did you...?

JASON
Was in my room all night.

Pastor Nicki watches, curious, as Jason crosses the street toward the diner. Jason is strolling with pride now, no longer walking as if he wants to disappear.

16 EXT. DINER

16

From the alleyway, Jason is amused to see Emilio staring at the diner's paint job, slack-jawed with surprise. Emilio is wearing his backpack, ready for school.

Ana ducks outside in her work apron and goes to her son.

ANA
Emilito? What did you do?

EMILIO
Huh?

ANA
This is so pretty, such a great job, but Mr. Riley would never approve. Did you paint all night? Where'd you even get the paint?

Emilio is barely listening, stunned, admiring the paint job.

EMILIO
Mom... This? Wasn't me.

ANA
Who, then?

Ana glances up and sees Jason watching. She isn't happy.

ANA (CONT'D)
Ah. Give me the book.

EMILIO
What book?

But he knows. Grudgingly, he pulls the graphic novel from his backpack. Ana takes it and marches toward Jason, who is realizing this isn't the reaction he was hoping for.

ANA
Excuse me. Good morning.
(pleasantries done)
Was it you?

JASON
Me...?

ANA
Did you paint my diner...bright
orange?

JASON
(trying to be light)
It looks more...peach?
(off Ana's irritation)
I was in my room. Right up there.
All night.

He points up to his attic apartment window. She looks at the window, then back at him. She doesn't believe him, but when she glances at his bland clothing, her anger melts. Ana digs in her pocket and extracts a wad of wilted bills.

ANA
This is all I have. But next time,
please ask my permission. My
landlord...you have no idea. He's
not a "paint my walls peach" kind
of guy.

JASON
(refusing the money)
No. Really.

Instead, Ana hands Jason the GRAPHIC NOVEL.

JASON (CONT'D)
Boy's an artist. I just thought...

ANA
I appreciate that. I know you're
just trying to be nice, but...

Her face clouds with her unspoken history. Something ugly.

Ana looks at the diner's paint again...and softens. She looks back at Jason as if she's seeing him for the first time.

ANA (CONT'D)
...You know what? Even though my
landlord will hate it--maybe even
because he'll hate it--I love this
color...and my son loves that book.

JASON

Like Octavia Butler said, "The Only
Lasting Truth is Change."

Jason gives the GRAPHIC NOVEL back to her, and she takes it.
Emilio smiles, shoving it into his backpack again.

Across the street in the church doorway, Pastor Nicki is
still watching Jason silhouetted against the lovely diner.

17 INT. JASON'S BATHROOM - LATER 17

In his cramped, dimly-lit bathroom, A WHIR of an electric
shaver, and Jason is shaving off his beard. Clumps of hair
fall into the sink.

When Jason wipes his face with a towel, his reflection is a
revelation. He looks handsome and somehow hopeful. He stares,
transfixed: he barely recognizes himself.

18 EXT. MONTAGE 18

Over days, Jason, shaven and smartly dressed, struts around
Main Street, watching residents noticing his fixes. You
almost hear the Bee Gees "Stayin' Alive" in his head.

Main Street is immaculate, splashed with new colors and
plants along the well manicured sidewalk. Think of Coco. He's
not just a fixer, he's an artist!

At the apartment building, the rear door hinge is no longer
broken, the door painted a lovely BLUE. When the elderly
couple, exits the door, they're holding hands like
newlyweds, glowing at each other.

When they see Jason, they wave. Jason waves back.

19 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE 19

Jason pretends to browse the shelves, listening to stories. A
GAS STATION OWNER (white, 40s, beefy build, biker type,
improbably perky) is ringing up TOWNIE #3 (Latino, 60s).

GAS STATION OWNER

...He wanted a grand to move my fig
tree, the one that fell out back?
But it's gone now. Trunk, stump,
roots--gone. Overnight.

TOWNIE #3

Who the hell did that?

GAS STATION OWNER

Whoever it is, I owe 'em a beer.

(noticing Jason)

Hey, fella--looking for something?

Jason freezes, expecting a confrontation. Small nod. The owner gives him a vigorously friendly grin, almost manic. He's *really* excited his dead tree problem is gone.

GAS STATION OWNER (CONT'D)

Take your time, sir. Lemme know if

I can help you find anything.

Welcome to Littleton!

New grooming, new attitude...yeah, THIS Jason IS new to town.

END ACT ONE

ACT II

20 EXT./INT. CHURCH - SUNDAY - MORNING

20

A BELL tolls throughout Littleton, drawing a cheerful crowd.

Marquee: FIRST CHURCH OF LITTLETON | NON-DENOMINATIONAL |
PASTOR NICHELLE DEL RIO | ALL FAITHS WELCOME | TODAY:
CELEBRATING THE MIRACLE

Jason, wearing a suit, watches the crowd file in from the rear sanctuary door. Mayor Riley and his wife, Gloria, are making their way to the door with teenage son, BEN (14, entitled air). As Riley passes people, they give him sunny smiles and pat his back.

RILEY

Holy hell.

GLORIA

At church? Really?

RILEY

Glo, they're smiling. Real smiles!
 Not "I wanna punch your heart out"
 smiles.

BEN

People think you're the one fixing
 stuff. "Handy Man." Not the best
 superhero name...

Jason hears this, and flinches.

RILEY

(a plastic smile, nodding)
 Fine, I'll take it.

GLORIA

Are you doing any of it?

Jason sees Riley turn to give her a look: Hell, no!

Not paying attention, Riley walks head-first into Jason, who is near the rear church doorway. Jason stumbles off-balance.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

He's so sorry! Excuse him.

RILEY

(overly imperious)
Hey, fella, watch where
 you're going--

BEN
 (under his breath)
 Walk much, Dad?

Jason stares as Riley and his family move forward. Riley glances back, sensing resentment from Jason. No apology.

Pastor Nicki stands beside Jason.

PASTOR NICKI
 He's not good with new people.

JASON
 Maybe he's just not good. Takes credit for things he didn't do.

21 INT - CHURCH

21

While Pastor Nicki heads to the pulpit, Jason watches Riley glad-handing the congregation before taking his seat.

The burr of conversation stops as she stands at the pulpit.

PASTOR NICKI
 I haven't seen some of y'all in a minute. In fact, I thought some of you had moved over to the big time in Las Cruces.
 (laughter)
 But I understand what brings us together on this new day.

SCAN the rapt, contented crowd. This is a multicultural town: a bare majority of whites, but several blacks and even more Latinos. Jason sits in an empty pew in the back, unnoticed.

PASTOR NICKI (CONT'D)
 Instead of miracles of old, today we celebrate a different kind of miracle: a rebirth in Littleton. What hubby Francisco calls *El Ayudante*: The Helper. Someone in our community cares--in fact, probably more than one person...

She glances at Riley as if to say she knows it isn't him.

PASTOR NICKI (CONT'D)
 Someone has decided to take responsibility for the welfare of her neighbors. His friends. Fixing the street. Painting the diner.
 (MORE)

PASTOR NICKI (CONT'D)
 Hauling trash, pulling trees,
 making our town...beautiful.

The congregation murmurs "Amen." Jason is pleased but somber, moved by the weight of their gratitude.

PASTOR NICKI (CONT'D)
 Let us embrace this gift, and treat everyone as if *they* might be the helper. We all have within us the power to heal, to care, to love. Turn to the brother on your right, the sister on your left, hug them, and say: "Thank you." And mean it.

Congregants turn to each other with a boisterous round of "thank-you's." No one is near Jason to thank him.

Mayor Riley stands up and waves to the crowd, as if he's been called to make a speech but feels bashful. The church swells with applause, and Riley loves it. Embarrassed, Riley's wife urges him to sit down.

Ana, sitting beside her son, glances back at Jason as if she suspects...or is simply noticing that he's sitting alone.

Jason is hurt. More than he expected to be.

22 EXT./INT. DINER - DUSK 22

Mayor Riley's red Corvette is parked in front of the diner.

23 EXT DINER 23

Jason leaves the diner with takeout. He picks up a SMALL ROCK on the street, and eyes Riley's shiny vintage car...

24 INT. JASON'S ROOM - LATE AT NIGHT 24

Jason is staring at the diorama through a protective clear plastic tarp he has draped over it, without his former joy.

Jason removes the tarp and stares at the model of Mayor Riley's car, now parked in front of replica of the bank at the end of Main Street. (The fallen sign has been repaired.)

JASON
 That man is a post tortoise. See it wiggling on a fencepost and you know he didn't get there by himself.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

He knows, too, and isn't that the hell of it? Everyone knows. So you drive around town in your daddy's little red Corvette, symbol of everything you didn't create. Chaos, that's what you are. Well, they say fight fire with fire. What if we fought chaos...with chaos.

Carefully, he drops the rock on the miniature version of Mayor Riley's prized vintage 'Vette.

Outside, a SCREAMING like a falling mortar round, and a RED FLASH from his window.

25 EXT. MAIN STREET

25

A METEOR streaks from the sky and SMASHES the Corvette to pieces on the street, reducing it to a plume of rising smoke. CRUNCH!! With a cry, Jason ducks.

26 INT. JASON'S ROOM - NIGHT

26

Jason slowly rises from where he ducked the meteor's impact. Car alarms are blaring up and down the street.

JASON

(horrified)

Oh, shit! I didn't mean--

Shocked, Jason peers outside of his window. His view of the street below: the meteor still boils in a ball where the car once sat. *Nothing else was touched by the meteor.* Lights flick on in the unharmed apartment building next to the bank.

JASON (CONT'D)

(relieved)

No one hurt. Okay. Okay.

Once the initial wave of shock passes, he's...pleased. As he stares through the window, he feels more and more powerful. His face glows in RED from the meteor's light.

JASON (CONT'D)

"These exhalations whizzing in the air/ Give so much light that I might read by them." *Julius Caesar.*

The sound of a SIREN breaks the spell. As if he might somehow get caught, Jason rushes to cover the model with his clear tarp again. He doesn't notice that he has left a wide gap on the end of the model where the miniature meteor still glows.

27 EXT. MAIN STREET - BANK BUILDING - MORNING

27

VIEWFINDER: we see amateur footage and a counter from Emilio's phone camera: the charred paint spatter that was once a cherry red Corvette. And Riley's misery as he paces around it. Emilio's caption: JUSTICE FROM THE SKY.

EMILIO (O.S.)
 (to camera)
 A comet landed right here in
 Littleton--

TOWNIE #2 (O.S.)
 (correcting Emilio)
 Meteor.

EMILIO (O.S.)
 ...And it only hit the mayor's car!

VIDEO IMAGE as he zooms in on Mayor Riley, who is mourning while Gloria and Ben attend to him like a funeral party. Everything near the smoldering hulk is still pristine. Police tape still ropes off the end of the street around the charred meteor shell, but first responders are long gone.

Amateur footage pans to the edge of the crowd...and we see Jason, grinning, his NOTEBOOK in his hand at the meteor site on the opposite side, away from Riley.

RILEY
 (to the sky)
 Whyyyyyyy? There's a Honda Civic
 parked five yards away. Just whyyy?

Bystanders are chuckling at the irony now.

END VIDEO FOOTAGE. A smirking Emilio is shooting with his smartphone, Ana beside him. The elderly couple, the Turners, are sitting in lawn chairs to watch the spectacle. This might be the most entertainment they've had in years.

We follow Jason...who is studying the charred ring around the meteor, *which doesn't even touch the curb.*

JASON
 (to himself, excited)
 Unreal. Except it is real. Such
 precision! The improbability is
 ...astronomical. But here it is!

MRS. TURNER

(to Jason)

Right square...I mean didn't hit
nobody or nothing else. Look! Even
that little acacia tree is OK!

TOWNIE #1

I tried to tell people another
meteor came through the other
night. Lit up the whole street!

But Jason is ignoring them, lost in the possibilities. Pastor
Nicki watches Jason, intrigued by him: *Something seems off.*

MAYOR RILEY (O.S.)

(angry)

Who did this? Who the hell is
..."Inuyasha 14?"

Jason notices as Riley stalks to Emilio, who turns off his
phone. Riley's shock and anger have a target now. Riley is
looking at a cell phone in his hand.

MAYOR RILEY (CONT'D)

(to Emilio)

Is this you?

Emilio shrugs. Barely hiding a smile. Jason moves closer.

ANA

What's going on?

MAYOR RILEY

(to Emilio, ignoring Ana)

You like jokes? How about this one:
when your mother's lease is up, her
rent's going up too. Way up. Let's
say...40 percent.

ANA

You can't do that.

MAYOR RILEY

Oh, I can. And make it 50 percent.

(to Emilio)

Next time, maybe don't laugh at
other people's misfortunes.

A few quiet groans in the crowd: what a jerk. Jason lowers
his notebook, realizing Ana and Emilio are now paying a cost
for his petty fun. The entire crowd's mood has shifted.

ANA
 (with desperation)
 Please....Mr. Riley. Whatever he
 did, he's sorry. Aren't you,
 Emilio...?

EMILIO
 Yeah. I'm sorry.

GLORIA
 (to Riley)
 Terry! What's all this?

RILEY
 Boy likes funny videos.

Gloria tries to hurry Riley out of sight, shushing him.

GLORIA
 Yelling at children in the middle
 of the street? Not a good look.

Jason is wrestling with his role in this, rationalizes it.

JASON
 (to Ana)
 He deserved what he got.

Ana, hugging Emilio protectively, is fighting tears.

28 INT. UPPER STAIRWAY - LATER

28

Pastor Nicki tentatively knocks on Jason's door. He answers quickly, almost startling her. He has an intense look, as if he were interrupted mid-task.

PASTOR NICKI
 Jason.

JASON
 (only polite)
 Pastor Nicki.

She almost peeks over his shoulder, but suppresses her curiosity. Even she doesn't seem to know what she wants.

PASTOR NICKI
 I was headed back to the house and
 I realized...you get so much done
 here. And so fast.

JASON
 Thank you?

PASTOR NICKI

But...I never see you working.

A beat while she waits for him to volunteer something.

JASON

Like I just snap my fingers, huh?

PASTOR NICKI

(nervous laugh)

Almost.

JASON

So you think I'm...*El Ayudante*?

He says that as if saying *El Zorro*. Pastor Nicki is startled by his directness: *Is he?*

JASON (CONT'D)

Pastor Nicki, I'm happy you like the job I do here. But you know me. I--

PASTOR NICKI

--stay in your room all night.

Pastor Nicki doesn't totally believe him...but can't fully form the next thought.

29 INT. JASON'S ROOM

29

Jason is pacing after his visit from Pastor Nicki. *She suspects something.*

He glances toward the model, still covered in the clear tarp. The gap in the tarp is facing away from him.

JASON

Too much last night... Not your best moment. Give it a rest.

He turns on his TV. As Jason flips through his channels, the camera PUSHES through the gap in the tarp...and we see the model of the bank. A small crater from the meteor is still visible near a plain WHITE car. One light is ON in a top floor bank office.

MATCH CUT TO:

30 EXT. MAIN STREET BANK 30

The light in the upper office is the only one still ON. It is late. Main Street emptied out long ago, most people in bed.

31 INT. JASON'S ROOM - LATER 31

The TV is flickering with snow. Jason has fallen asleep in a chair next to the table with his model, the TV static reflected in his glasses. In the dim light, we see MOVEMENT on the tabletop... Is that...?

It's a giant spider: a tarantula! The spider is moving across the tarp on the model...toward the gap...

Jason sleeps on, while...

-One after the other, huge, bristly legs slink past the tarp's opening...until the spider is on mini "Main Street."

32 INT. EMILIO'S ROOM - SAME TIME 32

Emilio has fallen asleep. Walls covered with anime and Mexican-inspired art. THUMP!

The sound of giant spider footfalls half-awaken him. He rolls over and looks out the window, near the head of his bed. Groggy, he sees the spider walk past his bedroom window, sure he is dreaming.

EMILIO
(mumbling)
Giant spider. Even my nightmares
suck.

He rolls over and goes back to sleep.

33 INT. JASON'S ROOM 33

A THUMP shakes Jason's room, somewhat like the earthquake. Then, another THUMP. Jason wakes up, startled.

He goes to his window...and *sees the giant spider on Main Street*, skulking near the bank's shining light. One hairy leg reaches out...and bricks from the bank CRASH to the street.

PRODUCTION NOTE: While realistic, the spider's body design and movement, as well as camera angles and musical cues, should be slightly whimsical, as if the spider itself is a little confused by what is happening. We might be reminded of a scene in ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET TARANTULA.

34 INT. MAYOR RILEY'S OFFICE 34

Mayor Riley is frozen with his voice recorder at his lips.

He's staring out of his window at the giant spider...and the giant's giant eye stares back at him.

35 JASON'S ROOM 35

Shocked, Jason watches the giant spider STEP SQUARELY on Riley's NEW CAR, and then look down and shake its leg like a man trying to shake a bucket off his foot.

36 MONTAGE: 36

Riley drops the recorder and tries to scramble to his feet, but he falls over. That giant spider face is moving toward him. MULTIFACETED TARANTULA POV as eight Rileys SCREAM.

The curious arachnid RIPS THROUGH THE SIDE OF THE BANK--

Debris tumbles around the shocked and terrified Riley.

MAYOR RILEY

Help!

END ACT II

37

37

ACT III

38

INT/EXT VARIOUS

38

MONTAGE. Jason rushes to the model and carefully peels back the tarp until he sees the tarantula. The spider moves, knocking over more bricks.

The spider GRABS THE MAYOR'S CHAIR with its jaws and hoists him up. Riley is staring into the spider's eyes, terrified...*then the spider disappears and Riley thumps back on the ground, chair in pieces.* He scrambles back against the wall with eyes wide.

39

INT. JASON'S ROOM - NIGHT

39

Almost lovingly, Jason shakes the spider off a piece of cardboard into an empty cup.

JASON

(to spider, gently)

No no no no. Bad spider. You don't eat people. Not even Riley.

40

EXT. CHURCH GARDEN - NIGHT

40

As Jason comes out with the spider, in the background we see the ruins at one corner of the bank building across the street. The light in the window is now FLICKERING. Jason sets the spider loose...and notices the damage.

JASON

(to spider)

There ya go. Go find a nice, juicy fly. .

DISSOLVE TO:

42

EXT. BANK - EARLY MORNING

42

The CAR is crushed, but the WALL is whole! Riley is unshaven, like a mad preacher, and townsfolk are unimpressed. Jason observes on the outskirts of the little crowd, vastly amused.

TOWNIE #2

(faintly heard)

Well I don't know, Terry.

(MORE)

TOWNIE #2 (CONT'D)
 I mean, if a giant spider tore down
 your wall...wouldn't it be
 like...tore down?

RILEY
 Then what happened to my CAR?

FARMER
 Again?

TOWNIE #1 (O.S.)
 Maybe another meteor!

CLOSE on the mayor's mangled car, destroyed through the roof.

ANOTHER ANGLE--Jason notices that Emilio is painting a GIANT SPIDER on the side of the diner. It's inspired! Gorgeous and colorful, not frightening. The spider has electrified him.

Riley notices Emilio's painting too. Emilio, listening to his ear buds, doesn't see Riley coming.

MAYOR RILEY
 That spider! Hey.

Emilio pulls out an ear bud to listen, wary.

MAYOR RILEY (CONT'D)
 You saw it, didn't you! You tell
 them! No one believes me!

Emilio seems to consider it, but goes back to his painting.

EMILIO
 (sarcastic, painting)
 Spider? No idea what you mean.

MAYOR RILEY
 You little smart-ass...

Facing the wall, Emilio is smiling. Riley looks ready to scream at Emilio and Jason is ready to intervene...

...when Riley's wife and son, Ben, appear and steer him away, trying to calm him.

MRS. RILEY
 Terry...were you drinking last--

MAYOR RILEY
 NO!
 (back toward Emilio)
 You know what happens to smart
 asses?

BEN RILEY
 (faux innocence)
 They get elected mayor?

ON RILEY struggling to stay pissed. His son's quip breaks his dark mood. He tousles the boy's hair as they retreat.

Emilio glances up and sees Jason watching him paint. Jason gives him a thumbs up sign. Emilio grins at him.

As he walks away, Riley looks back and sees Emilio smiling. He hasn't let this go.

43 JASON'S ROOM - NIGHT

43

Jason digs through boxes and finds a TOY TRAIN TRACK.

JASON
 Let's try a real project. Littleton needs more traffic. How do we build an offramp, Trina? Feed I-10 right onto Main Street? Let's see... If we take this piece of train track and put it here... spackle... paint...

He matches actions to words.

JASON (CONT'D)
 Nothing else bad. Just the good...

TIME LAPSE as Jason makes magic.

44 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

44

A shiny new green highway sign proclaims: EXIT 5A - LITTLETON - FOOD | GAS.

45 EXT MAIN STREET MONTAGE

45

Like Jimmy Stewart walking through Bedford Falls in IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE, Jason strolls the town, enjoying the bustle. Residents marvel. *And traffic has picked up immediately.* At the gas station, there's a wait with cars lined up.

Enterprising young kids have made a sign in front of the meteor's crater and debris from the car: METEOR SELFIES \$10. It's a hit! They've never made so much cash.

Jason goes to the diner, but there's a line out of the door. Jason overhears:

VISITOR

I'd read about this place on Yelp,
but I always got lost...

VISITOR #2 (O.S.)

Did you see that amazing mural?

Ana sees Jason through the window, beaming. She gestures: *Can you believe this?* Jason smiles as he enters, sharing her joy.

46 INT. DINER

46

Ana is ringing up cheerful customers. She hands Jason his TO-GO ORDER in a bag. Jason notices Mayor Riley and his family eating in a booth. His family is animated, but Riley broods.

ANA

I'm taking a survey. "The Helper":
good or bad?

JASON

(noting the crowd)
Seems obvious.

ANA

(noting Riley)
Not to everyone.

47 INT. JASON'S ROOM

47

Jason is standing in front of his window eating a sandwich, watching the town below. Surveying the new busy traffic.

JASON

I gotta admit, Trina...I outdid
myself this time. Check me out!

He looks back at his wedding photo as if he's expecting an answer. His mood sours as he stares outside again. Below him, couples and families are enjoying each other's company.

JASON (CONT'D)

If you could stand here with me
just for one minute, one more time,
that's all I want. All I need.

(beat)

What good is this thing if I can't
make that?

Tears in his eyes, a lonely godling looks out the window at a wonder he has created, but cannot share.

The sound of SHOUTING outside.

From his window, Jason sees an argument spilling out of the diner to the curbside between Riley, Emilio and Ana.

RILEY
 (to Emilio)
 And you, liar, know damned well you saw that eight-legged son of a bitch. When the lease is up, you and your mother are OUT. Now I can sell this dump to Denny's.

Jason sees Riley shove past Emilio, who gets mad and PUSHES the Mayor. Riley PUSHES BACK, sending the boy stumbling into the street...toward traffic. Riley looks stricken: *this was not what he intended.*

ANA
 (screaming)
 Emilio!

Emilio is sprawled in the street, dazed.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As a truck on the crowded street heads straight for Emilio. The driver isn't paying attention to the road, and when he looks up Emilio is right there!

48 JASON'S ROOM 48

From his attic, Jason sees the events on the street below.

JASON
 No no no!

49 INTERCUT SLOW MOTION 49

The truck racing. Jason running to the model. Mayor Riley horrified. Ana shocked and moving, too late--

FLASH-POP: A woman shadowed in bright headlights on the passenger side of a car, an IMPACT--

JASON (V.O.)
 (muffled memory)
No!

While Emilio yells and holds his hands up as if to repel the truck, Jason FINGER FLICKS the model truck away from him.

ACTION ANGLES (prioritizing Jason's POV) as: The real-life truck flies to the neighboring GAS STATION. The driver bails out, somehow alive. People scatter, screaming.

A PROPANE TANK outside of the store EXPLODES.

50 INT. GAS STATION STORE

50

MOST OF THIS From Jason's shocked POV. FIRE erupts in the convenience store. The owner is penned in by flames. Jason seems unsure of what to do.

TOWNIE #1 (O.S.)
The propane!

ANOTHER ANGLE On the PROPANE FILLING STATION, too near the flames...

Townspeople rally with whatever they can find to fight the fire at the gas station: Ana runs with a fire extinguisher. Someone turns on a hose near the store.

Francisco, the pastor's husband, runs in carrying a BULLHORN.

FRANCISCO
(through bullhorn)
Get the fire extinguishers from the church basement! And call the Beaumont fire station!

ACTION ANGLES: The townsfolk BATTLE THE FLAMES, which are fierce. Smoke is choking. And those propane tanks!

Riley stands frozen through all of this.

51 INT. GAS STATION STORE

51

A section of roof FALLS IN. The gas station owner looks up at certain death-- and then WATER GUSHES DOWN.

52 INT. JASON'S ROOM

52

Jason is pouring bottled water on the model's fire, and it snuffs out immediately. *Water drowns the model's street.*

END ACT THREE

ACT IV

53

INT/EXT CHURCH - DAWN

53

Shocked, soaked and bedraggled townsfolk stagger into the tiny church. The conversation is at a roar as Pastor Nicki goes to the pulpit.

PASTOR NICKI

(straining to be heard)

Our town...Quiet down, please--our town has been witness to events... miracles...we cannot explain. And we have to find a way to come to terms with--

The crowd erupts with complaints. IMPORTANT: This crowd is multi-ethnic, including Ana and Emilio.

GAS STATION OWNER

(louder than the rest)

Miracle my ass! Look at my gas station! It's trashed.

The crowd is excited by hearing their fears shared by others. Pastor Nicki is losing the room.

Jason, hanging near the back, steps into the aisle.

JASON

(voice raised)

Whatever this force is, whatever it's trying to do, it seems to have the town's best interests...

Boos. Mayor Riley stands up at the front of the church.

MAYOR RILEY

It's not a what--it's a WHO.

Jason freezes. *Riley knows!* He was prepared for this. Jason is ready to tell the truth...

Mayor Riley CLICKS a controller, and a screen LIGHTS UP in front of the church. Video footage is queued up.

MAYOR RILEY (CONT'D)

He likes to work at night...creeps around while everyone is sleeping. But this time, we caught him on tape.

Now Jason is confused. What's he talking about?

The footage plays, and the crowd sees Riley shove Emilio into the street. They gasp, surprised.

MAYOR RILEY (CONT'D)

That was an accident. But this is something else.

On the video screen, we see the truck barreling toward Emilio in the street...and Emilio raises his hands. The truck flies away. *From this angle, it looks like Emilio repelled the truck.*

The crowd gasps harder. Ana and Emilio are shocked.

ANA

That's ridiculous! You could show a video of anyone on the street and it might look like--

MAYOR RILEY

(talking over her)

I don't know how he's doing it, if he's some kind of witch, or shaman...

TOWNIE (O.S.)

Devil worshipper!

Alarmed by the enraged faces surrounding her, Ana takes Emilio's hand and begins moving out of the church pew, toward the empty aisle. But a couple of townies block their path.

PASTOR NICKI

(worried)

That's enough, Terry. Stop it!

Pastor Nicki snatches the mic away from Riley, who then walks down the aisle toward Emilio, pointing at him.

MAYOR RILEY

He bragged on Instagram. You've all seen his video! He called it "Justice From the Sky."

EMILIO

I didn't do that! I mean, I did the video, but...how do you make a meteor?

MAYOR RILEY

You tell us!

Some in the crowd are now wary of Emilio, moving away from him. But others are staying close to keep him from escaping. They all look like they expect lightning to strike.

ANA

Emilio is a good boy. He's not a...a witch! Listen to yourselves! Some bad things happened and you need to blame somebody.

MAYOR RILEY

(to crowd)

How's he doing it? What will he do next? Who *dies* next time?

CLOSE, STARK ANGLES of angry, frightened townie faces.

PASTOR NICKI

Listen to me--

MAYOR RILEY

Grab him!

GAS STATION OWNER

Make him talk!

Emilio is grabbed by Ben, the Mayor's son, but he throws a PUNCH to defend himself, and the other boy sprawls, dazed.

Enraged, Mayor Riley throws a punch at Emilio--hitting Ana instead, who FALLS BACK. Whipped into a frenzy, the townies devolve into a lynch mob-

ON JASON, utterly mortified. He grabs the microphone from Pastor Nicki.

JASON

(authoritative roar)

Stop!

The mic's volume is loud, with SQUEALING FEEDBACK. Townies cover their ears. The fighting stops. People are holding Emilio and Ana in place.

JASON (CONT'D)

You fools! Let him go! Don't touch her! It has nothing to do with them! It's me.

While townspeople look uncertain, Emilio and Ana pull themselves free. Ana puts her arm around Emilio.

TOWNIE #2

You just trying to protect her!

JASON
It's always been me!

Reactions: Pastor Nicki is shocked. So are Ana and Emilio.
Mayor Riley is intrigued.

JASON (CONT'D)
I made that truck fly! I had to, so
it wouldn't hit Emilio. I have the
power, not some boy! I'm the one
who holds your miserable god damned
lives in my hands!

Jason is convincing. People are moving away from *him*. Riley
looks at Jason as if he's seeing him for the first time.

MAYOR RILEY
You...?

Riley senses power...and he wants it.

MAYOR RILEY (CONT'D)
You did all this...? The spider...?
The gas station?

JASON
An accident. But yes! Look how you
were living. You'd given up
on...everything. I just tried to
make things better. It was supposed
to help!
(beat)
Things don't always go like we
plan.

Whispers. Shocked faces. Dawning comprehension. And...awe.
And...seeing Jason with new and frightened eyes.

MAYOR RILEY
How...?

JASON
I'll show you.

Pastor Nicki looks at Jason with alarm.

Jason leads the crowd into his space, his first visitors. He
is now eager to share his secret.

JASON

I found it in the vacant lot, in a trash pile. All you have to do is wind...

ON TABLE. *The table-top where the model sat is empty, a wide space where the model used to be. Jason is stunned.*

GAS STATION OWNER

Where is it?

JASON

I...I don't...It was here.

ON FACES as the angry townspeople focus their disappointment.

MAYOR RILEY

You gonna let him make *fools* of you?

Someone HITS him, and Jason reels back. Shocked at first, then ANOTHER PUNCH and this time Jason RETURNS IT, smashing the attacker. Francisco tries to intervene, and is pushed back against the wall. Jason KICKS back Marty, the gas station owner, but the impact staggers him into the pack, triggering their full anger. Emilio tries to stop them, and is punched back.

ANA

Emilio--no! Get back!

The frightened people beat down Jason and smash every carefully built treasure in the room. Jason's wedding photo is knocked over. His EQUATIONS board falls. His notebook. Furniture rattles. Jason's night table drawer open, showing the whiskey bottle.

WOMAN #1

Break it all!

Jason punches Mayor Riley, who then CLUBS him with his whiskey bottle. Jason is dazed, dashed to the ground, and his eyes go wide as a boot raises to stomp him...

--then an ear-splitting ROAR.

PASTOR NICKI

(with the bullhorn)

Stop this! What's happened to you?

Everyone turns to her, silent. She lowers the bullhorn.

PASTOR NICKI (CONT'D)

This is a disgrace! Just look at yourselves. We got a miracle. A miracle. And then we turn on each other the minute something happens we don't like? And now our miracles are a nightmare. Is this who we are?

(indicating Jason)

This poor man said the only thing he could do to stop you, to turn your rage on him to protect this child--

Ana is standing near Pastor Nicki, hugging Emilio close.

Bleeding, Jason listens to Pastor Nicki, rapt. Is that what he did? He sees himself for the first time in years.

MAYOR RILEY

Look at them: They're in it together. We can find the secret. We can make them--

Disgusted, Gloria SLAPS his face. CRACK! His mouth works in shock. Perhaps for the first time in his life...he has no words. His face clouds with shame.

GLORIA

(heartbroken)

Who are you?

The group sees themselves, realizes that anger and mindless fear turned miracles into horrors. Ashamed, they file out.

His dominance over the town utterly broken, Riley follows...

...but stops in the doorway.

MAYOR RILEY

(to Jason)

Was it you?

JASON

You'll never know.

Riley is mortified with himself. He sets a broken object upright, tries to put the pieces back together. And can't. He leaves.

A shaken Pastor Nicki is the last one left behind. Beat.

JASON (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do now?

She smiles sadly, with hard-earned wisdom.

PASTOR NICKI
Steer into the skid.

55 EXT CHURCH - DAY 55

As they flood out into the street. The sun is coming up. The town is beautiful and new...and broken.

The people don't know what to say to each other, but we see them cleaning, helping each other. They are lost...and found.

IN the church doorway, Pastor Nicki watches the slow rebirth.

56 INT JASON'S ROOM 56

Jason is sitting on the edge of his lonely bed, cradling his battered face, wincing with every movement of his cracked ribs. He reaches for the whiskey bottle on the floor. It didn't break!

JASON
The miracles keep on coming.

For the first time, he unscrews the cap and pours a drink into a dusty glass. This is no test. Hand shaking, he lifts it to his lips...when a handkerchief appears in front of him.

At first, in the sunlight, features obscured, *he can't quite see who the woman is standing over him, almost ghostlike.*

Is it--? NO. It's Ana. She and Emilio have come back to his room, and she's looking at Jason with a kind smile he never thought he would deserve again. She has found a friend she trusts. Community.

Emilio takes the handkerchief and dabs at the blood on Jason's face. Jason tenses for a moment, like an abused dog afraid of simple affection...and then relaxes.

He sets the whiskey glass down.

57 EST EXT LOS ANGELES HOMELESS ENCAMPMENT - DAY 57

CODA. A Los Angeles homeless encampment. A few people are struggling to create a vegetable garden in a vacant lot. One old lady (WHITE, 60s) is searching through a pile of trash

OLD WOMAN
 (muttering to herself)
 Come on. A little something special
 for Gracie. It's my birthday!

She turns over a crate...and under it is a model of the neighborhood, every detail perfect.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
 What in the world...?

With a key. She bends to wind it up..

58 EXT - LITTLETON MAIN STREET - DAY

58

As the citizens help each other clean. Jason is watching from his room, which is now half-straightened up.

He turns around and wipes his CHALKBOARD clean, erasing his unsolvable equation.

PULL BACK and see the NARRATOR standing in a corner of the room, previously unseen.

CLOSING NARRATION
 We can never calculate what change our actions bring into the world, whether they will be for good...or ill. Yet without action, the stars themselves go cold. Perhaps all we can do is act with hope and the small miracle of compassion. In that way wounds heal, and lonely hands find each other in the shadows, whether in our own imperfect world...or in the Twilight Zone.

END OF EPISODE