

SHOOTING ANGELS

by

RW Hahn

RW Hahn
RWHahn37@aol.com

Representative:
Alan Yott
Alanyott@aol.com

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Twenty to thirty black umbrellas surround a deep purple tent. A misty rain caresses the small throng.

PREACHER (V.O.)
I know Patrice Lawrence is
receiving a warm welcome back to
the Kingdom of Heaven.

UNDER PURPLE TENT

A funeral.

PEOPLE fill several rows of metal folding chairs. A middle aged PREACHER gives the eulogy.

PREACHER
And for the first time, like
Apostle Paul wrote in First
Corinthians thirteen, *'Now we see
but a dim reflection as in a
mirror.'*

DOCTOR HEATH LAWRENCE(40s), sits in the front row. Slicked back salt and pepper hair contrasts against his black suit and gives him the look of a statesman.

His weary eyes fixed on his WEDDING RING. He turns the highly polished wooden piece with the carved inscription "EVER" inked in black around and around on his finger.

PREACHER (O.S.)
Then we shall see face to face.

His daughter, SYLVIE(12) sits next to him, her head rests against his shoulder. With long skinny legs crossed at the ankles she wears white socks pulled knee high, black patent leather shoes and a velvet black dress.

She entwines a BLUE HAIR RIBBON around her fingers. Tears well up and fall from eyes that look like they've been crying for days.

PREACHER (O.S.)
*Now I know in part; then I shall
know fully.*

She stares ahead into a pretty pear shaped face beneath a curly mop top of black hair -- PATRICE LAWRENCE(32), her mother. Her infectious smile gleams back from an extra-large gold framed PICTURE.

PREACHER (O.S.)
Even as I am fully known.

Sylvie breaks away from the happy picture, glances around at the mourners. Her green eyes glint from underneath her black mop top hair. Mirror image of Patrice.

Behind the solemn assembly Sylvie catches glimpses of figures with snow white wings dressed in fine white linen and gold bands around their waists. ANGELS.

An ANGEL(LILY) wipes one of Sylvie's tears. Sylvie looks up at her. Lily offers a comforting smile. Her beautiful radiant face expresses a warmth and love not of this earth.

Sylvie tears up but manages a slight smile.

INT. HEATH'S LEXUS - DAY

Sylvie, sound asleep across the back seat in blue jeans and a rumpled t-shirt that reads -- "Fireflies Are Always Charged"

CLUNK! A car door closes.

Sylvie jerks awake. She pushes up, watches her father walk away dressed in slacks and a dress shirt with suitcases in each hand and one under an arm.

He goes past a sign -- "*Saint George's Facility, Assisted Living in Peace.*"

A pink five story building takes up a square block. With a main building in the center and two long wings that stretch out on either side. It sits in the middle of a country meadow by a lake. Secluded and serene.

WHACK! Something slimy green smacks the window.

Startled, Sylvie rears back, watches the gooey glob slide down the glass and disappear.

Silence.

After a long moment her curiosity nudges her back to the window to look around.

WHACK! The same green glob slaps the window behind her. Her head jerks around to catch it slowly slide down the window and disappear.

Again silence.

She takes hold of the door handle of the first window. Waits, yanks it, shoves the door open.

A thud and grunt! The door finds its mark.

EXT. ST. GEORGE'S ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAY

Sylvie leaps out and springs on a lump dressed in black. The short curled up FIGURE writhes on the ground.

FENTON STARLING(11), groans through his black ski mask.

Sylvie turns him face up, pins his arms down with her knees.

SYLVIE
Alright, slimeball, game over.

Fenton grumbles.

FENTON
Get off me, Ree Ree.

He struggles to get free. She keeps him pinned.

SYLVIE
Not so fast. See who my nemesis is.

Sylvie grabs the mask.

FENTON
No!

In a panic, Fenton throws her off, scrambles up and runs away. Sylvie jumps up, calls after him.

SYLVIE
Hey! I was just playing!

The boy disappears around the building.

SYLVIE
What's your name?

Four stories up, an elderly woman, FLORA HESPA(late 80s), sits in a window. She peers through a camera.

THROUGH HER CAMERA LENS --

Lily the Angel manifests behind Sylvie, puts her hands on her shoulders.

Flora snaps the picture.

Sylvie looks back at the angel.

SYLVIE
Hi, Lily.

INT. - HEATH AND SYLVIE'S SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Simply decorated. Definitely not homey. White walls, and generic furniture. Function without comfort or personality.

Heath sits on a couch, separates clothes from his suitcase.

NETTIE (O.S.)
I shore pray you can right the
ship.

NETTIE PARKER(70s), Head Nurse. A large black woman with a warm disposition.

She holds an armful of towels and stands next to a formica hutch with a box TV stuck in it.

Sylvie comes into the room. She towel dries her hair.

SYLVIE
Right what ship?

NETTIE
And who is this beautiful young
lady?

HEATH
My daughter, Sylvie.
(to Sylvie)
Say hello to Miss...or Missus?

NETTIE
Missus Nettie Parker, sir. Fifty-
five years this November.

Nettie reaches out to Sylvie. They smile and shake hands. Sylvie pulls back.

SYLVIE
Sorry. Wet.

NETTIE
Oh, child. If wet hurt, we'da all
died in the womb.

Sylvie giggles.

NETTIE
And *your* Missus?

Heath gives a sad glance at his wedding ring. Turns it on his finger. Nettie notices it.

NETTIE
That's an unusual ring.

Heath stops.

HEATH
We made it out of Saman wood on a trip to Barbados. That's where I proposed to her.

NETTIE
That is so beautiful. Is she here?

Sylvie and Heath glance at each other, back at Nettie.

HEATH
She's gone.

NETTIE
Oh. I am so sorry.

SYLVIE
Mom made dad promise to take this job.

NETTIE
I know that must've been hard. But it's important to keep life going.

SYLVIE
That's what mom said.

NETTIE
She was right. Must've been a special lady.

Sylvie nods.

HEATH
It's been three weeks since we...

His voice cracks.

NETTIE
I don't mean to pry.

Heath gives Sylvie a sad glance. Sylvie feigns to towel dry her hair, instead dabs the tears in her eyes.

Nettie notices, sets the towels on the sofa.

Heath stands.

HEATH

Please, don't feel bad. Our
counselor told us not to bottle up.

Heath forces a smile, redirects the subject.

HEATH

Fifty-five years? Congratulations.
That's amazing.

Nettie gets embarrassed.

NETTIE

Not really. We're separated so much
with work, it's easy to stay
together. I don't see him. He
don't see me.

She lets out a belly laugh. Heath and Sylvie join her. The
heavy pall in the room lightens with the laughter.

Nettie takes Heath's hand.

NETTIE

I'ma be prayin' for you two, Doctor
Lawrence.

Heath nods, gives her a genuine smile. Nettie pats his hand
and lets it go.

NETTIE

Again, I'm real sorry. Wish they'd
have told us.

Sylvie turns towards her.

SYLVIE

Missus Nettie, I saw the angels
come and get mom myself.

NETTIE

You did?

Sylvie nods enthusiastic.

HEATH

Sylvie, Missus Nettie doesn't want
to hear about all that.

NETTIE

Yes, Missus Nettie would. And I know the perfect someone else who would too.

She looks at Sylvie and winks.

NETTIE

But that'll wait for another day.

Sylvie smiles. Nettie looks back and forth at them.

NETTIE

If y'all need anything, just ring the desk. I'm overnightin'.

She gives them a smile and leaves.

NETTIE (O.S.)

Just ring.

Heath and Sylvie look at each other. An uncomfortable moment.

SYLVIE

They're not imaginary.

HEATH

Sylvie.

Heath goes to her. Sylvie spins away, throws the towel over her head and stomps out.

SYLVIE (O.S.)

Mom believed me.

Heath sighs.

HEATH

(to himself)

I know.

He tears up.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Filled with RESIDENTS and NURSES. Some in line get breakfast. Some already eat at the tables.

Some in wheelchairs, others walk with canes and walkers, and some walk on their own. The nurses assist those who need it.

FENTON (O.S.)

Wrong.

LAUGHTER emanates from the middle of the food line.

A couple of old men, MORRIS(90s) and SIMON(90s), both in wheelchairs, have fun at Fenton's expense. Fenton stands behind the counter and serves bacon. He has on a YODA MASK.

FENTON

It's Yoda.

MORRIS

Yoda? Looks more like my third wife.

SIMON

Hey watch it, your third wife was my sister.

MORRIS

I thought that was my second wife.

SIMON

No. Your second wife was my first wife.

MORRIS

I should've never paid for your divorce.

They laugh harder.

MORRIS

Then which one is she?

He points at Fenton. Fenton cold stares them thru the mask. He waits for them to move on.

SIMON

That's our first grade teacher, Miss Fowler.

Morris guffaws.

MORRIS

That's her alright.

(to Fenton)

Hey, Fowler the Growler, you still owe me a gold star for my art project.

Morris slams his tray, spins around, and wheels off red-faced angry. He leaves his food behind.

MORRIS

You tightwad wart on a witches
behind.

Simon stares after him, turns back to Morris' tray.

SIMON

Mmm. Extra bacon Monday.

Simon snags the bacon off Morris' plate, bites a piece in
half. He looks at Fenton.

SIMON

Thanks, Fowler. You were always
swell with me.

Simon places Morris' plate on his own tray and sets Morris'
tray up on the counter. He rolls on down the line.

Fenton shakes his head, dishes out bacon to the next person,
LILAC(80s).

LILAC

Don't let them bother you, Fenton.
They're too old to even know what
day it is.

She starts off, pauses.

LILAC

Oh. Make sure you come by so I can
give you a nice cup of hot
chocolate for Halloween, dear. Love
your costume.

Lilac smiles and moves on.

Behind her, Sylvie slides up with two plates on her tray. She
offers a big smile.

SYLVIE

Happy Halloween.

FENTON

Very funny, Ree Ree.

SYLVIE

What's Ree Ree?

FENTON

Bacon? Yes or no.

The question cold and detached. Sylvie nods her head. Fenton
tosses the bacon onto her plate.

SYLVIE
Need some for my dad. Taking him a
plate.

She holds up the second plate.

Fenton tosses a couple more pieces towards that plate. They miss and land on the tray. Sylvie puts the slices on the plate she holds.

SYLVIE
So, what's your name?

FENTON
Next in line.

Behind Fenton a large translucent MALE FIGURE manifests. Gossamer feathered wings spread wide from the nine foot body, gently close over him.

Sylvie stares up at the incredible being. The figure nods to her.

SYLVIE
Wow. You have a huge glowie behind
you.

Sylvie puts the second plate back on the tray.

SYLVIE
Well, see you around, *Next In Line*.

Fenton's eyes narrow. Sylvie moves on. Fenton waits for her to clear, turns to look behind himself.

The giant figure has disappeared.

INT. PHYLLIS BILCO'S OFFICE - DAY

Behind an old hefty wooden desk, Secretary PHYLLIS BILCO(40s) focuses on her CRT computer monitor, taps away on her keyboard.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

PHYLLIS
Come in.

The door opens, Sylvie walks in. She carries her dad's breakfast tray. Phyllis doesn't look up.

PHYLLIS
Be right with you.

Sylvie glances around the office. Neat but sterile like the rest of the hospital. And stuck in the 1980's pastel color scheme.

Sylvie walks up to Phyllis' desk. On one corner she notices the facility's weekly newsletter, "*St. George's Staff*" in a plastic display.

The weeks daily activity announcements runs down the right side. The headline article reads --

"St. George's Welcomes Doctor Heath Lawrence, New Director of Administration."

A blurry black and white picture of Heath with a half smile squeezed into the top left corner accompanies the article.

Sylvie frowns at the poor photo of her dad.

PHYLLIS (O.S.)
What can I do you for?

Sylvie turns her attention back to Phyllis. Phyllis breaks away from her screen and sees Sylvie.

PHYLLIS
Oh my goodness.

Phyllis stands up. She smooths out her business dress suit.

PHYLLIS
You must be Sylvie, Doctor Lawrence's daughter. He warned me you'd be bringing him breakfast.

She waves her hand and chuckles.

PHYLLIS
Warned. More like mentioned.

Phyllis comes around and invades Sylvie's personal space. She leans right into her face.

PHYLLIS
And what a pretty young thing you are.

Sylvie steps back, and stares at Phyllis.

PHYLLIS
Tall for your age too, I'd say. I'm Missus Phyllis Bilco. But you can call me Missus Phyllie. Secretary of sisterly love.

She laughs a snorty laugh that all but shatters her classic beauty look. Phyllis offers her hand, then realizes Sylvie can't shake.

Phyllis wraps an arm around her shoulders instead.

PHYLLIS

Mmm. Breakfast smells delicioso.

Sylvie starts forward toward the closed door to her dad's office. In black block letters the door reads --

"Director. Marvin Spiel"

Sylvie stops when she sees the name.

PHYLLIS

That should've been the first thing they erased of that man. Spiel the Heel.

Phyllis steps up to Sylvie and whispers in her ear.

PHYLLIS

You've heard of the Midas touch? He had the miser touch. And didn't mind redirecting it into his own pockets.

Phyllis glances around the office, arms spread out.

PHYLLIS

Hence, the eighties decor. I so look forward to not working in this tawdriness.

HEATH (O.S.)

What do you mean six months?

Heath's VOICE seeps out of his office strained but under control.

Phyllis takes the tray from Sylvie, places it on her desk.

PHYLLIS

I'm afraid breakfast may have to wait. Your father's in a meeting with...

Her voice takes on a hushed tone again.

PHYLLIS

The John Hancock on our checks. Mister Carl Starling.

Heath's voice erupts, explodes like a volcano.

HEATH (O.S.)

You have me and my daughter drag
ourselves half way across the
country for a six month turn?

Phyllis takes Sylvie by the shoulders to usher her towards
the door.

PHYLLIS

Maybe you should come back later.

Sylvie spins out of her grasp.

SYLVIE

What does he mean, six month turn?

Phyllis moves to her side. They both stare at the closed
door.

PHYLLIS

That's just...business talk.

Phyllis takes Sylvie's hand and leads her away once again.

PHYLLIS

What flavor ice cream do you like?

HEATH (O.S.)

Bull crap!

Sylvie pulls her hand back, doesn't budge.

SYLVIE

My dad never gets angry. And he
never curses.

PHYLLIS

He's probably not angry. Just
hashing things out.

Phyllis forces a chuckle.

HEATH (O.S.)

Don't tell me to calm down
you...you...

The door flings open. Heath storms out, looks back into his
office.

HEATH

I've gotta get some air before I
regret what I'm...thinking.

Heath spots Sylvie and Phyllis, stops in his tracks. They stare at him. Both force a smile.

Sylvie points to the tray.

SYLVIE
Breakfast?

HEATH
How long have you been here?

PHYLLIS
She just got here.

SYLVIE
What's a six month turn?

INT. PHYLLIS BILCO'S OFFICE - DAY

Heath's breakfast tray sits untouched on Phyllis' desk.

Phyllis looks over her shoulder at Heath's door, back at the tray. She sneaks a piece of bacon, and licks her fingers.

SYLVIE (O.S.)
It's not fair, Mister Starling. We just got here. You can't sell to some developer.

INT. HEATH'S OFFICE

Decorated bare minimum. Dusty squares on the wall where pictures once were except for a stock tropical island picture with a waterfall.

Sylvie stands in front of a ceiling to floor bookshelf filled with books and manuals covered with dust.

Heath sits behind his desk, none too pleased.

CARL
I don't see where that concerns you, young lady.

CARL STARLING(50s), short and chunky, he takes up most of the window he stares out of. His balding head reflects the sunlight.

Carl turns to them. Dressed in an expensive tailor made suit, pencil thin tie, which accentuates his wide girth, and wing-tip shoes. He waves a cigar in his fat hand.

Looks like an old black and white movie mobster.

HEATH

I wouldn't be here, Mister Starling if this *young lady* hadn't agreed to being uprooted from her school, her friends, and the only home she's ever known.

Sylvie looks at her dad, gives him a hint of a smile, fixes those sharp green eyes back on Carl.

Carl turns to her.

CARL

It's not just some developer. One of the biggest in the world.

Carl glances back out the window, his greedy bug eyes propped up on swollen black circles. Sweet sleep doesn't know this man.

CARL

He's got big plans for this valuable piece of real estate. And I got big plans after I unload it.

SYLVIE

You mean you got big plans to cash out and leave these elderly patients homeless.

Carl shoots an impatient look at Heath. Tired of this game.

CARL

What are they to you? You all just got here.

SYLVIE

I have a heart, Mister Starling.

Carl stares at her for a long moment. Sylvie's eyes never blink. She doesn't give him an inch of wiggle room.

Carl points at the door.

CARL

That last guy...

Sylvie moves to block the door.

SYLVIE

My dad's not Spiel the Heel.

INT. PHYLLIS BILCO'S OFFICE

Phyllis spits out her coffee when she hears that.

INT. HEATH'S OFFICE

Carl sticks the cigar in his mouth, gives it a chew, shakes his head. Grumbles.

CARL

Six months.

He snatches the cigar back out, stabs it toward Sylvie.

CARL

If we're not in the black and on the way to making money, I'm out.

INT. FLORA HESPA'S ROOM - DAY

Crammed floor to ceiling with stacks of BLACK and WHITE PHOTOS. Some over sixty years old. The room looks like a photographer's dungeon.

FLORA (O.S.)

Noooo!

Just enough space for a wheelchair to move around the bed, into the bathroom, or out the door.

ANGELICA

Mama! Enough of this.

ANGELICA HESPA(early 40s), in pants, high heels, long sleeve blouse, fashionable thick framed black glasses. Her long black hair wraps back around her head wound about as tight as she is.

Angelica and Flora tug-of-war over a handful of photos.

Flora's ample girth stuffed in her wheelchair, with a light blue nightgown. Her hefty feet stretch her well worn furry slippers to the splitting point.

A camera strapped around Flora's neck bounces up and down against her body as she struggles mightily against her foe.

Angelica drags Flora, wheelchair and all, towards the door, tries to wrest the photos from her.

ANGELICA

These are a fire hazard.

FLORA
 (in Spanish)
 You are a fire hazard!

Flora yanks her brake on one wheel, jerks the photos out of Angelica's clutches all in one motion.

Angelica tumbles back, falls against a stack that collapses over her.

A male nurse, PEDRO(20s) runs into the room just in time to see the avalanche of pictures bury Angelica. He speaks with a thick Puerto Rican accent and a lot of broken English(Spanglish).

PEDRO
 Aye. Malo for true.

He helps her dig out and back on her feet. Flora rolls herself into her bathroom.

SLAM!

She closes the door. CLICK...and locks herself in.

Angelica shakes off Pedro, her hair disheveled, her glasses askew. She straightens out her pants, rights her blouse, and grasps to regain some dignity.

Pedro continues to brush photos off her shoulders and pull them out of her hair.

ANGELICA
 I'm fine. Please.

She slaps at his hands.

PEDRO
 (in Spanish)
 Sorry, Miss Angelica. It is a volcano in here.

ANGELICA
 English, Pedro. This is America.

PEDRO
 Si, Miss Angelica. I am Puerto Rican American.

ANGELICA
 Lovely.

Angelica takes a step towards the bathroom, turns her right ankle. Her high heel strap snaps.

She bends down, snatches up the broken shoe, turns and waves her arms around at all the stacks of pictures.

ANGELICA
Pictures. Always taking pictures.

FLORA (O.S.)
(in Spanish)
I see them, I shoot them.

PEDRO
Si. She like to snappy snappy.

ANGELICA
It's a waste.
(to bathroom door)
You spend all your money printing these out. I'm going to have to take over your bank account.

Angelica waits a moment longer. Flora doesn't answer. Angelica turns in frustration to Pedro.

ANGELICA
I have a plane to catch.

She limps her way past the piles, slips over the fallen stack of pictures, and grabs a few as she steadies herself.

She stumbles out the door, stops, and turns back to a dazed Pedro.

ANGELICA
I'll be back next week. If you have to, sedate her and drag her out to clear this room of these...these...

She fans through them, flips them back in one by one at Pedro until she has one left.

She looks at a yellowed picture from the 1940's -- *A YOUNG BOY sits in the sun on the steps of a brownstone apartment by himself.*

ANGELICA
Useless relics.

She shudders, staggers off, shoe in one hand, bent up picture in the other.

INT. HEATH AND SYLVIE'S SUITE - KITCHEN - DAY

Heath does paperwork at the table. The picture Angelica took from Flora's room lays next to him.

HEATH

Normally I wouldn't have allowed you to do that.

SYLVIE (O.S.)

I know. I was surprised you didn't stop me.

Heath stops, sighs.

HEATH

Think I heard your mother say,
'Heathbar, let her go.'

Sylvie sits down with a glass of milk.

SYLVIE

Heathbar? That was her, daddy.

Heath stares at her, unsure. Takes her hand.

HEATH

You know we could've just packed up and left. Back to your friends.

Sylvie looks up to see Lily behind her dad. Lily nods to her. Sylvie gives her a slight smile and nod back.

SYLVIE

I know.

LILY

Sylvie. God has a reason for you two to be here.

Lily disappears. Sylvie looks back at her dad.

SYLVIE

But I feel like we're supposed to be here.

HEATH

Until now, I wasn't quite sure.

Sylvie picks up the picture.

HEATH

But, for some reason, talking to you, I feel like we're supposed to be here too.

SYLVIE

What's this?

HEATH

Guess that's just part and parcel of our six month clean up.

SYLVIE

I don't get it.

Heath doesn't look up.

HEATH

Some angry daughter of one of our residents gave it to me. She wants me to clean out her mother's room, yesterday.

SYLVIE

Clean out?

Heath looks up, takes the picture.

HEATH

Apparently, its floor to ceiling and wall to wall with these.

SYLVIE

That sounds like the woman Missus Nettie wants me to meet.

HEATH

Really? For what?

Sylvie shrugs, takes the picture back, studies it.

SYLVIE

Think it has to do with the glowies.

HEATH

Oh.

Heath gets up and heads to the refrigerator. He opens the fridge door and sticks his head in.

SYLVIE

Every time I bring them up or say I see one, you act like I'm a little child with a make believe friend.

Heath doesn't answer, searches for something to eat.

SYLVIE

Or bury your head in the fridge.

Heath sighs, pulls out, and closes the door.

He stares at the happy picture neatly taped to the fridge of himself, Sylvie, and his wife on a backpack trip in some misty grey mountains.

HEATH

It's just that I'm more a numbers man.

He touches his wife's face. Looks down at his ring.

HEATH

Just wish we could've found her wedding band.

SYLVIE

I miss her too, daddy. More than anything.

Sylvie comes up beside him. Touches his arm.

SYLVIE

But I know what I see. And what I saw. Can't you just believe me?

Heath looks down. Gazes into her eyes.

HEATH

When you were a little girl.

SYLVIE

But I'm not a little girl.

HEATH

True. But you're still my amazing little girl.

Heath takes her by the hand and spins her around. He pulls her in and they slow dance.

HEATH

You were about three, all dressed
up in your pigtails with pink
ribbons.

SYLVIE

I always hated pink. I wanted blue.

Heath chuckles.

HEATH

I know but your mother always
insisted on you wearing pink.

He imitates Patrice.

HEATH

*No daughter of mine is going to be
called 'Little Girl Blue'.*

Sylvie laughs.

SYLVIE

Yeah. Then she tells us she wants a
blue ribbon in her hair when we
bury her.

She stops. Tears well up in her eyes.

SYLVIE

That's why she wanted me to have
the other one.

Tears run down her cheeks. Her voice breaks.

SYLVIE

Guess she changed her mind about
the color blue.

Heath swipes her tears with his thumb.

HEATH

She just realized you needed to be
you.

They stop. Stare at one another for a long moment.

SYLVIE

Daddy? Do you believe in heaven?

Heath releases her, goes back to his paperwork. Sylvie
follows him.

SYLVIE

Do you?

He shuffles through the papers.

HEATH

I'm having a hard enough time
believing I can turn this place
around.

SYLVIE

Where's mom then?

Heath doesn't answer. Sylvie goes around to face him.

SYLVIE

Daddy. Where's mom then?

Her eyes well up. Heath puts the papers down on the table,
doesn't look up.

SYLVIE

Daddy!

Heath swipes the papers off the table. Explodes.

HEATH

I don't know.

Sylvie backs up, shocked. Heath sighs, drops his head.

HEATH

I don't know.

Sylvie runs out. Heath gets up, picks the papers off the
floor.

INT. ST. GEORGES - WING B - FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Pedro, and Nettie wait by the elevator. It dings, the doors
open. Sylvie looks up. Her face tired, sad.

NETTIE

There she is.

Sylvie offers a half smile, steps to them. Nettie puts her
arm around her.

NETTIE

You alright, dear? You look a
little tired.

Sylvie shrugs.

NETTIE
We can do this another time.

SYLVIE
No. I'm fine.

They go past patients in wheelchairs. Nettie gestures to Pedro.

NETTIE
Pedro. Sylvie. Sylvie. Pedro.

Pedro smiles at Sylvie.

PEDRO
(to Sylvie)
So you speak Espanol? Spanish?

Sylvie answers in a whisper.

SYLVIE
No.

Sylvie notices the patients as she goes by. They stare out, eyes glassy, empty.

NETTIE
I got someone.

They turn the corner. Against the wall -- *Fenton*. He wears a BART SIMPSON mask.

FENTON
Hey. You didn't say Ree Ree was coming. I'm outta here.

SYLVIE
Me, too.

NETTIE
This ain't about you two love birds.

FENTON/SYLVIE
Love birds?

They look at each other with disgust. Pedro stands to the side, lost.

SYLVIE
Whatever, Ree Ree.

Fenton gets in Sylvie's face.

FENTON

Stop using my word. You don't even know what it means.

Nettie gets exasperated, shoves them together.

NETTIE

Missus Nettie pronounces you B.F.F's.

She turns them towards Flora's door. Pedro smiles from behind them.

PEDRO

Miss Hespera. You have little cucaracha guests.

INT. FLORA HESPA'S ROOM - DAY

Sylvie, still listless, pours over stacks of pictures on Flora's bed. Flora watches her. Fenton stands nearby.

After what seems like a few long seconds, Sylvie holds one up to Flora.

SYLVIE

What's this one supposed to be?

An old Black and White PICTURE shows a BOY as he walks his DOG down an empty sidewalk at dusk.

FLORA

Que?

Flora looks to Fenton. Fenton moves closer to them.

FENTON

(in Spanish)

What is that picture? Why did you take it?

Flora gestures to Sylvie to hand her the picture. Sylvie does. Flora stares at it for a long moment.

FLORA

Aye.

(in Spanish)

Look at the others.

Sylvie looks at Fenton.

FENTON
 (to Sylvie)
 She wants you to look at the
 others.

Fenton goes over, stands next to Sylvie.

Sylvie picks up the last of the stack and looks through them.
 Fenton looks with her.

The PICTURES reveal in succession, the boy walks off the side
 walk with the dog; a car barrels around the corner.

Sylvie pauses at the picture that shows both the boy and the
 dog in front of the car's bumper between the headlights.

Sylvie looks at Flora.

SYLVIE
 They got hit by the car?

Fenton takes the picture and looks up at Flora. Flora looks
 at Fenton. He holds up the picture to her.

FENTON
 (in Spanish)
 They got hit?

Flora gestures for them to keep looking.

FLORA
 Mira.

Fenton glances down at the rest of the pictures, snags them
 up and glances through them.

FENTON
 No way.

Sylvie grabs them, flips through them, stops, looks up at
 Flora.

SYLVIE
 Angels?

Flora smiles big.

FLORA
 Angeles.

FENTON
 No such thing.

Sylvie locks eyes with Flora.

SYLVIE
You see angels?

FLORA
Si.

She points back at the picture --

The back end of the car continues around the corner with the boy and the dog in the background, safe and unharmed on the sidewalk.

The boy's expression one of relief.

SYLVIE
Glowies.

Sylvie grabs a handful of pictures and fans through them. She turns to Flora.

SYLVIE
Are all of these supposed to have angels?

FLORA
Angeles. Si.

She points to stack after stack.

FLORA
Angeles. Angeles. Angeles.

Sylvie holds the pictures towards her.

SYLVIE
But...there are no angels in these pictures. Are you sure?

FENTON
(in Spanish)
No angels in the pictures. Are you sure?

Flora frowns, thinks for a moment.

FLORA
Ahhh.

She backs her wheelchair up, makes her way to a stack of pictures on the opposite side of her bed. She grabs the top ten or twenty and searches through them.

She stops and waves one.

FLORA

Mira. Mira.

She struggles back around, hands the picture to Sylvie.
Fenton crowds over her shoulder to look.

The PICTURE -- *Sylvie in the parking lot looking back over her shoulder with a smile on her face.*

SYLVIE

Hey. I remember this. The first day
I was here.

She turns the picture over, then back.

SYLVIE

Where's Lily?

FLORA

Como? Lily?

SYLVIE

My glowie. My friend.

Fenton glances at the picture.

FENTON

Yeah. The day I first hated you.

SYLVIE

You're the one who slimed me.

Fenton heads towards the door.

FENTON

And you're the one who held me down
and ripped my mask off.

SYLVIE

I didn't rip your mask off.

FENTON

You tried.

SYLVIE

I said I was sorry.

FENTON

I don't know why I even came here.
Angels. No such thing as angels.
Both of you are coo coo.

Fenton storms out.

SYLVIE

Fenton!

Sylvie hands the picture back to Flora. Flora pushes it back to Sylvie. Sylvie heads to the door.

SYLVIE

I'm sorry, Miss Hespera. I'll come back.

Sylvie bolts out the way Fenton went. Flora shakes her head.

FLORA

Amor. Chihuahua.

EXT. ST. GEORGES - DAY

Fenton charges out the front door, stomps around the corner of the building. Sylvie runs out behind him.

SYLVIE

Fenton. Wait. Fenton.

FENTON

Leave me alone, Ree Ree.

Sylvie runs past him, blocks his way.

SYLVIE

Fenton, please!

He tries to get by her. She doesn't let him.

FENTON

Move.

SYLVIE

Not 'til you talk to me.

FENTON

Why?

SYLVIE

Because.

FENTON

A bee's cuz is a wasp.

He tries to get by her. She blocks him again.

SYLVIE

I want to be your friend.

FENTON
You have a friend. She's fake.

A SIREN sounds.

They glance at each other, bolt back around to the front of the building.

EXT. FRONT OF ST. GEORGES - DAY

An AMBULANCE and FIRE RESCUE truck race up the winding road to the front.

Sylvie looks up to see TWO ANGELS fly out a FIFTH FLOOR window.

They escort a YOUNG LADY in a soft white dress up into the sky and disappear through a ball of light. She smiles all the way.

The sky returns to blue.

SYLVIE
Whoever she is, she's happier now.

FENTON
Who?

SYLVIE
I don't know. But she lived on High C, you know, the fifth floor.

FENTON
How do you know?

Sylvie smiles at him.

INT. HIGH C HALLWAY - DAY

Pedro dabs his tears with a tissue. Nettie has her arm around him. Fenton and Sylvie stand in front of them.

SYLVIE
(whispers to Fenton)
Knowledge of the truth shall set you free.

Others gather around, some in wheelchairs, some lean on canes and walkers.

FENTON

The truth is you're loco en la
cabeza.

RESCUE WORKERS wheel a body out covered by a sheet.

PEDRO

(sobs)

Ay Dios mio. Missus Barrows call
bingos tonight. She know this.

FENTON

(to Sylvie)

Okay. You saw...*something*.

Sylvie gives him an exasperated look.

FENTON

Glowies. Okay, you see glowies.

Sylvie smiles with a smug look on her face.

Sylvie's father comes out of the room. Sylvie's sees him. Her
smile disappears.

Heath signs an I-PAD, hands it back to a PARAMEDIC.

A small woman, MISS SHELBY(70s), head wrapped in a scarf,
wears a bathrobe over overalls, sneaks out of Missus Barrow's
room behind Heath. She carries a pair of BLACK SHOES.

Fenton taps Sylvie's shoulder, motions for her to look at the
woman.

The Rescue Workers wheel the body through the throng of
people. Pedro puts his head on Nettie's shoulder and sobs.

PEDRO

Missus Barrow. Why you go away?
Porque? Porque?

FENTON

(whispers to Sylvie)

That's Miss Shelby. C'mon.

He gestures for Sylvie to follow him. They duck out past
everyone, down the hall and sneak behind the woman.

HEATH

Okay. Let's clear the hallway.
We'll set up a memorial for her
this weekend to pay our respects.

EXT. BACK OF ST. GEORGES - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sylvie and Fenton follow Miss Shelby down an overgrown path that winds through a garden area.

FENTON

So how do you see these glowies of yours?

They squeeze by a wall of bushes.

SYLVIE

Don't know. Seen them as long as I can remember.

FENTON

I want to see them.

The path gets more narrow. Up ahead Miss Shelby disappears.

SYLVIE

Where'd she go?

FENTON

You'll see.

They get to the end of the path. Fenton ducks under a branch and pushes past low hanging moss. Sylvie follows.

EXT. SHOES OF THE DEAD FIELD - DAY

A hidden field about forty feet wide and twenty feet long with a small ramshackle shed at one end surrounded by large oaks.

Sylvie and Fenton hide behind one of the oaks to spy on Miss Shelby. Sylvie notices birds flitting back and forth above them.

SYLVIE

It's like those birds. They fly back and forth and do whatever they do. That's how I see the glowies.

FENTON

Why glowies?

Several dozen four foot high wooden T-POSTS run the length of the wide sides of the field with wires like clothes line strung between them.

Hundreds of pairs of shoes cinched by their shoelaces hang on lines. In the shoes grow FLOWERS of all kinds. They paint the field in vivid colors.

SYLVIE

I called them that before I even
knew they were called angels.

Butterflies flutter, bees dip, and hummingbirds zip from flower to flower, line to line.

Miss Shelby ducks into the small weathered shed. Sylvie and Fenton peek out.

SYLVIE

Wow! So beautiful.

FENTON

Sssh. Don't let her hear you.

SYLVIE

Why?

FENTON

Nobody's supposed to know about
this place.

Miss Shelby comes back out. Now in her overalls and black rubber boots. She wears a pair of gardening gloves and a large gardening hat over her scarf.

Fenton pulls Sylvie back behind the tree.

SYLVIE

But everyone should know about this
place.

Miss Shelby ties Missus Barrow's shoes in one of the empty spots on the lines.

FENTON

Voice down.

Sylvie whispers.

SYLVIE

They just glow like one of those
sticks you snap and suddenly it
glows. They can turn it on and off
like that.

They peek out. Miss Shelby puts potting soil in the two new shoes with a small hand shovel, waters them with a watering can.

FENTON
Shoes of the dead. This field is
haunted.

SYLVIE
You don't believe in angels but you
believe in ghosts?

Fenton shrugs.

FENTON
Dead people are real. So they don't
glow all the time?

SYLVIE
They do, unless they are being, you
know, like human.

Fenton shakes his head.

FENTON
I don't get it.

SYLVIE
I can't believe nobody knows about
this. How'd you find out?

FENTON
I know everything about Saint
Georges.

SYLVIE
So you know your Uncle's going to
sell Saint Georges in six months?

FENTON
No he's not.

SYLVIE
Guess you don't know everything
about this place.

FENTON
You're lying.

SYLVIE
Keep your voice down.

MISS SHELBY (O.S.)
Are you kidding?

Miss Shelby stands over them. She holds her small shovel and
dirty gloves.

MISS SHELBY
James and Jamie Bond you two are
definitely not.

INT. FACILITY - GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Pedro, spiritless, cranks a circular cage filled with BINGO BALLS. He stops, pulls one out.

PEDRO
(sadly)
B-twenty-three.

A couple DOZEN RESIDENTS scattered around tables with their Bingo cards in front of them. Some of them asleep. Some of them stare out. A few mark their cards, but very lethargic.

Pedro spins the cage again with zero enthusiasm. He stops it. Reaches in and pulls out another ball. He looks at it and begins to break down and cry.

PEDRO
O...O...Oh my goodness.

He collects himself.

PEDRO
Oh-Seventeen. As in nineteen
seventeen when Missus Barrows Madre
bring Missus Barrows onto the
earth.

He blows his nose and sobs.

An elderly WOMAN at one of the tables marks her card and realizes she has bingo. She calls out dejected.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Bingo.

Pedro glances at her as he cries.

PEDRO
We have a winner.

INT. HEATH'S OFFICE - DAY

Phyllis holds open the door.

PHYLLIS
I'm sorry they didn't get your name
right.

Phyllis looks at the door, cringes, shakes her head.

INT. HEATH'S OFFICE - MAGIC HOUR

Heath sits behind his desk.

HEATH

Well, they are two first names.

Heath chuckles, sighs. Phyllis goes out, closes the door.

The door to Heath's office has his name on it in BLACK LETTERS -- "*DOCTOR LAWRENCE HEATH*. Director".

Miss Shelby, Fenton and Sylvie sit in chairs in front of Heath's desk. A quiet moment.

Heath looks over at Sylvie. Sylvie looks away.

Fenton notices, gets up, goes to the window.

HEATH

Shoes of the dead?

Miss Shelby blanches, embarrassed.

MISS SHELBY

It's just, I had to do something. I couldn't stand the thought of all of us dying so alone.

Sylvie looks at Miss Shelby.

SYLVIE

Perfect place for a memorial.

Miss Shelby smiles, pats her hand.

MISS SHELBY

Thank you, dear.

Fenton stares out the window.

FENTON

Except you almost can't get to it. Especially in a wheel chair.

HEATH

Can't exactly do a memorial if no one's there to remember her.

Sylvie shoots a glare at him.

SYLVIE

Might as well not remember her if
you don't believe she's in heaven
now.

Fenton turns around confused.

FENTON

You said you saw her angels take
her to heaven.

Sylvie's eyes don't waver off her dad.

SYLVIE

If you don't believe it exists.

FENTON

Course it exists.

Heath doesn't break their stare.

HEATH

It's hard to believe what I can't
see.

MISS SHELBY

Oh, you can see it. I've been going
there for years.

FENTON

Heaven?

Heath stands up.

HEATH

Okay. I've got work to do.

MISS SHELBY

Are we talking about the same
thing?

Fenton points out the window.

FENTON

Um. You guys better look at this.

EXT. BACK OF FACILITY - NEW PATHWAY - DAY

The floor, a hard-packed mulch as if it had been steam
rolled.

A constant stream of PEOPLE from St. Georges walk, or get
pushed through an incredible canopy of trees.

What was once a narrowly cut, overgrown passage, has become a wide promenade that spills out to the --

SHOES OF THE DEAD FIELD

Everyone mills around amongst the rows of flowers. They study the shoes and reminisce about who may have worn them.

Some shed tears of joy. Some laugh. Some solemnly remember friends who have passed.

EXT. BACK OF FACILITY - NEW PATHWAY

Only seen from the waist down, CARL, dressed in pressed slacks and shiny brown and white brogue dress shoes takes determined strides. He jabs a CANE into the mulch, propels himself forward.

SHOES OF THE DEAD FIELD

Laughter lifts the depressing cloud that has hovered over the facility since Miss Barrow's death.

Pedro and Nettie share a laugh over someone's shoes.

EXT. NEW PATHWAY

Carl continues his way down the path towards the memorial. Step after determined step.

SHOES OF THE DEAD FIELD

Phyllis, Miss Shelby, Sylvie and Fenton (in an IRON MAN MASK) stand next to the little shed that has also been given a fresh make over. They beam as they take in this overnight miracle.

Heath stands nearby. Sylvie looks over to him. Heath gives her a half smile, nods.

EXT. NEW PATHWAY

Carl reaches the field, halts.

SHOES OF THE DEAD FIELD

Sylvie spots Flora in her wheelchair. She snaps pictures everywhere she looks. Behind her, Carl, at the entrance.

An indignant look plastered to his face, he leans on his cane and scans the swarm that has descended into this once secluded paradise.

Flush faced, he whips his hat off, pats his bald head with a handkerchief. He never takes his eyes off the crowd.

Carl spots Heath, stuffs the hanky in his pocket, puts his hat back on, and heads to him in a huff.

Nettie and Pedro catch Carl cut past them.

NETTIE

Uh-oh. Angry bird just flew in.

Carl gets right up to Heath.

CARL

Doctor Lawrence. What in the hell is going on out here?

HEATH

Mister Starling, I'm not sure I know.

CARL

What is that pathway? And what is this...this field? Who approved this? And more importantly who paid for it?

His rant sucks the joy from the crowd. They grow silent.

HEATH

This really isn't the time or place for this.

Carl rips off his hat, snags his handkerchief out again, and mops his sweat soaked forehead and red face.

CARL

This is exactly the time and place.

HEATH

It's Missus Barrow's Memorial Service.

CARL

Missus Barrow?

HEATH
She just passed away.

CARL
Well one less person to move.

Miss Shelby steps in front of Carl, slaps his face.

MISS SHELBY
Missus Barrow was my friend.

Carl steps back shocked.

The people stare daggers at him. Carl brushes it off, turns his attention back to Heath.

CARL
What this is, is a waste of time
and Saint George's money. And it's
coming out of your salary.

HEATH
Mister Starling, you're mistaken.
That path, this field, didn't cost
us time or money.

CARL
Well what did it do? Just
miraculously appear here overnight
free of charge?

EVERYONE
Yes!

Carl eyes them not sure what to make of this.

SYLVIE
God sent His angels to do it.

Carl smirks.

CARL
I see what's going on here.

He stares at Heath.

CARL
The last guy cooked the books, is
that what you plan to do?

Fenton steps up to his uncle.

FENTON

Uncle Carl, why didn't you tell me you were selling Saint Georges in six months?

The crowd gasps. A mutter slices through the field. Carl glares at Fenton.

CARL

Boy, what did I tell you about your trap door? Shut it. Lock it. And throw away the key.

Fenton shrinks away like a scolded pup.

Carl wrings out the hanky and mops his head again. He turns his attention back to Heath.

CARL

Playing games by making these people think they are going to continue to live here...*That's* dishonest.

He stuffs the hanky back in his pocket and shoves his hat back on.

PHYLLIS

Mister Starling. They trusted you to your word. They weren't being dishonest.

CARL

The developer called today. He wants this property sooner or he's buying elsewhere. I got no choice.

SYLVIE

Sooner?

HEATH

You got a choice. Keep your word and I'll have this place turned around and making you money.

CARL

I can't do that. Too risky.

Nettie pipes up.

NETTIE

Too risky to make sure hundreds of us don't lose our homes and our jobs?

Carl looks across the stunned crowd.

CARL

We'll get everybody moved to other facilities.

PEDRO

Aye, this is not a memorial. It is a funeral.

The people grumble. Carl turns back to Heath.

CARL

The time frame just went from six months to one month. That's when they want to close.

HEATH

One month? You can't do this. You made us a deal.

CARL

What deal? I humored a ten year old busy body whose only business experience was getting in mine.

Sylvie folds her arms across her chest.

SYLVIE

I'm twelve and you're mean.

Carl smiles at Sylvie.

CARL

Well, Little Miss Muffet, you got a month to get God to send the angels with enough money to buy Saint Georges, cause I don't care who I sell to. But I am selling in a month.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

The room jammed with residents and workers. Standing room only. Heath in front. Phyllis stands off to the side. She takes notes with a clipboard.

HEATH

We don't have two and half million dollars.

Sylvie, Fenton, Nettie, and Pedro stand along the wall near the front. Flora sits in her wheelchair in the first row.

SYLVIE
I mean...We.

She motions to everyone in the room.

SYLVIE
There's like two hundred people at Saint Georges between residents and workers.

CHARLIE(80s)pipes up.

CHARLIE
Then there's got to be just as many angels flying around here, too. Do what Mister Starling said and have them drop off the money.

Laughter breaks out. ANTHONY(80s)laughs.

ANTHONY
Just not pennies from heaven. Dropping two and a half million dollars worth would probably kill us all.

More laughter.

LILAC
It just isn't fair.

KEVIN(90s)gets angry.

KEVIN
Is this a joke? We're about to lose our home. I got no place to go and you numbskulls are making jokes?

ANTHONY
Numbskulls? Look who's talking. The Sheriff of nothing there.

Kevin pushes up on his cane red faced and furious. He waves the cane towards Anthony.

KEVIN
I've had about enough of your big mouth.

HEATH
Okay. I see this is deteriorating.

Anthony shakes his fist at Kevin.

ANTHONY

I'll take that cane and shove it up
your mummified...

FENTON

Cut it out!

Silence. They look at Fenton surprised.

FENTON

What's wrong with you all?

Fenton walks to the front. All eyes on him.

FENTON

Couple days ago, I didn't believe
in anything. And I didn't like much
of nothin'. Mister Simon you've
known me for about seven years.
What I was like.

SIMON

Like a tick on a crocodile.

Scattered chuckles. Fenton concedes.

FENTON

Yeah, I don't know how you guys
wanted to be around me.

BOWMAN

We didn't.

Others concur.

Fenton removes his mask. People wince at the sight of his
melted features.

A HALF-BURNED face stares back at them. Scarred from his
melted left ear to the middle of his forehead then diagonally
down to his right jaw it cuts through his lips, and gives his
mouth an off center twisted look.

His hair barely grows through the scar tissue that covers his
head. Mostly stranded clumps.

FENTON

Go on. Take a good look.

Some look away. Others stare.

FENTON

Where were the angels that night?

Fenton chokes up.

FENTON
That wasn't fair.

A look of conviction spreads across people's faces.

Sylvie goes to him. Puts her arm around his shoulders. Fenton gathers himself, looks right at Sylvie.

FENTON
But...now...I believe.

Sylvie nods. Fenton turns back to everyone.

FENTON
I believe in something bigger
than...

Fenton motions to his face.

FENTON
Sylvie told me she saw Missus
Barrows taken to heaven by two
angels before any of us knew she
was dead.

Fenton has everyone's full attention.

FENTON
I saw with my own two eyes, first
there was no path to Miss Shelby's
field, then trees started shaking,
dirt flying up. Now look what's out
there. And nobody was doing it.

Miss Shelby stands.

MISS SHELBY
I saw it too.

FENTON
Sylvie says God sent his angels to
do it. I don't know why. Maybe so
we can all come together. Or
something.

He goes to Flora, takes her hand.

FENTON
And Miss Hespera here sees angels
just like Sylvie. But she takes
pictures of 'em.

FENTON
(in Spanish to Miss Flora)
I believe in your angel pictures.

Miss Flora smiles, gently touches his face.

FLORA
(in Spanish)
Sweet little boy.

Fenton goes back to the front.

FENTON
Until a couple days ago, I didn't
know there was anything under this
mask 'cept a burned up kid.

Dead silence.

FENTON
I've lost a lot in my life. And I
ain't that old. I don't want to
lose Saint Georges. Sylvie believes
we can buy this place. Then so do
I.

A long moment as everyone digests what Fenton said.

SIMON
Fenton.

Simon struggles out of his chair.

SIMON
That's more than I've heard you say
in all the years I've known you. I
don't want to lose Saint Georges
either. And I especially don't want
to lose extra bacon Mondays. So
count me in.

Simon raises his fist.

MISS SHELBY
I believe in glowies. Count me in.

She raises her fist. They all raise their fist and repeat
"Count me in".

Heath holds up his hands.

HEATH

While I appreciate everyone willing to save this place, I will figure something out.

SYLVIE

But, dad, everyone can help.

Heath shoots her a stern look.

HEATH

I said I will figure something out.

INT. HEATH AND SYLVIE'S SUITE - KITCHEN - DAY

Heath sits at the table, eats a sandwich. He holds the picture of his wife from the refrigerator.

HEATH

(to the picture)

I know I saw that pathway appear,
but glowies? My head still finds it
all too...hocus pocus.

He sighs, gets up, places her picture back on the refrigerator.

HEATH

(to picture)

Wish you were here.

Heath goes back to the table, notices the picture Angelica shoved in his hand. He picks it up, studies it.

The Boy on the steps.

HEATH

(to picture)

What's your story?

Heath stares at the picture. Something grabs his attention. He takes a closer look.

HEATH

What?

INT. FLORA ROOM - DAY

Stacks of pictures strewn across the bed.

FLORA
 (in Spanish)
 This is many photos to go through.

Sylvie sits on the edge of the bed, flips through the backs of the photos. So does Fenton. He wears a CASPER the FRIENDLY GHOST Mask.

Heath and Flora both scour the backs of the pictures.

FLORA
 (in Spanish)
 Are you sure you saw it, Doctor Lawrence?

FENTON
 Miss Hespa wants to know if you are sure what you saw.

HEATH
 I can't get the image out of my head. That's why I have to see more.

FENTON
 (in Spanish)
 His head is going to explode if he doesn't see more.

Fenton gives Flora a mischievous grin. Flora laughs.

FLORA
 Bueno. Bueno.

Heath looks at both of them suspicious.

HEATH
 Am I being translated correctly, Mister Fenton?

FENTON
 That's correct, Doctor Lawrence. You are being translated.

HEATH
 Not exactly what I was asking.

They continue to search in silence until Fenton perks up.

FENTON
 Got one. At least the closest one yet.

He holds up the picture:

A small black boy fishes with a cane pole along a river.

ANGELICA (O.S.)

I hope this is the clear out crew.

They look up to see Angelica in the doorway.

EXT. ST GEORGE'S - PARKING AREA - DAY

Angelica stands next to her open car door, holds the picture Fenton found, ready to get in. Heath, Fenton, and Sylvie gather around her.

HEATH

It's really not necessary to go through all of that.

ANGELICA

If it ends this picture hoarding once and for all, it's very necessary.

HEATH

But this whole show thing seems a bit overboard.

ANGELICA

It's not going to cost you a penny and it's what I do.

SYLVIE

It'll be fun daddy.

Heath looks at Sylvie's hope filled face, sighs.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

The room packed with residents and workers. They buzz over what stands before them.

A ten foot tall, twelve foot long object covered by a couple of sheets with ropes attached to them.

Angelica stands on the side near the front next to Flora. Sylvie, Fenton(in a Darth Vader MASK), Pedro, Nettie, Heath, Miss Shelby and Phyllis are close by.

The CLOCK on the wall ticks to -- 11:01

Fenton announces.

FENTON

Two minutes.

Everyone grows quiet. Angelica goes to the front. Fenton follows behind her.

Angelica takes one of the ropes, hands it to Fenton.

ANGELICA

On my signal.

Angelica moves to the opposite side of the covered object, grabs the other rope tied to its sheet.

The CLOCK ticks to 11:02.

Angelica nods. They pull on their rope and the sheets fall to the floor. A giant size black and white of the picture Fenton found.

Everyone "Oohs and Aahs". Angelica turns to them.

ANGELICA

This was taken in Nineteen-fifty-six on July sixteenth at eleven oh three in the morning. Today's date.

Fenton glances at the clock.

FENTON

Thirty seconds.

ANGELICA

As many of you know, my mother,
(she nods towards Flora)
Just loves to take pictures. Of
angels, so she says.

Sarcastic guffaws and comments fly around.

FENTON

Fifteen seconds.

ANGELICA

Now I'm not against picture taking.
I do photography shows for a living
so I appreciate it as an art form.

She looks over at Flora with her camera strapped around her neck ready to shoot.

ANGELICA

But when it becomes an obsession
and uses up every penny you need to
live on, then it's time to give it
up.

Flora releases her camera, embarrassed.

ANGELICA

(back to the audience)
Nineteen fifty six to today is a
long time taking pictures of
nothing.

Sylvie steps forward.

SYLVIE

That's not just nothing.

FENTON

Ten seconds.

The CLOCK's second hand ticks towards the twelve.

Flora rolls away. Sylvie grabs hold of her wheelchair when
she goes past her.

SYLVIE

Just wait, Miss Hespa. They'll all
see.

Flora looks up at her, tears in her eyes.

ANGELICA

And if I am right, we are all about
to witness something...miraculous.

All eyes on the second hand. It moves to the twelve. The
MINUTE HAND ticks forward.

11:03

ANGELICA

My mother giving up shooting angels
for good.

Laughter rumbles throughout the cafeteria.

Angelica steps away from the billboard sized photo to get a
better look. Fenton backs up next to Sylvie.

Silence replaces the laughter. Everyone glued to the picture.
Seconds tick by.

Nothing happens.

BOWMAN(90's)sits in a wheelchair with an oxygen tank on it.
He breathes through a mask.

BOWMAN

And?

Angelica folds her arms and looks at her mother with an "I told you so" look. Fenton gives a nervous glance at Sylvie.

BOWMAN

And?

Nettie "Sssh's" him.

BOWMAN

What? I'm waiting for the miracle.

Another few seconds go by.

ANGELICA

And there you have it...Nothing...
But a boy fishing.

Flora rolls away again. Sylvie releases her.

BOWMAN

That's probably what he caught.
Nothing.

More laughter.

SYLVIE

Maybe blowing up the picture took
the power from it. Or maybe it just
doesn't come through in a copy.

BOWMAN

Or maybe miracles just don't
happen.

NETTIE

You still alive ain't you, Bowman?

SIMON

That's debateable.

Laughter.

Fenton points at the giant photo.

FENTON

There!

Angelica turns to see a faint image form behind the boy. It fills in until a large ANGEL can be seen. The angel stands over him. Powerful wings cover the child like a great tree.

Lilac kisses her cross.

SYLVIE

Miss Hespera.

Flora stops just as she reaches the door.

FENTON

Miss Hespera, el angel.

Silence engulfs the room in reverential awe.

Flora turns back to the picture. A smile breaks through as tears begin to flow down her face.

ON the PICTURE --

The heavenly being wears a white gown with a golden belt and golden sandals. He looks at the boy with a love that takes everyone's breath away. He is at once ethereal yet majestic.

Bowman's eyes well up, he removes his mask. His voice cracks.

BOWMAN

My God. It *is* a miracle.

The second hand on the clock ticks towards the twelve, almost a full minute. It passes the twelve, the angel fades until completely gone. Only the boy remains.

For a long moment no one utters a sound. Everyone introspective of what they just witnessed. Stunned really.

Bowman claps a slow clap. Everyone follows suit. Some in the crowd whistle approval.

Angelica drops her head, her shoulders slump.

Flora takes in the applause. It seems to wash years of hurt and derision away.

Sylvie looks at her dad. He smiles, swipes at his teary cheeks. She goes to him and gives him a big hug.

Pedro has his arm around Nettie. Both of them cry. Pedro smiles at Nettie, hands her a tissue. He takes one out of his pocket for himself.

Angelica raises her head, looks over at her overwhelmed mother. Tears well up in Angelica's eyes. She goes over to Flora and bends down in front of her.

ANGELICA
I'm so sorry, Mama.
(in Spanish)
Please forgive your bull headed
daughter.

The applause only gets more raucous.

Flora smiles. New tears burst forth. Angelica lays her head in her mothers lap. Flora combs her hair with her fingers.

FLORA
(in Spanish)
My angel. My sweet, Angelica.

Sylvie looks around the room at all the tears and smiles. She looks up at her dad.

SYLVIE
I've got an idea that'll help you
keep your deal with Miss Angelica.

HEATH
What?

SYLVIE
First you got to let us help raise
money for Saint Georges.

HEATH
Honey, I already told you.

MISS SHELBY (O.S.)
Excuse me, Mister Lawrence.

Heath turns to see Miss Shelby with a flower from her field in a pot.

MISS SHELBY
I don't mean to interrupt, but this
isn't just about you. It's about
all of us. We got ideas to raise
money to keep this place. And
frankly, there's nothing you can do
to stop us.

Heath looks at Sylvie, back at Miss Shelby.

MISS SHELBY
We're selling t-shirts and flowers.

She hands Heath the pot.

MISS SHELBY
Just thought you'd like to know.

Miss Shelby walks away. Heath looks at the flower.

HEATH
Okay. What's your idea?

Sylvie smiles.

INT. FLORA HESPA'S ROOM - DAY

The room has an antiseptic, unlived in look. No more stacks of pictures. It has been swept, mopped, and everything put in its proper place.

Flora sits in her wheelchair, looks out the window. Her camera at the ready.

FLORA
(in Spanish)
I feel like I died and they cleaned my room for the next person.

ANGELICA
I think it's wonderful. They're going through all your pictures and catalogue them by date and time.

Angelica does a final swipe with a cloth on Flora's dresser and sets a single framed picture on it --

A black and white of a little girl in pig tails with a big smile revealing two missing front teeth.

FLASH! Flora takes a picture of Angelica.

FLORA
(in Spanish)
That is one of my favorite pictures of you.

Angelica turns to her.

FLORA
(in Spanish)
You were so scared when you found out your teeth wiggled. You came running to me with tears flying everywhere.

Angelica picks up the picture. The last one left in the room.

FLORA
 (imitates a young girl in
 Spanish)
 Mama! My teeth are breaking! Am I
 dying?

Flora laughs. Angelica chuckles.

ANGELICA
 I was seven. What did I know?

FLORA
 (in Spanish)
 At that age? You thought you knew
 everything.

Angelica puts the picture back.

ANGELICA
 Is an angel in that picture?

FLORA
 (in Spanish)
 Of course. You.

Flora turns back to the window. Angelica comes up behind her,
 gives her a big hug and kiss on the cheek.

FLORA
 (in Spanish)
 Oh my goodness. Such affection. You
 sure I'm not dead? They'll be
 coming for my shoes any minute.

Angelica chuckles. Pulls her mother away from the window,
 spins her chair around in circles.

ANGELICA
 Not only are you very much alive
 but I feel alive for the first time
 in years.

She stops. They face each other.

ANGELICA
 (in Spanish)
 Mama, your pictures are going to
 give a lot of people hope here.

FLORA
 (in Spanish)
 What if they don't appear?

ANGELICA
What if they do?

Flora nods, smiles. They hug.

FLORA
I love you angel of my heart.

Angelica rears back with an amazed look on her face.

ANGELICA
Mama, you spoke English.

Flora shrugs.

FLORA
Another miracle.

Angelica bursts into tears.

ANGELICA
I am so sorry I neglected you.

FLORA
You are here now.

ANGELICA
I have to leave tonight.

FLORA
(in Spanish)
I miss you already.
(in English)
My little angel. With breaking
teeth.

Flora laughs a hearty laugh. Angelica gives her a light smack on the shoulder.

ANGELICA
Not funny.

DING!

INT. HIGH C HALLWAY - OUTSIDE ELEVATOR - DAY

The doors open.

PEDRO
Okay, little people. High C from
now on called Hope C.

Sylvie smiles at him.

INT. HIGH C HALLWAY

They make their way past ELDERLY PATIENTS in bed, and in wheelchairs in the hallways. Sylvie smiles at each one occasionally saying "Hello".

Most of them don't acknowledge her. A few smile back or nod.

PEDRO

So sad. No family most of these.

FENTON

(wears a Spiderman Mask)
Probably wouldn't recognize them anyway. They look so...empty.

PEDRO

True. But they have a spirit. Even if the soul no speak, the spirit knows.

Fenton looks up at him.

FENTON

You believe that?

PEDRO

Of course, little cucaracha. Maybe we no talk to them, but God does.

Fenton nods his head.

FENTON

I like that.

He stops. Pulls a picture out of an envelope.

PEDRO

Ah. We have here.

They stand outside a door with the name "Silverstein" posted on it.

INT. MISSUS SILVERSTEIN'S ROOM

Missus Silverstein sits in a wheelchair. She stares out her window with a blank look on her face.

Her picture slipped into the side of the window so she can see it. She doesn't notice it.

Sylvie, Fenton, and Pedro stand behind her.

SYLVIE

Well, hope has been delivered. Up to God now how He's going to use it.

They gaze at the elderly woman for a few moments hopeful she snaps out of her daze. But nothing.

PEDRO

Okay. We have mucho mas hope to go.

FENTON

That's it? No miracle?

SYLVIE

My mom used to say, 'We just have to do our part, and God handles the miracles.'

FENTON

I guess.

Pedro fingers a strand of hair back from Sylvie's face.

PEDRO

Momma was very true.

Sylvie nods. Sadness crosses her face.

SYLVIE

Yes. She said that a few times before she died.

Pedro gives her a squeeze.

PEDRO

You were her miracle, hermosa chica. I think she want you to know, no matter what the happens, God will takes care of you.

Fenton draws closer to the catatonic woman, lifts up his mask, looks for any response.

FENTON

I was just hoping for something now.

PEDRO

Maybe something is now. Remember, her spirit yes, when the body no.

Fenton nods, sets his mask back down.

FENTON

Okay. Let's go get more hope.

EXT. ST. GEORGES - FRONT PARKING LOT - DAY

Heath stands outside. A FEDEX TRUCK pulls up. The DRIVER, SAM(30s), unloads a couple dozen boxes.

SAM

Softball uniforms?

Heath laughs.

HEATH

The residents here think selling tee-shirts are going to raise enough money to buy their beloved Saint Georges.

Sam puts his hand on one of the boxes.

SAM

Then I bless these shirts.

HEATH

Going to take more than a blessing.

Heath smiles a sheepish smile.

HEATH

But just in case, they're selling flowers, too.

Sam places his hand on Heath's shoulder.

SAM

I proclaim divine success in everything you all do to buy this place. In Jesus name, amen.

Sam hands Heath the electronic sign off pad.

HEATH

You a minister?

Heath signs, hands it back. Sam jumps back in the truck. Smiles.

SAM

Something like that.

He drives away.

APPLAUSE thunders.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

RESIDENTS and WORKERS line up to buy the shirts.

Sylvie models a BLACK T-shirt.

The front has shiny gold angel wings that frame "I Believe in GLOWIES" The word "GLOWIES" are in the same shiny gold as the wings. "I Believe in..." is in RED.

Fenton models a WHITE T-shirt.

"COUNT ME IN" written in GOLD letters across the chest with a RED outline of a raised fist underneath.

He turns around. The back reads, "HELP SAVE SANTO JORGES" in RED Letters.

BOWMAN

Who the hell is Santo Jorges?
Thought we were saving this place.

PEDRO

Escuchar. It's bilinguals.

A BANNER -- *"Save Saint Georges. Count Me In"* hangs above on the wall behind Sylvie, Phyllis, Fenton(with an IRON MAN MASK), Pedro, and Nettie. They each wear a shirt and man two tables with the rest of the shirts neatly folded and piled on them.

Phyllis and Nettie maintain a cardboard box for the cash they'll receive. They also have clipboards to mark the people that want to charge it to their accounts.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE: SELLING T-SHIRTS IN CAFETERIA

-- The CLOCK on the wall reads 3:07

-- The line dwindles. T-shirts disappear off the tables.

-- The two money boxes are full. The tables are empty.

-- The CLOCK reads 6:45

BACK TO:

CAFETERIA

Only Phyllis, Nettie, Pedro, Fenton, and Sylvie in the room. Exhausted, they smile, high five, and hug.

NETTIE

That must've been a thousand shirts.

SYLVIE

Twelve hundred.

NETTIE

Whoo. I know it was a lot.

SYLVIE

In a couple days we got another order coming.

PHYLLIS

Going to have to get the word out.

HEATH (O.S.)

All the shirts gone already?

They look up. Heath enters with a white Pedro shirt on.

SYLVIE

Nice shirt, daddy.

Heath smiles.

HEATH

If you can't beat 'em. Wear 'em.

He hands Sylvie a newspaper; Local News section. Everyone peers over her shoulder. A small article with the Headline --

"Saint Georges Sells Flowers To Keep Their Home"

A PICTURE shows Miss Shelby with a GROUP of RESIDENTS (her FLOWER GROUP). They stand next to a corner Flower Wagon, hold their flowers around a "Help Save Saint Georges Living Facility" banner.

Sylvie and Fenton let out a scream and shout. Pedro and Nettie hug.

PHYLLIS

This definitely constitutes getting the word out.

She snorts a laugh.

HEATH

Maybe the next batch you can sell
with the flower group around town.

NETTIE

That's a good idea, Doctor
Lawrence.

Sylvie gives him a surprised look.

SYLVIE

Yeah, Daddy. Good idea.

HEATH

Truth is, I couldn't come up with a
single idea on how to raise that
kind of money so fast.

He raises his fist.

HEATH

So, count me in.

They laugh. Sylvie gives him a big hug.

EXT. ST. GEORGES - CARL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Fenton, in his white Pedro shirt and IRON MAN mask. He also wears an IRON MAN GLOVE that lights up and makes noise. He pretends to shoot a couple of bad guys before he runs inside his house.

INT. CARL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Decorated haphazard with no real sense of style. No personal items or warm family photos. Cold, not homey.

FENTON (O.S.)

Uncle Carl?

Papers and boxes piled everywhere. Looks like someone's ready to move out or just moved in.

Fenton continues to play Iron Man. He peers around the boxes, his glove up to fire on the enemy.

He works his way, stealth like, into the --

KITCHEN

Fenton glances back and forth. No enemy. He heads to the sink. Gets himself a glass of water from the tap. Lifts his mask onto his head and takes a sip.

FENTON
Uncle Carl?

Fenton opens the refrigerator. Sparse at best.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE CARL DEN

Generic paintings of flowers hang on the dingy walls. Fenton makes his way down, mask on, glove up ready to shoot.

The hallway looks smokey.

Carl's strained VOICE carries towards him.

CARL (O.S.)
Look, I agreed to the one month
sale, not move the people out.

Fenton eases up to an open door. Smoke wafts out. He presses back against the wall, eavesdrops, stifles a cough.

INT. CARL DEN - DAY

Carl sits behind his desk shoehorned in between boxes, files, and stacks of papers.

Rolled out on the desk lies a yellowed and well worn full color aerial shot of a golf course with "*Wittickers Country Club*" printed across the right side bottom and a Witticker County seal impressed just below it.

CARL
(on a land line phone)
Be reasonable. Arrangements have to
be made with their families. If
they even have families.

The room choked with cigar smoke.

CARL
(on a land line phone)
Of course I want to sell, but there
are logistics. Considerations. I
need at least three months.

Carl stabs his cigar into a filled up ashtray. A cloud of ashes fly up.

HALLWAY

Fenton coughs.

CARL (O.S.)
Dammit we had a deal. You can't
change the time terms.

DEN

Carl hears the cough, stands up.

CARL
Then you'll be talking to my
attorney.

He slams the phone down and eases his way past the boxes towards the door.

Fenton tip toes past the entrance. Carl snags him by the collar.

CARL
Eavesdropping on me you little
snoop?

FENTON
No I was just...coming to show you
our new tee-shirts.

CARL
Boy, I got more important things to
deal with than what you're wearing.

FENTON
No. I mean the shirts to raise the
money so we can buy Saint Georges.

Fenton holds his shirt out for Carl to read.

CARL
We? Buy?

Carl lets out a derisive laugh.

CARL
I'd blow this place up before I'd
sell it to those goody two shoes.

He goes back to his desk.

CARL

And as far as you're concerned,
there is no 'we'.

Fenton lets his shirt go, mumbles.

FENTON

But you said you'd sell if they got
the money.

Carl stands at the desk, studies the country club document.

CARL

We made a pact when dad died
slaving for Wittickers.

On the map a RED CIRCLE has been traced around a yellow flag
marked 14th.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WITTICKERS COUNTRY CLUB - 14TH HOLE - (FLASHBACK 1960'S)
DAY

A YELLOW FLAG flaps in the wind with the number fourteen
emblazoned in black.

Just off the green, ARTY STARLING(Late 40s) shovels white
sand from a small truck into a sand trap.

The CLUB MANAGER rides up in a golf cart, yells at him.

CLUB MANAGER

Hey, Arty. Can you spread it any
slower? It's not like we have
members that want to play through.

YOUNG CARL(7) and YOUNG EARL(4) sit on the driver's seat of
Arty's golf cart. They play catch with a golf ball, stop and
watch their dad bow his head and apologize.

The Manager rides off, waves to the MEMBERS who wait to tee
off. They throw up their arms and shake their heads in
disgust.

Young Carl and Young Earl watch Arty pick up a shovel full of
dirt, grab his chest and collapse face first into the sand
pile.

YOUNG CARL

Daddy!

The boys jump down, run over to him, turn him over. A sandy white face with empty open eyes greets them. Young Carl shakes him.

YOUNG CARL
Daddy! Daddy!

CARL (V.O.)
Your dad and I were set to buy
Wittickers Country Club.

INT. EARL HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

On the table -- the same aerial map with the red circle on fourteen, only NEWLY PRINTED.

CARL (V.O.)
That was all we talked about.

A slimmer CARL(mid 40s) has a heated argument with EARL(early 40s).

CARL (V.O.)
They said you were planned.

Earl shakes his head, points to his WIFE, KAREN,(late 20s). She leans against a counter, watches them argue, wraps her arms around her fully pregnant belly.

BACK TO:

INT. CARL DEN - NIGHT

Carl takes another drink.

CARL
But I knew you were a mistake.

FENTON
We're going to raise the money.
You'll see.

Carl stomps over to him. Fenton flinches.

CARL
I'm not going to hit you. You're
too stupid to hit.

Fenton stares at him through his mask.

CARL

And get that stinkin' mask off when
I talk to you.

Carl rips the mask off his head, throws it out into the hallway. He grabs Fenton by the shirt. Reads it.

CARL

'*Count me in.*' The only thing they
better be counting are the days
'til I sell this money pit and they
find a new place to drop in the
dirt.

He releases Fenton. Fenton's eyes burn with fury. Tears well up.

FENTON

God's gonna help us.

CARL

God? This ain't a fairy tale, boy.
There ain't no happily ever after
for you here. There ain't no
happily ever after for you
anywhere.

Carl moves over him, like a mighty storm cloud ready to unleash a torrent of misery.

CARL

You don't think that doctor read
your file? He knows things about
you, you don't.

Tears run down Fenton's melted face.

CARL

I'm going to jog the one brain cell
that might still be breathing in
that coconut you call a head.

Carl jabs his pointer finger at Fenton's head.

CARL

Peel back the curtain on what the
good doctor with his nosy, smartsy
fartsy daughter knows.

FENTON

Sylvie's my friend.

CARL

You got no friends. They're using you to get to me, dummy. The doctor knows how you got burned. How you killed your mom and my brother, you little puke.

Fenton charges him.

FENTON

Shut up! You're lying! Shut up!

Carl pushes Fenton back against a small stack of boxes. They collapse. He falls into them. Carl snags a book of matches out of his pocket, shoves them in Fenton's face.

CARL

Like to play with these?

Fenton begins to cry. He puts up the Ironman glove to protect himself. It lights up and makes a noise.

Carl knocks his hand out of the way. The glove flies off. He strikes a match, holds it right up to Fenton's face.

CARL

You were a real superhero that night.

Fenton draws up in a fetal position.

FENTON

You're lying.

Carl throws it at him.

CARL

One by one you lit them.

Carl strikes another one.

CARL

Bet it you had a ball.

He throws that match at Fenton.

CARL

'Til one hit the couch and whoosh!

He throws another lit match at Fenton.

CARL
You talk about God? God wouldn't
want nothing to do with you if
there was one.

Fenton bawls, shakes his head.

FENTON
Leave me alone.

CARL
Don't worry about that. I'm going
to sell this death hole, buy
Wittickers, and stick you in a nut
house. Then you can have all the
friends you can stand.

He snatches Fenton up, shoves him out the door.

CARL
The insurance money I get for
holing you up is barely worth the
trouble.

Fenton collapses in the hallway.

CARL
Put that mask back on. Any face is
better than yours.

Carl grabs the door handle.

CARL
I'm going out of town to close my
deal. Tell your *friends* to start
packing.

He spots the back of Fenton's shirt.

CARL
Santo Jorge is finished.

He slams the door.

BATHROOM

Fenton pushes against the wall, catches himself in the
mirror. He moves right up to it, drops his mask in the sink.
Traces his scars with his finger as tears stream down them.

He pauses. Anger looks like it's about to explode his red
flushed face. He smacks himself. Again and again. He yanks at
his sparse hair.

Tears flow, snot runs out his nose. He releases his hair, glares at himself. A long intense moment. He sucks in a breath.

FENTON

You got what you deserved. God doesn't forgive you.

THUNDER RUMBLES

INT. MISSUS SILVERSTEIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dark, save for the lightning that flashes through the window past Missus Silverstein.

THUNDER GROWLS

Light from the hallway crawls across the floor as her door eases open.

SYLVIE

Fenton? You in here?

Pedro switches on a lamp, gives the room a soft glow. Sylvie checks her watch.

SYLVIE

Eight-forty-six. One more minute.

They draw closer to Missus Silverstein. Dressed in her bathrobe and nightgown with slippers on her stocking feet, she remains in her catatonic state.

SYLVIE

Fenton should be here.

PEDRO

That chico loco? Here today. No here today.

SYLVIE

But he was so excited.

Sylvie checks her watch again.

SYLVIE

Five more seconds.

They stare at the picture in the window. After several seconds Sylvie glances back at her watch.

SYLVIE

Maybe Miss Hespera's times on the pictures aren't exact. Or maybe my watch is not on time.

PEDRO

Maybe both.

Sylvie forces a smile.

SYLVIE

True.

They turn back to the picture. Lightning streaks across the black night sky. Lights up their faces.

PEDRO

Storm. Malo.

Sylvie looks at her watch again. -- "8:46"

SYLVIE

Cats and dogs are gonna come down.

PEDRO

Como? Where are the cats and dogs coming?

Sylvie laughs.

SYLVIE

It's raining cats and dogs. Means it is really raining hard.

THUNDER

Pedro nods, chuckles, shakes his head.

PEDRO

No entiendo.

SYLVIE

Just a saying. I don't get it either.

They turn back to Missus Silverstein. She continues to stare out the window with a blank expression.

PEDRO

Angel? Donde estas?

After a few more seconds Sylvie turns away disappointed.

SYLVIE

Oh, well. Maybe they don't show up
in every picture.

They head towards the door.

PEDRO

No hope miracle on hope C tonight.

SYLVIE

Guess not.

Pedro switches off the light. They go out. Lightning flashes on Missus Silverstein's face. Rain pelts the window.

INT. HIGH C HALLWAY

Pedro and Sylvie walk away from Missus Silverstein's room in silence, dejected.

SILVERSTEIN'S ROOM

Missus Silverstein stares out the window. Her face lights up from a long streak of lightning that crawls across the stormy sky.

After the flash, she sits in the dark. A different light begins to brighten her face to a stark white. Her pupils shrink.

THUNDER ROLLS

Her eyes dart to the picture taped to the window. The picture glows bright white. A spiral feather of an angel's wing emerges.

INT. HIGH C HALLWAY

Sylvie and Pedro continue towards the elevators.

MISSUS SILVERSTEIN (V.O.)

Aaaughhh!

Silverstein's scream echoes down the corridor. They glance at each other, run back to --

SILVERSTEIN'S ROOM

Pedro flips on the light. Missus Silverstein stomps around in the middle of her bed with the picture in her hand.

Her wheelchair turned over by the window, her slippers on the floor.

MISSUS SILVERSTEIN

My angel. I just saw my angel. A bright light came right out of this.

She holds the picture out to them. Pedro rushes over to help her off the bed.

PEDRO

Missus Silverstein. You must be careful. Missus Silverstein.

She looks down at him.

MISSUS SILVERSTEIN

Be careful for nothing you mean.

Silverstein bounces up and down, and does a little jig.

MISSUS SILVERSTEIN

I saw my angel. I saw my angel.

She stops.

MISSUS SILVERSTEIN

He flew me out of my chair and onto the bed. Kissed my cheek and said, *'It's not your time. Live'*.

She laughs a giddy school girl laugh like she just found out the boy she has a crush on likes her back.

MISSUS SILVERSTEIN

Then he just disappeared. To think. I've been wasting these last few years waiting to die. And I should've been living.

She stomps around her bed some more unable to contain her excitement.

MISSUS SILVERSTEIN

Oh, I feel light as a...an angel feather.

She laughs. Pedro and Sylvie laugh.

PEDRO

Hope miracle numero uno.

SYLVIE

Si.

Missus Silverstein stops. A concerned look crosses her face.

MISSUS SILVERSTEIN

I'm not crazy, am I?

SYLVIE

No, Missus Silverstein. You're definitely not crazy.

MISSUS SILVERSTEIN

Wonderful! Because I don't think I normally dance around on my bed.

She chuckles and stomps in circles again. She stops again, looks at Sylvie.

MISSUS SILVERSTEIN

Am I supposed to know you?

Pedro looks at Sylvie and grins.

BOOM! A thunderous sonic blast rattles the window. Rain pounds the glass. They rush to the window and peer out.

PEDRO

No cats and dogs. Elephants and bears.

EXT. SAINT GEORGE'S - NIGHT

A violent thunder storm crashes through the property, yanks the trees back and forth.

EXT. SHOES OF THE DEAD FIELD - NIGHT

In the flashes of lightning the fierce wind and rain shred the field. The shoes smash against one another. The flowers fly everywhere. Many of the T-posts snap, slam to the ground.

The little shed rocks back and forth ready to collapse.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHOES OF THE DEAD FIELD - DAY

The sun rises over the trees that surround the field. The storm gone, silence engulfs it. A mist blankets the clearing.

The shed remains upright, though it leans a little to the side.

INT. HEATH'S OFFICE - DAY

Heath, at his desk, talks with CAILEE(30s). She's the Town of Prodigy Channel Four television reporter. Her cameraman, MATT(40s) sits in the chair next to her.

HEATH

You can play this segment straight safe and just report we need to raise two and a half million dollars by selling t-shirts and flowers to save our home.

CAILEE

Well it's a great human interest story, especially for our town. I mean, we already have a mall in Prodigy.

HEATH

Or you can report the story behind the story that takes you to places you'd never believe.

MATT

Story behind the story?

SYLVIE (O.S.)

Daddy!

Sylvie storms into the room on the verge of tears.

SYLVIE

Daddy. I've been looking for Fenton everywhere.

Sylvie zips past Cailee and Matt, right up to Heath all in a panic.

SYLVIE

He didn't show up to serve this morning in the cafeteria. I've gone to his house, all the floors. Nobody's seen him. He was supposed to meet me and Pedro last night at Missus Silverstein's but he never showed up. Oh, and wait 'til I tell you about Missus Silverstein's angel.

Sylvie wraps her arms around Heath's neck and lays her head on his shoulders for a big "I need my Daddy to hold me" hug.

SYLVIE

But I'm really worried about Fenton.

Heath pats Sylvie's back, looks at the two station employees.

HEATH

Like I said. You can just do the straight safe story.

Cailee and Matt leap from their chairs.

CAILEE/MATT

Angels?

EXT. FIELD - SMALL CLEARING - DAY

A FEDEX TRUCK pulls in and parks. Sam jumps out, goes around to the back door. He pulls it open, climbs in.

INT. TRUCK

Sam closes the door, flips on the inside light, moves boxes around until he gets to the back.

Curled up amidst the boxes asleep -- *Fenton*, his Ironman mask in hand. Sam taps him with his foot.

SAM

We're here.

Fenton stirs, wakes up with a start. He rears back scared to death.

FENTON

Don't hurt me.

SAM

I think you've had enough of that in your short life.

Fenton slips on his mask.

SAM

You got nothing to hide from me.

Fenton keeps the mask on.

FENTON

Where are we?

SAM

That depends on you.

EXT. ST. GEORGES - BILLBOARD SIGN - DAY

Cailee stands in front of the sign. In the background a CLEAN UP CREW rake leaves, and picks up fallen branches.

Cailee waits for Matt to record. Many of the RESIDENTS along with Heath, Sylvie, and Phyllis look on.

Matt puts his hand up for silence. Everyone goes quiet. He points at Cailee to go.

CAILEE

(into camera)

Thanks, Tom. Over the past week, you've probably seen or even bought flowers from a corner flower wagon asking you to "Help Save St. George's". Well, there's more to these flowers than petals and prayers. Stay tuned to hear how the residents and employees of Saint George's are winging it to save the place they call home.

Cailee smiles.

MATT

Cut.

Everyone applauds. Cailee waves a thank you, goes up to Heath, Sylvie, and Phyllis.

CAILEE

(to Sylvie)

Find your boyfriend yet?

SYLVIE

He's not my boyfriend.

Cailee winks and smiles.

CAILEE

I get it. Find your friend boy?

(to Heath)

Love is so cute at that age.

Sylvie rolls her eyes.

MISS SHELBY (O.S.)
 Doctor Lawrence.

They all turn to Miss Shelby. She walks up with Pedro and her Flower Group. Her face, as well as the others appear distraught.

HEATH
 Yes, Miss Shelby? Is everything alright?

MISS SHELBY
 The storm last night.

HEATH
 Like a freight train went through. They've been cleaning up the grounds all morning.

MISS SHELBY
 Yes. But...the Shoes of the Dead field is...

She stops, overcome with grief. Pedro finishes her thought.

PEDRO
 Is dead.

CAILEE
 Shoes of the Dead field?

EXT. SHOES OF THE DEAD FIELD - DAY

Heath, Sylvie, Miss Shelby, the Flower Group, Pedro, Phyllis, Cailee, and Matt, look over the flattened field.

Pedro holds up a tearful Miss Shelby.

MISS SHELBY
 Gone. In one night.

PHYLLIS
 I can't believe it.

They stare across the once miraculous field in shell shocked silence.

PEDRO
 No more dead shoes. No more flowers. No more Saint Georges.

Pedro sobs.

INT. FEDEX TRUCK - DAY

Sam sits on a box across from Fenton.

FENTON
So I can leave?

SAM
Anytime.

Sam turns sideways to let Fenton pass. Fenton doesn't budge.

FENTON
I wasn't stowing away. I was
running away.

SAM
The problem with running away from
yourself is that no matter where
you go, there you are.

Fenton gets defensive.

FENTON
You don't know anything about me.

SAM
I know you hide behind a mask.

FENTON
That's because I got burned in a
fire.

SAM
Uh-huh. The one that killed your
mom and dad. The one you started.

FENTON
That's a lie. My Uncle tell you
that?

SAM
You didn't mean to.

FENTON
Let me outta here.

Fenton jumps up, runs to open the door, but can't.

FENTON
You said I can leave.

Sam goes over to the door. Fenton backs away from him,
scared.

SAM
Told you I would never hurt you,
Fenton.

FENTON
How do you know my name?

Sam raises the door.

SAM
I've always known your name.

Fenton leaps out and into --

INT. FENTON'S CHILDHOOD HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The field and truck have disappeared. Fenton finds himself in the hallway at the edge of his childhood living room.

FENTON
Where am I?

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER comes up.

Fenton spins around, catches a small boy run past.

Fenton follows him out into the living room. The CHILD(3) climbs up on the sofa, grabs the remote off the couch and turns on the TV.

In the glow of the television the child's face can be seen. A precious perfect face with bright blue eyes. He stares at the TV from under blonde golden locks.

FENTON
That's me.

SAM
I've always known you, Fenton.

Fenton looks up. Sam stands next to him. They watch YOUNG FENTON.

FENTON
What's going on? Why am I here?

SAM
I told you it depends on you.

FENTON
I don't understand.

Sam points for Fenton to watch the child. Fenton does.

Young Fenton's attention leaves the TV, goes to the table next to him. He notices a small box of matches. Picks them up.

FENTON
No! Leave those alone!

SAM
He can't hear you.

FENTON
But I'm going to burn the house
down. Can't you stop him. Can't you
stop me?

Fenton rips off his mask.

FENTON
I did this. It was my fault.

Fenton begins to ball.

FENTON
It was all my fault.

SAM
Look at you. Innocent.

Young Fenton strikes a match. The flame scares him and he throws it down on the floor. The match goes out.

SAM
You were only playing.

Young Fenton takes another match out of the box, lights it.

FENTON
Why are you doing this to me?

Young Fenton holds up the lit match, turns it back and forth. It burns down enough to heat his fingers. He throws it down.

Fenton pleads through tearful eyes.

FENTON
Please. Stop. I was bad.

SAM
Can you honestly blame that child
for what happened? Does he look
like he wants to burn the house
down?

Fenton watches himself fumble with the box, rocks his head back and forth "No".

FENTON
But I killed mom and dad.

Sam bends down, looks Fenton in the eyes.

SAM
Fenton. You were three years old.

Fenton looks over at his younger self. He strikes another match.

FENTON
How can God forgive me?

SAM
God forgives because he is love and love always forgives.

Sam turns Fenton's head back to get his full attention.

SAM
But you didn't know what you were doing. There was nothing to forgive.

Fenton gazes at Sam, tears pour down his face.

SAM
Sometimes people do things that have horrible consequences, but the consequences from unforgiveness can be even worse.

The three year old Fenton holds the lit match up over his head, he giggles with delight, moves it back and forth.

SAM
Fenton. You must forgive yourself. Your three year old self.

Fenton wipes his eyes, looks at his younger self. He nods his head, releases a heavy sigh.

FENTON
I do.

The match gets too hot for Young Fenton to hold. He drops it on the couch.

Sam pulls Fenton in for a hug as great WINGS spring forth from his back and enclose around him.

The fire inflames the couch and engulfs Young Fenton.

(Sam is the same angel Sylvie saw behind Fenton in the breakfast line. His "Glowie".)

BLACK.

BACK TO:

INT. SHOES OF THE DEAD FIELD - SMALL SHED - DAY

BLACK.

MISS SHELBY (V.O.)
And the amazing thing was, I never
planted a single one.

CAILEE (V.O.)
Amazing.

A dim light comes on. Somebody just opened their eyes. The inside of the shed has a hazy look, can barely be made out.

FENTON (O.S.)
Sam?

Empty hooks on the wall where garden tools would hang. Gloves stick out of a box. Bags of soil stacked to one side. Garden aprons hang from a post with wooden pegs.

MISS SHELBY (V.O.)
One day we'd harvest the flowers to
sell, the next day this field would
be fully grown again.

CAILEE (V.O.)
Now that's what I call miracle
grow.

Fenton lies on the floor next to his mask in the darker shadows of the shed. He looks like a bag lumped into a corner rather than a person.

FENTON
Sam?

EXT. SHOES OF THE DEAD FIELD - DAY

Heath, Sylvie, Pedro, Phyllis, Nettie, and the Flower Group clean up. Cailee interviews Miss Shelby near the shed. Matt records.

A dozen other WORKERS and RESIDENTS rake and bag the leaves. A few OTHERS haul off the broken branches down the now cleared pathway. Others work on the posts and their wires.

Miss Shelby shakes her head in despair.

MISS SHELBY
We sure need a miracle now.

FENTON (V.O)
(shouts)
Sam!

INT. SHED - DAY

Fenton on his knees, still in the dark. He lifts his hand, opens it. The hazy light through the sheds wooden slats reveals what he holds.

A Box of Matches.

Scribbled on the box -- "*Love Always Forgives*"

SAM (V.O.)
Give that to your Uncle.

Fenton rises up.

FENTON
Sam?

The door to the shed flings open. Bright light blasts him. Fenton throws his arms up.

Sylvie stands in the doorway. Everyone else crowds around her.

SYLVIE
Fenton!

Fenton drops his arms, winces from the light.

FENTON
Ree Ree?

GASPS from everyone.

Fenton's face and arms are no longer scarred. His skin smooth and healthy. A full head of medium length wavy blonde hair frames his now handsome fresh face.

The face he would have grown into if not for the fire. His bright blue eyes twinkle in the sunlight.

FENTON

My guardian angel's name is Sam.
And he's the Fedex guy. But he
wasn't glowing. And then he was.
Like a glow stick.

Fenton flashes a smile no one has ever witnessed before from him.

A silent shocked beat.

CAILEE

So that's friend boy. He's cute.

EXT. FRONT OF ST. GEORGES - DAY

The CROWD around Fenton grows as word spreads.

The residents and workers in their black or white T-shirts press in to hear his story. To touch him, hug him, and see if the rumor is really true.

Fenton enjoys the sudden celebrity, a love and attention he has never known.

Sylvie and Heath stand next to him. They beam from ear to ear, hang on to every word he says, even though they've already heard it a thousand times.

Cailee(in the white shirt) reports from outside the crowd. Matt(in the black shirt) helms the camera.

CAILEE

(into camera)

People are calling it a miracle. A young boy was burned and scarred, maimed for life by the fire that destroyed his home and killed his parents. Now, somehow, his skin and face have been miraculously healed. He says it was his angel.

Cailee calls to one of the people who walk by her.

Nettie.

CAILEE

Excuse me. Could you please tell the folks at home what you have witnessed.

NETTIE

Ma'am, all I know is that boy hated life, what had happened to him. Barely any hair. Face like a grilled cheese sandwich. That's why he always wore a mask.

CAILEE

And now?

NETTIE

Look at him.

They look at Fenton, all smiles, happy to talk to everybody.

CAILEE

What would you call what happened to him?

INT. VARIOUS TOWN FOLK'S LIVING ROOMS/EXT. ST. GEORGES - DAY

Home to home TOWNS PEOPLE are glued to their televisions.

ON TV --

NETTIE

Honey. The hope flag's been at half mast ever since we found out they want to turn this place into a mall.

Nettie points to Saint Georges.

NETTIE

To most folks that's just a building. But to all us it's the only home we got. And we got about another week to get up two and a half million dollars to save this place. You crazy?

Nettie gestures towards Fenton.

NETTIE

But then you look at that beautiful healed boy over there. I call that raisin' the hope flag up to full mast.

INT. PHYLLIS BILCO'S OFFICE - DAY

The phone rings off the hook. Phyllis jumps back and forth between callers.

PHYLLIS

(on phone)

Yes, all donations can be made to the 'Save Saint Georges' Fish Wish Page. And please spread the word.

She pushes a button on the five line phone.

PHYLLIS

(on phone)

Sorry to keep you on hold. May I help you? Yes, the miracle of the burned boy is real. You can still buy tee shirts. Okay. Thank you for calling.

She pushes another button.

PHYLLIS

(on phone)

Hello. Saint Georges. May I help you?

Heath opens her door, walks in.

HEATH

Crazy out there.

He closes the door behind him. Phyllis covers the phone.

PHYLLIS

(to Heath)

Crazy in here.

(into phone)

Please hang on a moment. I'll be right back with you.

She puts the caller on "Hold" as other lines buzz in.

PHYLLIS

(to Heath)

I think the whole town knows now. Donations are going through the roof.

She snorts out a laugh, points to her computer screen.

PHYLLIS

I just checked our Fish Wish page.

HEATH
Fish wish what?

Phyllis points to her computer.

PHYLLIS
Oh, I started this little crowd
funding page, which I've always
wanted to do, but never had any
thing to raise money for.

Heath goes over to her.

HEATH
And it's going viral.

Phyllis snorts.

HEATH
Over a quarter of a million
dollars? I can't believe it.

Heath shakes his head.

HEATH
You believe in God, Phyllis?

Phyllis laughs.

PHYLLIS
If I didn't, I would now. Nobody
but God could work this.

Heath runs his hand through his hair.

PHYLLIS
You alright?

HEATH
My wife always handled the
spiritual, going to church, praying
department. I never had to. But it
seems like I'm getting a crash
course in 'Jesus loves me this I
know'.

PHYLLIS
No greater proof than that little
boy out there. Or that wonderful
girl of yours. Or Flora's angel
pictures. Or all this money pouring
in from folks we don't even know.
Crash course? I'd say we're all
getting a PHD in God's love.

Heath smiles. She chuckles, punches up the phone line.

PHYLLIS

(on phone)

So sorry to keep you on hold. Well,
I believe God wants us to keep
Saint Georges, too.

Heath goes to his office. A PAINTER comes out, closes the door. The sign on it corrected -- "DOCTOR HEATH LAWRENCE".

The Painter hands Heath a paper cup with black paint and a paint brush in it.

PAINTER

I was told to do this personally.

Heath turns to Phyllis. She covers the phone.

PHYLLIS

I didn't know you called a painter.

HEATH

I didn't.

They glance around the office. The painter has disappeared. Phyllis hears a VOICE from the phone.

PHYLLIS

(on phone)

Yes ma'am. I would say angels are
all around us.

(she smiles at Heath)

We like to call them Glowies.

Heath turns back to his door, looks down at the cup. It no longer has paint and a paintbrush.

Heath catches his breath. He turns the cup over into his hand. His wife's lost WEDDING BAND sits in his palm.

It reads "For".

He holds it next to his ring. Perfect match, only smaller. Together they read "FOREVER"

INT. CARL'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Carl sits at his desk, a glass of scotch in his hand and the bottle next to him. The Witticker map rolled out in front of him. A small desk lamp lights it.

The rest of the room sits in darkness, cloaks him like his favorite old sweater.

He downs the Scotch, loosens his tie, rubs his hand across his head and sighs. He pours another glass, spins his chair away from the desk into the blackness.

The door creaks open. Light from the hallway crawls into the room. Fenton's silhouette blots the doorway.

FENTON

Uncle Carl?

Carl doesn't budge.

FENTON

Uncle Carl?

A long moment.

CARL

Know why I never unpacked? Living out of boxes for the past umpteen years?

He takes a short swig.

CARL

Saint Georges was just a temporary investment.

Fenton stays at the door.

CARL

A place to grow my money.

Carl spins back to the desk. Takes another swig.

CARL

Come on in and tell good old Uncle Carl how you managed to deep six his sale.

Fenton enters. Carl pours another drink. Fenton stops just short of the desk, still in the shadows.

FENTON

What do you mean?

Carl slams down his drink, almost hurdles the desk to scream at him.

CARL

The developer backed out. The whole town called them and told them they weren't going to support the mall.

Carl collapses back into his chair. Takes another gulp. He looks down at the map where his drink splashed out and washed away part of the "Witticker Country Club" writing.

CARL

Imagine that. The whole town.

Carl turns his chair away from Fenton. He pulls out a cigar, feels around for matches.

CARL

Time to celebrate the demise of my lifelong holy grail.

He turns back, shuffles through his desk. No matches. He slams the drawer.

CARL

(dryly sarcastic)
Gotta light?

Out of the darkness Fenton tosses the MATCHBOX Sam gave him. It lands on the map with the words "Love Always Forgives" in front of Carl.

CARL

What kind of sick joke is this?

Carl takes the matches and turns them over. The word -- "Brotherly" penned in the same writing as the words on the other side.

A WHITE FLASH!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EARL'S HOME - BACK PORCH - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

(40ish) Carl and Earl stand together. Carl pulls out two cigars from his top pocket, hands one to Earl. Earl hands Carl the MATCHBOX.

Earl sniffs the cigar.

EARL

Havanas?

CARL
Nothing but the best for my little
brother. Gotta contact in Miami.

Carl pulls a match out of the box, strikes it. In the flame he notices something written on it. He holds the match out to read it.

CARL
Love always forgives.

EARL
Read the other side.

Carl turns it over.

CARL
Brotherly.

He turns the box back over.

EARL
Brotherly love always forgives.

Carl shakes the match out, smiles at Earl.

CARL
Daddy always said that when we
weren't speaking.

EARL
I couldn't let it go on anymore.
Dad wouldn't be pleased.

Three year old Fenton runs out full of laughter right to Carl, hugs his leg.

Carl feigns a laugh but not amused or excited to see this little thorn in his side.

CARL
Well, there's the little guy.

Karen runs out after Fenton.

KAREN
Fenton. Come here.

She drags Fenton off Carl's leg.

KAREN
Sorry, Carl. He can be a little
rambunctious.

Carl forces a polite excuse.

CARL

Oh, I was rambunctious at that age.
Terrible twos.

KAREN

He's three.

CARL

Has it been that long? Time waits
for no man. Or child for that
matter.

She lifts Fenton up and gives him a hug.

KAREN

Time definitely isn't waiting on
Fenny Fen.

Fenton squirms to get down. Karen looks at Carl and smiles.

KAREN

So nice to see you, Carl. Glad you
came.

Karen puts Fenton down. He runs back over to Carl and wraps
around his leg again. Carl looks down and pats Fenton's head.

CARL

Well, I figured if we're finally
going to buy the club we should at
least be talking.

Carl chuckles.

KAREN

What?

Earl glances at Karen then back at Carl.

EARL

That's...that's not why I called,
Carl.

CARL

What?

BABY FENTON

Uncle Carl.

Fenton looks up and smiles at Carl. Carl peels Fenton off his
leg.

EARL

I'm sorry if that's what you thought but...that's not why I called.

Fenton wraps around him again.

BABY FENTON

Uncle Carl.

CARL

You think I'd come all this way just to make up? After you threw away our childhood dream? Yeah, Dad would really be pleased.

KAREN

Carl. Earl loves you. You're his big brother. The only blood he's got.

Carl jerks Fenton off his leg. Fenton takes a tumble.

CARL

(points at Fenton)
That's the only blood he's got.

Karen rushes to pick Fenton up. Fenton starts to cry.

KAREN

What is wrong with you?

Earl goes over to Karen and Fenton. He checks his baby. Carl stabs the cigar towards them.

CARL

Stay out of this, Karen. This is all your fault.

Carl breaks the cigar in half, tosses it off the porch.

EARL

Carl. C'mon. It wasn't just her decision. We had the baby coming.

Earl takes Fenton in his arms.

CARL

That was your mistake, not mine. I never should've come here.

Carl storms into the house.

LIVING ROOM

Carl stomps through, tosses the matchbox onto the table next to the couch.

EARL

Carl!

Earl carries Fenton in his arms, hurries to the open front door just in time to hear Carl's tires screech away.

EARL

Carl!

CARL (V.O.)

I killed them.

BACK TO:

INT. CARL DEN - NIGHT

Carl squeezes the matchbox.

CARL

Oh, God.

He buries his head in his arms.

CARL

I threw the matches on the table.
You were just a baby.

Carl sobs.

FENTON

Uncle Carl.

CARL

It was all my fault. My brother's
dead because of me.

FENTON

Uncle Carl.

Carl shakes his head, drops the matchbox on the desk. It lands next to the red circle.

CARL

I'm so sorry, dad. I ruined
everything.

His tears drip on the red circle, dissolve it.

Fenton moves into the light.

FENTON
I forgive you.

CARL
You can't.

FENTON
Love always forgives.

CARL
You're an orphan because of me.
Burned for life because of me.

Fenton gets stern.

FENTON
Uncle Carl. Look at me.

Carl sleeves his eyes. Looks up. His vision blurry, he barely makes Fenton out.

FENTON
Love always forgives.

CARL
Earl?

FENTON
No. It's me, Fenton.

CARL
Fenton? That a new mask?

Fenton chuckles.

FENTON
Not a mask. It's the real me. The
me that was supposed to be.

Carl rubs his eyes. Looks at him again.

CARL
But you're...beautiful. You're
handsome.

Carl stands up.

CARL
You...you look just like your dad
when he was your age.

He puts his arms out.

CARL
Come over here.

INT. ST. GEORGES CAFETERIA - DAY

Everyone in their Save Saint Georges shirts. Phyllis stands in front with a chart that shows their fund raising page.

BOWMAN
That wishy fishy page ain't gonna be enough. Heck. We don't even have flowers to sell anymore.

Phyllis glances at Sylvie. Sylvie's eyes drift to the floor. For the first time she doesn't have an answer.

SIMON
Yeah. Hate to break it to everybody but tee-shirts and good will aren't going be enough for Carl Starling.

People grumble in agreement.

MISS SHELBY
What about Fenton's miracle?

SIMON
I loved it. But we need a two and half million dollar miracle.

LILY (O.S.)
Sylvie.

Sylvie looks up. Lily stands behind her.

LILY
Is anything too hard for God?

Sylvie shakes her head.

SYLVIE
But nothing is happening.

LILY
You know by now, nothing is never happening.

Lily smiles, fades away.

MORRIS
Nothing what?

Sylvie looks over at Morris, the sullen faces.

SYLVIE

Nothing.

Then a realization. Her eyes grow wide.

SYLVIE

Nothing is too hard for God. By
tomorrow that field could be filled
with flowers.

Miss Shelby looks at her, smiles.

MISS SHELBY

Yes, I believe it.

BOWMAN

If not?

A long silence.

PEDRO

We are finito.

Pedro buries his head in his hands.

SYLVIE

We still have a week.

LILAC

That's right. Anything can happen
in a week.

CARL (O.S.)

You don't have a week.

Everyone looks to where Carl's voice comes from. The back door of the cafeteria. Carl comes in with Fenton.

HEATH (O.S.)

You said we had a month.

Everyone looks to where Heath's voice comes from.

The front door of the cafeteria.

Heath holds the flower pot with the flower Miss Shelby gave him and a pair of his dress shoes.

Carl glances around at the hopeless faces, walks towards Sylvie. Fenton follows. Sylvie looks at Fenton, but Fenton doesn't look at her.

Heath walks up to Miss Shelby. Hands her the pot and the shoes.

HEATH

Time to plant another miracle. And I'd be honored if you started with my shoes.

Miss Shelby takes them.

HEATH

It can be a sort of...

Miss Shelby smiles, finishes the thought.

MISS SHELBY

Shoes of the Living field.

Heath returns her smile, walks over to face Carl.

HEATH

Mister Starling.

Carl holds up his hand to stop him.

CARL

I said a lot of things. Things I shouldn't have said.

He turns to Fenton and gestures for him to come in front of him. Sylvie watches Fenton move past her. Fenton doesn't look at her.

Sylvie frowns, glances at her dad. Heath shrugs, not sure where this will lead.

CARL

But this miracle of a boy taught me something.

Carl places his hands on Fenton's shoulders.

CARL

Something you can't buy. Something I wish I learned a long time ago.

Fenton looks up at him.

CARL

How to forgive. And how to accept forgiveness.

Carl chokes up, clears his throat.

CARL

I have been a rude, arrogant,
selfish, greedy, son of a...you
know what.

Some glance around stunned, others unsure this isn't just a
setup.

NETTIE

Oh, I know what.

Carl looks over at Nettie.

Pedro slouches in his chair, puts his head down, covers his
face with his hand to shrink out of Carl's view.

CARL

I know you do, Nettie. And I'm
sorry.

NETTIE

Excuse me?

Pedro peeks between his fingers.

CARL

I'm sorry for how I treated you.
Can you please find it in your
heart to forgive me?

Pedro sits back up, astonished.

NETTIE

I can. But I don't know who you
are. Cause you sure ain't Mister
Carl Starling.

CARL

I assure you I am more Carl than
I've ever been.

NETTIE

Well, then. I forgive you.

Carl bows his head, humbled.

CARL

Thank you.

NETTIE

I forgive you for being mean, and
nasty, and two faced, and low down.

Pedro shrinks back again.

NETTIE

And ugly. And downright evil. Like you was the devil's twin.

Carl waves at her and chuckles.

CARL

Okay, okay. Guilty as charged. Guilty as charged.

Pedro stands up, emboldened. He waves his fist at Carl and shouts.

PEDRO

And a *mierda jefe!*

Silence. Nobody knows what he just said, except Flora and Fenton. Flora laughs. Fenton glances up at Carl.

FENTON

Poo poo head.

Carl looks over at Pedro. Pedro puts his fist back down. Carl smiles.

CARL

That too, Pedro.

Pedro breathes a sigh of relief, takes his seat. Carl turns back to everyone.

CARL

I hope all of you can forgive me. I know I don't deserve it.

NETTIE

I do forgive you. But I will never forget how you sold this place out from under us.

SYLVIE

One more week, Mister Starling.

Carl looks over at Sylvie.

CARL

You're a hard-nosed negotiator. That's for sure, young lady. But you're not going to win this one.

SYLVIE

But we have one more week.

CARL
You're not going to get another
week.

SYLVIE
But.

Tears well up in her eyes. Carl smiles a big smile.

CARL
You're not going to get another
week because I've decided to sell
Saint Georges to you all now.

Sylvie stares at him through her tears.

SYLVIE
But we don't have the money now.

CARL
Whatever you've raised I will take
as a down payment.

SYLVIE
What?

Sylvie looks at her father. Heath stands dumbstruck. In fact,
everyone is dumbstruck.

Carl turns to Heath.

CARL
I'll come to your office in the
morning and we'll work out the
financials. If you can turn a
profit like you say you can, you'll
have no problem making a monthly to
me.

No one knows how to react. Carl waves his hand in front of
Heath's face.

CARL
Doctor Lawrence?

BOWMAN
What did he say?

CARL (V.O.)
I said, welcome to the new Saint
Georges *Angels* Living Facility.

EXT. SAINT GEORGE'S - FRONT AREA - DAY

Sylvie and Fenton pull a sheet down that reveals a new sign above the front doors. "Saint Georges Angels Living Facility".

The sheets fall behind a makeshift platform with speakers and microphone. Carl on the mic. Heath next to him.

CARL

Owned and operated by...

Carl gestures to the crowd.

CARL

You all.

An overflow CROWD of residents, employees, and TOWNSPEOPLE dressed in Saint Georges shirts cheer.

EXT. FRONT AREA - DAY

The celebration continues.

Cailee reports from the ceremony with Matt on camera.

CAILEE

(into camera)

And so, thanks to help from the angels, and of course, the generosity and good people of Prodigy, Saint Georges has been saved. This has been Cailee Price with the privilege of reporting live from the new Saint Georges.

She smiles into the camera. Matt pans around the party.

Nettie, Pedro, Simon, Morris, Bowman, Lilac, and Phyllis spread out amongst the revelers. They laugh and joke, and enjoy this grand time.

Sylvie stands on the platform with Flora. Sylvie has a pretty dress on and a PINK RIBBON in her hair.

Flora snaps several pictures. Sylvie points to something. Flora takes a picture of it. Flora slips the camera off, hands it to Sylvie.

FLORA

You see them. You shoot them.

SYLVIE
You speak English?

Flora smiles coyly.

FLORA
A lady has to keep a secret here
and there.

Sylvie laughs, looks through the viewfinder. She snaps a picture.

FLORA
You see that one?

Sylvie looks, nods, and takes another picture. Sylvie hands the camera back to Flora. Flora pushes it back.

FLORA
No, mi Amor. I am passing it to
you.

SYLVIE
I can't take this.

FLORA
Por favor. You have given me much
more.

SYLVIE
But.

FLORA
Guess you are going to have to get
used to losing arguments. Like
Pedro says. Snappy snappy.

Flora laughs, rolls down the platform ramp.

FLORA
Now go on. Like Pedro says. Snappy
snappy.

Sylvie watches her leave, looks around, spots Lily. She stands with Sam in the middle of the crowd. They look at her and smile. Sylvie grins back, snaps their picture.

HEATH (O.S.)
Mom would be so proud.

Heath comes up, wraps his arms around her for a big hug. He notices the camera.

HEATH
Shooting glowies?

Sylvie giggles.

SYLVIE
A present from Miss Hespera.

HEATH
Just promise me no floor to ceiling
stacks lining the walls and
furniture.

They laugh.

HEATH
I love you, my big girl.

SYLVIE
I love you, Daddy.

He notices her ribbon.

HEATH
Pink?

Sylvie blushes, looks over at Fenton. Fenton laughs with
Simon and Morris. Heath follows her eyes.

HEATH
Ahhh.

SYLVIE
What?

HEATH
Mister Starling's going to have his
plate full opening up his new golf
course.

Sylvie looks down, saddened.

SYLVIE
That's nice.

HEATH
So he asked me if Fenton can stay
with us.

She perks up.

SYLVIE
Really?

She reins in her excitement.

SYLVIE
What did you say?

HEATH
I told them school starts in a
couple of weeks so no more late
night summer hours.

Sylvie grins and hugs him.

SYLVIE
Thank you, Daddy.

HEATH
This wouldn't have happened without
the two of you.

SYLVIE
And the glowies.

Heath gives her a big smile.

HEATH
Of course, the glowies.

They stand together arm in arm, enjoy the celebration.

HEATH
I wonder if this is what heaven is
like?

Sylvie looks up at him, surprised.

HEATH
All those angels got to live
somewhere.

SYLVIE
And mom.

HEATH
And your mother.

Sylvie smiles, gives him a squeeze.

SYLVIE
Now at least I'll finally get a
chance to find out what 'Ree Ree'
means.

HEATH
Ree Ree?

SYLVIE

Yeah. That's what Fenton called me from the first day we met.

Heath chuckles.

SYLVIE

What?

HEATH

Nothing.

She gives him a light slap on the shoulder.

SYLVIE

You don't know.

HEATH

Hey. I may be getting older but I'm not getting old. I keep up on the latest terms.

Sylvie faces him.

SYLVIE

Daddy. Tell me.

A sly smile crosses Heath's face.

HEATH

You don't want to know.

Her hands shoot to her hips.

SYLVIE

Daddy!

Heath shrugs.

HEATH

Okay. Remember you asked. It means retarded. *Ree Ree*. Like Cray Cray means crazy.

Sylvie's mouth drops open. Heath laughs.

HEATH

Frankly, Miss Muffet, I'm surprised at you.

She looks over at Fenton. Her face turns beet red.

SYLVIE

Oooh.

She balls up her fists and stomps away towards Fenton.

HEATH

Honey. Our little girl's growing up
to be more like you everyday.

Heath chuckles as he watches her go.

EXT. SHOES OF THE LIVING FIELD - DAY

Miss Shelby stands in front of a CROWD next to the repaired shed. She explains the miracle of the flower field, once again in full bloom.

The wires across the clearing full of new shoes. Every shoe has a flower in it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MIAMI - WYNWOOD ART DISTRICT - DAY

A line of PEOPLE stretches down a sidewalk. MALE and FEMALE MODELS dressed as ANGELS serve champagne and hor d'ouerves. The line leads up to -- ANGELICA'S GALLERY.

SUPER: "MIAMI ART DISTRICT"

The MARQUEE reads -- "SHOOTING ANGELS" by FLORA HESPA

A large BILLBOARD atop the building has the black and white picture of the boy fishing.

INT. ANGELICA'S GALLERY

One wall has a floor to ceiling picture of Flora in her wheelchair. She holds her camera. Below her picture a quote --

"I see them. I shoot them." - Flora Hespera

Flora's pictures mounted on the other walls, blown up and framed.

Angelica talks into a microphone from a loft above the crowd.

ANGELICA

Flora Hespera has been capturing
angels since the nineteen thirties.

A four sided screen hangs above in the center of the room. Projectors fill the twelve foot by ten foot screens with a continuous picture all the way around.

ON the SCREENS --

Eleven CONSTRUCTION WORKERS sit on a long metal beam atop a skeletal steel structure above New York City. The workers appear relaxed. They eat lunch.

ANGELICA

This picture has today's date.

The audience stares up at the 1932 BLACK and WHITE picture. Several seconds go by until...

People point at the screens. "Oohs and Aaahs" emanate from all over the gallery. Mouths drop, eyes widen in disbelief, others well up.

Thunderous APPLAUSE.

Angelica smiles through tears.

THE END