

**SHOOTING ANGELS**

by

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**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(15) 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 CAR - 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 Georges 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. HEATH'S CAR - DAY**

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

FENTON STARLING(14), 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. That was so...

LILY  
Promising?

Lily smiles.

SYLVIE  
Yeah. I was thinking more like,  
deranged.

**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. ST. GEORGES 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 facility. And stuck in the 1980's pastel color scheme.

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

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

*"St. Georges 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  
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! Goes the door. CLICK...the lock.

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 at the claustrophobic mountains of memories.

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, grips a few as she steadies herself.

She stumbles out the door, stops, 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 pours over 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 to a fond memory.

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 open door. Pedro smiles from behind them.

PEDRO  
Miss Hespa. 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. What's the big  
deal about your masks anyway?

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 Hespa. 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.

Animosity timeout. They glance at one another, 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 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 George's 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. ST. GEORGES - 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 has 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 ST. GEORGES - NEW PATHWAY - DAY**

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

A constant stream of PEOPLE from St. George's 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 ST. GEORGES - 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 zeroes in on 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 Georges' 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 twelve year  
old busy body whose only business  
experience was getting in mine.

Sylvie folds her arms across her chest.

SYLVIE  
I'm fifteen 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 reaches for his mask. Hesitates. Sighs and removes it. 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.

(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. A bright white light begins to reflect off his face.



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 GEORGES - 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  
(in Spanish to Flora)  
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.

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. A dazzling white light spreads out from him. The angel stands over the boy. Powerful wings cover the child like a great tree.

Lilac kisses her cross.

SYLVIE  
Miss Hespa.

Flora stops just as she reaches the door.

FENTON  
Miss Hespa, el angel.

Silence engulfs the room in reverential awe. The tapestry of faces awash in a heavenly glow.

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

The room light back to the mundane fluorescence.

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 our home. 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, Sylvie, and Fenton walk out.

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 Jorge?  
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; The TOWN OF PRODIGY 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 about 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.)  
Aaaauughhh!

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 GEORGES - 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 Iron Man 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.  
Georges". Well, there's more to  
these flowers than petals and  
prayers. Stay tuned to hear how the  
residents and employees of Saint  
Georges 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?

**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 to 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 GEORGES - 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, Missus Silverstein, 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.

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.

A heavenly bright light brightens her face, washes out the  
scene.

**THE END**