

# **DIVINE INTERVENTION**

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**INSERT**

Cell phone SCREEN: Image of a boy, TYLER, age 12. Towhead, husky, with spectacles and a disarming smile.

He's bursting out of a Little League uniform.

MAN/MAC (V.O.)  
Take a long, hard look.

Silence, and then a nervous response.

SECOND MAN/SID (V.O.)  
Yeah... it's Tyler.

MAN/MAC (V.O.)  
You recognize him.

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY**

Blistering sun rays suffocate the land.

Wheat stalks for miles. The middle of nowhere. Standing square in the middle of nowhere are

TWO MEN.

A hot breeze sweeps around the cheeks of SID COLTON, late 30s. Dark hair hangs in rat tails around his grizzled face. Sweat soaks his blue sports shirt.

On his sweaty shirt, the embroidered name: Coach Sid Colton. His stone-brown eyes are cast downward.

Trained at Sid's forehead is a nickel-plated

HANDGUN

in the shaky grip of MAC JONES, 40.

Mac's a short bloke, light brown buzz-cut, roasting in an unkempt white shirt, no tie, dark wrinkled slacks.

Mac holds up the cell phone with his nervous off-hand.

MAC  
Keep looking, mother fucker.

SID  
Yeah, I'm looking. Whatcha...  
want me to say?

Sid trembles.

MAC  
His name!

SID  
Tyler Jones.

MAC  
Do you see Sex Object written  
on Tyler's forehead?

Sid shakes his head. Squinting into the sun. Vision choked  
with tears.

MAC  
Well, do you, mother fucker?

SID  
NO... of course not.

MAC  
Then why did you do him like  
a bitch? He trusted you, man.

SID  
I didn't do anything to  
Tyler. I swear to you.

The handgun gestures Sid to his knees.

SID  
Mac, it's me. We're fishing  
buddies. Our fams go to the  
same school. Same church.

MAC  
That's the hardest shit of  
all, Sid. Nobody saw you  
coming. You knew my son's  
vulnerabilities.

SID  
It's not like that. I tried  
to help him. Spent more time  
teaching him baseball basics.  
It's just that he's... a  
little...

Mac grits his teeth. His fiery gaze blaze down on Sid like lightening bolts.

MAC

Say it. He's 'a little' what?  
... odd?

SID

I never thought that. Never.  
I know he's on the Spectrum.

MAC

Spectrum. Man, what in hell  
does that mean to you??  
Autistic, cretin, moron,  
retard, idiot, dummy,  
imbecile – should I go on?

Sweat soaks Mac's cheek. His lips quiver. Snot drips from his nose.

MAC

I'm a good dad. I try. So  
hard. Everyday, I try.

Sid weeps. Shakes his head. Stares up at the Mac.

SID

You're a great dad, Mac. And  
I am a great dad, too, to my  
three girls.

MAC

What does God want me to do?  
Just walk away, when you  
stole my boy's innocence?

Sid reveals the green Saint Christopher medallion from around his neck. It's tight in his grip.

SID

Not true. I swear, I'm not a  
sinner. God knows this.

Mac's eye hardened at the sight of Sid and his medallion.

MAC

Really. The Lord will protect  
you, cuz you're such a good,  
wonderful Christian? On the  
other hand, me, I'm not a  
good Christian. Is that what  
you're implying?

SID

We're both at our crossroads.  
Don't lose your faith.

Mac reaches over and yanks the St. Christopher from Sid's neck.

Sid closes his eyes.

SID

Colossians 3:13: "Make allowance for each other's faults, and forgive anyone who offends you. Remember, the Lord forgave you, so you must forgive others."

Mac hurls Sid's Christian medallion into space. Glares at Sid.

MAC

Do you believe in Divine Intervention?

Sid opens his eyes. Glances up at Mac.

SID

I do. All things are possible.

MAC

Talk is over. In 30 seconds I'm gonna put a hole in your head. Unless...

SID

Divine Intervention?

MAC

A miracle.

SID

...what kind of miracle?

MAC

The kind that stops a bullet.

Mac grits his teeth. Sid frowns. Uncertain.

SID

Is my life worth a miracle?

MAC

We're gonna find out.

Mac checks his phone. Starts the timer countdown.  
Cocks the hammer of his revolver. Sid is nervous. Frets.  
The long silence of time ticking down...  
Then –

Mac's CELL PHONE music chimes. Incoming call.

SID  
By the Glory of God.

MAC  
God doesn't make phone calls.

SID  
It's God. I know it!

MAC  
Too late. No phone call is  
gonna save you.

SID  
Answer the Goddamn phone!  
Mac! Please, just answer it.

Phone call chimes continuously.

And then the TIMER countdown alarm: RING, RING.

BANG – the revolver fires.

Mac lowers the gun. He checks his phone. It's no longer ringing.

Mac's eyes GO WIDE at seeing the Caller.

He presses buttons on the phone. Holds the phone to his ear. Listens. Shakes his head.

His face goes ashen.

He drops the gun. Drops the phone.

Mac appears bewildered. Looks around like he's in a trance.

A HAND

Reaches for the phone. It's Sid's hand.

Sid is unharmed. He presses the loudspeaker on the phone. A message:

CALLER/TYLER (FILTERED)  
Papa, the guy who hurt me...  
I see him - it's really him!  
This time I'm sure -

**FADE OUT:**

**The End.**