

**Father, Forgive Me  
TV Pilot Episode**

by

Jeffrey Dean Langham

719-298-9424

[j\\_langham@hotmail.com](mailto:j_langham@hotmail.com)

Copyright 2015, WGAw registered

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. FALLUJAH, IRAQ - DAY

Empty streets and buildings show the marks of battle, bullet holes dot their facades.

SUPER: FALLUJAH, IRAQ 2004

Through the window of one building, a PRISONER lies on a dirt floor.

INT. JAIL BUILDING - CELL AREA - DAY

The Prisoner is on his side. His hands and feet bound behind him; his clothes, tattered. Recent and old blood stains on his garments.

It's a prison cell. A blanket and small roll pillow are near the Prisoner. A bowl of dirty water and a metal cup are in the corner.

The Prisoner faces the bars and door to his cell. His beard and long dark hair obscure his face.

Two IRAQI GUARDS (30s) approach from the hallway. Their jackets and pants are dusty. They have AK47 rifles slung over their shoulders.

IRAQI GUARD #1

(in Arabic)

Youssef is going to show we don't  
fear the Americans.

IRAQI GUARD #2

(in Arabic)

He sharpened his knife to a fine  
point so the head will come off  
quickly.

They laugh as they reach the cell door. Iraqi Guard #1 opens the door with a key. Iraqi Guard #2 enters the cell.

Iraqi Guard #2's steps in front of the Prisoner.

The Prisoner sees, in the hallway past the boots and cell, the sunlight reflect off something. It's a small piece of glass.

Iraqi Guard #2 kicks the Prisoner in the stomach. The Prisoner doubles over from the blow.

IRAQI GUARD #2

(in Arabic)

Get up.

The Prisoner doesn't move.

IRAQI GUARD #2  
(in English)

Get up.

Iraqi Guard #2 reaches down and grabs the rope that tightly binds the Prisoner's feet. He pulls up and walks toward the cell door, drags the Prisoner behind him.

IRAQI GUARD #1  
(in Arabic)

Look. A lamb dragged to slaughter.

Iraqi Guard #2 isn't laughing.

IRAQI GUARD #2  
(in Arabic)

Move.

Iraqi Guard #1 steps aside as Iraqi Guard #2 drags the Prisoner out of the cell and into the hallway.

The Guards drag him down the hallway and through an open doorway.

The sunlight shines on the floor, but the piece of glass is gone.

INT. JAIL BUILDING - VIDEO ROOM - DAY

An Iraq flag hangs on a wall. The Prisoner is on his knees in front of the flag with his head down.

The Iraqi Guards #1 and #2 stand several feet away. They talk in Arabic with two other armed IRAQI GUARDS (20s). Their conversation can't be heard.

Beside them, an unarmed IRAQI VIDEOGRAPHER (20s) prepares his video camera.

Next to him is YOUSSEF (40s), the Iraqi Guard Leader.

Youssef, a large battle-weary man, wears an armored vest. He has a long knife sheathed at his side on his belt. A holstered pistol is next to it.

He has his back to the Prisoner, then turns to face him.

Youssef motions to the Iraqi Videographer.

YOUSSEF  
(in Arabic)

Start the tape.

The Iraqi Videographer steadies the camera on his shoulder. He nods his head - ready. The four Iraqi Guards spread around Youssef.

Youssef walks to a table against the wall. He takes a piece of paper from the table, then goes to the Prisoner.

YOUSSEF  
(in English)  
Read this.

He holds the paper in front of the Prisoner. The Prisoner keeps his head down. The Prisoner's dark, sweaty hair hangs over his face.

Youssef pulls out his long, shiny knife. He puts the tip of the blade under the Prisoner's chin, raises it up. The Prisoner's face still hidden.

YOUSSEF  
(in English)  
Read it.

He puts the paper in front of the Prisoner again.

The Prisoner hesitates, then mumbles.

Youssef kicks the Prisoner. The Iraqi Guards all laugh, even the Videographer chuckles.

Youssef whips around, and with just a look silences the men. He returns again to the Prisoner.

YOUSSEF  
(in English)  
Read.

The Prisoner labors to breathe, then begins.

PRISONER  
I'm an American. I'm prepared to die. Are you?

The bewilderment on Youssef's face becomes a smile, then laughter. He turns to the other Iraqi Guards.

YOUSSEF  
(in Arabic)  
He just said, Am I prepared to die?  
Can you believe this guy?

The Iraqi Guards laugh. The Iraqi Videographer shakes his head, keeps the camera pointed in the Prisoner's direction.

The Prisoner, hands now unbound, grabs the long knife from Youssef's hand. He plunges it deep into Youssef's foot.

His scream freezes everyone in the room.

Youssef bends over and grabs his bleeding foot. As he does, the Prisoner pulls the pistol out of Youssef's holster.

The Prisoner uses Youssef's back to steady his shots, killing the four Iraqi Guards.

Two Iraqi Guards get a shot or two off but strike Youssef in the shoulder and thigh.

The Iraqi Videographer, stands in shock. He still holds the camera in the direction of the Prisoner.

The Prisoner pulls the knife from Youssef's foot. Youssef cries out in agony.

The Prisoner kicks Youssef to the floor onto his back.

Youssef coughs up blood.

PRISONER

Looks like you got the wrong prisoner.

Youssef shakes from the pain.

PRISONER

I said, Are you ready to die?

YOUSSEF

Allah, Ak...

The Prisoner stands over him with the pistol pointed. Again, long dark hair and beard makes his face indistinguishable.

BANG. A FLASH.

INT. RICK'S OFFICE - DAY

The BANG echoes.

PASTOR RICK SCOTT (40s), jolts to a sitting position from the couch he's on.

He breathes fast and glances to the calender on the wall in his office.

2015

SUPER: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS PRESENT

He adjusts his loosened tie on his white shirt. He swings his legs around, and now sits on the couch.

A loud knock makes him jump again.

The door opens, SHANNON EVANS (30s), peeks in and smiles.

SHANNON

Pastor Rick?

She's pretty and perky.

Rick looks at her with wide open eyes, still recovers from what happened.

SHANNON

You're on. It's a packed house tonight. See you out there.

Shannon shuts the door as she leaves.

Rick rubs his face, then stands. He retrieves his suit jacket from the coat hanger in the corner of the room.

He walks to his desk and grabs a bible from it.

He walks to the door and opens it. He looks up and sighs.

RICK

Father, forgive me.

Rick tucks the bible under his arm, exits through the door.

ACT 1

INT. CHURCH - DAY

RICK

In Ecclesiastes it says, If a wicked man lives a long time, his life will not be good...

The packed CROWD OF PEOPLE, from all walks of life, hang on to his every word.

RICK

Until he loves God. Because his life is just a shadow.

An OLDER MAN, like he was swept in from the alley, nods his head in agreement. A black PROSTITUTE, standing in the back, shouts.

PROSTITUTE

I heard that.

Rick looks around at the eclectic group in front of him. Just about every race and age are speckled around the room.

RICK

For from the dust we are formed.  
And to the dust we will return.

One MAN (30s), dressed in a nice suit, makes his way through the people standing in the back. The Man's desperate eyes trained on Rick.

RICK

Now let us finish with Psalms 23.  
The Lord is my shepherd...

The Man pushes himself into the end of the last pew. A WOMAN the Man pushes over, doesn't like it but moves anyway.

RICK  
I shall not want...

Rick's voice trails off as the rest of the congregation continues with Psalm 23.

CROWD OF PEOPLE  
He makes me lie down in green  
pastures...

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Several PEOPLE stand in line between the rows of pews waiting to shake hands with Rick. Some mill about talking to each other.

An ELDERLY WHITE WOMAN tries to keep Rick's attention. Rick continues to glance to the MAN still seated in the back pew.

ELDERLY WHITE WOMAN  
So, lemme get this straight. You  
say, that bad Angels came down from  
Heaven and had sex with women here  
on Earth?

Rick smiles and nods, but isn't paying attention.

RICK  
Uh huh.

The MAN in the back pew looks around at all the people.

ELDERLY WHITE WOMAN  
I didn't know Angels had.. You  
know... Things.

Rick realizes he ignored her.

RICK  
Things? What? Yes, they did.

The Woman's confused.

ELDERLY WHITE WOMAN  
How?

Rick hurries her on.

RICK  
You'll have to read my next book.  
It'll explain everything.

Satisfied with that answer.

ELDERLY WHITE WOMAN  
Oh, ok.

Rick shakes her hand and gently pats her on the shoulder.

RICK  
Thank you for coming.

The Woman wonders off and the next in line takes her place.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

Everyone's gone. Shannon walks to the podium at the back of the church. Rick's there, shuffles papers.

Shannon notices the MAN in the back pew.

Shannon reaches Rick, tugs his sleeve. She whispers.

SHANNON  
That man doesn't look right.

Rick looks up at her with a smile, then to the MAN.

RICK  
Come one, come all.

Shannon doesn't like that response.

SHANNON  
I mean it.

Rick reassures.

RICK  
It's ok. I think he just wants to talk.

Shannon's reluctant, but agrees.

SHANNON  
Alright. But I'm just over there if you need me.

RICK  
I'm sure I can handle myself.

Shannon shakes her head and walks away.

The MAN stands up. He looks around then comes over to Rick.

MAN  
Pastor Rick Scott, right?

Rick puts his papers down.

RICK  
Yes. What can I do for you?

MAN  
I was told you're the only man that can help me.

Rick raises his eyebrows.



RICK  
I don't know about that.

The fidgety Man looks around.

MAN  
There're coming for me.

Rick's puzzled.

RICK  
Who?

MAN  
Maria said you could help me.

Now shocked.

RICK  
Maria? Who are you?

MAN  
Antonio. She said you'll know what  
to do.

Rick tries to take it all in.

ANTONIO  
She said you would protect me, get  
me a new identity, help me.

Rick stops him.

RICK  
Hold on. Come to my office. We  
can talk there.

INT. RICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Antonio sits in a chair in front of Rick's desk. Rick stands next to the desk, pours some coffee into a cup. He hands it to Antonio.

RICK  
How'd she know how to find me?

Antonio grabs the cup and takes a drink.

ANTONIO  
Wow. That's a good cup of coffee.

Rick walks around the desk, sits in his chair.

RICK  
My special blend.

Antonio sips again.

ANTONIO  
I don't know.

RICK  
What?

ANTONIO  
How she found you.

Rick looks away, tries to figure it out. He returns to Antonio.

RICK  
What happened? Who's after you?

Antonio sets the cup on Rick's desk. He sits forward in his chair. Rick sits back in his.

ANTONIO  
I was working deep cover in the La Familia drug cartel.

Rick doesn't change expression.

ANTONIO  
There was an internal struggle for power, and...

RICK  
I heard about that.

Antonio pauses, then continues.

ANTONIO  
El Martillo, The Hammer, thought I was un espia, you know,

RICK  
A spy.

ANTONIO  
Yeah, from another cartel. Well, El Martillo, he's muy loco.

Antonio sits back in the chair and takes a deep breath.

Rick stares at him, blank, motionless. Reading him.

RICK  
And?

ANTONIO  
He had some of his men drive me to the desert. To kill me.

Still no reaction from Rick. Antonio continues.

ANTONIO  
We had a wreck, which killed  
everyone. Except, me of course.

RICK  
Were you hurt?

Antonio's caught off guard.

ANTONIO  
Uh, yeah, a little. But I'm fine  
now.

RICK  
Where'd you cross the border?

Antonio's not ready for that either.

ANTONIO  
Laredo. Texas.

RICK  
Yes. I know.

Rick's thoughts pull his gaze away from Antonio.

ANTONIO  
So, now they're after me. You  
gotta help me.

Rick opens the front desk drawer. He pulls out a small  
notepad and pen. He writes on it, then tears a piece off.

He hands it to Antonio.

RICK  
Get a cab. Go to this address.  
I'll meet you there later.

Antonio takes the paper and looks at it. He stands up, then  
Rick does.

ANTONIO  
Maria was right.

Antonio turns to leave. Rick reaches into his pocket.

RICK  
Need some money for the cab?

Antonio now at the door, opens it. He turns around to Rick.

ANTONIO  
No. I got it.

Antonio leaves. Rick pulls his empty hand from his pocket.

RICK  
I didn't think so.

Rick sits back down in his chair. He rotates it around to face the window behind him.

RICK

Maria.

SHANNON (O.C.)

No, Shannon.

Rick turns back around. Shannon stands in the open doorway. She's holding a ledger book.

RICK

Sorry. What do you need?

She contemplates that for a second, then responds.

SHANNON

I was going through the books.

She walks to Rick's desk. Her eyes look down at the ledger.

SHANNON

Something's wrong.

RICK

What is it?

She stops next to his chair.

SHANNON

The amount of donations doesn't match what we have in the bank.

He just stares at her. She continues.

SHANNON

It's off. By a lot.

Rick looks concerned.

RICK

Let me see.

She hands him the book. He studies it some, then looks up at her.

RICK

I'll look this over. For now, don't worry about it.

SHANNON

We shouldn't have that much money in the bank.

Rick puts the ledger in a side drawer.

RICK  
Most churches would love to have  
that problem.

Shannon turns and starts out the open doorway.

SHANNON  
Most pastors would worry about the  
books being off.

RICK  
Thanks for staying on top of  
things, Shannon.

As she leaves, she says under her breath.

SHANNON  
You mean Maria.

She exits.

INT. CHURCH - EVENING

Shannon organizes hymns and papers behind each pew. Two  
MEXICAN MEN (20s), nice three piece suits and cowboy boots,  
walk in.

She doesn't notice them until they are right next to her.  
She's startled.

SHANNON  
JESUS. I didn't hear you come in.

Juan, the thinner of the two, is closest to her. His  
English is good, but has an accent.

JUAN  
I'm sorry. We're looking for our  
friend.

Shannon's not comfortable.

SHANNON  
We're closed for now. Pastor Rick  
is...

She catches herself.

SHANNON  
In the back. He will be here any  
minute.

Juan turns to Eduardo. He's shorter and darker than Juan.  
They survey the room.

JUAN  
We think he might've come here.  
Mexican. Nice suit. Scared.

Shannon is.

SHANNON

Like you two. But you're not scared.

Eduardo likes that answer.

EDUARDO

Si.

SHANNON

Well, like I said, there is nobody here.

Realizes her mistake.

SHANNON

Except, Pastor Rick.

A noise comes from the back of the church. The Men's attention is drawn that way.

SHANNON

That's probably him. Rick?

Juan and Eduardo look at each other. Juan looks back at Shannon.

JUAN

Thank you for your time. We'll be back.

He nods his head toward Eduardo. They both leave.

Shannon breathes a sigh of relief. Another noise from the back has her attention.

MATTIE (60s), Asian woman, comes in. She holds a mop and bucket.

SHANNON

Thank God for you.

Mattie doesn't look at her and continues on.

MATTIE

Why? So, you don't have to clean the floors.

Shannon smiles.

EXT. HENRY'S SHOP - EVENING

Rick steps from the cab. It speeds off. He pauses at the nondescript building. Not one of Chicago's nicest neighborhoods.

A small sign hangs in one of the barred windows, "We Repair All Electronics. Cash Only!" and in the other window "Henry's Repair Shop"

He goes inside.

INT. HENRY'S SHOP - CONTINUING

Rick shuts the door behind him. An audible beep when he does.

Glass-front display counters have an assortment of electronics. An open laptop is on top of one counter. Behind it is HENRY (50s).

An older black man, but still in good shape, Henry doesn't look up from the computer. Rick approaches.

RICK  
How's my accordion doing?

HENRY  
You mean piñata.

RICK  
Did you find anything about it?

Henry raises up.

HENRY  
Amazingly. Nothing.

RICK  
That's what I was afraid of.

Rick looks at the beads hanging from a doorway behind Henry.

RICK  
Back there?

HENRY  
Yep.

Henry walks through the beads. Rick follows.

INT. HENRY'S SHOP - BACK ROOM - CONTINUING

Henry and Rick stand there. Rick shakes his head.

HENRY  
Been like that since he came here.

Antonio lies on the couch asleep. Not a care in the world.

HENRY  
Freakin' Sleeping Beauty.

Rick snickers. Henry walks to the couch. He puts his foot on Antonio's butt and pushes it real hard.

HENRY

Get the hell up. This ain't the Ritz Carlton.

Antonio scrambles to get up. Rick laughs.

RICK

Did you contact anyone in The Company?

Antonio motions his head toward Henry. Henry's angry.

HENRY

Do you want me to kick you in the butt again?

Antonio holds his hands up defensive toward Henry.

RICK

He's ok. You can talk.

Rick steps in.

ANTONIO

Okay. Okay. No, I didn't. I left too quick.

Henry and Rick look at each other.

RICK

You need to stay here until I get some things straight.

ANTONIO

Can I get some food?

Henry's mad again.

HENRY

You'll get what I feed you, when I feed you, if I feed you.

RICK

Henry'll take care of it. I'll be back in a few days.

Antonio looks worried. Rick notices.

RICK

You're fine here.

HENRY

Just hurry. This one could wear out his welcome fast.

Rick and Henry exit through the beads.

ANTONIO

What about the food?



INT. HENRY'S SHOP - CONTINUING

Rick and Henry walk behind one of the counters. Henry slides the counter door open and reaches in.

RICK  
Give him a phone.

As he says it, Henry pulls out a cell phone.

HENRY  
Figured that.

Rick's not surprised.

RICK  
And...

HENRY  
Track it. Already on it.

Rick nods then turns to leave.

RICK  
That's what I like about you.

HENRY  
You sure you're out?

Rick reaches the door and opens it. His back remains to Henry.

RICK  
Yeah. I am.

Rick leaves, shuts the door behind him.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

A simple room, two twin beds with a small nightstand between them. A lit lamp and a cell phone are on top of the table.

Juan lies on top of one bed, still wears the three piece suit.

Eduardo shaves in front of the sink in the bathroom. He wears a tee shirt, his suit pants and suspenders.

The cell phone vibrates. Juan sits up and answers the phone. He looks at Eduardo, who stops shaving.

JUAN  
Si. Si.

Eduardo, cleans off the razor, wipes his face with a towel, and puts on his white shirt.

JUAN  
Si. No Problemo.

Juan hangs up the phone. He stands up and puts the phone in his pocket. He walks around to the other side of the bed.

Eduardo comes from the bathroom. He takes the tie off the other bed and puts it on, then his jacket.

Both men reach under the beds and pull out bags. They load clips with bullets from the bags.

INT. CHURCH - EVENING

Rick walks between the the pews. Mattie cleans the tops of them with polish and a rag.

RICK  
Looking good.

She doesn't smile, stop or even look at him.

MATTIE  
Me or the pews.

Rick continues on past her.

RICK  
You, of course.

MATTIE  
Whatever.

RICK  
Need to learn to take compliments.

He says as he nears Shannon's desk in front of his office.

MATTIE  
You need to learn to pay me more.

She says in a low voice to herself.

Shannon stands next to her desk and calls Rick to her. He sees the worry on her face.

RICK  
What's wrong.

SHANNON  
Two Mexican men came in while you were gone.

Rick tries to play it off.

RICK  
Everyone's welcome here.

Shannon pleads.

SHANNON

No. They said they were looking for their friend. I think they wanted the man you talked to earlier.

Rick puts both of his hands on her shoulders.

RICK

Don't worry. They might be looking for someone else.

SHANNON

I felt something was wrong. If Mattie didn't come in, I don't know what would've happened.

Rick puts one hand on the side of her face to comfort her.

RICK

Okay. Go visit your sister in Lincolnshire for a few days. I've got to go.

She senses something in him.

SHANNON

What's going on?

Rick walks around to the side of her desk. He retrieves a small duffel bag.

RICK

Nothing. Just have something to take care of.

She doesn't like it.

SHANNON

It's just like before. Weird things happening, you going away, not telling me anything.

Rick checks inside the bag.

RICK

I'm telling you now. Don't worry.

He walks around her and goes into his office. Shannon stands with her arms crossed.

INT. RICK'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

Rick closes the door behind him. He walks to a bookshelf in the corner and grabs a "book" from the shelf. Inside the cover reveals a hidden compartment.

He takes out several passports and thumbs through them. He gets one and returns the "book".

He removes another "book" from another shelf, opens it, and yanks some cash out. He tosses it all in the bag.

He goes to a dresser next to the bookshelf, gets some clothes and throws them in the bag. He zips the duffel shut.

He looks around the room, then at his desk.

RICK

Almost forgot. Can't go without you.

Rick grabs the bible. He reaches for the bag on the floor.

He opens the door and exits.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Ocean water flows onto the white sand. The sun is high in the sky. The waves crashing creates a rhythmic pattern.

MARIA (40s), wears sunglasses and not much of a bikini. She lies on a beach lounge chair.

Her hair's long and dark, so is she. The revealing swimwear matches her slender body down to her painted toes.

Rick walks toward her in the distance.

He comes to the side of the lounge chair. Maria doesn't move.

His white legs shine next to her.

MARIA

See anything you like?

RICK

Been there. Done that.

Maria barely tips her sunglasses down to look at him.

He stands there in swim trunks and a Hawaiian shirt. Sunglasses and a smile also.

MARIA

Dang, you need some color. Your legs are blinding me.

She puts the sunglasses back up.

RICK

Yeah, it's good to see you too.

His smile disappears.

ACT 2

INT. HENRY'S SHOP - DAY

Henry leans on the counter his laptop in front of him. His eyes squint as he looks at the laptop.

He pops up, and goes through the beads in the doorway to the back of the shop.

INT. HENRY'S SHOP - BACK ROOM - CONTINUING

Antonio sits on the couch looking down at a cell phone.

HENRY

Who the hell are you talking to?

Antonio calmly puts the phone away.

ANTONIO

I wasn't talking.

HENRY

You know what I mean.

ANTONIO

I tried to call Rick, but it went to voicemail.

Henry pauses.

HENRY

I don't believe...

The chime for the front door sounds.

INT. HENRY'S SHOP - CONTINUING

Juan closes the door and locks it. He turns the Open sign to Closed, then looks through the glass door down both sides of the sidewalk.

Eduardo looks through the glass cases at the electronics. His gaze leads him up to the laptop.

Juan wonders behind the counter.

A sound comes from the back room.

They both draw their pistols. Juan moves to one side of the beaded doorway, Eduardo on the other.

Juan looks at Eduardo, then nods. Eduardo moves quickly through the beads. Juan follows close behind.

INT. HENRY'S SHOP - BACK ROOM - CONTINUING

Both men come into the back room with guns ready. Nobody's there.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY - CONTINUING

Henry and Antonio run down the alley. They pass a dumpster, Henry slows down.

HENRY

Hold on.

A YOUNG ASIAN COOK IN THE ALLEY (20s) leans against the building. He smokes a cigarette. Next to him is an open doorway.

HENRY

In here.

Henry darts through the doorway. Antonio's on his heels.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - CONTINUING

An OLDER CHINESE COOK (60s) stands at the hot cookstove, two YOUNGER CHINESE COOKS (20s) on either side of him.

Henry maneuvers past the first Younger Chinese Cook. He edges behind Older Chinese Cook, the cook turns around.

OLDER CHINESE COOK

(in Chinese)

Get out of here. This isn't the front door.

Henry pushes the other Younger Chinese Cook out of his way.

HENRY

(in Chinese)

I'm sorry, we're being chased. Can you help?

Food spills as the men weave through.

OLDER CHINESE COOK

(in English)

You're crazy, Henry.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY - CONTINUING

Juan runs and points to the doorway. Eduardo breathes hard and trails behind.

Juan holsters his gun inside his suit jacket as he nears the doorway.

The Young Asian Cook In The Alley flicks his cigarette and turns to enter the doorway just as Juan gets there.

Juan tosses Young Asian Cook In the Alley to the side and goes in.

YOUNG ASIAN COOK IN THE ALLEY

Hey.

That's all he can say before he hits the pavement. Mexican Man #2 arrives, pushes him again and enters.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - CONTINUING

Booths line the wall, and tables speckle the center. Some PEOPLE sit in both. Traditional Chinese motif everywhere.

Henry and Antonio enter. They stop and catch their breath.

MIE-LI (40s), a pretty Chinese hostess in a lovely dress, hands menus to A COUPLE at a table. She looks up.

Henry motions for her to come to him. She walks to the men.

MIE-LI  
What wrong, Henry?

HENRY  
We need to hide. Now.

She looks at Antonio, wrinkles her face.

HENRY  
Now.

MIE-LI  
Okay. Okay.

She points to a stairway beside them. Henry and Antonio dash up the stairs. Mie-Li shakes her head.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - CONTINUING

Juan stops as he enters. Older Chinese Cook stands there holding a dead duck in one hand and a cleaver in the other.

OLDER CHINESE COOK  
(in Chinese)  
I have a duck, and I'm not afraid  
to use it.

The other Younger Chinese Cooks finish blocking the kitchen. Eduardo comes in huffing and puffing.

OLDER CHINESE COOK  
(in Chinese)  
Get out of here or we'll have  
Mexican soup tonight.

He wildly swings the duck and cleaver around. The Younger Chinese Cooks wave knives in their hands around.

Eduardo stumbles in, labors to breathe.

Juan's backs up into him.

Eduardo sees what's going on and reaches under his jacket for his pistol. Juan sees this and stops him.

JUAN

No policia.

Eduardo reluctantly obliges. They turn and leave the kitchen.

All of the cooks show relief when they're gone.

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Rick and Maria stroll around a lavish pool.

MARIA

We had it refinished.

They come around to a hot tub.

MARIA

And this hasn't seen action since you left.

She smiles. Rick looks at the hot tub and back to Maria.

RICK

I doubt that.

Disappointed, she moves on.

Maria walks in front of Rick into an open doorway.

Like a runway model, her walk is slow, provocative.

Rick looks her up and down. He shakes his head, and follows her in.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUING

She struts behind kitchen island. Rick stands to the side of it.

She gets out a bottle of tequila and two shot glasses. She pours tequila in glasses. She hands one to Rick.

She drinks her shot and stares at Rick.

Rick holds the glass full of tequila.

MARIA

It won't bite.

Rick's gaze broken, he sets the glass down.

RICK

No thanks.

Maria's shocked.



MARIA

You? Not drink tequila? That's like the Pope stops being Catholic.

RICK

Yeah, well, I'm not Catholic.

MARIA

Suit yourself.

She leans and grabs his glass. Her breasts are in full view. He can't help but look. She notices.

She drinks the tequila and sets the glass down. She moves toward Rick.

MARIA

So, you're out of the game.

RICK

Yes.

She gets closer.

MARIA

You quit drinking.

Rick sees what's coming.

RICK

Yes.

Almost there.

MARIA

I know one thing you can't resist.

Maria stands with her body smashed up against Rick. She grabs him, and kisses him.

He resists, then doesn't.

Snaps out of it and pushes her off of him.

She's pissed.

MARIA

What the fu...

She puts her hand to her lips.

MARIA

You into boys or men or something?  
You're loco.

Rick breathes hard, but stands firm.

RICK

I told you, I'm done.

She's still mad.

MARIA  
What? Done being a man?

Rick doesn't like that.

RICK  
Hell, no. I'm still a man.

He pauses.

RICK  
Just, not that man. Anymore.

Still not happy.

MARIA  
What'd you take a vow?

RICK  
I'm a preacher not a priest.

She gets herself together and puts the tequila away.

MARIA  
You know they won't let you,  
just... quit.

RICK  
Well, it's not like I've been  
hiding.

MARIA  
They have the Fallujah tape.

Rick sighs.

MARIA  
And they'll use it.

RICK  
That's the past.

She moves closer.

MARIA  
You're on assignment, right?

Rick looks down and away from her.

RICK  
No, I'm not. I'm done.

She starts to cry.

MARIA  
Five years and you couldn't even  
call?

Rick's sympathetic.

RICK  
I had to make a clean break.

MARIA  
It just doesn't make sense.

RICK  
Well, it doesn't have to.

She moves even closer.

MARIA  
Your kids miss you.

Rick's surprised.

RICK  
My kids?

MARIA  
I miss you.

He steps back.

RICK  
That's enough.

MARIA  
I can't help it.

She hangs her head.

RICK  
I need to know something.

Hope shows on her face.

MARIA  
Anything.

RICK  
Tell me about Antonio.

Her disappointment's clear.

INT. CAB - DAY

Rick's in the back seat. He reaches in his pocket and pulls out his cell phone. He pushes the screen and waits.

CELL PHONE  
No new messages.

Rick pushes the screen again. Brings the phone to his ear.

RICK  
Yeah, just got back. How's the package.

Rick looks out the window as the city goes by.

RICK  
Uh huh. Uh huh. Okay. No. I didn't have any.

He looks at his watch.

RICK  
Alright. I'll meet you there as soon as I can.

He puts the phone down and pushes the screen.

Rick leans forward to speak to the CAB DRIVER.

RICK  
Change of plans. Go to 3140 Chicago Avenue.

The Cab Driver turns his head to the side.

CAB DRIVER  
Whatever you want, padre.

Rick shakes his head.

RICK  
I'm not a...

He decides not to and sits back.

He notices the bible on top of his bag. He looks at his hands. He turns them over and back.

RICK  
Not even a little shake.

CAB DRIVER  
What's that?

Rick puts his hands down.

RICK  
Nothing, sorry.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Maria's hip is against the counter top. She holds a margarita in her hand, deep in thought.

Through the open kitchen, the expensive and tastefully decorated huge living room can be seen.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUING

The closed front door bursts open.

JORGE (6), a cute little Mexican boy, runs in toward the kitchen.

JORGE  
Mommy. Mommy.

SUSANNA (8), strolls in next. She's pretty and thin with dark hair.

CONSUELA (50s), salt and pepper colored hair, closes the door after she enters. She's carries bags of groceries.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUING

Maria turns around and smiles. She lays her glass on the counter top just in time to catch Jorge.

She scoops him up into her arms. She smiles and she hugs him tight.

JORGE  
Mommy, guess what Sana did?

Susanna and Consuela make it into the kitchen. Susanna looks pale. Consuela sets the groceries down on the kitchen island.

Maria looks at them both then back to Jorge.

MARIA  
What?

JORGE  
She...

SUSANNA  
I did not.

JORGE  
She threw up.

Maria wrinkles her forehead and looks at Susanna.

MARIA  
Where? Not in the car, I hope.

Susanna climbs onto a bar stool in front of the kitchen island.

SUSANNA  
No I didn't.

MARIA  
You don't look so good.

Jorge laughs.

JORGE  
She ate too many candies.

Susanna scowls.

SUSANNA  
I did not.

MARIA  
Candies, huh?

Maria looks at Consuela. Consuela doesn't look at her. She continues to put away groceries.

CONSUELA  
Not me, Miss Maria.

JORGE  
She stole them.

Maria's shocked.

MARIA  
Susanna, we talked about this.

Susanna shows her sad face.

SUSANNA  
Consuela wouldn't buy it for me.  
She said she didn't have money.  
That's a lie because I saw you give  
her a bunch of it.

Maria and Consuela look at each other.

Maria sits Jorge on top of the kitchen island. She turns her attention back to Susanna.

MARIA  
We will discuss this later. First,  
guess who came today.

Jorge gets excited.

JORGE  
Uncle Luis?

Maria shakes her head.

JORGE  
Uncle Jose?

Maria looks surprised, but answers.

MARIA  
No.

Susanna sits in the bar stool looking down.

JORGE  
Uncle Ramon?

Maria's not smiling now.

MARIA  
How do you know...

Consuela giggles.

MARIA  
No. Daddy.

Jorge raises his eyebrows with excitement. Even Susanna perks up.

JORGE  
Daddy.

SUSANNA  
Popi was here?

Consuela's not so happy. Maria catches her disapproval, but turns back to the kids.

MARIA  
Yes, he was.

Jorge looks around, almost falls off the island.

JORGE  
Where is he?

MARIA  
He left.

Susanna's less excited now.

SUSANNA  
Is he coming back?

Maria smiles at her and Jorge.

MARIA  
Yes, he will.

Jorge leaps into Maria's arms.

JORGE  
Yea. Daddy's coming home. Daddy's coming home.

Maria sets him down on the floor. He runs off into the living room and then out of sight down a hallway.

SUSANNA

Is it really true? You've said  
this before.

MARIA

He was here. And he'll stay next  
time.

Maria walks over and puts her hand on her head. She leans  
over and kisses the top of her head.

MARIA

Now, go to your room. We'll talk  
about what you did, later.

Susanna climbs down from the bar stool. She disappears the  
same direction Jorge did.

Consuela waits until Susanna is gone.

CONSUELA

Maria, you shouldn't lie to those  
kids.

Maria's shocked.

MARIA

I didn't lie. He was here.

Now Consuela's surprised.

CONSUELA

Really? Why? I thought he was  
gone forever?

Maria turns to gaze out the back porch window from the  
kitchen.

MARIA

Not yet.

### ACT 3

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The cab pulls along the curb and stops. Rick gets out and  
closes the door.

Rick leans in the open front passenger window of the cab.

EXT. CURB - SAME

RICK

Another forty, if you pull around  
to that corner.

Rick points to the corner adjacent to the warehouse.



RICK

Wait ten minutes. If two men in suits show up, call the police, then take off.

Rick hands the Cab Driver two twenty dollar bills. The Cab Driver takes them.

CAB DRIVER

It's your dime, padre.

Rick shakes his head and stands upright. The cab pulls away. Rick looks around, turns, and walks to the door of the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MIDDLE - MOMENTS LATER

Crates and fifty-five gallon drums are scattered around. Columns spread evenly to hold up the tall ceiling.

Rick finds Henry and Antonio behind some crates.

RICK

What the hell?

Henry sits on a five gallon bucket turned upside down, gun in his hand.

Antonio sits in a beat up old recliner. His mouth is duct taped and hands tied in front of him, .

HENRY

Got tired of hearin' him talk.

Antonio tries to yell through the tape.

HENRY

See, even taped, he won't shut up.

Rick laughs. He walks over to Antonio and reaches for the tape on Antonio's mouth.

RICK

I never get this right. Pull quick or...

He rips the tape from Antonio's mouth.

RICK

Slow?

Antonio winces in pain.

ANTONIO

Son of a bitch.

He turns to Henry.

ANTONIO

He's loco.

RICK

Him?

Rick points to Henry.

ANTONIO

If my phone was a gun, I'd shoot him and take my chances with those other dudes.

HENRY

Yeah, maybe you could talk 'em to death.

Rick laughs and pulls Henry's arm.

RICK

Let me talk to you.

Rick and Henry walk away.

ANTONIO

My hands?

Out of Antonio's eyesight, they whisper.

RICK

Did you find out anything?

HENRY

Nobody's talkin'. What about Maria?

RICK

She said...

The sound of a door closing. Rick and Henry look that direction.

They hurry over to Antonio. Rick pulls a folding knife from his pocket. He slices Antonio free. His voice is low.

RICK

We gotta move.

Antonio springs up from the chair. Henry peers around the crates. He holds up his hand for them to wait.

He motions for them to move toward the back of the warehouse. They move out of sight. Henry moves a different direction.

INT. WAREHOUSE - FRONT - CONTINUING

Juan and Eduardo, pistols drawn, move slow and deliberate. They check behind every barrel and crate as the go.

Juan pulls off his jacket without missing a step. His other pistol holstered opposite the empty holster under his other arm.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BACK - CONTINUING

Rick and Antonio get behind some barrels. They crouch down.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MIDDLE - CONTINUING

Henry stops behind some crates. He peers through a spot between two of them.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MIDDLE - CONTINUING

Juan looks at Eduardo. He gestures to him to go to the right. Eduardo peels off to the right. Juan continues left.

Eduardo comes into Henry's view. Henry ducks down, then moves slow around the crates.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BACK - CONTINUING

Antonio's on one knee. Rick bobs his head around the barrels to see. He looks back at Antonio.

RICK

Stay here. I'll be back.

Antonio's calm is now shaken. Rick moves away from Antonio.

ANTONIO

Where are you going?

He holds his hands out as he whispers. Rick's out of sight.

ANTONIO

Why do I have to stay here?

INT. WAREHOUSE - MIDDLE - CONTINUING

Eduardo pauses at the sound of movement from crates in front of him. He steadies his pistol and heads toward it.

Eduardo eases his back against the crate. He sighs, then whips around pointing his pistol at... nothing.

From behind him, a FIGURE moves quick. A foot to the back of Eduardo's knee buckles him.

Hands come around Eduardo's head. In one swift move, his head snaps.

Eduardo's lifeless body drops to the cement, hands grab the back of his jacket to gently let him down, but his pistol hits the ground with a thud.

A hand reaches down. picks up the gun.

Juan's head turns toward the sound. He moves that direction.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BACK - CONTINUING

Antonio paces behind the barrels.

ANTONIO

Screw this.

He goes around the barrels.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MIDDLE - CONTINUING

Rick winds through the maze of items. He spots Juan.

Juan moves perpendicular to Rick but doesn't see him.

Rick takes a step, then a pistol appears at his head. Rick freezes.

Antonio stands next to Rick and holds the pistol to Rick's head. Rick looks straight ahead.

RICK

Maria told me everything.

Juan hears the talking. He heads toward Rick and Antonio.

ANTONIO

Bet she didn't tell you, you're the target.

Juan sees them. He raises his pistol, aims at Rick.

A gunshot.

Antonio looks over at Juan.

Juan spits up blood and falls to reveal Henry. Still aims his pistol where Juan stood.

Rick sees Antonio distracted by this.

He grabs Antonio's pistol hand. He twists it fast, uses his leg as leverage and takes Antonio to the ground.

As Antonio goes down, Rick takes Antonio's gun from his hand. Antonio falls onto his back to the ground.

Antonio holds his hands up in desperation.

Rick stands over him, pistol ready to fire. Just like the Prisoner from the first scene.

RICK

I'm prepared to die. Are you?

Antonio shakes with fear. He knows what's coming.

Rick's eyes squint, about to pull the trigger. A hand lightly touches Rick's shoulder.

HENRY

You don't have to do this.

Rick doesn't budge.

HENRY

You're not that man anymore.

The gun barrel wavers some as Rick's eyes soften.

HENRY

He's not worth losing everything  
you've worked for.

Police sirens wail.

Rick's hands shake. His stare returns to normal. He lowers the pistol.

ANTONIO

Thank you.

As he says that, Henry steps over and kicks him in the head. Knocks him out.

HENRY

I said shut the hell up.

Sirens get louder.

Rick stands with pistol now at his side. Stunned.

HENRY

Come on. We don't need the police  
right now.

Rick looks at Henry. Hands him the pistol.

RICK

No more.

HENRY

I know. Let's go.

Sirens are close now.

Henry and Rick grab Antonio's collar and drag him away.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - EVENING

Solemn music fills the air. A few PEOPLE sit quietly in pews.

Rick strolls along the side, nears the confessional. He looks up at the green light. He enters.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - LATER

Rick sits and rubs his face with both hands. He jumps when FATHER WILLIAM PRATT (50s) opens the door across from him.

RICK  
Holy crap, Bill.

FATHER PRATT  
Don't think that's how this works.

Father Pratt sits down and Rick settles down.

RICK  
You forgot, I'm not Catholic.

FATHER PRATT  
Why are you hear, my son?

RICK  
A little formal today, aren't you?

FATHER PRATT  
You know I'm on the radar.

RICK  
Yeah, sorry.

Silence. Father Pratt leans forward.

FATHER PRATT  
Take your time.

Rick sighs.

RICK  
Almost lost everything.

Father Pratt raises his eyebrows and sits back.

FATHER PRATT  
What do you mean?

RICK  
First, my past came back to haunt me.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE ORPHANAGE - DAY

A much younger Rick and Maria stroll on the sidewalk. Maria pulls Rick's arm as she walks up the steps in front of the building.

Rick pulls back, shakes his head. He puts up his hands in resistance.

Maria pleads, begs, and then pulls Rick in close. She kisses him and he folds.

She drags him up the rest of the stairs and they disappear into the door.

EXT. OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE ORPHANAGE - LATER

The door opens. Maria proudly walks out and down the stairs. She holds a BABY in her arms.

Rick comes out holding a LITTLE GIRL's hand. He closes the door. He steps slowly with her down each step.

Maria waits patiently on the sidewalk until Rick and the Little Girl make it down. She shows Rick the Baby.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

FATHER PRATT

I see.

RICK

Then someone tried to kill me.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

A dark four-door sedan barrels down a dusty road. It slams to a stop just before smacking into a broken down old pickup truck.

Antonio steps out from the driver's side.

Another MAN (30s), armed with a machine gun, gets out of the passenger side.

Antonio approaches the vehicle.

The hood is up on the pickup. Two MEXICAN MEN are bent over working inside the engine area.

Another MAN (30s) gets out of the back seat, leaves the door open and leans against it.

Antonio approaches.

The two Mexican Men stand up and then turn around. It's Juan and Eduardo armed with machine guns.

They let the lead fly.

The sedan is turned to swiss cheese in a matter of moments, killing both Men.

After the smoke clears, Antonio calmly smokes a cigarette. He smiles at Juan and Eduardo.

Juan shuts the hood of the pickup and gets in the driver's side. Antonio and Eduardo get in the passenger side.

The pickup tires spin on the loose dirt as the take off.

They pass a sign that says:

TEJAS A 20 Km.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

FATHER PRATT

Looks like they missed.

RICK

Things got out of hand, then  
instinct took over.

FATHER PRATT

Training.

RICK

I'm not sure if I can really do  
this.

FATHER PRATT

Sure you can. It's just different  
training now.

Rick's face wrinkles up.

RICK

There's no instructor and no  
manual, that's why it's hard.

Father Pratt laughs.

FATHER PRATT

You're kidding right?

RICK

What?

FATHER PRATT

The manual's on your desk. The  
instructor hangs behind your  
pulpit.

INT. CHURCH - EVENING

Rick walks down the middle of the pews.

He stops at his podium. He looks up at the large wooden  
cross behind it on the wall.

Shannon, from her desk, sees Rick. She gets up and goes to  
his side.

SHANNON

You look tired.

Rick doesn't look at her.



RICK

Yeah.

SHANNON

Is there anything I can do?

He closes his eyes, then turns to her.

RICK

No. Thank you. There's really no one who would understand.

She points to the cross.

SHANNON

Yes, there is.

Rick looks back to the cross.

RICK

Ah, yes.

He returns his gaze back to her. He tries to smile.

RICK

Good night.

He walks past her toward his office.

SHANNON

You know, you can always talk to me.

Rick pauses, but doesn't turn around.

RICK

Maybe. Some day.

Rick opens the door to his office, goes in and closes the door. Shannon smiles. Hope.

INT. RICK'S OFFICE - EVENING

Rick sits at his desk. His head buried in his hands. He breathes slow, almost trance-like.

He pulls out a tequila bottle, then a shot glass from his desk. He opens the bottle, then fills the glass.

Rick stares at the bottle and the glass. He grabs the glass and holds it in front of his face. He takes a breath.

RICK

Crap.

His chair spins around to the window behind him and dumps the liquid on the dead plant on the window sill.

He turns back to his desk, tosses the glass into the open drawer and slams it shut.

Rick gets up and drops the tequila bottle into the trash can next to his desk. It clanks against the other two in there already.

He plops back into his chair. He notices the open bible on his desk.

RICK

I know, I know. A moment of weakness.

The bible just lays there.

RICK

What am I doing?

He grabs the bible, pulls it close. He opens another drawer, pulls out a legal pad, and begins to write.

He runs his finger along the bible, then writes some more.

INT. CAR - DAY

Maria sits in the back seat. She looks at compact mirror.

The DRIVER (30s), a very large Mexican man, steers the car down the dirt road.

A phone rings, Maria doesn't react. She adjusts herself in her mirror.

After many rings, Maria tosses the mirror in her purse and retrieves the cell phone.

MARIA

Hola?

She's not happy.

MARIA

Yes. Yes. And Rick?

She stares out the car window.

MARIA

Okay. Gotta go.

She hangs up and throws the phone into her purse.

A pause then a smile.

MARIA

Done, my ass.

She leans forward and taps the Driver on the shoulder. He tilts his head toward her.

MARIA  
Aguascalientes. Vamonos.

DRIVER  
Si.

Maria leans back into the back seat.

ACT 4

INT. CHURCH - DAY

PEOPLE sit like sardines in the pews. Some stand along the sides and back of the tiny church. Many fan themselves.

Rick stands at the pulpit, a bible open in front of him.

RICK  
But if you don't forgive, neither  
will your Father forgive your  
trespasses.

He lowers his head and sighs. He closes the bible. He looks up again at the crowd in front of him.

RICK  
Forgiveness. With God it's easy.

A YOUNG WOMAN rocks her LITTLE BABY.

RICK  
You ask him to, and... He does.

A LITTLE BOY leans forward.

RICK  
And He doesn't want it mentioned  
again.

Rick pauses and leans forward for emphasis. He straightens back up.

RICK  
I know a lot of wives who would let  
you forget.

Laughter fills the church, then dies down.

RICK  
To forgive others, isn't so easy.

A WIFE turns to look at her HUSBAND. Two TEENAGE BOYS glance at each other out of the corner of their eyes.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

An expensive sedan drives down a dirt road. It stops in front of two black SUVs with dark tinted windows.

The DRIVER, Maria's Driver, of the sedan gets out and walks to the rear of the vehicle. He opens the back door.

Maria steps out, adjusts her tight-fitting black dress, looks around, heads for the SUVs. She has a bag in one hand.

The Driver closes the door and is right on her heels.

RICK (V.O.)

It takes work, and commitment.

A WHITE MAN (30s), black suit and tie, gets out of the back seat of one SUV. A tall BLACK MAN (40s), same attire, exits the other SUV.

Four GUARDS (30s), two from each SUV, get out and semi-circle the area. All have automatic weapons.

RICK (V.O.)

And hopefully the other person deserves it.

The Black Man hands Maria a large padded envelope. She reaches in the bag, and pulls out a VHS tape.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jorge pushes a toy truck around on the coffee table. Susanna sits on the couch. Drawing pad in her lap, crayon in her hand.

RICK (V.O.)

The hardest of all...

Consuela sits in a chair next to the couch. Thick glasses on her nose and newspaper in front of her.

Susanna tosses the crayon aside and hops to her feet. She goes to Consuela and shoves the pad in front of her.

SUSANNA

Look. It's Daddy.

On the drawing pad is a stick figure of a man. The stick man has a gun in one hand and a bible in the other. Below him is written "MY DADDY"

RICK (V.O.)

Is to forgive yourself.

INT. JAIL BUILDING - VIDEO ROOM - DAY

The Videographer, holds the video camera, stares down the barrel of Youssef's pistol. The Prisoner points it at his face.

Through the sweaty long black hair, the Prisoner is Rick. His eyes narrow, focused.

After a long pause. Rick tilts his head to the side.

RICK

Go.

Shocked, the Videographer, hesitates.

RICK

Now.

He drops the camera, which breaks when it hits the floor. He's gone in a second.

RICK (V.O.)

When you have all three...

INT. RICK'S OFFICE - EVENING

Shannon holds a trash bag as she moves about picking up trash. She walks to the trash can next to Rick's desk.

She pulls out one of the three tequila bottles. She holds it up to the light - it's almost full.

She smiles, nods, and tosses it into the trash bag. She retrieves the others and throws them in.

On the window sill, the dead plant is all that's seen. A hand reaches in, pulls it away.

RICK (V.O.)

You might find peace.

A hand puts a fresh plant down in it's place.

THE END