

Sanctuary

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"SANCTUARY"

FADE IN:

EXT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH/CEMETERY - NIGHT

A 90 year-old stone and brick building, ready for a wrecking ball. The dying part of town. Lightning flashes. Street lamps flicker. Church lights dim... come back up.

FATHER AGUILERA (V.O.)

"... souls of Thy servants departed
full remission of all their
offenses..."

RAIN DRIVING IN SHEETS, sideways. Deluge. Wind, gusting over 40 m.p.h.

A cardboard tent just inside the cemetery, its back a three-foot, gray stone, mildewed monolith.

A holey, dark suit jacket, buttoned all the way up, covers the tent's front opening. A dancing light from a candle inside.

The wind spews moss and twigs randomly on headstones, blowing away plastic flowers.

INT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

FATHER FELIPE AGUILERA, 41, stands at the foot of the simple altar, brought more alive with modest Christmas season decor, peers out over a wood casket at his empty church.

One Altar Boy, VICTOR CRUZ, 11, glances warily toward the old stained glass windows and the storm whipping up outside.

Father Aguilera steps down and waves an incense decanter toward the casket, smoke spiraling above it.

FATHER AGUILERA

"Eternal rest grant unto them, O
Lord."

VICTOR

"Let perpetual light shine upon
them."

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Flagpole clips CHINK rapidfire, as a wind gust rips through the giant oak canopy above the cemetery. A wicked MOAN of a sound, as wind sweeps down in a gust, grabs the cardboard tent, and sends it hurtling off into the night, leaving,

MONROE, mid 40s but appears much older, fuzzy-faced, a jagged, raised scar on his neck, and rumpled white dress shirt buttoned up. He struggles to hold his fedora in place, huddled around a candle, which instantly wicks out.

FATHER AGUILERA (V.O.)

"May they rest in peace."

VICTOR (V.O.)

"Amen."

Monroe looks up. A giant oak limb CRACKS and breaks free, bearing down with all its sodden might toward him. No way he escapes it. THUD!

INT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH - RETURN TO SCENE

FATHER AGUILERA

"Remember, most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that anyone --"

The main door CREAKS, blows wide open with a BANG!

The Priest and Altar Boy stop, turn to the sound.

Monroe, bald on top, stands in the vestibule, hat in hand, fighting the wind to finish with the door.

FATHER AGUILERA (CONT'D)

Welcome. Please sign our registry and join us.

Monroe stops at a BOOK on a pedestal. He dusts off tree moss, finds a pen on the stand, scrawls his name longhand.

Monroe's eyes find the casket. He sets down his pen and plods, sopping wet, down the center aisle.

Monroe presses both palms against the casket, steadying himself more than anything, catches a couple of deep breaths.

FATHER AGUILERA (CONT'D)

Even death cannot untie the earthly cords that bind the living.

Monroe gazes up at the giant wooden crucifix dangling over the altar: An anguished Christ stares down at him.

A CRASH OF THUNDER. The church lights go out.

EXT. RECTORY - NIGHT

Father Aguilera, wearing ear buds, HUMS a Christmas tune, as he strides up the walkway.

INT. RECTORY - DEN - NIGHT

Father Aguilera pulls off his topcoat, drapes it over his arm, raps on the open oaken door. A dark room. One table lamp casting a soft light beside

FATHER TREMAINE, 68, frail, gray, comforter around his shoulders, looks up from his book. A fire rages in the fireplace behind him.

FATHER TREMAINE
(blows his nose)
Turning cold?

FATHER AGUILERA
Quickly. We lost the light again.

Tremaine sighs. Father Aguilera starts off.

FATHER TREMAINE
So, Father, how many?

FATHER AGUILERA
One only, Father.

FATHER TREMAINE
Dear God. Only one...

The fire blazes, CRACKLES behind Father Tremaine.

INT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Breakfast is in progress. A buffet line, where twenty or more homeless men and women wait their turn. Sparse holiday decorations.

At tables, another 40, sit and devour their breakfast.

Monroe walks up to one of the tables, picks up some discarded plastic plates, carries them over to a recycle bin and dumps them.

A big, bald, black man, JERSEY, 55, sits alone at one end of a table, playing chess against himself on a tiny board, stops to watch Monroe go for the plate in front of him. Monroe speaks with some difficulty in a gravelly tone.

MONROE
Okay?

Jersey pushes the plate toward Monroe, who carries it off.

VERA, 57, head wrapped in a yellow towel, looks over at Monroe, sends him a sweet, secret wink. Monroe walks on.

He shuffles over to another table, picks up a plate with just a chunk of biscuit on it.

CHESTER, 40, wiry, bearded, angry, stabs at his hand with a plastic fork, misses, but just barely.

CHESTER

What are you doin', old man?

MONROE

Work.

CHESTER

Yeah, well, you go work your raggedy ass someplace else. I'm eatin', fool.

Monroe collects what's left in a small milk container and pours it in a clear plastic cup.

HARRI, 39, scrawny, rotten teeth, faded ACU camo jacket and cap, name patch "Harrison", "son" torn off, finishes up his biscuit, licks his fingers clean, hands the plate to Monroe.

HARRI

Here you go, brother.

Monroe, undaunted, takes the plate and the cup and ambles on.

HARRI (CONT'D)

(to Chester)

Likes to feel he's earning his bread. Good Book says, "He who should not work, shall not eat."

Chester scowls, looks over at Monroe, already at another table, where he adds more left-behind milk to the milk cup and carries it over to GRACIE, 28, ratty-blond hair and abundant arm tats, who takes it.

GRACIE

Thank you, hon.

Monroe watches until Gracie begins drinking. Satisfied, he moves on.

CHESTER

Where'd he come from all of a sudden?

HARRI

Maybe he's in for the holidays. Where'd you come from, Chester?

Chester glares at Harri, mutters...

CHESTER

Soldier boy my ass.

Monroe heads for the buffet line. MARY, 30, brunette, no makeup, sad, dark brown eyes, pretty, though it's obvious she's not a primper, serves the last of the homeless diners.

MARY

Morning, Monroe. Where's that handsome hat of yours, hon?

Monroe reaches up, touches the top of his head. First time he's noticed its absence. He shrugs.

Mary ladles scrambled eggs onto Monroe's plate.

MARY (CONT'D)

Cold on its way. You'll need a hat... and a warm jacket. That's all you got?

MONROE

Yes.

MARY

Monroe, you ever say more than one word at a time?

MONROE

Yes... ma'am.

Mary smiles and hands Monroe a cup of coffee.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT/HARLEM - DAY

A group of 20-something, talented ROUNDBALL PLAYERS, shirts & skins, mix it up 3 on 3. One PLAYER drives strong for the hoop. We go SLO-MO. GUNFIRE! AUTOMATIC WEAPON. The Driving Player falls face-down onto the court.

The Driving Player rolls over in agony and breathes his last. As he dies, his face morphs into that of an 11 year-old.

CAPALDI (O.S.)

No! No!

INT. CAPALDI'S OFFICE - DAY

NICK CAPALDI, 40, unkempt, longish dark hair threaded with grey, lies on the floor, tossing in a nightmare, arms waving, as if trying to wipe it all away.

His desk chair is tipped over beside him, a flask of booze still in his right hand. A hard KNOCK on his door, repeated.

JILL (O.S)
Mr. C? You okay in there?

Capaldi wakes with a start, eyes explode, as he spots the desk clock (9:15), also on the floor. He groans.

EXT. 29TH STREET - DAY

Mostly boarded-up business fronts. Monroe sifts through the junk in a trash can, pulls out a tin can, shoves it in an old pillow case that hangs from his belt, moves on, past

THE ALL AMERICAN MOTEL, a pure dump. A bald MOTEL MANAGER, 54, smoking a fat cigar, hangs twinkie lights across his front window, grumbling all the while, but stops when he eyes

Monroe standing near a dumpster. A huge section of cardboard sticks out the top. On the side of the flattened cardboard, the words "Fragile. This end up."

MOTEL MANAGER
Don't even think about it, ya
loser. Keep right on moving.

The Manager waits for Monroe to move on, then resumes his decorating, muttering.

MOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)
Freaking bums.

DOWN THE STREET

An ELDERLY WOMAN, cradling a poodle in her arms, stands at a curb, waiting for a break in traffic.

Monroe walks up beside her. She clutches her purse. He steps past her, out onto the street, attempts to stop traffic, by extending his arms, but one car barrels into him, sending him flying.

Monroe's lying face down on the street. A crowd gathers. Cell phones grabbing pics or tabbing out 9-1-1. The Elderly Woman is in tears. An Hispanic SAMARITAN kneels beside Monroe, rolls him over. Monroe's eyes are closed.

SAMARITAN
(blessing himself)
Too late. Pobrecito.

The Samaritan prays. A long moment. Monroe's eyes pop open suddenly.

SAMARITAN (CONT'D)
Gracias a Dios! Hang in there.
Help is coming.

But Monroe scrambles to his feet, dusts himself off and proceeds to walk the Elderly Woman across the street while the Samaritan and onlookers gawk, dumbstruck.

Once across the street, the Elderly Woman digs in her purse and, her hand trembling, hands Monroe a shiny quarter. He takes it, tips his missing hat, and ambles off.

INT. RECTORY - OFFICE - DAY

Father Tremaine sits at a desk across from Capaldi, disheveled, who sorts through some papers in the briefcase on his lap.

Father Aguilera stands at the window watching workers saw fallen limbs down to size. Tremaine COUGHS.

CAPALDI

Okay, this will tidy up things for the service.

(hands him an envelope)

You have the names for me?

FATHER TREMAINE

Name.

Capaldi looks over at Aguilera, who shrugs.

CAPALDI

What? Just one?

FATHER TREMAINE

Just one, solitary man, right, Father?

Aguilera nods.

CAPALDI

That notice ran for a week.

Father Tremaine hands Capaldi the guest book. Capaldi tears out the page, folds it into a pocket.

FATHER AGUILERA

The weather did turn.

CAPALDI

Any idea who he is? Where he is?

INT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Monroe, on his hands and knees, crawls down the center aisle, looking for his hat... which he spots, under a pew.

He retrieves it, puts it on, takes it right off, reverently, ambles out slowly, but stops at the vestibule to deposit the shiny quarter in the poor box.

EXT. RECTORY - DAY

Father Aguilera and Capaldi stand on the stoop.

FATHER AGUILERA

Shall we go offer up a prayer for you, Nicholas?

CAPALDI

For me?

FATHER AGUILERA

For your journey. Your mission.

CAPALDI

My mission is to button this thing up.

FATHER AGUILERA

Well, I'm adding you to my prayer list.

CAPALDI

Father, I gotta be honest with you. I was taught by nuns. Fish sticks on Friday. Now I lay me every night. Good Catholic kid. A believer, ya know?

(after a beat)

Not anymore. Don't waste your prayers on me.

FATHER AGUILERA

May I ask what drove you away?

Capaldi pulls his coat closed, aims his gaze skyward.

CAPALDI

Came all this way to beat the cold.

FATHER AGUILERA

Sometimes we don't go far enough. Sometimes, too far.

CAPALDI

Long as it doesn't snow. Hate snow.

FATHER AGUILERA

Never snows here.

CAPALDI

Good. Father, this scribbled-name-in-a book fella. Type of guy you figure him for?

FATHER AGUILERA

I'd say a good guy, to come out on such a night. A spiritual guy. Maybe a down on his luck guy, too.

CAPALDI

(blows into hands)

Well, I'd say his luck just took a turn in the up direction.

FATHER AGUILERA

Yes?

CAPALDI

Yeah. Two million bucks has a way of changing things... especially luck.

FATHER AGUILERA

So much? It's a miracle.

CAPALDI

Don't believe in miracles. When it's all said and done, just a business transaction.

Capaldi jogs down the steps and toward his older model BMW. He CHIRPS the car's locks open, climbs inside.

FATHER AGUILERA

Two million bucks. Holy Christmas.

Aguilera blesses himself, plugs in his ear buds, and strides off toward the church.

EXT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Monroe, hat now securely on, descends the steps of the church.

Capaldi's BMW slides by.

EXT. SALVATION ARMY STORE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

An old brick building, glass storefront, wire mesh behind the glass.

INT. SALVATION ARMY STORE - DAY

Mary lifts a P-coat from a rack, admires it, holds a red knit toboggan cap beside it, carries both up to the register.

LORRAINE, 33, black, huge, goddess braids, watches her "DNA test" shows on a small flat screen TV on the counter, while she unpacks Christmas decorations and talks to the TV.

LORRAINE

I told you not to let him near your sister. Now what, huh? Chicken's come right on home to roost.

Mary pushes the coat across the counter to Lorraine.

MARY

Some chickens never learn, huh?

LORRAINE

Not that one; that's plain.

(folds up the coat)

Nice one, Mary. Finally found yourself a man?

MARY

No. And I'm not looking. Done with all that.

LORRAINE

Done. Pretty lady like you.

Alone. Must turn a head or two course of a day. Seems wasteful.

MARY

(hands over the cap)

Lorraine, you know where my days go.

LORRAINE

Uh-huh. Sure do. Making your first million off the homeless folk. All that government grant money. I know what you're about, girl. You don't fool me.

(winks, then, re cap)

Fine stocking stuffer for Mr. Right.

Mary sighs.

INT. CAPALDI'S OFFICE - DAY

Capaldi, at his desk, flips through his messages. The penmanship is so bad, he squints...

turns the papers just right, then maybe... He frowns, gives up, stares at the guest book there on his desk, opens it.

INSERT BOOK:

The scrawly name. We hear CLICK.

CAPALDI (O.S.)
Jill, pull Mr. Oliva's file
and the white pages.

JILL (FILTERED)
Right away, Mr. C. Wait. White
pages?

BACK TO SCENE:

Capaldi closes the guest book, pushes it away.

CAPALDI
Couldn't just put names in a will
like everybody else. Too simple.

JILL, 21, blonde, perfect bangs, amazonesque, but with a little-girl voice, KNOCKS as she enters, file and phone books cradled in her arms. She dumps them onto Capaldi's desk.

JILL
These are old. Really old. They
were under a plant. Most people
just Google or...

His look shuts her down. She starts off...

CAPALDI
Hey, can you read this?

He turns the registry book so she can see it.

JILL
Monroe Latamor.
(then)
You got your messages?

Capaldi stares up at her, awed, then down at the book.

CAPALDI
Uh-huh.

JILL
I'll go Zaba search Latamor.

Jill wheels and exits.

Capaldi opens Mr. Oliva's file, pulls out the Funeral Mass notice, with Mr. Oliva's picture on it, sets it aside, opens a phone book, mumbling about Google and Zaba searches.

LATER

Capaldi runs his finger down yet another phone book. There's a RAP at the door. Jill peeks in.

JILL (CONT'D)

I'm going home now.

(Capaldi mutters)

You didn't even have lunch today.

You gonna stay here all night?

CAPALDI

Might.

JILL

You want me to go pick something up, bring it back for you? It must get pretty lonely --

CAPALDI

I don't mind being alone.

Actually, I prefer it.

Jill frowns, exits.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

Under the cement highway, several homeless huddle under blankets, cardboard. Can fires burn. Jersey huddles alone, a black garbage bag as a poncho.

Chester and Harri rub their hands over a smoking coffee can. They stare off toward a digital clock/temp on the highway.

INSERT HIGHWAY CLOCK/THERMOMETER:

It reads 10:50... then switches to 48 degrees.

BACK TO SCENE:

CHESTER

Eight more degrees.

HARRI

Won't make it by 24 hundred. Nope.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Monroe, up against the same headstone, pulls his hat down low, lies back, lifts a cardboard sheet over him. It reads: "Fragile. This end up."

EXT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - NIGHT

Homeless queue under a sign that reads: "*Lifting up our brother is good exercise.* Helping Hand Adult Shelter"

Another sign reads: "Assisting The Drug Free. Get Clean. Do it for yourself. Rehab references available. Just ask."

INSERT HIGHWAY CLOCK THERMOMETER

It reads 12:00, then switches to 42 degrees.

EXT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - DAWN

The Homeless, including Chester, Gracie, Harri, Jersey, now sit and sleep in front of the building. Front door opens. Mary steps out, pulls her jacket closed.

MARY

Good morning, everyone. Breakfast is served.

They file in past her, Harri and Chester near the end.

CHESTER

Two little degrees and you keep us out. That's crap is what that is.

MARY

Good morning, Harri, Chester.

Chester grumbles, steps inside last.

INT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Breakfast in full swing. Monroe gathers trays, saving milk leftovers in a plastic cup.

Chester, sitting with Harri, eyeballs Monroe as he goes by.

CHESTER

Alaska homeless get roadkill moose. We get this crap.

HARRI

Ask Santa for a bus ticket.

Monroe eyes Chester's plate.

CHESTER

Don't even think about it.

MONROE

Okay.

Monroe swipes Chester's milk carton, pours its contents into his plastic cup, shuffles off quickly toward Gracie. He hands her the cup, waits for her to drink. She does. Monroe moves on. Vera watches.

AT BUFFET LINE

Monroe, tray in hand, walks along the line. Mary spots him... makes her way over, serves him eggs.

MARY

You found your hat. Where'd you sleep last night?

MONROE

Home.

MARY

I hear ya. Were you warm enough?

MONROE

Fragile.

MARY

I have something for you. Come see me when you finish, okay?

Monroe moves on down the line, glancing back at Mary. Vera struts up, glares at Mary.

MARY (CONT'D)

What?

VERA

What? You know what!

INT. WHITEHURST KITCHEN - DAY

RICK WHITEHURST, 38, shirt and tie, nurses a coffee, reads a page on the Ipad. Baby ASH sits at the table in a high chair, playing with his mush. Christmas decor abounds.

MARCELA WHITEHURST, 35, dark good looks, smartly attired, sits down beside him, picks up a piece of toast from a plate.

Rick hands her the Ipad, points to the page on the screen. Marcela reads with disinterest, an obituary.

RICK

(wipes baby's mouth)
No second thoughts?

MARCELA

About what?

RICK

That. Seems like maybe we should've --

(her look freezes him)

So, I found a pack of cigarettes in the --

MARCELA

So, they're not mine. And, no. No second thoughts.

She hands him the Ipad, gets up, walks out.

INT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - KITCHEN AREA - DAY

Mary assists Monroe, as he climbs into the P-coat. Monroe rubs his palms down its sleeves.

MARY

Fits pretty well. You like it?

Monroe nods. Mary pulls the toboggan cap out of a paper bag.

MARY

I know you found your hat, but try this one on. You know, just in case. If you don't want it --

Monroe pulls off his hat, awkwardly hands it to Mary.

Monroe pulls on the toboggan cap, too low, checks himself out in the window, laughs at himself, spots Mary behind him in the reflection, smiling...

MARY (CONT'D)

Monroe, would you mind talking to me some time? You know, going somewhere else, sitting and talking.

MONROE

Okay.

She finds a pen and writes down her number on a napkin.

MARY (CONT'D)

Whenever you're ready, just call.

She hands the napkin to Monroe, who carefully folds it into the coin pocket of his jeans.

INT. RECTORY - OFFICE - DAY

Father Aguilera stands beside Victor, Nick behind them.

Aguilera and Victor watch a SKETCH ARTIST, using a laptop, click on a set of eyes that move onto

A FACE ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN.

VICTOR

No, they look too young.

The Sketch Artist turns to Aguilera.

FATHER AGUILERA

I agree.

VICTOR

And he had a kind of beard.

The Sketch Artist fills in a beard, shows them.

Aguilera and Victor shrug, nod.

The Sketch Artist exhales in frustration, gets back to work.

VICTOR

What if he, you know, used a bogus name?

CAPALDI

Now, why would he do that?

VICTOR

I don't know. Maybe he's hiding out, like Jason Bourne, or in disguise like Iron --

(Nick's stare stops him)

He had a hat, too.

The Sketch Artist frowns at Victor.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Nasty one.

EXT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Monroe steps out of the building, his P-coat and toboggan cap on. He tries to pull his old hat on over the toboggan cap, but it won't pull down, so he goes back inside the building.

INT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Monroe walks right up to Jersey, who's sitting at the end of a table alone, nursing a coffee and pondering his next chess move. Monroe hands him his hat.

Jersey eyes it warily, then pulls it on. Perfect fit.

Monroe pats him on the back, walks back out the door.

Jersey gathers his board, rises. He's nearly seven feet tall. He drops his paper cup in the trash and walks with a severe limp out the door, ducking to clear the transom.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Monroe walks amidst the grave markers and headstones, stops at that same one. The stone is old, letters faded. Monroe pulls a decrepit-looking toothbrush out of his pillowcase bag and gets to work, brushing the still indiscernible letters.

AT THE FENCE

Jersey watches Monroe.

INT. RECTORY - FOYER - DAY

The door partially open, Capaldi shakes Father Aguilera's hand, while Father Tremaine stands nearby.

CAPALDI

We don't execute this will within thirty days and the state becomes Mr. Oliva's sole beneficiary.

FATHER TREMAINE

Well, Father Aguilera did attend the service. Perhaps, the church might --

CAPALDI

The will was very specific, Father. Attend the service, attend, you get a piece of the action. Only one person attends, he gets 'em all.

FATHER TREMAINE

So many pieces, though.

Capaldi eyes him, buttons up, exits.

EXT. RECTORY - DAY

Capaldi braces against the cold, walks on toward his car.

FATHER AGUILERA (O.S.)

Mr. Capaldi!

Capaldi stops, turns. Father Aguilera hustles after him.

FATHER AGUILERA (CONT'D)

What Father Tremaine said. We're a poor church. Our congregation has dwindled. We're fighting just to hang on to what we have now. The archdiocese questions the viability of maintaining these old buildings. I hope you don't think --

CAPALDI

I don't think anything, Father, not my job.

Aguilera nods. Capaldi glances up. A stiff breeze blows back his dark hair. He sweeps it back into place.

FATHER AGUILERA

Do you and your family have plans for the holidays, Mr. Capaldi? We'll be having a wonderful midnight mass.

CAPALDI (CONT'D)

No family. No plans. No mass.

(beat)

You're sure it's not gonna snow?

Aguilera smiles. Capaldi GRUNTS, pulls his jacket tighter around him, grumbles, and jogs off toward his BMW.

Aguilera watches the car pull away, looks up at the sky.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

Several homeless, including Chester, Jersey, scattered under the overpass, stand, watching the thermometer/clock.

Cars zoom by. Monroe walks up, stops, eyes the others, then follows their gaze up...

INSERT HIGHWAY CLOCK THERMOMETER

It reads 11:30 then switches to 40 degrees. A HOOT is heard.

The troop of homeless hustle off past Monroe, who's watching Harri deep under the overpass, on his knees, shouting at someone unseen, gesturing wildly. Jersey stops.

JERSEY

(to Monroe)

He'll be all right. Once he wakes up. C'mon, we warm tonight.

EXT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - NIGHT

The doors open, and the line of homeless file in.

INT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bedrolls, blankets everywhere. Everyone settling in.

Mary circulates with blankets, notices Chester secreting something under his jacket. She chats with another Volunteer, before finding Monroe. She hands him a blanket.

MARY

Monroe, glad you came. Here you go.

Monroe sets his blanket down, takes half her stack of blankets and distributes them along another wall.

Mary gets back to work, smiles, watching Monroe, who quickly distributes the blankets and heads right back to her.

MARY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

MONROE

Okay.

Monroe heads back to his spot, covers himself with his P-coat, rests his head against his blanket, looks up.

There stands Jersey, blanket in hand.

JERSEY

Mind if I bunk hereabouts?

Monroe slides over. Jersey sits down, finally stretches out.

The lights go dim.

JERSEY (CONT'D)

Told ya. Nice and warm in here.

Jersey sits up, looks over Monroe's shoulder, to find him already asleep. Jersey pulls his blanket up, removes his hat, sets it aside carefully, turns just enough to catch

Vera, across the room, shooting eyeball daggers his way.

EXT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Chester holds a bottle of whiskey as he stands at the door SCREAMING.

CHESTER

It's medicine is what it is. Damn fools!

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The small room is dark. The door opens, Mary steps inside, locks the door behind her, mail in her hand. Three locks.

She pulls off her coat and throws it over a chair. The room is cluttered but clean, books everywhere, a computer, printer and tape recorder on a table by the one window.

Mary walks to a bookcase, switches on a portable CD player. The music is a light classical piano piece, Bach/Petri's "Sheep May Safely Graze."

Mary sets her mail down on the small dining nook table and lets her hair down before she sits.

INT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - NIGHT

Music continues, as we move over the sleeping homeless, finding Jersey, then Vera, eyes open, and Harri, tossing in a fitful nightmare, and finally Monroe.

EXT. AN ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Chester's passed out, an empty bottle of booze still in his clutches.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Music continues... Tape recorder wheels turning, Mary, headphones on, types away on her laptop. She stops long enough to draw a sip of cocoa, then presses on.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Capaldi, cup of steaming coffee in one hand, stapler in the other, posts an 8 1/2 x 11 sign on a telephone pole.

He hustles down to the next pole, staples another sign up. The stapler jams. Capaldi whacks it against the post, shakes the sting out of his hand.

CAPALDI

Damn!

A LAUGH. Capaldi turns, but sees no one.

He drops the stapler in his coat pocket, jogs over to his BMW... blows on his hands...

INSERT POSTER:

A pretty fair likeness of Monroe. Above the face, the words, "Have You Seen This Man? Call 555-252-6749. Reward."

BACK TO SCENE:

Capaldi posts a couple more signs, climbs back in his car, drives off.

AT THE FIRST POLE

A black hand reaches up, tears the poster down.

Jersey stuffs the poster in his pocket, limp on to the next pole, do the same, and on down the street.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Mary, serving at the buffet line.
2. Father Aguilera, serving communion to a few of the faithful at his altar of his nearly empty church.
3. Monroe, clearing empty plates from the tables. Chester SNORTING at him to stay away.
4. Capaldi, posting more signs, passes a Salvation Santa as though he were invisible.
5. Jersey, pulling more signs down.
6. The Clock/Thermometer switching from 11:30 to 49 degrees.
7. Christmas lights twinkling around the All American Motel, and Monroe pulling another hunk of cardboard from the dumpster. He stops to watch a couple enter a room.
8. Capaldi, showing the flier to a Mailman, who shakes his head.
9. Mary, at her computer, typing. Headphones on, plugged into a tape recorder. She stops, stares out the window.

INT. CAPALDI'S OFFICE - DAY

Capaldi sips from a half-empty 750 ml bottle of Disaronno Originale. He lifts a photo from his wallet, stares at it:

CAPALDI AND AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, BOTH SMILING, ARM IN ARM.

He tears up the photo, throws the pieces into his trash can, fumbles for his bottle, which goes flying. As he snags it, he accidentally presses the intercom.

JILL (INTERCOM/FILTERED)

Yes, sir?

CAPALDI

Oh. So, Jill, um, still nothing off those fliers?

JILL (INTERCOM/FILTERED)

Not since you asked me ten minutes ago.

CAPALDI

Okay. Thanks.

His door pushes open. He clumsily hides the bottle between his legs. Jill pokes her head in.

JILL

Everything okay? You said "thanks."

CAPALDI

Huh? Oh, sorry.

The bottle falls from between his legs with a CLANK. He looks up at her...

JILL

Guess I'll just go back out.

Capaldi simply nods. Jill exits.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAWN

Monroe, toothbrush in hand, finishes up a letter "r", blows on the headstone, turns just as the first light of day rises in a fan of rays over the old church.

EXT. A STREET - DAWN

Chester grumbles, shivers as he slogs along. He stops short, takes a few steps back, eyeballs a "Monroe" flier.

INT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Monroe, cap in hands, sits in the first row of the church, staring up at the painting of Saint Pelagius and down to the prayer candles that dance in red glass votives below it. You can see Monroe's eyes counting each candle.

FATHER AGUILERA (O.S.)

You admire our young Pelayo I see.

Monroe turns. Father Aguilera, turns off his Ipod, strolls down the aisle of the otherwise empty church, sits down beside Monroe, stares up at the painting, then to Monroe.

FATHER AGUILERA (CONT'D)

He's our patron. Saint Pelagius.
The champion of the abused and
abandoned, tortured.

They sit there a beat, staring up at Pelagius.

FATHER AGUILERA (CONT'D)

(eyeing Monroe)
People have been looking for you...

INT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Chester runs up to the front of the building, where the line has already formed. He's carrying the flier.

He butts in front of Harri, while others complain.

CHESTER

(to Harri)
Look what I got.

He carefully shows the flier to Harri.

HARRI

A reward?

Chester nods emphatically.

HARRI (CONT'D)

What'd he do?

CHESTER

I don't care what. Gimme what
money you got, so I can clean up
and make a call, I'll cut you in.

HARRI

Only thing you'll cut in is a forty
ounce.

Jersey, a few back in line, peeks around, notices the flier. He checks up and down the line. No sign of Monroe.

Chester starts down the line, badgering others.

JERSEY

Gimme that thing.

Jersey grabs at the flier in Chester's hand, clamps a hold on Chester's wrist like a vise.

CHESTER

Aaahh!

Chester reaches down and viciously bites Jersey on his hand 'til he lets go.

Chester takes off running, just as Mary opens the front door and lets the line begin funneling in.

Chester dashes out onto the street, waits, cuts between moving cars, nearly gets plowed down.

HARRI

(to Jersey)

You gonna let him get away with that, Jersey? Big dude like you?

Jersey steps inside. Mary eyes Chester, still ranting.

INT. FATHER AGUILERA'S BLACK SEDAN - DAY

Monroe sits quietly in the passenger seat. Father Aguilera, already belted in, looks over at Monroe.

FATHER AGUILERA

Okay, buckle up.

Monroe looks puzzled. Aguilera shows him with his own belt. Monroe struggles, gets it finally. Aguilera tunes the radio to something funky. They drive off.

INT. JILL'S RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Jill stares over at Chester, who pretends to be reading. Her area is overdecorated for Christmas, and she wears a gold bell around her neck that jingles as she moves.

CHESTER

What time is it now?

JILL

(off her watch)

Eleven twenty.

CHESTER

My appointment was for eleven.
I'm a busy man.

Chester rises, steps toward the desk, leans closer to her. She's physically affected by the smell.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

This a hard job?

JILL

(without looking up)

Depends.

CHESTER

Huh. Don't look too hard. Seems like all you doing's sitting and --

JILL

Sir, would you please?

CHESTER

Well, a man like me can't just be kept waiting. Ain't professional. You know what I'm saying?

He looks down at the box of bagels on the corner of her desk.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

Skipped breakfast this morning.

Jill hesitates, lifts the clear plastic lid on the box. He reaches in, touches them all, but takes a poppy.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

Schmear?

INT. CAPALDI'S OFFICE - DAY

Monroe sits across the desk from Capaldi with Father Aguilera. He puts a pen down and hands a piece of paper to Capaldi, who lays it on the page from the church ledger.

INT. JILL'S RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Chester wiggles his body, trying to get comfortable in his chair, scratches himself... down there.

CHESTER

You got a john in here?

Jill looks up slowly from her work. Chester has poppy seeds in his teeth.

JILL

Um...

INT. CAPALDI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CAPALDI

So, the long and the short of it, Mr. Latamor is that you fulfilled the requirements set forth in Mr. Oliva's will which stipulated that his inheritance be equally distributed among those who attend his funeral service.

(a beat)

You're a millionaire, sir.

Monroe's eyes narrow.

CAPALDI (CONT'D)

Congratulations.

Capaldi extends a handshake across the desk. Monroe looks over at Aguilera, who nods. Monroe shakes Capaldi's hand.

INT. CAPALDI OFFICE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chester WHISTLES "I'm in The Money", as he shakes off.

INT. JILL'S RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Jill dumps the nearly full box of bagels in the trash.

INT. CAPALDI'S OFFICE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

WATER RUNNING. Chester uses a ratty-looking wet comb to slick back his hair. He breaks off a tooth from the comb and uses it to unwedge a poppy seed from between his teeth.

INT. CAPALDI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

All are now standing at Capaldi's desk.

CAPALDI

We'll get you a cashier's check within the next few days. Or would you like us to direct deposit it into your bank account?

MONROE

Bank?

Capaldi glances over at Aguilera, who clears his throat.

CAPALDI

Mr. Latamor, do you have someone who can advise you on this? Help look after your best interests?

A long beat. Monroe's eyes brighten. He reaches down into his jeans pocket, pulls out the napkin Mary had given him, hands it to Capaldi, who unfolds it.

INT. JILL'S RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Chester is sound asleep in the same chair, SNORING.

Jill, left hand over her left ear, as she pecks on a computer keyboard with her right.

The door to Capaldi's office opens. Chester wakes with a start, snaps to... notices Capaldi and Aguilera.

Chester leaps to his feet, pulls the flier out of his pocket, uncrumples it.

CHESTER

I got him. Lead you right to him!

CAPALDI

(to Jill)

Who's this?

JILL

Your eleven.

CHESTER

I'm your eleven, that's who!

CAPALDI

Oh. Okay. Have a seat. I'll be with you in a few minutes.

Monroe follows Aguilera and Capaldi out.

CHESTER

What?! What in the hell?!

He recrumples the flier, chucks it at Monroe, nails his ear.

CAPALDI

Okay. Out!

CHESTER

Who? Me?

CAPALDI

Yeah, you.

Chester hesitates, sizes up the situation... Capaldi, arms folded across his chest... Aguilera smiling sweetly. Monroe rubbing his ear. Chester clears his throat.

CHESTER

Well... I will be going now.

He turns toward the door, then flies into Monroe.

Capaldi grabs Chester by the collar, pulls him off Monroe, and escorts him unceremoniously toward the front door, which Jill opens, Chester resisting all the way.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

What about my reward?

(to Monroe)

I'll get you for this, fool!

Chester spreads his legs to block his exit. Capaldi makes quick work of him. Door closed and locked by Jill. Chester POUNDS from outside.

CAPALDI

Call the cops, Jill.

MONROE

NO!

Surprised, Capaldi and Aguilera look at each other.

INT. FATHER AGUILERA'S BLACK SEDAN - DAY

Father Aguilera climbs inside, pulls the seat belt across his front, locks it in place, looks over at Monroe, who's already buckled up, flier in one hand, business card in the other.

FATHER AGUILERA

Okay, then. Lunch. On me.

They pull away.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mary and Vera sit across from each other at the dining nook table. A tape recorder, glasses of tea and an empty plate between them. Vera's hands fidget, rolling one over the other as she speaks...

VERA

... by the time Roscoe finally expired in that cold little room, I was poor broke. Doctors, medicines took it all. Couldn't even afford to bury the man. Give up his body to the teachin' hospital. Try my best to keep out of my mind what they must'a done with him.

Mary reaches across, rests her hands on Vera's.

MARY

May I take your picture, Vera?

VERA

You want a picture of me?

Mary aims her cell phone at Vera, who primps. Mary CLICKS. A flash.

The phone CHIRPS. Mary fumbles to slide it off camera mode, and grabs a box of wafer cookies from the table.

MARY

(into phone)

Hello.

(tips cookies out for Vera)

Yes, this is Mary.

Vera picks up a cookie, daintily dunks it in her tea.

INT. DUSTY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Father Aguilera and Monroe sit in a booth in a dark corner, menus in hand. Aguilera lowers his menu, spots...

the DUSTY'S MANAGER, 38, at the end of the row of benches, signaling to him with a curled pointer finger.

FATHER AGUILERA

Would you pardon me a moment,
Monroe?

MONROE

Okay.

Aguilera sets his menu down and slides out of the bench.

MONROE'S POV

The menu is nothing more than a colorful blur.

AT THE CHECKOUT AREA

The Manager's arm around Father Aguilera's shoulder.

DUSTY'S MANAGER

It just doesn't look good for my
other customers to see one of them
in here.

FATHER AGUILERA

I'm sorry. One of... ? All I see
is another customer. We all need
to eat, yes? Regardless of
station.

DUSTY'S MANAGER

Father, we have a policy here.

FATHER AGUILERA

What policy is that? You don't let eccentric millionaires eat in your restaurant?

DUSTY'S MANAGER

C'mon. That guy's got a million bucks?

FATHER AGUILERA

No... he's got two million. And you know what? I think he'll dine elsewhere.

Father Aguilera turns and struts back toward Monroe. The Manager stares over at Monroe, who's admiring the menu.

DUSTY'S MANAGER

Wait. Father?

Too late. Father Aguilera leans close to Monroe, who rises quickly, slides out, dons his cap, and follows Aguilera toward the front door, the Manager right behind them.

DUSTY'S MANAGER (CONT'D)

C'mon, please stick around. My mistake. How about I comp your lunches?

Aguilera stops. Monroe does too. They turn to the Manager.

FATHER AGUILERA

Mr. Latamor, this gentleman has offered to buy you lunch. That be okay with you?

Monroe sizes up this Manager, who looks pretty pathetic.

MONROE

Okay.

DUSTY'S MANAGER

Excellent! Let's get you a better table while we're at it.

The Manager grabs two new menus and leads Aguilera and Monroe to a table by the front window.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Chester exits the main door, a look of complete ire on his face. He tromps down the steps.

EXT. RECTORY - DAY

Father Aguilera stands beside his black sedan, watches Monroe walk away, doggie bag in tow.

INT. RECTORY - OFFICE - DAY

Father Tremaine paces around his desk.

FATHER TREMAINE

Where? When?

FATHER AGUILERA

In the church. He was admiring Pelayo. I drove him to Mr. Capaldi's office this morning. You were napping.

FATHER TREMAINE

Why didn't you wake me?

Father Aguilera starts to say something, but decides not to.

FATHER TREMAINE (CONT'D)

So, he's a parishioner

FATHER AGUILERA

I'm not sure, Father. He's one of the unfortunate homeless.

FATHER TREMAINE

Homeless?

(Tremaine thinks)

Well, did you offer him shelter here?

FATHER AGUILERA

That isn't your policy, Father.

FATHER TREMAINE

My pol -- What? Where is he now?

FATHER AGUILERA

He left. You'd let him stay here?

FATHER TREMAINE

Of course. My God, Father. What do you take me for?

They stare at each other... too long.

INT. CAPALDI'S OFFICE - DAY

Capaldi's behind his desk, hands cupped behind his head.

CAPALDI

So, our friend Mr. Latamor fulfills the stipulations set forth in Mr. Oliva's will. He attends the funeral mass.

We now see Mary, Oliva's will in her hands.

MARY

He didn't know Mr. Oliva?

CAPALDI

Not to my knowledge.

He watches Mary as she carefully surveys Oliva's will.

CAPALDI

Are you related to Monroe?

MARY

No, just someone who cares about him.

CAPALDI

No angle?

She hands him back the will.

MARY

You know, I'm thinking maybe I should look into talking to an attorney about this.

CAPALDI

I'm an attorney.

MARY

But you're representing the estate. What's your angle, Mr. Capaldi?

Capaldi leans back, sizes her up.

MARY (CONT'D)

Monroe just happened into the church?

CAPALDI

Best I can figure, he was getting out of the rain. Pretty fierce that night.

MARY

This... is a miracle.

CAPALDI

More like any port in a storm, but whatever. Mr. Latamor has asked that you assist him in it.

She sniffs, and dashes away a tear. Capaldi looks away, but his eyes don't stay away too long.

EXT. 29TH STREET - NIGHT

Monroe walks along slowly. Trailing twenty or so steps behind but gaining ground is Chester.

Monroe strides past the All American Motel, twinkle lights in full display, but only half twinkling. He stops at the dumpster, boosts himself up.

The Motel Manager runs up behind him with a broom, starts whacking at his legs.

MOTEL MANAGER

Get your sorry ass outta there.

Monroe hops down, tries to fend off the broom blows, but they're coming fast and furious now.

MOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)

Get off my damn property, you old bugger!

A HORN sounds, HONKING FURIOUSLY.

FATHER AGUILERA (O.S.)

Stop! Stop that!

The Motel Manager stops, wheels...

Father Aguilera's sedan stops in the street. He climbs out, runs toward the Motel Manager and Monroe, grabs the broom from the Manager, starts whacking him in the legs...

FATHER AGUILERA (CONT'D)

How do you like it, huh?

He chucks the broom up into the dumpster, wipes his hands clean, grabs Monroe's sack.

FATHER AGUILERA (CONT'D)

Let's go, Mr. Latamor. Let's get out of here.

MONROE

Okay.

They hustle off toward the car, climb in, buckle up and drive off, leaving the Motel Manager scratching his head.

Chester walks over to him. Having seen it all, he's puzzled, too. They watch the car disappear down the street.

MOTEL MANAGER

He was a Priest, right?

EXT. RECTORY - NIGHT

The black sedan pulls up, stops. The usually dark place is all alight. Cars and vans parked along the street.

INT. FATHER AGUILERA'S BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

Father Aguilera leans over the steering wheel, looks up toward the rectory.

FATHER AGUILERA

(sotto)

What's all this?

INT. RECTORY - LOBBY - NIGHT

Front door pushes open. Aguilera peeks in. Bright but quiet. He holds the door open for Monroe, who walks in under the Priest's arm. Aguilera closes the door, leads Monroe toward the den, pushes open the door.

DEN

Father Tremaine is entertaining guests. Three men and one woman. Coffee, cookies. They rise when

Father Aguilera and Monroe stand in the doorway.

One of the men aims a camera at Monroe. A flash goes off. One man throws a TV camera pack on his shoulder, which also lights up.

FATHER TREMAINE

We were beginning to wonder about you two.

Monroe is stunned.

INT. RECTORY - OFFICE - NIGHT

Father Aguilera stands with Father Tremaine, a French door between them and the den, where Reporters hover over Monroe.

FATHER AGUILERA

How could you do this to him?

FATHER TREMAINE
Do what? "Let your light shine
before others."

FATHER AGUILERA
His light?

FATHER TREMAINE
What are you implying? Look at
him... he's eating it up.

THROUGH THE DOORS

Monroe shrinks under the onslaught.

FATHER AGUILERA
I have to get him out of there.

He starts for the French door.

FATHER TREMAINE
No! Let him be!
(grabs Aguilera's shoulder)
He was seeking refuge from a storm.
Sanctuary. Look at him now.

Father Aguilera turns to Monroe, who now seems somewhat taken
with it all.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Rosary beads in hand, Father Aguilera sits on a simple bed, a
thick crucifix hanging over the headboard. He finishes his
last "Hail Mary" and looks up.

Monroe, stands in the bathroom doorway, dressed in a white
altar boy's gown, hair slicked back, shaved, a contented
smile on his face.

INT. RECTORY - DEN - LATER

Dying embers in the hearth.

Father Aguilera, all alone, tidies things up, stops, stares
into what's left of the fire.

FATHER TREMAINE (O.S.)
Mrs. Birdsong will be in tomorrow
morning. She'll straighten up.

Aguilera turns to see Tremaine in his bathrobe.

FATHER AGUILERA
Yes, Father, I just couldn't sleep.

Tremaine picks up his pipe from an end table, walks past Aguilera and pulls back the fireplace screen.

FATHER TREMAINE

Are you upset with me, Father?

FATHER AGUILERA

No.

Tremaine CLACKS his pipe against the side wall of the fireplace, checks the bowl, sets the screen back in place.

FATHER TREMAINE

Good. I was afraid the impact of all this might be lost on you.

FATHER AGUILERA

Father?

FATHER TREMAINE

A man stumbles upon financial salvation in our church. I'm sure he would feel compelled to reciprocate in some small way.

FATHER AGUILERA

I'm not sure Mr. Latamor is capable of comprehending the... impact of all this.

Father Tremaine takes a step closer to Aguilera, rests his pipe hand on his shoulder, smiles...

FATHER TREMAINE

You'll help him with that, won't you? This could be the boost we've been praying for. God sets events in motion with purpose. Agreed?

(a beat)

Good night, Father.

Tremaine walks out of the room. Aguilera sits down on a hassock, stares after the Priest.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Monroe, covered by blanket and sheet, cap on, sleeps soundly.

EXT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH - RECTORY - DAY

Capaldi's car slides up to a stop. Father Aguilera and Monroe hustle out of the rectory. Aguilera looks back, as he and Monroe climb into the car, which pulls away.

Father Tremaine lets the front window drape fall back.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Monroe, dressed like a Priest, minus the white collar sits across the table from Mary, who has both her hands clasped around his. She speaks quietly to him.

MARY

You have been given a wonderful gift. Now, I know you don't like to talk, Monroe, but this is really important. Okay?

MONROE

Okay.

LIVING AREA

Aguilera and Capaldi sit on the tiny sofa.

CAPALDI

Man, she's great with him, eh?

FATHER AGUILERA

Yes. Very compassionate.

CAPALDI

Yeah, I noticed her compassion right away. First thing.

Aguilera hides a grin behind his hand.

Capaldi notices several photos of the Homeless on the nearby desk. He pulls them over, starts going through them.

INSERT PHOTOS:

Harri, saluting. Closeup of an Old Man, his face a mass of leathery wrinkles, one eye nearly closed. Vera sipping her tea.

BACK TO SCENE:

Capaldi carefully sets the photos back where they were, stares over at...

MARY/MONROE

MARY

Do you understand that today we're going to put some money in the bank for you. A lot of money. Do you understand that?

MONROE

Yes.

MARY

You're not going to be homeless anymore. You can get an apartment like mine. Well, not like mine. Better than mine. Much better. You can buy a house... a whole bunch of houses, understand?

(Monroe nods)

And I will help you if you want me to?

Monroe nods. Mary sits back.

MARY

Okay. This money. This large sum of money that's coming to you...

(thinks)

... I'll be right back.

Mary leaves Monroe and pads over to the sofa, leans close to Capaldi, which he doesn't mind a bit. He sizes her up as she speaks softly into his ear.

MARY (CONT'D)

How much will he have after taxes?

CAPALDI

Unless he's got millions already squirreled away somewhere, he'll be scott free on the taxes.

MARY

God almighty.

(to Aguilera)

Sorry, Father.

FATHER AGUILERA

No problema.

She kneels down in front of them.

MARY

I'd like to get a roof over his head first thing, by Christmas. I'll open an account for him. He'll sign all the checks, but I'll oversee the activities, put myself on the account as administrator, if that meets your approval.

Father Aguilera nods.

CAPALDI

He's your client.

They all turn to look at Monroe, who's sipping an iced tea with all the innocence of a newborn.

MARY

Once we get him all set up, we'll try and find out exactly who he is. Maybe he has family somewhere. So many of them have just lost touch. They drift off from the rest of us and simply can't find their way back.

(Capaldi's eyes linger on her)
Now, I don't have a car. So, could I impose on --

FATHER AGUILERA

CAPALDI

Mr. Capaldi has a fine car. I've got a car.

Capaldi glances over to Father Aguilera, smiles wryly.

INT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Chester and Harri sit at a table, eating. At one end of the same table Jersey's playing chess, but going on and on...

JERSEY

We two was like this...
(twists 2 fingers together)
... he had my back. I had his.
(holds up his hat)
This here's even his old hat.

Vera stops behind him, tray in hand.

VERA

Well, he was cute on me.

JERSEY

No, he was not.

Chester's had just about enough of this.

CHESTER

You two shut the hell up about him.

He flicks some oatmeal all the way down the table, and hits Jersey's chess pieces. He lifts his queen, full of oatmeal.

Jersey rises slowly. Vera steps back. Jersey, queen in hand, tromps right over to Chester, pulls him up out of his folding chair.

JERSEY

Clean off my queen.

Jersey shows him the queen up close.

CHESTER

Which one, you or that? How's that hand, you big ol' pussy?

Jersey looks down at his crudely bandaged hand.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

Yeah. That's right, stupid. That was all me. What you gonna do 'bout it.

Jersey looks around. Everyone's eyes on him. Jersey slowly sets Chester back down in his chair.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

Funky old chickenass game-playin' fool.

Jersey wipes his queen clean, pulls on his hat, grabs his folding chess board/pieces, and walks quietly out of the place, with Chester laughing and jeering him.

EXT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Jersey stands outside, boiling over, frustrated, but unable to go back inside.

Vera peeks out the door, slides out from behind it.

VERA

Pay no attention to him.

JERSEY

(without turning)

I ain't. Go on back inside, woman.

Vera ducks back inside.

INT. WHITEHURST KITCHEN - DAY

Baby Ash in the highchair, gurgling, watching

Rick Whitehurst, who drinks coffee, reads his Ipad, stops cold, spills his coffee all over himself.

RICK

Dammit!

He runs to the sink, uses the sprayer to hose down his lap.

RICK (CONT'D)

Marcela!

Marcela, running the last bit of lipstick across her lips, peeks in through the dining room pass-through.

MARCELA

What happened?

RICK

I spilled the damned coffee.

MARCELA

Please, not in front of Ash, okay?

She turns to go.

RICK

No. No. Look at the screen, will ya? With the damned coffee all over it now.

He finishes hosing down, replaces the sprayer, leans against the sink.

Marcela, at the table now beside Ash, picks up the Ipad.

INSERT IPAD:

And an AP syndicate photo of Monroe under the heading. "Homeless Man Becomes Millionaire." A smaller photo just below of St. Pelagius Church.

BACK TO SCENE:

MARCELA

So, bully for him.

She sets the Ipad down. Rick picks it back up, hands it to her again.

RICK

Here, read the whole thing. Read it. Look where it is and when. The deceased's last name. Damn.

He walks off in a huff.

Marcela starts reading, stops. She sits down in the wet chair, reads on, then calmly sets the Ipad down...

MARCELA

It's a common name. Can't be... Can it?

She scoops Ash out of his chair, and heads for the doorway, a coffee imprint on the rump of her winter white skirt.

INT. MARTHA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

MARTHA, late 50s, portly, glasses, reads a newspaper, opens a drawer and lifts out a magnifying glass. She places the magnifying glass close on the AP pic of Monroe.

INT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH - VESTIARY - DAY

Father Aguilera hustles into his chasuble, kisses his stole, drapes it around his neck.

Victor, decked out in his altar boy garb, breathless, slides to a stop beside the Priest.

VICTOR

Father. You gotta see this.

Victor pulls him away with him. Father Aguilera peeks out from the side entrance to see the church, continuing to fill with people.

VICTOR

Everybody's hoping to meet the homeless millionaire.

FATHER AGUILERA

Mr. Latamor.

VICTOR

Exactly.

FATHER AGUILERA

Where it began, back in God's hands.

VICTOR

Is that Matthew or Luke?

Father Aguilera takes a deep breath.

FATHER AGUILERA

Nelly Furtado. Let's not keep them waiting, Victor.

VICTOR

Yes, Father.

FATHER AGUILERA

How do I look?

VICTOR

Like a mensch.

Aguilera nods without thinking. Victor reaches up and RINGS an entry bell.

INT. SOUTHLAND BANK - DAY

Monroe scrawls his signature on an application, hands it over to the BANK VP across the desk, while Capaldi and Mary watch.

Monroe then hands the pen to Mary, who hands it to the VP.

INT. CAPALDI'S BMW - DAY

Capaldi drives, preoccupied with his rearview. Monroe enjoys his shotgun position and his seatbelt. Mary sits in the back seat, leans forward, points. Capaldi steers the car into a spiffy-looking apartment complex.

INT. SPIFFY-LOOKING APARTMENT - DAY

This place is furnished and would make the cover of "Metropolitan Home." The Apartment Sales Manager, 33, leads Mary, Monroe and Capaldi through, pointing out all the wonderful appointments.

INT. EVEN SPIFFIER-LOOKING APARTMENT - DAY

Another Sales Manager leads the trio through an even nicer-looking place. Capaldi and Mary brush shoulders in a bathroom, offer polite excuses.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Capaldi's BMW drives up into an impressive residential driveway, a "For Sale" sign in the front yard. Monroe peers out at the massive estate.

EXT. A STREET - DAY

Jersey sits alone on a stoop, twirling the hat Monroe had given him between his fingers, eyes on Chester, who panhandles across the street.

INT. RECTORY - DAY

Father Tremaine enjoys a cinnamon roll with his cup of coffee but enjoys the newspaper article about Monroe even more.

INT. INTERFAX BOARDROOM - DAY

Marcela, stands before a group of businessmen and women seated at a conference table. She's not happy.

MARCELA

So, I am to believe that not one of you can explain to me how we lost the Schrodinger contract. Not one of you.

(MORE)

MARCELA (CONT'D)

Second account this quarter, just mysteriously walks away?!

Dead silence, until her cell phone vibrates on the table. She throws out a long sigh, taps the phone to retrieve a text: "Have that info."

INT. CAPALDI'S BMW - NIGHT

Capaldi drives. Mary rides shotgun. Monroe sleeps in the back seat.

MARY

It's nice what you're doing for Monroe. I know you didn't have to get involved, not like this.

CAPALDI

What would you think about me if I told you I maybe had ulterior motives?

MARY

Would these ulterior motives have anything to do with Monroe?

They stop at a light. Capaldi turns to her.

CAPALDI

No. They wouldn't.

MARY

I wouldn't know what to think. Not yet.

The light changes. Capaldi gives it some gas.

CAPALDI

Not yet?

Their eyes linger on each other's a beat.

MONROE (O.S.)

Stop!

Capaldi SLAMS on the brakes. Monroe's head appears between the front bucket seats. He points...

Mary's eyes follow Monroe's finger, through the windshield to the flickering lights around THE ALL AMERICAN MOTEL.

EXT. ALL AMERICAN MOTEL - NIGHT

Capaldi's BMW pulls up and parks in front of the office.

INT. CAPALDI'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

Capaldi and Mary stare through the window at this dump, twinkle lights only half twinkling. A "vacancy" sign in the front window, right beside a decrepit waving Santa.

MARY

Monroe, we're taking you back to stay with Father Aguilera. You don't want to stay here tonight.

MONROE

No.

Monroe settles back in his seat.

CAPALDI

I'll say "no." Someone like you could buy this hole ten times over.

MONROE

Okay!

Mary and Capaldi turn to Monroe, who's grinning.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

The homeless troupe have gathered to watch the thermometer, as it clicks down to 49 degrees.

Chester finishes up the last of a bottle of MD 20-20, drops the bottle into his coat pocket, thinks about it, pulls the bottle out, and hurls it at the thermometer, while Harri, squatting, watches.

HARRI

You missed.

Chester shoots an evil eye at Harri, tromps up under the overpass.

INT. ALL AMERICAN MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

Mary and Capaldi stand at the front desk. Capaldi RINGS the service bell.

The Motel Manager steps out from another room, pulling his pants up, tucking in his shirt.

MOTEL MANAGER

Sorry, folks, when nature calls, I answer.

CAPALDI

This may sound funny to you --

The Manager leans across the counter, eyes Mary.

MOTEL MANAGER

Look, pal, I been in this business for sixteen years. Pay in advance whether you want 20 minutes or an overnight. Once I put that twenty-six ninety-five in the drawer, I forget your name. I forget you ever even had a name. If you did.

MARY

Oh-my-God.

CAPALDI

So, what do you think, babe? Twenty-six ninety-five. Bit pricey. Wanna try someplace else?

The Motel Manager rolls his eyes.

EXT. ALL AMERICAN MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

ON THE BMW BACK WINDOW

Monroe's face, wide-eyed, rimmed by sporadically twinkling Christmas lights.

INT. ALL AMERICAN MOTEL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Motel Manager's scratching his head.

Capaldi's actually sitting on the counter, leaning backwards, thumbing through a AAA flier. Mary digs in.

MOTEL MANAGER

You gotta be kiddin' me. Why would I sell this place?

MARY

Because you've been at it sixteen years and you need to move on with your life, spread your wings a little.

The Motel Manager is stunned, dumbfounded. Then...

MOTEL MANAGER

Wait a minute, lady. Are you some realator (sic) or something? What, WalMart wants this spot and you're trying to get in first and screw me outta what's by rights mine. This more of that M & M domain crapola?!

MARY

How much do you think Wal-Mart
would offer you for this place?

The Manager goes back to scratching his head, looks around.
This place is for crap.

MOTEL MANAGER

Jeez, I don't know. Twenty-eight
units. Ample parking. Cable
hookups. View of the freeway.

CAPALDI

Heat?

MOTEL MANAGER

Huh? Yeah, sure. Sometimes.

MARY

Mr. Capaldi, would you give him one
of your business cards? We'll let
him sleep on it and give us a call
in the morning.

Capaldi hops down, pulls a card out of his jacket pocket,
hands it to the Manager, who examines it.

MOTEL MANAGER

Lawyer? You're serious about this?

MARY

Let's just say, we represent a
client who's had his eye on your
establishment for awhile.

MOTEL MANAGER

Yeah? Do I get to meet this big
cheese client of yours?

INT. CAPALDI'S BMW/MOVING - NIGHT

Capaldi and Mary laugh it up, as the BMW exits the All
American Motel parking lot.

Monroe peers out through the back window at the twinkling
lights, and the Motel Manager, who steps out to watch them
drive off. Monroe waves.

INT. DUSTY'S - NIGHT

Monroe sits across from Capaldi and Mary. They've got the
best table in the place, waters, coffees.

The Dusty's Manager spots them, hustles over to the table.

DUSTY'S MANAGER

(to Monroe)

Good evening, sir. I hope we're taking care of you in the manner... well, you know.

(grabs a Waitress)

You see they get whatever they need.

WAITRESS

Yeah, okay. I took their order.

They walk off, the Manager whispering in the Waitress's ear.

MARY

That was weird.

Monroe's smiling.

MARY (CONT'D)

All right, Monroe. We need to talk about this motel idea of yours. I'm going to ask you some questions, okay?

Capaldi sips his coffee, eyes Monroe and Mary.

EXT. RECTORY - NIGHT

Father Aguilera, Monroe, beside him, a Dusty's "to go" bag in one hand, waves as Capaldi's BMW pulls away.

FATHER AGUILERA

Well, how did you do today?

MONROE

Good.

FATHER AGUILERA

Good? Even better than okay.
(off Monroe's "to go" bag)
I see you've had your dinner already.

Monroe nods, and they step inside.

INT. CAPALDI'S BMW - NIGHT

Capaldi, alone, cranes his neck to see out the side window. He watches...

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Mary, standing over a Homeless Man who's nestled into a business doorway, Dusty's "to go" bag in his hand.

Mary snaps a photo of the man with her phone, then another, as he stares up at her.

She leans close, lets him talk (MOS), hands him a buck, shakes his hand, and walks slowly back toward the car.

The Homeless Man tucks the dollar bill inside the tattered glove of his right hand.

INT. LAW OFFICES - DAY

Marcela sits at her ATTORNEY's desk. The Attorney pushes a folder across the desk to her. She opens it, reads.

MARCELA

So, it is my father's money.

ATTORNEY

It is. Was. This Latamor guy fell into it.

MARCELA

Well, he's going to fall right out of it. We'll sue him.

ATTORNEY

Might be tough. P-R nightmare. The whole homeless thing. Wade's in a runoff for state rep.

MARCELA

That's your partner, not you.

ATTORNEY

Maybe you should've attended the mass. Why didn't you?

Marcella rises, snatches the folder and her bag, heads for the exit, turns back.

MARCELA

(re folder)

This will not stand.

And she's out, slamming the door behind her.

INT. CAPALDI'S BMW/MOVING - NIGHT

Mary rearranges her purse, and stuffs her cell phone back in.

CAPALDI

So, what, you're writing a book about them?

Mary shakes her head.

MARY

They're writing it. I'm just listening. Their stories... their lives. They're real people. You'd be surprised.

CAPALDI

Nothing surprises me anymore. That's nice, though, a book. Hope it's a big hit.

MARY

Probably won't find a publisher. These people aren't exactly New York Times best-seller material, you know? But, thank you.

CAPALDI

Way I see it, Mary, there's two kinds of people in the world -- first kind notices something bad, walks by it, says to himself, "Man, that's not right." Second kind, they see something bad, they find a way to do something about it. That's your kind.

MARY

Which kind are you, Mr. Capaldi?

INT. RECTORY - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Father Aguilera sits across from Monroe. They both nurse steaming cups of tea. Father Tremaine walks into the room.

FATHER TREMAINE

How's that tea, Mr. Latamor?

MONROE

Hot.

Tremaine pulls a white box out of a cabinet, sits down next to Monroe.

FATHER TREMAINE

Have you ever tried a Cinnabon?

Tremaine opens the box, lifts out an iced bun, slides the saucer out from under Monroe's cup, and sets the bun on it.

FATHER TREMAINE (CONT'D)

They're sinful.

EXT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mary leans into Capaldi's car.

MARY

So, tomorrow, Mr. Capaldi?

CAPALDI

Nick. I'll look forward to it.

MARY

Okay. Um. If I seem a little, I don't know, standoffish, it's not you. Okay? It's me.

Capaldi climbs out of the car, leans against the top, pulls his coat closed around his neck.

CAPALDI

I get that, Mary. I do. I came down here to get away from a bad relationship. One that just dried up and blew away. And it was all my fault. I blamed my wife for my own problems. It's not easy to run away from that part. I wasn't really looking for anything. Didn't care if I found anything. I have no expectations. So...

MARY

Okay, then.

Mary walks off, and into her building.

CAPALDI

Well, that was a bonehead thing to say...

Capaldi leaves the car and goes for the building door. As he's about to grab the handle, the door opens.

MARY

What'd you blame her for?

CAPALDI

Huh?

MARY

Your wife. You blamed her.

CAPALDI

It's a long story.

MARY

Shorten it.

CAPALDI

Oh, okay. I, um, worked in the DA's office. A convicted murderer gets lawed-up in prison, goes on primetime TV saying he was charged with the wrong crime. He wasn't indifferent when he sprayed shots into a bunch of guys shooting hoops in Harlem, one of them his wife's boyfriend. He meant to kill the guy. Specifically. Appeals court takes a look. He walks. Soon, half a dozen more cases are coming unglued. I had a kid killer with a one way ticket to Elmira on the very same charge.

INT. A NY COURTROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

CAPALDI (V.O)

Depraved indifference. He gets a heads-up on all this, appeals. Conviction vacated. He walks. An eleven year old boy's murderer goes unpunished. I messed up, Mary.

Smiling MURDERER looks over at a younger, more dapper Nick, as he shakes his Attorney's hand. The Attorney leads the jubilant, posturing Murderer out of the courtroom.

MARY (V.O.)

But you weren't the only one.

Nick, beaten down, turns to look at the dead child's Mother and Father two rows behind him. The Mother's head is buried in her Husband's chest.

CAPALDI (V.O.)

Tell that to the kid's parents.

EXT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - RETURN TO SCENE

MARY

And you blamed your wife?

CAPALDI

Yeah. No. The way I was. I mean attitude-wise. I don't know what I mean. Look, I'm sorry that --

Mary plants a sweet kiss on Capaldi's mouth.

MARY

Thanks for the lift, Nick.

Mary ducks back into her apartment building, leaving a stunned and smitten Capaldi.

EXT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAWN

Father Aguilera and Monroe, dressed in black slacks, white Tee shirts and coats, stride along briskly.

FATHER AGUILERA

I like to walk every morning, stop in at the church, say good morning to God, and jump-start my day with His blessing. He always has a surprise waiting for me, like the day I found you in front of Pelayo. That was a day, eh, Monroe?

Monroe nods, hustles to keep pace, as Father Aguilera turns up the pathway to the church's side entrance.

INT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Father Aguilera and Monroe, sans overcoats, stand at the altar stone of the empty church. Gary Lamb's "In the Cathedral" or similar over...

Father Aguilera bends and kisses the altar, arranges its linens just so. He takes a long, deep breath.

Monroe touches the altar stone reverently.

FATHER AGUILERA

The altar stones of all Catholic churches contain some distant relic of a martyred saint, like our Pelagius, and we say the prayer, "By the merits of Thy saints, whose relics lie here, and of all the saints, deign in Thy mercy to pardon me all my sins."

MONROE

I sinned.

Aguilera turns to Monroe, moved by both the admission and the sentence.

FATHER AGUILERA

We have all sinned, Monroe. That's why God sent us a savior, to redeem us fr --

MONROE

I killed.

Monroe's eyes fill. Aguilera makes the sign of the cross in front of Monroe and mumbles a prayer in Latin.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

All decked out for Christmas.

Mary and Capaldi stand by, while Father Aguilera sits stiffly in a chair. Monroe steps out of a dressing room, dressed like two million bucks -- camel blazer, brown slacks, turtle neck, shiny brown lace-ups.

A STORE CLERK, an armful of clothes, follows him out.

STORE CLERK

Well, how's he look?

MARY

Monroe, you are so handsome.

(to clerk)

Mind if I take a picture?

STORE CLERK

No, of course not.

Mary fumbles in her purse for her cell phone.

MARY

(to Capaldi)

Go on, stand next to him.

CAPALDI

No, you. I'll take it.

Mary hesitates, hands him the phone.

MARY

Zoom here.

(shows him, then)

Father? You want in on this?

FATHER AGUILERA

No... no, I'm fine here.

Mary slides in beside Monroe, which he genuinely eats up. Capaldi aims the phone, eyeballs

Mary and Monroe, smiling, framed nicely. CLICK!

CAPALDI (O.S.)

One more!

Mary and Monroe together, but Capaldi tabs the screen and zooms in on Mary's angelic smile.

CAPALDI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There. Beautiful. Hold, folks.

CLICK!

INT. FATHER AGUILERA'S BLACK SEDAN - DAY

Aguilera and Monroe sit up front. Capaldi and Mary in back. All's quiet up front. Father Aguilera is still distracted.

CAPALDI
How's Father Tremaine's cold coming?

MONROE
Sinful.

Capaldi and Mary laugh.

FATHER AGUILERA
He's better, Nicholas.

CAPALDI
Nick. Not Nicholas. Nick.

Aguilera steers into the All American Motel lot.

FATHER AGUILERA
He's better, Nick.

MARY
Father, what do you think about Monroe wanting to buy this place?
(no answer)
Father?

FATHER AGUILERA
He's feeling better.

INT. ALL AMERICAN MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

The Motel Manager stands at his counter. Mary and Capaldi block Monroe.

MARY
This is Mr. Latamor. He has an interest in your property.

Monroe steps between them.

MOTEL MANAGER

An interest? I thought he wanted
to buy the place.

CAPALDI

For the right price.

MOTEL MANAGER

He looks familiar to me. Do I know
you?

MONROE

Sure.

The Manager's eyes narrow. Father Aguilera steps inside.

MOTEL MANAGER

Now, him I do know.

(eyes Monroe again)

Wait a minute. You're that bum,
dressed up so you don't look like a
bum.

(to Mary)

What's going on here?

MARY

Father, could you and Monroe take a
walk around the premises, check
things out.

Father Aguilera leads Monroe out. Capaldi waits until
they're gone.

CAPALDI

You said you had a price. Do you
want to sell or don't you?

MOTEL MANAGER

I'm not so sure now.

(gestures outside)

Those two...

EXT. ALL AMERICAN MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Father Aguilera and Monroe walk slowly about the premises.
No other cars in the lot.

FATHER AGUILERA

Monroe, I have to tell you, what
you said to me in church... it
really shook me. I mean, I...

Monroe squints up at him. Father Aguilera removes his
sunglasses, hands them to Monroe.

FATHER AGUILERA (CONT'D)

But I want you to know that whatever you did, I'm sure you had your reasons. Though killing, whatever the reason, goes against God's sacred commandments. I can't forgive you, but God can. If you'll just ask him.

They stop, while Monroe peeks inside an open door, a service cart outside.

FATHER AGUILERA (CONT'D)

Now, what you've confided in me... that's something I'll just have to deal with.

Monroe slides on Aguilera's shades, smiles.

MONROE

Okay.

Father Aguilera sighs, and they walk on. Monroe is suddenly distracted and walks ahead briskly.

INT. ALL AMERICAN MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

Capaldi's showing the Motel Manager some papers.

MOTEL MANAGER

Where do I sign?

CAPALDI

(shows him)

Here, here, here and here.

MOTEL MANAGER

And I have your personal guarantee this ain't some scam and WalMart's gonna come in here and offer you twice what you paid me?

MARY

You have our personal guarantee.

Capaldi eyes her.

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE LOT - DAY

Monroe and Aguilera walk through the forest of bucketed trees, Monroe's eyes on the strings of bare light bulbs dancing in the wind overhead. Aguilera can't take his eyes off Monroe, who touches every single tree he passes.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - ESTABLISHING

An old building. A few cruisers lined up outside. Father Aguilera's black sedan pulls up.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Father Aguilera stands before a wall of wanted posters, glasses on, carefully scrutinizing each face. He looks down to one of the old Monroe fliers.

DETECTIVE MANUEL, 45, walks up beside him.

DETECTIVE MANUEL
Help you, Father?

Aguilera, caught off guard, quickly covers up the flier.

FATHER AGUILERA
Oh, uh, no. I'm just browsing.

DETECTIVE MANUEL
Well, you see anything that strikes your fancy, you let me know. They're on special. Detective Manuel.

Aguilera nods, watches Manuel strut off toward the offices.

FATHER AGUILERA
Detective?

DETECTIVE MANUEL
Yes, Father?

He strides back to the wall of faces.

FATHER AGUILERA
Is this all you have?

DETECTIVE MANUEL
What, that's not enough? I got books full, if you want. Computers, too.

FATHER AGUILERA
I... yes, please.

The Detective, curious now, leads Father Aguilera toward those offices.

EXT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Mary and Monroe, in another dapper outfit, serve the homeless. One by one, they pass by and receive food.

MARY

Morning, Jersey.

Jersey tips his new cap, smiles.

VERA

You look mighty nice today, Monroe.

MARY

(whispers to Monroe)

Say thanks.

MONROE

Thanks.

Gracie steps up. Monroe hands her two cartons of milk, as Mary scoops her plate full. Gracie giggles, and moves on.

The music "Sheep May Safely Graze" over...

All are eager to have Monroe put food on their plates, except Chester, who scowls at Monroe and lets Mary serve him.

Jersey sits down at a table, opens his chess board, dumps out the pieces. Vera slides up and sits right beside him. Jersey stares at her, removes his hat, sets out his pieces.

VERA

(re the chess board)

Can you teach me?

He considers a moment.

JERSEY

I might could.

INT. SALVATION ARMY STORE - DAY

Mary and Monroe walk amidst the racks of clothing. Lorraine watches them curiously, goes back to her "DNA" TV.

While Mary sorts through clothing, Monroe stops at a display of old musical instruments, finds a small cornet, fingers the shiny tubing, his eyes widening.

Mary notices.

MARY

Do you play, Monroe?

Monroe shrugs, sets the instrument down like it's a valuable artifact.

EXT. ALL AMERICAN MOTEL - DAY

The place is a beehive of activity -- painters, carpet layers, carpenters, furniture haulers, move in and out of rooms.

The parking lot's jammed with pick-up trucks, vans, carpenters' horses, ladders, etc.

The Motel's Office, already nearly renovated, is ablaze in Christmas lights.

INT. RECTORY - DEN - DAY

Father Tremaine sorts through his mail, stops at an envelope with Monroe's name scrawled upper left. No stamp. He opens the envelope, pulls out a check.

INSERT CHECK:

Made out to St. Pelagius in the amount of \$25,000. Monroe's signature at the bottom, Mary's right below it.

BACK TO SCENE:

Father Tremaine looks up to the heavens, blesses himself.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

AT THE DOOR

Capaldi hands Mary a doggie bag, turns to go. She pulls him back, and, kissing, they fall into her apartment. She kicks the door closed behind them.

INT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - NIGHT

All are asleep on their mats. However, we find Jersey wide awake, and Vera lying beside him, snoring softly. Jersey's chess board between their mats. Jersey pulls Vera's blanket up higher, lays his arm gently across her back.

INT. MARTHA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Martha, reading glasses on, sits on her sofa, a table lamp on over her shoulder, a family photo album open on her lap. She turns the pages slowly, stops, lifts the newspaper clipping of Monroe and the church, lays it beside a page of photos.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

Mary and Capaldi walk, arm in arm, shopping bags in tow.

INT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

The church is empty, except for Father Aguilera who kneels and prays at the altar rail.

INT. WHITEHURST KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Monroe file open beside her, laptop at her fingertips, using Interfax software, Marcela types "Monroe Latamor" into the website's search box.

MARCELA

(sotto)

Coming to get you, pal. Coming to get you.

The results suggest "Monroe Latimore". Cursor clicks on "search only for Monroe Latamor". CLICK. "No results"

She closes the file folder and sends it flying into some hanging cooking pans.

EXT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

A Nativity Manger now occupies a patch of brown grass near the church's entrance.

The church bell RINGS, and parishioners climb the few steps to the church's main door. Father Aguilera and Father Tremaine welcome each with a handshake.

INT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Homeless sit at tables. No food out. This is a meeting. Mary at the helm, Monroe beside her, and Capaldi in a nearby chair. Father Aguilera lingers near a side door.

MARY

I want to thank you all for coming this evening.

HARRI

(yells out)

Hey, it's only fifty-five degrees. What gives?

A LAUGH from the regulars.

MARY

I need to tell you all about some changes that have to be made around here.

A MURMUR skips along through the crowd. Capaldi watches Mary, in all-out awe.

MARY (CONT'D)

Okay. Settle down. This will be your last night at Helping Hand.

Chester bolts up.

CHESTER

Even if it's forty damn degrees?

MARY

Yes, Chester. Even if it's forty damn degrees.

A prolonged MURMUR now, with shouts and jeers.

CAPALDI

Listen, now, people. Please.

Capaldi jumps to his feet, sticks his fingers in his mouth and WHISTLES... an unbelievably loud pitch. Then SILENCE.

MARY

Thank you, Mr. Capaldi.

Capaldi knocks off a little salute. Mary grins.

MARY (CONT'D)

After tonight you'll all have to stay someplace else.

CHESTER

Yeah, where's that? The lock-up?

MARY

No. You'll be staying at the newly renovated Pelagius House.

A buzz of confusion.

HARRI

What? Where is this place?

MARY

You know the All American Motel on 29th?

CHESTER

That dump?

MARY

It's no dump, not anymore. And you'll all be staying there every night, no matter what the temperature is.

HARRI

Even if it's sixty degrees?

MARY

Yes, Harri, even if it's seventy degrees. And you can stay there until you find someplace better... thanks to your benefactor, Monroe, who only hopes you will respect the property and take care of it, because... because it's your new home.

(shouting over the din)

You'll have an address and phone use. You can apply for jobs, find work, and move on with your lives.

(yells out)

None of you. Not a single one of you is homeless anymore!

Jersey rises slowly, winds his way between the tables, until he's standing in front of Monroe. He lifts the little man up off his feet.

JERSEY

Ya'll gonna thank the man, or what?

The crowd starts to move toward Monroe. Capaldi backs up.

MARY

Wait! One more thing.

CHESTER

Oh, here it comes!

MARY

You all have a fifty dollar credit at the Salvation Army store. So, buy yourself some nice new things before you move in. Merry Christmas... from Monroe.

The crowd descends on Monroe, patting him, kissing him, shaking his hands, both of them at the same time.

Capaldi saves Mary from the melee, while Father Aguilera ducks out the door.

Mary spots Chester, sitting alone, back at a table.

MARY (CONT'D)

Be right back.

She walks over and sits across from him.

CHESTER

No way he's gonna want me in that place. Guess I'm on the outside, still.

He yanks off his cap, slams it on the table.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

He's had it in for me from day one.

MARY

If anyone has it in for people, it's you, Chester. Think about this as a new start. I know it's hard, but clean yourself up. You know what I'm talking about, right?

(Chester looks away)

Monroe is a wonderful listener and a compassionate man. Talk to him. Apologize.

EXT. HELPING HAND SOUP KITCHEN - NIGHT

Father Aguilera aims a gaze skyward.

FATHER AGUILERA

I pray for Your guidance.

INT. SALVATION ARMY STORE - DAY

Lorraine reaches up to unlock the top lock, then rolls up the shade, to see a queue of smiling, eager homeless outside.

LORRAINE

Looks like a big day at the Salvation Army store.

INT. MARCELA'S OFFICE - DAY

A swank room, pristine desk and a mega computer. Marcela on the phone, holding, doodles the name "Latamor" on a Post-it.

MARCELA

(into phone)

Yes, thanks for taking my call. I'm with Interfax... And we've been asked to run a credit history on a Monroe Latamor. I just emailed you the particulars, what we have. Has he had any dealings with your bank?

(...)

Yes. I'll wait. But my patience does have a limit.

EXT. PELAGIUS HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A new sign over the office, draped in Christmas lights, reads: Pelagius House. Under it -- "No Vacancy" in neon.

A queue of homeless, shopping bags at their sides, wait in line at the office door.

INT. PELAGIUS HOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

The place is shiny clean, organized. Holiday decorations abound. Mary and Capaldi sit at one table, Monroe and Father Aguilera at another. They write down names, assign rooms, hand over keys. Mary has one last sheet for Chester to sign.

CHESTER

What's this one?

MARY

This one says you agree to treat everything and everyone here with respect, and if you don't... you lose your room.

CHESTER

Yeah, who's gonna kick me out?

Jersey looms over him.

JERSEY

That'd be me.

Chester grudgingly signs off. Mary hands over a key.

CHESTER

What if I lose it?

MARY

Take it up with the Manager.

CHESTER

Who's that now?

From the counter. Harri, all spruced up, camo cleaned and pressed, name patch restored, "Harrison."

HARRI

That'd be me.

CHESTER

This don't seem right.

HARRI

Man's gotta work for his daily M-R-E's.

He points to a sign behind him: "Career Counseling Available"

Next to that another sign reads: "These are Five Commandments: No Booze, No Drugs, No Mistreating People or Their Belongings, No Loud Noises, No Excuses No More."

JERSEY

(to Chester)

Can you read them signs?

CHESTER

'Course I can. I ain't stupid.

JERSEY

Then read 'em twice.

Chester grumbles.

INT. PELAGIUS HOUSE ROOM - NIGHT

Vera and another homeless woman walk into the beautifully appointed twin-bed room, keep switching on lights, until a tiny simply-decorated Christmas tree lights up in the corner.

VERA

Sweet Jesus.

EXT. PELAGIUS HOUSE - NIGHT

Monroe, Capaldi, Mary and Father Aguilera stand outside the office, heads bowed.

Father Aguilera makes the sign of the cross.

FATHER AGUILERA

Father, Bless this fine place and the people who call it home. And forgive those who... need your forgiveness most.

Capaldi and Mary peek up at Aguilera curiously.

MARY

Amen.

FATHER AGUILERA

Okay, I'm going to say good night.

Hugs all around. Aguilera stops on Monroe, holds him close.

FATHER AGUILERA (CONT'D)

(quietly, just for Monroe)

You've done a fine thing here. Do you know the word, "atonement?"

MONROE

No.

FATHER AGUILERA

You are a living atonement, Monroe.

Father Aguilera releases Monroe, walks off.

MARY

(hugs Monroe)

Have a wonderful sleep, sweet man.

Capaldi shakes his hand. Monroe walks up to room 1, uses his key to unlock the door, waves, disappears inside.

MARY (CONT'D)

Wow.

They sit there a beat. Capaldi looks up.

CAPALDI

Nice night, huh?

MARY

Cold.

CAPALDI

Really? Hadn't noticed.

(reaches into his jacket)

Here you go. This'll warm you up.

Mary takes a swig from Nick's flask, grabs a deep breath, hands it back to him open.

CAPALDI

No, I'm good.

He caps the flask, tucks it away, walks Mary over to his BMW, holds open the passenger door for her, eases her in, pushes the door closed, and skips around to the driver's side, WHISTLING.

INT. MONROE'S NEW ROOM - NIGHT

Monroe sits alone on a queen-sized bed. He stares at the tiny Christmas tree in one corner, just like the one in Vera's room. He notices a shiny object, tied with a bow.

THE CORNET. Monroe reaches for it, removes his toboggan cap, reclines on the bed, and begins to play his new horn.

EXT. PELAGIUS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A jazzy, melancholy version of "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear" emanates from Monroe's room.

Father Aguilera sits in his car, listens.

INT. PELAGIUS HOUSE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Harri, Santa's Helper cap on, feather dusting the front desk area of the Pelagius house office. He stops to listen.

INT. VERA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vera primps in front of the mirror in her new bathroom.

INT. CHESTER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chester, with a male ROOMMATE, watches the 1951 version of "Scrooge" on a small flat screen TV.

CHESTER

Like it better if I had me a drink.

His Roommate just glares at him.

EXT. PELAGIOUS HOUSE - NIGHT

Jersey, all spiffed-up, a Poinsettia plant in his hand, knocks on Vera's door. Vera opens up, looking radiant.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mary carries a mug of cocoa over to Capaldi, who sits in a corner of the sofa, reading Mary's manuscript. She sets the mug down beside him, snuggles up close to him.

CAPALDI

Dedicated to Andrew. Who's Andrew?

MARY

An old friend.

CAPALDI

C'mon.

MARY

He was my fiancé.
(flips the pages)
So, whatta ya think?

CAPALDI

I think it's really something.
When was he your fiancé?

MARY

Three years ago. A month before we were supposed to get married, he died.

CAPALDI

Oh... I'm sorry. What happened?

MARY

He was robbed and murdered.

CAPALDI

Did they catch the guy?

MARY

A witness said he looked like a homeless person rambling on about man's evil nature as he... Anyway, that's how I got involved in all this.

CAPALDI

Wait. I don't... How could you...? You're a better person than I am, that's all I got to say. How do you deal with --

MARY

I pray about it. A lot. Do you know how sometimes you just have to trust God?

CAPALDI

No.

MARY

Well, try it some time. He led me here. I learn as much as I can about these people. Keep trying to understand them and the hand they've been dealt.

CAPALDI

How's that coming?

MARY

I'm getting there.

He pulls her close to him, continues to read. She rests her head on his shoulder, reads along.

CAPALDI (CONT'D)

Well, these stories are amazing. They could be us. We could be them.

(sets the papers down)

How did I find someone like you?

Mary offers a sweet smile.

EXT. MONROE'S NEW ROOM - NIGHT

Monroe, on his knees, blesses himself, rises, pulls on his toboggan cap and overcoat, grabs his cornet, exits his room, locks the door behind him, and stares out at all the lights.

He looks up toward the roof, moves toward a railing and boosts himself up, until he can find enough purchase to climb out onto the roof.

He sits there, fingering the cornet, and stares out at the lights.

INT. RECTORY - NIGHT

A fire CRACKLES behind Father Aguilera, who sits, reads from a book of Canon Law. Father Tremaine enters, moves to the fire, turns to Aguilera.

FATHER TREMAINE

We have all the bids in for the roof. I think we should wait until the new year, don't you?

FATHER AGUILERA

(somewhat distracted)

Yes, Father.

FATHER TREMAINE

Yes. And we'll have the new main locks installed next week.

FATHER AGUILERA

I'm not sure churches were meant to be locked.

FATHER TREMAINE

Different times, Father.

(re the book)

You seem quite occupied. Something caught you?

Father Aguilera looks down at his book, then up to Tremaine.

FATHER AGUILERA

The Sacramental Seal, Father.

FATHER TREMAINE

Ah, the secrecy of the confessional.

FATHER AGUILERA

We listen in God's stead.

FATHER TREMAINE

Yes. And the seal between penitent and confessor is *sacrosanctus*, a holy rite. What troubles you, Father?

FATHER AGUILERA

Establishing it. Breaking it.

EXT. PELAGIUS HOUSE - NIGHT

The place twinkles like a starry night, lights everywhere, quiet, tranquil.

ON THE DUMPSTER

Monroe reaches in, pulls out a slab of cardboard.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Father Aguilera sits in his black sedan, eyes closed. He's praying.

INT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Monroe stands before the portrait of the young Saint. His eyes drift down to the candles, and he reaches over, pokes a lighter stick in one of the candle's flames, lifts it out, sets another one ablaze, watches it burn.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM/POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Father Aguilera sits at a bare table, looks up at the microphone dangling over head. In his hands, the "Have you seen this man?" sketch/flier. Detective Manuel walks in, closes the door, and sits down across from the priest.

INT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Monroe walks slowly toward the back of the church and stops before the draped confessional booths.

He pulls back a drape and steps inside the booth, pulling the drape closed behind him.

INT. CAPALDI'S OFFICE - DAY

Capaldi sits at his desk, WHISTLING a Christmas song. He's flipping through a stack of messages, as though they're greeting cards, enjoying every moment.

The close up shot of Mary now framed and on his desk, and he sneaks peeks at it, between pages. His phone BUZZES.

JILL (INTERCOM/FILTERED)
Mr. Capaldi, there's a lady here to
see you.

CAPALDI
A lady, huh? Well, you better send
her right in. Thanks so much,
Jill.

Jill pokes her head inside.

JILL
You're not...

CAPALDI
What?

Jill gestures like she's guzzling from a bottle of booze.

Capaldi laughs, shakes his head. Jill pulls the door closed.

STAY ON Capaldi as he adjusts himself in the chair, feigns
being hard at it. The door opens.

CAPALDI
(without looking up)
You know some of us have work to
do. You really should make an
appointment.

MARCELA (O.S.)
I tried. Never got a call back.

Capaldi peers up.

CAPALDI
Sorry. Thought you were someone
else.

MARCELA
Someone you don't care for,
obviously.

CAPALDI
Huh? Oh, no. It's not --
(rises, extends his hand)
Nick Capaldi. Known for getting
off on the wrong foot.

MARCELA
Marcela Whitehurst. Known for
getting to the point.

Capaldi gestures for her to sit. They both do, without
breaking eye contact.

MARCELA (CONT'D)

Mr. Capaldi, it's my understanding that you handled my father's affairs subsequent to his passing.

CAPALDI

Subsequent?

(lightbulb)

Marcela Whitehurst. Mr. Oliva's daughter Marcela.

MARCELA

I can see my father sought out only the finest professional services.

CAPALDI

Thank you.

MARCELA

Okay, here we go. I want copies of his will. I want them right now, and I don't want any crap about it. He was my father. I'm entitled.

CAPALDI

I'm sorry, I don't --

MARCELA

Giving his money to some vagrant might make a nice Huff Post story, but it's not going to fly with me. Am I making myself clear?

CAPALDI

I assure you what your father did was legal and above board.

MARCELA

My father was a drunk and a gambler. It wouldn't take much of a lawyer to challenge his competency, his ability to make rational decisions about his nouveau prosperity, and get this thing turned around. On top of that, I'm not so sure about your Monroe Latamor.

CAPALDI

I'm sorry?

MARCELA

Are you familiar with Interfax?

CAPALDI

Sure. But --

She pulls out a business card. From Capaldi's reaction, we get the point.

MARCELA

I am Interfax and guess what? Your Mr. Latamor doesn't seem to exist.

CAPALDI

That's not so unusual. These people drop off the face of the earth.

MARCELA

Not my earth. As we speak, my people are running a very deep search -- social security, voter registrations, credit records, IRS, LexisNexis. I have doubts your man is who he says he is. And I'm sure before too long those doubts will be substantiated.

Capaldi hesitates, leans toward his phone, presses a button.

CAPALDI

Jill, would you bring me Mr. Oliva's file?

JILL (INTERCOM/FILTERED)

Will do. Want some egg nog, too?

Capaldi looks to Marcela, who crosses her arms, frowns.

CAPALDI

Love some.

Capaldi taps his finger on his desk, reaches into his drawer, pulls out Mary's photo, sets it back where it belongs.

INT. PELAGIUS HOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Harri leans at the front desk. Detective Manuel on the other side of the counter. He shows Harri Monroe's flier.

DETECTIVE MANUEL

So, you've never seen him?

HARRI

Guess I'm like everybody else. All homeless folks look alike to me. Pretty near invisible.

DETECTIVE MANUEL

Yeah, but this guy's not homeless.
Know what? You're looking a little
familiar to me all of a sudden.
Put your eyes on it again, huh.

HARRI

What you want with him?

DETECTIVE MANUEL

Just want to talk, that's all.

EXT. PELAGIUS HOUSE - DAY

Detective Manuel pulls his coat around him, trudges across
the courtyard to the stairway leading to Monroe's room.

Harri watches from the office doorway, spots Chester
lingering nearby, gestures for him to go away. Manuel shows
Chester the flier. Chester points up at the second level.

Detective Manuel climbs the stairs...

Harri, steamed, heads back inside, closes the door.

EXT. MONROE'S NEW ROOM - DAY

Detective Manuel KNOCKS, waits. He checks the door knob.
The door opens. He steps inside.

INT. PELAGIUS HOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Harri hustles back behind the desk as the Detective enters,
Chester trailing.

DETECTIVE MANUEL

Not up there. You see him, ask him
to gimme a call, okay?

He hands Harri a business card.

CHESTER

He in trouble?

DETECTIVE MANUEL

(as he walks out)
Just have'm call me.

Harri gives Chester the evil eye. Chester shrugs.

INT. CAPALDI'S OFFICE - DAY/RETURN TO SCENE

Marcela's going through the papers in her father's file.

MARCELA

May I take these?

CAPALDI

I'll make you copies.

She hands the jacket back to Capaldi.

CAPALDI (CONT'D)

I'm curious. We sent you notices.
Why didn't you come?

MARCELA

That's my business, Mr. Capaldi.

CAPALDI

Sure. You're right. It's just --

MARCELA

Mr. Capaldi, it's nearly Christmas.
I have a family waiting for me at
home, there's a storm brewing. I'm
not looking forward to driving over
three hundred miles in it. Tell
you the truth, it ticks me off.
Can we just... ?

Capaldi retrieves an envelope from the folder.

CAPALDI

This one came back unopened.

MARCELA

The copies.

CAPALDI

You want me to open it, make you a
copy?

MARCELA

Will that get me the files any
sooner?

Capaldi drops the envelope intact into the folder, rises,
heads for the door, stops...

CAPALDI

Sure I can't get you something?

MARCELA

Yes, you can. The copies.

INT. JILL'S RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Jill at her desk. Capaldi finishes at the copy machine, walks to Jill.

CAPALDI

Could I have a file folder and a number ten envelope?

Jill opens her drawer, pulls both out, hands them over.

JILL

She seems nice.

INT. PELAGIUS HOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Chester munches on a burger as he halfheartedly sweeps up, while Harri pecks at a computer.

CHESTER

I was thinking we could have us a Christmas party, too. You know with songs and dancing and presents and all.

He dances with his broom, hums the jaunty polka tune from "Scrooge."

HARRI

Yeah? Who's gonna pay for this party? You can't keep tapping on Monroe's shoulder every time you get a whim.

CHESTER

Man's got the money.

HARRI

That's right. You just said it. He's got the money. What's left after all this.

Chester shrugs. Jersey pushes open the front door. He's sopping wet. Outside, it's pouring down rain.

JERSEY

Any ya'll seen Monroe today?

Harri shakes his head, looks down at the Detective's business card on his blotter, tucks it into a corner.

HARRI

Who's looking for him?

JERSEY

What? I am. Checked his room.
Looks like he never even was there.
Called the Priest place, too... and
Miss Mary and Mr. Capaldi's.

HARRI

Maybe he just felt like he had to
take off... for a little while...
all of a sudden.

JERSEY

What for?

Harri shrugs innocently, eyeballs Chester, who goes back to sweeping. Outside: lightning followed closely by THUNDER.

EXT. CAPALDI'S OFFICE - DAY

MARCELA'S CAR

Marcela at the wheel. Rain beating down. The engine not turning over, the headlights dimming. She's on her cell.

Mary runs up to the office door, a slicker pulled up over her head, pulls open the door, steps inside.

CAPALDI'S OFFICE WINDOW

Capaldi sips a cup of coffee, watches...

MOMENTS LATER

Capaldi appears at his entrance door, pops open an umbrella, runs out into the rain and over to the driver's side door of Marcela's late model SUV.

Mary stands in the doorway.

INT./EXT. MARCELA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MARCELA

(on her cell phone, loudly)
Yeah, what about the soc number.
Did it check out?

(...)

Monroe Latamor. Yes. What? He
what? Hello? Damn!

She chucks the phone aside.

Capaldi RAPS at her window, motions for her to roll the window down. Marcela tries to comply, but no power.

MARCELA (CONT'D)

Damn!

Capaldi opens the door, moves the umbrella over her. Marcela climbs out, her file folder crammed in her purse, tucked under her overcoat.

CAPALDI

Okay, where do you want to go?

MARCELA

My cell died, too. I need to call triple A.

CAPALDI

We can do that.

He leads her up back to the entrance, past Mary.

INT. CAPALDI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mary and Capaldi sit on the edge of his desk, eyeing Marcela, who paces out in the lobby -- into view, then quickly out.

CAPALDI

Probably how she stays so thin.

Mary grins.

TRIPLE A GUY (O.S.)

Okay, here's what I think.

They rise and walk toward the door.

LOBBY

Marcela, hands on hips, listens.

TRIPLE A GUY (CONT'D)

I think you don't have a dead battery. The battery takes the charge okay.

MARCELA

Good.

TRIPLE A GUY

But she won't hold a charge. I think you got yourself a bad alternator... so you got no way of puttin' life back into that battery of yours.

MARCELA

What are you saying?

TRIPLE A GUY

I'm saying that I could get you charged up, but you put those wipers and headlights on, you'll be outta juice in five miles. I'll tow you to a station. Maybe tomorrow you --

MARCELA

Tomorrow?

TRIPLE A GUY

Yes, ma'am. Everybody's pretty much shut down by now, getting an early start on the holiday.

CAPALDI

Why don't you tow her over to Carmine's Motor Works on 29th and Pine.

(to Marcela)

He's a client of mine, I'll see he gets you outta there first thing in the morning.

TRIPLE A GUY

You got it, chief.

MARCELA

If that's the best you can do.

The Triple A guy heads back out into the rain.

CAPALDI (CONT'D)

You'll need someplace to stay. You wanna call your husband from here, tell him what's going on?

MARCELA

Yes.

Capaldi turns Jill's phone around for Marcela.

CAPALDI

Here you go.

Marcela tabs the buttons of the phone, pulls the receiver to her ear, turns her shoulder to make her conversation private.

Capaldi takes the hint, leads Mary into his office.

INT. CAPALDI'S CAR/MOVING - NIGHT

Mary sits in back, Marcela in front. Rain outside. Capaldi steers up in front of a nice hotel.

CAPALDI

They'll take good care of you here.
Best place in town, top notch,
right, Mary?

Mary nods.

MARCELA

Well... okay, then. You'll get in
touch with me in the morning?

Capaldi nods. Marcela starts to climb out. Capaldi hands her an umbrella. She pops it open, nearly all the way out. Capaldi watches the black Doorman who moves toward the car.

CAPALDI

Wait!

Marcela, fighting the rain off, ducks her head back inside.

CAPALDI

I just remembered, this place is no
good.

MARCELA

You just said it was top notch.

Capaldi looks behind to Mary for a little help.

CAPALDI

Yeah, but I forgot about the...
um...

MARY

(catching on)
Legionnaire's scare.

CAPALDI

Right. Exactly. That. Definitely
lost some notches. Terrible HVAC
system. Suits up the yin-yang.
Get back in.

Marcela looks back at the perplexed Doorman, climbs back in. They all sit there a beat, before Capaldi guns his car, and they take off.

INT. PELAGIUS HOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is swarming with the formerly homeless. Jersey is barking directions to the crowd.

JERSEY

I know it's bad weather out. But we all got roofs now 'cuz of Monroe. So, check the overpass, the church, the old shelter, anyplace you think he could be. You see somewhere you might'a maybe bunked up at last week, you check it out.

Vera watches Jersey, admiringly.

JERSEY (CONT'D)

Okay, let's go find the man.

They all start off, except for Chester...

HARRI

What about you?

Chester looks away. Harri heads out with the others, past Mary and Capaldi.

CAPALDI

What's this?

HARRI

Recon mission for Monroe.

JERSEY

He's still missin'.

MARY

What, since this morning?

JERSEY

Yes'm. Don't think he stayed hereabouts last night, neither.

CAPALDI

(to Mary)

Okay, get her set up. I'll go out with them in the car.

Mary kisses Capaldi on the cheek.

MARY

Okay. Find him, Nick.

Nick leads Jersey out, turns back.

CAPALDI

Call Father A. Let him know what's going on.

Mary nods. Marcela stands in the doorway, under Capaldi's umbrella. Mary calls out to Harri.

MARY

She needs a room, Harri.

Harri stops, heads back behind the counter.

HARRI

She gonna read all the rules?

Marcela's eyes narrow. Harri checks his roster.

HARRI (CONT'D)

Kinda full up. Who you wanna bunk her with?

MARCELA

Excuse me?

Mary leans across the counter, says something only Harri can hear. He shakes his head.

HARRI

I don't like it. Not one little bit.

EXT. MONROE'S NEW ROOM - NIGHT

Mary slides a key into the opening, pushes open the door, walks in.

Marcela waits a few steps back.

MARY

Come in.

Marcela hesitates, follows Mary inside.

INT. MONROE'S NEW ROOM

Mary sits on a chair near the kitchenette, as Marcela steps inside. Marcela immediately finds a place to plug in her cell phone.

MARY

It's a cute little place, really.

MARCELA

I'll take your word for it.

MARY

Okay, can I get you anything else?

MARCELA

I just want a bath.

Mary points toward the bathroom.

MARY

You're on your own there.

She starts to leave.

MARCELA

What is this place, anyway?

MARY

This is... A miracle. The man who inherited your father's money made a home for the people who needed one most. Those people you saw down there going out into the cold night -- a week ago they were living in bushes, doorways, under the freeway. This place is theirs now. Free and clear. He took nothing for himself. They'll come and go, sure, but the ones who pass through here will know someone cared about them. This is his room, as a matter of fact. Look like a millionaire's place to you?

MARCELA

So, am I bunking with him? Whoever he is?

MARY

(sotto)

You should be so lucky.

(then, for Marcela)

No. You'll be our guest, his guest for the evening. We'll put him someplace else... when we find him.

MARCELA

What? He's missing?

MARY

I don't know.

MARCELA

You know, I'm going to have my attorneys look into all this. If this is where my father's money went, I will get it back. All of it.

MARY

I'll have some food sent up. I'm
sorry for your loss.

Mary closes the door behind her. The DEADBOLT LOCKS. Mary
sighs, ducks out into the rain.

INT. CAPALDI'S BMW/MOVING - NIGHT

Capaldi drives slowly through town, eyes scanning.

INT. PELAGIUS HOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

Father Aguilera, ball cap on, and Harri at the front desk.
Chester stares out a window.

FATHER AGUILERA

And he was already gone before the
Detective asked you about him?

HARRI

Yessir, father. Whatta you think
that cop wanted? Monroe do
something bad?

Aguilera looks around, spies Chester fidgeting.

FATHER AGUILERA

I don't know. We all do bad
things. It's what we do to fix
those things. That's what saves us
in the end. That is our
absolution.

Father Aguilera strides out into the cold night, heads for
his car, and drives off.

ON CHESTER, as the Priest's words sink in.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Still, dark, rainy, occasional moonlight and wind through the
oaks. A fog is settling in.

Monroe, in his P-coat, toboggan cap, walks through the
markers, carrying his slab of cardboard. He stops, stands,
and looks straight up at through the mist.

Rain beats down on him.

He pulls off his cap, reverently, spreads his arms to embrace
it.

MONROE

Okay.

WE STAY ON HIM until he slowly fades away in the fog to nothing, and the cardboard flies off and catches on the face of a headstone.

INT. FATHER AGUILERA'S BLACK SEDAN/MOVING - NIGHT

Father Aguilera drives. Father Tremaine rides shotgun, aims a big flashlight out the window at the nooks and crannies of the old business district...

MOMENTS LATER

A neighborhood, adorned with Christmas lights.

FATHER AGUILERA
He loved the lights.

FATHER TREMAINE
Loves. Loves the lights.

FATHER AGUILERA
Yes. Loves.

A beat.

FATHER TREMAINE
The Sacramental Seal. Did you
resolve your concerns, Father?

Aguilera looks at him.

INT. MONROE'S NEW ROOM - NIGHT

Marcela, wrapped in a blanket, hair in a towel, opens the envelope Capaldi had left inside the folder.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

MARCELA
Yes?

HARRI (O.S.)
Room service.

MARCELA
Leave it outside.

EXT. MONROE'S NEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harri sets a bag from Dusty's Restaurant at her doorway.

HARRI
Don't let it sit. Pretty wet out
here.

MARCELA (O.S.)
I'll get it as soon as you leave.

HARRI
Roger that, miss.
(starts off, then)
Ma'am, you gonna try and take our
place away from us?

INT. MONROE'S NEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marcela's ear is pressed against the door now.

MARCELA
Who told you that?

HARRI (O.S.)
Miss Mary said you had a mind to.

MARCELA
It was my father's money. I'm his
only child. There's no one else.
What would you do?

EXT. MONROE'S NEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HARRI
(scratches his head)
Well, my pops and me we never lined
up too good. You know? So, I
guess what's his is his and what's
mine is mine. Workin' at lettin'
go all my past, miss. Comin' along
on it, too, thanks to this fine
place. Enjoy that dinner now.

Harri dashes off.

MARCELA (O.S.)
Are you still there?

The door cracks open. MARCELA'S EYEBALL. The door opens all
the way and she snatches the bag.

INT. MONROE'S NEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marcela, the envelope still in her hand, sits down at the
small kitchenette table, opens the bag and pulls out some
containers and a bottled water. She drinks. Her cell phone
CHIRPS.

MARCELA
(into phone)
Rick?
(...)
(MORE)

MARCELA (CONT'D)

No... nothing. I'm okay. I mean it's okay. Everything's under control. How's Ash?

(...)

Well, just cut a baby aspirin in half. Rick? You're breaking... Rick?

She stares at the phone, chucks it, swears under her breath, fumbles through her purse, pulls out a pack of cigarettes, finds her lighter, and heads for the door.

EXT. MONROE'S NEW ROOM - NIGHT

Marcela leans against the railing as she draws on her smoke, looks out over the complex.

GRACIE (O.S.)

Doral light 100's. I miss my brand.

Marcela turns to the sound. Gracie, wrapped in her blanket, too, walks up beside Marcela.

MARCELA

Not in much of a talking mood.

GRACIE

I understand. I'm Gracie, by the way.

Marcela ignores until Gracie leans right next to her. Marcela offers her a smoke.

GRACIE

No, ma'am. Doctor's orders. Gotta care for my baby right.

MARCELA

Uh-huh...

GRACIE

Second trimester.

MARCELA

Congratulations.

GRACIE

Thanks. Wasn't gonna keep her, but now I got me a place and a little part time job at the front office. And I start thinking about that little soul wandering around no place to go. A life's a life, you know? Got value. Real value. Things are sure lookin' up.

MARCELA

Are they?

GRACIE

Yes, ma'am. Thanks to Monroe.
Never thought such good things
could happen to someone like me.
Like all of us. Never in a million
years.

(they stare out a moment)

Well, you enjoy your Doral light.

MARCELA

Right.

(beat)

Hey, good luck... you know, with
the baby.

Gracie waves through her blanket, trundles back inside.

INT. CAPALDI'S BMW/MOVING - NIGHT

Capaldi drives along, craning his neck to look into the
city's nooks and crannies. When he turns back, there stands
Chester, directly in front of his car, waving his arms.
Capaldi stands on the brakes, stops inches from Chester.

Chester, sopping, runs to the passenger door, climbs in.

CHESTER

Let's go, huh?

CAPALDI

Where?

CHESTER

Wherever you been going. You drive
to a place, I'll hop out and check.
You stay dry, I stay wet. Deal?

Capaldi glances over at Chester, who looks out the window.

CHESTER

(a beat)

I never even thanked the man.

Capaldi thinks about that, starts to say something, but just
drives on.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Wind whips throughout. A slab of cardboard, rises up like a
flying carpet, spins, falls, rises again.

INT. MONROE'S NEW ROOM - NIGHT

Marcela, she opened the envelope beside her, a letter in hand, sits on the bed, tears in her eyes...

MARCELA (V.O.)

Dear Marcela. I am so proud to hear I now have a beautiful grandson. It was sure nice of Rick to let me know.

The letter in hand, she walks to the window, looks out...

MARCELA'S POV

The new community alight with Christmas and active with searchers. A snow is now falling, only evident below the spray of light afforded by the streetlamps.

She raises the letter.

PRE-LAP a KNOCKING...

EXT. MONROE'S NEW ROOM - DAY

Capaldi KNOCKS on the door.

INT. MONROE'S NEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marcela wakes with a start, the letter still in her hand. She's disoriented, disheveled, looks around. More KNOCKS.

CAPALDI (O.S.)

Mrs. Whitehurst? Nick Capaldi. Carmine's got your car about licked.

MARCELA

Just a minute.

She throws on her overcoat, hurries to the door, slides the deadbolt, pulls the door open.

MARCELA (CONT'D)

I'll be ready in two seconds.

CAPALDI

Some mattress, huh? Hydro coil, gel inserts. Comfort others only dream of, the ads say. I helped pick 'em out.

MARCELA

Did you say my car's ready?

CAPALDI

Soon.

MARCELA

Be right out. Did you find him?

CAPALDI

Huh? Oh. No, ma'am, we didn't. But the posse's out in full force again this morning, and it's a beautiful day. Cold but beautiful. And there's snow on the ground. It never snows here. Beautiful.

Marcela offers the smallest of smiles.

INT. CAPALDI'S BMW/MOVING - DAY

The BMW pulls out of the Pelagius House parking lot. Marcela's folder on the console between her and Capaldi. Marcela looks back.

Several of the formerly homeless are gathered at the front office. Chester, rallying them, helps Mary pass out cups of coffee among the team. Mary waves.

Nick TOOTS his horn.

MARCELA

It's really quite something what he did for those people.

CAPALDI

Your father?

MARCELA

No. Not my father. This Latamor, whoever he is, wherever he is.

CAPALDI

Yeah, he gave them something they hadn't had in a long time if ever -- a feeling of self-worth, pride. How do you put a dollar value on something like that?

Marcela's still distracted by Mary and the search party.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Vera and Jersey walk along together. Vera holds a white box under her arm. They stop at a telephone pole. Vera hands Jersey a flier, which he staples to the pole, makes sure it's straight before they walk on.

CLOSE ON FLIER

"Have you seen this Man? Call 555-252-6749. Reward" under a headshot of Monroe cropped from the department store photo.

EXT. CARMINE'S MOTOR WORKS - DAY

CARMINE, hard-scrabbled 50 year old, hands over the keys to Marcela, who in turn hands him two crisp hundred dollar bills. She climbs in her SUV. Carmine dashes off a receipt, heads off, holding the currency up to the sun.

Capaldi closes Marcela's door. She lowers her window.

CAPALDI (CONT'D)

So, I guess I'll be hearing from you.

MARCELA

I'm sure you will.

Capaldi reaches his hand up to her window for a shake.

CAPALDI

Merry Christmas.

MARCELA

Christmas. I almost forgot.

CAPALDI

Oh, jeez, your file. That's all we need, huh? Be right back.

He dashes over to his BMW, leans in, reaches for the folder, and through his windshield watches Marcela's SUV pull away.

CAPALDI (CONT'D)

Hey! Your copies!

Marcela waves the envelope, as her SUV hauls ass away.

Capaldi eyeballs the folder, shakes his head.

INT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Father Tremaine serves Christmas Mass to a full house, while Father Aguilera assists. Many of Monroe's old crones are in attendance, including Harri, Chester, Vera, Jersey, Gracie, Lorraine, and Mary. Capaldi walks in, parks in back.

Father Aguilera sits, gazes out over his congregation, spots Capaldi blessing himself.

Father Tremaine strides to the pulpit.

FATHER TREMAINE

I welcome you all and wish you a blessed Christmas. And what a joy we have been given. The gospel according to Luke.

(he reads)

"At the time, the shepherds were saying to one another, 'Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this thing that has come to pass...'

ON ST. PELAGIUS' PORTRAIT

FATHER TREMAINE (O.S.)

'... which the Lord has made known to us.'

EXT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Father Aguilera shakes hands with the faithful as they leave. Capaldi steps up for his handshake.

FATHER AGUILERA

Any luck, Nick?

CAPALDI

No, Father.

FATHER AGUILERA

He's on the top of my prayer list.

CAPALDI

Mine, too.

Capaldi moves on. Father Aguilera's eyes follow him off.

INT. PELAGIUS HOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

A somber party in progress with punch, music, small gifts.

All our principals are there, including Tremaine and Aguilera, but not Monroe, though his picture from the department store has been enlarged, framed, and hangs prominently for all to see.

CHESTER

I propose a toast.

(lifts a red SOLO cup)

To Monroe Latamor. He was homeless, then he wasn't, and maybe he is again, but we're not, thanks to him.

Mary eyes Capaldi. All toast.

ALL

To Monroe...

Jersey removes his fine old hat, raises his cup high.

JERSEY

Even if it is Christmas, I say we
all go out and look for Monroe.
How about it?

CHESTER

Hell, yes! Let's go find the man!

Jersey nods at Chester, and they all head out.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Mary and Capaldi show the Lady at the Registration Desk
Monroe's picture.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

Chester climbs up the overpass slope with a flashlight.

EXT. ON A DUMPSTER - NIGHT

Harri blesses himself, climbs up and in.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Father Tremaine shows Monroe's picture to the desk Sergeant,
while Father Aguilera eyes wanted posters.

EXT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH/CEMETERY - NIGHT

Jersey, flashlight trembling in his hand, talks to himself
amidst spooky shadows.

INT./EXT. CAPALDI'S BMW/MOVING/STREET- NIGHT

Nick drives slowly. Mary's eyes peeled on anything that
moves. She spots a cardboard box marked "Fragile" stuck
between garbage cans.

MARY

Fragile... Stop!

Nick SLAMS on the brakes. Mary dashes out, goes for the box.
She tips it. Nothing. When she turns, Capaldi's standing
close to her. He opens his arms. She falls into them.

EXT. PELAGIUS HOUSE - DAWN

Jersey sits on a step, forlorn. Vera beside him. Mary, who hasn't slept, sits down on the step in front of them. Vera leans close to Mary's ear.

VERA
(whispering)
He's taking it real hard.

JERSEY
Don't seem right. Don't seem fair.

MARY
You know what I think, Jersey? I think maybe Monroe went back to wherever he came from.

VERA
Now that he's rich, maybe his family decided they missed him.

JERSEY
And he went without tellin' us?

MARY
I think he had a job to do here, a real special job... and he did it.

JERSEY
Then he could come back. Right?

MARY
Sure he could. Sure.

They look off to the sunrise over the freeway...

VERA
You know what gets me? One little ol' man makes all this difference

MARY
One man and a lot of money.

VERA
Lots'a people got money. Government's got money they fritter away on private jets and golden toilets and arguing 'bout who's right and who's wrong.

JERSEY
Plenty of folks got money and they don't have half what we all do now.
(MORE)

JERSEY (CONT'D)

No, the way I feel it, God was the one set all His pieces moving. Almighty hand reachin' out and touchin' people, all kinds of people, even the likes of us.

Mary pulls Vera and Jersey close to her. They stare out...

INT. CAPALDI'S OFFICE - DAY

Capaldi sits at his desk, working on something else, but he's distracted by Mr. Oliva's file there in his to-be-filed pile. Finally, he gives in and slides it over, pulls out the once-sealed envelope, which he opens. He reads...

CAPALDI (V.O.)

Dear Marcela. I am so proud to hear I now have a beautiful grandson. It was very nice of Rick to let me know.

INT. MONROE'S NEW ROOM - NIGHT

Marcela sits on Monroe's bed and reads the same letter.

MARCELA (V.O.)

I am not proud of what I once was. I know you believe that it was my bad ways that caused your mom to get sick and leave us. I wish she could have seen how I changed. I wish you could have seen. Not only have I become a better person, I've become rich. That's right. Rich.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mary now sits beside Capaldi and reads the letter.

MARY (V.O.)

I helped a man who was in trouble once a long time ago and when he passed he left a lot of money for me. I didn't gamble or drink it away, either. I got some good advice and invested wisely and have tripled what I once had.

INT. ONE NATION BANK - DAY

Marcela pushes Ash in a stroller. They wheel up to the teller's window. Now, we hear Mr. Oliva's voice.

OLIVA (V.O.)

I know you won't ever take my money, and I don't blame you.

(MORE)

OLIVA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But I have put something aside in
the One Nation bank where you live.
It's for my grandson.

The Teller nods to Marcela, walks into an adjoining office,
returns with a Bank Officer.

OLIVA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm dying, Marcela, with cancer. I
guess my liver didn't appreciate
all that alcohol and now it's
paying me back. I hope you'll come
to my funeral service. Bring
friends, if you want.

The Bank Officer writes something on a piece of paper and
hands it to Marcela.

OLIVA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Mostly, I hope that you'll believe
me when I tell you, dear daughter,
that I am sorry for what I was in
your life and even sorrier for what
I wasn't. Lovingly, Papa.

Overcome by the tally the Bank Officer has shown her, Marcela
finds a place to sit.

EXT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Workers replace the roof on the old church. Father Aguilera
watches, shielding his eyes from the glare of the sun with
the palm of his hand. Capaldi's throwing old roofing
material into a dumpster. Mary's raking up.

MARTHA (O.S.)

Father Aguilera?

Aguilera turns, sees a woman walking toward him.

FATHER AGUILERA

Yes. Guilty.

(then back to the workers)

Don't scrimp up there. This one
has to outlast us all.

(to the woman, beside him now)

Hello.

Father Aguilera extends his hand. Martha shifts the photo
album from her right arm to the left side, where she's also
carrying a bouquet of spring flowers, and shakes hands.

MARTHA

Father. I'm Martha Dalrymple.

Father Aguilera eyes Capaldi, as he strides by.

FATHER AGUILERA

This is Mr. Capaldi, one of our fine parishioners.

CAPALDI

(goes for a shake, then)
My hands are filthy.

MARTHA

Father, could you walk with me?
I'd like to talk to you about something.

CAPALDI

I'm gonna get back to it.
Pleasure.

Nick grabs a nearby water bottle, carries it back, hands it to Mary. She kisses him, wipes some grime from his cheek.

FATHER AGUILERA

Where would you like to walk?

MARTHA

This way, please.

They head off toward the old cemetery.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Father, I read about a man who inherited quite a fortune by attending a funeral service in your church. They released his name in follow-up articles.

FATHER AGUILERA

Yes, that's true. Monroe. He's gone now and we miss him. But what an im --

MARTHA

I spoke to a detective at the police station. He suggested I talk to you.

FATHER AGUILERA

A detective?

They walk on...

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

MARTHA

What if I told you that my father's name was Monroe? Monroe Latamor.

Father Aguilera stops short.

FATHER AGUILERA

(hugs her)

Dear God, you're Monroe's daughter?
How wonderful to meet you.

MARTHA

We're not talking about the same
person.

Aguilera looks confused. Martha opens the album, shows him
photos of her father.

FATHER AGUILERA

Yes, yes. This is Monroe. Our
Monroe.

MARTHA

But, you see, Father, that's
impossible.

FATHER AGUILERA

No, no, dear. I understand you
probably haven't seen him in quite
a while, but --

MARTHA

Not in over fifty years.

FATHER AGUILERA

So long?

MARTHA

Yes. Monroe Latamor, my father,
passed away in 1965.

FATHER AGUILERA

No. That can't be...

Martha points to the headstone Monroe had cleaned...

INSERT HEADSTONE:

"Monroe Latamor
February 11, 1921 to December 24, 1965
Husband - Father "

BACK TO SCENE:

MARTHA

A few years after he died my mother
remarried, and we moved away. I
read all the stories. It's a
mistake.

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Whoever this man is, he resembled
my father and used his name, but...

Aguilera has to sit. He finds a smaller stone, settles on it
precariously, his wheels spinning.

FATHER AGUILERA

Tell me, what did your father do?

MARTHA

(after a moment)

Well... My father was an
electrician... and a criminal. I'm
not making excuses for him, Father.
We were barely making ends meet
when he got laid off. My mother
was pregnant. And, well...
Desperate, he decided to rob a
liquor store. He'd waited 'til it
closed. But the store owner had
forgotten his bank deposit,
returned and died of a heart attack
trying to stop him. My father was
sentenced to life in prison.

EXT. PRISON ROOF - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Monroe, on the roof, crawls across the peak. He stops when
he notices a tall, lighted Christmas tree in the distance on
the horizon. He rises to the roof's edge to get a better
look. SIRENS WHINE. A searchlight beam finds him.

MARTHA (V.O.)

That's where he died, trying to
escape on Christmas Eve, 1965.

The searchlight blinds Monroe; he slips, falls, catches on a
jagged drain pipe extension, which tears into his neck. He
hits the ground, and stares up toward the dark sky, swaths of
searchlight sweeping across.

MONROE

Okay. Okay...

MARTHA (V.O.)

On our last visit he told me they
were going to let him out for
Christmas. I was a kid, ya know?

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - BACK TO SCENE

MARTHA

So, someone must have seen his name
here and used it.

Aguilera pulls his white collar off, and pats sweat from his face.

MARTHA

Are you all right, Father?

FATHER AGUILERA

I'm not sure.

EXT. PRISON YARD - NIGHT - BACK TO FLASHBACK

Monroe's eyes close.

MARTHA (V.O.)

I always hoped that somehow he'd made his peace with God before he died.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - BACK TO SCENE

FATHER AGUILERA

Yes. Before...

MARTHA

Been so long since I was here last.

FATHER AGUILERA

Martha?

MARTHA

Yes?

FATHER AGUILERA

Did your father play a musical instrument?

MARTHA

(shakes her head, then)
Though Mother said he took up the trumpet in prison. Or was it the cornet? She told me a lot of things about him. I'm not sure how much of it was true. Thank you for your time, Father. I'd like to sit here a moment with him.

FATHER AGUILERA

Yes. Of course.

Father Aguilera touches her shoulder, heads off, waves for Capaldi and Mary to meet him, as he strides toward the church.

Martha lays the small bouquet of flowers against the marker.

EXT. ST. PELAGIUS CATHOLIC CHURCH/CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

When Capaldi and Mary meet him, Aguilera fills them in (MOS). They all look back toward the cemetery.

Martha touches her father's headstone.

CAPALDI

Gotta be a miracle... right?

Aguilera and Mary eye Capaldi with looks of surprise.

FATHER AGUILERA

But you don't believe in miracles,
do you, Nicholas?

Aguilera winks at Mary, offers her his arm, and they head for the church. Capaldi's looking back at Martha, starts to say something, realizes they're gone, and takes off after them.

They all disappear into the sanctuary of St. Pelagius.

WE PULL BACK to include Martha at her father's marker in the cemetery and, as a sudden wind rustles through the oaks, we slowly...

FADE OUT.