

ME AND JOHNNY CASH

by
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An original screenplay

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EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN AND SANTA MONICA MOUNTAINS - SUNRISE

A golden autumn sunrise splashes over the Pacific Ocean and Santa Monica Mountains.

EXT. BELLES RANCH - SUNRISE - CONTINUOUS

BELLES RANCH, a \$50,000,000 estate sits on 130 acres on a Santa Monica mountaintop: huge Mediterranean home, stables, corrals, cattle, pool, vistas of the Pacific Ocean and Santa Monica Mountains, and a twenty-acre vineyard lit up by huge beacon-lighting.

SOUNDS of a ROOSTER CROWING, BIRDS TWITTERING, and CATTLE LOWING perfume the cool air.

EXT. CORRAL, BELLES RANCH - SUNRISE - CONTINUOUS

SILAS BELLES, 17, built for ranching and baseball pitching, wearing cowboy boots, cowboy hat, and his school uniform: beige pants, hunter green polo shirt, and hunter green hoody with KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL logo on them, gallops on horseback away from the corrals toward the lighted vineyard, two CATTLE DOGS alongside.

EXT. DIRT ROAD, BELLES VINEYARD - SUNRISE - CONTINUOUS

Silas rides up to an SUV parked at the end of the dirt road bisecting the vineyard. The two cattle dogs race into the vineyard. Silas stops at the SUV and looks down at the falcon, LARRY, sitting on a perch on the tailgate of the SUV.

SILAS

How're ya doin', Larry?

Larry cocks his head, looks up at Silas, and MUTTERS A GREETING.

TODD BRIDGES, 28, an Abatement Falconer, rugged, steady, clean-trimmed beard, and keen eyes, comes around the side of his SUV.

TODD

Morning, Silas. You work the vineyard last night?

SILAS

No way.

Silas dismounts.

SILAS

Dad doesn't want me falling asleep
in class.

TODD

George tells me you're not even
attending class.

SILAS

Your brother's a blabbermouth.

With a grin, Todd agrees.

Stepping quietly over to Larry, Silas removes the leather tie
on the falcon's ankle.

Larry hops onto Silas' bare hand.

It's a moment of wonder and silence: the young man and the
bird with the sunrise splashing light into the shadowy dawn.

Larry hops from Silas' hand onto the top of the tailgate
window.

The two men wait, watching Larry take his time, looking here
and there.

Then, as if suddenly inspired, the falcon bolts into the air
and soars over the vineyard, CALLING OUT A FALCON CRY.

EXT. SKY OVER VINEYARD - SUNRISE - CONTINUOUS

Larry swoops down and flushes a SMALL FLOCK OF SMALL BIRDS
out of a row of vines. Chasing them into the sky, he bats his
wings against one in a SHRIEKING sky fight.

EXT. VINEYARD, BELLES RANCH - SUNRISE - CONTINUOUS

Watching the falcon take on the group of birds, wheeling and
diving, turning and SCREECHING, Silas' eyes gleam with pride.

SILAS

That's right, Larry. Protect our
harvest.

EXT. DIRT ROAD, BELLES VINEYARD - SUNRISE - CONTINUOUS

A side-by-side with three occupants zooms along the dirt road
toward Silas and Todd.

The two Cattle Dogs race ahead passing grape HAND-PICKERS wearing warm clothes with caps or beanies with lights, clipping bunches of grapes or pushing wheelbarrows of grape lugs to the flatbed pickup trucks.

The driver, Silas' dad, billionaire HOLLIS BELLES, 50's, wearing work gear and work boots, grinds to a stop at Todd's SUV.

His two passengers are Silas' sister and brother: KAREN BELLES, 20, in the front passenger seat, and TREVOR BELLES, 14, in the back, both in warm work clothes, but shivering.

HOLLIS
Morning, Todd.

TODD
Mr. Belles.

HOLLIS
Silas, why aren't you getting ready for school?

SILAS
I am ready.

HOLLIS
Then do your chores and get going. Todd doesn't need your help.

SILAS
No, but I need his. How else am I going to learn falconry?

HOLLIS
And what about school?

SILAS
I don't like what they teach.

Hollis jerks his hand high in the air.

HOLLIS
I'll speak to you later.

Silas mounts up.

SILAS
(challenging)
Any time.

Silas wheels his horse around and gallops back toward the corral.

Hollis looks toward the beacon-lights, slices his hand down and, instantly, the beacon-lights go off.

CUT TO:

EXT. KANAN ROAD - MORNING

High-tension traffic zooms through the Santa Monica Mountains to and from the Pacific Ocean and Agoura Hills, all high-end vehicles.

Amongst them, Silas' classic Ford pickup truck zips along toward Agoura Hills.

INT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Silas, still fuming, throws his cowboy hat onto his school backpack on the front passenger seat.

Thrumming his fingers on the dashboard, his scowl intensifies until suddenly he's distracted by the radio below his hand.

Perking up, he pokes the screen to a pre-programmed channel. As he waits, he grabs his wraparound sunglasses.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(radio/audio)
Hello...

Sunglasses suspended in the air, Silas starts a slow grin.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(radio/audio)
I'm Johnny Cash.

Listening to the CHEERS and WHISTLES in the background of the Johnny Cash audio, Silas puts on his sunglasses, looks in the rearview mirror. Impressed at how cool he looks, he smiles.

SILAS
I hear the train a comin'...

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(radio/audio)
I hear the train a comin'...

Silas joins in, belting it out --

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(radio/audio)
... it's rollin' round the
bend...

SILAS
(singing along)
... it's rollin' round the
bend...

EXT. KANAN ROAD - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

ON Silas' truck zipping through the curves...

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (radio/audio)
 ... and I ain't seen the
 sunshine since I don't know
 when...

SILAS (V.O.)
 (belting it out)
 ... and I ain't seen the
 sunshine since I don't know
 when...

CUT TO:

EXT. KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL - MORNING

Co-ed middle and high school on 25 acres, Knightway Christian School is a high-end college prep school for fifteen hundred students, mostly mega-wealthy, all ethnic groups, many from different nations. A formidable presence of huge concrete and glass buildings: two-story school buildings, auditoriums, dorms, football and baseball fields, Olympic-size swimming pool, it sits amidst lawns and concrete quads behind security fencing and ever-vigilant SECURITY GUARDS.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (radio/audio)
 I'm stuck in Folsom Prison
 and time keeps draggin' on...

SILAS (V.O.)
 (pointed)
 I'm stuck in Folsom Prison
 and time keeps draggin' on...

EXT. KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL - GATE B ENTRANCE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

TWO SECURITY GUARDS watch the line of high-end vehicles lined up on the wide street, Silas Belles' pickup included, waiting their turn to enter the school driveway, two TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS waving them in.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (radio/audio)
 But that train keeps a
 rollin' on down to San
 Antone...

SILAS (V.O.)
 (singing along)
 But that train keeps a
 rollin' on down to San
 Antone...

The MUSIC FADES OFF.

Silas drives his truck onto campus passing a stone wall on one side with an elegant placard reading KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL, Est. 2005.

On the other side of the driveway a digital screen flashes announcements in neon graphics: "Homecoming Spirit Week", "JOIN our NEW PSYCHOLOGY CLUB," "*Arsenic and Old Lace*, Coming Soon!"...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL - MORNING

The parking lot is a hub: dozens of STUDENTS arriving in school uniforms in the school colors: beige, white, hunter green, and black, but very few wear black, with the KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL logos, wearing backpacks, carrying water bottles, music cases, hopping out of vehicles, making their way toward the buildings...

Silas drives past a row of reserved parking spaces close to the school with signs at the front of each space: RESERVED FOR GOLDEN CIRCLE MEMBERS. The row is half-filled, all high-end vehicles.

Swinging his truck into one of the RESERVED spaces, he cuts the engine.

Todd's brother, GEORGE BRIDGES, 17, in hunter green and beige school uniform, good looking and built like a rock, wearing a Yankees baseball cap, hurries up to Silas' open window.

GEORGE

What d'ya know, Silas Belles on time.

TIFFANY HOLT, 18, wealthy California blonde in school uniform: beige pants and hunter green polo, carrying a sports bag with the school logo on it, strolls nonchalantly up to "her man," Silas.

TIFFANY

I'm not surprised. I've been praying for him.

SILAS

You should be praying for George.

GEORGE

(jovial)
Me?! I'm doing great. Straight A's and my future career...
(eyes roll upward toward his cap)
... is a shoe-in.

SILAS

Not if you keep on with your
Saturday night drinking binges.

GEORGE

All work and no play...

Silas slowly unwraps a breakfast burrito.

GEORGE

Hey! You're not going to sit here
and eat that thing.

TIFFANY

You'll be late for class. Again!

SILAS

(to George)

I suppose you'll blab it to your
brother. Again!

GEORGE

I can't help it if I'm worried
about you. Freshman and sophomore
years you were a straight-A student
and our best pitcher. Now you don't
play baseball, don't do your
homework, don't participate in
class, and you're never on time.
Hey, half the time you don't even
show up. Why the Silas Belles
Boycott?

Silas grins, that's his little secret.

TIFFANY

They'll kick you out.

SILAS

From your lips to God's ears.

GEORGE

They can't kick him out, Tiff. His
dad's in the billionaire club.

(motions to the RESERVE
parking signs)

Our parents, mere multi-
millionaires...

(points to the crowded
parking lot)

... live on the other side of the
tracks.

TIFFANY

That's why we have to work so hard.
To get ahead in this world. Not
Silas. He can do anything and get
away with it.

(to Silas)

Are you going to boycott the
homecoming dance too?

Silas shrugs noncommittally.

GEORGE

(hoping for Tiffany)

I'm going.

Tiffany's not interested, her attention on Silas.

Looking out his front window, Silas' jaw drops.

SILAS

When did they put that in?!

George and Tiffany look.

EXT. CELL TOWER TREE, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL - MORNING -
CONTINUOUS

Two birds fly toward the tower's huge rectangular antennas
"camouflaged" by fake branches, and they immediately fly
away.

On ground level, the tower is surrounded by a boarded chain
link fence with NO TRESPASSING signs nailed to the boards.

EXT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Looking at the tower, George gets excited.

GEORGE

Well, it's about time!

In the background, a Rivian R1S swings into an empty CHARGING
SPACE in the Electric Charging row marked STAFF directly
across from Silas' pickup.

SILAS

(re: tower antennas)

You like those big boys?!

GEORGE

I like faster internet.

TIFFANY
The faster the better.

EXT. PARKING LOT, STAFF PARKING - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

MISS CHERRY, 36, flowy dress below the knees, cowboy jacket, Indian jewelry, and expensive leather half-boots, steps out of her shiny new Rivian. Pretending not to see Tiffany, George, and Silas in conversation, she moves to the charging station, keeping within earshot.

TIFFANY (O.S.)
I'm wearing tennis shoes.

EXT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Tiffany, George, and Silas don't notice Miss Cherry's arrival, Silas still frowning at the tower.

GEORGE
To homecoming?!

TIFFANY
Sequinned Converse platforms.
Wait'll you see my dress, Silas.
It's to-die-for.

George perks up, but Silas, still looking at the tower area, shakes his head.

SILAS
I don't get it.

EXT. CELL TOWER TREE, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Standing in the shadows not far from the tower, SKYLAR WREN, 17, a thinker, attractive without being fashionable, trendy, or wealthy, wearing the school uniform: hunter green pants and white polo shirt with the Knightway Christian School logo along with hiking boots, her backpack and violin case on the concrete nearby, stares intently at her Broadband Frequency Meter (EMF meter) aimed upward toward the cell tower's antennas.

SILAS (O.S.)
We already have a cell tower at the other side of the parking lot.

EXT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Silas looks at George.

SILAS
Why do we need two?

GEORGE
Onward and upward.

TIFFANY
(to Silas)
You didn't hear a word I said, did you?

SILAS
Homecoming. Sequinned tennis shoes.
A dress to-die-for.

TIFFANY
(hinting for him to ask her)
Well?

SILAS
Tiffany, I'll be out of here before then.

TIFFANY
What?! Not go to homecoming? Don't you care about this school?!

EXT. PARKING LOT, STAFF PARKING - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Hearing it, Miss Cherry goes on full alert eavesdropping.

EXT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Silas looks back at the tower.

SILAS
I care about those towers.

TIFFANY
Silas Belles, sometimes I think you've lost your mind!
(grabbing George's arm)
Come on, George, or we'll miss the first bell.

Happy to take charge, George grabs Tiffany's sports bag, and the two stroll together toward the school buildings.

INT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Silas quickly rewraps his burrito, places it on the dash, and hops out of his truck.

EXT. PARKING LOT, STAFF PARKING - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Miss Cherry, watching George and Tiffany cross the parking lot in one direction and Silas in another, hurries into the driver's seat of her vehicle.

INT. MISS CHERRY'S RIVIAN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Yanking her high-end leather briefcase off the floor, Miss Cherry quickly flips through the folders inside it.

MISS CHERRY

Silas Belles... Silas... Bel...

Pulling out a folder, she looks at it smugly.

INSERT: FOLDER

About an inch thick, the tab reads SILAS BELLES.

CUT TO:

EXT. CELL TOWER TREE, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

Silas approaches Skylar, who is videoing her EMF meter with her cell phone.

SILAS

You look familiar. Have we met?

Caught by surprise, Skylar keeps her meter aimed at the tower, videoing the graphs with her cell phone.

SILAS

Looks like an EMF meter.

Ignoring him, Skylar moves her meter in figure eight patterns as she slowly backs away from the tower.

SILAS

Measuring low frequency electric and magnetic fields.

She shoots him an annoyed glance.

SILAS

Do you think the birds fly away
from those towers because they're
smarter than we are?

The meter taps out an ANGRY GEIGER COUNTER SOUND CLUTTERED
WITH RAPID BEATS. Skylar holds it still and, with her phone,
videos the display screen flashing graph bars and numbers.

SILAS

They fly in too close. Sense
danger. And run. We get close and
we call it a tree.

Still videoing, Skylar can't help smiling. Seeing it, he
steps closer.

SILAS

My family owns a vineyard. We use
falcons to scatter the starlings
and other pesky birds that want to
eat the harvest. Some vintners use
lasers to scare them away. If a few
measly lasers impact the
electromagnetic field...
(motioning to the tower's
antennas)
... just imagine what those big
boys do.

Finally interested, she looks at him.

SKYLAR

No, we've never met.

Spotting something in the distance, she freezes.

Silas looks.

Striding across the lawn, SECURITY GUARD #3 motions to them.

SECURITY GUARD #3

What are you doing over there?!

SILAS

Let's get outta here.

Skylar quietly holds out her hand: "Don't move."

As Security Guard #3 closes in, Skylar, playing the "dumb-
blonde", holds the meter and phone out to him palms up,
MOANING --

SKYLAR

Science! Don't you just hate it?
Radio frequencies, volts per meter,
microwatts per square meter... My
friend here is trying to help me,
but he's clueless.

Playing witless, Silas shrugs.

Skylar shoves the meter up to Security Guard #3's face.

SKYLAR

Do you understand any of this? If
you do, please, PLEASE, help. My
paper's due today.

She's so sincere, his fierceness instantly drops to puppy dog
concern, and wanting to help, he stares at the meter.

Skylar and Silas wait, Silas enjoying Skylar's quick
thinking.

SECURITY GUARD #3

(shaking his head)

Good luck.

SKYLAR

Can I stay a little longer? The
first bell hasn't rung yet.

SECURITY GUARD #3

Sure. Take your time.

SKYLAR

Thanks.

Happy to help, Security Guard #3 strides away.

Silas taps the meter in Skylar's hand.

SILAS

Is this really for a science class
here? At this school?

SKYLAR

Are you kidding?

Their eyes meet -- they both know the score.

The CLASS BELL, SOUNDING LIKE A HORN, BLASTS ACROSS CAMPUS.

SKYLAR

First bell. We better get going.

Skylar heads for her backpack and violin case on the ground and picks them up.

SILAS
I hadn't noticed this tower until
this morning.

SKYLAR
It went up pretty fast.

Silas extends his hand.

SILAS
I'm Silas Belle. A junior.

SKYLAR
I know. You're in my science class.
The class you sleep through IF you
show up.

SILAS
I have my reasons.

He said it with such conviction, she senses his reasons are justified, so she takes his hand and shakes it.

SKYLAR
Skylar Wren.

Face to face and holding hands for too long, they both fluster. Finally, Skylar pulls her hand away.

SKYLAR
Well, nice meeting you.

She turns and strides away. Silas catches up to her.

SILAS
How about I take you to breakfast?
You can show me how the meter
works.

SKYLAR
And miss class?

SILAS
Sure.

EXT. CAMPUS, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL - MORNING -
CONTINUOUS

Walking fast, Skylar and Silas dodge OTHER STUDENTS hurrying toward the school buildings.

SILAS

Your electromagnetic testing is more important than Mr. Logan's...
(making quotes with his fingers)
... "science" class.

SKYLAR

It sure is.
(beat)
Mr. Logan's nice, but... Well, he doesn't seem very bright. Have you noticed most of the teachers here aren't very bright?

SILAS

That's because they're too busy being trendy. Dumb sheep. Following every new craze.

SKYLAR

And our God never changes.

SILAS

Exactly!

Grabbing her arm, he stops her.

SILAS

You don't like it here either, do you?

Unwilling to say, Skylar drops her eyes.

SILAS

You couldn't like it here if you believe they follow the trends and our God never changes.

Still she won't answer.

SILAS

Come on, let's go to breakfast. Let's do something!

Skylar shakes her head.

SKYLAR

My aunt is paying my way, and I can't let her down.
(soft reproach)
Who's paying your way, Silas?

Stung, Silas goes silent. She waits.

SILAS

My dad.

SKYLAR

(amiably)

Well, honor your father and mother.

Skylar resumes her quick-march toward the school building. Brooding, Silas marches alongside her.

EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING ENTRANCE, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Skylar hurries up the steps toward the entrance door where SECURITY GUARD #4 stands watch. Silas stays behind at the bottom of the steps.

Skylar pushes the door open.

SILAS

(calls)

Skylar!

She turns.

SILAS

Will I see you again?

SKYLAR

Sure. If you come to science class.

Skylar disappears into the building, leaving Silas standing alone. OTHER STUDENTS pass him by, racing up the steps and jamming through the doors.

The CLASS BELL, SOUNDING LIKE A HORN, BLASTS ACROSS CAMPUS.

The last of the OTHER STUDENTS hurry through the doors into the building, and the doors close.

Irritated, Silas turns on his heel and stomps away.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)

(half-muted in the background)

Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL - MORNING -
MOMENTS LATER

In gloomy thought, Silas marches up to his pickup...

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(half-muted in the
background)
I bet I'd move it on a little
farther down the line...

He hops into the driver's seat.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(half muted in the
background)
Far from Folsom prison, that's
where I want to stay...

He slams the door shut.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(half muted in the
background)
And I'd let that lonesome
whistle...

INT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Sitting in the driver's seat, Silas grabs his wrapped burrito
and stares at it blindly.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(half muted in the
background)
... blow my blues away.

Grumpy, he starts to unwrap it. Suddenly, tossing it back
onto the dash, he grabs his backpack and hops out.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HISTORY CLASSROOM, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN
SCHOOL - MORNING

MR. TYLER WARTON, 52, wearing a distinctive wedding ring,
lectures from the teacher's podium facing fifteen HISTORY
STUDENTS, mostly bored, seated in groups at tables, their
laptops open before them.

The classroom is stark: Warton's teacher's desk bare except
for his closed laptop.

One wall is decked with posters of Sun Tzu quotes: "The supreme art of war is to subdue the enemy without fighting"... "If you are strong, appear weak. But if you are weak, appear strong"... "The greatest victory is that which requires no battle"...

Another wall has a big screen and a bulletin board plastered with wellness posters: SUICIDE WATCH THERAPY... EMOTIONAL WELLNESS WORKSHOP... LEADERSHIP TRAINING... JOIN OUR NEW PSYCHOLOGY CLUB! 3-5 WEDNESDAYS WITH MISS CHERRY.

One wall is all windows facing the school hallway.

MR. WARTON

Tomorrow, we'll dig into Alexander the Great.

Silas comes into view out in the hallway, walking listlessly past the windows. Some of the students watch him pass by.

MR. WARTON

Be ready to discuss how you think he achieved his spectacular victories.

Silas disappears out of sight from the windows.

MR. GINGER (O.S.)

Mrs. Cooney will be using our *Bible as Literature* classroom...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BIBLE CLASSROOM - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Silas comes into view passing by the wall-to-wall classroom windows...

MR. GINGER (O.S.)

... for her *Arsenic and Old Lace* rehearsals.

MR. ORSON GINGER, 42, his hair and beard scraggly, always jittery, as if guilty or being hunted, has a habit of hiding behind his coffee mug. Sipping his coffee, he moves through his class of fourteen BIBLE STUDENTS sitting on high stools at lab tables with sinks, all drinking pricey smoothies, each with a closed book at hand: *THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE*, by Orson Ginger.

MR. GINGER

So, for the next few weeks, we'll meet here in Mr. Duffy's biology lab.

Displayed prominently near the lab shelves is a no-nonsense poster for AP BIOLOGY:

AP BIOLOGY COURSE CONTENT, The FOUR PILLARS: (1) EVOLUTION, (2) ENERGETICS, (3) INFORMATION STORAGE AND TRANSMISSION, (4) SYSTEMS INTERACTIONS.

MR. GINGER (O.S.)
Friday's quiz will be on Chapters
One and Two: Literary genres used
by the prophets.

Next to the AP Biology poster is a publicity poster picturing a professorial Mr. Ginger holding his book, THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE, by Orson Ginger.

Distracted by Silas, the students watch him shuffle by.

Raising his voice to get their attention --

MR. GINGER
Open your books to Chapter Three!

As Silas disappears past the window, the students open their *THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE* books.

MISS CHERRY (O.S.)
One out of every four persons...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HEALTH WELLNESS CLASSROOM - MORNING -
CONTINUOUS

A FEW STUDENTS sleep sitting up. The AWAKE STUDENTS either hang onto Miss Cherry's every word or are bored.

MISS CHERRY (O.S.)
... has a mental illness.

One wall of the class is covered with Health Wellness posters: *ILLICIT DRUGS AND HOW TO IDENTIFY THEM; GROWING CANNABIS; SUICIDE STATISTICS; EMOTIONAL WELLNESS; JOIN OUR NEW PSYCHOLOGY CLUB! 3-5 WEDNESDAYS WITH MISS CHERRY.*

Another wall has two posters, a Jung and Freud poster with quotes: *"It all depends on how we look at things, and not how they are in themselves." Carl Jung... "Unexpressed emotions will never die. They are buried alive and will come forth later in uglier ways." Sigmund Freud.*

Miss Cherry enunciates softly, her brow furrowed from practiced concern, as she scans her students searching for her next mental illness case.

MISS CHERRY

But! Not everyone has a mental illness all the time.

Moving to her desk, a tidy presentation with her latte, fresh cut flowers, open laptop, high-end briefcase, and huge bowl of candy, her fingers snatch up the latte, and she sips it.

Noticing Silas passing by in the corridor outside the wall of windows, she targets her attention on him.

MISS CHERRY

For example...

The students, including JOEY, a 17-year-old Latino football player; MIKE, 17, a handsome Chinese athlete gulping his energy drink; and MONROE, 16, eating a protein bar, follow Miss Cherry's eyes and watch Silas pass by.

MISS CHERRY

Silas Belles may have a mental illness right now. Just this morning, I heard one person say he could be losing his mind.

JOEY

Yeah, he came to school.

CHUCKLES all around, except Miss Cherry.

MISS CHERRY

Whereas tomorrow, he could be perfectly fine.

Joey glances at Mike and Monroe.

JOEY

You mean, he'll ditch again?

MORE CHUCKLES.

MISS CHERRY

Mental illness is no laughing matter, Joey.

Miss Cherry throws a piece of candy to Joey.

JOEY

(catching the candy)

Yes, Miss Cherry. I mean, no, Miss Cherry. I mean, thank you, Miss Cherry...

Opening the candy wrapper, he pops the candy into his mouth.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE CLASS - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

THIRTEEN STUDENTS, including George Bridges and Tiffany Holt in the middle, and Skylar Wren in the back, sit in desks in rows. A general lethargy envelopes the class as the students stare blindly at their laptop screens. Three old black filing cabinets stand ignored and forgotten in the back corner of the room. The walls are bare, one wall -- like the other classrooms -- has windows that look out onto the hallway.

MR. LOGAN, 45, tan, good shape, dressed in a colorful Hawaiian shirt and jeans, sits at his unruly desk -- piles of papers, journals, books, his wastebasket overflowing with to-go coffee cups -- staring at his laptop screen.

MR. LOGAN

(bored)

All right, let's hear what NASA has to say.

(reading from his laptop)

The "*Importance of GLOBE Data in the Study of Contrails.*" Everyone ready?

Mr. Logan looks up. No one responds.

MR. LOGAN

George. First paragraph: *Why is it important to study contrails?*

Quickly George scans his screen, panics, and looks to Tiffany sitting next to him for help. She reaches over and points to his screen. George nods.

GEORGE

(fast mumbling)

Clouds are the largest variable controlling Earth's atmospheric temperature and climate. Any change in global cloud cover may contribute to long-term changes in Earth's climate, see The Role of Clouds from the...

The classroom door BURSTS OPEN. Startled, everyone looks up.

Silas Belles enters.

SILAS

I'm back!

Energy ignites the classroom, a few WOO-HOOS! Even Mr. Logan is enthused.

MR. LOGAN
 Yes, well, that's nice, Silas...
 (joking to the class)
 ... but do we want him back?

The class LAUGHS. Of course, they want him back. Silas moves toward the empty seat near Tiffany and drops his backpack.

MR. LOGAN
 So, what's been going on with you,
 Mr. Belles?

SILAS
 (grins)
 Just wandering around Folsom
 Prison.

More WOO-HOOOs and LAUGHTER. Mr. Logan stifles his laughter.

Silas turns to his desk and a familiar face in the back of the room catches his eye: Skylar Wren sitting at her desk.

Their eyes meet. No one notices, but Silas and Skylar feel the attraction. Silas turns toward the front and sits at his desk.

Tiffany leans in.

TIFFANY
 Is the Silas Belles Boycott over?

Glancing back at Skylar, Silas looks at Tiffany and nods.

MR. LOGAN
 Okay, George. Get us back on topic.

The class GROANS and the lethargy kicks back in.

Silas pulls his laptop out of his backpack, George CONTINUES READING --

GEORGE
 (rote fast mumbling)
*Contrails, especially persistent
 contrails, represent a human-caused
 increase in high thin clouds in the
 Earth's atmosphere...*

The class starts dozing, even Mr. Logan's eyelids are heavy.

Silas looks back at Skylar.

Skylar is fixed on every word, rapidly taking notes. Sensing his eyes on her, she looks at him.

GEORGE
... and are likely to be
affecting climate and
ultimately natural resources.

SKYLAR
 (hushed)
CON-trails???

Silas shakes his head -- no way!

SKYLAR
 (out loud)
CHEM-trails, George!

George stops reading. Mr. Logan and the class look up, honing in on Silas.

Silas flashes a "Yep, that's what I said" nod and opens his laptop.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY OVER SANTA MONICA MOUNTAINS - SUNSET

Streaks of white chemtrails crisscross the sky. A FALCON'S CRY RESOUNDS THROUGH THE AIR.

EXT. BELLES RANCH - SUNSET - CONTINUOUS

The autumn sunset casts a golden glow over the ranch. HEIFERS with their cavorting CALVES mosey toward the water tank.

EXT. VINEYARD, BELLES RANCH - SUNSET - CONTINUOUS

Larry soars over the vineyard and dives down into it. A sudden flurry of small birds flies up from the vineyard, scattering away from the falcon.

EXT. DIRT ROAD, BELLES VINEYARD - SUNSET - CONTINUOUS

Silas' horse grazes to the side of Todd's SUV while Todd and Silas watch Larry chase the birds.

SILAS
 Well, Todd, I better go.

TODD
 Aren't you gonna to stay and bring
 Larry in?

SILAS
 Too much homework. Lots of catching
 up to do.

TODD

I thought you were through with school.

Silas moves toward his horse.

SILAS

So did I. But I met someone today who sort of challenged me to honor my father and mother. You know, the Fifth Commandment.

TODD

Not a bad challenge.
(hopeful)
Was it my brother?

SILAS

George? Hardly. It was a girl.

TODD

Tiffany Holt.

SILAS

(shakes his head)
Tiffany's only interested in homecoming.

TODD

(pointedly)
And you.

SILAS

Me?

TODD

Don't play innocent, Silas. George spilled the beans.

SILAS

I told you he's a blabbermouth.

TODD

Well, he had to whine to someone about his failed love life. Says Tiffany's stuck on you because her parents ordered her to marry into the billionaire club.

SILAS

Sounds like George.

TODD

Who knows, maybe he's right. She's under a lot of pressure and marrying you could solve a lot of problems.

SILAS

Pressure? Tiffany?

TODD

Forced to get straight-A's plus, be tops in sports, have a resume filled with school clubs and community service so she'll be accepted into a high-end university and land a high-end career. It's the same for George.

SILAS

It doesn't have to be. You didn't chase after a high-end career and you went to Knightway.

The HIGH PITCH of a side-by-side RUMBLES INTO THE SOUNDTRACK.

TODD

That was ten years ago, Sy. Back then, the school was different. It was Christian.

Puzzled, Silas meets Todd's somber eyes.

The side-by-side is upon them, Karen driving, pulling a small cart filled with empty lugs, Trevor in the passenger seat. Heading toward the dirt road into the vineyard, she slows down --

KAREN

(calling out to Silas)
Dad wants to talk to you!

Silas nods.

TREVOR

(brotherly glee)
You're in for it now, Silas!

SILAS

Thanks, Trevor.

Silas pops Trevor on the shoulder as they pass by. Trevor LAUGHS. Karen speeds up, dust flying out from behind, calling back --

KAREN
NOW!!!

SILAS
All right, Karen! All right.

Silas heads for his horse.

TODD
What's the girl's name?

SILAS
Hm?

TODD
Fifth Commandment.

SILAS
Oh. Skylar Wren.

Mounting up, Silas looks out at the horizon --

SILAS
I've never met anyone like her.

Wheeling his horse around, he charges toward the house.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOLLIS BELLES' OFFICE - TWILIGHT

Eager to get his piece spoken first, Silas charges into the spacious office, talking --

SILAS
Dad, I know what you're going to say, and you're right. I've been totally out of line. Complaining about school, late for classes or not showing up.

Hollis Belles, reviewing papers, sits at his ample oak desk, with simple leather chairs, and simple lighting, the flames in the Swedish wood burning stove dancing.

Behind him are floor to high-ceilinged windows, the sunset glow lighting up the chemtrails and the Santa Monica Mountains.

Hollis looks up from his paperwork.

SILAS

I've even forced myself to get F's
so they'd expel me.

Hollis rises, both fists on his desk.

HOLLIS

Forced yourself to get F's? That's
a new one.

SILAS

No, really, dad. It was hard.

HOLLIS

I believe it.

Trying to hide his bemusement, Hollis steps toward Silas.

HOLLIS

No son of mine could get F's
without resolute practice.

SILAS

Well, it's not going to happen
again. I won't disappoint you and
mom anymore.

HOLLIS

You're not disappointing us.

SILAS

Oh, yes, I am.

HOLLIS

Nonsense! I've been waiting for you
to reach this point.

SILAS

What point?

HOLLIS

Silas, I started Belle's Juice
Naturals when I was your age. No, I
was younger. I was fifteen. At
twenty-five, I started Belles Food
Naturals. Now, by God's grace,
Belles is at the top of the food
chain, and we keep growing. I could
give you a job in any branch of the
company today, you could learn it
and be successful.

SILAS

(animated)

I would, dad. When escrow closes on the Buffalo Gap ranch, I want to run it and raise falcons.

HOLLIS

(keeping on topic)

Instead, I enrolled you in that over-priced, over-rated institution that calls itself a Christian education. Why?

SILAS

You mean you don't think Knightway Christian is a good school?

HOLLIS

No!

SILAS

Then why send me there?

HOLLIS

After your years of home schooling, I wanted you to learn what the real world is like. To live in it. To face the same problems I face in my work every day.

SILAS

But that doesn't make sense. Why not send me to a public school to learn about the real world?

HOLLIS

Good question. Maybe someday you'll figure out the answer. But for now, the way I see it, you have three options. You decide which one you want, and I'll abide by it.

Hollis points to the chair across his desk. Curious, Silas sits.

HOLLIS

Option Number One: Do what you've been doing these past two months. Get expelled, go to Buffalo Gap, manage it, and raise falcons.

SILAS

You mean you'd let me do that?

HOLLIS

Option Number Two: Be the best student in the school and learn everything they teach you.

SILAS

That's what I decided today, just like freshman and sophomore years.

HOLLIS

(interrupting)

Option Number Three: Stand for Jesus Christ: the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

SILAS

That's easy. I already do that.

HOLLIS

Do what?

SILAS

Read the Bible, go to chapel, pray.

HOLLIS

Anything else?

Silas drops his jaw.

SILAS

Dad, you don't understand. They've got me so busy doing everything they tell me, I don't have time for anything else. I don't even have time to think.

Hollis says nothing. Under his dad's SOMBER SILENCE, Silas starts to think, his brow furrowing, a frown growing.

SILAS

Maybe that's been my problem.

HOLLIS

Hm?

SILAS

I don't have time to think, so I've let them do all my thinking for me.

HOLLIS

Is that what you want?

SILAS

No!

HOLLIS

Well?

SILAS

Well, it's Number Three! I'll do it.

Hollis reaches out his hand. Silas grabs it. They shake, sealing the deal.

HOLLIS

Trevor and I are going to Buffalo Gap tomorrow to close escrow. If Number Three doesn't work out, you can have the job.

SILAS

What do you mean if it doesn't work out? I'll make it work.

HOLLIS

I know you will, son.

(beat)

By the way, you've been listening to Johnny Cash lately.

Silas nods.

Hollis opens his desk drawer, pulls out an audio CD case, and hands it to him.

HOLLIS

Have you heard this one?

Silas looks at it.

INSERT: AUDIO CD CASE COVER

Black background with a white outline of Johnny Cash's profile with text written in white:

"Johnny Cash reads the complete New Testament."

"I wear the black for those who never read, or listened to the words that Jesus said."

SILAS (O.S.)

(reading the text
thoughtfully)

Johnny Cash reads the complete New Testament. "I wear the black for those who never read, or listened to the words that Jesus said."

(mutters)

(MORE)

SILAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Wow. This quote should be hanging on the walls in our classrooms.

HOLLIS

Good idea. Ask your sister to make some posters and you put them up.

SILAS

Me? Put up Johnny Cash posters? In school?

HOLLIS

Option Number Three.

Taken aback, Silas grins wanly and nods.

CUT TO:

INT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING

Silas' Johnny Cash New Testament CD case sits on top of twenty 11 X 17 card stock posters neatly piled on Silas' front passenger seat.

INSERT POSTER: a unique graphic of Johnny Cash and his guitar with the text: *"I wear the black for those who never read, or listened to the words that Jesus said."*

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)

(audio/radio, reading the New Testament)

So all the generations from Abraham to David are fourteen generations...

Eating a breakfast burrito, Silas, listening to Johnny Cash and charged up for the day, drives to school wearing his black school uniform, cowboy hat, cowboy boots, and wraparound sunglasses.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)

(audio/radio)

... From David until the captivity in Babylon are fourteen generations...

EXT. KANAN ROAD - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Silas' classic Ford pickup zips toward Agoura Hills amidst high-tension traffic zooming through the Santa Monica Mountains to and from the Pacific Ocean and Agoura Hills, all high-end vehicles.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (audio/radio)
 ... and from the captivity in
 Babylon until the Christ are
 fourteen generations.

EXT. KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL - GATE B ENTRANCE - MORNING

In the long line of vehicles arriving at school, Silas' Ford pickup moves through the entrance passing the two Traffic Controllers and the digital screen FLASHING: "Join our new Psychology Club" "Buy your Arsenic and Old Lace tickets now!" "PSAT's Coming Up"

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (audio/radio)
 Now the birth of Jesus Christ was
 as follows...

EXT. DRIVING LANE TO PARKING LOT, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN -
 MORNING - CONTINUOUS

The line up of vehicles stops near the open side gates to the campus. STUDENTS with backpacks, music cases, and sports bags pile out of their cars.

TEACHERS and STAFFERS, dressed in too-casual clothing with Chucky-Cheese-like smiles on their faces, holding their to-go coffee containers, snap their fingers and sway to the amped up ROCK MUSIC from a BOOM BOX nearby as they motion the trudging students away from the line of cars, toward the gate, and into the fenced campus. There are no black uniforms.

Silas' vehicle is in line, passing buildings and heading toward the parking lots.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (audio/radio)
 After his mother Mary was betrothed
 to Joseph, before they came
 together..

INT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Silas spots someone at the crosswalk in the distance.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (audio/radio)
 ... she was found with child of the
 Holy Spirit.

EXT. CROSSWALK, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

A small group of TEACHERS and STUDENTS stand at the crosswalk, including: Mr. Warton carrying a plaster bust of Alexander the Great, Miss Cherry holding her briefcase, Joey, Mike, and Monroe cutting up, and Skylar Wren, alone at the back, with backpack. No black uniforms or attire.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (audio/radio)
 Then Joseph her husband, being a
 just man, and not wanting to
 make...

INT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Eager to get Skylar's attention, Silas rolls down his window.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (audio/radio)
 ... her a public example, was
 minded to put her away secretly.

Immediately, the UNIDENTIFIABLE RAP MUSIC blasts from the nearby BOOM BOX into his pickup drowning out Johnny Cash --

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (audio/radio)
 But while he thought about these
 things, behold, an angel of the
 Lord appeared to him in a dream...

Irritated, Silas slams the CD off button. Johnny Cash goes silent, and the RAP MUSIC TAKES OVER.

The vehicle line moves on; Silas moves with it, away from the BOOM BOX...

The RAP MUSIC DIMS OUT OF THE SOUNDTRACK...

Silas drives up to the crosswalk and stops.

EXT. CROSSWALK, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

The CROSSWALK LADY, holding a STOP SIGN toward Silas' pickup, motions for the group on the sidewalk to walk across.

Silas waves his hand from his open window.

SILAS
 Hey, Skylar!

Skylar looks and waves.

Ever alert, Miss Cherry's ears perk up.

Tossing the Johnny Cash posters onto the backseat, Silas calls out --

SILAS
Wanna ride?

Seeing him clearing off the front seat --

SKYLAR
Do you have room?

SILAS
Sure. Hop in.

Curious, Miss Cherry slyly watches.

Skylar hurries to the passenger door and opens it.

INT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Skylar starts to get in, notices the posters in the back, and her eyes light up.

SKYLAR
Johnny Cash!
(reads poster, quick
murmuring)
*"I wear the black for those who
never read, or listened to the
words that Jesus said."*
(hopping into the truck)
Can I have one?

SILAS
Sure. But first, I have to spread
them around.

SKYLAR
I'll help.

Their eyes meet -- great!

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HISTORY CLASSROOM, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL - MORNING

Mr. Warton sets his plaster bust of Alexander the Great on his desk, still wearing his distinctive wedding ring. No one else is in the classroom except Silas holding a Johnny Cash poster in front of Warton and Skylar standing next to him, holding the pile of Johnny Cash posters and a box of tacks.

Glancing at the poster, but not really seeing it, Warton shrugs okay and points to the bulletin board plastered with wellness posters: *SUICIDE WATCH THERAPY... EMOTIONAL WELLNESS WORKSHOP...* and the most prominent: *JOIN OUR NEW PSYCHOLOGY CLUB! 3-5 WEDNESDAYS WITH MISS CHERRY.*

Shaking his head, Silas points to the wall with Warton's Sun Tzu posters.

Mr. Warton looks at his wall of Sun Tzu posters, then skeptically at Silas and Skylar.

Seeing they're not backing down, he yanks the Johnny Cash poster out of Silas' hand and looks at it. This time he really sees it!

A LONG SILENT MOMENT, then --

WARTON
(hushed, full of
admiration)
Johnny Cash...

Eyeing his distinctive wedding ring, Warton is flooded with nostalgia.

MR. WARTON
I haven't thought about him for
years.

As Warton stares at the Johnny Cash poster, the lively Mariachi trumpets in Johnny Cash's "*RING OF FIRE*" BREEZES INTO THE SOUNDTRACK...

Warton REMEMBERS, entranced ---

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(singing *Ring of Fire*)
Love is a burning thing, And it
makes a fiery ring...

WARTON'S FLASHBACK TO 22 YEARS AGO, A SERIES OF EVENTS MINGLING TOGETHER:

INT. LAPD PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Los Angeles lit up all around, 30 year old Police Officer, PII Tyler Warton, drives. His partner, 28 year old attractive Latina Police Officer, PII TONI SANCHEZ, talks on the radio.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *Ring of Fire*)
 Bound by wild desire, I fell into a
 ring of fire...

Warton shoots Sanchez a heated glance... She reciprocates with a radiant smile...

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *Ring of Fire*)
 I fell into a burning ring of fire,
 I went down, down, down...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - DAY

30-year-old Warton and 28-year-old Sanchez, both wearing wet-suits and carrying surfboards, walk side by side along the beach, laughing and talking.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *Ring of Fire*)
 And the flames went higher, and it
 burns, burns, burns...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE, LAPRAAC, ELYSIAN PARK - DAY

Warton and Sanchez, in police uniform and wearing ear protection, fire their Glocks at the targets.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *Ring of Fire*)
 The ring of fire... The ring of
 fire...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOPANGA BEACH - SUNRISE

Table-clothed tables packed with wedding flowers, a wedding buffet feast, wedding gifts, and wedding cake stand on the sidelines as a cluster of WEDDING GUESTS, all ages and ethnic groups, wearing California casual wedding clothes, face the water and the marriage ceremony: Warton and Sanchez, in front of the male MINISTER, exchanging vows.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *Ring of Fire*)
 I fell into a burning ring of
 fire...

The BEST MAN gives Warton the ring. Warton places it on Sanchez's left hand, third finger.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *Ring of Fire*)
 I went down, down, down, And the
 flames went higher...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. TOPANGA BEACH - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

Sanchez places the DISTINCTIVE WEDDING RING on Warton.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *Ring of Fire*)
 And it burns, burns, burns...

Warton places his left hand over Sanchez's, their wedding rings close together. The two rings catch the sunlight, and together they glow like a ring of fire.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *Ring of Fire*)
 The ring of fire, the ring of
 fire...

Warton and Sanchez's eyes meet... Their love forever...

SKYLAR (O.S.)
 Mr. Warton?

Warton and Sanchez look out at the sunrise over the ocean.
Warton kisses Sanchez...

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 I fell into a burning ring of
 fire...

The MUSIC STARTS TO FADE.

SILAS (O.S.)
Mr. Warton!

END OF WARTON'S FLASHBACK

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HISTORY CLASSROOM, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN
SCHOOL - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Holding the Johnny Cash poster in his hand, Mr. Warton looks
at his wedding ring.

SKYLAR
You okay?

Still musing, Warton nods.

SKYLAR
We lost you there for a moment.
(off his silence)
Where'd you go?

WARTON
Not far. Just rambling down memory
lane.

Looking at the Johnny Cash poster in his hand, a slow grin
appears on his face.

WARTON
Me and Johnny Cash.

Waving the poster toward the Sun Tzu wall, he orders --

WARTON
Put it up!

SILAS
Thank you, Mr. Warton!

SKYLAR
Thanks, Mr. Warton!

Silas and Skylar hurry to the wall and tack up the Johnny
Cash poster.

Warton's mind still back in memory lane, he steps toward his
Alexander the Great bust.

SILAS
Mr. Warton?

MR. WARTON
Yes, Silas?

SILAS

When you teach about Alexander the Great, you may want to start with the prophet Daniel, Chapters Two and Eight.

At first, Mr. Warton has no idea what Silas is talking about. Slowly light fills his countenance, and understanding, he nods.

Seeing Mr. Warton gets it, Silas grabs Skylar's arm and hustles them out.

INT. HALLWAY, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Silas and Skylar, carrying the Johnny Cash posters and box of tacks, burst out of Mr. Warton's classroom, stop, and face each other, bowled over.

SKYLAR

That was awesome! Who's next?

SILAS

Miss Cherry.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HEALTH WELLNESS CLASSROOM - MORNING

Standing before the wall displaying her Jung and Freud posters, Miss Cherry steps back from the Johnny Cash poster in Silas' hand as if it's toxic.

MISS CHERRY

Didn't Johnny Cash go to prison for shooting a man just to watch him die?

SILAS

That was a song he wrote. He never went to prison except to perform.

Skeptical, Miss Cherry continues --

MISS CHERRY

And wasn't he a pill popper, drug addict, and alcoholic?

SILAS

Yes, but that doesn't disqualify him from Jesus' grace or message.

MISS CHERRY

Well, it disqualifies him from my classroom. There will be no quotes from Johnny Cash here.

SILAS

(respectful)

You have quotes from Carl Jung and Sigmund Freud.

MISS CHERRY

That's because this is a Health Wellness Class.

(pointing to her Jung poster)

Jung discovered the collective unconscious which has led to the rise of our community through connectivity. Soon it will be all over the world through Artificial Intelligence.

(stepping up to her Freud poster)

Freud identified the id, ego, and superego, providing the road map to our inner identifications whatever they may be.

(tapping the Johnny Cash poster)

Now, you tell me, Silas Belles, what has Johnny Cash ever contributed?

SILAS

He sang the Gospel to thousands of prisoners. He even recorded the Gospel: Matthew through Revelation. He's an example of a sinner bound in poverty as a boy, bound to drugs as a man, and set free by Jesus Christ.

Skylar nods enthusiastically.

MISS CHERRY

Not for this class.

Silas starts to rebut, changes his mind, and smiles.

SILAS

Thanks anyway.

Striding tall, Silas and Skylar start for the door.

Stung because she hasn't made her impact, Miss Cherry hurries after them.

MISS CHERRY

How would you like to join my Psychology Club? We could discuss this further if you like.

SILAS

There's nothing left to discuss.

Silas and Skylar exit.

When they're gone, Miss Cherry dashes for her briefcase, pulls out a thick folder, opens it, and starts writing.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BIBLE CLASSROOM - MORNING - LATER

With his coffee mug, Mr. Ginger taps the poster featuring his book, *THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE* (hanging next to the AP BIOLOGY POSTER).

MR. GINGER

This is a literature class, Silas. Johnny Cash is not literature.

SILAS

You may not want to hear this, Mr. Ginger, but the Bible is not literature either.

MR. GINGER

(scoffing)

Who taught you that? Johnny Cash?

As Skylar stands with Silas, she tries not to show her irritation.

SILAS

No, my mother did when she home schooled me.

MR. GINGER

Well, it's a good thing your father had the good sense to send you here.

SILAS

Is it, Mr. Ginger?

MR. GINGER

Of course. He knows that here you will learn something.

SILAS

He sure does. And he and I are testing it right now.

MR. GINGER

Testing? What do you mean your father and you are...?

SILAS

(cutting him off)
Come on, Skylar.

Silas and Skylar head for the door. Mr. Ginger chases after them.

MR. GINGER

Wait! Stop! You have no right to test me or this school.

Silas and Skylar exit, the door closes. Mr. Ginger wrings his hands.

EXT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HIGH SCHOOL BIBLE CLASSROOM - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Dismayed, Silas shuffles out of Mr. Ginger's classroom into the hallway. Skylar, on the other hand, trots out in fine fettle.

SILAS

Skylar, you don't have to put up with this. This is my mission, not yours.

Suppressing a giggle, Skylar plops the posters and tack box into Silas' hands and pulls her EMF meter out of her pocket.

SKYLAR

(re: EMF meter)
I had it on vibrate. It went crazy when Mr. Ginger came running after us.

(mimicking Mr. Ginger and his nervous energy)
'Wait! Stop! You have no right to test me or this school.'

They burst out laughing. Suddenly, Skylar stops.

SKYLAR

What are you and your father testing?

SILAS

The real world.

Quietly understanding, Skylar smiles.

SKYLAR

Give me those posters. I'm not quitting.

Silas hands Skylar the posters and tack box.

SILAS

Do you realize we just met yesterday morning? I feel like you've been at my side my whole life.

SKYLAR

So it's all right if I work with you?

SILAS

I wouldn't have it any other way.

Under Silas' glowing gaze, Skylar, feeling self-conscious, presses on --

SKYLAR

Well, who's next?

A bit flustered by his attraction to Skylar, Silas looks up and down the hallway, then points to a door down the hall.

SILAS

How about *Arsenic and Old Lace*?

SKYLAR

Mrs. Cooney!

They give each other a thumbs up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRAYER ROOM FOYER - DAY

The foyer is a plush waiting area with leather sofas and chairs, modern side-tables and coffee table, Knightway Christian banners, trophies, and yearbooks displayed on bookshelves and in glass cases.

A closed door has a silver plaque on it: PRAYER ROOM.

INT. PRAYER ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

No windows, no embellishment. A granite buffet counter takes up one side of the room, resplendent with expensive coffees and coffee makers, teas, juices, water, and a variety of sandwich, fruit, veggie, and dessert platters. In the center of the room is a great round table with twelve leather chairs, each chair taken, all heads bowed in prayer over folded hands.

The principal, MR. MORGAN SANDBORN, 48, in fashionable casual men's wear and a clean-cut haircut, always wears a gushing smile and forced friendliness masking his strong lust for power underneath.

Sandborn PRAYS ALOUD, the others silent, his hands clenching and unclenching...

MR. SANDBORN

(dramatic)

... and for each of our students,
lead them not into temptation, but
deliver them from evil.

(mumbles so quickly it can
barely be understood)

In Jesus' name we pray.

Perfunctory AMENS EMIT FROM AROUND THE TABLE: Miss Cherry; Mr. Ginger; Mr. Logan dressed in a new black Hawaiian shirt; Mr. Warton; MRS. COONEY, 60's, artistic flashy dresser.

Sitting next to Sandborn is MR. RANDOLPH COYLE the CFO, dressed expensively, a definite presence, not saying much.

The rest: TEACHERS FOR JOHNNY CASH and TEACHERS FOR THE STATUS QUO, are interspersed.

After the AMEN's, several rise, go to the buffet table, load up their plates, and return.

During this, Mr. Sandborn nods to Miss Cherry indicating it's time for her to speak.

MISS CHERRY

Thank you, Mr. Sandborn.

(beat)

You all know about Silas Belles and
his Johnny Cash posters.

Everyone nods.

MISS CHERRY

Did you know he threatened me?

Teachers for the Status Quo lean forward, wanting to hear more. Teachers for Johnny Cash are skeptical.

MR. SANDBORN

How did Silas Belles threaten you, Miss Cherry?

MISS CHERRY

It's difficult to say specifically. But he was definitely bullying me. His parents have all that money, so he thinks he can waltz into my classroom and make demands.

MR. GINGER

That's exactly how I felt. He said he was testing us and the school. He and his billionaire father.

RANDOLPH COYLE

(caught off guard)
He mentioned his father?

MR. GINGER

Loud and clear, Mr. Coyle.

Coyle and Sandborn exchange a nervous glance.

MR. SANDBORN

Did he say what they were testing?

Mr. Ginger shakes his head.

RANDOLPH COYLE

(testy)
Did you ask him?!

MR. GINGER

Of course, I did. He wouldn't answer. He ran away.

MRS. COONEY

(munching a sandwich)
Maybe Belles is thinking of buying the school.

Sandborn and Coyle exchange a horrified glance -- they never saw that coming!

TEACHERS FOR JOHNNY CASH #1

Yeah! First, he enrolls his son.

MR. WARTON

Then Silas brings in Johnny Cash posters.

MR. LOGAN

Wouldn't that be something? Hollis Belles owning this school.

Sandborn and Coyle don't even want to think about it!

MR. SANDBORN

Enough of the rumor mill!

All go quiet.

MR. SANDBORN

Two teachers have felt threatened by a student.

(to Cherry and Ginger)

Did Belles shout or raise his voice? Curse or swear?

Miss Cherry and Mr. Ginger shake their heads.

MR. GINGER

But that's what made him so threatening. He was too respectful. Too nice. After the last six weeks of ditching classes or falling asleep in every class, he was a new man. As if he'd planned his daily naps to catch us off guard. Now, he's so full of himself, so certain he's right.

MISS CHERRY

As a professional, it's his odd behavior that worries me. I believe he needs counseling.

MR. LOGAN

You believe everyone needs counseling.

Teachers for Johnny Cash agree. Teachers for the Status Quo scowl.

Miss Cherry takes it in stride -- she's above it all.

MR. SANDBORN

Mr. Logan, that was uncalled for.

MR. WARTON

So, what's the big deal anyway? A student asks to put up a poster that points us all to Jesus? Do you realize that's what you're whining about?

(looking at his wedding ring)

I think it's a good idea.

MR. LOGAN

It is a good idea.

MR. GINGER

(lashing out)

I've never seen you in black before, Mr. Logan.

MR. LOGAN

You're going to see me in black a lot more, Ginger. And, every time I wear it, I hope you remember the words of Johnny Cash:

(mimicking Johnny Cash's gravelly voice and drawl)

"I wear black for those who've never read or listened to the words Jesus said about the road to happiness through love and charity. Why you'd think he's talking straight to you and me."

MRS. COONEY

Bravo! Why can't we do a Johnny Cash anthology instead of *Arsenic and Old Lace*?

MR. LOGAN

Now you're talkin', Cooney.

(looking straight at Sandborn)

And a heads up to everyone. I'm getting off this college-prep merry-go-round. From now on, I'm teaching real, hands-on science, not government handouts. Our students are smart. If they know the real science, the government handouts will be a cinch to learn for their entrance exams. We'll all laugh at them together.

MISS CHERRY
Well, Mr. Logan, I see Silas Belles
certainly got to you!

Their eyes meet, Miss Cherry's furious and challenging, Mr. Logan grinning confidently.

MR. LOGAN
No, Miss Cherry. Not Silas Belles.

In the b.g., the STACCATO WOOD CLAP in Johnny Cash's song, God's Gonna Cut You Down, PULSES INTO THE SOUNDTRACK --

MISS CHERRY
Then who?!

MR. LOGAN
Well...

Mr. Logan scans the room.

MR. LOGAN
I did a little research during
lunchtime. A lunch I'll never
forget.

Eyes locked onto Miss Cherry's, Mr. Logan's grin grows.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(singing *God's Gonna Cut
You Down*)
You can run on for a long time...

FADE TO:

FLASHBACK TO LOGAN'S LUNCHTIME --

INT. HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE CLASS - DAY

Mr. Logan, wearing a colorful Hawaiian shirt, leaning back in his chair, his feet up on his unruly desk blocking his view of his open laptop, looks at the Johnny Cash poster on his wall. His earbuds on to Johnny Cash's song, "*God's Gonna Cut You Down*," he happily crunches away at celery sticks with peanut butter, his lunch bag tipped over next to his keys.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(singing *God's Gonna Cut
You Down*)
... run on for a long time.
Run on for a long time. Sooner or
later, God'll cut you down...

Gradually feeling the somber pressure from the music, Logan stops chewing.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *God's Gonna Cut
 You Down*)
 ... sooner or later God'll cut you
 down.

Brow furrowing, he rips his feet off his desk, sits up quickly, and stares at his laptop screen...

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *God's Gonna Cut
 You Down*)
 Go tell that long tongue liar, go
 and tell that midnight rider...

INSERT MR. LOGAN'S LAPTOP SCREEN --

The home page of USGS (United States Geological Survey) with its subtitle SCIENCE FOR A CHANGING WORLD, and a graphic of a dying wasteland...

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *God's Gonna Cut
 You Down*)
 ... tell the rambler, the gambler,
 the back biter...

Logan's jaw tightens--

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *God's Gonna Cut
 You Down*)
 Tell 'em that God's gonna cut 'em
 down, God's gonna cut 'em down.

Slamming the laptop shut, Logan drops his head into his hands.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *God's Gonna Cut
 You Down*)
 Well, my goodness gracious, let me
 tell you the news, my head's been
 wet with the midnight dew...

A growing LIGHT SHINING ON HIM, Logan jerks his head up, presses an earbud to keep it in place.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *God's Gonna Cut
 You Down*)
 (MORE)

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I've been down on bended knee,
talkin' to the Man from Galilee. He
spoke to me in a voice so sweet...

The LIGHT GROWING STRONGER, Logan jumps up, swipes his keys off his desk, and heads for the door.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)

(singing *God's Gonna Cut
You Down*)

I thought I heard the shuffle of
angel's feet...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Driving an old convertible Mustang with the top down, Logan, still in his colorful Hawaiian shirt, his elbow resting on his open window, flies down the highway, belting it out with Johnny Cash --

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)

(singing *God's Gonna Cut
You Down*)

He called my name and my
heart stood still when he
said, "John, go do my will!"

MR. LOGAN

(singing *God's Gonna Cut
You Down*)

He called my name and my
heart stood still when he
said, "John, go do my will."

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF SURF SHOP - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Logan swings into a parking space before the Surf Shop, hops out, and heads to the entrance door of the Surf Shop, his earbuds still on.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)

(singing *God's Gonna Cut
You Down*)

Go tell that long tongue liar and
tell that midnight rider, tell the
rambler, the gambler, the back
biter...

INT. SURF SHOP - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wearing his new black Hawaiian shirt -- the one he's wearing at the prayer meeting -- and earbuds, Logan takes his receipt from the CASHIER, nods goodbye, and grabbing THREE OTHER NEW BLACK HAWAIIAN SHIRTS on hangars along with his colorful Hawaiian shirt, he strides out.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *God's Gonna Cut
 You Down*)
 Tell 'em that God's gonna cut 'em
 down, tell 'em that God's gonna cut
 'em down...

EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Driving his convertible Mustang, top down, in the opposite direction, Logan, wearing his new black Hawaiian shirt, the other shirts laying on the back seat, flies down the highway, belting it out with Johnny Cash --

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.) (singing <i>God's Gonna Cut You Down</i>)	MR. LOGAN (singing <i>God's Gonna Cut You Down</i>)
You can run on for a long time, run on for a long time, run on for a long time...	You can run on for a long time, run on for a long time, run on for a long time...

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE CLASS - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Logan, in his new black Hawaiian shirt, paws through the files and memorabilia crammed into the top drawer of the black filing cabinet, searching.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *God's Gonna Cut
 You Down*)
 Well you may throw your rock and
 hide your hand, Workin' in the dark
 against your fellow man...

The drawers of the other two filing cabinets are all half open; files and memorabilia half in and half out, papers scattered on the floor.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *God's Gonna Cut
 You Down*)
 But as sure as God made black and
 white, what's done in the dark will
 be brought to light.

Finding nothing in the top drawer, Logan slams it shut, opens the next drawer, and his eyes light on exactly what he's looking for.

INSERT FOLDER:

The tab of the folder reads: SCIENCE

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *God's Gonna Cut
 You Down*)
 You can run on for a long time...

Logan wrestles the SCIENCE folder out of the drawer and opens it.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *God's Gonna Cut
 You Down*)
 Run on for a long time, run on for
 a long time...

Staring at the papers inside, his eyes mist up.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *God's Gonna Cut
 You Down*)
 Sooner or later God'll cut you
 down, Sooner or later, God'll cut
 you down.

Closing the folder, he presses it to his chest.

FADE TO:

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. PRAYER ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Logan still aims his confident grin at Miss Cherry --

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *God's Gonna Cut
 You Down*)
 Sooner or later, God'll cut you
 down...

With penetrating and knowing eyes, Logan scans the group focusing on: Sandborn, Coyle, Cherry, and Ginger.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing *God's Gonna Cut
 You Down*)
 Sooner or later, God'll cut you
 down...

As the SONG DRIFTS AWAY --

MR. LOGAN
I hope you all had as great a
lunchtime as I did.
(to Miss Cherry)
Just me and Johnny Cash.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Under a sky filled with the lines and criss-crossings of
chemtrails, students leave the school buildings and shuffle
toward the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL - AFTERNOON -
CONTINUOUS

Students shuffle into the jammed parking lot riddled with
cars moving slowly through, stopping for students to hop in.

Logan's Mustang, top down, zips down the RESERVED FOR GOLDEN
CIRCLE MEMBERS lane, stopping behind Silas' pickup.

Silas and Skylar stand by the tailgate talking, the Johnny
Cash posters in Skylar's hand.

MR. LOGAN
(animated)
Hey, Silas! Skylar!

SILAS
Hi, Mr. Logan.

MR. LOGAN
(motioning to posters)
You sure rattled some cages today.

Pleased, Silas and Skylar grin.

MR. LOGAN
Where did you get them?

SILAS
My sister, Karen, made them.

MR. LOGAN
I need some science posters made.
For real science. Do you think she
could make some up for me asap?
I'll pay her.

SILAS

Sure. Come over any time. She's usually home.

SKYLAR

Did you say real science, Mr. Logan?

MR. LOGAN

(nods)

From now on, real hands-on researching science, Skylar.

Hopes high, Skylar points to the chemtrails spreading out overhead.

SKYLAR

What about them?

(pointing to the two cell tower trees)

And them?

MR. LOGAN

(nodding, big grin)

Real hands-on science, Skylar.

SKYLAR

(bursting)

Thank you, Mr. Logan!

MR. LOGAN

Thank you! And thank you, Silas!

About to drive off, Logan stops. Taking in the huge campus before him, the chemtrails overhead, and the two cell tower trees, he shakes his head.

MR. LOGAN

You know, when I first came here, everything was different. I was different. My science classes were different.

Curious, Silas and Skylar step closer, waiting for more.

MR. LOGAN

We started with four teachers in one small building with thirty-five students. The billionaire, Mr. Knightway -- only back then he was a millionaire -- placed his daughter, Jessica, in charge.

(MORE)

MR. LOGAN (CONT'D)

She made sure every academic subject was rooted in the Word of God, every homework assignment, every song, every artistic endeavor... Everything grew out of Jesus: the Way, the Truth, and the Life. It was glorious.

SKYLAR

What happened?

MR. LOGAN

Jessica was killed in a car accident. Mr. Knightway was crushed. He stopped coming to the school. Oh, he continued paying the bills, but bit by bit everything changed. Even I changed.

Mr. Logan looks from Silas to Skylar to Silas.

MR. LOGAN

I'll help you anyway I can.

A renewed man, Logan zips away.

Watching him go, Silas and Skylar shake their heads in disbelief.

SILAS

(knowing grin)

I wonder whose cages we rattled.

SKYLAR

I said Mr. Logan wasn't very bright. He may have been on dimmer switch for awhile, but not anymore.

SILAS

(wooing her)

How about breakfast?

SKYLAR

(cheerful banter)

It's afternoon.

SILAS

I can eat breakfast anytime, day or night.

SKYLAR

So can I.

Smiling agreeably, Silas opens the passenger door. Tiffany hops partway in, turns, and leans toward him.

TIFFANY

So... What do you think? Should I accept George's invitation to the homecoming dance?

SILAS

George?! What about his --

TIFFANY

(cutting him off)
He won't be drinking.

Silas eyes her.

TIFFANY

Even if he does, he has to blow off steam somehow. He has homework until two in the morning, gym workouts at five a.m., running, batting cages, baseball tournaments every weekend.

(beat)

George is under a lot of pressure, Silas.

Tiffany notices Silas looking off. She looks and sees he's watching Skylar walking across the parking lot, and it hurts.

When Skylar disappears into a row of vehicles, Silas keeps watching.

SILAS

From what I hear, you're under a lot of pressure too.

Tiffany's strong veneer crumbles, and she starts to cry.

TIFFANY

Oh, Silas, you can't imagine.

Seeing her tears, Silas feels protective of her.

SILAS

Well, Tiff, let's not add George to your troubles. How about going to homecoming with me?

Sitting up straight in the passenger seat and wiping away tears, Tiffany closes the door and looks out at Silas through the open window.

TIFFANY
 (all smiles)
 Thought you'd never ask.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUFFALO GAP RANCH HOUSE - SUNSET

Huge elegant log ranch house looking out over the high plains and buttes, some lights on, smoke coming out of the chimney.

INT. DEN, BUFFALO GAP RANCH HOUSE - SUNSET - CONTINUOUS

Furnished high-end country western style den, Hollis Belles looks out the window talking on his cell phone.

The den door is open revealing in the b.g. 14-year-old Trevor Belles and MR. GREGORY KNIGHTWAY, age 80 and in great condition, playing chess in front of the roaring fire in the spacious living room.

HOLLIS
 Well, Silas, the Buffalo Gap ranch is officially ours. By the way, guess who our new neighbor is? He's playing chess with Trevor right now.

SILAS (V.O.)
 Whoever he is, you sound pleased.

HOLLIS
 (low)
 Gregory Knightway.

EXT. VINEYARD PERIMETER FENCE, BELLES RANCH - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

His horse grazing in the b.g., Silas, holding up a t-post for fencing with one hand, his other hand holding his cell phone, about chokes.

SILAS
 You mean... the billionaire Knightway of Knightway Christian School?

HOLLIS (V.O.)
 None other.

SILAS

Did you say anything about the school? About what it's like and what I'm doing?

INT. DEN, BUFFALO GAP RANCH HOUSE - SUNSET - CONTINUOUS

Hollis looks across the den into the living room at Gregory Knightway.

HOLLIS

(into phone)

No, son. That's your business.

EXT. VINEYARD PERIMETER FENCE, BELLES RANCH - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Still holding the t-post, Silas talks on his cell.

SILAS

Thanks, dad.

Thinking hard, Silas punches the off button, puts his phone in his pocket, grabs his t-post pounder, places it onto the post, and starts pounding.

The RUMBLE OF A 4-WHEELER COMES INTO THE SOUNDTRACK. Silas looks.

Karen rides up on a 4-wheeler, hops off and, grabbing a folder of papers, hurries over to Silas.

KAREN

Have you seen this?

Karen shows the folder to Silas.

INSERT:

The same folder Mr. Logan found in the filing cabinet, the tab labeled: SCIENCE.

Karen opens the folder to a pile of old, faded 8 X 11 posters inside.

Looking at them one by one, Silas shakes his head.

SILAS

Where'd you get these?

KAREN

Mr. Logan brought them to me. He wants me to make posters out of them.

INSERT POSTER #1:

An old spotted 8 X 11 poster with KNIGHTWAY embossed at the top, the text reading: *The Bible is foundational for science.*

Signed at the bottom: *Miss Jessica Knightway*

SILAS (O.S.)

(reading poster text)

The Bible is foundational for science. Miss Jessica Knightway.

INSERT POSTER #2:

Another old, spotted 8 X 11 poster with KNIGHTWAY embossed at the top which reads: *Genesis One gives us the beginnings, purposes, and boundaries of God's creation.*

Signed at the bottom: *Miss Jessica Knightway*

SILAS (O.S.)

(reading poster text)

Genesis One gives us the beginnings, purposes, and boundaries of God's creation. Miss Jessica Knightway.

INSERT POSTER #3:

Faded, wrinkled, and embossed with KNIGHTWAY at the top, the 8 X 11 poster reads: *God's Word, the Bible, tells us that God's boundaries: His Laws, are set and will not change. Moreover, Science can only exist in a world where the laws are set and do not change.*

Signed at the bottom: *Miss Jessica Knightway*

SILAS (O.S.)

(reading poster text)

God's Word, the Bible, tells us that God's boundaries: His Laws, are set and will not change. Moreover, Science can only exist in a world where the laws are set and do not change. Miss Jessica Knightway.

Amazed, Silas rifles through the rest of the posters.

SILAS

So, once upon a time, these hung in
Mr. Logan's science classroom. Real
science.

(beat)

He sure did go on dimmer switch.

KAREN

Huh?

SILAS

Nothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL - MORNING

The school is a hub of vehicles and students arriving. Unlike before, there is a large number of black uniforms among the students.

EXT. DRIVING LANE TO PARKING LOT, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN -
MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Silas' pickup follows the driving lane onto campus, passing buildings and heading toward the parking lots.

INT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Silas, dressed in black school uniform, drives, listening to Johnny Cash.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)

(audio/radio, reading the
New Testament: Matthew
6:33-34)

But seek first the kingdom of God
and His righteousness...

Spotting someone ahead, Silas waves without rolling down his window.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)

(audio/radio, reading the
New Testament: Matthew
6:33-34)

... and all these things shall be
added unto you.

EXT. DRIVING LANE TO PARKING LOT, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN -
MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Skylar, wearing the black school uniform and carrying her backpack and violin case, zigzags in and out of the teachers and staffers. NONE ARE DRESSED IN BLACK. Some jerk back and forth to the amped up MUSIC from the BOOM BOX PLAYING UNIDENTIFIABLE HARSH ROCK AND ROLL.

Swept into the crowd of students moving toward campus, MANY DRESSED IN BLACK UNIFORM, she spots Silas and waves.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(audio/radio, reading the
New Testament: Matthew
6:33-34)

Therefore do not worry about
tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry
about its own things.

Skylar hurries to his passenger door.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(audio/radio, reading the
New Testament: Matthew
6:33-34)

Sufficient for the day is its own
trouble.

Skylar opens the passenger door and the BOOM BOX ROCK AND ROLL POURS IN.

INT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Annoyed, Silas pops off the audio CD and waves her in.

Throwing her backpack on the floor, Skylar jumps in, her violin case squashed on her lap, and quickly shuts the door, muffling the BOOM BOX MUSIC.

SKYLAR
Can you believe it?! Look at all
the kids in black! How did they
find out?!

Silas throws her a mischievous glance.

SILAS
Facebook.

Pleased, their eyes meet, both excited.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDBORN'S OFFICE, SECOND STORY OF SCHOOL BUILDING -
MORNING

Randolph Coyle stands alone looking out the closed window
down on the arriving students.

RANDOLPH COYLE
(calling back)
At least half the students are
wearing black!

INT. SANDBORN'S OFFICE BATHROOM, SECOND STORY OF SCHOOL
BUILDING - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Sandborn dressed California casual, daubs revealer make-up
under his eyes in his top of the line office bathroom with
shower.

MR. SANDBORN
(yelling back)
I don't care about the students,
black uniforms, or Johnny Cash!

Coyle appears in the doorway.

MR. SANDBORN
I want to know if Knightway is
selling the school to Hollis
Belles.

RANDOLPH COYLE
(obvious disgust)
Why the make-up?

MR. SANDBORN
I go on stage in forty-five
minutes.
(off Coyle's quizzical
look)
Chapel.

RANDOLPH COYLE
Oh.
(back to point)
As principal, Sandborn, you should
be able to find out if Knightway is
selling.

MR. SANDBORN
As CFO, Coyle, you should be able
to find out if Belles is sniffing
around.

RANDOLPH COYLE

If he is, his attorneys and accountants would be banging at my door wanting to scour our books.

Leaving the bathroom, passing Coyle at the doorway --

MR. SANDBORN

THAT can never happen.

INT. SANDBORN'S OFFICE, SECOND STORY OF SCHOOL BUILDING - MORNING

Coyle follows Sandborn from the bathroom into Sandborn's office, a showroom of oak, leather, and granite opulence: a sitting area, desk, sofas, bookshelves, kitchen...

RANDOLPH COYLE

It doesn't have to happen. All we have to do is stop the kid. That'll get Belles off our backs. Problem solved.

Their eyes meet -- sounds sensible.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDBORN'S OFFICE, SECOND STORY OF SCHOOL BUILDING - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

Sitting at his desk, Sandborn drinks his latte as he calmly addresses Mr. Ginger and Miss Cherry sitting across from him. Randolph Coyle stands by.

MR. SANDBORN

Miss Cherry, yesterday at our prayer meeting you voiced concern over Silas Belles' mental condition. The first weeks of school, he was tardy, absent, and never did his assignments. Overnight, he changed from a near drop-out into a zealot, pushing Johnny Cash posters into our classrooms. I don't know much about mental illness, but to me this seems to be a case of going from one extreme personality to another. I don't think it's good for the school.

MR. GINGER
Of course, it's not.

Ignoring Ginger, Sandborn motions Coyle to take the floor.

RANDOLPH COYLE
You both felt threatened.
(to Miss Cherry)
Is there anything you can tell us
or do?

MISS CHERRY
(eager to take the floor)
I've been following the Silas
Belles case for two months now and
I have a folder this thick on him.

Miss Cherry opens her forefinger and thumb to an exaggerated
three inches.

MISS CHERRY
When he was ditching classes and
showing up late, I knew there was
something wrong...
(an aside)
... these home schooled kids have
trouble adjusting...
(back on point)
... so I asked him to come and see
me for counseling. He refused. Now,
he's taken his aberrant behavior to
the next level, thinking he and
Johnny Cash are the only ones who
can teach about Jesus Christ.
Clearly, he's delusional which
means he needs professional help.

RANDOLPH COYLE
We can't have a delusional student
and dead country western icon
running our school.

MR. GINGER
Silas Belles and Johnny Cash are
not educators. They've never even
been to college!

Everyone ignores Ginger.

MISS CHERRY
(continuing to Coyle and
Sandborn)
(MORE)

MISS CHERRY (CONT'D)

Because he's refused voluntary counseling, the only answer is a Seventy-Two-Hour Involuntary Psychiatric Hold so a psychiatrist can examine him. Right now, I'd say that would be best for him. But that would also be grounds for expulsion.

Sandborn and Coyle's eyes flash with satisfaction.

MR. SANDBORN

Well, if it's the only way, it's the only way.

RANDOLPH COYLE

(shakes his head)
Poor kid.

MISS CHERRY

I have evidence he's delusional, but he has to meet another criteria for a Seventy-Two-Hour Hold.

The three men eye her.

MISS CHERRY

He has to be harmful to others or harmful to himself.

Silence throughout the room -- wheels spinning.

MR. SANDBORN

(hoping for a yes)
Have either of you heard anything about him being violent or harmful?

Reluctantly, Ginger and Cherry shake their heads.

MR. SANDBORN

(strategically backing off)
Well, I'm sure things will work out.

MR. GINGER

Work out?! Aren't we going to do anything?!

Looking at his watch, Sandborn rises.

MR. SANDBORN
I'm going to chapel.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HISTORY CLASSROOM, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN
SCHOOL - DAY

IN ON MR. WARTON'S CELL PHONE TEXT:

Text reads: PLEASE SEND TIFFANY HOLT TO MY OFFICE. MISS
CHERRY.

Mr. Warton, wearing a black shirt and black pants, reads the
text and thinks about it. Slipping his phone back in his
pocket, he continues tacking up a huge poster on his Sun Tzu
wall.

INSERT: POSTER of NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S STATUE from his dream in
Daniel, Chapter Two --

The image of a huge statue with a head of gold; chest and
arms of silver; belly and thighs of brass; legs of iron; feet
and toes of part iron, part clay.

The text explains each section: The head of gold = Babylon;
the silver = Media-Persian Empire; the Brass = Greco Empire;
the Iron = Roman Empire; the Iron and Clay = ten kingdoms.

MR. WARTON
Each one of you should be able to
find Alexander the Great on this
poster.

Curious, the class studies the poster attentively.

At one table, Silas, wearing the black uniform, sits next to
Tiffany Holt and George Bridges, both wearing the hunter
green and beige uniform. TWO OTHER STUDENTS IN BLACK sit at
the table.

At another table, Joey, Mike, and Monroe, in black uniforms,
sit with two OTHER STUDENTS.

SIX OTHER STUDENTS in a mix of uniforms sit at another table.

MR. WARTON
Lately, I've been teaching *The Art
of War* by Sun Tzu as if his mental
games were the ultimate answer to
empires' victories.

Mr. Warton picks up a pointer.

MR. WARTON

Some teachers take a different route to explain victories, claiming weather as the deciding factor, larger armies, the nuclear bomb, biological weapons...

(beat)

But, if we start with the Word of God...

Using the pointer, Warton taps the head of gold, then the chest and arms of silver, then the belly and thighs of brass, the legs of iron, and taps the feet and toes...

MR. WARTON (V.O.)

... we'll find the true historical answer to the rise and fall of nations and empires.

(beat)

God's will!

(beat)

This chart represents a dream Nebuchadnezzar King of Babylon had about the kingdoms that would follow his.

Walking back to his podium, Warton's phone VIBRATES in his pocket. Scowling, he pulls it out.

MR. WARTON

Keep in mind, the empires on this chart were preordained by God before they existed. Before their great armies existed. Before Sun Tzu and Alexander were even born.

Warton looks at the new text on his phone.

IN ON MR. WARTON'S CELL PHONE TEXT:

UNDER THE TEXT THAT READS: *Please send Tiffany Holt to my office. Miss Cherry,* is a new text that reads: IMMEDIATELY!!!

Jaw tight, Mr. Warton lifts his eyes to Tiffany. The whole class looks at Tiffany.

MR. WARTON

Miss Cherry wants you in her office. Immediately.

Tiffany freezes.

TIFFANY
 (to Mr. Warton)
 Do I have to go?

Feeling for her, Warton nods.

CUT TO:

INT. MISS CHERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Miss Cherry hands Tiffany, sitting on a soft floral sofa, a cup of tea.

TIFFANY
 Thank you, Miss Cherry.

Miss Cherry, placing her cup of tea on the glass coffee table next to the pastries and candy dish, sits next to Tiffany.

MISS CHERRY
 You're probably wondering why I
 called you in.

Tiffany, trying to hide her nervousness, nods.

MISS CHERRY
 It's nothing really. George Bridges
 joined my Psychology Club and he
 suggested you might want to join.

TIFFANY
 (stunned)
 George joined?
 (rattled)
 And he suggested me?

MISS CHERRY
 The club has a lot of pluses,
 Tiffany. George saw it right away.
 I thought I could share them with
 you and you could share your ideas
 with me.

Knowing she's trapped, Tiffany sinks into the sofa.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUFFALO GAP RANGE - DAY

Hollis Belles and 14-year-old Trevor ride toward a herd of buffalo in the distance.

HOLLIS
(on his cell phone)
Got a moment, Silas?

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Silas, pacing outside an office door marked: WELLNESS THERAPY, MISS CHERRY, talks quietly on his cell phone.

SILAS
Yeah, sure, dad. What's up?

EXT. BUFFALO GAP RANGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Hollis motions Trevor to go on. Trevor rides on.

HOLLIS
Last night, I had a long talk with Gregory Knightway. I didn't mention you and what you're doing, but I did coax him to talk about the school. Reading between the lines, after his daughter died, he hired the best educational professionals to do the job, and because he was paying them top salaries, he trusted them. He did confide that when it came to the business end, he has suspected the integrity of the financial management of the school for the past five years, namely Mr. Sandborn, the principal, and Randolph Coyle, the CFO. Know anything about them?

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Silas, talking on his cell phone, thinks before answering.

SILAS
Not much, dad. Mr. Sandborn lectures at chapel every week reminding us Jesus saves while the entire school runs amuck...

Miss Cherry's office door slowly opens. Tiffany shuffles out.

SILAS
Dad, I gotta go.

HOLLIS (V.O.)
Okay, son. We'll talk later.

Silas hangs up.

Tiffany closes the door, turns, and seeing Silas, she startles. Immediately, she puts on forced cheerfulness.

TIFFANY
What are you doing here?

SILAS
Waiting for you. How'd it go?

Together, they start down the hall.

TIFFANY
She wanted me to join her
Psychology Club.

Silas eyes her.

TIFFANY
(defensive)
It's a great deal, Silas. Every
hour in the Psych Club adds an hour
to my community service. Even
better, every student I recruit,
adds five hours. Now I won't have
to do community service!

SILAS
So, showing up to a Psych Club in a
Christian school is community
service? That's disgusting, Tiff.

TIFFANY
(lashing out)
Are you going to wear black
forever?

SILAS
Of course, not.

TIFFANY
Then why wear it at all?

SILAS
Chalk it up to my community service
hours for all those who haven't
read or listened to the words
Jesus...

TIFFANY

(cutting him off)

Stop it, Silas! Miss Cherry doesn't like it and she can do a lot of damage to you. She wants to know everything about you.

SILAS

Is that what the meeting was about?

TIFFANY

I'm getting B's in French and English, okay? But if I answer her questions, she'll make it right with my teachers.

SILAS

She's trying to scare you.

TIFFANY

Well, she's succeeding.

SILAS

Life is more than grades and school, Tiffany.

TIFFANY

Maybe to you and your parents, but not mine.

(hushed, a warning)

Silas, you have to stop what you're doing. Miss Cherry and Mr. Sandborn don't like it.

SILAS

How many community service hours do you get for persuading me to stop standing for Jesus?

TIFFANY

She didn't say it like that.

SILAS

How many?

TIFFANY

Twenty-five.

Their eyes meet. Tiffany nods, it's true.

TIFFANY

She has a huge folder on you, Silas.

(MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Yesterday morning when we were in the parking lot, she heard me say, "Sometimes I think you've lost your mind," and she wrote it down!

SILAS

She's a busybody.

TIFFANY

She's more than that! She wanted to know if you ever mentioned suicide when you were ditching school. She asked if you'd ever hit me -- even a tap on the shoulder -- or forced yourself on me.

SILAS

(grinning)

A new wave of political police, huh?

TIFFANY

(frustrated by his joking)

I don't know. I guess so. It doesn't matter. It just is! This is life, Silas, get used to it.

SILAS

No, Tiffany, Jesus is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

TIFFANY

Silas, I love Jesus. At least, I try to. I love you too. Even if you weren't a billionaire's son, I'd love you.

She waits for him to respond. When he says nothing, she's hurt deeply, but doesn't show it.

TIFFANY

But, if you're going to continue on like this and I'm seen with you, I'll ruin my chances of getting into a good college and my parents will kill me. So, I'm going to homecoming with George.

He says nothing.

TIFFANY

Besides, I don't think you've ever liked my to-die-for dresses.

Tears well in her eyes.

SILAS

Well...

(wiping one of her tears)

I am a bit more comfortable dancing
with my arms around a dress than a
bare back.

Tiffany pecks him on the cheek and hurries away.

SILAS

(calling)

Tiff!

Tiffany stops and turns, hopeful.

Silas hurries up to her.

SILAS

Did you say anything to Miss Cherry
about Skylar?

Hopes dashed --

TIFFANY

(kind, loving)

Not a word.

SILAS

Thanks.

Deeply wounded, Tiffany hurries away.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BIBLE CLASSROOM - DAY

Uneasy, Mr. Ginger faces his class of FOURTEEN STUDENTS, now
divided into two distinct groups:

On one side of the classroom, seated on the high stools at
the high lab-desks with sinks, seven students, including
George and Tiffany, wear the hunter green and beige uniforms,
pricey smoothies at hand along with Ginger's book, *THE BIBLE
AS LITERATURE*.

On the other side, the seven students wear the black uniform,
including Silas Belles and Skylar sitting together at the
middle table; Joey, Mike, and Monroe seated behind them;
Ginger's book, *THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE*, at hand.

Mr. Ginger, his coffee mug in one hand, flips through his
book, *THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE*.

MR. GINGER
Open your books to Chapter Four.

All the students open their books, except --

Joey, browsing on his phone hidden under the table on his lap, searching for something, a furtive gleam in his eye...

And dejected Tiffany, her hand on her closed book, staring at the backs of Silas and Skylar sitting next to each other.

MR. GINGER
(highbrow)
To make his point to the community around him, the prophet, Joel, used different literary tools: metaphors, similes, figures of speech, imagery.

Silas takes a deep breath, leans in to Skylar and whispers --

SILAS
Here goes.

MR. GINGER
First, we must remember that Joel divided his narrative into three sections.

Silas raises his hand.

MR. GINGER
Section number one...

Spotting Silas' hand, Mr. Ginger stops.

MR. GINGER
(clearing his throat)
Yes?

SILAS
Mr. Ginger, when we read the Bible, are we reading literature which is man-made fiction or are we reading the Word of God which is God's Word and Truth?

Immediately, the class perks up. The seven wearing the beige and green uniforms, having to side with Mr. Ginger, nevertheless are rooting for Silas, as are the six wearing black uniforms at Silas' table.

Feeling threatened by both groups, Mr. Ginger ignores the group in black and speaks to the group in beige and green.

MR. GINGER

(clipped)

The Bible is the Word of God. The Bible is also literature because it relates to the human experience. That's what literature does: relates to the human experience.

SILAS

But God is the main character of the Bible, not human experience.

MR. GINGER

Yes, but God is...

Suddenly confused, Mr. Ginger goes tongue-tied.

A LONG, UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE.

Silas respectfully continues.

SILAS

As you said, Mr. Ginger, the Bible is God's Word, which means it is not man's word.

MR. GINGER

(seizing the victory)

Yes, but man wrote God's word down!

SILAS

Exactly! Man wrote God's word down, not man's word. And, because God's thoughts are not man's thoughts, and his ways are not man's ways...

Clenching his coffee mug, Mr. Ginger eyes bug out.

SILAS

...to try to understand the Word of God by using human experiences or literary tools, as you call them, is like...

MR. GINGER

(cutting him off, ice)

Who are you to tell me about the Bible and literature?

The class freezes, all staring at Mr. Ginger.

Tiffany raises her hand.

Ignoring Tiffany, Mr. Ginger picks up his book, *THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE*, and brandishes it.

MR. GINGER

I spent ten years writing this book. I'm writing my third now. Have you ever written a book, Silas Belles? No! You just ditch classes or sleep through them.

Satisfied he's put Silas in his place, he turns to Tiffany.

MR. GINGER

Yes?

TIFFANY

(innocent candor)

Maybe he's been sent by God to tell you about the Bible and literature.

Stricken as if by a sword, Mr. Ginger gapes at her. The whole class gapes at her.

TIFFANY

I mean, you asked where Silas got his authority, maybe God sent him to you.

Face red, Mr. Ginger marches toward Tiffany.

MR. GINGER

Must I remind you, Tiffany Holt, you need a good grade in this class. Comments like that will only...

SILAS

(cutting him off)

Hey! Lay off Tiffany!

MIKE

(joining in)

Yeah! You're not so hot! We all know what you did to our geometry teacher last year.

JOEY

In the closet!

Horrified, Mr. Ginger stops in his tracks.

MONROE

And how Mr. Coyle paid her off, and Sandborn covered it up.

All eyes fix on Mr. Ginger, standing frozen in shock. All eyes except Joey's --

Joey finds what he's looking for on his hidden cell phone and shows it to Mike and Monroe. Seeing the screen, Mike and Monroe nod adamantly.

Mr. Ginger turns to Silas, his face pale, his voice shaking --

MR. GINGER
Silas Belles, if you do not want to
take this class, leave.

Silas doesn't budge.

MR. GINGER
Now!

All is SILENT, everyone watching the stalemate between Mr. Ginger and Silas.

Joey taps the icon on his phone and...

... Johnny Cash SHATTERS THE SILENCE!

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(singing from Joey's cell
phone)
Well, you wonder why I always dress
in black...

So surprised, Mr. Ginger and the whole class jump out of their skins.

Joey, Mike, and Monroe stifle their laughter.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(singing from Joey's cell
phone)
... why you never see bright colors
on my back...

Wild eyed, Mr. Ginger scans the LAUGHING students.

MR. GINGER
Turn it off!!!

Joey quickly drops his phone to the floor and kicks it away from him.

The phone slides under Silas' table.

Mr. Ginger turns his attention to Joey, Mike, and Monroe.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing from Joey's cell
 phone)
 ... and why does my appearance
 always have a somber tone...

Joey, Mike, and Monroe hold up their empty hands -- "nothing here."

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.) (singing from Joey's cell phone)	MR. GINGER (to the class) TURN IT OFF!!!
---	--

Well, there's a reason for
 the things I have on...

Mike elbows Joey -- where is it? Joey motions to the floor under Silas and Skylar's table.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing from Joey's cell
 phone)
 I wear the black for the poor and
 the beaten down...

Mike and Monroe look.

Mr. Ginger sees where Joey motions to and spots the phone under Silas' table.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing from Joey's cell
 phone)
 ... livin' in the hopeless, hungry
 side of town.

Crazed, Mr. Ginger races toward Silas' table.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing from Joey's cell
 phone)
 And I wear it for the prisoner who
 has long paid for his crime...

Seeing Mr. Ginger coming, Silas looks down and sees the phone. He reaches down to get it.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing from Joey's cell
 phone)
 ... but still is there because he's
 a victim of the times...

At the same time, Mr. Ginger dives under the table.

INT. UNDER SILAS' HIGH TABLE -- HIGH SCHOOL BIBLE CLASSROOM -
DAY - CONTINUOUS

Seeing Silas' arm reaching under the table, Mr. Ginger pushes an empty stool into it, causing Silas' arm to fly back.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(singing from Joey's cell
phone)
I wear the black for those who have
never read...

About to reach for the phone on the floor, Ginger notices Silas' cowboy boot on the rung of his stool. In blind rage, he grabs the rung of the stool, jerking it away from under Silas.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(singing from Joey's cell
phone)
... or listened to the words that
Jesus said...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BIBLE CLASSROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Skylar grabs Silas before he goes down. Clenching the table, Silas tries to hold himself up, but cannot. Skylar loses her grip...

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(singing from Joey's cell
phone)
... about the road to happiness
through love and charity...

INT. UNDER SILAS' HIGH TABLE -- HIGH SCHOOL BIBLE CLASSROOM -
DAY - CONTINUOUS

As Silas goes down, his cowboy boot jerks up and kicks Mr. Ginger in the face.

Mr. Ginger's head jerks back, then forward, and he slumps to the floor.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(singing from Joey's cell
phone)
... why you'd think he's talkin'
straight to you and me.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BIBLE CLASSROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

In total disbelief, the entire class gapes at inert Mr. Ginger.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing from Joey's cell
 phone)
 Well, we're doin' mighty fine I do
 suppose, In our streak of lightnin'
 cars and fancy clothes...

SILAS
 (to Skylar)
 Get the security guard.
 (to the others)
 Call 9-1-1... Call Mr. Sandborn and
 the nurse's office.

Skylar hurries out of the room. The students start dialing their phones.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing from Joey's cell
 phone)
 But just so we're reminded of the
 ones who are held back...

Silas, in his black uniform, gently turns Mr. Ginger over and onto his lap. Mr. Ginger is limp, eyes closed, forehead bleeding.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing from Joey's cell
 phone)
 Up front there ought to be a Man in
 Black...

SILAS
 Mr. Ginger? Mr. Ginger!

In the b.g., Joey grabs his phone, turns it off, and dials.

SECURITY GUARD #6 is suddenly at Silas' side with Skylar. George and Tiffany step up beside them.

Hunkering down, Security Guard #6 takes Mr. Ginger's wrist and hunts for his pulse. Skylar hunkers down beside Silas, both waiting for Security Guard #6's assessment.

Staring at limp Mr. Ginger, the whole class, including George, Tiffany, Joey, Mike, and Monroe, holds its breath.

JOEY
Is he alive?

Security Guard #6 nods.

The class sighs with relief.

Silas looks at Skylar. She nods, everything's going to be okay. He takes her hand and squeezes it.

ON SILAS AND SKYLAR'S HANDS HELD TIGHTLY TOGETHER --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. QUAD, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN - DAY - LATER

ON SILAS' HANDS LOCKED IN ZIP TIE HANDCUFFS BEHIND HIS BACK. Still wearing his black school uniform, Silas is escorted across the quad by a POLICE OFFICER.

Jaw clenched, Silas looks straight ahead as he passes Mr. Ginger, his head bandaged, giving his report to NO-NONSENSE POLICE OFFICER, aware that Miss Cherry and Mr. Sandborn stand nearby, measuring his every word.

MR. GINGER
He started harassing me yesterday,
demanding I put up his poster.

A CROWD of students stands back and watches solemnly. NO ONE IS VIDEOING WITH THEIR PHONES.

Tiffany and George stand together, Tiffany frightened and George in confused disbelief.

MR. GINGER (V.O.)
He told me he and his father were
testing us and this school.

Indignant, Joey, Mike, and Monroe stand together watching Silas pass by in handcuffs. A STUDENT IN BEIGE AND GREEN UNIFORM raises his phone to start VIDEOING the scene. Mike glowers at him. The Student in Beige and Green lowers his phone.

MR. GINGER (V.O.)
Then, today, he harassed me before
the entire class until everyone was
laughing at me.

EXT. PARKING LOT, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL - DAY -
CONTINUOUS

Police Officer escorts handcuffed Silas to his black-and-white parked at the curb of the parking lot.

MR. GINGER (V.O.)
I told him he could leave. Instead,
he turned his phone on full blast,
playing Johnny Cash's *Man in Black*.

Police Officer opens the back door to the black-and-white. Silas scoots in, sits up straight, and looks directly ahead.

MR. GINGER (V.O.)
When I told him to turn it off, he
threw the phone to the floor, and
when I went for it, he deliberately
kicked me in the face with his
boot.

Police Officer moves to the driver's seat and gets in.

Skylar Wren, standing alone in the shadows, runs up to the black-and-white.

SKYLAR
Silas!... Silas!...

Silas turns and sees Skylar. Their eyes meet. Both somber.

The black-and-white slowly moves away, Skylar waving.

Mr. Logan, Mr. Warton, and Mrs. Cooney, each wearing black, step up beside Skylar, and together they watch Silas being taken away.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - DAY

The black-and-white keeps steady with the traffic, Silas riding in the backseat.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Still handcuffed and still in his black school uniform, Silas is escorted by Police Officer down the hospital corridor.

MISS CHERRY (O.S.)
I've been observing Silas Belles
for two months.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL ADMITTING DESK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Miss Cherry, flipping through her SILAS BELLES folder, talks to HOSPITAL THERAPIST behind the desk, who nods as she types Miss Cherry's report into her computer.

The HOSPITAL SECURITY GUARD stands nearby on alert for physical hazards, not listening.

MISS CHERRY
I had no idea he would turn
violent. But one never knows what
these cases will do next.

Miss Cherry expects a hearty approval from Hospital Therapist, but gets nothing except an impatient wave for her to continue.

MISS CHERRY
He refused voluntary counseling, so
the only alternative was an
Involuntary Psychiatric Hold for
seventy-two hours before he hurts
anyone else who disagrees with him.
It's the only loving thing to do
for all concerned.

Silence, except the printer printing.

Miss Cherry offers the Therapist her Silas Belles folder.

MISS CHERRY
If the psychiatrist would like to
review my notes.

Ignoring the offer, Hospital Therapist takes the print-out from the printer and puts it on the counter.

HOSPITAL THERAPIST
(offering Miss Cherry a
pen)
Sign here.

Miss Cherry briefly scans the paper and signs.

Hospital Therapist points to the plastic chairs lining the wall.

HOSPITAL THERAPIST

Wait over there.

Miss Cherry, not used to being a small cog, wants to say more, but holding her Silas Belles folder close to her chest, she goes to a plastic chair and sits.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUFFALO GAP RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Next to a construction truck parked in the front of the house with a WORKER going in and out is a G-Wagen (Mercedes-Benz G-Class) SUV.

Hollis Belles, Trevor Belles, and Gregory Knightway, each carrying a duffle bag, come out of the house and stride across the porch to the steps.

TREVOR

I don't see why we have to go home
just because Silas is crazy.

Hollis motions Trevor to get in the car. He hightails it down the steps to the G-Wagen. Hollis and Knightway follow.

HOLLIS

Gregory, you don't have to make
this trip.

KNIGHTWAY

Oh, yes, I do! My school did this
to your son. Not to mention what it
has probably done to thousands of
others.

(beat)

We'll take my jet.

HOLLIS

We'll take mine.

Knightway stops. Seeing Knightway won't take no for an answer, Hollis concedes.

KNIGHTWAY

This should be a slam-dunk.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL ADMITTING DESK - LATE AFTERNOON

Hollis Belles and Gregory Knightway stand before Hospital Therapist at the admitting desk. Hollis holds a sealed bubble manila envelope under his arm. The Hospital Security Guard, as before, stands to the side, implacable.

HOLLIS

What do you mean I can't see him?
I'm his father.

HOSPITAL THERAPIST

(looking at the chart)
You might be able to see him later.
The psychiatrist has to see him
first. He'll determine if anyone
can see him and when.

HOLLIS

Are you serious? That's my son in
there!

(beat)

He didn't do anything!

HOSPITAL THERAPIST

You can contest it. But it will be
at least ten days before the
hearing. He'll be out by then.

KNIGHTWAY

(firm)

Oh, we'll contest it.

Hospital Therapist rifles through her papers, pulls out what she's looking for, hands it to Knightway.

HOSPITAL THERAPIST

Here's the paperwork.

Hospital Therapist goes back to working on her computer.

Stunned, Hollis and Knightway stare at each other in disbelief.

HOLLIS

(to Hospital Therapist)

When will the psychiatrist see him?

The Hospital Therapist shrugs -- she doesn't know.

HOSPITAL THERAPIST

He's a very busy man.

Hollis is about to explode.

Knightway grabs Hollis' arm to calm him down, and the bubble manila envelope falls to the floor. Hollis picks it up, holds the envelope for the Hospital Therapist to see.

HOLLIS

I was going to give this to him.
Can you?

HOSPITAL THERAPIST

Certainly.

Hospital Therapist takes the envelope and holds it up for Hospital Security Guard. He comes over and takes it.

HOSPITAL SECURITY GUARD

(to Hollis and Knightway)
I'll have to look inside.

Hollis nods.

Hospital Security Guard opens the seal and pulls out the contents:

INSERT: CONTENTS OF BUBBLE MANILA ENVELOPE

A small CD player, earbuds, the Johnny Cash New Testament CD, and a CD of Johnny Cash's, THE MAN COMES AROUND.

Seeing the contents, a glorious light bursts forth on Hospital Security Guard's face.

He looks at Hollis. Their eyes meet. Hospital Security Guard holds up the two CD's and nods, indicating he's on the same page.

HOSPITAL SECURITY GUARD

I'll deliver it to him immediately,
sir.

HOLLIS

God bless you.

Packing the contents back into the manila envelope, Hospital Security Guard strides away down the corridor with the envelope in his hand.

HOLLIS

Well, I guess that's it. We wait.

KNIGHTWAY

Not me.

Surprised, Hollis looks at Knightway. Knightway pulls him out of earshot.

KNIGHTWAY

Your son is going to be in here for seventy-two hours, Hollis. You know it. I know it. So I'm going to use the next seventy-two hours to destroy who and what put him in here.

Stunned, Hollis' mouth drops.

HOLLIS

How?

KNIGHTWAY

(very low)

After I talked to you the other night about my suspicions about the school's financial integrity, I dug into it.

On pins and needles, Hollis waits.

Knightway pulls out a FOLDED DOCUMENT from his coat pocket and holds it up.

KNIGHTWAY

I was right. Bribery, embezzlement, money laundering. Even handing out cash perks to teachers for favors.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

ON SILAS' HANDS pulling out the contents of the bubble manila envelope.

Seeing the Johnny Cash CD, THE MAN COMES AROUND, he bursts into a smile.

Still in his black uniform, he hurriedly puts the CD into the player, puts in his earbuds, turns it on, and listens intently.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)

(speaking the beginning of
THE MAN COMES AROUND)

"And I heard, as it were, the noise of thunder, one of the four beasts saying, 'Come and see,' and I saw. And, behold, a white horse."

The GUITAR INTRODUCTION PLAYS. Energized, Silas jumps to his feet in the stark room and glares out, loaded for bear --

SILAS
There's a man goin' 'round takin'
names!

Johnny Cash starts singing --

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(singing THE MAN COMES
AROUND)
There's a man goin' 'round takin'
names...

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(singing THE MAN COMES
AROUND)
... and he decides who to
free and who to blame.

SILAS
... and HE decides who to
free and who to blame!

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(singing THE MAN COMES
AROUND)
Everybody won't be treated all the
same. There'll be a golden ladder
reaching down...

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(singing THE MAN COMES
AROUND)
When the man comes around.

SILAS
(tears springing to his
eyes)
When the man comes around.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SANDBORN'S OFFICE, SECOND STORY OF SCHOOL BUILDING -
MORNING

The DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

Mr. Knightway, POLICE OFFICER #1, POLICE OFFICER #2, and
DETECTIVE #1 and DETECTIVE #2 carrying cardboard boxes, burst
into Sandborn's office.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(singing THE MAN COMES
AROUND)
The hairs on your arm will stand
up...

INT. SANDBORN'S OFFICE BATHROOM, SECOND STORY OF SCHOOL BUILDING - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Just out of the shower, Sandborn, a towel wrapped around his waist, blow dries his hair in front of the mirror.

In the mirror, he sees Knightway and the officers flooding into his office. He swings around.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 ... at the terror in each sip and
 in each sup.

INT. SANDBORN'S OFFICE, SECOND STORY OF SCHOOL BUILDING - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

As Knightway looks on, Detective #1 grabs Sandborn's laptop and plants it in a cardboard box. Detective #2 opens Sandborn's desk drawers, dumping the contents in the boxes.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 Will you partake of that last
 offered cup?

Sandborn races out of the bathroom into his office protesting.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 Or disappear into the potter's
 ground...

Knightway pulls the FOLDED DOCUMENT out of his coat pocket and hands it to Sandborn.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 When the man comes around.

Sandborn opens it and goes pale.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 Hear the trumpets, hear the pipers.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDOLPH COYLE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Randolph Coyle, sitting at his pricey desk, counts out hundred dollar bills and places them neatly into envelopes for Miss Cherry and Mr. Ginger, both sitting on the other side of the desk, CHATTING PLEASANTLY.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 One hundred million angels singing.
 Multitudes are marching to the big
 kettledrum.

The office door opens. They turn and look.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 Voices calling and voices crying...

Knightway, POLICE OFFICER #3 and POLICE OFFICER #4, and DETECTIVE #3 and DETECTIVE #4, both carrying cardboard boxes, stride into the room.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 Some are born and some are dying,

All three with cash in hand "freeze in the headlights."

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 It's Alpha and Omega's kingdom
 come.

Police Officer #3 draws his gun.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 And the whirlwind is in the
 thorn tree...

POLICE OFFICER #3
 Nobody move.

Miss Cherry and Mr. Ginger are too frightened to move.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 The virgins are all trimming their
 wicks...

Detective #3 reaches for Coyle's laptop.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 The whirlwind is in the thorn
 tree...

Coyle instinctively clenches his laptop -- no one's getting this!

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 It's hard for thee to kick against
 the pricks.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC BEDROOM - MORNING

His earbuds on, Silas stares thoughtfully at the Knightway Christian logo on his hoody.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 'Til Armageddon, no shalam, no
 shalom...

Making up his mind, Silas pulls the hoody off, his black polo shirt underneath, and throws the hoody in the wastebasket.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 Then the father hen will call his
 chickens home.

One glance at the Knightway Christian logo on his black polo shirt, and Silas pulls the polo shirt off, his black tee-shirt with no signage on underneath.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 The wise man will bow down before
 the throne.

Silas throws the polo shirt onto the hoody in the wastebasket.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 And at his feet, they'll cast their
 golden crowns.

Wearing his black tee-shirt and black pants, Silas stomps the Knightway hoody and shirt deeper into the wastebasket with his cowboy boot.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 When the man comes around.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUAD, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN - MORNING

Sandborn, his hands cuffed behind his back with zip tie cuffs, is escorted by Police Officer #1 and Police Officer #2 toward the line of black-and-whites parked in the parking lot.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 Whoever is unjust let him be unjust
 still...

Skylar, Mr. Warton, Mr. Logan, and Mrs. Cooney, each wearing black, watch together. In the b.g., students jam the quad, watching. This time almost all are videoing the scene with their phones.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 Whoever is righteous, let him be
 righteous still...

Mr. Randolph Coyle, his hands cuffed behind his back with zip tie cuffs, is escorted by Police Officer #3 and Police Officer #4 toward the line of black-and-whites parked in the parking lot.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 Whoever is filthy, let him be
 filthy still...

Tiffany and George in their beige and green uniforms watch with Joey, Mike, and Monroe in their black uniforms. Joey, in his black polo shirt, has his black hoody slung over his shoulder.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 Listen to the words long written
 down...

Detective #1, Detective #2, Detective #3, and Detective #4, carrying cardboard boxes full of evidence, pass in front of Tiffany, George, Joey, Mike, and Monroe.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 When the man comes around.

Completely shaken, Tiffany grabs Joey's black hoody out of his arm and puts it on over her beige and hunter green uniform.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 Hear the trumpets, hear the pipers.

Hugging the hoody close, Tiffany breaks into bitter tears.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 One hundred million angels
 singing...

Mike rips off his black hoody, his black polo shirt underneath, and offers it to George.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 Multitudes are marching to the big
 kettledrum.

Grateful, George puts the hoody on over his beige and hunter green uniform.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 Voices calling and voices crying...

All wearing black now, united in spirit, the five slap each other's backs, shake hands, and shed tears...

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 Some are born and some are dying...

In a circle, they hug!

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 It's Alpha and Omega's kingdom
 come.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC BEDROOM - SUNRISE

Silas, wearing his black tee-shirt and black pants, stares at the closed, locked door, the bubble manila envelope in his hand.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 And the whirlwind is in the thorn
 tree. The virgins are all trimming
 their wicks...

The DOOR OPENS and Hospital Security Guard steps in, meets Silas' eye, and nods. Grateful, Silas shakes his hand, walks out of the room and turns down the hallway.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 The whirlwind is in the thorn tree.
 It's hard for thee to kick against
 the pricks.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - SUNRISE - MOMENTS LATER

A free man, Silas, in black tee-shirt, black pants, and cowboy boots, the bubble manila envelope in his fist, steps outside into the sunlight...

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 (MORE)

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 In measured hundred weight and
 penny pound...

Breathing free, Silas looks up to the heavens --

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 When the man comes around.

As the MUSIC PLAYS, tears spring to Silas' eyes.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (speaking the ending of
 THE MAN COMES AROUND)
 "And I heard a voice in the midst
 of the four beasts. And I looked
 and behold, a pale horse..."

A high-end black SUV careers up to the curb and parks.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (speaking the ending of
 THE MAN COMES AROUND)
 "...and his name that sat on him was
 Death and Hell followed with him."

Hollis hops out of the driver's seat, hurries to Silas, and hugs him.

HOLLIS
 You okay?

Nodding, Silas lifts the bubble manila envelope up for his dad to see.

SILAS
 (deeply moved)
 Thanks, dad.

A proud moment for father and son.

In the b.g., Gregory Knightway gets out of the passenger side and strides up to the two men.

SILAS
 (to dad, a big smile)
 Buffalo Gap here I come. No more
 Knightway Christian School for me.

HOLLIS
 By the way, Silas, I'd like you to
 meet Mr. Gregory Knightway.

Caught by surprise, Silas stares. Then, extending his hand --

SILAS

I hear we're neighbors, sir.

Knightway shakes Silas' hand.

KNIGHTWAY

Honored to meet you, young man.
Your dad tells me you're champing
at the bit to take over Buffalo Gap
and train falcons to protect the
harvests.

SILAS

That's true, sir.

In the b.g., a high-end van with KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN signage on both sides flies up behind the SUV and parks, Mr. Logan driving.

KNIGHTWAY

I also understand that my school
betrayed you.

SILAS

More accurately, betrayed Christ,
sir.

Clearly distressed by it, Knightway nods, agreeing.

The van door opens and Tiffany, George, Skylar, Joey, Mike, Monroe, Mr. Warton, Mrs. Cooney, and Mr. Logan pile out and run to Silas SHOUTING GREETINGS. They are all dressed in black.

GEORGE

Hey, Silas, ditchin' school again?

SILAS

You bet! And this time it's for
good.

TIFFANY

Did you hear? Because of what you
did, half the teachers have been
laid off or fired, and Mr.
Knightway is hunting for new ones.

Silas looks at Knightway. Knightway nods.

MR. WARTON

He's also bringing back the curriculum his daughter used, including her posters.

SKYLAR

We took all the other posters down. Except the Johnny Cash ones.

Incredulous, Silas looks at Knightway again. Knightway nods.

HOLLIS

Because of you, Silas, six people have been arrested, including the principal and CFO.

Silas is speechless.

Mrs. Cooney pushes her way toward Silas.

MRS. COONEY

Silas! Over here!

Silas looks.

MRS. COONEY

No more plays like *Arsenic and Old Lace*. We're doing a Johnny Cash Anthology with him reading the New Testament...

MR. LOGAN

(cutting in)

And, because of you, Silas...

MRS. COONEY

(interrupting)

Wait your turn, Logan.

All laugh.

MRS. COONEY

For Christmas, we're doing *A Christmas Carol*; for Easter, *The Other Wise Man*; and I'm recruiting students to write more plays like those! Your turn, Logan.

More laughter.

MR. LOGAN

Mr. Knightway is going to fund Skylar's and my research class studying the impact of cell towers and chemtrails.

Stupefied, Silas looks at Skylar. She's smiling and nodding.

Knightway leans in.

KNIGHTWAY

Will you stay?

Overcome, Silas doesn't know what to say. To give him time, Hollis takes the floor.

HOLLIS

Silas wanted to quit school this year, but I told him I enrolled him in Knightway Christian so he could learn about the real world. He thought I should have put him in a public school for that.

GEORGE

Well, shouldn't you have?

HOLLIS

What about it, Silas? Have you learned the answer?

SILAS

You bet I have!

Curious, everyone is all ears.

SILAS

Watch out for the wolves in Christian sheep's clothing! They're more dangerous than anything out in the real world, and I just spent seventy-two hours in an Involuntary Psychiatric Hold proving it.

As everyone chimes in with "Yeah!" "How was it in there?" "No kidding!" the proud father, Hollis, beams.

KNIGHTWAY

An important lesson to learn when one's young. It took me this long to learn it.

(to Silas)

Stay. Please.

(MORE)

KNIGHTWAY (CONT'D)

Just as you use well-trained falcons to protect your harvests, I need well-trained Christians to protect my harvest.

Taken aback, Silas doesn't know what to say.

Voices from the small crowd: "Stay, Silas." "The baseball team needs you!" "You can't leave!"

GEORGE

Todd can teach you falconry right here.

SKYLAR

And we could go to breakfast anytime, day or night.

Their eyes lock.

SILAS

Hash browns, bacon, eggs...

SKYLAR

Pancakes, sausage, eggs...

TIFFANY

(interrupting)

Hey, Silas! You're gonna love this. From now on, no more to-die-for dresses at homecoming. Mr. Knightway has ordered only elegant ballroom dress: elbow gloves and black tie.

MR. WARTON

Silas, you've brought God back into my classroom.

Silas looks to his dad.

HOLLIS

You only have a year and a half left. It'll take that long to get the Buffalo Gap ranch and your falconry up to speed. Meanwhile, you can fly back and forth as much as you want.

Blown away, Silas shakes his head -- Amazed! Grateful!

SILAS

Well...

(beat)

Looks like I'm staying.

CHEERS and HUGS all around.

That settled, Mr. Logan starts rounding everyone up.

MR. LOGAN

Come on or we'll miss the second bell.

Staring at them all, Silas, too overwhelmed, cannot move.

SILAS

So much has happened in the past seventy-two-hours, and I missed it all.

GEORGE

Are you kidding? You're the reason it happened.

SILAS

Me? I can't take any credit.

KNIGHTWAY

None of us can.

Everyone looks to Knightway.

KNIGHTWAY

(pointing upward)

The Lord Jesus Christ opened our eyes and changed our hearts.

Happily, they all agree.

Meeting Knightway's eyes, Silas shakes his head in confounded and humble awe.

SILAS

Using me and Johnny Cash.

FADE OUT.