

ME AND JOHNNY CASH

An original screenplay
by
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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 million 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, jeans, and cowboy shirt 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
My brother tells me you're not even
attending class.

SILAS
Your brother's got a big mouth.

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. Hi Karen.

Karen shoots Todd a warm smile.

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

SILAS
I'm quitting school.

Karen and Trevor exchange a nervous glance.

Hollis has been expecting this, plays the poker face.

HOLLIS
May I ask why?

SILAS
I don't like what they teach.

HOLLIS
You didn't seem to mind in your freshman and sophomore years.

SILAS
It was all new. I was trying to fit in.

HOLLIS
And now, you're campaigning to get expelled, is that it?

SILAS

Dad, I've got it all planned. You like the idea of me running my own falcon training dude ranch. You said so.

Hollis nods.

SILAS

So, I thought, instead of wasting my next two years in high school, I'd move to Buffalo Gap Ranch as soon as escrow closes and get started.

KAREN

Silas, you can't quit school.

TREVOR

Why not?! Can I come?

HOLLIS

(to Silas)

We'll talk about this later.

SILAS

(excited)

Great!

Hollis looks out at the sunrise lighting up the vineyard. Raising his hand high, he pauses, then drops it.

Instantly, the beacon-lights go off, creating a shadowy morning glow on the group.

HOLLIS

(a firm command)

But for now, put on your uniform and get to school.

Surprised, Silas doesn't move.

HOLLIS

Now.

Irritated, Silas mounts up, wheels his horse around and gallops back toward the corral.

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 zips along toward Agoura Hills.

INT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Still irritated, Silas, wearing his school uniform: beige pants, hunter green polo shirt, and hunter green hoody with KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL logo on them, 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 wrap-around 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, 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.

EXT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Todd's brother, GEORGE BRIDGES, 17, in hunter green and beige school uniform, good looking and built like a rock, wearing an LA Dodgers 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, rolling a sports bag with the school logo on it, scrolling through her phone, strolls nonchalantly up to "her man," Silas.

Leaning in, she kisses Silas on the cheek. Silas is pleasant, but indifferent -- the romance mostly on her side.

TIFFANY

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

SILAS

You should be praying for George.

Tiffany goes back to her phone.

GEORGE
(jovial)
Me?! I'm doing great. Straight A's
and my future career...
(eyes roll upward toward
his Dodger cap)
... in the bag.

SILAS
Not if you keep on binge drinking.

GEORGE
All work and no play... Where's
breakfast?

INT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Silas reaches for a huge to-go bag with the BELLES logo on it. Written in bold: BELLES BEST NATURALS. In smaller font: "Give thanks to the Lord for he is good, his love endures forever." Psalm 107

Silas pulls out a burrito and hands it to George.

SILAS
Don't you ever eat at home?

Grinning, George opens the BELLES BEST NATURALS burrito wrapping and chows down.

Pulling out another burrito, Silas offers it to Tiffany.

Still riveted to her phone, Tiffany shakes her head.

TIFFANY
No, thanks.

MIKE, 17, a handsome Chinese athlete, strides up rolling his baseball sports bag, his backpack slung over his shoulder.

MIKE
(to Silas, cheerful)
What are you doing here?

Silas hands Mike Tiffany's burrito.

MIKE
I thought you were on a...
(motioning to the school)
...Folsom Prison Boycott.

SILAS
I couldn't let you guys starve,
could I?

From out of nowhere, JOEY, 17-year-old Latino baseball player, appears at Silas' open passenger window.

JOEY
You gonna sit in your pickup all
day or come to class?

Silas pulls out another burrito and hands it to Joey, who immediately starts eating.

SILAS
If I don't go to class, big mouth
George will tell his brother.

GEORGE
I had to tell someone. I was
worried you'd be expelled and never
get into college.

MIKE
They can't expel him. His dad's in
the billionaire club.

MONROE, 16, tall, tan, hair wet and unruly, wearing a sweatshirt with WATER POLO written on it, approaches the passenger side of the truck carrying a backpack and rolling a massive sports bag.

Silas hands him a burrito. Taking it, Monroe shakes his head and water flies everywhere, including into Joey's face.

JOEY
(wiping it off)
Nice hair.

Goofy Monroe grins.

TIFFANY
(to Silas, alluring)
Are you going to boycott the
homecoming dance too?

Starting to respond, Silas sees something out his front window and reacts.

SILAS
When did they put that in?!

JOEY
What?

MIKE
What?

They all 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 immediately fly away.

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

GEORGE (O.S.)
Well, it's about time!

In the shadows nearby, SKYLAR WREN, 17, a thinker, attractive
without being fashionable, trendy, or wealthy, wearing the
Knightway beige and green school uniform, 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 huge cylinder antennas.

EXT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Silas looks at George.

SILAS
(re: antennas)
You like those big boys?!

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

GEORGE
I like faster internet.
(off Silas' grimace)
Connectivity, Silas, connectivity.

EXT. PARKING LOT, STAFF CHARGING STATION - 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 Silas and his
friends 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

No one notices Miss Cherry's arrival, Silas still frowning at the tower.

MONROE
To homecoming?!

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

George is interested in everything Tiffany, but Silas, looking at the tower, shakes his head.

SILAS
I don't get it. We already have a
cell tower at the other side of the
parking lot.

GEORGE
Onward and upward.
(beat)
C'mon, guys, we'll be late.

Throwing their burrito wrappers in the bed of the pickup, and grabbing their bags, Monroe, Joey, and George start walking.

Tiffany stays behind, alone with Silas.

TIFFANY
You didn't hear a word I said, did
you?

SILAS
Homecoming. Sequinned tennis shoes.
A dress to-die-for.
(re: Skylar at the tower)
What do you think she's doing?

Tiffany looks.

EXT. CELL TOWER TREE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Skylar moves her EMF meter in figure eights.

TIFFANY (O.S.)
Oh, her. That's Skylar Wren. Real
awkward.

EXT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Silas sits up and stares more intently out the window.

SILAS
Looks like she's onto something.

TIFFANY
Probably communicating with UFO's.

GEORGE (O.S.)
(calling)
C'mon, Tiffany, you'll be late.

TIFFANY
Coming.
(beat, to Silas, alluring)
I'm planning to wear the pearl
necklace you gave me.

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 CHARGING STATION - MORNING -
CONTINUOUS

Hearing Tiffany, 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
(loud and huffy)
Silas Belles, sometimes I think
you've lost your mind!
(off his no response)
Wait for me, George!

Tiffany hurries off to George, standing with Joey and Monroe
waiting for her.

EXT. PARKING LOT, STAFF PARKING - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Miss Cherry heard Tiffany and hops in her vehicle.

INT. MISS CHERRY'S RIVIAN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Yanking her high-end leather briefcase off the floor, she 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.

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 a go-away 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

As I see it, the birds fly in,
sense danger, and run. On the other
hand, we approach a tower, 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?
(beat)
Mr. Logan's nice, but... Well, he
doesn't seem very bright. Have you
noticed most of the teachers here
are not very bright?

SILAS
You mean instead of being the light
of the world, their brightness
comes from the dark in the world?

Stunned, Skylar is gawks.

SILAS
Which makes them not so bright?

SKYLAR

(stammers)

I... I apologize. I thought you were like everyone else. You know, last year walking tall with the teachers and popular kids, this year shuffling along with the rebels without a cause. But you're different.

(beat)

Definitely different.

Their eyes meet.

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

SKYLAR

I better get to class.

Skylar moves to her violin case and backpack. Silas beats her to it, picking them up for her.

SILAS

(extending his hand)

I'm Silas Belles.

Silas extends his hand. She takes 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 hurries after her.

EXT. CAMPUS, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL - MORNING -
CONTINUOUS

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

SILAS

Have you ever seen a falcon clear
starlings out of a vineyard?

Skylar shakes her head.

SILAS

Come on, let's get out of here. Let me take you to our vineyard. You can watch Larry protecting our harvest.

SKYLAR

Larry?

SILAS

My falcon.

SKYLAR

I can't skip school.

SILAS

Why not? Your electromagnetic testing is more important than Mr. Logan's...

(making air quotes)

... "science" class. And so are my trained falcons.

SKYLAR

My aunt's paying my way. I can't disappoint her. She's old and thinks the more money she spends the better Christian education I'll get.

SILAS

If only she knew.

Skylar agrees.

Approaching the school building entrance steps, Skylar stops.

SKYLAR

I keep telling her she's wasting her money. For starters, I suggested she visit all my classrooms and look at the bulletin boards and posters they've put up.

Silas nods -- he gets it.

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

Skylar starts up the steps, Silas stays put.

SKYLAR

You coming?

Silas hands her her backpack and violin case.

SILAS
I'm quitting school.

SKYLAR
(taken aback)
That's bold.

SILAS
Not really. I'm starting my own
business. Nobody knows yet.

SKYLAR
I won't tell.
(beat)
Well, goodbye.

Skylar hurries up the steps toward the entrance door where
SECURITY GUARD #4 stands watch.

Silas watches her go through the door into the school.

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(half-muted in the
background)
Well, if they freed me from this
prison, if that railroad train was
mine...

In a gloom, he turns and shuffles back toward the parking
lot.

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

CUT TO:

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

Silas hops into his 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 pulls out a wrapped burrito from the bag and stares at it blindly.

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

On second thought, shoving the burrito back in the bag, he grabs his backpack and hops out.

CUT TO:

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

One wall 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. TYLER WARTON, 52, slightly greying, 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.

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, *THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE*, at hand.

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: *ILLCIT 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 glancing down at his phone at his side, Mike drinking an energy drink, and Monroe munching 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.

MONROE
 You mean, he'll ditch again?

MORE CHUCKLES.

MISS CHERRY
 Mental illness is no laughing
 matter, Monroe.

Miss Cherry tosses a piece of candy to Monroe.

MONROE
 (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 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.
 (MORE)

MR. LOGAN (CONT'D)
 (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 next to Tiffany's.

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!

SILAS

(out loud)

CHEM-trails, George! Chemtrails!

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. 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.

INT. HOLLIS BELLES' OFFICE - SUNSET - CONTINUOUS

Hollis Belles, reviewing and correcting documents, 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.

A KNOCK on the door.

HOLLIS

Come.

Silas enters.

SILAS

Hi, dad. You wanted to see me?

Hollis keeps working.

As Silas waits, he looks at the paintings on the wall dramatizing the history of Belles Naturals, each with Belles' distinctive theme.

ON BELLE'S JUICE NATURALS PAINTINGS

The first painting depicts fifteen-year-old HOLLIS BELLES standing in front of his fruit stand with a stylized wooden marquis: GRAND OPENING! "BELLE'S JUICE NATURALS" written in large bold print, and below it, in smaller, bold cursive, *"Give thanks to the Lord for He is good, His love endures forever. Psalm 107."*

SILAS

Hey, dad, weren't you my age when you started Belle's Juice Naturals?
No wait, you were fifteen. I'm seventeen.

Hollis looks up. Silas has gone on to the second painting where twenty-five-year-old HOLLIS BELLES stands in front of his small country grocery store with the same stylized wooden marquis: GRAND OPENING!

"BELLE'S FOOD NATURALS" written in large bold print, and below it, in smaller bold cursive, *"Give thanks to the Lord for He is good, His love endures forever. Psalm 107."*

SILAS

You opened Belle's Food Naturals when you were twenty-five. Now Belles is at the top of the food market.

Hollis smiles -- he knows he's being set up.

On the wall after Belle's Food Naturals are three other similar paintings:

GRAND OPENING, "BELLE'S FRESH NATURALS," *"Give thanks to the Lord for He is good, His love endures forever. Psalm 107."*

GRAND OPENING, "BELLE'S HOMEGROWN NATURALS," *"Give thanks to the Lord for He is good, His love endures forever. Psalm 107."*

GRAND OPENING, "BELLE'S BEST NATURALS," *"Give thanks to the Lord for He is good, His love endures forever. Psalm 107."*

SILAS

(playing him)

And you keep growing and growing.

(beat)

I can be at least that far along when I'm twenty-five.

HOLLIS

So, you still believe you're ready to open a falcon training facility at Buffalo Gap Ranch.

SILAS

You bet I am. As soon as you close escrow.

HOLLIS

You think I'd let you do that? After your track record at Knightway Christian?

SILAS

What does Knightway have to do with it? I've worked in your companies since I was a kid without Knightway! This is a slam-dunk for me.

HOLLIS
I'm not talking being a successful
businessman.

SILAS
You're not?

HOLLIS
Why do you think I enrolled you in
that over-priced, over-rated
institution that calls itself a
Christian education?

Stunned, Silas can't believe his ears.

HOLLIS
To learn to fit in? To work at
dropping out? To fast track you
into pro-baseball like George or
into some super university?

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

HOLLIS
Of course not.

SILAS
Then why are you sending me there?

HOLLIS
After home schooling you, and
letting you work in the Belles
business, 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
Because if you can't be the light
in a Christian school, you'll never
be the light in the outside world.
That's what Belles businesses are
all about. Being the light using
the gifts God has given to us.

Silas starts to squirm.

HOLLIS

That Christian school is your testing ground. That's where you're supposed to learn to step up.

SILAS

But I do step up. I go to chapel, I read the Bible, I pray. What else is there? I don't understand.

HOLLIS

Then I'll make it clearer. You are going back to that school. You are not going to fit in or drop out.

Silas pales.

SILAS

You mean, you're not going to let me go to Buffalo Gap Ranch and start my falconry?

HOLLIS

Not until you're ready. And unless you do get ready, you'll never work under the Belles name.

SILAS

But, dad, if I step up... You don't know how they are.

HOLLIS

Now, you're catching on.

SILAS

(beaten)

All right. What do I do?

Hollis opens his desk drawer and pulls out a CD case.

HOLLIS

You're a Johnny Cash fan.

(hands him the CD case)

For starters, maybe this will help.

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
(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."

Silas ponders, the words settling in.

CUT TO:

EXT. KANAN ROAD - MORNING

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, reading the
New Testament)
So all the generations from Abraham
to David are fourteen
generations...

INT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Silas drives listening to Johnny Cash. Charged up for the day, he is 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...

His Johnny Cash New Testament CD case sits on top of twenty 11 X 17 card stock posters neatly piled on the 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)
...
(MORE)

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

EXT. SILAS' CLASSIC FORD PICKUP, SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MORNING
- MOMENTS LATER

Parked in the RESERVED FOR GOLDEN CIRCLE MEMBERS parking spot, Silas, surrounded by George, Tiffany, Mike, Joey, and Monroe with his wet hair, gets out of the driver's side and hands a bag of burritos marked "Belle's Best Naturals" with "Give thanks to the Lord for He is good, His love endures forever. Psalm 107" to Joey.

FADING AWAY --

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

MIKE
Hey, what's up, Silas? You're early
this morning.

Nodding, Silas hurries around to the passenger door.

Joey hands out the burritos. Tiffany, texting on her phone,
declines.

Watching Silas pull out a pile of posters and put them under
his arm, they all start eating.

MONROE
Aren't you eating?

SILAS
Already did.

Silas hurries away.

TIFFANY
(to the guys)
What are the posters for?

George shrugs -- I don't know.

Silas stops. Swings around.

SILAS
(calling to them)
Hey!

They stop eating.

SILAS
Give thanks for that breakfast.

MIKE
What?!

SILAS
You heard me.

JOEY
Sure, Silas. Thanks!

GEORGE
Yeah. Thanks.

Shaking his head, Silas marches back.

SILAS
Not me!

They stare at him -- Huh?

Pointing to the verse on the burrito bag, he reads it.

SILAS
"Give thanks to the Lord for He is
good..."
(pointing to the rest of
the verse)
Now, all together...

SILAS/GEORGE/MIKE/MONROE/JOEY/TIFFANY
"... His love endures forever."

Posters under his arm, Silas strides away.

JOEY
What's with him?

GEORGE
I've never heard him pray before.

MIKE
I've never seen him in black
before.

GEORGE
Me neither.

MONROE
Maybe someone died.

TIFFANY
I told you, the man's losing his
mind.

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

Silas heads for the school passing TEACHERS and STUDENTS,
including: Mr. Warton carrying a plaster bust of Alexander
the Great and Miss Cherry holding her briefcase.

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

Posters in hand, Silas steps toward Skylar and waits as she writes in a notebook, her EMF meter in the other hand.

Looking up, she sees him.

SKYLAR

(pleased)

What are you doing here? I thought you were quitting school and starting your own business.

SILAS

My dad has other plans for me.

SKYLAR

So, he wants you to go to college first.

SILAS

No, he wants me to learn to be the light.

SKYLAR

(gasps)

Here?!

SILAS

(grinning)

That's exactly what I thought.

SKYLAR

Did you tell him it's impossible? They've got this whole thing locked up.

SILAS

He sees it differently. He sees it as my problem.

SKYLAR

Your problem? It's the teachers' problem, not yours.

SILAS

Well, it's my problem now. He told me if I don't step up, I won't get into the Belles business.

SKYLAR

But what can you do?

SILAS
You gave me the answer yesterday.

SKYLAR
I did?

SILAS
Remember you said, "For starters"
you wanted your aunt to see the
posters and bulletin boards in the
classrooms?

Skylar nods.

SILAS
Well, "for starters," how about
getting these in our classrooms?

Silas holds up a poster for her to see.

SKYLAR
Johnny Cash?!
(reads poster, quick
murmuring)
*"I wear the black for those who
never read, or listened to the
words that Jesus said."*
(beat)
Oh, Silas, they're not going to
like this.

SILAS
What do you mean? It's Johnny Cash.
Everyone likes Johnny Cash.

SKYLAR
(doubtful)
If you say so.
(beat, eager)
Can I help?

Their eyes meet -- great!

SILAS
Let's get going before school
starts.

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 Johnny Cash
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.

SILAS (O.S.)
Mr. Warton?

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

The BEST MAN gives Warton the ring.

SKYLAR (O.S.)
Mr. Warton, are you okay?

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...

The MUSIC STARTS TO FADE.

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.

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

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

WARTON
Not far. Rambling down memory lane.

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

WARTON
Just me and Johnny Cash.

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

WARTON
Put it up!

SILAS	SKYLAR
Thank you, Mr. Warton!	Thanks, Mr. Warton!

Silas and Skylar hurry to the wall.

Silas sees Warton moving to his Alexander the Great bust and an idea flashes in his head.

SILAS
(aside to Skylar)
Well, here goes.

Leaving Skylar to tack up the poster, Silas steps over to Warton.

SILAS
Mr. Warton?

MR. WARTON
Yes, Silas?

Tacking up the poster in the b.g., Skylar listens.

SILAS

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

MR. WARTON
(frowns)
Daniel?

SILAS
You know, the prophecy about
Alexander. The two-horned ram
represented the kings of Media and
Persia, and the rough goat was the
king of Greece.

Mr. Warton is thrown. He has no idea what Silas is talking about, yet deep down he does know.

SILAS

You may also want to consider Daniel, Chapter Two: Nebuchadnezzar's dream of the statue with the head of gold. The kingdom of Greece was prophesied in that also.

Slowly, the light fills Warton's countenance. Slowly, he's getting it, and slowly, he nods.

Satisfied, Silas grabs Skylar's arm and hustles her 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.

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 our collective unconscious will span the whole earth 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 New Testament: 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

Thank you, Miss Cherry.

Striding tall, Silas and Skylar start for the door.

Seeing she has had no impact, Miss Cherry hurries after them.

MISS CHERRY
How would you like to join my
Psychology Club? We could discuss
this further, as a group.

SILAS
There's nothing 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 on the wall
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 looks at Skylar -- Skylar understands.

Taking a deep breath, Silas faces Mr. Ginger.

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?

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 out right now.

MR. GINGER
(immediate paranoia)
Testing? What do you mean your
father and you...? What are you
testing.

SILAS
(re: poster)
How about it, Mr. Ginger. Will you
hang it up?

MR. GINGER
I will not!

SILAS
Come on, Skylar.

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

MR. GINGER
Wait! Stop! What are you testing?
You and your father 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

Silas storms out of Mr. Ginger's classroom into the hallway.

Skylar, on the other hand, trots out in fine fettle,
suppressing laughter.

SILAS
I knew this whole thing would end
badly. Now, I've got you in
trouble.

Silas grabs the posters and the tacks away from Skylar.

SILAS
This is my mission, not yours.

Still grinning, Skylar pulls out her EMF meter.

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 and your father
 have no right to test me or this
 school. What are you testing?'

Silas breaks into a smile -- it was kind of funny.

Pocketing her EMF meter, Skylar leans in, a co-conspirator gleam in her eye.

SKYLAR
 What are you testing? The school?
 The curriculum? The teachers?

SILAS
 Nope.
 (beat)
 Me.

Skylar gets it and beams. Suddenly, she grabs the posters in Silas' hands, pulling on them.

SILAS
 (holding onto the posters)
 Hey! What are you doing?

SKYLAR
 Can't this be my mission too?

After a long moment, Silas lets go. Their eyes meet.

Growing self-conscious under Silas' gaze, Skylar presses on --

SKYLAR
 Well, who's next?

A bit flustered by his attraction to her, 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 book shelves 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 forced happy friendliness masking his 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,
thinking 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.
Him and his billionaire father.

RANDOLPH COYLE
(caught off guard)
He mentioned his father?

MR. GINGER
Loud and clear, Mr. Coyle.

Paranoid, Coyle and Sandborn exchange a nervous glance.

MR. SANDBORN
Did he say what they were testing?

Mr. Ginger shakes his head.

RANDOLPH COYLE
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!

MR. WARTON
Yeah, he sends Silas in to find out
stuff. A sort of due diligence from
the inside.

TEACHERS FOR JOHNNY CASH #1
He's certainly got the money to buy
it.

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!

Silence.

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.

MISS CHERRY

Well, they do! One out of every four persons has a mental health issue right now!

Teachers for Johnny Cash groan. Teachers for the Status Quo agree whole-heartedly.

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.

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 will 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 MR. 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, Mr. 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...

Mr. 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, Mr. 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...

The Light starts to dawn, Mr. 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 grows stronger, Mr. 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, Mr. 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

Mr. Logan swings into a parking space before the Surf Shop, hops out, and strides 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...

EXT. SURF SHOP - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wearing his new black Hawaiian shirt -- the one he's wearing at the prayer meeting -- and earbuds, Mr. Logan leaves the Surf Shop carrying THREE OTHER NEW BLACK HAWAIIAN SHIRTS on hangers along with his colorful Hawaiian shirt.

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...

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE CLASS - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The drawers of two filing cabinets are 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*)
 Well you may throw your rock and
 hide your hand, Workin' in the dark
 against your fellow man...

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

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, Mr. 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...

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

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

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

MR. LOGAN	JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
No, Miss Cherry, Silas Belles	(singing <i>God's Gonna Cut</i>
did not get to me.	<i>You Down</i>)
	Sooner or later, God'll cut
	you down...

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

MR. LOGAN	JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
Johnny Cash did.	(singing <i>God's Gonna Cut</i>
	<i>You Down</i>)
	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.

Mr. 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.

SKYLAR
Did you say real science, Mr.
Logan?

MR. LOGAN

(nods)

From now on, no more government hand-outs. Just real hands-on science.

SKYLAR

(pointing to chemtrails overhead)

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, Mr. 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. My science classes were different. I was different.

Curious, Silas and Skylar step closer.

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. 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, Mr. Logan zips away.

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

SILAS

(knowing grin)

I wonder whose cages we rattled.

SKYLAR

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

Liking Skylar's way of thinking, Silas nods.

SILAS

(wooing her)

I'd still like you to see my falcon, Larry, at work. What do you think? How about this afternoon?

Their eyes meet. Skylar is about to accept...

TIFFANY (O.S.)

(calling, interrupting)

Hey, Silas!

Silas and Skylar turn to see Tiffany hurrying toward them lugging her backpack and rolling her sports bag.

Cutting in between Silas and Skylar, Tiffany throws her gear into the bed of Silas' truck.

TIFFANY

George was supposed to take me home, but Miss Cherry cornered him in the hallway. How about a ride?

Glancing at Tiffany's gear in the bed of his truck, Silas clearly has no option. Skylar quietly hands him the pile of Johnny Cash posters, turns, and walks away.

SILAS
(calling after her)
See you tomorrow.

Without turning, Skylar waves.

Tiffany grabs the posters out of Silas' hand.

TIFFANY
These are great, Silas. Why didn't
you ask me to hand some out?

Surprised, he looks at her.

SILAS
You?

TIFFANY
(nodding pleasantly)
If Johnny Cash can stand up for
Jesus, I can too. I read the Bible
every day. I pray.

SILAS
I thought you were only interested
in homecoming.

TIFFANY
Can't I be interested in homecoming
too?

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.

Skeptical, Silas eyes her.

TIFFANY

Even if he does, so what? He has to blow off steam somehow. He has gym work-outs at five a.m., running, batting cages, baseball tournaments every weekend, homework til two in the morning.

Tiffany notices Silas watching Skylar walking across the parking lot, and it hurts.

TIFFANY

Talk about pressure, and he's not the only one.

(playing him)

Oh, Silas, some days I feel like I'll never make it through. How many more soccer games do I have to play? How many more violin performances do I have to make? Just to get into the right college?

SILAS

Going out with George isn't going to help.

She looks so forlorn, he cannot help feeling sorry for her.

SILAS

So... How about going to homecoming with me?

Tiffany looks at Silas -- does he mean it?

Silas nods.

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

(beat, 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
Not 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 smiles.

SILAS
Thanks, dad.

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

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

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 just like them.

INSERT POSTER #1:

An old spotted 8 X 11 poster with KNIGHTWAY embossed at the top and bold text in the middle: *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 and bold text in the middle: *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.
 (beat)
 There she is again.

Amazed, Silas rifles through the rest of the posters.

SILAS
 So, once upon a time, these posters
 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 are a large number of black uniforms worn by 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 her way in and out of the teachers and staffers. NONE ARE DRESSED IN BLACK. Some keep time 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 UNIFORMS, 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

TikTok.

Excited, their eyes meet.

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. I don't care about them wearing black. And I really don't care about Johnny Cash!

Coyle appears in the doorway.

MR. SANDBORN

I want to know if Knightway is selling out to Hollis Belles.

RANDOLPH COYLE
(obvious disgust)
Make-up?

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

RANDOLPH COYLE
Oh.

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 will be banging at my
door soon wanting to see our books.

Leaving the bathroom --

MR. SANDBORN
THAT can never happen.

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

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
Well, it hasn't happened yet and it
doesn't have to happen.

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)

What do you think we should do about this?

MISS CHERRY

(eager to take the floor)

I've been following the Silas Belles case for two months 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 to the real world...

(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 in a Christian school.

(MORE)

MISS CHERRY (CONT'D)

Clearly, he's delusional which means he needs professional help.

RANDOLPH COYLE

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

MR. GINGER

Amen!

Everyone ignores Ginger.

MISS CHERRY

(continuing to Coyle and Sandborn)

Because he has 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's the best for him and the school.

MR. SANDBORN

The school?

MISS CHERRY

He shouldn't be here. Who knows what he's going to do next?

RANDOLPH COYLE

(hopeful)

Wouldn't a Seventy-Two-Hour Hold be grounds for an expulsion?

MISS CHERRY

Yes.

Sandborn and Coyle's eyes flash with satisfaction.

MISS CHERRY

But there's another criteria for a Seventy-Two-Hour Hold. He has to be harmful to others or 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
something?!

Looking at his watch, Sandborn rises.

MR. SANDBORN
I'm going to chapel.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HISTORY CLASSROOM, KNIGHTWAY CHRISTIAN
SCHOOL - DAY- ON POSTER OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S STATUE

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 (O.S.)
Each one of you should be able to
find Alexander the Great on this
poster.

ON CLASS

The class studies the poster intently.

At one table, Silas, wearing the black uniform, sits next to
Tiffany and George, 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, wearing a black shirt and black pants, faces the
class.

MR. WARTON

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

Warton's phone VIBRATES in his pocket. Pulling it out, he looks at it.

IN ON MR. WARTON'S CELL PHONE TEXT:

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

Mr. Warton reads the text silently and isn't happy about it. Slipping his phone back in his pocket, he 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...

Mr. Warton pauses to give Silas a knowing look.

Using the pointer, he 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 again in his pocket. Scowling, he disregards it.

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.

Again the BUZZ in his pocket.

Warton pulls out his phone and looks at the new text.

IN ON MR. WARTON'S CELL PHONE TEXT:

UNDER THE TEXT THAT READS: *Please send Tiffany Holt to my office. Miss Cherry*

THE NEW TEXT reads: IMMEDIATELY!!!

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

MR. WARTON
Miss Cherry wants you in her
office.
(apologetically)
Immediately.

Tiffany freezes. Then looks to her classmates for support.

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

Feeling for her, Warton nods.

CUT TO:

INT. MISS CHERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Tiffany sits uncomfortably on a soft comfortable floral sofa.

Miss Cherry hands her 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 yesterday
and he suggested you might want to
join too.

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 some things
 with me.

Knowing she's trapped, Tiffany sinks deeper 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 ride on. Trevor nods, and gallops off.

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.
 (MORE)

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

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 the principal, Mr. Sandborn, and the CFO, Randolph Coyle. Know anything about them?

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

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

SILAS

(keeping his voice low)
Not much, dad. Mr. Sandborn lectures at chapel every week reminding us Jesus saves.

HOLLIS (V.O.)

While the entire school runs amuck.

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

SILAS

(noticing Tiffany)
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

(slow grin)
Being a busybody.

Together, they start down the hall.

TIFFANY

She wanted me to join her Psychology Club.

SILAS

And?

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.

SILAS

Are you telling me showing up for a Psych Club meeting 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. 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

I wouldn't worry about that.

TIFFANY

Well, you should! 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

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 Life.

TIFFANY

Silas, I love Jesus. You know I do. 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

If you don't stop, and she sees me talking to you, it's over for me.

SILAS

Oh, come on, Tiff, she's not that bad.

TIFFANY

Oh, yes she is. She'll ruin my chances for getting into a good college, and if I don't get into a good college, my parents will kill me.

(beat)

So, I've changed my mind about homecoming. I'm going with George.

SILAS

But Tiff...

TIFFANY

I'm doing it!

(beat, tears welling)

The Lord has great plans for you, Silas. Don't stop. We need you.

Pecking him on the cheek, she 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 Wren?

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 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.

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

MR. GINGER

To make his point to his community,
the prophet, Joel, used different
literary tools: metaphors, similes,
figures of speech, imagery.

Silas takes a deep breath, exchanges looks with Skylar --
 "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
 (annoyed)
 Yes?

SILAS
 Mr. Ginger, when we read the Bible,
 are we reading God's Word or
 literature?

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 *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

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.

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!

Ignoring Silas, Mr. Ginger continues to press in on Tiffany.

MR. GINGER
 One more remark from you, and I'll -
 -

MIKE
 (interrupts)
 You'll what? Do what you did to our
 geometry teacher last year?!

JOEY
 In the closet!

Horrified, Mr. Ginger stops in his tracks.

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

All eyes fix on Mr. Ginger, trapped and backing away. All
 eyes except Joey's --

Joey finds what he's looking for on his hidden cell phone on
 his lap.

Monroe leans in.

MONROE
 What happened in the closet?

JOEY
 I'll tell ya later.

Joey shows the phone 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, out!

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...

Startled, Mr. Ginger and the whole class jump.

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
Where's that phone?!!!

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

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...

MR. GINGER
Give it to me!

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

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
(singing from Joey's
cell phone)
Well, there's a reason for
the things I have on...

MR. GINGER
(to the class)
TURN IT OFF!!!

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, reaching for it.

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

Seeing Silas' arm reaching under the table, Mr. Ginger pushes it away.

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

About to grab the phone on the floor, Mr. Ginger notices Silas' hand reaching again for the phone. This time, Mr. Ginger grabs the rung of Silas' stool and jerks the stool out from under him.

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 off the music, 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 all right. 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. Mr. Ginger is nervously 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.

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

MR. GINGER (V.O.)

He threatened me, telling me he and
his father were testing me 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 VIDEO the scene. Mike glowers at him. The Student in Beige and Green backs down, lowering his phone.

MR. GINGER (V.O.)

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 staring in disbelief.

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

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY - LATER

Still handcuffed and still in his black school uniform but with only his black socks on, Silas is escorted by Police Officer, carrying Silas' cowboy boots, 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 Psych Hold. 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

Hollis Belles, Trevor Belles, and Gregory Knightway, each
carrying a duffle bag, come out of the house and hurry 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. Trevor hightails it
down the steps to the G-Wagon. Hollis and Knightway follow.

HOLLIS

I appreciate this, Gregory, but you
don't have to come.

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.

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!

(off her blank stare)

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?

HOSPITAL THERAPIST
(shrugs)
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 him this. 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 THERAPIST
This if for Silas Belles.

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 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. Evidence of bribery,
embezzlement, handing out cash
perks to teachers for favors, and
receiving cash perks from parents.

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 (MOS).

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 (MOS).

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...

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 it -- no one's getting this!

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 (MORE)

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's hard for thee to kick against
the pricks.

Pressed by Detective #3, Coyle relinquishes the laptop.

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...

Silas pulls the Knightway hoody and black polo shirt underneath it off, leaving him wearing a black tee-shirt with no signage and his black pants and black socks.

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

He throws the Knightway hoody and polo shirt in the wastebasket.

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

With only his black socks on, Silas stomps the Knightway hoody and polo shirt into the wastebasket.

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

Silas pulls his foot out of the wastebasket and stands alone.

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 a zip tie, 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 Knightway black polo shirt, has his Knightway 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 Knightway black hoody, leaving on his Knightway black polo shirt underneath, and offers the hoody 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 his cowboy boots, the bubble manila envelope in his fist, steps outside into the sunlight...

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)
 (singing THE MAN COMES
 AROUND)
 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.

HOLLIS
 So! You stood up for the light.

SILAS
 Yeah, and I got thrown into a psych
 ward.
 (beat)
 Know what, dad? Speaking out
 instead of holding it in was kind
 of fun.

Pleased, Hollis agrees.

HOLLIS
 Silas, I'd like you to meet Mr.
 Gregory Knightway.

Caught by surprise, Silas stares. 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
Ranch and train falcons.

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.

SILAS
Am I ready, dad?

HOLLIS
Welcome to Belles businesses, son.

SILAS
All right!

KNIGHTWAY
I also understand my school
betrayed you.

SILAS
With respect, Mr. Knightway, it
betrayed Jesus Christ.

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, some of the teachers have been
laid off or fired, and Mr.
Knightway is hunting for new ones.

Puzzled, Silas looks at Knightway. Knightway nods.

MR. WARTON
He's also bringing back the
curriculum his daughter used,
including her posters.

Incredulous, Silas looks at Knightway again. Knightway nods.

In the crowd, Mr. Logan leans in to Skylar.

MR. LOGAN
Tell him.

SKYLAR
(backing off)
I thought you were going to tell
him.

Mr. Logan tugs Skylar front and center.

MR. LOGAN
You.

SKYLAR
Mr. Knightway is going to fund
research classes to study the
impact of cell towers and
chemtrails.

Stupefied, Silas stares at Skylar, their eyes hold.

SILAS
(wooing her)
Congratulations.

For the moment, they are the only two on earth.

Knightway leans in.

KNIGHTWAY
Will you stay?

Dragging himself away from looking at Skylar, Silas looks at
Knightway.

KNIGHTWAY
Just as you use well-trained
falcons to protect your harvests, I
need well-trained Christians to
protect my harvest.

Voices from the crowd: "Stay, Silas." "The baseball team
needs you!" "You can't leave now!"

Silas looks to his dad.

HOLLIS
It's up to you, son.

SILAS
(deeply torn)
I... I don't know.

Silas looks at Joey, at Mike, at George, at Tiffany, at Mrs. Cooney... all eyes on him as they wait on pins and needles for his answer.

Silas looks at Skylar. She drops her eyes, not wanting to influence him.

He looks at Knightway, and sees a strong hopeful man.

SILAS
Well! I guess Buffalo Gap...

He pauses. They all hold their breath.

SILAS
... will have to wait.

CHEERS, HIGH FIVES, and HAND SHAKES all around.

That settled, Mr. Logan starts rounding everyone up.

MR. LOGAN
Come on or we'll miss the second bell.

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.