

INT. JAMES' ROOM - DAY

The Door closing behind Chaplain sounds a whole lot like a timeclock, punching in. 'JAMES' STORM' by Brian Bird begins.

He's back, same day, to a room that's dressed like night; a Campfire in a Cabin.

James sleeps. Under a window curtain half tugged down.

Chaplain eyes a Mist pick up off James and move across the room.

It heads Chaplain's way, veering right, sweetly taunting him.

Or, maybe Chap's just losing it, goin' cuckoo-for-cocoa-puffs.

24 Sec Mark: Mist lands, eye-level by him, on a balloon reading, 'Happy Birthday!'

Behind the Balloon, the wall is draped in heavy red. Enhancing the room's darkness. Birthday Decor, all moving via invisible gusts. The Balloon stays still despite a wind.

Chaplain realizes the Darkness is taking form. His hand slides atop his Belt-Bible.

JAMES (O.S.)

You come bearing gifts?

Chaplain turns to James, as the Wind moves his hand across the Scripture pages. His thumb lands on a stop. He hears the same Voice from the Opening Credits:

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

No weapon formed against you can stand.

Peripherals. Chaplain sees the Balloon wither. His lil' Victory Smirk slips on out.

CHAPLAIN

Yes.

JAMES

I didn't ask for nothin'.

CHAPLAIN

That's not entirely accurate.

JAMES

This the part where you tell me suicide ain't the answer?

CHAPLAIN

Isn't. And Yes.

JAMES

Why, 'cuz it'll send me to hell?

CHAPLAIN

Dunno.

JAMES

Well what do you know?

CHAPLAIN

I know when it's enough.

JAMES

Don't stand there and...

(realization of that phrase sets in)

...at least you're standin', I can't move!

CHAPLAIN

And that sucks. But nothin' give you the right to
shred other people's lives by taking your own! Enough.

JAMES

Don't you stand up and taunt me about *enough!*

CHAPLAIN

I'm not taunting you, James. We need you. To lead.

JAMES

Why? 'Cuz you're sportin' an open wound?

Whoosh! That rushes right to and punches through, Chaplain's heart.

Then past him, into his office, seeing himself holding the Picture of his Someone.
And putting it, backward, on the shelf. Chaplain turns back to James. Provoked.

CHAPLAIN

Enough.

JAMES

I got *enough* movement left to wrap this curtain 'round my neck tonight.
Tomorrow they take the farm. 6 Months hospital, 8 months here, wiped us clean.
That farm is our family. **You** know that. They'll steal it. Unless I'm gone.

Intensity's rising. Chaplain's acclimating.

He sees a pic of Emily in a Lemon Tree Field. And a pic of Christ, knocked over.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I've had enough of Him. He knew I'd spend my life servin' Him.
And He knew He was still gonna leave me here to rot. I hate... I hate, Him --

CHAPLAIN

-- **Enough!** James that's enough. You're a father and a brother, act like it!
...What do you want?

JAMES

To die.

CHAPLAIN

That I gathered. Neh, whaddya want from me?
You want me to pray for you to die?

JAMES

Yes.

CHAPLAIN

Already watched my father's death James. Don't care to see a father-figure fall too.
But ok, if we're throwin' down to send you up, it's gonna be your deck, but His deal.

Chaplain points up, as the **2:10 Mark** ramps up their rodeo.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

*I'll petition your bucket-kickin' each day till you die but each day you're alive you live.
And each day our friends out there, are gonna come in here seekin' guidance.
A Darkness got in this building James; thief in the night.*

That hits James, in a hard, familiar way.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

*You're born into strength. Build theirs.
They step in here with pride...strip it!
(looking around the air, then to him)
You've fought this particular battle before, so teach them.
And I'll see to it, it's the last thing you do. Deal?*

JAMES

Deal.

BOOM! **2:40 Mark:** We Have Blast Off.

Chaplain rips the curtain off all the way, then grabs James' glass of bedside water.
Chaplain kneels at the foot of the bed ... and he washes James' feet.

CHAPLAIN

*Father, we love You. We love You for loving us. You see this, You know what this is.
Take him God. Take back my friend. You're Holy, we're not, You mapped the plan but
hear a pleading heart! Change the course! He's in pain! We're human, remember that!
We don't know what You know & it sure doesn't look like physical healing is in the
cards, so Father, heal his heart. Heal my friend. Then please... get Him home.*

A Wind shoots powerfully into James' chest. He springs up, gasping for breath.
Chaplain rises, seeing James, arms out like wings, then peacefully lying back down.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

We good?

James, coming to, can't move again, but taking in peace, mouths a 'Yes.'

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

You good?

James now whispers a 'Yes.' Chaplain gestures between James, and God.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

You, good?

JAMES

Yes.

CHAPLAIN

Amen.

Finger pointed skyward, seeing the room is now clear, he exits into:

INT. HOSPICE HALLWAY - DAY

Chaplain steps in the quiet hall, turns left and **BOOM!**

Clara Lou. Standing still. Eyes wide. Comically horrifying.

(Audience Jump Scare ... Chaplain doesn't budge)

She gazes at up him with shining eyes.

Then extends a hand to shake his. Chaplain has no clue what's going on.

Whoosh! He has a flash of being on stage; Clara Lou locking dead-eyed on to him.

CHAPLAIN (V.O.)

And all we're doing ... is building a **MIGHTY** Army.

Chaplain figures her out. He Smiles.

CHAPLAIN

First to enlist, huh?

In all her energetic adorable, she salutes him.

Then goes right back to Clara Lou mode, seeing the Other Side, on this one.

He watches her look past him, spying something over his shoulder. Horrifying.

CHAPLAIN

Where, are you seeing?

Clara Lou's eyes grow wider, seeing whatever's moving, moving to wherever. She begins to follow. But, Chaplain hears Rob's clicking shoes heading their way.

Chaplain coolly, gently, guides Clara Lou into an adjacent hall. Shiny lights come from however that hall's designed. She likes that! *And, she's off.*

Chaplain joins Rob mid stride, guiding him into an opposite hall: an Orange Tint to the walls all painted as Pages in a stroll thru the World's Diaries & Hometown Tales.

ROB

How's James?

CHAPLAIN

He's recallin' his strength, thanks for asking.

ROB

Good. So brainiac, where's Clara Lou?

CHAPLAIN

Clara Who?

ROB

Look I'm no modern-day Soothsayer --

CHAPLAIN

-- No *what*?

ROB

But if I've surmised you're keeping Clara Lou two steps ahead of her Nurses, & subsequently, her medications, I'd double down on Martinez knowing too.

CHAPLAIN

Martinez knows? That's not good. It's a lot of things, but it ain't good.

ROB

Isn't, and what is it about Clara Lou you think you're protecting?
Or clearly, not thinking, about lining us up in the HIPPA firing squad?

Chaplain's Connecting with Residents as they pass.
Touching shoulders, smiling kind; refilling by filling.

CHAPLAIN

You've been around her. Whadda you think?

ROB

I think I hate it when you answer questions via questions.

CHAPLAIN

And why is that, *really*?

ROB

Dude. I respect your heart to help the dying live, free to roam...

Chaplain kneels next to a napping Ethel in a large hall chair that engulfs her.
Rising, he whispers a prayer, points his finger up, and fires that prayer skyward.

ROB (CONT'D)

But friend, eventually that path roams right into Martinez.

CHAPLAIN

She's *your* wife.

And BOOM! Martinez, the lovely 5ft Roadblock provides another 'Jump Scare.'
Rob jolts. Chaplain, unfazed; smiles each time he sees her. Despite her warpath.

ROB

Hi'ya honey. That shirt's a nice, shirt.

CHAPLAIN

Fuchsia.

MARTINEZ

Rob, I will feed you to a Tiger and use the insurance money to teach the kids Mime.

ROB

I don't, know, how any of that goes together.

MARTINEZ

Don't get me started on what you don't know.

ROB

I agree.

She daggers through Chaplain, who absolutely loves everything about this.

MARTINEZ

Did you knowingly distribute an energy drink to a 78 year old Resident,
Two weeks after her third heart cath procedure...

ROB

She means did you give Clara Lou a Redbull?

Chaplain sees a Yellow Haze return. Despite her bringing brimstone, these are true friends connected in workplace storms, these interactions fill their tanks. *Chaplain notes the Haze falls a bit onto Martinez, not quite near to Rob.*

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Assisting, unnaturally, her physical capacity to out-manuever my Medical Staff?

ROB (O.S.)

Ohh Miming... a silence thing.

The Yellow Wind brushes his Belt-Bible, his thumb stops it, landing on:

FEMALE (V.O.)

Let your yes be yes and your no be no.

Chaplain's pleasantly annoyed by that.

CHAPLAIN

Yes.

MARTINEZ

Listen Yes Man, HIPPA's bringing brimstone over this place, and ask me how much I care that they're trying to get you fired because you *refuse* to stop saying Resident's names and/or stating their specific Medical Conditions during sermon illustrations?

CHAPLAIN

(annoyed, an obvious repeated correction)

Not. Sermons.

MARTINEZ

Don't. Care. You know who else doesn't? Baker...

Chaplain's eyes snap to fire mode, hearing his name.

Then he spots, behind her: A **CHILD**, face only, sticking out around the corner.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

He handed this to me directly, Chaplain, to make sure you directly deliver it.

Not to let Wendy take it for you again, or ever, and *hello?*

He's still gazing over her shoulder as she puts a file in his hand: '**Unit 5 - Alzheimer's**'

CHAPLAIN

Believe we're being watched.

Martinez and Rob careen back.

Chap's intrigued to see if they see what he sees on a day he's seeing what he seeing.

The Child, like a deer being spotted at the stream, darts off. Martinez & Rob follow.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

Oh good you saw her too.

The Child zips into a room. Martinez leads their charge seeing inside: Two lil' legs midair, sticking out sideways across the room. *The rest of her unseen past the door.*

ROB

And that's the most horrifying thing I've ever seen. You two go ahead.

INT. JAYMIE'S ROOM - DAY

Martinez a force, moves in, zero hesitation. Chaplain close behind; right hand man. The Girl hops down from the bed she was leaning on, and hops over to the corner.

Chaplain passes Martinez, joining the Child who smiles up, cute as a bug's ear. He greets her with a fist bump. She obliges. He's guarding her from hearing:

JAYMIE (Mom) fighting for breath under her uncontrollable cough, which becomes a rasp, which becomes phlegm, which becomes a problem... gouged in her throat.

Martinez, also quick to block the view from the Girl, skillfully assists into stability. Rob steps in swift, helping Martinez; left hand man. He cleans Jaymie's face, giving Martinez a clear look at her. Martinez is stunned and briefly lost in Jaymie's Beauty.

Green streams deep in Jaymie's eyes, reflecting the bedside wall... **Virtual Reality:** Emerald Forest amidst a rushing river sifting across the room. It captures Martinez who sees Jaymie's Stage-4 rushing through her body; patchy hair, drooping cheeks, dying in cancer's shell. Yet still peacefully resembling the eloquently majestic trees.

Martinez sees a light shine from Jaymie's shattered smile, exact replica of a bright **Green Orb** that's in the wall's branches of Cedars and Pines. Martinez breathes it.

Chaplain, focused on keeping the Child's focus, still sees Martinez. Peripherals. Rob has Jaymie's face clear. Her voice returning, sees her Daughter in the corner.

JAYMIE

I'm so sorry, I tried calling for her, the call button hasn't worked since...

Martinez glances to Rob who's instantly headed out, and:

ROB

On it.

JAYMIE

Please, no troubles over me, others have nee --

MARTINEZ

-- You're fine Jaymie.

Chaplain glances up. Impressed, and warmed; Martinez knows her by name.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

How's the pain?

Jaymie coughs again, hard, Martinez sees her through it.

Chaplain's still distracting the Girl, letting her select the music from his phone... it controls the Music piping in overhead sounds. She chooses a riverbed streamtone.

JAYMIE

Just keeps rushing in...

MARTINEZ

We'll move your 3pm dose up a couple hours, I promise not to tell if you don't.

JAYMIE

Suppose the one who makes the rules can break the rules.

Martinez hears the streamtone, sees the rushing river...knowing this is Jaymie's end.

CHAPLAIN

I can get'cha a Redbull.

Chaplain/Daughter **POV**: Martinez, her back to them, slowly raises her head. She doesn't turn. Just stands silent. Chap's in *uh-oh* mode. Daughter clinches her teeth.

Jaymie squeezes Martinez's hand, Martinez jolts slightly; a Green Aura around her.

Chaplain sees. **Now** Martinez turns her head, enough to make sure he didn't see. Chap looks to Daughter, who looks to the wall, both pretend to be looking away.

Martinez starts to go, but Jaymie moves her hand over to Martinez's belly.

JAYMIE

I'm supposed to tell you, she'll be safe.

Martinez's eyes instantly swell. Trying not as she might, even she's not that mighty.

MARTINEZ

Your Nurse will be in soon.

She's outta there, darting Chaplain half an irked eagle's eye; one for the road.

DAUGHTER

That lady looks at you mean.

CHAPLAIN

That's because she's consistent.

Daughter bunny-hops back to Mom, then points up to Chap like he's a Zoo Animal.

DAUGHTER

What's he do?

JAYMIE

He Prays.

DAUGHTER

Sweet, can we pray now?

CHAPLAIN

Totally. What'cha got in your noggin?

DAUGHTER

I've forever wanted Purple Ice Cream. And/or a Giraffe.

CHAPLAIN

Sweet. Let's do it; only way to it is thru it.

He looks to Jaymie, who's kind of trying to piece that together, he nods to a chair.

CHAPLAIN

May I?

She nods a yes. He flips the chair kicks it to the wall and leans against it. Nice.

Enter, the Husband: **LOGAN**. A Peaceful Gent in a look of heaviness any soon to be Widower would bear. Chaplain flinches, seeing his aura as a force field crumbling.

CHAPLAIN

Howdy. Care to join, or, I can bail?

LOGAN

No, no, just came by for the Munchkin.
Let's get you some food kiddo.

Logan and Jaymie hold hands, whispering gentleness to each other. Chaplain turns a deaf eye. But sees Daughter take Logan's hand, guiding him. Chaplain tosses a set of keys to Logan as they step into the doorway.

CHAPLAIN

Bingo room, couple halls down, the one made up like an Aquarium.

LOGAN

Yeah, saw that, we like that one.

Daughter puffs her cheeks out like a blowfish. Her eyes pop out wide. Jaymie laughs a cough. Chaplain intentionally speaks over it; Logan appreciates that.

CHAPLAIN

Ice Cream in the back freezer, may even be purple by now.
Get the one that says 'Mildred' on it. Don't worry 'bout tha part. Dig on in.

LOGAN

Thanks. Thoughtful.

CHAPLAIN

The fact people give me keys to *anything* is, baffling.
Pretty sure the Residents will smother ya in love, so, good luck on that.

INT. SPLIT SCREEN: JAYMIE'S ROOM / HOSPICE HALLWAY (CONTINUOUS)

Logan smiles past the pain. Daughter's cheeks & eyes still blown out. They go.

Seen from behind walking the hall, Daughter *ignites* Residents, same as Wendy has.

~ ~ ~

Chaplain and Jaymie gel. A very real peace between them.

CHAPLAIN

So, how ya holding up?

JAYMIE

So, Praying Man...

He catches she intentionally ignored him, now looking him over; sizing him up.
He deflects, patting his almost flat^{ish} stomach.

CHAPLAIN

Oh I'm not, pregnant, too. *That was very cool by the way.*
This here's, steady stream of chicken liver-diet. Lil' malt vinegar sauce, soda water.

She cringes. It's not lost on either, Chaplain's ability to gross out a sickly person.

JAYMIE

...no, how are **you**?

Catches Chap off guard. Baffled.

JAYMIE (CONT'D)

How long since you've been asked?

CHAPLAIN

Not really part of the gig.

JAYMIE

As a Mother, I relate in full. As a Patient...

CHAPLAIN

Common courtesy's, common go-to when people... realize they can't help you.

She sees him seeing the death, in and of, her physical beauty.

~ ~ ~

Daughter's a few bunny hops ahead of Logan, who passes Jernard.
Who unwittingly passes off a Dark Mist onto Logan. It latches.

Split Screen Stops.

JAYMIE

Anyone with an eye on helping you? Potential, Mrs. Chaplain?

CHAPLAIN

You get right in there, don't'cha?

JAYMIE

Chaplain, I have zero time. I go right for the good stuff.

CHAPLAIN

Yeah here too. Part of the gig, *speaking of...*

His hand brushes the Belt-Bible. He stops as she brushes by a cough to go first.

JAYMIE

We haven't met, but, I've... seen you.

That catches his curious on a day of seeing curious things.

JAYMIE (CONT'D)

Passing in the hall, praying over rooms. Over people. When you came to meet me, my eyes couldn't open, but I could hear you whisper, covering me, and my family.

CHAPLAIN

That's not gonna stop. I'll keep her covered, all her years.

JAYMIE

We **tried** for her for years, frankly compared to 38 hours of labor, this is a breeze.

Chap smirks but his eyes instantly swell. He corrals the tears.

There's something more important than pain on his mind. She sees that in his eyes.

JAYMIE (CONT'D)

I've seen enough of you to know, you don't care. You don't, do you? The cost, of loss. The destruction of family, over the destruction of this body, you don't truly care about our pain, mine, hers, his, all in the hall. You don't care about any of this.

Unflinchingly patient, he's locked in, giving her full focus.

Another quick cough by her sounds sharp. He sees her monitor lines going flat. He looks to the call button. It's broken.

JAYMIE (CONT'D)

Getting hurt, isn't a breeze. We open our eyes one day and realize we've been born.

Slowly everything starts to hurt. Life comes in piles. Pain comes from people.

So we follow beauty around. We follow fun. We get to laugh.

She coughs a cough that sounds like a laugh. The monitor seems to settle.

JAYMIE (CONT'D)

I, love, laughing! *What a breeze.* I get the sense you care about our laughter.

But for the life of me, I can't say you really care about the death of anyone.

You don't care about things on earth that hurt.

Because you don't care about things of this earth.

You're here with me, watching my death, but if you've walked into a room, you're here on business, of the only thing you care about ... the one thing.

Chaplain points up, one finger. She nods. She knew it.

Jaymie coughs, sure looking like she's about to send him packing, one way trip.

JAYMIE (CONT'D)

And when your time comes. When you die, I hope you...

Know, I'll be right there with you, cheering your victory.

I can't wait to spend Eternity with my new friend. Laughing.

WHEW. Chaplain breaks, crying instantly, deep relief into joy. Jaymie's smiling in a peace that matches the sounds of the overhead streams selected by her daughter.

JAYMIE (CONT'D)

It's all you think about isn't it Chaplain? Next Level Stuff.

CHAPLAIN

Everything's Eternal. *And*, I read somethin'bout there being some kinda, Banqueting Table...so that sorta keeps me steerin' straight.

They laugh, wiping tears, she extends a hand. He takes it. While streaming sounds echo off the musical rush on the rocks, subtly sounding like the tune: 'IT IS WELL'

CHAPLAIN

How can I pray for you?

JAYMIE

Not for me.

CHAPLAIN

For him?

JAYMIE

Logan.

He knew it. **SPLIT SCREEN RETURNS:**

Jaymie & Chaplain pray silently together, under a music taking life of its own. The Wind picks up, now **visible**, revealing it was there all along. It breaks off. One Segment exiting the room, seeking and finding Logan and Daughter.

~ ~ ~

Seen from a distance, the Wind *drills* the Dark Mist off Logan as he opens the Bingo Room door, unlatching his Mist, then hovering over him in a spinning Purple Haze. Daughter enters, the door only half open, only half seeing Residents loving on her. Logan's still in the hall...experiencing a Shifting. Pictures on the walls vibrate.

~ ~ ~

Their Wind still peacefully active, Jaymie & Chaplain finish praying.

CHAPLAIN

Good?

JAYMIE

Good.

Chaplain lays her hand gently back onto her blanket, and steps to the door.

JAYMIE

Chaplain, I'm supposed to tell you, 'It's *time to find her*.'

CHAPLAIN

Appreciate it but that, can't really be possible.

...*Talk about it next time.*

Her eyes tell him, that's not possible either.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

I've got a Calling, Jaymie. And it's not that. Or *this* even. I'm on Earth to --

JAYMIE

-- Your Sister.

His World Stops. He looks up the hall, then back to her.

CHAPLAIN

You've, seen... *see*, her?

Jaymie's eyes closing without consent, she whispers:

JAYMIE

...thank you for being kind to my family.

Chaplain Heads Off.
