

'THE CHURCH'

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1 EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Establishing shots. Inter-cut with RUNNING. DEMONIC NOISES rise.

GUY runs up to the doors.

2 INT. CHURCH - DAY

GUY runs in, closes doors behind him (SILENCE), breathing hard, holding his stomach. Runs to the ALTAR.

GUY

I need your help! Hey, come on, come on, get rid of it! I need your help! You're here, I know you're here! Father!

He calms, sits on a pew.

GUY

Dad. I looked you up. I thought I could talk... but I don't believe in this.

I'm not Mum. She traced the family tree -- your family, back ten generations or more. That's where it started: New blood. Some louche French soldier met a Devon housemaid, and...

Stands, looks at the flags: French and American. Two countries united.

GUY

...An accident. And they caught him. They caught all of them, and put them to work.

He touches the stone walls.

GUY

I never knew. Look at this place! Built by dead men -- they were already dead; waiting to die. But they made this.

He walks.

GUY

If you're in fear of death, well, you'd build a church. A prison to lock yourself away from the infection. There's something out there. Something watching,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GUY (cont'd)
swimming in our blood. Something
with a plan for us. Something
dark. And if you believe, or you
don't believe, it doesn't matter
-- because there's something that
believes in you.

NOISES outside rise up. He runs to the ALTAR.

GUY
Do something! I need a miracle!
I'm trapped; I'm a prisoner! Free
me!

He sits on the steps.

GUY
I feel wrong. There's this --
this thing, this knot in the
blood... their blood. The
soldiers, the men of God... my
father... I'm not. Their names
are set in stone, but me? I'll be
forgotten. I need a miracle.

He pauses, standing, looking around.

GUY
I mean, this place is the
miracle, isn't it, huh? It's
people. They did it, stone by
stone, and the invasion never
happened. It wasn't a miracle.
There's no flash of light. The
knot in your stomach doesn't
disappear; you have to undo it,
and walk it back.

The miracle is the time you have
left. We keep going. They
faltered, but they didn't fall.
They found escapes, even if they
were made of stone -- because
they're solid as anything.

He goes to the ALTAR, looks up.

GUY
Thank you.

Walks to the door, prepares, opens it: Sunlight streams
in, birds singing. He walks out, at peace.