

SAINT MARTI

written by
craig houchin

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Craig Houchin
craighouchin@me.com 818.331.0615

Joel Millner, Larchmont Literary Agency
jm@larchmontlit.com 323.856.3070

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TEASER

EXT. LUCKY BURGER - TWILIGHT

It's a neighborhood burger stand on a busy Friday night. A mix of teenagers, couples, and families, hang out at the patio tables and stop by for take-out. Nostalgic 50s pop wafts from outdoor speakers.

We are in the suburbs of Salt Lake City, UT.

INT. DARK CAR - LUCKY BURGER PARKING LOT

We sit in the driver's seat, watching the Lucky burger through the windshield.

A DARK CRUCIFIX hangs from the mirror.

A DARK HAND rests on the steering wheel.

We watch a small sedan drive into the lot and park. It has a CTR (Choose The Right) sticker on the back window. The driver, QUINN, a 17-year-old boy in a Wildcats letter jacket, gets out and walks to the counter.

OUR UNSEEN PASSENGER shifts in his seat and the hanging crucifix begins to sway.

THE DARK HAND rises off the steering wheel to still the swaying cross and, in the sweep of a car's headlights, we see the slim hand of a young Latina woman. The name "Gabriel" is tattooed in the fleshy fold between her thumb and trigger finger. The hand stills the crucifix and returns to the wheel.

And now we watch Quinn walk away from the burger stand with a bag and a tall drink. He scans the lot... spots what he's looking for, and walks past his car to a different car.

He gets into this car, drives to the exit, puts on his left blinker, and turns left out of the parking lot.

Our passenger opens his door and we watch him get into Quinn's car, drive to the exit, and turn right.

ANTONIA, the DARK HAND, watches Quinn's car all the way out of the lot. She is Latina, 19, with a slight build, dark hair and dark eyes. Eyes like bottomless pits. They swallow everything but let nothing out.

We hold on those eyes... and then CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN MALL - FOOD COURT - DAY

The ketchup-smearred face of an adorable four year old boy fills the screen of a CAMERA PHONE. His name is TANNER, and as we watch him lick ketchup from a fistful of fries...

The CAMERA PHONE discreetly pans from him to the COUPLE - a MAN and WOMAN - sitting at the table behind him.

At first glance, there is nothing about them to indicate whether they are friends, coworkers, or lovers -- until...

The camera phone ZOOMS-IN on the MAN'S HAND sliding up the woman's thigh, under her dress. That's the moment when...

MARTI WHEELER - 30s, Tanner's mom and the woman behind the camera phone, with glasses and LONG BLONDE HAIR - smiles like a big game hunter who has just spotted her elusive prey.

The Man checks his watch and looks at the woman. It's time to go - but neither wants to.

Under the table, their hands part. They stand, and casually stroll together out of the food court.

Marti keeps her eyes on the couple, buckles Tanner into his stroller, and starts after them -- but Tanner whines and reaches for his fries. Marti sweeps the ketchupy mess into Tanner's lap and hustles after the couple.

INT. MALL - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Marti runs out of the food court with the stroller skidding along in front of her, and then -- just as she reaches the main hallway, she abruptly downshifts into a casual stroll and joins the gentle flow of midday shoppers.

She spots the couple about 40 feet ahead of her and falls in behind them. They stop to browse a store window, so Marti does the same -- and is startled to see...

HERSELF displayed on a large TV screen. A video camera on a tripod points right at her - making her very uncomfortable.

Marti watches the couple share a coy smile, and then move on. She follows - thankful to be stepping out of the uncomfortable gaze of that video camera.

She watches the couple turn into another hallway, then glances in the store window to see what they were looking at: a mannequin in skimpy lingerie looks down at her.

Marti looks away, embarrassed, then hurries after the couple.

INT. MALL - ANOTHER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

But the crowd is thicker here and she's lost them. She hurries down the hallway, weaving around shoppers, scanning left and right.

Tanner loves the speed -- and then WHOA! She nearly runs into the coupe, standing at the elevator.

She skids to a stop, spins around and drops onto a bench next to a friendly-looking WOMAN in her 70s, who is eating an ice cream cone.

The Woman looks up at the sudden invasion, but smiles when she sees Tanner's ketchup-smearred face. Tanner locks onto her ice cream.

ICE CREAM LADY

Well aren't you an adorable little mess. What's his name?

MARTI

(focused on the couple)
Hmmm?

ICE CREAM LADY

Your boy. What's his name?

MARTI

Oh. Uh, Tanner.

ICE CREAM LADY

Well hello, Tanner.

Tanner remains focused on the woman's ice cream, while Marti focuses on the couple.

They get onto the elevator along with three or four other people. The doors close...

And Marti hops up and heads after them -- but is stopped by a piercing cry from Tanner. She turns and sees him reaching for the woman's ice cream cone.

She turns to the elevator.... then back to Tanner.

MARTI

Sweetie. C'mon. Here. You have your french fries.

She tries to stuff one in his mouth but he's not having it, and just squeals louder.

Marti turns to the elevator: the indicator light is stopped on P1.

Tanner wails. Marti scans left and right for an ice cream shop. Nothing.

She glances back at the elevator: the indicator light is now passing through P2. She's losing them...

So she turns to the woman.

MARTI

Can he have your ice cream?

ICE CREAM LADY

I'm sorry?

MARTI

Your ice cream... Can he...?

She shrugs and nods at Tanner, reaching and wailing.

ICE CREAM LADY

Uh... I... I suppose so.

Marti takes the cone, hands the woman a \$5 bill and backs away with an apologetic shrug.

MARTI

Thanks. Sorry....

She turns to the elevator. The indicator light is stopped on P3. She runs to the stairwell door and backs through it and pulls the stroller in behind her.

And off the ice cream lady's bewildered look - we CUT TO:

INT. MALL - STAIRWELL - DAY

In the closed echo chamber of the stairwell, Tanner's screech is even more piercing. Marti eyes the cone with distaste...

...And licks it all over - better her germs than some stanger's - and then stabs the cone into Tanner's mouth, instantly silencing him.

MARTI

Okay. Time to be quiet now. Mommy's gotta work.

She bump-bump-bump-bumps the stroller down the stairs. Tanner loves this part, too. The ice cream bumps against his nose, but he doesn't seem to mind. Marti stops on the P1 landing.

It's decision time. She looks at the door, and then over the rail toward the P3 level.

MARTI

Okay, Lord. Which way?
(she glances skyward for
the divine answer, and
then)
Yeah, I think so too.

And hustles down the stairs.

INT. MALL PARKING GARAGE - LEVEL P3 - DAY

Marti backs out of the stairwell, glances around the dark garage and listens... Footsteps, muffled voices. She follows the sound - but it's the wrong couple.

So she moves down another row. And then another. And then she spots them -- one row over. She closes in, crouches behind a car, and...

MARTI'S PHONE eases out from behind the car's bumper and...

ON HER PHONE SCREEN, we see the couple. The man glances around to see if they are alone, then pulls the woman into his arms and kisses her, long and deep.

Marti smiles triumphantly.

MARTI

Gotchya.

Tanner smiles and licks his ice cream.

INT. MALL PARKING GARAGE. MARTI'S VAN - DAY

Marti loads Tanner into his car seat and tosses the stroller into the back.

INT. MARTI'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Tanner, with a satisfied ice cream glaze, watches Marti get into the driver's seat, turn the rearview mirror toward her, and take off the fake glasses and BLONDE WIG to reveal her real hair pressed flat beneath a wig cap.

Tanner frowns at his mom's frightening, bald-headed appearance. Marti laughs.

MARTI

Oh, honey. It's okay. See? It's me.

She peels off the wig cap, shakes out her hair, and smiles reassuringly. Tanner seems only slightly reassured. And then, in a sudden panic, Marti checks her watch.

MARTI

Oh, criminy! I gotta pick up your brother and sister. Hang on, honey. This is gonna be a wild ride.

INT. MALL PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Marti's van backs out and rockets into the dark labyrinth of the parking garage, looking for an exit.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. MARTI'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

In the sparkling rays of early-morning sun, even this plain, three-bedroom rancher with its shaggy lawn, looks like a little slice of heaven.

We hear birds chirping... And Marti yelling.

MARTI (O.S.)
Katie! Jackie! Bryce!

INT. MARTI'S HOUSE - MORNING

Marti, dressed for work in a skirt and blouse, curlers in her hair, and Tanner on her hip, hurries down the hall, pounding on one door and then another.

MARTI
Get a move on! We're late!

INT. KATIE AND JACKIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

IN THE MIRROR - KATIE, 15, with long dark hair and an oversized hoodie, slips hearing aids into her ears and fusses with her hair to cover them. She turns this way and that to see if they are visible, but nothing satisfies her.

INT. MARTI'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Marti sets Tanner at the table, ladles up a bowl of oatmeal, and sets it front of him - without a spoon. She then uses the oven door as a mirror to pull the curlers from her hair.

BRYCE, 11, skinny and excitable, arrives at the table lugging an overloaded school backpack. He drops it with a THUNK, gets a bowl of oatmeal at the stove, sits down across from Tanner - and watches him eat oatmeal with his fingers.

BRYCE
Mom. Tanner needs a spoon.

Marti turns, a dangling curler smacking against her cheek.

MARTI
Tanner!

She wipes Tanner's hands and mouth with a dish towel, grabs a spoon from the drawer and puts it in his hand.

MARTI

Here.

And goes back to the oven window to finish removing curlers.

EXT. MARTI'S BACKYARD - MORNING

JACKIE, 11, lean, athletic, and a head taller than her fraternal twin-brother Bryce, lies on her stomach by the back fence, sharing her Pop-Tart with a cautious squirrel.

INT. MARTI'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Marti pulls the last curler and fluffs her hair - but her reflection in the oven window is unimpressed. She shrugs and turns to the table. Katie and Jackie are still absent.

MARTI

Katie! Jackie! Let's go!

And then - through the sliding glass door - she spots Jackie in the backyard and slides the door open.

MARTI

Jackie! We're leaving!

And turning from the door, she shouts again for Katie...

MARTI

Kat...!

But there she is. A backpack on her shoulder. A BEANIE pulled down severely over her ears.

Marti eyes the unflattering cap and starts to question it... but Katie's glare stops her, and she heads for the door.

MARTI

Katie. Breakfast.

KATIE

I don't want to miss the bus.

The door shuts behind her and Marti has to let her go.

MARTI

All right! Everybody out! Let's go!

Jackie closes the sliding door and grabs her backpack. Bryce hefts his and they head for the door. Marti grabs Tanner, her purse, and keys and follows them -- and then remembers something else...

MARTI

Dang it.

And runs back to her desk in the corner of the living room, snatches up a large manila envelope full of papers, and follows the last kid out the door.

EXT. MARTI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marti steps onto the porch and stops to look up the street at Katie - sulking away. She wants to say something but...

BRYCE

Mom!

MARTI

Okay-Okay!

She pulls the door shut and hustles across the lawn with Tanner on her hip.

MARTI

(to Bryce and Jackie)
Get in and buckle up.

Bryce and Jackie get into the van as Marti runs to the next-door neighbor's house, waves to someone in the front window and GWEN SHEPHERD, 60s, Japanese by heritage but 100% Texan by birth, and with the accent to prove it, hurries out to meet her.

GWEN

Well you're sure flyin' low this morning. C'mon, Tanner.

Tanner reaches for her and Marti hands him over and kisses him...

MARTI

Have fun, sweetie.

...And runs to her van, calling back over her shoulder.

MARTI

Thanks, Gwen. I'll try to be back around five.

And Gwen and Tanner wave as Marti's van backs out.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DRIVING - MORNING

Katie sits alone, facing the window. Around her, the other kids are talking and laughing.

The bus pulls up in front of JORDAN PLAINS HIGH SCHOOL, and Katie spots THE BANNER hung across the entrance: WELCOME FRESHMAN.

She takes a deep breath.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

A pack of girls stands near the entrance, quietly reviewing the new kids, pointing and whispering as they pass. The alpha of the group is a pretty girl, who knows she's pretty, named ANN MARIE, 16.

Katie steps off the bus and checks the cap over her ears.

Ann Marie spots her but is unimpressed, and immediately shifts her attention to the next newbie.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - MORNING

JORDAN PLAINS MIDDLE SCHOOL. Minutes before the bell. Marti's vans screeches to a stop. Jackie jumps out of the front seat as Bryce slides open the side door and drags his backpack out - KA-CHUNK - onto the sidewalk.

MARTI

What do you have in there?

BRYCE

Just some stuff. I'm in training.

She knows she should ask - but doesn't have time.

MARTI

Oh. Okay. Well... don't hurt yourself. See you tonight.

The kids slam their doors and Marti drives off. Jackie helps Bryce get the heavy pack onto his back, and then runs to the entrance with Bryce waddling behind as the final bell rings.

EXT. DEAN'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - MORNING

It's one of those two-story apartment complexes that wrap around a pool. Marti knocks on a second-story door. Waits.

And the door is suddenly thrown open by a man, dripping wet, with a towel around his waist. DEAN WHEELER, late-30s, is rough-edged and handsome, with the kind of lean, muscled body that comes from honest labor, not a gym.

DEAN

Hey. C'mon in. Sorry, I just got called in to work.

He rushes off, leaving the door open for Marti.

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

She enters and stands by the door, feeling a bit out of place. She looks around. It's a bachelor's apartment. Essential furniture, no frills.

MARTI

I thought you were off this week.

DEAN (O.S.)

So did I. But somebody who gets paid more than me decided it was time to pour concrete today.

Marti glances through the half-open bedroom door just in time to see Dean drop his towel. She quickly looks away... but then looks back.

MARTI

Uh, huh.

Dean steps out of sight. So Marti moves to change her angle - and now sees him again, fully nude, standing at his dresser. He pulls out socks and underwear and goes to his closet, once again out of sight.

Marti readjusts, and is just craning her neck to peek in...

When Dean walks out, wearing jeans, a partially buttoned shirt and carrying his work boots. She turns away quickly.

DEAN

Sorry I have to run like this.

Dean sits on the couch to put on his boots and looks up at her.

DEAN

You look good.

Marti, now feeling even more awkward, holds the manila envelope out to him.

MARTI

I, uh, printed out all the divorce papers. It's everything we talked about. You just need to sign them.

Dean glances at the envelope in her hand but just keeps putting on his boots and doesn't take it, so Marti sets it on the coffee table.

DEAN

How are the kids?

MARTI

They're good. Katie's starting high school today.

Dean looks up at her.

DEAN

She okay?

MARTI

(shrugs)
You know?

DEAN

Yeah.

Marti starts backing out.

MARTI

Well. I know you gotta get to work and so do I, so...

DEAN

Yeah. Thanks for...

He nods at the envelope on the coffee table.

MARTI

Oh, sure. See ya later.

Dean watches Marti close the door behind her, and then he looks down at the envelope on the coffee table - and at all of the things done and said that led to it lying there.

EXT. BUSINESS PARK OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

This single-story office building offers furnished suites, cheap rent, ample parking, and zero style.

INT. BUSINESS PARK OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

We follow a MOM dragging her unwilling CHILD down a long beige hallway. They turn at the "DENTIST THIS WAY" sign...

But we keep straight ahead to a closed office door and land on the company name, engraved onto a removable sliding plate: RICHARD SMYTH INVESTIGATIONS, LLC. (pronounced like "Smith.")

INT. SMYTH INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

Grey carpet. Acoustic tile. Rented furniture. There's a reception desk - but no receptionist; a few cubicles with phones; a small conference room; and one private office with the name RICHARD SMYTH, CEO on the door.

And out of that office walks RICK SMYTH, 40s, struggling entrepreneur, sole-proprietor, and CEO of Smyth Investigations. He has a file folder in his hand and a cordless phone clipped to his belt. It rings and he answers with a practiced spiel and a cheery voice.

RICK

Richard Smyth Investigations. What can we solve for you?

(he listens - and his cheeriness evaporates)

No. I don't need my carpets cleaned.

He hangs up, clips the phone to his belt, and puts on a big smile as he approaches BOB, 60s, an immovable keg of a man, a retired-cop-turned-PI, and the only other person in the office. He's in one of the cubicles, finishing up some paperwork and doesn't bother to look up when Rick arrives.

RICK

Morning, Bob. Great work on that Martin case.

BOB

No.

RICK

What?

BOB

No.

Bob stands up and lumbers to the copier. Rick follows.

RICK

You don't even know what it is yet.

BOB

I don't need to. Whenever I see you smile like that, I know your trying to pass off a turd.

Rick folds up his smile, and Bob starts the copier.

RICK

Okay. Fine. It's a dog. But it's a paying dog. At least two days.

BOB

No.

Bob takes his copies back to his cubicle, and Rick follows.

RICK

C'mon. It's just a simple asset verification. You could do it in your sleep.

Bob sits down to staple his copies and now - for the first time - looks at Rick. Not harshly. Just expressing settled fact.

BOB

I'm not available.
(he returns to stapling)
My lady friend's in town.

Rick frowns - trying to envision Bob with this *lady friend* - but then he sees Marti enter and forgets about Bob.

Marti has something on her mind, and only gives Rick a brief nod on her way to a cubicle.

Rick puts on his smile and approaches.

RICK

Hey! There's my girl. Great work on that Campbell case last week. Your video was fan-tastic! The client was thrilled. -- Well, maybe not thrilled. She is getting divorced. But she's satisfied. Which is the important thing for us. I'm doing the final billing today.

Marti smiles but doesn't share his enthusiasm.

MARTI

Oh, that's great. I'm glad it worked out.

RICK
You don't seem very glad.

MARTI
No, I am... I just...

RICK
(ready for the worst)
What? -- You quitting?

MARTI
What? No. No. I just... I don't
want to do cheater cases anymore.

RICK
(relieved)
Oh.

And then he remembers the "turd" case he needs to unload.

RICK
Ohhhhh... Yeah. Well, gee, Marti.
That, that could be kind of a
problem.

He turns toward his office, glancing back to make sure Marti
is following. She is.

MARTI
Rick, please. I don't want you to
think I'm ungrateful. Because I'm
not. You've done a lot for me. I
know that. I just. I'm ready for
more.

RICK
More what?

MARTI
Real cases. You know? Like missing
persons. Or skip-tracing. Or...
Heck, I'll even do injury fraud.
Just something different.

RICK
I don't know, Marti. Those are
complicated cases you're talking
about. I mean, missing people.
Insurance fraud.
(he glances at her while
adding emphasis)
Asset verification. These things
require skill and experience.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

And, frankly, I'm just not sure
you're ready.

Bob glances up as they pass his desk, but says nothing.

MARTI

I am ready.

RICK

Marti, c'mon. Three months ago you
were answering my phone. You don't
even have your license yet. You're
still my apprentice. I vouched for
you with the state and put up your
surety bond. So, I'm responsible
for you.

They enter Rick's office and Rick goes to his desk.

MARTI

I know. I know. And I'm grateful
for all that. But I can do more.

RICK

Marti, look. You're a very
promising detective. You really
are. That's why I went out on a
limb for you. But...

MARTI

Rick. I'm ready. I just need the
chance to prove it.

Rick leans on his desk and sighs heavily, over-playing the
weightiness of his decision.

He glances out at Bob, and then walks around the desk, shuts
the door, and turns to Marti.

RICK

All right. Look. I was going to
give this to Bob but... I want to
keep you happy, so I'm gonna give
it to you. But you gotta keep it
under your hat. Okay? I don't need
Bob finding out I'm giving his jobs
away.

Marti can barely contain herself but manages to shut her
smiling lips with a zipping gesture. Rick returns to his desk
and hands her the folder.

RICK

Now, it's nothing glamorous. Just a straight forward asset verification. This guy thinks his mom might be going a little nuts, and that she might have some bank accounts somewhere that he doesn't know about. He just wants us to find them so he can get them signed over before she checks out completely. Should be easy. Take you a day, maybe two. What do you say?

MARTI

Yeah. Yeah. Absolutely. I can do it.

RICK

(feigning skepticism)

We'll see. I just hope Bob doesn't find out, or I wind up regretting this somehow.

MARTI

He won't. And you won't either. I promise. I'm on it. Thank you, Rick. Thank you.

Marti bounces out of Rick's office - suppresses her excitement as she passes Bob's cubicle - and then erupts into a big, beaming smile.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. LDS CHURCH OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

MRS. WATERMAN, 50s, a battle-hardened executive secretary, sits at her desk, typing. The soft *klickity-klack* of the keyboard is the only sound in the room.

And as she types - and without missing a keystroke - she slides a glance over the top of her glasses at...

The round, eager-eyed man sitting in her waiting area, clutching three easels and two large portfolio cases.

The man, BENJAMIN "BENJI" HARTWELL, 40s, mutters to himself, as though rehearsing lines before an audition.

Mrs. Waterman lifts a skeptical eyebrow, and then turns her attention back to her computer screen. A moment later her desk phone rings and both she and Benji turn to it.

She answers and listens.

MRS. WATERMAN
Yes, Mr. Tucker.

She hangs up and turns to Benji.

MRS. WATERMAN
Mr. Tucker can see you now.

Benji bolts up from his chair, grabs up the easels and portfolio cases in an awkward bear hug, and waddles through the office door that Mrs. Waterman holds open for him.

As he passes through, we see the name on the door:
MEETINGHOUSE FACILITIES DEPARTMENT - DICKSON TUCKER, DIRECTOR

INT. MR. TUCKER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MR. TUCKER, 50s, greets Benji at the door, surprised by the amount of stuff he's brought with him.

TUCKER
Come in, Mr. Hartwell. My goodness, you have quite a handful there. Can I help you with it?

BENJI
Oh, no thank you. I have it.

Benji waddles to the center of the room and deposits his armload in a pile on the carpet. Mr. Tucker gestures to another man in the room, HEBER LANG, 40s.

TUCKER

Mr. Hartwell. This is Heber Lang. He's one of our project supervisors, so I've asked him to sit in with us.

Benji shakes hands with both men.

BENJI

Hello, Mr. Lang. Mr. Tucker. You can call me Benji. Everybody does.

He turns to his pile and starts setting up the easels.

TUCKER

All right then - uh - Benji. Why don't we get started. I understand you want to talk to us about plans for a new meetinghouse in your community.

BENJI

Well, um, gentlemen, if you'll just bear with me a moment, I'll get set up and begin my presentation.

Tucker and Lang glance at each other.

TUCKER

Your... presentation?

BENJI

Yes.

LANG

Well, Mr. Hartwell...

BENJI

Benji.

LANG

Right. Um... Benji, we were under the impression that this was just a preliminary meeting, so we only have about...

He glances at Tucker to coordinate their story.

LANG

Twenty...?

TUCKER

Fifteen.

LANG

Fifteen. About fifteen minutes.

BENJI

That'll be more than I need. I promise. I just want to quickly share with you -- my vision for the future.

TUCKER

Your... Vision?

BENJI

For the future.

Tucker and Lang exchange a glance, give in, and settle into their chairs.

TUCKER

Okay. Shoot.

Benji pulls a large photo from a portfolio case and puts it on the center easel. It's an aerial view of a small town situated in beautiful, open country with a mountain backdrop.

And now he begins his rehearsed speech.

BENJI

Good morning, gentlemen. My name is Benjamin Hartwell - Benji. I am the mayor of Bliss, Utah - and the Bishop of our ward. Bliss is a community of eleven-hundred and thirty-one Saints, located in the very heart of God's country.

As he speaks, he places photos on all three easels - large, glossy collages of the people and places of Bliss.

BENJI

We are ranchers, and merchants, and students, and football players - Go Wildcats - cafe owners, and, uh, there you can see some little kids playing in our new park, and - well, even bankers.

He smiles, pointing proudly at a photo himself, standing in front of a modest one-story brick building with a block letter sign: BLISS COMMUNITY CREDIT UNION.

BENJI

That's me. I'm also the president of our community credit union. -- We in Bliss are a family. A hard-working, devout, and prosperous family. And, we also have the very unique distinction, and honor, to be an international Sister City with Colonia Marquez, which - as you probably know - is one of the founding pioneer Saint communities in Mexico.

He places a large aerial photo of Colonia Marquez on the left easel. It's a small farming and ranching community in northern Mexico. On the right easel, he places a collage of photos of the people of Colonia Marquez. All white descendants of the original American Mormon pioneers.

BENJI

We share with our brothers and sisters in Colonia Marquez not only faith in our Heavenly Father, but lineage, and commerce, and pride in our communities. We are allies and equals in every way. -- Save one.

He sets a photo of Colonia Marquez's small Temple on the right-hand easel.

BENJI

They have one thing that we, in Bliss, do not.

And now, for the big finish, Benji puts the last photo on the center easel and steps back. It is an artist's rendering of a small LDS Temple, about the same size and shape as the Colonia Marquez Temple. A label in the corner reads: Bliss Temple.

BENJI

A temple.

Tucker and Lang lean forward.

LANG

A temple?

Benji smiles and nods.

TUCKER

You're proposing a temple - not a meetinghouse.

BENJI

That's right. An international sister temple right here in the heart of Utah. -- Now, we're not looking for anything extravagant. We know we're a small community. But so is Colonia Marquez - and their temple is about 7000 square feet. So we were thinking ours could be about the same -- maybe a little bigger.

He smiles and pauses - to let his audience absorb this.

TUCKER

Well... uh, Benji. That is a very intriguing idea, but...

LANG

But we don't have anything to do with the site selection or building of Temples. We just, uh... We just do meetinghouses.

TUCKER

Temples are a whole-nother matter that fall, exclusively, under the wisdom and guidance of the Bishopric and the First Presidency.

BENJI

Oh, I understand that. Believe me I do.

LANG

Well, have you spoken to your Stake President about this?

BENJI

Well, yes. I have. But gentlemen, unlike you and me... us - and I mean no disrespect to the man - but he has no vision. So, I must now confess to you that, I have come before you today without his blessing or his knowledge. But I have only done so because I wanted to share this vision with men, such as yourselves, who would comprehend the temporal and celestial magnitude of such an endeavor.

TUCKER

Yeah. Well... We certainly comprehend that.

Benji feels he's losing them.

BENJI

The land is already set aside. Zoned and ready to go. And what's more, we, in Bliss, are not only a very prosperous community, but a very generous one. And we are prepared to contribute to the building fund at least... most...

(he tries to gauge their receptiveness)

...or all of the construction costs, if necessary.

Tucker and Lang just stare at Benji for a moment.

TUCKER

Well, Mr. Hartwell. A temple, even the small temple you suggest, could easily cost four or five million dollars.

Benji smiles and nods.

LANG

And how many people are in your community?

BENJI

Well, right now, about Eleven-hundred and thirty-one. But we're growing every day. In fact, just this week, Rick and Emily Pratt are expecting twins. -- Now, gentlemen, I know my approach is unorthodox. But I also know that you believe, just as I do, that, next to Our Father in Heaven, there is nothing more important than our families. And that caring for our families is both our greatest duty and our greatest honor. Now, I have not yet been blessed with a wife and children of my own. But these people. The people of Bliss. They are my family, and I want to do everything in my power to take care of them. In body and in spirit.

(MORE)

BENJI (CONT'D)

That's why we want - and need - a temple in Bliss.

TUCKER

Well... Mr. Hartwell...

He fizzles out and Lang steps in.

LANG

We would be happy to consider your proposal and pass it on to... the proper... authority.

BENJI

That would be just absolutely marvelous. I could not ask you for more. Thank you. Thank you. -- Now. My fifteen minutes are up, so I'll get out of your hair and let you get on with your day. Thank you, gentlemen. Thank you.

Tucker and Lang just watch as Benji gathers up his easels and photos, and waddles out, banging into the furniture and walls as he goes through the door that Mrs. Waterman holds open for him.

She ushers him out, and then glances at Tucker and Lang with a raised eyebrow, before pulling the door closed behind her.

And then, the whirlwind has passed and Tucker and Lang just sit for a moment, processing their encounter with Benji Hartwell. And after a long thoughtful silence...

LANG

So. What do you make of him?

Tucker stares at the door.

TUCKER

I don't know.

INT. QUINN'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Quinn, the 17-year-old kid we saw in the first scene at the Lucky Burger, drives, sips his soda, and awkwardly but enthusiastically bobs his head to the beat of thumping DJ music, maybe something from *Kaskade* or some other Mormon DJ or Mormon alt-rock band.

And just to be clear, this is not the same night as the first scene. The car is different and Quinn is dressed differently - a jean jacket over a plaid western shirt.

Same routine, different day. In fact, it's the same routine every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

We see the headlights of Quinn's car approach. WE PAN WITH IT as it passes and the headlights illuminate a sign on the side of the highway:

WELCOME TO BLISS
Home of Family, Friends and Prosperity

Quinn's taillights dwindle into distance, and we CUT TO:

EXT. BLISS - NIGHT

Quinn's car enters the town center - a sparse collection of buildings scattered on both sides of the highway - and then, trailing the muffled thump, thump, thump of his music, he drives past the BLISS COMMUNITY CREDIT UNION, turns into the parking lot and drives to the back of the building.

EXT. BLISS CREDIT UNION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Quinn parks. The music stops and the truck lid pops up.

Quinn gets out with his Lucky Burger trash, sips the last of his drink, and drops his trash into the nearby dumpster. He then goes to the trunk, lifts out a large Wildcats gym bag, and carries it through the back door of the credit union.

INT. BLISS CREDIT UNION - NIGHT

Quinn carries the bag across the dark lobby toward the only room with lights on. He steps through the door and...

Benji Hartwell looks up from the counting table with a smile.

QUINN
Hey, Mr. Hartwell.

BENJI
Hidee, Quinn. How was the drive?

Quinn sets the bag on the counting table.

QUINN
Just fine. They finally finished that construction on 15, so it's a lot faster now.

BENJI

Well, that's good.

QUINN

How'd your meeting go? We gettin' a temple?

BENJI

They're thinking about it. And I have a very, very good feeling.

QUINN

That's great news, Mr. Hartwell. Well, we're having early practice in the morning, so I gotta get to bed. I'll see you later.

BENJI

You bet. Say hi to your dad for me.

QUINN

I will.

Quinn leaves. Benji opens the gym bag, pulls out some dirty socks and shorts and T-shirts and drops them onto the floor. He then lifts out a piece of paper with a hand-written number on it: \$74,273.

He sets that aside, overturns the bag, and dumps a pile of bundled currency onto the counting table. Rolls and rolls of 20s, 10s, 5s.

Benji takes a roll of \$20s, peels off the rubber band and places bills in the counting machine. They rifle through.

\$2000 lights up on the machine.

He enters the amount into a ledger on a laptop computer, and puts another stack of bills into the counter.

EXT. TOMAHAWK TRAILER PARK - DAY

Marti's van kicks up dust as it rolls into the barren trailer park.

EXT. CLIFF MOORE'S TRAILER - DAY

Marti's van stops in front of the trailer. She gets out and looks around, taking in the sandy remoteness of this forlorn trailer park.

CLIFF MOORE, 50s, a big, slow-talking country boy, but not a particularly nice one, looks out at Marti from behind his screen door.

MARTI

Mr. Moore?

CLIFF

Who are you?

MARTI

I'm with Smyth Investigations. My name's Marti - uh - Martha Wheeler.

Cliff pushes the screen door open for a better look.

CLIFF

Well goddamn-titty-fucking-christ.
You're a woman.

Marti is thrown by this greeting.

MARTI

Uh... Yeah. Yep, I am.

CLIFF

When your boss said he was sending somebody named "Marty" I just figured you'd be a man.

MARTI

Well. I'm not. Is that...a problem?

CLIFF

I don't know. I'm just kinda surprised is all. I didn't know they had girl detectives.

MARTI

They do.

Cliff regards her with a skeptical eye for moment longer.

CLIFF

I'm paying Mr. Smyth some good, hard American currency for a first rate detective.

MARTI

Well, Mr. Moore. I... I am a detective. And... And I'm a good one. And I get paid by the hour.

(MORE)

MARTI (CONT'D)

So I'm happy to stand here all day and listen to how surprised you are about me being a woman. Or, you can tell me what your problem is and I can get to work solving it for you. Either way, I'm on the clock. It's your call.

Cliff stares at her a moment - and then breaks into a grin that is a little more lascivious than just friendly.

CLIFF

You got some fire in you. All right. I guess we can give this a shake. C'mon in.

He holds the screen door for her, and she has to brush against him to get through the narrow doorway. He smiles.

INT. CLIFF MOORE'S TRAILER - DAY

Marti and Cliff sit across from each other at the dinette table. Cliff hands her a birthday card that looks like something you'd give a 10-year-old.

CLIFF

She sent this to me about two weeks ago. And there was a five-hundred dollar gift card in it.

MARTI

Well, that seems very nice.

CLIFF

She was never nice. That's why I think she's going crazy with the alz-heimer's or something. I mean, look at that damn card. That's for a child. And I wanna know where she's gettin' the money to send me five hundred dollars.

MARTI

Well, Mr. Moore, I ran a check for bank accounts in your mother's name - both her married name and her maiden name - and I could only find two accounts. Both under her married name, Eugenia Moore. One's her personal account and the other is her business account.

CLIFF

Business account? What kinda
business?

Marti seems surprised by the question.

MARTI

Well, her souvenir shop.
(Cliff's face is blank)
Grandma's General Store?

CLIFF

You see. That's what I'm talking
about. I don't know nothing about
that damn store. Have you seen it?

MARTI

No. Not yet. I was going out there
this afternoon.

CLIFF

Well I want you to find out every
goddamn particular you can about
it. 'Cause I gotta get a holt-a
those accounts and that business
before she winds up forgetting her
own damn name.

MARTI

Well, I will certainly find out
what I can for you. But, well...
she's had that business now for
about four years. When's the last
time you saw her?

CLIFF

Hell. I don't know. Maybe... seven,
eight years ago. That's when she
gimme this.

He lifts his shirt to reveal a nasty-looking knife scar
across his belly.

And off Marti's reaction - we CUT TO:

INT. MARTI'S VAN - DRIVING - DAY

Marti drives and sips from a fast-food cup.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Marti's van sweeps past us and WE PAN WITH IT to land on the Bliss sign:

WELCOME TO BLISS

Home of Family, Friends and Prosperity

EXT. BLISS - DAY

Marti's van drives into town, passing a large, cleared plot of land that's ready for construction.

INT. MARTI'S VAN - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Marti looks out the window at the large sign standing in that dirt lot: **COMING SOON!**

But that's all it says. No mention of what is coming soon.

EXT. BLISS - CONTINUOUS

Marti's van drives past the Bliss Credit Union - and parks in front of GRANDMA'S GENERAL STORE: a plain cement-block building with faux-western touches tacked on.

INT. GRANDMA'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

It's decorated in a rustic, pioneer vibe. Antique farm tools on the walls and shelves of cheap knickknacks. A teenage girl, BECKY, 16, leans on the counter, doing homework. She looks up when Marti enters.

BECKY

Hi. Welcome to Grandma's General Store.

MARTI

Hi.

BECKY

Looking for something special, or just looking.

MARTI

Just looking.

BECKY

Well, help yourself. Let me know if need anything.

MARTI

Thank you.

Becky goes back to her homework and Marti browses the store. An old plow. A brass door knob. A window frame. All the pioneer stuff is crammed against the walls. The center of the room is filled with industrial metal shelves that are, in a strange contrast, overflowing with cheap, mass-produced Mexican-themed knickknacks.

Marti picks up a small, colorful, donkey-shaped cactus vase. It's dusty. And there's a clean spot where it sat on the dusty shelf. It has obviously sat there, undisturbed, for quite some time.

She turns it over. **Hecho en Mexico** is printed on the bottom. She picks up another tchotchke, and then another. Same thing. Dusty and made in Mexico.

Marti takes her donkey-vase to the counter.

BECKY

Oh that's cute.

MARTI

You think so?

BECKY

Yeah.

MARTI

Well, good. Then maybe my daughter will like it, too. She's about your age. Fifteen? Sixteen?

BECKY

Sixteen.

MARTI

You're not in school?

BECKY

I'm home-schooled. So I work here in the mornings. My friends Kelly and April go to public school, so they trade-off the afternoons.

MARTI

Oh. Well that's a good deal. So... is Grandma around?

BECKY

Oh, no. She doesn't come around much. I don't think I've ever seen her in here.

MARTI

Oh.

Becky points to the donkey-vase in Marti's hand.

BECKY

So, did you want to buy that?

MARTI

Uh. Yeah.

Marti hands her the donkey-vase, and Becky checks the code on the back, and then opens a three-ring binder and runs her finger down the pages, looking for price.

Marti watches her, surprised by the antiquated bookkeeping.

MARTI

So, do you like working here?

BECKY

It's all right. It's not too hard.

Marti glances around at the empty store.

MARTI

No. It doesn't seem like it. Does it ever get busy around here?

BECKY

Mmm. Not really. Sometimes, in the summer, when people are going up to the lake, we get a few more stopping by. But mostly I just read or do my homework.

MARTI

Sounds like a pretty good job.

BECKY

Yeah. And they got this plan where, after you work a certain number of hours, you start earning points toward a college scholarship.

MARTI

Wow. Who sponsors that?

BECKY

(shrugs)

I think it's something the owner
and Mr. Hartwell worked out.

MARTI

Who's Mr. Hartwell?

BECKY

Oh, he's the mayor. And he runs the
credit union.

MARTI

So he and Grandma are in business
together.

BECKY

(shrugs)

I guess.

Marti mulls that over - until Becky finds the price and rings
it up on the register.

BECKY

Here we go. That'll be \$62.87.

Marti chokes.

MARTI

For that?

BECKY

It did come all the way from
Mexico.

And then Becky notices the credit card in Marti's hand.

BECKY

Oh, I'm sorry. We don't take any
credit cards. Cash only.

She points at the CASH ONLY sign. Marti puts her card away.

MARTI

Oh, that's all right. I think
that's a little too rich for me,
anyway. Thank you, though.

BECKY

(shrugs)

Sure.

Marti leaves the donkey-vase on the counter and walks out, marveling at the rows and rows of tacky and wildly over-priced tchotchkes and wondering how the place stays in business. Becky waves and calls after her.

BECKY
Thanks for coming!

EXT. EUGENIA MOORE'S HOUSE - DAY

Marti gets out of her van, spots the NEWSPAPER on the front walk, picks it up and, and then takes the MAIL out of the box and flips through it on her way to the front door.

It's all addressed to Eugenia Moore. Junk. Junk. Junk. A bank statement from the Bliss Community Credit Union. Nothing she didn't already know.

AT THE FRONT DOOR - we hear a very loud television. A GAME SHOW. Marti knocks and, after a short wait, EUGENIA MOORE, 70s, frail and friendly but not all there, opens the door.

She doesn't look like a woman who would stab somebody, but you never know.

Marti greets her while stealing a glance through the screen door to quickly scan the living room. It looks like a grandma's house - except for the incredibly large and very loud 62-inch flat-screen on the wall.

MARTI
Hi, Eugenia. My name's Martha. I'm
a friend of your son, Cliff.
(she hands her the mail
and newspaper)
Here. I picked up your newspaper
and your mail for you.

EUGENIA
Oh, thank you. Do I know you?

MARTI
I'm Martha. I'm a friend of your
son.

Eugenia gives her a blank look.

MARTI
Cliff.

Eugenia smiles and nods, but her confusion is obvious.

MARTI

You are Eugenia Moore, aren't you?
You own the gift shop in town?

EUGENIA

Gift shop?

The poor woman knows that she should remember what Marti's talking about -- but she just doesn't, so Marti backs off.

MARTI

You know what? I must have the
wrong address. I'm sorry to bother
you. You have a good day.

Marti walks back to her van, leaving Eugenia at her screen door, smiling and waving.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - OUTDOOR LUNCH AREA - DAY

A BOY'S HANDS (AARON'S HANDS) hang in the air, palm down, twitching with anticipation... And then the hands jerk back - but not fast enough. ANOTHER BOY'S HANDS slap the backs of them before they can escape. And that's why they call the game Red Hands.

RANDALL, 12, the slapper, bigger than the other boys and a bit doughy, sits at a lunch table with his posse: DEREK, BRAXTON, and AARON, who rubs his stinging red hands.

RANDALL

C'mon. Put 'em back out.

AARON

I don't want to play anymore.

RANDALL

Put your hands out, pussy.

Aaron glances at the other boys at the table, but there is no help there. They are all just glad it's him instead of them.

Reluctantly, Aaron puts his hands out... but then, over Randall's shoulder, he spots a way out and pulls them back just before Randall strikes, swatting empty air.

RANDALL

Hey!

AARON

That Spencer douche is coming.

Randall glances over his shoulder at...

SPENCER, 11, a quiet loner, carrying his lunch tray and coming their way.

A few feet behind him, Bryce walks with his tray, scoping for a place to sit.

He spots Jackie at a table by herself breaking off sandwich crumbs for a skittish sparrow, but he turns away and keeps looking. You can't sit with your sister.

Spencer approaches Randall from behind, while Aaron, facing him, stares him down. Spencer looks away, trying to ignore him, and doesn't see Randall's foot jut into his path. He trips and falls into his tray of food.

Bryce stops. Aaron and the posse laugh, and Randall jumps up.

RANDALL

What the hell, man! You stepped on my foot!

Spencer rolls over, pasted with food. Randall laughs and steps back - right onto Bryce's foot - causing Bryce to fall back onto his butt, and then Randall to tumble over him, flat onto his back.

Everyone freezes. Jackie looks up, and the sparrow flies.

And then, Bryce, unscathed and with his tray still somehow intact, stands up, surprised to find himself in the middle of all this.

Everyone, especially Randall, thinks Bryce tripped Randall on purpose, and Randall leaps to his feet with his fist cocked.

RANDALL

You're a dead man!

But before he can swing, Jackie slams into him from his blind side and takes him to the ground.

INT. BLISS CREDIT UNION - DAY

Marti enters and sees a large photo of Benjamin Hartwell on the lobby wall. It's one of those photos that has been treated to look like a painting. A Plaque provides his name and title: BENJAMIN HARTWELL, PRESIDENT.

Marti goes to the counter and is greeted by the TELLER, a young woman in her mid-20s.

TELLER

Hi. Welcome to the Bliss Community
Credit Union.

Marti smiles when she sees a toddler in a playpen behind the
counter.

MARTI

Yours?

TELLER

Yes. That's my little Adam.

MARTI

He's a cutie. It must be nice for
you to bring him to work.

TELLER

It is. Mr. Hartwell's very good
that way.

MARTI

Ah. Well, speaking of Mr. Hartwell,
is he in?

TELLER

He's at lunch right now.

MARTI

When do you expect him back?

RECEPTIONIST

About twenty minutes or so. You can
wait, if want.

(she waves toward a
sitting area)

We just got some new magazines.

MARTI

Oh, no thank you. I'll just come
back later.

Marti waves to the toddler.

MARTI

Bye-bye, Adam.

And as she walks out, she slows to take a closer look at
Benji's portrait on the wall.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DETENTION ROOM - DAY

The classroom is empty, except for Bryce, Jackie, Randall and the teacher on detention duty, COACH WILSON, who is engrossed in some game on his phone.

The kids are spread out from each other. Bryce is in the back row, and Jackie and Randall are in the front - at opposite ends.

Bryce glances up at Jackie's back - and then across the row to Randall.

Coach Wilson suffers a setback in his game, throws his head back with a groan - and sees Bryce looking at Randall.

COACH WILSON

Bryce! Eyes down.

Bryce ducks his head and Coach Wilson goes back to his game.

A moment later, Bryce chances another glance - and sees Randall glaring back at him with murder in his eyes.

And Bryce quickly puts his head back down.

Randall turns back to the front but, as he does, he sneaks a lingering glance at Jackie.

Bryce notices, and then watches, with growing horror, as Randall continues to cast shy little-boy glances at Jackie.

And it hits him: Randall likes Jackie! This cannot be good.

INT. MARTI'S VAN - DAY

Marti sits in her van in the credit union parking lot, jotting some notes while eating a homemade tuna sandwich.

Something catches her eye and she glances across the street at a HANDSOME MAN sitting in his car - looking at her.

She quickly turns away, but glances back at the Handsome Man from the corner of her eye and sees...

HIS CAMERA PHONE peek up over the edge of his rolled-down window - pointed right at her!

She scrunches down in her seat, but then sees the Handsome Man pan his camera away from her. He's following something else. She turns and sees...

Benji Hartwell, coming up the sidewalk behind her, walking toward the credit union.

The Handsome Man is not watching her. He's watching Benji!

Marti eases her phone up over the window edge, zooms in and snaps a few shots of the Handsome Man, and then...

HER PHONE RINGS! She jumps. Drops the phone. Fumbles for it, and finally answers it.

MARTI

Hello. Hello.

(she listens)

Yes. This is Mrs. Wheeler.

(she listens - and sighs)

They did what? Oh, for... All right. I'll get there as soon as I can.

She hangs up and watches the Handsome Man follow Benji with his camera all the way to the front door of the credit union.

Once Benji goes inside, the Handsome stops filming and makes a note in a notebook.

Marti watches him curiously for a moment longer -- and then reluctantly starts her van and drives away.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. LDS MEETINGHOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

We hear a congregation singing inside.

INT. LDS MEETINGHOUSE - CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

A choir stands behind the pulpit, leading the packed congregation in a hymn.

IN A PEW

Marti and the kids hold their hymn books and sing. Bryce sits on the aisle, Marti next to him, and then Tanner, Jackie and Katie.

CUT TO

LATER IN THE SERVICE

The chapel is completely silent, but for the occasional cough or rustle of movement. Young boys, 12-14, in crisp white shirts, conduct the sacrament, passing trays of broken bread to each row of the congregation.

A BOY, 12, with a tray and a very serious expression, stops at the end of the pew, next to Bryce. They know each other. Bryce looks up at him, suppressing a giggle -- and the boy quickly looks away, suppressing his own nervous laughter.

Marti sees this and silently reprimands them both, giving the boy a stern look, and squeezing Bryce's leg. Bryce gets the message, takes a piece of bread, and passes the tray to her.

Marti takes a piece of bread and passes the tray to Jackie. And then Marti closes her eyes, takes a moment to settle herself into a quiet reverence - and then puts the bread into her mouth. This ritual is meaningful to her.

INT. LDS MEETING HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

As the chapel service lets out, Marti herds her kids through the crowd toward the exit and is almost out the door when she is stopped by DIANA NASH, 30s, thin and expensively-dressed. She's the Bishop's wife and President of the ladies Relief Society.

DIANA

Martha!

MARTI
Oh. Hey, Diana.

BRYCE
Mom!

The kids are anxious to go, so she hands Bryce her car keys.

MARTI
Here. Wait in the car. And don't
turn it on!

Diana smiles at the kids as they run out the door.

DIANA
What lovely children.

MARTI
Yeah. So did you need something?

Diana looks at Marti with consoling sympathy.

DIANA
No. Not at all. I just wanted to
check on you. How are you getting
along?

MARTI
Oh. We're fine.

DIANA
Is it official yet?

MARTI
Not quite, but soon. Dean just
needs to sign the paperwork.

DIANA
Mmmm. I can't imagine what it must
be like for you to have *another*
marriage fail.

MARTI
(bites her tongue)
Yeah.

DIANA
You know, Martha. Some of the
Relief Society sisters and I were
talking about your situation, and
we were just wondering to ourselves
if, perhaps, given your new...

(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)

circumstances, you might feel more comfortable attending service at the singles ward. I mean, in a normal ward, like ours, there is always so much talk, talk, talk about eternal marriage and couples and families, and... well, we just don't want to rub your nose in it. Besides, it could be a good way for you to change that single status. You never know who might be looking.

MARTI

Well, that's... thoughtful of you, Diana. But, you know, the kids like their Sunday school. Their friends are here. So we'll probably just... stay. Right here.

DIANA

Of course. Whatever you think is best. We just want you to be where you'll feel comfortable.

MARTI

Mmm. Well, that's very sweet of you - and the other sisters - to be giving so much thought to what's best for me and my family.

DIANA

It's what we do.
 (she spots someone across
 the room)
 Cynthia!
 (she squeezes Marti's arm)
 I gotta run. You hang in there now.

And she's off. And Marti, literally biting her tongue, watches her walk away.

INT. MARTI'S VAN - DAY

Marti drives and frowns, chewing on her encounter with Diana, and mumbling to herself in a mockingly-sympathetic voice.

MARTI

Oh, Marti, we were talking about your circumstances, Marti. It must be so terrible, Marti. Why don't you join the singles ward, Marti?

Katie, in the passenger seat, glances at her with concern.

KATIE

Mom?

Marti snaps out of it. Glances at Katie, and then back to the road.

She turns onto her street -- and her eyes fix onto a troubling sight ahead of her, and her expression devolves from curious, to annoyed, to angry.

MARTI

No. No-no-no-no.

FROM MARTI'S POV through the windshield we see a motorhome parked in front of her house. A man, CLAIRE THORNE, 64, steps out of it and hands Gwen a glass of ice tea, and then he and Gwen notice the approaching van and wave to Marti.

KATIE

Is that... grampa?

MARTI

Don't call him that.

EXT. MARTI'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Marti's van turns into the driveway and Gwen and Claire walk over to greet them.

Katie, Jackie and Bryce get out as soon as the wheels stop, but are reserved about approaching Claire.

KATIE

Hey, grampa.

CLAIRE

Hello, Katie.

(he turns to Bryce and
Jackie)

Bryce. Jackie. You guys remember
me?

BRYCE

(shrugs)

Kinda.

Jackie just looks at him.

IN THE CAR

Marti takes a deep breath, and then gets out, lifts Tanner from his car seat, and joins the children facing Claire.

CLAIRE

Hello, Marti. Tanner's sure grown.

Marti hands Tanner to Katie.

MARTI

You all go inside and get changed.
(she calls after them)
And hang up your Sunday clothes!

Marti waits for the kids go inside, and then glances at Gwen. Her mood is obvious. The social hour is over. Gwen hands her tea glass to Claire.

GWEN

Well, Claire, thank you for the iced tea, but I should be going.

CLAIRE

No. Take it. Finish it. I'll get it from you later.

Gwen glances at Marti for approval - but Marti's eyes are locked on Claire.

GWEN

Okay. Well...

She nods and gets out of there as fast as grace allows.

CLAIRE

She's still nice as ever.

MARTI

What are you doing here?

CLAIRE

I came to see you and the kids.

MARTI

Why the sudden interest?

INT. MARTI'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The kids watch from the window. Katie squints, studying Marti and Claire's lips to follow their conversation.

It's getting a little heated and Claire's getting the worst of it.

Jackie glances at Katie.

JACKIE
What are they saying.

KATIE
It's hard to tell. They're kinda far. Something about him staying, I think. Whatever it is, mom's not happy about it.

JACKIE
Duh. I can tell that.

Katie shoots her an annoyed glance.

INT. GWEN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gwen hustles in, pulls a chair up to her front window, sits down with her iced tea, and watches Marti and Claire's argument like she was on the fifty-yard line at a Texas-OU game.

FROM HER POV: We see Marti tearing into Claire. He holds up his hands to placate her - but Marti's not having it. And then, suddenly, Marti turns away from Claire.

EXT. MARTI'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Marti stands with her back to Claire, reigning herself in and struggling with this no-win situation. She glances toward the house and sees the kids watching at the window -- so she relents and turns to Claire.

CLAIRE
I'm not asking for the world here, Marti. Just a few days.

MARTI
All right. I'll give you two days. But that's it. You stay in the motorhome, not in the house. I say when you can see the kids. And You leave Wednesday morning. That's the deal. Take it or leave it.

CLAIRE
I'll take it.

She glances at the motorhome.

MARTI
Park that thing in back.

And then she walks to the house, already regretting her decision.

INT. MARTI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marti and the kids sit down to dinner at the kitchen table.

THROUGH THE SLIDING GLASS DOOR we see Claire's motorhome parked in the backyard, at the end of the long driveway. Claire stands in front of it, grilling a steak on his portable grill.

The Kids watch him, curious. Marti sets a bowl of mashed potatoes on the table and sits down.

MARTI
Okay, who's turn is it?

JACKIE
Mine.

MARTI
All right.

She bows her head and the kids do the same.

JACKIE
Father in heaven, thank you this food. Thank you for our home. Thank you for our school. And thank you for... grampa. I guess. In Jesus' name.

ALL
Amen.

Marti glances up at Jackie but says nothing.

BRYCE
Isn't he eating with us.

MARTI
No.

And that's that. The kids glance at each other, but they know it's best to let this drop for now. Still, they can't help sneaking glances out at Claire.

Marti notices and - without a word - gets up, pulls the blinds across the glass doors, and then sits back down and resumes stabbing her green beans.

EXT. MARTI'S BACKYARD - MORNING

Blackened eggs sizzle in a greasy fry pan. Claire is making breakfast on his grill. Jackie sits on the picnic table across from him, watching.

CLAIRE

The trick is using burned bacon grease. Wanna try?

Jackie wrinkles her nose and shakes her head.

Claire chuckles and watches Jackie break off a bit of her Pop-Tart for the squirrel sitting at the other end of the table.

INT. MARTI'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marti stands at the window, watching Jackie and Claire. Not sure how she feels about seeing them together.

EXT. MARTI'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The squirrel grabs a chunk of Pop-Tart from Jackie and scampers back to its end of the table to eat it.

CLAIRE

Your mom used to do that same thing. Any four-legged creature that wasn't tied down ended up in our backyard.

Marti slides the door open and comes out.

MARTI

Jackie. Get your stuff. It's time to go.

Jackie goes inside, and Marti stands quietly in front of Claire until Jackie is gone.

MARTI

Well - I suppose you're wondering where Dean is?

CLAIRE

I heard.

MARTI

So. Do you have anything you want to say about failure number three?

CLAIRE

No.

(genuinely sympathetic)

Do you?

Marti is unbalanced by this seemingly compassionate overture.

MARTI

No.

Claire nods, and then he and Marti just stand in awkward silence until Marti abruptly turns and walks back into the house.

INT. MARTI'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marti enters and slides the door shut, unsettled by that alien, tender moment. It's so much easier when she can just be angry at him.

She stands next to Jackie at the window, and they watch Claire sit down at the picnic table with his breakfast.

JACKIE

Grampa's kind of... weird. But in a good way.

MARTI

Don't get used to him being here.

She walks away.

INT/EXT. MARTI'S VAN - DRIVING - DAY

Marti drives on the freeway while listening to a PI training lecture on "How to Tail." HER PHONE RINGS.

MARTI

Hey, Rick.

RICK

Where are you?

MARTI

On my way back out to Bliss.

RICK

Well stop. I gotta pull you off that case.

MARTI

What? Why? -- Hang on a minute.

Marti steers her van onto the shoulder, jams the shifter into PARK, and picks up her phone.

MARTI

Why am I off the case?

RICK

It's not you. It's the client. I sent him your report last week, and he just sat on it and never got back to me. And then last night he called and cancelled. He was kind of an asshole about it.

MARTI

But I'm not done.

RICK

You are according to Cliff Moore.

MARTI

But I did a good job!

RICK

I didn't say you didn't. Don't take it so personally. Shit happens, that's all. I don't have anything else for you right now, so you might as well go home. Check in tomorrow.

MARTI

(annoyed)

All right. Bye.

She hangs up - and then just sits. Thinking. Cars swish past her window. And then she makes her decision - shifts the van into DRIVE and continues on to Bliss.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Katie sits alone at a lunch table, occasionally looking up at people in the room and studying them closely, the way she studied Marti and Claire in the front yard.

FROM HER POV we watch a GIRL'S LIPS talking, and then PAN to another pair of LIPS responding. Katie is following their conversation by reading their lips.

And Ann Marie, with a devious smile, is watching her do it.

EXT./INT. MARTI'S VAN - DRIVING - DAY

Marti drives into Bliss, studying it now a little more closely. She passes the empty lot with the COMING SOON! sign... The Credit Union... Grandma's General Store.

She turns off the main drag onto side street and parks.

EXT. BLISS - DAY

Marti gets out of the van and looks around. In the driveway of a house across the street, she sees a man washing a brand new pick-up. He waves.

CUT TO

Marti walking past Grandma's General Store. She notices the CASH ONLY sign in the window. She peers in. It's empty except for Becky at the counter doing homework.

CUT TO

Marti walking past the town's one small, independent gas station and Car, Truck, and Tractor repair shop. She notices the sign in the window. CASH ONLY. It's identical to the one in Grandma's window.

CUT TO

Marti standing on a corner, looking at the Credit Union. Across the street is the BLISSFUL BOUNTY CAFE. It looks like a nice, homey place - and, once again, she spots the same CASH ONLY sign in the window. Someone must have gotten a bulk deal and shared them with the whole town.

And then she sees BENJI HARTWELL walk out of the credit union, cross the street, and go into the Cafe.

She starts across the street to go talk to him, but is stopped by the loud, hacking sound of an old pickup pulling into town. The truck parks at the Cafe amidst a swirl of exhaust and...

CLIFF MOORE gets out, hitches his pants, and goes into the Cafe.

Marti hustles across the street and peeks through the window.

Benji sits at a table in the back corner. Cliff stands over him. Benji offers a seat and Cliff sits down with his back to the door.

INT. BLISSFUL BOUNTY CAFE - DAY

Marti enters, slips into a table near the door and pretends to look at the menu, while watching Benji and Cliff.

AT BENJI AND CLIFF'S TABLE

A Latino waiter delivers two plates of pie -- and slides a suspicious look at Cliff before walking away.

BENJI

I ordered you some pie. It's really good. I hope you like it.

CLIFF

I was just out at my mom's house.

BENJI

(cheery)

Oh. Well that must have been a nice visit.

CLIFF

She didn't know me. She didn't even know who the hell she was. So I know she's not running that souvenir shop across the street. Now, I don't know what you've got cooked up with her, but you're a banker, so its gotta be something shady. I wanna know what it is, and I want my part. You can start by turning ever-one'a her accounts over to me.

BENJI

Well, Mr. Moore, those accounts belong to your mother.

CLIFF

And you ain't been payin' attention. I just told ya she's outta her damn mind. I'm the next'a kin, so now I'm in charge.

BENJI

Mr. Moore, I'm afraid it just doesn't work that way. There are rules.

Cliff slams his fist on the table! Benji, Marti and the pie plates all jump.

CLIFF

I don't give a flyin' fish turd about any of your fuckin' rules! And I bet you won't either, if I start talkin' to the po-lice.

BENJI

Now, Mr. Moore, please. That kind of talk is not going to help anyone. You and I are just two gentlemen engaged in a business negotiation. And I am certain we can sort something out.

CLIFF

The only thing you need to sort out is getting those accounts in my name. Pronto. So you do your little shady banker magic and let me know when it's done. Then we can start negotiating about the rest of it.

Cliff shoves his chair back and walks out. Marti raises her menu to hide her face.

Benji just sits, opening and closing his mouth like a landed fish - and then he jumps up and goes after Cliff. Marti's eyes follow him, and the moment he passes her table and steps out the door...

She finds herself looking right into the eyes of the Handsome Man. He's sitting at a table across the doorway from her.

And this time, he is definitely looking right at her.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BLISSFUL BOUNTY CAFE - DAY

Marti and the Handsome Man look across the room at one another, each wondering what the next move should be.

After a few moments of this silent stalemate, Marti gets up and walks to his table.

MARTI

So who's side are you on?

HANDSOME MAN/TAYLOR

I could ask you the same. But we both know we're not going to tell each other anything. So, how about I just buy you lunch?

He smiles and Marti's knees weaken a bit - so she sits down.

MARTI

Well, can we at least tell each other our names.

Taylor extends his hand and they shake.

TAYLOR

Taylor Suchman.

MARTI

Martha Wheeler.

TAYLOR

Pleasure to meet you, Martha.

MARTI

So, Mr. Suchman, law enforcement or private sector?

TAYLOR

(smiles)

I thought we weren't talking about work. Besides, for all you and I know, we're working for the same people.

MARTI

I doubt it.

He smiles and hands her a menu.

CUT TO LATER

They've finished eating and are having a relaxed time together.

MARTI

Okay. So wait. Let me get this straight. You're LDS. Mid to late thirties. Handsome as heck. Served a mission. Graduated from BYU. -- And you're not married.

TAYLOR

Nope.

MARTI

So, what's wrong with you?

He laughs at her directness.

TAYLOR

Okay. You got me. The truth is... I was married. It didn't work out. It's not something I'm particularly proud of.

MARTI

Yeah. I know what you mean. Kids?

TAYLOR

Two boys. 8 and 10. What about you?

Marti's not ready to admit three divorces. Not yet.

MARTI

Same. Divorced. -- Four kids. Two boys. Two girls.

Taylor raises his eyebrows at this - but not in a bad way. More like, impressed.

TAYLOR

Wow. That's quite a blessing.

MARTI

(shrugs)
Most of the time.

TAYLOR

(chuckles)
Yeah.

And then they are each quiet and thoughtful for a beat.

MARTI

So, divorce pretty much sucks, huh?

Taylor, again, laughs at her directness.

TAYLOR
Well, it's not my favorite thing.

MARTI
No. But it is better than being
married to the wrong person.

Taylor looks at her now, very directly. Thoughtfully.

TAYLOR
Yes... I guess you're right.

EXT. BLISSFUL BOUNTY CAFE - DAY

Marti waits outside while Taylor pays the bill - and then joins her on the sidewalk.

MARTI
Thank you for lunch.

TAYLOR
It was my pleasure. Really.

They smile quietly fidget.

TAYLOR
So, Martha. I like you. You're
honest.

She giggles nervously.

MARTI
Most of the time, I guess.

TAYLOR
That's a good quality. And it's one
that's important to me.

MARTI
Oh. Well, then I guess I should be
honest and tell you my real name.

He looks at her puzzled.

MARTI
Well, I mean, Martha is my real
name, but I only use it as my
professional name. Everybody else
calls me Marti.

TAYLOR

Marti. I like it. So, Marti, are you going to be wrapped up with your case soon?

MARTI

I think I'm pretty much done now. Why?

TAYLOR

Well, I just figured that while we were working on, possibly, the same case, we shouldn't really see each other, but when we're not... maybe I could ask you out?

MARTI

(a little breathless)

Oh. Uh. Yeah. That would be... Uh-huh. Sure. Yeah.

TAYLOR

Good. Then, I'll call you.

MARTI

Uh-huh. Yep. Sounds good.

INT. MARTI'S VAN - DAY

Marti gets in and just sits, collecting herself from having just left Taylor. She looks toward heaven.

MARTI

Thank you, Lord. He's a cute one. I will try not to screw this up.

She exhales a deep, giddy breath and starts the van.

EXT. DEAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Marti stands at Dean's apartment door, debating with herself. And then, finally, she sidles up and knocks very lightly on the door. Waits only a beat - and then starts to leave...

But Dean opens the door. He's dressed this time, still in his work clothes.

DEAN

Oh, hey. I thought I heard a knock. What's up?

MARTI

I, uh... I came to pick up those papers. If you have them.

DEAN

Oh, right. Come on in.

Marti enters. Dean shuts the door, and then digs through some mail and other papers on his kitchen table.

Marti catches herself watching him. The curve of his jeans as he bends over the table, his hands, his back. She's fighting it - but there is still an attraction.

DEAN

Okay. Let's see. I got 'em here somewhere. Yeah. Here you go.

(he hands her the envelope)

I signed 'em. But... I noticed you hadn't.

MARTI

No? Oh, well, I'll do it right now.

She takes the papers out of the envelope.

MARTI

You have a pen?

DEAN

Uh, yeah.

He rummages through a kitchen drawer and hands her one.

She nods, takes the pen, leans over the kitchen table and flips through the pages, signing where she needs to.

And now it's Dean's turn to check out her curves as she leans over the table.

Marti signs the last page... And all at once, the weight of the moment hits them both - and they each pause.

DEAN

So I guess that's it, then.

MARTI

Mmm-hmm.

DEAN

So is this what it was like the first two times you did this.

It's a bit of a jab, but she let's him have it.

MARTI

They each have their own flavor.
None of 'em good.

DEAN

Yeah.

(he looks away)

Well I'm sorry I didn't turn out
the way you hoped I would. But I
never made a secret of who I was.

MARTI

No. You didn't. I just thought it'd
be different when we were married.

DEAN

I did try.

Marti gives him a "gimme-a-break" glance.

DEAN

No. Really. I was a helluva a lot
more faithful to you than anyone
else I've ever been with.

MARTI

Until you weren't.

DEAN

Yeah.

MARTI

So you still seeing Sharon?

Dean smiles, now it's his turn to take a jab.

DEAN

Every now and then.

MARTI

And others, too, I suppose?

He just looks at her silently, not wanting to start anything.

MARTI

Well, that's good. I'm glad.
Because now... this won't have to
mean anything to either of us.

He turns to her with a questioning look...

And she throws herself against him, slams her lips against his, and drives him backwards onto the couch.

She lands on top of him and they twist and wrestle and tear at each other's clothing, and then roll off the couch onto the floor and out of frame.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Katie sits alone under a tree. She watches two boys talk. She thinks one of them is cute. And then Ann Marie suddenly plops down in front of her.

ANN MARIE

Hey.

Katie is startled to have the most popular girl in school talking to her.

KATIE

Hi.

ANN MARIE

I'm Ann Marie. What's your name?

KATIE

Katie.

ANN MARIE

Well, hi, Katie. You know, I was watching you at lunch today.

Katie looks at her, feeling suddenly cornered.

ANN MARIE

You were eaves-dropping on people.

Katie flushes and tugs at the cap over her ears.

ANN MARIE

You don't need to worry about it. I do it, too. Just not the way you do it.

She smiles to put Katie at ease.

ANN MARIE

So why do you do it?

KATIE

I don't know.

ANN MARIE

You like picking up good gossip?

KATIE

No. It just... It helps.

ANN MARIE

How do you mean?

KATIE

Well. Other people, like you, hear things going on around them. You may not pay attention, but you hear it. I don't. Reading lips helps.

ANN MARIE

How come you don't talk funny?

KATIE

My hearing loss didn't start until I was older. So when I learned to talk, I could still hear pretty well. It's a little harder now.

Katie looks at the grass, suddenly feeling way too exposed. Ann Marie's eyes flick to her posse standing behind Katie, and one of the girls gives her a shrug to say, "what are doing with her?"

Ann Marie responds with a grin and looks back at Katie.

ANN MARIE

You see those boys over my shoulder?

(the same boys Katie was looking at earlier)

Can you tell what they're saying?

KATIE

A little.

ANN MARIE

(smiles mischievously)

Well?

Katie looks over Ann Marie's shoulder at the boys.

KATIE

I can only see one of them. And he kind of mumbles.

ANN MARIE

Yeah, that's Rye. Can you tell what he's saying?

KATIE
Something about... Beth.

ANN MARIE
Beth Ramsey?

KATIE
I don't know. Just Beth.

ANN MARIE
What else?

KATIE
Well... They went to the movies...
and she...

Katie blushes and looks away. The boys fist-bump. And Ann Marie grins.

ANN MARIE
Yep. That sounds like Beth Ramsey.
You're pretty good at that.

Katie nervously picks at the grass. Ann Marie watches her a moment - and then takes out her phone.

ANN MARIE
So, hey. We're all going to the
mall this weekend. Gimme your
number and I'll text you. You can
meet us.

And now Katie is embarrassed all over again...

KATIE
I... don't have a phone.

ANN MARIE
(astounded and confused)
What?

KATIE
I can give you my home number.

ANN MARIE
Oh. Okay. I guess that'll work.
(she hands her phone to
Katie)
Put it in.

Katie types in her number and hands the phone back.

ANN MARIE

All right. Awesome. I'll text you -
or I guess I'll call you. But you
should definitely come. It'll be
fun.

She stands up to leave but stops and looks down at Katie.

ANN MARIE

Seriously though, you are gonna
have to get a phone.

Ann Marie rejoins her posse - and Katie smiles.

INT. DEAN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Marti, sweaty and out of breath, rolls off of Dean onto her
back and stares at the ceiling - the rush of orgasm already
giving way to regret. Dean looks like he's been hit by a
storm.

DEAN

God. Damn.

MARTI

Don't cuss.

DEAN

Sorry. But I think you broke me.

MARTI

And don't talk.

The regret settles deeper - and she sighs.

MARTI

Oh, boy. I gotta go.

She gets up, gathers her scattered clothes and starts
dressing. Dean watches her and pulls on his pants.

DEAN

So... Was this some kinda swan
song, or are we still married? Or
what?

Marti picks up the divorce papers.

MARTI

No. We are not still married. Well,
technically, yes, we are still
married. But we are getting
divorced.

(MORE)

MARTI (CONT'D)

We're just not divorced yet. Not until I file these with the court. Which I will do first thing in the morning. So this... whatever this was. Was still - technically - within the bounds of marriage. And so - moral. Technically.

DEAN

Works for me.

Marti is very discombobulated by all of this.

MARTI

I have to go. Now.

She turns to go but stops - turns back - and impulsively kisses Dean full on the mouth. And then immediately wishes she hadn't.

MARTI

I don't.... That didn't mean anything. Just... Bye.

She walks out the door. Dean watches her, and smiles.

EXT. DEAN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Marti walks to her van, shaking her head the whole way. She glances toward Heaven.

MARTI

I know. I know. You don't have to say anything.

INT. MARTI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Claire sits on the couch with Tanner on his lap, reading a picture book. Jackie sits next to them. Katie is on the computer at Marti's desk, looking at cell phones. Bryce lies on the floor tinkering with an erector set.

Marti enters the front door, and they all look up.

TANNER

Mommy!

Tanner runs to her and she scoops him up, but her very annoyed eyes are on Claire.

CLAIRE

Welcome home.

MARTI
Where's Gwen?

CLAIRE
I told her I'd watch the kids till
you got home.

Marti is not happy about that, but the kids are watching so she shelves that fight for later.

BRYCE
Mom! Did you order pizza!?

MARTI
I did. And it'll be here soon. So
all of you, get your PJs on and get
ready for family home evening. I
need to talk to...
(the word sticks in her
throat)
Grampa.

She hands Tanner to Katie and the kids slowly move toward their bedrooms, trying to linger as long as possible to see what happens.

Marti shoots a look at Claire...

MARTI
Outside.

...And she goes through the dining room, slides open the patio door, and waits for Claire.

Claire gives the kids a funny - Uh-oh, I'm in trouble face - and goes through the door.

Marti follows and as soon as she pulls the door shut behind her - Jackie, Katie and Bryce immediately dash down the hall, with Tanner scampering after them.

INT. MARTI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jackie, Bryce and Katie run into the room, jump onto the bed, and peek out the window at Marti and Claire. Tanner struggles to climb up with them.

EXT. MARTI'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Marti follows Claire to the picnic table where he turns to her with a lighthearted smile.

CLAIRE

What did I do now?

MARTI

When I let you stay, I was very clear that I was the one to say when you see the kids. Not you.

CLAIRE

I just wanted to help. I didn't think it'd be a problem to watch my grandkids for a couple of hours.

MARTI

Well it is a problem. Because we had a deal. And you broke it!

CLAIRE

All right. I'm sorry. I'll follow the rules.

MARTI

This isn't a joke! You can't just pop in and out of here whenever you feel like it. I'm not letting you do that anymore. And especially not to them.

CLAIRE

Is that what this is? You're gonna use them now to keep punishing me for being a "bad daddy?"

Marti turns away, but he circles around to face her.

CLAIRE

What do I need to do, Marti? What do you want me to say? You want me to say you're right? That you got a shitty deal? Well you're right. We both got a bad deal. But I'm here now. I'm trying.

MARTI

Well yippee for you. That was always your story. "Hey, everybody. Sorry I'm never around - but I'm here now. So love me!" -- Well I don't want to do that anymore!

CLAIRE

I'm real sorry you didn't get the life you wanted.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
But I didn't get what I wanted,
either! Neither of us had a choice!

Marti stares him down.

MARTI
You did. ---- I want you to leave
in the morning.

INT. MARTI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The kids watch Marti turn her back on Claire and march toward the house. They jump off the bed and run to their rooms, once again leaving Tanner to scramble after them.

INT. MARTI'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Marti enters, slams the sliding door behind her and shouts.

MARTI
Everybody out here now! It's Family
time!

INT. BENJI HARTWELL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's dark. We hear a key in the lock. The door opens and Benji enters. He flips the light switch by the door - but the lights don't come on. He feels his way across the dark room to a lamp - but that doesn't work either, and then...

In the darkest corner of the room someone opens a flip phone and, in the dim blue light, we see Antonia.

Benji jumps at the sudden sight of her. But that's it. No other reaction. He knows her - but he's also scared of her.

Antonia's eyes motion Benji to a chair and he sits. Antonia stands, dials a number into the phone as she walks to Benji, presses SEND, and hands him the phone.

He holds it to his ear and waits. The line connects but no one speaks. Benji remains silent, unsure who should speak first. But then, the waiting becomes too much for him.

BENJI
Hello?

EXT. ISRAEL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD HILLSIDE - NIGHT

A man - only a dark silhouette against the darker hillside - stands motionless, holding a phone to his ear. His name is ISRAEL CAMPOS. But we don't get to see him just yet.

ISRAEL

Hello, Benjamin. How are you?

INTERCUT the phone conversation between Benji and Israel.

Benji tries to sound cheery, but he's nervous.

BENJI

I'm good. How... How are you?

ISRAEL

I'm not so sure.

BENJI

Oh? What... What's the problem.

ISRAEL

I was hoping you could tell me.

BENJI

I... What do you mean?

ISRAEL

You had a visitor today. A very rude man, I understand.

BENJI

Oh, that... That... That was nothing. That has nothing to do with us. It's an entirely unrelated matter.

ISRAEL

Unrelated?

BENJI

Oh, yes. Completely.

ISRAEL

Well, forgive me, Benji. But how can it be unrelated? We're family.

BENJI

Well, yes. Of course. I just meant it's not a problem you need to concern yourself with. The gentleman is simply an unhappy customer. I'll fix it.

(MORE)

BENJI (CONT'D)

And he'll be happy. And there won't be any problem.

ISRAEL

Mmm. And when this gentleman is happy, you'll be happy?

BENJI

Ye... Yes.

ISRAEL

And will I be happy?

Benji glances at Antonia.

BENJI

I... I don't see why not.

Israel turns his head and, though we still don't see his face, we follow his gaze down the hill to a large, beautifully landscaped backyard with elegant accent lighting and a gazebo festooned with streamers and balloons.

HIS FAMILY - wife, MARISOL, mid-30s, OSCAR, 8, MAXIMILIAN, 10, and SASHA, 6 - wear party hats and sit around a table, with food and drinks and a big cake.

Israel watches them and continues speaking.

ISRAEL

You know, Benjamin, before I came here I didn't think I would like it. I thought it would be too... plain. Too boring. But now, it's funny because those are the very qualities that have made me come to love it here. I mean, I really love it. This place is my home now. My wife loves it. My kids love it. Their schools are excellent. The people are nice. The weather is nice. It's... nice. It's a good place to raise a family. Don't you think?

BENJI

Yes.

ISRAEL

So, tell me Benjamin. What do you love?

BENJI

I'm sorry?

ISRAEL
What do you love?

BENJI
Um...

Benji glances nervously at Antonia - then, just as nervously, at random objects in the room. A rug. A lamp. A chair. He finally answers with the thing he just happens to be looking at - a small couch pillow with needlepoint stitching: MY MOM IS THE BEST.

BENJI
I love... my pillow. The pillow that I got for my mom at the state fair. I - I love that.

ISRAEL
That's good. What else?

BENJI
Um... Well, I love my house. And my town. I love... I love the pie at the cafe.
(he's getting into it now)
I love my job. And my bank. And the people who work for me. My church. And the people in my town. Trish and Oscar. And Quinn. And Marilyn. Beth. April. The Pratts and their new twins. I... I love them all.

ISRAEL
That's good. That's good, Benjamin.

And now, as Israel continues to speak, WE CUT THROUGH A SERIES OF BRIEF SCENES, featuring some of the people we've met during this episode. Israel's words are slow and measured and carry an undercurrent of threat.

DISSOLVE TO...

EUGENIA MOORE watching her very loud, very large TV.

ISRAEL (O.S.)
It is important for us to recognize these things.

DISSOLVE TO...

QUINN, fresh from football practice. He sits down to dinner with his rancher father. It's just the two of them.

ISRAEL (O.S.)
To think about all that we have.

DISSOLVE TO...

BECKY sitting at her bedroom desk, doing homework. A BYU poster on the wall above her.

ISRAEL (O.S.)
About what is important to us.

DISSOLVE TO...

THE YOUNG BANK TELLER and her husband sitting at their dinner table, praying, while their toddler, Adam, fidgets in his highchair.

ISRAEL (O.S.)
Our families.

DISSOLVE TO...

CLAIRE in his motorhome, sitting at the dinette table. He looks out the window into Marti's house - and sees her and the kids sitting at the kitchen table.

ISRAEL (O.S.)
The people we love.

DISSOLVE TO...

MARTI AND THE KIDS sit at the kitchen table with the remains of a pizza in the center. Bryce reads a passage from The Book of Mormon. Marti, only half listening, glances out the window at Claire's motorhome. The curtains are drawn.

ISRAEL (O.S.)
We must hold them. Always in our minds. And in our hearts.

DISSOLVE TO...

ISRAEL'S BLACK SILHOUETTE on the hillside. He turns to look at his family.

AND WE CUT TO...

ISRAEL'S POV. HIS FAMILY is seated in the gazebo. They are smiling, laughing.

ISRAEL (O.S.)
Because... it can all so easily be taken from us.

His wife, MARISOL, waves to him.

MARISOL
Israel! C'mon.

And now we see Israel for the first time, lit by the soft light, rising up from his backyard. He is Latino, late-30s, dressed in a casual dad outfit: dark polo shirt, comfortable jeans, sneakers.

He smiles and waves to his wife - and then turns back into the shadows.

ISRAEL
I have made a very good life here, Benjamin. And you and I have a very good business together. So I want to believe - in my heart - that you would never do anything... to fuck that up.

Benjamin swallows - glances at Antonia.

BENJI
N... No. Never.

We hear Israel, through the phone, breath in and out.

ISRAEL
Good. That's good, Benjamin. My family is waiting for me.

Benji listens to Israel hang up. And then, with a trembling hand, he lowers the phone and looks at Antonia. She simply takes the phone from him and walks out of the house, leaving the front door open behind her.

ON THE DARK HILLSIDE BEHIND ISRAEL'S HOUSE

Israel walks out of the shadows, down the hill into the light and joins his family to sing happy birthday to Sasha.

INT. MARTI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's late. The room is dark, lit only by the small desk lamp where Marti sits, staring at the stamped and addressed manila envelope that contains her, now signed, divorce papers.

She glances toward Heaven - not so much looking for guidance this time, as wondering if she is being watched - but all she sees is her dark ceiling. She's on her own for this one.

She shakes her head, knowing that what she's about to do is not what she should do - but she does it anyway.

She opens her file drawer, slides all of the file folders forward, and then - at the very back of the drawer - she hides the envelope with her divorce papers and shuts the drawer.

INT. MARTI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tanner is asleep, splayed out across the bed like a drunken sailor - albeit one with an adorably cute face.

Marti smiles at him, then turns off the lamp and gets into bed beside him. She holds him and stares into the uncertain darkness around her -- and then she pulls him closer and shuts her eyes.

END PILOT