

P E N A N C E

Written by

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OPEN ON

A rosary nestled next to an alarm clock as it blinks to  
06:00 AM --

WONK...WONK...WONK

An elderly hand, wearing an ecclesiastical ring, reaches  
over and silences the alarm --

INT. LAVISH BEDROOM - MORNING

JOHN (70s), a disarming, everyman grandpa, adorned in gray,  
silk pajamas, scoots out of a four-poster king bed --

He scoops up the rosary. Entwines it in his hands --

Kneels atop a satin kneeling pillow --

And closes his eyes --

JOHN  
Our Father who art in heaven...

Off John's morning prayer --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SHABBY BEDROOM - MORNING

NOAH (40s), a downtrodden, average Joe, wearing a worn white  
tank and faded black sweats, finishing his prayer --

Worn carpet and a dingy double bed his lectern --

NOAH (V.O.)  
Hollowed be thy name. Thy kingdom  
come...

Off Noah opening the door to his bathroom --

INT. LAVISH BATHROOM - MORNING

John ambles in --

Whistles a show tune as he activates the steam shower --

JOHN (V.O.)  
Thy will be done...

As the glass enclosure begins to fog --

INT. SHABBY BATHROOM - MORNING

A foggy vanity mirror door closes over a cabinet littered with prescription vials --

Noah's hazy reflection pops two pills. Turns on the sink --

NOAH (V.O.)  
On earth as it is in heaven...

Off the faucet's sorry stream of discolored water --

INT. LAVISH CLOSET - MORNING

A crystal-clear glass of water rises to John's lips --

His free hand sifting through racks of luxury suit bags --

JOHN (V.O.)  
Give us this day...

Off John plucking a bag from the rack --

INT. SHABBY CLOSET - MORNING

A hand pulls a sock from a clothes hamper --

Clad in dingy work wear, Noah slides the sock over his bare, right foot without a second's thought --

NOAH (V.O.)  
Our daily bread...

Off Noah carefully closing the hamper lid --

INT. LAVISH HALLWAY - MORNING

A velvet curtain pulls back --

The winter sun low in the sky. It's timid rays illuminating John's black clergy (priest) suit --

JOHN (V.O.)  
And forgive us our trespasses...

After a beat of bliss, John lets the curtain fall --

INT. SHABBY ROOM - MORNING

The door squeaks open. Noah peeks in --

A scant ray of sunlight shines in around him, bathing his haunted visage in shadow --

NOAH (V.O.)  
As we forgive those...

After a resigned beat, Noah moves off --

The scant light now shining fully upon his SON (5), DAUGHTER (6), and WIFE (40s) asleep on a futon --

INT. LAVISH KITCHEN - MORNING

Scissors cut a clipping from a newspaper --

After an admiring sip of coffee, John moves off --

JOHN (V.O.)  
Who trespass against us...

Off the clipping on the counter (an article titled, *Parish Priest to Receive Papal Honor*, with a photograph of John below the header) --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SHABBY KITCHEN - MORNING

Liquid splashing on the same article, warping its words and disfiguring John's photo --

A result of Noah hastily filling his half-empty travel coffee mug with bourbon above it --

NOAH (V.O.)  
And lead us not into temptation...

Off Noah scanning the counter, then grabbing a nearby knitting needle to stir his cocktail --

INT. LAVISH OFFICE - MORNING

A new laptop charges on an old desk --

John, scissors in hand, eyes it with abject longing --

JOHN (V.O.)  
But deliver us from evil...

After a contemplative beat, John opens a drawer and places the scissors next to a worn, bookmarked bible --

As he shuts the drawer --

INT. SHABBY GARAGE - MORNING

A drawer to a tool chest yanks open --

Fingers rummage through bric-a-brac until they find a key --

NOAH (V.O.)  
For thine is the kingdom...

Off Noah steadying his shaking hand, sliding the key into a locked drawer of the chest--

INT. LAVISH FOYER - CLOSET - MORNING

Dark until a hand pulls a chain for the closet light --

John grabs an overcoat, knitted hat, and matching gloves. Then pulls the chain again --

JOHN (V.O.)  
The power, and the glory...

As the light goes out --

INT. OLD TRUCK - MORNING

A check-engine light flashes --

Noah runs a red light finishing the last sip from his mug --

No hat. No gloves. And no heat save a liquor jacket --

NOAH (V.O.)  
Now and forever...

Off his long, frozen exhale --

EXT. CLERGY HOUSE - MORNING

Misty breath clouds a deadbolt as it slides into place --

John yanks free his key. The lock cold and stiff --

