

The First Stone  
by  
(Name of First Writer)

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FADE IN

EXT. STATE PARK ENTRANCE - MORNING

A rustic, wooden Cathedral Springs State Park sign is bolted to an ivy covered stone wall.

A late model family type mini-van pulls into the park.

EXT. RANGERS STATION

RANGER, (60's), sits in a wooden guard shack on an island in the dirt and gravel road. He welcomes the van at the gate.

THEOPHILUS DALEY, (40's) rolls down the window. He's got manicured hair, a loud Hawaiian shirt and cargo shorts.

RANGER

Morning...That'll be six dollars.

THEO

No...Actually, we have a pavilion reserved...For The Church of Blessed Redeemed?

Ranger disappears into the shack for a moment, and returns with a clipboard. He flips to the second page.

RANGER

Oh, is this you? Theophilus Daley?

Theo nods.

RANGER

Looks like ya'll are in Pavilion Six...just follow this road...

THEO

I know where it is...

Theo pulls off, leaving the Ranger in a cloud of dust.

EXT. PAVILION SIX PARKING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

The van pulls into the parking area. The open air pavilion, has a slate roof covering an area of concrete and picnic tables. It's supported by rough, carved up timbers.

It sits in the background, surrounded by tall, majestic pines. Squirrels patrol the area for acorns.

A grassy area separates the parking lot from the carpet of brown pine needles.

Theo climbs out of the van. He walks to the hatchback, and, fumbling for his remote, pushes the button to open the back.

It is jammed full of picnic supplies. Charcoal. Folding chairs. Coolers. Bottles of soda pop. Lawn games.

A football rolls out and bounces on the ground.

It's picked up by SARAH DALEY, (Mid 20's). She's smallish, but very pretty with bright blue eyes and black hair that falls like a waterfall over her sensible, short sleeved blouse.

She is holding ABBEY (4 mos.) in her car carrier and has an overstuffed diaper bag slung over her shoulder.

With her free hand, she picks up the football.

Theo pulls out the stroller from the back and sets it aside.

THEO

I thought Paul and Robert were going to be here early to help get set up...

Sarah shrugs.

SARAH

Let me get Abbey set up in her stroller and I'll be right back to help.

THEO

So much for letting "your yes be yes"...Hypocrites.

Sarah puts Abbey down and flips the stroller open. Seconds later, Abbey's carrier is installed safely on the stroller.

Theo fills in the cracks and spaces in the stroller with various bottles of soda and plastic containers.

THEO

Here...You can take this, too...

He puts a strapped cooler over Sarah's shoulder, already quite burdened with the very full diaper bag.

Sarah sighs. She walks across the grass to the pavilion, pushing the stroller and carrying the football.

Theo looks at his watch. He shakes his head.

THEO  
Unbelievable, these people.

He picks up the cooler, as many chairs as he can carry and heads up towards the slate roofed pavilion.

EXT. PAVILION SIX

The picnic is in full swing. Burgers sizzle. Flies buzz the potato salad. Kids run berserk in a sugar fueled frenzy.

CHURCH FOLK, about 30 in all, attend to the festivities. They are various ages, but appear to all be white upper class.

Some sit in their folding chairs, chatting or playing cards.

Others hover like gnats around the table covered with soda bottles, bags of chips and assorted condiments.

EXT. PICNIC TABLE

One family sits on picnic table, to the left of the pavilion.

TROY (24), handsome in a NASCAR shirt and six o'clock shadow.

ASHLEY (18), hotter than hell in her Daisy Duke's and loose black t shirt that highlights her long blonde hair.

ALEXANDER (2) just sits in his stroller, playing with a blinking electronic toy. He appears very pale.

BETH, (40's) and stylish, appears with a paper plate filled with hamburgers, hot dogs and potato chips.

BETH  
See? Ya'll are still alive...You  
came to a church function and lived  
to tell about it.

TROY  
Day ain't over yet.

Sarah walks over, with Abbey napping in her carrier. She's got the diaper bag, as always.

Troy and Ashley avoid eye contact, turning their attention to Alexander, although Ashley does smile at the sleeping baby.

BETH

(Jokingly) And here she comes, the current wife...Me, in a slightly newer model...

SARAH

(Laughs) A little less mileage, I suppose...

BETH

So tell me...Does Theo still snore like a grizzly bear?

SARAH

Couldn't tell you...Most nights I'm up with Abigail...That way I get more sleep...How is David? Have you heard from him?

BETH

Yeah. I talked to him this yesterday. His unit is still in Iraq for the time being, but they'll be heading to Afghanistan real soon.

SARAH

We pray for him everyday...And how is little Alex?

Alex decided to take this opportunity to throw up.

Sarah hands Ashley a fresh cloth from her diaper bag.

Reluctantly, Ashley takes it and begins to clean up. There is some blood in his vomit.

SARAH

Does he have that bug that's been going around?

BETH

I don't know...He's been having a real hard time keeping anything down...He's been real listless, not a lot of energy. And very pale.

SARAH

Has he been seen?

Troy frowns, still avoiding eye contact.

TROY  
Ain't got insurance...

SARAH  
Tell you what; Let me help. You take him over to see Dr. Hart. He has a sliding scale and I'll take care of the co-pay; plus he's there for a few hours on Saturday...Poor little guy - he seems really sick.

BETH  
Maybe we should...Do you have your cell?

Troy shakes his head. Beth hands him her cell phone.

SARAH  
You have my number in there, don't you?

BETH  
I should have...Yes...Do you want me to come with you?

ASHLEY  
No...it should be fine...I'll keep in touch.

Ashley, Troy and Alexander leave. Sarah helps pick up their trash. Beth smiles.

BETH  
I think he did OK with you...and you are welcome to him!

Sarah smiles.

EXT. PAVILION SIX - LATER

The church folk have finished eating, cleaned up the trash and are waiting for Rev. Theo to speak.

He has a microphone and sound system set up on the edge of the concrete. He steps up to the mike and begins to speak.

THEO  
First, I trust everyone has had enough of Mrs. Cutler's world famous potato salad...

The crowd applauds. MRS. CUTLER, (70's) stands up and bows.

THEO  
 Course, some of you may be familiar  
 with my book...

He looks over to the table...Sarah pulls a hard cover book  
 out of the diaper bag...

THEO  
 Thank you, Sarah...See? A good wife  
 always anticipates her husband's  
 needs. Thanks, dear....

The audience chuckles.

THEO  
 It seems there may still be a place  
 for traditional family values on  
 the bookshelves of Real  
 America...The True Vine Booksellers  
 dot com has chosen my book...

He holds his copy aloft like the Statue of Liberty...

THEO  
 The Consecrated Family: Standing  
 Together Against Extremism...And we  
 are in the last days, are we not?  
 With the land, the White House  
 stolen from our very hands...

Sarah's cell phone rings as Theo continues to bloviate...

SARAH  
 Hello? This is Sarah...Hi  
 Ashley...Yes...She is right  
 here. Hold on..

THEO  
 by those who wish to destroy  
 us all, who would sell out  
 our sacred birthright to  
 forward their twisted agenda,  
 and sacrifice us all on the  
 altar of socialism and  
 facism...

Sarah hands the phone to Beth. Together, they exit into the  
 pines.

EXT. BENCH IN THE PINES - MOMENTS LATER

Beth and Sarah sit on a bench, far away from the speakers.

BETH  
 I can hear you now...What's going  
 on? How's our boy?

INT. PEDIATRIC INTENSIVE CARE - DAY

Alexander is in a hospital bed, sleeping. A NURSE adjusts an I.V. tube while a RESPIRATORY TECH fixes an oxygen tube to a coupling coming out of the wall.

A mural of happy looking jungle animals decorates the wall.

Ashley, tears in her eyes, talks on the phone in his room.

ASHLEY

Dr. Bert took one look at him and sent for an ambulance...We are at Blakeview right now in intensive care...

The nurse and tech smile briefly and exit.

ASHLEY

He said he needs some tests, but he thinks that...Alex may have a serious blood disorder...He may need a bone marrow thing...Troy is getting checked right...oh, wait!

Troy enters the room, visibly shaken.

He doesn't say anything, just walks over to the bed and picks up Alex's hand. It is so small compared to his large and calloused hands.

ASHLEY

What did you find out?...Troy, answer me! What did they say?

Troy sighs heavily as tears roll down his rugged cheeks.

TROY

It...ain't me, Ash...It ain't me.

Ashley just hangs up the phone. She sinks deeply into the chair and, her face in her hands, begins to weep.

A knock on the door. DR. HART (70's) with tight grey hair surrounding a prominent bald spot, enters with Alex's chart.

DR. HART

How are you kids holding up?

They don't acknowledge him even being in the room.

DR. HART

That well. OK. Well it is time for you guys to make some very grown up decisions for Alex.

Troy looks up from the side of Alex's bed.

TROY

Do I...need to leave?

DR. HART

Why? Of course not! You may not be the biological father, but you are his daddy, and believe me, that is far more important.

A brief smile flashes on Troy's face.

DR. HART

Now Ashley, I know this is difficult, but we really need to know who Alex's biological father is...We may not have the luxury of time to find a donor, if that is even possible- honestly, this is our best course of action at this time...

Ashley doesn't look up from her tears...

ASHLEY

What if we can't? I mean...What if he wouldn't...

DR. HART

This is a very serious matter, Ashley...Any man worth his salt would gladly do his part to save a precious little boy like Alex.

ASHLEY

I think...I think I might know who it is...

DR. HART

Do you want the staff to contact him? I assure you, we will be as discreet as possible..

ASHLEY

No. I'll do it.

DR. HART

Good girl. We will pull through  
this...You seem like good kids...  
and you really love your boy...

She calls Troy over and whispers in his ear. He clenches his fists and storms out of the room.

Ashley takes a deep breath and picks up the phone.

EXT. IN THE PINES

Sarah and Beth are sitting on the bench with Abbey when the cell phone finally rings.

BETH

Ashley! Where the hell have you  
been? I couldn't get  
through!...Yeah, I'm still at the  
picnic? Reverend Theo...He's still  
here...Yeah, Sarah and Abbey are  
sitting next to me...Why? Why would  
you want to talk to  
him...Unless...Oh, it can't  
possibly...

Beth is starting to realize what is happening.

BETH

Oh, Christ...That test...That dirty-  
...I can't believe this...I do not  
believe this...Oh, well get him on  
the phone alright and we'll get him  
to the hospital...It may be in a  
god damn ambulance or a hearse, but  
we will get him there!

Sarah nods in agreement. Beth holds her hand tightly and squeezes.

EXT. PAVILION SIX

Theo is chatting with some male church folk of various ages.

THEO

It's a tragedy...it really is...So many children being borne out of wedlock...corrodes the sense of family and tears at the very fabric of our values, which is why we really need Sarah Palin in Two Thousand and Twelve...

Beth, Sarah and Abbey approach the group.

BETH

My daughter would like to speak with you.

THEO

Can it wait?

BETH

No, it can not wait! Take the God damn phone!

THEO

That time of the month again.?

Beth forces the cell phone into Theo's hands

THEO

Hello, this is Reverend Daley... Ashley, my dear, prodigal step daughter...Have you finally decided to repent?...What?...Blood disease? What exactly are you trying to insinuate here? What? LIAR!

The church folk clear out like a wild west bar fight.

THEO

If you breath one word of this vile, slanderous, contemptible lie to anyone, I swear!...Alexander? What about him? Look, I've told you before, he is the spawn of your promiscuity, and anything that happens to him is payback from God Almighty himself!

Beth stands up and slaps Theo hard in the face.

THEO

What was that for? Because I speak the truth?

BETH

I could care less about your warped idea of truth at this point! Are you going to help Alex or not?

THEO

(still on the phone) I most certainly will not! This is from God. Who am I to go against the Lord? No, whatever happens because of your daughters indiscretions has no affect on me...

Beth, screaming, flies after him, but he easily throws her to the ground. He laughs and throws the cell phone onto the concrete, breaking it into pieces.

She struggles to get up, and he kicks her in the gut. She screams.

THEO

What? You didn't get enough of this discipline when we were married?

A gunshot echoes from the side of the pavilion, the bullet popping a hole in the weathered wood. It's Troy, holding a gun. Sarah stands next to him, holding Abbey.

SARAH

Step away from her, Theo!

THEO

Why...You gonna shoot me?

He fires another shot, just narrowly missing his head.

SARAH

Enough! You will answer to the authorities for what you have done to Beth, but right now you will get into that truck and go and do what ever you need to do in order to save that child! Is that clear?

THEO

You treacherous whore! You would betray me? ME?!

SARAH

Get in the truck! Troy...

Troy hands the gun to Sarah. Theo lunges at Troy, but he is no match for him. Troy has him under control.

Sarah, still holding the baby, calmly aims the gun squarely at Theo's head.

THEO

So this is how it goes...You would force me at gunpoint to save that little demon child?

Beth picks herself up and sneers through a bloody lip.

BETH

Looks like that's the plan.

Theo tries to break Troy's grip, but to no avail. He's beat.

INT. BETH'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: SIX MONTHS LATER

Beth and Sarah are cleaning up from a nice dinner.

DAVID, (30's) still with a close, military haircut, drinks a frosty looking bottle of beer with Troy as they watch Alex and Abbey playing with cars on the carpet.

SARAH

Did I tell you I got the final papers today? I am a free woman.

BETH

Congratulations on freedom.

Sarah smiles, but with an hint of sadness.

SARAH

I had never seen that side of him...I'm glad I did, for Abbey's sake...who knows where that might have gone? So very sad...

BETH

(Whispering to Sarah)  
Looks like shes done.

Ashley, smiling, comes out of the bathroom holding the results of a home pregnancy test. There is a blue line.

She hands it to Troy and gives him a big hug and kiss.

FADE TO BLACK