

SANCTUARY

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL TOWN - MAIN STREET - DAY

Two men, DRIVER and GUNMAN, early 30s, guns and large bags in hand, race from a bank to an idling car.

They jump into the car and peel down the street.

An OFFICER runs from the bank, fires a couple of shots at the fleeing vehicle.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

Broken windows, peeling paint, rotting boards.

JOHNNY, 9, dirty and beaten, his right eye nearly swollen shut, flings a bag into an open window.

A backpack quickly follows, tossed by CLINT, 9, a tough-looking little snot.

CLINT

If my pap did that to me, I'd shoot  
his ass.

Johnny tosses a sleeping bag through the window.

CLINT

I'll shoot *your* pap if you want.

The boys climb through the window.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

Tiny. The inside looks like the outside: rough.

Johnny unrolls the sleeping bag and dumps the backpack's contents onto it: a bag of chips, a can of soda, some clothes and a packet of baseball cards.

He hands the baseball card packet to Clint.

JOHNNY

For helping me get out of there.

Clint takes the pack, tears it open, flips through the cards while Johnny arranges his stuff.

CLINT

Holy shit.

Johnny looks up. Clint shows him a card.

CLINT  
You know how much this is worth?

LATER

The two boys lie on a pew.

CLINT  
I can't keep it.

He slides the baseball card to Johnny.

CLINT  
You ain't got shit.

Johnny slides it back.

JOHNNY  
I got you.

Clint laughs.

CLINT  
Like I said. You ain't got shit.

INT. CAR - DAY

The Driver swings the car around a corner, turns down a country road. A police car swerves in behind it, lights flashing, siren blaring.

The Gunman leans out the window, fires a few shots at the pursuer. Return fire shatters the back window.

DRIVER  
What are you doing?

GUNMAN  
Escaping. That was the plan, yes?

The Driver yanks the car around another corner, swerves to miss a tractor coming from the other direction. More shots from the Gunman. More return fire.

Another police car joins the pursuit.

The Gunman laughs. He's having a great time. He checks the bags. Loads of money.

The Driver pours on the speed. The car drifts with every bump, barely maintaining contact with the road.

The Gunman spots a house. He aims, fires several shots into it as they scream past.

GUNMAN

Fuck you!

DRIVER

You know he's been dead for years.

GUNMAN

I don't mind him dying twice.

More fire from the pursuers pings the car. A shot shatters the rear view mirror. The gunman leans out, returns fire.

The Gunman flinches. He drops back into the car, checks a wound on his neck. There's a lot of blood. He slumps.

The Driver panics at the sight. He fights to control the car and the bleeding.

DRIVER

Put some pressure on it!

The Gunman tries, but, he's already too weak.

DRIVER

I'm going to the hospital.

GUNMAN

No.

He grabs the Driver's arm.

GUNMAN

The church.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

Johnny sits in the front pew. Clint climbs in the window, drops a bag of food in front of him.

CLINT

Stole it from your pap. Felt right to even things out.

Johnny digs through the food, eats. Clint sits next to him.

LATER

The boys stare at a large, wooden cross on the altar.

JOHNNY  
You think there's a hell?

CLINT  
I hope so. Gotta be someplace for  
our dads to go.

Johnny laughs.

CLINT  
Talked to Richie. 'Bout the card.  
Says someday it'll be worth  
thousands.

Clint slides the baseball card to Johnny, who waves him off.

JOHNNY  
I gave it to you.

Clint takes it, wraps the card in plastic, walks to the altar, sticks it under the cross.

CLINT  
In case you change your mind.

JOHNNY  
I won't. Ain't mine anymore.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

The Driver drags the Gunman to the church door. He turns, fires at the Police.

Turning back, he kicks the door open.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

The church door flings open. Johnny and Clint spin to see: Johnny's DAD, 48, mean son of a bitch, glaring at them.

He rushes to Johnny, grabs him by the collar, yanks him toward the door. Johnny thrashes against him.

Clint charges, but the Dad viciously knocks him back. Clint lands hard on a pew.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

The Driver, Johnny, lies the dying Gunman, Clint, onto a pew.

CLINT  
Get it for me?

Johnny scrambles to the altar, lifts the cross, takes the baseball card from underneath. The plastic around it is weathered and worn, discolored from the years.

A bullet shatters the cross, shot from the Police outside.

Johnny scoots back to Clint, hands him the card.

CLINT  
Thanks, Johnny.

JOHNNY  
Just a baseball card.

Clint shakes his head.

CLINT  
When things got bad, I'd come back here. Check the card.

Clint holds the card up.

CLINT  
You had nothing, but, still, you never took it. It gave me hope -- for the world, you know? There's good out there.

JOHNNY  
You fought for me.

Clint slides the card into Johnny's pocket.

CLINT  
You don't mind if I kick my dad's ass first, do ya'? I promise I'll get to yours.

JOHNNY  
Give 'em hell.

Clint smiles, slumps. Dead. Johnny, crying, takes the gun.

He turns for the window, aims. Before he even gets a shot off, he's riddled with bullets.

He drops next to Clint. Two young men. Dead together.

FADE OUT.