

A knock at the door, and a youthful head pokes inside.  
This is FATHER MICHAEL.

FATHER MICHAEL  
Father Ralph Antonini?

FATHER RALPH  
Come in.

Father Michael enters. He is a bespectacled young man,  
green as a sapling, but weighted down with the  
responsibility of his office.

FATHER MICHAEL  
I'm Father Michael Hutchins. I'm from  
Bishop Kirkland of the Archdiocese of the  
Revelation.

FATHER RALPH  
You work for Bishop Kirkland? I would  
have expected someone older.

FATHER MICHAEL  
(smiling and sitting)  
I'm older than I look.  
(notices the rifle)  
You like guns, Father?

FATHER RALPH  
They were my father's. I keep them for  
sentimental value. So what brings you to  
our little church?

FATHER MICHAEL  
Do you have a young man here named Gordo  
Gordon?

Father Ralph is expressionless.

FATHER RALPH  
I...I'd have to check.

FATHER MICHAEL  
I think you'll remember him. You took  
him out of St. Mary's orphanage almost  
twenty years ago.

FATHER RALPH  
Bishop Kirkland sent you?

FATHER MICHAEL  
I'm not here to cause trouble, Father.  
I'm here about this.

Father Michael hands him a printed page from a YouTube video site. Father Ralph looks it over carefully. The title of the page is: "Prayers is Real!"

FATHER RALPH  
That damned Internet.  
(indicating the page)  
This is just foolishness. It's a hobby -  
How old did you say you were again?

FATHER MICHAEL  
Would you prefer I bring the Bishop  
directly?

Father Ralph stares at Father Michael for a long moment, then hands the page back, interlaces his fingers.

FATHER RALPH  
Go ahead.

Father Michael does not take the page back.

FATHER MICHAEL  
I'd like to see the entire video, please.

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INT. FATHER RALPH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

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Father Ralph sets up the VCR while Father Michael looks at a box full of junk and gadgets.

FATHER MICHAEL  
You don't just collect guns, I see.

FATHER RALPH  
Those are Gordo's. He's been tinkering  
with inventions since I took him from the  
orphanage.

FATHER MICHAEL  
(pulling out a pair of  
goggles)  
What are these?

FATHER RALPH  
It's a pair of goggles that sees airborne  
chemicals. I thought we might sell it to  
the military to see nerve gas and things,  
but the idea fell flat when we realized  
the only chemicals it could see was  
flatulence.

(shrugs)  
(MORE)

FATHER RALPH (CONT'D)  
 He's got boxes more of that kind of thing  
 in his room.

FATHER MICHAEL  
 He lives with you?

FATHER RALPH  
 He's lived with me for almost twenty  
 years.

FATHER MICHAEL  
 Don't you think that's a little  
 inappropriate?

FATHER RALPH  
 He's almost 30 now. If that's  
 inappropriate, I need to speak to the  
 Bishop about you.

He pushes PLAY. The tape begins to roll.

We see the rear-view of a church, full for Mass.

Then - slowly - a feathery white fuzz appears over the  
 heads of the individuals in the church. It slowly grows,  
 bigger and bigger, merging with the other fuzz, until it  
 fills the room. It swells against the ceiling and begins  
 leaking upward, almost like water down a sink drain.

Father Michael looks stunned.

FATHER MICHAEL  
 How is this possible?

FATHER RALPH  
 You can ask him yourself.

A big Red Ryder wagon full of junk. But the fingers that  
 handle this junk treat it like priceless jewels.

We can't fully see him, only his work, but this is GORDO  
 GORDON.

As he assembles...whatever...we intercut between him and  
 the approaching priests.

FATHER RALPH  
 He was only seven when I found him at a  
 Catholic orphanage. Even then, he was  
 very smart, very creative.