

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

Austinville #3
Jesus in Jail
10:20pm

FADE IN:

INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

JESUS (33) enters a plain-looking room, closes the door behind him, and sits in a cheap folding chair.

He's a 'domesticated hippie' type, but his hair and clothes are disheveled, and his face sports a small CUT.

He takes deep breath, pulls out his CELL PHONE, and places a call.

JESUS
Hi, Dad! I'm in jail!

Beat.

JESUS
No -- Dad -- don't -- they're just doing their jobs.

Beat.

JESUS
Dad, that would kill everybody in a ten-mile radius.

Beat.

JESUS
Just post bail!

Beat.

JESUS
Because that would be counterfeiting. Just have the Italians send a wire transfer. Like normal people do.

Beat.

JESUS
Don't ask me how I got here. You already know how I got here. I hate it when you --

Beat.

JESUS

Oh.

Beat.

JESUS

I left because --

Beat.

JESUS

No! You're being paranoid! Just because one guy marshals an army against you one time doesn't mean --

Beat.

JESUS

I wouldn't even know what to do with an army! Warfare is not my thing.

Beat.

JESUS

This was not about you, Dad.

Beat.

JESUS

Dad, I -- are you crying? This is weird. Stop it.

Beat.

JESUS

I don't hate you, Dad.

Beat.

JESUS

I don't.

Beat.

JESUS

Because -- it's been so long since -
- I just wanted to live one normal day out in the world.

Beat.

JESUS
Linklater was doing a Q&A.

Beat.

JESUS
Sure. I forgive you.

Beat.

JESUS
Thank you. I'll be back by
midnight. And no more help!

Jesus hangs up.

He walks to the door.

It's locked.

Jesus groans.

FADE OUT.