

EXT. GREYHOUND STOP - LATE NIGHT - COLUMBIA, SC

The bus hisses to a stop on a near-empty lot. The town is quiet.

MRS. CINDY, mid-40s, elegant and warm, waves from an older model sedan. Beside her, DEACON JONES, late 40s, sturdy, salt-and-pepper goatee, heavy on presence.

Four kids in the backseat, sleepy but curious.

MRS. CINDY

Lawrence! Lord have mercy, baby - you done shot up like a weed. C'mere and let me see you proper.

He looks a little freaked out hearing his full name for the first time in a long while. She hugs him tight - he doesn't resist but doesn't hug back, either.

INT. DEACON JONES' HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The home is modest, spotless, and quiet. Books, hymnals, family photos. LAW eyes everything - the order, the stillness. Kids whisper - laugh behind a cracked door.

MRS. CINDY

There's sweet tea on the counter and a lil' honey in them greens. Ain't nothin' fancy - just somethin' to put in your belly.

INT. BACK PORCH - NIGHT - DEACON JONES & LAW

They sit in silence, both nursing sweet tea. Crickets chirp.

DEACON JONES

You look like a boy... you got a man's stare. I don't know what all you seen - but I'll tell you right now, we ain't lettin' you see no more of it here.

(pause)

I used to run corners in North Chuck. Thought I had the game figured. 'Til the Lord cracked me wide open and sent me back right.

(leans in, calm but firm)

Now I serve Him, but don't get it twisted - I'm still a man. You walk with us, we'll show you another way. But you cross this house?

(beat)

I'll put that chapter in the ground myself.

He holds out his hand. LAW studies it - then takes it.

INT. LAW'S ROOM - NIGHT

He lies in bed - wide-eyed, scanning the ceiling. Silence. No sirens. No horns. No yelling outside. Just wind in the trees. LAW finally closes his eyes.

TEXT ON SCREEN: "He slept twelve hours. First real sleep in five years."

MONTAGE: - "SIX MONTHS OF STILLNESS (AND STEEL)"

EXT. SWANSEA BACK ROADS - LATE JULY - DAWN

LAW walks with DEACON JONES, tackle box in hand. Mist lifts off a quiet creek. DEACON hands him a rod.

DEACON JONES

Ain't nothin' in life you can't figure out with a pole, some peace, and a prayer.

LAW casts.