

(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

INT. PASTOR WARD'S OFFICE - DAY

ASSISTANT PASTOR BEARD, 50s, pale and overly sour, steps into the office and stands directly behind Troy.

WARD

This here's Assistant Pastor Beard.

Beard begins a thorough body search; giving Troy a friendly slap on the butt when he's done. He nods at Ward, who's suddenly all smiles and beaming at Troy from behind his desk.

TROY

... Why?

WARD

Now don't be upset, Troy. That was just part of the interview.

BEARD

You'd be surprised how many curious reporters come in here, pretending to want to work for Hallelujah Ministries.

TROY

But I have a recommend--

WARD

(rising from his desk)
Which could've easily been traded for... whatever.

TROY

Pastor Ward, I know I'm late but--

Ward squeezes his shoulder.

WARD

You passed, son. Flying colors.

BEARD

Background check is fine, too. But we are curious... LA's a good drive from Connecticut.

INT. REVEREND WARD'S OFFICE - DAY

BEARD sits back in Ward's chair, taking in the very plushness of the office. Soon it'll be his. His cell buzzes.

BEARD
Pastor Beard speaking.
(listens)
Of course. He's taking to the boy
like a charm. Just make certain
you keep your end--

The door swings open. Beard barely has time to put away his cell. LISA WARD fixes Beard with a gentle, malevolent eye.

LISA
Waiting for something... Pastor?

Beard bolts out of the chair.

BEARD
No. I'm just waiting for the
Pastor. A couple of things to
discuss with him before he leaves.

LISA
He just left. But I just spoke to
your lovely wife-- just to say
hello. She had no idea you're
coming home for lunch. Sweet
thing. She invited me to join you.

She makes room for Beard to exit. She scans the room before closing the door behind them.