

(Name of Project)

by  
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(Based on, If Any)

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

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
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Phone Number

INT. PASTOR WARD'S OFFICE - DAY

PASTOR WARD, 50s and in good shape, frowns at Troy's resume without offering Troy a chair.

WARD  
This is what we can expect of you  
Troy? Lateness?

TROY  
I'm sorry but--

WARD  
But because we're a Christian  
organization, it's alright for you  
to waltz in late for a job  
interview?

TROY  
No. Sir.

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.

TROY  
Uh... well, Reverend Kragen, my pastor, wanted me to learn as much as possible from-- well, one of the country's leading conservative evangelists.

BEARD  
Are you Republican?

Silence.

WARD  
Thank you, Stephen.  
(escorting Beard to the door)  
I'll take it from here.

Beard closes the door behind himself. Ward serves up his trademark smile as he hurries back to Troy, going so far as to give him another squeeze on the shoulder. Troy tries not to tense up.

WARD (CONT'D)  
Let me tell you about us, Troy. Hallelujah Ministries promotes the worship and obedience to God through his holy scriptures. We empower, lead, and build relationships for God's faithful.

TROY  
Political activism?

Ward gives Troy a more careful, critical look.

WARD  
Our church does not promote any political group, though yes, most of our members tend to vote Republican. Our values are... you married?

INT. WARD DEN - DAY

Ward kicks back in his chair with a dreamy smile on his face. The door opens and Lisa comes in and eyes Ward.

LISA  
How was the sightseeing?

WARD  
... What did you say, hon'?

LISA  
What the fuck's going on?

Ward tries to rise and answer.

LISA (CONT'D)  
That-- was a rhetorical question.

She marches behind his chair and pulls him back into the chair, and begins to massage his shoulders.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Now you tense up.

WARD  
Sorry hon'.

She digs her nails into his shoulders.

LISA  
You should be, mister. We're so close, and you're about to blow it.

WARD  
Blow what-- dear?

LISA  
The White House. I put up with your shit for a long time, Freddy.

WARD  
You call all this shit?

LISA  
I'm prepared for the humiliation-- even being a single mom. But I will have the bank account.

WARD  
(reaching out for her)  
What are you talking about?

She slaps his hands away.

LISA  
You just better lead that  
delegation to the White House. I  
deserve that honor.

WARD  
Being mother of our church and head  
of the local GOP-- certainly  
couldn't be enough for Lisa  
Johannson Ward.

LISA  
You certainly aren't.

Ward slaps her.

Lisa reels from the slap, but quickly recovers. Ward,  
repentant, quickly pulls her back to her feet.

WARD  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

LISA  
(tears pouring)  
We will never be even for that.

She slaps him back. They stare at each other.

The clock chimes.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Dinner is ready.