

COME FLY WITH ME

SEASON 4: FOLK HERO

"INTERRUPTED FUNERAL"

PILOT EPISODE #31

(THE WIDOW'S SON - Death)

Written by

Katheryn Maddox Haddad

Based on They Met Jesus

A TRUE STORY

Katheryn@InspiratiosByKatheryn.com

668 W. Jardin Drive
Casa Grande, AZ 85122

520-510-3835

- LAST SEASON (#3). DREAM MAKER
21. **Zebedee.** Empty Net Syndrome
 22. **Simon.** Cloud Burst
 23. **Leper Moeshe.** Haze of Hopelessness
 24. **Paralyzed Barnabas.** Shackled
 25. **Matthew Levi.** The Traitor
 26. **Judas.** Whirlwind
 27. **Lame Abihu.** Imaginings
 28. **Pharisees.** Holier than Thou
 29. **Twelve Aides.** Unlikely Crew
 30. **Centurion's Servant Boy.** True Power

SEASON #4. FOLK HERO

EPISODE 31. THE WIDOW'S SON: INTERRUPTED FUNERAL

TITLE SEQUENCE

BLACK:

OUTER SPACE

A shooting star streaks through the sky and lands on planet earth.

EXT. EARTH - DAY

Angry waves churn, then calm to circling ripples. A crown rises out of the baptismal water.

MUSIC similar to *Army of Kings* or Handel's *Zadoc the Priest*.

Next rising out of the water is his head, shoulders, torso.

GOD-KING JESUS (30) has black eyes and hair to his shoulders and a short beard. He looks Middle-Eastern.

He is muscular like the lumberjack and carpenter he is. He wears a sparkling gold robe and holds a diamond-tipped gold scepter.

He continues to grow until his head is among the stars.

UGLY EVIL ONE looks down at him from a top corner of the sky.

God-King Jesus points his scepter at him.

GOD-KING JESUS
I will destroy you!

Lightning flashes out of his scepter.

He lowers the scepter and shrinks down until he is normal human size.

Tall trees surround him. He hangs his robe and crown on one of the branches.

He picks up an ax, finishes felling a tree, hoists it (minus its branches) onto one shoulder, and heads out of the woods with it.

FADE OUT.

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. NATAN'S & MIRIAM'S COURTYARD

SUPER: NAIN, GALILEE PROVINCE, PALESTINE - AD 22

The courtyard is middle class with earth-colored floor tile with a decorative rug in the middle.

Nicely-carved wooden benches are scattered around it as well as oversized cutting cushions on the floor.

At the back is the kitchen area with black goat-hair tapestry over it. Under the tapestry is a low table on a rug with sitting cushions on three sides. To the sides are doors to bedrooms.

NATAN (33) is tall and thin. He carries himself erect. His eyes are alert to his family. He laughs easily.

Wife MIRIAM (25) is short and weighs 130. She is serious and sometimes needs to be deliberately provoked to laughter.

Son JONATHAN (9) loves to jump over things or even nothing as long as he gets to jump.

Natan, Miriam and Jonathan walk through their front gate into their courtyard.

Natan takes off his prayer shawl and plops it onto Jonathan's head. Jonathan gets tangled up in it and struggles to get out from under it.

Miriam takes her prayer shawl off and sits on one of the wooden benches. She watches her two "men" play and holds her shawl in her lap.

MIRIAM

(Thinking)

Lord God, my family is healthy and happy.

NATAN

So, since we're not allowed to work on the Sabbath, what shall we do, Jonathan?

MIRIAM

(Thinking)

I knew they would be because you love us and always answer my prayers.

JONATHAN

Sing songs!

NATAN

Okay. Which one shall we sing first?

MIRIAM

(Thinking)

Jonathan will not grow up without a father like I did.

JONATHAN

I know! The Lord's my shep... shepherd!

Natan takes the stance of a performer, holding one arm out for his audience, and bellows out the song.

NATAN

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not...

Natan's singing is interrupted by a cough, forcing his chest out, and an extra deep breath.

Miriam's eyes grow large, she jerks out of her reverie, and jumps up.

MIRIAM

No. Not that one! Not that one. Sing something else.

Natan stands and walks in circles to catch a good breath.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

Stop that. Stop it right now. There is nothing wrong with you!

INT. NATAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

SUPER: FIVE YEARS LATER, AD 27

The room has a large bedside table with a miniature bellows on it, a pitcher, and a mug. Is it enough? Can its contents keep him alive a little longer?

The table has room for the dreaded food tray. The disease is taking over his digestion also.

In a basket on the table are folded cloths. In a corner near the door is a pile of used cloths ready for washing and reusing and reusing and reusing.

Will the dreaded mucus ever stop its invasion?

The door is always open into a room with no way out except the day he dies.

Miriam has a chair by the door with a table next to it and basket on the floor.

Another chair to the side of the bed is for Jonathan or visitors.

Miriam forces herself to smile. But her eyes have a far-away look.

She kisses his forehead, then wipes the tip of her tongue when Natan is not looking. The taste of salt on his skin only reminds her of what she struggles to not think about.

MIRIAM

Good morning, sweetheart.

NATAN is thin. His eyes are watery with dark circles under them. His voice is hoarse

NATAN

Good...

Natan breaks into another bout of coughing. His whole body convulses.

Miriam hands him a clean cloth, helps him turn onto his side, and pounds his back relentlessly, trying to chase away the monster that has taken over his lungs.

MIRIAM

Spit it up, sweetheart. Spit it up.

NATAN

Okay. Air.

Natan turns onto his back, Miriam grabs the miniature bellows, puts the end in his mouth, and pumps it.

MIRIAM
 (thoughts) Breathe,
 sweetheart. Breathe
 deep. Live. Live for me.
 Live for Jonathan, Oh,
 please, Natan, live. Oh,
 God, why are you making
 this happen?

VISION:

EXT. SAUNA-LIKE POOL WITH 5 COLUMNS AROUND IT - DAY

SUPER: JERUSALEM, JUDEA PROVINCE, PALESTINE

CRIPPLED ABIHU (50) is on a mat next to the pool. He complains other sick ones around him.

CRIPPLED ABIHU
 I've been coming here for 38 years
 and these magic waters still
 haven't healed me.

Jesus at the top of the steps calls down to Abihu.

GOD-KING JESUS
 Do you really want to walk?

CRIPPLED ABIHU
 Of course I do. But this magic
 isn't working.

Jesus walks down the steps to Abihu. He stoops.

GOD-KING JESUS
 If you want to be well, stand up.

Abihu stands, tests his legs, laughs, and does a jig.

CROWD aahs and oohs.

Jesus looks up and sees Miriam and Natan.

GOD-KING JESUS (CONT'D)
 Natan, you're almost home. Be
 comforted. I see you. I know. And
 Miriam, hang on. Keep believing

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. NATAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Miriam pumps the miniature billows a little more in the mouth of her husband who was never supposed to get sick.

Natan touches Miriam's hand as a signal he has recovered from this bout.

Miriam wipes the miniature bellows and puts it back on the table until the next time when she will fight for his life once again.

NATAN

I'm so sorry...Miriam. It's not fair...not fair to you.

MIRIAM

Nonsense. I love being with you.

Natan knows the rest, the unspoken rest. It is impossible to speak the unspeakable.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

(thoughts) As long as I can.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

How's that? Easier to breathe now? I would never have thought I could put air in your lungs with this. But it seems to be working.

Yes, be glad Miriam. Hang on to him as long as you can.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

Now then. Did you have a good night?

Natan turns his head so he can watch his bride of fifteen years put things in order in his room.

NATAN

I woke up a couple times. Maybe more. I don't remember. The coughing, you know.

She takes out some mending.

MIRIAM

Remember this old tunic you used to wear to synagogue? Well, it wasn't old then. Would you believe our Jonathan is nearly big enough to wear it to school? I'm getting it ready for him.

NATAN

What day is today?

MIRIAM

It's Wednesday, sweetheart. You didn't finish your breakfast.

NATAN

I lose track of time any more. Oh, I threw up again. The towel I caught it in is down there on the floor.

Miriam picks up the towel and throws it out of the room.

MIRIAM

Would you like some pomengranate juice? This pitcher holds a lot. We have plenty. Please have some. For me.

Miriam picks up a small scroll on a table by her chair.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

We got a letter from Aunt Serach. She wants to come see you in a few...

Miriam's eyes connect with Natan's. She jerks back, then steps over to his bed.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

Oh, my husband. I'll miss you so much.

NATAN

I will miss you too, Miriam.

MIRIAM

We knew a long time ago it would get this bad for you. We've had eighteen years of happiness...

INT. NATAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

JONATHAN is 14 years old and already has the symptoms inherited from his father. Occasionally he gasps for breath. Sometimes he coughs. He turns his back on his mother when it happens.

JONATHAN
Hello, Papa.

NATAN
Hello, Son. How was school?

JONATHAN
Fine.

NATAN
I want you to take...apprentice...
apprenticeship...so you can get a
decent job and...help support
...support your mother.

JONATHAN
Papa, you're not going anywhere.

MIRIAM
(Thoughts) God, make him
well again. I'll do
anything. Just make him
well again)

VISION:

INT. SYNAGOGUE - DAY

SUPER: AENEAN, GALILEE PROVINCE, PALESTINE

GOD-KING JESUS (32) stands at the front. He has his arm over the shoulder of SHRIVELED-HAND MAN.

SHRIVELED-HAND MAN (40) wears less than good clothes. He looks over his shoulder, up at the ceiling -- anywhere except into the eyes of the congregation.

GOD-KING JESUS
Now raise your hand.

SHRIVELED-HAND MAN
You want all of them to laugh at me
again. No. I won't do it.

GOD-KING JESUS
 Okay, I'll stand between them and
 you.

Jesus shifts around.

GOD-KING JESUS (CONT'D)
 Will you show your hand to me?

Shriveled-hand man holds up his hand and his eyes light up as
 it changes from shriveled to whole.

Jesus steps aside.

CONGREGATION: Oos and Ahs.

Jesus looks up and sees Natan and Jonathan.

GOD-KING JESUS (CONT'D)
 I'm coming, Jonathan. Don't worry.
 I'll be there on time. And, Natan,
 soon you will be breathing pure
 air.

BACK TO CURRENT.

Miriam walks into the room, sits in her chair and gets out
 her mending from her basket.

Oh to mend her husband as she does these clothes. Oh, to
 make him as good as new as she does the clothes.

Jonathan sits in a chair near the side of the bed. He
 whittles a piece of wood while staring at the floor or the
 ceiling, pretending things are normal again.

NATAN
 Miriam, keep my tools...for
 Jon...Jonathan.

Jonathan whittles faster and looks more directly at the
 ceiling.

NATAN (CONT'D)
 But give my saw
 to...your...brother. He's going to
 need it for...for his new job...

Miriam immediately moves to her husband's side.

NATAN (CONT'D)
 And my wedding garments...

Miriam puts her finger on Natan's lips.

MIRIAM

Hush now.

NATAN

You've saved them...all
these...years. Bury me in them.

MIRIAM

Oh, sweetheart, no.

NATAN

I want you...to be free to...to
remarry after I'm...I'm gone...

MIRIAM

No. Don't.

Jonathan stands, looks straight ahead, and walks out of the room.

NATAN

Promise. Promise me you won't
spend...the rest...rest of your
life...pretending I'm still...still
here.

Natan watches his son leave and continues talking while staring at the empty doorway.

NATAN (CONT'D)

Get rid of my clothes and...start
fresh. I'll always...always be in
your heart. That's all...I need.

Coughing fit again. They go through their routine. Pounding, coughing, spitting, pumping, breathing one more time until the last one.

MIRIAM

Sweetheart, please don't try to
talk.

NATAN

If you meet a good man, marry him
and have a good life. I'll be
having a great...time in the other
world.

Miriam stands and paces at the foot of the bed. Unwanted, unbrave tears rush down her cheeks.

NATAN (CONT'D)

Ha, ha. I won't be lonely...the
angels and I will be...

Natan raises up on one elbow.

NATAN (CONT'D)

There's no need...for you
to...spend your life mourning...and
lonely.

MIRIAM

Never!

NATAN

Remember, you're not betray...
betraying me or abandoning...me by
remarrying. God says you're
free...to remarry after...after I
die.

MIRIAM

No! You're not going to die.
You're not going to leave me.

NATAN

If it's good enough for God...it's
good enough for me. Now I need to
talk to Jonathan.

MIRIAM

Jonathan. Come back. Your father
has something special to tell you.

Jonathan re-enters the room. His brows are lowered, his lips
pressed hard together. He looks out a window and hums so he
does not have to hear.

NATAN

Sweetheart, promise...you won't
stay lonely...just for me.

MIRIAM lays her head on Natan's shoulder.

NATAN (CONT'D)

Promise.

MIRIAM

Do I have to?

Natan raises up on one elbow and forces a grin.

NATAN

What do you think?

MIRIAM

If you insist, then I promise. But
I'll never stop loving you.

NATAN

I know that. And I'll never stop...

Again the pounding, the coughing, the spitting, the pumping, the sighing when it is finally over.

NATAN (CONT'D)

Jonathan, come...come over here,
Son, where I can see you.

JONATHAN

Yes, Papa.

NATAN

Your mother may...remarry some day.
I've given...given her my
bless...blessing.

JONATHAN

No, Papa...

NATAN

Now listen...to me, Son. You are
to respect that...man just like you
respect...me.

Jonathan starts for the door. Natan forces himself to shout, albeit the shout does not echo as it used to in earlier years.

NATAN (CONT'D)

He will not be trying...trying to
replace me. No one can be as
stubborn...as me.

Jonathan rushes back to his father and goes through the routine with him of pounding, coughing, choking, spitting, and finally breathing again -- until next time.

NATAN (CONT'D)

Jonath...an, don't force your
mother...to live in loneli...ness
just to satisfy...your
unrealistic...need to
pretend...pretend I'm still here.

Jonathan looks up at the ceiling.

NATAN (CONT'D)

Look at me, Son. Don't you
go...telling that man he's not
your...your father...as an excuse
to not...

JONATHAN

No, Papa.

NATAN

He has my blessing...whoever God leads...to you and your mother.

JONATHAN

But that's betraying you.

NATAN

No! It's honoring...me.

Coughing again. Choking again. Pounding, spitting, breathing what is so illusive now.

NATAN (CONT'D)

If you disrespect him...you're trying to keep me...alive when I'm not...You'd be living a lie...Don't ever lie, Son, whether it's telling it or...living it.

Jonathan sits by his father, holds his hand, and weeps.

JONATHAN

Oh, Papa. I love you.

NATAN

If you love me, you will...love him...too. Don't make me ashamed of you. Promise...promise me, Son.

JONATHAN

I don't want...

NATAN

Obey me!

JONATHAN

Promise.

Natan looks over at his wife. She joins him and Jonathan and takes Natan's other hand.

Natan looks at her one last time, closes his eyes, and dies.

MIRIAM

No!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. NATAN'S BEDROOM.

MIRIAM

God! You promised! I thought you
loved us. You don't. You don't
love us at all. You never did!

VISION

EXT. SHORELINE FULL OF PEOPLE - DAY

SUPER: SHORE OF LAKE GALILEE

People line up with their sick. It's a long line.

MAN WITH NO FOOT is 20 and wears ragged clothes. He leans on
crutches.

Jesus helps MAN WITH NO FOOT seat himself on the ground.
Jesus kneels before the man.

MAN WITH NO FOOT

Master. My foot was cut off with my
ax head flew off its handle. I
heard you can do the impossible.
Am I asking too much?

Jesus takes hold of the stump and runs his hands down it. As
he does, the ankle and foot grow back.

CROWD

Ooh. Aah.

Jesus looks up to the sky. He sees Miriam, Jonathan and
lifeless Natan. He smiles.

GOD-KING JESUS

(Whispering)

He's home now, Miriam. Natan can
breathe again. And Jonathan, I'll
be there when you need me. I
promise.

BACK TO CURRENT

INT. MIRIAM'S COURTYARD - DAY

Miriam is teary eyed and testy. Her voice is clipped, her movements jerky.

MIRIAM

It is in the store room under some baskets. I hated when he made it for himself. I kept it hidden. If you're not strong enough to pull it out by yourself, uh, well, I suppose you can go get your grandfather. He needs to know anyway.

Jonathan opens the door from the store room. His breathing is heavy, his eyes dart to his mother, his father's bedroom, and the store room.

JONATHAN

Motherrrr. I'm strong enough. As strong as Papa.

Jonathan disappears into the store room.

(O.S.) Sounds of wooden and pottery thrown together.

Jonathan emerges with the funeral bier.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Where do you want it?

MIRIAM

Pull your father's work table out here in the middle and put it there.

Jonathan follows instructions.

JONATHAN

Now what?

Miriam steps over to her son and lays her head on his chest.

MIRIAM

I think I'd like to have some time alone with him.

Jonathan puts one arm around his mother and fights his own tears back.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
 Would you go get my parents? Tell
 them he's gone and ask if they
 could...you know.

INT. NATAN'S BEDROOM - DAY.

MIRIAM crawls up into the bed with her husband and lays her
 head on his shoulder.

INT. MIRIAM'S COURTYARD - DAY

NAIN RABBI (30) is tall and thin. His voice is high pitched
 for a man, and nervous.

NAIN RABBI
 And which psalms would you like
 chanted at the funeral?

Miriam sits next to Nain Rabbi and looks around, up, down.

MIRIAM
 I don't care. You choose.

NAIN RABBI
 And a favorite scripture?

MIRIAM
 I don't have one. Not any more.

As Nain Rabbi leaves, Miriam's parents arrive. Her father
 pauses and gives the Rabbi some money.

ENOCH(75) is strong and robust for his age. His hair is gray
 but his eyes alert.

ABIGAIL (65) is frail. She walks over to her daughter and
 touches her. They embrace.

Miriam runs into her mother's arms and they are joined by her
 father.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
 Oh, Mama. I can hardly stand it.

Enoch goes to the doorway of the death room. He steps inside
 where all that is left is the broken shell of the man who had
 brought his daughter joy.

ENOCH (O.C.)
 Jonathan! Come in here!

INT. NATAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jonathan stands in the doorway.

ENOCH

Now, Son. This is going to be the hardest thing you have ever done. You're going to help me carry your father out to the courtyard so the women can clean him up.

INT. MIRIAM'S COURTYARD - DAY

Natan is properly laid out on the bier. Abigail takes away a wash bowl and wet cloths.

MIRIAM

I want to put this embroidered linen over him. It's the last thing I ever did for him.

Enoch opens the front gate wide, then takes a seat nearby.

SHORT NEIGHBOR LADY

Here is some smoked lamb. It should feed you and Jonathan long enough until you feel like cooking again.

SHORT NEIGHBOR MAN

I have lots of tools, Ma'am. If you ever need anything fixed, let me know.

FADE OUT.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Natan's body is on a cart drawn by a donkey.

ENOCH holds on to the bridle in order to keep the animal under control, his own grief under control, the life of his grieving daughter under control.

Nain Rabbi leads the funeral procession, chanting as he walks.

Miriam is behind the cart where she can watch her beloved. Time is running out. Soon, she will see him no more.

Jonathan is next to her holding her hand. His eyes are set. His father had no business leaving him like this. His father wasn't strong. Why?

Abigail is on her daughter's other side holding her other hand weeping and looking up at the sky sometimes to maintain control.

Behind them are the two mourning neighbors.

OC are mourners wailing softly.

EXT. CEMETERY CAVE - DUSK

They stop at the cave. The funeral begins.

NAIN RABBI

The Lord is my shepherd. I shall
not want....

Enoch stands next to Miriam now, and when she loses control, he whispers in her ear, "Be strong, daughter. For Jonathan be strong."

Chanting by the rabbi and others. The service is nearly over.

Miriam, you have to say good bye now. How is it done. How can you take one last look, feel one last touch, speak one last word?

Nain Rabbi takes the embroidered cloth off Natan's body and hands it to her.

Jonathan and Enoch together carry Natan's remains into the burial cave.

Miriam and Jonathan turn toward their empty, silent home.

VISION

EXT. HILLS - DAY

SUPER: CAPERNAUM, GALILEE PROVINCE, PALESTINE

Jesus stands at the top of a small cliff.

Thousands sit on the grass below, listening.

Jesus' voice booms. His voice echoes among the hills. His voice penetrates the hearts of desperate commoners.

He looks down at a couple wearing ragged clothing.

GOD-KING JESUS

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for
theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Jesus looks over at a lady with three children, 2, 7, 11. She looks haggard.

GOD-KING JESUS (CONT'D)
Blessed are they who mourn, for
they will be comforted.

Jesus stops, looks up, and sees Miriam and Jonathan walk down a lonely street arm in arm. Baby steps. No tears though. Staring ahead into the nothingness of the empty home that awaits them.

GOD-KING JESUS (CONT'D)
I know it hurts. I know. Just hang
on.

Jesus turns back to the crowd.

GOD-KING JESUS (CONT'D)
Don't worry and say, 'What will we
eat?' or 'What will we drink?' or
'What will we wear?' Your Father in
heaven knows that you need these
things.

BACK TO CURRENT.

INT. MIRIAM'S COURTYARD - DAY

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER.

Miriam sets a bowl and platter on the low table.

MIRIAM
Time for dinner, Jonathan. I made
your favorite stew.

Jonathan sets down a clay tablet and steps over to his mother, kissing her on the cheek.

They sit on the rug at the table and Jonathan raises his hands. Miriam does not.

JONATHAN
Blessed are You, Lord our God,
Ruler of the universe, who creates
all kinds of food for mothers to
fix for their sons. Amen.

Jonathan steals a worried glance at his mother. He picks up the large wooden spoon full of stew and pours it into his bowl with a flair from a foot above the bowl.

He looks at his stew and pulls out a piece of meat, staring at it from different angles.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Okay, Mother, what is it?

MIRIAM
Ha. I could never fool your father either. Well, I guess it's tongue of oxen.

Jonathan wrinkles up his face.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
Eat it. It's the best part of the oxen.

Jonathan glares back and forth from meat to mother, then back to meat. He holds his nose, closes his eyes, and drops it into his mouth.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
My, how brave you are.

JONATHAN
One's gotta do what one's gotta do. So, do you think eating tongue will make me talk more?

MIRIAM
Let me see your sandals.

JONATHAN
Don't tell me I'm gonna have to eat those too.

MIRIAM
Just show them to me.

Jonathan plops both feet up on the low table. Some of the straps are broken.

Miriam pushes his feet away and sets another pair of sandals on Jonathan's lap.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
These were your father's. He never wore them much. He'd want you to have...have them.

The eyes of mother and son lock in yet another brief moment of renewed grief, Forced smiles again.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

We're going to be okay, aren't we
Jonathan?

Jonathan wolfs down the last of the stew, stands, and hops
around putting his new sandals on.

JONATHAN

Some of my friends are meeting at
the market. We're just going to
walk around and see what's new.

MIRIAM

That'll be good for you. Of course
you can go. While you're gone,
I'll go deliver the mending I did
for the rabbi. He pays me well.

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jonathan's bedroom is small. There are hooks on the wall for
clothes and a bedside table.

He lies on his bed awake. Gasps for breath, then relaxes.

MIRIAM (O.C.)

God, why? Why did you do this? Why
did you kill my husband? You could
have stopped it if you'd wanted to.
God, why? Are you even there, God?
Do you even exist?

INT. MIRIAM'S COURTYARD - DAY

Miriam eyes a crack that goes half way up a wall.

MIRIAM

Jonathan, do you think you can
repair this crack before it gets
worse?

JONATHAN

How am I supposed to know that?

Jonathan disappears in the store room and comes back out with
a pot and a small clay tablet.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Mother, guess what I found? It's a
note from Papa. "This is what you
do to patch the wall so it stays
firm in rain."

MIRIAM

Isn't that just like him to think ahead for us? Well, when you're done with that, do you think you could clean the ashes out of my oven?

INT. KITCHEN AREA UNDER CANOPY - DAY

Jonathan struggles on his belly to pull ashes out through the oven "door". He dumps some of the ashes into a large pot next to him. The ash is close to the top of the pot.

JONATHAN

It shouldn't be full already.

Jonathan stands and digs in the pot.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Huh? What's this?

He pulls out a small clay tablet and wipes it off.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Ha! Papa did it again! "This is what you do to clean the oven. You turn the oven over carefully without cracking it..." Ha, ha. This is great. It's almost like having him still here with us. Don't you think so, Mother?

Miriam smiles heartily, but her eyes do not.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Jonathan lies on his bed awake. He coughs the way his father used to do, but only briefly.

Miriam (O.C.)
 How could you kill my husband? And now. Stop. I have to stop this. You don't even exist.

INT. MIRIAM'S COURTYARD - DAY

Jonathan bounds through the front gate.

JONATHAN
 Mother, guess what? I got a job for after school. It's in a carpenter shop.

MIRIAM
 What a good boy to help us out like that, but a carpenter shop?

JONATHAN
 Don't worry, I don't work around the sawdust. He lets me pull nails out of wood he wants to reuse. And I'm spreading flaxseed oil on his finished projects -- doors and chests and stuff. It hardly smells at all.

MIRIAM
 Your father wanted you to apprentice as something. This must be your chance.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

Jonathan sits between two other male students.

NAIN RABBI
 Now who was the first supreme judge of our nation?

Jonathan raises his hand.

JONATHAN
Oth...Othni...Othni...

Jonathan bends over and coughs. He sets down his small scroll and continues his coughing. He alternately clears his throat.

AKIVA, is short and a little ample around his waist. He grins easily.

AKIVA
Othniel. Our first judge was
Othniel.

Jonathan gets out a handkerchief and spits into it.

NAIN RABBI
And who was Othniel's famous uncle?

Jonathan raises his hand.

JONATHAN
Ca...Ca...

Jonathan tries to force his cough back but is unsuccessful. Once again, the monster inside him wins and he has another coughing bout.

Akiva pounds Jonathan's back, then raises his hand.

AKIVA
Caleb. His famous uncle was Caleb.

NAIN RABBI
Jonathan, I need to talk to you a
minute outside.

Jonathan stands, his face red and eyes glassy from the coughing.

He looks at his school mates, eyebrows raised, and shrugs.

Akiva grins and shrugs back.

EXT. COURTYARD OF SCHOOL - DAY

NAIN RABBI
I'm sorry, Jonathan. Your cough is
disrupting the class too often.

JONATHAN
I try to control it, sir.

NAIN RABBI

And you have to go to the latrine
so often now.

Jonathan's face cringes. He knows. It was bound to happen
someday. This is that someday. He tries to postpone it to
another someday.

JONATHAN

I know, sir. I'm sorry I was so
much bother, sir. I will do
better. Really, sir, I will.

Nain Rabbi picks up a stack of different sizes of clay
tablets with two small scrolls on top.

NAIN RABBI

Here. You can practice your
mathematics and writing at home.

He hands the stack to Jonathan. But it is more than that.
It is the beginnings of a death sentence. Everyone has seen
the signs. First his father, now the son.

Jonathan forces a smile.

JONATHAN

Uh, thank you, sir.

NAIN RABBI

I'm truly sorry, Jonathan.

JONATHAN

Uh, will you say goodbye to the
other kids for me?

NAIN RABBI

Yes, I certainly will. Good luck.
I really mean it. And may God
bless you with returned health.

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jonathan crawls into bed and coughs.

Miriam enters his room with the miniature bellows his father
had formerly used.

MIRIAM

Here is the inhaler the blacksmith
made for your father. It will help
you breathe.

INT. MIRIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She walks the floor, then kneels by her bed.

MIRIAM

Oh God, don't take my son too. He has his whole life ahead of him. He's supposed to marry and give me grandchildren. I'm sorry I yelled at you. But don't leave me alone.

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER

The same table with the same supplies his father had used are now by his bed. The basket of folded linens is on the table and the used linens thrown in a pile next to the door.

Jonathan finishes up coughing. He picks up a ball made of leather, pokes his finger in the hole, then holds it up to his mouth. He squeezes the ball and the air circulating out of it brings some relief.

JONATHAN

God, I have my whole life ahead of me. I'm supposed to graduate next year and become a carpenter's apprentice. I'm supposed to get married and have kids of my own. God, what's going on? Don't let this happen to me. Don't let me die.

VISION:

EXT. STREET SIDE OF A RESIDENTIAL GATE - DAY

SUPER: CAPERNAUM. GALILEE PROVINCE, PALESTINE - AD 28

Three well-dressed elderly Jewish men knock on the gate.

Jesus answers it.

TALL ELDER

Demetrius' servant is near death.

SHORT ELDER

He sent word, asking us to beg you to heal his servant.

Jesus steps out to the street, latching the gate behind him.

CENTURION'S AIDE is dressed in a legionnaire's uniform. He bows to Jesus.

CENTURION'S AIDE

Demetrius begs you not to come to him because he is unworthy to be in your presence.

The elders stare at each other, squinting, wondering.

CENTURION'S AIDE (CONT'D)

He begs you to heal his servant from where you are.

GOD-KING JESUS

Return to your centurion. His beloved servant is well and shall live a long time.

Jesus looks up and sees Jonathan praying.

GOD-KING JESUS (CONT'D)

I hear you, Miriam, Try to be patient. I really do exist.

BACK TO CURRENT

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

AKIVA

Hi, Jonathan. Thought I'd stop by on my way home from school.

JONATHAN

Hi, Akiva. Are you still teasing the new boy?

AKIVA

Nah. Well, a little. He's so good at squirming. How 'bout you?

JONATHAN

Oh, I'm fine. See this ball? It's my special trick ball. I'm getting good at throwing it into that basket over there. I can get twenty-nine out of thirty in.

AKIVA

How do you retrieve the ball that many times?

JONATHAN

Ah! I have turned it into a science... ole buddy. I have a string looped around it so many times, it can't escape.... Each time I throw it, it comes crawling back to...

Akiva slips out as Jonathan begins a new bout of coughing.

Miriam hurries past him into the room of the dying.

ANOTHER DAY

MIRIAM

Here's your lunch. A little cheese and some grapes.

JONATHAN

Great. I love that cheese you make. Are the grapes red or green? Oh, red! Perfect-o!

Miriam smiles, though her eyes are red, and sets the tray on the table.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Cheer up, Mother. I'm going to get well. I'm strong. Just watch me. Besides, you don't have to remind me any more to clean up my room.

Miriam watches her son plop a grape in his mouth and quickly leaves.

INT. COURTYARD - DAY

Miriam sits on a bench outside her son's door and waits.

OC

Jonathan wretches.

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Miriam returns, takes the food away along with soaked cloths.

Jonathan coughs, Miriam turns him over onto his side, and pounds his back. When he turns back over, she puts the miniature bellows in his mouth to squeeze air back into his starving lungs.

NIGHT

Miriam puts a mat down on the floor at the foot of Jonathan's bed and lies down on it.

EXT. COBBLESTONE HIGHWAY - DAY. AD 28

SUPER: ROAD BETWEEN CAPERNAUM AND NAIN, PROVINCE OF GALILEE, PALESTINE

Jesus leads his twelve aides down the highway.

REVOLUTIONARY SIMON
So, where to this time?

GOD-KING JESUS
We're headed to a funeral. We must hurry.

SYRIAN THADDEUS
If it's a funeral, sounds like we're a little late.

GOD-KING JESUS
No, we'll be exactly on time.

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

SUPER: NAIN, GALILEE PROVINCE, PALESTINE

Miriam sits in shadows in her chair mending a tunic. Her hair is grayer, facial lines deeper, eyes glistening with tears she manages to hold back for a while. Against her will -- like everything else in her world -- they completely escape and run down her cheeks.

Jonathan notices, sits up in bed, and grins.

JONATHAN
I wonder if they have foot races in heaven. I wonder how far I'll be able to jump. To another star? Ha. Knowing Papa, he'll beat me to that star.

MIRIAM
Son?

JONATHAN

Hmmm?

MIRIAM

When you get there, hug your father
for me. Will you do that?

JONATHAN

Papa was always...too fast for me.
Couldn't beat...him at anything.

Once again Miriam steps to the bedside where helplessness
reigns.

MIRIAM

Turn over on your side, Son.

Jonathan does not obey this time. He looks long at his mother
and dies.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

I hate you, God!

EXT. CARPENTER SHOP - DAY

Miriam stands in the tall doorway like a miniature person.
The world around her is now a giant shadow that wants to
shrink a little widow lady into a nothing.

She looks around. Her eyes tear up again.

CARPENTER (40) has sawdust in his hair, wears a tool belt,
and carries a hammer.

CARPENTER

Ma'am, may I... Oh. You must be
that young man's mother.

He steps over to a bier leaning against his wall.

CARPENTER (CONT'D)

Will this one fit? There will be no
charge. My helper will take it to
your home for you.

As Miriam leads toward the door, her parents arrive.

ABIGAIL

Oh, good. We're on time.

Once again, Miriam rushes into her parents' arms.

MIRIAM

Oh Mama. Papa. It wasn't supposed
to be this way. Life is so hard.
My heart is breaking. Where is God?
He's not there. He never was.

Abigail embraces her daughter.

ABIGAIL

Shhhh. You don't mean that.

Miriam, still at her mother's bosom, muffles her answer.

MIRIAM

All that is there is the devil.

Enoch steps over to the young man carrying the bier.

ENOCH

We'll put his body on it together.

SUPER: ON THE HIGHWAY

Jesus is winded. He looks up.

GOD-KING JESUS

I'm here, Miriam. I'm coming. Get
ready. Your broken heart is about
to swell in joy. And, sorry, but
I'm not a devil. You'll see.

He looks at his twelve aides.

GOD-KING JESUS (CONT'D)

Hurry, men. It's almost time.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. MIRIAM'S COURTYARD - DAY

Once again, Miriam's gate is left open for visitors. Once again she has covered the dead with the embroidered cloth that had covered her husband on his bier.

Nain Rabbi stands to leave.

NAIN RABBI

I have chosen the dirge for him.
The Lord is My Shepherd. His
friends told me it was his
favorite.

Again. Bereft again. Left behind again. Unbearable pain again.

TEEN SOLOMON

Jonathan was too young.

TEEN PHINEHAS

He shouldn't be on a bier. He
should be in school with us.

TEEN HOSEA

I was going to let him win the next
time we raced.

TEEN ABISHAG

I was going to marry him.

TEEN ESTHER

I was going to give him a linen
coin bag I made myself.

TEEN AKIVA

There was some kind of mistake.

TEEN TABITHA

I think I see his finger twitch.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Jesus is now in a run. His twelve try to keep up.

SYRIAN THADDEUS

What's he up to?

INDIAN THOMAS

Why are we running?

Jesus turns off the highway and onto the road leading toward Nain. They see the city ahead.

Jesus has not forgotten Miriam. He heads toward the city gate. He heads toward providence. He heads toward power. Power such as no one has ever dreamed.

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Miriam stars down at Jonathan's empty bed.

MIRIAM

All alone. No husband. No son.
No God. The synagogue was a waste
of time.

Miriam's father interrupts.

ENOCH

It's time. We've moved him onto
the cart. The rabbi's here.
Everyone is ready.

Once again the long, long walk to a cemetery all too familiar to Miriam.

As before, the rabbi heads up the procession. This time, Akiva takes hold of the donkey's bridle -- a last favor for a best friend.

As before, Miriam's mother is at her side holding her hand.

On the other is Hiram supporting his daughter. The daughter he would have given anything in the world to save from such pain.

EXT. ROAD TO CITY OF NAIN - DAY

Jesus and his twelve near the procession.

JUDAS

Jesus, that's a funeral.

EGYPTIAN PHILIP

Too late to heal whoever this poor
soul is.

ANDREW

Are we here to comfort them?

JAMES

Are we here so you can preach to them? A little late, wouldn't you say?

JOHN

Jesus, this is not exactly the time or place to teach about the kingdom.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The twelve hang back and watch.

NAIN RABBI

...And I know you all were as touched by this letter written by Jonathan as I was. And now, we continue on this sad occasion to recall his short life.

Jesus grins widely. Jesus, don't you know that's inappropriate at a funeral? Don't you understand how it's done? No one will like you.

GOD-KING JESUS

Excuse me. May I come through please?

The crowd stirs. Heaven stirs. Jonathan stirs.

Tearful mourners turn and look at Jesus through glaring eyes.

TALL MOURNER

What's that stranger doing here?

SHORT MOURNER

Who are all those people with him?

Nain Rabbi looks up as fast as a blink and back down to the business at hand. He shifts his feet and plants them more firmly on the ground.

GOD-KING JESUS

Excuse me, please. Let me through.

Mumbling. Grumbling. Jesus, you're interfering. Don't you have any respect for the dead?

GOD-KING JESUS (CONT'D)

Excuse me. May I get through here?

NAIN RABBI

We are gathered here to return
Jonathan to the dust of the earth.

GOD-KING JESUS

Excuse me, sir.

At last Jesus reaches the bier. The lifeless body. All that
is left of Miriam's son.

GOD-KING JESUS (CONT'D)

Whew! I made it.

NAIN RABBI

We are gathered here once again...

Jesus looks at the rabbi while touching Jonathan.

GOD-KING JESUS

Excuse me, sir.

NAIN RABBI

Miriam, do you know this man?

MIRIAM

No. I don't think so. Are you one
of his teachers?

GOD-KING JESUS

No, but I'm about to be. Almost
didn't make it in time. I could
have done it after he was buried
but this is better. I wanted all of
you to be here.

NAIN RABBI

For what?

Jesus walks over to Miriam, raises her chin, and smiles.

GOD-KING JESUS

Miriam, do not weep. Just let me
have a little talk with Jonathan.

MIRIAM

You may as well. I talk to my dead
husband all the time.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

(thought) And a dead God.

Jesus steps over to the bier and lowers Miriam's embroidery
from his face.

Jesus kneels. A magnetism emits from Jesus' body. Another strikes from the heavens.

He rises and speaks words that bring defeat to Enemy Death. Words that bring dazzling victory to God.

GOD-KING JESUS

Young man!

His voice thunders. His command roars through the heavens, into the other world Invading. Bellowing. Reverberating.

GOD-KING JESUS (CONT'D)

I hereby invite you to come back.

Huh? Yes, Jonathan. You can if you want to. Do you want to? It's pretty nice up there. You have a glorious body now. If you come back, you'll be returning to temptations and may wander from God as you get older. Do you really want to do this, Jonathan?

The crowd gasps in unbelief.

NAIN RABBI

You've gone too far, sir. You'll have to leave.

VISION

The door to paradise flies open. Someone walking to the threshold. It is Jonathan. His new body is changing. Changing back.

BACK TO CURRENT.

The crowd backs away. All but Miriam.

VISION

Jonathan looks back at his father.

JONATHAN

Papa, what should I do?

NATAN

Look down there. See your mother. I wasn't allowed to return. No one is allowed to return. But you are.

JONATHAN

I love you, Papa.

NATAN

And I love you. But, what about
your mother? We both love her.
What about Miriam?

JONATHAN

Did you know? I mean about her
giving up? Not believing any more?

NATAN

Yes. I knew. Go back to your
mother. We'll be together again
another time.

At a lightning flash Jonathan descends from, timelessness
back to time. From the perfect back to the imperfect. From
immortality to mortality.

BACK TO CURRENT

TEEN ABISHAG

His fingers. I saw them move. No.
I'm seeing things.

Jonathan cannot be moving. He's been dead twelve hours.

TEEN HOSEA

His elbows. He's moving up onto his
elbows. It's a trick.

Jonathan with no breath. No heart beat. No nothing.

YELLOW-ROBED MOURNER

Jonathan's sitting up. Impossible.

Doesn't Jesus understand? Jonathan is dead. Dead!

NAIN RABBI

I know he was dead. I don't make
mistakes.

MIRIAM

His eyes. Jonathan. Jonathan?

People stand back in terror.

BROWN-ROBED MOURNER

Don't touch him, Miriam. It's a
ghost.

GREEN-ROBED MOURNER

Get away while you can!

Miriam looks up at Jesus. He is grinning. She looks over at Jonathan.

JONATHAN
Hi, there, Mother.

MIRIAM
Jonathan? Is that you, Son?

Jesus turns back to Miriam.

GOD-KING JESUS
Take my hand, Miriam.

They step to the bier.

MIRIAM
What's happening to my
son? Is this a vision? A
dream?

GOD-KING JESUS
How would you like to have your son
back?

Jonathan reaches out his hands. Hands that were cold only moments earlier. Hands now warm with the glow of living. The vibrancy of life.

MIRIAM
Is this you, Son?

Miriam reaches out her own hands and touches her son's.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
Jonathan. Jonathan. It is you.

JONATHAN
Sure is, Mother. Have you ever
known me to turn down an
invitation?

Miriam wraps her arms around her son and lays her head on his chest where his heart beats with the pulse of life.

One by one, school friends and young neighbors edge closer to Jonathan.

TEEN SOLOMON
Jonathan, is that you?

JONATHAN
Yup, it's me all right. Come on up
and shake my hand. I won't bite.

Hosea walks forward, shakes Jonathan's hand, and turns to his friends.

TEEN HOSEA

Come on, everybody. It's really Jonathan.

Laughter. At first cautious. Then guffaws. His young friends rush forward.

TEEN GEDALIAH

Hey, you really know how to put on a show. My sister cried because you died. Now she's crying because you're alive. Can't figure her out. Can't figure you out either.

TEEN NOACH

What was it like? Being dead, I mean.

JONATHAN

I can't describe it. You wouldn't understand if I tried.

Jonathan looks over at his mother. He mouths the words.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Papa sends his love.

TEEN TABITHA

Well, welcome back anyway.

JONATHAN

Help me down off this thing, someone.

The older friends and neighbors have been hanging back watching.

GOD-KING JESUS

Welcome back, Jonathan.

JONATHAN

I heard your voice. I liked it there.

Jonathan looks again at his mother.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

God invited me to come back

Miriam looks at Jonathan, then Jesus. Jesus winks at her.

Once again, Miriam embraces the son she had lost but is found again. The son that was dead and is alive again.

NAIN RABBI

What's going on here? Is this some
kind of trick to mock me? Did
someone switch biers?

Mother and son pull apart to look into each other's eyes, the windows of the soul. They turn to the stranger. Well, a stranger to Miriam; not to Jonathan.

JONATHAN

Thank you, Jesus. Thank you for
inviting me back. Mother needs me.
And you. She needed you back.

Miriam stares into Jesus' eyes. Fiery eyes. Steel eyes. But gentle eyes.

MIRIAM

Jesus? Are you the one they say is
going to take over the kingdom?

GOD-KING JESUS

Actually the whole world.

MIRIAM

God was listening to me all along?

GOD-KING JESUS

Yes, I heard every word. I knew
your pain. I also knew you were
blaming the wrong one for death. I
am life. Satan is death.

Miriam stares at Jesus more.

MIRIAM

You are connected to God somehow.
I know you are. Would you tell God
I am sorry I doubted. Things got so
bad, I needed to blame someone.

GOD-KING JESUS

There's always Satan to blame.

MIRIAM

I, I guess I forgot about Satan.

Slowly, Jonathan kneels at Jesus' feet. Miriam follows.

JONATHAN

I know who you are.

Jesus touches their shoulders and they rise.

GOD-KING JESUS

And Jonathan, I am depending on
you. Spread the word. The world
out there is big. Begin here.
Never stop until I call you again.
Tell people who I am.

Miriam walks over to her parents.

MIRIAM

Do you realize who he is?

Jonathan walks over to his teen friends.

JONATHAN

This man who brought me back -- he
isn't an ordinary man. He is more.
He is divinity.

Jesus walks back to his aides.

JOHN

Sometimes you call yourself the Way
and Life. Is this what you mean?

Grasping. Trying to remember Jesus' words to them. Jesus is
life? How?

PETER

How did you... Was he really dead?
Of course he was. But you?

Still trying to comprehend the incomprehensible. Trying to
fathom the unfathomable. Grasp the impossible.

INDIAN THOMAS

Jesus, who are you really?

Jesus returns to Miriam and Jonathan. He puts his arms over
their shoulders.

As Jesus and Jonathan and Miriam walk away, the cemetery
gradually morphs into a field.

They are joined by the previous ones Jesus encountered in
previous episodes.

Ugly Evil One stands to one side.

UGLY EVIL ONE

Noooo!

The sands of the field sparkle like diamonds. Sun rays slide down the heavens onto the three men.

Jesus is back in his sparkling robe and crown.

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE #31

At the end of each future episode, one more person will walk away with the God-King until he has his hundred.