

The Church on Geary Street

by

Zoe Neely

216-402-6281
zozo22401@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL FARM- DAY

TEXT ON SCREEN: HALF MOON BAY, CALIFORNIA- 1969

Tall golden grass swaying in the wind. Farm house in the distance with chipped baby blue paint. Murder of crows perched in a large oak tree. CAMERA on a rusty tin can sitting on a log.

GUNSHOT. Bullet whizzes straight through the can. The crows fly from the tree in a swarm.

MARY JANE is holding a shotgun. Her daughter LILITH JANE is standing next to her. She hands Lilith Jane the gun.

MARY JANE

Now you try.

Lilith Jane hesitates but takes the gun. Her mother stands behind her, directing her limbs like a puppeteer.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)

Stand like this. Keep your hand steady. Do you see the can?

Lilith Jane nods.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)

Good. Keep your eyes on the target.

Lilith Jane fires the gun and stumbles a bit. The bullet is yards off of hitting the can.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)

You didn't plant your feet enough.

LILITH JANE

I can't do it. It's too hard.

Mary Jane kneels in front of her daughter and grabs her shoulders.

MARY JANE

Don't say that. Nothing is ever too hard. You're more capable than you think. You just have to believe that you are.

She stands up and repositions Lilith Jane.

MARY JANE

Never forget how strong you are,
Lilith Jane.

Lilith Jane grips the gun with white knuckles, digging her feet firmly into the dirt. She focuses on the can, pulls the trigger. The bullet flies through it.

Lilith Jane smiles and rejoices with her mother excitedly. Suddenly, Mary Jane groans in agony, gripping her chest. She falls to the ground.

Lilith Jane drops the gun and runs over to her mother, eyes wide with fright.

LILITH JANE
MOM! MOM WHATS WRONG? MOM!

MARY JANE
(anguished)
Get your father.

Lilith Jane stands up and is about to start running towards the house, but Mary Jane reaches out and grabs her arm first.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)
Wait. I just want you to know that I love you, Lilith Jane. I love you so much.

Poor Lilith Jane, just a child, doesn't understand those will be her mother's last words to her. Tears welling in her eyes, she is too focused on getting help she doesn't stop to say anything back to Mary Jane.

Lilith Jane tears off towards the house, shouting as she runs.

LILITH JANE
DAD! DAD! MOM IS HURT SHE NEEDS
HELP!

EXT. FRONT PORCH- NIGHT

Red and blue lights flash, illuminating Lilith Jane's tear streaked face as she stands on the front porch of the farm house. There is an ambulance in the driveway.

Through the back window Lilith Jane can see her mother on a stretcher, paramedics hovering around her. The ambulance pulls out of the driveway, SIREN blaring but getting fainter with each passing second.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

CAMERA on headstone that reads MARY JANE STEWART 1936-1969. Lilith Jane in all black under an umbrella, crying. Her father, CLINT, stands behind her.

REVEREND (O.S.)
I never met Mary Jane, but it is my understanding she was a fighter her whole life. She fought her illness with as much grace, courage, and strength as one could hope. We must
(MORE)

REVEREND (O.S.) (cont'd)
now take solace in the fact that
her fight is over and she is
resting peacefully with the Lord
once again...

AUDIO of the Reverend speaking slowly fades out.

The coffin is slowly lowered into the ground, and Lilith Jane takes a wreath of pink and white roses and puts it in front of a picture of Mary Jane.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA pans across a for sale sign.

INT. KITCHEN INSIDE FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Clint is at the kitchen table. Almost empty bottle of scotch in front of him. Lilith Jane walks down the dark stairs into the doorway. She is in her PJs holding a stuffed llama.

CLINT

Pack what you want. We're leaving
in the morning.

LILITH JANE

Why?

Clint stands up, taking his bottle with him and staggers across the room.

CLINT

Because we're moving. Tommy got me
a job in San Fran.

LILITH JANE

But what about mom? We're just
going to leave her here?

Clint pauses shakily, hand trembling.

CLINT

(gravely)

Yes. Start packing.

EXT. SMALL FARM - DAY

Clint slams the trunk of an over-stuffed Volkswagen. Lilith Jane sits in the back of the car, solemnly staring out the window.

Clint jostles into the car, turning the key to the ignition. The car RUMBLES and SPURTS for a moment before starting. It pulls out of the driveway, stirring up dust and making the golden grass blow in the wind.

Lilith Jane stares out the back window. She puts her hand on the glass as the car drives and the farm shrinks into the

distance.

Fade to black.

TEXT ON SCREEN: San Francisco, California- May, 1977

EXT. CASEY'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

Small brick building squeezed between a law firm and a Greek restaurant. CAMERA on small sign above two sliding doors that reads: CASEY'S GENERAL STORE. Flickering open sign in the window.

INT. CASEY'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

Ambient SHOPPING MUSIC plays in the background and a small metal fan WHIRS in the corner. Register up front near the door. Shelves filled with various food and general store items.

A 19 year old Lilith Jane is behind the register, feet on the counter in an obnoxious yellow uniform. She is reading Don Quixote. She flips the page, noticing a mother arguing with her small son in the store. He is holding a box of chocolates.

MOTHER

(in perfect Spanish)

No, sweetie, its too expensive. We
can't.

CARLOS

(in perfect Spanish)

But Mamaaaaa...

MOTHER

(in perfect Spanish)

The answer is no, Carlos. I'm
sorry.

The boy puts the chocolates down, defeated. He drags his feet as they walk to the register. Lilith puts down her book, sitting up straight.

She scans the woman's items. The boy rests his chin on the counter. Lilith looks at him, seeing the sadness in his eyes.

LILITH JANE

Is that all for you?

MOTHER

(in broken English)

Yes it is.

Lilith hands the mother a brown paper bag. The mother and son turn to leave.

LILITH JANE

Wait.

Mother and son stop, confused and slightly alarmed. Lilith gets out from behind the counter, goes and grabs the chocolates, and hands them to the boy. His face instantly lights up.

LILITH JANE

(in Spanish)

On the house.

MOTHER

(in broken English)

No, no we can't accept.

LILITH JANE

(in Spanish)

It's my treat. Please, take it.

The mother smiles gratefully.

MOTHER

(in perfect Spanish)

Thank you.

LILITH JANE

(in Spanish)

You're welcome.

The mother and boy walk out of the store. The boy waves through the window. Lilith waves back, smiling.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT

Lilith Jane is strolling down the street, headphones on, listening to her walkman. She turns the corner. CAMERA pans up to the street sign which reads: GEARY STREET.

On opposite side of the road, two people stand outside a building passing out flyers. CAMERA on sign that says: PEOPLE'S TEMPLE.

Lilith Jane glances at them curiously. She looks up and sees a shadowy figure in one of the windows. Lilith can't see their face, but pauses as if she's making eye contact with them.

The figure recedes suddenly, and Lilith Jane slowly starts walking away.

INT. LILITH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Keys JINGLE outside the door. It swings open and Lilith Jane steps inside. The house is cramped and messy.

Pictures of Mary Jane are on the wall, beer bottles cover the small coffee table, dirty clothes sprawl across the floor. Clint is passed out on the couch in his construction

uniform.

INT. LILITH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lilith opens the fridge. The only things in it are an onion, a box of milk, a brown banana, and a box of leftover Chinese. She grabs the Chinese.

INT. LILITH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lilith goes into her room. There's a poster of Fleetwood Mac and Steve Nicks on her wall and another of the Beatles above her bed. A photo of Mary Jane and one of Lilith with Clint as a child sits on the bedside table.

A white dresser with pink flowers painted on sits in the corner. Books like Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf and Sexual Politics lie on top of it. Lilith Jane's high school diploma is framed above the dresser.

Lilith plops down on the unmade twin bed, takes a bite of an eggroll, and pulls out her book. CLINKING of bottles and THUDDING can be heard outside the door. A moment later, Clint appears in the bedroom doorway.

He is disheveled and leans against the wall for support. Lilith glances up at him only momentarily.

CLINT

How was work?

LILITH JANE

Fine.

There is a prolonged silence. Lilith doesn't look up from her book.

CLINT

Aren't you gonna ask me how my day was?

LILITH JANE

Ok. How was your day?

CLINT

It was good thanks for asking.
Tommy's talking 'bout giving me a raise.

Lilith chortles.

CLINT

What's so goddamn funny 'bout that?

LILITH JANE

Nothing.

CLINT

Then why'd you laugh?

LILITH JANE

You've been saying Tommy's gonna give you a raise for the last four years.

CLINT

Well this time it's for real.

LILITH JANE

You've been saying that for the last two. I'll believe it when I see it.

Clint grimaces, clearly annoyed.

CLINT

Whatcha reading?

LILITH JANE

Don Quixote.

CLINT

Goddamn is that one of them books about Mexicans?

LILITH JANE

No.

CLINT

Sounds like it is. Don Key-ha-te. Sounds like another Mexican comin' up from the boarder to take jobs away from good Americans like me.

LILITH JANE

Yeah and you sound like just another white, racist ass pig who doesn't know what the fuck they're talking about.

CLINT

WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY TO ME?!

Clint's fury bursts and he moves swiftly from the doorway into the room, fist raised. Lilith jumps up from the bed.

Clint stops himself abruptly, breathing heavy. Lilith's face is stone cold, but she's scared underneath. Clint slowly lowers his fist, turns on his heel, and slams the door behind him.

Lilith lets out a choked sigh of relief. Fade to black.

INT. CASEY'S GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

The store is empty except for LILITH JANE who sits at the register. Bloody rags, hydrogen peroxide, and bandages are on the counter as LILITH JANE tends to a large cut on her hand.

The sliding doors open and a MIDDLE AGED MAN WITH TINTED AVIATOR GLASSES walks in. He strolls into one of the aisles.

LILITH JANE glances at him suspiciously. She jolts and seethes as her hand stings from the hydrogen peroxide. She takes off the ruined bandage and starts to put on another one.

A box of KOOL-AID lands on the counter. The CAMERA slowly pans up to reveal the MAN.

LILITH JANE
Is that all for you?

MAN
Let me get a pack of Camels too.

LILITH JANE reaches behind her and grabs the cigarettes.

MAN
What happen there?

The MAN places his hand on the counter almost too close to LILITH JANE'S hand.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The scene is MUTED, but we see CLINT and LILITH JANE in a heated argument. CLINT is holding a bottle of beer, stumbling and swaying. He angrily shoves LILITH JANE into the wall. She pushes back.

CLINT smashes the bottle and swings his heavy arms at LILITH JANE. The jagged edge slices through her hand. Crimson blood runs down her arm immediately. She grips her hand in pain, grabs her bag from the table, and storms out the door.

CLINT collapses onto the couch. Head in his hands.

INT. CASEY'S GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

LILITH JANE
Nothing.

The MAN points a finger to the bandage loosely falling off LILITH JANE'S hand.

MAN
May I?

LILITH JANE sticks her hand out. The MAN starts slowly wrapping the bandage. CAMERA focuses on her nametag that reads: LILITH JANE.

MAN
Lilith Jane. That's a beautiful name.

LILITH JANE

Thanks.

(pause)

MAN

Do you believe in God, Lilith Jane?

LILITH JANE

(taken aback, confused)

Not especially.

MAN

What about justice, equality, peace, and love? Do you believe in them?

LILITH JANE

I would say so.

MAN

Everyone should. But not everyone does.

He pauses for a moment and takes off his glasses to look at LILITH JANE.

MAN (CONT'D)

My father didn't believe in those things, and that made him dangerous. Perhaps you understand.

LILITH JANE

How did you-

A BELL rings and another customer walks in. They stare at LILITH JANE and the MAN for a moment, confused, and walk into the store.

MAN

But in the end it didn't matter what my father believed in. I believed I deserved justice, equality, peace, and love. And so did God. Do you believe you deserve those things?

LILITH JANE

(quiet, unsure)

Yeah.

MAN

You do, Lilith Jane. You do.

The MAN finishes wrapping LILITH JANE's hand. He squeezes it gently.

MAN (CONT'D)

Your life is in your hands, Lilith Jane.

The MAN picks up his KOOL-AID and pack of Camels. He takes out a business card and slides it across the counter. CAMERA sees it reads: JIM JONES, 1859 GEARY BLVD, SAN FRANCISCO.

MAN (CONT'D)

In case you decide you're ready.
There's always a place for those
who believe at the People's Temple.
Have a blessed evening, Lilith
Jane.

The MAN smiles and walks out of the store, leaving LILITH JANE in a bewildered state.

The other customer walks up to the counter with several items.

LILITH JANE

(still in shock)

Uh...is that all for you?

INT. LILITH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lilith enters holding a bag of groceries from Casey's. Clint is waiting for her on the couch. Lilith makes eye contact with him before turning away abruptly. She walks into the kitchen

INT. LILLTH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lilith opens the fridge and starts unloading the grocery bag. Clint appears in the doorway.

CLINT

Listen, I'm sorry about earlier. I lost my temper when I shouldn't have.

Lilith doesn't stop her task and is silent.

CLINT

Oh come on you're not gonna say anything? Least you could do is accept my apology.

Lilith slams the door to the fridge shut and turns to face Clint.

LILITH JANE

No. I don't accept your apology. 8 years, CLINT. 8 years I've been living in this shit hole with you and never once have your so called apologies made any fucking difference. You've never once made an effort to be a good dad!

Lilith walks away from Clint into the living room. He follows.

INT. LILITH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLINT

Oh you don't think I've been a good father? Who goes to work every goddamn day so we can pay for school and food and the house? You're so ungrateful. Your mother would be disappointed to see what you've become.

LILITH JANE

DON'T TALK ABOUT MOM THAT WAY!

CLINT

You know sometimes I wonder if life would've been better if we hadn't had you. She was fine until she got pregnant.

LILITH JANE

Stop it!

CLINT

You made her sick. You killed her.

LILITH JANE

NO!

Lilith bolts from the living room, pushing past Clint and retreats into her bedroom, slamming and locking the door behind her.

INT. LILITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lilith flops onto her bed, sobbing. She grips her pillow tightly, shoving her face into it. She looks up at the picture of her and Clint on her nightstand.

Lilith grabs the picture and stares at it sadly for a second. In a burst of anger, she suddenly hurls it against the wall, shattering the frame.

Lilith takes the picture of her mom and hugs it close to her chest. She snatches her bag and stuffs the picture inside. She flings open her closet door, grabbing random clothes and shoving them into the satchel.

Lilith goes around her room quickly plucking various items to take with her. Suddenly, the door handle jiggles.

CLINT (O.S.)

What's all the ruckus in there?

Lilith?!

Lilith dashes to the window and flings it open. The drop to the street is a considerable amount. Lilith swings her legs through the windowsill and sits there hesitantly for a moment. Clint continues fighting with the door.

CLINT (O.S.)

You better open this fucking door
before I knock it down.

Taking a breath, Lilith jumps out the window and lands heavily on the sidewalk.

CLINT (O.S.)

That's it, I'm coming in!

Clint slams into the door, breaking it down, and emerges into Lilith's room only to find it empty. Seeing the open window, he rushes over. He looks outside, but Lilith has already vanished into the night.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT

Lilith is walking down a dark street alone, satchel swung over her shoulder. There are no cars driving by, and the only light comes from the streetlamps.

Suddenly, a MALE FIGURE starts following Lilith. He trails behind her in the shadows ominously. Lilith glances back and starts walking faster. The figure matches her pace.

Lilith scrambles through her bag as she keeps moving. She pulls out a pocket knife and switches the blade open. Her BREATHING is quick and shallow.

Lilith rounds the corner and bolts. She flies down the street and hides behind a building. The male figure gets to the corner, looks down the street. Since it appears Lilith has vanished, he continues walking straight instead of turning and disappears into the night.

HEAVY BREATHS as a wave of relief washes over Lilith. She looks up at the street sign to see where she is. It reads GEARY STREET. Puzzled by the familiar name, Lilith fishes through her bag.

She pulls out the business card from Jim Jones. Shakily, Lilith moves away from the wall and starts lightly jogging across the road. She makes her way towards the church, glancing behind her shoulder intermittently.

EXT. PEOPLE'S TEMPLE - NIGHT

Finally, she arrives at the PEOPLE'S TEMPLE. An intercom is placed on the wall adjacent to the great big brown door of the building. Lilith hits the button and it BUZZES.

LILITH JANE

Hello? Is anyone there? I have this card from Jim Jones and I don't have anywhere else to go and this guy was following me...I just...Can I come in?

STATIC on the other end then a loud RINGING as the door unlocks. Lilith pushes it open and dashes inside.

INT. PEOPLE'S TEMPLE - NIGHT

Chapel with purple carpet, tall windows, and rows of wooden pews. Stage up front with a podium on it. Vacuous ceilings but sparsely decorated and rather plain.

Lilith wanders into the chapel hesitantly. Only a few lights towards the top of the ceiling are on, giving a hazy, heavenly glow to the room.

LILITH JANE

Hello? Is anyone here?

A door on the side of the stage swings open and a MAN emerges. He steps into the center of the stage, basking in the light.

JONES

Yes, I'm here.

Lilith fixates on him, recalling him from the convenience store.

LILITH JANE

I know you...

JONES

Do you now?

LILITH JANE

You left this card for me. At Casey's. You...you helped with my bandage.

Lilith holds up her hand to show him.

JONES

Ah, of course, Lilith Jane. How could I forget. What brings you here this evening my dear?

LILITH JANE

Well, it's kind of a long story, but I was being followed and then I saw this street and remembered the card and you had said there's always a place for people here and I was wondering if you would let me stay the night. Just for tonight. I'll be gone tomorrow.

JONES

You are welcome to stay as long as you need, my child. Here, come with me.

Jones steps off the stage and gestures his hand for Lilith to follow him. They walk through a side door out of the chapel into a dark hallway with stone floors.

INT. HALLWAY AT PEOPLE'S TEMPLE - NIGHT

Footsteps ECHO in the night as Jones glides across the floor, Lilith behind him. They pass a wooden door on the left. CAMERA on plaque that reads: PRIVATE, REV. JIM JONES.

LILITH JANE

Do you run the church?

JONES

Yes, I do. We have a very special congregation here.

Brief pause as they come to a staircase at the end of the hall and begin climbing.

JONES (CONT'D)

I recall you saying you aren't much of a believer. Have you ever gone to church?

LILITH JANE

When I was younger my mother took me a few times but after she died... I didn't see much of a point in going.

JONES

I see. Faith can be a fickle thing. But it has a funny habit of working its way into your life when you least expect it.

INT. ROOM AT PEOPLE'S TEMPLE - NIGHT

They finally come to a room down the second story hall. Jones swings the door in and flicks on a yellow light, illuminating the small space. Room consists of red shag carpet, a single window on the far wall, and four wire frame beds.

JONES

Here you are, my dear.

Lilith moves into the room and sets her bag down on one of the beds with a SQUEAK.

LILITH JANE

Thank you so much, Reverend Jones-

JONES

Please, call me Jim.

LILITH JANE

I can't thank you enough.

JONES

It's my pleasure. I trust you have everything you need?

LILITH JANE

Yes, I'll be fine.

JONES

Goodnight, Lilith Jane.

LILITH JANE

Night Rev-, Jim.

Jones nods smiling and backs out of the room, grabbing the door and closing it slowly with a final CLICK.

INT. ROOM AT PEOPLE'S TEMPLE - DAY

Lilith awakes with a jolt, shooting up to a seated position in her bed. Her hair is frizzy and disheveled. She is disoriented, and looks around the room before realizing where she is.

She lies back on the bed with a resounding PLOP.

INT. HALLWAY AT PEOPLE'S TEMPLE - DAY

Lilith pokes her head through the door and into the hall. Seeing it is empty, she exits and quickly makes her way towards downstairs. She flies down the stairs and attempts to sneak out through the back entrance but is stopped by a voice.

MARCELINE

Lilith? Lilith Jane?

Lilith turns around. A woman in a blue and white checkered dress with a soft curled brown haired bob is walking towards Lilith.

LILITH JANE

Yes, sorry. I was just leaving I didn't want to bother anyone.

MARCELINE

Nonsense you're not a bother at all. I'm Marceline, Jim's wife.

Marceline outstretches her hand and Lilith shakes it.

MARCELINE (CONT'D)

Jim told me all about you. Sounds like you had quite the night.

LILITH JANE

Yeah, you could say that. I'm very grateful your husband was so kind.

MARCELINE

Yes that sounds like Jim. Always looking out for the wellbeing of others.

Lilith smiles and nods her head.

MARCELINE (CONT'D)

Would you like to come to the morning service? It just started.

LILITH JANE

(unsure)

Oh, I don't know if that's the best idea...

MARCELINE

I know it would mean the world to Jim if you came even just for a bit.

Lilith hesitates, biting her lip, but sees Marceline isn't going to take no for an answer.

LILITH JANE

Ok, it's the least I could do after what he's done for me.

Marceline CLAPS her hands together.

MARCELINE

Wonderful. Follow me, I'll take you in.

Lilith follows Marceline as they walk back up the steps together.

INT. BALCONY IN CHAPEL - DAY

Jones is in the middle of giving a sermon. The previously empty church is now packed with people. Jones stands on the stage, addressing the audience with vigor. They are captivated by his harmonious voice.

Lilith sits down next to Marceline near the edge of the balcony. They are the only ones up there.

JONES

-It's not in the Bible, but what did your grandparents tell you: God helps those that help themselves.
Why does every church quote that?
And it's in no Bible on earth. God helps those that helps themselves.

Lilith shifts forward in her seat a little. Marceline glances very subtly through her peripheral vision at Lilith.

JONES (CONT'D)

Look out over the hell of hunger,
disease, and as my wife-

Jones raises his hand towards Marceline in the balcony. Marceline beams at the recognition. Lilith turns to glance at her.

JONES (CONT'D)

-who went to a seminar will tell you, bubonic plague is running wild all over every area of the world except China and America and Russia. It's running rampant through Africa and Asia. It kills in the most horrible way. You say there's a god sitting up there that's got all power. Then he ought to use it.

The congregation CHEERS and APPLAUDS.

JONES (CONT'D)

You used to laugh, when they said out there, that God was dead. The world is saying it, the colleges are saying that God is dead. We don't have to say it, because there's a savior in our midst. We know that there's a living hope in our midst.

More positive reactions from the churchgoers. Lilith slowly leans in more, listening intently, placing her elbows on the edge of the wooden railing.

JIM JONES (CONT'D)

You say you don't believe in God, but you really do. You substituted your Skygod in me. I'm amazed that I have as much power as I do. I'm amazed that every person that's ever had a stroke in my church has been healed.

Jones pauses and looks up to the balcony, straight into Lilith's soul.

JONES (CONT'D)

(with conviction)

I am a savior, because I save everybody that comes to me.

Uproarious celebration fills the church.

CU on Jones

CU on Lilith

INT. JIM JONES'S OFFICE - DAY

Lilith sits alone, twiddling her thumbs in a chair in front of a great mahogany desk. Suddenly, the door opens and Jim Jones walks in. Lilith turns eagerly in her chair.

JONES

Lilith Jane...Marceline told me you wanted to speak to me.

Jones paces around the circumference of the room slowly before sitting down behind the desk.

LILITH JANE

Yes...it's just, I've never been to a service like that before.

JONES

Well like I told you, we are a very special congregation here at the Temple.

Slight pause.

JONES (CONT'D)

Did you enjoy the service?

LILITH JANE

I did. Very much. The things you said...I don't know, I can't explain it, but they just made sense to me.

JONES

Did they now? Lilith Jane, may I ask you, what is your path?

LILITH JANE

My path?

JONES

Yes your path. Where do you want to go in life?

Lilith is taken aback by the question.

LILITH JANE

I...I don't know. For a long time all I thought about was getting away from Clint-

JONES

Who is Clint?

LILITH JANE

He was my father.

JONES

I see. Well if he is no longer in your path, you have a whole world to yourself now. What do you want to do?

LILITH JANE

I want to help people. I want to make things right.

Jones nods. He slides open a drawer in his desk and pulls out a document. Jones places it on the wooden table and slides it across to Lilith.

LILITH JANE

What's that?

JONES

This, my sweet Lilith Jane, is a new path for you. An opportunity to finally live the life you've always wanted. To do good, to be safe, happy, and a member of our little community.

LILITH JANE

You want me...to become a member of the church?

JONES

Not only of the church, but a member of faith. You don't have to be alone anymore, Lilith Jane.

Jones reaches into his jacket pocket, pulling out an elegant fountain pen. He outstretches his arm across the table, offering the pen to Lilith in an open gesture.

JONES (CONT'D)

We're here for you. All you have to do is decide if that's something you want.

Lilith bites her lip, thinking. She stares at Jones in a mix of awe and bewilderment at this paradox of a man. Her hand reaches out almost autonomously and takes the pen.

Lilith signs the document in front of her. CAMERA on signature that reads: LILITH JANE PARKER. She places the heavy pen down and looks to Jones.

Jones smiles and puts his arms out on each side in an almost Christ like manner.

JONES

Welcome, my child, to the People's Temple.