

JACK & JILL

Written by

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INT. CAR - DAY

JACK, 29, completely buttoned short-sleeve polo shirt and khaki slacks, sits in the driver's seat next to his wife, JILL, 27, form-fitting skirt that stops above her knees and a blouse unbuttoned enough to show that she is not as conservative as her husband likes to believe. He fiddles with a sterling silver crucifix around his neck as he stares aimlessly out of the window. She stares out of the passenger door's window at the bank. She SIGHS.

JILL

Think of the children, honey.

JACK

I am, darling. But, there has to be another way.

JILL

Don't you understand? This *is* the other way!

JACK

I mean, I could go back to the factory and see if I could get hired on at a lower rate.

JILL

They are moving the factory out of the state, baby, and we can't afford a meal let alone a move.

JACK

What if we apply for another loan with the bank?

JILL

Did you forget that they denied us three times already? I'm not begging them again. This time? I'm taking it.

JACK

But, if we put our faith in the Lord, He -

JILL

He'll what, Jack?

Jill turns to face her husband.

JILL (CONT'D)
 He'll magically feed our children?
 He'll "provide" for us like he's
 been doing for the past four
 months? I am *tired* of hearing our
 children ask when their next meal
 is going to be.

Jack sits in silence, still clutching his crucifix.

Jill waits for a response; she cries.

JILL (CONT'D)
 We are out of options, Jack. The
 government won't help us. The
 shelter won't help us.

Jill places her hand on Jack's forearm and caresses it.

JILL (CONT'D)
 (her voice breaks)
 Our families won't even help us,
 baby.

Jack takes a deep breath and closes his eyes. He hangs his
 head and tightens his grip on his crucifix. He opens his eyes
 and turns to face his wife.

Jill smiles.

JACK
 But, the Lord will.

Jill stops smiling and pulls away from Jack. She sniffles and
 wipes the tears from her face. She clears her throat.

JILL
 Fine.

She opens the door to the car and exits.

EXT. BANK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jill turns to face her husband. She bends down to make eye
 contact with him from outside the car.

JILL
 I'm doing this, Jack. With or
 without you.

Jill SLAMS the door. She straightens her clothing and walks
 into the bank.

INT. CAR - DAY

Jack reaches into the glovebox and pulls out his Bible. He turns to a bookmarked scripture.

The bookmark is a picture of Jack, Jill, and their two children. He holds the picture in place under the scripture.

The scripture reads, "1 Timothy 5:8 Anyone who does not provide for their relatives, and especially for their own household, has denied the faith and is worse than an unbeliever."

Jack silently reads the verse to himself. He tucks the picture into his shirt pocket and exits the car.

Jack opens the trunk of the car.

Items get SHUFFLED around in the trunk off screen.

Jack places a hand on top of the trunk and pauses.

JACK (V.O.)

Our Father, who art in Heaven,
hallowed be thy Name.

CUT TO:

JACK'S POV - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The trunk CLOSES.

JACK (V.O.)

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done
on earth, as it is in Heaven.

He walks towards the bank entrance.

JACK (V.O.)

Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our trespasses, as
we forgive those who trespass
against us.

A shotgun PUMPS.

JACK (V.O.)

And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.

Jack enters the bank. The door CHIMES.

A SECURITY GUARD, late-50s, heavy-set, turns to welcome the new customer. His smile turns to shock.

JACK (V.O.)
For thine is the kingdom, and the
power, and the glory, for ever and
ever.

SECURITY GUARD
Sir! What are you doing? You can't -

JACK
"The Lord our God is merciful and
forgiving, even though we have
rebelled against him."

BLACK SCREEN

The shotgun FIRES.

JACK (V.O.)
Amen.

THE END.