

INT. A BAR IN COLORADO - NIGHT

Thirty-nine year old SCOTTY JAMES drinks alone. His cowboy hat sits next to him--his only companion. He toys with a silver dollar-sized coin and wears a distinctive ring.

His CELL PHONE BUZZES; its screen reads "HOPE." He grabs it.

SCOTTY

Hope?

HOPE

Daddy? It's time!

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Scotty drives his pickup truck through the night passing the "Welcome to Wyoming" sign.

INT. WYOMING HOSPITAL - MORNING

Scotty's cowboy boots pad softly down the hospital corridor. He carries a pink teddy bear.

He stops outside the partly-open door of Hope's room. He can see and hear his sixteen-year-old daughter, Hope, on the bed holding a bundle wrapped in pink. Hope's mother (his ex), Grace, sits in a chair with her back to the door. The baby's father, sixteen-year-old Peter, stands at Hope's side.

HOPE

(to Peter)

Did I ever tell you I was named  
after one of Daddy's aunts?

Peter shakes his head no.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Daddy had two aunts: Hope and  
Faith. I suppose if they'd had  
another daughter, they'd have named  
her Faith. Is that right, Mama?

Scotty, deeply troubled, can't bear to go in. He walks away, unaware that Hope has seen him through the doorway.

EXT. WOMEN'S CLINIC - DAY

Scotty sits in his pickup truck watching the comings and goings at the Women's Clinic. He toys with the silver coin. An old pickup truck catches his attention.

SCOTTY  
 (talking to himself)  
 Huh. Look at that. That's my ol'  
 truck! Nearly twenty years older  
 and she still runs.

The truck parks. A young man in a t-shirt, jeans, and cowboy boots, gets out and opens the door for his girlfriend.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)  
 They're so young. We were so  
 young.

The couple disappears through the doors of the clinic.

Scotty squeezes his eyes shut, rubs his forehead. He can't bear to see anymore. He starts the engine and drives away.

INT. A BAR IN WYOMING - DAY

Scotty sits at the bar, an empty shot glass and a beer in front of him. His silver coin lays on the bar. It's mid-day, so he's the only one in the place except for the BARTENDER, who refills his shot glass.

SCOTTY  
 Ya know I used to hang out in this  
 place years ago.

BARTENDER  
 I thought you looked familiar.  
 It's been a while.

SCOTTY  
 Twelve years.

Scotty picks up the coin, taps it on the bar.

BARTENDER  
 What brought you back to town?

SCOTTY  
 My little girl. She just had a  
 baby.

BARTENDER  
 Yeah? Boy or girl?

SCOTTY  
 Girl.

BARTENDER  
What's her name?

SCOTTY  
I don't even know yet.

He lays the coin on the bar, picks up the beer.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I married her mama seventeen years ago. We split up twelve years ago when Hope was four.

BARTENDER  
I'm sorry, man. That's tough.

Scotty nods, slugs down some beer.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
What's that?

The bartender indicates the coin. Scotty waves him over.

SCOTTY  
Look at this. It says, "It's a girl!"

BARTENDER  
That's cool. You just get it?

SCOTTY  
Oh no, I got this years ago. Right here in this very bar, as a matter o' fact. See here? It's got a date engraved on the back. See that? Right there. May 16, 1992.

CLOSE ON THE COIN

It is scratched and nicked and tarnished and old.

BARTENDER  
Is that your daughter's birthday?

SCOTTY  
Yeah, well, not exactly.

The bartender looks confused. He patiently waits to see if Scotty will offer an explanation.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)  
I was right here at this bar.

FLASHBACK - INT. BAR IN WYOMING - NIGHT - 18 YEARS AGO

Twenty-one year old Scotty James stands at the bar downing a shot of whiskey. We hear current day Scotty as voice over.

SCOTTY (V.O.)  
It was a bad day. I didn't even  
know how bad day a day at the time.  
I came in for a drink, and this  
man...

We see a man approach twenty-one year old Scotty, but we don't see his face. He's older, fortyish.

SCOTTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
It was like he knew me. Like he  
knew everything about me...what was  
happening that day.

The older man talks to twenty-one year old Scotty, but Scotty looks angry, he doesn't want to hear it. It's none of his business! He slams down a shotglass of golden liquid.

SCOTTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He tried to tell me. But I  
couldn't hear him, ya know?

The older man lays something on the bar: the coin. He slides it over in front of Scotty. We see his hand sliding the coin; we see it wears Scotty's distinctive ring.

SCOTTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He gave me this coin. I don't know  
why. I just know that date was  
pretty close to the date my first  
child should o' been born.

END FLASHBACK.

Present-day Scotty stares at the coin laying on the bar. He reaches out to touch it. We see the same ring on his hand.

SCOTTY  
The only reason I kept it was  
because of that date on the back--  
so I'd never forget. That was the  
day I lost my faith.

Just then the door opens and in walks GRACE and PETER. They both stop and stand just inside the door.

BARTENDER

Hey, you have to be twenty-one to be in here.

GRACE

He's with me.

Scotty holds his hand up to stop the bartender from saying more.

SCOTTY

Grace? What are you doing here?

GRACE

Figured we'd find you here.

SCOTTY

Something wrong? Everything okay with Hope?

GRACE

She's fine. The baby's fine. Since you didn't come in this morning, we figured we had to come to you.

Scotty looks away, ashamed, knowing he's been found out.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Peter has something to say to you.

Peter holds his cowboy hat in his hands, obviously very nervous. Grace gives him a nod of encouragement.

PETER

I, uh, I just wanted to say, Sir, that I'm sorry if Hope an' me disappointed you. You and Mrs. James. And that I just want you to know I plan to do right by Hope.

Scotty, touched by this young man's honesty, once again feels his deep emotions. He says nothing. But nods acknowledgment to Peter that he heard him.

GRACE

(to Peter)

Will you please wait outside?

PETER

Yes ma'am.

Peter can't leave quickly enough. Grace moves over and slides onto the barstool next to Scotty. The bartender gives them their privacy.

GRACE

Scotty...

He can't look her in the eye; he can only lock eyes with his liquor.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You need to deal with what's eating you. I know it's hard. I didn't want to either. But I found this place--

Scotty squirms on his stool.

GRACE (CONT'D)

This place opened in town. It's called Compassion Pregnancy Center. The people over there are real nice. They have this class for people who have lost a child to abortion.

Scotty turns, finally meets her eyes, emotion filling his. Grace gently touches his arm.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I've learned there is forgiveness, Scotty. Once we confess what we've done? I dunno. Somehow, like magic, the burden is lifted.

He turns back to his drinks, struggles to stay strong.

GRACE (CONT'D)

We're not the only ones, Scotty. We're having a memorial service tonight over at the church. I want you to come.

SCOTTY

No.

GRACE

You need to see for yourself. We're not the only ones.

SCOTTY

I don't think so, Gracie.

GRACE

You haven't set foot in a church  
since, have you?

Scotty stares into his empty shot glass, shakes his head no.

SCOTTY

Not since the day we killed our  
Faith.

He determines not to let his emotions win. He becomes hard  
against them and slugs the whiskey.

GRACE

I need you to come tonight.  
Please. Seven o'clock.

Grace slides off the stool and walks out.

The bartender returns and doesn't even ask. He just refills  
Scotty's shot glass. Scotty raises it to his lips, ready to  
down it, when the door swings open again. The sun shining  
through blinds him. Suddenly the young man he saw go into  
the Women's Clinic--the one who reminded him of his younger  
self(YOUNG SCOTTY)--is at the bar.

YOUNG SCOTTY

(to bartender)  
Whiskey.

The bartender sets him up. Scotty watches him down the shot.

YOUNG SCOTTY (CONT'D)

(to the bartender)  
Again.

Bartender complies.

SCOTTY

You're movin' faster than a horse  
shyin' from a rattler, there Son.  
You might want to slow down a bit.

YOUNG SCOTTY

Mind your own business.

Scotty isn't put off. He turns toward him, picks up his  
coin, flips it in the air and catches it.

SCOTTY

What are ya tellin' yourself right  
now, Son? That it's an  
inconvenience?

(MORE)

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

That you're not ready yet? That  
it's just a clump of cells?

YOUNG SCOTTY

Shut up!

Young Scotty downs the shot. Scotty slides off the stool and moves over next to him, sets the coin down on the bar.

SCOTTY

There'll be time to have more  
later. This way, you won't have to  
tell her parents. Or yours.

Young Scotty leans hard on the bar, fuming.

YOUNG SCOTTY

Damn it, shut up!

SCOTTY

What are ya telling yourself? That  
no one will ever know?

He turns on Scotty, ready to fight.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

But you'll know. And she'll know.  
And God will know.

YOUNG SCOTTY

For some things, it's too late.

SCOTTY

I know. But for some things, it's  
not too late.

(pauses, teary-eyed)

Don't do what I did, Son. That was  
the day I lost my Faith. Daddys  
are built to protect our children--  
it's woven into the very fabric  
we're made of. A father is  
supposed to die for his children,  
not the other way around.

Scotty looks down to get the coin to slide it to the young man as he says...

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

Let me give you something, Son.  
It's meant a great deal to me over  
the years and it may help you in  
times to come--

But the coin is gone, mysteriously vanished. As Scotty's hand touches the empty bar where the coin was, we see the ring on his hand. Bewildered, Scotty looks up to speak to the young man, but he is gone and the bar door is swinging shut.

EXT. STREET BETWEEN BAR AND WOMEN'S CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

MOVING WITH YOUNG SCOTTY

Young Scotty runs hard, running block after block at full speed to the Women's Clinic. He bursts through the doors, calling her name. Nurses try to stop him, but he ignores them and shoves past them.

He pushes open door after door, frantically searching, until he finds the right door.

She's on the table in a gown, feet in stirrups. Doctor and nurse have instruments in hand, ready to start the procedure.

She turns, startled by the door slamming open, and sees him. She is crying.

He rushes to her, grabs her hand, leans in close. Her face tells him all he needs to know: she doesn't want this either.

He scoops her up in his arms, right off the table, shaking his head no at the doctor, communicating they're not doing this. He backs away protectively. The doctor puts down the instrument.

They cry together; they kiss.

EXT. BAR IN WYOMING - NIGHT

Scotty exits the bar. CHURCH BELLS RING in the distance, catching his attention. For a moment we can see he's considering it as he looks over at the nearby church. But he chooses to let that well-practiced hardness come over him instead, and heads for his pickup truck.

As he opens the driver's door, he's startled that suddenly Young Scotty is at his side, seemingly out of nowhere.

YOUNG SCOTTY

Hey Mister.

Young Scotty holds something out, and Scotty automatically holds his hand out to take it.

YOUNG SCOTTY (CONT'D)  
I wanted give you one of these.

Young Scotty places the round, shiny, silver object into Scotty's hand.

YOUNG SCOTTY (CONT'D)  
(shyly)  
It's got our expected due-date stamped on it there. See?

CLOSE ON THE COIN

It's the same coin--even the same date on the back--but now it's shiny and new.

YOUNG SCOTTY  
And I just wanted to tell you, um, thanks.

Scotty is dumbfounded and speechless.

YOUNG SCOTTY (CONT'D)  
I hope you get your faith back, Mister.

SCOTTY  
That's pretty impossible, Son. For some things, it's too late.

YOUNG SCOTTY  
Yeah, but for some things, it's not too late.

The CHURCH BELLS RING while Young Scotty walks away. Scotty stands in the stillness of the night gazing back and forth between the coin in the palm of his hand and the church.

INT. BAPTIST-LIKE CHURCH - NIGHT

Meekly and quietly Scotty pushes open the door and enters the church. The service is already in progress; the PASTOR is speaking. Grace turns, sees him, smiles. She's a few pews from the back and has saved him a seat next to her. Good thing, too, because the place is absolutely filled to capacity, and that fact astonishes Scotty.

PASTOR  
...and most people who have made this choice feel it is the one unforgiveable sin. But it's not.  
(MORE)

PASTOR (CONT'D)

For we know "there is now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus."

Cowboy hat in hand, Scotty moves up the aisle and sits down next to Grace.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

Statistics tell us that by the time they are forty-five years old, 43% of American women will have had an abortion. The statistics are always in terms of women. But women didn't do this all by themselves. I know that means 43% of men have lost a child to abortion as well. And as all of you who went through the post-abortion recovery Bible study learned, I know that pain personally.

Scotty looks up at the Pastor, astonished.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A parade of participants in the church--mostly women--line the side aisles. They move toward the back of the church where couples hold buckets containing dozens of roses. As she passes by, each participant takes at least one rose, some take more than one. MUSIC plays in the background.

In a line, the participants move up the center aisle toward dozens of vases and unlit candles adorning the alter and railings at the front of the church.

One at a time, a participant places the rose(s) in a vase. Then while she lights a candle next to the vase, the Pastor speaks the name of her unborn child.

A woman places a rose in a vase. As she lights a candle, the Pastor speaks.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

Holly Maria Stevenson-Braxton.

The woman moves away. A single man moves ahead, places his rose in the vase, lights a candle.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

Micayla Schultz.

A couple, together, approach. As they light the candle, the Pastor speaks.

PASTOR (CONT'D)  
Janey Vaughn.

It's Scotty and Grace's turn. Grace places a pink rose in the vase. Scotty picks up a book of matches and lights the candle, tears filling his eyes ready to spill.

PASTOR (CONT'D)  
Faith Ann James.

EXT. GRACE'S HOME - DAY

Scotty parks his pickup truck in front of a house. Grace, along with Hope who has the baby cradled in her arms, sit on the porch watching Peter trying to fix the picket fence.

Scotty gets out of the truck and approaches the porch.

HOPE  
Hi Grandpa.

Scotty smiles at that.

HOPE (CONT'D)  
Come here and meet your granddaughter.

Scott gently moves the blanket away to see the baby's face.

SCOTTY  
Did you kids figure out a name?

HOPE  
Yes, Daddy. Peter and I named her Faith.

Gingerly, she places the bundle in Scotty's arms.

When the child begins to scream, he laughs and hands her back over to her mother. Wordlessly he bends down and kisses Grace's head.

Scotty comes alongside Peter and, as a father would, begins to show him how to fix that fence.