

The Meek

by

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INT. CHAPEL - MORNING

A twenty-three-year-old MYRA is sitting near the back with her parents. Myra wears a necklace with a beautiful gold pendant with a lion's face. FATHER LEWIS, a man in his mid-sixties, is standing at the altar preaching.

FATHER LEWIS

...for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are those who hunger and
thirst for righteousness, for they
will be satisfied. Blessed are the
merciful, for they will be shown
mercy...

Myra listens intently but skeptically, with her brows furrowed and her hand under her chin. The others around her are not quite paying attention.

INT. CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

Father Lewis has finished preaching. Some start to leave, but many stay to mingle. Myra's parents are chatting with their friends, while Myra stands behind them awkwardly. Father Lewis approaches Myra with a warm smile.

FATHER LEWIS

Myra! I haven't seen you in a long
time, how are you?

MYRA

I-I'm doing ve-very well, Father.
It's good to sss-see you too.

FATHER LEWIS

Are you studying medicine at
university now? Your father said
you're very busy these days.

MYRA

Oh, I'm st-studying laboratory ss-
science...so yes, quite busy. I-I
just finished mm-my exams
sssss....ss-sooo...

FATHER LEWIS

It's okay, take your time. I see you
still have your stuttering, has it
gotten better?

MYRA

Em, I-I guess... a bit?

FATHER LEWIS

Hmm, I think I know how to help you...

MYRA

Oh no, I don't nnn-need another th...th-therapist.

FATHER LEWIS

Haha no, not another therapist. Our church is organising a short mission trip to Cambodia, maybe you can join us. It'll be a good chance to interact with more people, might help with your stuttering. Let me find someone...

MYRA

Fff-father, I...

Father Lewis does not seem to hear Myra. He looks around the crowded chapel, searching for someone.

FATHER LEWIS

Ah, Jocelyn!

JOCELYN, also twenty-three, is chatting with her friends not far away. At the sound of her name, Jocelyn turns and finds Father Lewis waving at her. She approaches them with a smile.

FATHER LEWIS

Jocelyn's one of the group leaders for this trip. She's been on a few before. Do you guys know each other?

JOCELYN

Um, yes. We... we actually studied in the same high school.

FATHER LEWIS

Oh really? I wouldn't have guessed, you two didn't... Never mind, this is great! You can look after Myra on the trip.

Jocelyn looks like she is about to say something but decides against it as she sees Myra's father TOM, who is in his early sixties, approach them.

TOM

Hello guys! Father.

FATHER LEWIS

Hey Tom! I'm just telling Myra she should join our short mission trip—some outreach might be good for her stuttering.

TOM (TO MYRA)

That's amazing! Myra, you have to join. I still remember my first mission trip, a real eye-opener. You'll learn a lot there.

MYRA

Dad...

FATHER LEWIS

Then it's settled! I'll see you next week at the briefing, Myra. Come Jocelyn, let's find the others.

Father Lewis guides Jocelyn away.

BEGIN FANTASY

Things around Myra turn blurry.

MYRA (TO THE BACKS OF FATHER LEWIS AND
JOCELYN)

No! Oh, come on, I don't wanna go to some stupid-- Just leave me alone!

END FANTASY

Father Lewis and Jocelyn disappear into a crowd, Myra is still staring after them, with one hand gripping her pendant tightly. Tom looks over at her and laughs.

TOM

Oh, relax Myra, it's gonna be fine. Trust me, you'll learn a lot there, it'll be worth it. Now come mingle.

Tom turns and walks back to his friends, Myra sighs deeply before reluctantly following him.

INT. WORN DOWN CHAPEL IN CAMBODIA - A FEW WEEKS LATER - NOON

Myra is sitting beside Jocelyn, facing four local villagers. Sitting opposite Myra is ARUN, a local man in his mid-forties. They are seated in a circle near the back. The other groups of villagers and churchmates are scattered around the chapel, which is filled with chatter and laughter. Myra sits with her back slightly hunched, her hands clasped tightly on her lap, trembling slightly. The other group members are laughing as Jocelyn tells them a joke. Myra looks at them with a tight smile.

JOCELYN

What about you, Arun? What do you think of the miracle Father Lewis mentioned? About the paralytic?

ARUN

Oh yes! Very good. But uhh, not real, haha...

JOCELYN

You don't think it's real?

ARUN

No... not real. Good, if real, he can help my daughter.

JOCELYN

Oh, is your daughter sick? Do you mind telling us more?

ARUN

Uhhh yes, she sick, very long time...

Arun waves his hand and looks away.

JOCELYN

It's okay. You don't have to tell us if you don't want to.

A brief silence followed.

JOCELYN

Well... maybe we can get a professional opinion on this. As you know, Myra is studying medicine.

JOCELYN (TO MYRA)

You didn't say anything in yesterday's sharing either.

Myra glances at Jocelyn with panic in her eyes. Jocelyn gives her a slight nod towards the villagers. Myra shifts further into her seat and casts her eyes down, hands trembling even

more. A few seconds pass before Myra looks up. Her lips move but no sound comes out. Jocelyn breathes, slightly impatient. Myra snaps her mouth shut. She takes a breath and then speaks.

MYRA

It might not s-seem real, but th-th-
the Lord...does i-incredible th-
th...th...

Once again, Myra's lips move but no sound comes out. Jocelyn interrupts her.

JOCELYN

Let's give Myra a bit more time to
organise her thoughts, Father Lewis
did say a lot just now. Forty-five
minutes haha...

The villagers laugh politely and begin talking again. Myra blushes. Hands shaking, she reaches up and takes out her cross pendant from underneath her shirt and clutches it tightly.

BEGIN FANTASY

Things around Myra turn blurry.

MYRA (TO JOCELYN)

Seriously!? Are you doing this to me
on purpose? You know I don't do well
in front of strangers!

Jocelyn does not seem to hear Myra.

END FANTASY

Myra is staring intensely at the ground with her head tilted slightly towards Jocelyn. She fidgets with her pendant absentmindedly. Arun notices.

INT. WORN-DOWN CHAPEL IN CAMBODIA - SOME TIME LATER

There are only a few groups left in the chapel. Father Lewis and some churchmates have gathered near the altar. Near the front door, the villagers have left, leaving Jocelyn and Myra rearranging the chairs.

JOCELYN

Well, thanks a lot. You were sure a
GREAT help just now.

Jocelyn walks past her to rearrange the last row of chairs. Myra looks at her, hands fidgeting with her pendant.

MYRA

S-sorry...

JOCELYN

You barely say anything! And when you do, you take ages to say ONE sentence. I thought you came here to talk more – well, it doesn't seem like it.

MYRA

I tried!

JOCELYN

Well, try harder! Next time, please just say something. You make things really awkward.

After placing the last chair in place, Jocelyn passes Myra swiftly and heads toward the altar. Myra stares after her, still fidgeting with her pendant. After a moment, she turns and leaves the chapel.

INT. CHAPEL - NEAR THE ALTAR - CONTINUOUS

Jocelyn is walking towards the altar. At the front, Father Lewis is talking to Arun, who has his back towards Jocelyn, while a few churchmates are listening in at the side.

ARUN

No. No time. Please, can you give me now? She so... so sick. Pain!

FATHER LEWIS

I hear you, you need the money now. We want to help you. Believe me, we really want to. But procedures need to be followed--

ARUN

But seven weeks! No, too long. My daughter die before seven weeks! You give me form, I write it. You read it. You give me money. Done! One week!

Jocelyn hovers at a distance behind them, listening intently and worriedly. By now, everyone at the chapel has heard the commotion and is watching the argument.

FATHER LEWIS

Arun, it doesn't work like that.
Look, I'll tell my people to be
quick, ok?

Arun steps back, pointing his finger at Father Lewis and the churchmates that have gathered around.

ARUN

Humph! You people! You say love each other. You say help neighbours. Me not neighbour!? My daughter die and you just watch. You don't care! You just watch!

Arun stares at them angrily, chest heaving. The chapel is quiet. Father Lewis spreads his hands out and opens his mouth. But Arun interrupts him.

ARUN

No. You not help me? Ok! I do it myself.

Under everyone's watchful eyes, Arun turns and marches past Jocelyn, towards the front doors.

FATHER LEWIS

Arun!

But Arun ignores him and leaves the chapel, slamming the doors behind him.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Fidgeting with her pendant, Myra is standing alone on the sidewalk, glancing at the group of churchmates and villagers chatting animatedly at the bottom of the chapel stairs. The traffic on the main road is busy, with several tuk-tuks parked near the sidewalk. Suddenly, an agitated Arun rushes out of the chapel behind them and slams the door behind him. The sound of the door slamming is drowned in the noisy traffic, and no one notices Arun. Arun paces a few steps around and runs his hand in his hair before standing with his hands on his hips. It is then he notices Myra standing alone below him. He runs his hand through his hair again and takes a deep breath before heading down the stairs to greet her.

ARUN

Myra!

Myra is momentarily shocked. She glances behind her and sees Arun approaching her with a warm smile. She quickly slips her pendant behind her shirt before turning fully around to greet him. Arun glances down at her neck, where the golden chain of the necklace is slightly visible, before shifting his eyes back up immediately.

MYRA

A-Arun.

ARUN

Myra, you study medicine, no? Can you help me? My daughter, she sick, but we no money to take her to hospital. Can you see her?

MYRA

Uhhh... ss-see her?

ARUN

Yes, see her at my home. Please!

Myra hesitates. Behind Arun, she sees Jocelyn exit the chapel. Jocelyn notices the two of them and hurries down the stairs towards them. Arun follows Myra's eye direction and finds Jocelyn behind him.

JOCELYN

Hey guys!

MYRA

Jocelyn! Arun wants mmmm-me to s-see his daughter at his home.

JOCELYN

Sure, no problem. Me and Myra can come with you.

Myra raises her eyebrows at Jocelyn.

ARUN

Uhhh... okay. Okay! My car that way, very short ride.

Jocelyn follows Arun and enters an alley beside the chapel. They round the corner at the back of the alley and disappear. Myra follows cautiously behind them. As she rounds the corner, something hits her on the head, and she collapses to the ground.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. CLASSROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Several students run out of the classroom with their backpacks, leaving only LAUREN, TALIA and Jocelyn, all fourteen-year-old girls, sitting at the back of the empty classroom. They look up as Myra walks in.

LAUREN

Finally, look who it is, Doctor Myra!
Such a pathetic excuse for a dream
job.

The other two girls giggle. Myra, with her head bowed, ignores them and heads straight for her desk at the far end of the front row and begins packing her stuff quietly but quickly. Lauren follows her slowly.

LAUREN

We've been waiting for you. What took
you so long? Didn't you come straight
here after class?

Talia walks past the rows of desks towards Myra from behind.

TALIA

Heh, perhaps she was with your
beloved Dom...

Lauren whips her head and stares at Talia, who looks away. When Lauren looks back, she finds Myra with her cheeks all red, fumbling with her stuff.

LAUREN

What's with your face? Wait... did
you? Were you with Dom just now?

Myra does not reply and starts stuffing things into her bag.

LAUREN

No, that can't be. Why would he even
talk to someone like you?

TALIA

I bet when she talks to him, it'd be
like oh D...D,D,Do,o,o,om...

Talia and Jocelyn laugh loudly. Lauren cracks a smile. Myra, her face now bright red, abruptly stands up, slings her bag on one shoulder and brushes past Lauren to get to the door.

LAUREN

Hey! We're not done yet!

Myra passes by Jocelyn who is standing nearby, but Jocelyn just looks at Lauren.

LAUREN (TO JOCELYN)

What is wrong with you? Grab her!

Just as Myra touches the doorknob, Jocelyn drags her by the bag and pulls her back into her seat violently. The bag falls to the ground nearby, spilling its contents. Lauren leans close to Myra, who is trembling from head to toe, with one hand on the back of her chair.

LAUREN

Come on! Say something! Where were you just now?

BEGIN FANTASY

Things around Myra turn blurry. Myra leans forward and shouts in Lauren's face.

MYRA

Yes, I was with Dom! Of course not, you idiot! I was hiding in the cupboard avoiding you!

END FANTASY

A tear rolls down Myra's cheek, she looks up at Lauren, with her brows furrowed.

MYRA

Nnnn...nnn...nn-no...ah, I-I--

Lauren jerks her head back.

LAUREN

Ew, gross! I can smell your milky breath. Yucck, it's disgusting! What did you eat for lunch?

Suddenly, DOM, a good-looking fourteen-year-old boy in a soccer uniform, opens the door and enters the classroom. The four girls all stare at him surprised.

DOM

What's going on here? Wait, is she crying?

Lauren looks at Myra, who is now wiping her tears, then at Talia, slightly panicked. Talia shrugs.

DOM

Anyway, I think I saw Mr Harris on the first floor--didn't he warn you guys not to stay past four again?

Lauren looks at the clock hanging above the blackboard, which shows five minutes past four.

TALIA (WHISPERING TO LAUREN)

Lauren! Detention!

LAUREN

Oh my God, thanks so much for reminding me, Dom! I'll see you tomorrow at class then. Bye!

The girls rush to grab their bags. Dom turns to leave but stops when he sees Myra, who is picking up books off the floor. Dom kneels beside her. Lauren and Talia rush out, but Jocelyn glances back, catches Myra's eye and winks at her before running out of the classroom. Myra stares after her confused.

DOM

Hey, are you okay?

Myra looks at Dom. Her lips move but no sound comes out. Dom looks at her, frowning. Without waiting for Myra's response, he reaches beneath his shirt, removes his necklace with a lion-faced gold pendant, and gives it to Myra.

DOM

Look. I want you to have this, it's my favourite necklace. It'll give you strength and comfort when you need it. And um... do you mind doing my math homework for me again? I promise it's going to be the last time. There's a really important match coming up and I don't have time. Please?

Myra hesitates a bit before smiling and nodding. Dom returns the smile and rushes away, leaving Myra staring at the gold pendant in her hand with a huge smile.

END FLASHBACK

INT. A REMOTE SMALL WOODEN HUT - NIGHT

The hut is dark and barren, with a table on the right side and a short cabinet on the left side. A candle flickers on the table and some of Myra and Jocelyn's valuables are scattered on it. Their bags are nowhere to be seen. An unconscious Myra is slumped on a flimsy bamboo chair - she has dried blood near her temple. Jocelyn is seated on another not far away. They have their hands and legs bound to their chairs by ropes and are facing a wooden front door.

JOCELYN
...Myra...Myra, Myra!

Slowly, Myra wakes up. Her vision is blurry.

JOCELYN
Thank God! I thought you'd never wake up!

MYRA
... urgh, s-someone hit me.

Myra tries to move her hands but realizes that they are tied up. She struggles against the ropes in a panic.

JOCELYN
Arun kidnapped us! I guess that's what you get for showing some freaking compassion.

Myra looks around nervously.

MYRA
Where...where are we?

JOCELYN
I have no idea. I tried yelling, but no one answered. This is bad, what do we do now!?

MYRA (SOFTLY)
... we shhh-shouldn't h-have gone with him.

JOCELYN
Really? You wanna do this right now?

Myra does not say anything.

JOCELYN
Look, I'm sorry, alright? It just... never crossed my mind that he might do something like this to us.

MYRA

I mean... we d-don't know him that well, and he, he wants us t-to go home with him?

JOCELYN

Well, I thought he needed help! He said his daughter is dying... and you're a med student...

Myra sighs and looks away.

JOCELYN

Just spit it out, you think I'm stupid.

MYRA

I d-didn't say that...

JOCELYN

Stupid Jocelyn, never can get anything right... I bet you thought like that when we were in high school too, right? Me, always sticking behind THE GREAT Lauren and Talia, like a lapdog.

Myra glances at Jocelyn uncertainly.

MYRA

S-sorry...

Jocelyn looks at Myra for a while, then shakes her head.

JOCELYN

Ten years, and you're still the same.

Car engine sounds are suddenly heard from outside, then footsteps. Both Myra and Jocelyn stare in fear at the front door. The door slowly opens and Arun slips in.

JOCELYN

Arun!

Arun closes the door behind him sheepishly and stands awkwardly before them, fidgeting with his hands.

ARUN

Hi...

Jocelyn and Myra look at Arun with caution. The room is silent for a moment.

JOCELYN
What's going on!?

ARUN
I'm sorry... about this. But I need something. From you both...

JOCELYN
Well, kidnapping us is wrong, regardless of what you need.

ARUN
I'm sorry...

JOCELYN
You know you'll go to jail for this, right? This is a crime. You're committing a crime!

ARUN
I just need money. I won't hurt you! I just want money.

JOCELYN
Well, there are other ways to get money! Find a job. Get a loan from the bank. Borrow it from your relatives! Look, I know this is about your daughter, but kidnapping!?

Arun suddenly rushes forward and shouts in Jocelyn's face.

ARUN
Stop! STOP. SPEAKING. You know nothing!

Jocelyn flinches back in shock. They stare at each other for a moment before Arun collects himself and steps back. But his face stays dark and angry.

ARUN
I try everything! No one want to help. No problem! I make them help... You will give me money. No matter what.

Arun walks to the table and picks up an ATM card. He shows it to Myra.

ARUN
You? Your card?

Myra nods her head slowly.

ARUN
Password.

MYRA
... www-what?

ARUN
Your password for your card! What is
it?

Myra stares at him with her mouth open, confused.

ARUN
Stop looking at me! Tell me password!

Trembling, Myra shakes her head frantically. Arun sighs.

ARUN
Tell me password, I let you go. Okay?

When Myra does not respond, Arun grabs her hair and lifts her head up. Tears roll down her cheeks.

ARUN
Huh, come on. Tell me.

MYRA
I-I dddd-don't, don't have a-any
mmmm...mm-money...

Arun lets go of her hair with a sigh and stands up abruptly, rubbing his eyes. He walks over to the table, puts down the ATM card and picks up Myra's gold necklace, then throws it at Myra's face.

ARUN
You don't have money huh? What is
this!? How you get this!? Don't lie
to me! You rich!

MYRA
I... I...

Myra's lips move but no sound comes out. Still, she keeps trying and her face scrunches up. Tears are pouring down her cheeks. Arun looks with disgust.

ARUN
Don't do that. Stop! Stop doing that!
Just speak!

MYRA
... nnn-not mmmmm--

Arun slaps her, hard. Jocelyn screams and sobs. Myra falls sideways and crashes to the ground, breaking part of the chair, including a front leg. The ropes around her body and one of her legs loosen.

ARUN

Just. Say. Something! All I want is numbers! Super easy! You stupid!?

Lying sideways on the ground, Myra's brows furrow. Then suddenly, she kicks Arun between the legs. Arun yells in pain and backs away, then kneels on the floor. Myra wriggles out of the ropes.

JOCELYN

Help me! Help me!

Arun struggles to get up and begins crawling slowly but purposefully towards the cabinet. Now free, Myra hesitates, looking between Jocelyn and Arun.

JOCELYN

Myra!

Arun is now a few steps away from the cabinet. Myra's eyes dart around the room, soon settling on the broken chair leg lying at her feet. She picks it up and rushes towards Arun who is reaching for the knife on the counter. She hits him a couple of times, in a frantic way, causing Arun to recoil in pain and shock. The chair leg breaks from the blows and Myra lets it drop. She grabs the knife before Arun can recover. When Arun steadies himself, he finds Myra pointing the knife at him.

ARUN (TO MYRA)

Myra... calm down. Let's talk, okay?
Let's talk.

JOCELYN

Myra! Myra. Unbind me first.

Myra's back is against the front door. She looks hesitantly between Jocelyn and Arun. Arun is standing slightly hunched on her left side while Jocelyn is seated straight ahead on the opposite side of the hut. They both look expectantly toward Myra. Arun steps cautiously towards her.

ARUN

Myra, I don't want to hurt you, okay?
Put the knife down.

JOCELYN

Myra, come to me!

MYRA (TO ARUN)
... g-get, get... ba-back.

But Arun continues to step towards Myra, hands reaching towards her, eyes glancing beside her. Myra follows his eyesight, and on her left side, a small pan is lying on the floor in the corner of the hut. With his intention exposed, Arun rushes towards the pan, but Myra quickly holds out the knife, accidentally stabbing his abdomen. Arun gasps in pain, looking down at the knife sticking out of his stomach. There is a brief silence as the three of them look at each other in shock. Then, Arun stumbles back and slides down the wall onto the floor.

JOCELYN
Oh my God!

MYRA (TO HERSELF)
... what, what have I done?

Myra stares down at her hands, now covered in droplets of blood. She starts to sob, hands trembling even more.

JOCELYN
Myra, we need to get out of here!

MYRA (TO HERSELF)
Oh God. I-I need to help him...
yes...

JOCELYN
Myra! He'll be fine! Quick, untie me
now before he gets up!

BEGIN FANTASY

Things around Myra turn blurry. Tears pour down her cheeks as she screams at Jocelyn.

MYRA (TO JOCELYN)
SHUT UP! Just-- stop talking! Can't you see!? For God's sake, I just stabbed him, there is actual blood coming out of him. Don't you care about that!? Could you for ONCE in your life stop making everything about yourself? He might freaking die! Because of me! And now, in front of a dying man, you want me NOT to stop his bleeding, NOT to call for help, but to untie YOU!?

Myra picks up a sharp-edged broken chair piece on the floor and walks toward a frightened Jocelyn.

MYRA

Oh, I'll untie you alright. To make things easier, let me just put you out of your misery so your spirit can be free, and you'll never worry about being bound again! 'Cause, you're a ghost!

Then, Myra stabs the broken chair piece into the side of Jocelyn's neck. Jocelyn screams loudly, and Myra watches the blood flow out.

END FANTASY

Myra is looming over Jocelyn, with one hand clutching a broken chair piece in front of herself, another clutching her pendant. She is breathing heavily through her nostrils.

JOCELYN

Myra! What are you doing?

At the sound of her name, Myra relaxes slightly and stares at Jocelyn. Brows furrowed, she steps back and looks down at the broken chair piece. She looks between Jocelyn and the chair piece in her hand before dropping it in horror. Stepping further back, she notices the pendant in her hand. She lifts it up and stares at it for a moment.

JOCELYN

Look, I know you're upset, but we really need to get going, this is our last chance.

Jocelyn glances at Arun, who is in agony on the floor. Myra is still staring at her pendant. Suddenly, she looks up at Jocelyn.

MYRA

What? No!

JOCELYN

What do you mean, no!?

MYRA

I mean no, we can't just leave him th-there. I s-stabbed him, he's in pain because of me!

JOCELYN

Oh, come on, now's not the time to act all noble. He kidnapped us first, he's the bad guy! He deserves it!

MYRA

How can you say that!? He m-might die because of me! We should at least call someone first...

Myra rushes towards the table.

JOCELYN

Oh my--why are we doing this right now!? Can you please just untie me first!?

Myra ignores her. She places her pendant on the table and searches for her phone among the valuables.

JOCELYN

Come on, is it really that hard to just untie me first!? Myra!

MYRA

Seriously, can you STOP IT!? S-Stop. Telling me. What to do! Can't you see a man dying right there? Why is it all about you and what you want? What about him? What about me!? Why can't I ever m-make my own decisions? Why does n-nobody ever respect me!? I'm just so, so sssss-sick of this! For God's sake, I am the free one, I should be th-the one in control! So, stop ordering me around!

Tears are streaming down Myra's eyes and her fists are clenched tight. Jocelyn stares at her surprised. Myra turns away and wipes her tears furiously while checking her phone. Suddenly, she throws her phone onto the ground.

MYRA

Of course, there's no signal!

Myra presses her palms against her eyes and snuffles. Her eyes are red as she places her hands on her hips and paces, struggling to put herself together.

JOCELYN

Myra--

MYRA

What!? What? I swear to God if you t-
tell me to untie you one more time--

Jocelyn just continues to plead with Myra with her eyes. Myra coughs up a laugh and shakes her head.

JOCELYN

Please, Myra, I just want to help! I can't do anything if you're not going to untie me. I feel so useless right now--

MYRA

Ten years! You wanna know why I'm still the same after ten years? It's because of YOU. The th-three of you! Even that so-called "Saint" Dominic. Playing with me an-and getting a leg up on me. Looming over me wherever I go-what, you think I'm a puppet? Y- You think I don't have f-feelings!?

JOCELYN

I-I didn't know you felt like this. You never said anything...

MYRA

What kind of excu-- excuse is that!? Just because I didn't say anything, you can bully me!? Do you know how long I've ke-kept it in? You ruined my life!

JOCELYN

No, no, I didn't want to. I swear! I thought Lauren was my only friend so I just, kind of... went with it. I never meant to hurt you! I didn't want to--

By the side, Arun is struggling to get up. Tears well up in Jocelyn's eyes.

JOCELYN

Oh, please Myra, he's standing up. Please get me out of here, he's gonna kill me! Look, I'm sorry, I really am! I never knew how much pain it caused you. I swear, I didn't mean all those things I did to you, it's all just an act to please Lauren. If I'd known, I wouldn't have gone along

with it. At least I would've done more to help you...

Myra turns away.

JOCELYN

Myra, I really am sorry! Please, I know what I did was awful and you don't have to forgive me, but I really don't want to die here. Oh, there's still so much I wanna do...

Myra glances at Jocelyn, whose tears are now rolling down her cheeks. Myra hesitates. She looks at Arun, who is now leaning heavily against the wall. After a moment, she picks up the broken chair piece on the floor and heads over to Jocelyn. Jocelyn stares at the piece in her hand with fear.

JOCELYN

Myra...

Myra hesitates a bit before untying Jocelyn and Jocelyn wriggles out of the ropes frantically.

JOCELYN

Oh, thank God. Thank you!

Just after they turn around, they see Arun standing at the door, blocking their way. His back is hunched. He wraps his hands around the knife handle sticking out of his stomach.

MYRA

No, d-don't pull it out!

Arun looks up at Myra and pulls out the knife with a scream. He leans heavily against the doorframe with pain. Myra and Jocelyn look on worriedly. Arun holds the knife tightly in his hands and points it at them.

ARUN

You can't run. Town one hour away. Give up... or I kill you.

Jocelyn and Myra do not move. Arun speaks with difficulty.

ARUN

Give me... password, now.

Arun starts to walk menacingly toward them. Jocelyn backs away, tugging Myra with her. But Myra does not budge.

MYRA

Arun. Th-that wound, you'll bleed out and die in the next fifteen mmm-minutes.

ARUN

I don't care. Give me money, or I kill you.

MYRA

You can't kill me. I-I beat you before, and I can beat you, again. Th-there are two of us. You can't kill us.

Arun hesitates and looks between Myra and Jocelyn.

ARUN

I don't care. Then I die trying.

MYRA

Arun, it's not worth it. Think about your daughter.

ARUN

I AM thinking about -- urgh...

Arun clutches his wound in pain.

MYRA

Arun. You'll either die or go to jail. You'll never ss-see your daughter again and you still won't save her. Let us help you. You have a car, right? I-I can patch you up and dri-drive you to the hospital. I can find some way to gather money and we can still s-save your daughter. You don't have to go through this alone, let us help you.

By now, Arun can barely stand. His face is pale and blood is seeping through his shirt onto his hand. He hesitates.

ARUN

You can kill me now or call police when we in town. How can I trust you?

MYRA

You can choose not to. But God loves everyone and he believes in s-second chances. And I believe in him.

Arun hesitates then drops the knife to the ground. Myra steps closer to him, but Arun wobbles and collapses.

BEGIN VIDEO CLIP (FILMED ON MYRA'S SMARTPHONE)

INT. SHABBY CLINIC - DAY

In the frame, a tired-looking DAVI, a four-year-old girl, is sitting on an old hospital bed against the wall. Arun, Jocelyn and a DOCTOR, a man in his fifties, are surrounding the bed. Arun is leaning against the bed with one arm around Davi, the other hugging his waist and with his hand on the area of his wound.

DOCTOR

It's getting worse. As I said before, she needs to get surgery as soon as possible. Heart valve disease is very serious, and if not treated, patients typically die within three years. She is very lucky to have lasted this long.

ARUN

How... how much time left?

DOCTOR

One month? Or less. I can get the recommendation letter done very quickly. But have you worked on the money yet?

Arun looks between Jocelyn and the camera.

JOCELYN

We're working on it.

Myra turns the camera on herself.

MYRA

Four-year-old Davi is a cheerful little girl that we met during our Cambodia mission trip, and she desperately needs your help. Without surgery, her short and difficult life may have to end soon. Help us raise fifty thousand dollars by clicking the link below and help her regain a happy childhood that every child deserves. Every dollar counts.

END VIDEO CLIP

BLACK SCREEN

JOCELYN (O.S)

Yes! That's perfect. Great job, Myra!

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY

Many villagers and churchmates are leaving the chapel and have gathered outside, exchanging farewells and blessings with one another happily. Jocelyn and Myra are standing at the edge of the crowd, talking to Father Lewis.

FATHER LEWIS

Well, I'm sure this trip will be very memorable for the two of you. I can't believe Arun tried to kill himself! Lucky you both were there to save him.

Jocelyn looks at Myra with a smile.

JOCELYN

Well, it's mostly Myra. She's the one who saved him. She even made the whole crowdfunding video by herself!

FATHER LEWIS

I never doubted Myra. You know, The Bible also says: Blessed are the meek, for--

MYRA

For they shall inherit the earth.

Father Lewis smiles.

FATHER LEWIS

Exactly.

Myra rubs the back of her neck and laughs softly. Just then, Arun walks out of the chapel slowly, one hand placed on his wound, another holding his bag.

FATHER LEWIS

Ah, speak of the devil.

Myra turns and spots Arun, who is walking down the stairs but winces at the pain. Myra hesitates before walking up the stairs to him.

MYRA

Here, let me help you.

ARUN

Oh, Myra. You are too kind.

Myra takes his bag and escorts him down the stairs while Father Lewis and Jocelyn chat and watch them from below.

ARUN

Myra, I uh... I am sorry. I hurt you
but you... you still so kind to me.

They reach the bottom of the stairs and Myra turns to him.
Tears well up in Arun's eyes.

ARUN

Before, I am so mean to you, but you
help me, you save my daughter! I... I
am so, so sorry.

Myra hands Arun back his bag and gives him a smile, but it
does not quite reach her eyes.

MYRA

Just promise me you wo-won't rob
people and hurt them again.

ARUN

Of course! Never again.

A tour bus arrives. Father Lewis approaches them and guides
Arun away. Jocelyn approaches Myra.

JOCELYN

Hey... I realised I haven't properly
thanked you for saving me. So, thank
you. I wouldn't be here if it weren't
for you. I feel like I didn't even do
anything.

MYRA

Well, you did wake me up, so... I
guess that counts for something.

They both laugh. Suddenly, Jocelyn points at Myra's neck.

JOCELYN

Where is your necklace?

MYRA

I sold it. For Davi's s-surgery fee.

JOCELYN

Really? I thought it was your
"precious". Didn't the beloved Dom
give you that?

Jocelyn smiles and arches her eyebrows. Myra smirks.

MYRA

Stop it. I know you t-told him to
come that day.

JOCELYN

Just to be clear, I had no idea he'd
ask you to do his homework. If I had
known, I wouldn't have asked for his
help--

MYRA

I know! You told me a million times!

JOCELYN

Well, it doesn't hurt to say it one
more time. Oh, and again, I didn't
mean to push you that hard that day.
You know I was just trying to impress
Lauren and--

MYRA

God!

They walk towards the bus, laughing the whole way.