

DERRY — DAY.
Chaos. Gunfire.
Screams.

CIVIL RIGHTS
HUMAN RIGHTS

THEN— A SHOT.
ANGEL STAGGERS...
AND FALLS.

I CAN'T
MOVE MY
LEGS.

ANGEL?

BONE...

I CAN'T
FEEL THEM.

ANGEL?

HELP ME!

MY
BACK!

DON'T
MOVE HER.

IF WE LEAVE
HER HERE,
SHE DIES.

THEY LIFT HER AGAIN—
SLOWER THIS TIME.

TO BE CONTINUED...

HOSPITAL – DAY.
DOCTORS RUSH
ANGEL DOWN THE
CORRIDOR.

YOU CAN'T
COME
THROUGH!

SHE CAN'T
FEEL HER
LEGS!

GET RADIOLOGY
READY.
POSSIBLE SPINAL
INJURY.

BONE...
STEVEN...

WAITING ROOM.
BONE PACES.
STEVEN STANDS.
NEITHER SPEAKS.

I KNOW.

NO, YOU
DON'T.

YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
SHE IS.

SHE WAS
TRYING TO
HELP.

SHE WAS
TRYING TO
CALM PEOPLE
DOWN.

CABIN – NIGHT (PRESENT DAY).

THAT WAS
WHEN SHE
WAS SHOT?

YES.

A BULLET
LODGED IN
HER SPINE.

HOSPITAL
CONSULTATION ROOM.
STEVEN, BONE, AND
ANGEL'S FATHER MEET
WITH DOCTOR SHEILA.
X-RAYS SHOW THE
DAMAGE.

THE BULLET IS
LODGED IN THE
THORACIC AREA.

THE SPINAL CORD
HAS BEEN
DAMAGED.

CAN SHE
WALK
AGAIN?

NOT WITHOUT
INTERVENTION.

AND EVEN
THEN...
THERE ARE
NO
GUARANTEES.

TO BE CONTINUED...

ANGEL LEARNS
THE TRUTH.

TELL ME
THE TRUTH.

THEY DON'T
KNOW.

THAT MEANS
NO.

NO...
IT MEANS THEY
DON'T KNOW.

I WAS GOING TO
RUN FOR MY COUNTRY.

I WAS GOING
TO STAND ON
A PODIUM.

I WAS GOING
TO HEAR THE
ANTHEM.

NOW I CAN'T
EVEN WALK.

HOSPITAL CHAPEL – NIGHT.

LORD...

SHE FOLLOWED WHAT
SHE BELIEVED WAS
YOUR WILL.

DO NOT LEAVE
HER LIKE THIS.

STEVEN LOOKS UP.
FOR ONCE, HE DOES NOT
MOCK FAITH.

HOSPITAL ROOM – NIGHT.

SHE TRIES TO
MOVE HER TOES.

NOTHING.

SHE TRIES AGAIN.

NOTHING.

TEARS SLIDE
DOWN HER FACE.

I WAS GOING TO
MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

NOW WHAT AM
I SUPPOSED TO
DO?

WHAT IF I
NEVER WALK
AGAIN?

WE'LL
FIGURE OUT
ANOTHER WAY.

NONE OF THEM KNOW
WHAT TO SAY.

NONE OF THEM
KNOW WHAT
TO DO.

GOD...

I DID WHAT
YOU ASKED.

NOW I NEED
YOU.

TO BE CONTINUED...



HOSPITAL ROOM – DAY.
STILLNESS.
NO URGENCY.
JUST QUIET.

JUST
STARING AT
THE CEILING.

LATER.

WE'RE JUST
GOING TO TRY
SOMETHING
SIMPLE.

SHE LIFTS HER LEG.
LETS IT GO.

IT DROPS.
DEAD WEIGHT.

SHE WATCHES IT
HAPPEN.

CAN YOU
TRY TO MOVE
YOUR TOES?

SILENCE.

SHE TRIES.

NOTHING.

AGAIN.

NOTHING.

A LONG BEAT.
THEN—
A CRACK.

NO.

CABIN – NIGHT
(PRESENT DAY).

THAT'S
WHEN IT
BECOMES
REAL.

YES.

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR – DAY.

YOU
SHOULD
GO IN.

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
TO SAY.

WHAT DO YOU
SAY TO SOMEONE
WHO JUST LOST
EVERYTHING?

BACK IN HER ROOM – DAY.

SHE LOOKS OUT
THE WINDOW.

SUNLIGHT.
PEOPLE WALKING.
NORMAL LIFE.

THAT'S WHEN
HOPE MEETS
REALITY.

HOSPITAL ROOM – DAY.
ANGEL AND HER FATHER.

YOU'RE
STILL HERE.

THAT'S NOT
THE SAME
THING.

WE'LL GET
THROUGH
THIS.

HOW?

SILENCE.

HE DOESN'T
KNOW.

HOSPITAL CHAPEL – DAY.
EMPTY. STILL.

YOU DIDN'T
ANSWER.
I ASKED
FOR HELP.
I BELIEVED.
I DID
EVERYTHING
RIGHT.
AND THIS IS
WHAT I GET?

CABIN – NIGHT
(PRESENT DAY).

SHE LOST
HER FAITH.

NO.

SHE LOST HER
CERTAINTY.

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR – NIGHT.

SHE DOESN'T
DESERVE THIS.

NO.

NONE OF
US DO.

HOSPITAL ROOM – NIGHT.

SHE STARES AT HER HAND.
SLOWLY, SHE PLACES THE
OTHER HAND OVER IT.

IF YOU'RE
THERE...

THEN THIS
IS WHERE I
NEED YOU.

LONG SILENCE.

NOTHING
HAPPENS.

STILL
NOTHING.

SHE WAITS.

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR – NIGHT.

SHE DOESN'T
DESERVE THIS.

NO.

NONE OF
US DO.

CLOSE ON STEVEN.

HE KNOWS THAT'S
NOT TRUE.

HOSPITAL ROOM – NIGHT.

FADE TO BLACK.
END OF ACT TWO

★ **GOD BLESS AMERICA** ★
★ **EPISODE FIVE – “THE MIRACLE”** ★

★ **ACT THREE – PAGE A:** ★
★ **THE FIRST SIGN** ★

HOSPITAL ROOM –
EARLY MORNING.

Soft light.
Pre-dawn.
The world not
fully awake.

ANGEL LIES STILL.
Eyes open.
She hasn't slept.

CLOSE ON
HER FACE.

Exhaustion.
Something else
beneath it.
Stillness.

SOUND:
Monitor.
Steady.
Unchanged.

HER HAND RESTS
ON THE BLANKET.

Fingers relaxed.
Unmoving.

CLOSE ON
HER HAND.
Nothing.

LONG SILENCE.
Then—
A thought.

If You're not
going to answer...

Then I'm
still here.

And I'm not
done.

SHE CLOSSES
HER EYES.

Not in surrender.
In resolve.

SLOW BREATH IN.
SLOW BREATH OUT.

CLOSE ON HER
FOOT (UNDER
BLANKET).
Still.
Unseen.

THEN—
A TINY
MOVEMENT.
Almost
nothing.
A flicker.

CUT TO:
CLOSE ON
HER HAND.

She feels
something.
Not physically.
Internally.

HER EYES
OPEN.
Sharp.
Alert.

Wait...

SHE FOCUSES.
Entirely
present.

CUT TO:
UNDER THE
BLANKET.
Her toes.
Still.
Then—
A FRACTIONAL
SHIFT.

BACK TO
ANGEL.

No...

No, that's
not—

SHE TRIES AGAIN.
Focuses harder.

UNDER THE
BLANKET.
A slight
movement.
Clearer
this time.

ANGEL'S EYES FILL.
But she
doesn't cry.
Not yet.

CUT TO:
HOSPITAL
CORRIDOR –
MORNING.

Bone sits
half-asleep in
a chair.
Head tilted
back.
Exhausted.

A NURSE
PASSES.
Glances at him.
Keeps moving.

CUT BACK TO:
HOSPITAL ROOM –
MORNING.
Angel sits up slightly.
Strained. Focused.

SHE LOOKS AT
HER LEGS.
Still.
Unresponsive.

BUT—
She knows.
Something
happened.

Again.

SHE CLOSSES
HER EYES.

UNDER THE
BLANKET.
A small
movement.
Real.
Repeatable.

ANGEL OPENS
HER EYES.
Now—
Emotion breaks
through.

A TEAR FALLS.
But this time—
Not grief.

CUT TO:
CABIN – NIGHT
(PRESENT DAY).

She could
move.

Not enough
for anyone
else to see.

But enough
for her to
know.

CUT BACK TO:
HOSPITAL ROOM – DAY.
MORNING.

You didn't leave.

You just didn't
answer the way
I expected.

SHE RESTS
HER HAND
OVER
HER LEG.
Gently.

CUT TO:
HOSPITAL OFFICE – DAY.

The first Doctor reviews
the chart again.

Numbers steady.
No dramatic change.

HE SHAKES
HIS HEAD.
Nothing unusual—
on paper.

CUT TO:
HOSPITAL ROOM – DAY.

Angel watches the door.
Quiet.
Holding something
inside.

SHE DOESN'T TELL
ANYONE. Not yet.

CLOSE ON HER FACE.

A quiet smile.

The first since
the shooting.

If this is real...

Then I need to
understand it.

CUT TO BLACK.
END OF ACT THREE



HOSPITAL OFFICE – DAY.

WE’VE BEEN REVIEWING HER CASE.

THERE ARE... IRREGULARITIES.

WHAT KIND OF IRREGULARITIES?

HER NEURAL RESPONSE IS STRONGER THAN WE’D EXPECT AT THIS STAGE.

IT DOESN’T CHANGE THE DIAGNOSIS.

YES.

SILENCE.

THEN...

SO SHE’S STILL—

BUT THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE.

THERE’S AN EXPERIMENTAL TREATMENT.

STEM CELL THERAPY.

IT’S DESIGNED TO REGENERATE DAMAGED NEURAL PATHWAYS.

SO IT COULD FIX HER SPINE?

HAS IT WORKED BEFORE?

SO WHY EVEN SUGGEST IT?

IT COULD HELP.

OR IT COULD DO NOTHING.

NOT LIKE THIS.

BECAUSE WITHOUT IT... HER CONDITION IS UNLIKELY TO CHANGE.

THE PROCEDURE IS HIGH RISK.

THERE’S NO GUARANTEE OF IMPROVEMENT.

AND THERE’S A POSSIBILITY OF FURTHER DAMAGE.

AND WITH IT?

IF IT WORKS...

...IT WOULD BE EXTRAORDINARY.

IT WOULD LOOK LIKE A MIRACLE.

SILENCE FILLS THE ROOM.

BONE – HOPE MIXED WITH FEAR.

FATHER – FAITH COLLIDING WITH REALITY.

STEVEN – CALCULATING, PROCESSING.

HOSPITAL ROOM – DAY.

WHAT IS IT?

THEY’VE FOUND SOMETHING.

THAT’S NOT HOW YOU SAY GOOD NEWS.

IT’S A TREATMENT.

WHAT KIND OF TREATMENT?

EXPERIMENTAL.

STEM CELLS.

AND?

IT’S A RISK.

A SERIOUS ONE.

AND IF IT WORKS?

YOU WALK.

AND IF IT DOESN’T?

NOTHING CHANGES.

IF THIS IS THE PATH—

THEN I DON’T GET TO BE AFRAID OF IT.

DO IT.

YOU DON’T HAVE TO DECIDE NOW.

YES, I DO.

BECAUSE I ALREADY DID.

CABIN – NIGHT (PRESENT DAY).

SHE DIDN’T HESITATE.

NO.

THAT’S WHO SHE WAS.

SHE NEVER WAITED FOR PERMISSION TO BELIEVE.

SOMETHING SHIFTS IN HIM.

RESPECT. MAYBE SOMETHING MORE.

FADE TO BLACK. ★ END OF ACT FOUR ★