

THE SHEPHERD

written by  
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THE SHEPHERD

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

LEAH (60) opens her front door. On the other side stands DAVID (30), a young pastor wearing a white collar.

They sit together at her coffee table. They speak to one another but their words are inaudible.

David listens carefully. Unsure of what to say, he thinks for a while, avoiding her gaze. Then he looks up at her, concerned. He holds her hand.

Leah listens attentively to David, her eyes brimming with tears. She moves her hand out from David's, rushing to wipe the tears from her face.

They bow their heads to pray.

MOMENTS LATER

They stand and shake hands. She walks David to the door.

EXT. GARDEN - AFTERNOON

David walks in the garden, looking heavenward.

He folds his hands in prayer.

EXT. GARDEN - EVENING

David takes out his telephone and dials a number.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON (EARLIER)

Leah listens to David.

DAVID (V.O.)

I visited one of my parishioners today. Her son passed away last week. I had nothing to give her. No reassurance, no answers.

ANSWER (V.O.)

Answers are difficult to come by in our profession.

EXT. GARDEN - AFTERNOON (EARLIER)

David prays in the garden.

DAVID (V.O.)

What I'm wondering is, what am I  
doing, if I can't give people the  
answers they need?

David kneels down to observe a flower, fragile and in need of  
care.

ANSWER (V.O.)

Well, we are not called to know the  
answers. We are called to be a  
source of fellowship when people  
are in need. That woman didn't  
need you for your answers. She  
needed you for your love.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON (EARLIER)

Leah stands and shakes David's hand. She smiles, genuinely  
grateful for his visit.

THE END