

A NEW DAWN:
Faith, Redemption, and Overcoming Addiction.

written by
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LOGLINE: A DRUG-ADDICTED MAN, AT THE LOWEST POINT IN HIS LIFE, EMBARKS ON A JOURNEY OF SELF-DISCOVERY AND REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS NEWFOUND FAITH IN JESUS CHRIST.

EXT. SKY - MORNING

Radiant, vivid sunbeams streaming through the billowing clouds.

Bible verse; Psalm 147:3

"He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds"

INT. ALEX'S DIMLY LIT APARTMENT - DAY

Loud music blaring from speakers, and an atmosphere shrouded in a sense of decadence. A table cluttered with drug paraphernalia - a spoon, syringes, and substances - sets the stage. Alex, a disheveled man in his mid-30s, sweaty, sits on a worn-out couch. He appears lost in thought, his eyes distant. Disheveled and clearly under the influence, takes a shot of a drug and exhales a cloud of smoke.

Suddenly, Alex's phone VIBRATES, jolting him back to reality. He fumbles to pick up the phone.

ALEX
(gruffly)
Yeah?

VOICE
(urgent)
You know how crucial this is,
right!?

Alex's eyes dart around the room nervously.

ALEX
(hushed)
I've got it.

Alex quickly hides a suspicious PACKAGE under the couch, a look of guilt in his eyes.

The door swings open, revealing Mike, who enters and pushes aside clutter behind the door. He sees Alex in his drug-induced stupor.

MIKE
(voice trembling)
Alex, we need to talk.

Startled, Alex looks up, pupils dilated, and a paranoid sweat on his brow.

ALEX
(defensive)
What's your problem? I can handle this.

MIKE
(angry)
Handle this? You've lost your job, your family won't talk to you, and you're destroying yourself!
(pause)
I'm here because I care about you, Alex.

Alex's eyes well up with tears, but his addiction has a tight grip on him.

ALEX
(defiant)
I don't need your help. I can do whatever I want!

Frustrated and defeated, Mike gazes at his friend in despair.

MIKE
(resigned)
I can't bear to watch you destroy yourself any longer, Alex. I'm done.

Mike turns and walks out of the apartment, leaving Alex alone with his demons and the oppressive silence that hangs in the air.

He stumbles towards his bed, collapsing onto it as the room spins. In his drug-induced haze, the bed begins to shake as if by some unseen force. He feels a spectral pull and hears a faint, eerie door-knock sound. In his dream, Alex tumbles to the ground.

In the black and white world of the dream, reality intermingles as a real policeman now knocks on the door of the same house. Alex, still groggy and holding a cigarette, reluctantly answers the door.

ALEX
(Pause)
Yes!?
(Alex hides the cigarette when he realizes it's a policeman.)

The Policeman holds out a search warrant.

POLICEMAN

The landlord reported loud noises
and a possible use of illegal
substances in this place.

He hands Alex the warrant.

Alex, struggling to find his words and still under the
influence, stammers:

ALEX

Oh, hey listen... I...

The Policeman's stern gaze prompts Alex to nod, realizing he
needs to cooperate.

POLICEMAN

Sir, do you possess any firearms?

Alex nods again, his thoughts veering towards a hidden
package in the room.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Okay. Step to the side, please.

As the Policeman enters the house, Alex rushes to retrieve
the package from the couch, stuffing it into his backpack.
Tension fills the air as the Policeman, during his
inspection, finds the drug items on the bedroom table. Alex,
standing behind him, watches in silent dread as their eyes
meet.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Hope you have a place to stay.

EXT. DINNER NEAR BUS STOP- DAY

Alex seating alone with a large luggage at an outdoor dinner
table, and soft music plays in the background. He appears
lost in thought, gazing into the distance. A homeless man,
approaches him, looking disheveled and hungry.

HOMELESS

Hey, can I have a dollar, I'm
starving man.

Alex, lost in his own world, hesitates for a moment.

ALEX

(Pause)

I got nothing man.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

(Pause)

Wait.

Alex reaches into his pocket and retrieves his wallet. He finds one crumpled dollar bill and hands it to the homeless man.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Here...

The homeless man's eyes light up with gratitude as he takes the dollar.

HOMELESS

Thanks, bro.

The homeless man quickly rushes to a nearby store, and within moments, he returns with a cup of noodle soup. He nods appreciatively to Alex, a warm smile on his face.

HOMELESS (CONT'D)

Hey man, I can tell you're a good guy. God is with us brother always remember that. I got something for you.

The homeless man reaches into his bag and pulls out a Bible, extending it toward Alex.

HOMELESS (CONT'D)

I want you to have this...

(Gives Alex the Bible)

Look, I used to assault people. And I just got out of prison. I want you to know that God is the way man.

Alex takes the Bible, a bit uncertain, and puts it into his backpack.

ALEX

Ok... Thanks.

The homeless man smiles warmly and nods.

HOMELESS

Alright! take it easy!

With that, the homeless man walks away, his steps filled with newfound hope and joy. He suddenly jumps into the air and lets out a hearty laugh. Alex watches him, a hint of a smirk on his face, pondering the unexpected encounter and the meaning behind it.

INT. BUS - DAY

Alex calls his friend Mike.

MIKE
(Over the phone)
Hey, what's going on?

ALEX
Hey, Mike, I need your help. I had a run-in with the police, and my house got busted. Can you lend me a hand?

MIKE
(Over the phone)
I'm sorry to hear that, Alex. I guess you don't remember my visit. Is this related to... you know, those substances?

ALEX
Yeah, it's a mess, Mike. I'm really trying to move away from that stuff.

MIKE
(Over the phone)
I understand, but you're still using, right? Look, I've got a spare room here. You have to realize my situation too.

ALEX
I get it, Mike. I really appreciate your support in this one.

EXT/INT. REST STOP - DAY

A dusty, old rest stop in the middle of nowhere. The bus parks, and passengers disembark for a quick break. Alex steps off the bus. His eyes are tired, and he looks agitated.

ALEX (V.O.)
(whispering)
Just a quick hit to calm the voices.

As Alex walks toward the restroom, the internal struggle is visible on his face. He enters the restroom, takes a quick, desperate puff of a drug, and suddenly, the world around him blurs.

Alex collapses to the floor, and the bathroom stalls seem to spin. He barely hears the bus engine starting.

Through the restroom window, Alex catches a glimpse of the bus leaving. Panic sets in, and he stumbles out of the restroom. As he rushes towards the departing bus, he slips on a discarded soda cup, crashing to the ground, hitting his head.

Alex groans in pain, feeling disoriented and nauseous. He watches the bus disappearing down the highway, his head throbbing.

Alex weakly gets to his feet, trying to scream after the departing bus, but only manages a feeble cry. He stumbles to the sidewalk, where he vomits, his hands trembling as he clutches his throbbing head.

Alex, defeated, slumps onto a nearby bench, feeling utterly alone and lost.

MOMENTS LATER

A pastor in his late 40s approaches Alex. He's dressed casually, exuding an air of confidence and concern.

PASTOR

Greetings. Are you in need of transportation?

ALEX

(Pause)

Yes, I was actually headed in that direction.

(He gestures towards where the bus had just gone)

PASTOR

I'm headed in the same direction. My car is this way.

Alex, desperate for help, hesitates for a moment but then nods, accepting the stranger's offer of a ride. The two of them head towards the man's car, leaving the rest stop behind.

INT. CAR - EVENING - B/W

PASTOR

May I ask for your name?

ALEX

Alex.

PASTOR
How are you doing, Alex?

ALEX
I'm alright, thanks.

There's a brief pause as the priest gathers his thoughts.

PASTOR
I'd like to share a story with you.
It's a story that was once told by
Pastor Mark Finley.

He begins to tell the story

PASTOR (CONT'D)

During the early 1990s, there was a devastating war and genocide in Rwanda, where more than a million people lost their lives in less than nine months. The scale of brutality was unimaginable; bodies piled up in the streets, and even dogs resorted to eating the remains. Thousands of lifeless bodies were thrown into the river, causing it to clog with the weight of despair.

There was a courageous woman named Adele Selfhood. When the militia approached, she, along with 60 others, sought refuge in a Catholic church's basement. Tragically, the militia found them, and 45 people were mercilessly killed on the spot. Adele clung to her husband, who was the pastor of their church. In a horrific turn of events, he was struck with a machete, and his blood splattered over her. The assailant then turned his weapon on her, slashing her head, wrist, and shoulder before leaving her for dead. Her body lay among the deceased for three agonizing days.

In those three days, the situation changed. Villagers began burying the dead, and miraculously, one of them detected a faint pulse in Adele. She was still alive, but it took her three long years to recover her health. During this time, 18 prisons were constructed to house the perpetrators, with 180,000 killers imprisoned.

Adele faced a crucial decision: whether to succumb to bitterness and anger or to honor her husband's memory. She made the courageous choice to ensure her husband's death would not be in vain. She carried in her heart the assurance that Jesus Christ would come again, and her husband would have wanted her to minister to those in prison.

A prison nearby became like her second home. She would bring food, blankets, and share Bible studies with the prisoners. One day, a young man fell at her feet, kissing them, and asked if she remembered him.

She wished she could forget his face, for he was the same young man who had taken a machete to her husband's life. She had no idea he was incarcerated there, nor did she ever expect to see him again. It was he who had left a scar on her head, causing immense pain. He asked for her forgiveness, and without hesitation, she picked him up and embraced him, declaring her forgiveness.

(The priest continues with the story, his voice filled with a somber yet hopeful tone.)

For six months, she studied the Bible with him. He eventually stood before the entire prison, confessing his sins on the day of his baptism. After a few years, he was released from prison, but his parents had perished in the genocide, leaving him homeless. Adele adopted him as her own and named him Luis.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

One day, when Jesus comes, all the suffering will be worth it. All the heartache, burdens, and pain will be worth it. The past will fade away, and what truly inspires me is the forward look - the belief that Jesus is coming again. In the end, love and forgiveness triumphed over the darkest of times.

As the car journey continues, the PRIEST turns his attention to Alex, his tone compassionate yet probing.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
Now, is there anything in your heart that needs to be dealt with?

There's a meaningful pause as the priest searches Alex's eyes for an answer.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
Is there some sin secretly in your life?

Another pause follows, allowing the weight of the question to settle.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
If God can transform that woman, and take any bitterness, any anger out of her heart, God can work miracles in your life.

The car pulls up to Mike's house, and the priest realizes their journey is coming to an end. He reaches for a flyer and offers it to Alex.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
Please keep this.

He hands Alex the church's flyer with a hopeful smile.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
I hope you come by one day.

ALEX takes the flyer, his heart touched by the priest's story and the genuine concern in his voice.

ALEX
(As he takes the flyer)
Thank you.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Mike leads Alex into the basement, which is adorned with pictures of his wife and kids on the wall, creating a warm and inviting atmosphere.

MIKE
You can sleep here in the meantime.
Not the best but it will do.

There's a brief pause, and Mike's tone becomes more serious as he issues a warning.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Remember this place has to stay
clean man, I worked hard to get it
so please, not that drug stuff.

Alex nods in acknowledgment, understanding the importance of Mike's request.

ALEX
I got you man. Hey... uh... I got
something going on, a job I have to
do. Once I do this, man, I'll be
out of here. I just need some time.

MIKE
And what's this deal? Drugs? Sure.
Listen, if you don't step out of
this soon, you'll end up in prison
or, God forbid, killed.

ALEX

This will be the last one man if I don't do it, I'll be in trouble you feel me? Plus, there's enough money for me to stablish myself and move on.

Mike sighs and shakes his head, a mix of concern and resignation in his voice.

MIKE

Move on? Ha! Yeah, right! Anyways, stay here until you get yourself settled.

(Points to Alex)

No drugs on my place.

Alex's phone rings, and Mike watches as he answers it.

ALEX

(Answers the phone)

(Pause)

Yo!

On the other end of the call, a stern VOICE speaks.

VOICE

You're late.

ALEX

(Alex looks at his backpack)

I'm working on it.

VOICE

Better get it done by the end of today. He's gonna be waiting for you at the bridge on south park.

ALEX

What!? Today!
Listen, I got a
situation, man...
I...

VOICE (CONT'D)

BY THE END... OF
TODAY!

Alex reluctantly hangs up the phone.

MIKE

Alex, you can walk away from this, man, it's never too late.

ALEX

Listen I just need to do this one, then I'm out. I tell the guy this is my last job and that'll be it.

MIKE

Whatever, man. And you gonna do
this alone?

Alex looks conflicted, but the lack of options is evident in his response.

ALEX

I have no choice. Is not like I
have any options. This will get me
some money to get a new place, at
least, you feel me?

MIKE

Alright dude...

(Pause)

I'll go with you... But just to
make sure everything goes smoothly,
get it?

Alex appreciates the offer but hesitates to accept it.

ALEX

You don't have to man, I'll be
alright.

MIKE

Don't make me repeat myself.

Determined to keep Alex safe, Mike is ready to step into the unknown with him.

EXT. UNDER A BRIDGE - EVENING

Alex and Mike stand nervously beneath the bridge, shrouded in the dim, monochrome light of evening. The weight of the package tugs at Alex's backpack, a symbolic burden that mirrors the moral dilemma gnawing at their conscience.

Alex glances at the Bible nestled within his bag, a stark contrast to the shady business they're involved in.

A mysterious figure, masked and ominous, approaches them. Alex hands over the package. The stranger seizes it and, without hesitation, offers only half the promised payment.

MAN

\$25k. There was an issue with the
rest.

ALEX

(angry)

Yo, that's not our deal.

MAN
(blatantly)
Forget it. Half is all you're
getting.

MIKE
(incensed)
Are you threatening us?

Alex and Mike exchange concerned glances, their unease
growing palpable.

ALEX
(calmly)
Let's not escalate. We can
negotiate.

MIKE
(frustrated)
Fine, he's got the package. But
then what?

ALEX
(whispering)
We retrieve the package and report
this. It's over.

MIKE
(skeptical)
And he'll just hand it back to us?
Damn it!
(Pause)
Stay here.

Alex, in a last-ditch effort to avoid confrontation, tries to
stop Mike.

ALEX
(pleading)
Dude, hold on!

Mike approaches the man, attempting to seize the package. In
response, the man punches Mike in the face, revealing a thin,
gleaming knife. He viciously stabs Mike multiple times before
dropping the weapon and fleeing.

Alex rushes over as Mike crumples to the ground. Alex,
horrified, tries to assess the extent of Mike's injuries.

MIKE
(groaning)
I'm good, man. I'm good!

Mike stands, clutching his neck, blood oozing through his fingers.

After a couple of steps, he collapses face-first, briefly losing consciousness. Then, he jerks awake with a guttural cry of pain. Alex lifts his head gently and turns him over.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(in agony)
Damn it, man!

Mike coughs blood.

ALEX
(frantic)
You'll be alright, man!

Desperate, Alex dials 911.

MIKE
(struggling to speak)
I know... I know!

ALEX
(hushed)
Don't talk.

Mike screams in agony.

MIKE
(agonized)
I'm alright, man. Don't worry...

Tears well up in Mike's eyes, and, through the pain, he manages a bittersweet smile, gazing up at the darkening sky.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - FLASHBACK - DAY

A memory surfaces in black and white: Mike holds a church flyer, while Alex sits beside him.

MIKE
(earnest)
I've been thinking, Alex... Is this the life we want?

ALEX
(cynical)
Come on. What do you expect? Who'd hire guys like us? Look at us.

MIKE

(determined)

I have plans, man... education,
family, a normal life.

(Pause)

I just want something better, you
know?

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. UNDER A BRIDGE - EVENING

Tears streak down Alex's face as he gazes around him. A gentle breeze rustles his hair, offering a moment of respite amidst the chaos. Alex looks down at the injured Mike, who has passed out.

The knife lies on the ground, a stark reminder of the violence they've become entangled in. In the distance, the wailing sirens of approaching police grow louder.

EXT. HOSPITAL - 3 DAYS LATER - DAY - B/W

Through the hospital window, Alex gazes at Mike, who lies in bed. Machines surround him, a silent testament to his continued existence. Mike is still alive.

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Alex stands alone in the dimly lit restroom. Tears stream down his face as he clutches a drug pipe in his trembling hand. His grip falters, and the pipe crashes to the cold tile floor, echoing through the silence.

Whispers, like ghosts, begin to infiltrate his mind. They taunt and torment him, their voices growing louder and more sinister with each passing moment. Alex clutches his head in desperation, striking it with his open palm in a desperate attempt to silence the voices.

As the torment intensifies, Alex's anguish escalates to a piercing scream that reverberates through the restroom. His gaze fixes on the cracked and tarnished mirror before him, and without hesitation, he unleashes his fury. With a furious swing, he smashes the mirror with his clenched fist, shattering it into a thousand fractured pieces. The shards fall to the sink and floor, mirroring the fractured state of his mind.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The old bridge stands as an eerie monument to despair. Alex, disheveled and overwhelmed, clutches a cable cord in his trembling hand. The bridge, barren of water beneath it, seems to mirror the emptiness in his soul. Alex secures one end of the cable to the bridge's rusted railing, his gaze filled with desperation.

With tears in his eyes, he ties the other end around his neck and takes a final, shaky breath. As he steps off the edge, the world blurs into a chaotic whirl of black and white. His body plunges into the imaginary abyss.

Alex sinks deeper into the murky depths, his vision clouded by despair. But suddenly, in the darkness, a faint glimmer of light appears far above him. It beckons like a distant beacon of hope. As he struggles for breath, he kicks towards the surface with all his might.

Emerging from the water, Alex gasps for air, sputtering and choking. He drags himself onto the shore, gasping for breath, but to his astonishment, he's dry, and there's no water around him. Bewildered, he stares back at the bridge. The cable cord remains intact, his necktie undisturbed. His disbelief is palpable as he steps back.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

St. Mary Gate of Heaven, a haven of faith and solace. Alex clutches a flyer and a Bible in his trembling hand as he approaches the church. The congregants turn their heads, their curious and concerned eyes on him. Alex stands, listening to the sermon, and then a Christian hymn fills the air.

PASTOR

(With conviction)

And as we gather here today, my
brothers and sisters, let us
remember that in the darkest of
times, even the lost souls among us
can find redemption and salvation.
Our faith teaches us to embrace
those who need it the most.

Alex enters and hesitates near the entrance. He clutches a small bag of drugs tightly in his hand. His eyes dart around, taking in the serenity of the church.

The pastor spots Alex and his eyes lock onto him, filled with compassion. He pauses his sermon and begins to walk down the aisle toward Alex.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

(Kindly)

Alex, my son. You made it, welcome.

Alex starts to panic, his breathing quickens, and he clenches the drugs even tighter. He avoids eye contact, ashamed of his situation.

ALEX

(Nervously)

I-I don't belong here. I should go.

PASTOR

(Softly)

Everyone belongs here, my child.
This church is a place of hope,
healing, and forgiveness. You don't
have to leave. Please, stay.

Alex hesitates, looking up at the pastor, who extends a welcoming hand. Alex reluctantly hands over the bag of drugs, his grip loosening.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

(Gently)

It's a start, my friend. Come, sit
with me, and let's talk.

They walk together down the aisle, and the pastor leads Alex to a pew near the front. The congregation watches with understanding and empathy as Alex takes a seat.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

I'm here to listen, to help you
find your way, Alex.

ALEX

(Choked up)

I've messed up my life so bad,
Pastor. I don't know how to fix it.

PASTOR DAVID

(Compassionately)

Alex, you've taken the first step
today, admitting you need help.
We'll take this journey together.
With faith and love, there's always
a way back.

As the music swells, tears well up in Alex's eyes. With every second, it's as if his spiritual and physical wounds are healing.

The weight of shame and regret dissipates, replaced by an overwhelming sense of peace, joy, and newfound confidence. He gazes around the church, now seeing not just faces but the embrace of a compassionate community.

EXT. SKY - EVENING

The sky bathes in the warm hues of the setting sun. Rays of light pierce through the clouds, casting a celestial glow.

As the camera pans upward, the words of the Bible verse, PSALM 107:20, appear on the screen:

Bible verse: Psalm 107:20

"He sent out his word and healed them, and delivered them from their destruction"

The promise of healing and deliverance echoes in the tranquil evening sky, a testament to the transformative journey Alex has undertaken.