

David waits, impatiently, as Jim mouths words.

DAVID
What are you doing?!

JIM
Praying.

DAVID
Oh! Great! Yes! Pray! That's going
to fix everything!

JIM
It couldn't hurt.

David picks up a pair of broken glasses lying on the table.

DAVID
So, what, if I don't feel like praying
I'm a heathen right?!

Jim sighs.

DAVID (CONT'D)
No you know what, you're right.
I should be praying! I mean that
helped-

David picks up the tattered remains of a purse.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Susan in the lab, she was pretty
solid in her faith, Or- or-

David looks through all the personal items in the room.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Paul in the front office! Having
just baptized his new baby! Oh wait!
They *died* didn't they?!

JIM
Prayer is not about taking away life's
pain.

David scoffs and jumps off the table.

DAVID
Then what's the point?!

JIM
The point is-!
(a beat)
At the end,
(a beat)
they weren't alone.