

WHAT DO YOU NEED?

Written by

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INT. CAR - DAY

RYAN BROWN, 40s. Pulls a notebook from his pocket and flips to a page marked "quota". He presses a pen to each tally mark, then draws and circles a number one. He sighs and drops his head into his hands, resting against the steering wheel.

PHONE RINGS

RYAN BROWN  
Ryan Brown. Ark of--

SUPERVISOR (V.O.)  
How you coming on your numbers?

RYAN BROWN  
It's in the bag, sir.

SUPERVISOR (V.O.)  
You've passed your goal?

Ryan Brown scratches his head.

RYAN BROWN  
Almost... Just one more today.

SUPERVISOR (V.O.)  
To make the goal or pass it?

He bites his lip. Switches the phone to his other ear.

SUPERVISOR (V.O.)  
Brown?

RYAN BROWN  
One more to make goal.

A sigh comes through the phone.

RYAN BROWN (CONT'D)  
Sir?

SUPERVISOR (V.O.)  
I'm raising your quota.

RYAN BROWN  
But sir--

SUPERVISOR (V.O.)  
How many times have I let you skimp  
on numbers?

RYAN BROWN  
A few...

SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

How many times do you think the big  
guy would have my job if he knew?

RYAN BROWN

A few.

SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

Ten more this week.

RYAN BROWN

Ten?

SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

We'll talk again next week.

The LINE CLICKED. Ryan tossed the phone into the floorboard.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A HOUSEWIFE, early 30s. She adds two covered casserole dishes to an oven. She retrieves a dessert cookbook from a shelf, turns to a page, then gathers ingredients.

DOORBELL RINGS.

The housewife wipes her hands on her apron and walks to the

FRONT DOOR

She opens the door to reveal Ryan Brown.

HOUSEWIFE

What do you need?

RYAN BROWN

"For the word of God is alive and  
active. Sharper than any double-  
edged sword,"

He flips a page.

RYAN BROWN (CONT'D)

"It penetrates even to dividing  
soul and spirit, joints and marrow;  
it judges the thoughts and  
attitudes of the heart."

He hands her a glossy blue and white business card with a stack of Bibles and a cross on it, the words "RYAN BROWN - BIBLE SALESMAN - ARK OF THE LORD BIBLES" in beautiful cursive script across the card.

RYAN BROWN (CONT'D)  
Ryan Brown. And your name, Ma'am?

HOUSEWIFE  
No, thank you. I don't need --

RYAN BROWN  
Your soul doesn't need Jesus? What  
about your finances?

He flips to a tagged page that reads: "finances".

The housewife sighs.

RYAN BROWN (CONT'D)  
"Keep this Book of Law always on  
your lips; meditate on it day and  
night, so that -- "

HOUSEWIFE  
I don't need one.

She moves to shut the door in his face.

He stops the door with the Bible in his hand.

RYAN BROWN  
Perhaps you have been tempted by  
something recently in your life?

He flips to a page tagged "temptation".

RYAN BROWN (CONT'D)  
"So, if you think you are standing  
firm, be careful that you do not  
fall! No temptation has -- "

HOUSEWIFE  
"Overtaken you except what is  
common to mankind."

She looks at the Bible in his hands. Tags stick up from  
various places. She raises an eyebrow then turns up her nose.

HOUSEWIFE (CONT'D)  
Faithless.

She slams the door in his face.

INTERCUT INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR

He leans his head against the door. Sets his jaw.

She turns to walk away.

DOORBELL RINGS.

The housewife spins around and yanks open the door.

HOUSEWIFE

What in the blazes is wrong with  
you? Do you not know when to quit?

RYAN BROWN

Look. I'm just trying to feed my  
family. Same as you.

He gestures to her with the Bible.

HOUSEWIFE

The difference between us is that  
you don't see me barging into  
anyones home trying to --

RYAN BROWN

Make a living.

HOUSEWIFE

So, this is just a job for you?

He shrugs.

RYAN BROWN

Better than most.

HOUSEWIFE

Do you believe what you pitch?

He looks her straight in the eyes.

RYAN BROWN

Do I believe in feeding my family?

HOUSEWIFE

Do you believe in God, Mr. Brown?

RYAN BROWN

What does that have to do with--

HOUSEWIFE

I don't need anything from a  
faithless salesman. No matter how  
desperate. So, answer my question.

RYAN BROWN

I believe that selling His word  
puts food on the table.

His stomach GRUMBLES.

She grits her teeth and sighs.

Then walks into the

KITCHEN

The housewife shuffles through her purse and retrieves a wallet. As she turns to walk back to Ryan Brown, wallet in hand, her eyes land on a well-worn old Bible.

INT. FRONT DOOR

The housewife returns without her wallet.

HOUSEWIFE

This was my grandmother's. She would read it to me daily.

She lifts the old Bible.

HOUSEWIFE (CONT'D)

I don't need a Bible, Mr. Brown.

She hands him a sticky note. The note reads: "Luke 6:39-42"

HOUSEWIFE (CONT'D)

But you do.

He tries to hand the note back, but she closes the door.

INTERCUT - ENTRYWAY/CAR

The housewife takes a deep breath, draws a curtain aside, and watches Ryan Brown trudge back to his car.

He slumps into his car, punches the steering wheel, then he lifts the crumpled sticky note. He opens his Bible and begins reading. His face lights up.

A smile comes to the housewife's face.

A smirk appears on Ryan Brown's face. He pulls out a new tab and scrawls the word REJECTION.