

KEITH SULTZBAUGH, consummate professional and community leader, is manning the grill, flipping burgers for assorted Church Members who pass through the line. He smiles at each well-wisher, but he's not enjoying himself.

Keith waves to one of his helpers, hands them the spatula.

KEITH

Can you cover for me? Thanks.

Nearby, Keith finds a corner and rounds it, leaning heavily against a wall and sliding down.

KEITH

(Heavenward)

Is this it? I thought I was supposed to feel something from doing Your work. We built the new chapel, raised so much money for youth groups, sponsored missionary trips... what am I missing?

STEVE (O.S.)

Keith?

Keith springs to his feet, embarrassed to see STEVE SANDS just around the corner. Steve is serious of purpose, but has a cheerful frumpiness that puts people at ease.

STEVE

Are you all right?

KEITH

How much did you hear, Steve?

STEVE

Enough.

KEITH

Could you keep this... everyone has a certain impression of me....

STEVE

Don't worry about that. But you should really talk to somebody.

KEITH

It's just a passing thing, I'm

sure everyone goes through it.  
(beat)  
Do you feel... close... to God?

STEVE  
Honestly? I do.

KEITH  
How? He's just always seemed...  
no matter how much good I do,  
I'm just waiting to be punished.

STEVE  
You're a good man, Keith. If your  
calling hasn't come yet, it will