

FADE IN

EXT. GROVE OF TREES - DAY

Under the shade of a scraggly tree, a poor-looking man, ZARACH (early 40s), kneels before a makeshift grave. A small herd of sheep surround him.

The name, 'Chaim' is carved into the tree in Hebrew.

ZARACH

I'm sorry, Chaim. I'm so sorry, Chaim.  
I'm sorry--

Zarach hits himself in the thigh with each apology. A sheep nudges Zarach in the back. He doesn't turn.

ZARACH

Not now, Eliab.

The sheep around him lazily graze. One lamb walks onto the makeshift grave and Zarach quickly but gently grabs it, turning it the other direction.

ZARACH

Show respect for your brother, Yakhal.

Zarach clutches a clump of dirt, sprinkling it over the dirt piled over the grave. A sob lunges from his chest, but he fights it back down. He stands, grabbing a gnarled staff.

ZARACH

I hope you're in a better place,  
Chaim.

Zarach gathers the sheep, his eyes nary leaving the grave, and guides them away.

EXT. SMALL STREAM - AFTERNOON

Zarach stands vigil as his sheep drink from a muddy rivulet running downhill. He faces his sheep herd, but his eyes are on the horizon.

The sheep drink voraciously, licking at the mud when the water vanishes down their throats.

Zarach watches far down the hill at the city of Hebron. People, tiny from this distance, are bustling about; they go about their lives as the sun blazes above.

ZARACH

It always looks so far away.

A sheep bleats and Zarach's attention turns back to his herd, suddenly frantic. He looks at all the sheep, whispering their names as he counts.

ZARACH

Tziporah, Raanan, Eliab, Ya'el,  
Gilead, Havila, Libi, Micah, Emunah  
and Yakhal, Abital, Namir, Sharon...

Zarach walks over and sits by the sheep as they drink. He pets one, picking grass and leaves from its wool.

ZARACH

Thirteen left. It just doesn't sound  
right...

Zarach looks up the hill, where empty grass fields seem to stretch on forever. Zarach white-knuckles his staff.

ZARACH

And still not enough food, not enough  
shelter, I can't even keep you all  
safe from wild animals.

One sheep bleats. Zarach half-heartedly smiles.

ZARACH

Thank you Havila, but that's not the  
point. Too many of you have been lost  
because of me.

Two more sheep bleat in unison.

ZARACH

It **is** my fault, I'm the one who chose  
to move us here. If we had stayed in  
Bethany...I don't know, maybe we could  
have survived this drought better.

The sheep Zarach pets turns to him and starts nibbling on his tunic. Zarach gently pushes it away. It bleats in protest.

ZARACH

You're right Gilead. What good is it  
to live in the past?

Zarach looks back to the city far below. Crowds still surge and scuttle about, looking no different than all the other days Zarach stares down at them. His eyes well up, but he quickly wipes them before they can fall.

EXT. DILAPIDATED SHELTER - SUNSET

Zarach brings his sheep to an open field of dry, yellow grass. The sheep quickly spread out, grazing.

Zarach ambles over to a ramshackle cluster of branches and stone. Fraying ropes and old nails hold this teetering structure together.

ZARACH

It's looking better. Much more room.  
Time well spent.

An old, filthy mat set on the dirt ground takes up the whole floor. Little knickknacks hang on exposed branches and nails.

Zarach takes off his hat and hangs it on one, flopping down onto the mat. He barely fits in this humble shelter.

Zarach sits, watching the sheep. The sheep graze, rarely stopping to look at their surroundings.

Zarach looks at other parts of the field. What little grass is left is withered and sunburnt. He sighs.

ZARACH

Not much left at all.

He glances behind him. In the corner, a crumpled scroll lurks. Zarach reaches for it, but pulls away and stands up.

Grabbing his gnarled staff, he makes his way to the sheep.

He watches them eat hungrily. A twinge of a smile comes to his face.

His eyes then fall upon a conspicuous gap in the center of the herd, and his smile fades.

ZARACH

How is the grass today, everyone?

The sheep keep eating, none of them even pulling their attention away from the grass.

ZARACH

Good, that's good.

Zarach looks around at all the grass around him, but sees that he sits in the tallest part of the field left. Much of it is nothing but dry dirt and rocks.

ZARACH

What are we going to do?

His head drops, eyes closed. His hands grab at some of the grazed grass, his fingers pulling at the roots.

He looks up to the sky.

ZARACH

Adonai in heaven, please, protect these sheep, this family you have given me. I need them to be safe. Please.

He closes his eyes, and a look of peace washes over him like the sunlight overhead. He looks to his shelter. A decision has to be made.

He stands, striding back to the shelter. He reaches inside and grabs the scroll, unfurling it.

It reads in Hebrew, "BEST GRAZING LAND IN JUDEA. ONLY 40 SHEKELS PER ACRE. HOUR'S JOURNEY SOUTH OF JERUSALEM. ASK FOR EZRA."

Zarach scowls. He picks up a small bag and dumps out a half dozen small coins. Not nearly enough.

He then looks at the shelter wall. Hanging on a branch is a beautifully ornate necklace, unlike anything else in this decrepit place.

It shines with silver and copper. A design of a ram head made of blue gem sits in the center of a brooch attached to it.

Zarach gingerly holds it between his fingers, rubbing it ever so slightly. He closes his eyes, his head lowering as a sob creeps up his throat. But he holds it in, hand clenched around the beautiful necklace.

ZARACH

For the sheep.

EXT. BUSY ROADSIDE - DAY

Zarach looks down the road full of people, stretching off into the distance. Zarach grips his staff tightly.

In his other hand he holds the bag of coins. Inside, there are now dozens of shekels. He grips it with a shaking fist.

ZARACH

(whisper)

I'm sorry, Abba. For the sheep.

He steps out into the road, eyes closed, immediately in front of some trudging cattle. They grunt in surprise, backing off.

TRAVELER

Hey, what's wrong with you! Watch where you're going!

Zarach cowers, awkwardly apologizing, unable to press out a single word in his defense.

The cattle and their handler move on, and Zarach holds his head in his hands, slowly rubbing.

Zarach looks down at his sheep, and a look of worried determination washes over him. He takes another step onto road, this time without issue.

He guides his sheep onward down the road. One sheep, the lamb, wanders aimlessly the other way.

Zarach notices. He picks up the lamb, setting it by another sheep that nuzzles up to it.

ZARACH

Stay by your mother, Yakhal. We have a long journey.

Zarach and the sheep walk along the edge of the road, as far from other people as they can get, traveling with the crowds towards Jerusalem.

EXT. BUSY ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

Zarach drifts quietly down the road surrounded by caravans of people. He shrinks as much as he is able to, clinging on the sheep as much as they cling to him.

He looks at the ground, his thoughts having consumed him. He's shaken back to reality by the bleating of his sheep.

ZARACH  
Yes, yes, I'm fine.

A sheep bleats.

ZARACH  
I appreciate that, Tziporah; but I'm  
fine, really.

The lamb butts its head into Zarach's leg, bleating.

ZARACH  
Not now Yakhal. Emunah, control him.

The sheep walking next to the lamb bleats.

ZARACH  
What do you mean, "you're not fine?"

It bleats again.

ZARACH  
No.  
(beat)  
Fine, you're right. You're too smart  
for me Emunah. It's the necklace I  
sold.

Zarach clutches his gnarled staff. The weight of the words  
struggle to leave his mouth.

ZARACH  
It was my Abba's. Have I ever told you  
about him?

Silence from the sheep.

ZARACH  
He was an artisan. Made incredible  
things. So did my Ima. But she hated  
getting attention for it.

Zarach chokes up. Splinters dig into his fingers.

ZARACH  
When we were free to leave Babylon,  
some of the men there were...angry.  
Abba gave me that necklace before--

Zarach rubs his eyes. He straightens up, looking dead ahead.

ZARACH

It doesn't matter. I was young. It was just a shiny trinket. We have the money we need now.

Zarach's hands shake as he speaks. He trips on a rock, sending him stumbling forward.

He composes himself and keeps walking on, faster than before. The sheep have to trot to keep up. A few bleat.

Zarach exhales sharply before turning around, squatting down to the sheep.

ZARACH

Sorry. It's been a difficult day.

Zarach looks at the sun as it begins its slow descent, the sky opposite turning a fierce orange.

ZARACH

Speaking of, it's time for you all to eat.

Zarach looks at the surrounding area, only to find a near endless expanse of dusty rocks and sharpened shrubbery.

Realization settles onto him, before it's quickly overtaken by a forced smile.

ZARACH

I...guess, we'll keep going until we find something.

EXT. BUSY ROAD - MONTAGE

--Zarach and the sheep walk the roads, always somehow separate from the crowds that surround them.

--Zarach gets to a higher vantage point, looking for any sign of vegetation, but the land is dry.

--As days and nights pass, the sheep grow restless, their wool now encrusted with dust.

--Zarach tries picking rocks from the sheep's wool, but he can't keep up with the ever-present dirt and dust.

--The sheep sleep on the side of the road, Zarach brings a handful of vegetation and places it next to them for later. It's barely anything.

--Zarach tosses some of his almonds to the sheep, who eat them greedily. Zarach reaches in the sack for more, but it's empty. There's nothing left, for the sheep or himself.

--A vendor on the side of the road calls for buyers of his food. Zarach, clutching his stomach, wanders near until he sees the vendor is selling lamb meat. How awful! Zarach hurries the sheep past as fast as possible.

--The sheep are getting noticeably thinner. Zarach carries the lamb, whose ribs now stand out against thin wool and flesh.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BUSY ROADSIDE - DAY

Zarach, exhausted, sits next to the sheep as they rest, watches people pass.

ZARACH

So close. We have to be close now.

Zarach looks at his sheep. They gnaw at the tiny clumps of dry grass that surround the road. There's not enough, not even for one sheep. All thirteen of them move as little as possible.

Zarach scoots over to them, going to pick rocks out of their wool, but he gives up quickly. The sheep are more dust and rocks than wool and flesh.

Zarach turns to the horizon, looking out on the road and the many people walking it. In the distance, the road curves around a rocky, olive tree-covered hill.

The hill is steep, with craggy boulders jutting from the tree line. A treacherous looking hill indeed, but in it, salvation.

He looks back to his sheep. Many of them now lay, fitfully resting. The reddish-brown dirt looks grim in the sunlight. Who knows how much more time they have?

ZARACH

That has to be faster. It has to be.

Zarach stands, his staff digging into the dirt with newfound determination.



EXT. ROCKY HILL - AFTERNOON

Zarach and the sheep push their way up the hill, no trail to guide them. The sun tries in vain to shine brighter than the leaves of the dense, wild olive trees will allow through.

The sheep stumble and struggle up the hill; Zarach darts around, helping the sheep keep moving. His breath is ragged, but his eyes are sharp and resolute.

The sheep look more skittish than usual, startling at the snapping of twigs under their feet. Zarach notices this, but does nothing. There has to be priorities.

One sheep falls down.

ZARACH

Emunah!

He rushes to the sheep's side. Its breathing is shallow and labored. It cries weakly, trying to stand back up on its own. Zarach picks the sheep up, draping it around his neck.

ZARACH

We're almost there, everyone. I promise.

He looks up and sees the hill cresting above. He grins.

ZARACH

There!

He presses the sheep onward, stumbling and struggling all the way.

EXT. HILLTOP - DUSK

On top of the hill, Zarach and the sheep rest in a small grove. The sun has set, leaving the dancing stars above.

The sheep all lay in a group, though none sleep. They watch the darkness growing around them as the sun retreats.

Zarach lays out the dirty mat, his one remaining possession. He collapses onto his, discarding his staff. He looks up into the sky. There could not be a more satisfying sight.

He turns. Through a break in the leaves, he sees a impossibly large shadow looming into the distance. The imposing walls of Jerusalem. Zarach had been right!

Zarach smiles to himself.

ZARACH

Alright, get a good night sleep  
everyone. We'll find our new home  
tomorrow.

He yawns, failing to keep his eyes open.

ZARACH

All the grass you could eat--

He falls asleep.

INT. ZARACH'S MIND - UNKNOWN

The murky depths of sleep cradle Zarach's mind. He feels the first vestiges of a dream coming into view; images and faces he may know floating about.

VOICE

Zarach.

An unfamiliar voice echoes through the dream. It sounds different than the other dream voices that jabber incoherence.

VOICE

Zarach!

The voice is quieter, but sounds more insistent. Zarach stirs, but does not awake. The image of his parents appears, silently laughing together around a table, faces lit by lamplight.

Then, like lightning in the dead of night,

VOICE

Rise.

EXT. HILLTOP - MIDNIGHT

Zarach startles awake, his eyes wide with shock. He sits up. Zarach sees the sheep are all still awake, standing tighter than before.

ZARACH

Hey, what's wro--

A howl lilts through the trees, the most beautiful sound death could make.

Zarach freezes, his breath caught in his throat.

Another howl sounds from a different direction, then another, and another. They're surrounded.

Zarach stares at the sheep. He tries to quietly grab his staff, but his fingers can't grip it properly. His hands shake badly.

Behind the sheep, Zarach sees it, the gleaming yellow eyes reflecting the starlight.

No sooner does he see it than do the wolves strike.

Half a dozen blurs of silver and black streak from the darkness of the trees.

Zarach instinctively curls up in anticipation, but the wolves ignore him and fall upon the sheep.

The sheep scatter in blind panic, desperate to escape.

But even if they weren't weak, tired, and scared; they could not outrun the hunger of the wolves.

Zarach watches in horror. The sounds of carnage echo through the night. His family. His family!

One wolf, its paw over one sheep's neck, leers down at the lamb.

In an instant, Zarach's fear-frozen trance breaks, and he screeches.

He grabs his staff and charges the wolves.

One wolf looses the limp sheep in its jaws, leaping at Zarach.

Zarach manages to hold his staff up just as the wolf sinks its teeth into the wood.

Its claws slash at Zarach's tunic, narrowly missing his flesh.

Zarach and the wolf wrestle with the staff.

Zarach wrenches the staff sideways, sending the wolf tumbling.

The wolf quickly gets up, biting clean through staff.

Zarach, fists clenched, eyes wild with adrenaline and fear, stares down this wolf.

It rushes Zarach, but he manages to scoop up a big rock near his feet, smashing into the wolf's snout as it goes for Zarach's neck.

The wolf yelps in pain, shaking its head, and scampers back into the trees.

Before Zarach can feel triumphant, another wolf runs from the side, biting into Zarach's ankle.

He cries out in anguish, throwing the rock at this wolf's head.

The rock hits the wolf, but it doesn't let go. It shakes Zarach's leg violently.

A panicking sheep runs headlong into the wolf biting Zarach, sending the two of them tumbling to the ground.

Zarach desperately scoots backwards, clutching his now dripping ankle.

He sees the sheep who freed him twitch in the jaws of the wolf, wool turning crimson.

His renewed cry of anguish is infused with a fury unlike anything.

Zarach, picking up both halves of his broken staff, surges into the crowd of sheep and wolves.

He stabs, smashes, kicks, jams, and strikes every wolf around him with the strength of a man fighting for his life

The wolves, distracted by their prey, were helpless against Zarach's onslaught. They each fall victim to his blows as he batters them into submission.

One by one, they flee back into the darkness.

Zarach stands shaking, caked in sweat, blood, and dust. He falls to his knees, then to his shoulder.

He looks over at the remaining sheep. A few still circle and bay with fear. But others lay still.

Silent.

Zarach shakes his head in disbelief. His previous cries wither inside him.

The lamb walks up to body of one of the sheep, its mother, and nudges it. It calls weakly, but the mother is unmoving.

This time, Zarach can't stop the tears that flow from him.

EXT. HILLTOP - SUNRISE

Zarach kneels before the mangled sheep bodies. His body heaves with every violent sob.

It's clear that he attempted to bury the sheep, but stopped halfway through, leaving the bloody wool in the morning sunlight.

The remaining sheep circle around each other behind Zarach, still wary and attentive.

Zarach slams his fist into his leg, weakly grunting. His other hand grips at his tunic. The dirt is wet, trails carved into his dusty face, the wound on his ankle oozing.

He sits up, his face to the sky, and screams in frustration. The sheep spook and take several uneasy steps back. Zarach slumps forward.

ZARACH

I shouldn't have left. I shouldn't  
have left. I--

He dissolves into weeping again. The sheep stay far away.

As Zarach cries, a branch in the distance creaks, and his head snaps up at the sound. There's nothing to see, but his breathing quickens. What if something is still out there?

He stands quickly despite his injury, looking desperately at the corpses of his friends, before grass rustles in the distance. Zarach steps back warily, before limping to the sheep.

Zarach's eyes flit about, never lingering. His hands clutch the sheep, keeping them from running. Not again.

Another sound from behind. Zarach yelps.

He presses the sheep forward, looking around wildly.

They all run down the hill weakly, panicked and tired. The

easiest prey there could be. But only they move through the olive trees.

Zarach stumbles and struggles, leaving a trail of blood and sorrow behind him. But by some miracle, they all make it down.

Zarach briefly looks to Jerusalem, but spots something else in the distance, something far closer. In between two hills, a small cave sits open. He drives his sheep towards it.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Zarach has to push the sheep inside the shallow cave. He hobbles inside, checking every corner for threats. The cave is barely a few meters deep. He finds nothing.

Then, he checks outside the cave, craning his neck every direction. Outside is calm and serene. He heaves a sigh, stepping back inside the cave.

His back hits the cave wall, and he slides to the ground. He breathes fast and shallow, leftover tears still flowing.

Zarach looks over at the sheep. They circle around a small puddle of water that pools under sporadic drips. They drink weakly, their ribbed bodies heaving from exertion. All six of them.

**Six.**

Zarach sits up. Only six of the sheep were killed by the wolves. There should be seven. He counts them frantically, whispering their names.

ZARACH  
Raanan, Ya'el, Libi, Micah, Gilead,  
Sharon...

Zarach puzzles over it, before his eyes widen in realization. He slumps into the wall.

ZARACH  
Little Yakhal...

Zarach looks out into the world, despair settling back onto his shoulders.

He tries to stand, but his legs are shaking. His leg wound bleeds more profusely. He tears part of his tunic and wraps it.

Zarach looks back to his remaining sheep, the last things left in his world. Their breathing has returned to normal and they drink more furiously, quickly draining the puddle.

He looks back out, the sun rising higher into the sky. It is a beautiful day that Zarach hides from.

He tries to stand again, but his legs still shake violently, and the strength in his arms fades away. He manages to get to his hands and knees.

ZARACH

Please, Adonai. Please, not Yakhal too. Please.

Zarach droops to the rocky ground, trying to cry tears he has already shed. The sheep turn to Zarach, gathering close to him.

ZARACH

You promised you'd protect them. You promised. Now...

Zarach curls into a ball.

ZARACH

You're taking this family away from me as well.

The sun rises higher into the sky, and the light disappears from the cave, throwing everything inside into darkness.

INT. CAVE - MONTAGE

--The sun rises and sets, the moon grows, even the stars dance and play; over and over again. And still, Zarach barely moves, his eyes never leaving his starving sheep.

INT. CAVE - SUNSET

The sheep lay on the ground. The puddle is dry and filled with dust and mud. One sheep bleats to the air.

ZARACH

(despondently)  
What do you need Raanan?

It bleats again.

ZARACH

I know Raanan, we're all thirsty.

Two more sheep bleat in unison.

ZARACH

'What am I waiting for?'

More join in.

ZARACH

I'm sorry, there's nothing I can do.  
You drank all the water in here.

Even more bleating.

ZARACH

I can't.  
(beat)  
I can't!

Only one sheep bleats. Suddenly, Zarach shoots to his feet, forgetting his injury momentarily. He clutches his leg as he shouts.

ZARACH

Why can't I leave? Because I can't  
help you! You are all the last things  
I have, and I can't help you!

He kneels down again, looking at his wound. The skin around his makeshift bandage is purple and green.

ZARACH

Everything I have done, you all have  
suffered for! Dozens of sheep have  
been lost, because of me!

He sits back, head banging against the rough stone.

ZARACH

If I hadn't gotten impatient and left  
Bethany, we could have avoided the  
drought! You would have been happy!

He looks down at the many bruises and scratches that lace his arms and legs.

ZARACH

If I hadn't sold everything in Hebron,  
you would have been safe!

Zarach stares at his hands, caked in dirt and blood.



ZARACH

Emunah, Chaim, Tziporah, Yakhal, all of them...they would be alive. But because I couldn't help them, they're gone. Because of me.

Zarach, clenching his fists, shouts as he hammers his own legs.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

In the distance, the sounds of falling rock echoes. The faint sound of animals rises over the hills.

Then, faintly, a voice.

EZRA (O.S)

Hey! Is someone there?

Zarach, shaking from his despair, hears this. He stands, looking out of the cave.

A growing shadow stretches across the rocks, and a shadowy silhouette steps from behind a boulder down the hill.

EZRA (O.S)

Hello?

INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Zarach ducks back inside, limping over to the sheep. He leans over them, gathering as many can in his arms.

ZARACH

I'm sorry I brought you here. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm so--

EZRA (O.S)

Hey! If anyone can hear me, say something, eh?

Zarach looks down at his sheep, their bony frames shaking. They won't survive much longer, not here.

His eyes widen in understanding. A decision has to be made.

He takes a shaky breath.

Zarach clenches his teeth and shuts his eyes. He slowly turns to the entrance, sunlight streaming onto his terrified face.

ZARACH

Help! Up here, in the cave, we need help!

EZRA (O.S)

(beat)

I hear you! Don't move!

Zarach hears the sound of footsteps, many footsteps, getting closer. He stands, putting himself between the sheep and this newcomer. He forces a determined scowl.

Eventually, a man, EZRA (60s), ambles up to the cave entrance. He's short and heavy-set. His dark beard is streaked with grey and white. Behind him, two cattle flank him, absently chewing cud.

He notices Zarach's fear and steps inside slowly, hands in the air.

ZARACH

Who are you, what do you want?

EZRA

My name is Ezra.

Ezra takes another careful step closer. He looks at the emaciated sheep behind Zarach.

EZRA

And from the look of things, you're the shepherd I've been looking for, eh?

ZARACH

What do you mean?

Ezra faintly smiles as he briefly steps out of the cave. He comes back in, and in his arms sits the lamb Yakhal.

Zarach's eyes light up as he runs to Yakhal. Zarach takes the lamb in his arms, kissing its head and neck.

EZRA

Found this little one wandering my farm a few days ago. Been looking for an owner since. Not many sheep around here.

Zarach is barely listening as he laughs with joy. He places the lamb on the ground by the other sheep, and almost tackles

Ezra in a hug.

ZARACH

Thank you. Thank you, thank you! I was so worried that--

Ezra takes Zarach by the shoulders, pushing him away, but still holds onto him. Ezra looks Zarach up and down.

EZRA

It's been a rough time for you, hasn't it.

The overwhelming emotion in Zarach bursts and newfound tears slide down his gaunt face. All he can do is nod.

Ezra uncomfortably pats Zarach on the shoulder as he sobs.

EZRA

Alright, that's enough, let's get you cleaned up, eh?

ZARACH

What?

Ezra gestures for Zarach to follow him as he strolls out of the cave.

Zarach gathers the sheep behind him. He takes a deep breath, and follows Ezra outside.

EXT. EZRA'S FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Zarach, freshly cleaned and bandaged, sits next to his sheep, who eat voraciously.

Zarach sees a clump of grass wedged into the wool of the lamb. He moves to it, picking the now white wool clean. The lamb nuzzles another sheep as they both eat their fill.

A sadness falls on Zarach's face. He looks at his hands. Despite having washed, dirt and blood still faintly stain his fingers.

ZARACH

I'm so sorry all of this happened.

A sheep bleats. Zarach laughs a bit.

ZARACH

No, Micah, I'm not sorry we here, now.

It's a miracle to be here. But...

He looks across the expanse of sprawling grass and trees.

ZARACH

So many others didn't get to  
experience this miracle.

A different sheep bleats.

ZARACH

It **is** my fault, Libi. I--

The lamb bleats, cutting Zarach off.

ZARACH

What? Yakh'al, you most of all should  
understand. If I had just--

The lamb steps over to Zarach, hopping into his lap. Zarach sits there, mouth agape. A somber smile creeps onto his face as he strokes the lamb's back.

Another sheep bleats. Zarach nods slowly.

ZARACH

Right, as usual, Gilead. What good is  
it to live in the past?

Zarach sits there for a long while, taking in the beauty and peace that he is finally allowed to feel.

Eventually, Zarach hears footsteps coming towards him. He turns and sees Ezra.

EZRA

Good to see you out. How are you  
doing?

ZARACH

Much better.

Ezra nods. Zarach tries to stand, but struggles to. Ezra offers a hand, and Zarach tentatively takes it.

EZRA

I've been meaning to ask you. You told  
me how you ended up in that cave, but  
I still don't know why?

ZARACH

Well, I traveled here from Hebron to buy land for the sheep.

EZRA

Land, eh? Grazing land I presume?

Zarach nods. He reaches into his tunic and pulls out the sack of money, as well as the crumpled scroll.

ZARACH

Yes, I'm hoping to find someone selling land around this area. Maybe you know them? Their name is...

Zarach reads the scroll. As rereads the name at the end, his eyes widen. He looks up at Ezra then back down at the scroll a few times.

ZARACH

No...are you--

Ezra chuckles, and it grows into bellowing laugh.

EZRA

The Lord works in mysterious ways!

Zarach can't help but laugh along. Ezra composes himself.

EZRA

So, it's business you're here for, eh? I don't have many plots left for sale, but you don't seem to be the picky type.

ZARACH

No, sir.

EZRA

Ah, none of that. Ezra. Before we go inspect the land, what's your budget?

ZARACH

35 shekels. It's all I have.

EZRA

It's all you have?

ZARACH

I...sold everything to get here.

EZRA

What do you do for money? How have you gotten food?

ZARACH

I've lived like this for a long time. I know how to find food.

EZRA

You don't even farm?

ZARACH

Uh, no, I don't know how.

Ezra plants a hand on Zarach's shoulder.

EZRA

Well that won't do. As soon as we find a plot for you, I'll show you how to plant a crop.

Zarach can barely breathe.

ZARACH

Really?

EZRA

I can't have someone going hungry on land I sold them. Bad for reputation, eh?

Ezra laughs again. Zarach shakes one of the nearby sheep with excitement.

EZRA

Come, let me show you the land right now. No time like right now, eh?

Zarach nods emphatically. Ezra walks off as Zarach gathers the sheep behind him, guiding them onward to their new home.

FADE TO WHITE