

CLARENCE

THE NARRATION

> *(Black. A single bell. Snow.)*

In 1946, Frank Capra released a film that almost nobody went to see.

It's about a man named George Bailey – a small-town banker who spent his whole life setting down what he wanted so other people could have what they needed.

Then one Christmas Eve everything came apart, and George decided the world would have been better off if he'd never been born.

Heaven heard about it.

And Heaven sent Clarence.

Clarence Odbody. Angel, Second Class. Two hundred and ninety-three years old. A clockmaker, back when he was alive. Still waiting – after two centuries – to earn his wings.

Not an impressive angel. Small. Rumpled. Easily confused.

He doesn't argue with George. He doesn't lecture him. He does something far more devastating.

He grants the wish.

He erases George Bailey from the world – and then walks him through it.

The town has a different name now.

The pharmacist George once saved from a terrible mistake is a broken man. The brother George pulled out of the ice never grew up – and the men that brother would have rescued, in a war still years away, are simply gone. The house is dark. His wife doesn't know his face.

Nothing was destroyed, exactly. Something quieter happened.

Every good thing one ordinary life set in motion just... never started.

So let's do what Clarence did.

Let's take one ordinary life out of the world, and see what's left.

Nineteen thirty-three. Southern California. A lumberyard worker named Dawson Trotman is teaching a young Navy sailor named Les Spencer how to follow Jesus. Scripture. Prayer. Week after week.

One of Spencer's shipmates notices the change in him and asks about it. Spencer brings the man to Dawson and says – teach him what you taught me.

And Dawson says three words:

"You teach him."

That's it. That's the whole beginning.

Now take those three words back.

There's no answer on that battleship. No hundred and twenty-five sailors carrying it to the rest of the fleet. No thousands, by the end of the war, on ships and bases around the world.

No Glen Eyrie – seventy-three years of rest, and marriages mended, and callings found. No Eagle Lake, and the thousands of kids every summer who hear the name of Jesus there for the first time.

No Navigators on a hundred and seventy campuses. Or sixty-five military bases. Or in the countries where saying that name out loud still costs you something.

Take one ordinary man out of the picture, and generations go dark.

That's the past. Here's the harder question.

What happens to the *next* hundred years if this work isn't carried?

The research is sobering. The biggest obstacle isn't unbelief. It's confidence. Ordinary Christians who love Jesus and say: *I'm not qualified. I don't know enough. Not me.*

Every one of them is one relationship away. But somebody has to go get them.

That's the invitation you just heard.

****Place**** – gates and grounds and tables where people are formed, encouraged, and sent.

****Technology**** – equipping in the hands of anyone holding a phone.

****Community**** – a circle wide enough that nobody carries this alone.

Nehemiah stood in the rubble and said: *Come, let us rebuild.*

And the people answered: *Let us start rebuilding.*

No angel is coming tonight to show you the world where you didn't give.

But that world exists. It has names in it. Faces you will never meet.

Tonight, you decide which one is real.

(Bell. Card: "Come, let us rebuild.")

SHOT LIST

1. Black. Falling snow lit by a single streetlamp. Slow push in.
2. A brass handbell on a mantel, unmoving. Shallow focus.
3. 1940s-era projector throwing light through dust – no image visible, just the beam.
4. Macro: a strip of 35mm film running through a gate.
5. Silhouette of a man alone on a snowy iron bridge, wide, from behind.
6. Frost on a window; warm lamplight and moving figures behind it, out

of focus.

7. Antique pocket watch opened in an old man's hands. Gears turning.
8. Clockmaker's bench: loupes, springs, tiny brass parts under a work lamp.
9. A worn wool coat on a hook. Rumpled. Unheroic.
10. Night sky, two stars pulsing faintly – nod to the film's opening without copying it.
11. A hand wiping condensation off glass to reveal a town below.
12. Same street as shot 1, now neon-lit, wet asphalt, garish and cold. Match-cut the framing exactly.
13. Empty pharmacy counter, dust, an overturned stool.
14. A frozen pond, unbroken ice, no footprints.
15. Rows of white grave markers, slow lateral dolly.
16. A dark house – porch light off, no wreath.
17. Woman in a doorway looking past camera, no recognition on her face.
18. Snap back to warm: a lit kitchen, hands passing a dish. *(Beat of relief.)*
19. Archival: 1930s Southern California lumberyard, stacked timber, work gloves.
20. Archival: USS West Virginia at anchor. *(Navy/NARA public domain – verify.)*
21. Two hands and one open Bible on a mess-deck table, low light. **Recreation, shot today, graded to feel period.**
22. Notecards with hand-lettered verses, rubber-banded. Macro.
23. Archival or recreation: two sailors in a parked car at night, dome light on, Bible open on the wheel.
24. **HOLD on black for "You teach him."** Text appears, plain white, no motion. Let it sit two full seconds.
25. Match the earlier shots, now emptied: mess-deck table with no Bible; empty car; blank notecards.
26. Glen Eyrie castle at golden hour, wide drone – then a second pass of the same frame with the lights out. *
27. Eagle Lake: kids running toward water, laughing. Then: still, empty dock.
28. Campus quad, dense with students. Then: same quad, empty.
29. Military base chapel, full. Then: locked door.
30. Rapid-fire montage of faces – students, service members, first responders, couples, grandparents – each held ~8 frames,
31. Full white. One second of silence. This is the emotional floor of the film.
32. Return of color, slowly. A woman at a kitchen table, coffee, phone face-down, thinking.
33. Over-shoulder: someone typing and deleting a text message.
34. Simple on-screen stat card – clean type on a photo, not a chart. *(One stat only. See Production Note 2.)*
35. Two people on a porch step, one listening. Long lens, no dialogue.
36. **PLACE** – Glen Eyrie gate opening at dawn; a table being set; footpath in Queen's Canyon.
37. **TECHNOLOGY** – phone screen in a car at a trailhead, in a

barracks bunk, on a bus. Same app, three worlds.

38. ****COMMUNITY**** – three quick handoffs: an older man to a younger man; a woman to a student; a student to a stranger. Same blocking each time so the multiplication reads visually.

39. Nehemiah beat: stonemason's hands setting a block into a wall. Modern hands, timeless frame.

40. Back to the streetlamp and the snow from shot 1 – now with people walking through it, lit windows, a wreath on the door.

41. The brass bell from shot 2. It rings. *(Audio, not necessarily a hand in frame.)*

42. Card on black: ****"Come, let us rebuild."**** – Nehemiah 2:17

43. Give card / QR / [CONFIRMED CAMPAIGN GOAL].