Grace in the Shadows
A Groundbreaking Faith-Based Noir Film

Grace in the Shadows is not just another faith-based movie—it's a daring reimagining of Christian cinema. Shot in a striking **noir style**, this powerful film exposes the depths of human sin while revealing the unstoppable light of God's grace in a way never before seen on screen.

Inspired by the true events chronicled in *Murder in the Church*, this story ventures where most Christian films refuse to go—into the raw, unfiltered darkness of deception, betrayal, and brokenness.

At its heart lies the personal testimony of **Pastor Chris J. Schimel**, who courageously shares the painful struggles within his own church community. Through shattered trust and spiritual warfare, his journey reveals a single, timeless truth: **only the love of God can redeem what sin has destroyed**.

Grace in the Shadows is more than a film—it's a wake-up call, a testimony, and a cinematic experience that will challenge and inspire audiences to see God's grace in places they never imagined.

Character Profile: Magdelina “Maggie” Brant

Age: Early 50s
Occupation: Minister – Pastor’s Wife – Counselor

Maggie Brant gives a first impression of being very approachable. She has long light brown-highlighted hair and stands about 5’7. She
presents herself with grace and dignity wherever she goes and refuses to go anywhere unless she has spent an adequate time making herself presentable. She is outgoing and is fun in whatever crowd she is in.

In daily life Maggie can be found preparing food for her family, at
church doing church administration, or counseling someone. Friends would describe her as a joy, and the best example of a pastor’s wife they have ever known. If she has a flaw, it is that she is too concerned
about people’s feelings. She is extremely discerning about what people may be feeling or thinking. She is able to read a crowd better than most people. She is also a caring and protective mother.

Beneath the surface, Maggie is very well-adjusted. Her very stable upbringing has produced in her a sound and strong self-esteem. She does not have identity issues as, in addition to knowing who she is, she has a very strong relationship with the Lord. It is difficult to find a flaw in Maggie Brant.

Sides

1 INT. BRANTS' PARSONAGE – BEDROOM – PRE-DAWN 1

The mountain storm murmurs outside, not violent yet — more a restless stirring. Raindrops patter. windowpanes breathe with thewind.MAGDALENA "MAGGIE" BRANT (50s) stirs awake, eyes wide in the half-dark. Beside her, PASTOR JONATHAN BRANT (50s) sleeps soundly.

VISION FRAGMENTS

- A red ribbon trailing down a church aisle.
- Stained glass, blazing with sun.
- A little girl's laughter echoing in a hallway.
- A door opening, too bright to see what's beyond.

Maggie sits upright, clutching her Bible. The ceiling fan above spins slow, shadows cutting the plaster like a clock's hands.

She presses the Bible to her chest, listening. At first: only the retreating storm. Then faintly — a children's hymn drifts in, as if carried on the wind. Off-key, but sweet. Her eyes close.Maggie exhales, trembling but smiling faintly. She reaches for a pencil, scrawls in the flyleaf: "30 DAYS"

She circles it twice, then presses her palm over the words as if sealing them with prayer.

MAGGIE

(whisper, full of awe) Something's coming… within thirty days. Lord… prepare us. Whatever it is You're sending… let us be ready.

The camera holds on her face — equal parts wonder and unease. The words *30 DAYS* gleam faintly on the open Bible.

FADE TO WHITE

OUT

Her hand shakes as she gestures toward the back door. Mud tracks streak the linoleum. They fade halfway across the floor, vanishing into shadow.

Maggie leans forward, steady, luminous.

MAGGIE

He wants you afraid. Small. That’shis hold. Don’t give it to him. This house is yours. Your daughter is yours.

Sarah clenches her jaw.

SARAH

He’s already taken too much. But I can't lose Christi. She is so confused now. She doesn't know if she should blameVince, her dad or God. But mostly her dad and God seem to be her preference now.

Jonathan lowers the notes, his voice shifting — half reflection, half prayer.

JONATHAN (V.O.)

How did we miss him?
He smiled in our pews. Broke bread at our table. And I… I thought Vince was a lost man. But, there are shadows that wear borrowed light.

JONATHAN

Lord… unmask the lies of the enemy. Guard your people. Scatter the shadows.

A silence falls. The CLOCK ticks.
SARAH and JONATHAN sit at the kitchen table, heads bowed,

MAGDALENA “MAGGIE” BRANT is about to join them in prayer.

TheFRONT DOOR creaks. CHRISTINA “CHRISTI” FENWICK slips in,

damp from the night air, face drawn tight.

Sarah rises half a step, but Maggie catches her arm.

MAGGIE

Let me.

Sarah nods, sinking back down. Jonathan watches as Maggie ascends the stairs.

29 INT. FENWICK HOUSE – CHRISTINA’ S BEDROOM – SUNDAY NIGHT 29

A small lamp glows. Posters quilt the walls.

The CROSS NECKLACE rests against Christi’s collarbone.

She sits at her vanity, brushing her hair in mechanical strokes.

The BRUSH ticks like a metronome.

In the MIRROR: her face split by a hairline crack — brave on one side, fragile on the other.

Maggie appears in the doorway, her reflection hovering over Christi’s shoulder.

CHRISTI
(flat, bitter)
He left us. Just… walked away.

She doesn’t look at Maggie — only at her fractured reflection.

MAGGIE
(quiet, steady) And how does that feel?

Christi snorts, brushing harder.

CHRISTI
Like we were never enough. Like he chose… everything else over us.

The brush slows. Christi studies the crack in the mirror.

CHRISTI (CONT’D)
Maybe Mom saw it coming. But me? I feel stupid. I never thought he’d… quit.

Her hand trembles, bristles scraping louder. Maggie crosses the room, perches gently on the bed.

MAGGIE
Sometimes people wear masks. Strong.Certain. Content. But underneath — there’s fear. And fear makes liars of us all.

Christi’s lip quivers. She won’t let tears fall.

CHRISTI

Then what's real? If everything's a mask… what's left?

Maggie leans closer, voice calm, low.

MAGGIE

What's real… is love. Your mother's for you. God's, for you. That's a cord no storm can cut.

Christi's free hand curls on the vanity edge, knuckles white.

CHRISTI

Dad's always there. Even when he's gone —I feel him. Like a shadow I can't escape.

Maggie sets a hand on her shoulder — anchor, mentor.

MAGGIE

Then we'll watch together. You don'thave to carry this alone.

For the first time, Christi's reflection glistens — the fragile side breaking through. She brushes again, slower, steadier.

Maggie rises, slips quietly to the door. Christi's

reflection follows her —

two versions of herself caught in the crack of glass. The

brush's rhythm softens.

The lamp hums. Shadows stretch long across the floor.

37 INT./ EXT. FENWICK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM– MONDAY AFTERNOON 37

Flat daylight filters through blinds. The kitchen is too still. A wall CLOCK ticks loud. On the table: SARAH FENWICK's yellow PAD.Words half-scrawled: "Vince controls him. Elliot whispered: won't let me out of sight." The pencil TIP SNAPS. She drops it.

A KNOCK rattles the back door. Sarah jumps.

She opens it. JONATHAN and MAGDALENA step in from the path, coatsdamp with wind. Jonathan carries his notebook; Maggie her bag.They join Sarah at the table. The PAD lies face-down.

JONATHAN
One room. Cash only.

Sarah clasps Elliot’s hand tighter.

SARAH
We’ll manage. Together this time. No more secrets.

Elliot’s eyes glisten.

ELLIOT
I’ll try. God help me, I’ll try.

Christi leans forward, her voice stronger than her years.

CHRISTI
Then breathe, Dad. Just don’t vanish again.

Magdalena, taut in the side aisle, whispers, almost prophetic.

MAGGIE
The night isn’t finished. Don’t mistake this quiet for safety.

Her words hang. Sarah bows her head, whispering.

SARAH
Lord, hold us together tonight. Don’t let us fall apart again.

Jonathan’s eyes rise to the CROSS, candlelight stretching shadows across his face.

JONATHAN
We’ll need to keep watching and praying.

HOLD on the tableau — family trembling but whole, pastor and prophetess standing guard. Candlelight flickers across their faces, hope mingling with dread.

FADE OUT.

99 INT. CHURCH – SANCTUARY – CONTINUOUS 99

The Fenwicks, guided into the sanctuary. Congregants’ eyes lift toward them, heavy with silence.

JONATHAN VO

From the pews, ONE MAN rises. His steps are slow, deliberate, echoing softly. He reaches the platform, folds Elliot into an embrace. No words. Only muffled sobs. Another rises. Then another. A line begins to form down the aisle — men, women, elders, — each stepping forward as though to a holy table.

CAMERA MOVES with them: faces streaked with tears, tissues crushed in hands.

SOUND DESIGN: footsteps against wood, faint rustle of fabric, sniffles, breath. No music — just the human body as liturgy.

A shaft of SUNLIGHT CUTS through stained glass, scattering reds and blues across Elliot's broken frame. The color shimmers like grace incarnate.

One embrace after another. The line grows, flowing like a solemn procession.

CAMERA CRANE rises slowly, showing the sanctuary filling, a river of bodies surrounding the pulpit.

PASTOR JONATHAN

(V.O.)

The Bride of Christ… revealed in her beauty. Brokenness met by love. Ashes turned to something holy.

The crane pulls higher, revealing the full breadth: the congregation encircling Elliot and Sarah in waves of silent forgiveness. The sanctuary glows more brightly than natural — as if another light has entered the room.

JONATHAN

Wow!

MAGGIE

Yeah.

JONATHAN

But I, I, still don't get what the, the 30-day thing was all about.

MAGGIE

Well, we just saw it. We just witnessed an entire church forgiving a man, well, for all of it. He, told us, He, let us know, what was coming. You know, like He told His disciples about His death and resurrection, beforehand, so they'd believe, and tell others.

JONATHAN
(getting it)

OK, I see, and, and, He, He, wanted people to see, our forgiving God, on full display, by His church.
Yeah, but, but, why, why did He tell us?

MAGGIE
Maybe, because he knew we would tell others.

WHITE OUT