

STRANGER THINGS
EPISEIDE 1:
SACRED COW

by
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(StrangerThings.tv)

Based on an original story
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Second Draft

This file contains additional director's notes
concerning the evolution of the script from page to frame.

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1

INT. COMPUTER MONITOR - NIGHT



1

A mouse scrolls over a PLAY button and clicks. A web-video begins to play. White text on a blue background, narrated by a synthesized voice.

VOICE

Did you ever notice how all the churches everywhere are shaped the same? Christians and Jews and Moslemers and Buddhismers and everybody have the same big ceilings, with pointy roofs on the top.

A rough Microsoft Paint diagram of the structure, accompanied by arrows and photos of temples, churches, and mosques.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Everybody has the same thing, even though they are all so different. And then I figured out why.

The screen changes to a rough home video footage from the rear of a Catholic church during Mass. From the heads of the parishioners, a soft fuzzy but indistinct energy grows from the top of their heads, rolling upward, swelling, filling the room.

The screen abruptly cuts to the text again.

VOICE (CONTD) (CONT'D)

That's what prayers look like. Prayers make energy, and it swells and swells. It fills up the ceiling and then vanishes out of the church. But where does it go? I'll tell you more soon! Email me at: GordoGordon1@gmail.com.



The video ends.

FADE UP TITLE: "SACRED COW"

FADE IN:

2

INT. FATHER AL'S OFFICE - DAY

2

The sparse office of a priest. FATHER RALPH sits behind the desk, an older man dressed in a modern priest collar. Behind him in the corner is a large rifle with a bayonet, sitting in a stand.

A knock at the door, and a youthful head pokes inside.
This is FATHER MICHAEL.

FATHER MICHAEL
Father Ralph Antonini?

FATHER RALPH
Come in.

Father Michael enters. He is a bespectacled young man,
green as a sapling, but weighted down with the
responsibility of his office.

FATHER MICHAEL
I'm Father Michael Hutchins. I'm from
Bishop Kirkland of the Archdiocese of the
Revelation.

FATHER RALPH
You work for Bishop Kirkland? I would
have expected someone older.

FATHER MICHAEL
(smiling and sitting)
I'm older than I look.
(notices the rifle)
You like guns, Father?

FATHER RALPH
They were my father's. I keep them for
sentimental value. So what brings you to
our little church?

FATHER MICHAEL
Do you have a young man here named Gordo
Gordon?

Father Ralph is expressionless.

FATHER RALPH
I...I'd have to check.

FATHER MICHAEL
I think you'll remember him. You took
him out of St. Mary's orphanage almost
twenty years ago.

FATHER RALPH
Bishop Kirkland sent you?

FATHER MICHAEL
I'm not here to cause trouble, Father.
I'm here about this.

Father Michael hands him a printed page from a YouTube video site. Father Ralph looks it over carefully. The title of the page is: "Prayers is Real!"

FATHER RALPH

That damned Internet.

(indicating the page)

This is just foolishness. It's a hobby -
How old did you say you were again?

FATHER MICHAEL

Would you prefer I bring the Bishop
directly?

Father Ralph stares at Father Michael for a long moment, then hands the page back, interlaces his fingers.

FATHER RALPH

Go ahead.

Father Michael does not take the page back.

FATHER MICHAEL

I'd like to see the entire video, please.

3

INT. FATHER RALPH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

3

Father Ralph sets up the VCR while Father Michael looks at a box full of junk and gadgets.

FATHER MICHAEL

You don't just collect guns, I see.

FATHER RALPH

Those are Gordo's. He's been tinkering
with inventions since I took him from the
orphanage.

FATHER MICHAEL

(pulling out a pair of
goggles)

What are these?

FATHER RALPH

It's a pair of goggles that sees airborne
chemicals. I thought we might sell it to
the military to see nerve gas and things,
but the idea fell flat when we realized
the only chemicals it could see was
flatulence.

(shrugs)

(MORE)

FATHER RALPH (CONT'D)

He's got boxes more of that kind of thing
in his room.

FATHER MICHAEL

He lives with you?

FATHER RALPH

He's lived with me for almost twenty
years.

FATHER MICHAEL

Don't you think that's a little
inappropriate?

FATHER RALPH

He's almost 30 now. If that's
inappropriate, I need to speak to the
Bishop about you.

He pushes PLAY. The tape begins to roll.

We see the rear-view of a church, full for Mass.

Then - slowly - a feathery white fuzz appears over the
heads of the individuals in the church. It slowly grows,
bigger and bigger, merging with the other fuzz, until it
fills the room. It swells against the ceiling and begins
leaking upward, almost like water down a sink drain.

Father Michael looks stunned.

FATHER MICHAEL

How is this possible?

FATHER RALPH

You can ask him yourself.

4

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

4

A big Red Ryder wagon full of junk. But the fingers that
handle this junk treat it like priceless jewels.

We can't fully see him, only his work, but this is GORDO
GORDON.

As he assembles...whatever...we intercut between him and
the approaching priests.

FATHER RALPH

He was only seven when I found him at a
Catholic orphanage. Even then, he was
very smart, very creative.

FATHER MICHAEL

Why did you take him from the orphanage?

FATHER RALPH

The nuns didn't know what to do with him, Father. The cost of real genius is very high, and Gordo has to pay that price every day.

Two pair of feet stop in front of Gordo.

FATHER RALPH (CONT'D)

Father Michael, this is Gordo Gordon.

We now see Gordo in full: a focused man with boyish features and mannerisms, feet splayed out on the ground. He doesn't break his attention from his little device.

GORDO

(not listening)

Hey.

FATHER RALPH

(barking)

Gordo!

Gordo's attention snaps away. He jerks his hand out to Father Michael, who shakes it awkwardly.

GORDO

Hi, my name's Gordo Gordon. What's yours? Please-ta meetcha.

Father Michael barely has time to shake the hand before it ZIPS back to working on the wagon.

FATHER MICHAEL

This is...?

FATHER RALPH

Gordo, tell Father Michael what you've been working on.

GORDO

A prayer-o-meter.

FATHER MICHAEL

A "prayer-o-meter"?

GORDO

Yeah. It measures prayers.

Clearly, Gordo is not mentally anywhere close to his physical age. Father Michael is speechless.

FATHER RALPH

Tell him where you got the idea, Gordo.

Gordo SIGHS, like he cannot BEAR to be pulled away from his labors.

GORDO

Barnes and Gatlow of USC proved chemical changes occur during deep states of meditation. Whitely of Cal Tech verified enhanced Alpha waves in praying subjects.

Father Ralph raises an eyebrows at Father Michael.

GORDO (CONT'D)

It's proved that the mind changes state in prayer and that at least one kind of mental energy is amplified in the process. I did some calculations - you bet I did- 'n' if Barnes and Gatlow and Whitley are right, this process should release measurable energy. I wanna see it.

Father Michael's mouth drops open, just as he snaps open a cellphone.

FATHER MICHAEL

Bishop?

Father Michael steps away. Father Ralph looks down at Gordo.

FATHER RALPH

Gordo, have you been posting things on the Internet again?

Gordo hangs his head.

GORDO

Sorry, Father. It's just people gotta know, it's gonna change the world!

FATHER RALPH

How many times have you told me that, Gordo?

GORDO

I donno.

FATHER RALPH


Neither do I, and I don't want to try to count them all. I want to see you succeed, Gordo, I do. But success is about more than making something interesting, it's about making something useful. I just don't want to see you make a fool of yourself. People are going to judge you enough already, you don't need to give them more reasons to. So no more Internet, Gordo. I mean it.

GORDO

Oh-KAY.

As Father Ralph starts to talk off, Gordo snags his pants.

GORDO (CONT'D)

Hey Father? If this is gonna work this time, I gotta build a fusiform gyrus. Is that okay? I really wanna try again, Father. I want another chance. I can make this one work good, you bet I can. 

Father Ralph looks down, and smiles.

FATHER RALPH

That's fine, Gordo.

4B EXT. CHURCH YARD - DAY

4B

Father Michael snaps his phone shut and catches up to Father Ralph, who is walking quickly toward the sanctuary.

FATHER MICHAEL

Father, this is remarkable.

FATHER RALPH

Well, he's still fine-tuning it -

FATHER MICHAEL

Did I hear you say he's going to do it again?

FATHER RALPH

Yes.

FATHER MICHAEL

I STRONGLY recommend you do nothing until the Bishop gets here.

FATHER RALPH

Father, I appreciate your concern, but please understand, this is not Gordo's first time. He's made all kinds of things in the past, and most of them fall apart. I see no reason in getting the Church ruffled over it.

FATHER MICHAEL

Father, this has major implications for the Church. The Bishop has a right to be here.

FATHER RALPH

Then I suggest he should hurry. Services start in twenty minutes.

Father Ralph leaves Father Michael behind, fuming. Father Michael reaches for his cellphone.

5 INT. CHURCH - DAY

5

Father Ralph, at the pulpit, looks to the door. Father Michael is seated in the back. Gordo's big hand sticks in the door, gives the thumbs-up, and disappears.

FATHER RALPH

Let us pray.

6A EXT. CHURCH - DAY

6A

As cars pull away from the church, Father Michael hurries over to the Red Ryder wagon setup outside the church. Gordo is busy rewinding the tape. Father Ralph appears behind them.

FATHER RALPH

Did it work?

GORDO

You bet! You bet it did!

FATHER RALPH

Well, how nice.

He hits PLAY.

THE IMAGE

Is focused on the cross at the top of the church.

Nothing is happening.

GORDO

See, the energy goes out of everybody's heads and floats up, but it hits the ceiling. The ceiling is what focuses all the energy. Instead of just floating up, it all gathers at the top and then shoots out.

FATHER RALPH

Aha...

(looking down)

Gordo, what is that?

GORDO

What?

There are three dead rats lying in the Red Ryder wagon.

FATHER MICHAEL

Oh, my.

FATHER RALPH

What is that?

GORDO

That's the fusiform gyrus. You told me I could build it!

Father Ralph looks like he's trying not to get angry.

FATHER RALPH

Yes. Yes, I did. But this is the last time, Gordo. We can't have animal sacrifices in the House of God, okay?

The cross on the television begins to GLOW. Brighter, and brighter -

GORDO

Oh-kay.

FATHER RALPH

Don't use that tone with -

6B Suddenly the energy EXPLODES off the cross, straight up, 6B into the sky!

FATHER RALPH (CONT'D)


- Sweet Jesus! -

The camera shakes as Gordo (on the tape) attempts to follow the light upward.

And suddenly, the light STOPS. Somewhere in the middle of the sky - it stops.

But it didn't stop. It was being sucked away.

Into a gaping mouth.

The mouth isn't quite visible on its own, but in the zoomed-in image, it's clear to see the prayer-light reflecting off the shiny curves of sharp mandibles, drawing the energy into its fang-filled mouth like a spider draws in a web. 

FATHER RALPH (CONT'D)

Is this real?

GORDO

(couldn't be happier)

You bet, Father!

The jaws are working double-time to pull in the enormous fount of prayer-energy that streams upward to it. Then, the energy suddenly taps out, and the beast's mouth withdraws, and vanishes.

FATHER RALPH

Good God.

FATHER MICHAEL

All this time...

GORDO

Pretty cool, huh?

6C Father Ralph GRABS Gordo suddenly.

6C

FATHER RALPH

How did you do this, Gordo? What did you do?!



Gordo looks shocked.

GORDO

Nothing, Father, nothing! That's what happens to the prayers!

FATHER RALPH

What is it then?

GORDO

I donno, it's like a big leech or something, but made of energy.


(MORE)

GORDO (CONT'D)

The church roof focuses the prayers and
the leech eats 'em.

Father Ralph releases Gordo and staggers back.

FATHER RALPH

Like a funnel. Sweet Jesus, save me. 

Father Michael ejects the tape.

FATHER MICHAEL


The Bishop has to see this.

6D

Father Michael starts to move toward his car, but a hand 6D
catches him. It's Father Ralph.

FATHER RALPH

Wait, Father, wait. What does this mean?
Have we been feeding these things all
this time, with our prayers?

FATHER MICHAEL 

I don't know, Father, but I'm going to
get the answers, I promise you.

FATHER RALPH

Someone will know, yes? The Bishop?
Someone has to know. It can't have been
this way all this time without someone
knowing. I'm calling the Bishop.

Father Michael's hand clamps firmly around Father Ralph's
shoulder.

FATHER MICHAEL

This is a very delicate time, Father, and
it's right to be afraid. But we cannot
lose our heads. I'm going now to speak
with the Bishop, and I will come back
this evening with an answer. But you
cannot, must not tell anyone. The Church
must have a chance to respond to this.

FATHER RALPH

Father -

FATHER MICHAEL

I'll be back this evening, I promise.

Father Michael strides off to his car. They watch him
pull quickly away and race down the dirt road to town.

Father Ralph's eyes wander to the sky.

FATHER RALPH

How long has it been there, Gordo, can you tell?

GORDO

I don't know...it looked pretty fat, so I guess it's been there awhile.

THE SKY

Looks so deceptively peaceful: soft clouds and a pale blue topcoat.

FATHER RALPH

We have to do something.

7 INT. FATHER RALPH'S OFFICE - EVENING 7

Father Ralph is on the phone, frantically talking a mile a minute.

FATHER RALPH

No - Timothy - I'm telling you. Cancel services. Cancel everything. Please. For the love of God - No, I'm not going to tell you what it is, come over here and see it for yourself! No - no - I have to go - I have to go!

Hangs up. Reaches to a torn-out piece of phone book, draws a big black line through a church number, and dials the next number.

FATHER RALPH (CONT'D)

St. Mary's St. Mary's St. Mary's -

It's busy.

Father Ralph SCREAMS in frustration and slams down the phone!

7B INT. SANCTUARY - EVENING 7B

Father Ralph looks at the cross at the altar, turns away.

8 EXT. WOODS - EVENING 8

Father Ralph fidgets in the dirt, breathes, and begins to speak.

FATHER RALPH

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned.
I've sinned every Sunday for the last
twenty years. I've led your people like
lambs to the slaughter. Like cows to be
milked.

He takes a deep breath.

FATHER RALPH (CONT'D)

How could you let me do it? Why didn't
you tell me?

His rage starts to boil out of him.



FATHER RALPH (CONT'D)

DO YOU EVEN HEAR ME?! Am I just food for
you?! Are you God? God?

(tone turns pleading)

God? Please hear me, Lord. Maybe you
don't exist, but I don't have anyone else
to talk to right now. I just can't do
this by myself. I don't know what I'm
supposed to do.

(grows serious)

Please. I'm praying. Tell me this is
not all a waste. Send me a sign. Send
me something. I need you right now.

A voice floats in the darkness.

GORDO

Those leeches creep me out.

FATHER RALPH

What? Gordo?

GORDO

Uh-huh.

FATHER RALPH

What are you doing?

GORDO

Thinkin'.

FATHER RALPH

What are you thinking?

Gordo is leaning with his back against a tree.

GORDO

I'm thinkin' Thurman at CalTech proved that certain chemical compounds can alter the bioelectric responses of the brain. I'll betcha that'd mess up the leeches real good. Like with allergies.

They cannot see each other, they can only speak out in the darkness.

FATHER RALPH

Like with - what - what are you - I don't understand.

Gordo pulls out a piece of newsprint and starts scribbling with a red crayon.

GORDO

The energy's like a big feeding tube. So we can just -

Scribble scribble.

GORDO (CONT'D)

- change the energy. It's like sending up bad food.

FATHER RALPH

Like poison.

GORDO

Yeah!

Father Ralph appears in front of Gordo.

FATHER RALPH

How soon can you have this ready?

Scribble scribble.

GORDO

Before next Sunday for sure.

FATHER RALPH

I need it ready for evening services. Tonight, Gordo!

GORDO

Oh gosh. We better hurry.

10 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

10

Gordo has a pot boiling, and is in major science mode right now.

GORDO



During his experiment, Thurman noticed certain foods created noticeable chemical shifts in brain waves during REM states. Of all of them, lactose and certain kinds of protein and nitrites made the most change.

Gordo dumps a gallon of milk into the boiling water.

FATHER RALPH

Lactose and protein - milk and meat! Oh God, don't mix milk and meat!

Gordo FREEZES with the huge hunk of pork he's about to drop in the water.

GORDO

What?

FATHER RALPH

No, no, keep going! It's the Jews! The Jews were never allowed to mix milk and meat.

Gordo drops the whole hunk of pork into the pot, starts stirring now.

GORDO

Oh yeah, that'd be real bad for the leeches, Father. If a bunch of people do that, then start praying...it'd make the leeches really sick, I betcha. Only problem is, how are we going to get them to drink it?!

FATHER RALPH

I'll take care of that.

11 EXT. CHURCH - EVENING

11

Gordo sets up the camera and watches on the monitor. The sky is clear. He looks off to the church.

12 INT. CHURCH - EVENING 12

Father Ralph's hands clasp a simple cup. He carries it to a line of parishioners, and one after another, they drink, blanching slightly at the taste.

13 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT 13

FATHER RALPH (V.O.)

Let us pray.

Gordo's face watches anxiously on the monitor, as -

The cross begins to GLOW.

But it doesn't glow pure white. The glow is now a partial RED. It builds, and builds, until finally - it EXPLODES out the top of the cross.

Gordo hastily tries to reframe the shot.

When he finds it - the LEECH is rapidly sucking up energy - slowly turning more and more red - until finally -

AN EXPLOSION!

The screen goes BRIGHT BRIGHT WHITE, Gordo is knocked off his feet, and EVERYTHING - the camera, the monitor - GOES DEAD.

Gordo claps his hands delightedly from the ground, looking from the broken camera to the broken television.

GORDO

(giggling)

IT WORKED! IT WORKED!

He claps his hands and stares up at the night sky.

14 INT. FATHER RALPH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 14

The exploding leech and the bright bright light plays back on the monitor.

Father Ralph stares in wonder.

GORDO

Pretty cool, huh, Father?

Father Ralph wraps Gordo in a tight hug.

FATHER RALPH
My God, Gordo...you did it. I can't
believe it.

GORDO
Yes, Father Ralph. You bet.

Father Ralph releases him.

FATHER RALPH
I have to call Father Michael.

14B A PHONE BOOK

14B

Slams down on the table. Father Ralph dials a number.
The phone picks up.

SECRETARY (PHONE)
Bishop Kirkland's office.

FATHER RALPH
I need to speak to His Eminence, please.
This is Father Ralph Antonini from the
Church of St. Francis Xavier.

SECRETARY (PHONE)
I'm sorry, he's unavailable right now.

FATHER RALPH
Can I speak to Father Michael...Hutchins,
please.

SECRETARY (PHONE)
Father who?

FATHER RALPH
Father Michael Hutchins. The young pup
you sent out to investigate this whole
thing in the first place.

SECRETARY (PHONE)
Hold please.

The line goes quiet, and then, a deep voice comes on the
line. This is BISHOP KIRKLAND.

BISHOP KIRKLAND (PHONE)
This is Bishop Kirkland. Where did you
see Michael Hutchins?

FATHER RALPH
You sent him, Holiness.

BISHOP KIRKLAND

We haven't sent anyone, Father. Michael was excommunicated almost two years ago. Where did you see him?

FATHER RALPH

He was here today. He went to see you but he said he'd be coming back.

BISHOP KIRKLAND

Father, we believe Michael Hutchins is involved with a radical anti-Catholic cult. He's killed at least four priests that we know of, in Africa and Europe.

Father Ralph is speechless.

FATHER RALPH

What?

BISHOP KIRKLAND

You cannot be there when he comes back. Where are you? We'll send someone.

FATHER RALPH

I...I...

BISHOP KIRKLAND

Where are you, Father?!

FATHER RALPH

I'm...in my dining room.

BISHOP KIRKLAND

Get out immediately.

FATHER RALPH

I have to go.

CLICK!

FATHER RALPH (CONT'D)

Gordo!

Father Ralph spins around: Gordo is right there.

GORDO

Yes, Father?

FATHER RALPH

We need to leave immediately. Go get your things.

GORDO
Okay, Father, but -

FATHER RALPH
Gordo!

GORDO
Yes, Father.

Gordo turns to leave -

FATHER RALPH
Wait! I need your help with something.

CLOSEUP - COMPUTER SCREEN

A mouse cursor slides over to "UPLOAD VIDEO: BROWSE".
The mouse selects a file, clicks "Upload". It begins
uploading.

FATHER RALPH (CONT'D)
And this can be seen by anyone?

GORDO
Anybody in the whole world, yup.

FATHER RALPH
How long will it take?

GORDO
Awhile, Father. We got a really slow
connection.

FATHER RALPH
Make sure it gets there. I'll be right
back. And get your things together!

15 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT 15

The parking lot is empty.

Not for a long. A car pulls up, turns off the engine.
The door cracks open, and someone gets out.

16 INT. FATHER RALPH'S OFFICE - NIGHT 16

Father Ralph stuffs photos and papers into a cardboard
box. He reaches for the bayonet -

- changes his mind -

- slides open the drawer to his desk. Inside, there is a REVOLVER.

We hear the sound of a door closing.

FATHER MICHAEL

Hello, Father.

Father Ralph looks up to see Father Michael standing there. He's wearing black gloves.

FATHER MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I'm late. I received some disturbing news that I had to see to.

Father Ralph slowly sits. His hand snakes the revolver out of the drawer and into his lap.

Father Michael tugs the box off the desk and it hits the floor with a CRASH. He sits across from Father Ralph, and he is calm - even reflective.

He sits patiently for a moment, stripping off his gloves, and then -

FATHER MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm sure you have questions.

They watch each other for a moment - Father Michael calm and receptive, Father Ralph suspicious.

FATHER RALPH

Is there one of these things over every church in America?

Father Michael nods.

FATHER RALPH (CONT'D)

In the world?

Father Michael nods.



FATHER RALPH (CONT'D)

Temples? Mosques?

FATHER MICHAEL

Think bigger, Father. Think older.

Father Michael takes a blank piece of note paper and a pen. He draws a right angle (point aiming upward), and divides it with a vertical line.

FATHER MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Ziggurats. Pyramids. Civilizations
 separated by thousands of miles that keep
 building from the same design over and
 over and over again.

He turns the paper around and slides it to Father Ralph,
 who slowly shakes his head.

FATHER RALPH
 This is the work of the Devil.

FATHER MICHAEL
 Maybe. None of us had ever seen one
 until this afternoon, with you. All
 we've known is the covenant: we feed
 them, and they allow us our freedom.
 It's been there since before the Flood.

Father Ralph tries to take all this in.

FATHER RALPH
 All this time...you let us all believe it
 was for God...

FATHER MICHAEL
 Humanity had to play the cards they were
 dealt. We didn't ask for them. We did
 all that we knew how to do.

FATHER RALPH
 Why are you telling me all this?

Surreptitiously, Father Michael's hand slides into his
 opposite sleeve.

FATHER MICHAEL
 Because, in exchange for their
 forgiveness, we have to kill you.

Father Ralph's hand clenches around the revolver.

FATHER MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 And I want you to know, very very much,
 that I don't want to.

FATHER RALPH
 How many priests have you said that to?

FATHER MICHAEL
 (ignoring him)
 They know you killed one of their
 brothers tonight.
 (MORE)



FATHER MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 They've already gotten word back to us.
 And they're very, very angry.

FATHER RALPH
 You can't believe this.

FATHER MICHAEL
 I'm sorry, Father, it's not a choice.

Father Michael LEAPS out of his chair, a knife flashing outward -

And freezes.

Father Ralph has a pistol in his hand.

FATHER RALPH
 Did I tell you that some of these guns
 are mine?



BLAM!

The gunshot rings out.

They both stare at each other coolly.

Slowly, slowly, Father Michael drops his eyes.

THE SCENE

Father Michael's hand is clamped over the muzzle of the gun, and it's covered in blood and gore. And his other hand - the knife hand - is thrust directly into Father Ralph's chest.

Father Ralph keels over.

17 INT. FATHER RALPH'S LIVING - NIGHT

17

Father Michael walks past the dining room, carrying the box in his hands (one of which is wrapped in white towels). Gordo is slumped over the table, blood pouring out his back.

Father Michael leans over to the computer, which is still uploading the video. He clicks CANCEL.

18 EXT. CHURCH - DAY

18

Additional text has been scrawled on the sign.

"SERVICES CANCELLED - INDEFINITELY"

A WOMAN turns from the sign.

WOMAN

Excuse me -

Father Michael is just climbing into his car. He's wearing his black gloves again.



FATHER MICHAEL

Yes, my child?

WOMAN

Do you know where Father Ralph went?

FATHER MICHAEL

I believe he was called away on God's business. I don't know much more than that.

WOMAN

He didn't tell anyone he was leaving.

FATHER MICHAEL

He must have been in quite a hurry then. All I know is he said he'd be gone for quite some time.

WOMAN

He's such a devoted man.

FATHER MICHAEL

(smiles)

God's work is never done. Keep him in your prayers. I know I will. Good day, ma'am.

WOMAN

Good day.

Father Michael slides into his car, starts the engine, and drives away. As the car disappears down the road, the camera rolls skyward - stays there - and we SEE the creatures, dozens - thousands - filling the skies.

THE END

