

ALLMIGHTY

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FADE IN:

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

A heart monitor beeps along with the hissing of a respirator. A crowd of about 10 to 15 grieving family members surrounds the bed, their faces downcast.

ON THE BED, with eyes closed and breathing his final breaths through a mask is an old man named DANNY APOLLO (55).

CHRIS APOLLO (9) slowly makes his way through the crowd and approach his motionless father.

Saddened but curious, he whispers into his father's ears.

CHRIS

Dad, can you hear me?

Danny's eyes move beneath his eyelids. His fingers twitch, his breathing intensifies and heart pumps faster.

Another boy, his brother JASON APOLLO (13) approaches Chris from behind.

JASON

What are you doing?

Chris is undeterred and continues to talk to his father.

The crowd curiously watches as Chris whispers into Danny's ear.

CHRIS

Can you see it?

JASON

Chris, have some respect bro.

CHRIS

Shut up!

JASON

Didn't I tell you it's not real?

CHRIS

It is real!

JASON

It's only a fairy tale.

CHRIS

No it's not!

JASON
Yes it is! It's all black.

CHRIS
No, it's not!

Danny's heart monitor paces faster.

Then Danny's eyes open wide and his mouth gasps ONE FINAL BREATH of air.

Family members breakdown in tears. The heart monitor FLAT LINES.

Chris puts himself closer to Danny's face and grabs his shoulders.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(loudly) What does it look like!

From Danny's face we ASCEND AWAY towards the ceiling, away from his body.

Chris looks up to the ceiling, desperately trying to catch a glimpse of *something*. But he sees *nothing*. Only the ceiling and walls.

He runs outside crying, to the front lawn and scanning the sky above the house.

EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jason walks out to the front porch.

JASON
You see, I told you there's no such thing.

CHRIS
Dad! Where are you!

Both kids are silenced as the family dog barks arduously at the sky above the house. They pan the sky waiting for a glimpse of something to appear. But nothing does.

A breeze blows and ALL BIRDS stop their chirping.

EXT. DREAM - DAY

We are in a dream where the sky is animated, the colors are vivid and peacefully crisp.

A heavy contrast between the day lit ground and star filled sky where the sun is no where to be found.

Innocently standing before us as we sit on a bench is a beautiful blonde hair, blue eyed female named Sage (20s) wearing an almost transparent, white sun dress flirtatiously draping down to her thighs.

SAGE

Are you gonna invite me to sit?

The actions do not make sense and images flash like forgotten memories.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Hope?

CUT TO a Glowing Metallic Sphere rumbling with hurricane force and energy particles whirlpool in the center.

CUT TO sudden wicked darkness, as blood and guts slither to the center forming a man. His name is DRAKE FERARRI (40s), dark and handsome.

DRAKE

You will lose.

Behind us are the silhouettes of 2, 8 foot tall, humanoid creatures with wings

THEN BLACKNESS...

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - 25 YEARS LATER

An alarm clock, blares in the background as a pair of eyes suddenly opens belonging to CHRIS APOLLO (30s).

His hand lazily flails for the snooze button to turn it off, then gets up off the bed.

We are taken through his apartment and see a collection DARK ARTWORK on painted canvas depicting Angels and Demons adorned with the signature C.A., Hundreds total and most we can't see but stacked in corners, on top of tables, cabinets and furnitures, taking up every space on the wall. He is a true hoarder

Amongst the paintings is a picture of Chris as a 9 year old with his bed ridden father Danny, alive and well in the latter days of his life.

We eventually pan to a stunningly beautiful, blonde and blue eyed girl resembling Sage, drawn in pencil and in the early stages of painting, propped up on an easel. Chris ogles his daily admiration before moving on.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A collection of artsy crafts and drawings adorn the walls, toilet tank, sink and cabinets as the steam billows from the shower.

IN THE BACKGROUND, we hear VELVET STAR (20s) a sultry Anchorwoman with long blonde hair and blue eyes speaking from the Television.

VELVET

There's been several eye witness accounts of bright lights appearing all over the world.

VARIOUS RAW AND AMATEUR UFO footage, shot from different parts of the world, play in shaky hand-held fashion on TV.

VELVET (CONT'D)

Videos have been popping up on line of lights captured on tape. Experts have analyzed these videos and most agree that they are 100% fake.

A man in his 50s with WILD HAIR appears on TV.

UFO EXPERT

Everyone has Photoshop and can easily fabricate a hoax such as these videos.

He catches Chris's attention who is just stepping out of the shower.

CHRIS

Photoshop is for pictures you idiot.

UFO EXPERT

I'm not saying they're aliens. But I think they are Aliens.

ON THE COUNTER

Is a Thank you card with a picture of Danny on the front.

The title reads:

"THANK YOU FOR COMING TO DANNY APOLLO'S 25TH DEATH

ANNIVERSARY PARTY"

INT. CHRIS'S CAR - LATER

A melancholy Chris drives in his late model sedan through light traffic on the freeway.

Cars rudely pass honking their horns and flipping him off as he drives and ignores them.

ON HIS RADIO we hear shock jocks arguing.

SHOCK JOCK 1 (O.S.)
I hope China and Russia fire their
nukes first.

SHOCK JOCK 2 (O.S.)
If they fire first then we're
history pal.

SHOCK JOCK 1 (O.S.)
We have that Space Defense system
thing that can fire LASERS at in
coming missiles.

SHOCK JOCK 2 (O.S.)
That's all a crock of B.S. It
doesn't exist. It doesn't matter
who fires first. We're all dead
once those missiles fly.

INT. MORNING STAR PRODUCTIONS - LATER

Chris enters through a set of doors and into a bustling Broadcasting Company full of busy corporate employees.

Steadily, he walks through the fast paced paths of his stoic coworkers without saying a greeting to anyone.

IN THE HALLWAYS, a woman in her 30's is awkwardly standing alone named AMANDA POWERS (30), creepily staring into space and smiling as if talking to someone.

Chris approaches quietly to avoid any interaction with her when she abruptly turns to him.

AMANDA
Our minds don't have the computing
power.

CHRIS
What?

AMANDA

That's why our dreams don't make sense. Our minds can only translate some of the information but it's too big. There's way too much info. And too many dimensions.

Chris proceeds to walk away, scared and confused. From a distance, a woman mysteriously approaches from the opposite direction. Resembling the girl in his dreams with the same blonde hair and blue eyes, TERRY DEAN (20s).

CHRIS

Hello.

TERRY

Hi.

From gloomy to happy, his stature changes after exchanging greetings and continuing down his daily path.

INT. CHRIS'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Signs of neglect and busyness clutter his mundane cubicle as he carelessly flops down on his chair.

Just like his apartment, artistic junk, unwashed bowls, stacks of papers and opened snack boxes find resting spots surrounding his computer and the floor.

He taps a button on his keyboard and his computer comes to life with a message that reads: "WOULD YOU LIKE TO START YOUR DAY?"

Chris's arrow DARTS ACROSS THE SCREEN and clicks on YES.

A MESSAGE APPEARS: You are clocked in at 8:01 am

Set as his homepage, Facebook pops up after launching his Internet Browser. With only 20 friends, he checks his messages and scroll through his News Feed of hilarious pictures and videos shared by his friends.

He launches his Email software and hundreds of Letters appear with the subject line "Screenplay Query". Written by different Authors, he clicks and quickly reads through EACH SYNOPSIS, then deletes it before moving on to the next letter.

After a while of sifting through different pitches, He takes a quick break and launch his screenplay titled "APARTMENT 13"

Amidst the paragraphs and sentences, The Text Prompt blinks, as if waiting to unleash a flurry of letters. But Chris is frozen in an uninspired stare.

Then we hear a voice.

MATTHEW (O.S.)

One of these days you will clean
your cubicle, right?

Chris turns around and see his boss, MATTHEW GRAND (50s),

CHRIS

Yah, maybe next year.

MATTHEW

Cleanliness is Godliness

Beat

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Are you working on your own script,
again?

CHRIS

Yes

MATTHEW

You're suppose to be finding my
next Quentin Tarantino.

CHRIS

I've been reading through hundreds
of submissions each day for months
and haven't found one good one.
They all suck.

MATTHEW

If you're trying to get fired it's
not gonna happen.

INT. MORNING STAR LUNCHROOM - LATER

A wall of silence sits between the only occupants of the cafeteria, Chris and Terry, sitting on different tables and eating their lunch.

After a few quick and creepy glances, Chris musters the courage to approach her.

With a pocketful of pent up attitude, he over confidently shimmies across the floor in a strange smooth criminal prowl towards Terry.

Terry responds with an apprehensive glare as her hair flows in cheesy 80's music videos.

Chris suddenly strikes a confident pose in front of Terry

CHRIS

Hi

TERRY

Hi

CHRIS

Do you have a quarter?

TERRY

No, why?

CHRIS

So i can call my mom and tell her
I've met the girl of my dreams.

Terry hands Chris her smart phone.

TERRY

Awe, how sweet. They don't have pay
phones anymore.

CHRIS

Oh

His confidence is suddenly struck down

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I actually don't know my mom's
number.

TERRY

Awe bummer

CUT TO a daydreaming Chris, ogling Terry from his table in stalker style.

A man with a wake of mystery and darkness behind him, enters the cafeteria. His name is DRAKE FERARRI (40s), the same man in his dreams, makes an arrogant stride towards the vending machines, close to Terry.

Chris's eyes follow him leeringly.

Noticeably handsome, he flirtatiously stands at the vending machine wasting no time to introduce himself to Terry.

DRAKE
Hi I'm Drake.

TERRY
Hi, Im Terry.

DRAKE
Are you new?

TERRY
Yes

DRAKE
May I join you?

TERRY
Sure.

Drake takes a seat at Terry's table, quickly charming her, unaware of Chris's begrudging stare.

Suddenly, the air stirs and rumbles as Drake chokes, grasping his neck while gasping for air.

From across the room Chris holds his hand out and clenching the air, clairvoyantly squeezing Drake's throat with much anger.

Drake struggles to breathe and falls to the ground. Terry tries to help but to no avail.

Chris stands up and stirs the air with God-like fury, exerting all of his telekinetic power to choke Drake.

A storm of biblical proportions engulfs the lunchroom

CHRIS
Die!

CUT TO Chris, once again daydreaming, at his table as Drake wins Terry over with his charms evident by her giggling.

INT. CAR - LATER

Clearly irritated, Chris drives home stewing over the events in the lunch room. He picks up his cell phone and speaks into it.

CHRIS
Call Jennifer.

ON HIS PHONE, is a still image of a pretty caucasian female with blonde hair and blue eyes with the name "JENNIFER MCALLISTER" written below.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Hello?

CHRIS

(excited) Hi Jennifer, it's me,
Chris

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Oh, Hi!

CHRIS

I'm really excited about this
weekend.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Oh right, this weekend. I'm
actually gonna be busy.

CHRIS

Oh OK. What about next weekend?

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Hmm. Maybe.

CHRIS

Oh cool

While driving a building with a sign that reads "PSYCHIC",
comes into view.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

...It'll be, psychic!.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Excuse me?

CHRIS

Oh sorry. I got distracted.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Yah I'm gonna be busy the next few
weekends so I'm not sure when we
can go out.

CHRIS

Ok

After ending the conversation with Jennifer, Chris makes a
quick turnabout with his car.

INT. PSYCHIC'S OFFICE - DAY

Chris enters a darkened office full of hundreds of flickering candles casting creepy illuminant hues on strange, foreign memorabilia and a Gypsy named SEREFINA (60s) meditating at a nestled round table in the center. Aware of his presence she disdainfully opens her eyes and speak with a hard Italian accent.

SEREFINA
Twenty dollars.

Chris brandishes a \$20 dollar bill from his wallet.

SEREFINA (CONT'D)
Sit!

Hesitant, he takes a seat as Serefina gently grasp his hands. Her eyelids shut to a trance as Chris silently watch. After a brief meditation her eyelids flutter open.

SEREFINA (CONT'D)
What brings you here?

CHRIS
I need advise in love.

SEREFINA
What's the matter?

CHRIS
You tell me. You're the psychic.

SEREFINA
You don't need a psychic for your problem. I can just see it.

CHRIS
How do I fix it?

SEREFINA
More money.

CHRIS
That's it?! A bigger bank account?

SEREFINA
No, I mean more money for me.

CHRIS
More money for you?

SEREFINA
Yes your problem is HUGE!

Chris removes the last 20 dollar bill from his wallet.

CHRIS

Do you have change for a twenty?

Serefina unabashedly takes the money from his hand and returns to meditate. Moaning and swaying, she absorbs his essence as Chris leers.

Her eyes suddenly bulge open and aghast to an alarmed Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What?!

SEREFINA

I've never felt anything like you.

Serefina leers upon Chris, deciphering the mystery emanating from him.

SEREFINA (CONT'D)

You have something I can't describe. Something big. I'm not sure if I should be afraid or excited.

Her breathing suddenly intensifies and eyes widen with excitement.

SEREFINA (CONT'D)

(Screaming) DIO! DIO!!

Unnerved, Chris gets up and stumbles out of the building.

INT. CHRIS'S LIVINGROOM - EVENING

Relaxing after a day's work, Chris contently paints the portrait of Sage, adding more distinguished features and colors. Her face and the rose is clearly more visible than before.

He takes a quick break and stares at the picture. After a deep thought, he picks up his smart phone and speak into it.

CHRIS

Call Tracy

CHRIS'S PHONE

Calling Tracy

ON HIS PHONE a picture of TRACY (20s) blonde hair and blue eyes, appears on the screen.

TRACY (V.O.)
Hello

CHRIS
Hi, It's me Chris

TRACY (V.O.)
Oh hey, how are you.

CHRIS
I'm great thanks. And you?

TRACY (V.O.)
What do you want?

CHRIS
Just checking to see if you're busy
this weekend.

TRACY (V.O.)
The answer is NO!

CHRIS
Wait. Don't you want to know where
I want to take you?

TRACY (V.O.)
Bye!

The phone call abruptly ends with Tracy.

CUT TO Chris standing with his back against the wall holding
the phone to his mouth.

CHRIS
Call Jina

ON HIS PHONE we see a picture of another blonde hair, blue
eyed girl named JINA (23)

CHRIS'S PHONE
Calling Jina.

CUT TO a different angle on Chris with his smart phone
affixed to his ear.

JINA (V.O.)
Oh sorry, I'm busy this weekend.

CHRIS
(disappointed)
Ok.

WIDE SHOT OF THE KITCHEN, Chris slouched in one corner.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Call Stephanie.

CHRIS'S PHONE
Calling Stephanie.

CLOSE UP of Chris's phone with the name STEPHANIE (20s) on the screen with yet another girl that looks like Sage.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)
My boyfriend and I are going out.

We're still on the same shot of the kitchen. But he is huddled in a corner talking to a different girl.

GIRL'S VOICE 1 (O.S.)
I just wanna stay home.

And yet we see him on another part of the kitchen sitting on the sink.

GIRL'S VOICE 2 (O.S.)
Oh sorry. I'm a lesbian.

Chris puts down the phone, disappointed and frustrated. He looks up in the sky.

CHRIS
Well..What happened?

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Looking defeated as he walks to his bed, he pauses in front of the painting of Sage.

Mesmerized, he stares into her acrylic eyes.

CHRIS
Who are you?

He slips into his bed and tucks himself in.

FROM ABOVE, we descend towards his body. As we get closer, his eyes shut to a close.

The screen fades to white.

EXT. DREAM - LATER

From Chris's POV, more faded and grainy images flash of Sage in her Sundress, The Grand Building and the Metallic Sphere. But new images of a BENCH and Sage sitting closely next to us also appears.

SAGE
How's it looking down there?

A montage of memories quickly flash of her laughing and giggling next to us we can almost smell her essence.

SAGE (CONT'D)
Oh my God, I can't believe you just asked me to go on a date.

The Glowing Ball appears again, this time with an Angel getting sucked into it as it turns into a million particles.

We suddenly see a Grand Structure comparable to St. Peter's Basilica with a huge Dome protruding in the middle.

It flashes to Two Angels and a serious looking Sage walking alongside us.

SAGE (CONT'D)
What's going on?

CHRIS (O.S.)
Phone Call.

The screen flashes to Drake, again in the darkness with guts and snakes all around him.

DRAKE
You will lose.

INT. CHRIS'S CUBICLE - DAY

Head resting on his desk and slobber dripping from his mouth, Chris wakes up in his cubicle, while SITTING DOWN on his chair.

We hear someone behind him... It's his boss, MATTHEW.

MATTHEW
Come to my office please.

IN MATTHEW'S OFFICE

The boss intensely sits at his desk typing on his computer at the rate of 10 red bulls per minute. Slouched on the guest chair in front of Matthew's solid oak desk is Chris.

CHRIS
(to himself)
Please God make him fire me.

MATTHEW
Have you found my Quentin yet?

CHRIS
No

MATTHEW
How's your script?

CHRIS
Still stuck. Are you gonna fire me?

MATTHEW
No.

CHRIS
May I ask why?

MATTHEW
I'm looking for hope.

The typing pauses as silence envelopes the room.

CHRIS
Deja Vu.

MATTHEW
Me too. It was just a delay in how
our brains process information.

CHRIS
What do you mean?

MATTHEW
I mean it took our brains a second
to process the event which resulted
in an echo effect. Which is why it
felt familiar.

CHRIS
Both of us?

Brief pause.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Nevermind. Anyways.... HOPE?

Matthew proceeds to type

MATTHEW
Do you know what that is?

CHRIS
Yes I do.

MATTHEW

Well, why don't you use it?

CHRIS

Sir... that is the 5th time this week you've caught me sleeping. Will you fire me already?

MATTHEW

As much as I would love to, I think there is still hope in you.

CHRIS

Then I have no time to waste. I must get back to sleep.

Chris makes his way to the door and exits.

MATTHEW

I know you have it in you Mr. Apollo.

INT. CUBICLE - LATER

Sitting idle at his desk, Chris quietly stares at his Blinking Cursor Prompt.

He eventually launches his Internet Browser and different world events pop up on news feed.

"Earthquake strikes in Sri Lanka, Denmark and Korea"

"War breaking out between India and Pakistan"

"Children in Africa are starving to death."

"Sylvester Stallone has signed to make RAMBO 8 "

As he stares into his computer, a magnitude 3 earthquake rumbles the whole building.

People run past his cubicle, screaming but he is unaffected.

Chris reaches into his drawer and brandish a gun. He looks up to the ceiling.

CHRIS

Screw it.

He holds it up to his head and pulls the trigger.

The hammer clicks as if unloaded.

He pulls the trigger multiple times and still nothing happens.

He ejects the magazine and is surprised to see it is fully loaded.

EXT. MORNING STAR PRODUCTIONS - CONTINUOUS

Chris scampers out of the building and walks out to the street, where he lays down in the middle of a two lane highway.

CHRIS
(whispering)
Take me God! Please take me
already.

Cars zoom by at 40 to 50 mph, miraculously missing him.

Multiple employees from Morning Star Productions swarm the windows to catch a glimpse of the drama unfolding on the street.

INSIDE MATTHEW'S OFFICE,

Drake calmly watch through the windows as Chris lays down on the street.

DRAKE
Time for the magic show?

ON THE STREET

Cars swerve and miss Chris.

INSIDE AN APPROACHING CAR,

A TEENAGE GIRL with music blaring in her car and texting on her phone barrels towards Chris. The steering wheel mysteriously turns by itself and the car swerves to avoid Chris.

Undeterred, the teenager goes back to texting. Down the street, her car plows into another car.

BACK IN MATTHEW'S OFFICE,

Drake obsessively stares at Chris.

Drake Snickers

DRAKE
(to himself)
Amazing.

INT. MORNING STAR LUNCHROOM - LATER

Chris sits alone on the table inside a dimly lit lunchroom, quietly eating his lunch.

Drake and 3 giggling girls, annoyingly fumbles into the lunch room, arm-in-arm.

One of the girls is Terry.

They sit on the far side of the cafeteria while Chris and Drake intermittently gaze at one another.

Chris discretely tries to ignore them while eating his food.

Curious, Drake eventually gets up and approach Chris's table.

DRAKE
Hi my name's Drake.

CHRIS
I'm Chris.

They both shake hands.

DRAKE
May I sit?

CHRIS
Sure.

Drake takes a seat.

DRAKE
Everything ok with you?

CHRIS
Fuck off!

DRAKE
Excuse me?

CHRIS
Is there an echo in here?

Both men stop and ponder, as if recalling a memory.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
That was another Deja vu!

DRAKE
Yah I felt it too. Weird.

CHRIS
Really?! I had a similar experience
with...

Chris pauses.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
...Nevermind.

DRAKE
Anyways, that's no way to treat
someone you just met, especially
one of the managers of the company.

CHRIS
Do you think I care who you are?
And besides I don't like you.

DRAKE
Why?

CHRIS
I don't know what it is. There's
just something about you I don't
like.

DRAKE
Is it my clothes?

CHRIS
No.

DRAKE
Is it my cologne?

CHRIS
No.

DRAKE
Do you envy me?

CHRIS
No, I don't.

DRAKE
Then what is it? I've never done
anything to you.

CHRIS

I have no idea. When the day comes,
I'll let you know.

DRAKE

Well I guess we've established our
relationship.

CHRIS

Stay away from me.

DRAKE

Ok. Well it was nice meeting you
too.

As Drake gets up from the table, he brandishes a business
card.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

I'm having a party tonight. You
should come.

Drake hands him a business card. The address reads... 311
Hades avenue.

Chris takes the business card and crumbles it up, then throws
it away.

Drake walks back to his table to get the girls and leave the
lunch room.

Once again, Chris sits alone, eating by himself in an empty
lunch room.

After pondering, he looks around, then gets up to walk
towards the crumpled up business card. He picks it up and
salvage it.

INT. DRAKE'S HOUSE - LATER

A modern day mansion stands in the middle of an upper-class
neighborhood. THUMPING Music can be heard from the outside.

INSIDE THE MANSION

Numerous beautiful women, dressed in black holding drinks and
partying are served by shirtless men wearing bow ties and
tight fitting black pants.

IN THE LIVING ROOM is a huge sofa with Drake as the center of
attention, charming an all female audience.

THE DOORBELL RINGS and one of the women answers it. The door opens and Chris stands outside wearing all black and dressed to impress.

DOOR WOMAN
Come inside.

With music pumping in the background, Chris timidly enters the house full of beautiful women.

He awkwardly strolls through the party, passing groups of women from different walks of life.

The all female attendees sport a high and mighty stature. One of the bus boys hands him a drink.

CHRIS
Thanks.

He eventually makes it into the Living Room and sees an elated Drake who cuts his storytelling short upon locking eyes with Chris.

DRAKE
Hey Chris!

CHRIS
Hey.

DRAKE
Welcome to my humble abode.

CHRIS
Nice pad.

DRAKE
Thanks. Let me fix you a drink.
Both head for the bar.

INT. AT THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Drake makes his way behind the Bar and prepare 2 glasses.

DRAKE
What's your poison?

CHRIS
Bloody Mary.

DRAKE
So, you changed your mind?

CHRIS
Yes I did.

DRAKE
What compelled you?

CHRIS
I don't know.

DRAKE
You caused a stir from that stunt
you pulled the other day.

CHRIS
(sarcastically)
Which one.

DRAKE
That magic trick you did. How did u
get those cars to not hit you.

CHRIS
Wasn't a magic trick.

Drake laughs

DRAKE
Right. How long have you been
working at Morning Star?

CHRIS
About 3 years.

DRAKE
And we finally met each other.

CHRIS
And here I am, at your house.

DRAKE
Indeed. There is something oddly
familiar about you.

CHRIS
How so?

DRAKE
I don't know what it is. It's as if
we knew each other in another life

CHRIS
Now that's weird.

DRAKE
Do you believe in God?

CHRIS
Yes. And right now he's pissin' me
off.

Drake snickers.

DRAKE
Really?.

CHRIS
Yah! Look in the mirror.

Both men turn towards the mirror and see a reflection of
themselves standing next to each other.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
What do you see?

DRAKE
I see a good looking guy who has
everything going for him.

Brief pause

DRAKE (CONT'D)
What do you see?

CHRIS
(points to reflection)
He controls that.

DRAKE
No. You have control.

Chris's ears perk up as Drake revels at the sea of women
inside his house.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
Do you see all this? I did this. I
am my own God. You just need to
discover your inner God.

CHRIS
Who is your God?

DRAKE
Probably the opposite of yours.

CHRIS

Now I know why I don't like you.
We're probably sworn enemies in
another life.

DRAKE

But friends in this life.

Drake raises his drink to Chris.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

To friendship.

CHRIS

To friendship.

Their drinks collide.

DRAKE

Well hey, which one do you like?

CHRIS

Which one?

DRAKE

Which one of these girls?

CHRIS

What are you, some kind of pimp?

DRAKE

Let me hook you up, for free.

Chris seems apprehensive.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Come on, are you gay or something?

CHRIS

Hell no!

Chris looks around and we see a menagerie of blondes,
brunettes, redheads and black haired girls.

Terry Dean is one of the girls and she catches his attention
from across the room.

Drake notice Terry and Chris lock eyes.

DRAKE

Oh, you like Terry?

CHRIS

I guess.

Drake SIGNALS Terry to come over and she obliges, approaching seductively.

DRAKE

Terry, I want you to meet my friend Chris.

TERRY

Yah, I know him from work.

CHRIS

Hi.

DRAKE

Why don't you show Chris around the house.

TERRY

By all means.

Terry takes Chris by the hand and walks away with him.

They leave the party and walk through the lavishly decorated hallways of Drake's house.

CHRIS

Morning Star Broadcasting paid for all this?

TERRY

He's got other sources of income.

CHRIS

Drugs? Prostitution?

TERRY

That was subtle.

CHRIS

Straight to the point. That's how I roll.

TERRY

You really don't like him do you?

CHRIS

He's growing on me. I see you made your way into his Harem.

TERRY

If you wanna call it that. Yes I did.

CHRIS

And what does one have to do to get this privilege?

TERRY

He picks you.

CHRIS

What do you mean he picks you?

TERRY

Did he simply point at you and say you're my bitch?

CHRIS

Basically, yes.

TERRY

What is he, some kind of God or something?

Terry stops and turns to Chris.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Kind of.

She turns to the side and we see a set of double doors. Terry opens the door, revealing a grand bedroom with a huge canopy bed in the midst of silk sheets and oak furnishings.

CHRIS

What is this?

TERRY

The Guest bedroom.

CHRIS

And why did you bring me here?

Terry shuts the bedroom door behind her.

INSIDE THE GUEST BEDROOM, Chris admires the grandeur of the king size bed with marble flooring oak wood flooring.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

He must've picked you because you have the same boss.

Terry whips out a 100 dollar bill from her bra.

TERRY
Oh you mean this?

CHRIS
Well, I was referring to DREX IDOL.
But if you want to consider that as
your boss then by all means.

TERRY
With this, bullshit walks.

CHRIS
The root of all evil? No thanks.
That's not my boss.

TERRY
It's everyone's boss. It's yours
and mine. Even God's.

An earthquake happens... 2 pointer.

TERRY (CONT'D)
You see? He agrees.

CHRIS
So he bought your friendship?

TERRY
Everything is bought.

CHRIS
Not everything.

TERRY
Name one.

Chris ponders for a second.

CHRIS
Air.

Terry responds with a silent snicker.

TERRY
Ever heard of Oxygen Bars?

Terry seductively stuffs the \$100 bill into her bra then
crawls onto the bed with cat-like demeanor.

She slowly undress herself. Chris is visibly stimulated.

INSIDE DRAKE'S BEDROOM

Another lavishly decorated bedroom with more opulent furnitures and decorations fit for a king.

Drake suspiciously enters then locks the door.

He makes his way to the far corner of the room and approaches a TALL, WOODEN CABINET. He unlocks it and upon opening it, we see a shrine filled with pictures of Chris.

A COLLAGE of about 30 pictures, from different settings, that was secretly shot from a distance, stalker style.

BACK IN THE GUEST BEDROOM

Chris suddenly SITS UP on the bed, half naked. Terry also sits up while covering herself with a blanket. Both are breathing heavily.

CHRIS

I can't do this!

TERRY

What's the matter. Am I not pretty enough?

CHRIS

It's not you. Sorry.

Chris gets up off the bed and quickly puts his clothes back on. Before walking out of the room he looks at Terry.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Take care.

Chris exits the room.

TERRY

Call me.

IN DRAKE'S BEDROOM

While gazing at the shrine, Drake hears commotion outside the room.

He hastily closes the cabinet, locks it and sprints towards the bedroom door. Sticking his head out the door he sees Chris scurrying down the hall.

DRAKE

Everything alright bro?

CHRIS

Yah... everything's fine. I'll see you at work?

INT. DR. AUBERON'S OFFICE - LATER

Inside a warm and inviting office, Chris lays on the Psychiatrist Bed with his Doctor sitting next to him. His name is DR AUBERON (49)

DR. AUBERON

Was that the first time you tried killing yourself?

CHRIS

No. I've tried several times.

DR. AUBERON

What's going on with your life?

CHRIS

Nothing's going on. I always seem to fail at everything. Women, my career...Suicide.

DR. AUBERON

But what's really going on with your life?

CHRIS

First off I'm always sleepy. And second I keep having these weird lucid dreams.

DR. AUBERON

Your sleepiness could be attributed to depression which explains your suicidal thoughts. Tell me more about your dreams.

CHRIS

There's this girl. She's beautiful. Blonde, blue eyes. Sometimes when I wake up I can still smell her.

DR. AUBERON

Is she real?

CHRIS

No she only exist in my dreams. The only time I feel happiness is after waking up from my dreams of her. Then reality sets in.

DR. AUBERON
What else are in your dreams?

We see a quick flash of the Grand Structure.

CHRIS
There's this huge structure with a dome.

Then we see a quick flash of the two Angels.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
And there's these two winged creatures. They're always walking next to me, as if guarding me.

DR. AUBERON
You mean Angels?

CHRIS
I don't know. They're tall. Like 8 feet tall.

Then we see quick Flashes of Drake covered in blood and guts.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
And my co-worker.

DR. AUBERON
What about your co-worker?

CHRIS
There's blood and guts all over him.

DR. AUBERON
Who is you co-worker?

CHRIS
Drake Ferarri. He's one of the managers. I just went to his party last night.

DR. AUBERON
Seems like there's something dark about Drake.

CHRIS
Yah tell me about it.

DR. AUBERON
There must be some kind of deep hatred towards him.

CHRIS
Can you translate my dreams?

DR. AUBERON
I don't interpret dreams. But I
have a trick up my sleeve.

INT. DR. AUBERON'S PSYCH BED - LATER

Dr. Auberon pushes the record button on his audio recorder.
Drowsy, Chris lays on the bed as a pendulum swings in front
of his eyes.

DR. AUBERON (CONT'D)
Relax. Feel yourself drifting away.

His eyelids slowly close.

DR. AUBERON (CONT'D)
Think about the Grand Structure.
The two Angels. And the blonde
girl.

His eyelids fully close and he falls asleep. Dr Auberon
speaks into the recorder.

DR. AUBERON (CONT'D)
The time is 4:33 pm.

He sets his attention on Chris.

DR. AUBERON (CONT'D)
You are there now.

Chris begins to moan. His eyes move side to side rapidly
underneath his eyelids.

DR. AUBERON (CONT'D)
Chris? Can you hear me?

CHRIS
Yes.

DR. AUBERON
Can you tell me what you see.

AS he intermittently twitches, we close in on his eyes as the
screen FADES TO WHITE.

INT. HEAVEN - LATER

We are taken to a mystic land with lush green foliage
everywhere. Animals happily frolic about with no fear.

This place wrecks of beauty. The colors are vivid and almost seem fake like a cartoon or painting.

A path cuts through the land surrounded by trees that spans miles as far as the eyes can see in both directions. Mostly made of dirt with pockets of gravel and pebbles. Humans with a subtle glow draped in White clothes peacefully stroll from either direction.

Along the path and off to the side is a Park Bench nestled within an open area surrounded by rose bushes and trees. Sitting on it is Chris.

Sage approaches him with much vibrance and naiveté.

SAGE

Hello

CHRIS

Oh hey.

SAGE

Are you gonna invite me to sit?

CHRIS

Have a seat.

Sage takes a seat on the far side of the bench, subtly keeping her distance.

SAGE

How's it going down there?

CHRIS

It's not looking pretty.

SAGE

I heard.

CHRIS

I've seen it worse.

SAGE

Why don't you go back?

CHRIS

Not yet.

SAGE

What are you waiting for? People are suffering.

CHRIS

I'm waiting for hope.

SAGE

Hope?

CHRIS

Yup. Besides, if I was to go back hell would literally break loose.

SAGE

And that's why I'd rather stay here.

CHRIS

Sooner or later you're gonna have to go down there.

SAGE

I know. But I'm scared.

CHRIS

Don't be. Trust me.

SAGE

Can I go in as a Rock Star?

CHRIS

You can be anything you want.

SAGE

How are you doing down there?

CHRIS

I'm alone. I have very little friends. I'm a slob who can't keep my apartment clean. And I'm not having much luck with the ladies.

Brief pause

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Say, would you like to go on a date with me?

Sage explodes with excitement.

SAGE

OMG! I can't believe you just asked me to go on a date.

Sage is interrupted by a group of 15 people wearing White Robes, led down the path by a more vibrant and younger looking Matthew Grand.

MATTHEW

Hi!

CHRIS

Hi!

Matthew and Chris lock in an embrace while the group pay homage by kneeling.

MATTHEW

Arrivals.

SAGE

(excited)

You guys just came back? How was it?

One of the men in the group speaks up. His name is JOHN (28)

JOHN

Well I died in a mass shooting.

CHRIS

Who here died in a shooting?

EVERYONE in the group raise their hand.

JOHN

Its getting really bad.

MATTHEW

(to Chris)

Which is why you need to go back.

CHRIS

Not yet.

MATTHEW

What are you waiting for?

SAGE

He said he's waiting for Hope.

CHRIS

(sarcastic)

Thanks.

MATTHEW

Hope?

CHRIS

Yes.

THE AIR STIRS as their conversation is cut short by a low rumbling noise. Two, winged creatures pierce the sky like jet fighters coming around for an attack run.

As they descend upon Chris's location, their mighty wings flap with a blast of hurricane-like winds.

Standing at 8 feet tall, their names are MICHAEL and GABRIEL, attired like Roman Warriors with armor of steel.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Uh oh.

SAGE

What's wrong?

CHRIS

Something feels funny.

MICHAEL

(to Chris)

Sir... HE beckons.

CHRIS

I know.

EXT. THE OBELISK - CONTINUOUS

Escorted by Michael and Gabriel, Chris and Sage make their way the THE HALL.

Along the way, they notice a glowing sphere about 4 feet in diameter with a pulsating beckoning glow, suspended a few inches above a ten foot tall pyramid.

SAGE

What is that?

CHRIS

The Obelisk

Sage's eyes remain fixed to the Glowing Object as they walk past it, perched atop a small hill just a stone's throw away.

INT. THE HALL - CONTINUOUS

They enter a large structure made of marble equal in grandeur of St. Peter's Basilica. Amidst the lavish decorations of statues and paintings within the building protrudes a Large Dome of equal splendor.

MICHAEL

Sir, are you sure she can be in here?

CHRIS
She'll be alright.

Chris turns to Sage.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Stay near the entrance.

Sage heeds Chris's suggestion and stays near the entrance while the trio march towards the center of The Hall.

MICHAEL
Sir, maybe you shouldn't be in human form?

CHRIS
It's only a phone call.

SAGE
A phone call from whom?

CHRIS
An old friend.

The Hall darkens and sound fades away.

A red orb appears in the middle of the hall, beneath the dome. Organs and muscle tissue slither together and form a human figure. The cluster of guts slowly reveal Drake Ferrari with 2 male escorts behind him that are as equally dark and handsome, clad in Black Suits The LIGHTS FADE IN.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Where did you get that suit?

DRAKE
Excuse me?

CHRIS
(sarcastically)
I like the suit.

They smirk in disbelief

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Anyway, You called?

DRAKE
What?!

CHRIS
Is there an echo in here?

DRAKE

You were suppose to have gone back
by now.

CHRIS

I keep telling everyone, NOT YET.

DRAKE

Why?

CHRIS

I'll give you 3 guesses what my
answer is.

DRAKE

The world is in shambles, it's
falling apart.

CHRIS

I know that.

DRAKE

We had an agreement. I want my
souls.

CHRIS

Patience.

Drake notices Sage innocently standing near the doorway. His eyes glow a fiendish red as he takes a DEEP INHALE.

DRAKE

Mmmm an INNOCENT.

Drake FLOATS past Chris and his Angels and towards an apprehensive Sage. Stopping uncomfortably close to her, he leers at her young body. He extends his *holographic* hand to feel her but goes right through her.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

So pure, so innocent. I miss this.

CHRIS

That's enough!

Drake FLOATS back towards Chris.

DRAKE

You are not in accordance with the
agreement.

Chris stands silently.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

And to cheat me of this means that you are cheating yourself of your own values.

CHRIS

I am not cheating.

DRAKE

Then what are you waiting for? You can start all over again.

CHRIS

(to michael)

Like I said, there's still time.

DRAKE

I will induce more hate and more fear.

Drake gets closer to Chris's face. So close, they can kiss.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

(whispering, intensely
to Chris's face)

You will lose.

INT. DR. AUBERON'S PSYCH BED - LATER

The Doctor sits on his chair bewildered and speechless, ogling a groggy and sweat drenched Chris freshly awakened from hypnosis. The Doctor pushes the stop button on the recorder.

CHRIS

What happened?

DR. AUBERON

Nothing really

CHRIS

Well what did I say?

DR. AUBERON

Not much really.

CHRIS

How long was I out for?

DR. AUBERON

5 minutes.

His watch indicates 5:30 pm

CHRIS
Can I hear what you recorded?

DR. AUBERON
Next session.

CHRIS
(disappointed)
Ok. Well am I crazy?

DR. AUBERON
Not at all. I think you're just
oppressing a lot of feelings about
your Dad.

On his notepad are the scribbled words "The Obelisk" and "The Hall".

INT. CEMETARY - LATER

STANDING OVER 2 HEADSTONES is LT. LANCE ARROW (35), wearing honorary military uniform and holding a bouquet of flowers.

He places the bouquet in between the gravestones. After a brief pause, he salutes and walks away.

He makes his way to his car where his friend, DAVID JAVELIN (35), awaits, also wearing honorary military uniform.

DAVID
You ok?

LANCE
Yup.

DAVID
Me and others are going to church.
You wanna come?

LANCE
Have fun.

DAVID
Listen Lance, it's been a couple
years now. Move on.

LANCE
Not ready yet.

DAVID
The only way you're gonna find
healing is through God.

LANCE
Seems like he's the source of my
misery.

DAVID
There's a reason to everything,
Lance.

LANCE
What... Piss me off?

DAVID
And I'm sure they're up there
watching over you.

LANCE
(pissed)
They're gone ok? There's no
afterlife. There's no God. It's all
an illusion. For control, don't you
get it?

DAVID
I'm sorry you think that way man.

LANCE
I fought for him and this is how he
repays me? I'm retiring.

DAVID
What?! You can't retire now. Who's
gonna be my GUNNER?

LANCE
There are plenty around.

DAVID
But we have that exercise that's
coming up. No one else can shoot
like you.

LANCE
I'm done with the military.

DAVID
Please, please, please Lance. Just
this last time.

LANCE
Well, if I was gonna move on I sure
as hell will not move on through
church.

DAVID

It's not God's fault. There is a reason why he chose your wife and daughter.

LANCE

Listen, I've heard it all. I don't need to hear it from you.

DAVID

That reason will come someday. I guarantee it

INT. DR. AUBERON'S OFFICE - EVENING

Dr. Auberon sits in his darkened office with his laptop as the only source of light. All is quiet except for tapping on the keyboard and his audio recorder playing back his session with Chris.

DR. AUBERON (O.S.)

Tell me more about Sage

CHRIS (O.S.)

She's beautiful. About 5 foot 7. Long blonde hair. Blue eyes.

(MORE)

CHRIS (O.S.)

We're walking through this field. It's beautiful too. I can't describe it. The colors. There are so many shades of blue and green. And there are Angels everywhere and people walking around wearing white robes.

ON DR. AUBERON'S LAPTOP, words in black digital font appear on the screen. REVELATIONS 7:13, Then one of the elders asked me, "These in white robes--who are they, and where did they come from?" Dr. Auberon quietly reads his laptop while his audio recorder plays in the background.

DR. AUBERON (O.S.)

Tell me about the Angels

CHRIS (O.S.)

They stand about 8 feet tall. I have two guarding me. Their names are Michael and Gabriel.

DR. AUBERON (O.S.)
Why are they guarding you?

CHRIS (O.S.)
Because I'm someone important.

Dr. Auberón's laptop screen scrolls and lands on.
REVELEATIONS 22: 6-8 6 The angel said to me, "These words are trustworthy and true. The Lord, the God of the spirits of the prophets, sent his angel to show his servants the things that must soon take place. 7 "Behold, I am coming soon! Blessed is he who keeps the words of the prophecy in this book." 8 I, John, am the one who heard and saw these things. And when I had heard and seen them, I fell down to worship at the feet of the angel who had been showing them to me. "

DR. AUBERON (O.S.)
How so?

CHRIS (O.S.)
I'm suppose to save the world.

Dr. Auberón intently listens to the audio without flinching.

DR. AUBERON (O.S.)
That's a big responsibility. Save it from what?

CHRIS (O.S.)
From Evil.

DR. AUBERON (O.S.)
Isn't that a job for God?

Chris is silent. Nothing comes out of the speakers except ambient noise.

CHRIS (O.S.)
There's also the Obelisk.

Puzzled, Dr. Auberón stares at his earlier scribbles of "The Obelisk" and "The Hall" on his notepad.

DR. AUBERON (O.S.)
What is it?

CHRIS (O.S.)
It allows us to cross over.

DR. AUBERON (O.S.)
Are they with you inside The Hall?

CHRIS (O.S.)
Yes. Sage is staying near the
entrance.

EXT. HEAVEN - LATER

We are back by The Bench as beauty envelopes the screen with vivid colors and serenity. Chris and Sage contently sit next to each other.

CHRIS
I finally met him on the other
side.

SAGE
You mean... Your friend?

CHRIS
Yes HIM.

SAGE
How long have you two been friends?

CHRIS
For a long time.

SAGE
And why do you have to use the Hall
to call him?

CHRIS
He's in a far away place.

SAGE
That's good you two keep in touch
with each other. How many friends
do you have?

CHRIS
Not very many.

SAGE
Am I your friend?

CHRIS
Of course.

Chris scurries to a rose bush and breaks off a bloom. He returns to the bench and gives it to Sage.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
To friendship.

SAGE
Awe, thank you. Sage gives him a hug.

CHRIS
So are you ever gonna tour?

SAGE
I don't know. It sounds fun and all but...

CHRIS
You should try it.

SAGE
How am I gonna do that? I would have to start off as a child.

CHRIS
You can VIEW through a schizophrenic. Or someone with multiple personalities. Or someone who's bipolar or even drug induced.

SAGE
I can do that?

CHRIS
Yah on Earth they call it possession. As long as their minds are turned off, you can do anything. Or you can appear as a ghost. But you won't feel anything.

SAGE
Why are you telling me this, out of all people?

CHRIS
Why not, it's harmless.

SAGE
Well maybe not for me, but what about the person being possessed?

CHRIS
They'll live.

Sage laughs and briefly thinks about it.

SAGE
No, this is crazy.

CHRIS
Come on. You only live once. She
ponders for a moment.

SAGE
Ok, how do I do it?

EXT. THE OBELISK - CONTINUOUS

Chris and Sage walk along The Path, passing the Obelisk and she is once again enthralled by it. Two Angels approach the Obelisk and bow their heads. After a few seconds, It energizes and engulfs them.

SAGE
What does that thing do anyways?

CHRIS
That allows us to cross over.

Another pair of Angels approach the Obelisk.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
They use it all the time to cross
over.

After a second, the Orb energizes and the Angels DISAPPEAR.

SAGE
Where are they going?

CHRIS
To Earth, most likely to intervene.

SAGE
Intervene?

CHRIS
To save someone.

The Obelisk seems to beckon Sage as she veers off The Path. It glows brighter and rumbles louder the closer she gets to it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(whispers to Sage)
Isn't it beautiful?

SAGE
What is it?

CHRIS
It's everything.

SAGE
Where did you get it.

CHRIS
I made it.

At the foot of the Obelisk, Sage slowly raises her hand up to it as it pulsates, as if calling to her.

SAGE
What am I feeling?

CHRIS
The Universe.

At arm's reach, she extends her arm out to the glowing sphere as it undulates with mass power. But before her hand touches the Sphere, Chris suddenly grabs her hand, the rumbling stops and Sage comes to.

SAGE
Why did you stop me?

CHRIS
Only angels can cross over.

SAGE
What happens when a soul crosses over?

CHRIS
You don't wanna know.

Sage ponders for a second

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Come on, let's go to the Hall.

Chris takes her hand and they walk away.

INT. THE HALL - LATER

As Chris and Sage enter the Hall, a female soul named CRIMSON (19) is already inside. In front of her is a funeral procession in progress with a grieving mother and father crying over a casket. Her body is laying inside.

CHRIS
(to Sage)
She's viewing her funeral on Earth.

Crimson's parents, Late 50s, hold each other as they dearly cry over their daughter's lifeless body, unaware she is watching them from the other side. The mother has a breakdown and cries uncontrollably.

MOM
My baby. MY BABY!!

The father holds onto his wife, refusing to breakdown. Desperate, Crimson turns around to Chris.

CRIMSON
Can I make an appearance?

The mother falls to her knees crying. Family rush to hold her up. Chris ponders, extremely hesitant about the request.

SAGE
(to Chris)
Why won't you let her?

CHRIS
They're not suppose to see us.

SAGE
But her mom is suffering.

CHRIS
If they see us then they'll know.

SAGE
Know what?

Caught in a dilemma, Chris struggles to give an answer.

CRIMSON
Please!

The mother collapses, clearly losing her mind.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - EARTH - CONTINUOUS

Distraught relatives burst into tears inside the funeral home as they watch the drama unfold near the casket.

Crimson's parents have completely lost it and collapsed to the floor. The room erupts into chaos as friends and family run to console the parents.

The room is SUDDENLY illuminated. Faces turn horrid and white, stunned at the sight of Crimson's Apparition floating in the air above the casket.

To her surprise, the mother awakens and see her daughter floating.

MOTHER
Crimson! My baby!

FATHER
Dear Jesus.

Wearing white and transparently floating in full specter mode, Crimson manifest in the middle of the room as relatives watch in shock. Some capture it on their cell phones.

MOTHER
Is that you Crimson? Is that really
you?

Crimson nods with a smile as tears fall from her parent's eyes.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
I love you baby.

She reaches down to her mother's face for one last caress.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
She touched me. She touched me.

INT. THE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Like a holograph, The Funeral Home fades away leaving Crimson surrounded by marble. Crimson turns to Chris to express her gratitude.

CRIMSON
Thank you so much.

Crimson quietly walks out of The Hall. Chris takes Sage's hand and guides her towards the center.

CHRIS
You ready?

SAGE
Yes.

He backs away from Sage and leaves her at the center. Sage smiles naively.

SAGE (CONT'D)

This is exciting.

CHRIS

You're not gonna remember anything from this side, OK?

SAGE

Ok.

CHRIS

Close your eyes.

Office Furniture materialize around Sage. Eventually she is within an office cubicle with AMANDA POWERS sitting at her desk, motionless.

Like a swarm of bees, Sage fragments into pixelated particles and fly into Amanda's body.

INT. AMANDA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Amanda's eyes rapidly flutter then suddenly open. She takes a deep breath and looks around completely lost and overwhelmed with the new sensation. She touches her face, the walls and the desk. Then she accidentally pricks herself with a push pin.

AMANDA

Ouch!

Much to her chagrin she looks at the blood spurting from her finger. Matthew strolls by her cubicle and abruptly stops as he notices Amanda's peculiarity. Amanda is startled by his presence.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I know you.

MATTHEW

Yes you do. You work for me.

AMANDA

No... I know you from another place.

MATTHEW

Ok now you're really creepin' me out.

CHRIS AWAKENS INSIDE HIS CUBICLE from his afternoon nap as we hear Amanda and Matthew's conversation on the other side.

AMANDA (O.S.)
I've seen you before.

MATTHEW (O.S.)
You are having another episode. I suggest you take your medication.

DRAMA UNFOLDS inside Amanda's cubicle.

AMANDA
Where am I? What am I?

MATTHEW
You are Amanda Powers. My employee.

AMANDA
I don't belong here.

MATTHEW
Amanda calm down.

AMANDA (O.S.)
Please, I want to leave. I want to go back.

Chris sprints out of his cubicle and into Amanda's cubicle. Amanda is enthralled upon setting eyes on Chris. She reaches out for Chris.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
You are special aren't you.

Chris is bewildered at Amanda.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I also know you.

They are both drawn to each other as their fingers eventually connect.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
What is your name?

CHRIS
Chris.

Amanda whispers as she palms Chris's chest.

AMANDA
I can feel you in there.

Amanda gently rests her head on Chris's chest, embracing him and closing her eyes, as if LISTENING.

She begins to inaudibly whisper to his chest. And then we distinctly hear...

AMANDA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Sage, Sage, Sage. Her whispering becomes louder.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Who is Sage?

CHRIS
I don't know.

AMANDA
She's special too. Isn't she?

CHRIS
I don't know what you're talking about.

AMANDA
What is this place. I feel pain. I smell stench. I see horrid and I hear screams.

MATTHEW
You work here. It's a broadcasting company... THE MEDIA?

AMANDA
Please get me out of here.

MATTHEW
Amanda, you've been working here for years now.

AMANDA
(screaming)
Get me out of here!

More employees congregate around Amanda's cubicle. Matthew attempts to calm her down and trap her inside the cubicle.

MATTHEW
Calm down Amanda!

Matthew and a few employees apprehend her. A struggle ensues and Amanda is quickly overpowered as she screams her lungs out.

AMANDA
(screaming)
Get me out of here! I want to
leave!

EXT. MORNING STAR BROADCASTING - LATER

Outside the building, Amanda sits inside a police cruiser.

Matthew, Chris and Drake stand together while a cop is writing up his notes.

POLICE
Are you sure you don't want to
press charges?

MATTHEW
She's just having an episode.

POLICE
We're gonna bring her to the police
station for a psych evaluation.
Just to make sure she's not a
danger to herself and to others.

MATTHEW
Sure thing officer.

The Cop hops into his cruiser with Amanda in the back. Chris watches Amanda as the cruiser drives away.

CHRIS
Are you gonna fire her?

MATTHEW
No.

CHRIS
What does it take to get fired
around here.

A brief pause.

MATTHEW
Who is Sage?

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM

We see Chris tossing and turning in his bed as flashbacks of the encounter with Amanda rage within his head.

AMANDA (V.O.)
Sage, Sage,.... who's Sage?

Chris continues to toss and turn in his bed. He can't sleep.

INT. DR. AUBERON'S OFFICE - DAY

Chris is once again laying down on the bed with Dr. Auberon who is sitting next to him and listening.

CHRIS
I tried killing myself again.

DR. AUBERON
Again?

CHRIS
Like always, I failed.

DR. AUBERON
Maybe you don't really want to.

CHRIS
Well, I do, but....

DR. AUBERON
You don't really want to.

CHRIS
Do you believe in a God?

DR. AUBERON
I can't disclose that.

CHRIS
I'm paying you \$120 per hour. Of course you can.

DR. AUBERON
There are all sorts of Gods. Egyptian God, Greeks.

CHRIS
The Christian God.

DR. AUBERON
There's no such thing.

CHRIS
What if there is? What if someone or something else is in charge of everything?

DR. AUBERON

It's fabricated. You are in charge of everything.

CHRIS

Sometimes I feel like I'm not. Like right now I can't sleep.

DR. AUBERON

A suicidal, insomniac. You have more issues than I thought.

CHRIS

What do I need to do?

DR. AUBERON

You need to focus and be in control. Be more assertive. Take what you want. Only you can make it happen.

Chris lay speechless on the bed.

INT. MORNING STAR BROADCASTING - DAY

Chris wearily walks the hallways on his way to his cubicle. He runs into Matthew.

CHRIS

Did you sleep?

MATTHEW

Yes I did.

CHRIS

Well I did not. I'm gonna sleep in my cubicle.

MATTHEW

Ok, don't work too hard.

They part ways.

INT. CHRIS' CUBICLE - LATER

In a desperate attempt to fall asleep, Chris lays his head down on his office table with bags under his eyes. Weary, he attempts to sleep but eventually fails. He gets up from his desk, frustrated.

IN HYPER LAPSE MODE, He tries various sleeping positions inside his cubicle such as laying on the desk, huddled underneath the desk and on the floor.

Frustrated, he leaves his cubicle and takes a stroll through the hallways.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Chris walks through the hallways, he comes upon the Conference room.

With the door ajar, we see 6 men wearing dark suits and sunglasses, gathered around the conference table. They look like mannequins, stoic, holding hands and heads bowed as if praying.

Sitting on one end is the CEO, DREX IDOL (60s). Grey hair, daunting, intimidating, Caucasian.

Across the table facing Drex is Drake Ferarri, the only one without sunglasses, slouched and sitting back on his chair with eyes closed and in a hypnotic state. His voice sound evil.

On each side of the table are 2 older males also wearing sunglasses.

DREX

The umbrella is at 90%

Old man in his 60s wearing a black suit, RUBIK NARCO, is sitting to DREX'S right side.

RUBIK

Acquisition is now 65% effective.

DRAKE

I want 100% acquisition.

Another man within the group, 60s, SHAMAN DOUBT, bald and dark speaks up.

SHAMAN

100% acquisition is impossible.

Drake briefly pauses.

DRAKE

(angry)

We need more hate and fear.

DREX

We're gonna need more compensation.

FROM OUTSIDE THE DOOR, Chris curiously peer inside and listens in. From where he is we can hear their conversation through the little opening.

DRAKE

You've been given UNLIMITED resources. What more do you want.

FROM CHRIS'S POV we only see THE BACK of Drake's head.

DREX

We are seeing a trend amongst the people.

DRAKE

What kind of trend.

BACK INSIDE THE CONFERENCE ROOM.

SHAMAN

More and more of them are starting to believe.

RUBIK

Although we do have the upper hand.

DREX

There's been a resurgence of interest in spirituality.

DRAKE

Are you telling me that you are losing control?

DREX

No, I am telling you that something is causing them to believe.

DRAKE

You have all the major industries at your disposal. Healthcare, food, auto and especially the MEDIA. And you're telling me that you need more power?

There is a brief pause as we look at the stone cold, frozen faces of the MYSTERY MEN.

DREX

(nervous)

We are doing our best here. You
need to do your part as well.

DRAKE

(angry)

We are limited at what we can do!
That is why we hire humans to do
our bidding. Perhaps we should look
into other ways of persuasion.

A GUARD standing near the entrance notices the door is still
open.

FROM OUTSIDE the conference room, We see Chris intently
listening and peeking INTO THE OPENING.

The Guard's eyes suddenly come into view through the opening,
startling Chris to look away.

The door closes shut. Confused, Chris proceeds to walk down
the hallway.

BACK INSIDE THE CONFERENCE ROOM.

DREX

No need to worry sir. We shall
increase our efforts and get close
to 100% acquisition.

DRAKE

I like your style.

DREX

And may I ask why the sudden surge?

We are brought slowly TOWARDS Drake's face.

DRAKE

War.

The Mystery Men are stunned.

Drake awakens from his hypnotic state and returns to a groggy
Earthly persona.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

How long was I out for?

INT. AMANDA'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Sitting silently facing the wall and staring into the computer is Amanda. Chris cautiously enters her cubicle.

CHRIS

Amanda?

No answer from Amanda.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Amanda?

Still no response. Chris pokes her on the shoulder.

AMANDA

What do you want?

CHRIS

(startled)

What do you mean you knew me?

AMANDA

Huh?

CHRIS

Yesterday, you said you knew me.

AMANDA

I don't know what you're talking about.

He grabs her by the shoulders and intensely stare into her eyes. There is an awkward pause between the two of them.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

This better not be sexual harassment.

CHRIS

How long have we been neighbors?

AMANDA

2 years.

CHRIS

And we never once said hello to each other.

AMANDA

Yes.

CHRIS

Then how come you said you knew me?

AMANDA

I have no recollection of that incident.

CHRIS

And who's Sage?

AMANDA

Are you on drugs?

DISAPPOINTED, Chris walks out of the cubicle.

INT. DRAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Drake paces around his office, DICTATING words to Terry Dean, who is working on a script as she types on a laptop.

DRAKE

So, the aliens arrive, bright lights everywhere. And they are hostile.

Terry types on her keyboard.

TERRY

What about we change it up a little bit and make the aliens friendly.

DRAKE

NO! There is no such thing as a friendly alien.

Terry excitedly types on her keyboard.

TERRY

God is friendly.

DRAKE

God is not an alien.

TERRY

Yes he is.

DRAKE

No he is not.

TERRY

He is not from around here. Wouldn't that classify him as an alien?

DRAKE

Aliens are green and slimy creatures.

TERRY

According to what the media has pumped into our heads? Yes, but no.

Brief pause.

TERRY (CONT'D)

And he doesn't fly around in a shiny, round flying saucer.

Terry takes out her smart phone and interacts with it.

CLOSE UP of her phone we see her navigate her way to the BIBLE APP and she launches it.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Matthew 24, verse 27, for as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even onto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.

DRAKE

Ok now you're creeping me out.

TERRY

Verse 30, and then shall appear the sign of the son of man in heaven, and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn. And they shall see the son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory.

Drake is speechless and takes a beat.

DRAKE

Are we gonna finish this script or what? I have a show due in less than a week.

Terry plays a Youtube video of a BRIGHT LIGHT hovering over the DOME OF THE ROCK, on her laptop.

Drake is drawn towards the laptop as the video plays.

TERRY

This video was taken at Dome of the Rock, a very sacred and holy place to Christians.

DRAKE
Turn that off.

Terry turns to Drake.

TERRY
Each time they appear, it's like
God knocking at our door.

SUDDENLY, We hear a knock on the door.

DRAKE
Come in.

It is Chris. He enters the room.

Drake gestures Terry to leave and she walks out of the office.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
What can I do for you?

CHRIS
I can't sleep.

DRAKE
Are you having problems?

CHRIS
Don't we all have problems?

DRAKE
Was it because of Amanda?

CHRIS
Yes. She said she knew me.

DRAKE
Well do you know her?

CHRIS
I've never spoken to her up until
yesterday.

DRAKE
Amanda is, special.

CHRIS
Do you believe in destiny?

DRAKE
No.

CHRIS
 What if someone or something else
 is in charge?

DRAKE
 You mean a God?

CHRIS
 Yes.

DRAKE
 You are in control of everything,
 right here right now.

Chris brandishes a gun and points the barrel at his head.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
 No!

Chris pulls the trigger but the gun doesn't fire.

Chris walks up to the window and opens it. He points the gun
 outside and pulls the trigger. BANG!

He fires it a couple more times. BANG! BANG!

He puts the gun up to his head, CLICK!

CUT TO ANOTHER ANGLE, and a transparent Angel Michael is
 holding the gun. But Chris and Drake can't see him.

CHRIS
 (angry)
 Why can't I kill myself? And why
 won't you guys fire me? It's like
 you're all in on some kind of sick
 joke.

DRAKE
 Chris, you're becoming paranoid.

CHRIS
 I just tried to kill myself in
 front of you and it didn't happen
 and you're calling me paranoid?

Chris tramples out of the office.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - EVENING

IN THE BATHROOM, Chris stands in front of the mirror and
 takes some SLEEP AID PILLS.

He pours MILK into a glass and chugs it down.

Then he picks up a JOINT, lights it up and takes a couple of hits.

INSIDE THE BEDROOM Chris lays down on his bed and closes his eyes.

IN TIME LAPSE MODE we see him tossing and turning on his bed.

He eventually lays still on his back and his eyes open, the marijuana taking effect and from his POV the ceiling blurs.

Paranoia sets in and he suddenly jumps to a sitting position on his bed, his eyes panning from side to side.

CHRIS
I'm trippin.

He quickly gets up from the bed.

INT. CHRIS LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside a dimly lit living room we see Chris working on the painting of Sage. This time he is focused on the rose.

He stares into her eyes. The weed is still in full effect and the painting winks at him. Alarmed, he tries to clear his eyes by blinking profusely and shaking his head.

CHRIS
What the...?!

The painting reverts back to normal.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Who are you?

Chris stares at the painting of the rose as we are slowly brought towards it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HEAVEN - CONTINUOUS

ON THE BENCH and playing with the rose is Sage, waiting for her friend Chris.

Looking replenished and *normal*, we see Amanda Powers walking along the path and spotting Sage sitting on the bench.

AMANDA

Hey!

SAGE

Hello!

Sage gets up off the bench and gives Amanda a hug.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Sorry about doing *that*.

AMANDA

It's ok. That happens all the time.
They call it split personality.

SAGE

That must be so tiring.

AMANDA

(pointing to her head)
Well, she doesn't have much going
on up here.

SAGE

I didn't realize how invasive that
was.

AMANDA

That's why it's rare for someone to
do it from around *here*. It's
usually done by someone DOWN THERE,
if you catch my drift.

Amanda discretely points down with her finger.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

How did you know how to do that?

SAGE

He showed me The Hall.

AMANDA

He authorized it? My goodness.

SAGE

Yes, I totally didn't know where I
was. I was so confused and scared.

AMANDA

I'm always experiencing that every
time I wake up on the other side.

SAGE
They were very interesting
emotions.

AMANDA
You're not gonna get that around
here. Where is HE?

SAGE
I don't know. We actually
interacted there. But after I came
back I haven't seen him.

AMANDA
That's odd.

SAGE
Yes it is.

Amanda notices Sage holding the rose.

AMANDA
Pretty rose.

SAGE
He gave it to me.

AMANDA
You mean, HE?

SAGE
Yes

AMANDA
Wow! That's new.

SAGE
Why, what's the big deal.

AMANDA
What's the big deal? Honey he's
never given a rose to anyone.

SAGE
We're friends.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

The streets are empty and still in the early morning stage.
Chris comes out of his apartment pumped up and ready to take
on the world, wearing running attire.

He sticks his hand in his pocket and finds a 20 dollar bill.

CHRIS

Woo hoo, today must be my lucky
day!

CUT TO Chris huffin' and puffin' through the empty streets
lit up by street lamps.

He stops at a corner and notice a homeless man huddled inside
a cardboard box.

HOMELESS MAN

Can you spare some change?

Chris reaches into his pocket and gives the homeless man the
20 DOLLAR BILL.

CHRIS

Here you go. Don't buy any alcohol
with it.

HOMELESS MAN

God bless you.

Chris continues to jog.

After turning a corner, he makes a detour at a church.

He ponders for a moment, then decides to go inside.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Inside the church, Chris walks down the aisle, slowly
approaching the altar.

At the altar is a man in his 40s making daily preparations.
His name is PASTOR ALAN (40s).

Chris takes a seat on one of the pews.

The Pastor notice Chris sitting alone with his head down and
praying. He approaches him.

PASTOR ALAN

What brings you here at this time
of night.

CHRIS

I can't sleep. I used to be
suicidal, now I'm an insomniac.

PASTOR ALAN

What's bothering you?

CHRIS

A lot of things. My life, this world.

PASTOR ALAN

I understand, Same with a lot of people.

Chris takes out his smart phone and shows a picture of the painting of Sage.

CHRIS

You see this painting? Every time I stare into her eyes, I feel at peace.

PASTOR ALAN

Who's that?

CHRIS

A figment of my imagination.

PASTOR ALAN

Girl of your dreams.

CHRIS

I've also tried to kill myself and it never seems to happen.

PASTOR ALAN

Well most suicide attempts always fail.

CHRIS

No, you don't understand. It never happens.

PASTOR ALAN

I do understand. I've counseled many people that have tried to kill themselves.

Chris sighs and shakes his head.

CHRIS

I don't know what's going on with me.

PASTOR ALAN

You need to find what you're meant to do.

CHRIS

How?

PASTOR ALAN

Cast fear and doubt aside. Then
follow your heart and soul. The
soul is the driver.

Pastor Alan points to his head.

PASTOR ALAN (CONT'D)

This is only an engine.

Chris ponders and then realizes something.

CHRIS

I see what you mean. Thank you.

Chris exits the church.

INT. DRAKE'S HOUSE - LATER

A doorbell rings and a shirtless, half naked Drake answers
the door. On the other side is Chris, still wearing his
sweaty jogging suit.

DRAKE

Do you know what time it is?

CHRIS

I need your help.

DRAKE

Ok, am I suppose to be happy about
that?

CHRIS

I need you to help me make a script
for a pilot.

DRAKE

A script? What's it about?

CHRIS

Hope.

DRAKE

Ok.

CUE cheesy and upbeat 80s music.

CUT TO a montage of Drake and Chris working together in the
LIVING ROOM, bonding and having fun.

Drake sets two cigars on the table.

Chris paces back and forth, dictating scenes while Drake types on the keyboard.

DISSOLVE TO Chris acting insane, describing a scene of someone running around in circles. Laughter ensues.

DISSOLVE TO Chris on the keyboard typing and Drake bringing food and coffee to the room.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
Breakfast of champs.

CHRIS
Thanks bro.

DISSOLVE TO Drake laying down on the couch and describing a scene while Chris types on the keyboard. Chris Laughs.

ON THEIR COMPUTER we see letters appear as they are typed describing a scene from their TV show.

DISSOLVE TO a beautiful girl walking into the kitchen to get a drink from the fridge while the boys work, wearing ONLY a button up shirt and her undies. The boys ogle at her and Drake exudes confidence and they both giggle at each other.

DISSOLVE TO - DRAKE'S GARAGE, showing off his collection of luxury sports cars to Chris.

CUT TO Chris driving one of Drake's cars, recklessly.

CUT TO Drake's car pulling into a FAST FOOD RESTAURANT drive through window. Chris pays for lunch this time.

DISSOLVE TO Drake's living room eating their burgers and back to writing their script. Chris is chewing and dictating while Drake types on the keyboard.

DISSOLVE TO Chris on the keyboard and Drake holding a JOINT and SMOKING IT. After a BIG HIT he offers it to Chris who refuses to take a hit. Drake PRESSURES Chris who is so FOCUSED he NODS A NO. Drake pressures him even more and this time he OBLIGES and takes a HUGE hit, coughing in the process and Drake laughs.

DISSOLVE TO Chris still typing when he suddenly looks at Chris SUSPICIOUSLY and stops typing. Drake DESCRIBES a scene and suddenly stops upon noticing Chris. Through Chris' POV Drake and the background is a bit blurry. The pot is kicking in HARDCORE.

DRAKE
Everything OK bro?

CHRIS
Why do you want to kill me?

DRAKE
(laughing)
What?!

CHRIS
Never mind.

Chris goes back to typing.

DISSOLVE TO both Chris and Drake watching football while writing and having a good time.

DISSOLVE TO night time scene with a slower pace. Drake is laying down on the couch while Chris types on the keyboard.

They are interrupted by the same girl, this time she is wearing lingerie, beckoning Drake to come upstairs. He excitedly gets up off the couch and walks upstairs with her.

DISSOLVE TO a series of different angles of Chris alone and typing on the keyboard with cuts of letters appearing on his laptop screen.

DISSOLVE TO Chris typing by himself and finishing the script.

ON CHRIS' COMPUTER SCREEN, the WORDS APPEAR:

"INDEPENDENT"

Written By: Chris Apollo and Drake Ferarri

Chris leans back on his chair and light a cigar, accomplished and satisfied.

Drake walks downstairs with a big smile on his face. No shirt and freshly laid.

DRAKE
Hey you finished?

CHRIS
Yes. Did you?

They both laugh.

DRAKE
I think it'll be a hit.

CHRIS
Do we need to show the execs?

DRAKE
I am the execs.

CHRIS
What's next?

DRAKE
Get it to financing and get it
green lit.

EXT. HEAVEN - THE HALL - DAY

Sage anxiously walks around the entrance of THE HALL,
contemplating to walk inside.

OUTSIDE THE HALL people are walking around, going about with
their business with no one noticing what she's doing.

Matthew walks by and Sage beckons him.

SAGE
Hey Matthew!

MATTHEW
Hi Sage.

SAGE
How's he doing down there?

MATTHEW
He's doing good.

SAGE
I want to see him.

MATTHEW
Sage, you can't go there. You're an
innocent.

SAGE
But I can visit using the Hall.

MATTHEW
Sage, it's dangerous. Remember what
happened last time.

SAGE
But I need to see him.

Matthew pulls her off the path for some privacy.

MATTHEW

(quietly)

Ok. You must be careful. On earth, when you materialize, the rules do not apply. Rules like gravity. They will see you as a ghost.

SAGE

A ghost? What's that?

MATTHEW

They're scared of us in that form.

SAGE

Why are they scared?

MATTHEW

I don't know, blame the media.

Sage takes a beat

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

It takes a little practice when you materialize down there. You move by thought. And be careful with old people, babies, and animals. Especially cats.

SAGE

Ok.

MATTHEW

Sage, you shouldn't go.

SAGE

I won't take long.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

A FULL room with all seats occupied while some are left standing. All eyes are on the BIG TV screen.

We CAN'T see what's on TV, only the bewildered and amazed expressions of the viewing audience.

Chris and Drake are having a proud moment as everyone seems focused on their pilot.

The music hits a climax, then it's over.

The lights go on and the room is still. Everyone is speechless.

Looking tense, Chris awaits for the verdict or at least a reaction from someone.

A few awkward seconds pass then someone claps. Then another one claps. And eventually the whole room is clapping.

DREX

Air it!

Chris is excited.

CHRIS

Thanks Mr. Idol.

DREX

You thought of it all?

CHRIS

Mr. Ferarri helped me.

DREX

Great job guys. I want this aired first thing tomorrow. Prime time?

TERRY

Prime time? But we have a show airing around that time.

DREX

Cancel it. I want this one aired instead.

TERRY

Yes sir.

Chris and Drake are both overwhelmed with excitement.

Everyone in the room congratulates Chris with a handshake and a smile including Terry.

TERRY (CONT'D)

(to Chris)

Great job. Call me.

Drake notices with envious eyes as he watches Chris receive accolades from his colleagues.

Chris senses something peculiar about Drake and he approaches him.

CHRIS

(to Drake)

Everything cool man?

DRAKE

Yah. Let's get some drinks and celebrate.

CHRIS

I think I'm gonna go home and get some sleep. Some other time?

DRAKE

Ok. good job bro.

CHRIS

Thanks for the help.

As Chris walks away, Drake's face turn sour as envy saturates him.

INT. HEAVEN - THE HALL - DAY

We see Sage stick her head through the entrance of the Hall as she cautiously enters. There is not a soul in sight.

SAGE

Hello?

With extreme apprehension she makes her way to the center of the Hall. Upon arriving at the center, she closes her eyes.

SAGE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

By thought, by thought.

Her eyes open and she looks around. She does it again and closes her eyes.

SAGE (CONT'D)

By thought, by thought

Suddenly...

AMANDA

Excuse me.

Sage is startled.

SAGE

You scared me.

AMANDA

I'm sorry. I saw you come in here. What are you doing?

SAGE
Oh, just... admiring the grandeur
of this place.

AMANDA
Who are you visiting?

SAGE
A friend.

AMANDA
Aren't you an innocent? How do you
have friends over there.

SAGE
I was gonna visit Chris.

AMANDA
You love him don't you?

SAGE
Yes.

AMANDA
He can't love you back. Not the way
you want.

SAGE
Why not?

AMANDA
You don't have the slightest clue
of who he is do you?

SAGE
I do.

AMANDA
Sage, he is not like you and I. Do
you know what that means?

SAGE
He is alone.

AMANDA
He's always going to be alone. You
can never change that.

SAGE
Well I can try.

AMANDA
For someone who's never toured, you
sure are stubborn.

SAGE
How do I use this thing?

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM - EVENING

We see Chris working on the painting of Sage and putting on the final touches.

He pauses and peers into the painting's eyes.

CHRIS
Maybe I'll see you in my dreams.

Focused on the flower, he dabs a few final and careful strokes of highlights with his brush.

A peculiar cold breeze blows through the window as his brush halts in mid stroke.

Affected by the sudden drop in temperature, he gets up to close the window.

As chills run up his spine, he returns to his easel to continue painting.

IN CHRIS'S KITCHEN, an eerie breeze blows through as the lights dim and flicker.

A blurry, humanoid form materializes in the kitchen. It gradually morphs into Sage, appearing as a floating and transparent apparition.

From HER POV Her surroundings look surreal and fake.

She attempts to touch the kitchen counter but her hand passes right through it.

IN THE LIVING ROOM, Chris's cat casually comes out of the bedroom and affectionately brushes up on his leg. Then, she makes her way around the corner and disappears into the kitchen.

The living room is quietly tense as Chris focuses on his painting.

We suddenly hear the cat growl and hiss from the kitchen, distracting Chris from his painting. It darts out of the kitchen and scampers into the bedroom.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Kitty! What's the matter with you?

Chris makes a leery approach towards the kitchen and disappears around the corner, leaving the living room in a creepy stillness.

Sage suddenly floats through the wall from the kitchen, missing each other by seconds.

IN THE KITCHEN, Chris cautiously looks around and nothing seems to be out of the ordinary. He notices the window is open.

IN THE LIVING ROOM, from Sage's point of view we see her looking around. She sets her eyes on her painting and approaches it.

IN THE KITCHEN, Chris shuts the window.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(to himself)
It was just the wind.

He walks back to the living room.

IN THE LIVING ROOM, Sage is intrigued by the painting when we hear a sudden yell from Chris, freakin out by her presence.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
AAAGH!!

Chris faints and collapses to the floor. Sage floats to his aid and hovers over him. She is elated by his presence and reaches out to caress his body.

CHRIS'S EYES slowly open and sees the ghost hovering above him. He SCREAMS and faints again.

SAGE
(whispering)
I missed you.

EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

Feeling rejuvenated, Chris appears up on the bench. People passing by greet and wave to him. Sage approaches.

SAGE
Hey!

CHRIS
Hey. You used the Hall didn't you?

SAGE
Sorry.

CHRIS
You're lucky the Ghostbusters
weren't around.

SAGE
Who's that?

CHRIS
Nevermind. Well thank you for
visiting. I couldn't sleep.

SAGE
You're welcome. I just had to see
you. I missed you.

CHRIS
I missed you too.

They both take a beat as they look into each other's eyes.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
So, what about that date?

SAGE
Yes.

CHRIS
Let's get something to eat.

SAGE
Ok.

CHRIS
I love this place. The girls always
say yes.

EXT. EDITING BAY - NIGHT

Something stirs within the video editing bay of Morning Star Broadcasting with Drake at the helm. With fiendish eyes, his hands control the mouse and keyboard with malicious intent.

We don't see the monitor but creepy, whispering sounds emanate from its speakers.

The audio scrubs as the mouse, guided by Drake's hand, glides back forth on the mouse pad.

The sound is inaudible but eventually the whispers become vague "666...666... 666"

The whispering becomes louder and louder and his eyes begin to glow.

Drake reaches over to a button labeled "TELEWISE" and pushes it.

EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

Chris and Sage engage in a blissful romance as they frolic through every corner of Heaven. They fly through the clouds and through endless fields while souls admire their courtship.

They pause and catch their breath near a patch of grass on the ground, laughing and exhausted from the energy they're expending.

CHRIS
Let's run away.

SAGE
What? How?

CHRIS
I can do anything I want.

SAGE
Can you be human?

CHRIS
I wish.

SAGE
Why do you long to be human so much?

CHRIS
They have everything. Flaws, insecurities, turmoil, life. I want all that.

SAGE
But you do have it. Every time you go back to Earth.

CHRIS
It's not the same.

SAGE
I think I'm ready to go on a tour.

CHRIS
Really? That's great!

SAGE

Yes. And I want to be your wife and a movie star?

CHRIS

My wife and a movie star?

SAGE

Yes I want to experience life with you. Then come back here in our dreams and talk all about it.

CHRIS

You'd have to start off as a baby. I'll be 60 by the time you're of the right age.

They both laugh.

SAGE

I wouldn't care how old you are. Or you can use your powers to start me off in the right age.

CHRIS

That would be abuse of power.

SAGE

I think you're becoming like us.

CHRIS

I'm learning. But it's IMPOSSIBLE.

SAGE

Isn't everything possible with you?

SLOWLY, Chris and Sage's face converge as if about to kiss when we suddenly hear Michael's voice.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Sir!

Chris and Sage are startled and see Michael and Gabriel standing over them.

CHRIS

(whispers)

Uh oh.

Michael and Gabriel stands ominously over the two lovebirds as they both get up.

MICHAEL
Sir your time on Earth must now
end.

CHRIS
Says who?

MICHAEL
Says you.

Michael brandishes a SCROLL and unrolls it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Rule #643 states that in the event
that emotions become a distraction,
I give Michael the authority to end
the mission.

CHRIS
I am not emotionally distracted.

MICHAEL
It is obvious you and Sage have a
bond.

CHRIS
It's called friendship.

MICHAEL
It's more than friendship.

CHRIS
How would you know?

MICHAEL
Sir, don't patronize me. I have a
job to do.

CHRIS
And you do as I say.

MICHAEL
You are not thinking clearly. You
authorized an appearance and fell
in love with an innocent.

Chris's pent up frustration suddenly explodes.

CHRIS
(Pacino style)
I want to feel human! I want to be
human! I want to feel what they
feel!

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I want to know what it's like to be small, careless! To be happy and sad.

Brief pause.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm forfeiting the scrolls.

Michael turns the scroll and shows his signature in cursive writing.

MICHAEL

The scrolls cannot be forfeited. You made it that way.

Michael ominously glows and approaches a fearful Chris in a threatening manner.

CHRIS

Stay away from me.

MICHAEL

It'll be quick.

A sudden BOLT OF ENERGY unleashes from Michael's hand hitting Chris in the head and incapacitating him. He writhes in pain as all muscles in his body tense up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It's better if you don't fight back.

SAGE

Stop! You're hurting him! Why are you doing this!?

MICHAEL

This is what he wants. This needs to happen.

Sage attempts to subdue Michael but is quickly overpowered and thrown back to the ground.

The energy overwhelms Chris and he collapses to the ground. He desperately tries to reach out to Sage, who is on the ground, shaken.

CHRIS

Sage, I'm sorry.

As intense energy envelops Chris, his consciousness slips. Suddenly...

ANGELICA (O.S.)

Stop!

A Female Angel, with long blonde hair and blue eyes commands Michael to stop. Her name is ANGELICA, 20s.

Michael ignores her request.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

I said stop

Angelica FIRES a burst of energy at Michael and is knocked down to the ground, freeing Chris.

Sage runs to Chris's aid and cradles him in her arms.

Michael gets up, infuriated as he recollects himself.

MICHAEL

(to Angelica)

You better have a good explanation
for what you just did.

TWO other female angels surround ANGELICA as if backing her up.

ANGELICA

Earth needs our help.

EXT. CITY - EARTH - EVENING

The city is in turmoil as hooligans run around looting stores and lighting cars on fire.

CUT TO the sidewalk, there is a gang brawl in progress. People from different walks of life fist fight, hitting each other with meleé weapons.

CUT TO the freeway, we see people exchanging gun fire while driving.

CUT TO city streets and We see a woman kicking and screaming as she is carried away by a group of men.

CUT TO a group of men ducking behind a car, popping up and shooting their guns towards an angry mob.

CUT TO a police car being overtaken by a mob of people.

INT. MORNING STAR BROADCASTING - EARTH - EVENING

Chris runs into his workplace where people are fighting. He rushes down the hall and two women are wrestling on the ground.

He continues his sprint down the hallway.

A man with a broken broom handle pops out of the corner and lunges at him. A struggle ensues and Chris quickly overpowers him and renders him unconscious.

Bodies litter the hallway as he jumps over them on his way to The Media Room.

IN THE MEDIA ROOM, As he runs inside, he freezes upon seeing the main screen.

His eyes are in complete shock as he focuses on the Television. We hear the same evil, whispering sound when Drake was editing it, but we do not see the video.

The video hypnotically grabs his attention as his face glows from the pulsating blue hue of the TV. His eyes stay wide open and his body stiff as a rock.

Miraculously, he regains his consciousness after blinking a couple times and shaking his head.

CHRIS

That's not my video!

We hear someone laughing in the background. It is Drake, sitting and slouched on a chair while grasping a bottle of liquor.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What have you done with my video?

Drake maniacally laughs.

Chris grabs him by the collar.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You did this didn't you? What have you done?

DRAKE

Did you really think you can have my glory?

CHRIS

I wasn't trying to take the limelight away from you.

DRAKE

I've worked here for many years to get where I am now. You make one pilot and everyone congratulates you? What the heck is that all about?

Chris realizes that the video has something to do with the chaos outside.

CHRIS

Your video. The world. What are you doing?

DRAKE

It's also on-line now. The whole world is watching.

Drake bellows a sinister laugh as Chris runs out of the media room.

Frantically running through the maze of crazed co-workers in the hallway, he runs into Matthew.

CHRIS

Matthew!

MATTHEW

What in God's name is going on?

CHRIS

Exactly! HELL is going on!

MATTHEW

What do you mean?

CHRIS

Have you watched TV at all? Have you watched my show.

MATTHEW

No I have not.

CHRIS

Don't watch TV and especially my show. Drake changed it and anyone who watches it goes crazy and becomes violent.

MATTHEW

What? Are you kidding me? How's he doing that?

CHRIS
I have no idea.

MATTHEW
What are you gonna do?

CHRIS
Pray.

EXT. WORLD IN CHAOS - DAY

INSIDE A SEMI TRUCK We see a man, heavy set, in his late 40s, his name is CHESTER SCOGGINS. Country music blares in the background.

While driving, he's watching Chris' altered TV show on a dash monitor.

We only hear the evil, whispering sound when the man's face is suddenly fixated on the monitor while his truck barrels down the road.

INSIDE A FULLY LOADED COMMERCIAL PLANE, One of the passengers is a man in his 30s, his name is STEVE GILL. He's watching *The Show* on his smart phone with hypnotic eyes. He drops the phone and gets up like a robot.

Other people get up off their seats, dropping their phones with the same robotic and hypnotized look on their face. They all head in one direction, towards the back of the plane.

CUT TO THE WAR ROOM of the USS Ronald Reagan. A huge electronics headquarters is housed within the ship's hull. It is filled with busy military personnel and an assortment of high tech panels and digital screens.

SUPER UP: USS RONALD REAGAN

One of the workers is a female in her 20s, wearing a headset and holding a smart phone sitting at her station while watching *The Show*. Her name is GINA O'HARA.

Her eyes turn hypnotic after a few seconds. She drops the phone and heads for a workstation with the words "BALLISTICS" written on a panel lined with an array of high tech buttons and controls.

With no trepidation she rapidly types a series of codes on the keyboard and the panel lights up.

A countdown commences, a button turns red and an alarm buzzes.

ON HER MONITOR it reads "Missile launch confirmed in 2 minutes. Destination - Moscow, Russia."

EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

With a sense of urgency, a group of about 40 Angels walk together like a Platoon of Soldiers on a mission with Michael and Gabriel leading the way.

Out of nowhere Sage catches up to them with an equal urgency.

SAGE
What's going on?

MICHAEL
We are gonna cross over.

SAGE
Why?

MICHAEL
We have business to take care of.

SAGE
There's more of you this time.

MICHAEL
Earth is in chaos.

SAGE
Is he OK?

MICHAEL
He is fine.

Michael looks at Sage.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Listen Sage, do you want my advice?

SAGE
Sure.

MICHAEL
Stay away from him.

SAGE
But he's my friend.

MICHAEL
He has NO friends.

SAGE

He has me.

MICHAEL

Sage, you have no idea what kind of danger you're flirting with.

SAGE

How is friendship a danger?

The Angels snicker at her.

MICHAEL

Innocents.

SAGE

How can I help.

MICHAEL

You can't.

The Angels arrive near the Obelisk and completely surround it. It powers up and like a disco ball, rays of light emit, absorbing each Angel into the core.

INT. WORLD IN CHAOS - DAY

THE SEMI TRUCK creeps to stop in front of an elementary school, across the street. Children are playing in the front lawn surrounded by a chain link fence.

An oblivious little boy, age 7, notice the man and approach the fence to greet him with a smile.

In a hypnotic state, Chester comes out of the truck holding an assault rifle. He cocks the rifle and aims it towards the school.

Behind him, A BRIGHT LIGHT explodes, a portal opens and an Angel steps out. But Chester doesn't see it.

Excited, the little boy sees the Angel and laughs.

As Chester aims, the Angel reaches out for the gun and locks the safety mechanism. Chester pulls the trigger and it doesn't fire. Confused, he repeatedly pulls the trigger but it fails to fire.

The Angel puts his hand on Chester's shoulder, snapping him out of his trance-like state and bringing him back to normal.

INSIDE THE PASSENGER PLANE, about 7 hypnotized people have congregated near the door. While the plane flies at breakneck speeds, they attempt to unlatch the door but fail to do so.

Passengers are alarmed at the potential terrorist act unfolding before their eyes.

A fearful Old Lady in her 70's is bewildered at the sight of a glowing, Angelic apparition near the door, keeping the latch from moving with ease against a handful of tiny entranced humans.

OLD LADY
(screaming)
Angel!

Man sitting next to her in his 40s begs to differ.

MAN ON PLANE
That's no angel. They're
terrorists!

INSIDE THE WARSHIP, The Alarm Blares as Gina stares into the panel, soldiers converge behind her cocking their automatic rifles.

SOLDIER 1 (O.S.)
Sargent! Sargent!

On her computer screen, numbers countdown to zero.

OUTSIDE THE WARSHIP, An alarm crackles and multiple streaks of light shoot from atop the ship leaving it covered in smoke.

As we fly along MISSILE 1 at breakneck speeds, A light explodes and two Angels appear, flying right next to it.

With ease, they swoop in close to the missile and one of them reaches into its hull. The Angel pulls on a bundle of wires and sparks fly from within.

The rocket exhaust eventually dies out and the missile falls to the ocean.

The Angels fly to the other missiles.

INT. TV - DAY

We see an overly dramatic station identification with an equally dramatic Velvet Star.

VELVET

The whole world is in sudden
turmoil. People are dying and IT'S
ALL BECAUSE of a TV pilot aired by
Morning Star Broadcasting Co.
Dubbed the Devil's Video because of
its supposed, subliminal messages
that causes people to react
violently. An employee of Morning
Star has agreed to be interviewed
only if we conceal his identity.

We see a silhouette of Drake and his voice is disguised.

DRAKE

I know the guy who created it. He
was creepy and evil. He would
always stare at you with these
beady eyes. I think he's the devil,
to be honest with you. I think he
wanted to rape me.

Then we see a picture of Chris.

VELVET

This man may be the anti Christ
that everyone is talking about and
may have single handedly brought
upon the end of the world with this
video.

We see b-roll footage of riots, shootings, and fighting.

EXT. CITY - EARTH - DAY

The whole world seems to be on fire as Chris aimlessly
wanders the streets. With an empty stare in his face, he
continues his trek without flinching at the explosions and
debris surrounding him.

CHRIS

I give up.

Chris looks up into the sky.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You're not coming are you? Where
are you??

A car comes to a crawl next to him and the male passenger
screams out the window.

MALE DRIVER

Hey man, what are you doing here by yourself. Do you need a ride?

Chris turns around and nods. The female passenger recognizes him.

FEMALE PASSNGER

Oh my God, it's that guy who made that evil video.

MALE DRIVER

You mean the one that's turning everyone insane?

FEMALE PASSNGER

Yes!

MALE DRIVER

That video screwed up my family!
I'm gonna kill him!

FEMALE PASSNGER

Don't touch him! Just get away from him. He's evil!

The driver floors the gas pedal and his car takes off. Chris keeps walking.

AT A STREET CORNER Chris sits down next to a makeshift home made out of a cardboard box.

Groups of thugs run past him holding melee weapons. We hear gunfire, screaming and explosions.

A man crawls out of the make-shift home, it's the same homeless person.

HOMELESS MAN

Getting kinda crazy out here, don't yah think?

CHRIS

Yes it is.

HOMELESS MAN

Why aren't you looting?

Chris sees a painting sticking out of the man's cardboard home.

CHRIS

Can I take a look at that painting?

HOMELESS MAN

Sure.

Chris pulls IT out and is stunned upon seeing a painting of a blonde haired, blue eyed girl holding a ROSE, in the same position, almost identical to Sage's painting.

CHRIS

Did you make this?

HOMELESS MAN

Yes a long time ago.

CHRIS

Who is she?

HOMELESS MAN

My wife. She died 20 years ago.

We see QUICK FLASHES of Chris and Sage on the bench giving her the flower.

He shakes his head.

CHRIS

Deja Vu.

Then we see more flashes of Sage, when they were on the bench.

HOMELESS MAN

Do you love her?

CHRIS

I think so.

HOMELESS MAN

Then let her go. A higher calling awaits you.

FROM BEHIND the bum we see a tiny hint of a wing is tucked underneath his jacket. But Chris doesn't see it.

The bum hands Chris a flask.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

Here this'll knock you out.

CUT TO:

INT. HEAVEN - DAY

IN HASTE, Sage enters The Hall with confident strides towards the center.

Upon her arrival at the center, she closes her eyes and the lights dim.

The familiar red orb appears in front of her, then it morphs into a slithering mess of muscle tissues and into its final form, Drake Ferrari.

DRAKE
You called?

SAGE
Chris needs your help.

DRAKE
Ok.

SAGE
You are his friend right?

Drake hesitates for a moment, then laughs.

DRAKE
Yes I am.

SAGE
Well maybe you and I can both help him since no one from around here seems to care about him.

A sinister laugh burst out of Drake as he senses her naiveté.

SAGE (CONT'D)
What's so funny?

He uncomfortably closes the gap between him and Sage as he deeply inhales, absorbing her essence.

DRAKE
You're so innocent.

Sage is apprehensive.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
Tell me Sage, what price are you willing to pay.

SAGE
Anything.

A faint glow of red emanates from his eyes as his breathing gets heavier and his voice, fiendish.

DRAKE
Oh, really?

In an attempt to savor every inch of her, he slowly ogles her whole body but fails to make physical contact.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
I need something from you.

SAGE
What do you need?

DRAKE
Do you see that out there?

Drake points to the Obelisk.

SAGE
The Obelisk?

DRAKE
I need you to bring that to me.

SAGE
But...

DRAKE
You're his friend right?

SAGE
Yes.

DRAKE
Then bring me the Obelisk.

Sage warily obliges.

EXT. HEAVEN - THE BENCH - LATER

Chris appears on the bench.

As usual, souls passing by and minding their own business greet him with a wave of the hand or a smile. He returns the greeting with an equal gesture.

He beckons Matthew who happens to be strolling by.

CHRIS
Hey where's Sage?

MATTHEW

Last time I saw her she was walking
towards THE HALL.

CHRIS

Ok thanks.

Chris gets up off the bench to go to the Hall.

INT. HEAVEN - THE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Chris strolls into the hall.

CHRIS

Sage?

He casually looks around for any signs of Sage but he doesn't
find her. He eventually sees the flower on the ground and
picks it up. Alarmed, he notices that the flower is *singed*.

At the same time, Matthew urgently runs into The Hall.

MATTHEW

The Obelisk is missing!

EXT. HEAVEN - PARK - CONTINUOUS

Chris and a legion of thousands of Angels converge near The
Obelisk's last location. This time they are attired in Suits
of Armor with Swords holstered at their side. With a
determined look on their faces, they are prepped for battle.

Chris turns to his army of Angels.

CHRIS

The day has arrived and evil is
upon us. Earth has plunged into
darkness, reaching catastrophic
proportions. Using lies and deceit,
the enemy managed to convert
billions of souls, misleading them
into eternal damnation. Souls that
belong to us. Today we are taking
back what is rightfully ours and
bringing light into a world of
chaos. And bringing evil back where
it belongs. Back to Hell!

The Angels raise their fiery swords and fill the air with a
stadium roar.

Michael approaches and kneels in front of Chris.

MICHAEL

Sir, I'm sorry about what I did earlier.

CHRIS

You were only doing your job.

MICHAEL

Are you going to appear as your true self?

CHRIS

I will appear in my human form.

MICHAEL

But you will be vulnerable.

CHRIS

That's exactly what I want.

MICHAEL

I will protect you.

CHRIS

Do not worry about me. The only weapon the enemy has is deception.

MICHAEL

And he is very good at it.

CHRIS

Chris is going to remember everything.

MICHAEL

All your thoughts? From the beginning?

CHRIS

Yes. He needs to wake up.

MICHAEL

(concerned)

But...

CHRIS

The time has come.

Chris raises his hand as it glows brightly and addressing the Legion of Angels.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

FOR EARTH!

All swords raise and set ablaze as each Angel morphs into an orb. Chris turns into a fireball as a portal opens behind him.

Like a swarm of furious fireflies, the Orbs quickly fly into the portal, leaving a trail of fire in their wake.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - EARTH - DAY

We see a windowless dark storage room encased in concrete walls. It is damp and cold with cobwebs and rusty pipes decorating the walls and ceiling. Junk and various metallic debris clutter the floor.

In the middle of the room with both hands tied up and whimpering on a chair is Sage. Terrified with tattered clothing, sets of beady eyes watch her from the shadowy corners of the room as they monstrosly grunt and breathe.

The door creaks open and leading the way is Drake, entering the room in full evil splendor with 5 other minions, all dressed in Black.

Sage trembles in fear as her shackles vibrate against her cold skin and rusty, metallic chair.

The malevolent group congregate around her, smirking and snickering at her vulnerability.

SAGE

Where am I?

DRAKE

Look around you. Where do you think you are?

SAGE

What am I feeling?

DRAKE

It's called fear.

Drake gets obscenely gets close to Sage and smothers his face on her neck while inhaling deeply.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Mmmm... there's nothing like flesh reeking of fear.

He continues to smother her face and neck, savoring every inch of her innocence with a sensory overload from his hands, nose and tongue.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Give me more.

Helpless, Sage trembles and cries as Drake fiendishly introduces her to an Earthly violation unlike anything she's ever felt.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Ahhhh!

In a frenzy, Drake has completely overwhelmed her with prying hands and a lustful tongue. His minions hysterically cheer him on.

Suddenly, Sage actuates her final resort.

SAGE

(silently)

Please forgive me for I have sinned. I am not worthy anymore of your presence.

Flabbergasted, Drake grinds to a halt and his face grimaces.

INT. VORTEX - CONTINUOUS

At lightning speed, we are flying through a vortex-like tunnel with a swarm of orbs led by Chris. As we get close to him, we hear Sages' prayer reverberate in his head.

SAGE (O.S.)

And I should not be forgiven. But I only did it out of love. I only did it to see you... To be with YOU.

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAGE

I am sorry for what I did. This I pray unto you.

We see Drake laughing with lustful eyes.

DRAKE

Your God is dead. I am your God now.

Demons slither out of the shadows and 10 to 15 men enter the room, encircling a broken and weary Sage.

From OUTSIDE THE ROOM, we see her engulfed by the hellish fiends as the door violently shuts and she bellows a horrific scream.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

As commotion ensues outside, the inside of the church remains untouched. Pastor Alan kneels at the altar praying with a congregation of 30 people. Their chanting is accompanied by muffled gunshots, explosions, sirens and screaming coming from outside the church.

After praying, Pastor Alan addresses the congregation.

PASTOR ALAN

The day has finally come. As God's children we have prepared ourselves. We are ready to go home to the Lord. We are not afraid anymore for we know that the Lord is with us. The gates of Heaven are open for us.

The congregation responds in unison with an "Amen!"

Someone screams from the pews. An old lady, in her 60s is stricken with fear and awe at something on the altar.

Soon, the rest of the congregation joins her as they too see something on the altar. Some of them kneel, others pray. A few run to the back in horror while the younger ones record with their smart phones.

While facing the congregation, Pastor Alan realizes something is happening behind him and he cautiously turns around. He is overwhelmed upon seeing ALL the statues are crying blood.

The ground rumbles and shakes as everyone OUTSIDE and INSIDE the church fall to their knees.

EXT. CARDBOARD HOME - CONTINUOUS

A magnitude 6 shakes the Earth while Chris lays asleep next to the cardboard box. As we spiral towards his face, we get so close both eyes fill the screen.

As if waking up from an eternal slumber, both eyes open.

Chris gets up realizing that he is something else. In a state of total disbelief, he marvels at his newly formed reality as he recalls memories of his true self.

We see a quick montage of his time on the bench with Sage.

The homeless person, who owns the cardboard home, gets up and reveals his true self, The Angel Michael.

In front of him, as looters run amok out in the street with melee weapons and Molotov Cocktails, Chris takes the opportunity to test his new powers.

Holding his hands out, he freezes every gangster and looters with an unseen force as they writhe in mid-action. Leaving them suspended, he takes a walk down the street littered with abandoned cars. With one calm wave of his hand, millions of tons of metal carpeting the street are quickly parted like the Red Sea.

Chris looks at his hands and grins.

CHRIS
Fuckin cool!

EXT. CITY - EARTH - NIGHT

A DARK and OMINOUS cloud slowly oozes its way through the sky in a fluidic and organic manner, making its way from one corner of the sky to the other and eventually covering the stars. Intermittent flashes of lightning come from within, distracting rioters and victims alike and calling for their attention to look up.

The city comes to a standstill as everyone gazes up to the sky.

The lightning intensifies and an orb emerges from within the cloud. Another orb follows and then another. Soon, a squadron appears and then swarms of hundreds pour out of the sky.

People on the ground are horrified as everyone scatters. Some actually stay put, unafraid by the lights.

EXT. CARDBOARD HOME - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL stands outside of his cardboard home, looking up at the sky.

MICHAEL
We're back!

INT. SPACE COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

We are inside a maze of Electronic Panels and Computer Screens with busy Military Personnel hastily scurrying about.

One of the personnel operating a radar panel is LT.THOMAS GORE, 30's male.

THOMAS
Sir, I am tracking multiple bogies
appearing over Los Angeles.

Captain CAPT. STEVEN GERARD, 50s, approaches from behind Chris..

STEVEN
Are they Russian?

THOMAS
No sir. They originated
from....space?

STEVEN
I.C.B.Ms?

THOMAS
No sir, speed is fluctuating.

STEVEN
How many are there?

THOMAS
Hundreds, thousands!

LT GARY SOLIS, 40s joins the urgent conversation.

GARY
Sir we have a squadron of about 40
Apaches and 20 f-35s that are fully
loaded and ready to go.

STEVEN
Launch em all!

EXT. CITY - EARTH - CONTINUOUS

Thousands of Orbs blanket the sky, resembling UFOs from a distance, like an apocalyptic swarm of locusts.

Upon a closer look the Orbs are actually Angels with an intense and blinding light emanating from their chest.

A FEARFUL MAN in his 30's stands atop a pile of rubble to rally a militia.

FEARFUL MAN

The aliens have arrived! They've
come to invade us!

The ORBS remain above the city, scattered with no flight pattern.

FEARFUL MAN (CONT'D)

Let's band together and fight them.
It's just like the movies. It's an
invasion.

Together, a garrison of civilians arm themselves with melee weapons in preparation for a battle against the 'Aliens'.

INT. MORNING STAR BROADCASTING - NIGHT

Drex Idol along with Rubik, Shaman and the other Mystery Men calmly look out his office window, watching the lights above the city with their sunglasses on.

SHAMAN

They have arrived.

RUBIK

Contingency is in place.

DREX

How effective?

SHAMAN

100 percent.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nestled within an old, industrial neighborhood is an abandoned warehouse sporting a brick facade held together by a rusty and dilapidated metallic skeleton.

Chris stands across the street with furious anger brewing the tension.

CHRIS

(screaming)
Abaddon!

The calm wind is pierced with Chris's intense rapture-like beckoning.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Abaddon, come before me!

A sharp, grating noise shrieks from the foot of the warehouse as a rusted door opens. About 10 humanoid figures emerge through the door, sharply dressed in black suits and led by Drake. They align themselves along the base of the building.

Hidden within the glare of the brightly lit orbs, descending behind Chris are Michael and Gabriel.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Where is the innocent?

Drake and his minions snicker and laugh.

DRAKE
She is no longer innocent.

A sultry female clad in a tight fitting outfit exits through the door, sporting a bad girl attitude.

Chris couldn't believe his eyes when he realizes the female is Sage.

CHRIS
Sage?

SAGE
Who is Sage?

CHRIS
It's me Chris.

SAGE
Am I suppose to know you?

CHRIS
Yes. Don't you remember? The bench.

SAGE
I don't know what you're talking about.

CHRIS
(to Drake)
What have you done with her?

DRAKE
We've converted her.

CHRIS
Where is the Obelisk?

DRAKE
You mean this?

Drake holds up the Obelisk

DRAKE (CONT'D)
Come and get it.

CHRIS
Look around you. You and your men
are outnumbered!

Drake laughs.

DRAKE
Outnumbered? You've strolled into
the wrong alley.

Drake laughs uncontrollably.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
You look around. There might be
hundreds of you, but there are
BILLIONS of us!

EXT. CITY - EARTH - CONTINUOUS

ON THE GROUND, fleets of military transports and armored vehicles come to a stop in various locations throughout the city.

Hundreds of militia and soldiers armed with assault rifles litter the streets like ants.

On the Horizon, an Armada of about 50 Attack Helicopters, Cobras and Apaches approach the city. Each one are armed to the hilt with hellfire missiles.

Inside one of the Apache Gunships is gunner Lt. Lance Arrow, sitting in front of his Pilot Sgt David Javelin.

LANCE
This is leader one. Got vector on
multiple bogies. Jesus, there must
be thousands of them.

From a distance, thousands of Orbs blanket the city's skyline.

Lance actuates his LEFT EYE monocle.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Lock and load.

Within the swarm, orbs fly in different directions at breakneck speeds without colliding with each other.

The Angel Angelica notices the approaching squadron of helicopters and jets.

ANGELICA

Prepare yourselves! Do not harm the humans.

Swords ablaze with fire as the Legion of Angels pull them out of their Scabbards.

BACK INSIDE LANCE'S APACHE, confusion overwhelms Drake and Lance as their computer goes haywire as indicated through their monocles and targeting computer.

LANCE

I'm having a hard time getting a lock on.

Several targets appear on the scopes as the computer barely locks on.

The cross hairs intermittently blip from green to red. Then he gets A SOLID GREEN.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Got solid tone. FOX 1 FOX 1.

Missiles fire and head for the scattering orbs as they evade the hellfires.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Shit! They dodged it. Switching to guns. Engage the targets at point blank range.

DAVID

There's too many of them!

THROUGH LANCE'S MONOCLE, cross hairs make futile attempts to track the fast moving orbs as the guns carelessly fire without a lock. Bullets streak but miss the quickly evading Angels.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FROM THE GROUND, the sky is swarmed with Helicopters, Orbs and streaking missiles and bullets. Without any casualty on either side.

IN FRONT of the warehouse, they all watch the battle unfold above them.

DRAKE

As you can see Almighty, they've turned against you.

Chris seems disappointed.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Perhaps now is a good time to make an appearance?

Chris appears apprehensive.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

That's right. You can't because everything will die.

Drake takes a beat.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Why not. These people are all damned. Their souls belong to me.

CHRIS

Not all of them.

DRAKE

From what I've seen throughout the years, all of them deserve eternal damnation.

CHRIS

You're wrong!

DRAKE

Still hanging on to your hope?

Drake calls upon Sage as she happily obliges and presents herself to him. As a mockery to Chris, she allows Drake to smother her with obscene kisses and caresses.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Do you see how easily your souls can be persuaded?

CHRIS

Where's the Obelisk?

DRAKE

The Obelisk is now mine.

CHRIS

What do you plan to do with it?

Drake raises The Obelisk above his head and flares of light emit from its core. It ascends towards the sky and above the city.

DRAKE

Just as you used this against us, I
will use it against you!

The Obelisk expands and morphs into a large, blackened opening. Red orbs trickle out of the hole, then they eventually pour out by the thousands.

Cloaked by the glare is a shrieking, scaly winged Demon emitting an equally intense, bright red light.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

While looking up, Chris, Michael and Gabriel are frozen at the enormity of their enemy.

DRAKE

You've lost Allmighty.

EXT. CITY - EARTH - CONTINUOUS

Angels successfully evade missiles and killing humans.

LANCE

Damn aliens are all over the place!
Rounds are ineffective.

DAVID

All friendlies are accounted for.
None of us have been shot down.

A voice comes thru their headsets from HQ COMMANDER MILLER.

MILLER (O.S.)

Don't let your guard down. Keep
firing. Help is on the way.

From Lance's point of view the Orbs have overwhelmed the sky and his squadron.

AN ORB suddenly pauses in front of their Helicopter and a stand off ensues.

LANCE

Shit!

Frightened, they peer at the orb, hovering from about 20 feet away. After a brief pause, it hovers towards them.

DAVID
Shoot it! Shoot it! It's gonna
abduct us!

Lance's finger hesitates to pull the trigger. As the orb closes in the glare intensifies. Lance pulls down his helmet's 'sun visor'.

With the brightness filtered out, Lance is shocked to see that the Orb is not what he thought it was.

Angelica waves and smiles at the stunned pilot.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Shoot it DAMN IT!

LANCE
Pull down your sun visor!

David pulls down his sun visor and is equally shocked to see the blonde haired, blue eyed Angel smiling and waving at him.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Are you seeing what I'm seeing?

DAVID
I don't care! Shoot it!

LANCE
It's an Angel you idiot!

DAVID
Can't be. They're not real.

LANCE
Well, it's right in front of us.

DAVID
Are you sure it's not a holograph?

Angelica puts her face up against the glass window and kisses the glass pane.

Both soldiers are entranced.

LANCE
Hi.

DAVID
Bruh.

Angelica backs away and a Demon suddenly swoops down and grabs her as they both plunge towards the ground.

The two pilots are shocked.

LANCE
Whoah! What the...!!

DAVID
Was that a Dragon?

LANCE
Looked more like a Demon.

DAVID
It took our Angel.

Lance quickly nose dives his Apache in pursuit of Angelica.

Angelica and the Demon rapidly descend towards the ground. With a determined death grip on Angelica's arms, the Demon renders her sword useless as she struggles to break free amidst the gnawing and clawing.

Another Demon clamps onto to the pair making it an almost futile attempt for Angelica to struggle.

THROUGH LANCE'S MONOCLE, data feeds go HAYWIRE, alarms are blaring and cross hairs are having difficulty locking on. We hear an electronic voice in the background.

ELECTRONIC VOICE
Pull up, pull up!

Angelica unleashes a sudden and final jolt of energy. Both demons lose their grasp and are thrown away.

She discharges a FIREBOLT at one of the demons, engulfing it in flames as it falls to a fiery, shrieking death.

She aims and shoots another firebolt at the other Demon, but it quickly evades her.

INSIDE THE APACHE, Lance takes the opportunity and aims with his monacle.

LANCE
Guns guns guns!!!

The word "LOCK" blinks through his monacle and his Chain Gun fires a lethal dose of high explosive rounds, hitting the demon multiple times as it explodes in a mash up of guts and fire.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Take that bitch!

DAVID

Hee HAW! We literally just slayed a
DEMON!

Bruised and battered, Angelica recuperates as her damaged wings still manage to keep her afloat. She hovers towards Lance's Apache and plants a kiss on the canopy.

ANGELICA

Thank you.

With one mighty flap of her wings she flies away.

DAVID

You're welcome. Did I just talk to
an Angel.

LANCE

Sounds like a pick up line.

ABOVE THE CITY, Angels and Demons engage in an Epic battle. Demons outnumber the Angels and gradually gain the upper hand.

From a distance, the Armada of Gun ships have disengaged and reassemble away from the bloodshed that is Armageddon, unfolding before them.

APACHE 2

Sir, which target do we engage?

LANCE

You're not gonna believe me if I
told you.

Suffering great losses, The Angels rendezvous on the northern side of the city while the Demons form their own Front on the southern side, with the human armada caught right in the middle.

DAVID

Shit!. What's going on?

LANCE

Armageddon. And we're literally
right in the middle of it.

Inside his metallic sarcophagus, Lance comes to a realization.

LANCE (CONT'D)

This is Apache Leader. All guns
towards the south! I repeat, all
guns towards the south!

Each helicopter defiantly turns toward the hordes of demons.

The spawns of hell shriek in a symphony of disbelief and
anger as they realize the Armada is turning against them.

Cobras and Apaches create a menacing barricade of metal as
squadrons of F-35s, Harriers and Angelic Orbs hover into
position and join the Battlefront. Clearly outnumbering the
Demon horde, Humans and Angels band together to form a force
that spans the whole skyline.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The tides change and elation comes over Chris and his
bodyguards while Drake and his minions stare upwards, frozen
in disbelief at the realization of impending defeat.

DRAKE

What's going on?

CHRIS

It's called Hope.

UP IN THE SKY, The newly formed squadron hovers like an
impenetrable awl as Humans and Angels, a force of reckoning.

ON THE GROUND, militia, soldiers, tanks and missile launchers
turn their weapons towards the Demons.

A few remain loyal and refuse to turn their turrets towards
the south.

BYSTANDER 1

You are all being deceived!

IN THE SKY, In unison the Demons wail a final shriek by the
thousands as they brazenly charge towards the Angels.

INT. LANCE'S APACHE - CONTINUOUS

Lance's targeting computer lights up and with one unabashed
command, he takes a deep breath.

LANCE

FIRE!

OUTSIDE HIS APACHE, An eruption of missiles and bullets unleash from the Northern Battle line, carpeting the sky with an inferno of fire and smoke.

The demons charge vehemently with no tactics as thousands of ammunition bear down on them.

A violent cacophony of explosions reverberates through the night sky as Demons explode upon collision with the missiles.

Some demons actually escape the wall of missiles and continue their futile charge towards God's army.

With valiant fury, Angelica raises her sword and yells with all her might...

ANGELICA

Charge!

The Angels fly towards the remaining demons with swords ablaze. Helicopters and jets follow close behind.

Both Demons and Angels violently collide as swords cut through demonic flesh as hellish screams bellow.

Lance and his fleet of helicopters and jets come to a hover and watch the onslaught.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Calmly stewing over the defeat, Drake and his minions watch the sky as their counterparts fall in a fiery death.

DRAKE

So you got your hope. But I still
have control of the Obelisk.

In a final act of defiance, Drake convulses and his eyes turn blood red. Horns sprout from his head and fangs rupture from his mouth as wings unfurl from his back. He morphs into the black, scaly creature that all nightmares are made of.

But Chris fearlessly snickers at the towering monstrosity before him. A pile of slithering tentacles and slimy muscle tissues known by many names and dreaded by all man, he is Lucifer in his true vile form.

LUCIFER

Why are you laughing?

CHRIS

Because I made you.

Lucifer is perplexed as all sounds diminish and an Angelic voice faintly sings a heavenly hymn in falsetto amidst the eerie silence.

The song stirs mystery within the squadron of pilots and the people on the ground. To no avail no one can find its origin.

Annoyed, Lucifer takes action and heaves his mighty arm to swing at Chris but unsuccessfully strikes multiple times because of a force field.

EXT. LANCE'S APACHE - CONTINUOUS

DAVID

Where's that singing coming from?

LANCE

I don't know.

As if guided by the song, the Angels rally into formation by the thousands, aligning in the sky to form a Chorus Line. One solitary Angel leads a spine tingling, devil-blasting crescendo cueing the legion to join in on the serenade.

DEMONS on the ground and in the sky shriek in annoyance as the song sends a shiver of dread up their spine. MOST of the humans are delighted while others renounce the hymn.

BACK ON THE GROUND, Lucifer relentlessly pummels at Chris but without landing a strike. He eventually stops when he notices Chris begin to glow. Gradually the glow glares so bright that the Fallen One can't take it and moves away in fear.

CHRIS gets brighter and hotter. The ground rumbles as humans run in fear.

The song gets more dramatic and intense as Chris completely morphs into a Ball of Fire.

INSIDE THE CHURCH, The Congregation trembles in fear as they kneel and pray to the altar. The ground shakes as statues and ornaments topple. Family and friends huddle together.

CHURCH GOER 1

This is it.

Kneeling and praying at the Altar is Pastor Alan. Realizing the moment he anticipated is near. He murmurs one last phrase.

PASTOR ALAN

Welcome back.

OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE, Chris glares brighter as the rumbling powers up like a jet engine.

LUCIFER

No!

A FIRE WAVE quickly explodes from Chris, engulfing every living thing and setting it ablaze.

Lucifer immediately disappears before the wave touches him.

IN THE SKY, a force field envelopes the squadron of Helicopters, preventing harm from the Wave.

Demons and humans writhe in pain as every inch of their bodies are set on fire.

The shockwave rapidly overwhelms everything within miles.

FROM SPACE, We see the Shockwave as a small speck on the Planet, then swiftly expands and overcomes Earth, eventually turning its blue and green landscape into a bright orange inferno.

ON THE GROUND, Most of the humans survive the cataclysm while a few disintegrate to ashes.

Inanimate objects like buildings and cars remain intact, but are also ablaze.

Nothing escapes the Almighty's fury.

FROM LANCE'S APACHE, Like the surface of the Sun, the ground has completely turned into a lake of blinding fire.

LANCE

Oh my God! The world's on fire!

FROM SPACE, Both the Sun and Earth gleam like two fireballs within the vastness and quietness of space.

ON THE GROUND Chris intensely glows with arms out, hovering above the sea of fire.

INSIDE THE CHURCH Everyone in the congregation is ablaze whilst kneeling and praying.

The inferno slowly subsides as each person and object slowly reverts to normal. People go from writhing in pain and on fire, to collapsing on the ground unconscious and billowing with smoke.

Chris gradually descends onto the ground while his mighty eminence subsides and reverts to his human form.

An apocalyptic scene of bodies litter the ground, all over the world, with no movement but a small billow of smoke from each one. A thick layer of ash covers their skin.

INSIDE APACHE ONE, Lance and Drake rejoice in rapture at the sight of Earth returning to normalcy.

LANCE (CONT'D)

This is Apache leader. All pilots
sound off, I repeat ALL PILOTS
sound off.

IN THE SKY, Angels and Gunships hover together unscathed by the wrath.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Something moves within a pile of bodies. A body covered in greyish-black ash rises like the undead. Then another one rises, completely unrecognizable. Soon, the streets are filled with stumbling, bi-pedal humanoids covered in ash.

Flakes of ash begin to fall off revealing human flesh underneath as their zombie facade are shed away.

Throughout the world, humans pick themselves up while shedding a thick layer of soot.

The stronger ones help the weaker ones arise. Different races hold and help each other up.

The ground is carpeted with the dark grey remains of burnt human flesh as people carelessly trample on the remnants.

Chris kneels on one knee with head bowed down. Completely relaxed, he raises his head and sets his eyes on the rising sun.

A big smile forms as the sunlight lands on his face.

CHRIS

(to the sun)

Welcome Back.

Suddenly we hear a female yelp. Chris looks around and sees Sage getting up.

ANGEL MICHAEL comes to her aid and cradles her in his arms.

SAGE

Hi.

MICHAEL

Hi.

SAGE

What happened?

MICHAEL

You went on a journey.

SAGE

Where am I?

MICHAEL

Home.

SAGE

Who are you?

MICHAEL

A friend.

Chris keeps his distance.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Do you remember anything?

SAGE

No.

EXT. PARK - EARTH - DAY

A BUSTLING PARK with happy and vibrant people walking around and playing on the grass. It seems perfect, people attired in white and pristine.

There are cars in the background and other *Earthly* machines.

Then Sage scampers from around a corner talking into a cell phone and dressed like a Starlet.

SAGE

(into the phone)

I want to play something that's faith based. I want a character like Mary Magdelene.

An entourage of about 8 busy people follow behind her and talk over each other, also on their cell phones.

One of the people in her entourage is Matthew Grand who is also in his cell phone.

MATTHEW

(to Sage)

George Lucas says he wants you in
the Next Star Wars!

They stop at a Park Bench and Sage takes a seat.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Why do you like coming here?

SAGE

I don't know.

MATTHEW

Well do you want to be in the next
Star Wars?

SAGE

I'll pass.

While the entourage rambles on and talk to her she stares at a rose on a nearby rose bush. Sound fades away as she smiles and sets her attention on the Rose wobbling precariously with the wind.

MATTHEW

We have to go, they're gonna shoot
in a minute.

SAGE

Ok.

She turns her head back towards the rose and notice it's gone.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Hi

Sage turns and finds *him* standing nearby holding the rose.

MATTHEW

Stalker!

The Entourage quickly surround and apprehend Chris but Sage intervenes.

SAGE

It's Ok!

They let him go and Chris hands her the rose.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Thank you. Do I know you?

CHRIS
No. I believe we just met.

SAGE
You seem strangely familiar.

CHRIS
Maybe from a past life.

SAGE
So what do you do?

CHRIS
I'm an artist.

SAGE
Oh, creative type.

Chris, Sage and her entourage turn their attention on a PHONE BOOTH.

MATTHEW
Where'd that come from?

CHRIS
(to Sage)
And by the way, you wouldn't happen
to have a quarter would yah?

FADE OUT:

THE END