

ANGELS CAN DIE

T.V Pilot

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EXT. CATHEDRAL - DUSK.

SILAS, a young priest (mid-20s), dressed in a cassock, sits alone on a bench in front of a Gothic-styled cathedral. Dreadlocks align neatly at the shoulders of his medium-built frame.

He holds an open pouch in one hand and a handful of beans in the other.

Scores of pigeons bustle before him. They hack away at the treat he spreads across the ground.

His icy gray eyes show delight as he observes their blissfulness.

They are not the most graceful of creatures, but are very amusing to behold, especially when feeding. It's as if they're forever famished, never satisfied.

Silas leans forward and tosses them some more beans which they consume.

He smiles at their industriousness.

From afar, a LITTLE BOY (10), dressed in traditional Lederhosen, spies on him from behind a statue of Mary, The Holy Mother. The boy's haunting GREEN eyes absorbs the priest's every move. He seems fascinated.

THEN....

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

An unnatural screech ERUPTS from inside the cathedral. The sound pierces the air like a dagger to the throat.

The pigeons scatter.

Silas SHOOTs to his feet. A terrified look on his face.

A man bawls from within the cathedral.

MALE VOICE (V.O)

SILAS!!!

Silas looks toward the building with widened eyes. He knows he's being summoned but his feet refuse to move. He's petrified.

The man bawls again.

MALE VOICE (V.O)

SILAAAAAS!!!!

INT. CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

A WOMAN (early 30s) sits with her back towards an altar. Ropes bind her hands and feet to a wooden chair. Drool oozes from her sharp pointy teeth. She growls at FATHER MALCOLM (late 70s) standing before her.

The Father is in religious garb (white tunic and purple stole). He confronts the woman with a crucifix in one hand and holy water in the other.

The woman snaps viciously at the crucifix.

The massive doors of the cathedral open and Silas enters into the hallway.

FATHER MALCOLM
(Still facing the woman)
Hurry Up, child! You are needed!

SILAS
Yes, Father!

Silas shuts the doors and hustles down the aisle. Avoids looking at the woman.

He takes a purple stole from the front pew and puts it over his shoulders.

He kneels in a corner and begins to pray. Beads of sweat gleam off his brown skin and dreadlocks.

FATHER MALCOLM
Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

He whips the woman with the holy water.

She recoils. Steam lifts off her skin.

WOMAN
(with an inhuman voice)
Fuck You! Filthy Son Of Adam!

Father Malcolm presses his crucifix into her forehead. She writhes in pain as it sizzles her flesh.

FATHER MALCOLM
Yield and depart from this woman by
the power of Christ!

She shrieks. It echoes across the walls of the church.

Silas's eyes are shut tight. His hands shake and his breath quivers.

SAM, the little boy dressed in the traditional Lederhosen from outside, sits beside him.

He studies Silas.

SAM
Why are you still affrighted,
Little One?

Silas opens his eyes but looks at the floor.

Father Malcolm, in the background, barks scriptures at the woman. She growls and snarls in response.

SILAS
Do you think the pigeons will be
upset, Sam? They didn't finish
dinner.

SAM
This is not our first time here.

SILAS
So I should start liking it?

Sam pauses for a moment, expresses a hint of frustration.

SAM
You know it could never hurt us,
Little One.

Silas looks at him.

SILAS
And neither could the pigeons!

Then glances at Father Malcolm.

SILAS (CONT'D)
But something feels different this
time. Father Malcolm might be in
danger.

Sam gives a slight smile.

SAM
Is that so?

He looks over at the woman and Father Malcolm.

The woman sits slumped over in the chair. Her hair hangs over her face.

Father Malcolm takes a second to catch his breath.

FATHER MALCOLM
Give me....your name!

The woman chuckles, unmoving.

WOMAN
Age is besting you, Father. You
tire faster than before.

A look at her hands shows her using her overgrown fingernails to saw the ropes that bind her. She is careful to hide the mischief from the Father.

FATHER MALCOLM
Thanks for the concern. But I'll
manage.

WOMAN
And yet here I remain despite all
your efforts. Even calling on your
junior for assistance.
(laughs)
It's fucking pathetic!

Father Malcolm glares at her.

FATHER MALCOLM
BY THE POWER OF CHRIST I COMMAND
YOU. GIVE ME YOUR NAME, DEMON!

A piece of rope snaps loose, freeing one of the woman's hands.

She lifts her head. Her hair part like curtains to reveal her ABOMINABLE face.

Father Malcolm looks stunned.

She gives a fiendish smile and spits on him.

He staggers back, wiping the nastiness off his nose and lips.

The woman crows with laughter.

He steps forward and whips her repeatedly with holy water.

She groans.

Then, to the surprise of the Father, uses her freed hand to smack him.

He staggers back again, but this time, falls to the floor. His instruments tumble out of his grasp.

Silas jolts to his feet.

SILAS
Father Malcolm!

Sam looks amused.

The woman, delighted by the commotion, cackles.

The priest scowls and rises to his feet.

The woman freezes and stares at him.

He takes off his stole. Kisses it gently and looks into her jet black eyes.

FATHER MALCOLM
Take a piss out of this!

The priest rushes toward the woman reciting The Lord's Prayer. He holds out the stole to put it around her.

But the woman drops her jaw impossibly wide. A roar EXPLODES out her mouth.

It pitches Father Malcolm back several feet. Church pews slam into each other, stacking like dominoes.

Father Malcolm lands hard in the aisle. Unconscious.

SILAS
FATHER MALCOLM!

Silas dashes over to him.

He scoops the priest into his arms, overwhelmed with emotions.

Father Malcolm starts to come to but is barely responsive. He murmurs unintelligibly.

The woman detaches the rest of herself from the chair. Sliced ropes fall onto the floor.

She looks over at Silas. He cradles Father Malcolm.

She gives a wicked grin. Breaks a leg off the chair and fashions a stake.

Sam stands beside Silas, a slight smile on his face.

He observes Silas stroking Father Malcolm's cheeks with his stole.

SAM

You were correct, Little One.

The woman strolls toward them with stake in hand.

Sam fixates a gaze upon Silas.

SAM

It will kill him. Shall we do it?

SILAS

No, I won't do that. You always make bad things happen.

SAM

Something even worse will happen if we do nothing. Look!

Silas glances up at him then turns to look at the woman. Nervousness on his face.

She ambles down the aisle. Gleeful.

Sam keeps his gaze upon Silas.

SILAS

The pigeons will definitely be upset about their dinner tonight. Won't they, Sam?

SAM

You will make it up to them tomorrow....Trust in me, Silas.

Silas leaves Father Malcolm to rest in the aisle and stands.

Sam remains transfixed on him.

SAM

(whispering)
Let's do it.

SILAS
(frail)
Stop....

SAM
We can do better than that.

WOMAN
Who are you, young priest?

She continues toward them, now merely a few feet away.

SILAS
I'm the one telling you to STOP!

The woman HALTS mid-stride.

Her face expresses pure terror as she comes to the sudden realization of WHAT Silas truly is.

Sam takes Silas's hand. His ten-year-old fingers small.

Silas's emotions change into something dreadful at Sam's touch. Almost demented.

Sam looks proud.

Then, from deep within Silas, an ancient voice comes forth; reverberating the cathedral like thunder.

SILAS
DEMON....BE GONE!

Sam looks at the woman with his haunting GREEN eyes.

The demon executes the command without protest, separating itself from the woman's body.

It's eyes catch Sam's eyes for a moment and flash GREEN.

Sam nods at it knowingly.

The entity then LEAPS into the air and onto the ceiling. It BURSTS its way through a high glass window and flees the cathedral.

The woman collapses to the floor.

Silas lets go of Sam and snaps back to his normal self. He runs his fingers through his dreadlocks and assesses the situation.

The woman gathers herself on the floor, trying to make sense of what happened.

Father Malcolm is fully conscious but still appears to be a bit stupefied.

Silas lets out a sigh of relief and relaxes.

Sam sucks on his thumb and leans his forehead against Silas. He hides a crafty smile.

MEANWHILE....

EXT. BAZAAR MARKETPLACE - DAY

A colorful marketplace is alive with rows of shops and stalls selling miscellaneous goods to enthused patrons. One of those patrons is a young man (mid-20s) named DREAM.

Dream has Asian features and is extremely good looking, like a film star. A gray cloak envelopes his athletic frame and a brown satchel hangs across his shoulders.

He stands in front of a fruit stand inspecting something that looks like an apple.

DREAM

How much for five of these?

The BAZAAR VENDOR, a fat middle-aged woman, gawks at him. Enamored.

BAZAAR VENDOR

One Kortrel each. But for you, Mr. Handsome, the fifth one is free.

Dream smiles at her.

DREAM

That's a deal!

The vendor gasps at his inviting smile.

BAZAAR VENDOR

For a kiss, I'll give you ten.

Dream laughs and hands her four coins.

DREAM

That wouldn't be good for business, now would it?

She accepts the payment. Disappointed.

BAZAAR VENDOR

I guess you're right.

Dream packs the fruits into his satchel.

The vendor catches sight of a wooden flute tucked into his waistband. She smiles.

BAZAAR VENDOR
Mr. Handsome is an instrumentalist.

Dream hides the flute with his cloak.

DREAM
Oh, It's nothing serious. Just a
silly hobby.

BAZAAR VENDOR
Come on, The Festival of Nowruz is
almost upon us. Where's your
frolicsome spirit? Let's hear it,
Indulge me with a tune.

Dream chuckles nervously. His face becomes flushed.

CRASH!

A disturbance up ahead grabs their attention.

Two officers in all white fatigues wrestle with a heavysset man.

They knock over a few stalls but manage to bring the man to the ground; to the dismay of the onlookers.

BAZAAR VENDOR
The Company again?

Dream looks at her.

DREAM
Again?

BAZAAR VENDOR
This is their third arrest today.
They're hunting pro-Unionist
radicals before the festival
begins.

DREAM
Why? Did radicals threaten the
celebrations?

The Bazaar vendor shrugs.

DREAM

How many radicals have they
arrested?

BAZAAR VENDOR

Hardly any! The real ones have
already fled. Those poor fellas are
just scapegoats.

DREAM

(Scoffs)

Their support for The Cause is
pretty darn admirable.

BAZAAR VENDOR

Of course, Mr. Handsome. I also
support The Cause. Aren't you tired
of living in this cage?

Dream observes the two officers restrain the man. They lead
him away from the now irate crowd.

He notices the disorder has beckoned the arrival of more
officers.

He glances at the Bazaar vendor and smiles one last time.

She blushes.

DREAM

I have to go now. Take care.

He covers his head with the hood of his cloak and hurries
from the scene.

BAZAAR VENDOR

(calling after him)

Well, if you're ever in the area
again do drop by, don't be a
stranger!

Dream makes his way through the sea of market people, keeping
a low profile.

He comes into a clearing and slows to a halt.

Four officers stand in the distance having a casual
conversation with each other.

Dream turns and heads the other direction.

One of the officers spots him.

OFFICER
Hey....you....stop right there!

Dream runs.

The officer instantly materializes out of thin air in front of Dream and grabs a hold of him.

Dream struggles with the officer, almost playfully.

Then, as if by magic, Dream disintegrates into a pile of paper.

The officer, not surprised, looks around.

OFFICER
An After-Image....Where is he?

All of the other officers, now alert, scan the area.

DREAM (O.S)
Up here!

He stands atop a tall stone structure holding a yellow crystal in each hand.

A few drunken passersby cheer him on.

DREAM
Catch you later, alligators!

He smirks and strikes the crystals together like a match.

It causes a yellow spark, then a flash. He teleports away.

INT. CAVE HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

Dream swiftly re-appears in a dimly lit cave with a ZAP.

The cave is spacious and consists only of a bed, a table and a chair.

Dream scolds himself.

DREAM
Catch you later, Alligators? What am I? Six?

A raging waterfall conceals the cave's opening.

BEATRICE (late 20s) stands near the opening with arms folded, observing the cascading water.

She has long burgundy hair and wears white fatigues. A white overcoat hangs from her impressive physique and a silver badge exhibits her rank as a Sergeant.

Dream sees her and looks a bit surprised.

DREAM
Came to celebrate The Festival Of
Nowruz with me, coz?

He pockets the crystals and walks to the table.

BEATRICE
(Still watching the falls)
I thought I told you stop calling
me 'coz'. You only call me that
when you expect me to be forbearing
with you.

He takes off his satchel and places it on the table.

DREAM
But we're cousins, aren't we?

BEATRICE
Second cousins, Dream.

Dream holds his chest and pretends to be heartbroken.

DREAM
Ugh...the pain...but you're the
only one I consider family.

Beatrice turns to him, arms still folded.

BEATRICE
Therefore I should be responsible
for all the mess you create. Is
that what family means?

DREAM
I never aske--

BEATRICE
--Whenever you fall out of line The
Company Of Light always reprimands
me! Why?!

Dream sighs.

DREAM
Listen, Beatrice. I'm sorry about
that, I truly am.
(MORE)

DREAM (CONT'D)

But fuck The Company! I want
nothing to do with those depraved
sons of bitches.

BEATRICE

Your father would be wroth to hear
such disrespect.

DREAM

Fuck him too!

Beatrice regards him in frustration.

BEATRICE

Take off that stupid thing!

She stretches an arm toward him. His cloak flies off with a
gust of wind.

His exposed fatigues turn lily-white like hers and a bronze
badge reveals his rank of a Corporal. His flute glimmers
faintly in his waistband.

DREAM

Thank you sooooo much for that.

Beatrice exhales sharply and places her hands on her hips.

BEATRICE

Dream, assaulting a fellow officer
is one thing. But ordering his
subordinates to join in the
assault--

DREAM

--My subordinates! They were
assigned to me!

BEATRICE

He is a High Corporal. You're just
a Corporal. His orders outrank
yours.

Dream takes offense. He steps forward.

DREAM

You white coats are all the same.
The Company gives you the title of
'High' and all of a sudden your
heads are up your asses.

BEATRICE

You resent me for my rank? Me? The only one you consider family.

Dream backs off.

DREAM

I did what I did because that piece of shit deserved it. I regret nothing!

BEATRICE

And now you stow away here like a wet rat. Hiding from the consequences of your actions....Where is here by the way?

He looks at her with suspicion.

DREAM

It's one of Earl's places.

BEATRICE

(with much surprise)
Earl? You and him are friends?

She considers the thought.

BEATRICE

That actually explains a lot.

DREAM

How did you find me, Beatrice?

Silence.

DREAM

If you don't tell me I will PULL it out of you.

Beatrice sighs.

She extends her arm towards him again and opens her palm upwards.

Very fine dust lifts from his body. Dust also lifts from his bed and chair and table.

It coalesces in midair and streams toward Beatrice's palm.

It becomes one with her flesh as she absorbs it into her body.

DREAM

You coated me with your dust?

BEATRICE

I'm sorry, Dream. I knew you'd be running from The Company Of Light again. It was just a matter of time.

DREAM

Why exactly are you here, Beatrice?

Beatrice stands in silence again. The sound of the waterfall booms in the background.

DREAM

Tell Me!

BEATRICE

I, Beatrice, High Sergeant of the Company Of Light, hereby place you under arrest for the felonious assault of a fellow officer. You are to be immediately processed for disciplinary action by The Commander.

Dream looks disappointed with her.

DREAM

You're really going to do that?

BEATRICE

Actions have consequences.

DREAM

I'm not going anywhere with you.

BEATRICE

I won't fight you, coz. But you are coming with us.

DREAM

Us?

In that moment, the ground around Dream liquefies and four officers rise out of it.

Their heads emerge first then their body and legs.

They surround him.

Dream remains perfectly still. He lifts his hands as a sign of surrender, knowing not to make any sudden movements.

BEATRICE

The chase ends here, Dream.

She looks at the officers.

BEATRICE

Take his transporter crystals!

The officers push Dream to his knees and confiscate the crystals in his pocket.

He looks at Beatrice, heartbroken.

INT. CHURCH RECTORY, SILAS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Silas sits alone, in pajamas, at the edge of his bed; deep in thought. The room is silent. Every light switched on.

SAM (O.S)

What troubles you, Little One?

Silas looks over at him.

Sam sits under a writing-table with his chin in his palms.

SILAS

I wish I knew how to explain it,
Sam, but something felt odd about
tonight. Almost like I missed
something important.

SAM

You think too much.

Silas sighs and downs his head.

SILAS

You're probably right.

He nonchalantly observes his bare feet. A Bible is in his hand. He becomes even more pensive than before.

Sam studies him.

SAM

What else troubles you, Little One?

Silas eyes the cover of the Bible. He rubs his finger across the engraving.

SILAS

Father Malcolm has defeated demon after demon by the grace of our Lord. The world is a less wicked place because of him. But something's changing, Sam. I can feel it in my bones. I fear for Father Malcolm.

SAM

You are thinking too much.

Silas sighs. He looks up at a portrait of the Last Supper hanging from his bedroom wall.

SILAS

Every Sunday I watch the faithful gather to hear Father Malcolm profess the scriptures. But do they really believe the words they hear? What if they were to witness the incredible things we've seen tonight? How would they react?

SAM

It is human nature to believe solely in their five senses. That is all they have, five senses! So why waste thoughts wondering why vermin are vermin.

Silas glares at him.

SILAS

Sam!

He sits on the bed looking intently at Silas.

Silas averts his stare.

SILAS

It's easier for people to believe in the world they want, not the world that's real.

SAM

Then why be a man of the cloth if it's all pointless?

SILAS

I didn't choose this and you know that!

(MORE)

SILAS (CONT'D)

But the fact that Father Malcolm fights beings older than any civilization mortifies me. Isn't it futile if we cannot kill them? "Have more faith in God", Father Malcolm would always say. And I try my best to heed his advice. But shouldn't God also meet us halfway? Is it fair for him to just sit up there and watch as so many terrible things happen? We need him to do something!

Sam smiles.

SAM

You don't need God. You have me! I'll protect you. I'll provide for you. Don't you remember when we first met?

Silas leans back on his hands and takes a deep breath.

Sam, still smiling, sucks on his thumb.

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A ten-year-old Silas sits on the floor with a sandwich, watching the Sound Of Music on television.

Other children run around him playing tag.

He takes a bite of the sandwich and observes as the Von Trapp children learn DO-RE-MI.

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD BOY with freckles comes to Silas and pulls on his dreadlocks.

BOY

Mop head!

Silas winces from the pain. The boy laughs.

Sam observes them from afar. He looks exactly like one of the Von Trapp children, almost as though he had stepped out of the television.

Then, out of nowhere, a strong gust of wind blows the boy back from Silas.

The boy looks around frantically but cannot determine the source of the wind.

He runs away.

Sam walks over and sits beside Silas.

SAM

Hello, I'm Sam. What is your name?

Silas looks at him, apprehensive.

SILAS

I....I'm Silas.

SAM

Silas. Nice to meet you, Little One.

Sam gives him a warm smile.

Silas considers him. Then returns a smile in kind.

The two children watch the remainder of the movie together.

INT. CHURCH RECTORY, SILAS'S ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO THE PRESENT)

SILAS

Of course, I remember when we first met. You were uncanny and it intrigued me. But now, knowing the things you're capable of, I'm not so sure what to think of you anymore.

Sam's smile stretches across his face.

SAM

I'm your friend. I've always been your friend. No one understands you like me, Little One. We are tethered together, you and I.

Silas yawns.

SILAS

....Maybe!

He turns to the bed and goes on his knees. Then clasps his hands.

SILAS

It's very late, Sam. I need to rest. Thanks for all your help tonight.

SAM

Tomorrow we'll give the pigeons a feast. It will be riveting.

SILAS

Okay, Sam. Good night.

Silas yawns again and begins to pray. Sam is gone.

INT. CHURCH RECTORY, SILAS'S ROOM - DAY

Father Malcolm, dressed in a trench coat, sits patiently at the foot of Silas's bed. His hands grip an old-fashioned walking stick. A hat rests on the writing-table beside him.

He looks at a photo of him and Silas next to the hat, it was taken when Silas was a teenager.

Father Malcolm smiles at it.

He hears singing coming from down the hall. He looks toward the door.

Silas walks into the room humming an entrancing Gregorian Chant. Water drips from his body as only a towel wraps his waist. The scar of a large circular symbol is branded into his chest.

FATHER MALCOLM

You woke up late today.

SILAS

Forgive me, Father. It was a long night last night.

FATHER MALCOLM

(Under his breath)

Yes, I suppose so.

Silas takes off the towel and dries his dreadlocks. He stands comfortably naked in front of Father Malcolm.

SILAS

Is everything alright, Father? It's been a while since you've had your cane.

FATHER MALCOLM

I'll be fine, my child. In my line of work, a few bumps and bruises should be expected.

Silas chuckles as he dries the rest of his body.

SILAS
 (under his breath)
 Bumps and bruises? More like you
 were knocked on your bum twice.

FATHER MALCOLM
 I heard that!

Silas chuckles.

Father Malcolm sighs and examines his cane.

FATHER MALCOLM
 You do have a point. Never have I
 been so dominated like I was last
 night. Maybe I'm not as effective
 as I use to be. Maybe age really is
 besting me.

SILAS
 No, Father. Don't acknowledge the
 lies of a demon. Everyone has their
 bad days on the job. I wouldn't
 worry too much about it.

He grabs his boxer-briefs from off the bed and puts them on.

FATHER MALCOLM
 I'll be visiting the Archbishop
 today to discuss my retirement.

Silas looks at him, stunned.

SILAS
 You can't be serious, Father. Why
 allow a minor mishap to affect you
 like this?

Father Malcolm studies the circular symbol seared into
 Silas's chest. The symbol looks archaic. Otherworldly.

FATHER MALCOLM
 Come, my child.

He pats the bed beside him. Silas obeys and sits alongside
 the Father.

FATHER MALCOLM
 You forgot again, didn't you?

Silas gives the priest a baffled look.

Father Malcolm reaches into his coat and pulls out a shabby
 birthday card.

Silas's eyes widen upon seeing it.

SILAS
Today's that day?

FATHER MALCOLM
(smiling)
Yes, the day you came to us.

Father Malcolm hands it to him.

Silas takes the card and examines it. It's color has faded but it's in good condition considering the years that passed.

SILAS
Everything was so confusing about that day. All I remember is standing outside the orphanage.

FATHER MALCOLM
Clutching that card.

Silas flips it open. "Happy 10th birthday, Silas!" is scribbled on the inside. He looks at the words vacantly.

FATHER MALCOLM
I still don't know the meaning of that thing on your chest though. It belongs to none of the known languages or cultures.

Silas inspects himself.

SILAS
The Sisters suspected I was part of the occult.

He chuckles at the thought of it.

FATHER MALCOLM
The church knew you had to be special so they bid me to foster you. When you were old enough I had you join the priesthood to become my curate.

SILAS
You didn't tell me you were an exorcist until after I became ordained. I still remember the first session you took me to last year.

FATHER MALCOLM
(chuckling)
Yes, you ran out the room crying
like a little school girl.

SILAS
No, no, no. I wasn't crying.

FATHER MALCOLM
Oh, really? I was wiping snot from
your nose.

Silas laughs.

Father Malcolm smiles. Then a seriousness comes across his
face.

FATHER MALCOLM
But after a few sessions, I noticed
something peculiar. Demons were
becoming aware of you. For some
reason, they feared whenever you
were around.

SILAS
....and that's why you dragged me
to all those exorcisms?

FATHER MALCOLM
Yes! You're an asset, Silas. You
have to realize that.

Silas becomes quiet. He lowers his head and nonchalantly
regards his bare feet.

Father Malcolm places a firm hand on his shoulder.

FATHER MALCOLM
I'll be recommending you to the
Archbishop. You'll take my place
after I retire.

Silas looks at him, appalled.

SILAS
Father Malcolm, I....I don't think
I want to do that.

FATHER MALCOLM
Last night you exorcised a very
powerful demon by yourself. It's
your destiny, my child!

SILAS

I'm honored by the confidence
you've placed in me. But
Father....there are things you
simply don't underst--

Father Malcolm stands dismissively with the aid of his
walking stick.

FATHER MALCOLM

Get dressed. Today's your birthday.
We'll discuss the matter again when
you're more reasonable.

He takes his hat off the writing-table and fits it on his
head.

FATHER MALCOLM

Sister Susan will be here shortly
to see you.

SILAS

(delightfully)
Susan....

Father Malcolm heads out the room.

MEANWHILE....

INT. COMMAND POST, INNER CHAMBER - NIGHT

Four officers (three men and a woman) stand on a giant
circular stone tablet in front of two men. The officers wear
white uniforms with yellow overcoats and lilac badges.

They are in a massive underground hall made of dark rocks
that shimmer like diamonds. What appears to be moonlight
streams from the blackness above, but it barely illuminates
the room.

The two men they stand before are on platforms. The lower
platform has DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO (white uniform with
black and white striped overcoat). The higher platform has
COMMANDER DARWINSKI (white uniform with purple overcoat). The
Commander is very tall in stature, at least three times the
height of anyone there.

One of the officers, GENERAL FALCON, is near the end of
presenting a case to the Deputy Commander. He has long raven
black hair and a long pair of white gloves cover both his
hands.

GENERAL FALCON

....So yes, pro-Unionist radicals were rampant in the Northwest District. But I can assure you, we have them under control.

The female officer, GENERAL ICYA, gives him a subtle look of surprise. Her golden braids almost glow in the dark.

GENERAL ICYA

That's putting it lightly. The Northwest District is under tyranny. Your methods are more harmful than you purport, Falcon. And it only motivates the radicals more. Your foot-patrols at the Bazaar marketplace borders on harassment.

GENERAL FALCON

Well, how do you handle radicals in the Southwest District, Icyia? Ask for written apologies?

GENERAL ICYA

Yes! Address *your* apology to the little old lady you stole those gloves from.

General Falcon glares at her.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO

Generals, keep the decorum of the Inner Chamber! I won't say it again.

Both Generals bow in submission.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO

General Gregor, are there any reports here in the Northeast District?

GENERAL GREGOR, by far the eldest of the four generals, is very aristocratic and wise.

GENERAL GREGOR

There is a possibility of the pro-Unionists rallying to disrupt festival celebrations here in Capital City. Covert officers will be deployed to uncover further intelligence, Deputy Commander.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO
 Radicals disrupting The Festival Of
 Nowruz will not be tolerated,
 General! Nowruz is our most sacred
 of traditions. You WILL be held
 accountable!

General Gregor acknowledges with a bow.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO
 What are the reports from your
 district, General Who?

GENERAL WHO is a very stern looking man and speaks only when
 absolutely necessary.

It takes him a moment to formulate a response. But just as he
 goes to speak....

WHOOSH!

A broad beam of light touches down behind them.

Everyone turns to look at the beam.

Beatrice and Dream stand side by side inside the light.

Both of them kneel, Dream much slower and reluctant than
 Beatrice.

The light beam retreats back into the blackness above.

BEATRICE
 Commander, Deputy Commander,
 Generals, please forgive our
 intrusion.

COMMANDER DARWINSKI
 (with a booming voice)
 Rise!

Beatrice rises to her feet. Dream sluggishly follows. A
 circular seal of light shines on his forehead.

BEATRICE
 I have personally apprehended
 Corporal Dream and now present him
 to you, Commander, as ordered.

COMMANDER DARWINSKI
 Unseal him and go!

BEATRICE
 Permission to stay, Commander?

COMMANDER DARWINSKI

Denied!

BEATRICE

Yes, Commander.

Beatrice steps face to face with Dream.

She gives him an apologetic look but Dream could care less.

She places a finger on his forehead. The seal disappears.

She regards him one last time but he turns his face.

She looks up into the blackness.

The light beam descends again. It transports her out of the room and goes away.

All of the officers observe Dream.

COMMANDER DARWINSKI

Step forward, Corporal!

Dream sighs and unenthusiastically follows the order.

DREAM

You wanted me, now I'm here.

COMMANDER DARWINSKI

Not by choice.

Dream stays silent but grips the flute in his waistband. It comforts him.

COMMANDER DARWINSKI

You fled the penalty of your actions and went into hiding. What is your defense, Corporal?

DREAM

The High Corporal has a personal vendetta against me, Commander. He has conspired to defame my image.

COMMANDER DARWINSKI

You think so highly of your ridiculous image that you would address your comrade with violence?

Dream takes offense.

DREAM

Violence against its own is exactly
what The Company Of Light does
these days, isn't it?

Everyone except General Who expresses displeasure at Dream's
statement.

COMMANDER DARWINSKI

Repeat that, Corporal?

Dream takes a breath, minding his words.

DREAM

The citizens out there are begging
you to listen. But you just beat
them down when their voices get too
loud. The festival celebrations
isn't going to erase your
indifference to their pleas. Their
Cause won't be stopped. In fact, it
grows stronger.

GENERAL ICYA

Do you stand with the pro-Unionists
and this so-called 'Cause'?

DREAM

Why not? We have been in this *pen*
for thousands of years!

COMMANDER DARWINSKI

This PEN is the sacrifice we make
to maintain the balance between
both worlds. The Company Of Light
will never stand for union!

Anger boils in Dream.

DREAM

The Company Of Light is supposed to
stand for its people! Not fight
them like they are demons. Or are
you corrupted enough to think
people are demons?

COMMANDER DARWINSKI

BLASPHEMY!!!

Dream immediately COLLAPSES to his hands and knees and lets
out a blood-curdling scream:

AAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHH!

Excruciating waves of pain RAVAGES his entire body. Every vein seems to pop out from under his skin as his muscles tense and lock in unnatural ways.

COMMANDER DARWINSKI
I am your Commander! I reject your
insubordination!

The pain releases Dream. His body trembles as he barely holds up his weight.

He vomits.

GENERAL GREGOR
Your generation's insolence bemuses me. You have no true understanding of why things are the way they are, but you would move mountains to change it. Tell me, young man....have you ever faced a demon before?

Dream wipes his mouth and looks at the General.

GENERAL GREGOR
Of course not! My generation's triumphant bout with unimaginable evil is what affords your generation's dissidence. The world you live in is fairly peaceful so you seek to stir it up with foolish nonsense.

General Falcon stares off into the distance, lost in thought.

GENERAL FALCON (V.O)
The only reason you tolerate Dream is because of his father.

Dream's eyes shift towards General Falcon.

DREAM
(with a weak voice)
I never asked anyone to treat me special for being his son. I'm a grown man. I make my own way.

General Falcon looks at him, shocked.

GENERAL FALCON
Get out of my head! You are forbidden from using your telepathy on your superiors!

Dream swallows hard. His body still shakes.

DREAM

My apologies....whenever someone has a strong thought I cannot block it out.

COMMANDER DARWINSKI

Very well, your penalty for the assault of the High Corporal now rests with your District General.

General Icyia sighs and gives Dream a stoned-face look.

GENERAL ICYA

No one here considers you special, Corporal. A blight? Perhaps. But not special. Our high regard for your father is the only reason we haven't yet made an example of you. But taking that into consideration I give my judgment. You shall guard Logman's Dungeon!

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO

But The Gathering Court holds no trials during The festival Of Nowruz, General. No prisoners are in Logman's Dungeon to guard.

GENERAL ICYA

Precisely! Let him spend the celebrations there alone, reflecting on all the things he takes for granted. He will be in prison but not imprisoned.

COMMANDER DARWINSKI

Consider this your final warning, Corporal. The Company Of Light will not be this lenient again!

Dream drops his head, defeated.

INT. CHURCH HALL - LATE AFTERNOON

Silas sits at a table wearing a colorful birthday hat. He beams with joy.

SISTER SUSAN (mid-20s) strolls over to him with a candlelit cake.

She places the large cake on the table and smiles.

SISTER SUSAN

(Singing)

Happy birthday to you. Happy
birthday to you. Happy birthday,
happy birthday. Happy birthday to
you.

Silas giggles and blows out the candles to the delight of the Sister.

SISTER SUSAN

Happy Birthday, *Father* Silas.

He looks at her with a raised eyebrow.

SILAS

Why thank you so much, *Sister*
Susan.

She laughs and sits at the table.

SISTER SUSAN

What did you wish for?

SILAS

Wisdom, world peace and the end of
child hunger.

She shoots him a look and he laughs.

SILAS

Thanks for coming to see me. It
must have been a long drive.

SISTER SUSAN

Yeah, it was! But I missed your
birthday last year, I had no
intentions of missing it again.

Silas smiles and picks up a cake knife.

SILAS

Well, let's dig in! This is the
biggest cake I've ever had.

He plucks out a few candles and begins cutting slices.

SISTER SUSAN

None for me, thanks. I'm easing off
sugars a bit, remember?

SILAS

Oh yeah, well, suit yourself.

He puts three slices on his plate and grabs a fork. He eats.

As Sister Susan observes him a worried expression comes across her face. She leans forward.

SISTER SUSAN
It's been years, Silas. Can't you
remember something about your past?

Silas pauses for a bit, taken aback by the question. He resumes eating.

SILAS
Maybe I don't want to remember.

Sister Susan goes to inquire further but the door opens.

Father Malcolm comes into the room with his walking stick.

Sister Susan smiles warmly and rises. She goes over to greet him.

Silas remains seated, finishing his first slice. He's in deep thought and pays no attention to Father Malcolm.

SISTER SUSAN
Hey, Father. Did your meeting with
the Archbishop go okay?

FATHER MALCOLM
....something like that.

She chuckles and hugs him. He reciprocates the hug one-handed.

BUT THEN....

During their embrace, Father Malcolm's expression changes to utter shock for a split second.

He pulls away and studies Sister Susan.

SISTER SUSAN
What's the matter, Father?

FATHER MALCOLM
No....it's nothing. I'm fine....Can
I, um, offer you some tea?

SISTER SUSAN
(a bit uncertain)
Sure....I could go for some tea.

FATHER MALCOLM

No sugar, if I remember correctly?

SISTER SUSAN

Yes, no sugar. But let me get it, Father. You should be relaxing.

FATHER MALCOLM

No, no. I will do it. I offered you, didn't I?

Sister Susan nods and gives in.

FATHER MALCOLM

Go sit with the birthday boy. I'll be right over.

SISTER SUSAN

Okay, Father.

She returns to the table and Father Malcolm goes to the counter.

She sits and Silas looks at her.

SISTER SUSAN

(lowering her voice)

Father Malcolm is acting very strange today.

Silas glances at him. He is preparing the tea.

SILAS

He seems fine to me.

She considers what Silas said.

SISTER SUSAN

Hmmm....maybe.

SILAS

He told me he wants to retire.

SISTER SUSAN

Really? No, he shouldn't. With him gone who'll protect us? No one is as capable as he is.

SILAS

That's what I've been trying to make him realize.

Silas then gestures that Father Malcolm is making his way over to them.

Sister Susan composes herself.

Father Malcolm sets the tea in front of her and WAITS.

She looks up and smiles at him.

SISTER SUSAN
Thank you, Father.

She lifts the ceramic cup to her lips and takes a sip.

Sister Susan recoils immediately and draws the cup from her mouth.

She drops it back into the saucer.

SISTER SUSAN
You could have warned me, Father.
It's really hot.

Father Malcolm glances at Silas.

FATHER MALCOLM
I'm sorry, how silly of me.

Silas looks at him, perplexed.

Sister Susan smiles uncomfortably.

SISTER SUSAN
It's no fuss, I'll just wait till
it cools.

FATHER MALCOLM
Okay, I'll be back.

Father Malcolm leaves the table and hurries toward the door.

SILAS
Father Malcolm are you alright?

FATHER MALCOLM
I'll be back!

He departs the room.

Silas gives Sister Susan a puzzled look.

SISTER SUSAN
I told you so.

SILAS
Are you okay though? Did the tea
burn you?

He scrutinizes her lip.

SISTER SUSAN
Nope, I'm good!

She regards him.

SISTER SUSAN
But what about you? Are you okay? I
can tell you've been struggling
with your thoughts lately.

Silas places the fork on his now empty plate and takes off
his birthday hat.

SILAS
I'm trying to cope but things
aren't getting any easier. I'm more
restless than ever.

SISTER SUSAN
I think the restlessness comes from
not wanting to figure out who you
were before the church took you in.

SILAS
How would I even begin to unravel
that? It's like life began when I
was ten. Before that, I remember
nothing, just blackness.

SISTER SUSAN
But you didn't exist out of thin
air, Silas. You must have parents.
Possibly an entire family's out
there waiting for the day you
return.

SILAS
Could be. But I feel no connection
to them. Whenever I try to think of
those things I feel dread. The same
dread overwhelms me whenever I'm at
Father Malcolm's exorcisms.

Sister Susan takes his hand.

SISTER SUSAN
Even though there's so much I don't
understand about you, Silas, there
is one thing I've always been
certain of; You don't belong in the
clergy. You never did.

Silas looks at her, astounded.

SISTER SUSAN
The life you have is what the
church chose for you.

SILAS
But I'm comfortable being a priest.
I actually like it. It's the other
things I don't like.

Sister Susan sighs and leans back into her chair.

SISTER SUSAN
If the choice was yours, Silas,
what would you want?

Silas pauses to contemplate the question.

He takes a breath, tilts back his head, and closes his eyes.

SILAS
I would want to be a pigeon!

Sister Susan looks confused.

SILAS
Whenever I get the chance I spend
time feeding pigeons. Many people
could care less about pigeons. They
just forage around and sometimes
fight with each other. But when
things get too frightening they
would always spread their wings and
allow the wind to take them away.

He opens his eyes, their icy gray color almost dazzle in the
ceiling light.

SILAS (CONT'D)
I also want to spread my wings and
be taken away. But I
can't....because I'm not a pigeon.

Sister Susan keeps quiet, doesn't know what to say.

He looks at her with a slight smile.

SILAS
That's the first time I told that
to anyone. In fact, it's the only--

Silas stops abruptly. He frowns.

He turns and sees SAM sitting ominously across the table from Sister Susan.

Sam stares directly at her with his haunting GREEN eyes.

SISTER SUSAN
(RE: Silas)
What is it? What's the matter?

Silas turns back to her, afraid.

SILAS
Susan, something is wrong!

At that moment, Father Malcolm walks into the room with his walking stick, wearing religious garb.

He holds a crucifix.

Silas sees him first.

SILAS
....Father Malcolm?

Sister Susan's head darts toward the door.

Father Malcolm focuses on her like a tiger zoning in on its prey. His fierceness causes her to jolt to her feet.

He raises his crucifix and begins uttering the prayer to St. Micheal.

MEANWHILE....

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BACK ALLEY, CAPITAL CITY - LATE NIGHT

A group of officers gather in a dark passageway between stone buildings. A burgundy-haired officer stands before them; It's Beatrice.

CHURCH HALL.

Sister Susan backs away from Father Malcolm.

Silas stands and steps in front of the priest.

Sam watches patiently from the table.

SILAS
What are you doing, Father?

BACK ALLEY.

Beatrice scans the gathering of officers. They emerge from the shadows. Her face shows the readiness to lead them.

BEATRICE

Now that we're all here, let me
declassify the nature of the
mission.

CHURCH HALL.

Father Malcolm confronts Silas.

FATHER MALCOLM

Step aside, boy! I won't miss the
chance to finally banish it back to
hell, once and for all!

SILAS

What are you talking about?

Father Malcolm hustles over to the table, places his walking stick against a chair, and lifts Sister Susan's cup of tea.

FATHER MALCOLM

This tea was never hot, yet Sister
Susan complained it burned her.
Why?

Silas has no answer.

FATHER MALCOLM

Because it was made with holy
water!

Sister Susan's eyes flash GREEN. Her pupils enlarge to engulf her eye balls.

Her expression becomes something wicked as an unnatural smile stretches across her face.

SISTER SUSAN

(with an inhuman voice)
Hello, Father!

BACK ALLEY.

Beatrice briefs the officers on the requirements of the mission:

BEATRICE

....There's already enough tension
between us and the citizens. So
being covert will be of utmost
importance.

CHURCH HALL.

Silas pivots toward Sister Susan and discovers what his dear
friend has turned into. He stands petrified.

Sister Susan chuckles in a beastly tone.

SISTER SUSAN

(RE: Father Malcolm)

I see our last encounter has left
you a little sore.

Father Malcolm flings the tea in her face.

She hollers as her face sizzles to a reddish hue. Steam lifts
off her cheeks.

FATHER MALCOLM

In the name of Christ our Lord, I
command you, demon. Let this woman
of God go! Depart from her body at
once!

Sister Susan glares at him.

SISTER SUSAN

Never! She feels so goooood.

Father Malcolm reaches under his tunic and pulls out his holy
water.

Sister Susan bares her teeth-- sharp and pointy.

SISTER SUSAN

Not this time you fucking pig!

She extends a hand.

ZOOM!

Father Malcolm's walking stick FLIES toward her and she
catches it.

She points it at him like a sword.

The priest stands his ground.

He trains his crucifix.

FATHER MALCOLM
I have God on my side. You just
have a stick.

Sister Susan grins.

SISTER SUSAN
Well, let's see who wins!

ZOOM!

The stick flies out of her hand like a missile and PLUNGES
into Father Malcolm's chest.

The force sends him flying backward.

He SLAMS into the wall and tumbles onto the floor.

SILAS
FATHER MALCOLM!!!

Silas scrambles over to him.

BACK ALLEY.

Beatrice wraps up the briefing with the officers.

BEATRICE
....Your main objective: to uncover
further Intel on the pro-Unionists'
plan to obstruct festivities here
in Capital City. Every detail is
important.

CHURCH HALL.

Father Malcolm lies on his back, in a pool of blood. His cane
sticks out of his chest.

A devastated Silas crouches over him, not sure of what to do.

Father Malcolm coughs up blood.

He looks at Silas. Barely clinging to life.

FATHER MALCOLM
....Don't....let it....win....

Tears stream down Silas's face.

He watches as Father Malcolm struggles to breathe and exhales
for the last time. Life drains from the Father's eyes as he
lay motionless.

Silas, in disbelief, grabs a hold of the priest's blood-soaked tunic and wails uncontrollably.

His howls of sorrow fill the hall.

He places his forehead up against Father Malcolm's forehead and remains in that moment of embrace.

SILAS

No, no, no. This isn't real. This can't be happening.

Sister Susan chuckles.

SISTER SUSAN

Fatality! I win!

Silas releases himself from Father Malcolm and glares at the demon.

Sam stands beside him.

BACK ALLEY.

Beatrice dismisses the officers. She watches proudly as they revert back into the shadows, disappearing like ghosts.

CHURCH HALL.

Silas becomes stricken with anger.

SILAS

How did you return? We banished you!

The demon keeps silent. Its demeanor's almost submissive to Silas.

SAM

It's more resilient than we thought. We have to do things differently to be rid of it. We have to be stronger.

SISTER SUSAN

No! I'm not leaving!

SAM

(RE: Silas)

We can't have Sister Susan like that, with that thing inside her.

Silas regards Sister Susan's demonic face.

SILAS
How do we banish it for good this
time?

Sam hides a nefarious smile.

SISTER SUSAN
Noooo! You said I would stay!

SAM
Allow me to fully possess you. I
have the power to make it go away
forever.

Silas gives him a look of apprehension.

SAM
Do it to honor Father Malcolm's
final request. "Don't let it win".
Trust in me, Silas.

Silas looks down at the Father.

His defunct eyes stare up at the ceiling.

Silas closes them, holding back more tears.

SILAS
Do it!

Sam disappears.

SISTER SUSAN
NOOOOOO! This is not the deal!

Silas ascends to his feet.

His entire being fixates on Sister Susan.

His face twists and rearranges into something----DIABOLICAL!

The building begins to rumble.

Light flees the room as a thick blackness devours everything.

The air around them becomes heavy with despair.

THEN!

Silas's eyes roll into the back of his head and new UNGODLY
EYES come forth.

Each are lily-white with the bloody symbol of a hexagram
etched onto their surface: THE EVERTO OCCULUS.

BACK ALLEY.

Beatrice stands alone. As She begins to walk off she stops unexpectedly.

An abrupt feeling of dread floods her body. The air around her becomes heavy with despair.

Beatrice collapses to her hands and knees.

Blood runs out her nose and down her lips.

Bits of skin and parts of her body start converting to dust on their own.

The dust vibrates RAPIDLY.

Beatrice exhibits horror at a sudden realization.

She grunts and shrieks as if going insane.

BEATRICE
This can't be true!

Her dust is vibrating to the frequency of the Everto Occulus.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A four-year-old Beatrice stands alone in the dark of her bedroom. Her father's dead body lay at her feet.

She stares at the figure of a shadow-man standing in the corner. His hair is in dreadlocks and the Everto Occulus glows brightly in his eye sockets.

Her dust abilities activate and vibrate to the frequency of the shadow-man's eyes.

Beatrice pees herself.

She remains stiff like a deer trapped in headlights.

EXT. BACK ALLEY, CAPITAL CITY - LATE NIGHT (BACK TO THE PRESENT)

Beatrice wipes the blood from her mouth and struggles to her feet.

Her dust swirls around her like a tornado.

She focuses on it.

BEATRICE

Show me!

The dust clumps and spreads as if being kneaded by an unseen force. It manifests the outline of Silas standing in the dark with his Everto Oculus.

Beatrice expresses sheer disbelief at the revelation. He looks exactly like the shadow-man from her childhood.

The dust then violently streams back into her body.

She falls to her knees again with a look of dismay.

BEATRICE

Impossible!

END INTERCUT.

INT./EXT. CHURCH HALL - LATE AFTERNOON

The silhouette of Silas's body could be seen floating in the dark. His Everto Oculus shine like small torches in his eye sockets.

The possessed Sister Susan cowers.

The possessed Silas looks like a GOD in her sight.

SISTER SUSAN

Banishing me is not part of the deal!

Silas looks at the demon with disdain.

Then, from deep within his being, the ancient voice comes forth.

But this time it bellows:

AAAARRRRRRGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!

The roar ROCKS the very foundation of the cathedral.

The concrete walls RIP and fall apart.

The roof SHREDS like paper and the glass windows shatter to bits.

The cathedral CRASHES to the ground taking Sister Susan with it.

The demolition is heard for miles.

The possessed Silas hovers high above the destruction.

Dust kicks up from the wreckage below him.

It almost covers the church grounds.

Silas lowers himself onto a pile of rubble and admires the devastation.

Then....

The circular symbol on his chest begins glowing through his cassock.

The possessed Silas looks stunned.

He grabs his chest and flinches as though a knife is being driven into his heart.

The Everto Oculus fades away and Silas's natural eyes return.

His demented face recedes and changes back to normal.

Silas becomes himself again.

The glow of the symbol stops.

He lets go of his chest and looks around in horror.

Everything he sees has been obliterated.

Sam stands on another pile of rubble across from him. He glares at Silas.

SAM

What did you do? Why did you push
me out?!

Silas becomes furious.

SILAS

You! You destroyed everything! My
entire life lay in ruins because of
you! I felt your hate coursing
through my veins. You are evil
incarnate!

SAM

But I freed you.

SILAS

No! You manipulated me! You took advantage of me! I thought I knew you but clearly I don't!

SAM

We are bound together, you and I. But I should be the one in control, not you. You're pitiful!

Sam's words surprise Silas.

SILAS

Ever since we met I suspected that's what you wanted. That's why I always resisted you. I only kept you around because I thought you were as lonely as me. But no more, Sam. I never want to see you again!

Sam looks a little sad.

SAM

But aren't we friends, Little One?

SILAS

GOOOOOOO!

The symbol on his chest glows again.

Sam sucks on his thumb. Then disappears.

Silas swallows hard as tears roll down his cheek.

He remembers the birthday cake and Sister Susan and Father Malcolm. All are now buried somewhere in the wreckage of concrete, steel and glass.

The symbol stops glowing.

A statue of Christ, lodged between piles of debris, catches his eye. He regards it with heartache and falls to his knees.

He looks to the sky with outstretched arms.

More tears stream down his face.

SILAS

Where are you, God? Why do you forsake me? I need you now more than ever.

Silas awaits an answer but only hears the sound of multiple sirens in the distance.

He starts to panic.

He stands as the sirens get louder.

He contemplates.

He Flees.

MEANWHILE....

INT. GENERAL GREGOR'S OFFICE, CAMP BUTLER - MORNING

General Gregor sits at his desk pouring over district documents, making the necessary amendments.

Piles of scrolls and codices lie every which way.

Sunlight shining through the windows gives his stone office a heavenly radiance.

The doors part open.

Beatrice steps into the room.

The doors close behind her.

She kneels.

General Gregor pays her no mind.

BEATRICE

Permission to approach, General
Gregor.

GENERAL GREGOR

Permission granted.

Beatrice rises and walks the long strip of carpet leading to his desk.

General Gregor's face remains buried in his work.

She stands before him.

BEATRICE

The agents have been deployed. Any
plans the pro-Unionists have for
The Festival Of Nowruz will be
neutralized when Intel is
uncovered.

GENERAL GREGOR

Understood.

Beatrice stays silent for a while. Her face expresses the turmoil of her thoughts.

GENERAL GREGOR
Is there anything else, High
Sergeant?

BEATRICE
Yes but....I'm afraid my next
report will be the cause of chaos.

GENERAL GREGOR
Don't be so dramatic, High
Sergeant. State the report!

BEATRICE
I have located the boy.

GENERAL GREGOR
....What boy?

Beatrice pauses.

BEATRICE
Silas, Son of The Nightmare.

General Gregor freezes.

He looks at Beatrice.

GENERAL GREGOR
Be certain of what you say, young
lady!

BEATRICE
My dust has sensed the Everto
Occulus being used for the first
time since the night of my father's
murder. Silas is the only person
alive that should possess it.

GENERAL GREGOR
Where is the boy now?

BEATRICE
I'm not sure. I only know the
location he last activated the
Everto Occulus. But he's all grown
up, General Gregor. My dust showed
me a glimpse of him. He has a
striking resemblance to his father.

General Gregor leans against his chair and thinks deeply.

GENERAL GREGOR

The commander must be informed at once. Speak of this to no one else. Just the mention of Silas's name is enough to cause mass hysteria and cancel festival celebrations. This is very troubling news indeed, High Sergeant.

BEATRICE

What actions will be taken by The Company Of Light?

GENERAL GREGOR

We have no choice. We must track the boy and capture him!

EXT. ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - NIGHT

Silas stands outside the gates of the Archbishop, emotionally drained.

His puffy eyes confirm he's been crying the whole way there. Dust from the wreckage still coats his cassock and dreadlocks.

He goes to unhook the latch of the gates but hesitates.

He steps back and takes a moment to pull himself together.

He attempts to unhook the latch again but another hand unhooks it first. It's a young DEACON.

Silas looks at him, stunned.

DEACON

I'm sorry for the rush, Father. I gotta get these files to the Bishops like as soon as possible.

Silas eyes the folders the Deacon clutches closely to his chest.

The Deacon considers Silas.

DEACON

Is everything alright? I saw you standing here for a while now from down the street.

SILAS

(feeble)
I'm...okay.

The Deacon looks uncertain but doesn't inquire further.

He pushes the gates.

DEACON

Well....don't worry, Father. You're
in comfort now. The church will
take good care of ya.

He turns to Silas, holding the gates open.

Silas stands unmoving on the outside with his head down. A
gentle breeze brushes past his skin.

He inhales it.

DEACON

Aren't you coming in?

Silas stays silent.

Then finally....

SILAS

No.

The Deacon looks surprised.

Silas looks at him with melancholy.

SILAS

Hurry, deliver those files to the
Bishops. They're waiting. Good
night, Deacon.

Silas walks away and leaves the Deacon holding open the
gates.

MEANWHILE....

EXT. CIMMERIAN FOREST - DAY

MAMA GANGA, a very old woman, sits with HINDER (early-30s) at
a long table in the middle of a dark forest.

Mama Ganga wears a black cloak imprinted with the insignia of
eyes all over it. It covers an enormous hump on her back.

Hinder expresses no emotions. Thick green vines grow out of
his skull to form dreadlocks. His skin is of a greenish tone.
He too wears a black cloak with the insignia of eyes
imprinted all over it.

A veil of fog shrouds the crooked trees surrounding them.

Worms and rotting carcasses litter the table. Goblets, plates, knives and forks are set in front of empty chairs, awaiting invited guests.

MAMA GANGA

(In a witchy tone)

It's been years since our last Banquet. They celebrate their Festival Of Nowruz while we mourn our family. It's not fair.

HINDER

Don't fret, Mama Ganga. I promise things will be better. I have a plan.

MAMA GANGA

Yes, but the others must agree to your plan.

HINDER

There are no alternatives to consider.

MAMA GANGA

I concur. But let me talk to them first.

Hinder nods.

HINDER

Summon them!

Mama Ganga and Hinder cover their heads with the hood of their cloaks.

The old woman places her forearm on the table and caresses a tattoo on her gray skin. It's a tattoo of the eye insignia imprinted on their cloaks.

She punctures the tattoo with her fingernail and allows blood to flow over it.

THEN!

An actual eye forces its way out of the puncture and opens up in place of the tattoo.

Mama Ganga lifts her forearm above her head and opens her mouth.

The eye cries blood into her throat.

She swallows, lowers her arm and repeats an incantation:

MAMA GANGA
 In nomine domini nostri HIM.
 Obsecro te. Venite, illuminati.
 Veni ad nos!

The eye on her forearm looks around frantically.

In between the trees, shadows begin to stir in the fog. They dart about in a frenzy, getting closer and closer.

Then, without warning, the shadows charge towards the table....

Six new people now sit with Hinder and Mama Ganga. They're also dressed in black cloaks imprinted with the insignia of eyes.

Hoods cover their heads.

Mama Ganga takes a moment to admire them. The eye on her forearm changes back to a tattoo.

MAMA GANGA
 Welcome back, brothers and sisters!
 We, Sinners, have been in hiding
 for far too long.

A Sinner with a body so MASSIVE, it takes up the space of ten people, speaks:

MASSIVE SINNER
 (sounding like a giant)
 Why are we at The Banquet, Mama
 Ganga?

MAMA GANGA
 There is work to be done. Silas has
 been found!

The table falls silent.

MASSIVE SINNER
 How do you know this?

MAMA GANGA
 The Company Of Light. They're on
 their way to apprehend the boy as
 we speak. His Everto Oculus had
 been activated.

MASSIVE SINNER

His Everto Occulus? He's indeed the son of The Nightmare.

A PETITE SINNER joins in the conversation. She appears to be a small child.

PETITE SINNER

If The Company apprehends Silas there isn't much we, Sinners, can do.

HINDER

They won't have him for long. I have a plan.

MASSIVE SINNER

And our involvement is required, I'm guessing?

HINDER

We must execute it together.

PETITE SINNER

Why the fuck should we hearken unto you? We are many times your senior.

HINDER

My capabilities are indisputable. I'm just as deadly as any of you.

The table falls silent again. The Sinners concede.

MASSIVE SINNER

What will this plan of yours achieve?

HINDER

The release of our Lord. King Of The Underworld. HIM!

PETITE SINNER

You're very Sanguine.

MAMA GANGA

Indeed! I'm confident in his plan too.

She regards Hinder.

MAMA GANGA

Look at The Banquet. Look at all the empty seats.

(MORE)

MAMA GANGA (CONT'D)

We've suffered so much, Hinder. But
your plan, your plan will be our
vengeance!

A SINNER with a large red-eyed raven on his shoulder
addresses Hinder:

SINNER

Make one thing clear before we
agree to anything. When the time
comes, where will your loyalty
truly be? With us or your little
brother?

Hinder looks at him.

HINDER

Silas means nothing to me, he WILL
die!

EXT. MEADOW - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

A six-year-old Silas sits in a field of green under clear
blue skies. Flowers bloom in every color as far as the eye
can see.

Silas smiles cheerfully.

He picks a flower and hands it to a GIRL his age sitting in
front of him.

The girl giggles and takes the flower.

She passes her fingers through her flowing pink hair and
presents Silas with a handful of rose petals.

The petals seem to naturally grow from her hair and fall onto
the grass around her.

The girl captivates Silas.

INT./EXT. DINER - NIGHT (BACK TO THE PRESENT)

Silas lay fast asleep in an empty booth with a warm smile on
his face.

A WAITRESS (early 20s) reaches for his shoulder and shakes
him gently.

WAITRESS

Father....Father....Wake up....

Silas awakes and looks at her.

It takes him a few seconds to realize where he is.

They're alone.

SILAS

I'm sorry. How long was I out for?

WAITRESS

A couple hours. You look so peaceful sleeping I didn't bother wake you. And that smile...ugh! I knew you be dreaming nice things.

SILAS

A girl with pink petals. I dream about her every once in a while.

WAITRESS

Ah, that's nice, Father.

Silas stretches and notices the waitress isn't in her work clothes. She holds a bunch of keys and a handbag hangs off her shoulder.

SILAS

Is it really that late?

WAITRESS

Mm-hmm! And my daughter's waiting at the neighbors so I gotta get going.

SILAS

Yes, by all means, no problem.

Silas comes out of the booth and walks to the door.

The waitress follows.

SILAS

How much will I owe you for the milkshake?

WAITRESS

I already told you, Father, don't sweat it. It's on the house.

SILAS

Thank you.

Silas proceeds out of the diner and onto the street.

The waitress locks the doors.

She then walks to a parked scooter bike and hops on.

She grabs her helmet and looks over at Silas, concerned.

WAITRESS

Do you need a ride, Father? It's
not safe out here. I heard on the
news some freak blew up a church.

Silas looks a bit surprised.

He restrains himself from becoming emotional.

SILAS

I'll be fine.

The waitress puts on the helmet and starts up the bike.

WAITRESS

Please be careful, Father.

Silas nods and she rides off, disappearing down the street.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Silas wanders to a bus stop and sits under its shed.

He rubs his hands together and observes the empty street. His
breath is visible as he exhales.

He looks up at the night sky, yearning.

SILAS

Are you watching? Say something,
tell me what to do. Where else can
I go but back to the clergy?

Silas waits for an answer but obviously hears nothing.

He sighs and drops his head.

SILAS

(under his breath)
Of course. You only spoke to those
in the bible.

He remains silent for a while, nonchalantly looking at his
feet. A wave of sadness washes over his face.

SILAS
(singing tenderly)
Hello, darkness my old friend. I've
come to talk with you again.
Because a vision softly creeping,
left its seeds while I was
sleeping. And the vision that was
planted in my brain still remains,
within the sou--

Silas stops suddenly.

His brows furrow as he senses something strange.

He stands and looks down the street.

There he sees three people dressed in white standing not too far from him.

Beatrice, Deputy Commander Patrino and General Falcon.

They stare at him.

At first, Silas looks scared but then he becomes curious.

He walks onto the street and confronts them.

SILAS
Who are you?

They do not answer.

SILAS
Is there anything I can help you
with?

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO
Is your name Silas?

Silas looks startled.

SILAS
Who wants to know?

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO
We are here to collect you.

Silas steps back.

SILAS
I'm not going anywhere.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO
I'm afraid you don't have a choice.

Silas turns and runs.

But, to his surprise, they are standing in front of him again like ghosts.

Silas halts.

He desperately tries to back away but trips over his feet. He tumbles onto the asphalt.

He gathers himself and looks at them, terrified.

SILAS

What are you people?

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO

The Company Of Light.

BEATRICE

I sense a hex, Deputy Commander Patrino.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO

Yes, I sense the hex on him too.

He studies Silas.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO

Do you know who you are, Silas?

SILAS

I'm a priest.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO

Were you always a priest? What about your boyhood?

Silas refuses to answer.

GENERAL FALCON

Beatrice, are you sure this is he? From your report, I expected a battle upon meeting him.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO

This is he, General. He's too much like his father for it not to be so. The hex is suppressing his memories.

SILAS

(internalizing)
My....father?

GENERAL FALCON

The boy must've chosen to have his memories repressed. But only the caster can remove the hex.

Deputy Commander Patrino evaluates the situation.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO

Do you have a Symbol on your chest, Silas?

SILAS

....H-How could you possibly know about that?

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO

That symbol is the strongest seal we've ever created. Its purpose is to bind the strongest of demons for perpetuity. The soul of the symbol carrier and the demon becomes one.

SILAS

What are you saying?

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO

You have the king of all demons within you, Silas. Bound to your soul from birth. We call this entity, HIM. But you'll know the entity as the devil.

Silas looks perplexed.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO

You are the first to carry that symbol. It subjugates HIM.

SILAS

(under his breath)
Sam is....

He looks at them with suspicion.

SILAS

Why should I believe you? Maybe you're the demons.

Deputy Commander Patrino chuckles.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO

No, my boy. Quite the opposite. We're the angels.

Silas laughs as though he's heard the funniest joke ever told.

GENERAL FALCON
You doubt us?

SILAS
You are no angels. There is nothing heavenly about any of you.

Silas chuckles.

SILAS
If you really are what you say,
prove it. Show me something....
divine!

Deputy Commander Patrino smiles.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO
As you wish.

The three officers exchange looks with each other.

CLAP!

They strike their palms together.

ALL THREE OFFICERS
(in unison)
Release!

THEN MAGNIFICENTLY....

Giant pearly white wings unfold and open up behind them, like swans preparing to take flight.

The breathtaking event causes Silas to stand. Utterly astonished.

He beholds their outstretched wings and clasped hands.

SILAS
(under his breath)
To God be the glory.

To him, the angels look like they're praying.

Deputy Commander Patrino regards Silas's consternation.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO
Why the wonderment, Silas? You're
an angel too.

Silas's eyes widen and his jaw drops. His disbelief is unimaginable.

SILAS

No! That's....that's insane! I would have known something like that.

Deputy Commander Patrino looks to Beatrice.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO

Show him!

Beatrice nods and steps forward.

Silas steps back.

Beatrice plucks a feather from her wing and releases it.

The feather levitates in front of her.

She gives Silas a somber look and begins making several strange hand signs.

Then, without warning, SLAMS her palm into the feather.

A shock-wave of light BURSTS outwards.

It barrels toward Silas.

The light hits him like a tidal wave.

The force is so strong that wings rip out of his cassock and open up behind him.

The wings steady him against the force.

The burst of light weakens and fades away.

The feather in front of Beatrice is now ashes.

It falls to the ground.

Silas shakes. He refuses to look at the large wings attached to his back. He doesn't want to believe it.

Deputy Commander Patrino closes his wings and walks towards Silas. The wings somehow absorb into the Deputy Commander's back.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO

All your life you've probably felt alone living amongst the Sons Of Adam. And now you understand why.

He stands before Silas and caresses a few feathers of his wings.

Silas looks into his eyes.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO
You were never human, Silas.

A tear rolls down Silas's cheek as he processes the statement.

Deputy Commander Patrino wipes the tear.

Beatrice and General Falcon close their wings.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO
I, Deputy Commander Patrino, hereby place you under arrest. You will be held in Logman's Dungeon during The Festival Of Nowruz. After the celebrations, The Gathering Court will decide your fate.

SILAS
Under arrest for what?

The Deputy Commander doesn't respond.

SILAS
Where are you taking me?

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO
Home, where all angels belong.

He places a gentle hand on Silas's shoulder and smiles.

DEPUTY COMMANDER PATRINO
Atlantis!

END OF PILOT EPISODE!