

INFERNO

101

"Enter Through Your Belly"

Written By
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*"Farewell happy fields; where joy forever dwells. Hail
horrors, hail..."*

-- JOHN MILTON, "PARADISE LOST"

TEASER

OVER BLACK:

Rumbles of combined storms. Winded chaos.

CUT TO:

-- EYES. Red and water flood the beaten iris. Rapid shivers creak out of a mouth we cannot see... Its exhales are desperately crushed as they exit; inhales come sharply. The eyes look up at what seems to be the sky:

AN ENDLESS CLOUD OF STORMS. All colliding and suffused in a dooming darkness. But there's something else... a single glare among the clouds shines through -- a golden, HEAVENLY light.

The shivering stops as the eyes stare, completely tranced at its utter grace... A BEAT; the wind settles. Then, the grand light begins to *fade*... Smaller, and smaller, and smaller... A gate slowly turning into a keyhole, and into nothing more than a cold drift of pitch-black ash... The wind picks up -- sounds of hundreds of hurricanes form from beyond.

-- SCREAMING from afar bellow out of a man. A godless, horrific scream of intense pain... ANOTHER MAN BEGINS TO SCREAM -- AND ANOTHER-

-- rising voices of unseen men howl in horror.

The eyes close as tears and blood flow out...

END OF TEASER

INT. TALON'S BEDROOM -- DAWN (RAINING)

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE SAMUEL TALON, mid 40s, wakes up... Sweat consumes his face while the harsh rain splashes onto his window. Cold, howling winds rumble by...

He picks up his upper body, checking the time.

INT. TALON'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Talon combs his hair in front of his dresser mirror. It's an irritating task that he semi-finishes. He walks away from the dresser; we stay. We see pictures and memorabilia of Talon hanging on the edge of the smeared mirror. More so, in his younger days, with another man.

He walks back to the dresser and puts on his tie.

INT. TALON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

(O.C.): The living room TV plays a late-night rerun interview.

Talon pours himself some coffee:

MAYOR ROMERO (ON TV) (O.C.)
I believe it's important that
everyone and everything gets a
chance to improve, including our
own beautiful metro city.

Talon's ELDERLY CAT rubs passively onto his ankle, alerting him towards the can food.

MAYOR ROMERO (ON TV)
Keeping up with modern rebranding
is essential and what my office is
really focusing on, at the moment.
Our future for a better and safer
city.

LATE-NIGHT HOST (ON TV)
Wow... That's great-and-all, Mayor
Romero, but let's all be honest
here-

MAYOR ROMERO (ON TV)
Yes, let's.

Talon scrapes the cat food inside a bowl and walks to the TV.

LATE-NIGHT HOST (ON TV)
 --It doesn't take many braincells to see the drastic rise in homelessness in the past six years you've been in office. And its current rise since your announcement on "rebranding" the city. Ordering to destruct old Wessmore buildings that the homeless seek shelter in because we're all out of rooms in housing. Frankly, I'm stunned this isn't your top concern.

ON TV, as we watch with Talon, we get to truly see MAYOR LOGAN ROMERO, mid 40s. He has a sudden charm, looks of great optimism even in the heat of intensity... *An older face we've seen with Talon on his dresser mirror.*

MAYOR ROMERO (ON TV)
 Look, no one in this room is dismissing the topic of homelessness. You're right, it is something I've consistently been trying to reduce as I collaborate with shelters like Star of Hope and Sunrise Hollow -- I've even been to countless food drives.

LATE-NIGHT HOST (ON TV)
 Yes, whenever a camera is nearby.

The show audience MURMURS; Mayor Romero lightly chuckles at the insult.

MAYOR ROMERO (ON TV)
 I understand that you and many might not feel I'm doing enough for a certain issue, but I promise, what I put my works and efforts in will be for the greater good...

Talon sips his coffee.

INT./EXT. TALON'S CAR -- MORNING

Talon drives into the downtown metropolis... The looming, reflective skyscrapers make every citizen seem ant-like as they walk against the faint rainfall with umbrellas and traffic...

The people look rather drained, sucked from energy and souls... Traveling without much left to follow.

IN THE CAR: Talon adjust his semi-loose tie. He flips past radio channels --

RADIO JOCKEY #1 (V.O)
 -- What the hell does "**greater good**" mean? What? People sleeping on the wet streets, going hungry -- DYING! -- isn't greater than building some big towers and a new stadium?

RADIO JOCKEY #2 (V.O)
 That sounds a lot like it, Bobby.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION - ON-AIR BOOTH ROOM -- SAME

The radio jockey (BOBBY, late 30s) goes closer to his mic:

RADIO JOCKEY #1 (BOBBY)
 You know, there's a special place in hell for Mayor Romero.

RADIO JOCKEY #1 (BOBBY) (CONT'D)
 Where Bin Laden and all those other terror fucker burn.

PUSHING BACK: Vape smoke chokes the air inside the cramped radio booth. Bobby's jockey partner, TROY, early 40s, laughs at the comment.

RADIO JOCKEY #2 (TROY)
 I can already see it -- Romero getting his ass pitchforked by the big downstairs man.

RADIO JOCKEY #1 (BOBBY)
 I'm telling you... A bastard like him, when his time comes-

INT. TALON'S CAR -- SAME

Talon listens.

RADIO JOCKEY #1 (BOBBY) (V.O)
 He'll have no one near him, and people will understand why.

Talon switches the channel.

NEWS WOMAN (V.O)

-- An apartment shootout near East Wessmore late last night left four tenants severely injured and a seven-year-old girl dead at the scene-

SWITCH.

MAN (V.O)

My brother is in those streets. SUFFERING. Needing help from our city -- and what is Mayor Romero doing? *Building a mall on top of him.*

SWITCH.

WOMAN (V.O)

(alluring)

Looking for an escape?...

Talon looks at the radio, pauses.

WOMAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

Then try Conroy Skincare. Product to reduce stress and pores in an all three-bundle. *"Use, relax. A true escape."*

CLOSE ON THE RADIO. STATIC.

INT. INNER-CITY HOME - KITCHEN -- SAME DAY

CLOSE ON: A kitchen oven is consumed in absolute black, and a deeply charcoal **HUMAN HAND** hangs out of the shattered oven window...

A body is inside.

DETECTIVE LIME (O.C.)

Did you see the game, last night?

DETECTIVE ROGERS (O.C.)

Nah, I went straight to bed after work... Who won?

DETECTIVE LIME (O.C.)

Who do you think? The fucking team I put 80 bucks against -- no-good, sons of bitches.

DETECTIVE ROGERS (O.C.)

Your luck.

Talon moves into FRAME, kneeling down towards the oven, examining deeper.

ROGERS, late 40s, and LIME, mid 40s, stand nearby with coffee in their hands...

DETECTIVE LIME

Yeah, well, 80 bucks is the least of my problems. Annie's father is in town.

DETECTIVE ROGERS

I thought he died.

DETECTIVE LIME

Join the club. I was almost certain the chemo was going to rot his brain -- shit, I was praying for that phone call.

DETECTIVE ROGERS

You're sick.

DETECTIVE LIME

Oh, please, I've said worse. And trust, everything I say about that old fucker is nothing but deserving.

Talon listens. Unmoved.

FORENSICS walks in. One being Rogers' girlfriend, AMANDA, late 20s.

AMANDA

Hello, detectives.

DETECTIVE LIME

Ohhhh, forensics on sight!

DETECTIVE ROGERS

Hey, sweetheart.

AMANDA

Hey, I missed you this morning.

DETECTIVE ROGERS

Yeah, they called me in earlier than usual.

DETECTIVE LIME
(sing-song)
Hey, 'Mandy.

AMANDA
Lime.
(to the body)
What do we got?

DETECTIVE ROGERS
Eh, some old lady stuck in the
oven.

AMANDA
How enlightening.

Amanda kneels with Talon. She looks at the body -- the smoking stench of it makes her face go sour, but Talon remains stone. She puts on her white mask.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Jesus...

TALON
Susanna Weat. 71. Lived alone.

AMANDA
Found something?

TALON
Right there... There and there.

Talon points his flashlight inside the oven, parts of the crisp body have been slashed.

TALON (CONT'D)
She was stabbed multiple times
before they put her in here.

AMANDA
How many times exactly?

TALON
We'll have to wait until the full
autopsy. My guess: more than ten
times.

AMANDA
Anything else?

TALON

It was recent. Within 24 hours by the texture of the surface flesh, blisters have only stopped popping... Look at her eyes...

Talon flashes to her head. Her eyes have melted into her sockets.

Amanda stares.

TALON (CONT'D)

Enough heat to melt them entirely.

AMANDA

Poor woman.

Talon pulls himself back.

TALON

I'm sorry to get bleak.

AMANDA

How long have we been working together for, Sam?

TALON

Too long.

AMANDA

Far too long. I know how I can react to these things, but at the end of the day, it's work. It's what we do.

TALON

Yeah. I guess so.

AMANDA

("anyways")

Are there any suspects?

Talon is quiet.

He stares at the body. His eyes look familiar. In the prime of his beaten glance, his iris pleads, yearning for something...

The body stays lifeless, and he loses his personal stare-off.

He gets up and walks out of the kitchen. Lime and Rogers watches as he goes.

DETECTIVE LIME
Where's he going?

AMANDA
You know, you two can go far if you
actually did your jobs.

DETECTIVE LIME
What? Talon's a good sport.

AMANDA
That's not what I mean-

DETECTIVE ROGERS
Baby, he told us to back off when
we got here. He wanted to look at
the body first.

Amanda takes a BEAT. She turns back to the corpse and takes a
picture --

FLASH! --

EXT. INNER-CITY HOME - PORCH -- MOMENTS LATER (RAINING)

Talon lights a cig. He inhales and examines the crime scene
around him.

More FORENSICS brush past Talon:

FORENSIC #1
Morning, Detective.

FORENSIC #2
Morning.

TALON
Hello...

He turns back to the rainy world -- a cold, numbing feeling
resides deeply. Everything is shadowed in the light fog of
water... And Talon feels every portion of it.

-- A HOMELESS WOMAN, early 50s, dragging a crooked grocery
cart walks by... She stops and turns to Talon.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Are you her son?

TALON
I'm sorry?

HOMELESS WOMAN
You don't look like her...

TALON
How can I help you, ma'am?

HOMELESS WOMAN
I'm plenty okay. I'm not the dead one.

Talon kills his cig.

TALON
Did you know Ms. Weat?

HOMELESS WOMAN
Yes. She would make meat pies for me every Thursday morning... *I guess not this Thursday...* Now I have to be with the other beggars at Star Hope.

TALON
Well, I'm sorry for your loss.

HOMELESS WOMAN
I'll find someone else to make me pies...

The woman begins walking away...

TALON
-Wait, Ma'am.

Talon reaches the woman in the rain:

TALON (CONT'D)
Do you have any information about Ms. Weat? Do you know if she had any worries?

HOMELESS WOMAN
Worries?

TALON
Yes. Was she scared of someone... something? Did someone have a 'problem' with her as of late?

HOMELESS WOMAN
Listen, PIG, she was just a fucking food source -- not my goddamn priest.

The woman leaves with her cart.

Talon watches her...

MAYOR ROMERO (V.O)
It's been awfully stormy, lately...

INT. MCMOORE OFFICE -- DAY

MAYOR LOGAN ROMERO dazes his attention to the nearby window: heavy platter of raindrops crash onto the glass...

He sits across from his personal therapist and old friend, OLIVER MCMOORE, late 40s, a roughly plump man with rosy red cheeks and a jolly-sort of smile. Santa if he went into psychology.

OLIVER
Logan... You're trailing off,
again.

MAYOR ROMERO
I'm not. I'm just talking about the
weather.

OLIVER
Ah, yes, the multiplex dialect of
impersonal conversations: the
weather.

MAYOR ROMERO
What do you want me to say, Ollie?

OLIVER
Something far less boring than the
rain.

Romero fidgets, giving up and slouching back.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
The boys.

MAYOR ROMERO
The boys are fine... William is on
AP honor roll, has stellar grades
all around -- told me the other
night he wants to be a astronaut...
You think of that? Going up to
space, it's amazing... And Damien,
he has such a great heart. He's
volunteering with me when we go to
the shelters. He has a way with the
people down there.

OLIVER

Hmm.

MAYOR ROMERO

It's nice.

OLIVER

And Sabrina? How are you two?

Romero hesitates.

MAYOR ROMERO

Sabrina's around.

OLIVER

That's not the question I asked-

MAYOR ROMERO

-- Well, it's the answer you're getting.

OLIVER

Sabrina hasn't, quite notably, been around the public eye since you announced the "rebranding" campaign. Is there's something to that?

MAYOR ROMERO

She's doing her own thing. With the Midwives Club and holding down the boys when I'm away... We're in different, higher places right now. For our careers and our well-being... And that's fine... It's just a little distance, we'll come back.

Oliver studies Romero's mixed face. He sees the internal lies radiating off of his buddy's eyes.

OLIVER

When was the last time you fucked her?

MAYOR ROMERO

What?

OLIVER

The last time you bent her down like a whore, ripped her panties clean off and stuck your cock in her pussy --

MAYOR ROMERO
-- Jesus Christ, Oliver, so much
for a professional code.

OLIVER
Tell me.
(beat)
Be honest like you've never been
honest before.

Romero takes a deep breath.

MAYOR ROMERO
Almost a year. In October.

OLIVER
Let's sit with that.

The two are silent... The only noise daring to echo out is
the office's grandfather clock and splatter of rainfall...

MAYOR ROMERO
"Greater Good"... That's all I can
hear. Even when I'm asleep...
(beat)
I want to believe that all of this,
all this destruction and pain and
upsetting feelings, can pay off in
the end... I want us to have a
better future, honest. I'm not
bullshitting when I say that.
(beat)
I'm trying to fix things. Because
they've been broken for so long...

OLIVER
And you are. The road to
improvement is a bitter fucker, you
know that... Suffering will always
be key. But, with proper, undying
determination, we have a chance...

Romero smiles.

MAYOR ROMERO
Yeah. I believe we do.

OLIVER
And you really need to fuck your
wife, man.

MAYOR ROMERO

(grinning)

Yes -- how did you say it, "Rip her
panties?"

OLIVER

Rip those overpriced, up-tight
panties off her-

They share a laughter.

INT. POLICE STATION -- LATE AFTERNOON

TALON sits at his desk, scanning through crime scene photos of Susanna Weat, when DETECTIVE JOEL WILLIS, early 40s, slams a hallmark-brand farewell card in front of him:

DETECTIVE WILLIS

Hurry! Write something.

TALON

I'm busy, right now, Willis.

DETECTIVE WILLIS

Just write something really quick,
something nice-

TALON

No- I have to look through these
photos and it's already taking up
all my time.

DETECTIVE WILLIS

(peeking)

Is it the old lady in the oven?
Lime was talking about it.

TALON

Get out of my area.

DETECTIVE WILLIS

Jeez, Talon, it's not that hard,
just write: "Thank you, Chief, for
the WONDERFUL years I've had with
you, and may your adventures lead
you... somewhere fulfilling." See -
that simple. I did it for you.

TALON

Then you can write it for me.

DETECTIVE WILLIS

No, he'll know. And then he's gonna ask me about it, and I'm gonna panic, and then I'm gonna blame you.

TALON

God! Willis! It's not that damn serious, I promise you. He's just retiring.

DETECTIVE WILLIS

Yeah, I know, but it means a lot to him. Especially if everyone writes a well-meaningful quote on a tacky, three-dollar card I bought on my lunch break. Please. For me.

Talon looks at Willis.

TALON

I'm not any good with goodbyes.

Willis leans on his desk, writing on the card:

DETECTIVE WILLIS

That's fine, how about this: I write something, you nod if you like it, and you write your name at the bottom. Okay?

TALON

Okay.

DETECTIVE WILLIS

Okay... How does this sound: "I will miss our years together, but I know you'll be somewhere unforgettable. My best wishes, old friend." and blah blah blah "From Detective-or-Mister Samuel Talon" - that's your part.

TALON

Take the "old friend" out. I'm not that close with him.

DETECTIVE WILLIS

You want anything to substitute that? "Buddy"? "Colleague"?

TALON

No, I'll just write my name.

DETECTIVE WILLIS
Okay. Fair.

TALON
But it does sound nice, Joel.

DETECTIVE WILLIS
I told you my sentimental side
would come in handy.

Talon writes his name.

Commotion is heard when a few DETECTIVES corner CHIEF OFFICER
BILLUM, late 60s, with a sparkling cake and a blissful,
unison cheer! He smiles wide as more surround and hug him --

DETECTIVE #1
We're gonna miss you, Chief!

DETECTIVE #2
Don't you forget about us!

CHIEF BILLUM
Thank you, everyone. Thank you.

Willis grabs the card:

DETECTIVE WILLIS
Thanks, Talon.

Willis rushes to the group.

Talon's computer CHIMES with a new message; he clicks into
his inbox:

RAMIREZ: *Weat Case -- Six months ago, same address, called
operator for possible break-in... LINK.*

Talon plugs in his earphones and clicks the LINK...

... It sends him to an audio video titled: **MARCH 26, 4410
ALMA STREET, 1:09AM....**

Talon presses "play"...

BEEP! --

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
9-1-1, what seems to be your
emergency?

SUSANNA WEAT (V.O.)
Hello. I think someone is trying to
break in...

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
What's your address, ma'am?

SUSANNA WEAT (V.O.)
It's 4410 Alma Street, right across
Belmore Street... I'm alone, right
now, and I heard banging from my
kitchen window... It woke me up-

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Okay, ma'am. I have a car headed
your way.

SUSANNA WEAT (V.O.)
Okay-

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Is anyone else in the house with
you?

SUSANNA WEAT (V.O.)
No. I'm alone... I kicked out my
son, last week...

Talon writes down... "Son."

SUSANNA WEAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And I'm a real old lady. I'm alone.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
The patrol car is five minutes
away.

SUSANNA WEAT (V.O.)
Okay, that's....

Silence...

SUSANNA WEAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Uhm....

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Ma'am? Hello?

SUSANNA WEAT (V.O.)
Uhm... Hi... I thought I saw
someone- I saw a shadow.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Okay, ma'am-

SUSANNA WEAT (V.O.)
I see someone- there's another
person...

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
How many people do you see?

SUSANNA WEAT (V.O.)
Like, three- four, they went to the
side of my house.

Talon writes... "Three to four."

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Okay. Is there a room you can lock
yourself into until the police
arrive?

SUSANNA WEAT (V.O.)
Yes, my bathroom.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Okay, go there right now.
(beat)
The police are close by. Hang
tight.

SUSANNA WEAT (V.O.)
Okay.

The audio ends.

CHIME. A new message; Talon clicks on it:

RAMIREZ: *Police came, found nobody. Dead end file.*

Talon looks down at his writing...

INT. TALON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Talon, dressed only in a stained white shirt and boxers,
opens his fridge and pulls out a half-full rum bottle...

He pours the rest of the rum in a cup...

Talon walks to his couch and plops onto it; the TV plays the
nightly forecast:

WEATHER MAN (ON TV)
-- Scattered rains are to remain
until next Friday when the
beginning of October finally comes.
Nightly winds continue to be under
45, while at the peak of tomorrow
afternoon, our highest will be a
whopping 67 degrees Fahrenheit.

Talon's cat purrs right next to him. He pets her.

TALON
I hope you had an eventful day,
baby girl... I know I did...

Talon drinks.

INT. TALON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM -- LATER

The TV plays static.

Talon and his cat sleep on the couch...

WE PAN CLOSER: To Talon's restful face... It twitches... His eyebrows get heavier, his eyelids squint from disturbance...

Sound swallows out into nothing...

Then... a sinking noise of... **WINDS**.

EXT. DARK LANDSCAPE -- NIGHT (NIGHTMARE)

CLOSE ON: EYES OPEN... *We've seen this before.* Blood and tears fall downward...

RUMBLING WIND and DUST rush viciously to the eyes, making them squint -- heavy breathing is heard...

A dark storm is birth...

Then... **THE SCREAMING.**

The eyes turn to see a *MAN FROM AFAR, LAYING ON HIS BACK, HORRIFICALLY BURNT, AND MISSING HIS RIGHT LEG --*

HE SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER.

ANOTHER SCREAM --

The eyes turn the other way --

A man, *with half of his head barely intact*, SCREAMS.

-- MORE SCREAMS FROM MEN BEGIN.

The eyes remain calm... Until it looks down...

Slowly panning... it's revealed that both its legs have been completely blown off. Shattered blisters and bones peak through the burning flesh...

-- SCREAMS BECOME LOUDER.

The beaten eyes are frozen in shock when finally, as if an inner primal torment boiled over, the man with the eyes lets out a howling, painful **SCREAM** ---

CUT TO:

INT. TALON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM -- NEXT MORNING

Talon GASPS awake.

He looks around... Nothing...

Talon falls back, defeated, controlling his hyper breathing.

INT. TALON'S CAR - INNER-CITY HOMES -- LATER

Talon sits in his car as the radio plays an opinion piece.

NEWS LADY (V.O.)

I've seen it before and I've seen
it a million times -- Mayor Romero
may have a charming smile, an
alluring way with words, hell you
might even want to sleep with him -
- BUT REMEMBER PEOPLE, he wants our
lowest, poorest community DEAD! You
know, I heard from highly
respectable source that Mayor Logan
Romero wants to DEPORT our homeless
off to Ecuador! Yup, you heard it -
- he is simply unconstitutional,
ladies and gentlemen!

Talon catches a glimpse of THE HOMELESS WOMAN walking with her cart, near Susanna Weat's home.

He gets out of the car.

EXT. INNER-CITY HOMES -- SAME

Talon catches up to the woman:

TALON

Ma'am! Hello!

She turns to see Talon, she rushes forward:

HOMELESS WOMAN

Leave me alone! I know nothing!

TALON
I think you do!

Talon stops her:

HOMELESS WOMAN
Get away from me, you faggot PIG!

TALON
Ma'am, please. You called me Ms. Weat's son the other day- Why is that if Ms. Weat kicked him out six months ago... Have you known her that long? What do you know about her son? Is there any way I can get a hold of him?-

HOMELESS WOMAN
I know my rights! I'm still a human being for God's sake!

TALON
Help me out here. Please.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Burn in hell.

Talon scoffs.

TALON
Okay...
(beat)
How about this: you hungry? It's early, I'm sure Spanky's has its breakfast menu still up. What do you say?...

The woman thinks.

INT. SPANKY'S DINER -- LATER

Talon and the homeless woman sit in a booth.

She scarfs down scrambled eggs and syrup-covered flapjacks while Talon watches with his morning coffee.

A waiter, CHARLEY, late 20s, comes by --

CHARLEY
Can I get y'all anything else?

TALON
I'm good here... Ma'am?

HOMELESS WOMAN

I'll have another round of flapjacks, extra butter, and a side of hash browns- Oh, and a large cup of sweet tea, no ice.

CHARLEY

Okay. Coming your way.

TALON

Thank you, Charley.

CHARLEY

(flirty smile)

Anything for you, Detective.

Talon smiles.

The waiter walks away.

Talon turns back to the woman:

TALON

Okay. How about we start with your name.

HOMELESS WOMAN

What's it to you?

TALON

Oh, I don't know, maybe because I'm paying for those extra flapjacks you just ordered.

HOMELESS WOMAN

You see- This is why I don't take anything from you people. As soon as I bite, you think you're obligated to everything... *Susanna was different...*

TALON

How was she different?

The woman stops herself. She starts eating, again.

TALON (CONT'D)

Look, I'm giving you a lot of leg room. I know you're keeping information about Ms. Weat -- now, we can stay here and talk in the midst of coffee and food, or I can take you to the station. Your call.

A BEAT.

HOMELESS WOMAN
My name is Anita.

TALON
Hello, Anita. I'm Detective Samuel
Talon... How old are you?

ANITA
53 next week.

TALON
Happy early birthday. Any plans?

ANITA
Don't be a prick.

TALON
I wasn't trying to be...

A BEAT.

TALON (CONT'D)
How did you meet Susanna Weat?

ANITA
She volunteered at Star of Hope.
Saw her every Sunday out at the
parking lot during the food
drive... She would sometimes read
some scriptures -- the brighter
ones, I suppose... It helped a few
people feel better, never me.

TALON
How did you know where she lived?

Anita takes a deep breath.

ANITA
One night, my boyfriend said he
found a score for us. Needles all
around... I followed him under some
underpass, and I was ambushed by
him and his friends... They took
turns with me...

Talon softens.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Anyways-- I managed to find my way
back to the main road and
collapsed...
(MORE)

ANITA (CONT'D)

I saw a few headlights, I was hoping one of them would hit me... but one stopped... And it was Ms. Weat. I figured she saw all the blood and recognized me...

(beat)

She took me to her house, cleaned me up and made a meat pie for me. Then after that, every Thursday, I would come by and she would make me some more pies...

TALON

When did all of this start?

ANITA

Three months ago.

TALON

Are you sure?

ANITA

Yes. I am.

TALON

So, how do you know about her son? Why did you call me him?

ANITA

Because she would talk about him all the time... *How he would stalk her house...*

TALON

What?...

ANITA

Yeah... She told me one time that if I saw a man looming around her property. She thought it was her son... He's a real mental case problem, sort of a psycho. He lived up in the attic before she kicked him out. I think she told me she found wrapped-up dead cats under his bed... Real freak shit.

TALON

Did she ever stop talking about her son?

ANITA

After a while. But, then again, all together she stopped talking about anything... She was a real yapper until she wasn't...

(beat)

A few weeks later, she was dead.

TALON

You have any idea where her son could be at now?

ANITA

I never met him, so nope.

Talon nods.

INT. MALL - TOY STORE -- DAY

CLOSE ON: Mayor Romero's strangely confused yet aroused face.

He stares at a 'swimsuit bombshell' Barbie stacked with hundreds of other replica dolls...

From behind, a faint whisper from his wife, SABRINA ROMERO, early 40s, enters his ear:

SABRINA

Isn't she sexy?

MAYOR ROMERO

Honestly, I was imagining what you would look like in that outfit.

SABRINA

Oh, well keep imagining.

Romero chuckles.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

Your "bodyguards" are getting really tedious to see.

Romero turns to see OFFICER JONES and OFFICER SPELLMAN roam close by, watching fellow shoppers all round...

MAYOR ROMERO

Yeah, it's a *real treat* to be out in public... It's for our safety, though.

SABRINA

I understand.

MAYOR ROMERO
Where are the boys?

SABRINA
East of us. Battle world section.

He looks to his right where his sons, WILLIAM and DAMIEN, play with plastic sharp shooter guns with other shopping kids.

MAYOR ROMERO
Should we accompany them?

SABRINA
Ah, they're alright. Plus, I want to wander away for a moment...

MAYOR ROMERO
Me too...

SABRINA
Cool.

They slowly walk, side-by-side, scrolling through the girl section of the store... Romero sees the play dresses hanging by.

MAYOR ROMERO
You ever think about a girl?

SABRINA
To have? No... Far too busy to think of a fetus with either gender.

MAYOR ROMERO
Maybe not now... But never?

SABRINA
Logan, we have two lovely, spontaneous, beautiful boys-

MAYOR ROMERO
I'm not denying that-

SABRINA
Of course not.

MAYOR ROMERO
I'm saying another kids isn't-

SABRINA
I don't want another baby, Logan.

Silence...

A few parents and children dash past them.

MAYOR ROMERO

Are you sure?...

SABRINA

I think if I was five years younger, then I would reconsider.

MAYOR ROMERO

We still have time.

SABRINA

No. Actually, we don't.

(beat)

The Midwives need me more than ever. You're remodeling of the city isn't an overnight success-

MAYOR ROMERO

I can move things around...

Sabrina and Romero stop:

SABRINA

We should be grateful for the things we have... The things that we're rooting for... Lets focus on that, okay?

MAYOR ROMERO

You're right... You're right...

SABRINA

I know.

MAYOR ROMERO

It was just a stupid, little thought.

SABRINA

I know. But in all honesty, honey -
- cramping another life into this Earth makes me want to slit my fucking throat with a kitchen knife.

Romero lightly chuckles.

MAYOR ROMERO

In all honesty?

SABRINA

Yeah.

MAYOR ROMERO

Well, if we are forbidden to reproduce -- maybe a nice, hard fuck would still be in play?

SABRINA

Very charming.

MAYOR ROMERO

I'm serious.

SABRINA

Hmm. *Maybe...*

They share a tender kiss.

Officer Jones walks up to the couple:

OFFICER JONES

Mayor Romero, we're getting intel that there's a riot forming outside the mall. I need you and your family to follow me.

MAYOR ROMERO

Jesus, a riot?

OFFICER JONES

Yes, Sir. We need to evacuate you.

SABRINA

Okay. I'll get the boys...

Sabrina walks away.

Romero's face drowns in fear.

EXT. MALL - PARKING LOT -- LATER

The entrance door barges open as the officers escort Romero and his family out to their limo -- *AN ENORMOUS WAVE OF REPORTERS AND PROTESTERS HOARD THE FAMILY --*

OFFICER JONES

STEP ASIDE! MOVE! MOVE!

OFFICER SPELLMAN

GET OUT THE WAY! NOW!

REPORTER #1

Mayor Romero! Wessmore is home to countless people who have nowhere to go! Where will you put them? Do you have plans for further housing!

REPORTER #2

-- Mayor Romero! Is it true you're building a new baseball stadium over Wessmore!

REPORTER #3

-- They're more death tolls and higher addiction rates in poverty communities! How are you funding an improvement construction instead of applying affordable health care!

Romero holds his sons tight --

DAMIEN

Daddy --

MAYOR ROMERO

It's okay, boys. Keep close.

SABRINA

Hold tight, boys.

OFFICER SPELLMAN

I SAID GET OUT OF THE DAMN WAY!

PROTESTER #1

KILLER! KILLER ROMERO! KILLER!

PROTESTER #2

YOU PIECE OF SHIT SCUMBAG! PEOPLE ARE DYING IN THE STREETS!

REPORTER #2

-- What are you doing to help the homeless, Mayor Romero? Please, the people want to know!

PROTESTER #3

BURN IN HELL, ROMERO! YOU SICK FUCK!

PROTESTER #4

BURN IN HELL!

PROTESTER #3

KILLER ROMERO! KILLER ROMERO!

OFFICER JONES
STEP ASIDE!

PROTESTERS (UNISON/CHANTING)
KILLER ROMERO! KILLER ROMERO!
KILLER ROMERO! KILLER ROMERO!
KILLER ROMERO!

They make it to the limo --

MAYOR ROMERO
Go inside, go inside --

Sabrina and the boys enter --

MAN (O.C.)
Hey! Mayor!

Romero turns.

A MAN AIMS A PISTOL AT HIM!

MAN (CONT'D)
Rot in hell, motherfucker!

Romero's eyes WIDEN.

-- OFFICERS CHARGE AT THE MAN, PULLING HIS WEAPON UPWARDS!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

EVERYONE SCATTERS, SCREAMING THROUGH THE CROWDED CHAOS!

DAMIEN
DADDY!

SABRINA
LOGAN!

The officers pin down the man and restrain him.

Romero watches as the man screams some more while handcuffs are placed on him...

Romero stares in complete shock...

He turns back to the limo and enters with his family...

MAN
He deserves to die! He deserves to die! Please!

Police SIRENS echo...

INT. SUSANNA WEAT'S HOME - FRONT DOOR -- SAME DAY

TALON rips past yellow caution tape and enters the house...

He turns his flashlight on...

INT. SUSANNA WEAT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The cozy living room remains untouched. Antique glass dolls and perfumes stand proudly by the window counter and polished pictures of Susanna Weat's life hang throughout -- from her first communion to her later years with her food drive co-workers... Her sheepish smile blooms in every frame.

Talon scans the house... Then flashes his light to the roof...

INT. SUSANNA WEAT'S HOME - KITCHEN -- SAME

Talon walks past the pitch-black crisp oven, now covered with crime scene tape...

INT. SUSANNA WEAT'S HOME - HALLWAY -- SAME

Talon enters the narrow hallway, glaring his flashlight up... He continues to walk until --

He spots it.

AN ATTIC DOOR.

Talon puts the flashlight in his mouth -- he pulls the door string down.

The attic door opens, creaking with every tiny movement...

INT. SUSANNA WEAT'S HOME - ATTIC -- MOMENTS LATER

The glare of the light enters before Talon does. It's a single halo in the longing darkness...

Talon reaches the top.

He examines -- IT'S A BEDROOM.

A teenage boy room to be exact. Tattered posters of GREEN DAY, EVIL DEAD, and RESIDENT EVIL are nailed to the roof of the dusted, grunge bed... A broken lava lamp is placed on the nightstand with a framed picture of SUSANNA and a boy...

Talon walks closer to the picture --

The boy could be no more than 16, overly obese, damaged pores and glasses...

Talon looks down...

A RED STAIN IS ON THE FLOOR.

Talon kneels down... His flashlight leads him through a dry crimson red trail... and to under the bed....

He lifts up the blanket and flashes his light --

A LARGE RED STAIN COVERS MOST OF UNDER THE BED. IT REEKS OF WEEKS OLD ROTTING FLESH AND DEAD BUGS...

Talon moves back. Disgusted.

He turns his attention to the dresser... He opens the top drawer: dirty clothes and hard socks... Talon moves to another --

CREAK --

TALON TURNS FAST --

He pulls out his gun, aiming it to nothing... No one is here...

He listens for anything. Any little noise... But nothing... Everything has become very quiet. A BEAT.

Talon goes back to the drawers --

Empty --

Empty --

Empty --

The last one won't budge. Talon grips it hard, pulling it out roughly --

-- the drawer is full of HANDWRITTEN PAPERS.

Talon grabs one and flashes his light to it... He mumble reads it through. His eyes grow wider as he reads longer.

TALON (V.O.)
"I think of ways to rape her with
my knife..."

INT. POLICE STATION - CHIEF BILLUM'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Talon paces back and forth, reading the paper to Chief Billum and Detective Rogers.

TALON

"The blade is at its sharpest,
cutting through her dried up
vagina, bleeding her worn,
disgusting ovaries. Maybe I can rip
them out of her and put it under my
bed for safe keeping..."

(beat)

'January 20th' is written on the
top left. Two months before Susanna
Weat kicked her son out of her
home.

CHIEF BILLUM

Jesus...

TALON

This is our guy.

Talon passes the paper to Rogers.

DETECTIVE ROGERS

Talon, Susanna Weat never had a
child. There would've been records
of her at any given hospital but
there isn't.

TALON

Maybe she didn't have him at a
hospital. She was a complete shut-
in unless it came to volunteer
work. It's possible she gave birth
through homestead methods. But --
these papers can help us figure out
where he can be.

DETECTIVE ROGERS

Wow. This is truly enlightening...

(reading)

"I felt the spine of a bird today.
It was warm and delicate. So easy
to snap... I wonder what larger
animals feel like inside..."

CHIEF BILLUM

Okay. Enough. Damn, I just finished
lunch...

(to Talon)

(MORE)

CHIEF BILLUM (CONT'D)
How the hell did you even figure
out about the attic?

TALON
A source told me.

CHIEF BILLUM
Did this source come down to the
station and write a report because
I do not see any here...

TALON
Uhm... It was a... *confidential*
report.

CHIEF BILLUM
Goddamnit, Talon!

TALON
The person has a rough history with
officers and I didn't want to ruin
this lead --

CHIEF BILLUM
We have to follow things by the
books! Jesus, it's my last day and
I still have to explain basic
kiddie shit!

Rogers snickers.

TALON
I will get it all under order,
Chief. But this guy is are prime
suspect for the Weat murder --

CHIEF BILLUM
You better. I don't want Helena to
deal with any of your neglectful
habits as she transitions here... I
want this to be a smooth process
for everyone.

TALON
I understand, Sir.

CHIEF BILLUM
Now -- if you don't mind, I have a
'tropical' party to get ready for.
You're both coming, right?

DETECTIVE ROGERS
I wouldn't miss it for the world.

TALON

Yeah...

INT. MAYOR ROMERO'S PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Red wine pouring into a glass...

SABRINA puts the bottle back into the fridge...

Romero walks in... There's a soft tension...

MAYOR ROMERO

(dry)

Isn't it a little too early for
that?

SABRINA

I'm getting a head start.

Sabrina drinks.

MAYOR ROMERO

You got any more?

She stares at him.

She gets an empty glass and pours half of her drink into
it... She then slides it to him.

MAYOR ROMERO (CONT'D)

Thank you.

SABRINA

Hmm.

A BEAT.

MAYOR ROMERO

I laid the boys to bed... They're
still pretty shook up from today.

SABRINA

All of us are.

MAYOR ROMERO

Yeah... Are you okay?

SABRINA

Yeah... No. I don't know -- how am
I suppose to handle things like
this?

MAYOR ROMERO

I'm okay.

SABRINA

Yeah, but what if it happens again,
what if our boys or I get into the
crossfire? --

MAYOR ROMERO

It won't happen again.

SABRINA

How do you know that?

MAYOR ROMERO

Because I won't let it happen.

SABRINA

Oh, I forgot, you're Superman and
you can stop anything, forgive me.

MAYOR ROMERO

Can you not do that?

SABRINA

I'm being real-

MAYOR ROMERO

No, you're being mean.

SABRINA

Sorry. I almost saw my husband get
gunned down today so I'm kinda not
in a chipper mood.

MAYOR ROMERO

God-

Romero takes a seat by the dining table.

MAYOR ROMERO (CONT'D)

I understand it was scary. It was
scary for me, too--

SABRINA

Not as much as it was for me.

(beat)

What would we do without you? What
would our lives be if some crazy
protester killed you? It will ruin
us, everything-

MAYOR ROMERO

I will get more officers near me.

SABRINA
IT'S NOT ABOUT THAT!

Silence.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
What you're doing with Wessmore and
the city is too much, now. People
are angry and violent, and will
stop at nothing to make you the
demon they want you to be...
(beat)
You need to stop this.

MAYOR ROMERO
I can't...

SABRINA
Why not?

MAYOR ROMERO
Because I made a promise. That I
would make this place perfect and
livable, where people can feel
safe... How does it make sense that
I want a better world and I get
burn at the stake for it? It's not
fair...

SABRINA
So, end it.

MAYOR ROMERO
No- I won't-

SABRINA
You want this more than saving your
family-

MAYOR ROMERO
I'M DOING THIS TO SAVE MY FAMILY!
All I do and slave and fucking go
through is for you and the boys! So
don't you DARE say that I'm not
doing anything and everything but
that!...

SABRINA
You're not saving your family,
you're destroying it! You are so
obsessed with this program and yet
you are nowhere to be found! *This
house is so fucking empty!*

MAYOR ROMERO

-- That's rich coming from you!
Miss Midwife of the Year! Miss
Independent! Where the fuck have
you been? Huh?

SABRINA

Yeah -- okay, Logan, put this all
on me. That's great! I'm SORRY that
I don't want to be some stay-at-
home Betty wife with nothing to
show for! I want a life of my own
and if that's too much for you--

MAYOR ROMERO

IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME.

Sabrina nods. And only that...

She leaves the kitchen.

Romero puts his hands on his head.

MAYOR ROMERO (CONT'D)

Fuck...

Leave Me Alone by New Order plays...

CUT TO:

INT. TROPICAL BAR -- NIGHT

The low downtown bar is gowned in twisted spangles and lights
colored with goodbyes. Party drinks fly everywhere while
laughter is home in every corner...

CHIEF BILLUM, DETECTIVE LIME AND ROGERS, AMANDA, DETECTIVE
WILLIS and other officers cheer their glasses on the golden
dancefloor. Billum has reached his eccentric-self; Rogers and
Amanda rock back and forth together, smiling wide...

Talon watches them all from the stool.

The bartender, HAL, passes him another rum and coke.

HAL

I should feel happy for him. But...
I don't know, I'm gonna miss the
hell outta him.

TALON

He's not dying.

HAL

Yeah, but he's moving on. This place isn't his home anymore.

TALON

Why's that?

HAL

You just start seeing things differently. Especially after you stop doing what you've done for so long... Realizing your home was never really your home.

(beat)

But he can make a new one. I heard he's moving north...

Talon smiles as Hal leaves. But what he says sticks to the timid detective...

He turns to the group: Billum dances in front of everyone while they cheer him on.

Amanda looks to Talon. Their eyes meet, and she soon smiles... She whispers into Rogers' ear; he nods and goes back to cheering Billum.

Amanda walks to Talon.

AMANDA

Detective.

(to Hal)

Two vodka tonics, please!

HAL

On the way, sweetheart.

She grins at Talon.

AMANDA

I think I'm drunk, Sam.

TALON

Really?

AMANDA

Yeah but I think we should keep it a secret between us. I think no one can tell yet.

TALON

Oh, yeah, you look so... sober.

Amanda sharply inhales.

AMANDA

Yeah, I'm good, right?

TALON

You got everyone in a loop.

She looks at him, more passive.

AMANDA

Why don't you ever have a girlfriend, Sam?

TALON

...I don't know --

AMANDA

Because you're attractive, handsome, at least compared to most men at the station... And you're funny, sometimes.

TALON

Sometimes?

AMANDA

Well, most of our interactions are around dead bodies. You can't really pop a fart joke in the moment.

TALON

Your *boyfriend* does.

AMANDA

Because Rogers is a-
(embarrassed)
He's a complete mess...

TALON

And I'm not?

AMANDA

I like to think you believe you are, but in reality, everyone around you knows you aren't.

TALON

Is that a compliment, Amanda?

AMANDA

Maybe. I don't really fucking know.

She leans in, he doesn't.

A BEAT.

HAL
Here you go, Amanda.

Amanda leans back. She pays for the drinks and grabs them.

AMANDA
Have a goodnight, Sam.

TALON
Be careful.

AMANDA
I'm always careful...

She walks back to the dancefloor.

Talon chugs his rum and coke.

INT. TALON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Talon walks into his apartment. He takes off his tie and unbuttons his shirt.

His cat rushes to his ankles to brush on him. He looks down and smiles, buzzed out:

TALON
Oh, baby girl... Pretty baby girl...

He shuffles to the couch and plops onto it...

As he takes off his shirt, he turns on the TV:

NEWS WOMAN (ON TV)
-- Was left in horror when an armed gunman made his way through the rushing crowd to shoot **Mayor Romero**.

Talon snaps his attention to the news. He turns up the volume...

NEWS WOMAN (ON TV) (CONT'D)
No one was harmed and the gunman was restrained by local authorities.
(MORE)

NEWS WOMAN (ON TV) (CONT'D)
 However, the question remains as
 the boiling point of angry citizens
 has been reached, how far will
 people go to express their distain
 towards the recent "rebuilding"
 campaign of our city?...

Talon watches.

INT. TALON'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Talon walks up to his dresser mirror and sees a picture of
 him and Romero. It's a sunny day for them, baby blue sky and
 sunglasses, captured some time when they were nineteen...

PHONE RINGING (O.C) --

Talon lays in his bed, staring up at the roof, holding his
 phone on one hand and the picture on the other. He waits for
 a pick-up. He squints his eyes as the ringing draws out...

MAYOR ROMERO (ON PHONE)
 Hello?

Talon is frozen, his mouth sown shut.

MAYOR ROMERO (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Who is this?... Hello-

TALON
 Hi.

MAYOR ROMERO (ON PHONE)
 Samuel?

TALON
 Yeah. It's me. It's, uhm, it's me.
 (beat)
 I didn't mean to call you so late.

MAYOR ROMERO (ON PHONE)
 It's barely nine.

TALON
 Oh, shit, is it? I thought...

MAYOR ROMERO (ON PHONE)
 Was it a long day for you?

TALON
 You can't even imagine, man.

MAYOR ROMERO (ON PHONE)
Oh, I think I can...

TALON
Oh... OH! RIGHT! That's why I
called you... I heard on the news
what happen, are you okay?

MAYOR ROMERO (ON PHONE)
I mean, I don't have a bullet in my
skull, right now. So, I can't
complain.

TALON
I can't believe someone tried to
assassinate you.

MAYOR ROMERO (ON PHONE)
You and everyone else. I have the
FBI telling me to pack up more
security... They said it'll only
get worse from here.

TALON
(mumbling)
I'm sorry...

MAYOR ROMERO (ON PHONE)
Is that what you called me for? A
very slurred sorry?

TALON
No. No. I had a few drinks. My boss
is retiring. He practically forced
me to go to his "end of career"
party.

MAYOR ROMERO (ON PHONE)
That doesn't sound too bad...

TALON
Well, if you're a loser like me,
it's the worst thing in the
world...

MAYOR ROMERO (ON PHONE)
I don't think you're a loser.
(beat)
Plus, I'm more of a smaller group
drinker, anyways.

TALON
The mayor of the city hating large
parties. I wouldn't have thought.

MAYOR ROMERO (ON PHONE)
(laughing)
Shut up.

TALON
Well -- I still have a bottle of
rum in my fridge if you're
interested.

A BEAT.

MAYOR ROMERO (ON PHONE)
Samuel-

TALON
Shit. Why did I say that? I'm
sorry- I didn't mean to say that...
Shit...

MAYOR ROMERO (ON PHONE)
No, no, no, it's okay. I actually
want to take you up on that
offer... If you were being serious.

Talon thinks.

TALON
Yeah. I was serious.

MAYOR ROMERO (ON PHONE)
You still live in that old, crummy
apartment?

TALON
Better than a modern penthouse.

MAYOR ROMERO (ON PHONE)
You're right... I'll see you soon,
Sammy.

TALON
Okay, Logan.

The call ends.

INT. TALON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Talon looks at his EMPTY RUM BOTTLE sitting on his kitchen
counter. He thinks hard.

MEOW!

He looks down to his cat:

TALON
You think I'll have time to get a
new one?

KNOCK! KNOCK! --

TALON (CONT'D)
Shit...

Talon grabs the empty bottle and walks to the door.

AT FRONT DOOR:

Talon opens the door to see Romero, who looks like he's been crying for hours.

Talon looks at him, worried...

They stare at each other for a lifetime.

TALON (CONT'D)
I ran out of rum-

ROMERO RUSHES IN TO KISS TALON!

Talon accepts it more than ever -- they push back into the apartment and close the front door.

INT. TALON'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Shirts and underwears swing off as Talon and Romero collide their cold bodies together -- their kisses lingering with passionate heat and spit --

Talon pins Romero down to the bed --

Romero MOANS submissively --

There's no space left between them when Talon begins to fuck Romero from behind... Sweat drips off their beaten flesh... The groans are lustfully pulled out of their freeing mouths, and inhales come back in naturally...

FADE OUT.

INT. TALON'S BEDROOM -- DAWN

Talon and Romero cuddle together, bare naked.

Talon stares up at the roof...

TALON
I can't sleep.

MAYOR ROMERO
What do you mean?

TALON
Every night, when I'm here alone,
there's something in me that creeps
out... and doesn't want to move
on... It wants to relive every
little bad moment in my life.

(beat)
Down to my first memory.

MAYOR ROMERO
How long have you been feeling like
this?

TALON
*I don't know. Maybe forever?... I'm
just barely starting to pay
attention to it, now...*

MAYOR ROMERO
Hmm...

TALON
I close my eyes and I remember the
night we first met...

CLOSER on Talon.

TALON (CONT'D)
How we met everyone... And how I
felt the blood and wind on my
beaten face... My legs... That
beautiful, enchanting glowing light
up above... *And how all of that,
every little miracle, came to an
end.*

EXT. DARK LANDSCAPE -- NIGHT (CENTURIES AGO)

The combined hurricanes destroy a distant mountain...

IN THE FOREGROUND:

A body DRAGS itself through the dirt... His legs are gone...

The bloody being whimpers as he tries his hardest to move
forward... His name is DANTO, **a fallen angel.**

DANTO
HELP! HELP ME! PLEASE! HELP!

Danto loses his strength...

DANTO (CONT'D)
Please... Help me, Lord.

VOLCANOES ERUPT NEARBY; THE HOWLING WINDS PICK UP--

DANTO (CONT'D)
PLEASE, FATHER, HELP ME! I NEED
YOU! FATHER!

Danto cries -- bawling his eyes out.

DANTO (CONT'D)
Please. Please. Please. I'm
sorry... I'm so, so sorry...

FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD... CLOSER AND CLOSER...

Danto slowly looks up...

It's another fallen angel, ZATERRI. He's missing one of his wings while the other is decaying rapidly... *His jaw has been slashed off...*

He helps pick up Danto --

DANTO (CONT'D)
I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

Danto cries into Zaterri.

He comforts the weeping angel...

Danto cries harder, his tears falling down his brimstone-covered cheeks...

FROM AFAR:

Danto and Zaterri hold each other in an unknown world surrounded by fire, storms and darkness...

END OF EPISODE 1