

LUCIFER,
BY
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SCREEN BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. EMPTY LAND – BREAK OF DAWN

The morning sun rises slowly at the horizon, casting its first rays on the earthly ground. No lifeforms around, no greens either. Strong gusts of wind pick up the reddened sand, creating minor sandstorms in the barren land.

LUCIFER, a MAN-LIKE CREATURE with spikes on his back, walks with great poise. He leaves darkened, charcoal foot marks on the fine sands. His hands are outreached in a receiving posture, and in it he holds a GOLDEN SPEAR, parallel to the ground.

CU ON SPEAR: מִיכָאֵל הָאֱהוּבָה שֶׁל אֱלֹהִים

SUBTITLE: MICHAEL, GOD'S BELOVED

Lucifer halts. MICHAEL squats down, left knee bent and right hand clutching his side ribs. He looks almost like Lucifer, only with wings. Michael stands up sluggishly, and gestures for the spear. Lucifer holds up the spear with one hand, and throws it high and far. The spear lands a distance away from the two deities. He smirks. Michael is enraged. He opens his wings and lunges towards against Lucifer. He throws punches after punches, but Lucifer just stands there taking those empty blows. He does not seem to be in any kind of hurt. Alas, Lucifer holds up his right hand to stop Michael's punches. Without any effort, Lucifer hits Michael in his chest and he gets thrown back, miles away. Michael crashes to the ground and after 3, 4 hurdles, he finally comes to a stop. He scrambles to his feet. He looks at his hands. *Blood*. He squints. He's bleeding. Michael turns and finds his spear in his sight.

Michael sprints towards the spear. He nears it, and suddenly he gets knocked down by Lucifer above him! Lucifer is standing right on Michael's wings, pinning him down. Michael is in great pain, and his face tells it all. Sprawled on all fours, Michael continues crawling towards the spear. He is determined on getting it.

Michael yells out in agony. He turns to see Lucifer stepping on his right arm. Yet, Michael continues crawling, but way slower. He is finally within grasp of

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the spear. He reaches for it. Barely, just barely!

The golden spear flies out of the ground and up straight into the sky! Michael is incensed! He gathers all that is left of him and pushes Lucifer off. Michael gets to his feet, and delivers a blow to Lucifer's face, hurling him off balance. Michael stretches out his hand, and with unparalleled precision, grabs hold of the spear as it falls back to earth. The tables have turned.

Lucifer frowns. Michael shifts his feet, and holds his spear in a perfect stance. He moves swiftly towards Lucifer and jabs his feet. Lucifer tries to avoid the weapon but to no avail. Michael jabs another foot, causing Lucifer to fall to his knees. With a swift swing, Michael hits Lucifer with the end of his spear, sending him flying.

Michael walks elegantly towards Lucifer. Lucifer lies still on the rock he landed on, eyes never leaving Michael's. Michael holds up his spear against Lucifer's neck, but does not pierce it, almost as if he is waiting for Lucifer to retaliate. Lucifer sniggers. Michael is puzzled. He pushes his spear further, Lucifer's head now tilting upwards. His snigger turns into a wicked laughter. Michael looks to the heavens. He seems to be in conversation with someone...

HIGH ANGLE: MICHAEL'S VEXED FACE AS LUCIFER'S LAUGHTER INCREASES.

Blood splatters! Michael plunges the spear into Lucifer's throat. He pulls it out, and pushes it back in again. And out again, and in again! Finally, he stops. Blood stains the shaft. Lucifer lies dead.

A beat.

Michael pants, and gradually starts to cough vigorously. He drops his spear and bends at his stomach. He gets so weak he crumbles to his feet. The golden spear starts to disintegrate and turns to gold ashes. Michael's eyes widen. Suddenly, he lets out a loud cry! His wings are shedding, and slowly, harden spikes emerge!

WRECK FOCUS: LUCIFER STANDS ON HIS FEET.

FADE OUT.