

MERCY

Written by

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THE SOUND OF THE WIND HOWLING, followed by a HUMMING ringback tone.

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Unusually bright during this hour. A young woman stands alone on the ledge holding a cell phone loosely against the side of her face. Her naked toes curl over the edge of the building, hundreds of stories above the stirring city.

EMMA TOWNSEND, 33, beautiful, even now as a stream of tears and snot runs down her face ruining what's left of her mascara. Her dress, tattered and ripped, reveals bruises in tender areas on her body. Life has not been kind.

The phone RINGS again, this time somehow longer. A voice answers.

ANSWERING MACHINE

The person you are trying to reach
is unavailable at this time, please
try your...

Emma Townsend lets the phone slip from her fingers and watches it fall past the edge, plunging out of sight.

Shivering, she tries to steady her trembling hands, as a GUSH of wind tosses her hair back.

The sunlight peeks over a distant skyscraper onto her face, forcing her to close her eyes. A beat.

Without perception, she is no longer afraid... she leans forward.

Falling, the wind SCREAMS in her ears, as she nose-dives to a painless death.

For a second, it looks as if she can fly. Rows upon rows of reflective windows move past her in a blur like a glass train souring towards the sky.

Emma Townsend struggles to open her eyes, but she manages to make out the solid concrete below within seconds of her demise.

The DEAFENING ROAR of a moving train builds, LOUDER and LOUDER, until --

INT. TRAIN CABIN - TRAVELING

Emma Townsend JOLTS awake on red seated cushions in a small train cabin.

Through the viewing window, lights rhythmically dance on the cabin door as a passing train SPEEDS by.

Her head swivels rapidly in confusion. She has never been here before. A beat.

Once the moving train is gone, the window converts into a black mirror, exposing nothing outside.

Emma Townsend anxiously tries opening the steel door. The handle won't BUDGE.

She gazes through the fogged circular glass window into the train corridor only to find no one. It's deserted.

Growing desperate, Emma Townsend BANGS on the door with both her fists.

EMMA TOWNSEND

Help! Someone help me, I'm stuck!
The door it-won't --

Her pleas are interrupted by an invisible force thrusting her body to one side of the cabin, knocking her down on the seated cushions.

An eerie SCREECH echoes inside the train reaching a peak. The train has stopped.

The door Emma Townsend couldn't even wobble, abruptly SLIDES open, with nobody on the other side.

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR

Cautiously, Emma Townsend sticks her head out the door and looks both ways before making her way down the corridor.

Above her head, she fails to notice the shallow SCRATCH MARKS carved into the metal ceiling.

She tiptoes halfway down the hallway until she spots a circular glass window to another cabin.

Curiously, she peers inside, pressing her nose against the glass... it's empty.

Emma Townsend continues down the train and repeats her action when she sees another cabin window... it's emp -- BANG.

An OLD MAN, past the verge of panic, pops up and bashes his head against the glass. She jumps back.

OLD MAN
(muffled)
Help me! I can't get out! Let me
out, please! I don't want to be
here anymore!

Emma Townsend musters all of her strength and JERKS the handle on the door every which way, but it won't open.

INTERCOM (O.S.)
Attention, will the passenger
holding up the train, please step
off, so we may proceed to the next
station.

Searching in every direction, she hopelessly attempts to pinpoint the source of the intercom.

OLD MAN
(muffled)
Please, don't leave me!

She throws her body on top of the handle and pushes down with all her weight, but the door will not open.

EMMA TOWNSEND
I can't-I can't open it.

INTERCOM (O.S.)
Attention, we are now sending
someone to escort you off the
train. Please leave now before he
arrives so we can avoid any
unnecessary confrontations.

EMMA TOWNSEND
I'll bring back help, just hang in
there. I'll bring back help, I
promise.

OLD MAN
(muffled)
No, please! I don't want to die
again!

Emma Townsend leaves the frantic old man and scurries down the corridor. She discovers an open door leading off the train.

The NOISE of a cart door swinging open makes her look back, inquisitively. Her eyes blossom full of dread.

At the end of the corridor, a slender tall skeleton, wearing a train conductors' uniform, ducks under the cart door and raises his head, revealing his skinless ebony face. Two enormous antlers sprout out of his head and pierce the surface of the ceiling. His sunken flaming turquoise eyes scowl at Emma Townsend, who stands petrified. A beat.

The creature gallops forward at an impossible speed for its size. Its horns continuously SCRAPE the ceiling of the corridor, spawning a disturbing SHRIEK.

Emma Townsend sprints for her life and leaps out of the open train door, making a daring escape.

INT. HALLWAY

She turns around quickly to watch as the train door immediately shuts behind her, the train JETS off, vanishing within seconds.

Emma Townsend catches her BREATH as she examines her new environment. She is surrounded by smooth concrete walls, with a row of lights that lead to an ominous purple door at the end of the hall.

Trying to find a different way out, she turns to the empty train tracks, only to see an endless black void. There is nowhere else to go.

Gradually, Emma Townsend nears the purple door.

The door's golden knob shimmers before being grasped by her hand. She prepares herself for the worst as she TWISTS it open.

Entering the room she distinguishes --

INT. ORIENTATION ROOM

A man obscured by shadow, sits across from a metal table in a small and gloomy room.

The only light source comes from behind Emma Townsend, which only shows the mysterious figure's body from the neck down. His face remains unseen.

LEVI (O.S.)
Would you kindly take a seat?

The man flips open his lighter and IGNITES his cigarette. For a brief second, the fire illuminates his masculine facial features until he FLICKS it close, retreating back into the darkness. He takes a drag.

Emma Townsend analyzes him for a moment until she lets go of the doorknob. As soon as she lets go, the purple door instantly closes, submerging the room in shadow. THUD.

She backs up against the wall fearing the worst.

LEVI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey, hey, it's alright. See?

She makes out the only thing she can, the lit end of a CIGARETTE constantly glowing bright orange, this reveals he has not moved from his original position.

LEVI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm right here. I won't come any closer to you, alright.

Eventually, Emma Townsend sits on her side of the table.

LEVI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You saw one of the conductors, didn't you? Yeah, they scare the shit out of me too.

Not knowing whether she should speak, she sits in silence. A beat.

Out of nowhere, a projector pops up on the wall aligning directly with the center of the table. It starts counting down from six in big black numbers.

The video will display the scenery and population of Akaran City in black and white footage. The never-ending elevators, the grand ceremonious Courtrooms, and the looming circular outer rim wall. The video is oddly conventional and upbeat, which comes across as unnerving and deceptive.

SPOKESMAN (V.O.)
Congratulations, you're dead. And welcome to Purgatory or as we like to call it the City of Akaran. Your last destination till your final destination. Here at Akaran City, we will help you atone for your sins by equitably judging the moral and immoral actions of your previous life. We do this through a familiarized judicial system, much like your own.

(MORE)

SPOKESMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The notable difference between our court of law and yours; is that our trial will determine which afterlife your soul will spend the rest of eternity. That's why we call it, Eternity Court. In-front of you is your designated Soul Attorney. They will support your case and clarify all your unanswered questions. We strongly encourage you to comply and listen carefully to what they have to say. After all, they are the only thing standing between you and perpetual damnation. Akaran City wishes you the best of fortune, and don't forget our evaluation is final, and you can't escape our judgment.

The video's last shot is of an elevator arriving behind a collapsible golden gate with a mechanical lever directly next to it.

The projector shuts off, and the room, once again, is consumed by shadow.

Two fluorescent lights flicker on above them. In full view, Emma Townsend is taken back by the man's appearance.

LEVI, 33, balancing on the borderline between scruffy and handsome. He wears a cheap white dress shirt with a skinny black tie, but what's most appalling lies above his sleepless eyes and untamed hair. A set of intimidating ram horns, grow out of his forehead and circle back around his ears before sharpening to a point.

Emma Townsend can't help herself from staring at his horns. Levi notices but doesn't say anything. A beat.

EMMA TOWNSEND

I don't... I don't know what to say?

LEVI

Do you want me to play the video again?

Levi puts out his cigarette in an ashtray in the middle of the table.

EMMA TOWNSEND

What are you suppose to be?

LEVI

My names Levi. I'm your Soul
Attorney. I play the vital and
singular role in making sure you go
up, instead of down.

EMMA TOWNSEND

Down?

LEVI

We try to be respectful here. What
religion do you follow?

EMMA TOWNSEND

Atheism.

LEVI

Oh shit. Sorry, it's just we don't
get many of your kind here. Down is
Hell. Up is Heaven. They're real.
I'll give you a second to take it
all --

EMMA TOWNSEND

Does every one come here when they
die?

LEVI

No. For most souls, it's black or
white, good or evil, rise or fall,
and they are resolved rather
quickly by the higher-ups, but you,
you're special, you're in that
small grey area where your life is
a bit too complex to evaluate
without a proper trial.

EMMA TOWNSEND

Trial?

LEVI

I find it best to picture a scale.
On the left side, we have me,
specifying all your righteous acts,
and on the right, we have the
prosecutor, declaring all your
wicked wrongdoings. Here, there are
no witnesses and no jury, just one
impartial judge who measures both
sides of the scale equally and
designates you to an afterlife to
which they deem appropriate.

A beat.

EMMA TOWNSEND
So what happens now?

LEVI
Now, I will ask you a series of questions about your life, so I can properly inform the court of all your virtuous deeds.

Levi lifts up his suitcase, places it on the table, opens it up, and proceeds to pull out a file full of papers.

The file is labeled, "EMMA TOWNSEND". During the entire exchange Levi will be jotting down notes.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Mrs. Townsend, during your life, what actions have you done or participated in that have benefited other individuals?

She says nothing. A beat.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Did you hear me Ms. Townsend?

EMMA TOWNSEND
Yeah, I heard you.
(mumbling)
Nothing.

LEVI
What was that Mrs. Townsend? I couldn't --

EMMA TOWNSEND
Nothing.

LEVI
Are you saying you can't remember doing anything for anyone else?

EMMA TOWNSEND
No, I remember doing nothing for anyone else.

Her eyes flutter, restlessly, she's shying away, he's losing her, and he knows it.

LEVI
It's fine, well that's a lie it's not fine, but it's not the end of the world either.
(MORE)

LEVI (CONT'D)

You're not the first person to make this claim and you certainly won't be the last. Since you can't think of any of your good deeds we're just going to have to defend the bad ones. It's important for you to know that this method has a lower chance of success. It involves very personal questions that prove to have very emotional responses, and if you lie or withhold any significant events from me, we will lose the case, so you need to be honest about everything. Would you rather do this method?

EMMA TOWNSEND

Yes.

LEVI

Alright then. Have you ever used any unmedicated substances such as cocaine, meth, or heroine?

EMMA TOWNSEND

Yes, I have.

LEVI

Which drugs have you used, was it a habit, and when did you stop?

EMMA TOWNSEND

Most of them, if not all, it's hard to remember. I started young, and I-uh... I did develop an-uh addiction.

LEVI

And when did you stop Ms. Townsend?

EMMA TOWNSEND

... I didn't.

A beat.

LEVI

Have you ever had an abortion?

EMMA TOWNSEND

(sharp)

No.

LEVI

Have you ever stolen anything of value or otherwise?

EMMA TOWNSEND

Yes, but no, nothing valuable.

LEVI

Why and what did steal?

EMMA TOWNSEND

Food, mostly. By the time I was thirteen I was living on my own, and I had little money at the time, so I would go into convenience stores and steal certain foods off the shelves --

LEVI

Stop. That's all I need to know. Let's continue... Have you ever cheated or committed adultery on a spouse or companion?

EMMA TOWNSEND

No.

LEVI

Have you ever caused intentional physical harm to yourself?

A beat.

EMMA TOWNSEND

I-uh... I killed myself. It's ironic, saying that out loud.

LEVI

Why did --

EMMA TOWNSEND

Why did I kill myself? I guess it's the same reason everyone does it. It's just easy, you know. No matter which way you look at it, death is always easier than life.

LEVI

Is that your justification? It was easier?

EMMA TOWNSEND

That's the truth. That's what you asked for right? Honesty.

(MORE)

EMMA TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

If I have to explain it to you,
then you would never understand.

LEVI

Let's move on. Have you ever
purposely caused harm to another
individual?

A beat.

EMMA TOWNSEND

No, I would never hurt anyone.

Levi puts down his pen and leans on the table with his
elbows.

LEVI

I'm not gonna lie, Ms. Townsend. On
paper, this doesn't look good, but
that's why I'm going to ask you the
right questions to help rationalize
and convey your reasoning behind
your behavior so that you will be
evaluated fairly by the judge. I
have enough experience in this
field to know that the souls who
are roped into this type of
lifestyle usually stem from a rough
childhood. Is my assumption
correct?

EMMA TOWNSEND

... uh-huh.

LEVI

These are gonna be the tough
questions, Ms. Townsend, and
please, take as much time as you
need answering them.

Levi resumes his writing.

LEVI (CONT'D)

Tell me about your parents?

EMMA TOWNSEND

Never knew em. I was passed around
from foster parent to foster parent
until I realized nobody wanted me.

LEVI

When you lived with your foster parents, did you ever experience any physical, emotional, or sexual abuse?

Emma Townsend tries to steady her quaking hands by squeezing them in between her thighs. A beat.

LEVI (CONT'D)

We can skip over this question for now, but I'm afraid we will have to come back --

EMMA TOWNSEND

It's fine. Yes, yes I was.

LEVI

I apologize in advance, Ms. Townsend, but I need you to tell me some specific examples of the abuse you experienced as a child, and I'm aware of how the human mind will neglect certain traumatic events, so if you can't remember we can try --

EMMA TOWNSEND

I remember. I remember everything. Mrs. Ridley. That was her name. She wasn't the first or the last, but after her, pain never felt so easy. She had these rules, you see. She made me recite them every morning and whenever I broke one, she would punish me. Not by slapping me on the wrists, or sending me to my room-no, Mrs. Ridley was more creative than that. She would pick me up and lock me inside an empty cupboard above the stove, and leave me there till midnight. There were so many rules. I never could remember them all. If I apologized, she would slide a dinner plate through the cracks like I was some type of animal.

Levi stops writing and looks up into her enduring eyes.

EMMA TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

One night, she forgot to let me out, and I couldn't do it.

(MORE)

EMMA TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

I couldn't take it any longer, so I screamed. I screamed until my lungs burned, and then I screamed some more, praying that she would hear me, and she did. How could she not? She opened the doors, and for a brief moment, I thought she was there to save me, but even then, I should have known better. She threw me on the ground and started to kick me, over, and over... I was seven. I don't know what she broke that day, but I remember not being able to breathe, I remember licking the blood from my nose because I thought my throat was on fire. But you wanna know the worst part? The worst part was when she picked me up and put me back in. That's when I knew, I wasn't going to spend another second in that godforsaken box. I gripped my dinner plate with both hands and broke it over my knee, and I used the edges to slit my wrists. That was the first time I ever felt like I was in control of my own life. I woke up in the hospital the next day. I never saw Mrs. Ridley again after that.

A long beat.

EMMA TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a question, Levi? If I died in that cupboard, would I have ended up here?

LEVI

No. You were only a child.
Purgatory is no place for children.

EMMA TOWNSEND

If that was the last time I closed my eyes, would I have woke up in Heaven?

LEVI

... yes.

EMMA TOWNSEND

Then I should have cut deeper.

On the purple door, behind Levi, emerge three jarring KNOCKS.

Levi, instantly, cracks open the door and reaches his hands out.

Pulling back his hands, Levi holds a clean stack of neatly folded clothes. The door discreetly shuts behind him.

He sets the stack of clothes on the corner of the table and takes his seat.

EMMA TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

Did you need another example?

LEVI

No, that will be enough.

Levi slides the clothes to her side of the table.

LEVI (CONT'D)

These are for you. After I leave, please, take as long as you need to get changed. I'll be waiting outside for you once you're ready.

Levi packs his things into his briefcase and grabs his jacket off the back of his seat.

EMMA TOWNSEND

Wait, Levi.

LEVI

Yes, Ms. Townsend.

She opens her mouth, but no words comes out. A beat.

EMMA TOWNSEND

Never mind, sorry.

LEVI

Don't say that. Don't ever say that. You are not the one who needs to apologize.

Levi leaves out the purple door behind him.

INT. CORRIDOR

Upon closing the door, Levi SIGHS heavily. Inside his pocket, he fumbles around for his lighter as he lights a cigarette, takes a HEAVY pull. Exhale.

INT. CORRIDOR (LATER)

Wearing a distinctive white outfit, Emma Townsend walks out of the room into a lengthy corridor riddled with purple doors.

Hopelessly, she looks around for Levi, until she hears --

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
We have three open rooms left for
the rest of the day, two in the
right-wing one in the left.

She follows the voice.

INT. LOBBY

A RECEPTIONIST with mint green skin and reindeer horns sits behind a desk in the middle of the room. She TALKS business on an old rotary phone, wrapping and unwrapping her finger around the spiral cord.

Past the desk, are two escalators moving in opposite directions.

The Receptionist spots Emma Townsend peeking around the corner.

RECEPTIONIST
(into phone)
Could I put you on hold for just a
second? Thank you --

The Receptionist covers the phone with her hand.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
-- Attorney Levi is waiting outside
for you. Just go up the escalators
and out the sliding doors --

EMMA TOWNSEND
Oh, okay, thanks.

RECEPTIONIST
(into phone)
-- Let me put you down for 4:15.
Does that work for you?

The Receptionist resumes her conversation on the phone, ignoring Emma Townsend's gratitude. She shrugs it off and continues to the escalators.

She nervously watches the mobile stairs before getting on. A beat.

EXT. AKARAN SQUARE - DAY

The city streets are infested by supernatural pedestrians. Angels and demons, wearing classy business attire, race purposely to their next transactions. The four-lane roads are clogged by old-fashioned cars from the 60's HONKING by the inch.

Gothic cathedrals, stacked apartment buildings, and smutty movie theaters. Above it all, scattered across the city, are towering silver elevator shafts that transcend into the murky sky, beyond the clouds.

Despite all these anomalies, Emma Townsend's eyes are fixated on the skyline as she enters into the city. She smiles for the first time.

Awestruck by the glimmering elevators, Emma Townsend strolls right past Levi, who leans against the wall smoking the last of his cigarette. Levi spots her but stays silent, giving her a minute to take it all in. A beat.

Levi flicks his cigarette perfectly into a public ashtray before approaching.

LEVI

Beautiful aren't they.

EMMA TOWNSEND

What are those things?

LEVI

That's how you reach paradise. We used to use chariots of fire with flying horses, but elevators proved to be more... predictable.

EMMA TOWNSEND

How high do they go?

LEVI

All the way, I suppose.

EMMA TOWNSEND

You mean you never used it before?

LEVI

No. There is something I should probably tell you, Ms. Townsend.

(MORE)

LEVI (CONT'D)

I'm a demon, and demons don't ascend.

Emma Townsend thinks about apologizing, but reconsiders. A beat.

LEVI (CONT'D)

You'll soon realize that this place is a lot more natural than supernatural.

EXT. AKARAN STREETS - DAY

Levi escorts Emma Townsend along the crowded street while she marvels at the subtle yet obvious changes in this new world.

Billboards for horn reduction and wing extensions, restricted signs that ban flying and magic, and newsstands with today's headline, "AND I THOUGHT HELL WAS HOT".

They stop at a crosswalk as cars drive by.

EMMA TOWNSEND

Why is your world so --

LEVI

Ordinary.

EMMA TOWNSEND

I was going to say similar.

LEVI

It's quite the boring history lesson, but since you asked, I'll give you the short version. It shouldn't come as a shock that God designed human beings to be the most efficient species. When you put your minds to it, you can accomplish just about anything. Knowing this, we knew it would be pointless to try to create a working civilization that could surpass humans, so we effortlessly mirrored your reality to become more productive in our everyday tasks.

EMMA TOWNSEND

But if your reality is supposed to be mirror mine, then why does everything look so old-fashioned?

The digital crossing sign changes from a glowing red hand to two white pedestrians figures walking hand in hand, one pedestrian has a set of horns, the other has wings.

They continue across.

LEVI

You noticed that, huh? It's because we underestimated how ambitious and progressive humanity truly is. By the time we transition into a new era of technology, mankind is already half a century ahead of us.

EMMA TOWNSEND

You were right, that was pretty boring.

LEVI

Story of my life.

After awhile, Emma Townsend observes how none of the passer-by's even glance in her direction.

EMMA TOWNSEND

Can they see me?

Levi laughs.

LEVI

What makes you say that?

EMMA TOWNSEND

No one has looked at me this entire time. Can they not see human souls or something?

LEVI

Hmm, let me ask.

EMMA TOWNSEND

What? No, don't --

Levi confronts an oncoming MASSIVE DEMON with ivory bull horns in a three piece suit. Emma Townsend observes from a safe distance.

LEVI

Excuse me, Sir, my client wanted to know --

MASSIVE DEMON

Fuck off.

The Massive Demon rubs shoulders with Levi before stomping off. Levi turns to Emma Townsend.

LEVI

Because it's a city, Ms. Townsend.
If you're not offering somebody
money or sex, chances are they
don't give a shit.

Levi struts away, picking up the pace. Emma Townsend has too jog to catch up.

LEVI (CONT'D)

C'mon were almost there.

EMMA TOWNSEND

To where? The trial?

LEVI

What? No, to your room. Your trial
is tomorrow.

EMMA TOWNSEND

My room?

Rounding a corner, in enormous neon red letters, "THE LAST RESORT" gleams, even in the daylight, and hangs in the center of a run-of-the-mill hotel.

INT. THE LAST RESORT HOTEL, LOBBY - DAY

The hotel is surprisingly luxurious on the inside. Elegant chandeliers illuminate every corner of the room, and large glass waterfalls cover the walls leading to the front desk.

Upon entry Levi and Emma Townsend are quickly greeted by --

HANNAH, 24, a pale skinned angel with sunlight eyes and long snowy-white hair. Her bewitching dove-like wings, poke out of the back of her hotel staff uniform. Her features are incomparable, making her appearance extraordinary.

She swiftly jumps at attention as she tries to hide the fact that she was falling asleep on the counter.

HANNAH

Hello, and-uh welcome to the... is
that you, Levi?

LEVI

In the flesh.

HANNAH

Levi!

Hannah clears the desk in a single bound and bounces into Levi's arms for a hug. Levi catches her perfectly in the air. They have done this before.

Levi receives sloppy wet kisses all over his face before he sets her down. He uses his sleeve to dry himself.

LEVI

Why are your lips so wet?

HANNAH

I've been drinking out of the waterfalls.

Hannah glances behind her than shields the side of her face with an open hand.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Don't tell Sven.

Levi fails to hold back his grin.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

How long has it been? I feel like I haven't seen you in ages.

LEVI

What are you talking about? You saw me yesterday.

HANNAH

Oh yeah, that's right. Well you know what they say? When in Purgatory?

LEVI

No one has ever said that.

HANNAH

Are you sure? I could swear I heard it somewhere.

SVEN (O.S.)

Hannah, leave Attorney Levi alone. He's a busy man. He doesn't have time for your buffoonery.

A man walks out of an employee only door carrying a stack of paperwork before dropping them on the front desk.

The man is dressed in the same hotel uniform as Hannah, with the exception of his manager name tag.

SVEN, 55, is a silver fox with round clear spectacles. His icy blue skin compliments his grey ashy beard as it elegantly blends into his wavy grey hair. On top, a developed set of bronze-colored horns grow a foot above his head.

LEVI

Sven you still work here?

Sven scoffs.

LEVI (CONT'D)

Seriously, Sven, you need a vacation.

SVEN

Please. Where else would I go?

LEVI

Anywhere but here would be a good start.

Hannah nears Emma Townsend, who has stayed back till this point.

HANNAH

Who is this gorgeous spirit?

LEVI

Apologies, this is Ms. Townsend, my new soul client.

HANNAH

Pleasure to meet you, Ms. Townsend, I'm Hannah. If you ever forget my name just remember it's spelled the same way forwards and backwards like race car or dessert.

(gasp)

Oh my gosh, I love the color of your eyes.

EMMA TOWNSEND

Thanks. That means a lot coming from you.

HANNAH

Aww stop it, your'll make me blush.

LEVI

Ms. Townsend, Hannah will be your personal caretaker during your stay here.

HANNAH

Mm-hm. I will prepare you for your mandatory court date set for tomorrow morning. So for the next twenty-four hours, I am your humble servant.

Hannah bows toward Emma Townsend.

SVEN

Girls are supposed to curtsy, not bow you imbecile.

Hannah's lips quiver for a moment before she hides her head under her shirt and begins to WEEP.

Emma Townsend lightly rubs her back.

EMMA TOWNSEND

It's okay. I liked your bow.

LEVI

Sven, do you have to be a dick to her one-hundred percent of the time?

SVEN

You have no idea. I've caught her drinking out of the fountains fourteen times, today.

LEVI

It could always be worse. You could still be working in Hell.

SVEN

This is my Hell.

Hannah's puppy-dog eyes pop out of her shirt. Her tears subside.

HANNAH

It's okay, Levi. Sven is my best friend. He just forgets sometimes, that's all.

Sven shakes his head in denial.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 Would you like to see your room
 now? It should be ready.

Attempting to cheer her up, Emma Townsend smiles and nods.

INT. LAST RESORT HOTEL, CORRIDOR - DAY

Hannah leads Emma Townsend, with Levi not far behind, down a corridor with various yellow doors symmetrically placed on both sides.

HANNAH
 -- And thats when he said, "Did you
 fall from heaven, because so did
 I."

Hannah SNICKERS at her own joke, her laugh is contagious.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 Oh, a couple rules you need to
 follow, during your stay here. One,
 never leave the hotel grounds
 unless permitted. Two, the curfew
 is at ten p.m., so you need to be
 in your room before then. Three,
 is... is-uh --

LEVI
 -- No interacting with any other
 souls during your stay.

HANNAH
 That's it. You are not allowed to
 come in contact with any other
 souls who are also staying here.

EMMA TOWNSEND
 Why's that a rule?

HANNAH
 Uh-I think it's to do with-uhh --

LEVI
 It is to prevent you from
 coincidentally meeting someone you
 knew from your past life.

HANNAH
 That's right. Not too long ago, we
 had a man find his wife here and
 they decided to run away together.

EMMA TOWNSEND

What happened to them? Did they escape?

HANNAH

There's nowhere to go. They got about a quarter mile before the Reapers got em.

EMMA TOWNSEND

Reapers?

LEVI

The Soul Security Force. They're supposed to protect souls from getting out of line, but really, they're just asshole's with a superiority complex.

HANNAH

Levi's not a fan.

EMMA TOWNSEND

What happened to the husband and his wife?

HANNAH

Oh, that's an easy one. They were sent straight to Hell of course.

They stop in-front of a door numbered '333. Hannah slides the key into the doorknob. CLICK. The door opens.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Ta-da, your own room.

INT. LAST RESORT HOTEL, HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The room is small but is fashionably modernized. It contains a single queen-sized bed with a nightstand, a dresser, and a single chair that sits in the corner.

Emma Townsend and Levi pace around the room, Hannah stands at the door.

HANNAH

There is a phone on the nightstand, so please let me know if you need anything, anything at all, and it would be my pleasure.

EMMA TOWNSEND

Thanks.

Hannah waves goodbye and skips away.

LEVI

Will you be alright sleeping here
by yourself?

EMMA TOWNSEND

Yeah, I'll be fine.

Levi stares awkwardly at her before he steps over to the nightstand and pens his personal number down on a notepad.

LEVI

If you ever get tired of miss
sunshine and rainbows, don't be
afraid to give me a call, okay.

EMMA TOWNSEND

Okay, I will.

LEVI

Alright, bye. I'll-uh... I'll see
you tomorrow.

EMMA TOWNSEND

See you tomorrow.

Levi exits the room, and while closing the door, he shoots her a reassuring smile, she forces one back. The door closes.

Emma Townsend's conventional demeanor slowly fades. She grabs one of the fresh white pillows before taking a seat on the foot of the bed.

Gently yet firmly, she squeezes the pillow against her bosom, sinking her mouth into the soft polyester. A beat.

Soundless tears run down her face, as the pillow absorbs her screams. Her CRIES for help are muffled and go unheard.

Alone she regresses and FALLS apart.

INT. LEVI'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

A shoddy confined apartment that has been neatly maintained, but emits lower class. Besides living essentials, the apartment is empty, revealing nothing about Levi's character.

Levi pries the door open, and upon closing, one of his light bulbs in the living room flickers out. He SIGHS.

INT. LEVI'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

Without stopping, Levi tosses his briefcase on the bed and approaches his record player.

He flips through his collection of bootleg albums before playing one of his favorites.

'Come Fly With Me' by Frank Sinatra.

Levi proceeds to sit on his bed and open the top drawer of his nightstand. Inside is a velvet notebook and a large silver gun.

He picks up the notebook and flips it to the last page. The page is filled with neatly written names separated into three columns. Roughly, every other line consists of a sloppy shaded-in rectangle, where the names should be. The last blank space lies at the bottom corner of the page.

Levi quickly writes in the empty space with a pen. "EMMA TOWNSEND".

INT. LEVI'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - DAY

Boiling water bubbles as Levi heats up a pot on the stove.

He scrapes pieces of raw meat off his cutting board into the pot.

A large chunk of meat slaps the surface of the boiling liquid. SPLASH.

Scolding hot pieces of water douse Levi's bare forearm.

Stoically, he stares at it SIZZLING into his skin as if it was harmless.

INT. LEVI'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - DAY

On full BLAST, the sink fills up faster than it can drain.

Hunched over, Levi dips his hands in the water and washes his face.

He looks in the mirror and scowls at his horns. A beat.

INT. LEVI'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Levi sits at his crowded desk with a bowl of food and his open suitcase on the table.

He places a pencil in his mouth, whips out his notes from earlier, and methodically studies and writes a report, occasionally biting into his tasteless dinner.

INT. LEVI'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

The rain TAPS away on the outside of Levi's viewing window as he overlooks the city while breathing in a cigarette.

He contemplates as his eyes follow the glowing elevators, periodically travel skyward until they're out of sight. A beat.

The SOUND of the front door, opening, and closing is followed by a series of advancing footsteps.

Behind Levi, his bedroom door CREEKS open, and a woman, dripping wet, slides through the door.

NOVA, 28, physically flawless in every way. Her aquamarine eyes are memorizing, and her strawberry blond hair shines when damp. She wears a white trench coat, scantily ending at her knees.

NOVA

Sorry, I'm late. There was an accident on route seven. Two angels were pronounced dead. Lucky bastards. Did you happen --

Levi speaks over his shoulder.

LEVI

Take it off.

NOVA

What?

Levi turns around to face her.

LEVI

Your coats wet. You should take it off.

Nova smiles. She expected nothing less.

She slowly unlaces her coat, letting it slide off her shoulders, falling to her ankles. Underneath, she wears black scandalous lingerie contrasting her pearly smooth skin.

As Nova undresses, Levi puts out his cigarette in an ashtray on the window and takes a seat in an armless chair in the corner of the room.

She takes a single step forward.

LEVI (CONT'D)

Uh-uh. You know what to do. Fall
for me.

Nova tries to hide her excitement, as she gets into character. As she drops to her hands and knees, she shows off her gorgeous swan-like wings, while still hiding their natural size.

Seductively, Nova crawls towards Levi and climbs onto his lap.

Once on top, she slowly stretches out her wings while locking eyes. Fully extended, the wings are excessively large, almost brushing the walls.

Levi admires them, but wouldn't dare touch something so divine.

Nova teasingly takes her time removing her bra, and as soon as it's off, Levi can't control himself. A beat.

After some foreplay, Levi lifts her and carries her to the bed, their lips never separating.

Levi tenderly lays her on the bed, her enormous wings fan out covering the sheets.

Looking down at her while standing, he takes off his shirt, exposing two grotesque parallel scars trailing down his back, where his wings should be.

Nova leans up, trying to rid him of his pants, but Levi lunges on top of her, pinning her arms down with his hands. She submits under his gaze.

NOVA

I love you.

Levi says nothing. Starting from her neck, his kisses get lower and lower. Nova's wings twitch ever so slightly, her passionate moans are drowned out by the RAINFALL.

INT. LEVI'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Nova lays on top of Levi's chest, asleep. Levi caresses her arm, cherishing every second with her for as long as he can.

Nova wakes up.

NOVA
What time is it?

LEVI
Early.

NOVA
Did you get any sleep last night?

LEVI
I couldn't. Your snoring... its evolved.

NOVA
Shut up.

LEVI
I'm serious. How many pairs of lungs do you got in there? You sound like a chain smoking dragon.

Nova laughs and Levi smiles. A beat.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Nova.

NOVA
Yeah?

LEVI
Did you mean what you said last night?

NOVA
(playing dumb)
What did I say?

LEVI
You said you loved me.

NOVA
Ah shit, I'm sorry you heard that. That wasn't me, me, talking that was sex me, you know how she is.

A beat.

LEVI
Do you tell your other clients you love them?

NOVA
Levi --

LEVI

Last question, I promise.

NOVA

Yeah, sometimes I do. Is that really what you want to hear? That most guys ask me to say it.

LEVI

But I never asked you to say that. Which leads me to believe that you weren't saying it for me. You were saying it for yourself.

NOVA

So what if I did? Is it really that big of a fucking deal?

LEVI

Yeah, it is. That word means something to me, and I just want know if it means fuck all to you?

NOVA

Drop it, Levi. You're seriously starting to piss me off.

A beat.

LEVI

Why do you do that? Every time I climb over one of your walls you build two more.

Nova throws the covers off her, leaps out of bed, and gathers her crumpled clothes off the floor, getting dressed in a hurry.

LEVI (CONT'D)

What are you doing, Nova? Come back to bed.

Nova ignores him.

LEVI (CONT'D)

Oh, you're ignoring me now? That's fucking practical. Since you don't want to give it any thought, hell, I'll give it a try. I think you have used that word a lot, so many times that you lost count, and every time you said it, it meant less and less until it meant nothing.

(MORE)

LEVI (CONT'D)

To you, love was just a one-syllable word for men willing to pay extra. Then, last night happened, and you said it freely for the first time in your life. I know what I saw. You didn't even have to think, because you weren't speaking from your head you were speaking from your heart, and that's what scares the shit out of you. But if I'm wrong, then just deny it. Say that I'm wrong. Say you don't --

NOVA

I don't love you, Levi! Man, your mouth can be a real cunt sometimes. You act like you know me, why? Because we fuck three times a week, and you know how hard to slap my ass. You don't know shit about me, much less how I'm feeling. You're just another self-righteous insecure asshole with a steady income.

Nova regrets her words as soon as they leave her tongue. A beat.

NOVA (CONT'D)

Fuck me, Levi. Why couldn't you let it go? Sometimes life is just better without an explanation.

Nova assembles the last of her belongings, veers over to Levi, and extends an open hand. Levi looks at her blankly.

NOVA (CONT'D)

Please, don't make me ask?

Levi grudgingly opens the bottom drawer of his nightstand and pulls out a loosely tied sack of coins and drops it in her hand. CLINK.

Nova puts the currency in her coat pocket, and makes a dash for the door.

She stops in the doorway and glances over her shoulder.

NOVA (CONT'D)

I don't think we should see each other for a while. Don't try calling me.

Nova leaves.

Levi sits up on the edge of the bed, his feet on the floor, and his hands massaging his face.

Losing his temper, he picks up his bedside lamp and chucks it across the room, hitting the far wall. It EXPLODES into tiny sharp fragments.

Levi swiftly lights a cigarette calming his nerves, strongly inhales, then falls back on the bed. Exaggerated EXHALE.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The courthouse is remarkably traditional. Grand ivory pillars blend into the walls and marble floors so spotless one can see their own reflection. Angles and Demons wearing suits and ties hustle to their daily vocations.

An elevator opens, Levi steps out, his briefcase swinging.

He spots Emma Townsend and Hannah standing near the end of the hall.

Levi advances until --

ASRIEL, 30, blocks his path. Tall, handsome, and with the body of a god. Genetically, he has won the lottery. His perfect teeth sparkle.

Behind him, besides his compressed eagle wings, are his three supporting angelic LACKEYS. Each of them wears an official S-S-F badge on their shoulders and carry a holstered pistol on their hip.

ASRIEL

Hey, Levi. How are you?

LEVI

Fuck off, Asriel. I'm not in the mood for one of our traditional pissing contests.

Levi walks past the troops, but Asriel's words make him come to a halt.

ASRIEL

I just wanted to say good luck in there. I've heard you haven't won any cases lately. How many has it been? Four, five, six in a row. For her sake, I just hope she's not the seventh.

Asriel's three Lackeys CHUCKLE behind him. Levi turns around and faces him.

LEVI

You know sometimes I wonder why pricks like you exist? Then I realize, even God has to take a shit every now and again.

Levi walks away, leaving Asriel speechless.

Emma Townsend wears a flattering dress that is equally professional.

Hannah grins from ear to ear, admiring her work.

HANNAH

Morning Levi. Ta-da, Doesn't she look spectacular?

LEVI

Copacetic as always, Hannah. Did you go over basic courtroom etiquette with her?

HANNAH

Oh shoot I totally forgot, sorry Levi.

LEVI

It's fine. Just remember next time, okay. The gist of it is to sit down and shut up. Sounds harsh, I know, but trust me, you speaking out of turn would only make the situation worse. Got it?

EMMA TOWNSEND

Got it.

LEVI

Alright then, let's go.

Hannah surprises Emma Townsend with a passionate hug. She gradually reciprocates.

EMMA TOWNSEND

Woe.

HANNAH

I'm afraid this is goodbye. I promised myself I wouldn't cry.

Hannah CRIES into Emma Townsend's shoulder. Levi patiently waits by the door. She does this every time.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

No matter what happens, never let
them define who you are because
it's never too late to change.

Hannah releases Emma Townsend and wipes the tears away from her own eyes.

They smile at each other before Emma Townsend ambles over to Levi's side.

LEVI

You ready.

EMMA TOWNSEND

No.

Levi shows a half baked smile. They enter.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The Courtroom is spacious, with high ceilings and far walls. The large gallery is packed with winged and horned creatures of every shape and size CONVERSING with their own kind.

In-front of the gallery, two tables are placed evenly on both sides of the aisle, and ahead of them is the Judge's monumental podium.

In the far left corner sits the COURT REPORTER with horns setting up the typewriter, and in the opposite corner stands the musclebound winged BAILIFF scanning the room for suspicious activity.

Levi and Emma walk down the aisle taking their rightful seats at the left table. Promptly, Levi opens his briefcase and organizes his notes on the table.

An angel-woman in an expensive pants suit and violet wings purposely strides down the aisle with her winged subordinate, who carries a conspicuously wide briefcase.

SYLVANNA, 31, ambition burning in her eyes. Her dark straight hair partially covers the right side of her humorless face. She has only one word on her mind... vanquish.

Taking the inside seat at the prosecutor's table, Sylvanna fiercely stares at Levi as she sits down.

Her assistant goes all the way around the table to his seat.

Levi can't help but notice her scowl.

LEVI

Oh fuck. Morning Sylvanna.

SYLVANNA

Levi, you look tired, have you been sleeping lately?

LEVI

I'm just glad you care about my well-being. How do you sleep again, you know, after sending souls to burn, till the end of eternity and all?

SYLVANNA

On my side with a pillow in-between my legs. I have no sympathy for the wicked, Levi. Heaven is a reward. It doesn't belong to the rebellious and absent-minded. You people should know that more than anyone.

Sylvanna's assistants slides her a binder as thick as a stack of bricks, She splits it open to the middle.

Emma Townsend sizes up the binder and panics.

EMMA TOWNSEND

Levi, what's with that book? Why's it so big?

LEVI

The size of that book is the reason you shouldn't lie to me. It contains every little detail about the history of your past life from the beginning all the way to end, all written in an omniscient third-person point of view.

EMMA TOWNSEND

Wouldn't that be important for me to know? Why wouldn't you tell me?

LEVI

Because that would be illegal. The defenders are not allowed to inform their clients about it during their first interaction. This puts the defender at a disadvantage and tests the souls integrity.

Emma Townsend's hands start to shake.

EMMA TOWNSEND

Levi, there's something I have to tell you?

BAILIFF

All rise!

Every one stands up. A door next to the podium opens and the Judge enters the room.

Emma Townsend swells up with horror as she witnesses the Judge's entry.

JUDGE GASTARARTH, is a menacing bear-sized demon that TROTS on hooves. His face is singed from sixth-degree burns, showing charred parts of his skull. His eyes glow a vibrant orange with a white fleck in the center. His horns form perfect semi-circles that grow out of his head and end at his chin. He is dressed in a grey suit with a short red tie.

JUDGE GASTARARTH

Alight, sit down. It's not like we're gonna live forever.

Everybody LAUGHS except for Emma Townsend and Levi.

While everyone takes a seat, Levi glares at Emma Townsend, consciously knowing there will be an inevitable bombshell during the trial, that he is not prepared to defend.

BAILIFF

Sixty-fourth Eternity Court is now in session. Please remain quiet and remove your hats.

JUDGE GASTARARTH

Today we have a trial for one, Emma Townsend. Redemption verses damnation. Prosecutor, you have the floor.

Sylvanna gives Levi a bitter look before approaching the podium.

SYLVANNA

Thank you, your honor. We all know the purpose of the human body. Its purpose is to serve as a protective vessel for the soul. The soul should not intentionally put their vessel in harm's way.

(MORE)

SYLVANNA (CONT'D)

This includes the use of any unmedicated or illegal drugs. I'm here to sadly inform you, that Ms. Townsend has had a long and severe lifetime with substance abuse. She has inhaled it into her lungs, she's snorted it up her nose, and she has pumped it through her veins. She started young and never stopped even when she knew better. This proves that Ms. Townsend is greedy, insubordinate, and self-destructive, making her unsuitable for the place above all places. That will be all your honor.

Sylvanna returns to her seat.

JUDGE GASTARARTH

The Defense?

Levi stands.

LEVI

Your honor, my client will plead the twelfth.

The gallery MURMURS softly.

JUDGE GASTARARTH

Did you say the twelfth?

LEVI

Yes, your honor, instead of providing her acts of virtue, I will defend her unrighteous behavior brought forth by the Prosecutor.

JUDGE GASTARARTH

Yes, yes. Very well, you have the floor.

Levi proceeds to present in front of the podium.

LEVI

Thank you, your honor. Can the court reporter read back the sentence Prosecutor Sylvanna said, starting with the words, "She has inhaled..."

The horned Court Reporter stops typing, puts on her reading glasses, and proceeds to read the report.

COURT REPORTER

"She has inhaled it in her lungs, she's snorted it up her nose, and she has pumped it through her veins."

A beat.

LEVI

Her lungs, her nose, her veins. The same lungs of a child on the brink of collapsing because no one acknowledged her screams. The same nose that was broken by the woman who swore to love and care for her. And the veins that she sliced opened at age seven because she believed death was better than life. Being raised in a dangerous environment where you're supposed to feel safe is traumatic for any living being, let alone a seven year old girl. None of us here were ever born. We couldn't possible fathom the amount of emotional abuse a child can endure, so I leave you with a question. Who are we to determine the right way to cope with a mind full of vivid memories of absolute misery?

As Levi takes his seat, Sylvanna shakes her head in disgust before taking the floor.

SYLVANNA

It's interesting that attorney Levi brought up an act of suicide. Tell me, Ms. Townsend, how did you get here?

Levi springs out of his seat.

LEVI

Objection, she knows damn well she can not address the defendant.

SYLVANNA

It was rhetorical your Honor.

JUDGE GASTARARTH

Please refrain from asking Mrs. Townsend any questions, Prosecutor Sylvanna. You may proceed.

SYLVANNA

Sorry, your Honor. The fact remains that yesterday morning, Ms. Townsend willingly jumped off a one-hundred twenty-story building, to her death. Human life is a precious gift, it should never be wasted by any afflicted soul. No matter how difficult the problem, one always has a choice, and suicide is never the solution.

Sylvanna sits down.

Levi stands. A beat.

LEVI

I --

Levi is cut off by the sound of Sylvanna's chair SCOOTING across the floor as she jumps to her feet.

SYLVANNA

You dare justify suicide?!

JUDGE GASTARARTH

(sharp)

Miss Sylvanna!

Judge Gastararth raises his gavel in the air.

JUDGE GASTARARTH (CONT'D)

I haven't used this dumb hammer in five fucking years. Don't make me use it today.

Miss Sylvanna drops back into her chair.

LEVI

Miss Sylvanna is right, your Honor. No one can justify such an immoral act, but if anybody should be forgiven, it would be Ms. Townsend. Damaged and in a constant state of depression, she made a choice. She could either struggle to reinvent herself in a world that has never given her a chance, or she could effortlessly, let go. Ms. Townsend was never taught how precious life is because to her, life was never a gift, it was a burden, and like any burden, after a while, it became too heavy for her to bear.

(MORE)

LEVI (CONT'D)

I ask you again, forgive Ms. Townsend, for she does not know the value of what she has lost.

Levi retreats back into his seat.

Sylvanna rises.

SYLVANNA

Your honor, its evident that Ms. Townsend does not value her own life, but what about the life of another. On July 17th, the day she took her own life she took someone else's.

The crowd MUTTERS, this time much louder.

Levi snaps his head toward Emma Townsend, but she has already ERUPTED out of her chair.

EMMA TOWNSEND

That's not true!

The room fills with silence, everyone is stunned. Levi grabs Emma Townsend's forearm trying to force her down, but she breaks free.

JUDGE GASTARARTH

Ms. Townsend, we have sworn an oath that has never been broken in over two thousand years. Are you accusing Miss Sylvanna of perjury?

EMMA TOWNSEND

No, I-I don't know. I didn't kill anyone.

A beat.

JUDGE GASTARARTH

Miss Sylvanna, please provide me the evidence of this accusation.

SYLVANNA

Gladly.

Sylvanna's assistant unclips a piece of paper from the binder, and runs it up to Sylvanna who hands it off to Judge Gastarath.

JUDGE GASTARARTH

It says here, that Ms. Townsend watched as a man choked to death on his own vomit while suffering from a seizure caused by drug overdose, in the same bed in which she slept in that very night.

A sea of GASPS from the spectators washes over the Courtroom.

EMMA TOWNSEND

But I didn't kill him.

SYLVANNA

Yet you possessed the power to save this man, yet you did nothing. That is all your Honor.

Sylvanna walks proudly back to her seat. It's over.

JUDGE GASTARARTH

Ms. Townsend this is a heinous act of itself, but I'm afraid what's worse is based on your reaction, this means that you did not inform your Attorney of this event. Is that correct, Attorney Levi?

Emma Townsend looks down at Levi before he stands up.

LEVI

Your Honor, if my client let this individual die, then I believe she had a reasonable --

JUDGE GASTARARTH

-- Levi --

LEVI

-- Motive. If I could request a continuance, I --

JUDGE GASTARARTH

-- Levi --

LEVI

-- Solemnly swear I could prove my client's action justifiable.

Judge Gastarath slams his hammer down on the podium. BANG.

JUDGE GASTARARTH

Levi! Did she or did she not inform you of this event?

Levi frowns at Emma Townsend, hangs his head low, and SIGHS.

LEVI

No... no she did not.

JUDGE GASTARARTH

Well then you know what must be done. By violation of the third law, if a soul lies or withholds any substantial memories from their designated attorney, the soul shall be immediately declared guilty. Emma Townsend, I hereby sentence you to live out the rest of eternity in Hell.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Levi and Emma Townsend are escorted into a small waiting area by a horned LIFTMAN in a black button down uniform. The room is small, with a wide metal table in the center and two metal chairs on opposite ends, identical to the room where Levi and Emma Townsend first met.

Emma Townsend rushes to take a seat as the Liftman talks too Levi.

LIFTMAN

The elevator will be arriving in just a moment, Sir.

Levi nods his head and closes the door.

Sauntering over to her side, she stares at the ground, avoiding eye contact. A beat.

Maliciously, Levi PUNCHES the table with his fist several times, terrifying Emma Townsend.

LEVI

You want to tell me what the shit that was back there?! Was I not crystal fucking clear when we met?!

EMMA TOWNSEND

You were.

LEVI

Then why?! Why wouldn't you tell me about it? It's so obvious that the man you let die hurt you, and if you told me, we could have won. I could have saved you.

EMMA TOWNSEND

I forgot.

LEVI

That's a fucking lie! You watched someone die. No one forgets that. You knew they would bring it up. You must have known, and yet, you chose not to tell me.

EMMA TOWNSEND

No, I didn't know --

LEVI

Stop fucking lying to me! Why would you do that? Tell me, why? Why would you do that to yourself on purpose?

EMMA TOWNSEND

Because I don't deserve this.

She begins to SOB uncontrollably and whimper in-between sentences.

EMMA TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

I don't deserve you-I don't deserve a trial-I don't deserve to be here. I'm not a good person, Levi. I wasted my entire life, searching for an escape that I never once took the time to help a single person. No one in my life will even remember my name. I'm so tired of fighting for my life. I just want it to end. Please, Levi... just let me go.

A beat.

LEVI

I had --

Levi is interrupted by a series of KNOCKS on the door, Levi opens the door halfway, shielding Emma from view.

LIFTMAN

It's time.

LEVI

Yeah, okay. I just need five more minutes with my client.

Levi goes to close the door but the Liftman stops it with his hand.

LIFTMAN
Is she resisting?

LEVI
No, no. She's not --

LIFTMAN
If she is resisting, I can call one of the Reapers? Do you need me to call a Reaper?

LEVI
No, what I need you to do is give me five fucking minutes with my client, okay, so I strongly suggest you do that because if you don't, I'm going to break off one of your horns, and shove it up your urethra.

Levi SLAMS the door shut.

Kneeling in-front of Emma Townsend, Levi tries his very best to comfort her.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Hey, look at me. I need you to look at me, Emma.

She raises her head and meets his eyes.

LEVI (CONT'D)
You're right, you don't deserve to be here, because, this whole place, it's bullshit. None of this makes sense. This city is run by hypocritical tyrants who follow arbitrary rules set by a merciless God. We condemn souls who have done an equal amount of good and evil to the same place as rapists and warlords. You're not a bad person. You were dealt a bad hand in a game you never played before. But you are wrong about one thing. I will never forget you, Emma. I promise to utter your name with my last dying breath. All I ask in return is that you forgive me.

At this moment, Levi's throat begins to dry, and his eyes start to water.

LEVI (CONT'D)

This is all my fault. You put your trust in me, and I failed you. I'm so sorry I couldn't save you, Emma. Please forgive me.

Emma Townsend leaps into Levi's chest, strongly embracing him, he hugs her back even tighter. A broken soul and a tormented demon melt in each other's arms, both trying to free the other from their eternal suffering.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Levi and Emma Townsend follow the Liftman down a narrow hallway, with checkerboard floors, nearing an elevator.

Levi stops and observes at a short distance as she steps into the elevator by herself. The Liftman closes the grate, trapping her inside.

The Liftman tightly grips the lever with one hand. She looks upon Levi before closing her eyes. A single tear runs down the side of her face... The Liftman DRAGS the lever down.

The elevator PLUMMETS.

Emma Townsend is gone within a second. A beat.

Levi glowers at the Liftman before he turns around and leaves.

EXT. AKARAN CITY - NIGHT

Levi walks down the courthouse steps, while simultaneously LIGHTING his cigarette like his life depends on it.

The city sleeps at night, except for the occasional horned prostitute working their regular street corner.

Levi doesn't get far before encountering Asriel and his Lackeys lurking in an alleyway, looking for trouble.

ASRIEL

Levi!

Levi stops in his tracks, knowing nothing good can come from this.

Asriel steps forward.

ASRIEL (CONT'D)

I just heard news about your case. You can't win them all, right? And hey, you should try focusing on the positive. Your client really looked like somebody who would enjoy the Devil's thorny cock shoved up her ass.

Asriel's Lackeys BURST OUT LAUGHING, Asriel looks back to partake in their amusement.

Past his boiling point, Levi seizes the opportunity to FLICK his burning cigarette directly into Asriel's eyes as soon as he turns back around.

The flaming ashes blind Asriel for enough time for Levi to land a solid RIGHT HOOK on his jaw.

Asriel's body follows his head as he stumbles to the ground. The three Lackeys naturally rush Levi, who stands ready to fight.

Levi gets in a few heavy hits, but is soon overpowered by the sheer number.

The Lackeys take turns knocking him around, until one of them tosses him on his ass, deeper within the alley.

Winded and injured, Levi strenuously sits upon his knees while the Lackeys form a wall blocking the entrance. A beat.

Rebounding from being sucker-punched, Asriel pushes his men aside, whips out his GUN, and thrusts it an inch away from Levi's head.

Asriel glares down at Levi, his finger itching the trigger. The gun COCKS.

Closing his eyes, Levi leans his head forward and presses his forehead against the barrel of the gun. A beat.

ASRIEL (CONT'D)

Oh, I see. This is what you want, isn't it? If I pull this trigger all that anger, all the pain, it will go away, right? When's the last time you even slept, huh? Do their screams keep you up at night? You're pathetic. Killing you would be a waste of a bullet.

Asriel UN-COCKS the gun and holsters it, Levi opens his eyes.

ASRIEL (CONT'D)

I'm not going to kill you, Levi.
You're going to have to do that
yourself.

Levi kneels in defeat, as Asriel and his Lackeys leave.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Levi leans over the phone machine, as distant sounds of
thunder CRASH in the sky. A storm is brewing.

He swiftly DIALS a number and holds the phone up to his ear.
RINGING, RINGING, RINGING, then --

NOVA (O.S.)

(filtered)

This is Nova. Leave me a message,
and I'll call you back.

LEVI

(into phone)

Hey, it's Levi. I know you told me
not to call, but I-uh... I could
really use you right now. I lost
another one today. She didn't
deserve her sentence, none of them
ever do. I'm sorry about this
morning. I should have never put
you on the spot like that... God, I
wish you would pick up right now. I
hate this City, Nova, I hate its
rotten beliefs and hollow promises,
but what I hate more than anything
is that I can't do a goddamn thing
to change it... it's funny. I know
exactly what you would say to me
right now. You would ask me, "Why?
Why stay? Why not just go back to
Hell?" And I would reply with some
bullshit answer like, "because of
the food or the shitty weather."
Then you would laugh, and I would
smile, and deep down, we would
already know the answer. It's you.
It's always been you. You make me
feel like I can fly without ever
leaving the ground... anyway,
that's enough of me venting for one
night. Sorry that I called.

Levi hangs up the phone. A beat.

INT. BEELZEPUB - NIGHT

Levi sits in the corner of a rinky-dink bar, searching for happiness at the bottom of his eighth bottle. The place is deserted except for the horned bartender who is cleaning up for the night.

The storm outside is closing in. Sporadic flashes of lightning are followed by the delayed ROARING of thunder.

The brass bell above the door JINGLES, and the sound of pouring rain HOWLS before the door closes.

A RED DEMON woman, drenched in water from head to toe, sits at the bar, two seats away from Levi. Her charcoal colored horns curl up and back like crescent moons above her head.

Levi admires her demonic features until she catches him staring. A beat.

She flashes him a welcoming smile.

INT. LEVI'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open, CLAPPING against the wall. Levi and the Red Demon enter soaking wet. Neither of them can keep their hands and mouths off of each other. Levi shuts the door without looking.

Outside, a RAGING storm is on top of them frequently illuminating the entire apartment.

They make their way to the bedroom violently ripping each other's clothes off like savages. By the time they get to the bed, their bodies are completely exposed.

On her back, lie the same grisly lacerations as Levi, and with no wings to behold, things get rough.

INT. LEVI'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Levi twists her around before shoving her face-first onto the bed. She instinctively gets on her elbows and knees. Levi doesn't waste any time mounting her from behind.

Once inside, he restrains her arms behind her back with one hand and uses the other to yank her horns up in the air. Her chin points towards the ceiling as her breasts arch outward, beautifully contorted.

Ferociously, both of them feed off of each other's carnal pleasures, always craving, never slowing.

INT. LEVI'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Levi stands shirtless, staring out the window, PUFFING his goodnight cigarette. Behind him, the Red Demon puts her clothes back on and scampers out the door without a word. Levi doesn't seem to mind.

After he extinguishes his cigarette in his ashtray, he trudges over to his record player and plays the first record he touches.

'My Way' by Frank Sinatra.

Levi opens the drawer to his nightstand and takes out his spiral velvet notebook, jumping to the last page, his eyes linger on the name in the corner of the page. "EMMA TOWNSEND". A beat.

He skillfully draws a perfect box around her name before he rigorously fills it in, burying the name in a graphite coffin, until it's no longer legible.

Flipping through the pages back to the beginning, Levi scans the hundreds and hundreds of names that consume every page, half of them are scribbled out in grey boxes.

Levi pulls out the larger bottom drawer and tosses the book into a pile of spiraled velvet notebooks, stacked to the brim, each book looks more ancient than the last.

He closes the bottom drawer harshly and continues to do the same to the top drawer, but hesitates. His eyes focus in on the GUN.

Reaching in, Levi removes the gun from the drawer and holds it safely in front of his face. A beat.

INT. LEVI'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Walking into the bathroom, he approaches the mirror.

He wears a blank expression as he locks eyes with his reflection before slowly raising his arm and placing the gun against his mirror-image's head. His finger wrapped around the trigger.

Levi slowly leans in. Closer, and closer, until he gently headbutts the mirror.

Gradually, the gun shifts from his reflection's head to his tangible skull, putting himself in physical peril. A beat.

Levi stands frozen, waiting to let go, until --

-- BANG --

-- He RAMS his horns into the mirror, breaking his subconscious trance. The mirror shatters into pieces, and the gun drops into the sink.

Regaining his senses, he YELLS furiously as he repeatedly launches his head into the broken mirror. Glass shards splash around in the sink below, spilling over the edge onto the floor.

After a while, Levi stops to perceive himself in what remains of the fractured mirror. A streaming line of blood runs down the center of his forehead, dividing his face in half.

Dizzying, he falls back on the wall and slides down to the floor. His arms droop across his knees, and his head withers into his chest as he begins to weep. A beat.

Tears and blood race down his face and drip off his chin onto the bathroom tile, his sobbing grows LOUDER, echoing off the walls of his empty apartment.

Alone he regresses and FALLS apart.

FADE OUT.