

The Book of Joseph

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - DAY.

Sunny clear skies.

Young couples walking hand in hand.

Older couples sitting on benches, feeding pigeons.
Joggers pass by them.

Children playing, laughing.

The GROUND LIGHTLY RUMBLES - then stops.

Children stop playing, young couples stop, pigeons fly off,
joggers stop.

Everyone now looking onto the sound of SNAPPING BRANCHES in
the nearby bushy area of the park. Birds scatter from the
shaking tree tops.

EXT/INT. KENYA - FARMING VILLAGE - DAY

In the vast African bush plain - A scatter of mud and stone
built homes. Grass thatched roofs.

Goats, chickens, dogs - wander aimlessly.

Not a human in site.

On the outskirts of the village stands a humble and modest
stone-brick church. It's large open double wooden doors are
inviting. The villagers are seated in tranquillity to the
warm words of the village Priest, who is ending his sermon
in pray.

FATHER JOSEPH, 25, tall, African man. Abandoned at birth, he
was brought up in a Kenyan catholic orphanage and school.

He is of kind nature, soft spoken, warm kind hearted. Humble
and modest, he is a TRUE BELIEVER.

He has never studied to be a Priest, and as such is not. Not
as a Priest we know to be... But, to the people of this
village, he is their Priest.

It's so been bestowed upon him by the people of the village
and the villages master, MASTER JONATHAN.

Master Jonathan, 45, a big man, white. Owner of this vast
land in which the villagers live and work for him herding
his cattle and ploughing his land.

He is a good man that treats the villages well, and has a lot of respect for Father Joseph for whom he had this church built.

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Park goers look on in confusion to the bush area of the park that's RUMBLING. Swaying tree tops.

The rumbling STOPS.

The ripple of swaying trees slows... Stops.

TOTAL SILENCE.

Not a bird in site.

Then, a loud THUNDER CRACK emits from the bush area. Everyone JOLTS in fright - children cry. A BLACK circular ring shoots up into the sky - forming a light GREY CLOUD high above in the sky.

Everyone looking up in FEAR and confusion to the DARKENING CLOUD.

INT. KENYA - VILLAGE CHURCH - SAME MOMENT

Father Joseph at the entrance door exchanging thanks with fellow villagers leaving.

Last to leave is Master Jonathan with his WIFE and their two young daughters of six and four.

MASTER JONATHAN

Father, that was a nice sermon.
You must come for tea again...

MASTER JONATHAN'S WIFE

...It's always nice to have your company, Father.

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes mam, must do tea again soon.

Master Jonathan's two young children step forward and hug Father Joseph around his waist - he kneels down to their height as he hugs them back.

MASTER JONATHAN'S WIFE

Come along girls...

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

The now DARK grey cloud THICKENS... In it, we see thousands of small white lights rapidly flicker like fire flies in the night sky.

A COLD BREEZE waves through... Sending a shiver down our spine.

FEAR sets in.

INT. KENYA - VILLAGE CHURCH - SAME MOMENT

Father Joseph walking back in, he sees little LEAH, seven years old, sitting by herself. Her head down, slight whimpering.

Leah had lost her parents a month ago in a shack fire.

He comes to sit by her side taking her hand in his in comfort, as he gives her a warm smile...

FATHER JOSEPH

What is wrong my little one?

LEAH

(Sad voice)

Father, I'm so alone. I miss my parents, my aunty is deaf, my friends don't talk to me...

FATHER JOSEPH

(Soft warm voice)

...You not alone my child. God is always there to talk too. And his a good listener.

LEAH

Yes Father, I pray a lot...

FATHER JOSEPH

Praying yes. But, talk to God... Whenever you want to. like we talking right now. See God as your best friend that you can talk to any time you want to. When you sad... when you happy... I talk to God all the time, and he talks to me too. He's my best friend.

LEAH

(Smiles)

HE DOES...

(Sad)

...He doesn't talk to me.

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes he does my little one. You just need to listen... Listen with your heart.

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

In the now BLACK CLOUD, the small flickering lights die out to FAINT SCREAMS and CRIES that's soon silenced by a LOUD deafening thunder crack. Followed by a fine RED RIPPLE that flows through the black cloud.

Everyone looking up in fear and confusion.

The black and red cloud gradually clears to be no more...

ESTABLISHING: - A CLEAR BLUE SKY as it was before - not a cloud in sight as it starts to lightly drizzle down.

High above the sky, a BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT appears to then shine down a MISTY white light to an open grass area of the park. Park goers step back forming a circle around the light.

INT. KENYA - VILLAGE CHURCH - BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME MOMENT

A full moon light peering through Father Joseph's open bedroom window. He's RESTLESSLY tossing and turning in bed as he mumbles in his sleep...

FATHER JOSEPH

No... No... God, what is happening?

This cannot be...

FADE OUT:

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

A tall eight foot naked male ANGEL descends GRACEFULLY down in the misty white light.

He's large gleaming white feathered wings spread out in all its splendour as he comes to stand on the grass area... Gracefully folding in his wings to covering his entire body and face. Standing like a white dove on a branch

The misty light retracts back up into the heavens, leaving a faint white light crescent DOME to appear around the Angel.

Fear, now replaced with astonishment and confusion. People move back as the dome spreads out to a diameter of one hundred meters.

Everyone stares at the marvel of this Angel hugged into his large wings. IDLY standing motionless in his protected dome.

INT. KENYA - VILLAGE CHURCH - BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME MOMENT

Father Joseph restlessly tossing and turning in his bed.

He jolts awake...

FATHER JOSEPH

GOD!

He sits up... feet over the bed. Through his open window, the full moon light upon him, we see his worried - sad look.

FATHER JOSEPH

God... What is this you have shown me? It cannot be...? God? Where are you?

Crouched over his bedside holding up his hands to the warm moon light. Turning his hands in front of him.

He wipes his weary eyes to again holding up his hands...

FATHER JOSEPH

GOD... I... I can't see?

The full moon light BRIGHTENS through his window casting a moon light glow upon him. A swift warm breeze flutters the lace curtains.

GOD (O.S)

Joseph, my son. I have blinded you so that you may see the truth. For only then can you guide others to see the truth. I have chosen you my son.

Father Joseph slides off the edge of his bed to come to kneeling before the moon's warm bright light upon him.

FATHER JOSEPH

God, what is this vision you have given me?

--Dark clouds with blood.

--Cries... Tears.

--An Angel.

A worried look overcomes him.

FATHER JOSEPH

In ancient script its written; A child born of a Devil's Angel shall walk amongst us...

GOD (O.S)

...This child is not to be born!
The mother is a child of mine, she is not to be harmed.

FATHER JOSEPH

God, what you ask of me... I'm but a humble servant.

GOD (O.S)

Joseph, you are their last hope.
You must not fail!

(BEAT)

FATHER JOSEPH

God...?

GOD (O.S)

(Faint - short of breath)

...I will no longer be with you in spirit, but in faith only.

FATHER JOSEPH

God...? No. No... Please...

The bright moon light fades out to as it was. The lace curtains stop fluttering.

FADE OUT:

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

A large crowd has gathered around the Angel dome.

Astonishment / confusion from all that are ether on their KNEE'S or standing looking up to the splendour of this tall Angel.

INT. KENYA - VILLAGE CHURCH - SUNRISE

Father Joseph sitting front row... Staring ahead in a daze.

In the back ground of the church we hear the sounds of joyful young children coming in to play.

He hears Leah's voice...

FATHER JOSEPH

LEAH. Come her my child.

Leah comes running up to Father Joseph, giving him a loving hug...

LEAH

Morning Father...

FATHER JOSEPH

...Leah! Listen! Run over to Master Jonathan and tell him I must speak urgently with him.

LEAH

Yes father.

Leah runs out the church.

EXT. KENYA - MASTER JONATHAN'S FARM HOUSE - DAY

Gravel and dust spits up behind an old van as it pulls up to the entrance of the farm house.

Father Joseph (blind) stepping out the passenger door is met by the driver, VUSA, 70, African man, that has come around to assist him, walking him up to where Master Jonathan is sitting on his front porch.

Master Jonathan stands to greet Father Joseph.

Vusa pulls out a chair and assists Father Joseph to sit.

A confused look on Master Jonathan's face as he too sits down.

MASTER JONATHAN

(Staring at Father Joseph)

Thank you Vusa.

Vusa walks off.

MASTER JONATHAN

Father. --Are you blind? --What has happened?

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes Master, I awoke blind... It's Gods will. Master, I must go to New York. Now. HASTILY.

MASTER JONATHAN

New York...? America? Wait. You say God blinded you? NO, I'll take you into town to see Doctor Mbeki and he...

FATHER JOSEPH

(Stern)

...MASTER! I'm not medically blind. Please believe what I tell you. God has summoned me to go to this land. To see the truth to the vision he has given me.

MASTER JONATHAN

Vision!? Truth. To what? See... you blind!

FATHER JOSEPH

Master. I cannot explain what you will not understand... Now will you help me!?

MASTER JONATHAN

Father, you've come to me before with one of your visions... Which did not happen! Father, you know where you come from.

FATHER JOSEPH

It's not in me! I'm a God fearing man.

MASTER JONATHAN

Your mother. Your blood line...
 Sungorma, evil African witchery!
 It's why your mother left you at
 the towns church doors... She knew
 the villagers would kill you along
 with her.

FATHER JOSEPH

My ancestors evil blood does not
 run in my veins!

MASTER JONATHAN

Father, let me take you to go see
 the doctor and then we...

FATHER JOSEPH

(Upset - Loud voice)

Vusa... VUSA!

Vusa comes hastily walking up.

VUSA

Yes Father?

FATHER JOSEPH

Vusa, help me up! Take me home!

Vusa looks at Master Jonathan who nods (yes).

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - DAY.

INSERT: 2 DAYS LATER.

Police and police barricades surround the Angels dome from
 curious bystanders - religion groups, activists and the like
 displaying BANNERS;

* THE SON OF GOD SHALL RETURN.

* THE END IS HERE.

* OUR SAVIOUR COMES FOR US.

* AN ANGEL SENT FROM HEAVEN.

A small group of religious freaks standing near a barricade
 start getting rowdy to police officer's that are cordoning
 off the dome.

A TUSSLE erupts between them.

A YOUNG MAN takes a gap... shouting out as he runs with his arms waving in the air - into the dome.

IN THE DOME:

A faint white light RIPPLES at his point of entry...

YOUNG MAN

(Loud voice)

Jesus loves me... God is divine.

...Entering the dome, the Angel ever so faintly protrudes his face to LOOK AT HIM.

The young man comes to an abrupt halt, like running into a glass door. He looks the Angel IN HIS EYES and collapses.

Laying on the ground DISORIENTATED... the Angel exhales a GUSTILY breath at him that sends him rolling...

OUT THE DOME:

...Disorientated, he staggers to his feet - holds his hands before his face...

YOUNG MAN

I... I... can't see. I'm blind.
--What's happened. --Why cant I see?

The crowd give way as he staggers around.

The Angel gracefully lowers his head back into his wings... resuming his pose.

The crowd are silent in confused astonishment.

EXT. KENYA - HARBOUR - DAY

Vusa's van pulls up before a large rusted old cargo ship.

Vusa steps out, goes around to the passenger side taking Father Joseph's suitcase and walking stick. Then assists him out, walking him to the staircase of the cargo ship where captain RONALD, is standing waiting.

Ronald, 60's, a big man, a white South African, dressed in jeans and a brown T-shirt that may have been white a few years ago.

RONALD
(Ruff voice)
 VUSA... Right?

VUSA
 Yes sir.

RONALD
 And you must be the stubborn
 Priest... Father Joseph.

Father Joseph smiles - extends his arm.

FATHER JOSEPH
 Yes Sir.

RONALD
 Captain.

FATHER JOSEPH
 Captain.

Ronald shakes his hand in shake.

FATHER JOSEPH
 Pleased to meet you captain, and
 thank you...

RONALD
 NOT...! No, me and Jonathan go far
 back, and I owed him one. Right
 then. Come along stow-away. It's
 off to New York we sail.

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - DAY.

Clear sunny day.

Nuns with a group of young catholic school girls walking
 past the Angel dome they come to a stand, staring at it.

Of the young girls, is MAY. A pretty dark hair, slim
 fourteen year old orphan raised by these Nuns.

She was born A MUTE.

The Nun's and young girls are bowing their heads in pray.

Not May. She is staring at the Angel - almost HYPNOTIC.

Heads bowed down, May is not seen walking off towards the dome.

May having walked up to the police barricade, a police OFFICER steps forward...

OFFICER

(Stern)

Young girl, step back... go back to the Nun's.

May stands STARING at the Angel hypnotically.

INT. CARGO SHIP - NIGHT - SAME MOMENT

Father Joseph, sleeping on a thin mattress on the floor of a very small room. He is RESTLESSLY tossing and turning in his sleep. Mumbling...

FATHER JOSEPH

Nuns... A virgin child...
Angel... No!

FADE OUT:

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

The officer steps in front of May's path.

OFFICER

Young girl! I'll not tell you again! Go back to the Nuns!

The Angel gracefully looks up... revealing his face from been tucked-in his wings.

On lookers GASP as they point to the Angel.

With this, the police officer, and all other officers turn to look at the Angel...

...With this distraction, May walks on around past the officer.

May now at the edge of the dome. Everyone's attention is now on May.

A Nun calls out in shock.

NUN (O.S)

MAY! Come back here!

The police officer, to afraid to approach the dome, or May. He shouts out...

OFFICER

Don't enter... You'll be blinded!

On lookers are amazed as May walks through - into the dome, UNHARMED.

IN THE DOME:

The Angel slightly opens - spreads out ONE WING.

May, now standing before the Angel, who with his one open wing, he GRACEFULLY TUCKS HER INTO HIM... closing his wing to entirely COVERING HER.

The Angel tucks his head back in - assuming his past pose.

INT. CARGO SHIP - NIGHT - SAME MOMENT

Father Joseph JOLTS awake in cold sweat. Sits up.

FATHER JOSEPH (V.O)

(Deep thought)

An orphan child... A virgin. A child shall be born of a Devils Angel.

FADE OUT:

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

On lookers are silent - amazed - confused - trying to comprehend to what they just saw. Some go down on their knees in pray.

We see the dome slightly DARKEN... as if now in DEFENCE.

The police officers are still distracted... A Nun runs past them - into the dome that SPARKS and bolts her back. Laying on the ground disorientated... crying.

On lookers GASP.

The Nun staggers to her feet...

NUN*(Scared - crying)*

I... I... can't see.
 Help... Someone help me.

The other Nuns come running to her assistance.

Amongst the crowd, a YOUNG MAN shouts out...

YOUNG MAN*(Angry)*

IT MUST BE DESTROYED - Killed!
 It's the Devils Angel! This is the
 Devils doing!

The crowd are taken-back. Stunned by his outburst.

Nearby, a PRIEST, 60's. Walks up to the young man...

PRIEST*(Somewhat angered)*

GOD has sent down an Angel to
 earth, that you call evil! This is
 God's work here young man!

YOUNG MAN*(Arrogant)*

A wolf in sheep's skin. A Nun is
 now blind. You call that God's
 work! And the child...? You going
 to tell me God works in mysteries
 ways?

PRIEST

Yes... the Nun should have known
 better. Mysteries ways, yes. But we
 don't question Gods ways.

YOUNG MAN

QUESTION! You say we not to
 question Gods way. Yet God gave us
 free will.

PRIEST

There is good and evil on earth. As
 there is a God above... there is a
 Devil below... An Angel has
 descended! Not risen! This is God's
 work!

Amongst the crowd that are chanting... a few are heard
 saying AMEN.

The young man backs-off in defeat and walks away.

The Priest turns his attention to the crowd.

PRIEST

(Loud voice)

In God we trust! What have we
witnessed...

He extends his arm to the Angel.

PRIEST

...A young girl chosen, summoned by
God, to be accepted by the Angel.
The child was with the Nun's. An
orphan no doubt. No harm shall come
to a child of God.

The crowd all chanting in accepting the words spoken by the
Priest. More now go down on their knees.

INT. CNN NEWS STUDIO.

ANCHOR-MAN seated behind a news desk. A paused scene of the
young man and Priest in Central Park is pictured behind him.

Seated opposite sides of the anchor-man, is a Priest, FATHER
SETH, 60, skinny grey haired, glasses.

And. STEVEN BAYLE, 35, athletic, dark hair.

ANCHOR-MAN

...tonight's topic of debate. An
Angel of Heaven or Hell? With us is
father Seth, head of the Catholic
Church of America. And Steven
Bayle, professor of ancient
literature and award novelist of;
The Battle of The Gods. Father
Seth, I'd like to start with you.
Here we sore just two men in
difference to the events in the sky
which led to the arrival of an
Angel on earth... Of which the
young man says is an Angel of the
Devil?

FATHER SETH

Says one man. An atheist no doubt!
This young man's belief that the
Angel is the Devils... is
insinuating that God is dead.

STEVEN

I'd say the event's in the sky
 pretty much support it.
 The earth shook...
 A black ring rises to heaven...
 Dark cloud bleeding red...
 Thunder, screams, cries and heavens
 tears...

Father Seth gives him a look of disapproval. And is quick to
 counter react...

FATHER SETH

A white light...
 An Angel coming down...
 Devils screams and cries...
 Heavens tears of joy to victory...

STEVEN

Father, what you say is contra...

FATHER JOSEPH

...Steven. Please! I'm not done!
 The sun rises each day to a clear
 sky. No churches burning under dark
 clouds. No demons walking the earth
 - no hell on earth. The Bible tells
 us; Know not what you see, but
 what you believe. Are you so blind
 to the truth before you.

STEVEN

It's that very truth before me that
 scares me.

FATHER SETH

You really are in belief that God
 is dead!

STEVEN

YES.

FATHER SETH

You no christian...

STEVEN

...Yet I go to church every Sunday.
 I say my prays and follow in Gods
 path. I have never questioned the
 existence of God - till now. Am I
 now no longer a Christian?

FATHER SETH

NO! You don't believe in God.

STEVEN

Father. I never said I don't believe in God. I said I question his existence. Be it, God is dead... Don't mean I don't believe in his word, the bible, Jesus, heaven and internal life. To opposite sides. Just as I believe and fear the Devil and hell.

FATHER SETH

Did the Gods fight in the sky? Be that so... That in God's victory he sent down an Angel.

EXT. NEW YORK - HARBOUR - MORNING

Father Joseph, suitcase and walking stick in-hand. He's assisted by a CREW MEMBER walking him down the rusty staircase to a nearby taxi cab. The crew member assists Father Joseph into the back seat. Then comes around to the taxi driver's window and gives him some Dollars.

CREW MEMBER

Church of Christ. West and second, opposite central park.

Taxi driver nods and drives off.

EXT. NEW YORK - CHURCH OF CHRIST - CONTINUE

The taxi comes to park alongside the church. The taxi driver steps out going to the back passenger door assisting father Joseph out, and walking him up to the front door of the church. Giving him his suitcase and walking stick.

Taxi driver knocks on the door.

FATHER JOSEPH

The door is closed!?

TAXI DRIVER

Yes!?

FATHER JOSEPH

A church with closed doors!?

Taxi driver just lightly shakes his head in wonder... He knocks again, harder.

TAXI DRIVER

Father, I've got to radio-in, on my cab. Just stand here.

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes, thank you.

Taxi driver steps into his cab and drives off.

The church door is opened by a PRIEST, white, 60's, chubby. He gives Father Joseph a top to bottom look over with a frowned eyebrow. Father Joseph does not look to kosher after a couple of days at sea.

PRIEST

Can I help you?

Father Joseph extends his hand.

FATHER JOSEPH

Good day, I'm Father Joseph of Kenya, Africa. I seek shelter for the night. I have come a...

The Priest is taken back by this untidy looking African man claiming to be a priest, collar and all.

PRIEST

...Look young man, the shelter is two blocks down the road.

FATHER JOSEPH

No you don't understand. God has sent me her...

SLAM! The door is closed in his face. CLICK! It's locked.

Father Joseph stands there in utter disbelief. Suitcase in one hand and his walking stick in the other, he turns and walks to the walkway. His walking stick swaying before him on the ground...

SMACK! Father Joseph is walked into and falls to the ground.

(O.S)

Look where you walking, prick.

Father Joseph gets to his feet. Stands there in the middle of the walkway. He hears a male speaking to some one as he's

approaching. We see a man walking up, speaking on his cell phone.

FATHER JOSEPH

Excuse me...

The man does not even acknowledge him, as he walks on by.

He hears another person walking up. A young LADY.

FATHER JOSEPH

Excuse me lady, can you help me?

She stops before him.

LADY

You lost?

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes. I'm looking for Central Park.
The Angel.

She takes a brief moment to the irony of this...

LADY

Wow. A Priest looking for an Angel.

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes Mam.

LADY

This is Central Park. You need to
enter through gate four. It's just
one block up.

She then only notice his walking stick and that he is blind.

LADY

Well... Good luck.

She walks off.

FATHER JOSEPH

Thank you Lady.

(V.O)

Thanks a lot.

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - LATE AFTERNOON - (LATER)

The sun is setting. Father Joseph wanders around aimlessly. A scruffy young MAN walks past him. He stops and turns to walk back to him, to have a second look at the watch that this blind man is wearing. It looks expensive... And what's in his suitcase?

YOUNG MAN

Mr... You need help?

Father Joseph sighs a relief.

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes! Please! Is the Angel nearby?
Can you walk me there please?

YOUNG MAN

Father, you blind and all alone here?

FATHER JOSEPH

I will be all right wants I'm at the Angel. I just need to get there.

YOUNG MAN

Its nearby. Come let me walk you there father.

FATHER JOSEPH

Thank you. You a kind man.

The young man takes him by the arm as they walk off in the direct of the busy part of the park...

FADE OUT:

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - NEXT MORNING

Father Joseph laying under a thick bush, his hugging himself in an attempt to keep warm from the early morning nip.

He senses a warm faint breeze from a nearby fire. He lifts his head in its direction. The faint light from the fire cast on his face that's smeared with dry blood and leaves. A cut above his one eye.

Not too far are four homeless park HOBO'S, males, 50's, two white and two black. They standing around a fire that's burning in a metal drum bin.

They sharing - passing a bottle of some kind of alcohol.

They not drunk, just a bit tipsy.

Father Joseph fears he's presents will be detected. With it, another beating.

One of the hobo's places two big pieces of wood into the drum. It's flames shed a light on Father Joseph under the bushes.

HOBO #1

(Pointing)

Over there... A guy in the bushes.

Father Joseph hears this. His heart races.

Hobo #1, tall skinny black man. And hobo #2, a big mean looking white man. They walk up to him Father Joseph is. He hears their footsteps approaching him...

He sits up. His hands wandering around on the ground, he finds what he's looking for - a solid branch that he waves around FRANTICALLY in front of him like a blind man he is.

The two hobo's now stand before him... Looking at this blind man wearing a priest collar, his face smudged with dry blood and leaves, fiercely waving the branch in defence.

Hobo # 2 gets a grip of the swaying branch, jerks it out of his hand as he tosses it aside.

HOBO #2

(Ruff hard voice)

Feisty one this! A blind man too.

Father Joseph staggers - stands to his feet. He stands fearless...

FATHER JOSEPH

In God I trust. I shall fear no evil.

HOBO #2

(To hobo #1)

He wears a priest collar... and he talks from the bible.

He takes a step right up to Father Joseph - in his face.

HOBO #2

For as I walk through the valley of death I shall fear no evil...

Father Joseph gives a sigh of relief.

Hobo #1 puts his arm around Father Joseph and walks him to their warm fire...

HOBO #1

Come along Father. Hungry? We got some left-over left-overs.

Standing over the warm fire, Father Joseph takes off his torn jacket to wipe the blood off his face. We see a blood stained knife cut across his forearm. Feeling the heat, he knows where to toss his jacket. Yet he misses and it falls on the ground next to the fire drum.

Hobo #2 picks it up and puts it in the fire. The fire flares up to reveal a beaten and tired Father Joseph. Hobo #3, skinny black man, stares at Father Joseph for a brief moment...

HOBO #3

Father. You are blind?

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes. I will get my site back wants I've seen the truth.

The hobo's just look at each other for a brief moment.

HOBO #1

Father. Chicken?

FATHER JOSEPH

Please, thank you.

Hobo #3 looks at the blood on Father Joseph's arm and hands. He picks up a plastic water container...

HOBO #3

A good man can have no blood on his hands. Father, hold out your hands. WATER.

He extends his arms.

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - MORNING SUNRISE (LATER)

On a HILL TOP of the park, under a large tree stands Father Joseph around the same fire drum that's now just smouldering.

The hobo's are nowhere to be seen. They've left for the streets.

From where father Joseph stands, we see down below in the clearing of the park...

Early morning joggers.

Dog walkers.

A parks employer, a black man, 50's, wearing a parks department neon green jumper. Standing at the bottom of the hill, his looking up to this man, father Joseph, that's just STANDING THERE.

He walks up to this man and notices his priest collar, the cut above his eye and fore arm.

And for some reason that he can make no sense of... As if a calling from above. He feels compelled to help this man.

CLEANER

(Soft spoken)

MR... Are you all right? Are you waiting for someone?

FATHER JOSEPH

(Turns his head to the voice)

Yes. You.

CLEANER

(Taken back)

ME?

FATHER JOSEPH

I have stumbled in my path...

FADE OUT:

EXT. NEW YORK - LOW INCOME SUBURB - NEXT MORNING.

Father Joseph standing at the doorway of the home of the cleaner together with his wife.

Father Joseph, looking fresh and good in his washed clothing. Band-aid above his right eye.

Parked on the side of the road is a taxi. The cleaner waves hello to him.

CLEANER

Father. My Nephew will take you there. Gods speed.

FATHER JOSEPH

Again, thank you. You have been most kind to me. A man you do not even know!

CLEANER

Does one need to know one before helping them? No.

Taxi drive by Father Joseph's side. His suit case in hand.

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - ANGEL DOME - MORNING

Amongst the many people sitting, standing around the dome, stands Father Joseph with the taxi driver, PATRICK.

Nearby we see standing, the Nuns of the Catholic home for young girls.

Father Joseph stares in the direction of the Angel. He can feel its presents... He knows where to walk to. He starts to walk off towards the Angel, with out his walking stick.

PATRICK

Father, wait, let me walk you down...

FATHER JOSEPH

...its fine thank you Patrick. Just wait here for me please.

The Angel too, senses Father Joseph's arrival. The Angel slowly lifts his head out from been tucked in his wings, to come stand up straight and bold. He stares at Father Joseph in approach. Father Joseph senses his stare.

The crowd gasp as they point to the Angel.

The domes faint light, DARKENS.

Its shield, THICKENS.

The dome appears to be strengthening in DEFENCE to father Joseph's approach.

Approaching the barricade, two police OFFICERS step forward before him.

OFFICER #1

Father. Move back!

The crowd looking on at Father Joseph at the barricade.

A YOUNG GIRL in the crowd cries out...

YOUNG GIRL (O.S)

FATHER... NO! YOU WILL BE BLINDED!

Hearing this he stops.

FADE OUT:

PAST SCENE: GOD SPEAKING TO FATHER JOSEPH IN HIS CHURCH**FATHER JOSEPH**

GOD? God... I can't see.

GOD (O.S)

Joseph, my son. I have blinded you so that you can see the truth. Only then can you guide others to see the truth.

BACK TO SCENE.

The two police officers now stand before Father Joseph.

FATHER JOSEPH (V.O) "MIND POWER"

(To the two officers)

Move aside.

They slowly move aside.

Three Other officers approach. Father Joseph gives them "A LOOK"

They stop and just stand there staring at him.

Father Joseph continues walking on and through the barricade.

Now at the dome shield, he places a hand on it - that forms a bright circular white ring - ENTRANCE, through which he walks into...

IN THE DOME:

...Entering. The white light ring entrance fades behind him - back to its THICK - DARK.

We cannot see through it.

The crowd staring on in amazement... Staring - What's happening inside the dome?

(BEAT)

The dome now fades back to its thin faint light, to reveal the child, May, laying on the grass BETWEEN Father Joseph and the Angel that is now standing tall and straight. His wings by his side, revealing his full body and face.

The Angel looks down at May, then up to Father Joseph.

They stare each other in silence.

It's a stand-off!

Then... Father Joseph takes a step forward to May.

The Angel SWIFTLY spreads out his wings and gives out a deafening SCREECH that sends a shiver down the spines of the crowd.

Father Joseph stops.

By May's side, he's head bowed down looking at her laying on the grass, he kneels to pick her up.

To this... The Angel gives another loud screech and steps forward - two meters from Father Joseph and May.

Still kneeled by May's side, he lifts his head to the Angel as he raises a hand, palm forward, to the Angel.

The crowd GASP as they see this as Father Joseph worshipping the Angel.

FATHER JOSEPH

The child is mine. You will not take her soul.

The Angel lowers his wings.

THE ANGEL

It's not her soul I seek... But that of her unborn. Her child is mine. She will be born of evil, raised by Nuns and worshipped by man, woman and child. The child shall walk this earth amongst you... She shall set me free.

FATHER JOSEPH

The child will not be born! You
will not rise!

THE ANGEL

You have no God to stop me, and you
are but a futile human. Take the
mother.

Father Joseph gently picks up May, placing her in his arms,
he stands, turns, and walks off out the dome that starts to
fade away.

The Angel with a THRUST of his wings flies off into the sky.

No sooner is the Angel gone... the dome shield vanishes.

OUT THE DOME:

The crowd and police are all in silent astonishment as they
move aside to Father Joseph walking up to the Nuns who go
down on their knees before him.

The crowd giving a fair respectful distance around them.
They too go down on their knees.

May, lightly turning her head, faintly moaning she's coming
around.

FATHER JOSEPH

(Soft - yet stern voice)

Please... Don't kneel before a
servant of God. Stand.

The Nuns rises to their feet, as do the crowd follow. He
places May in the arms of one of the Nuns and SOFTLY SAYS to
them.

FATHER JOSEPH

The child is unharmed. She needs
rest.

SISTER (HEAD NUN)

Father, what is the meaning to all
this? The Angel... Taking one of
ours.

FATHER JOSEPH

She is with child. This child must
not be born for it is the Devils
child! You are to see to this.

The Nuns look at him in stunned shock to what he had just told them.

SISTER

(Confused - scared)

Father. What you ask is...

FATHER JOSEPH

(Stern - Authority)

Sister! It's not what I ask. I am but a messenger of God. Do as God has commanded! The unborn must not be born!

He looks down at May in the arms of the nun standing next to the Sister.

FATHER JOSEPH

The mother is unmarked, she is still pure, a child of God! She's not to be harmed. No other is to know of what has been spoken here!

He turns looking at all the Nuns and back to the Sister.

FATHER JOSEPH

Is Gods word understood!

The Nuns and Sister hesitantly - fearfully nod yes.

Father Joseph steps back, turns and walks off. The crowd stepping aside bowing their head to him as he passes through them.

He's walked back up to Patrick, who gives him a bow of his head...

PATRICK

Father...

FATHER JOSEPH

...Patrick, please. Can we go. The docks. Pier fourteen.

PATRICK

Yes father.

(He looks him in the eyes)

Father. You can see!

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes Patrick. God sent me here to see the truth... I've seen it. Now I am no longer blind.

CUT TO:

A female REPORTER, the crowd in her back ground. She corrects her hair. Mic in one hand, standing before her camera man.

REPORTER

What have we have witnessed here? The Angel allowing the Priest into the dome to give him the child. The Priest on his knee, hand held up giving pray and worship to the Angel. The Angel then flying off back to heaven. Who is this Priest? Clearly God sent. What is the meaning to all that we just witnessed here? An ANGEL, a PRIEST, and a CHILD...

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

INSERT: THREE MONTHS LATER.

Groups of people, families, couples, individuals. Standing - sitting around the...

STATUE OF AN ANGEL WITH A CHILD IN HIS WING.

Build on the site where the Angel had wants stood.

At the foot of the statue are flowers, crucifix's and the like.

NARRATIVE (V.O)

The arrival and departure of the Angel has given humanity a new found knowing of what was wants questioned; Is there a heaven and a God above. Humanity has now seen to believe. Yet, they remain blind to the truth.

MONTAGE:

- Packed church services.

- Busy city central, a homeless man seats himself next to another to share his food with him. A business woman walking

past gives them money.

- Dozens of U.N trucks off-loading crates of food in a poverty stricken African country.
- Near deserted U.S military bases across Arab countries.
- In a large homeless shelter, a que stand before a make-shift soup kitchen. In the back ground we see nurses attending to the sick laying on military issued beds.
- Mean looking tattooed criminals in a packed prison church.

END MONTAGE.

INT. NEW YORK - CATHOLIC HOME FOR YOUNG GIRLS - DAY

Bedroom. May laying on a bed. She is disorientated, slight groaning...

Three Nuns and the Sister by her bedside.

Nun #1 is wiping her face with a damp cloth...

NUN #1

Sister. Please... May is ill. We must call for an ambulance. She needs to be hospitalized.

SISTER

You know we can't! They will discover she is pregnant. And we are still to kill to unborn.

The Nuns look at each other in silent fear. Sister sees this... a conspiracy is brewing amongst them.

NUN #2

We will not kill the unborn! The child will be born.

Sister gives the Nuns a look over...

SISTER

You go behind my back. A Priest. And God's will.

NUN #1

Gods will? God has not told us to kill the unborn.

SISTER

God has told us through the tongue
of the Prie...

NUN #1

...and who is this Priest to tell
us to do so.

SISTER

He is God sent! Did you not witness
his miracle. Powers. He is a
messenger of God. His message was
clear! The unborn, the Devils
child, must not be born!

NUN #2

Sister, if what this Priest said
was true!? Then surely, God himself
would have told us. Us Nuns...
woman of the cloth... Guardians of
May, the mother to his child!

SISTER

God need not repeat himself. He has
spoken through the Priest and we
shall do as we told!

NUN #3

This Priest? That no one has ever
heard of... or seen him since!
Maybe HE was Devil sent, to tell us
to kill the child of God.

NUN #2

Sister, we've seen the news. The
F.B.I ran a facial recognition scan
on this man. NOTHING! His face been
on every newspaper, magazine,
television across the world.
NOTHING! The catholic church, any
church... Non have any record of
this man neither. No one knows who
he is! Other that who he's not. Not
a Priest!

SISTER

Good heavens. The Angel allowed
him, and only him into the dome. To
give him back our child, May.

NUN #1

ALLOWED...? Or with evil Devils
powers - To take the child, May.

The sister just stands there listening, taking it in with an open mind...

SISTER

Yes the Angel descended from
heaven. Not from below. And went
back-up to heaven... this very
Angel that took-in May. The chosen
one. A virgin that will give birth
to Gods child... as did the virgin
Mary give birth to Jesus, son of
God. Yes, God would have told us.

NUN #2

And his telling us right now!

Sister sits down on a nearby chair. Faint tears run down her
check. Nun #2 comes to her side, giving her a loving hand on
her shoulder.

Nun #1 wiping May's face. Nun #3 on her cell phone.

SISTER

This man... This evil...
My God what did we almost do!

INT. NEW YORK - DINER - DAY

Busy. Patrons seated at tables and stools along the counter.

Waitrons walking around with trays.

Scattered TV screens show a female REPORTER in a news
studio. In her back ground is a picture of May laying in a
hospital bed.

A PATRON at the counter staring at one of the many T.V's.
His burger-in-hand falling apart.

PATRON

(Loud)

WAITER... Can you turn that up
please.

A MAN with his wife and kids at a nearby table, is also
looking at a T.V.

MAN

TURN THAT UP.

All eyes are now on the T.V's

A Waitron behind the counter turns up the T.V's volume - to the diner now quiet with everyone watching and listening to the T.V's...

REPORTER

... was nothing more than gastrointestinal pains, and she is recovering well. Upon her examination, doctors discovered that she is pregnant... YES! You heard correct. The virgin May is pregnant...

Patrons, waitrons, kitchen staff, are all frozen in "WOW"

You could hear a pin drop in the background of unattended burger patties burning on the grill.

REPORTER

...she is three months pregnant. That's three months since the Angel left. A child of God's shall yet again be born on earth.

A family seated at a table with a baby - the silence is broken by their baby that starts to cry. Like a good omen... every one turns to look at the crying baby.

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - ANGEL STATUE - DAY (SAME)

Clear sky warm day. People walking around, sitting on bench's, picnic's on the grass.

A YOUNG MAN sitting on the grass near the Angel statue is on his tablet. He stands, holding up his tablet he SHOUTS OUT in joy...

YOUNG MAN

She's pregnant... the virgin May is pregnant!

Park goers look on to the young man in shock astonishment.

Some just stand taking it in.

Some happy in joy.

Some crying in joy.

Some on their knees.

EXT. ENGLAND - LONDON - MAIN STREET - NIGHT - SAME MOMENT

A large out door screen on a building shows the good news. People on their phones, on side walks, in the middle of the street, all joyful to the news.

INT. WOMAN'S PRISON - DAY - SAME MOMENT

In the mess hall, a wall mount T.V shows the good news. The prisoners all cheering to the news.

EXT. AFGHANISTAN - MOUNTAIN TOP - AFTERNOON - SAME MOMENT

A shepherd amongst his goats is on his knees, bowing. A small radio in his hand.

EXT. KENYA - VILLAGE - CHURCH - DAY - SAME MOMENT

Father Joseph at the back of his church, throwing dry corn to the chickens wandering around.

He stops... Shock fear comes over him.

He drops all the corn as he goes to sit down on a nearby tree stump. Staring ahead with a CONCERNED, sad face.

FATHER JOSEPH (V.O)

My God. Jesus... The Nuns. What have they done!

FADE OUT:

INT. KENYA - VILLAGE - CHURCH - DAY

Father Joseph sitting on a front row bench is peacefully reading his bible. Behind him, at the entrance, young children run around playing in the church...

A COMMOTION is heard outside, at the entrance.

Barging into the church, is a T.V NEWS CREW - A female REPORTER, camera man and microphone operator hovering a mic on an extension pole.

Frightened children run outside.

Father Joseph stands, looking on to the approaching female reporter. Camera man and microphone operator close behind her.

In the back ground, church entrance, stand a dozen or so villagers. Two well-built men in black suits stand before them blocking their entry.

REPORTER

(Forward spoken)

JOSEPH JAMES MALATA. Alias, Father Joseph.

Father Joseph is taken back by this rude intrusion...

FATHER JOSEPH

(Upset)

THIS... Gods church is always open.
But you barge in here unannounced
and with disrespect!

Reporter, an arm's length before him. Microphone extension hovers above them. Camera man behind.

REPORTER

Joseph. You claim to be a Priest.
Yet you not! There is no record of
you studying priesthood. You
neither registered nor accepted by
the catholic church... any church!

FATHER JOSEPH

I must ask you to leave. Please
leave now!

As all arrogant reporters... She climbs into him.

REPORTER

Is it not true you mother and her
mother practised the African
religion of SUNGORMA...

FATHER JOSEPH

Leave my church! Get out!

REPORTER

...Known as evil African witch
craft. For which your grandmother
was stoned to death. Your mother
burnt alive.

FATHER JOSEPH.

You know not what you speak of.
NOW GET OUT!

Reporter, continual verbally pounding him...

REPORTER

You share your mother's blood line.
Evil powers that you used to enter
the Holy dome... Threatening the
Angel. Taking the child! Commanding
the nuns to kill the unborn!

FATHER JOSEPH

Leave my church! Get out!

REPORTER

You don't deny this?

Father Joseph SNAPS...

FATHER JOSEPH

(Loud, upset)

The unborn is the devils child!

REPORTER

You sadistic sick bast....

A LOUD gun shot goes off at the church entrance. A few HEAVY Villagers grab and through the two suited men to the ground outside...

Master Jonathan comes walking up, to standing at the church entrance with a shot gun. Smoking barrel point up.

MASTER JONATHAN

(Angry - To reporter)

YOU! You come to our land. My
village! You show disrespect to a
man of God in his house!

SHAKING camera man on Master Jonathan.

The reporter is CROUCHED down on her knees.

REPORTER

(Afraid)

My God! Are you crazy!

MASTER JONATHAN

Now... you use Gods name in vain!
In his house! Am I crazy?

He pumps a round into the shot gun...

MASTER JONATHAN

...YES! And you got one minute to
get into your van and be gone! Or
the villagers will BELLY you
outside.

She turns to look at Father Joseph.

REPORTER

Belly?

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes... Like a hunted buck, hung by
a tree, upside down - cut across
the belly, side-to-side to bleed
out.

REPORTER

What? NO... Please... Oh my God.
Please help me Father.

FATHER JOSEPH

FATHER!?! ...am I but not an Evil
Sungorma.

MASTER JONATHAN (O.S)

Twenty, nineteen..

They HASTILY run for the door. Master Jonathan steps aside
for them. Outside they met by the Villagers branding
TRADITIONAL WEAPONS at them as they give intimidating
African war cry's.

They quick to get into their van and speed off.

FATHER JOSEPH

(Faint smile)

Master. Belly them!?! Really now...

MASTER JONATHAN

(Grinning)

Well. Scared the crap outta them.

They both lightly chuckle.

INT. CNN NEWS STUDIO - EVENING.

Anchor-man seated behind a studio desk. Behind him, on a screen, is an amiable photo of Father Joseph taken from the day in Central Park.

ANCHOR-MAN

...we all remember our most loved Priest. The man known only as Father Joseph. Or as we got to call him by; The Angel Whisperer. The man never seen before or after... We assumed to have been an Angel himself. I assure you, he is no Angel!

The screen photo of amiable Father Joseph is replaced with a picture of a VERY ANGRY Father Joseph. (A clip photo taken from the video footage in his church)

ANCHOR-MAN

...Investigative reporter, JANE WATSON tracked him down in his home country of Kenya, Africa. To tell you more and give us the full story. We now cross over to her, live from her hotel room in Nairobi, Kenya.

INT. KENYA - NAIROBI - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jane Watson adjusting her earpiece. She still looks a bit shaken-up from her earlier ordeal.

JANE WATSON

...Yes. Thank you, and to you the viewers out there.

ANCHOR-MAN (O.S)

Jane... You look a bit shook-up?

JANE WATSON

(Dramatizing)

...I'd go with bordering nervous breakdown! In my brief visit with Joseph in his home village. I... We, were shot at in a church... threatened to be killed... attacked by savage African men...

INT. CNN NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

On the anchor-man.

ANCHOR-MAN

...Jane, I'm going to cut you short there. Let's have the views see for themselves. Here now, is the footage of earlier today. Between Joseph and our reporter Jane Watson...

CUT TO:

SCENE: JANE AND FATHER JOSEPH IN THE CHURCH

CUT TO:

BACK TO SCENE: CNN NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

On the anchor-man.

ANCHOR-MAN

Well. Quite the different man we wants saw...

INT. KENYA - NAIROBI - HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On Jane Watson.

JANE WATSON

...And most definitely no Angel of God! If anything... an Angel of the Devil - A wolf in sheep's skin. From fraudulent Priest to African sungorma. To child killer! Yes, you heard correct... CHILD KILLER! Prior to our horrid confrontation with Joseph James Malata, AKA Priest. We had revealed Joseph's true identity to the Nuns of the Catholic home for young girls, the guardians of mother May. They were shocked to say the least. After which they told us of what he had said to them on that day he gave over the child, May, to them.

INT. CNN NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

On anchor-man.

ANCHOR-MAN

The recording we about to show you,
of the interview with Nuns of the
Catholic home for young girls, is
horrific to say the least...

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK - CATHOLIC HOME FOR YOUNG GIRLS

Sister Nun seated behind her office desk, three other Nuns
standing behind her.

Desk top microphone before the sister.

SISTER

We Nuns are shocked of the news of
this imposter. This man... Devil
sent... He is very powerful with
persuasion and deception to have
fooled the world that he was God
sent. Not us woman of the cloth
though.

QUICK CUT: TO PAST SCENE IN CENTRAL PARK - "VOICE OVER"

The Nuns rises to their feet, as do the crowd. Father Joseph
places May in the arms of one of the Nuns and SOFTLY SAYS to
them.

SISTER (V.O)

...Upon giving us the child, he
told us in soft voice; May carry's
the child of the devil and that we
are not to allow the birth. We to
kill the unborn.

END QUICK CUT:

Back on Sister behind her desk...

SISTER

...cause we'd never do such a
thing, and to protect mother and
(MORE)

SISTER (cont'd)
 unborn we swore not to talk of it.
 ...Till now, that you have exposed
 this evil man

CUT TO:

INT. CNN NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

On anchor-man.

ANCHOR-MAN

Truly shocking! Hard to believe...
 If not told by Nuns themselves.

INT. KENYA - NAIROBI - HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On Jane Watson.

JANE WATSON (CONT'D)

A fraud. An imposter. Incitement to
 kill. America having no diplomatic
 ties or treaties with Kenya, makes
 him a free man in his country...

INT. NEW YORK - STEVEN BAYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME MOMENT

Steven leans back in his chair, T.V remote in hand...

T.V (V.O)

... Him a free man in his country.

...he switch's off the T.V. We see the concentration - worry
 on his face.

STEVEN (V.O)

The old biblical scripts have made
 mention too this... The birth of a
 Devils child so evil her own father
 will fear... The child shall
 instrument the Devils rise. Yet, he
 shall fall by one human. It must
 surely be this man Joseph.

INT. NEW YORK - HOSPITAL - DAY

INSERT: 6 MONTHS LATER

Double swing door. A sign above it reads [ROOM 412 - MATERNITY] Inside, a young woman is heard screaming in LABOUR PAIN.

Hall way INTERCOM sounds;

INTERCOM (O.S)

Doctor Terblanche, report to maternity. Room 412.

A DOCTOR accompanied by a NURSE hastily enter through the double swing doors - we follow in...

MAY laying on the maternity bed - legs up in the position.

She's screaming in labour pain.

Nuns by May's side are in-assistance. SISTER RACHEAL behind May, is wiping her forehead.

Doctor between May's legs.

The cry of a NEW BORN.

Doctor passes the baby to a Nurse. Nurse wipes down the baby and approaches May with the baby.

May is uneasy - she vigorously shakes her head sideways (NO) to the approaching nurse with her baby.

Nurse with the baby now by May's bed side.

May now SCREAMING, she has both her arms / hands up in REJECTION to the baby been given to her.

NURSE

(Concerned - confused)

Mother May. It's a GIRL.

May is now hysterical... She pushes the nurse away.

SISTER RACHEAL

May. What is wrong?

May's E.C.G monitor starts BEEPING fast.

Doctor turns to look at it - worried.

Sister Racheal having taken the baby from the nurse, approaches May.

E.C.G Monitor BEEPING FASTER... FASTER... SPIKING FASTER...

Nurse moves Sister Racheal with baby aside...

Sister Racheal stands a distance away, in shock confusion, baby in hand.

Doctor and two Nurse's by May's side. Nurse's holding down traumatised May.

May gives out one last loud anguish cry to then slump - lay motionless on the bed.

E.C.G Monitor; BEEEEEE.....
FLAT LINES - - - - -

FADE OUT:

EXT. NEW YORK - OCEANARIUM - DAY

INSERT: 10 YEARS LATER.

Clear sky warm day.

Out door oceanarium - dolphin pool. Dolphin show in progress.

Seated front row, watching the show, are the Nuns with the children of the catholic home for young girls. Nearby stand a few men in suites.

Amongst the children, is HOLLY, ten Years old, she is a split image of her mother, May. Slender, long black hair, hazel eyes.

A female INSTRUCTOR wearing a head set microphone stands on a high rise ramp over leaning the dolphin pool. Leaning forward her hand held out.

A dolphin swims up fast - leaps out the water to touch her hand... Then another dolphin.

Landing, they make a big splash that wets the spectators front row.

The children cheering, clapping hands - happy.

INSTRUCTOR

You know dolphins have incredibly strong tail fins that allow them to swim on the water. Almost like walking on the water.

She blows her whistle. Two dolphins rise and with the strength of their tail fin's they swim "WALK" on the water. Then go back down.

INSTRUCTOR

Hands together let's hear it for
Micky and Macky.

The spectators clap their hands.

INSTRUCTOR (O.S)

And here they come around again for
another swim on the water...

The two dolphins SLOWLY RISE and SLOWLY one tail fin before
the other - WALK ON THE WATER.

Everyone GASPS in AMAZEMENT - They can't believe what they
are seeing, the dolphins are WALKING ON THE WATER.

We see Holly CONCENTRATING / STARING at the Dolphins with a
grin on her face.

Her best friend HELEN by her side giggling.

SISTER NUN gives Holly a look of disapproval...

SISTER NUN

HOLLY! Stop that at once.

Holly TURNS to look at the sister. In that instant, the two
dolphins drop down into the pool.

Sister Nun stands, raises her hand to the instructor and
with a loud voice to her;

SISTER NUN

SORRY. Sorry for that. Holly seems
not to know her place.

Everyone stands and joyfully clap hands for Holly. In the
crowd, a CHILD shouts out...

CHILD

Happy birthday Holly.

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - DAY - (LATER)

The section of the park has been cordoned-off - an outer
perimeter of men in suits.

In the perimeter. A bunch of rowdy happy kids around a
picnic bench stuffing themselves with chocolate cake and the
likes.

Holly, seated at the fore of the table wearing her BIRTHDAY
HAT.

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK ENTRANCE - DAY - (LATER)

Female T.V news REPORTER stands on the side of the street, of Central Park.

In her background we see police officers and men in suits standing by a bushy area entrance/exit of the park.

REPORTER

...If you've just joined us. Happy Hollymas day to you all around the world. After quite an eventful morning at the oceanarium. What a beautiful warm day to end off your birthday party here in central park. A section of the park had been closed off for the birthday party of the daughter of God, Holly. Attended only by the Nun's and the children of the Catholic home for young girls...

Men in suits scuffling around at the park entrance.

Camera man zooms in as we see the children led by the Nun's exit the park to come standing at a BUSY ROAD SIDE bus stop.

No special road / traffic cordoning-off... The traffic is as busy as always.

Holly and her B.F.F, HELEN are holding hands standing on the side of the road, the other children and Nun's behind them.

REPORTER (O.S)

...Now there's a site of happy children. Holly and her best friend Helen, hand-in-hand as always. From here they will board a bus and be taken to...

From the park, behind the children, runs out a labrador. It's leash trailing...

Instinctively the playful dog runs in amongst and between the children.

REPORTER (O.S)

...Well looks like we have a runaway coming to wish Holly happy birthday.

(She chuckles)

It's a PUSH and SHOVE between playful children patting / hugging the dog, and men in suits attempting to get a hold of it.

Front row of the children, stand Holly and Helen. They been PUSHED closer to the EDGE of the pavement.

One of the men in suits gets a hold of the dog and LIFTS it above his head.

Like a ripple from dropping a pebble in the pond the children are PUSHED.

Holly and Helen standing on the verge of the road - are PUSHED into the street - into an on-coming yellow cab.

Holly and Helen get HIT by the cab.

Helen is FLUNG onto the windscreen and over the roof to hitting the street HARD! laying face down in pool of her blood. DEAD.

The cab screeches to a halt to reveal Holly at the rear of the cab after been DRIVEN OVER. Laying on her back, her neck bent far back is clearly snapped. Her face cut open and covered in blood. DEAD.

Traffic comes to a screeching halt.

Screaming / crying children and Nuns are held back by the men in suits.

Police are quick to cordon-off the street, surrounded the cab and the two children laying motionless in the street.

Drivers and passengers having exited... all stand staring on in SHOCK.

The TAXI DRIVER at the rear of his cab is on his knees, hands over his head as his weeping in shock to seeing / knowing who he has run-over - KILLED.

Bystanders look on in silent sad horror of Holly laying dead in the street.

(BEAT)

Holly turns her bloody head forward - we hear her neck BONES CLICKING back into place.

Bystanders look on in shock as they gasp.

Holly slowly sits up... Stands to her feet.

She wipes both her hands over her face, that then reveals her face is no longer cut open.

Holly shows no emotion... Yet, her AURA of sad anger slices through us.

She looks at Helen laying dead in the street. Then to the taxi driver that's still on his knees, by her side. She places a hand on his shoulder.

(BEAT)

Taxi driver stops weeping, rises to his feet and walks away.

Holly slowly walks towards Helen. By her side - she kneels down, turns her lifeless body over onto her back.

A moments stare... she places her one hand on Helen's forehead.

(BEAT)

Holly stands up over Helen... extends her arm out to her.

(BEAT)

Helen slowly sits up.

ON LOOKERS GASP!

She takes hold of Holly's extended hand and stands up.

On lookers are silent in astonishment.

FADE OUT:

INT. KENYA - CHURCH - MORNING - SAME MOMENT

Father Joseph silently staring in a daze before a small congregation. A once packed church, is now less than half.

The congregation staring at "DAZED" Father Joseph. A few walk out as they shake their heads in dismay.

His daze look turns to desolation. To this, the remaining congregation become UNEASY.

Master Jonathan and his family are seated front row.

MASTER JONATHAN (O.S)

Father... JOSEPH!

Father Joseph "SNAPS" out of it... To see the last of the congregation hastily walking out in mutter.

MASTER JONATHAN

(ANGRY)

JOSEPH!!

Father Joseph shoots his head down to Master Jonathan.

FATHER JOSEPH*(Shaken from his "daze")*

Master Jonathan... I'm sorry...
I...

MASTER JONATHAN

...ENOUGH! Enough.

Master Jonathan's wife stands, as she leads her two children with her, out the church.

FATHER JOSEPH

I can not control my visions... I'm
alone in this that God has me to
do...

Master Jonathan gives him a look of sad disapproval as he stands and walks out.

FATHER JOSEPH (O.S)

Master...

EXT. KENYA - MASTER JONATHAN'S HOUSE - DAY (LATER)

Master Jonathan sitting by a small deck table on his front porch. Looking on at the gravel and dust been spit up behind his old van as it pulls up to the entrance.

The driver, Vusa, steps out and walks off. Father Joseph steps out of the passenger side. Walks up to Master Jonathan, who stands to greet him...

FATHER JOSEPH*(Nods)*

Master Jonathan.

MASTER JONATHAN*(Nods)*

Father. Thank you for coming.
Please have a seat.

They both sit down.

Father Joseph knows he is in for a good talking. And he's ready for it.

MASTER JONATHAN

You want to tell me what this
morning was about?

FATHER JOSEPH

To what end? To sit here, have you grind me, to me telling you what you don't... won't understand.

He gives Master Jonathan a straight face look. To which Master Jonathan is some what taken-back.

MASTER JONATHAN

Father, please. It's with concern that I ask. We all concerned...

FATHER JOSEPH

Concerned?

MASTER JONATHAN

Where's the humble Father Joseph that wants stood before a packed congregation? That's now... Sadly lost in believe of Devils Angels... Devils child... Hell, you even believe God is dead! You a PRIEST for God sake!

FATHER JOSEPH

You forget Master Jonathan... I'm not a Priest.

MASTER JONATHAN

And it's with that, that I called for you. To inform you that... With all that's been happening with and around you, this mornings episode been the last straw. The village elders, together with the Chief have spoken. You are to leave the Village, be gone by sunrise tomorrow. Vusa will pick you up from the church tomorrow 04:00 He'll take you into town, to go stay with Pastor Dale of the orphanage. He's always been very fond of you... Says the children can do with a good man like you.

Father Joseph is not surprised. He saw this coming. He stands and holds his hand out to Master Jonathan that like wise stands and takes his hand. They shakes hands in farewell...

MASTER JONATHAN

Sorry! And all the best for you.

FATHER JOSEPH

And to you and yours too.

He walks off towards the van.

INT. NEW YORK - TAXI DRIVERS HOME - EVENING

DEON (Who hit Holly and Helen). Sitting at the dining table with his wife RITA, and their two young daughters. They having supper.

Deon is quiet. His not feeling well, lightly rubbing his chest (heart).

His youngest daughter, TAMMY, 5, cheerful to her elder sister, TISHA, 8...

TAMMY

I'm going to now be very popular at play school. My daddy was touched by the holy child...

TISHA

(Sarcastic)

...VERY! Not after first riding her over. Killing her.

RITA

The two of you stop it!

DEON

(Faint breath)

Yes... any other child and I'd have been a child killer.

Rita places a hand on his.

RITA

Honey, it was an accident. They were bumped into the road. you could not have possibly...

DEON

...Yes, I could have. I was looking down on my phone - text'ing.

RITA

No one knows that.

DEON

*(Rubbing his chest and
left upper arm)*

She does! When she touched me. She knows. Her touch... It was cold.

RITA

Honey are you all right? You look a bit pale.

DEON

(Stuttering voice)

It felt as if she...

(clutching his heart)

I... My... chest it hur...

AHHHH... I can't brea...

RITA

(Worried)

HONEY! O My God. No...

Deon takes a struggling gasp of air as he falls back - DEAD.

INT. NEW YORK - CATHOLIC HOME FOR YOUNG GIRLS - NIGHT

Holly and Helen's bedroom. Helen asleep. Holly is laying in bed, softly whimpering, slight tears in her eyes.

The bedroom door is slowly opened. Sister Racheal quietly enters and comes to sit by her bed side, affectionately stroking her head...

SISTER RACHEAL

(Caring - soft)

Are you still sad of today?

HOLLY

(Sniffing)

Yes sister. --I think I have...

Holly JOLTS up to tightly hug Sister Racheal.

SISTER RACHEAL

(Taken back)

What is it my child...?

HOLLY

I didn't mean too. --I was angry.

And when I touched him, I felt

(MORE)

HOLLY (cont'd)
cold. I felt evil in me.

Holly hugs her even tighter.

SISTER RACHEAL

You... touched him, who? The taxi driver?

HOLLY

I think I killed him. Who am I?

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL - DAY

INSERT: 6 YEARS LATER (HOLLY 16)

Busy walkway. Holly, Helen and two other sixteen year old girls from the orphanage. They dressed in their school soccer sports wear as they walk along chatting in good spirit.

A commotion is heard a few meters ahead, as we see a few petrified people run out from a store. The girls stop and look on at this.

A cop car is heard as it comes up from behind them to come to a screeching halt just out side the store. A MAN in his late 30's comes running out the store. In his one hand a small brown paper bag, the other a hand gun.

The two COPS are quick to exit their vehicle as they aim at him in the ready.

COP #1

Stop! Don't move! Drop the gun and raise your hands...

The man drops the small brown bag. Hesitates to pick it up... But, is quick to run back into the store. We hear the store glass door slam closed.

The scene around the store is now deserted but for the two cops behind their vehicle doors.

The girls stand frozen in fear. Holly casually walks up to the entrance of the store, a sign above it: ALPHA PHARMACY.

HELEN

Holly! What you doing... Get back here.

Cops see its Holly.

COP #1

Holly get away from the door. The man is armed.

Holly picks up the small brown bag. Opens it and takes out a medicine box containing pills. It reads; CARFENTANIL (Pain killers for cancer patients). She puts it back into the bag, holding onto it.

She goes for the store door...

COP #1

Holly don't! Dammit!

She casually opens the door and enters...

INT. NEW YORK - ALPHA PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

...In the store, Holly close the door behind her. See looks around. In a corner are ten scared hostage's of customers and staff grouped together sitting on the floor. The gunman standing near them is point his shaking pistol at them. His face wet in sweat of fear.

MAN

(Nervous)

You come any closer and I'll shoot them!

Holly does not approach but just stands there. She raises the brown bag in her hand.

HOLLY

Carfentanil. Prescription pain killers for terminal cancer patients.

She walks up to him. He turns his gun on her.

MAN

Stop! Please... I don't want to hurt anyone.

He's now even more nervous, knowing who his pointing a gun too. Gun shaking in his hand.

HOLLY

I know.

Holly, now right in front of him, she puts her hand on his trembling gun heelding hand.

HOLLY

(Caring voice)

Everything will be okay... You must know this TREVOR. You are a good man that's never harmed anyone.

MAN

You... you know my name?

She lightly squeezes his hand.

HOLLY

And I feel your pain. Your daughters too.

TREVOR

She needs these... I, I had no... I did not know what else to do. The state medical stopped suppl...

HOLLY

...Its alright. Everything will be okay. In faith in God everything will be okay.

He drops to his knees as he starts to cry in pity. He drops the gun. We now only see its a B.B toy gun. Holly comes to kneel by his side as she tucks his head into her shoulder in comfort.

The hostage's are now relaxed as they see and feel for the grieving man.

TREVOR

I'm sorry... My little SALLY is in so much pain. A father must look after his childr...

HOLLY

...Look at me Trevor.

He lifts his head to look into her eyes - her sad smile. She takes both his hands in hers...

HOLLY

Her pain will soon be over and she will be in eternal peace.

He looks deep into her eyes...

TREVOR

No... No... Please no.

HOLLY

I will come home with you. We'll
pray together by her side.

He weeps as holly comforts him. She stands, raising him to his feet she puts her arm around his waist as she walks him out through the front door...

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

...In the street are now three cop cars, six cops pointing their guns at them as they exit the pharmacy. In the back ground stand many on lookers behind police tape.

The cops see the subtle of Holly leading the man out - They lower their weapons.

A cop steps forward towards them...

COP

Holly, we'll take him from here.

Holly turns to look at them...

HOLLY

No. I will personally bring him to
you after his daughters funeral.

The cop is taken back by this.

COP

Holly, I must take this man into
cust...

HOLLY

I have spoken! Now leave us.

The cop backs off, he knows better. He turns his attention to the other cops.

COP

Alright... Lets wrap it up guys.

Holly and Trevor walk off down the walk way.

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - ANGEL STATUE - DAY

INSERT: 2 YEARS LATER (HOLLY 18)

Hot clear sunny day.

Holly, looking radiant in a long floral dress. Her long black hair glimmers in the sun light.

She's standing before the Angel statue. Before her, fifty or so young children (boys & girls) sitting on the grass gazing on at Holly as she's reading to them from a children's Bible.

Behind the group of children are Nuns from various orphanage homes. They seated at the many tables that are stacked with all that young children can possibly imagine eating. Cake, ice cream, sweets, cool drinks.

Holly close the book.

HOLLY

(Pleasant loving voice)

...and remember, God loves all his children.

A YOUNG GIRL, five year old, in the front row, stands and walks up to Holly. In her hand she's holding a daisy she picked were she was sitting...

YOUNG GIRL

(Shy)

I love you too Aunty Holly.

Holly kneels to her height, taking the daisy.

HOLLY

And I love you too.

She gives the girl a hug.

The OTHER CHILDREN are quick to scuffle around on the ground looking for daisy's.

Daisy's, grass, weeds - whatever they can pick they run up to Holly...

OTHER CHILDREN

...I also love you Holly.

...Me to.

...Love you Aunty Holly.

Holly is overcome, toppled over, she's laying on the grass smothered by happy giggling children.

She gets to her feet, holding how many young hands that she leads to the treats on the table...

HOLLY

(Cheerful)

...Come along children. Treats and sweets for all.

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY - (LATER)

Holly and Helen hand in hand, Sister Racheal and two other Nuns. They all walking along together on a busy city central walkway. They in good spirit after this mornings picnic and bible reading with the young children in the park.

HOLLY

Well I'm glad we decided to walk home. Burn off all that cake I ate.

NUN #1

Yeah, you ate about a whole cake by yourself.

(Chuckles)

HOLLY

Funny... Least I didn't eat all the ice cream like you did.

Nun #1 smiles at her.

NUN #1

Okay... Okay...

(Chuckles)

HELEN

Well at least the two of you left some for the children.

SISTER RACHEAL

I don't see many of them finishing their supper tonight.

HOLLY

You think!? I remember when we, Helen was their age... Picnic, supper, and she'd still sneak into the kitchen late at night.

HELEN

Yeah... and you'd know this how?
Because you were right behind me.

HOLLY

Ah... what can I say. I always have
your back.
(*Chuckles*)

HELEN

Hay. More cake tomorrow!

HOLLY

Yeah, don't go there.

HELEN

It's your eighteenth. Maybe we can
have champagne with cake? Mmmm...

Walking along. They notice a good many people staring,
watching something on their cell phones.

Helen takes her cell phone out her pocket as she starts to
tap on it...

HELEN

Dammit! My battery just died.
What's everyone looking at?

Holly stops. They all stop. They standing out side a coffee
shop. Holly walks in, the others follow her. The shop is
quiet, but for the sound form the large wall mount T.V that
everyone is watching in dismay. Holly comes to stand before
the T.V - stares at it...

CLOSE IN ON THE T.V: Aerial view from a news channel
helicopter - Miami Beach, collapsed buildings in the wake of
an earthquake. Vehicles backed-up bumper to bumper amongst
the thousands on foot, all trying to escape inland.

T.V REPORTER (O.S)

...measured a 7.4 magnitude. It is
believed the earthquake acured
along the straits of Florida. Some
twenty Kilometer's off the cost...

We see another earthquake WAVE sweep through as shaking
buildings crack and collapse. Palm trees fall. Frantic
people running in the streets.

T.V REPORTER (O.S)

...O my God! Another quake has just erupted...

OFF THE T.V: Coffee shop patrons gasp in horror. Most turn to look at Holly, as if she could do anything about it.

Holly just stands there... Staring, watching in sad horror. Helen by her side, takes her hand in hers as she gives it a squeeze.

ON THE T.V: Camera view pans over the beach as we see the shoreline recedes in about two kilometers. It builds up a back wave of about a kilometer high.

T.V REPORTER (O.S)

O my God! A tsunami... Its size will engulf Miami. May God have mercy on them...

The wave curls up as it breaks and rushes inland...

OFF THE T.V: Coffee shop patrons cringe in horror of what's coming next. Holly standing staring at the T.V. In her back ground a YOUNG LADY calls out in mercy...

YOUNG LADY (O.S)

Holly. Please do something...

Holly's back to us, we see over her shoulder.

ON THE T.V: The massive kilometer high wave closing in on the beach.

YOUNG LADY (O.S)

HOLLY!

Holly raises her arm up to the T.V. The wave is closing in, just about on the beach... Holly opens her hand, palm forward. Like an invisible off shore gale force wind, the wave is pushed back - recedes back into the ocean... Too then settle and calm back to normal.

Holly lowers her arm. Everyone is stunned, speechless. Helen lets go of Holly's hand, to put her arm around her waist. She can feel Holly is as tense as tree stump.

HELEN

Holly...

Holly's body relaxes as she exhales a faint sigh...

HELEN

Come. I'll make you a nice cup of
tea at home.

INT. NEW YORK - CATHOLIC HOME FOR YOUNG GIRLS - NIGHT

Holly's bedroom. Holly asleep. The moon light through the open windows cast on a prim and tidy bedroom of that of a young woman.

The lace curtains give a brief sway to a cold breeze that sweeps in. Out the window, we see dark clouds forming, that soon darken the room.

We feel the present of an evil spirit... THE DEVIL. We hear his dark yet quiet voice...

DEVIL (O.S)

My child... To this hour of this day of the eighteenth year, you are now of age and you shall now serve me, your father and Lord. You were born of my soul and I now possess you.

Holly, slightly restless in bed.

DEVIL (O.S)

What they believe you to be, they will become to hate. Now, you shall turn them against their God and each other.

Holly, more restless in bed - mumbling.

DEVIL (O.S)

Birth named, Holly. Your true name my child is; ATROX. Wake now and serve me.

A cold breeze sways the lace curtains outwards. The night sky clears back to a moonlit room.

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Holly, seated amongst other dignitaries on a make-shift platform before the Angel statue.

A large gathering before them. Some holding banners that read;

- HAPPY 18th HOLLY

- WE LOVE YOU HOLLY
- GODS DAUGHTER TURNS 18
- HAPPY HOLLYMAS DAY

New York MAYOR standing behind a lectern with mic...

MAYOR

Thank you... Thank you all for coming here today to join in wishing Holly a happy eighteenth birthday.

(Turns to Holly)

So. Holly, eighteen now, and no longer a minor - no longer under the guardianship of your father. Although I don't know about that one?

(He chuckles)

Holly. Eighteen years ago, called upon as the child. Your mother, bless her soul, having died giving birth to you. Sister Racheal, your guardian mother named you Holly. A truly noble name for the daughter of God. Holly, we thank you for coming out here today so as we may give thanks and blessing to you for all you have done for us. Not just us here... the world at large. With the thanks we give you, so do we thank our God almighty above that he brought upon the earth his daughter to walk amongst us. Holly a speech if you will. A word of wisdom too no doubt.

(He lightly chuckles)

Holly stands and walks to the lectern. The crowd below are respectfully quiet.

HOLLY

Thank you Mayor. Thank you all. eighteen, spread my wings I shall... leave my nest I shall not. My home remains the Catholic home for young girls.

She turns to look at sister Racheal who in turn gives her a smile and a nod of approval.

HOLLY

Eighteen years on. We stand here before the statue of an Angel,

(MORE)

HOLLY (cont'd)

erected in memory too the events of that day. What happened that day... Most of you still question in silent. Hear me now! That you question no more. That day, was the day the Devil rose to the heavens and took on God. On earth we bore witness to the screams in dark clouds with spilt blood... That of God my father, Jesus my brother, and heavens Angels...

The crowd are in SHOCK SILENCE as they try to comprehend to what they just heard.

HOLLY

...Cries and tears of heavens fallen Angels. All but for ONE.

She briefly turns her head to look at the Angel Statue.

HOLLY

...That day was marked as a new beginning for humanity as God in his dying moment sent down an Angel to bring forth a child of his that shall walk the earth and tell of a new way of life. In both the living and the after life.

A crowd of mixed emotions of shock, sad and fear. Faint whispering amongst most. A MAN is heard shouting out...

MAN (O.S)

After life? No God, no heaven, what of our souls...?

The crowd are now more restless as they get louder... Holly is not impressed by their rude interruption.

HOLLY

SILENT!

The crowd are quick to calm.

HOLLY

You all will not disrespect me when I talk!

You could hear a pin drop amongst the dead silent crowd.

HOLLY

...The descended Angel was the keeper of all heavens souls. Passed onto me. I am now the keeper of heavens souls. Those too, of the righteous that have passed over the last eighteen years. Be righteous, live your life in accordance too God's ten commandments - Obey them... and your soul I shall take. Disobey them... and the Devil your soul he shall take! Take heed to what I tell you now. As did God punish those that disobeyed him! So shall I... and I shall not be as forgiving as the God you could wants pray too. I am the last descendent of God. I am the way forward. And you WILL follow in line!

A THREAT from Holly! The crowd are uneasy - SCARED!

Holly turns and walks off.

INT. CNN NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

Anchor-man behind a studio desk. Seated opposite sides of him is Steven Bayle and Father Seth.

ANCHOR-MAN

...Steven. I'd like to start with you. As you had been saying all along. God is dead. Now told to us by the daughter of God...

STEVEN

(Calm - collective)

...Not the daughter of God!
The Devils daughter!

FATHER SETH

(UPSET)

Ooo... Come-on! If she was the Devils daughter she'd rain Hell and terra on the world...

STEVEN

...And we'd then all be terrified!
We'd fear the Devil we now know.
And with that... we'd miss and love God even more. YES?

FATHER SETH

Yes...

STEVEN

Then the Devil your soul he can not take!

FATHER SETH

Correct! So what's your point?

STEVEN

That it be a real dumb move on the Devils side...

Father Seth frowns in thought.

STEVEN

...Holly's speech is the beginning. The beginning of the Devils plan. She'll turn us against each other. She'll put fear, hate and anger in us. We will curse her for that... We will curse her for who she says she is. And with that, curse God! Your then lost soul the Devil will take. His numbers will rise and he will rise. Father Seth, you'll concur that it is written in the old scripts; He who, GOD or DEVIL that holds majority souls shall walk and rule earth.

FATHER SETH

(Uneasy)

Yes, it's so written.

STEVEN

On earth there has always been greater numbers of christianity, followers of God. Thus, God has always ruled.

SO. Now who rules...? HOLLY?

FATHER SETH

Yes.

STEVEN

Yes... And she carries the souls of heaven, and those that have passed in the last eighteen years.

A troubled look over comes Father Seth's.

FATHER SETH

Those souls she carries are good souls. The Devil cannot take good souls.

STEVEN

Good or bad... They are souls never the less, and Holly owns them. And she can damn well do what she pleases with them!

FATHER SETH

Be that as you say... Then, why does she not now give the Devil all the souls she carry's. She's sure got the numbers!

STEVEN

I believe...? The souls she carry's, are in her soul. Upon her death, the Devil will take her soul. Taking with it, all the souls. And to surmise on your next question... He first needs her to complete her given task. Turn us!

FATHER SETH

If what you say, surmise... Is true? Then all is lost! The Devil will rise...

STEVEN

...and fall! By one man!

EXT. NEW YORK - BROOKLYN - DAY

Low income BLACK suburb, lay three black men in the street.

Two are blood stained - DEAD. The other lightly groaning, bleeding from the stomach.

A few meters from them, stands the WHITE COP that shot them. His bleeding from the shoulder. He has his gun aimed on the angry protesting blacks that have gathered on the side walk.

Amongst them, forefront, stands an athletic build young BLACK MAN wearing baggy jeans and a white vest...

BLACK MAN*(To the cop)*

...You a dead man - Pig. We going
to get you, you racist fuck!

Angry outbursts from other's supporting him.

Two cop cars pull up to a screeching halt in the street,
just behind the white cop. Four cops step out, two per car -
black cop white cop partners. Guns in the ready, aimed.

The crowd has grown.

It's a stand-off.

From behind the cop cars, Holly, dressed in tight dark
jeans, black shoes, black T-shirt, high-rise pony-tail. Evil
has never looked this sexy! Her long black hair sways as she
CALMLY WALKS up to the black men laying in the street.

The crowd are bewildered by her "out of nowhere" arrival.

Cops stand their pose.

Standing over the three laying in the street. She looks at
them, then to the crowd, then to the white cop by her side.

HOLLY*(Turning her head as she
speaks - Calm voice)*

Why are we gathered here in
confrontation?

BLACK MAN*(Pointing)*

This white cop shot three of us
brothers. In cold blood.

The crowd are on the top of their voices in support.

HOLLY

SILENT!!

(She turns to the cops)

Lower your arms.

The crowd quiet down. Cops lower their firearms.

She looks at the cop standing by her side.

WHITE COP

They fired first. I shot back in
defence...

HOLLY

...Thou shall not kill! You have killed, sinned. Upon your passing I'll not take your soul. You are now condemned to Hell!

The cop is SHOCKED to what Holly had just said to him.

WHITE COP

They would have killed me!

HOLLY

Yes... and then your soul I'd have taken.

She looks down to the three laying in the street.

HOLLY

These three too are condemned to Hell!

From the crowd a grieving MOTHER shouts out...

MOTHER

(Referring to the wounded man in the street)

My son is a good boy. He has never killed. Never done any wrong. Why is to be condemned!?

HOLLY

What you speak of your son is true. Yet, he too is condemned for he is BLACK. The mark of the Devil...

(Point to the blacks in the crowd)

...as are all of you. You all were condemned the day you were born. No black has ever gone to heaven. For he has no soul!

The crowd gasp in angry shock to what Holly just said.

The few WHITES amongst the crowd distance themselves from the now agitated muttering BLACKS.

BLACK MAN

(Angry - To Holly)

You and your Gods law... commandments... Messing with our minds. We were better off without you! Why don't you just fuck-off

(MORE)

BLACK MAN (cont'd)
back to where you came from...
BITCH!

HOLLY
(Calm voice)
You dare to speak to me like that!

BLACK MAN
Straight man!

Holly walks up slowly, calmly towards him.

He stand his ground.

A nearby gangster pulls a gun and fires at Holly. The bullet hits her in the forehead.

She stops. We see a small bullet hole with a faint red of blood. She wipes her hand over it, to then reveal NO HOLE and NO BLOOD! She opens her hand to drop the bullet to the ground.

She carry's on walking as she raises her hand to the shooter, and with a flick of her wrist... He fly's up against a nearby complex wall. HITTING IT HARD - his body splats as it slides down in its trail of blood.

The crowd gasp as they move back in FEAR. Leaving the black man standing his ground, alone.

Holly right up before him - in his face, he shows no fear, yet it runs down his face in sweat.

HOLLY
(Calm tone)
BITCH hay... You challenge me by standing your ground. Stand your ground you shall.

She turns to look at the cops then to the crowd.

HOLLY
Any person that touches this man,
shall follow same fate.

She turns and walks off.

Turning off her we see he is "frozen" to a CONCRETE STATUE.

A nearby woman (his wife) screaming and crying as she runs up to him... she throws her arms around him (statue). In that instant she too turns into a statue - now a statue of them, her arms around him.

Utter shock and fear amongst everyone.

FADE OUT:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

VIOLENT PRISON RIOTS BETWEEN WHITE AND BLACK.

CUT TO

A BUSY RESTAURANT. WE SEE ONLY WHITE CLIENTS, WAITRONS, STAFF. AS WE ZOOM OUT THE RESTAURANT TO THE ENTRANCE WE SEE A SIGNBOARD; WHITES ONLY.

CUT TO

A SIGNBOARD ON A CHURCH; WHITES ONLY.

CUT TO:

CITY CENTRE, MAIN STREET. LOOTING AND VIOLENT CLASHING BETWEEN COPS AND THE PUBLIC.

CUT TO:

CENTRAL PARK. THE ANGEL STATUE LAYING ON THE GROUND WITH A THICK CHAIN AROUND ITS NECK.

END SERIES OF SHOTS:

EXT. NEW YORK - CATHOLIC HOME FOR YOUNG GIRLS - DAY

The back yard play ground is quiet, deserted, all but for Holly that's idly sitting in a swing, slow swinging.

In her back ground we see a Nun peering at her through a closed window. Needless to say, the Nuns are scared of Holly.

The sky above ever so lightly turning GREY.

Holly stops swinging.

The sky above now DARK GREY.

Holly comes to stand up straight, head bowed down, arms behind her back.

THE CLOUDS (V.O)

(Deep voice)

Atrox... my child. You have served me well. You have done well to turn them against themselves and their God. Soon my child, I shall stand by your side on earth, and they shall bow down before us.

HOLLY (V.O)

(Fear - respect)

Yes father... MY LORD.

The clouds gradually clear...

FADE OUT:

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - ANGEL STATUE - DAY

A BLACK PRIEST and a WHITE PRIEST stand side by side before the toppled Angel statue.

They are jointly preaching to a scatter of people standing around.

BLACK PRIEST

Brothers...

WHITE PRIEST

Sisters... Black, white, brown. Are we not all born in God's image? Yes! Do we not all pray to the same God? Yes!

BLACK PRIEST

Cut us! Do we not bleed the same blood as did our saviour Jesus Christ did on the cross, dying for the sins of ALL mankind. You and I, we all born in God's image. If the black man was evil? Would God have him in his image... NO! Yet he is. Equal we are in the eyes of God.

The scatted crowd are now attentive as they listen on.

BLACK PRIEST

History... Yes we've had our indifference, injustice. black-on-white, white-on-black. We fought... we fought through it putting our racist stupidity behind us we moved forward together. We congregate together in pray to the same God. Are we now to be divided? No!

WHITE PRIEST

No child of God would walk this earth with such a tongue she says is God's word. And Jesus said; Listen to me for I am the word of God. Jesus walked this earth doing just that... spreading the good word of God. Surely a daughter of God would too. Holly does not! She spreads words of own divine intentions for her father, Satan.

The crowd have now closed in (whites and blacks together) as they move closer to hear the two priests.

BLACK PRIEST

For in Gods word I trust. I shall listen only to his word from the Bible. No more shall I listen to the word of Holly. That I believe not to be the child of God, but the child of the Devil. Who would send such a child but the Devil himself.

The crowd mumbling amongst themselves in agreement with the words spoken by the Priests.

A YOUNG BLACK MAN shouts out...

YOUNG BLACK MAN

If what you say is true, what are we to do?

WHITE PRIEST

We must believe in Gods word... Dead or not, God is a spirit. The holy spirit.

A YOUNG WHITE MAN shouts out...

YOUNG WHITE MAN

What if God is not dead!?

An OLD MAN in the crowd shouts out...

OLD MAN

No. He must surely be dead. For God would never allow this... This that's happening on earth.

BLACK PRIEST

With what is happening, Holly is not to b - - - - -

The black Priest's mouth is talking - but no words come out. He's quick to realise this as he goes into a panic. The crowd stare at him with confusion.

WHITE PRIEST

She mus - - - - -

The white priests mouth is talking - but, he to is now silent. He goes into panic.

The crowd become nervous in fear as they sense this is Holly's doing, and she must be close by.

A BRIGHT BLACK FLASH appears between the two priest, to reveal Holly standing, wearing all black, she auras evil.

The crowd tense in fear to her sudden appearance. They stare at her in silence. Holly turns her head to look at the black priest - who then drops dead.

She turns to look at the white priest - who then drops dead.

She turns to look at the crowd, who are frozen in fear to what's coming next for them too. Yet, it does not. She stares at them with evil eyes...

HOLLY

You stand here and listen to blasphemy... That be your free will! Know it comes with a cost.

She turns looking to her left and right - at the two dead priests.

FADE OUT:

EXT. KENYA - ORPHANAGE - DAY

Father Joseph, casually dressed in shorts and a T-shirt. He's reading a book at a table under a large tree of the orphanage back yard.

In his back ground a Nun approaches with a white man, 50's, grey hair. Having walked up to Father Joseph, he looks up over his reading glasses.

NUN

Father, sorry to bother you, but this man insists he speaks with you. I tried to explai...

FATHER JOSEPH

...Sister Ethel, it's fine. Please, bring us a tray of lemonade.

SISTER ETHEL

Yes father.

See walks off.

Father Joseph stands - they shake hands.

FATHER JOSEPH

(Pleasant voice)

Mr Bayle... Please, have a seat.

They both seat.

STEVEN

(Respectful)

Father. Apologies for coming unannounced. You a difficult man to track down.

FATHER JOSEPH

Seemingly not. Joseph! Just Joseph will do.

STEVEN

Right. Joseph.

FATHER JOSEPH

So... Steven. You've travelled the world. What brings you to Kenya?

STEVEN

You Father. Joseph. And the collapse of christianity - our world as we knew it.

FATHER JOSEPH

ME?

STEVEN

Yes. You Father Joseph. You have not finished Gods work... The path he set you on.

FATHER JOSEPH

And you'd know this how? Wait. you've spoken with master Jonathan.

STEVEN

Yes. Jonathan told me all of what you had told him, and what you had gone through... Of all, he tells me God blinded you? If I may ask, why?

FATHER JOSEPH

Those that entered the dome were blinded. I was already blind. It's what protected me.

STEVEN

Protected you?

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes. The Devil. Even an Angel of... is very powerful. The Angels eyes was the Devil looking through. I, as a messenger of God - to have looked the Angel in his eyes would more than have just blinded me. It would have killed me. My sight returned wants the Angel had left.

STEVEN

Jesus... All you been through! But, please, complete Gods work as he has asked of you.

FATHER JOSEPH

I am.

STEVEN

Yes. You've done much. Yet, now you do nothing!

FATHER JOSEPH

The path is long.

STEVEN

LONG! It's been eighteen years...

FATHER JOSEPH

...2020 Years actually.

STEVEN

Joseph! The Devil is coming...
He'll walk this earth. He's to be
stopped before he rises!

FATHER JOSEPH

Rise he did, eighteen years ago...
And will again! Walk the earth we
most stop!

STEVEN

He will rise again?

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes... It will be his rise and
fall. ONE will stand and take him
down.

STEVEN

Yes father. You are the chosen one.
But how will you...

FATHER JOSEPH

...It will not be me. I'm not the
one. It will be Holly.

Steven. Speechless, wide eyed he just stares at Father Joseph.

EXT. ENGLAND - LONDON - DAY

Central London. Dark clouds pour down HEAVY RAIN.

The bustle of people on walkways under their umbrellas.

The busy streets of slow moving vehicles... Bumper to bumper.

Out of nowhere we hear a SMASH.

We see Holly standing on a smashed / dented bonnet of a taxi cab. Behind it, cars tail ending into each other on the wet road.

The traffic now at a dead halt.

Drivers and passengers have stepped out. All looking onto Holly standing on the dented bonnet of the taxi cab, dressed in a long black over coat. Her long black hair wet over her face that she wipes back as she walks up on top of the taxi cabs roof.

AUTHORITY written all over her.

There's silence. All but for the sound of the heavy rain and a nearby a car alarm.

Holly swiftly turns to look at this car - It's alarm stops at once.

She slowly looks back forward as she wipes her wet hair out of her face to reveal a Holly we have not seen before - TRUE EVIL.

HOLLY

(Loud deep voice)

Now... You call me the Devils child.

Silence. But, for the heavy rain beating down on vehicles.

She turns her head round looking at everyone. The fear in everyone...

HOLLY

Took you all long enough to figure that out. The gullible, naive humans you are. Blind to what is before you... you see and hear only what is told upon you. So blinded by your pathetic faith. Now! Know that what you see and hear before you is real. Know that I am the Devils daughter and here forth you shall obey my rule as it is that of my fathers.

An angry WOMAN shouts out from the crowd.

WOMAN (O.S)

I will not obey you. My soul I giv...

Holly SWIFTLY TURNS to STARE at her - She drops dead. Those around her jolt in shock and are quick to move away...

HOLLY

(Staring at her, dead on the ground)

The Devil your soul has taken.

(She turns back looking at everyone)

Six Days from today. Easter Monday.
As did your Jesus rise... so shall
my father, Satan. He will then walk
and rule this world. And you all
shall worship and obey his rule. Or
feel his wrath.

As sudden as what Holly had appeared. She vanishes.

INT. KENYA - ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

Father Joseph standing in an office, on the telephone.

TELEPHONE (V.O)

(African woman's voice)

Sun International, Kenya. How may I
assist you?

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes, evening. A Mr Steven Bayle
booked in some time ago. Has he
booked out?

TELEPHONE (V.O)

No Sir. Would you like me to put
this call through to his room?

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes, please.

STEVEN (O.S)

(Answers the phone)

Steven.

A T.V in his back ground shows Holly on the roof of the taxi
cab in London.

FATHER JOSEPH

Steven. Joseph here.

STEVEN (O.S)

JOSEPH! You calling regarding
what's just happened? Right?

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes. Say, how did you travel to Kenya?

STEVEN (O.S)

My private jet of course.

(BEAT)

--Is it time?

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes. Jerusalem, Easter Monday. The Pope's annual public Easter pray.

STEVEN (O.S)

Father. After what's just happened I doubt very much the Pope will ever surface again. Least of all hold a public pray!

FATHER JOSEPH

It's on. I just got off the phone with him, and he....

STEVEN (O.S)

...You just got off the phone with the Pope! The one in Rome? Wears that big purple band and cross around his neck... THAT ONE?

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes. That one. What... you think I've been on this path for eighteen years by myself.

STEVEN (O.S)

Well I'll be damned!

(BEAT)

FATHER JOSEPH

Steven...?

STEVEN

Sorry... Yes, we'll leave as soon as you get here.

EXT. JERUSALEM - NOON.

INSERT: EASTER MONDAY.

A remote part of Jerusalem. An historic church leads out to an open public court yard. A news crew guy stepping away from a make shift platform with a mic stand.

News camera's on the out skirts of the court yard.

In the court yard, stand a large crowd. Men, woman and children. The crowd mumbling amongst themselves as they stare at the empty platform.

The mumbling comes to an abrupt silence as we see an elder, 80's, dressed in religious attire (The Pope) step out the church assisted by a young white Priest and Father Joseph.

They seat the Pope. As does the young white Priest sit down next to him.

The crowd bowe their heads in respect to the Pope's waver of his hand.

Father Joseph, dressed in black pants and a dark blue shirt. NO PRIEST COLLAR. He walks up to and stands before the mic.

There is SADNESS in his eyes - the crowd see this.

Confusion dawns upon the crowd. Seeing controversial, out casted Father Joseph with the Pope? This, after eighteen years!

FATHER JOSEPH

(Over the mic)

My name is Joseph James Malata.
 In my home village of Kenya I'm
 known as Father Joseph, a title
 bestowed upon me by the people of
 my village. Forsaken at birth, I
 was raised in a catholic home for
 orphans. It is there that I met my
 best friend. A true friend, that no
 matter what or how hard it was...
 how hard I fell... he has always
 there to pick me up. Of cause no
 one ever saw this imaginary friend
 of mine. Teased and beaten by
 fellow orphans. Spanked many a time
 by the Nuns for talking to myself.
 Sister Ruth would always shout at
 me; You silly stupid boy talking to
 an imaginary friend! Why don't you
 rather speak to God.

I will never forget the day I said
 to my friend; Why don't you show

(MORE)

FATHER JOSEPH (cont'd)
 yourself and save me the beatings.
 His reply to me; Show myself. So
 that they may believe in my
 existence? Did I not show myself
 when I walked this earth over two
 thousand years ago, only to be
 stone and crucified! NO... as you
 believe in me, so must they.

The crowd are silent, listening. Most with self-shame on
 their face.

FATHER JOSEPH

Yes... God is dead! But not
 forsaken - he lives in all of us.
 God is divine in spirit, that can
 not die. Heaven and all its pure
 souls, they too are a spiritual
 place. It cannot be destroyed.
 Taken? Yes! Holly holds heaven and
 its souls captive, in her... Those
 of the past eighteen years too.

The crowd are quiet... Captivated in his words.

FATHER JOSEPH

We here, the world watching,
 listening on a radio. Let us all
 join in hand, take the hand of the
 person beside you. I shall share
 with you a vision of Gods death.
 Close your eyes... clear your
 mind... and you shall see.

Like falling domino's the crowd take each other in hand as
 they bowe their heads...

FADE TO:

**TIME SQUARE. A CROWD WATCHING A LARGE OUT-DOOR SCREEN.
 EVERYONE'S TAKEN EACH OTHER IN HAND.**

FADE TO:

**A FAMILY IN THERE LOUNGE BEFORE THE TV. HUSBAND, WIFE AND
 TWO YOUNG CHILDREN SEATED ON THE COUCH HOLDING HANDS.**

FADE TO:

A SHEPHERD IN THE FIELD, RADIO IN ONE HAND HE LOOKS AROUND HIM AND GOES TO SIT NEXT TO A GOAT, PUTTING HIS ARM AROUND IT.

FADE TO:

NEW YORK, TIME SQUARE. PEOPLE STANDING AROUND, OUTSIDE THERE CARS / CABS. WE HEAR THE ECHO OF ALL THE VEHICLE RADIOS AS PASSENGERS THE TAXI DRIVERS TAKE EACH OTHER'S HANDS.

FADE TO:

EXT. HEAVEN - DAY.

SPOKEN OVER BELOW SCENE: FATHER JOSEPH SPEAKS THE PRAY; As I walk through the valley of death I shall fear no evil...

Heaven, a misty white haze fades out to reveal an open air large magnificent temple with tall marvelled pillars - white granite floor. Jesus kneeled, with his dying father in his arms. Standing in circle around Jesus are weeping Angels of all gender and age, their splendour white feathered wings dropped by their side...

In Jesus's arms - God's body slumps as he dies... To then fade away.

Weeping Angel - Tears fall like rain drops from the heavens - Gentle rain drops on our face...

FADE OUT:

EXT. JERUSALEM - CONTINUOUS

The silent crowd holding hands, heads bowed down.

FATHER JOSEPH (O.S)

Amen.

The crowd lift their heads as they let go of each other's hands.

CROWD

Amen.

Father Joseph lifts his head to see Holly standing in the crowd, STARING at him with her sparkling black eyes and sinister grin like smile.

Dressed in black heels, black tights, black shirt and black jumper. Her long black hair glimmering in the sunlight.

Father Joseph shows no fear. He expected her arrival. It's why he's here.

HOLLY

(Loud. Yet calm voice)

You pray to a dead God?

The crowd turn to the voice. They gasp in fear to seeing her. Those near her move back, forming a circle around her.

FATHER JOSEPH

...A God not forsaken.

HOLLY

You'd be the wiser to forsake him... My father, the Devil is on his way. The souls I carry I shall give to him, setting him free to walk and rule this world.

FATHER JOSEPH

You enter... walk on this Holy land of Jerusalem?

HOLLY

Yes. I am born of this earth.

FATHER JOSEPH

Your powers will not work here on Holy land.

Amongst the crowd, behind Holly, stands a young man.

Father Joseph sees him looking at Holly with angry eyes as he slowly pulls out a knife...

FATHER JOSEPH

(Loud - Stern voice)

Young man! Put away that knife. You will both go to Hell... Holly will return. You will not!

Holly, not fazed, she does not even bother looking over her shoulder at him.

He drops the knife to the ground.

We see the clear sky start forming THICK light grey CLOUDS.

HOLLY

Joseph. Father Joseph... A shepherd leads and looks over, protects his flock. Yet, here you put them in harm's way.

FATHER JOSEPH

The lord is my shepherd. There's too.

HOLLY

You humans, and your our father how art in heaven... Jesus the son of God...

FATHER JOSEPH

...And what of your father? Holly. You, as did Jesus, have a spiritual father. You both born of this world, from the womb of your human mother. Jesus was human, born of mother Mary. You... born of mother May.

HOLLY

(Raised voice)

I am not human! This is but a vessel.

FATHER JOSEPH

Vessel? Yet you bleed the blood your heart pumps. You have a soul. You are human... You born in Gods image. You'll denounce your mother, May, that lovingly carried you for nine months to die giving birth to you? You'll deny the love you have for the Nuns that raised you? You'll deny your love and care for your best friend Helen? You'll deny your love for all of us - as we have for you!

HOLLY

(Antagonised)

I am no more Holly. My name is Atrox, I am the Devils daughter.

FATHER JOSEPH

You are the daughter of MAY. This father you speak of... what has he
(MORE)

FATHER JOSEPH (cont'd)
 done for you? That we have not done
 for you. We, the Nuns, raised you
 as our own. That that you are. Not
 this father of yours. Brought up in
 a Catholic school, YOU found
 christianity. Nothing forced upon
 you. YOU accepted God into your
 life. YOU gave your soul to him...
 Your soul, that no God, good or
 evil can take from you. It's yours
 to give.

HOLLY

(Confused)

You... you know not what you talk
 of. Born in sin I am evil.

FATHER JOSEPH

We are all born in sin. Through God
 and the death of Jesus Christ, our
 sins are forgiven in pray. As are
 yours through our pray.

HOLLY

A child shall obey his father! My
 father will rise and I must obey
 him and follow in his way. It is
 who I am.

FATHER JOSEPH

NO Holly... It is not who you are.
 You choose. FREE WILL.

Confusion is written all over Holly... She's uneasy to what
 he's saying of her.

HOLLY

Why do you try to change who I am.

FATHER JOSEPH

Because we love you!

HOLLY

LOVE ME? Of all I've done! How can
 you love me, how can anyone love
 me.

Standing near Holly, to her side, is a LITTLE GIRL (five
 Year old). She let's go of her mother's hand as she slowly
 walks towards Holly...

Holly sees her approach through the side of her eye.

Holly just stands there. Nervous, afraid almost.

The little girl now standing by Holly's side. She stares forward as she feels around Holly's waist, finding her arm, then her hand.

She takes her hand in hers, then smiles.

LITTLE GIRL

(Loving voice)

I love you aunty Holly.

Holly looks down at her.

Lightly gently shaking her arm to free her hand.

The little girl holds tighter.

LITTLE GIRL

My mommy says you an Angel.

Holly shakes her arm again - the little girl holds-on.

We see a faint tear run down Holly's cheek.

The little girl's mother calmly, nervously, approaches taking her daughter in hand to walk her away. Little girl hesitantly lets go as her fingers loose grip of Holly's hand.

Holly sadly gazes at her. Then up to the mother...

HOLLY

She is blind?

The mother stops, turns to look at Holly...

MOTHER

(PROUD)

Yes! It is a blessing that she cannot see. Not see the evil upon us. That she hears only talk of good and laughter of other children. Her name is Iiex, It's latin for...

HOLLY

(A tear runs down her cheek)

...I know. Holly.

The mother turns and walks on.

The clouds above start to thicken as it DARKENS.

Holly looks up to the darkening clouds. Then to Father Joseph with a sad look. A tear in her eye.

HOLLY

(Regretful sad voice)

He is arriving...

Every one now looking up to the sky in slight fear.

FATHER JOSEPH

(To the crowd)

Fear not. In the sky he can dwell.
Here on this Holy land he cannot
walk.

HOLLY

No Father... you are wrong. He has
come to take me. For I have what he
needs to walk and rule this world.
I carry the many souls of heaven.
Then not even Holy land can stop
him.

The crowd are very uneasy, afraid. A dark deep voice is heard from above in a dark cloud...

THE DARK CLOUD - DEVIL

My child, your time has come to
stand and rule by my side. Those
souls you carry, give them to me.

Holly just stands there, head hung down in sorrow.

The crowd are silent as they stare at her...

DEVIL (O.S)

Come my child. It's time to leave
these mortals. They have served you
well.

Holly raises her head and looks up to the dark cloud... Sad anger in her eyes.

HOLLY

They did not serve me...
THEY LOVED ME!

The now black clouds erupt with THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

DEVIL (O.S)

You dare speak to me like that!

Holly drops to her knees, head bowed down.

HOLLY

(Sad, remorseful)

In God's name... Jesus. Forgive me
for my sins. Forgive me for this
sin I'm about to commit.

Holly picks up the knife laying on the ground next to her.

Black clouds erupting with ANGRY THUNDER and lightning.

HOLLY

...I give to you my soul. Take it,
that I may not return here. The
souls I carry I give to you.

DEVIL (O.S)

NO!

Knife in hand she looks up to Father Joseph with a sad
smile...

A tear runs down her cheek.

He looks at her with a comforting sad smile.

FATHER JOSEPH

It's all right my child...

DEVIL (O.S)

THOSE SOULS ARE MINE!
GIVE THEM TO ME!

The Devil's cries fall on deaf ears of the crowd as they
stare at Holly. Absorbed by her actions... has Holly turned?

With both hands Holly places the knife under her chest.

She looks up to the Devil. A slight grin on her face...

HOLLY

(Calm)

GO TO HELL!

She pushes the knife hard - deep into her.

Her anguish exhale is silently deafening over the Devils
screams.

Still kneeled, her back arcs as her head slowly drops down - DEAD.

The crowd look on at Holly in sad silence, as the dark sky and black cloud erupt in thunder and lightning with the devils angry screams.

The ground starts to lightly rumble.

The clouds clear to a light grey. A thick BLACK RING forms, that shoots DOWN to the ground a few kilometers away...

The ground stops rumbling.

The clouds dissipate to a now clear blue sky.

A faint white light appears around Holly. Holly's body glows.

We see billions of souls leaving Holly's body, going up to the sky.

Every one looking on in tranquil peace to knowing what they see. The souls freed. The light around Holly fades away, revealing Holly still kneeled, head hung down.

From high above in the clear blue sky - a misty white light appears... Its ray of warmth upon our face.

From the LIGHT...

LIGHT (JESUS)

(Warm voice)

I am the son of God, Jesus Christ.
From the Devils shackles I have
been freed... as has heaven. All is
now as it was. As it is written;
The soul of one that carry's many,
will be set free by one. A man who
feared only God...

Father Joseph, his head bowed down. He raises it to look up to the light / voice.

LIGHT - JESUS (O.S)

...Joseph. I was there upon my
Father's passing, his words to
you... he asked so much of you -
that you gave for his love.

A faint white light re-appears around dead Holly.

LIGHT - JESUS (O.S)

...Holly. Born in Gods image. You
may not take your own life. For
(MORE)

LIGHT - JESUS (O.S) (cont'd)
 this sin, heaven will not forth
 come. Sacrifice your life for the
 souls of many, and after life in
 heaven shall forth come. Come my
 child...

We see Holly's soul leave her body... rising up to the light
 that then fades away.

A clear blue sky.

From the crowd, four men, including the young man that
 wanted to stab Holly. They ever so gently pick up Holly's
 lifeless body...

The crowd bowe their heads as they step aside to the men
 carrying her off into the church.

FADE OUT:

INT. KENYA - VILLAGE CHURCH - DAY

INSERT: A FEW YEARS ON....

Father Joseph, 50's, grey side burns, sitting front row of
 his church peacefully reading his Bible.

In the back of the church - children run around, joyful in
 play.

HOPE, 5, African, she comes running up to him, sits by his
 side and gives him a loving hug around his waist.

She looks up at him with a sad smile...

HOPE

DADDY. Is God really dead?

He looks down to her with a warm smile.

FATHER JOSEPH

Ooo.... my little one. Love never
 dies.

FADE TO BLUE SKY.

- THE END -