

Untitled

written by

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Judgment ver. 2

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INT. TV SCREEN - DAY

Tight focus on newscaster on TV screen.

We open in the middle of the broadcast.

NEWSCASTER

... the bill would change the dynamic of many private businesses within the city limits. And in other news... wait, we have breaking news. Police have been called to the Midland neighborhood, there are police units, with SWAT and helicopter support and we have word that the FBI has just shown up. Early reports suggest this might be the end of a manhunt for the serial killer known as the Sacramento butcher.

Stock footage police helicopter over house shining light.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

I'm being told we have a reporter on scene, and we're going to go live to...

Smash cut to.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

LOREN ANDERSON - 30ish, though he seems younger, his bearing belies his inexperience. He's dressed uncomfortably in a polo shirt and slacks, he tugs at the neck of the shirt as he longs for the safety of the uniform. He stands next to his partner in a dark porch, uncertain of what to expect.

Next to him is his partner, Avery Blankenship. He is older, early fifties, owns the room, and swaggers even as he stands.

Both men are guns drawn, leaned against the wall beside the door. He is street smart and hardened. They seem to be waiting for some signal as they wait.

ANDERSON

Why are we waiting, what is the issue? Is there a problem?

BLANKENSHIP

Fuck if I know. You got this, kid?

ANDERSON

Yeah, just my luck my first case will be the Sacramento butcher.

BLANKENSHIP

Yeah, I heard that.

Just then two men approach, moving cautiously, guns also drawn and slide up beside them.

Gabriel Lewis enters first, he is mid-thirties and looks exhausted. Gabriel's dressed in sweats and a tee shirt, with sandals and an FBI jacket thrown on over them. Gabriel stares intently at everything with hawkish eyes and seems to stare through you unsettlingly. The demeanor is calm but determined.

Gabriel is followed by Jesse Moore, who is dressed in a professional shirt, slacks, and an FBI flak jacket. Moore is all business, intense and tight. Moore walks in like God almighty and doesn't seem like the kind of person who has a sense of humor.

LEWIS

You the locals?

BLANKENSHIP

Yeah, we've been waiting for fucking ever...

Lewis makes no eye contact and cuts Blankenship off mid sentence

LEWIS

Yeah, have you been inside?

Blankenship bristles at being brushed off.

BLANKENSHIP

Do we look like we been inside?

LEWIS

Yeah, sorry, you ready? This dude
is bad news.

MOORE

A nutbag.

LEWIS

Yeah, I think that's the technical
term.

Moore flips the bird and sighs. Lewis gives the vaguest hint
of a smile.

MOORE

You'll have to excuse my partner.
He just got off a plane.

ANDERSON

Oh? Where were you?

LEWIS

Hell.

There is an awkward silence that hangs in the air like a
fetid fog until Blankenship speaks.

BLANKENSHIP

So, we doing this?

Lewis looks at Moore who nods.

LEWIS

Yeah, fuck it. Hoka Hey.

Anderson starts to speak but Blankenship cuts him off.

BLANKENSHIP

Lead the way.

Blankenship nods and turns the door handle from beside the
door frame. The door swings open easily and the officers nod
to one another.

BLANKENSHIP (CONT'D)

On three.

He mouths the rest of the conversation and on three he leaps
out and points his weapon in the door.

BLANKENSHIP (CONT'D)

Police! Coming in!

He moves in followed by Lewis, Moore and Anderson.

The men do a room by room search for combatants. As they move through the rooms, a breeze seems to follow them, gently stirring things in the house that the police do not notice, as if an invisible assailant is stalking them

They make a short jaunt through the house, a picture tips onto the floor under an unseen hand, a rocking chair moves on its own, and a mobile moves as if someone has walked past it, a picture frame finally clatters to the floor and shatters. None of the group seem to notice until the frame breaks audibly.

All the doors are open and they look into all the rooms, declaring them clear. At the end of the hall, one door is closed and there is a bloody hand print on and around the knob.

LEWIS

Well, I think we have a winner.

Moore chuckles mirthlessly and eyes the local cops. Moore nods to Lewis who, without warning throws open the door. Blankenship and Anderson both react sharply, raising their guns in expectation of an attack that does not come. Lewis enters the room without securing it.

BLANKENSHIP

What the fuck man... The killer could be in there.

LEWIS

Apparently not.

BLANKENSHIP

Are you crazy?

MOORE

I've been with Lewis on and off for about 5 years. And yes. He is. But I can vouch that he's really good at this.

BLANKENSHIP

And who the fuck are you?

Lewis steps into the room and looks around.

LEWIS

Oh my, Yeah, it's Harold. So no gunfire.

ANDERSON

How can you be so sure?

LEWIS

Because Harold is strictly a knife man.

INT. THE ROOM - NIGHT

We get our first look at the room, it is a riot of chaos. In the center of the room, is a mattress saturated with blood and surrounded by a circle made of salt, candles, ritual goods, and a large, wicked-looking knife. There is no body in evidence, but blood streaks the walls, which are covered with arcane symbols in both black soot and deep, blood red.

All of the officers react as they step into the room, covering their noses and making disgusted noises. Anderson leaves the room and we hear him vomit in the hallway.

BLANKENSHIP

What the fuck is that?

LEWIS

Roses. It smells like Roses.

Moore and Lewis exchange a worried look.

MOORE

Do you think he???

LEWIS

I thought you were the skeptic?

Moore takes a deep breath and nods. Control settles on him. Anderson however is in the corner of the room, vomiting.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Blankenship, check your partner. Moore, can you keep them occupied while I work?

BLANKENSHIP

I don't need a babysitter.

LEWIS

We'll see.

Lewis moves to the edges of the room and begins to look at the symbols. He snaps some pictures and twiddles with his camera. He talks to himself.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Oh my god, Lewis, you're mixing your metaphors.

(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)

We have some Qabbalah, some Hermetic, What the hell, Hindi? Hey Moore, I think our boy got a library card. He's been reading.

MOORE

Does any of it make sense?

LEWIS

It's Harold, what do you think?

Blankenship escorts Anderson back into the room.

ANDERSON

Sorry, that smell and...

BLANKENSHIP

It's ok, kid, happens to the best of us...

MOORE

Yeah, you should try being Lewis's partner. It's there is a decaying body in the city, he'll find it.

Anderson smiles at the other's kindness.

ANDERSON

I'm fine, really, just caught me off guard.

MOORE

Got me the first time, too. I think it was St. Louis. Someone murdered a priest and we caught it. I almost died from the smell of flowers, those are the sign of a miracle. There were like 500 people outside, they thought God had killed the murderer.

BLANKENSHIP

Would have been nice for God to finally join the party.

ANDERSON

What do you mean?

BLANKENSHIP

Seems to me that asshole is never around when you need him.

ANDERSON

I believe in god.

BLANKENSHIP

No offense kid, but give it time.

ANDERSON

What does that mean?

BLANKENSHIP

I'm just saying the world is full of shit. Rape, murder, cancer. Kids tortured to death. If God exists and has a plan, it's a really shitty one.

ANDERSON

That seems terribly cynical.

BLANKENSHIP

It's real convenient that if the Cowboys win, that's God, but if a kid gets cancer, that's on us.

MOORE

I gotta say I'm with Blankenship on this one. I've seen some shit but never anything I didn't think we could explain. I've never seen a ghost or a demon. And Lewis is brilliant, don't get me wrong, but he's also bug fuck...

ANDERSON

Maybe you guys just got god all wrong.

Lewis speaks loudly and abruptly.

LEWIS

Shit!

BLANKENSHIP

Jesus! You scared the hell out of me! What?

LEWIS

I found it, I found the Sigil. I think he fucking did it. He finally summoned it.

MOORE

Come on Lewis.

Just then the closet door slams open and Harold rolls out. His eyes are swollen shut and blood drips from them like sanguine tears. He laughs maniacally and then screams.

HAROLD

Close the door! Close the fucking door, it will get in!

LEWIS

What?

HAROLD

It's beautiful and terrible, fire and honey, Death and bliss! Close the fucking door!

Something suddenly clicks in Lewis's head and as it does, a sound begins, at first small and indistinct but rapidly it grows, the sound of a freight train and the prayers of the righteous and the hooves of a thousand horses.

The men grab their ears, Lewis powers through it and slams the door, throwing his body against it. Something impacts the other side of the door, so hard that Lewis almost loses his feet. The noise crescendos and Lewis holds fast, gripping his ears and leaning with all his weight into the door.

Then, abruptly, it stops, silence fills the room and the door stops buckling. We can see now that on the back is a symbolic circle. Lewis inspects it. He turns on Harold and goes over to him, grabbing him by his lapels and dragging him up.

LEWIS

What the fuck have you done, you son of a bitch.

Harold laughs again and doesn't resist the manhandling.

HAROLD

Gabriel before me. Raphael behind me, Michael to my left, and Uriel to my right!

LEWIS

You fucking bastard.

ANDERSON

What the fuck was that?

LEWIS

An angel. A pissed-off angel.

BLANKENSHIP

Bullshit.

MOORE

You're shitting me.

LEWIS

I have never lied to you, Moore,
You just chose not to believe.

They all look at one another as Harold lays on the floor,
cackling.

HAROLD

And rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest and now stood
near. To the East with Praise, he
turned and on his sight, the angel
burned.

LEWIS

I will fucking end you.

HAROLD

You should have seen it, Lewis. It
was the beauty of death and the
sweetness of life and perdition
burned in its eyes.

BLANKENSHIP

Looks like it fucks up your eyes,
too.

HAROLD

Once you have seen something so
magnificent, there is nothing left
to see. So, a small price.

LEWIS

What angel did you summon, Harold?

HAROLD

You're the expert. Can't you even
read a sigil?

LEWIS

Oh, fuck.

Lewis walks back to the wall. He looks at a particular sigil
for a long moment and then twiddles with his phone.

Anderson is sitting and weeping in the corner, Blankenship
goes to him and leans down, putting a hand on his shoulder.

BLANKENSHIP

So why does it matter what angel it
is?

LEWIS

Some are better than others. Like Gabriel, Friend of man, Gabriel would be helpful...

BLANKENSHIP

Play a little trumpet.

(Beat)

Anderson, it's ok.

HAROLD

Kind words from so violent a man.

BLANKENSHIP

Shut the fuck up or I will kill you.

HAROLD

Go ahead. I'm really just savoring the end.

BLANKENSHIP

You gonna make it, kid? You can still go outside.

ANDERSON

I just want to see my family.

Anderson is edging on panic. Moore comes over and leans down.

MOORE

Lewis is a fruit loop, ok, but he is also the most competent officer I have ever met and he has forgotten more about this kinda crap than most people even suspect exists so we are going to get out of here. You just relax.

Anderson nods and stands.

BLANKENSHIP

Do you believe this shit?

Moore shrugs.

MOORE

I've seen some weird shit... but.

LEWIS

What we believe is unimportant. It's what dipshit here believes and Harold is dyed in the wool, aren't you?

(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)

But You would not believe the
fucked up shit I've seen and
believe in.

BLANKENSHIP

Well, I call Bullshit. There ain't
no fucking things as an angel or
god for that matter.

As these words escape Blankenship's lips, the angel in the
hall begins slamming against the door again. It buckles but
holds. Anderson begins to silently cry.

ANDERSON

It's going to get in.

LEWIS

No, the ward is holding.
Blankenship, can you keep your
blasphemy to a minimum.

HAROLD

Yeah, I think it hates you almost
as much as it does me.

BLANKENSHIP

Well, now that I'm getting to know
you, I can see why it hates you.

HAROLD

I can smell your sin, Blankenship.
You're a violent person. Everyone
knows it. How you're suspects are
always injured, have any of them
died yet?

BLANKENSHIP

Fuck you. I'll kill you...

Lewis moves between them as Blankenship lunges at Harold.

LEWIS

He's the only reason the angel is
here and not out murdering
civilians. It's pissed at him in
particular. We need him.

Blankenship leans back and glares at Harold.

BLANKENSHIP

When we get out of here...

HAROLD

So much faith in a man you just met. There is no escape. You will be judged and believe me, Blankenship, I smell you. You will be found wanting.

BLANKENSHIP

Can you shut him the hell up?

Anderson's head is bowed, eye closed and he is whispering.

ANDERSON

... now and at the hour of our death.

Anderson calms and stands.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

So, how do we get out of here?

HAROLD

What are you worried about, kid. You smell like a rose.

Anderson looks confused.

MOORE

So now what? How do we get out?

LEWIS

What, Moore, are you thinking about a conversation?

MOORE

You know me. Eternal skeptic. The world is what it is, Lewis. Its blood and bone and dirt. You're the one who sees them.

LEWIS

Give me some time to consider our options.

BLANKENSHIP

Well, you need to hurry, because you're friend Harold is bleeding out.

Lewis goes back to the sigil. He looks at his phone and hits a button, and scans for a second.

Anderson moves to find a cloth and staunch Harold's bleeding.

ANDERSON

So, what is it? I mean, is it an angel?

Lewis sighs heavily and they all turn to him.

LEWIS

It's Michael.

The words are full of a futile dread. He has whispered the name of the apocalypse.

ANDERSON

Wait, I thought he was one of the good guys.

LEWIS

Depends on which side of the street you catch him on.

ANDERSON

I don't understand.

LEWIS

Angels have a resonance. A word they are bound to. It's what they are, their essence.

MOORE

Oh, like that time we found that amulet in Detroit. The minister was fake healing people with it and getting rich. Raphael's key.

LEWIS

Exactly. Raphael is the Archangel of healing. So they, their relics, everything about them is that resonance. And once they are here, if not on a mission from God...

HAROLD

Fire and forget missiles. They go out and they do their thing.

BLANKENSHIP

And what is Michaels... what did you call it? Resonance?

HAROLD

Judgment. A reckoning for the wicked, God's executioner, General of the Armies of heaven, Destroyer of the unclean...

BLANKENSHIP

That doesn't sound good.

HAROLD

You asked.

ANDERSON

Why? Why would you summon a thing like that?

HAROLD

Ask your partner. I see the world too, Blankenship, in the full HD, you see it in. What's to save?

ANDERSON

The world is beautiful, Harold. The sun rises and it sets, children laugh, and lovers kiss. There's still music and dancing and warm summer nights and cold beer. Life is a gift.

MOORE

But doesn't it seem more and more that those things are the stolen moments in between? We live in an extinction event, racing toward irreversible climate change, inflation, violence, and insurrection. All of the news seems bad these days.

BLANKENSHIP

You sound like me.

MOORE

I'm a realist.

LEWIS

You're a skeptic. You don't even know what you don't believe in. You won't see the real darkness.

HAROLD

Not like you, hun, Lewis. How's Lauren?

Lewis flashes anger at Harold and wheels on him, pulling his gun and pushing it against Harold's head. Moore and Blankenship grab Lewis and pull him away, Moore takes his gun.

BLANKENSHIP

We need him now. Once we're out of this, I'll get you ten minutes in the shower and the guards will look away.

HAROLD

My, Blankenship, you spent some time thinking about that. Is this not the first time...

BLANKENSHIP

You can smell me? Then you know I can hurt you without killing you.

HAROLD

Ooo, you're turning me on.

MOORE

Ok, stop.

HAROLD

Yeah, stop, I want to talk about Lauren.

LEWIS

Fuck you.

HAROLD

They have a right to know. They're about to die for your white whale crusade against me. I mean, stopping me is your Cause de Vivre, isn't it? They deserve to know. And if you don't tell them, I will, in excruciating detail.

BLANKENSHIP

Whatever it is just tell us. Maybe it'll shut him up.

Lewis stares mutely at the wall.

MOORE

Lauren was his wife. She was great. Pretty, smart. I was totally jealous.

BLANKENSHIP

What happened.

LEWIS

Cancer. Terminal. But I had faith. I'd read all the books.

(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I prayed at her bedside day and night, formed prayer circles, went to church...

ANDERSON

And she died? I'm so sorry.

LEWIS

No, it worked.

MOORE

She went into remission. The doctors said cancer just does that sometimes.

LEWIS

But it was a miracle. I could feel it.

HAROLD

Did you see an angel?

Harold laughs harshly at his own joke.

LEWIS

I took her home. I took some time off work, and we just puttered. It was perfect.

MOORE

You don't have to do this.

LEWIS

Yeah, I do.

(beat)

It was our anniversary and two weeks of her good health. Dinner at our favorite place. She forgot her purse so she went back to the car. Hit and run. She was still alive when I got there, I was ordering our drinks when the cops came in...

ANDERSON

I am so sorry.

LEWIS

I believe in God, I just think he's a prick. Why give us a miracle and then...

ANDERSON

Maybe you got two extra weeks.

LEWIS

It wasn't enough.

HAROLD

And the best part is he's still paying the Chemo bills. I mean, talk about a monthly reminder. And that's your sin, isn't it Lewis, the reason it will never let you out of this room. Your hubris. Who are you to get to be ungrateful?

Lewis is silent. Then he turns to Moore, annoyed.

LEWIS

Well, what about you? You've seen signs and wonders and still, you don't believe.

MOORE

I've never seen anything that couldn't be explained.

ANDERSON

What about that thing outside?

MOORE

Mass hallucination? Gas leak making us high. Some electrical phenomena or some kids with a good PA system trying to scare the shit out of us?

HAROLD

Then why don't you take a peekie poo there, Moore?

MOORE

Jesus, Harold. Do you have any friends?

HAROLD

Friends are for the weak.

BLANKENSHIP

Well, all this touchy-feely stuff is giving me hives. We need to take this thing out.

LEWIS

It's an angel.

BLANKENSHIP

Bullshit. It's like Moore said,
sound effects and seeing shit.
There is no god damned angel out
there and there is no god!

Suddenly there is a wooshing sound and the lights go out.
They all freeze for a moment.

HAROLD

You really pissed it off that time.

BLANKENSHIP

What the...

LEWIS

I think it was an EMP. There are
rumors that angels can generate
nuclear energy. That's how they
destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah and
turned Lots' wife into a pillar of
salt.

They lean down and light the candles that surround the
mattress to get some light. They all check their phones and
find them dead.

MOORE

Well, I'm a dead soldier.

LEWIS

Yeah, mine is dead, too.

ANDERSON

Me too.

BLANKENSHIP

I still say it's...

They all turn and glare at him, silencing him.

ANDERSON

So, now what?

BLANKENSHIP

You ok, kid?

ANDERSON

Yeah...

HAROLD

He's golden. He smells like roses.

ANDERSON

I don't understand.

HAROLD

You aren't like them. You still have... grace. Why?

ANDERSON

My mother, I guess. He used to say God is a verb. It's not some guy sitting on a throne handing out cancer and winning lottery tickets. God is the good we do, the lives we make better. There are only two things that really exist, Love and fear. I'm God's hands.

BLANKENSHIP

Yeah, well, that's pretty on a Christmas Card.

ANDERSON

You're proof, Blankenship. Even with all that sadness, you've been kind to me. You've helped me. You're God's hands, too.

BLANKENSHIP

I'm just a burned-out old cop who has seen one too many dead baby.

We hear Harold slow clap in the background.

HAROLD

Then he said, "May the Lord not be angry, but let me speak once more, "What if only ten righteous men can be found there?" God answered, "For the sake of ten I will not destroy it." Unfortunately, we are nine short.

ANDERSON

I'm not some churchgoer...

HAROLD

I've spent my whole life in churches. In monasteries and temples and sacred groves. I've studied every religion and magical form they have. But you, sir, you smell... wonderful.

BLANKENSHIP

I cannot believe you people are buying into this bullshit.

LEWIS

I've seen...

BLANKENSHIP

No, What kind of God let would babies get bone cancer? I've seen brains on walls and dead men walking and never once did I see mercy or love. You are right, Moore, this whole fucking planet is a dumpster fire rolling downhill toward a dynamite factory. There is no angel.

HAROLD

Prove it.

BLANKENSHIP

I will...

LEWIS

Don't do it.

ANDERSON

Don't let him open the door.

BLANKENSHIP

I'm going to show you all that this is just bullshit.

HAROLD

You don't have the balls.

Blankenship finally loses his temper. He lunges, rips the door open, and flings himself out. The others try to stop him but they are too late.

They stand in horror as they hear Blankenship move down the hall.

BLANKENSHIP

See, I told you, nothing... What tha!!!

We hear a wet slap of meat on the wall and Blankenship screams, and then suddenly the hall falls silent, Blankenships death throes suddenly cut off. All are frozen, waiting for something else to happen. And then the sound of the angel, the rising sound begins again.

Lewis lurches into motion as does Anderson, they throw themselves against the door just as it buckles, Lewis is thrown to the ground and Anderson struggles to keep the door closed.

Lewis grabs the dagger and a candle and moves to the door he starts to open his hand up and get some blood.

HAROLD
Yours won't work, sinner!

Harold screams and laughs. Lewis grabs Anderson's hand and cuts it, dips his finger in the blood, and redraws the symbol on the door. The banging subsides. Lewis and Anderson lean against the door for a long moment.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Whew! That was a close one.

They all glare at Harold.

MOORE
Now what?

LEWIS
I got nothin'.

INT. THE ROOM - NIGHT

Some time has passed. The officers all sit on the floor. Harold is humming tunelessly and cackling. Anderson is watching a candle burn. Lewis is looking at the walls with a candle. Moore is watching him.

MOORE
Anything?

LEWIS
No. He's built something new here,
it's not hermetic but it's not
religious.

Harold giggles insanely.

MOORE
Remember that time in Tulsa. That
house with the poltergeist? I
almost believed.

LEWIS
You were in the room when it
started throwing plates.

MOORE

I wanted to. I've always wanted to.
I just don't. I guess that's my
sin.

HAROLD

That's not true.

MOORE

Beg pardon?

HAROLD

Your sin. You have no love. Someone
hurt you and so you locked down.
When was the last time you called
your family...

MOORE

Whatever.

HAROLD

It hurts to love. You can't control
love, you can't put it in a bottle
or a box. You see an angel, but to
accept it would mean there might be
something greater than the formulas
in your science book.

MOORE

So I should have faith in something
that doesn't exist? Just blindly
pretend some old man in a robe is
handing out tickets to heaven?

HAROLD

Maybe that's a simplification.
There's a reason you call out to
God when you fuck.

ANDERSON

No need to be crude.

Outside the noise begins again. Lewis looks up from his work
and they all exchange a look. A wind kicks up and blows out
the candles.

HAROLD

It's coming.

He laughs again, and his laughter echoes and joins with the
sound of the angel.

ANDERSON

What do we do?

LEWIS
Live a good life, kid.

Lewis stands and pulls Anderson and Moore into the circle.

HAROLD
What about me?

LEWIS
Burn in hell.

HAROLD
You first.

Again he laughs and gets to his feet shakily. He throws his arms out and lays back his head.

We pan to close up of the door and we see a drop of blood drip toward the ward, and then pour faster and corrupt the edges.

The door slams open and we see an intense light behind the door.

Lewis pulls Anderson up and looks him in the eyes.

LEWIS
No matter what, keep your eyes
closed. Don't look at it.

Anderson nods and closes his eyes tight.

We see the light filling the room. In the corner we hear Harold's laughter change into a strangled scream and then we hear wet snapping.

It sounds like there is a tornado in the room.

Moore touches Lewis's shoulder.

MOORE
I'll distract it, you keep the kid
safe.

Lewis nods and holds his hands out in front of him in a Buddhist Abhaya. He begins to whisper prayers as he shuts his eyes tightly.

LEWIS
For he commands his angels with
regard to you,

to guard you wherever you go.
 With their hands they shall support you,
 lest you strike your foot against a stone.
 You can tread upon the asp and the viper,
 trample the lion and the dragon.
 Because he clings to me I will deliver him;
 Because he knows my name I will set him on high.

We see flashes of gunfire in the darkness beyond them and hear Moore scream. Again there is a wet snap and Moore is silent.

ANDERSON

Lewis???

LEWIS

It's ok, kid. Maybe Lauren is waiting.

He leaps off the mattress and we hear him shout something in a strange language and then the snapping and silence.

The room is bathed in darkness now, the wind dies down and Anderson stands, crying and shaking. We see the angel move in front of him.

Anderson opens his eyes, he can stand it no longer. Standing before him, he sees the body of the murder victim and around it the soft golden glow of an angelic halo. The face is serene and placid.

He begins to speak but the angel kisses it's finger and touches his lips.

ANDERSON

It's ok. I finally understand.

The angel cocks its head in a birdlike way.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Does it make you angry? I mean, look at us. We rage and hate and deny. We spoil our divinity and destroy this beautiful planet. But you, you are perfect obedience, perfect love. Yet, we are more loved.

(MORE)

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

If you step out of line, you're banished but us... just forgiveness and free grace.

The angel seems annoyed but Anderson reaches out and touches its shoulder.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

It's ok. I understand. We are his children.

Anderson and the angel stand and leave the room in the angels soft glow.

INT. TV SCREEN, DAY

NEWSCASTER

And we will continue covering this important story as it unfolds. To recap, we still have no video contact with the area and are communicating with a member of our team via a cell phone that was brought into the area a few minutes ago.

We change to view the newscaster from a different side.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

We're hearing that people have emerged from the building, too. One of them is... what? one of them is apparently glowing, which is terrifying considering the EMP that earlier disabled our equipment. One of them is one of the officers... officer... Detective Anderson, yes, Officer Anderson is alive and has exited the building.

The newscaster hesitates and then looks at the teleprompter in disbelief.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

We're hearing now that the... being that is with Detective Anderson is... wait, The detective has pulled his gun and is acting crazy. The officers on duty are trying to restraining him. They're pulling their guns and ordering him to stand down... They're firing and, what?

(MORE)

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

The Detective has thrown his gun
and turn it into doves? Like a
miracle? Are you sure you saw...
Detective Anderson has been shot!
He's on the ground as EMTs respond.
The scene is chaos.

Suddenly audio cuts in, the sound of people yelling,
screaming as if in a combat zone, there is an explosion and
the sound of the on site reporter.

ON SITE REPORTER.

It has a sword, a flaming sword and
it's attacking the EMT's, the
police, it's killed them all. No.
It's coming this way, it's looking
at me... My eyes! Oh, my God, my
eyes..

There is silence as the newsreader stares at the camera, her
mouth open, her composure gone.

NEWSCASTER

I... We've lost contact with the
reporter on scene. I'm being told
that news chopper 9 is in route and
we'll resume coverage as soon as it
gets there. We'll be right back
after this short break.

The news reader relaxes but still looks horrified.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

What the hell is that thing?

Fade to black