

Slugline

by

Anthony Silverwood

Black screen.

SUPERIMPOSE.

*"It's easy to sit at your desk and write in the script:
EXT. THE DESERT. DAWN. But five months later you're waking
up in a motel at 3 AM outside Flagstaff wondering what the
hell you're doing there."*

-Marshall Brickman -

Replaced briefly by ANOTHER quote.

*"Los Angeles beckons the teenagers to come to her on buses.
Los Angeles loves love."*

- Soul Coughing: Screenwriter's Blues -

Rapid SERIES of SHOTS.

SCRIPT TEXT from the following scene. Black Courier font on white paper. Words that give us hints of what we're about to see, including the SLUGLINE,

As we FADE IN to,

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL. MORNING

SUPERIMPOSE: August 1902.

The HOTEL as seen from PROSPECT AVENUE. Newly built, and at this moment one of a meager crop of local architecture that currently bears the name Hollywood.

In the foreground, a SIGN hanging on a POST by two rusty hinges. Embossed with the address

6811 Prospect Rd. Hollywood Hotel

A minor EARTHQUAKE rattles the neighborhood. The address sign jangles on its rusty chains.

One of the chain's rustier links BREAKS, and the sign hangs SIDEWAYS by its remaining chain, swinging, and creaking.

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM. MORNING

ANGELA, a preschool aged girl here, STIRS awake in her bed as the TREMOR rattles her room, and shakes a few toys off her shelves. She sits up, looks around in a state of great anxiety.

She RUNS OUT of the room, calling for her father.

YOUNG ANGELA
Father! Father!

EXT. BACKYARD OF HOLLYWOOD HOTEL. MORNING

Angela's FATHER, an old Native American man, looks like he may be a live-in grounds keeper. with a leathery face that betrays wisdom, and patience. But he looks more like a grandfather than a father.

He holds a handmade wooden BOW, and wears a quiver of ARROWS across his back.

His DOG, (a German Shepherd we will come to see more of) BARKS and whimpers as the diminishing tail end of the tremor fades into relative silence.

He kneels down, pets a dog, says to it:

ANGELA'S FATHER.
Be still now. You know what this
is, you have seen many.

He stands up. Draws an arrow, takes AIM at an archery TARGET in the distance.

He commences to DRAW and SHOOT arrows with clearly SUPERHUMAN swiftness great accuracy.

Angle closely on the TARGET now, as arrow after arrow hits the BULLS-EYE, each one splitting the previous arrow in rapid succession.

A PILE of arrow SPLINTERS accumulates on the grass below. And in a frighteningly short period of time Angela's father's quiver empties.

Then the FINAL arrow hits, NOT a bull's-eye. A few inches to the left.

He lowers his bow as he gazes at the one off-center arrow with a certain SADNESS.

The dog looks up at him, cocks his head slightly, in a somehow empathetic way.

He looks down at the dog and says to it

ANGELA'S FATHER
In forty six thousand years I have
never missed. My time is coming
soon old friend.

The dog WHINES briefly, as if he understands.

ANGELA'S FATHER (CONT'D)
Well, go get 'em.

The dog trots away toward the target, as young Angela's SHOUTS are heard approaching from the other direction.

YOUNG ANGELA/O.S.
Father!

He turns, puts down the bow, and opens his arms as Angela ruins to him. He PICKS her UP, and she HUGS him tightly.

YOUNG ANGELA
The house was shaking! The ground was shaking!

ANGELA'S FATHER
It was just a small earthquake, and it is over now.

He puts her down. She looks up and asks:

YOUNG ANGELA
Why does the Earth quake, father?

ANGELA'S FATHER
It happens because the men of the world forget their place. So the earth mother shakes apart the land, and the things men have built on on it, to remind them of her power.

YOUNG ANGELA
The men of the world are like children to us.

ANGELA'S FATHER
Yes, and we are all like children to the Earth mother. The time has come for us to talk now. Sit With me, Angela.

They both SIT Indian style on the grass, as the dog RETURNS with two ARROWS in his mouth, and drops them.

Angela's father picks up one of the ARROWS, looks at it wistfully - at it, and what it represents - then at Angela.

ANGELA'S FATHER.
Remember how I have told you that we are special? That we are not like other people?

YOUNG ANGELA

Yes.

ANGELA'S FATHER

You remember the many tribes we tribes we belonged to? how they grew old and passed into the spirit world, but we did not.

YOUNG ANGELA

I remember.

ANGELA'S FATHER

And you have heard about films, yes? Moving pictures?

YOUNG ANGELA.

Yes. I have never seen one.

ANGELA'S FATHER

In time you will see many. Soon these pictures will have sound and colors. Many people will come to this place to make these pictures, and some of them will work for you.

YOUNG ANGELA

Where will you be father?

ANGELA'S FATHER

I will not be with you much longer child. Soon I will be in the spirit world With your mother, and the tribes.

Young Angela is both frightened and confused by this.

YOUNG ANGELA

We are the last. I'll be alone without you.

ANGELA'S FATHER

That is why you must remain here. Because this land we live on is sacred land. Holy.

ANGELA

I will.

ANGELA'S FATHER

Look in the sky now. Tell me what you see.

Angela looks up and sees EARTHQUAKE LIGHTS: blotchy cloud-like formations that have BANDS of COLOR just like rainbows, slowly dissipating now.

YOUNG ANGELA

They're like rainbow clouds. What are they?

ANGELA'S FATHER

They are called earthquake lights. One day many years from now, there will be a much larger earthquake here, and you will play a very important role in the things that will take place after it. On that day you will see these lights again, and you will know then that your journey has begun.

YOUNG ANGELA

I'm scared. I don't want to be alone.

ANGELA'S FATHER

It is okay for you to be afraid now. When the time comes for you to be brave, you will be. You will be a warrior.

YOUNG ANGELA

A Holy One, like you?

ANGELA'S FATHER.

Yes child. Now sit with me a while longer as I tell you the story of the time before you were on this earth...Many thousands of years ago, when most of this world was covered in snow and ice, I led my people across a frozen part of the ocean...

His voice TRAILS OFF as we pull up and AWAY from where they sit, until, at an altitude of thousands of feet, we see the hilly, sparsely developed LANDSCAPE of early 20th century Hollywood, with the urban sprawl of 1902 LOS ANGELES along the distant coast.

TIME RACES ahead in a static shot. YEARS pass in SECONDS. The hotel and the other few buildings comprising the village of Hollywood becomes a spreading patch of HOUSES.

And the STUDIOS, as Los Angeles spreads across the land toward us, and the distant SKYLINE gets taller, and more MODERN.

The HOLLYWOOD SIGN is built, with the letters H,O,L and Y being built and appearing by themselves for a beat before the remaining letters of the sign are constructed.

MODERN day Los Angeles, spreads into the foreground.

Time gradually slows to a normal tick, and we COALESCE on the PRESENT day HOLLYWOOD, that same patch of land on which seconds ago stood only the hotel and those few other structures, as we fade to,

Rapid SERIES OF SHOTS: ultra brief close-ups of the SCRIPT from the following SCENE. Courier font on white paper. Words that give us HINTS, including the SLUGLINE.

INT. STUDIO PROP ROOM. DAY

STEVE, ASHLEY, GAVIN AND HANK. All stand around A table piled with GUNS, AMMO clips, and duffel BAGS. Everyone has MASKS - latex molds resting atop their foreheads, ready to be pulled down.

They lock and LOAD various WEAPONS with blank rounds,

All except Steve who loads some ARMOR PIERCING rounds, in clips stamped with the label,

45 Cal. S.L.A.P.

Ashley sees this, pauses and asks:

ASHLEY

Armor piercing around Steve? You planning on shooting some cops today?

STEVE

Feds are involved now. There may be undercovers in the banks.

Ashley DROPS her WEAPON on the table and throws her hands up.

ASHLEY

That's it, I'm out. This shit is getting too real.

In a brief explosion of RAGE, Steve SLAMS his pistol and ammo clip down on the table.

Everyone jumps. Steve breathes, calms down.

STEVE

Don't you get it Ashley? None of this is real. Were not bank robbers, we're film-makers.

ASHLEY

Who Rob fucking banks to finance their movies now! I don't enjoy irony so much when it's on our side of the camera, do you?!

Steve WALKS around to Ashley, puts his hand on her shoulders looks at her reassuringly.

STEVE

We've been through this. We create the illusion of danger. That's our trade-craft, and that's why nobody ever has to die.

Ashley brushes Steve's arms away and STEPS BACK.

ASHLEY

Says the man with the gun full of cop killing bullets.

Now it is Steve who raises his hands submissively,

STEVE

Tell you what, you want out? You got it. Just do this one last job with us.

ASHLEY

(Suspiciously)

Why?

STEVE

Vanishing ain't cheap. But I know the people who can make it happen. You can take your twenty five percent and walk.

She considers it for a beat or two, arms folded, a pinched surly look on her face.

And find finally grudgingly NODS yes.

Hank, feeling awkward picks up a duffel BAG of guns ammo and a briefcase shaped mobile-PHONE JAMMER

HANK.

Well... Guess I'll... Bring the car around.

Hank DEPARTS with his baggage, Ashley follows, shooting Steve a bitter glance on the way out.

Gavin stays behind, glares at Steve who barks.

STEVE

What?

GAVIN

She's right you know. This was supposed to be one job, remember? That was twelve jobs ago. And look at us now: mixed up with the Russians. Laundering money. Offshore accounts. Were off the chain, man.

Steve shrugs.

STEVE

Chain's overrated.

GAVIN

You really gonna let her walk away? You sure she'll never talk?

STEVE

Today's her last job. And she's never going to talk. That's a promise

GAVIN

That's two promises.

And Steve, a bit ominously,

STEVE

No. It's not...And one more thing:

Steve pulls the latex MASK down over his face, and aside from the lack of hair, the mask looks a lot like a smiling mold of the man we will come to know as David.

STEVE (CONT)

Smile. We're gonna have some fun before this whole shit-house goes up in flames.

Gavin stretches his MASK down over his face. He resembles a hairless, expressionless version of the man we will soon come to know as Evan.

Steve walks OUT. Gavin WATCHES him go. Then he EYES the second CLIP of s.l.a.p. rounds left on the table, swaps it out with the blanks in his gun, and walks out.

Rapid SERIES of SHOTS: more flashes of TEXT from the SCRIPT for the following SCENE: Words. Dialogue. Hints. And again we linger for a beat on the SLUGLINE...

INT. BANK. DAY

The bank TELLERS slowly serve several LINES of customers. There's an armed uniformed guard by the door.

And HANK, is standing at the end of one of the lines wearing a suit.

We angle closely on HANK as he checks his WATCH, opens his jacket slightly and checks on a vest of BLOOD BAGS concealed within it.

The DOORS fly OPEN. Steve Gavin and Ashley make a dramatic entrance, GUNS pointed. MASKS on, now with wigs that make them look all the more like expressionless versions of the soon to be met Evan, David, and Angela

Steve PUNCHES the uniformed guard in the throat, and GRABS his REVOLVER while the man clutches his throat, making choked rasping sounds.

Steve THROWS the revolver across the room, as Ashley hurries to the front COUNTER and opens up the briefcase sized SHOGHI-JAMMER.

She notices the (female) bank TELLER across the counter, nervously contemplating her risk, then REACHING for the silent ALARM button beneath the counter top.

Angela FACE PLANTS the teller against the counter top, hard enough that her head REBOUNDS clear on back to a wobbly standing position with a face full of BLOOD.

ASHLEY

Not today bitch!

As Ashley OPENS and activates the mobile JAMMER on the counter, Steve SPRAYS a THUNDERING chorus of blank rounds in the air.

SCREAMS from the customers, chaos, as Gavin shouts

GAVIN

This is the part where we rob the shit out of your bank!! Now relocate your face to the nearest floor, and commence befouling your loins!

Right on cue, Hank "panics." He BOLTS for the door SHRIEKING, arms and briefcase FLAILING.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Teachable moment here folks!

Gavin SPRAYS Hank with fake bullets. Hank's body SHUDDERS from the imaginary impacts, and makes a point of FLINGING away his poorly latched BRIEFCASE as he goes down, adding a storm of flying papers to the performance.

Hank ROLLS over on the floor, letting the mashed blood bags do their work. Lying face up, displaying the bloody wreck he has become.

GAVIN
A demonstration of our
socio-fucking-pathic
disre-fucking-gard for human
fucking life!

The thoroughly bamboozled hostages now COWER in a face-down CLUSTER, whimpering, praying for mere survival.

As Ashley HURRIES over to the VAULT, takes a wireless improvised looking decoding DEVICE out of her backpack, and sticks it on the vault door by it's magnetic mounting clips.

Gavin continues playing the role of the ranting unstable ringleader.

GAVIN (CONT)
Take a moment to let all of this
sink in! Ya good?! Ya see what
kind of party this is?!

Steve and Gavin now APPROACH the bank VAULT, As the Face-on-the-Floor-Club now WHIMPERS as quietly, and politely as they can -

Except for one forty-something WOMAN down there who can't seem to get a hold of herself.

Gavin STOPS.

Steve STOPS too, turns and WATCHES Gavin as he walks over to the woman, get down on ONE KNEE, and speak quietly to her.

GAVIN
Listen to me. Close your eyes.
None of this is real if you close
your eyes.

Between SOBS she finds the strength to protest.

CRYING WOMAN
Seems pretty Goddamn real to me.

GAVIN
Close your eyes. Start counting
seconds. When you get to a hundred
and eighty, we'll be gone, Like it
never happened.

She NODS, puts her face down, and begins COUNTING in a
whisper.

Angle on the wireless DEVICE clamped on the VAULT door: an
LCD screen displays a row of five racing digits.

The first of the numbers locks down with a number FOUR.

Back with the HOSTAGES, Gavin stands up and and walks past
a disgruntled looking Steve who remarks

STEVE
Don't bond with them, man.

They walk to join Ashley at the vault door. As Hank, still
PLAYING DEAD, opens one eye briefly to WATCH them go.

Over at the VAULT, the device locks in on the second digit,
as the last three continue to race.

STEVE (CONT'D)
We're at forty five seconds. What
do we got?

ASHLEY.
It's having trouble scanning the
core. I think it's EM interference
from the phone jammer.

STEVE
Well just be careful with that
thing. It's on loan from the
Kislyak family.

Steve turns to Gavin, grinning through his latex

STEVE (CONT'D)
Russians. They can hack anything,
am I right?

ASHLEY
(cynically)
Yeah, good times.

Steve mood and eyes DARKEN suddenly as he segues:

STEVE

I meant what I said today. I made
a promise, and I always keep my
promises.

Angle on the DEVICE again: The FORTH digit now locks into
place. As Gavin, CONFUSED now, replies almost as a question

GAVIN

Um. . .ok.

STEVE

It's not OK Gavin. Not today.

Without taking his eyes off Gavin, Steve draws his PISTOL.
He puts the barrel to the back of Ashley's HEAD as she
watches the device, and pulls the TRIGGER.

The shot THUNDERS. a surge of SCREAMS from the cowering
hostages. blood savagely paints the vault door as Ashley
drops out of the frame dead.

The device locks in on the FINAL DIGIT.

And with a heavy hydraulic HISS, the vault door pops ajar,

As Gavin, wide eyed and breathless, pulls his PISTOL and
points it at Steve..

GAVIN

Drop it motherfucker!

Steve eyes Gavin's gun suspiciously. He knows the ammo in
there is the real deal.

STEVE

I know you Gavin. You won't shoot
me. Not before you see how much is
really in this vault. It's gonna
blow your hair back man.

Gavin, looking breathless and uncertain, cocks the HAMMER
back on his pistol.

Steve STARES - un-phased, unblinking - at Gavin as he
PUSHES the vault DOOR wide OPEN.

Angle on the two men from INSIDE the VAULT, as the door
opens, and the spreading swath of daylight that pours
across the room looks something like the bathing WHITE
LIGHT of a near death experience.

The two men, GAZE at US with expressions of WONDER, as if looking on the face of God, As we track back - not into the vault,

But into the CAMERA ITSELF.

Back through lenses, the shudders, through the rolling frames of film-stock, and all the gears, wires, and widgets,

Then back OUT through the eyepiece of the cameras - back into what what we gradually recognize as

INT. STUDIO SET.

The BANK and the VAULT come into view, REVEALED from this angle to be no more than a MOVIE SET, all scaffolds, wires and guts on this side.

TECHNICIANS and ACTORS walk into the frame this way and that. and we Drift back silently through it all as we hear Evan's voice,

EVAN/V.O.

I'm going to tell you something,
and right now you won't
understand, but you will: Your
life is a movie. Your Gods are
film-makers who once said let
there be lights, cameras, and an
infinite multiverse of plot twists
an alternate endings. . .

EVAN sits in a folding chair, Thirties, well dressed, and it would seem from the sunglasses and the way his head never turns to follow the movement around him, BLIND.

It sure looks like he's staring straight at us. But behind the shades, who knows?

He removes a pair of headphones and places them in his lap, where we see an copy of the SCRIPT for the MOVIE being made here. The title

Slums of Babylon (alt ending #3) by Evan Danarius.

And beneath that we clearly see the SLUGLINE for the current scene.

Int. bank. day

EVAN/V.O. (CONT)

. . .But let's start on page one.
In the beginning there was the
Word. A word that defined exactly
where and when your story began.
And this word was called a
slugline.

Now a brief flash, almost subliminal, SUPERIMPOSED slugline
that reads,

Int. studio set. day

DAVID, the director, and Evan's longtime friend, peruses
some monitor screens on a table, and confers with a couple
of TECHS, before leaving them to join Evan.

Evan knows seem to know his friend is approaching. He makes
a point of sniffing at the surrounding air.

EVAN

What is that pervasive odor of
vinegar and perfume, why I do
believe it's douche.

David returns the good natured sarcasm.

DAVID

Hey fuck you Scratch-n-Sniff.

A passing tech hands a tablet to David, and he examines it.

EVAN

It sounds good man. What's it look
like?

DAVID

We got some good stuff here, the
question is why are we shooting it
in the first place.

Evan shrugs.

EVAN

Studio wants alternate endings for
the DVD.

DAVID

This is the third one we've shot
man. I need the hurting to stop.

Casually David tosses the tablet onto Evan's lap and pulls
out his smart-phone

EVAN
dick.

DAVID
Mm-hmm. . .Here we go. You've got
a ten AM with your optometrist,
and one thirty with
Ballbustasaurus rex.

EVAN
Stop calling her that.

DAVID
I can get someone to drive you.

EVAN
I'm good, I'll grab a cab. David?

DAVID
Yeah?

EVAN
It's good to be back. I'm glad
we're making movies again.

DAVID
It's you and me all the way man.

EVAN
Yeah.

DAVID
Anyway it's already nine thirty.
Get out of my sight, you disgust
me.

Evan gets up and WALKS AWAY, holding a collapsable walking stick, but not really using it, making us wonder if either he knows the terrain, or is less than a hundred percent blind, As we fade to,

Rapid SERIES of SHOTS: More quick flashes of action lines and dialogue from the following scene. dropping hints of what's to come. including the following SLUGLINE

INT. OPTOMETRIST'S OFFICE. DAY

Evan sits on the edge of an examination bed, as his doctor waves a small penlight over Evan's eyes and observes

DOCTOR
Pupils are still unresponsive.
Anything?

EVAN

I notice the light. Not much else.

The doctor continues waving the PENLIGHT and POCKETS it.

DOCTOR

Well it's been almost a year. I think this is about as healing as your eyes are going to do. But I'll look at the EEG scans and if they tell me anything new I'll let you know.

EVAN

Alright Doc.

And we cut to:

A Three second CLIP of the movie 'THE EXORCIST'

We see a possessed LINDA BLAIR with the green palor on her face, tied to her bed, GROWLING and STRUGGLING against her restraints.

The SHUTTER speed gradually SLOWS, accompanied by the "flick flick" of film stock slowing through a projector.

Until we FREEZE on a single frame: a closeup of a pale, DEMONIC looking FACE. One of the spliced-in SUBLIMINAL IMAGES famously inserted in the movie's frames.

We linger on this single frozen frame, as Evan explains:

EVAN/V.O.

The Exorcist. The nineteen seventy four horror classic known for being creepy in a way viewers couldn't quite put their fingers on. And our friend here is a big part of the reason why. Single frames of Demonic faces like these periodically spliced into the film-stock. This was the first time subliminal imagery was used to program its viewers. . .it would not be the last.

SERIES of SHOTS. More ultra brief closeups of upcoming SCRIPT, action lines and dialogue, concluding with the following SLUGLINE.

INT. EEG ROOM. DAY

The EEG TECH looks at several different color coded IMAGES of Evan's BRAINWAVES on computer screens.

He looks PUZZLED. confused. Evan's doctor walks in, joins him and asks:

DOCTOR
talk to me. What do you got?

EEG TECH
You say this patient is blind?

DOCTOR
Legally and then some. Why?

The tech points to a white blotch of brainwave activity on one of the scans

EEG TECH
This is why. This is activity in the visual cortex. Which in a blind patient should be reduced. Down in the blue/green range. But this guy's off the charts.

DOCTOR
What do you mean off the charts?

EEG TECH
White's not part of the color code. there's activity there, but the machine's not scanning it.

DOCTOR
Why not?

EEG TECH
Don't know. Modern EEG's scan for everything, even gamma waves, and those are rare. (points at white blotch) This activity here - whatever it is - is above sixty hertz

DOCTOR
No way, that's practically a Goddamn radio station.

EEG TECH
Yeah, your blind guy, he seeing something.

And we fade to another SERIES OF SHOTS

More rapid flashes of the following ACTION LINES and DIALOG. dropping more hints, showing us more SLUGLINES, including,

INT ANGELA'S OFFICE. DAY

ANGELA leans against her desk. A beautiful, dark haired, distinctly native American (save for the expensive, form fitting dark suit) she looks like she's in maybe her mid thirties (a hundred and twenty years after we first met her.)

She talks to BRETT, a leading man-type who looks like he's pushing forty, and starting to lose those precious looks. And Brett's AGENT (balding middle aged)

Among the framed MOVIE POSTERS on the wall is one for Slums of Babylon We pick things up in mid-conversation:

ANGELA

Look Brett, I'm gonna brings it to ya raw, as the kids like to say.

BRETT

Please do.

ANGELA

You still got a bankable look. But vultures are circling over your career after the audio clip of your, um, little meltdown . And let's face it dude: the talent train pretty much roared through your station without even slowing down anyway.

BRETT

(indignant)

Excuse me?!

Angela's tone is less sarcastic, and more OMINOUS than one would expect

ANGELA

You're supposed to star in this flick. It's part of the grand design. And I need you not to fuck with the grand design.

Brett responds like a typical macho egotistical prick who knows not the powers with which he meddles.

BRETT
I'm sorry, is English a second
language for you?

He does a fake native American voice and says:

BRETT (CONT)
Me make-um supernatural suspense
now! that's it!

ANGELA
Yeah, and this infernal
cocksuckery you're calling
supernatural suspense currently
airs a two AM on Sy-FY. Right
after Robo-shark Versus Lava
Puking Scorpion!

BRETT
Hey check this out hooker! My last
movie-

ANGELA
-Went straight to DV-fuckin-D,
dickbreath! Looks like it was made
by retarded glue sniffing monkeys!
I could make a better movie
sleepwalking on Ambien!

Brett is flabbergasted

BRETT
Holy shit are you serious right
now?!

ANGELA
I have that DVD at my house! Yeah!
I use it for a beer coaster while
I watch movies that don't suck!

BRETT
Nobody talks to me like that.
(to agent)
Does anybody talk to me like that?

ANGELA
Brett, how much do you know about
me? My connections? Hmm?

BRETT
(confused)
Who ya patched up with, The
fuckin' peyote cartel?

I mean what the fuck are you
asking me woman?!
(to agent)
What the fuck is she asking me?!

The agent rolls his eyes, averts his irritated gaze

ANGELA
Let's put it this way pale-face:
You're going to sign this contract
and make this movie for me, or
experience a rapid and painful
departure from your preferred
lifestyle.

BRETT
Meaning what exactly?

Angela leans forward, glares intensely, and drives the
point home:

ANGELA
Bowel movements will become an
eternal mystery for you because
you'll never know which of the
three hundred and eighty seven
assholes it's coming out of.
You'll be playing Whack-a-mole
with toilet paper. And after a
single phone call from me you
won't find a hospital in this town
that'll sew you back together.

She gives Brett a second or two to wrap his head around
this. Then points to the agent

ANGELA (CONT)
But don't take my word for it. Ask
your peeps here.

Angela walks around and sits behind her desk, as Brett,
gob-smacked now, turns to his agent.

He seems about to stammer something, but his agent saves
him the trouble. Years of growing frustration BOILS OVER
now.

BRETT'S AGENT
You shut it man! you shut that
transvestite hooker sucking whore
you call a mouth! You do not fuck
with this woman! she is a black
magic woman! you have no idea!
(MORE)

BRETT'S AGENT (CONT'D)
 You sign the fucking contract or
 we're done! Cuz I don't want
 fifteen percent of what you got
 comin' asshole!

Silence. The agent catches his breath and tries to find his happy place.

Brett turns his gawking expression back to Angela who gives him a cool half-smile.

Then we hear Angela's SECRETARY from the INTERCOM on her desk.

SECRETARY/INTERCOM
 Angela, Evan Danarius is here to
 see you

Angela hits the talk button and says

ANGELA
 Send him in
 (to Brett)
 Go away Brett.

BRETT
 (still thrown for a
 loop)
 Wh-what. . .

ANGELA
 Make friends with the door. And
 don't spend a lot of time
 pondering what we talked about
 here.

Brett's agent gets UP, and starts for the door.

BRETT'S AGENT
 He's on board, trust me. Just fax
 the paperwork to my office. I'll
 have it back to you in twenty four
 hours.

ANGELA
 Twelve.

BRETT'S AGENT
 Of course.

Brett still sits, fixing Angela with a look bordering on catatonia.

His agent STOPS, taps Brett roughly on the shoulder.

Brett snaps (somewhat) out of it, and they both head for the door now,

Where they pass EVAN walking in with his shades on and the walking stick he doesn't seem to need so much.

Evan feels around a bit for one of the chairs and takes a seat in it. Angela smiles.

And her whole demeanor changes.

EVAN

Hey you.

ANGELA

Hey. Lose the shades Evan.

As Evan removes the sunglasses he asks,

EVAN

why?

ANGELA

I miss looking at your eyes.

Evan smiles a bit too as he stares off into space.

EVAN

You didn't take a meeting with me to look at these lifeless orbs of darkness. So what's up?

ANGELA

City of Fallen Angels. I read the unfinished draft you sent me, and it's the most brilliant thing you've ever written. You're back Evan, and you're better than ever.

Evan flashes a fast fading smile,

EVAN

But here's what I don't get. Why would you ask me for a sequel to Slums Of Babylon, and then make us shoot a bunch of alternate endings for it.

As she GETS UP, walks around her desk, and SITS on the chair next to Evan, and in a serious tone, says

ANGELA

You'll see soon enough.

Evan frowns a bit,

EVAN

If that's a joke, it's in poor taste.

ANGELA

It's not.

She sits next to him now, sideways in the chair, head resting against one hand, thoughtful.

He turns to look, not quite at her, as she asks in a strangely urgent tone

ANGELA (CONT)

I have to know Evan. How does City of Fallen Angels end? It's important.

EVAN

As soon as I know, you'll know. Is there some sort of deadline here?

ANGELA

You could say that.

EVAN

Something's worrying you. I can hear it in your voice.

ANGELA

Let's just say we might be running out of time.

EVAN

For what?

ANGELA

(distant again)
For. . .everything.

EVAN

Angela what's going on? Nothing ever gets you rattled.

She snaps out of it now

ANGELA

And nothing is. Just put your other stuff on the back burner and start thinking about that ending.

EVAN

For you. . .I'll start tonight.

Evan puts on his sunglasses and STARTS for the DOOR.

Angela leans against the seat-back, watches Evan depart, and as he nears the door.

ANGELA

Evan?

He stops. His head turns halfway.

EVAN

Yeah?

ANGELA

I meant what I said before. You will see soon enough.

Evan is confused, maybe a bit disturbed. It's hard to tell behind the shades.

He pauses for a beat, then continues silently out the door as we fade to another brief

SERIES OF script text SHOTS: ACTION LINES, DIALOG, ETC, including

INT TAXICAB/DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES. DUSK

Evan sits in the back seat of the cab as it drives through the metro area.

He gazes out the window in a manner that suggest he's actually seeing something.

A brief SERIES of SHOTS of the city's passing streets and NEIGHBORHOODS. As darkness encroaches, the many lights come on.

And we shift the focus to things like ANTENNAS, satellite DISHES, people talking on cell PHONES. TVs playing in a store window, INTERNET cafes, radio and TV station TRANSMITTERS.

And all as Evan explains

EVAN/V.O.

Here's something else that won't make a lot of sense just yet. This city - it's seething, with a spectrum of colors unknowable to anyone but me. UHF, VHF, FM, cell phones, wi-fi. Everything the media and show business is made of.

INT. SUPERMARKET. NIGHT

David makes his way through the supermarket with shopping CART and his SHADES on, GRABBING ITEMS off the shelves and dropping them into his cart without so much as turning his head or slowing his pace, As if he can somehow FEEL what each item is.

EVAN/V.O. (CONT)

If only I could make you
understand what they look like.
And I can hear them too, in my
head. TV shows, music, movies,
phone conversations. Never silent.
Never a moment's peace in my Los
Angeles

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

David gets some WORK done on City of Fallen angels on his living room COMPUTER. With a HEADSET microphone on his head and a burning MARLEY in one hand.

He exhales a large cloud of SMOKE as he speaks to his voice activated program, and as he does we see it all appear on his MONITOR in SCREENPLAY format

EVAN

slugline: Exterior, The red
carpet, Night. Action: two cops in
riot gear lead Carter onto the
gallows and put him in the
restraints. paragraph. At the
other end, another cop cranks the
spring loaded horizontal
guillotine into place...

Beneath the desk, at Evan's feet lies his seeing-eye DOG - the SAME German Shepherd dog we saw with Angela's father over a century ago. It hasn't aged a day

It CHEWS on its already gouged and tattered seeing-eye HARNESS, a device that clearly has long since been relegated to the role of CHEW TOY.

David's TV is on but muted. We angle on it briefly. The title screen for paparazzi TV show that will have some future relevance. It reads,

TMI: HOLLYWOOD OVER-SHARE!

We LINGER on it long enough to glimpse it cut to a shot of BRETT at some movie premiere with the caption

Brett Lowery! transvestite hooker scandal!

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM. MORNING

The ALARM buzzes. Evan STIRS awake. The DOG enters and besieges Evan with a round of FACE LICKING

Petting the dog, he sits up and puts his FEET on the FLOOR.
 . .

We track DOWN, THROUGH the floor as his feet touch it. ACCELERATING through FLOOR after FLOOR of his apartment building.

Then down through a plummeting CROSS SECTION of the EARTH, into solid BEDROCK.

And finally, into a huge jagged CAVERN in the solid in the solid rock, at the bottom of which is a glowing RIVER of bubbling MAGMA.

Magma POURS from fissures in the cavern WALLS. And there is a CONSTANT low RUMBLE down here, with the occasional groaning and snapping a solid rock.

We RACE BACK upward into David's BEDROOM, to his feet, up his body to his EYES as they STARE VACANTLY at us.

EVAN/V.O.

Since losing my sight I can feel seismic instability in the earth. And sure enough there's an undiscovered fault line running directly beneath Los Angeles. Every morning I put my feet on the floor, I feel it, and I can tell we've still got time left.

Evan gets up, starts getting dressed.

EXT. Frozen landscape. Day. Superimpose: 41,552 BC.

A YOUNGER version of ANGELA'S FATHER, and an old native man his tribal LEADER, both STAND on a jagged MOUNTAIN TOP bundled in animal furs, looking out across the FLAT frozen MASS of of the Ice Age BERING STRAIT.

They speak in some ancient language with SUBTITLES.

TRIBAL LEADER

This land is flat as far as we can see. There is nothing here.

ANGELS FATHER/YOUNG

It is frozen sea. An ice bridge,
newly formed. It will lead us to a
new and warmer land for our
people.

TRIBAL LEADER

You say the spirits led you to
this place.

ANGELS FATHER/YOUNG

Yes, in my visions.

TRIBAL LEADER

And you are sure these are good
spirits, not tricksters?

Angela's father nods.

TRIBAL LEADER (CONT'D)

My people have become fearful of
you and your magic. They ask me
why you do not age or even sleep.

ANGELS FATHER/YOUNG

The spirits have chosen from a
long and important path. Many
thousands of years from now when
the land is no longer frozen, the
people of the world will live an
enormous tribes called nations.
They will speak to each other with
words and pictures that move
swiftly through the skies. A
powerful and dangerous magic
called media.

TRIBAL LEADER

Dangerous in what way?

ANGELA'S FATHER/YOUNG

They could use it to deceive each
other, Poison their spirits, even
to kill each other. I will use
this magic to test them, to see if
there's still worthy of the earth
mother's gifts.

TRIBAL LEADER

I do not like the sound of these
people or this magic.

ANGELA'S FATHER/YOUNG

As well you shouldn't. It will be
a perilous time for all peoples.
But your time is now coming to an
end.

The old and CLUTCHES his CHEST then, SHUTTERS and gasps
with terrified eyes. As he STAGGERS and loses his balance,
Angela's father CATCHES him,

And LOWERS him gently to the snowy ground.

ANGELA'S FATHER

Easy now. Do not fight it.

As the old man lies on his back, looks up at the gray snowy
heavens and pain, he stammers,

TRIBAL LEADER

My, my people.

ANGELS FATHER

I will watch over them. I will
lead them to the green lands in
the south, where they will bear
many generations of healthy
children. They will be without
sickness or hunger for many
generations. This I promise to
you.

As the leader GASPS for his final breaths,

TRIBAL LEADER

You... You are a Wendigo.

ANGELA FATHER

Wendigos, watchers, Nehphilim,
archangels. In the years to come,
there will be many names for the
Holy Ones.

The old man BREATHES his LAST, and meets death with open
eyes, frozen in an expression of wonder and confusion.

Angela's father gently draws the man's eyelids CLOSED, and
says,

ANGELS FATHER

Rest now old friend. And do not
long for this world. It is going
to be a cold place for many years.

We part with a WIDE shot of the steep jagged MOUNTAIN, as
Angelo's father DESCENDS from the peak by SUPERHUMAN LEAPS

and bounds, hundreds of feet at a time, from one long rocky outcropping to the next. As we fade to,

Another rapidfire SERIES script text SHOTS: this one mirrors that of the first PROP ROOM and BANK robbery scene in most ways, but also HINTS that things will UNFOLD DIFFERENTLY this time.

Including three words of Evans dialogue, and we linger on them just long enough for it to sink in.

...It is written.

STUDIO PROP ROOM. DAY.

AN immediate get a sense of déjà vu as we watch EVAN - now without sunglasses or apparent blindness - DAVID, ANGELA, and HANK, all locking and loading the same WEAPONS on the same table piled high with the same ingredients for a bank robbery that we've already seen once before.

Evan PAUSES, loading some blank rounds into a compact submachine gun, and looks around at all this with a sudden look of CONCERN.

EVAN/V.O.

Something's wrong here... I was somewhere else just now.

Angela, now assuming the role played by Ashley, looks at the SLAP rounds.

ANGELA

Armor piercing rounds, David. You planning on shooting some cops today?

Still looking UNCERTAIN, Evan finds himself blurting,

EVAN

No he's planning on shooting. . .

He hesitates, trails off, as everyone gives him weird looks.

EVAN/V.O.

...You... How do I know this? Why am I seeing normal colors?

David seems ABOUT to SAY something, but Evan beats him to the punch

EVAN

Were filmmakers we sell the illusion of danger, so no one ever has to die... Hank, why don't you go bring the car around.

Unsettled looks all around for David now. And Hank gradually, hesitantly,

HANK

Y-y-y-e-e-a-a-h. well, toodles.

He picks up the same duffel BAG and RF JAMMER, and after casting ponderous glances at both David and Evan, WALKS OUT.

Evan and David are locked in a brief staring contest.

EVAN/V.O.

He's going to quote Jim Morrison now.

DAVID

All right. Let's have some fun for this whole shithouse goes up in flames.

David grabs his BAG and starts for the DOOR.

David LOOKS for the remaining CLIP of armor piercing bullets, but it is GONE this time.

He gives his pistol a confused distant look, and walks OUT.

INT. BANK. DAY

A scene identical to the last bank scene, this time as HANK stands in line DISGUISED as a customer, and DAVID, EVAN AND ANGELA, BARGE in, BLUDGEON the guard, SHOOT blanks at the ceiling and at Hank, who again PLAYS DEAD.

DAVID

This is the part where we rob the shit out of your bank!! Now please move your face to the nearest floor and commence befouling your loins!

We briefly angle on EVAN mouthing the WORDS in unison with David as he points his machine gun, and HERDS the customers into the CENTER of the floor.

As Angela opens the RF-jammer on the counter and boots the thing up, she draws a pistol with her free hand, and

pointed at the teller whose face she mashed the first time, and without so much as looking at the woman says

ANGELA

The urge you're feeling to push that button down there.... Fight that.

The teller backs AWAY, holding up her hands.

Angela heads over to the bank VAULT with her Russian code cracking device.

David and Evan started that direction too, but again the SAME single WOMAN panics and CRIES persistently.

Evan stops and turns, looks uncertainly at her. He goes back to her and KNEELS beside her as she lies face-down.

EVAN

Listen to me. I promise you you'll walk out of here today. You will be with your family. You will live your life together. Okay?

Still whimpering, she nods her head as Evan gets a DISTANT look in his eyes for a beat, and then adds

EVAN (CONT'D)

And your husband.

CRYING WOMAN

What about him?

EVAN

Chemo's going to work. Cancer won't come back. Ever. A year from today, you'll be on vacation with your family. Water skiing at Lake Tahoe.

She stops crying, her expression transmutes from panic to wonder.

CRYING WOMAN

We've always wanted to go there. We were planning the trip he got sick.

EVAN

I know.

CRYING WOMAN.

But how?

Date David Evan seems UNCERTAIN, DISTANT again as he replies,

EVAN

Because... Because it is written.

David stands up, leaving her awestruck he turns to leave but HESITATES. He puts his fingers over his eyes, trying to REMEMBER something.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. And, um. . .Close your eyes. Count sheep or something.

CRYING WOMAN

Dude, what?

Evan starts toward the vault again only to find David now POINTING his PISTOL directly in him with a cold suspicious GLARE.

As Angela TURNS her ATTENTION from the safe cracking device in stands up to watch the development, we angle on the device itself.

THREE DIGITS frozen. The FOURTH now locks in the place.

David Cox hammer back.

DAVID

You been acting funny all day.
Something about you ain't right man.

EVAN

Tell me about it. Angela, David was planning shoot you.

Calmly, but swiftly, Angela, draws her PISTOL again, and POINTS it at David,

ANGELA

I know.

Evan and David REACT to this unexpected twist.

Evan looks LOST again, and asks of no one person in particular.

EVAN

Didn't something happen to my eyes once? Something bad?

ANGELA

Yes.

Angela, without warning SHOTS DAVID dead. His body hits the floor.

She turns the GUN on EVAN now, looking determined, yet sad.

EVAN

This is wrong! Everything about
this is wrong!

ANGELA

I never stopped loving you Evan.
Try to remember that when you
think about this.

She fires a SHOT through Evan's heart. He keels over backwards and dies with a horrified expression.

Then the LAST DIGIT on the vault DEVICE locks into place.

The door pops OPEN.

Slowly Angela TURNS and opens the vault door the rest of the way.

Seen from OUTSIDE the vault this time, the vault seems to be filled with a HEAVENLY blinding white LIGHT that blooms into the bank lobby as the vault door opens, swallowing everyone up, As we fade to,

Rapid SERIES of SHOTS: script text from the following SCENE. The SLUGLINE. KEYWORDS portending things to come, etc.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM. MORNING

David sleeps fitfully. The daylight that comes through the window has a slight RAINBOW tint.

The DOG RACES into the room and LEAPS onto the bed beset by a FIT of agitated BARKS and whimpers.

David AWAKENS, sits up, pets the dog and says to him with a once again BLIND and unfocused gaze.

EVAN

Buddy, what the hell?

The dog BARKS at him a few more times, and races OUT of the room, taking his doggie conniptions with him.

David sits on the edge of the bed, puts his FEET down the FLOOR,

And we SHOOT DOWN again, from his feet TROUGH the floors of the BUILDING, into the EARTH, and into the same cavernous lava flooded CAVERN miles below.

But this time the RUMBLING is much LOUDER. There's more LAVA. Frothing CASCADES of it now SPLASH and BUBBLE angrily from the walls. And the LAKE of LAVA at the bottom is HIGHER, and RISES at a visible rate.

A huge seismic event is imminent.

We SHOOT back UP, to Evan's BEDROOM, coming to rest on his horrified FACE, looking right at us

EVAN/V.O.

Holy shit, this town's about to get rocked!

INT/EXT. BUILDING LOBBY, FRONT DOORS. DAY

Evan HURRIES through the LOBBY of his building toward the entrance in the GLASS WALLED front and we TRACK along beside him. As he PASSES through the front doors, we pass through a cross-section of the glass front wall to track with him.

Just outside now, Evans SHADES are GONE, and he LOOKS AROUND in a way that tells us his EYES are WORKING normally.

And instead of walking stick he holds a HANDGUN.

Evan looks up at the SKY

It is splotted with EARTHQUAKE LIGHTS. Tons of them, COVERING most of the visible SKY.

EVAN/V.O.

These colors are wrong. I shouldn't be seeing them.

Angle on the TAXI Evan called, waiting at the CURB. The DRIVER fixes Evan and his gun with a WORRIED look.

CABDRIVER

Hey man. You ain't gonna rob me or nothing are ya?

Evan is CONFUSED by this, until he NOTICES the GUN he's holding.

Suddenly, self-conscious he stuffs it into his jacket gets in the cab.

EVAN
 How am I going to rob you I'm. . .
 (Beat, uncertain)
 . . .Blind.

Inside the CAB now, the driver, looks askance at Evan through his rear view mirror

CABDRIVER
 You sure don't act blind.

Evan glances at his watch.

EVAN
 Shit were already late. We have to
 get to Sunset national Bank on
 Ventura.

The driver starts driving, he FIRES UP both the ENGINE, and a large JOINT. takes a first few puffs as he pulls in to traffic, and grumbles,

CAB DRIVER.
 Fuckin' Los Angeles. am I the only
 one not on drugs here

EXT. BANK FRONT ENTRANCE. DAY

The EARTHQUAKE LIGHTS still splorch and swirl in the sky, as the CAB PULLS UP at the curb and EVAN gets out.

He sees first DAVID, ANGELA and HANK, getting out of David's expensive -looking muscle-car, heavily ARMED.

And then he sees the crying WOMAN from before, just now heading for the front DOOR the bank.

Evan draws his GUN, RACES up to the woman as she reaches for the door, Evan GRABS her other arm PULLS her back WAVES the gun at her in a frantic demonstrative GESTURE, and gives her the Cliff Notes version.

EVAN
 Get outta here! Husband's fine!
 Lake Tahoe! stay outside today!

Befuddled and horrified, she BOLTS, leaving Evan staring at his three PARTNERS in crime, who all (except Angela) fix him with confused LOOKS.

DAVID
 What in the actual fuck was that
 dude?!

EVAN

An earthquake is coming, a big one! We stay in town we're dead!

ANGELA

I know.

David's impatient glance darts from Evan to Angela.

DAVID

An earthquake?! you know?!
Somebody better start making sense!

ANGELA

(To Evan)

Take David and get as far away you can. You won't make it. But try.

She pauses to look up at the earthquake lights,

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Our journey begins now Evan.

EVAN

You have to come with us.

ANGELA

I can't. I have to open that vault.

EVAN

Why? What's in it?

ANGELA

Something I could make you understand. Get back in your car David.

EVAN

You'll be killed in there.

ANGELA

We're God's Evan. God's of different heavens. You'll see me again soon.

Still uncertain and confused, Evan draws his gun, pointed at David,

EVAN

You're driving. Drive fast.

INT. DAVID'S SPORTS CAR. DAY.

David gets in the driver seat looking furious as Evan gets in the passenger seat pointing his gun.

EVAN.

Get us out of downtown. We don't
have much time.

As David fires up his vehicle and peels out angrily,.

DAVID

Fuck time Lucy! You got some
'splaining to do!

EVAN

I wouldn't know where to begin.
This isn't right. None of this
should be happening

DAVID

Make sense asshole!

EVAN

(Uncertain)

The movie makes you... Life
imitates art.

DAVID

What does that even mean!

EVAN

I'm not sure.

DAVID

Christ you've really gone around
the bend you know that?!

EVAN

Then how do I know you were
planning to shoot Angela today?

David swerves around some traffic, floors it, and gives Evan an ominous look.

EVAN (CONT'D)

You see? I don't know how either.
I just do.

David WEAVES around some more traffic, runs a red light, and perpendicular traffic on both sides SKIDS to a halt in a any cacophony of HOWLING rubber and honking HORNS.

And through it all David is casting sideways glances at Evan that seem to say that some part of him believes what he's hearing.

Evan's phone rings. He answers it.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Hello.

ANGELA/V.O.

It's me Evan.

EVAN

Where are you?

ANGELA/V.O.

I'm in the vault. It's like my gateway between worlds.

EVAN

What are you saying? what's happening

ANGELA/V.O.

Your gateway is different. The only way for you to make the jump is to get yourself killed.

EVAN

It's you Angela. You're the key. You're the one thing that never changes.

ANGELA

You'll understand more soon. The earthquake is coming now. And I can feel it like you do. It's a strange feeling is it? It almost makes your bones itch.

Angela hangs up, leaving Evan saying to nobody in particular:

EVAN

Yeah. . .it does.

Evan lowers his phone turn slowly to David who shoots and alarmed confused look back at him, as Evan says with almost deadpan irony.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Well Angela sends her best. Oh, PS we're all about the die.

The earthquake commences then. Everything rumbles and shakes.

Cars all around them begin to squeal to halts, or crash and one another.

David's SWERVES around them as best he can, as webs of jagged CRACKS and FISSURES appear in the road and sidewalks and CHUNKS of high-rise BUILDINGS begin to PLUMMET from above IMPALING cars people etc.

A solid multi-car PILEUP in the intersection ahead forces David to slam on the BRAKES as the tremor continues, and LARGER concrete detritus plummets.

David FLOORS it in REVERSE, up onto the SIDEWALK as fleeing PEDESTRIANS do their best to DIVE out of the way.

A SKYSCRAPER in the intersection COLLAPSES in full, a tremendous CLOUD of dust CONSUMES ALL.

VISIBILITY is ZERO now, as David flies backwards into the next intersection spins around tires howling, and takes off toward forwards, as two CARS COLLIDE head-on right behind them.

But they don't get far before a large CREVASSE opens along the street, ever WIDENING, catching the two left tires of David's car.

The car SCRAPES and SPARKS to a stop.

David floors it. His engine REDLINES, his SHEELS SPIN but it's all in vain as the car PITCHES SIDEWAYS, and PLUMMETS into the widening crevasse,

And is then promptly BURIED beneath the FALLING RUBBLE of another crumbling building, as we cut two.

BLACK SCREEN. A few seconds of darkness.

Parentheses the script text the script text montages are over (the theme is blindness now)

INT. STUDIO BOARD ROOM. DAY.

Superimpose: 14 months ago.

Members of David's CAST and CREW, including Evan (not blind) seated around a boardroom table Scattered with bottled water and laptops.

DAVID stands at the head of the table. A page from a movie SCRIPT on a large flat SCREEN TV behind him.

DAVID

. . .And that brings us to the explosion at the boathouse which we'll be shooting after lunch. So Jeff, brief us one last time on the pyrotechnics issues.

JEFF

This explosion has to be white-hot, and shot with the brightest color timing we can get without glaring up the shot. So we'll be using a mixture of Semtex and Thermite. unless you want a Thermite flash burned in your retinas for the rest of the afternoon, wear dark shades.

BLACK SCREEN. A second or two.

EXT. SCENE OF WEAPONS BOATHOUSE EXPLOSION. DAY.

Evan joins David and Jeff at a card table full of camera monitors head units and pyrotechnic controls.

DAVID

Ready to see some shit blow up?

EVAN

Wouldn't miss it.

David gives the monitors a worried glance. He asked Jeff who fiddles with the equipment.

DAVID.

You sure we've got everything?

JEFF

Yeah man.

DAVID

one hundred percent?

JEFF

Ninety nine point a bunch of nines. That's as good as it gets in show business.

EVAN

It's gonna be all right man. Find your happy place.

DAVID

Were already over-budget, and your
magnanimous producer girlfriend
says she's only paying for one
exploding boathouse. No do overs.
No CGI. Nothing. Said happy place
does not exist!

BLACK SCREEN. A second or two.

MINUTES LATER, everyone is in place. No one is less than a
hundred feet from the empty boathouse.

David looks at the camera angles on his monitors one last
time.

Picks up a bullhorn and shouts into it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Clear the blast site! Quite on the
set! Roll cameras one through
four!

Through the POV of one of the CAMERAS we see a digital
SLATE held open in the foreground as the tech holding it
says

TECH/O.S.

Scene twenty nine, take one.

The slate snaps closed. The SOUND ECHOES through another
second or two of

BLACK SCREEN.

David watches with his arms folded in headphones and
sunglasses on, we hear Jeff's voice in headphones.

JEFF/VO.

T minus thirteen, twelve,
eleven...

ELSEWHERE on the set, EVAN watches with his SUNGLASSES on.

He suddenly whips them OFF with a look of ALARM.

The boathouse from Evan's POV: the now familiar DOG appears
at the land-side entrance to the boathouse and SITS there,
as we hear Jeff's voice in headphones

JEFF/VO

Nine, eight, seven...

BLACK SCREEN. a second or two.

EVAN THROWS down his headphones and sunglasses. And RUNS toward the boathouse, SHOUTING, WAVING his arms.

EVAN
Stop stop shut it down.

Angle on David as Evan runs in the background. David's head is turned. He doesn't see this. His headphones are on.

Angle on Jeff, also with headphones, as evident in the background runs behind a closely parked vehicle and can't be seen from Jim's angle now.

Jim/VO

Five, four, three...

People on the set shout and waved their arms and point. This gets David's attention. He turns to see Evan running toward the boathouse.

He also sees that there is NO DOG there.

DAVID
Holy Christ. Cut! Cut! Jim! Shut
it down!

Someone shakes Jim's shoulder, points toward the boathouse. He Sees Evan, emerged from the side of the vehicle

JIM.
|Oh fuck sake!

He hits the kill switch, halts the countdown. In the final instant we see the entrance to the boathouse from

Evan's POV. The dog sits there looking at him, with a cluster of barrels, wrapped with bundles of wire inside the structure. . .

The dog becomes airborne, begins to transform into a long serpentine thing or like a Chinese Dragon, but retaining the brown and black markings of a German Shepherd.

It spirals into the air, belches a TONGUE of FLAME onto the explosive device.

The boathouse EXPLODES, at the precise moment Evan is engulfed in the blindingly white fireball we cut to

Black screen. It lingers this time.

This is Evan's blindness.

We HEAR him STRUGGLING, THRASHING

EVAN/V.O.

This was my POV know,. Blindness. Fade to black.

INT. Evan's hospital room. Night.

Evan THRASHES and FLAILS in his bed. Parts of his upper body are badly burned and he has a bandage wrapped around his eyes.

EVAN
Where am I?! why can I see?! why
the fuck can't I see?!

Angela, asleep in a nearby chair, stirs awake and rushes to him, takes his flailing hands in hers.

ANGELA

Evan it's Angela I'm your baby it's me. There was an accident, do you remember?

EVAN
It hurts. It hurts like hell. Oh
my God.

ANGELA
I know baby.

Angela hits the nurse call button. And they wait. She continues to hold him as he rise in pain.

Angela.

Just hold on.

The nurse comes in with a large typo in hand. Angela turns to her her tone is both urgent and choked up as she asks the nurse

ANGELA (CONT'D)

You know who I am, right?

NURSE
(Intimidated.)
Yes, I do.

Angela points to Evan

ANGELA
Make it stop.

Black screen. Two seconds or so

Back in Evan's hospital bed later. David stands at Evan's bedside. Evan's torso burns have healed a bit but smaller bandages remain over his eyes. Evan is clearly doped up.

David Jeff hit the kill switch in time. We don't know why the explosive went off.

EVAN

There was a dog in their... Somehow, it...

David. There was no dog Evan. I've seen the footage. Hundred and fifty six people were there, nobody saw a dog. Evan, in a distant dopey tone,

EVAN (CONT'D)

It wasn't a dog it was... I don't know

Black screen. A couple of seconds.

INT. David's office, months later. Day.

David sits behind his desk across from Evan, who now wear shades instead of bandages, and we can see the slightest trace of skin graft scars around his face and neck.

David holds a smart phone with an attached headset microphone.

DAVID

I got you something. This screenwriting program is voice-activated. It automatically formats and punctuates. All you do is talk.

EVAN

Thanks, I'll try it.

DAVID.

So how are you feeling?

EVAN

Doctor took me off the pain meds. But it still hurts like hell. I can't write. Not like this.

David takes a deep breath, and says reluctantly.

DAVID

All right. I know a guy. Can you be at you place around 8 o'clock?

EVAN

Okay. David. Just 'til the pain's gone.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Just 'til pain's gone.

Black screen. Two seconds or so.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

David has the headset microphone on as he shakes a handful of pills of a large manufacturer's pill bottle, swallows them with a glass of water, then speaks into the his headset microphone. He looks and sounds dopey, speaks slowly.

EVAN

This side of Paradise. Scene twenty nine. Slug line. Exterior. The mag-lev station. Night. The vine surrounds the station creeping and coiling around everything closing in on Scott...

He pauses looks lost and in pain, then takes three more pills with a nether splash of whiskey.

Black screen about two seconds.

INT. David's office. Day. Evan sits across from David. Evan wear shades looks doped out. David looks chagrined by the condition of his friend.

EVAN (CONT'D)

The pills man they've got the pain whipped, but it's like I'm living in slow motion. I can only get a fraction of my normal workload done.

DAVID

All right look. The studio once the script bad, and pretty soon will get someone finish it for you. It's gotta be you and me man.

EVAN

All the way. David. My guy'll bring some to keep you going... Just 'til the pain's gone.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Just 'til the pain's gone.

BLACK SCREEN. About two seconds.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

David has a handful of white painkillers in his hand. three new orange pills in the pile. He swallows them with water.

Sometime later, Looking sweaty and Twinkie, Evan has his headset microphone plugged into his living room computer.

EVAN

Exterior. Roof of maglev train day. Lance fires a blast from his micro similarity pulse weapon at the next maglev car. The car implodes, shrinking to a vanishing point, were paid replaced by an exploding disk of blinding light.

Montage: Evan's descent into addiction. Begin with a static shot of Evans coffee table: pill

Pills bottles, A few become half a dozen, becomw a dozen, and so forth.

Close-ups of Evan swallowing increasingly large handfuls of pills first with water, then whiskey from a glass, then whiskey straight from the bottle.

Multiple close-ups of Evans increasingly pill bottle stuffed medicine cabinet swinging shut, each time revealing a more disheveled unshaven reflection of Evans face in the mirror.

Evan talks into his headphone headset phone, we see the words appear on the computer screen and script format.

A close-up of the top 50 movies as listed in variety. We track up the list to see this side of Paradise at number four.

Evan dictates more text into his headset, he really looks like shipped out his next is text appears and script format on the screen. His coffee table cluttered with pills, pill bottles and liquor bottles.

We scroll up another list of varieties top 50. This time slums of Babylon is number one.

Evan crams an alarmingly huge and multicolored pile of pills into his mouth and chases it with a long uninterrupted pull off a whiskey bottle. He puts the bottle down looks uncomfortable for a beat,

Then suddenly pukes the whole mess back up all of the coffee table.

He laughs darkly wipes his mouth, and calmly begins picking up one puke covered bottle after another, and amassing a new multicolored pile of pills into his hand as he stares ahead blindly

INT. EVAN'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

The place is truly a wreck now, so is Evan. With a full beard sunglasses whiskey bottle in hand.

Angela stands before him, she looks like she's been crying recently as Evan, barely able to stand says in a bitter drunken slur

EVAN

A hundred and eighty million box office. What the fuck more o you wna from me?

ANGELA

I want you. I want Evan.

EVAN

Evan doesn't live here anymore.

ANGELA.

I can't watch you do this to yourself anymore. Goodbye Evan.

She walks out.

As the front door closes behind her, Evan HURLS the whiskey bottle at it and it shatters in a weeping tempest of glass shards and brown liquid.

The momentum of throwing the bottle is enough to bring him stumbling to his knees.

He CRAWLS to the coffee table and begins feeling blindly around for a fresh bottle, knocking booze and drugs like all over the place in the process.

He picks up a single pill puts it in his mouth, chews it and says

EVAN

Vicodin.

He picks up another chews it and says

EVAN (CONT'D)

Adderall.

He blindly knocks over a small bottle of tequila, scoops it up before it all spills out and says

EVAN (CONT'D)

Part of his complete fuckin' breakfast.

And commences to suck down the remaining tequila like it's water.

BLACK SCREEN. Two seconds or so.

INT. David's apartment. Night.

David sits on his couch staring vacuously. looking completely shredded malnourished sleep deprived. His TV is on but he doesn't seem to be paying attention.

We angle on it once again to see the title screen:

TMI Hollywood over-share!

Then they cut to a scene that looks TMZ-like: a bunch of their staff reporter sitting standing around and open Internet open office setting and one middle-age guy leaning casually against the wall of the cubicle says

TMI GUY

So Evan Danarius, currently the most bankable screenwriter in the movie business. What all has he written?

One woman lounging by desktop computer consults the screen and recites

TMI GIRL

Fear itself beyond recognition uninvited slums of Babylon.

TMI GUY

Great flicks. But this guy, Bermuda triangle. Hasn't been seen for months. Not available for interviews, not ever since that pyrotechnics accident last year, and the rumors abound.

A KNOCK at Evan's DOOR. He slowly staggers his way to the door and opens it.

DAVID stands there, flanked by a huge musclebound Man on one side and a bespectacled Hispanic DOCTOR MENDOZA on the other.

Evan assumes he knows who it is, turns and stumbles back toward the couch dropping a rubber-banded wad of CASH onto the ruinous jungle atop the coffee table.

EVAN
Keep the change. Leave the stuff
on the table.

DAVID
It's not the guy Evan. Guy's not
coming back. You're going to make
some new friends tonight.

Evan stops, turns.

EVAN
What are you talking about?

DAVID
All this is on me Evan. I got you
hurt. Then I got you hooked. This
all ends now. Dr. Mendoza will
explain the rest.

Evan looks vacantly around the room as Dr. Mendoza steps forward and speaks with a Mexican accent.

DR. MENDOZA
Tonight we're going to administer
an ibogaine treatment.

EVAN
Ibogaine. What the fuck is that?

DOCTOR MENDOZA
It is a drug capable of curing
drug addiction usually after just
a single dose.

EVAN
Look at me dock. You're going to
make all this go away with a
single shot of something?

DR. MENDOZA
The drug re-tunes your brain's
receptor neuronal connections,
restores the pattern of of
activity that existed before the
addiction.

EVAN

Why have I never heard of this miracle drug?

DR. MENDOZA

It is illegal in the US. It is hallucinogenic. During this treatment you will feel like you are far away from this place. It will be a time of profound introspection. Some of it will be like a dream some of like a nightmare.

Evan considers this as he wobbles and stares vacuously.

DAVID

This is not a request man. I brought some muscle with me. Don't make me use him.

Evan knows he's beat. He plops down on his couch and asks,

EVAN

So I'm going to hallucinate?

DR. MENDOZA

Yes

EVAN

Well it beats the nothing I can see now. Let's do this.

Dr. Mendoza approaches, takes Evan's arm finds a vein and inserts a needle.

As we angle the needle plunger slowly descending pumping the in the liquid we FADE to

BLACK SCREEN.

It lingers this time for a good five seconds or so. This is Evan's POV. Blindness. . .

. . .And then a single SHOOTING STAR streaks diagonally down across the blackness.

Nothing for beat. More blackness. . .

ANOTHER shooting STAR. This one streaks down in the other direction crisscrossing the path of the first one.

Then another.

Two. Several. MORE.

And finally with more raining STARS comes more LIGHT, ILLUMINATING the flat Rocky top of a desert MESA in the background, and the outlines of rolling DESERT HILLS in the distant night beyond it.

We watch as this crisscrossing RAIN of shooting stars becomes a MONSOON, ILLUMINATING the landscape in a surreal FLASHING alabaster like a discordant patternless strobe-light.

Angle on Evan now: STANDING here, his EYES seem to WORK just fine, as he LOOKS around in wonder at all this.

Track AROUND him seeing DESERT LANDSCAPE beneath the edge of the mesa on which he stands in all directions

No moon, no regular stars, but enough light to see clearly when the now familiar German Shepherd DOG suddenly LEAPS into the frame, supposedly from the ground hundreds of feet below, LANDS atop the Mesa, and WALKS toward Evan.

The dog's whole BODY RIPPLES slightly in a liquid, psychedelic way, like lake water under moonlight.

The DOG SPEAKS, with an otherworldly voice, it says...

DOG
Six thirteen! And the stars of
heaven fell to the earth!

The LIGHT CHANGES then, in fast-forward. NIGHT becomes DAWN becomes DAY over the course of five seconds or so.

And as it changes we INTERCUT with brief ALMOST SUBLIMINAL flashes of three slug lines.

EXT. THE DESERT. NIGHT. . .

EXT. THE DESERT. DAWN. . .

EXT. THE DESERT. DAY. . .

It's important that these give the distinct impression of subliminal messages.

As the SUN rises in the sky at a visible rate, the SHOOTING STARS FADE away, The German Shepherd once again ELONGATES into a SERPENTINE creature, HOVERS in the air with its long tail coiling springlike beneath it.

Then, in a most surreal and dreamlike fashion, it sprouts SIX additional HEADS, one at a time. Each one less dog-like and more Dragon-like than the last.

Then the last of these heads to sprout the last five of these had sprout to DRAGON-LIKE horns a piece

A beast with seven heads and ten horns just like in revelations. Evan is awed, and unsettled

EVAN

What... What are you?

DRAGON THING

We are the Cheyot. The spirit animals.

The beast COILS around Evan's body, never touching, spiraling up and away in widening circles and out of the frame.

Then the SUN slowly DARKENS. First orange, and red, casting its deepening glare on the land around it. And as it deepens it develops a MEANDERING red FLAMES that GROW across the sky like vines.

Some of the flames touch the horizon and slowly the landscape around the becomes a spreading ocean of MOLTEN GLASS, spreading out in all directions, until the mesa becomes like a tall island in the center of it all

Then the Mesa begins to SINK, it's base being MELTING, and becoming one with the surrounding sea of molten glass.

The disk of the SUN goes from RED to BLACK with a burning red halo, like a surreal solar eclipse, and the daylight becomes a macabre red DUSK.

The base of the mesa sinks to the point that only the top few feet of it remain above ground. Then the melting of the last of the Mesa stops. And Evan looks around and wonder at the ocean of liquid glass.

A current of supernatural WIND blows a cloud of DUST and sand off the top of the mesa, and as it blows, it takes the airborne shape sandy staircase LEADING up to the black heart of the SUN, which now seems much CLOSER.

EVAN/V.O.

And I saw doorway standing open in heaven.

Evan ascends the stairway, and as he does the REST of the Mesa MELTS from the OUTSIDE IN.

Then the hovering sandy staircase begins to melt one STEP at a TIME, following Evan as he walks, stretching, dripping down into the ocean of liquid glass.

It DISAPPEARS entirely as Evan WALKS THROUGH the eclipsing black SUN as if it were a hole in the sky itself, and we fade to,

INT/EXT. FOXHOLE TRENCH. DAY

Evan walks in near-total darkness first in an EARTHEN TUNNEL shored up by a rough framework of wood columns,

Then OUT into an open TRENCH, deeper than Evan is tall. All we can see is a DUSKY SKY, full of low smoky black clouds,

EXT. Timeless battlefield. Day.

The rolling landscape that stretches to every horizon is LITTERED with dead SOLDIERS, WEAPONS, VEHICLES from every conceivable time period. From thousands of years past to what look like centuries in the future.

Some of the bodies are piled into hideous MOUNTAINS. Some of it SMOLDERS some of it BURNS. It's DARK here, like something close to night, and the sky looks black, glowing, toxic.

Behind Evan on the horizon, a BLINDING white FLASH.

He turns to find it has dimmed into a distant rising MUSHROOM CLOUD.

As he marvels at this, the SOUND of horses HOOVES approach from the other direction

Evan turns again to find a RIDER with a suit of plate mail ARMOR and a wooden bow approaching on a SHITE HORSE.

Part of the helmet piece on the armor appears to liquefy and MORPH into something like a CROWN.

As tthe rider arrives, he removes his headpiece revealing itself to be a living version of the pale SUBLIMINAL DEMON we saw from the EXORCIST clip.

It bellows in a DEMONIC VOICE

HORSEMAN NUMBER 1/EXORCIST DEMON,
Come and see!

Another LARGER thermonuclear FLASH goes off on the horizon to Evan's left.

He shields his eyes, turns and sees the slowly diminishing GLARE of the blast, the SILHOUETTE of another HORSE and RIDER galloping toward him in GREAT LEAPING BOUNDS impossible for any earthly horse.

The second nuke FLASH slowly DIMS into a larger mushroom cloud, as the HORSE makes a FINAL arcing leap into the foreground where we can see that the horse and rider are both FUTURISTIC amalgamations of BIOLOGICAL tissue and wicked looking CYBERNETIC enhancements.

The horse's head is half HORSE half TECHNOLOGY. on the tech side, an ELECTRONIC EYE images Evan had to toe with scanning LASERS. The LASERS CEASE, and the cybernetic writer bellows in a slightly MECHANIZED VOICE,

HORSEMAN NUMBER TWO.

Come and see!

Behind Evan, another still LARGER nuclear FLASH. this one so Mensa CONSUMES MOST of the landscaping in its blinding white LIGHT,

And a second or two later the thundering BOOM.

Evan turns, as thermonuclear wind from the blast blows past him, CHARS the bodies, and other local battle detritus, BUFFETS Evan like a gale,, but doesn't burn him like it does his surroundings, as the TOWERING white mushroom CLOUD blooms into the sky.

DESCENDING through all the light and fire now, a massive prop-driven FUTURISTIC battle DRONE with four robotic legs. A very lethal and apocalyptic looking thing.

It touches down. its propellers fold away, all manner of CANNON SIZED sizes energy WEAPONS EXTEND from its body, as does a horse like robotic NECK and HEAD, bristling with futuristic SENSORS and ANTENNAS. From its single electronic eye sprouts a HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION of an old-fashioned SCALE with two plates hanging by chains from a hinge.

In a fully SYNTHETIC VOICE

DRONE/HORSEMAN NUMBER THREE

Come and see!

The holographic SCALES slowly TIP - one down one up - moving into an EVEN balance. and as they MEET, a blinding FLASH of LIGHT explodes from that point in space, CONSUMING the dark LANDSCAPE.

Then Slowly bleeding AWAY to reveal,

EXT. ROLLING GLASS LANDSCAPE.

It's as if the desert LANDSCAPE turned into molten glass has HARDENED into low JAGGED HILLS and flat planes of pure clear CRYSTALLIZED glass. Some of it forming huge jutting SHARDS.

In the SKY, THREE SUNS, in three different directions one WHITE one RED one fully ECLIPSED, black with a halo. And all with psychedelic meandering flames.

In a sky full of EARTHQUAKE LIGHTS, all the colors of rainbows but these are MORE ANIMATED, trippy, swirling in and out of form in constant currents and eddies.

And all this color LIGHTS UP the glass of this crystalline LANDSCAPE with PRISMATIC refractions and distortions.

A figure wearing a WHITE CLOAK and HOOD approaches on a PALE HORSE. Hooves clacking against glass

Evan first walks then JOGS a little to MEET the rider, and finds the person under the white hood and cloak looks like ANOTHER HIM (no beard, but with sunglasses on)

This other Evan suddenly whips off his cloak, revealing a body completely COVERED in EYES. And in EVAN'S VOICE he bellows,

EVAN/HORSEMAN # 4
Come and see!

This time the words ECHO throughout the landscape. Evan is horrified.

EVAN/V.O.
And I saw...And the name of the rider was death.

The pale HORSE REARS up on its hind legs and brings it's front hooves down on the glass ground. The IMPACT trails off in a reverberating ECHO, as a WEB of CRACKS in the glass landscape SPREADS out in all directions, and horse and rider DISAPPEAR in a FLASH of light.

The cracks WIDEN as they stretch away to all horizons cracks becoming BOTTOMLESS CANYONS, leading down into DARKNESS.

Evan JUMPS over the cracks to stay on solid ground, as large CHUNKS of of it FALL AWAY. He soon finds himself trapped on an ISLAND of GLASS.

As the landscape around him loudly CRUMBLES away, it is replaced by MASSIVE SHARDS of glass crystals that shoot UP

at various angles, meeting high above, and forming a not un-fortress of solitude-like ENCLOSURE around him - cavern that resembles a CRYSTALLINE CATHEDRAL.

Flat-top shards of glass ascend to ground level all around him. TWELVE on one side, and TWELVE on the other.

And ONE ahead.

On each flat top shard sits a GLASS THRONE, on which is seated a HUMAN FORM from a different TIME PERIOD Throughout history. Angela's people, the HOLY ONES.

And seated at the head throne, Angela's father, in Native American dress.

The 24 others, repeatedly chanted in unison:

24 ELDERS (IN UNISON)
Holy. Holy. Holy. Holy ones who
were and are to come.

More flattop SHARDS ASCEND between Evan and Angela's father, kind of like stepping-stones, and the remaining gaps are mostly filled by Jutting glass crystals that angle this way and that.

Evan looks around in wonder, and walks to Angela's father. As the CHANTING continues, and the evidence of multicolored daylight outside the crystal roof slowly DARKENS.

Evan stands before Angela's father now.

EVAN
You look like someone I know. Who
are you?

ANGELA'S FATHER
The question Evan, is who are you?
And what you make of these things
that you see?

EVAN
I'm blind. I don't see, I'm
hallucinating.

ANGELA'S FATHER
That is an unfortunate word of
white man's language. These are
visions. And they are trying to
tell you important things.

The failing light DIMS to PITCH DARK then. Evan and Angela's father are bathed in some sourceless directionless supernatural GLOW.

The twenty four ELDERS on the thrones are SWALLOWED slowly by the DARKNESS, and their chanting fades with them

EVAN

Then help me understand.

ANGELA'S FATHER

That understanding resides within you and it is your task to look within you to find it.

As the last of the ELDERS VANISHES, Evan looks around and asks

EVAN

Who are they?

ANGELA'S FATHER

My kind. The Holy Ones. We have guided humanity steps over the millennia. Walked with you as humans, although we are not. What in fact we are is beyond your comprehension.

The ground beneath them is swallowed by the shadows, and the two men now find themselves FLOATING in DARKNESS.

Slowly the sky full of SHOOTING STARS returns.

EVAN

Try me.

Angela's father calmly, deftly talks his legs upward, and now floats Indian style. Evan makes a more cumbersome attempt to do to do the same, reaching down and pulling his legs into place with his hands.

ANGELA'S FATHER

You have an important destiny Evan. We sent an angel to watch over you. I knew her as a half human daughter. You knew her as a friend, then as a lover. But your time to know her in these ways has passed.

EVAN

Angela

ANGELA'S FATHER

Yes.

EVAN

I loved her.

ANGELA'S FATHER

As she did you, and always will.
 Love and fear are the only two
 things that really exist in the
 world. Soon you will embark on an
 important journey, and on that day
 I will send another one of my
 angels to remind you of this
 truth, and to prepare you.

Above them, a full blood RED MOON slowly fades into view
 then, MOVING slowly AROUND in the darkness, it casts a dim,
 bloody light on a landscape that now appears to be
 constantly MORPHING into different TERRAINS of various
 earthly, and unearthly kinds

EVAN

Something is changing inside me. I
 can feel it.

ANGELA'S FATHER

Your brain's neurons are being
 re-tuned, not just to break your
 addiction, but to see all the
 frequencies outside the spectrum
 of visible light.

EVAN

Like radio waves?

ANGELA'S FATHER

Yes. These frequencies interact
 with solid objects differently
 than light does. Much of your
 world will be translucent or
 completely invisible. And what you
 do see will be reflected in a
 continuum of indescribable colors.
 You will not be able to make
 others understand what you are
 seeing. So it will become your
 secret, and your burdon. But you
 will need it in the ordeal that is
 to follow.

EVAN

(Concerned)

And what ordeal is this?

ANGEL'S FATHER.

You will see soon enough.... Such
 is the nature of a vision quest.
 And yours is just beginning.

Evan suddenly finds himself PULLED back far AWAY from this place across light years, past STARS, PLANETS, GALAXIES. we get the sense that TIME is racing BACKWARDS, and we are coming to the center of the universe and all the galaxies and nebula are COALESCING into more chaotic primordial versions of themselves as they RACE in and from all directions becoming an ever denser WILDERNESS of LIGHT and swirling gases.

Until it all comes back to TIME ZERO, the primordial EXPLOSION in REVERSE, shrinking to a vanishing point in the wilderness of

BLACK SCREEN. It lingers again.

Then it EXPLODES back OUT again, and in the expanding flash of this cosmic birth we fade to

INT. David's apartment. Day.

The place is clean. The drugs and booze are gone. Bearded Evan sits on his couch, eyes closed.

He opens his eyes, looks around in a way that suggests he seeing something, overwhelming at first.

David sits patiently across from him and asks.

DAVID

How do you feel?

EVAN

Better. Better than I have a long time.

David You feel like you want to-

EVAN (CONT'D)

-No. I don't want to. I want to throw that stuff out.

DAVID

Already taken care of

EVAN

Wait, you didn't flush the weed, did you?

DAVID

No I just got rid of the drugs. So what was it like?

EVAN

I had... A revelation. Hey David?

DAVID
Yeah?

EVAN
Thanks.

EVAN (CONT'D)
You and me.

EVAN (CONT'D)
All the way.

And we fade to:

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Superimpose: Today.

A close angle on David as he lies asleep on his back in bed.

He Stirs awake, sits up, and looks around with his blind (yet not so blind) eyes.

And we stay close on Evan's face at the moment. His expression tells us something is wrong, but he's not sure what, and neither are we

EVAN/V.O.
Remember: your life is a movie.
And here's where that begins to
make sense.

He WHISTLES for the dog. Nothing he whistles again.
Silence.

MICHAEL/O.S.
There is no dog Evan. Not here.

Evan jumps to his feet shot, looks around frantically.

Michael - 30s, plain looking, glasses, sharp looking suit - leans, arms folded against a chipped rotten dresser,

In a SHREDDED looking room that appears to have been been vacant and abandoned and exposed to the elements for a year or more. All the furniture is rotten and crumbling.

EVAN.
What the fuck! Who are you?

MICHAEL
And I've got some more bad news.

EVAN

What the hell happened to my room?

MICHAEL

Same thing that happens the rest of LA. You should know, you wrote it.

EVAN

What you mean I wrote it?.

Michael opens a drawer on Evan's bedside table takes out a half smoked joint and a lighter takes a huge hit as he explains

MICHAEL

Quantum uncertainty. One of the immutable laws of physics. It states that nothing in the universe is real until we look at it - until it is watched - but watched by whom?

EVAN

Dude are you smoking my Cheeba?

MICHAEL

I'm sorry I forgot to mention, I have a severe medical condition. You see there's a rock up my ass the size of the one that wiped out the dinosaurs, and its name is Evan Danarius!

EVAN

And who the hell are you?

MICHAEL

I've had many names over the eons. Michael the Archangel is probably my current favorite. I'm one of Angela's species, but my role is different I'm kind of like tech support for the multi-verse. Which brings me to why I'm here.

Michael goes to one of the walls. A piece of CHALK APPEARS in his hand, and he uses it to draw a large horizontal ARROW on the wall on one hand.

He writes the word order on the other hand he writes the word chaos

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Can you see this?

EVAN

After a fashion. Why are you writing on my wall?

MICHAEL

This is about entropy. Defined as the measure of disorder in a closed system. The tendency of all matter to go from a state of order to a state of disorder over time. Drop a DVD off a ten story building, it doesn't hit the sidewalk and turn into a Blu-ray. It shatters into a thousand useless pieces.

Michael TAPS the words order and chaos on the WALL for emphasis, as he concludes order

MICHAEL CONT

Order. Chaos. The human manifestations of which are love and fear that's what the universe is actually made of. sound familiar?.

EVAN.

Yeah, it does.

MICHAEL

Good, we got that talking point out of the way. Now for a little behavioral and anthropology. Humans are control freaks by nature. Despite the myth of democracy, power cannot be equally distributed among your species. And those with the lion's share will always use it to exert control over the majority. We call it hunter-gatherer syndrome. Allow me to illustrate.

Michael snaps his fingers, and in a flash of light both he and Evan are transported to.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF EVAN'S APARTMENT. DAY

Evan and Michael look around at a ruined gutted broken Los Angeles. Some of the buildings are partially or completely crumbled.

Along the north east and south horizons walls of smoke from distant wildfires seem to imprison the metro area and the

more immediate vicinities are inundated with a thin smoky haze.

Sounds of gunfire screams and other chaos sounds intermittently from both near and far. Evan reactions Michael explains.

MICHAEL

This is city of fallen Angels. Or some quantum variation of it anyway.

EVAN

But that's an unfinished screenplay. This is real.

MICHAEL

Artists are gods seven. They create worlds that are every bit as real as the ones they live in. When you finish making a script into a movie what happens?.

EVAN

I roll myself a wooler, get nice, and attend the premier.

MICHEAL

Then the movie gets seen by multitudes of people. They watch. They all form common memories of the experience. Through a phenomenon called morphic resonance this produces a collective consciousness. You followed me so far?

David pauses from looking around at all this unfathomable ruination.

EVAN

I guess.

MICHAEL

As more people have this experience the frequency of the collective brainwave pattern remains the same, but the amplitude is increased. Energy waves become matter waves. Particles become Atoms become molecules. In short you get this.

Micheal holds his ARMS OUT, as a large EXPLOSION is HEARD from ground level.

Evan jumps. He looks shaken up by all this, but not sold on the concept.

EVAN

That script was never made into a movie.

MICHAEL

It was read by Angela, who being of a highly advanced species, creates a morphic resonance equivalent to millions of humans.

EVAN

I see.

MICHAEL

In the ruins of Los Angeles the human mind is under siege, and one man will stop at nothing to protect the most sacred freedom of all. Sound familiar?.

EVAN.

It's the logline I wrote for this script.

A cloud of sooty smoke from the unseen blast below reaches to the rooftop then.

MICHAEL

You - this quantum version of you anyway - has been waking up to find yourself trapped in worlds of your own creation. The only way out of any given one of these worlds is to die in one world, and then make the jump to another. As you'll recall this has now happened twice.

EVAN

So I'm not stuck here. I could just throw myself off this rooftop and roll the dice on a new World.

MICHAEL

This time is different. This time you jumped into world you haven't finished writing yet. It's open-ended. You die here you jump into, well, nothing.

EVAN

What do you mean nothing?

MICHEAL

Oblivion. Soul death. You disappear in the infinity of worlds you've created disappears with you. Soul death for everyone, line forms to the left.

EVAN

Boy you're just a ray of sunshine aren't you?

MICHAEL

You're stuck here, man. You gotta find a way to fix this world. Be the hero: what do they call him, Rosebud?

EVAN

(Distant now)

Yeah.

MICHAEL

So let's review the beats here: Earthquake ridden Los Angeles, now inside a demilitarized zone where things have gotten kind of Thunderdomy, and surrounded by a country under martial law, is broadcasting subliminal messages neurolinguistic programming subconscious priming techniques and various other mind-fuckery, to turn the world into a draconian wasteland full of warmongering psychos.

EVAN

Pretty much.

MICHAEL

Dope. So just out of curiosity how was this one supposed and?

EVAN

Hadn't Figured that out yet.

MICHAEL.

Dude! You never start a screenplay without an outline. See what you've done?

Michael snaps his fingers again, and in another all-consuming flash they find themselves back in,

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Michael points to his order chaos arrow diagram.

MICHAEL

You remember our little talk about entropy, right?

EVAN

Look man if this is more doom and gloom I think I've had my fill.

MICHAEL

Mmm, a mixed bag. And this is very important so pay attention. You're trapped in a world you crated. The good news is you wrote the script, you can flip the script if you want to. The bad news is every time you make changes from the inside like that, you accelerate the rate of entropy throughout this universe.

EVAN

And this is bad why?

MICHAEL

Let's just say the human understanding of entropy is rudimentary at best. The more changes you make the more random and chaotic the world becomes.

EVAN

What's that going to look like?

Michael shrugs and throws out some suggestions

MICHAEL

Suddenly there's an I in team. Gravity flings you into space. You shout Kool-Aid and fuckin' Grimace crashes through the wall. I mean, shit who knows. Unless you're in a hurry to find out I keep my changes as minor and infrequent as possible.

EVAN

So how do I write changes?

MICHAEL

In this world, your screenwriting program and the only only copy of fallen Angels is in your office at the studio. You have to find a way to get it. And in this world the studio is, well, evil.

EVAN

I guess some things never change.

Evan takes another toke, remembers something

EVAN (CONT'D)

. . .Wait, one last question.

MICHAEL.

Shoot.

EVAN

Has anything like this ever happened before?

MICHAEL

Oh yeah. Writers and artists get trapped in their own worlds more often than you think. You're familiar with the painting the scream by Edvard Munch?

EVAN

Yeah.

MICHAEL.

That's really him in there....or some quantum version of him anyway. Oh I almost forgot, we're adding echolocation to your bag of perceptual tricks that should help you navigate through town somewhat. Well I'm off like a prom dress.

Michael snaps his fingers and disappears in a flash. Evan sighs as we fade to.

INT. Parking garage. Day.

Evan drives for the first time since losing his sight through a RUINED GARAGE full of BATTERED, GRAFFITI speckled CARS, and Evan's is no exception.

He drives like a near-sighted drunkard, sideswiping half the cars he passes, weaving this way that. His radio is on,

and the song "SCREENWRITER'S BLUES" by Soul Couching is playing.

It's the same verse we will soon hear David quote ("Los Angeles beckons the teenagers to come to her on buses" etcetera) so it needs to be mentioned by name here. (Otherwise I wouldn't write theme music in a screenplay, because that is of course a big no-no.)

EVAN/V.O.

Already I could hear the chatter
of radio broadcasts in my head
again. But this, time far below
what normal ears would pick up:.

We hear the MUSIC FADE down to an ephemeral and ambient noise, and RISING up it up in its place a soft WHISPERING female VOICE, (reciting some of the same subliminal dialogue once used in MK-Ultra experiments.)

WHISPERING VOICE/V.O.

War is peace. Black is white. Pain
is truth. Question nothing. Oscar
is God.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE EXIT. DAY

Evan CAREENS with howling tires into the street. The neighborhood is SHREDDED, litter strewn and populated only by a tight cluster of PAPARAZZI reporters and VEHICLES, with cameras, microphones, and several hovering camera DRONES.

Evan slams on the BRAKES as the crowd BESEIGES his vehicle, some JUMPING on the hood to snap PICTURES. All CHATTERING with overlapping questions.

Most of them have TMI shirts and hats on. Some of them are shoving MICROPHONES through Evan's shattered window.

We hear them fire off a string of QUESTIONS.

PAPARAZZO #1

Is it true you're the Rosebud? Are
you here to liberate the city of
Los Angeles?

PAPARAZZO #2

Do you intend to aid the
resistance?

PAPARAZZO #3

How do you plan to evade the LAPD
patrols?

EVAN/V.O.

Good question: How do I stay off the cops' radar? The LAPD puts quite the beat down on anyone they find on the streets in the daytime. Everyone except these paparazzi dick-fucks right here.

Evan calmly gets out of his car and announces.

EVAN

Good afternoon gentlemen! On behalf of pissed off celebrities the world over, allow me to convey the following message:

Rather than words, Evan pulls out his PISTOL, opens fire on the suddenly screaming fleeing crowd dropping tabloid reporters left and right.

One reporter gets in the driver seat of his van frantically fumbling for his keys.

Evan follows him, locking and loading a fresh clip. He points the gun at the driver, who stops fumbling and stares fearfully at Evan with his hands up

EVAN (CONT'D)

Keys. Now.

The man hands over the keys, scrambles out of the van and scrams.

Evan gets in and the drives away.

EVAN/V.O.

I know, that seemed a tad psychopathic. But necessary, given that TMI and company are now the the studio's primary source for live footage of L.A. carnage, and would allow the studio to track my movements. Hell to the no.

As Evan DRIVES, we take a quick look in the BACK

Numerous TV monitors line thte walls, all depicting violent shooting and carnage all of the city.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY. DAY

In a DOWNTOWN area beclouded by a curiously THICK blanket of SMOG, Evan brings his TMI VAN to a HALT as something in an ALLEY catches his eye...

An LAPD cop DRESSED in SOME futuristic looking RIOT GEAR, BEATS a man with a billy CLUB, who lies cowering on the ground.

As the cop beats the man he pauses to say.

RIOT GEAR COP #1
 Don't worry motherfucker I'm not gonna kill you! You can't put a dead motherfucker on the red carpet!

He lets out a peel of evil LAUGHTER, raises his CLUB for another blow,

But a bullet from behind sends him keeling over dead.

Evan arrives gun in hand, helps the bloody man to his feet. Despite his battered condition, the man is beset by intermittent fits of MANIACAL LAUGHTER.

This guy comes across like he's hopped up on something but we can't be sure what. He seems to recognize Evan in mid-sentence.

HOPPED UP GUY
 You save my L-oh holy shit and a half! it's you!

EVAN
 And who's me?

HOPPED UP GUY
 (Laughs maniacally)
 You're the fuckin' Rosebud! You're the fuckin' Messiah dude! Man I thought you were a myth! you're going to lead the revolution man! Take the world back!

He LAUGHS maniacally again

EVAN
 Uh huh. and any idea how I'm mythologically supposed to accomplish this?

HOPPED UP GUY
 Well fuck! The airwaves man! You can see the airwaves! You've got that second sight! You can see the poison their fryin' our fuckin' neurons with! You can see where it's coming from!

More maniacal laughter, as David considers this

EVAN

Why yes I can. Wow. that's like, a superpower now.

Evan TURNS, begins REMOVING the dead cop's RIOT GEAR, and putting it on. And as he does, he NOTICES the cop wears an Electronic GLOVE of some kind. Numerous WIRES leading from the glove disappear into the flesh of his forearm.

EVAN (CONT'D)

What's going on here?

HOPPED UP GUY

Glove implants! Studio did that to all the cops! Those implants are wired into their brains pleasure centers, and they're triggered by gunshot residue! Every time they shoot someone it's like they're having a fuckin' orgasm!

Fully decked out in riot gear now, and holding the helmet, Evan looks disturbed

EVAN

I never wrote anything like that. Anyway I need to get in touch with the resistance. Tell them Rosebud and is here and he wants a meeting.

HOPPED UP GUY

You got it!

The guy takes off RUNNING down the alley way shouting

HOPPED UP GUY (CONT'D)

Holy fuck the Rosebud! The me-fuckin-ssiah man! Y'all bitches got it comin now!! ya hear!!

EVAN/VO

Like most of L.A., this guy was hooked on something called Analog. A wicked designer drug. Combination stimulant, opiod, hallucinogen. That I do remember writing.

EXT. LAPD K9 VEHICLE, MOMENTS LATER. DAY.

Evan arrives at the dead COP'S CAR, where a DOG in a KENNEL in the backseat BARKS furiously. the bark sounds a bit MECHANIZED and unnatural.

Evan LOOKS through the window and finds his and Angela's dad's GERMAN SHEPHERD in the back-seat.

But now he is a futuristic CYBERNETIC version of himself. Part dog part machine with two mounted GUN BARELLS harnessed atop his shoulders.

Evan lets him OUT. the dog goes from barking too excited WHIMPERING and face LICKING. He recognizes Evan.

EVAN

Hey buddy! Oh man, look at what they did to you. that is so messed up.

Evan opens up the driver side door and the dog jumps in. Evan gets in the car after him in the driveway.

EXT. STUDIO GATEHOUSE. DAY

David pulls up to the gatehouse. The studio lot looks more like an embattled wartime military base with razor wire sandbags armed guards and watchtowers and buildings that look like they've taken their share of small arms and RPG fire.

David pulls up to the gatehouse. He has the futuristic riot gear and helmet on now.

Another cop in right gear looks through the open window of the gatehouse as Evan flashes the dead cops badge and picture ID in a wallet.

The gatehouse cop looks suspiciously first at Evan that at the dog.

GATEHOUSE COP

Canines are supposed to ride in the back.

The dog snarls quietly, a slightly mechanical growl.

EVAN

Arrest me.

A beat or two of uncomfortable silence. Then the gatehouse cop GRINS, showing badly NEGLECTED TEETH.

He Waves the gate open, and Evan drives onto the studio lot.

We angle briefly on Evan's squad car from ANGELA'S OFFICE window as SHE WATCHES the car drive across the lot.

INT. EVAN'S OFFICE. DAY

Evan's DOG, who now has a pair of AMMO CLIPS attached to his mounted harness guns, SITS patiently watching at the door, as EVAN finishes OFFLOADING his script from his USB drive onto a SMART-PHONE.

That done, he tries a test, speaking into the phone.

EVAN
Interior. Studio office. Day. A
dog biscuit appears on the floor.

And sure enough this HAPPENS.

The dog makes SHORT WORK of the biscuit, and anxious anxiously looks up at Evan for more.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Nice.

And the entropic backlash commences immediately: Through the open DOOR to the office we see half a dozen riot gear COPS RACE this way with guns drawn.

Evan DRAWS two PISTOLS off his belt and takes aim

EVAN (CONT'D)
Shoot em boy!

The cyborg DOG POINTS himself at the opposition, CROUCHES down, and SPRAYS of BULLETS issue from his mounted machine guns as EVAN lays down a LEAD STORM of his own.

They DROP most of the OPPOSITION. A few dive out of the way.

The elevator door opens and MORE COPS come out SHOOTING.

Evan DUCKS to the side along the wall of his office he whistles to the dog who joins him as a hail of bullets comes through the door and into the office David.. Interior main storm drain

INT. LARGE STORM DRAIN.

EVAN and the DOG APPEAR in a FLASH, This DRAIN is tall enough for him to STAND

Make their way through the darkened tubular conduit. As seen through Evan's INFRARED helmet POV - in pale shades of night vision GREEN,

A MANHOLE COVER is HEAVED away behind him. A shaft of the LIGHT POURS through, and COPS drop in one after another.

They Give CHASE. The two parties TRADE GUNFIRE, with Evan in a fighting RETREAT. He takes his shots from the COVER around the CORNERS in the drain.

Evan FIRES OFF his LAST rounds, then he and the dog flee as fast as they can through this cramped conduit

Evan rounds another corner, THROWS a can of PEPPER SPRAY from his belt behind him fires a few SHOTS at the canister and it BLOWS UP, filling the drain with a noxious cloud

Evan TAKES OFF again just as more bullets ricochet off the concrete all around him.

EXT. STORM DRAIN OPENING/LA RIVER BASIN. DAY

Evan and the dog exit out into the dry basin to find themselves surrounded by a dozen camouflaged gunmen and vehicles - a wilderness of GUNS POINTED at him.

And at the forefront, LITTLE MARCO, a short slight man with a huge GRIN.

Evan takes off his helmet and holds up his hands as THE DOG growls and barks

EVAN

It's cool. It's me, I'm Rosebud.

LITTLE MARCO

So we're told.

Little Marco and one of his HENCHMEN approach, the henchmen with a rifle. little Marco has a GRENADE (from which he surreptitiously pulls the pin) as the FOOTFALLS and VOICES of approaching COPS in the tunnel get CLOSER.

Little marco pretends to suddenly REALIZE the pinless grenade in mid-sentence

LITTLE MARCO (CONT'D)
 So here's the d- oh my God I just
 pulled the pin out of this
 grenade!!

Marco pretends to BOBBLE the grenade clumsily from
 HAND-to-HAND making Evan more than a little NERVOUS, then
 at the last moment TOSSES it into the storm drain.

A brief chorus of terrified SHOUTS a huge BOOM, and CLOUD a
 cloud of SMOKE shoots out of the opening.

LITTLE MARCO (CONT'D)
 Like, oops and shit!

Evan breathes a sigh of relief.

EVAN
 Macabre Sense of humor you got
 there.

LITTLE MARCO
 Reflection of the times. So we got
 your message, we tracked you on
 that dead cop's GPS, which you
 should ditch by the way. . .

Evan looks, finds the GPS BEACON on his forearm, RIPS it
 off.

EVAN
 Okay.

LITTLE MARCO
 Anyways, some of us are less than
 convinced you are who you say you
 are.

EVAN
 How do we fix that?

LITTLE MARCO
 Well this is normally the part
 where we blindfold you and take
 you back for hideout. But I'm more
 of a rifle butt to the dome kinda
 guy so -

The henchmen CLOBBERS Evan with the butt of his rifle, and
 as he goes DOWN, we FADE to...

INT. RESISTANCE HIDEOUT

The place is a mixture of high tech and run down. Evan SLEEPS on a dusty COUCH in a room of some ABANDONED BUILDING.

There are ELECTRONICS, WEAPONS, and a lot of random CLUTTER

The DOG licks Evan's face and whimpers a bit until Evan wakes up.

Evan sits up to find little Marco sitting in a chair flanked by two ARMED HENCHMEN.

David clenches his head in pain and grumbles:

EVAN

Trust me dude, no more blows to the head. We all need this brain in working order.

Marco picks up a bottle of slightly CLOUDY LIQUID and a GLASS off the floor beside him, pours a glass of the stuff and gives it to one of the henchmen who hands it to Evan.

MARCO

Here. Take the edge off.

EVAN

Thanks.

Evan takes a swing his EYES go WIDE and he SPITS the stuff all over the place.

Following a spate of RETCHES and COUGHS, Evan asks

EVAN (CONT'D)

Jesus square dancing Christ! That taste like the devil's douche!

Marco and henchmen LAUGH.

MARCO

It's moonshine, made from hand sanitizer. You want a mint fuckin' julep, you're in the wrong town my friend.

Evan spits one last time.

EVAN

Great. So what's the deal campers?

Little marco points to his frowning henchmen

LITTLE MARCO

You see thees guys? They think
you're a mole planted by the
Celebs. They want to drag you
topside and, shall we say
(Pistol gesture)
Turn you into a more air
conditioned version of yourself.
Give me a good reason not to let
them.

EVAN

The sick and the wounded let me
see them.

Marco and henchmen exchange confused glances then look back
at Evan.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Look, you want your good reason or
not?

INT. WAREHOUSE OF THE WOUNDED. NIGHT

A large disheveled warehouse with a boarded with boarded up
windows and a few portable halogen lights. Hundreds of
people lying bloodied, sick, dying mattresses gurneys the
floor

Evan enters with Marco and henchmen, hold out his hands
mainly for faxing says

EVAN

Interior, warehouse the wounded,
night. Evan extends his healing
hands, and every afflicted person
the room is healed is healed.

Slowly everyone in the room wakes up, or stands up, or
removes their various splints or bandages.

Marco looks around and then says that men to Evan in awe

MARCO

Holy jumping shitballs

EVAN

Oh yeah and Evan's headache is
gone.... There we go.

One of the wounded, an old man with dried blood on his
shirt approaches Marco,

WOUNDED OLD MAN
 Little Marco the pain is gone. I
 haven't felt this good in years.

David glances at Marco and says,

EVAN
 Take up your bed and walk.

MARCO
 HoltyIt is you

HENCHMEN#1
 The Messiah.

MARCO
 Gotta say: I thought you'd be
 taller.

EVAN
 So a lot of these people injured
 each other didn't they?

MARCO
 Yeah, they did.

EVAN
 Your propensity for random
 violence, and muddled thinking.
 Your failure to wage an organized
 campaign against the studio. These
 things are happening for a reason.
 where's your shrine.

INT. THE OSCAR SHRINE.

The room, compared this room as compared to the others is
 damn near immaculate there is an Academy award a large
 BLOODY ALTER in the otherwise nearly empty room several

People are on their hands and knees phases down CHANTING
 something barely audible about Thanking the Almighty
 Academy.

Occasional bolts of electric current shoot from various
 wall sockets room zapping out of the statue like lightning

Evan enters with Marco and the henchmen who falls in their
 niche.

Evan Looks askance at this whole scene and says

EVAN

Yeah this is really awesome, and not remotely pathetic.

Evan walks right up to the Oscar, picks it up and smashes it on the floor.

It cracks open revealing a small menacing -looking radio transmitter inside, pulsating with some deep internal light.

Everyone reacts in shock and confusion as Evan stomps the transmitter under his foot smashing it.

EVAN CONT

You will not worship false idols.

Marco and the henchmen stand up. Marco shakes his head like he's recovering from a dizzy spell.

MARCO

What was that thing?

EVAN

ELF transmitter. Oscars have them, Golden globes, Emmys pretty much any show business award you can think of. Designed to disrupt normal brain function. In case you ever wondered why so many celebrities are cuckoo for cocoa puffs, here's a big part of your answer.

MARCO

I feel different. More lucid.

EVAN

Good. Because you'll need to be paying attention for this next part.

INT. RESISTANCE HIDEOUT

The same room were Evan woke up now filled with camouflage clad resistance fighters, Evan stands before them. On two flat screens screens on the wall behind him freeze-frame images: one is the words QUESTION NOTHING on the other, the image of one SOLDIER STABBING another with a rifle bayonet

We start with Evan in mid-explanation of the battle plan.

EVAN

...They rotate these transmissions through every antenna and dish in the city in a random sequence. That's why we're going to blow them up one at a time, until we force them to broadcast directly from the studio. At the same time this will draw out LAPD manpower and resources to look for us, leaving the studio less heavily defended. That's when we'll attack there, hack and reprogram the broadcast, or failing that, destroy the server.

Beat, Evan walks, thinks.

EVAN CONT.

Now... Analog. how many of you are hooked on the stuff?

At first only a few hands go up Evan waits more and more hands go up till finally most of the room cops to having an analog problem.

Evan All right, that's a big part of this conspiracy to destabilize you, and we're going to fix that. Who here has a degree in organic chemistry or something like it.

Not a single hand goes up. Evan sighs.

EVAN

Could anyone here synthesize ibogaine if you had a lab and all the precursors.

One hand goes up. Gary.

GARY

I'm Gary, and I was a biotech engineer. Ibogaine is completely substituted tryptamine derivative. Mind wrenchingly complex synthesis. I need a fully stocked lab in a ton of extra hands.

EVAN

You'll find everything you need at that pharmaceutical plant on Ventura Boulevard.

GARY

I've been to that place it's looted. Beyond recognition.

EVAN

Not anymore it's not. Now one more
thing people. I have done things
tonight and many view may
interpret his miracles. But these
miracles bring curses with them.
In the coming days as we
accomplish our goals, the world
out there is going to be...
Different.

INT. THE CUTTING ROOM. NIGHT

David is the conductor of a savage orchestra: in a large room the walls covered with monitor screens, hundreds of them. All playing video of violence, torture and man's inhumanity towards men. Some of it seems to be taking place here in Los Angeles some of it looks like it's battlefield video and drone and satellite POV's of war from all over the planet.

David is surrounded by about a dozen techs, sitting at computers and video editors. he darts his gaze this way, calling the shots as his techs splice it all together.

DAVID

Camera twenty two. hold. Camera
sixtyt one. Hold. Camera 38 hold.
Cut to infrared drone. Hold for
the ordinance to detonate. Back to
twenty two. Zoom fifty percent.
Track with that line of tanks.
Hold. . .

Angela walks in, David looks less than happy to see her he takes off his headset -mic.

ANGELA

Evan Danarius. Name ring a bell?

David shakes his head no.

DAVID

Should it?

ANGELA

He's the best from you or I ever
had. He's The infamous rosebud.

DAVID

No shit. I suppose Robin Hood and
the loan fucking Ranger are in
town too

ANGELA.

LAPD badge number four nini one
six. Patch through to his body
can't feed. He's your new reason
to exist. fuck all this fake news.

DAVID

Anything else?.

ANGELA

He's now the leader of the LA
resistance. They're about to
launch an offensive. TMI is going
to be all over it. They will rise
up. Then we will crush them. And
you David will eat sleep and
breathe and edit this guy for the
short remainder of his life for
the remainder of his short and
painful life.

David gives her a sour look.

DAVID

I'm a filmmaker. This is a movie
studio.

ANGELA

Was David. And on the day the
state city fell and everything
changed, you chose to stay. I took
you into the fold.

DAVID

I'm honored .

ANGELA

You made a commitment to me.
That's right, the other C word.
The one guys don't like.

DAVID

What happened you Angela?

She points at the surrounding war footage.

ANGELA

This happened. To me. To you.
You've got the red carpet in one
hour and you're not even dressed.

Angela walks out, adding,

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Get your poop in your group.
David. Things are going to start
happening fast.

And we fade to a MONTAGE: the revolution commences.

Members of the LAPD, singly and in groups, are ambushed and blown up, sniped from afar during patrols. They are stripped of their riot gear, weapons, vehicles, and the resistance departs with these spoils of victory.

Awards, in shrine-like environments, being smashed, throughout the city. Oscars, Golden globes, Emmys, smashed stopped hammered, scattered unto the four winds.

TMI, and other paparazzi journalists, with cameras microphones and drones chasing all the action, occasionally being shot at her blown up.

Footage galore in the cutting room with David directing, selecting, editing.

Antennas satellite dishes, and cell phone towers exploding all over town.

Explosives and bombs being made by Mark, who is apparently the resident explosives expert. He and his assistants straps to the basis of towers. The entire radio station explodes.

David heals more sick and injured. Then these people are trained to become soldiers, weapons, target practice, etcetera.

Armies, clad in both riot gear and gray urban camo, grow in number.

Gary and his many helpers in a well-stocked lab, synthesizing ibogaine by the barrel.

Evan copies his screenwriting software and Fallen Angels script onto multiple smart phones and tape sees phones to various random services throughout the city.

Wildfires are now visible in the hills and plains around LA, and smoke clouds the cities air adding to the smog, making daylight hazy, tinting the sun orange.

Cybernetic police canines are liberated from LAPD patrols and join the soldiers in the melees with police. Evan, leading a patrol, looks at a distant storm cloud on the ocean he sees first one tornado touched down. Then a second one. Then two more.

A patrol walks the streets at night in a neighborhood where the smog is thicker than ever and strange ghostlike currents and eddies swim through the air in it.

A camera drone to its TMI handler. As it touches down, the man holding the remote control watches a convoy of rebel vehicles drive away in the distance. He sneers at them and among his teeth we clearly see the unmistakable fangs of a vampire, as we fade two.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS. DAY

Start with a close-up of a hilltop cell tower on a cloudy smoggy day. The base of it is consumed by an exploding fireball, and it collapses in a chorus of rending and screeching. From a distance, Evan and Marco, both lower their binoculars through which they were watching this.

EVAN

Well that's the last of them.

MARCO

Just as well. I'm dog tired of making bombs.

EVAN

Well there's that one big one I need you to finish.

Evan looks to his left, and in the distance he sees the Hollywood sign, or rather what's left of it: the H, the O, L and Y are the onyl letters left stganding. the rest of them have been torn down, and their splintered remains now litter the hillside.

The Sign now effectively spells HOLY.

And especially thick, snaking currents of smog, starting the look a bit like ghosts now, coil and swim around in and through the letters for a beat then dissipate.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Holy? Who did that?

MARCO

The Celebs did it, right after the quake. Some shit about sacred land. Crazy jackfucks.

EVAN

You know an actress once committed suicide by jumping off the H.

MARCO

No shit.

EVAN

Left a suicide note of the foot of the letter, put on the dress she wore at her last movie, and off she went.

MARCO

Huh. Real flair for the dramatic.

EVAN

No doubt.

MARCO

Got into costume and everything

EVAN

Totally.

MARCO

Sounds like the biz lost a real team player that day.

As they turn and walk away we fade to,

EXT. URBAN NEIGHBORHOOD NEAR STUDIO. NIGHT

EVAN and MARCO lead a heavily ARMED PLATOON of foot SOLDIERS in riot gear and commandeered police VEHICLES.

They come to an INTERSECTION, and are joined another platoon of soldiers in vehicles, this one more military in appearance.

And as they walk, the smog around them is thicker than ever, and coalescing into discernible SMOG PHANTOMS with horrified faces and amorphous bodies that narrow into long vaporous tails.

They SNAKE through the air, COIL around objects and people, all the while making a course of ominous sounds like exhaling asthmatic breath.

EVAN

The smog problem's really getting out of hand.

MARCO

Some say they are the ghost of the fallen. That to free them we must take back the city.

One phantom spirals up Evan's body, until they are face-to-face. His favors arms coil around Evan, it's open mouth largest toll seems to swallow Evan's head and neck for dissipating into formlessness.

EVAN

You have a new religion now Marco.
And increasingly angry god called
entropy.

INT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE STUDIO. NIGHT

Evan and Marco Crouch at a classless window of an abandoned building looking through night vision documents.

An infrared monocular POV: armed guards and ordered vehicles line the entrance, many gunmen crouched behind sandbags and razor wire: pale shades of night vision green.

MARCO

Perimeter securities beefed up.
They know something's coming.

Evan talks into his two-way radio.

EVAN

Paramount, are you in position?.

On several corners of the building's rooftop to rebels aiming bazookas downward talk into headset mics. bazooka

BAZOOKAREBEL#1

Target acquired.

BAZOOKA REBEL#1

Ready to rock.

EXT. STUDIO GATEHOUSE. NIGHT

RPG Street down through the smoggy darkness, seemingly impaling smog phantoms on the way down, whipping them into swirling eddies.

The gatehouse and greater metropolitan area explodes in twin fireballs.

A thundering popping hail of gunfire comes out of the darkness, pounding on the studio's fortifications and dropping perimeter guards left and right.

A CONVOY of vehicles STORMS the entrance, springing from the darkness with their headlights off. Many with welded

improvised ARMOUR made of sheet metal and random chunks of steel.

They take HEAVY FIRE as they penetrate the studio grounds, but they give as good as they get.

FOOT SOLDIERS follow, SHOOTING and using slow-moving vehicles as cover. RPG's, and grenades fly in both directions. Troops and vehicles on both sides are claimed by EXPLOSIONS.

Paparazzi camera DRONES HOVER and GLIDE above, FILMING everything, we see some of the ACTION through their POV's

And in the CUTTING ROOM, David watches these POV's on his walls of TV SCREENS.

Here and there, we see TMI VAMPIRES joining the fray. They LEAP superhumanly over the fences and towers. They ATTACK the studio and rebel fighters alike, screeching inhumanly, and waging a fully independent campaign of equal opportunity BLOOD DRINKING.

INT. ANGEL'S OFFICE. NIGHT

ANGELA has the LIGHTS OFF, the WINDOW OPEN, and a sniper RIFLE in her arms. Even in the low light of the distant explosions outside, we can see that she looks noticeably OLDER, black hair speckled with GREY.

She NOTICES three different FIGHTERS, her own men, drawing a BEAD on EVAN.

With superhuman speed and accuracy she DROPS each one with a single SHOT apiece.

INT. STUDIO LOBBY. NIGHT

LAPD cops in the buildings' shattered WINDOWS fire off SHIT-STORMS of hot lead, but do NOTHING to DETER the rebel SWAT TRUCK that plunges into the LOBBY in a screeching, jangling cacophony of twisted metal and shattered glass.

RPGs STREAK into the lobby, OBLITERRATING most of the surrounding gunmen the rest are overwhelmed by a surge of rebel gunmen as they flood into the lobby.

Rebels begin pulling out a large heavily armed as Evan aims and drops one enemy after another he announces loudly.

EVAN

I'm an aspiring writer! I have a blockbuster script! Just read the first ten pages, you'll be blown away!

Silence now. The last of the opposition lies dead on the floor.

MARCO

Yup. They're blown away alright.

Evan and Marco now begin shooting out the many security cameras.

In ANGELA'S OFFICE, she watches as a wall of CCTV monitors cuts to static one at a time. INT. The cutting room. David watches Evan on the last working security cameras he points his gun at it, and it becomes static. Now, only one of the hundreds of monitors in the room still bears the image of the shaky running POV of Evans riot gear body cam.

David locks and lows his M-16 as he walks out, and Angela's voice sounds on his headset microphone.

ANGELA/V.O

David, he's here. Get your men in position.

INT. RUINED STUDIO LOBBY, MOMENTS LATER. NIGHT

A wave of fresh riot gear cops flood the body strewn lobby pointing their rifles looking for trouble but finding none.

They converge on the open back of the squat SWAT truck.

Nothing.

They look at the row of four elevators: the floor counters over on the outer two are here on the ground floor.

And one of them is open now. The doors try to close, the double doors peacefully bouncing off a dead body lying half out of the elevator car.

More riot gear clad cops arrive to join them now, and they all look at the floor counters for the two middle elevators. Both holding steady on the fifth floor.

TEAM LEADER

Fifth floor. They're going after the satellite server.

Part of the crowd of cops piles into the available elevators, the rest of the race into the stairwell.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT.

Marco stands atop an elevator car. As the car begins MOVING UPWARD through the dark, Marco whispers into his RADIO.

MARCO
Universal, were moving in shaft
one.

Evan, in SHAFT FOUR, also stands atop an ascending car.

EVAN
Roger. I'm headed up too.
Spyglass, take your shots.

Elsewhere in a drop ceiling CRAWLSPACE, a rebel with a sniper rifle responds on his radio.

SPYGLASS REBEL
(Whispers)
Roger, standby.

He quietly REMOVES a drop ceiling PANEL ahead of him and takes AIM.

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR HALLWAY.

Three ARMED MEN stand guard, evenly spaced along the hallway opposite the four elevators

The sniper BARREL pokes down from the open panel at the far end of the hallway.

Three SILENCED SHOTS find their marks, the armed GUARDS DROP one after another.

A beat or two later Spyclass DROPS out of the ceiling, and talks into his RADIO

SPYGLASS
Universal, targets are down.

Heading to elevator four.

INT. SIX FLOOR HALLWAY.

Riot gear cops pour in and out of the rooms, looking for rebels, finding none.

One by one they converge on the middle two elevators, whose counters hold steady on the sixth floor.

INT. Seventh floor.

Spyglass has pried open the doors to elevator number four uses his rifle to drop them open to prop them open and reaches down into the dark shaft where even Evan grabs his hand and climbs out into the hallway.

Spyglass grabs his rifle and he and Evan run to the out elevator number one.

Spyglass pries it open, Evan reaches down Marco jumps and jumps in the shaft, but he's too short to reach Evan's hand.

Spyglass

Dammit little Marco you midget son of a bitch.

EVAN

Hold me, I'm going down.

The elevator lurches; someone on a lower floor has summoned it.

Spyglass hold holds Evan by the legs, and braces his feet against the open doors, as Evan dips a few inches lower into the darkness.

INT. Six floor hallway.

Two guys cautiously simultaneously step toward the elevators elevators two and three, pushing the buttons open the doors with the barrels of their rifles.

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR HALLWAY.

Just as the elevator Marco stands on begins to descend, he catches Evan's hand climbs up the wall, as Evan and spyglass heave them out into the hallway.

Spyglass snatches his rifle out of the doorway the doors begin to close in all three men dive for the cover of the wall just beyond the elevator.

INT. Six floor.

Both elevator doors open, revealing massive bombs made of clusters of 50 gallon barrels cobbled together with duct tape wires stick and sticks of dynamite.

Taped to one is a smart phone with a camera facing outward and spray-painted on the surface of all of them, the words,

Oops and shit!

Kaboom! everyone and everything is consumed in the emigrating explosion.

OUTSIDE THE STUDIO, Outside the studio, a brief wide look as every window on the sixth floor windows explodes and belches angry flames.

INT. Seven floor.

All four elevator doors explode, belching fireballs, narrowly missing our three heroes who scramble to their feet and race for an open door at the end of the hallway

Evan talks on his radio as he runs.

EVAN
Bad robot, talk to me!

.Nothing.

EVAN CONT'D
Bad robot, respond.

Nothing.

INT. SATELLITE SERVER ROOM.

Evan Marco and spyglass rush into to a room full of computers Web servers and broadcasting equipment. Two dead rebels seated at computers, David standing next to them the pistol, and three riot gear cops

Spyglass and Marco are immediately shot dead. One of the gunmen grabs Evans smart phone and gives it to David

David turns a computer monitor in front of one of the dead guys around to face Evan. On it we see the words

Unplug. Think for yourself. Hug your kids. Question everything.

DAVID
Caught your nerd here trying to
replace our subliminal tracks with
this beat your short swords
plowshares crap. Kind of flies in
the face of our whole business
model.

Angela's voice comes around David's headset mic. Lied

ANGELA/VO.
You you got him?

DAVID
Yeah, we got him.

ANGELA/VO
Break his phone and bring it to
me.

DAVID
On it.

David drops the smart phone on the floor and smashes it underfoot. He approaches Evan with pistol pointed.

EVAN
It's good to see you again David.

DAVID
I'm sorry, do we know each other?

EVAN
Where I come from your the best
friend I ever had.

David reacts to hearing this for the second time but says nothing.

EVAN CONT'D
We made some fearsome flicks
together. All of this was supposed
to be one of the.

DAVID
Jesus. Tell the voices in your
head to start paying rent, you'll
turn into the fucking Monopoly
guy.

Evan on just one more thing before we go. David on yeah,
what's that?

Evan throws a live grenade from behind his back over his
shoulder.

EVAN.
Plan B!

Before David has even time to ascertain what was thrown
Evan grabs him, pulls him out into the hallway, pulling the
door shut as he goes. They tumbled to the floor just as the
grenade explodes inside the room.

David scrambles to his feet furious and confused as he points his gun down, and Evan sits up, and offers no resistance.

DAVID
Why?! You should've killed me!

The riot gear cops exit a stairwell and join David. David asked them.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Where are the rest of you?

RIOT GEAR COP
They got about 30 of us last
downstairs.

DAVID
Get him up up.

The cops pull Evan to his feet as we fade to.

INT. ANGELA'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Now David leads Evan into the room Angela says to David,
line

ANGELA
Wait outside.

David leaves, grudgingly.

EVAN.
What's happening to you?

ANGELA
Your entropy. It ages me among
other things. By now I'm sure
you've seen the tornadoes, the
smog phantoms, and wait to you see
what you've done to the paparazzi.

EVAN
Spayed and neutered. Please tell
me it's spayed and neutered.

Angela briefly almost smiles, but stays on message.

ANGELA.
You met my father once in a
vision. You remember it as a
hallucination, but I assure you
that experience was no less real
than all of this.

EVAN

And what exactly is all this?
Because there is a ton of shit
happening here that I never wrote.

ANGELA

Mightier than the sword Evan.
Every world you've ever written is
a universe. and has infinite
quantum variations. In this one
your species is currently running
into a wall with the bucket on its
head. And I'm not sure that bucket
can be removed.

EVAN.

What are you Angela? what are you
really?

ANGELA

I'm what Carl Jung would call a
trickster archetype the last of
the Holy Ones.

EVAN

The Hollywood sign; why'd you do
that?

Angela folds her arms glances thoughtfully at the floor as
she walks slowly around her desk toward Evan.

ANGELA

I remember when I was a little
girl, the night the white man came
to take my village to the trail of
tears.

EVAN

Angela, that was in 1839.

ANGELA

Just listen... My father. He moved
so quickly he was a blur. He
killed everyone. The white men.
Our village. He told me there
could be no witnesses - that
history could make no record of us
because it was our destiny to come
to this place.

EVAN

But why? Why here?

ANGELA

Because this land is sacred. It is the nexus of all of your worlds, and the place where the fate of each one is decided.

She stands face-to-face with him now. There is a certain awkwardness and sadness between them.

EVAN

I don't get it. What's your stake in all this?

ANGELA

My species thrives on the energy of human conflict. The same conflict that is at the core of all storytelling. I was your muse. And you were my sustenance.

Evans a bit disturbed by this.

EVAN

At least you loved me for my mind.

ANGELA

The kind of love I feel for you is not only timeless, it is beyond your emotional comprehension. But tonight I'm going to put you on the red carpet, because that's my mission Evan. That's the role I play in this world.

EVAN

Well, you always were good at. . .
Compartmentalizing things.

Angela activates the intercom on her desk and says,

ANGELA

David, get in here.

(Then to Evan)

And I'll tell you one last thing Evan. Whether you live long enough to make use of this information is up to you.

David enters with two riot gear cops, and waits.

ANGELA CONT'D

There's someone else like you out there. With eyes like yours.

(MORE)

ANGELA CONT'D (CONT'D)
 He's lived in your other worlds
 and he remembers them. He might be
 able to help.
 (to David)
 Take him.

The riot gear cops lead Evan out of the room, David starts after him but Angela calls him back.

ANGELA
 David.

David looks irritated as he stops and turns.

DAVID
 Yeah?

ANGELA
 I want to look around at this
 world we live in. Ask yourself if
 this feels right.

DAVID
 Woman, start making sense.

ANGELA
 And think about who saved your
 life tonight. Because it damn sure
 wasn't me.

This get to David somehow, for the briefest moment, but he snaps out of it and leaves.

Angela turns and stares at her wall of flatscreen monitors. A wall now covered in test patterns and color bars.

INT. PRISON BUS. NIGHT.

Evan sits in a window seat on a bus crowded with passengers who like him are handcuffed and shackled. As he gazes out the window we glimpse a brief SERIES OF SHOTS of this apocalyptic Los Angeles as the bus drive through it.

Rubble, ruined vehicles, gutted partially crumpled crumbled buildings. The occasional rotting body. The occasional fire. Graffiti everywhere.

The city seems to be a dozen feet below sea level now, held back by a decaying retaining wall, and battered by unusually large, angry waves.

Low pendulous clouds that look black and smoking like nuclear fallout. Thick currents of smog and countless small phantoms swimming through the hollow gutted structures.

And all as Evan tells us.

EVAN/V.O.

The studio would be broadcasting again soon enough. Nothing would change. I had fought with everything I had been defeated by a world my own creation. I've written my share of heroes over the years, but found it impossible to be a hero. My feelings now best conveyed by the words of Peg Entwistle, in the suicide note she left at the foot of the Hollywood sign: I am afraid. I am a coward. I am sorry for everything.

LINE EXT. RED CARPET/DOWNTOWN LA. NIGHT.

In a four-way INTERSECTION, an improvised, spring loaded four way horizontal GUILLOTINE machine, generously stained with blood. At the center, under the traffic lights, pairs of vertical restraints facing long platforms that lead down all four streets to the spring mounted blades.

There's a system of blood stained GUTTERS and drainspouts around the central cluster. the drainspouts hang down over large movie premier SPOTLIGHTS which pan their light beams robotically across the clouded sky.

There is a DUMP TRUCK full of BODIES and HEADS parked underneath center of the platform.

A boisterous CROWD surrounds the gallows, hundreds deep on all sides. And stadium size big screens hanging on the side of all the surrounding buildings making this all look like a cross between Times Square and the thunder dome.

David and the other prisoners are led off the bus and herded into a large cage where SHOUTS, BOOS and various verbal and physical detritus are hurled at them by the crowd.

David watches from the cage as the first six prisoners are led/dragged onto the gallows clamped into the restraints.

David takes the stage. The big screens overhead come to life with close-ups of all six squirming screaming prisoners. David Stokes of the crowd as his amplified voice booms.

DAVID

Good evening friends and fucking neighbors! Are you ready see some motherfuckers lose all their LA privileges?!

The crowd roars in the affirmative.

DAVID (CONT'D)

That's right! Los Angeles beckons the teenagers to come to her on buses! Los Angeles loves love!

CHEERS and JEERS, as Evan looks up at one of the big screens. It displays a quote from revelations.

"The great city has fallen. She has made the nations drunk with the wine of her wrath and fornication"

DAVID (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Well I stopped by to tell you that this American carnage starts right here, and right now!

The traffic lights facing down the first of the four galleys the turns from green to yellow to red – and the roaring crowd gets louder with each turn.

Until finally on red, the first set of GUILLOTINES is TRIGGERED. And the first two had decapitated HEADS FLY, replayed from various speeds and angles on the big screens overhead.

In the second galleys green. Yellow. Red. In the heads fly replayed above to the roaring crowd roaring crowd.

Then the third green yellow red. Chop chop. Towable towable. In the fourth new in the fourth. The bloodthirsty crowd is really raging now.

DAVID

Okay. That just happened! Six motherfuckerrrs just got de-fucking-capitated! let's be adult about this!

Deafening swell of cheers and hoots.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Because war is...

David holds his mic out to the crowd

CROWD/IN UNISON

Peace!

DAVID
And peace is...

CROWD/IN UNISON
Truth!

David speaks into his mic in a more subdued tone now.

DAVID
And truth is media. We are the war
for the last beacon of truth the
world will ever know.

More murmurs of agreement than shouts or jeers now. This crowd like most of the rest the world are indoctrinated and deeply programmed.

Angle on the headless bodies, still spouting blood like faucets.

Track downward, following the waterfalls of blood, down to the gutters, and the drain spouts, and down onto the cover glass of the panning spotlights, the blood bubbles and hisses slowly turning first one then another light beam from white to red.

David looks skyward from his cage, at one of the increasingly red discs dancing among the clouds, and he lays another quote from revelations on us.

EVAN/VO
And when he opened the sixth seal,
the moon became like blood.

DAVID
But we have a very special guest
with us on the chopping block
tonight friends! I mean, talk
about decapitating the leadership!

Rising course of jeers.

David gestures toward Evan and his cage.

DAVID (CONT'D)
The arch enemy of truth! the most
wanted terrorist on the planet!
Evan, the rosebud Danarious, and
his top seven heretics! Front and
fucking Ccenter!

And the volume of the cheering crowd is cranked up to 10 as the cages opened and Evan and seven others are taken up to the gallows and strapped to the center we angle on the surrounding big screens overhead. Still very close-ups of

the red carpet, now the revelations quote about the great city is fallen etc. begins jumping slowly from one screen to screen clockwise around the gallows and the crowd.

First the traffic lights turn yellow, then red.

The first two guillotines fly, the hands tumbled through the air, and the blood gushes. All played and replayed on the overhead screens as the crowd roars.

In the quote jumps to face the next gallows.

As Evan and another guy are strapped into the restraints behind where David stands, Evan pleads with him.

EVAN

David. I created all this. let us go and I'll fix it or end it. That's a promise.

David turns. He looks irritated if not uncertain as he speaks into the mic in response.

DAVID

Evan Danarius. They say you write these things which are and will take place hereafter. . .Well write your way out of this fuck-puppet!

Two more traffic lights turn red two more guillotines launch. Two more heads tumble, as the revelations quote on the big screen now faces their headless bodies, with the replays on the other three screens.

One man who held up his hand in a defensive gesture before being decapitated, now has his rigid headless body frozen, arms out, as his head rolls down the sloping bloodied gallows.

As the blood drips from the drain spouts, and the light beams become a even deeper red.

David, referring to the headless man holding his arms out says,

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ho...lee...shit people! Talk to the hand, 'cuz the head's rollin' down the street!

The crowd roars.

The revelations quote jumps to the screen facing Evan now he glances up at it. It has now changed.

"The city of Angels is fallen. She has made the nations drunk with the wine of her sex and violence"

EVAN

You were never this dark David.
This is you.

The crowd dies down a bit, as David comes a few steps closer.

DAVID.

You keep talking to me like we're
supposed to know each other.

A new kind of NOISE emerges from the outer limits of the crowd. SCREAMS. Screams of terror. Howls of pain.

David shoots a glance that way, but Evan draws his attention quickly back to him.

EVAN

I come from a world where you and
I are best friends, and none of
this ever happened. You used to
say to me: you never make a movie
the movie makes you. Well you were
right. That's exactly what's
happening here.

David's expression now tells us he knows that's just the kind of thing he would say.

The screens and commotion in the crowd get louder, closer, and now we see why: The paparazzi vampires. Now hulkingly muscular, superhuman, sprinting, jumping over and into the crowd, rebounding off the walls and buildings. Pouncing, screeching, drinking blood straight from the tap.

The riot gear cops around the red carpet panic, and open fire on the crowd in general. Mowing down the humans, but hardly slowing the vampires.

David looks around at all this. Then back at Evan. He's conflicted now, uncertain, as one of the guillotines accidentally flies, and decapitates the guy right next to Evan.

Evan gets splattered with blood. And the head hits the gallows and rolls faceup to look at him. Still alive eyes wide with horror, moving silently trying to speak try to scream.

The riot gear cops keep shooting as they retreat up onto the gallows now most of the threat now clustering behind David as more of the vampire victims of the crowd become

high-octane vampires themselves, leaping to their feet, muscles rippling, screeching as they surge forward.

EVAN (CONT'D)

David, look around you. You know this isn'tt right.

DAVID

(Ironic laugh)

Yeah no shit professor!

EVAN CONT'D

I could make you believe me, But right now I don't have that power. Let me go.

The commotion carnage and panic reaches the gallows now. Yet David is strangely calm, looking thoughtfully at Evan as the chaos closes in, and Evan continues.

EVAN CONT'D (CONT'D)

I made you promise David. And I always keep my promises fix this or end it.

David turns around, slowly taking in all the carnage around him. With his back to Evan, he says,

DAVID

Tell you what Rosebud...

David turns around. He pulls the pins out of two of the six grenades on his belt as he smiles coldly and says,

DAVID CONT

Why don't you have some fun before this whole should house goes up in flames.

EVAN

No David. It's you and me. You would be all the way.

DAVID

Not this world.

David hits one of a series of improvised buttons on a panel beside him. The trapdoor beneath Evan's feet opens, and he drops out of sight, just as David, the nearby cops, the vampires, and most of the red carpet are consumed in the thundering fireball of David's six grenades.

INT. BACKUP DUMP TRUCK. NIGHT.

Evan drops into a gruesome bloodied pile of dead bodies and has barely time to roll beneath the cover of the trucks forward wall before the explosion blow the truck out from under the disintegrating red carpet

As the fireball dissipates Evan reaches up and pulls down a smart phone taped to the sidewall of the truck.

We silently watch him speaking into the phone and reappearing in the driver seat of the truck.

As he fires up the truck and takes off, he continues talking to his phone. We still can't hear what he says, but we get the gist, as an assortment of weapons and ammunition appear on the front seat, and including a futuristic looking looking rifle and a number of sharp wooden stakes.

EVAN/V.O.

Once again I had the keys of hell
and death. Ant it was time to
unlock some serious shit.

As Evan SPEEDS through downtown Los Angeles, a wake of SMOG PHANTOMS with angry open-mouth expressions chase his truck with the hollow sickly sound of exhaling breath.

A hulking VAMPIRE leaps onto his driver-side window.

Evan puts a wooden stake clean through the glass and through his chest and his body bursts into flames.

Three LAPD squad cars fall in behind Evan giving chase.

Evan tilts open the back of the dump truck as he veers off downtown down a narrow side street, and the payload of headless corpses spills into the street behind him, causing the pursuing cops to pile up, coming to a bumpy gory halt behind him.

David talks silently into his phone again as he drives we see a brief shot of the earth from orbital altitude in space: a pair of futuristic -looking satellites appear out of thin air/space.

Back in the cab, he talks silently into his phone again and high-tech imaging equipment appears on the seat next to him, with a series of holographic projection screens that spring upward from the device like the hollow projection from the drone horse in the eye with a trip parentheses the screens display satellite images of North America, one with the caption,

Scanning for brainwave signature...

EVAN/VO

Do the it was time to import some technical technological aspects assets from other worlds I'd written. Say hello to the dream catcher array. Remote satellite brain scans. If there was someone out there like me, someone who knew way out, he be the one soul with an EEG pattern like mine.

Evan glances at the hollow screen again as a riff of thunder sound overhead, and raindrops begin to accumulate on the windshield. The hollow screen has a blinking red dot in Mexico along the Baja Peninsula with a message the screens lower margin: target located

A single patrol car falls in about a block behind him and Evan and turns his roof lights on and gives chase.

He does get far before an F1 size tornado sweeps across the intersection engulfing the car as it goes as the tornado disappears behind an adjacent building, Evan whispers. Evan knew and Evan new in nice

INT. HALLWAY. JEFF;S'S APARTMENT.DAY

Superimpose: Tijuana Mexico or somewhere.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT MEXICO. DAY.

A shitty, dusty bottle strewn hallway with two unconscious vagrants sloping against the walls .

Evan with futuristic gun slung over his shoulder, and a pistol in his hand steps over the detritus, human and otherwise, and knocks on one of the doors. New Jeff answers. Twenty something tall lien dirty with kind of bushy hair.

Before Evan can even introduce himself Jeff pokes his head out looks both ways, pulls Evan into the apartment and shuts the door.

One of the sleeping men on the floor in the hallway opens one of his eyes, and washes them apart.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT. DAY.

The place has all the inherent should eat less of a slumming Mexican apartment. Small dingy, cracks and holes in the walls,.

But piled high with all manner of apocalyptic resident writing this can goods weapons and ammunition stacks of cash computers and other electronics and so forth.

Jeff Pretends to be frantic.

JEFF

Oh thank God you're here! There's something really important I have to tell you!

EVAN

Yeah what's that?

Jeff PUNCHES Evan in the gut.

Evan DOUBLES OVER pain, just as Jeff follows him with an UPPERCUT to the chin

Evan hits the floor, and Jeff Smashes a porcelain lamp over him

JEFF CONT

Did you get all that it's very important!

EVAN

Are you like, naturally a Dick or is this some kind of gluten allergy?

His nose slightly bloodied, Evan gets to his feet and dusts himself off, Jeff walks to a table piled with weapons and ammo.

Evan points his pistol

EVAN CONT

Don't even think about it man!

But instead of a weapon, Jeff picks up a pack of cigarettes and a zippo

JEFF

Oh I'm thinking about it.

He fires up a smoke, takes a drag and asks angrily

JEFF CONT

Do you have any idea how many times we've met? How many of your shit-sucking, ball busting worlds I've been trapped in?!

Jeff starts walking toward Evan again.

EVAN

No I don't.

JEFF

Neither do I. I lost count around three thousand one hundred and something! You always show up, you always make a shitty state of affairs worse. Then you come and find me, and I always have so much fun giving you the bad news! So here it is again shit-nuts!

EVAN

Yeah?

Standing before Evan now, Jeff leads in close, BLOWS a cloud of SMOKE in Evan's face and says,

JEFF

There's no way out! your stuck here! Ha! And believe me you have tried everything!

EVAN

Then why don't I remember any of this?

JEFF

It's your multi-verse bug fucker! You tell me! And while you're at it, answer me this: Why man - why for the love of God couldn't you just write romantic comedies or something?! Huh?! Soft-core tittie flicks?! I wouldn't mind being in about three thousand of those!

EVAN

Um...It's not in my wheelhouse?

JEFF

Fuck your wheelhouse douche balloon!

EVAN

That's not very nice.

JEFF CONT

So I'm guessing you used the brain scan satellites to track me down once again.

EVAN

Yeah, why?

JEFF

Bad idea. When you import one element from another world, other elements tend to bleed through with it.

EVAN

The vine.

JEFF

Yes, the vine. Again. Good job shit-tard

The front DOOR FLIES OPEDN in a crackling storm of splintering wood. One of the sleeping VAGRANTS from the hallway storms in, pointing an UZI.

Evan turns, already with a pistol in hand, the Jeff proved to be much more seasoned in the desert in the deadly arts. He pulls a 45 from his back pocket and drops the guy with three rapid shots.

Then he seems to notice something in the area of the wall to left of door. He takes aim with his pistol and Jeff does the same as he says.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Yeah, I see him.

The two for half a dozen rounds through the same patch of wall out the hallway, we see the other vagrants are now riddled with bullets keels over.

Back in the apartment, Jeff is already over at his weapon's table, dumping two compact submachine guns and some clips into a backpack as Evan turns from the bullet wall to ask,

EVAN

You too huh?

Jeff slings on the backpack now locks and lows and M-16.

JEFF

I can see clear down to the basement.

EVAN

Who were those guys?

JEFF

Cartel. But they never attacked us this quickly before. Your projectile misreading girlfriend must have sick the bonus. Early Evan

EVAN

Here is bad. Here sucks.

Jeff glances out his window. He sees two cartel thugs on the sidewalk one is hefting a bazooka onto his shoulder, as the other lows and RPG into it.

JEFF.

No Shit! Go!

I they race out into the hallway, each darts in a different direction barely clearing the doorway before Jeff's apartment explodes a fireball blooms through the doorway into the hallway knocking the boat to the floor.

As they scrambled their feet, gunmen appear on each end of the hallway, but Jeff and Evan each get the drop on their respective opponents.

There's a FIRE burning in Jeff's apartment, now, we hear the accelerarating POP of GUNFIRE as Jeff's cooking ammunition begins to discharge from the heat, many of the rounds coming to the wall and into the hallway at various angles.

JEFF

Get to the stairwell! meet me in the lobby!

INT. DECREPIT STAIRWELL. DAY

Evan Evan HURRIES down the steps, GUN POINTED. As to rifle toting thugs barge in. And Evan puts them both on the floor with his last six rounds. New his pistol place empty, the hollow clip falls and clanks down the stairs.

Evan froze the gun behind him and on shoulders's mysterious energy weapon.

INT/EXT APARTMENT LOBBY, FRONT ENTRANCE. DAY

Evan and Jeff exit from their respective stairwells and head toward the front doors. Jeff's eyes Jeff eyes Evan's

gun and asks and says, new and Jeff do a micro similarity pulse.

EVAN

You seen this before?

JEFF

You have any idea how many times you got yourself killed with that thing?

EVAN

You know I don't.

JEFF

That is not a short range weapon Evan. I cannot overstress this.

They exit the building to find the neighborhood nearly deserted, and the last few locals fleeing.

Jeff's apartment is now a burning a hole in the side of his building. BULLETS still fly out of it, and the occasional grenade EXPLODES.

Two Humvees bear down them from opposite directions on the street, each one packed with arm cartel fighters already firing at our heroes.

Evan takes first one and then the other vehicle out with one pulse each from his weapon: each pulse hits the vehicle and implodes with a tremendous work when roaring wind, suddenly silent as the vehicle and everything in its immediate immediate vicinity freaks to a vanishing point.

An instant later each vanishing point explodes in a brief disc of screaming blinding white energy. Smoking craters now reside in the streets beneath them.

Evan is impressed.

They both hurry to Evan's dump truck and hopping in as Jeff remarks,

JEFF (CONT'D)

Things never got this ugly this fast. Something's different here.

INT. FRONT SEAT OF THE TRUCK. DAY.

As Evan and Jeff catch their breath, a 4 foot lizard crawls up under the hood stares at them through the windshield for feet, then licks its giant tongue out with sufficient force to put a small crack in the windshield, then scurried away.

Jeff, Bug-eyed with shock.

JEFF

What the fuck have you been doing
this world, man?!

EVAN

I had to make a heap of changes
back in Los Angeles. Entropic
chaos has ensued. Anyway, things
from here on out are going to
be...Stressful.

As he starts driving the truck through the now deserted
neighborhood Evan holds out his hand in front of Jeff any
large burning joint appears between his fingers. Evan

EVAN CONT

So you need to smoke some medical
marijuana for your anxiety. It's
the responsible choice.

Jeff takes the joint examines it, sniffs it.

JEFF.

How the hell did you do that?

Evan knew I you know those dream catcher satellites are
used to track you down.

JEFF

Yeah

EVAN

I had my screenwriting software
uploaded into their mainframe.
Long story short: I can make
changes now just by thinking about
them.

Jeff takes a hit, blows it out it says.

JEFF

You've never tried that before.

EVAN

I was hoping you'd say that.

Jeff hands the joint to Evan, who takes a hit.

JEFF

I like this Evan, he's more
clever...At least you'll get us
killed and some new and exciting
way. So what's the game plan?

EVAN

I think there's a way to make a brand-new world. Start from scratch.

As the truck drives away, a cartel guy watches it go, and makes a CALL on his cell PHONE.

CARTEL FIGHTER #1

They got away. They're headed north.

ANGELA/V.O.

Intercept them in the desert. Only Evan crosses the border.

INT. FRONT TRUCK TALK DUMP TRUCK. AFTERNOON. DAY.

Evan drives, Jeff sits in the passenger seat as they drive along a dusty road in a flat stretch of desert and talk.

EVAN

So you have eyes like mine. How's that work?

JEFF

I was blind since birth. In my college years I had a thing for psychedelic drugs. Mostly because they gave me something to look at. Had a chance encounter with ibogaine at a party, and I guess it kind of tuned my eyes up the same way it did yours.

EVAN

So how did you get mixed up in all this?

JEFF

I'm not sure. One day I started waking up worlds that remind me of movies I've seen. Movies written by you. I guess our brains are tuned to the same frequency or something.

EVAN

How long has this been going on?

JEFF

You don't want to know. When I told you, you've almost never believe me.

EVAN

There won't be a next time Jeff.
So tell me.

JEFF

Sometimes we only live for days.
Sometimes years. Decades. Every
time one of us jumps it resets the
clock. If it did we'd both be
older than indoor plumbing.

EVAN

Damn... And you remember every
minute.

JEFF

Yeah. And you know something? In
all those years there's one
question I've always wanted to ask
you, but never got around to it.

EVAN

What's that?

JEFF

Can you see stars in the daytime?

Evan glances at Jeff thoughtfully for a beat and then, with a
bit of a smile,

EVAN

Thousands of them.

JEFF

Yeah. . .Me too.

Evan glances in his rear view , and in the distance he sees
the mask of pursuing vehicles kicking up dust.

Likewise Mrs. closing and across the dev desert to the left
and to the right.

EVAN

Company. Lots of it. New Evan
floors in the truck with his head

Jeff cartel new the still distant vehicles opened fire in
the first few bullets start ricocheting off the truck.

The head of the sky helicopter restored them. It lays down
a line of machine-gun fire in the road kicking up dust
colliding with the dump truck and raking through it.

Steep billows from the crack radiator. The windshield is
fractured.

Jeff is hit in the stomach and chest.

The engine sputters and dies, and the truck drifts to hold the chopper races overhead and arcs around for another pass. New grabs pulse rifle opens the door and steps out.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Just hang on man! let me get these
guys and I'll fix you!

Jeff struggles to speak through the pain and trauma of his wounds now.

JEFF

No you can't there's too many.
They're coming for me Evan. They
always do.

EVAN

But why?

JEFF

She once you come back to Los
Angeles she was to come alone. I
don't know why, I never make it
that far.

EVAN

I'm not going to leave you here.

Vehicles approach from all sides now. now, the chopper hovers nearby.

JEFF

Yes you are. And you're going to
put a small Small nuke in the back
of this truck. Five kilotons ought
to do it.

Evan thinks about it for a beat.

EVAN

Done. What else?

JEFF

Give me a detonator.

An RF DETONATOR appears in Evan's hand and he gives it Jeff, who is fading now, struggling.

EVAN

NOW WHAT ELSEwhat else?

JEFF

Make yourself Self scarce. And one more thing. This new world of years

EVAN

Yeah?

Dozens of VEHICLES come to a stop are ALL AROUND them. Dozens of ARMED THUGS exit and APPROACH.

JEFF

If you get a chance, reincarnate me.

EVAN.

You got it.

JEFF

Preferably as Hugh Hefner.

EVAN

Now you're pushing it.

BLOOD spills from Jeff's MOUTH now. he WIPES it away.

JEFF

Douche balloon. Why couldn't you just write romantic comedies or something?

EVAN

I plan to start, believe me.

JEFF

Get out here.

Evan DISAPPEARS.

He REAPPEARS standing several MILES AWAY, on a hilltop, holding his pulse rifle. The cluster of cartel vehicles is a small speck in the rippling sun heated distance.

The blinding flash of the nukes seems not to hurt his eyes, he doesn't so much as squint. New cloud it the flash darkens into a blooming mushroom cloud as the thundering boat reaches him. He watches it for a few tics.

EVAN/VO

I had become death. And apparently not for the first time. I tried not rocking the boat. I tried rocking the boat is little.

(MORE)

EVAN/VO (CONT'D)
 and still my ripple effects became
 tsunamis. Time for a brand-new
 approach: the big old bucket of
 fuck-it.

As the cloud cools and darkens distance, a 1950 whatever
 portion spider peers in the foreground. He beat later a
 series of wicked looking mad Max -like spikes appear
 judging from wheel rims and front and back bumpers.

Upbeat after that the pulse weapon vanishes from Evan's
 arms and reappears out the roof of the pores, as the
 mushroom cloud which the car is friend continues to dam.

EVAN/VO CRT
 James Dean's accursed 1958 Porsche
 Spider. Fully restored, upgraded,
 and ready for a new chapter of
 homicidal mayhem. I forget how
 many this people this thing is
 alleged to have killed, but that
 number was about to go way up

INT. SUPED UP PORSCHE. LATE AFTERNOON

Evan gets in close the door. The - consuls and passenger
 side is are all bristling with high-tech options and
 features that look like they're from 50 years in the future
 and decidedly tactical and weapons oriented.

Evan watches as the steering wheel slightly expands and
 puffs out.

EVAN/VO (CONT'D)
 Line know what: Throw in some
 airbags. I might be get myself
 killed today, but I'm not going
 out like Jim

As the car takes off at a very futuristic speed.

EXT. JAGGED TUNNEL ENTRANCE. NIGHT

The night sky is filled with shooting stars.

Evan races through the tunnel entrance in a Mexican border
 hillside so fast he's a blur. A beer or two after he
 disappears, a fast-moving alien climbing vine covers the
 hillside branching snaking 10, tendrils, and shoots into
 the tunnel after Evan.

INT. TUNNEL

Line Evan's car races past the point races past a point border tone merges with a somewhat. Write your cops spray the car with bullets that bounce right off, and Evan plows like bloodied bowling.

They beat later hundreds of fine tendrils race passed along the floors wall and ceiling some plunging bodies and body parts, using them as human flowerpots and instant later tendrils explode the flesh to join the chase..

EXT. SUBWAY EXIT. DAWN

The Porsche flies out of the ramped up tunnel exit, sales over like fighting, as tendrils of fine explode from the tunnel in all directions flying Porsche.

Forces the street and commences tearing through the crowd leaving blood and death scattered wake. New and angle of the fight people: a mixture of hope and holding super fast vampires, soldiers of multiple forms and nationalities, and LAPD right gear

As Evan speeds off continuing to cut a savage bloody wake, tendrils of vine plunge into hundreds of bodies, one tendril goes in, and dozens erupt out showers blood, spreading to surrounding bodies, point crowd spreading up the walls of surrounding buildings.

Elsewhere, along the outskirts of Los Angeles, scores of infantry or through holes and over top of it - the city walls. That surrounds Los Angeles.

Attack choppers flying overhead, tanks and REMIC vehicles plunge through the wall in some parts, while other parts are ordered and blessed pieces.

I and overhead the sky is filled with larger brighter beers that street closer to the earth before exploding in brief blinding flashes.

Back in the relative calm and quiet of the Porsche, Evan is surrounded by this ocean of chaos Evan surrounded by this ocean of chaos, sings ironically as he drives, that old well-known movie theater concession stand jingle

EVAN

(Sings)

Let's all go to the lobby! Let's
all go to the lobby!

INT/EXT. DAVID'S SOUPED UP PORSCHE/DOWNTOWN, MOMENTS LATER.
DAWN.

The fighting and shooting is a bit more sparse here as David swerves and zigzags around block after block of downtown LA trying to shake especially fast horde of holding chasing vampires that leap rebound off the sides of buildings as much as they run.

Roof mounted pulse weapon spins around and fire several micro security pulses behind the. With with each 130 or 40 vampires get sucked in and shrunk down to a tiny white pin point that explodes in a disk of white-hot energy.

A line of tanks bears down on a collision course ahead.

The gun spins around and takes him out with three more imploding pulses, and in that time, hundreds more vampires pouring behind Evan from the side streets.

Inside the Porsche, as Evan fires the last pulse, all his panels and lights dim and blank out, as the engine begins to stall.

Two large fused futuristic power cells appear in the backseat not only does Evan.

Not only does everything right back to full power, but the engine get such a boost that the car now takes off at something approaching on her miles an hour.

Putting many blocks of distance between Evan and vampires

Distance that is suddenly filled thousands of zombies, standing room only horde of them. Wall-to-wall, building to building. And all of them are slow, staggering. Old school.

As the vampires try to penetrate the zombie, and slowed considerably in the process. Bog down.

VAMPIRE. EVAN/VO
Here's a face-off Hollywood has
tried yet.

As we watch the Porsche race away out of the downtown sprawl, fade to a brief montage

In tropic escalation throughout the city. New soldiers and military vehicles shoot at everything including each other.

The carnivorous vine attacks and infects hundreds snakes of walls covers entire buildings.

Vamps and zombies clash by the thousands, while others attack soldiers, turning them into more of the same.

The Sylmar reservoir, spiked with the murky street times like getting Streaks tons of IPO gait. New crop duster supply overhead trailing showers of the drug as they go. A few get shot down by choppers and ground air missiles.

Soldiers citizens vampires getting crop dusted tapwater, all getting the glazed over look of I book a trip now. In the fighting abates.

As the skylight's and sunrise beers, and the reigning meteors get steadily larger, some of packed city, and punching through buildings.

An EARTHQUAKE commences. Already dilapidated buildings crumble entirely. A section of the beachfront seawall collapses and a 15 foot surge of ocean water begins a slow bleed into the city as we fade to

INT. ANGELA'S OFFICE. SUNRISE

The office is a charred crumbled mess. Bullet holes everywhere. Where there used to be a window there is now a jagged hole in the building's wall.

Angela now has gray hair and looks like she's pushing sixty. She has a wooden bow just like your fathers, and with superhuman swiftness she needs fires arrows that spontaneously appear every time she pulls the string back.

She fires at a horde of assailants studio routes. Line below some of fire bullets for her which she dodges with the same blurry swiftness.

But she's losing. The tide pours it toward the building.

That the whole world freezes. Everything except Angela who lowers the bow and turns,

To find Evan standing inside the door.

Angela those with great violence the city shall be thrown down. GOOGLE THIS

EVAN

Yeah. There's that.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Well, you are right Angela...I see now.

Although she's making a bit of a joke her tone is sad.

ANGELA.

No offense Evan, but you kind of
fucked up the Feng Shui we had
going in this town.

Evan approaches her slowly.

EVAN

I can see across worlds. It's like
I have quantum eyes now. There are
worlds where we're together.
Happy.

ANGELA

But this world isn't one of them.

Evan takes Angel's hands, pulls her close, she turns her
head self-consciously.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

No. Don't look at me like this
I'm—

EVAN

What? Old gray? You've seen
Haley's comet like four times.
Ours was never an age-appropriate
relationship.

She gets over herself, looks at him fondly.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Angela...my beautiful, fiercely
independent...come to think of it
you did shoot me that one time

She laughs, a brief choked up laugh,. Kisses her on the
forehead hugs for a while, and as they look wistfully over
eachother's shoulders.

EVAN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

What are we?

ANGELA

We're Gods.

EVAN

Of different heavens.

Angela Angela pulls back.

ANGELA

Noise came. To save take with you.
But this my world Evan. I belong
here.

Evan line but there's a way out I know what it is now.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

So how did you figure it out?

Brief flashback: the remnants of the Hollywood sign, spelling the word holy

Evan line let's just say... I saw a sign

EVAN

I tried to save this world Angela.
But it's easier to write a hero,
than to be one.

ANGELA

But now, the brainwave resonance
of all those people out there will
be just what you need to create a
brand new universe.

EVAN

And now I know how to get there.

ANGELA

Yes you do.

EVAN

But I don't get it. You let me
destroy this world. Destroy you.

ANGELA

It was this world's purpose. Think
about the life you're making, not
the death you leave behind.

EVAN

OK.

ANGELA

Because this thing beyond words -
this, us - it's something eternal.
something that will take you
lifetimes to understand.

EVAN

Goodbye Angela.

ANGELA

Goodbye...And hello.

Evan turns and walks out as he does the world around them
on freezes, Angela turns around raises her bow to the chaos
we track with no walking thing we need to

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS. DAY

CHAOS ABOUND in all directions as we watch PORSCHE RACE away into the hills.

Big METEORITES streak out of the sky IMPACTING near and far.

Along the horizons, SUPERCELL storms spawn an encroaching wilderness of multi-vortex TORNADOES.

Angle now on Evan's steely DETERMINED gaze as he DRIVES.

EVAN VO

You have reached the offices of
God Almighty. No one is available
right now to take your call.
Please listen carefully because
your menu options have changed.

Evan's car races up the winding roads and sporadic chockablock houses of the HOLLYWOOD HILLS, with Los Angeles proper - or what's left of it - in the tumultuous distance.

We could see that the downtown skyscrapers have become tall islands in a growing frothing gulf.

Angle on the remaining HUMAN ELEMENT, and how the VIOLENCE has ABATED. Everything everyone is TRIPPING BALLS now, with looks of distant even catatonic WONDER.

EVAN VO (CONT'D)

You could simply close your eyes.
You're the watchers now. None this
is real if you close your eyes.
But as for me, I no longer had the
luxury of ignoring the man behind
the curtain, because that man was
me...

Inside of its poor she looks at the hollow projected displays of satellite images worse brainwave patterns: all the same line text on the displays we see: EEG patterns acquired.. Residence detected.

Evan parks at a somehow familiar looking hilltop and gets out and starts hiking through low sparse vegetation.

EVAN (CONT'D)

We had earthquakes, horsemen,
falling stars, blood red moons,
yet one piece was still missing
from this apocalyptic puzzle — a
black sun the color of sackcloth,
destroying the world at the same
instant I did what I was about to
do...

He gets to the HILLTOP, looks down to see what's left of
the HOLLYWOOD SIGN, from the backside with the framework,
scaffolds and ladders.

He hikes down gets to the LETTER H, and begins CLIMBING it.

EVAN/VO CONT.

Which was nothing so innocuous as
the clicking of heels. I had to
take myself out the same way Miss
Entwistle did when life in this
town didn't work out for her...

He STANDS atop the H. Takes one LAST LOOK at the
apocalyptic landscape.

Then he looks up the SUN. It DIMS: yellow, orange, red. As
it shrinks to a BLACK PINPOINT of its former self - A black
hole.

Evan JUMPS.

The world around him DARKENS as he PLUMMETS head first.

EVAN/VO

But take me where? I could See
across worlds now and I knew this
was the one thing I had never
tried, which was not to say I had
any idea if it would work. This
could be soul death for all of us.
How appropriate then that
Hollywood's first words would now
be my last...

By the time Evan hits the ground, we can SEE or HEAR NONE
of it; night becomes the infinite dark of

BLACK SCREEN.

It lingers for several beats before Evan concludes,

EVAN/VO CONT'D

...You ain't seen nothing yet.

A single POINT of LIGHT EXPLODES from the center of the screen. A new universe. (Ours perhaps.)

And we watch the blinding LIGHT EXPAND, fade, then FAST FORWARD through billions of years, forming nebulea, stars, galaxies.

We race THROUGH this glittering, cosmic, star-field, SLOWING as we come to the MILKY WAY, zooming towards our own SUN, our SOLAR SYSTEM,

Then PAUSING at the familiar blue and white marble of EARTH from orbital altitude.

One of the DEREAMCATCHER SATELLITES drifts into the foreground, and we slam ZOOM into its INTERIOR where we see where amongst its futuristic CIRCUITRY a hollow projection screen with the following text in script format.

EXT. THE UNIVERSE. TIME ZERO

*EVAN/V.O.
Let there be light.*

The light explodes. We fast-forward through billions of years as the light coalesces into stars, galaxies, planets, until finally we come to earth.

We take a beat or two to read this. And we see a blinking CURSOR slowly adding three words, a letter at a time.

It. . .Is. . .Written.

INT. OPTOMETRIST'S OFFICE. DAY

EVAN sits on the edge of the examination BED as the OPTOMETRIST shines a pen-light in Evan's eyes and looks bewildered.

He puts the pen-light in his breast pocket, stands back with arms folded and declares,

*OPTOMETRIST
Well I've never seen anything like this. Five years ago, when you first came to see me, your vision was about twenty-twenty. Then you had an accident that should have blinded you. Not only did your eyes heal, they kept healing. evolving.*

EVAN

That's good right?

OPTOMETRRIST

It's damn strange is what it is. You went to twenty-fifteen, then twenty-ten, right now you're at twenty-seven. you keep this up. You keep this up you're going to start seeing new colors or something.

EVAN

Would you believe me if I told you I already can?

OPTOMETRIST

I just might. And let me show you why.

He shows Evan an image of his BRAIN SCAN on his computer screen: The same white blotches of high brain activity we saw at the beginning have now SPREAD to most of his brain.

OPTOMETRIST (CONT'D)

This is heightened brainwave activity. So high the machine can't scan the frequency. It started in your visual cortex after the accident. Now it's spreading to other regions.

David look like he knows the answer to his own question.

EVAN

Is this a problem?

OPTOMETRIST

No. There are no lesions, no abnormalities. Your brain is just...lighting up like a Christmas tree.

As both men TURN to look at the IMAGE on the screen, we see them from the P.O.V. of the computer screen's, WEB-CAM

We pull back into the computer screen, through the webcam

And it becomes the the moving, INNER WORKINGS of the motion picture CAMERA, as before.

We pull OUT through the camera LENS into.

The BANK and VAULT from Slums of Babylon. Another alternate ending.

We're Between takes now, as we begin to PAN in a circle, the CAST and CREW, standing or milling about, drift past.

EVAN/V.O.

You're not dreaming. I am. I'm dreaming you, and every particle of your existence. As random and spontaneous as it all must seem to you it's anything but...

Then we come to rest on EVAN, sitting on a folding chair looking around with eyes as if they never knew blindness.

He looks directly at US, a knowing look. He almost smiles.

David arrives wearing a headset microphone copy of a shooting script and a metal binder. He's accompanied by another crewmember and the three of them begin mutely discussing something as Evan continues.

EVAN/VO CONT

It's destiny, rendered in courier font, projected on a screen at thirty two frames per second, given the depth and substance of everything you know by the minds of some unknowable watchers who were themselves created likewise...

MONTAGE of people going about their daily business first here in Los Angeles, then around the country, and around the world.

In Evan's OFFICE now and he TYPES away at his computer. A number of MOVIE POSTERS hang on the wall, including Slums of Babylon, Sity of fallen Angels,

And a new one called This Side of Paradise on which we see the hero holding the familiar micro singularity PULSE RIFLE, and the plunging carnivorous VINE, and the brain scan SATELLITES.

EVAN/V.O. (CONT'D)

Because all gods are judged by gods of their own. Wheels within wheels. Reels with reels. Truth is fiction, and that's the strangest thing of all.

Evan leaves his office.

He gets into a restored vintage PORSCHE IDENTICAL to the one he drove previously say for the roof mounted garden

spikes. We take in more of surrounding LOS ANGELES as he drives through it.

He PULLS UP to the INTERSECTION downtown where we previously saw the Red Carpet. It's just a busy intersection now full of vehicles and pedestrians.

But sure enough, as he gets to the front of the line of traffic, the LIGHTS TURN yellow, then red. And as if this reminds him of what this place was, Evan looks around ominous expression.

JEFF, wearing an expensive BATH ROBE, smoking a PIPE, surrounded by hot CHICKS at the POOLSIDE of an estate that looks a hell of a lot like the Playboy Mansion.

Evan DID make him Hugh Heffner, or a reasonable fascimile thereof.

EVAN/VO CONT'D

But this is about your world now -
your POV, and as far as you're
concerned, that aloof and
mysterious God you ponder, pray
to, fight wars over, or refuse to
even believe in is me. . .

AT HOME now, EVAN enters his BACKYARD. ANGELA is here BOW in hand drawing and SHOOTING ARROWS at a target with the same supernaturral SPEED as her father.

WATCHING at a safe distance and PLAYING with the familiar German Shepherd are several of her and Evan's children. They watch as arrows hit the bull's-eye, splitting the previous arrows in rapid sequence.

The kids and the dog run to Evan and Angela as they MEET, kiss that GAZE at each other with books of profound understanding.

Late at night now, as Evan and Angela put their KIDS to BED.

Then Angela and the dog get into the PORSCHE and DRIVE off. Brief glimpses of LOS ANGELES at NIGHT...And what we see looks increasingly, hazy.

SMOGGY.

EVAN/VO (CONT'D)

And all your years of love and
loss, of struggle and mystery, is
but you hour to fret upon my
stage, and be heard no more.

(MORE)

EVAN/VO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

And Though it may be a sin to add
to or take away from the pages of
this book, is not to say those
pages are promised to you.

Angela DRIVES through a strangely DESERTED, neglected
looking NEIGHBORHOOD. and after her car passes, for the
briefest moment, meandering, ghostlike CURRENTS of SMOG and
race after it.

At the STUDIO GATEHOUSE, an LAPD cop in riot gear peers
into Angela's open driver's window. They exchange glances,
NODS. She DRIVES on to the studio lot.

On a darkened STUDIO SET, the LIGHTS are turned ON
revealing it be the bank vault/movie set again.

Angela and the dog walk across the set to the vault door,
engulfing first for everything white light.

EVAN/VO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

...And whatever your role: hero,
Villain. Teacher, Student. Leader
of nations, Face in a crowd. Know
that I have a deep and abiding
love for all of you. And you serve
a higher purpose could know...

White light slowly BLEEDS AWAY. And we're tracking FORWARD
this time, through the workings of the camera.

OUT through the lens, into the vault and through the open
door into what has once again become the real flesh and
blood BANK ROBBERY, in progress, HOSTAGES on the floor in
the background.

As Angela stands in the foreground, head down. The dog sits
next to her.

She looks up. Straight at us. Slowly, a cool slight SMILE
blows across her face.

DAVID steps into the frame on one side and puts a PISTOL to
the back Angela's head,

Just as EVAN steps in from the other side and puts a pistol
to David's head.

And the dog, once again the flying serpentine apparition
ASCENDS, SPIRALLING up around her body.

EVAN/VO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

But you're all characters in my stories. Intellectual property, offered up as sacrifice on the altar of conflict. And at the end of your journey, your P.O.V too will become blindness. And in that dark moment of understanding, three words will define your mortality. . .

FADE TO BLACK:

We never hear the gunshot, never knowing who shot who, only hearing Evan finish after a final pause,

EVAN/VO CONT'D

. . .Fade to black.

Silence. BLACK SCREEN. It lingers for several beats.

Then a single SHOOTING STAR streaks down across the frame for the briefest instant,

ILLUMINATING Faintly, beneath this tiny light, the flat Rocky top of a Mesa, and rolling desert hills in the distance behind it.

END CRREDITS - all in courier font with "No New Tale To Tell" by Love And Rockets.

THEN: The shutter speed SLOWS down, the sound of decelerating FLICKER of movie projector, slowing finally coming to rest of SINGLE FRAME: a subliminal message.

Ibogaine is a substance capable of curing substance addiction, regardless of the drug in question, and often after just a single dose.

Despite being nonaddictive and never popular as a recreational drug, it was outlawed in 1960 and to this day remains a schedule one controlled substance in the US.

The film stock ACCELERATES again, flickering ever faster. And as it commences, we glimpse for an instant, another SINGLE FRAME, flashing two words, almost subliminally

Question everything