

ANGEL'S REIGN

The Beginning

Written

by

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FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN

ON SCREEN: 2055

INT. CHURCH - TWILIGHT

The interior of a dilapidated Catholic church emerges under a choking mist, casting an otherworldly glow. Debris is scattered across the cracked stone floor.

Shattered pews lie in jagged heaps, and broken stained-glass windows let in no sunlight, only a faint, grim light filtered through the perpetual smog outside. The altar, charred and crumbling, bears the scars of fire.

Amidst the wreckage, a small white coffin sits untouched, its surface pristine. Dried wreaths surround it, their faded petals brittle and lifeless.

FATHER HARRIS (50s), weary and solemn, shuffles down the aisle. His frayed black robe, lined with faded purple, sways with his slow movements.

Ink-stained hands clutch a well-worn Bible. His face is unshaven, his eyes red-rimmed with fatigue, reflecting the weight of countless sins and sorrows.

The wind howls faintly through the broken windows, stirring ash into the air. As Father Harris reaches the altar, a sudden brilliance envelops the ruined church.

He freezes. His bloodshot eyes widen in disbelief. Before him, the large wooden cross of Jesus, once charred and defiled, gleams as though newly carved. The polished wood radiates an unearthly shimmer, immaculate and radiant against the bleakness.

His trembling hands let the Bible fall.

Overcome, he rushes forward, dropping to his knees before the cross. Tears streak his unshaven cheeks as he reverently kisses the feet of Jesus.

A violent gust of wind blows through the church.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Illusions can be deceiving.

Father Harris whirls around, startled.

At the church's entrance stands BISHOP (age indeterminate), a figure shrouded in malice. His gaunt face is a mask of cruelty, twisted and sharp.

A long black leather coat clings to him like a second skin, his gloved hands resting at his sides.

BISHOP  
 (eyeing the cross)  
 Doesn't quite match the decor, does it?

FATHER HARRIS  
 (steadies himself,  
 defiant)  
 You have no place here.

BISHOP  
 And why not?

FATHER HARRIS  
 Your twisted doctrines have no hold  
 in this sacred house!

BISHOP  
 Sacred?  
 (chuckles darkly)  
 Your precious house is in ruins, old  
 man. Just like your world.

Father Harris's expression hardens.

FATHER HARRIS  
 Isn't the devastation you've wrought  
 enough?

BISHOP  
 For you, perhaps. But me? Oh, no.  
 Not nearly enough.

Bishop glides towards a faded picture of the Virgin Mary on the wall, his gloved finger tracing the glass with deliberate mockery.

Father Harris rises, his voice trembling with conviction as he points to the cross.

FATHER HARRIS  
 The reawakening is here! The light  
 of Christ has returned, and I will  
 take this to the people!

BISHOP  
 (softly, mockingly)  
 Your people?

Father Harris's eyes drop to the ground. His breath catches. Blood trickles past his feet, dark and viscous, staining the fractured stone floor.

He turns back to the cross, horrified. Crimson streams flow from its head, reversing its divine symbol. It hangs upside down, bleeding profusely.

BISHOP (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
See what I mean?

Father Harris frantically presses his hands against the blood, as if to halt its unnatural flow.

BISHOP (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Illusions, Father. Deceiving, aren't they?

Father Harris spins around, rage overtaking his fear.

FATHER HARRIS  
Cease this abomination! It is your corruption that brought an end to civilization!

BISHOP  
My corruption?  
(smirking)  
It was your holy war - one belief against another that burned your world to ash. You wielded faith like a sword. My hands are clean of your holy bloodbath.

Father Harris steps forward, his voice firm and steady.

FATHER HARRIS  
That's all going to change.

Father Harris retrieves the Bible from the floor, lifting it above his head. The sacred text ignites, flames consuming it in a radiant but unnatural glow.

FATHER HARRIS (CONT'D)  
(voice trembling, yet resolute)  
The change is at hand. It speaks in a new voice now.

The flames flicker and die, leaving the Bible intact but smoldering.

BISHOP  
(mocking, with a smirk)  
Impressive trick. You'll have to show me that one day.

FATHER HARRIS

This marks the new beginning. You  
won't prevail!

Bishop strides toward the altar, his boots splashing in the  
blood pooling beneath him. He looms before Father Harris,  
the air heavy with menace.

BISHOP

Oh, but I will. Hell will no longer  
be a myth whispered in fear.

(pauses, his voice  
darkening)

It will be the past, the present,  
and eternity itself.

The blood thickens, curling around Bishop's feet like living  
tendrils. He glances down.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

(dryly, almost amused)

As I thought - cold, like your hollow  
faith.

FATHER HARRIS

(desperate, commanding)

In the name of the Almighty, I command  
you - STOP!

Bishop's expression hardens. He seizes Father Harris with  
one hand, lifting him effortlessly off the ground.

FATHER HARRIS (CONT'D)

(choking out the words)

Your actions will be judged! Your  
strength will crumble, and your reign  
will end!

BISHOP

(snarling)

We'll see about that.

With a flick of his arm, Bishop hurls Father Harris across  
the church. He crashes into the shattered remains of a pew,  
groaning.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

(calm, ominous)

Now, it's my time.

Father Harris leans against the wall, clutching the Bible  
tightly to his chest.

FATHER HARRIS

(hoarse but defiant)

This book... this truth... will overthrow  
your purpose. Death will claim you,  
and your darkness will be stamped  
out!

Bishop leans closer, his grin cruel.

BISHOP

Now, tell me... who has He chosen?

Father Harris glares at him, bloodshot eyes blazing. He  
remains silent, pressing the Bible to his heart.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

(with mocking  
indifference)

Suit yourself.

Bishop grabs Father Harris again, hurling him into the growing  
pool of blood. He lands with a sickening splash.

Bishop turns toward the exit, his boots leaving crimson  
footprints.

At the doorway, he pauses, gazing at the cracked image of  
Mother Mary. With a flick of his hand, a matchstick  
materializes. He strikes it against the glass.

Father Harris struggles to rise, slipping in the viscous blood.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

(holding the flame  
aloft)

Drink it, Father. It's your last  
taste of Holy Communion.

The priest watches in horror as Bishop drops the matchstick.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

(quietly, with venom)

Let's set it to boil.

The flame erupts, a fiery torrent racing toward Father Harris.  
He dives aside as the inferno consumes the altar, the upside-  
down cross now ablaze.

EXT. SKY - DUSK

The camera sweeps downward through the grey, ashen sky, a  
shroud that blots out the sun. Silence hangs heavy as the  
lens glides over the skeletal remains of a city, skyscrapers  
broken and lifeless.

Suddenly, a dark, distorted FIGURE reflects in the jagged windows of a skyscraper. Its form is alien - monstrous, unknowable.

The Figure descends, talons scraping against steel, and perches atop a crumbling billboard.

CLOSE-UP - CLAW

A grotesque lizard-like appendage, razor-sharp and bone-black, taps against the weathered metal.

From the Figure's perspective, the ruined city stretches endlessly, a wasteland bathed in despair. In the distance, a faint glow pulses on the western horizon.

The Figure unfurls its wings, skeletal and immense, and lets out a chilling, wry cry that echoes through the barren landscape - a sound not of this world.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. CITY GARDENS - NIGHT

ANGEL (18), with dark hair and unblemished features, lies sleeping on a patch of dry earth, her breaths rapid and shallow. Her eyelids flutter, her lips twitch, and her body trembles faintly as if caught in a vivid dream.

A hand gently shakes her shoulder.

KELLY (O.S.)  
Angel, wake up. C'mon!

Angel jolts awake with a scream, her eyes wide and darting as she gasps for breath. KELLY (18), wiry with a sharp edge to her demeanor, stands over her, a smoldering joint dangling from her lips.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
(smirking)  
Bad dream, huh?

Angel scans her surroundings, her chest heaving, her hands trembling as she clutches at the ground for stability.

ANGEL  
Yeah...

Kelly crouches, holding out the joint.

KELLY  
Want some?

ANGEL  
 (shaking her head)  
 No, thanks.

Angel hugs her knees, her voice distant.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
 It was strange. So dark. But...  
 there was something there.

KELLY  
 (mocking lightly)  
 Dark Angel of Death?

ANGEL  
 No. It wasn't scary. It felt...  
 safe, like something was trying to  
 tell me everything's going to be  
 okay.

Kelly exhales a thin stream of smoke, tilting her head.

KELLY  
 You've been dreaming about the past  
 again.

ANGEL  
 (a beat, almost to  
 herself)  
 Maybe. But I still believe something  
 good will come out of this darkness.  
 Mother Nature's beauty will return.

Kelly gestures toward the barren gardens surrounding them - a  
 wasteland of dead trees and cracked earth.

KELLY  
 Take a good look, Angel. This isn't  
 beauty - it's gone. You're dreaming  
 about a world that doesn't exist  
 anymore.

Angel's gaze sweeps over the lifeless surroundings, her eyes  
 filled with quiet determination.

ANGEL  
 You have no faith.

Kelly snorts, raising the joint.

KELLY  
 Sure, I do. In this.  
 (a beat)  
 You really don't want any?



ANGEL

No.

KELLY

Suit yourself.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The Figure descends from the ashen clouds, its silhouette monstrous and unnatural. Silent wings sweep over the desolate cityscape, the ruins of skyscrapers jutting into the night like jagged teeth.

The Figure lands atop the roof of a crumbling toilet block in the City's Botanic Gardens. Pigeons erupt from their nests in a panicked flurry, colliding mid-air in their desperation. Many plummet lifelessly to the ground or onto the roof.

Among the fallen is a lone white dove. The Figure crouches, razor-sharp claws gripping the lifeless bird. Its blackened, skeletal hand strokes the dove's feathers as it lifts the creature to its face.

The Figure's hollow eyes bore into the dove's dead gaze. Slowly, unnaturally, the bird's wings begin to tremble. It jerks to life, flapping furiously before escaping into the night.

The Figure watches it disappear into the horizon, tilting its head as if in contemplation.

EXT. CITY GARDENS - NIGHT

Kelly sits cross-legged behind Angel, brushing her hair in slow, deliberate strokes. Angel sits before her, holding a cracked mirror as she applies makeup with meticulous care.

ANGEL

Is everything okay?

Kelly's hand stills. Her eyes glisten with unshed tears.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

(turning slightly)

Hey... You know Jam will ask you one day.

KELLY

No, he won't. He's got too much rage in him - he doesn't care about me. Time's running out, Angel.

ANGEL

(frowning)

What do you mean?

Kelly sets down the brush, looking past Angel at the barren gardens.

KELLY

I've been having dreams too. Dark ones, like yours. But they don't feel safe.

(a beat)

The future isn't as reassuring as you think.

ANGEL

(softly)

What?

Kelly shakes her head, lighting another joint.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

From the Figure's point of view, the sandstone cross of a decaying church looms below. Its claw grips the top of the cross, casting an elongated shadow over the churchyard. The Figure notices movement - a shadowed figure approaches the church steps.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

NICK (18), sharp-featured with an air of defiance, strides up the worn stone steps, a lit cigarette dangling from his lips.

The Figure unfurls its wings and leaps from the cross, disappearing into the night as the sandstone cross topples, crashing at the base of the steps with a deafening smash.

Nick freezes, the cigarette between his fingers. He exhales slowly, his gaze fixed on the now cross-less church steeple.

NICK

(mutters to himself)

Not a good sign.

He flicks the cigarette away, watching it arc into the shadows, then resumes his climb up the steps.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the church is cloaked in dim, flickering light from a single candle near the altar. Dust motes drift in the air, illuminated by pale moonlight streaming through fractured stained glass.

Nick pauses at the doorway, crossing himself in front of a worn picture of Mother Mary hanging on the wall. He kisses the edge of the frame, then frowns as his fingers trace a jagged crack running across her serene face.

NICK  
(softly)  
What happened to you?

He steps forward, his boots echoing on the cold stone floor as he scans the shadowed pews. Near the altar, Father Harris stands motionless, his back to Nick, hunched over an open Bible.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Hey, Father. What happened to the picture?

Father Harris doesn't respond, his lips moving silently in prayer.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Father? Did you hear me?

Nick strides down the aisle, his unease growing. He reaches out and places a hand on the old priest's shoulder.

FATHER HARRIS  
(turning slowly, his eyes hollow)  
Death has climbed in through our windows... it has entered our sanctuary.

NICK  
(taken aback)  
What are you talking about?

Father Harris closes the Bible with deliberate care, tying it shut with a frayed red ribbon. He presses the book to his lips, performing the sign of the cross before turning to face Nick.

FATHER HARRIS  
Nick, you must protect her.

NICK  
(confused)  
Protect who? Angel? Of course I'll protect her. She's going to be my wife.  
(a beat)  
What's going on, Father?

FATHER HARRIS  
It is wise to believe in hope, but beware - it is strong, it is cunning, and it thrives on the ruin of mankind.

NICK  
 (half-laughs)  
 You're still going on about this  
 'devil takeover' stuff?

FATHER HARRIS  
 It's here, Nick. It grows stronger  
 with every soul that falls.  
 Civilization has crumbled, and so  
 has our resistance.

NICK  
 (holding up his pistol  
 with a smirk)  
 Not while I've got this beauty. One  
 shot, and he's back where he belongs.

Nick admires the gleaming weapon, twirling it in his hand.

FATHER HARRIS  
 Your little toy is useless. He's  
 more powerful than you can imagine.

NICK  
 (shrugs)  
 We're still standing, Father. As  
 long as we're here, there's hope.  
 And once Angel and I get hitched,  
 I'll rebuild - Adam and Eve style.  
 Plenty of kids.

Father Harris steps closer, his expression sharp with  
 frustration.

FATHER HARRIS  
 Do not mock this! This is no joke!  
 I told you - protect her!

NICK  
 (stiffening)  
 From what?

FATHER HARRIS  
 (his voice dropping  
 to a whisper)  
 From Satan's brother.

NICK  
 (pausing, then scoffing)  
 Satan's got brothers now? What is  
 this, some kind of family reunion?

FATHER HARRIS  
 He has many brothers, Nick. And  
 they are just as merciless.

Nick's smirk falters, his grip tightening on the pistol.

NICK  
(quietly)  
You're serious.

Father Harris nods, his eyes clouded with both fear and conviction.

FATHER HARRIS  
More serious than you can comprehend.  
They've come to finish what was  
started. And Angel... she is the  
key.

Nick stares at the priest, the weight of his words sinking in.

NICK  
(firmly)  
Then they'll have to get through me  
first.

EXT. CITY GARDENS - NIGHT

The moonlight filters through the trees, casting a soft glow over Angel and Kelly. Kelly adjusts the delicate veil on Angel's head with meticulous care. Her hands linger as their eyes meet.

KELLY  
There. You look perfect. A true  
Angel.

Kelly hands Angel a small handheld mirror. Both gaze into their reflections, their faces framed by the silvery light. Kelly's eyes brim with tears.

ANGEL  
(gently)  
Hey, no tears, okay?

KELLY  
(sniffles, smiling)  
I'm just so happy for you.

ANGEL  
It'll be your turn one day. Alright?  
And remember, everlasting friends.

They share a warm smile, their bond palpable.

Suddenly, a dark blur cuts through the trees, barely visible in the shadows. The air hisses as something hurtles toward them.

CRACK!

The mirror shatters in Angel's hand as a white Dove strikes it dead center. Blood sprays across Angel's face and dress.

Angel screams, leaping back, her shattered reflection falling to the ground. Kelly scrambles backward, her eyes wide with shock.

Angel stares at her bloodied hands, trembling.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
 (pleading, her voice  
 shaking)  
 Kelly?

EXT. CITY GARDENS - LATER

Kelly stands before Angel, clutching a scarf, gently wiping the blood from Angel's face. Her movements are shaky, her breaths shallow.

ANGEL  
 What was that?

KELLY  
 (glancing nervously  
 around)  
 We need to leave. Now.

ANGEL  
 Kelly, you're scaring me! What was that?

KELLY  
 It's... it's something bad. Really bad.  
 (a beat, her voice  
 rising)  
 I told you - nothing about the future is reassuring anymore! We have to get out of here!

ANGEL  
 (grabbing Kelly by  
 the shoulders)  
 Kelly, stop! Listen to me!

Kelly freezes, her eyes darting to the ground. Both women look down at the lifeless Dove. Its feathers are streaked with blood, its bones unnaturally exposed and blackened, as if burned from within.

KELLY  
(whispering)  
We're all going to end up like that.

Angel slaps Kelly, snapping her out of her spiral.

ANGEL  
Enough! Look, it's just a bird.

KELLY  
(fixating on the Dove)  
Just a bird? That's a dove - a symbol  
of peace. Since when do their bones  
turn black?  
(she looks at Angel,  
her voice breaking)  
That's an omen, Angel. That's going  
to be us.

ANGEL  
(firm, cutting her  
off)  
I said enough!  
(a beat, her tone  
softens)  
Listen to me. All I know is that  
I'm getting married. I need my  
bridesmaid to stay calm.

Kelly takes a deep breath, nodding reluctantly.

KELLY  
Okay. Sorry.  
(a beat)  
What?

Angel steps forward and pulls Kelly into an embrace, her voice  
steadying.

ANGEL  
You always think of the worst.

KELLY  
Roses come with thorns.

ANGEL  
And I'm your rose.

KELLY  
(hesitant, pulling  
back)  
Then... who's the thorns?

Angel doesn't answer, her gaze flickering toward the dead Dove as a distant wind rustles the trees, carrying an ominous stillness.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A flickering neon sign above a dented roller shutter reads: CHAN'S CHINESE MARKET.

Suddenly - RATATATATAT!

Bullets rip through the sign, shattering the neon tubes into a cascade of sparks and glass.

Standing below, JAM (19), a rugged soldier with scars slashing across his forehead, holds a Gatling Gun. His army gear is adorned with M-16s strapped across his back and twin handguns holstered at his hips.

Jam grins like a kid in a candy store, the Gatling Gun smoking in his grip.

JAM

Wow! That was freakin' awesome, man!

He pulls a cigar from his pocket, lighting it with a smirk as he turns to LUCKY (16), a wiry kid with curly hair and a perpetually unimpressed expression.

JAM (CONT'D)

Adrenaline rush or what?

Lucky folds his arms, his gaze shifting to the destroyed sign.

LUCKY

(deadpan)

What's it with you Americans and your love affair with guns?

JAM

It's not an obsession - it's a right. You know, to protect ourselves.

LUCKY

From what, exactly?

JAM

Everything. Every living thing on this godforsaken planet - big, small, good, bad, mad - it's all an enemy.

Lucky glances at the ruins of the neon sign, his face unimpressed.



LUCKY  
Communism?

JAM  
(grinning)  
Oh, hell yeah. Especially Communism.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Close-up: A pair of running feet splash through puddles as they sprint down a deserted street. The sound of squish-squashing echoes in the emptiness.

The feet veer off an embankment and disappear into the yawning mouth of a large underground conduit.

INT. UNDERGROUND CONDUIT - CONTINUOUS

Jam and Lucky step cautiously into the dimly lit tunnel. Their footsteps echo eerily. Scattered across the ground are human bones, brittle and yellowed with time.

Jam slows, his eyes scanning the macabre scene.

JAM  
What the hell is this place?

Lucky keeps walking, nonchalant.

LUCKY  
Graveyard of bones?

Jam tightens his grip on the Gatling Gun, his instincts kicking in.

JAM  
You better stop moving.

Lucky halts, puzzled, as the bones on the ground begin to shift.

One by one, they snap together, forming skeletal figures. The bones turn jet black as they rise, forming grotesque humanoid shapes.

LUCKY  
(gulping)  
Aw, shit.

JAM  
Just stay put.

LUCKY  
What are you gonna do?

JAM  
Handle it. And stop shaking - you're rattling harder than these bones.

LUCKY  
(voice trembling)  
I can't help it! I've got phobophobia!

JAM  
The hell is that?

LUCKY  
Fear of being afraid.

Jam mutters under his breath, adjusting his stance.

LUCKY (CONT'D)  
(panicked)  
What if you miss?

JAM  
I don't miss.

Jam squeezes the trigger.

The Gatling Gun roars, unleashing a storm of bullets. The skeletal figures shatter into fragments, disintegrating into a cloud of dark dust.

As the last skeleton collapses, silence returns to the conduit. Lucky cracks one eye open and looks around.

LUCKY  
(awed)  
You actually didn't miss.

Jam slings the Gatling Gun over his shoulder, brushing dust off his gear.

JAM  
Told ya. Now let's get the hell outta here.

He strides toward the exit, cigar still smoldering. Lucky scrambles after him, muttering under his breath.

INT. PAWNSHOP - NIGHT

The dim glow of flashlights sweeps through the wreckage. Lucky and Jam pick through the debris of a long - abandoned shop, the air thick with dust and decay.

LUCKY  
Where'd you learn to shoot like that?

JAM  
(grimly)  
Evil inheritance.

Jam pauses, his expression darkening as he wrestles with memories.

JAM (CONT'D)  
My dad was a sniper in the Gulf War.  
When he came back, he wasn't the  
same.

LUCKY  
Post-traumatic stress?

JAM  
Yeah. He carried this... anger. It  
was like living with a ticking time  
bomb. I went along with everything  
he said - never argued. Then one  
night, after drinking too much, he...  
snapped.

Jam's voice falters for a moment.

JAM (CONT'D)  
He beat my mom to death. So I shot  
him.

LUCKY  
(quietly)  
Some wounds don't heal after war.

Jam exhales sharply, shaking off the memory.

JAM  
C'mon, check the back room. Let's  
grab what we came for and get out of  
here.

Lucky moves cautiously into the storage room, while Jam surveys the shop - a graveyard of unwanted, forgotten trinkets.

LUCKY  
(from the back)  
Got it!

Lucky emerges, holding a small, rusted necklace with a cross dangling from it. Jam steps closer.

They notice the shelves are littered with crosses - hundreds in different sizes and shapes. Stacked shoe boxes nearby are labeled by years: 2000, 2001... 2025.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Looks like a collection.

(mutters)

The Rapture?

JAM

(grim)

More like a crusade to wipe out  
Christianity.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

A charred cross hangs crookedly above an altar, the once-pristine sanctuary now a hollow shell. Father Harris, weathered yet resolute, stands beneath the burnt cross.

FATHER HARRIS

I saw light in that cross once. I  
tried to bring it back, but I failed.

Nick approaches cautiously, his gaze shifting between the cross and Father Harris.

FATHER HARRIS (CONT'D)

When a man is left in darkness, he's  
lost. No direction, no hope. Then  
a light appears, guiding him back.  
Redemption is the path to recovery.

Father Harris hands Nick a thin Bible, its pages worn and frayed.

NICK

(frowning)

It's so... thin.

FATHER HARRIS

There's no place for me anymore,  
Nick. My world is over. You and  
the others - you're young.

NICK

Don't count yourself out, Father.  
You've still got life in you.

FATHER HARRIS

By the calendar, maybe. But inside?  
I ache.

Nick looks at the Bible in his hands.

NICK

What do you want me to do with this?

FATHER HARRIS

Take it to the lost children. They're  
drowning in a technological sea,  
unable to connect face-to-face.  
They were never taught faith - not  
in God, not even in themselves.

Harris gestures to Nick's barcode tattoo, faintly etched with  
a cross.

FATHER HARRIS (CONT'D)

That mark is your reminder. You're  
one of the last Christians.

Nick looks down at the tattoo, running a thumb over it.

NICK

But I want to get married first.

FATHER HARRIS

And you will. But remember, this...  
(gestures to the Bible)  
...Is the last resort. It's salvation  
in ink and paper.

Nick stares at the fragile book.

NICK

One book. That's it?

FATHER HARRIS

Not just a book. A Bible. And never  
forget that.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

The soft murmur of the congregation fades as marriage vows  
echo through the grand hall. A warm, golden light filters  
through the stained-glass windows, casting shimmering hues on  
the altar.

The camera pans slowly, resting on Angel, radiant in her  
wedding dress, a serene smile gracing her face.

Father Harris, clutching a worn Bible, stands in front of  
Nick and Angel. His hands tremble slightly as if burdened by  
something unseen.

Jam, Kelly, and Lucky stand behind them, their expressions a  
mix of joy and quiet anticipation.

Father Harris gives Angel a small nod. She looks into Nick's  
eyes, her voice steady and heartfelt.

ANGEL

(to Nick)

I promise to love you, comfort and encourage you, be open and honest with you, and to be by your side and protect you as long as we both shall live."

A soft gasp ripples through the guests as Lucky steps forward, presenting a small, timeworn matchbox to Nick.

Father Harris's eyes narrow, his concern palpable. Kelly watches intently, her gaze darting between the matchbox and Angel.

Angel catches Kelly's glance and smiles reassuringly. Jam, always the rogue, gives Angel a playful wink, one she returns warmly. Kelly notices the exchange, her brow furrowing ever so slightly.

Nick, his movements deliberate, slides open the matchbox with one hand. Inside lies a delicate silver cross, its edges worn smooth by time.

He lifts the cross, his gaze flickering briefly to Angel before handing it to Father Harris.

The priest's hands hesitate as he takes it. He bows his head, presses his lips to the cross in silent reverence, and then pauses - a flicker of unease crossing his face. He hands it back to Nick with a look that lingers on Angel.

Nick steps closer to Angel, his fingers brushing against her neck as he carefully fastens the cross. The cross catches the light, shimmering as if alive.

Nick leans in and kisses her gently. The congregation erupts into cheers.

EXT. CHURCH STEPS - NIGHT

Close-up of a champagne bottle as the cork pops. Cheers echo in the cool night air. Nick hands the bottle to Angel, who takes a sip and laughs softly, passing it back to him.

LUCKY

Hey! Save some for New Year's!

NICK

Ain't worth the drop.

He hands the bottle to Jam and pulls Angel close to him.

NICK (CONT'D)

You're as precious as the air I  
breathe, without it I would die. I  
love you.

Angel grabs Nick's arms and locks them behind his back, pulling him toward her.

ANGEL

Come here. If you die, I will take  
my own life to be with you, cause  
life would not be worth living without  
you, believe it. I love you too.

More cheers. Jam drinks down the champagne watching Nick and Angel kiss.

He hands the bottle to Kelly.

JAM

Let me be the first guest to kiss  
the bride.

KELLY (O.S.)

On the cheek.

JAM

Hey, that ain't a kiss, this is how  
it's done.

He embraces Angel hard against his body, dropping her back in his arms. They fall into a lengthy kiss. Kelly hands the bottle to Nick.

LUCKY (O.S.)

Hey, there's others waiting.

KELLY

Give it a rest will you, she's a  
married woman now.

Jam slowly breaks away from Angel. Her eyes show bygone affection. Nick hands the bottle to Lucky, empty.

LUCKY

Thanks guys, this is just great.

Jam approaches Nick and embraces him. Kelly observes Jam closely. He returns a wink as he breaks away from Nick.

JAM

Congratulations buddy. You said you  
were going to marry her, and you  
did. Don't let her out of your sight.

NICK  
I see around corners.

JAM  
(a beat whispers)  
The car's finished. It's where you  
wanted me to leave it.

Nick winks at Jam.

JAM (CONT'D)  
(turns to Kelly)  
Hey, roll me a joint.

KELLY  
(to Angel)  
It's all he wants. Weed and sex.

ANGEL  
Like I told you, give him some time.

Angel watches Kelly as she approaches Jam. Lucky shakes hands  
with Nick.

NICK  
You know, one day it will be your  
turn to fall in love and marry.

LUCKY  
Fall in love maybe but marry,  
definitely not.

NICK  
Why love someone and not want to  
marry them?

LUCKY  
It's called responsibility.

NICK  
Becoming responsible to a person  
kinda makes you somewhat special.

LUCKY  
Special is just a novelty and over  
time it begins to wear off and then  
its divorce time.

Nick watches Angel in the background as she observes the cross  
around her neck.

NICK  
Look, so pure, fragile and beautiful.  
What's not special about someone?  
(MORE)



NICK (CONT'D)

That's no novelty. Materialistic is a novelty, and that over time wears off.

LUCKY

Thanks for the lecture but I'm happy being independent, I kinda like my own company.

NICK

Whatever makes you happy Lucky.

Thanks for getting me the necklace.

LUCKY

(a beat)

Ask and ya shall receive. Matthew 7:7.

NICK

Here take this. Father Harris wanted me to have it.

Nick hands the Bible to Lucky.

LUCKY

It's thin.

NICK

Yeah, said it's written differently. You'll probably understand it better than me.

LUCKY

Because my jewish background?

NICK

No, you're just a nice guy.

LUCKY

(a beat)

So, you're coming down to the zone?

NICK

Shortly.

Lucky leaves as Angel smiles at him.

ANGEL

Is he okay?

NICK

Yeah he is.

JAM (O.S.)  
Hey guys, will see you later.

Jam and Kelly sign and walk off. Nick and Angel acknowledge them.

FATHER HARRIS (O.S.)  
Don't forget to come back.

Father Harris stands at the top of the steps.

KELLY  
We'll be back Father.  
(looks at Jam)

Father Harris glances up and watches the grey mist thicken. A shiver breaks his stare, and he goes inside as Nick looks on.

ANGEL (O.S.)  
He looks scared.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A large crowd, mainly dominated Generation Alpha, in a sombre state of mind with no knowledge of their future or any recollection of the past, walk in one direction.

The time of reckoning is near.

A Police Squad Car, lights flashing, races through an intersection and speeds around a corner, disappearing in the distance.

The overhead sound of a crackling conversation coming from out of the car radio.

EXT. HELICOPTER SKY - NIGHT

The battered Police Squad Chopper, outdated but reliable, cuts through the night sky. Its searchlight scans over a raucous crowd gathered around a brightly lit stage, where a band blares high-energy music into the night.

INT. HELICOPTER SKY - CONTINUOUS

Inside the cramped cockpit, JOHN, the grizzled Chief Marshal in his 50s, pilots the chopper solo. A half - smoked cigarette dangles from his lips as his calloused hands adjust the knobs on a worn two-way radio.

JOHN  
(to the chopper, almost  
tenderly)  
You're all I've got left, don't quit  
on me now.

The radio crackles to life, but an ear - splitting buzz suddenly blasts through the speaker.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(startled, losing his  
grip)  
Aw, hell!

The chopper tilts dangerously, its controls rattling. John grits his teeth, wrestling the stick back to stabilize the craft.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(steadies the chopper)  
Alright, alright... you win.

He casts a wary glance at the radio, its lights flickering ominously, before cautiously twisting the dial to switch frequencies.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(muttering)  
Note to self: stay the hell off that  
channel.

The static subsides. A faint, familiar female voice crackles through the receiver.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
(from radio, clear)  
Chief, I hear you loud and clear.

John exhales a cloud of smoke, leaning into the mic.

JOHN  
(relieved)  
Sarge, that you?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Yep. What's the sitrep up there?

John adjusts the chopper's searchlight, scanning the chaos below. His sharp eyes narrow as he spots a vehicle breaking away from the crowd.

JOHN  
(eyes locked)  
Is that Bishop I see driving off?

A beat. The faint rumble of music below underscores the tension.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 Could be. What's the play, Chief?

John's cigarette smolders as he takes a long drag, his jaw tightening.

JOHN  
 (intense)  
 Keep eyes on him. If that bastard gets out of range, we're toast.

The chopper tilts slightly as John adjusts his course, following the escaping vehicle below. The searchlight locks onto the car, its driver barely visible behind tinted windows.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 Copy that, Chief. Ground team's on standby.

JOHN  
 Let's not make 'em wait.

The chopper speeds forward, cutting through the night, its blades slicing through the heavy air as the tension rises.

EXT. ZONE CONCERT - NIGHT

Behind the pulsating stage, a van resembling an armored vehicle, emblazoned with "MEAT WAGON," roars away into the distance.

Standing near their Squad Unit, Squad Sergeant TEQUILA (30s), African American, with a commanding yet wearied air, grips the long - corded mic of a two-way radio.

Beside her, SALLY (20s), her eager rookie partner, is captivated by the frenzied energy of the band onstage. Both women hold M-32 smart guns, kept close but relaxed at their chests.

TEQUILA  
 (into mic)  
 Yeah, that's him alright.

INT. HELICOPTER SKY - NIGHT

The Police Squad Chopper swoops low over the crowd, its searchlight briefly flickering.

JOHN  
 (from mic)  
 Just keep your eyes on him.

EXT. ZONE CONCERT - NIGHT

Tequila keeps her eyes fixed on the van's taillights fading into the night.

TEQUILA  
(into mic)  
Got it. What's your view from above?

INT. HELICOPTER SKY - LATER

John scans the scene below, the cigarette still burning at the corner of his lips.

JOHN  
(into mic)  
All clear. Crowd's a bit thin though -  
not like the good ol' days.

EXT. ZONE CONCERT - NIGHT

Tequila follows the chopper's path overhead, her gaze steady.

TEQUILA  
(into mic)  
Guess that means an easy night for  
us.

INT. HELICOPTER SKY - NIGHT

John tilts the chopper slightly, descending for a closer look.

JOHN  
(to himself)  
Better take a closer pass.

The chopper dips lower, its blades slicing the mist as it glides over the stage.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(into mic)  
They're all painted up - faces,  
clothes. Looks like a damn circus.

EXT. ZONE CONCERT - NIGHT

Tequila nods, watching the colorful chaos unfold below.

TEQUILA  
(into mic)  
Yeah, I've noticed.

JOHN  
(into mic)  
Feels like something's brewing.

TEQUILA  
Last days. That's what they say.

JOHN  
(into mic, curious)  
Last days of what?

The chopper begins to fade into the low-hanging mist, its sound swallowed by the music.

TEQUILA  
(into mic)  
The reckoning.

INT. SQUAD UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Tequila leans into the car, hooking the mic back onto the dash. Her eyes linger on a small dried wreath dangling from the rearview mirror before she pulls herself back outside.

TEQUILA  
(to herself, softly)  
What happened to music with melody?

She steps back out of the car, staring at the stage's flashing lights.

SALLY  
(glancing over)  
Melody?

TEQUILA  
You know... something you can hear.  
Words you can sing along to. Not  
this headache-inducing mess. It's  
just noise.

SALLY  
(grinning)  
You don't need to understand the  
words. It's about the feeling, not  
the lyrics.

TEQUILA  
(smirking)  
Feeling? It's gibberish.

Tequila peers up at the chopper disappearing into the mist, then looks back at the crowd, scanning the faces.

TEQUILA (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
Turning them into zombies.

Sally watches her partner, her youthful energy dampened by Tequila's seriousness.

SALLY

You're not that old, Tequila.

TEQUILA

Maybe not, but music used to touch your heart. It had meaning - reached deep into your soul.

(a beat)

I would've killed to witness that era.

She sighs and gets back inside the Squad Unit, flipping the ignition.

TEQUILA (CONT'D)

Maybe I'm just an old soul.

SALLY

(to herself)

This is all they know, all they have. They're just living in the moment.

(a beat)

They don't know any better.

TEQUILA

(lost in thought)

Lost souls.

EXT. ZONE CONCERT - NIGHT

The Squad Unit pulls away, headlights cutting through the mist. Behind them, the band on stage spirals into chaos, their antics sending the crowd into a euphoric frenzy.

A wave of wild cheers echoes as the camera pulls back, blending the roaring music with the fading sound of the chopper.

MONTAGE SCENE

A BOY'S face, the left side burned and raw, the ear completely missing. The right side is painted with streaks of ash-gray and black, blending into the disfigurement like a grotesque mask.

Two GIRLS, one painted entirely white, the other painted red. Each has a jagged cross etched into their faces - white on the red girl, blood - red on the white girl. Their painted faces glisten faintly under the polluted mist, as if wet with sweat or tears.

A BOY, his pierced nose chained to a steel ball embedded where his left eye should be.

He adjusts the chain with careful precision, the cold metal clicking faintly against his scarred cheek.

A BOY and a GIRL, wearing crude steel glasses fashioned to resemble prison bars. Their faces are streaked with metallic silver and matte black, the stripes resembling fractured reflections of a long-lost humanity.

A GIRL, her head shaved into uneven strips, with narrow, short mohawks running parallel like spines. A faint crimson glow reflects off her scalp, emphasizing the jagged scars between the tufts of hair.

Two BOYS, their heads shaved to the skin. One's face painted as a black skull with faint white cracks, the other as a white skull marred by deep black voids, the patterns seeming to flicker with the dim, artificial light.

A BOY and a GIRL, lying intertwined beneath the gnarled, leafless branches of a tree. Their entire bodies are painted a deep, bloody red, blending into the shadows.

They move against each other in a desperate, almost ritualistic embrace, the distant sound of metallic groaning echoing like a lament through the barren landscape.

EXT. ZONE CONCERT - LATER

A BOY with a shaved head and a tattoo of an inverted cross etched onto his forehead steps out of the throng, his presence like a shadow cutting through the dim haze. His hollow eyes follow Nick and Angel as they move through the crowd.

The Boy steps directly into their path, standing before Angel with an unnerving stillness.

Nick instinctively moves to shield her, but Angel raises a hand to stop him. Her gaze sharpens as she steps forward, closing the space between them.

The boy holds his ground, a flicker of something - fear or defiance - dancing in his expression.

They lock eyes in a silent standoff, the polluted mist swirling faintly around them. Then, slowly, the Boy steps back, his head bowing slightly before he turns and disappears into the crowd.

Nick watches him leave, unsettled.

INT. WAREHOUSE PIER - NIGHT

A narrow beam of moonlight filters through a jagged crack in a grimy window, illuminating the shadows below.



A YOUNG GIRL sits hunched on a stained, threadbare mattress. Her eyes, glazed and vacant, seem to stare through the walls. She mutters incoherently, clutching a bottle of methylated spirits with shaking hands.

A scrawny Black CAT limps into the frame, its fur matted and patchy. It sniffs at the top of the bottle, its frail tongue flicking against the rim.

The Girl's expression darkens. She swats the cat with a violent backhand, sending it skidding across the filthy floor.

The Cat crashes against a dark, clawed figure crouched in the shadows. A pale, bony hand picks it up with a gentleness that feels wrong, given the sharp talons that tip its fingers. The Figure strokes the Cat, its eyes gleaming an unnatural white.

From the Cat's point of view, it prowls toward the Girl, its movements unnaturally smooth and deliberate. The Girl's glazed expression shatters into wide-eyed terror.

A sudden, guttural growl fills the room, echoing through the space like a primal scream. Blood sprays across the cracked window. The growls repeat, low and menacing, blending with the sound of flesh tearing.

EXT. LANEWAY - NIGHT

Kelly is pressed against a rusted dumpster, her breathing erratic, her face a confusing swirl of anguish and fleeting pleasure. Jam leans over her, shirtless, his hands gripping the edge of the dumpster for support.

KELLY

You've got one on, haven't you?

JAM

Yeah! You think I'm stupid?

Kelly pulls away, her frustration building. She adjusts her clothes with angry, jerking movements.

KELLY

I'm sick of this. It's her, isn't it? She's prettier than I am.

JAM

No, it's not that. I'm just not ready. Besides, she's a married woman now.

KELLY

Marriage doesn't mean a damn thing to you. For once, just once, I wish you'd think with your brain instead of your dick.

She picks up her belongings, her movements sharp and filled with purpose.

JAM

Jesus, I thought we got through that crap already.

KELLY

Crap? Is that what this is to you? Forget it.

Kelly walks away, pulling her jacket tight around her shoulders. Jam watches her go, a flash of guilt flickering across his scarred face.

JAM

Hey! Look around. Is this where you want your kid to grow up?

Kelly stops and turns, her eyes cold.

KELLY

No. But his father won't either, and he'll make sure of that.

(a beat)

It'll be the best thing to happen to him.

She turns and walks away, her footsteps fading into the oppressive night. Jam, frustrated, kicks the dumpster.

JAM

Goddamn it!

He leans against the dumpster, his chest heaving, running a hand through his hair. The motion reveals more scars across his temple and neck.

A muffled thud crashes above. The butchered body of the Girl from the warehouse pier plummets from the shattered window, landing on the dumpster with a sickening crunch. Blood trickles down its edge, pooling near Jam's feet.

Startled, Jam stumbles back, his eyes widening in horror.

JAM (CONT'D)

What the hell...

He looks up toward the broken window, now an ominous black void. The faint silhouette of the Figure lingers for a moment, watching him, before melting back into the darkness.

Jam backs away, his expression shifting between disgust and unease. He spits on the ground and walks off into the night.

EXT. ZONE CONCERT - NIGHT

The thundering music reverberates through the dense air, blending with the faint hum of the polluted mist that looms overhead. A dim, flickering light struggles to illuminate the scattered crowd.

Lucky lies beneath a crooked tree, his tattered Bible resting on his chest. The pages flutter weakly in the cool, unnatural breeze. Kelly approaches, her movements restless, and collapses next to him.

KELLY

Where are the lovebirds?

LUCKY

Honeymooning with the crowd.

KELLY

Someone's enjoying themselves.

She pulls out a small sachet and methodically begins to roll a joint, her fingers working with practiced ease. Lucky watches her silently, his expression calm but observant.

LUCKY

Fighting again?

KELLY

Never stopped. He thinks I'm his whenever he feels like it.

LUCKY

He's a man.

KELLY

I'm not his damn blow-up toy.

She places the joint in her mouth, lighting it with quick, angry motions. Catching Lucky watching her out of the corner of his eye, her frustration boils over.

KELLY (CONT'D)

(venomously)

Screw you! Dick-less.

She rips the joint from her lips and tosses it at him.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I ain't a slut.

She storms off, her silhouette disappearing into the shadows of the concert chaos. Lucky picks up the discarded joint and takes a long drag, his expression unchanged as smoke escapes his lips.

Nick and Angel emerge from the writhing crowd, their hands intertwined. Angel glances toward Kelly's retreating figure and frowns.

ANGEL

(concerned)

Where's she going?

LUCKY

Didn't say.

Angel looks to Nick, determination flickering in her eyes.

ANGEL

I'm going to check on her.

Nick hesitates, then pulls a tiny silver handgun from his jacket. He places it carefully in Angel's palm, his touch lingering.

NICK

Just in case. You remember how I taught you to use it.

Angel's brow furrows as she looks at the gun.

ANGEL

I don't want it. You keep it.

She presses the gun back into his hand, then touches her finger to his lips before leaning in for a tender kiss.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Love you.

Nick watches as Angel disappears into the shadows, his grip tightening on the gun. Lucky takes another drag from the joint, his eyes narrowing as he looks at Nick.

LUCKY

(holding up the joint)

Want some?

NICK

No thanks.

Lucky smirks faintly, tilting his head toward the direction Angel walked.

LUCKY  
You didn't expect that?

NICK  
Expect what?

LUCKY  
Not feeling special anymore?

Nick glances away, his jaw tightening. The faint sound of Angel's footsteps fades, leaving the two men enveloped by the concert's relentless noise.

EXT. BRIDGE PYLON - NIGHT

A faint glow from the distant city lights reflects off the murky harbor waters, distorted by the polluted mist that hangs heavy over the scene.

From a shadowed perch atop a bridge pylon, the Figure watches Kelly as she strides along the jetty below.

Its view is unblinking, intense.

Suddenly, it leaps, gliding through the dense air with unnatural grace before plunging silently into the black, contaminated water.

EXT. PIER JETTY - NIGHT

The jetty creaks under the weight of time and decay. Kelly sits perched atop a weathered wooden block, her body silhouetted against the shimmering haze over the harbor.

She takes a slow drag from a joint, the ember flaring briefly before disappearing into the gloom.

Angel approaches cautiously, her footsteps soft but deliberate on the splintered wood.

ANGEL  
What are you doing all the way up there?

Kelly doesn't look at her, her gaze fixed on the endless expanse of the polluted waters.

KELLY  
There's nothing left for me. I keep trying to move forward, but I can't reach what I want.

ANGEL

Come down, Kelly. Let's talk about it.

Kelly finally turns her head, her expression weary and hollow.

KELLY

You don't get it. You've got everything you wanted. All I see out there is darkness.

She gestures toward the horizon, where the mist swallows the harbor's edges.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Look up at the stars.

Angel glances up instinctively. The polluted sky is thick with ash and gray clouds, blotting out even the faintest pinprick of light.

KELLY (CONT'D)

It's empty - just like the universe. Just like me. No stars for me, Angel.

ANGEL

That's not true, Kelly. You're not empty.

Kelly gives her a bitter smile, her eyes glistening with unshed tears.

KELLY

But it is. You have everything now. Nick, the universe, and all the stars that come with it.

She tilts her head back to the misty sky, a single tear slipping down her cheek.

ANGEL

Don't say that. Don't do this, Kelly. The water's polluted - you don't know what's in there.

KELLY

(softly)  
Only one way to find out.

Before Angel can react, Kelly pushes off the wooden block and dives headfirst into the black, viscous water.

ANGEL

(terrified)  
Shit, Kelly!

Angel hesitates, her heart pounding in her chest as she stares at the rippling surface where Kelly disappeared.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Kelly!

Taking a deep breath, Angel steels herself and dives in after her.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The camera follows the Figure's point of view, racing through the murky water, surrounded by the bloated bodies of dead fish, drifting aimlessly in the current.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

The darkness beneath the surface is oppressive, filled with only the faintest movement of water. Angel swims frantically, eyes wide, searching the depths. She surfaces, gasping for air, her breath ragged and desperate.

She looks around, frantically scanning the water, and then is suddenly yanked back under by an unseen force. Silence falls for a beat.

Then Angel surfaces again, spluttering, only to find Kelly emerging calmly from the darkness behind her.

ANGEL

(eyes wide)

What are you doing? Trying to drown me?

KELLY

(watching as Angel swims back to the jetty)

You were the one chasing me.

EXT. ZONE CONCERT - NIGHT

The music thunders in the background, harsh and rhythmic. Nick watches the chaotic crowd, his face unreadable. Lucky remains seated, his eyes fixed on the Bible, lost in thought.

NICK

You making any sense of it?

LUCKY

It's a continuation from Revelation 21:21.

Jam approaches and drops onto the bench next to Nick, his expression one of restless curiosity.

JAM  
What's going on?

LUCKY  
Smoking weed and reading this Bible.

JAM  
(stifling a laugh)  
Trying to find how to get rid of  
your phobia, hey?  
(to Nick)  
He has a fear phobia.

LUCKY  
No, I'm just trying to make some  
sense of it.

JAM  
(grinning, flexing  
his arms)  
There's only one way to make sense  
of anything.

He proudly flexes his muscles.

JAM (CONT'D)  
You eliminate it with these fucking  
pair of babies.

NICK  
It wasn't what the church taught us.  
The Bible taught us guidance on many  
areas of life and gave us advice  
when we're faced with dilemmas.

JAM  
(smirking)  
Didn't work in your case.

Nick shoots him a cold, unimpressed look as he's handed the  
joint from Lucky.

JAM (CONT'D)  
(standing up, confident)  
So, what do you say, Lucky? We head  
down to the zone and see if we can  
make any sense of things down there?

Nick's eyes narrow, watching Jam closely as he stands and  
moves toward the edge of the crowd.



EXT. PIER JETTY - NIGHT

The water laps against the worn wood of the jetty. Kelly sits on the edge, methodically tying her shoes, her movements deliberate but tense.

Angel watches her, a mix of concern and frustration in her eyes. Kelly pulls out a small sachet, rolling a joint with practiced ease.

Kelly lights it, inhaling deeply, the smoke swirling around her face.

ANGEL

What's got over you?

Kelly doesn't look up, her gaze fixed on the horizon, but there's a flicker of tension in her shoulders.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

I'm talking to you. Why did you try and drown me?

A long beat. Kelly finally looks up, her eyes hard.

KELLY

(a beat)  
Why did you kiss him?

ANGEL

(stunned)  
It's what you do to show happiness for one another.

KELLY

(cutting in)  
I mean, why the long, affectionate kiss?

ANGEL

(defensive, shifting uncomfortably)  
It just happened.

KELLY

(sarcastic)  
Yeah, sure.

ANGEL

(faltering)  
You know what? Maybe you need to talk to him about it. I'm married now, Kelly. Nick's my life, and he means everything to me.

KELLY  
 (mocking)  
 Everlasting friends, huh? Just go.

ANGEL  
 (softly)  
 I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say it  
 like that.

KELLY  
 (snapping)  
 You did, and it means the same way,  
 no matter how you say it. Can you  
 just go? I want to be left alone.

Angel hesitates, then takes a step back, her heart heavy. She glances at Kelly one last time before turning and walking away.

EXT. ZONE CONCERT HOTDOG STAND - NIGHT

A small crowd jostles at a grimy hotdog stand. FAT BOY, drenched in sweat, serves customers with an irritated scowl.

Across from him, a GIRL with a shaved head and a bold tattoo reading "Skins Out" on the back of her scalp grabs her order. Her face is a constellation of piercings.

Lucky, Nick, and Jam linger nearby, their eyes following the Girl as she walks away.

FAT BOY (O.S.)  
 Next.

LUCKY  
 Hotdog, man - pile on the onions.

FAT BOY  
 Do I look like a man to you?

LUCKY  
 (smiling)  
 Yeah, a fat, sweaty one.

FAT BOY  
 (smirking)  
 Quite the childish remark from a  
 Jew.

JAM  
 (stepping forward)  
 You mocking him?

FAT BOY  
(shrugging)  
Just thought Jew boy here could come  
up with something smarter.

Lucky stiffens, but Jam acts faster. He pulls a gun, aiming  
it squarely at Fat boy's head.

JAM  
You just spoke your last word.

NICK  
(alarmed)  
Jam don't!

BANG! The shot echoes in the night. Fat boy collapses behind  
the stand, blood pooling beneath him.

NICK (CONT'D)  
(shocked)  
That was uncalled for!

JAM  
(holstering his gun)  
So was he.

As the crowd begins to panic, Nick spots Angel moving through  
the chaos.

NICK  
(urgent)  
Fuck! We've got to go.

Grabbing Angel's hand, the four of them disappear into the  
crowd, leaving behind the frantic screams and commotion.

INT. UNDERGROUND STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The group barrels down the dimly lit steps, their breaths  
ragged. The sounds of distant trains echo around them.

Nick, seething, spins on Jam and shoves him hard against the  
wall.

NICK  
Why the fuck did you shoot him?!

JAM  
(defiant)  
He was one of Chan's boys - a sleazy,  
fucking communist cockroach.

NICK  
 (pushing him again)  
 And that makes it okay? Just because  
 someone doesn't agree with you, you  
 think you get to execute them?!

JAM  
 (steadily)  
 I have every right.

LUCKY  
 (quietly)  
 Communism's his enemy, Nick.

NICK  
 (furious)  
 Being your enemy doesn't make it  
 justified!

JAM  
 (leaning forward,  
 taunting)  
 What are you waiting for? Hit me.  
 Go on, preach your Bible shit to me  
 again, or maybe you'd rather watch  
 history repeat itself?

NICK  
 (through gritted teeth)  
 You're out of your mind.

JAM  
 (mocking)  
 No, I'm not. I remember. You froze.  
 Watched your family get torn apart.  
 Communism slaughtered them, and you  
 just stood there. Just like now.

Nick raises his fist, trembling with rage.

JAM (CONT'D)  
 (pressing)  
 Do it. Add another scar to my  
 collection. Prove you're not a  
 fucking coward.

ANGEL (O.S.)  
 Enough!

Angel pushes between them, her voice sharp and steady.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
 You both need to calm down.

She glares at both men, keeping her ground as the tension lingers. Jam turns away, breathing heavily.

JAM  
(snarling)  
There's nothing to be calm about in  
this miserable fucking world.

NICK  
(quiet, venomous)  
You're a mess.

JAM  
(turning back, laughing  
bitterly)  
No, we're all going to be fucked.  
Every last one of us.

A beat of silence hangs heavy.

JAM (CONT'D)  
Where's Kelly?

ANGEL  
(sighing)  
She's down at the jetty.

Without another word, Jam storms off. Angel, Nick, and Lucky remain behind, watching him go, their expressions a mix of concern and exhaustion

EXT. ZONE CONCERT HOTDOG STAND - NIGHT

A SMALL CROWD hovers nervously, glancing at the lifeless body of Fat boy sprawled on the ground. CHAN, his father, kneels beside him, grief etched on his face.

John stands over the scene, frustration simmering just beneath the surface. Tequila and Sally arrive, scanning the area.

TEQUILA  
We checked the whole place - no sign  
of anyone.

JOHN  
No witnesses? Not a single person  
heard a gunshot?

He narrows his gaze at Sally.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
You question anyone?

SALLY  
Nobody's talking.

JOHN  
Unbelievable. And you call yourself  
a cop?

SALLY  
(defensive)  
Hold on. If they don't want to talk,  
I can't force them.

JOHN  
Then Make them talk! That's what a  
good cop does.

SALLY  
(sarcastic)  
What's your suggestion? Put a gun  
to their head?

JOHN  
Exactly. Desperate times, desperate  
measures. There's a lunatic out  
there, and we can't let him keep  
blowing people's heads off.

SALLY  
(scoffing)  
Jesus Christ.

TEQUILA  
(stepping in)  
Hey, easy, Chief. We'll handle this.

JOHN  
Take it easy? We've got a killer  
out there, and you want me to take  
it easy?

TEQUILA  
Look, this wasn't random. Whoever  
did this isn't from around here.

A tense beat. John glares at the crowd, then sighs heavily.

JOHN  
(to Sally)  
Move them out.

Sally doesn't budge, arms crossed defiantly.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(annoyed)  
Well?!

TEQUILA

(calmly)  
Chief?

JOHN

(sighs)  
Fine. I'm sorry.

TEQUILA

For what?

JOHN

For being an asshole.

SALLY

Yeah, a big asshole.

John shoots her a look but softens as Tequila pats his shoulder.

TEQUILA

You hired her knowing she came from this crowd. You've gotta trust her instincts.

JOHN

(grumbling)  
Yeah, yeah. But you needed a partner.

TEQUILA

No, you needed officers. Sally was the best of the lot.

JOHN

(turning to Sally)  
Okay, fine. Sorry for yelling. It won't happen again.

SALLY

(smiling faintly)  
I'll believe it when I see it.

Tequila grins as Sally steps forward, raising her Smart gun for emphasis.

SALLY (CONT'D)

(to the crowd)  
Alright, you heard the Marshal!  
Show's over. Wipe those zombie looks off your faces and move your dumb arses along!

The Crowd reluctantly disperses. Tequila winks at John, who shakes his head, a faint smirk creeping onto his face as the tension eases.

## INT. UNDERGROUND STATION - NIGHT

Angel stands behind Nick, her arms wrapped protectively around his waist. They watch Lucky, who is quietly packing his belongings into a worn canvas shoulder bag.

NICK

Where are you going?

LUCKY

Somewhere far away.

ANGEL

We're going to miss you.

NICK

Is this because of what happened?  
Or because of me and Jam?

LUCKY

(shaking his head)

No. I just... I need to figure things out. Make some sense of what this world means now. Besides, you all have your own lives, your own partnerships. I'd just be in the way.

ANGEL

Hey, don't say that. We're all partners here. We've been through too much together.

LUCKY

I know. And I'll never forget the times we've had. But sometimes, you need to move on. This little bird's gotta feather his own nest.

NICK

Will you manage on your own?

LUCKY

(smiling softly)

Yes.

NICK

(holding out a gun)

Take this, just in case.

LUCKY

(pushing it away)

No guns. I'll be fine. I have my Bible.



NICK

I hope you figure it out, Lucky.

LUCKY

I will.

ANGEL

(softly)

Hope's all we've got to hold on to.  
You watch yourself out there, okay?

LUCKY

(nods, smiling faintly)

As we say in Hebrew, shalom.

Lucky climbs down onto the railway tracks, his figure gradually swallowed by the shadows of the dark tunnel. Nick and Angel watch in silence, their expressions a mix of sadness and worry.

EXT. PIER JETTY - NIGHT

The Water ripples gently under the moonlight. Small Bubbles rise to the surface, then more, until the water seems to boil furiously. Steam curls upward, obscuring the reflection of the stars.

Kelly stands cautiously at the edge of the jetty, her eyes fixed on the roiling water.

Suddenly, the water Erupts, sending an enormous spray into the air. Fish of all sizes - silver, scaled, and shimmering - rain down around her in a surreal downpour.

KELLY

(startled)

What the hell...

She shields her head and stumbles backward, her boots splashing into the growing pile of lifeless fish. The jetty creaks under the weight as she runs, slipping slightly on the slick surface.

The water settles, eerily calm again. Kelly looks back, her breathing uneven, as a strange stillness settles over the scene.

EXT. SIDEWALK MARKET - NIGHT

Lucky walks along a desolate Sidewalk, his shadow stretching under the dim glow of emergency lights. The market windows reflect rows of metal shelves stacked with food.

At the rear of the store, a Glasshouse glows faintly, its hydroponic fruits and vegetables thriving despite the darkness.

Lucky approaches the Door, only to find it secured with a heavy bolt.

The faint sound of Noises from a nearby alley catches his attention. He freezes, his hand instinctively moving toward the edge of his canvas bag.

He turns, cautiously stepping toward the Alleyway, his senses on high alert.

Lucky silhouetted form is captured against the dim emergency lights as he disappears from view.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Lucky steps carefully into the dimly lit Alley, the faint glint of moonlight illuminating the grimy walls and overturned trash bins. A faint rustling catches his attention, and he halts, scanning the shadows.

A Black CAT emerges from behind a bin, its yellow eyes gleaming as it rummages through scraps. Lucky crouches down slowly, extending a hand.

LUCKY

Hey there, little guy. Where did you come from?

The Cat hesitates, then allows Lucky to scoop it up. He cradles it gently under one arm, stroking its matted fur.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Must be starving, huh?

(softly)

Don't worry, I'll find you something to eat.

The Cat lets out a faint Meow, nestling into Lucky's hold. With a faint smile, Lucky continues down the alley, his boots crunching against the debris - strewn ground.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

You deserve a good meal and a warm place. C'mon.

EXT. PIER JETTY - NIGHT

Jam arrives at the jetty, stopping abruptly as the stench hits him. He instinctively raises a hand to cover his nose, his expression twisting in disgust.

Dead fish litter the planks and spill into the water, their silvery scales reflecting the faint glow of a nearby streetlamp. The surface of the water is thick with lifeless fish, bobbing eerily in the stillness.

JAM  
(under his breath)  
What the fuck happened here?

He takes a cautious step forward, the wood beneath him slick with fish and dampness. The overpowering smell makes him gag, and he quickly turns back, retreating from the scene.

He casts a final glance over his shoulder at the unsettling tableau before hurrying away, his pace quick and purposeful.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The Dimly lit alley is damp and silent, except for the low hum of machinery. A roller door at the rear dock of the Market begins to lift with a metallic screech, revealing the dock's shadowy interior.

Headlights pierce the gloom as a Truck reverses carefully into position with the vehicle comes to a halt.

Lucky, clutching the Cat under one arm, peers cautiously around the corner of the building. His eyes narrow as he observes the activity at the dock.

He places the Cat on the ground.

LUCKY  
Stay here, buddy.

The Cat meows softly, its green eyes gleaming in the dim light, before curling up against the wall.

Lucky adjusts the strap of his canvas shoulder bag and creeps toward the open roller door, staying close to the shadows.

With a final glance over his shoulder, he Slips inside, vanishing into the Market's dark interior.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - NIGHT

The dimly lit car park is a haunting graveyard of vehicles, covered in thick layers of dust and ash. Nick pulls Angel by the hand, weaving between the abandoned cars.

ANGEL  
Why're we in such a hurry?

NICK  
You'll see.

Angel's gaze sweeps across the eerie scene, her curiosity piqued by the derelict surroundings.

ANGEL  
What's this place? Where did all  
these cars come from?

NICK  
An underground car park. People  
used to leave their cars here and  
head off to work.

ANGEL  
There are thousands of them.

Angel releases Nick's hand, slowing to examine the desolation.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
I've never seen one of these up close  
before.

NICK  
Trust me, you don't want to.

Angel steps toward a dusty BMW, her fingers brushing over the  
thick layer of ash on the window. She rubs a small circle  
clean and peers inside.

ANGEL  
Why?

Nick's voice carries a warning from behind her.

NICK (O.S.)  
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Angel grips the door handle, smirking playfully.

ANGEL  
What are you hiding?

NICK  
Don't say I didn't warn you.

Angel tugs the door open, only to find coiled snakes writhing  
on the front seat. She gasps, slamming the door shut and  
stumbling backward.

ANGEL  
My God!

NICK  
See what I mean?

He flashes a grin before gesturing her forward.

NICK (CONT'D)  
C'mon. This way.

They move swiftly toward the next level, stepping cautiously around rusted pipes, Rats scurrying between wrecks, and Cockroaches scaling the walls.

Angel's nose wrinkles as she takes in the scene: cobweb - covered lights, flaking paint, and the faint smell of decay.

Nick stops suddenly, his eyes lighting up.

NICK (CONT'D)

Wait here.

Angel watches as Nick moves toward a shadowy corner. Her gaze drifts, drawn to the chaotic yet strangely mesmerizing decay around her.

NICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What do you think?

Her eyes widen as she turns to see a 1962 light blue Cadillac Convertible, gleaming like a jewel among the wreckage. Its pristine condition contrasts sharply with the surrounding desolation.

Nick stands beside the car, a proud smile on his face.

ANGEL

So this is what you wanted to show me.

NICK

Isn't she a beauty? Jam and I have been working on her for a while now.

Angel runs her hand along the smooth curve of the car, admiration flickering in her expression.

ANGEL

She's lovely.

NICK

Just like you.

Angel chuckles, shaking her head at the compliment.

ANGEL

Why is it that when I ask for something, you never hesitate?

NICK

It's what you do for someone you love. Besides, this is your wedding gift.

Angel looks up, surprise softening her features.

ANGEL

Yours too.

Nick opens the car door and slides the seat forward, offering a gallant bow.

NICK

Step inside, madam.

Angel beams, climbing into the Back seat with a playful smile.

INT. MARKET - NIGHT

Lucky crouches low behind the tall shelves, watching as two men in dark overalls load steel boxes into the back of the truck. Their movements are efficient but hurried, as if they're not supposed to be there.

Lucky carefully opens one of the nearby steel boxes, its contents clinking faintly. Inside, he finds a stack of canned food. He rummages through and pulls out a can of sardines.

LUCKY

Sardines, huh?

He pops the lid with his pocket knife, the strong smell wafting up immediately. He wrinkles his nose and holds the can out toward the Cat, which has silently followed him.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

(holding can)

Phew, glad you're eating this.

The Cat approaches, sniffs the sardines, and then steps back, unimpressed. It sits, staring up at Lucky with an almost accusatory glare.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

What? You don't eat fish? You're a cat, aren't you?

The Cat licks its paw, seemingly indifferent.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Vegetarian, huh? Figures.

He glances around and spots the glasshouse, glowing faintly at the rear of the Market. His eyes light up.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Veggies it is.

He quietly makes his way toward the glasshouse, the Cat padding after him.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

The Cadillac is now closed in, its pristine roof firmly in place. Nick and Angel sit in the plush Back seat, locked in a tender kiss.

Angel pulls away slightly, her eyes scanning the enclosed space.

ANGEL

(softly)

Can we close the roof?

NICK

Why?

ANGEL

I'd feel more secure.

NICK

(leans in)

I'll protect you.

ANGEL

I know you will, but... I just want the roof closed. If you know what I mean.

Nick chuckles, leaning over the Front seat. He flips open the Sunshield, where the Key drops neatly into his hand.

He slides it into the ignition and turns the key, flicking the switch to close the roof.

A soft Whirring sound fills the car as the Convertible roof folds into place, sealing them inside.

Nick settles back into the rear seat beside Angel.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Thank you.

Nick reaches into his pocket, pulling out his Gun.

NICK

I'll get rid of this first.

He tucks the gun under the Front seat and turns back to Angel, a mischievous smile on his face.

NICK (CONT'D)

Now, where were we?

He slides closer, wrapping his arm around her as their kiss resumes, the car's enclosed space cocooning them in intimacy.

INT. GLASSHOUSE - NIGHT

Lucky creeps through the glasshouse, the dim emergency lights casting eerie shadows on the walls. He munches on a plucked apple, tossing the core aside as he continues exploring.

Suddenly, the roller shutter is heard closing with a metallic clang. Lucky freezes and ducks behind a row of Plants, peering cautiously.

The truck drives away, and the roller shutter locks into place with a loud thud. The main lights flicker out, leaving Lucky bathed in an unsettling semi-darkness.

LUCKY  
(sarcastic)  
Great. Now what?

He scans his surroundings, spotting an open window high above with steel bars across it.

LUCKY (CONT'D)  
Time to get creative.

Lucky begins moving, his eyes darting nervously.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

The Figure hovers against the dark sky, its wings outstretched as it glides toward the market roof. It lands silently, claws scraping the metal as it peers through the high window.

From the FIGURE'S POV, it sees Lucky moving inside the Glasshouse, oblivious. Its eyes glow faintly as it scans the interior, locking onto the Cat, which remains perched motionlessly on the floor.

INT. GLASSHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lucky picks fruit from the plants, stashing them into his canvas bag. His fingers work quickly, but his eyes constantly shift upward. When he glances at the window, he freezes.

The steel bars are gone.

LUCKY  
(whispering)  
What the hell?

He swallows hard and keeps moving, but the feeling of being watched grows stronger.



A shadow flickers in front of him. He stops dead in his tracks, his breath quickening.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

It's nothing. Just your imagination.

He crouches low, trying to calm himself, but the sound of metal clanging behind him makes him spin around sharply.

A larger SHADOW scurries past, barely visible in the dim light.

One by one, the steel shelves begin to topple like dominos, crashing down with an earsplitting roar. Lucky dives for cover, pressing himself against the ground as debris rains around him.

Then, silence.

A faint tapping sound echoes through the space.

From the FIGURE'S POV, it leaps gracefully onto the fallen shelves, scanning the glasshouse. Its glowing eyes catch sight of the swinging door at the far end. It glides silently toward it.

INT. MARKET AISLE - NIGHT

Lucky crouches, his face slick with sweat. He spots a forklift parked nearby, its forks positioned directly under another open window.

LUCKY

(sotto)

That's my ticket out.

He crawls to the forklift, his movements deliberate. He grabs a rope from the floor and quickly ties it around the up-lever, securing the other end to the roll cage.

Lucky turns the ignition and scrambles back under a shelf as the forks begin to lift with a loud mechanical whirr.

The Figure, now crouched by the swinging door, snaps its head toward the sound. Its wings unfurl angrily as it launches into the air, gliding toward the window. With a piercing screech, it smashes through, leaving a large hole in the wall.

INT. GLASSHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lucky crawls out from his hiding spot, his chest heaving as he takes in the shattered window and the chaos around him.

LUCKY

A bit pissed off, hey?

He dusts himself off and retrieves his canvas bag, muttering as he slings it over his shoulder.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

(head down)

Dumb animal.

Suddenly, from the FIGURE'S POV, it circles back in the night sky.

INT. MARKET AISLE - NIGHT

A large shadow stretches across the floor, its movements smooth yet menacing. Lucky freezes as he hears the Cat's uneasy meow, and then the Figure emerges into view.

Lucky's heart races, his breath shallow. His wide, terror-stricken eyes lock onto the looming threat.

The Figure, now fully visible in the dim light, coils its body before Pouncing Forward!

EXT. HILL - NIGHT

In the moonlit expanse of grassy hills, Kelly lays on her back in an open patch, her head shifting side to side as if caught in a vivid nightmare.

Beads of sweat glisten on her forehead. Suddenly, she screams - a bloodcurdling cry that echoes across the silent night.

Further along the Field, Jam halts abruptly, turning in the direction of her cries. Without hesitation, he sprints toward the sound, his heart pounding with urgency.

Jam bursts through the tall grass into the clearing, finding Kelly sitting up, drenched in sweat, her breath ragged. He kneels beside her and pulls her into a protective embrace.

JAM

It's okay. I'm here.

Kelly clings to him, trembling as her breathing begins to steady.

EXT. MARKET - NIGHT

A squad unit screeches to a halt outside the market dock. The vehicle's lights flash red and blue, cutting through the darkness.

Tequila steps out, followed closely by Sally. They exchange a look before heading into the building, their weapons drawn.

TEQUILA

You head down there.

Sally nods and moves down one aisle while Tequila veers off in the opposite direction, scanning their surroundings with precision.

INT. MARKET - CONTINUOUS

John stands near the large hole in the wall, puffing on a cigarette. His eyes trace the jagged edges, his expression thoughtful.

CHAN (O.S.)

The same person who killed my son  
did this. And the sign out front.

JOHN

This? This wasn't done by a person.

John drops the cigarette to the floor and crushes it with his boot, turning on his heel. Chan follows him, clearly unsettled.

CHAN

Then what did it?

JOHN

I'm not sure. But it's not human.

Before Chan can respond, Tequila approaches.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You're coming with me.

TEQUILA

Where to?

JOHN

Across the bridge to the other side  
of the city.

TEQUILA

You can't.

JOHN

And why not?

TEQUILA

Because -

SALLY (O.S.)

Sergeant! You better have a look at  
this.

EXT. HILL - NIGHT

Kelly And Jam sit side by side, the cool night breeze whispering through the grass. Kelly takes a deep drag from a Joint, her eyes fixed on the horizon.

KELLY

We're all going to die. Death is all around us. Our time is running out.

She turns to Jam, her voice heavy with conviction.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I saw it in my dream. It wasn't just a dream. It was real. There's no escaping it - no matter where we run.

JAM

(quietly)  
I seen the dead fish.

KELLY

(looking at him)  
That's a sign.

Jam exhales deeply, then reaches out to take her hand, his grip firm and reassuring.

JAM

We better find the others.

Kelly nods, her gaze lingering on the stars for a moment before she stands with Jam, their silhouettes blending into the dark expanse as they move off together.

INT. MARKET AISLE - NIGHT

John and Tequila approach the aisle where Lucky's body lies crumpled on the floor. A heavy silence hangs in the air, broken only by the soft hum of distant machinery.

CHAN (O.S.)

It's him, isn't it? The one who killed my son!

Chan charges down the aisle, his face twisted with grief and fury.

TEQUILA

Sally, get him out of here!

Sally intercepts Chan, pulling him back despite his protests and relentless yelling.

Tequila steps beside John, who kneels over Lucky's body, inspecting it with a practiced eye.

JOHN

He's not from around here.

John lifts Lucky's hand and gives it a deliberate sniff.

TEQUILA

Think he killed Fat Boy?

JOHN

Smells fishy. Sardines, I think.

John sniffs his hand one last time, his expression growing more puzzled.

JOHN (CONT'D)

No gunpowder residue.

He stands, brushing off his hands, and looks at Tequila.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So, why can't we cross the bridge?

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

The faint glow of a Joint burns in the dark as Nick reclines in the back seat, his arm draped lazily over Angel.

ANGEL

What's swirling around in that head of yours?

NICK

Lucky's right. We need to get out of here. Somewhere far away.

Nick turns to Angel with a faint smile, but before he can say more, the front doors swing open. Jam and Kelly climb into the front seats, interrupting the moment.

Nick props up abruptly.

JAM

We interrupting anything?

NICK

What could you possibly interrupt?

Kelly nudges Jam playfully, grinning.

NICK (CONT'D)

No, don't say it.

Angel sits up, her gaze shifting to Kelly.

ANGEL  
You two look happy.

Jam and Kelly exchange glances, a quiet understanding passing between them.

KELLY  
Yeah, we do. We spoke a lot.

JAM  
(to Angel)  
You like the caddie?

ANGEL  
It's perfect.

KELLY  
So when can we go for a spin?

JAM  
How about now?

Jam twists the ignition, and the engine growls to life.

NICK  
Hang on! I think I should drive.

JAM  
You stay back there. You both look so comfortable in each other's arms.

Nick exchanges a smirk with Angel.

JAM (CONT'D)  
I'll chauffeur you lovebirds wherever you want to go.

KELLY  
Somewhere far away.

NICK  
You read my mind.

Jam adjusts the rear-view mirror with a mischievous grin.

JAM  
Sit back, lovebirds. It's time to get out of this hellhole!

Kelly slides closer to Jam, snuggling against him.

KELLY  
Hit it!

EXT. REAR WHEEL CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

The wheel spins, kicking up thick clouds of smoke as the Cadillac screeches to life.

EXT. CADILLACS - CONTINUOUS

The Cadillac speeds through the parking lot, weaving through debris with expert precision.

Jam maneuvers deftly, swerving to avoid scattered obstacles. The car races down a ramp, its wheels hugging the curve as Jam makes a sharp right, narrowly missing a concrete pillar.

NICK (O.S.)

Careful! You almost swiped that pillar back there!

JAM (O.S.)

I see around corners.

INT. CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

Nick glances at Angel, his tone teasing but protective.

NICK

Think about the expensive cargo in the back.

Jam catches Angel's reflection in the rearview mirror, his grin widening.

JAM

Then hold on to her with your life.

He winks at Kelly, who tightens her embrace around him.

EXT. CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

The Cadillac barrels toward an incline, its engine roaring. It launches off the rise, soaring over a section of wreckage below before landing smoothly on the other side.

It races into the night, disappearing down the empty street, leaving a trail of smoke and dust in its wake.

EXT. STREET - LATER

The Cadillac screeches as it rounds a corner, the market coming into view. Kelly stands, gripping the top of the windshield, her hair whipping in the wind.

JAM

What d'ya see?

KELLY

Turn the lights out! Now!

Jam immediately flicks off the headlights. In the backseat, Nick and Angel stop kissing and lean forward, looking ahead.

ANGEL

What is it?

In the distance, Tequila carries Lucky's jacket, moving with purpose.

NICK

Quick! Pull over!

The Cadillac rolls to a stop behind a garbage truck, a block away. Nick leaps out of the car, motioning for the others to follow.

NICK (CONT'D)

C'mon, this way.

Jam, Angel, and Kelly hurry after him, sticking to the shadows. They reach a corner and peek around, watching the unfolding scene at the market.

EXT. MARKET - NIGHT

A diagram map is spread across the hood of a squad unit. Tequila points at the map while John listens intently.

TEQUILA

Right there. Heaven's Gate.

JOHN

Heaven's Gate?

TEQUILA

Just something I made up. This bridge is our only access to the church.

JOHN

I thought you said there were no more churches.

TEQUILA

I lied.

JOHN

We need to get to that church.

TEQUILA

The bridge is wired throughout with C-4.



JOHN

What for?

TEQUILA

To stop the crowd from the zone  
burning it down.

Tequila traces her finger across the map, pointing to key locations.

TEQUILA (CONT'D)

I've placed four triple forty-four-  
gallon drums with C-4 at both  
entrances and along the bridge, here,  
here, and here.

JOHN

You realize the kind of explosion  
that'll cause?

TEQUILA

Yes. A crater the size of four  
football fields.

JOHN

Church must mean a lot.

TEQUILA

It's where my baby girl lays to rest.

John takes a moment, his expression softening slightly.

JOHN

I'll fly in with the chopper.

TEQUILA

Take this - you'll need it.

Tequila hands John a remote control.

TEQUILA (CONT'D)

I've got sensors at both entrances.  
When this green light flashes, it  
means someone's there. You can  
detonate the C-4 with this.

John examines the remote, his brow furrowed.

JOHN

And what's that?

Tequila holds up a second remote control.

TEQUILA

This one deactivates the C-4.

Sally approaches, placing a canvas bag on the hood.

SALLY

I found this.

John opens the bag, pulling out some fruit and a BIBLE. As he flips through the Bible, a PHOTO slips out.

JOHN

Bright bunch of kids.

He flips the photo over. A close-up reveals the text: "These are the coolest friends a friend can have. Nick, Angel, Jam, and Kelly. Class of 2048."

John pockets the photo, his expression hardening as Tequila speaks.

TEQUILA (O.S.)

Those who don't worship the image of the beast will be persecuted and killed.

John looks up at Tequila, who recites solemnly.

TEQUILA (CONT'D)

Revelation 13:14-16. I read the Bible.

John picks up an apple from the Squad Unit hood and takes a bite.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

In the shadows, Nick, Jam, and Kelly huddle close while Angel stares ahead, her face pale.

NICK

He was like a brother to me.

JAM

Those fucking woks killed him. Let me at 'em!

NICK

(holding Jam back)

Not now. Later. First, we need to figure out who it was.

JAM

Forget that! I'm not waiting around. I'm gonna skin 'em alive.

Kelly glances at Angel, who remains silent but focused.

ANGEL

It's a sign.

NICK

(a beat)

What sign?

ANGEL

The bird was a sign.

NICK

What bird? What're you talking about?

KELLY

She's right, Nick. I saw the sign  
at the jetty.

JAM

The fish?

Nick and Jam exchange looks.

KELLY

Yes, the fish was a sign for me, the  
bird for Angel. A sign of death.  
Did you see the size of the hole in  
that building?

JAM

(a beat)

I saw it too. In the laneway. A  
dead body fell from above.

Angel and Kelly turn to Nick, who stares ahead, his face grim.  
Slowly, he raises his head.

NICK

The cross at the church.

EXT. MARKET - NIGHT

Bishop pushes a trolley with a covered body toward a van, his  
movements deliberate. John observes him from a short distance,  
narrowing his eyes.

JOHN

Hey, Bishop, wait up.

John strides over, Tequila and Sally following close behind.  
Bishop halts, turning slightly as John approaches.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What did you do with Chan's son's  
body?

BISHOP  
He wanted to keep the body.

JOHN  
Kinda sick, ain't it?

BISHOP  
Some people hold a dear connection  
to their loved ones. They can't  
bear the thought of not being near  
their presence.

TEQUILA  
They have no faith then.

Bishop pauses, his expression unreadable.

BISHOP  
And that cross over the barcode on  
your wrist - does that give you faith?

Tequila instinctively glances down at her wrist. A cross of  
Jesus is etched over a faded tattoo barcode.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Christianity's symbol over the mark  
of the beast.

Tequila raises her eyes to meet Bishop's.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Saving grace.

John scrutinizes Bishop further, his attention caught by a  
cross necklace hanging around Bishop's neck - upside down.

JOHN  
Something the matter, Bishop?

BISHOP  
Something on your mind, Chief?

JOHN  
Explain why you're wearing a cross  
upside down.

BISHOP  
No particular reason.

TEQUILA  
The devil's symbol.

BISHOP  
Clever girl.

TEQUILA  
Your saving grace?

John's tone sharpens.

JOHN  
Get out of here, Bishop. And make  
sure that body is frozen!

Bishop starts moving again but pauses, turning back to face them. His eyes lock on Tequila.

BISHOP  
Faith isn't the evidence of things  
that appear not. A presence is.

John, Tequila, and Sally silently watch as Bishop wheels the trolley to the van, the quiet creak of the wheels fading into the night.

JOHN  
(to Tequila)  
Keep an eye on him while I'm gone.

TEQUILA  
I have been.

John bites into the apple in his hand. His face twists in disgust as he spits out a bite of rotten fruit, tossing it aside. His gaze shifts to Bishop, now loading Lucky's body into the van.

INT. CHOPPER - SKY - NIGHT

The chopper soars above a dense, grey blanket of ash that obscures much of the world below. Small patches of the ruined city peek through, eerie and haunting.

As the chopper descends, the ruined city ruins come into clearer view. Scattered gallon drums line the bridge below, positioned at both ends and along its length.

The chopper clears the bridge, becoming a tiny dot as it disappears into the distance, swallowed by the ash-laden horizon.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - NIGHT

In the shadows of the underground parking lot, Nick, Angel, Jam, and Kelly silently exit the Cadillac.

The group moves swiftly, their figures blending with the dim light and shadows as they emerge from the car park into the night.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Nick leans against a BURNT-OUT CAR, his expression distant as he stares into the void of the night. Above him, Jam reclines on the car's roof, hands folded behind his head, gazing at the stars faintly visible through the ash-streaked sky.

In the distance, Angel and Kelly approach, their silhouettes framed by flickering streetlights.

JAM

Whatever's out there, I'm gonna be ready for it.

NICK

First, we've got to get to the church, figure out what it is - and what it wants.

JAM

I'll tell you what it wants. It wants us dead.

NICK

Then why hasn't it done it yet? Father Harris might have the answers.

JAM

What's a priest gonna know? I've seen what it can do, and it wasn't pretty.

NICK

Did you notice his ink-stained fingers? He knows something. And the church is the safest place.

JAM

There's only one safe place: out in the open. And I'm gonna be ready.

Suddenly, Nick's focus shifts, his body tensing.

NICK

Shit!

Nick bolts toward Angel, who has collapsed to her knees, clutching her stomach in pain.

KELLY

Angel, are you okay?

ANGEL

Just... help me sit down.

Nick and Kelly carefully lower Angel to the ground as Jam approaches, concerned but still wary.

NICK  
What is it?

ANGEL  
Just a cramp, I think. I need water.

Nick looks around, scanning the desolate street.

KELLY  
I'll go!

NICK  
No! You and Jam head to the church now!

KELLY  
The church?

NICK  
Yes! Go via the conduit.

JAM  
That'll take too long.

NICK  
It's safer than the bridge - just do it!

Reluctantly, Kelly glances at Jam, who nods. The pair begin moving, keeping low and quick.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

From a Figure's point of view, the world below blurs as it glides effortlessly through the air. The Figure approaches a building, descending silently.

It lands, crouching, its gaze fixed on the distant forms of Nick, Angel, Jam, and Kelly.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

A deafening crack echoes through the air as the ground begins to tremble violently.

The street splits apart, a massive crater forming and expanding rapidly.

NICK  
Go!

Jam grabs Kelly's hand, dragging her as they sprint away from the widening pit. The street heaves beneath them as shattered windows above explode, raining glass onto the ground.

NICK (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here!

Nick grips Angel's hand tightly.

NICK (CONT'D)

Don't let go of my hand!

ANGEL

I won't!

Nick and Angel dart into a nearby alleyway, their figures disappearing into the shadows.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jam and Kelly sprint toward a looming skyscraper, but the earth continues to quake violently. A deep crack splits up the building's side, and the structure groans as it begins to tear in half.

JAM

C'mon!

As Jam runs, his M-16 slips from his grip and clatters to the ground.

KELLY

Forget it!

Jam hesitates but ultimately follows Kelly, leaving the weapon behind.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Jam and Kelly burst through the doors of a nearby building, diving for cover as the skyscraper behind them groans and collapses in a thunderous roar.

Dust and debris envelop the street outside as the two catch their breath, their expressions a mix of fear and determination.

KELLY

What now?

JAM

We keep moving.

They exchange a look before turning deeper into the building's shadowy interior.



INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - NIGHT

Nick and Angel dart between crumbling pillars as chunks of concrete rain down around them. The distant groan of collapsing structures echoes ominously.

Nick spots a fire exit and points.

NICK

This way!

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Jam and Kelly dash into a LIFT, their breaths ragged.

INT. LIFT - CONTINUOUS

Kelly frantically punches the close button, her movements jerky and panicked.

KELLY

Hurry up!

The lift doors begin to slide shut. Kelly's eyes dart nervously to the display above as the numbers climb. Beside her, Jam checks his arsenal with precision, ensuring his weapons are ready.

KELLY (CONT'D)

(voice trembling)

It's coming. I saw its eyes - they turned white.

JAM

Not if I've got anything to say about it.

KELLY

It's going to kill me first... then you.

JAM

Not before I put it in the ground.

He hefts his gun, a grim determination in his eyes.

JAM (CONT'D)

With this.

Kelly glances at him, her fear momentarily replaced by disbelief.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - NIGHT

Nick and Angel sprint to the FIRE EXIT door. Nick grabs the handle and pulls, but it doesn't budge.

ANGEL

Hurry, Nick!

The pillars around them begin to collapse, the ground trembling violently.

Nick slams his shoulder against the door, but it doesn't give. He kicks it repeatedly until it finally bursts open.

INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

Nick and Angel descend the stairwell as the structure above them begins to give way.

ANGEL

The stairs are crumbling!

They reach the bottom door, only to find it locked.

NICK

Shit! Locked again!

ANGEL

Shoot the hinges!

Nick steps back, pulls out his gun, and fires. The hinges break, and he slams the door open with his shoulder. Both leap through as the stairs collapse behind them.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Silence blankets the scene. Nick gently brushes Angel's hair from her face, inspecting her for injuries.

NICK

You okay?

ANGEL

For now.

NICK

We've got to find -

A deafening roar shatters the stillness.

ANGEL

Look!

They turn to see the Figure barreling through a skyscraper, crashing through floors at blinding speed.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The lift doors slide open, and Jam and Kelly step cautiously onto the rooftop. The only sound is the soft hum of spinning ventilation cylinders.

Jam advances to the center of the rooftop, his posture alert. A distant crashing sound grows louder, shaking the building.

He spots a fire escape on the opposite side.

JAM

This way!

Grabbing Kelly's hand, they sprint toward it.

Halfway across, Kelly's Jacket gets snagged in a ventilation cylinder.

JAM (CONT'D)

Just take it off!

Kelly wriggles out of the jacket as the rooftop Explodes behind them, leaving a gaping Shaft.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

The pair stumbles back, trapped as silence returns.

JAM

We'll jump.

KELLY

I can't!

Behind them, another explosion tears through the structure, catapulting the lift high into the air.

JAM

Smart bastard.

You're good at diving, right?

KELLY

So?

JAM

We'll jump.

Another Shaft explodes dangerously close.

KELLY

(screams)

Ahhh!

JAM  
I'll go first. If I make it, you  
can too!

KELLY  
(beat)  
Okay.

JAM  
Look at me. You can do this, alright?

Kelly nods. Jam picks up his Gun, tosses it to the opposite side, and takes a running leap. He lands safely on the other side.

JAM (CONT'D)  
C'mon!

Kelly takes a deep breath, sprints, and leaps.

Mid-air, the Figure emerges from the darkness, its Claws extending. It snatches Kelly and soars into the sky.

JAM (CONT'D)  
Noooooooooo!

Jam grabs his gatling gun and fires wildly into the air, emptying the weapon. His bullets miss as the Figure vanishes into the night, taking Kelly with it.

JAM (CONT'D)  
No, no, it should be me! Come back  
here you motherfucker. C'mon I'm  
waiting! You cowardly son-of-a-bitch!

The Figure's eyes turn white. It drops Kelly down the shaft. Jam opens fire with his pistols.

The Figure's bottom claws extend forward like a pointed dagger and pierces Jam through the chest.

It snatches him off the ground and glides to the edge of the building, dropping Jam over the side.

Nick and Angel watch Jam's body plunge down the side of the building as the Figure disappears through the blanketing mist

INT. CAVERN UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

The dim cavern is lit by a faint, flickering light from an old lantern. Bishop pushes a squeaky trolley carrying Lucky's lifeless body.

The air is heavy with dampness, and the faint sound of rats scurrying echoes through the cavern.

Bishop halts by a massive boulder in the center, its surface covered in dust and scattered bones. He brushes the bones away with a cold, practiced motion, clearing the spot.

He unzips the body bag, revealing Lucky's mutilated remains. Bishop gazes at the body, his face devoid of emotion.

BISHOP  
(coldly, with quiet  
disdain)  
One less Christian.

Without a second glance, Bishop turns and walks out of the cavern. The sound of his boots fades as the rats creep closer to the body.

INT. SQUAD UNIT - NIGHT

The Squad Unit is parked in the shadows, blending into the night. Behind the wheel, Tequila watches through binoculars as Bishop climbs into a dark van. The van roars to life and drives off into the distance.

SALLY  
(leaning forward from  
the passenger seat)  
You wanna check it out?

TEQUILA  
(keeping his eyes on  
the departing van)  
Not yet.

Tequila lowers the binoculars, her expression unreadable as she shifts her focus back to the cavern entrance.

EXT. STEPS OF THE CHURCH - NIGHT

John climbs the worn stone steps leading to the church. A cigarette dangles from his lips, the ember glowing faintly in the dark.

He passes the sandstone cross lying broken on the steps, its pieces scattered like forgotten relics.

He pauses, looking up at the church's façade. The roof appears damaged, and the windows are boarded up haphazardly, giving the building a forlorn and abandoned look.

Taking a final drag, John flicks the cigarette away and pushes open the creaking front door. The church swallows him in darkness as he steps inside.

INT. CHURCH -- CONTINUOUS

The church is eerily quiet, save for the soft flicker of countless candles illuminating the space. John stands at the entrance, his silhouette framed by the dim light, his presence commanding.

Father Harris kneels before the cross at the altar, absorbed in his prayer. The air is thick with a sense of reverence and tension.

John flicks the ash from his cigarette, tossing it into a tray of sand resting among the flickering candles. He walks down the aisle, his footsteps deliberate but measured.

JOHN

(casually)

Afraid of something, Father?

FATHER HARRIS (O.S.)

(calm, unwavering)

Only those who are not welcome here.

JOHN

(smirking)

And who might they be?

A moment of silence lingers as Father Harris rises slowly from his knees, his worn hands clasped in front of him. His expression remains stoic but carries an air of sorrow.

FATHER HARRIS

(facing the cross)

I thought you would already know that.

John leans nonchalantly against a pew

JOHN

If I knew, I wouldn't have come here.

Father Harris voice is measured but tinged with years of quiet suffering.

FATHER HARRIS

(quietly)

So, what answers does the law seek?

JOHN

(staring at father)

What makes you think I seek answers?

FATHER HARRIS

(gesturing vaguely)

People come to God's house seeking  
solace, searching for reasons to  
understand their grief.

JOHN

(voice lowering)

Then you must already know.

FATHER HARRIS (O.S.)

I'm afraid I don't understand.

JOHN

(with bitterness)

To burn candles is to mourn those  
lost.

FATHER HARRIS

(nodding slowly)

That is true.

JOHN

(challenging)

Then you know why I'm here.

Father Harris's gaze shifts upward, his tired eyes drawn to the cross as if searching for an answer that's long evaded him.

The light of the candles dances across his face, casting shadows that mirror the darkness in his heart.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Nick and Angel cautiously emerge from an unused underground conduit, their faces marked with exhaustion and tension. They survey the dark, empty street, wary of any figures lurking in the shadows.

Nick's gaze catches on a chopper parked across the way. His eyes narrow.

NICK

Wait here.

Before Angel can protest, Nick darts toward the chopper. He quickly inspects it, spotting Lucky's jacket draped over the seat. His expression darkens as he grabs the jacket and slips it on.

A radio crackles to life from the chopper. Tequila's voice is faint but discernible.

Nick snatches up the radio, his expression sharpening, but instead of responding, he jogs back to Angel.

NICK (CONT'D)  
The cop's inside - probably asking questions.

ANGEL  
So what now?

NICK  
I know a way in from the back.

They exchange a glance before hurrying toward the shadows behind the church.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Father Harris walks to a stand filled with lit candles, carefully adjusting and rearranging them.

He finally turns to face John, his eyes deep pools of sadness and wisdom.

John is momentarily taken aback by Father Harris's state.

FATHER HARRIS  
You're surprised to see a priest in this state.

JOHN  
(steady but pointed)  
No, I thought a person who spoke the words of God would be inspired by his followers who see him as their inspiration.

FATHER HARRIS  
(quietly, with a weary sigh)  
When a river runs dry, all neighboring life forms weaken and eventually die.

He pauses, then continues, almost to himself

FATHER HARRIS (CONT'D)  
God feels the same - the world abandoned Him.  
(gesturing to the candles)  
Each one of these candles is for the many who died believing in Him.



JOHN  
 (flat, skeptical)  
 I thought He abandoned them.

John pulls a photo from his pocket and hands it to Father Harris.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 They didn't abandon you.

Father Harris studies the picture for a long moment before sitting down heavily, the weight of years pressing on his shoulders.

FATHER HARRIS  
 (somber)  
 The orphanage kids. The only Christians left.

JOHN (O.S.)  
 (low voice)  
 The one who took the picture is dead.

Father Harris's grip tightens on the photo before he hands it back to John, his gaze distant and unreadable.

FATHER HARRIS  
 (softly)  
 What would you like to know?

John step closer, his eyes fixed on the priest as the candles flicker ominously, casting long, wavering shadows across the pews. The weight of unspoken truths hangs in the air.

EXT. REAR CHURCH - NIGHT

Nick and Angel cautiously make their way through the small, overgrown graveyard behind the church. The moonlight casts eerie shadows over the worn headstones.

They stop in front of the back door, which is heavily boarded up with planks of wood.

NICK  
 He told me once, if I wanted to get inside the church, I could use a trapdoor that leads down to the church basement.  
 (Looks around)  
 Now, where is it?

Nick begins pulling at weeds and overgrowth, searching for the hidden entrance. Angel lingers near him, watching his movements before breaking the silence.

ANGEL

Why didn't you ever tell me about what happened to your family?

NICK

(Distracted, not looking at her)  
Don't want to talk about it.

ANGEL

Was that the reason you came to the church?

Nick stops briefly, his gaze distant.

NICK

The church was the only place that made any sense.

ANGEL

Did it?

Nick turns to look at her, his expression softening slightly.

NICK

I met you, didn't I?

Nick returns to ripping out weeds, uncovering large rocks and scattered debris. Angel steps closer, her voice gentler.

ANGEL

That must have been horrible.

Angel leans in and gently kisses him. Nick pauses, caught off guard, but doesn't pull away.

NICK

And what brought you to the church?

Angel looks down for a moment, collecting her thoughts.

ANGEL

My father was a corrupt cop. He got charged, and it caused my mother to have a miscarriage when my twin sister and I were born.

(a beat)

At least, that's what I was told.

Nick looks up at her, his brow furrowing.

NICK

So you had a twin sister?

ANGEL

No. She died at the same time.

NICK  
And you survived?

ANGEL  
Don't know how.

NICK  
Blessed?

Nick uncovers the final layer of overgrowth, revealing a set of large planks covering a steel trapdoor.

ANGEL  
Here, let me help you.

NICK  
No, it's too heavy.

Angel steps forward, gently brushing Nick aside. He watches as she grips the edge of the trapdoor and lifts it with surprising ease.

ANGEL  
What?

Nick stares at her, a flicker of admiration in his eyes.

NICK  
You are blessed.

Angel smiles faintly as she holds the trapdoor open. Nick climbs down into the darkness of the church basement, disappearing into the shadows.

Angel takes a moment, glancing around the silent graveyard, before following him down into the unknown.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

John takes out a cigarette from his pocket, pausing as he glances at the flickering candles illuminating the room.

JOHN  
Do you mind?

FATHER HARRIS  
She can't burn down twice.

John smirks faintly, lighting his cigarette. He takes a long drag before speaking again.

JOHN  
The body had four razor-like holes  
pierced through it - two inches thick.  
Very unusual.

Father Harris remains quiet for a beat, then responds without looking up off the ground.

FATHER HARRIS  
Killings can appear unusual.

John walks slowly toward the altar, his steps echoing softly through the cavernous space. He stops before the cross.

JOHN  
In the shape of a cross.

Father Harris looks up at John.

FATHER HARRIS  
He must be telling us something.

JOHN  
Then you are afraid.

John's voice takes on an edge.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
All I know is whoever killed him  
punched a hole through solid concrete  
the size of this wall.

John pulls a Bible from under his arm and holds it out toward Father Harris.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Been painting?

Father Harris looks down at his ink-stained hands, visibly distracted. Without answering, he walks toward the altar, his movements slow and deliberate.

John watches him closely, his cigarette dangling between his lips.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I'm beginning to wonder what the  
hell's going on around here, Father.  
You know, it's been quiet for a long  
time now.

Father Harris places his hands on the altar and speaks softly, almost as if to himself.

FATHER HARRIS  
The calm before a storm.

Father Harris picks up a Bible from the altar, opening it to a page marked with a frayed ribbon. He begins reading silently, his lips moving without sound.

John glances at the Bible in his own hand, his brow furrowing.

JOHN  
(gestures with the  
Bible)

What am I supposed to do with this?

Without looking up, Father Harris responds with quiet conviction.

FATHER HARRIS  
Read it.

JOHN  
I'm an Atheist.

Father Harris looks up, his gaze steady and piercing.

FATHER HARRIS  
All the more reason.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Nick and Angel descend a short staircase and reach the bottom. Angel looks around, taking in the sight.

The basement is cluttered with white-covered Bibles, printing machines, binding tools, computer screens, stacks of paper, and ink cartridges.

Boxes are piled against the walls. Nick opens one of the boxes, pulls out a Bible, and flips through it. The Bible is noticeably thinner than a typical one.

NICK  
(muttering to himself)  
Now I know why he gave me one with a black cover. He didn't want us to know about this. He knows more than he's letting on.

ANGEL  
What do you mean?

NICK  
He said it was written differently. Looking around here, I'd say he's rewritten the New Testament.

ANGEL  
What for?

NICK  
Only one way to find out.

Angel takes Nick by the hand, pulling him toward her. She gazes at him for a beat.

ANGEL

Whatever happens... I meant what I said about taking -

Nick gently places his fingers on her lips, silencing her.

NICK

You are all that was, all that is, and all that will be. Believe it. I'll be with you every step of the way.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Father Harris holds a Bible under his arm, preparing to leave. John grabs his arm, halting him.

JOHN

You know something, Father.

FATHER HARRIS

All I know is my eyes are dimmed with grief and my bones slowly wither away. It's time for me to leave.

(pauses)

Your hand?

John reluctantly lets go.

JOHN

I thought you had faith in the Lord.

FATHER HARRIS

I do. Do you?

JOHN

(coldly)

I told you, I'm an atheist. I lost my faith after World War Three.

FATHER HARRIS

You're using war as an excuse. Do you really believe faith isn't real, that it doesn't exist?

JOHN

Tell you what's real and what I believe - seeing women and children lying stiff, with open wounds, flies buzzing over their charcoaled bodies.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

(a beat)

How is anyone supposed to have faith  
after that?

FATHER HARRIS

God gave us two things: life and the  
universe, with everything in it.

JOHN

He also gave us a third. Death.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUED

Nick and Angel emerge from behind the altar. Father Harris  
turns at the sound of their footsteps.

FATHER HARRIS

You're still alive?

JOHN

Shouldn't they be?

Nick holds up the white-covered Bible, eyes narrowed.

NICK

What is this, Father? Is this the  
Forth Coming?

Suddenly, a powerful gust of wind blasts through the church  
entrance, extinguishing every candle in an instant.

FATHER HARRIS

(terrified)

It's here. It's after -  
(glancing at Angel)

John instinctively pulls his gun from his holster. Nails  
from the boarded-up windows twist, then shoot out like darts  
in every direction. The planks of wood explode off the  
windows.

Everyone is knocked to the ground by the force of the storm.  
Silence follows.

FATHER HARRIS (CONT'D)

(urgent)

We must go, now!

All at once, the windows shatter, spraying glass everywhere.  
Candles, tables, and chairs fly through the air as an inferno  
spreads rapidly through the church. The cross on the altar  
catches fire.

FATHER HARRIS (CONT'D)  
 (yelling)  
 Hurry! We have no time!

Nick, Angel, and Father Harris scramble toward the back of the church. Father Harris looks back at John, who's crawling toward the entrance, his clothes singed.

FATHER HARRIS (CONT'D)  
 (desperate)  
 Come back! It will kill you!

NICK  
 (shouting)  
 What's it after, Father? Why?

FATHER HARRIS  
 Angel! There's no time to explain,  
 we must leave!

Nick turns to Angel.

ANGEL  
 (pleading)  
 Stay with me!

NICK  
 Remember what I said. Go! Go with  
 Father Harris!

Angel struggles as Father Harris forces her toward the back door of the altar.

ANGEL  
 (yelling)  
 Let me go!

Nick strides down the aisle, walking through the flames. He stops, looking up. The roof above him begins to crumble.

From Nick's point of view, we see the Beast of hell, perched on the rooftop, watching him.

The creature fully emerges for the first time - its terrifying, devilish form is towering and monstrous. Its eyes glow white with an unnatural light.

Angel bursts through the back door and sees Nick standing, facing the Beast of Hell, his gun aimed at the approaching figure.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
 (screaming)  
 Nick! Noooo!



Angel tries to run to him, but the fire blocks her path.

John, still in the church, opens fire on the Beast. The bullets have no effect as the Beast advances toward Nick, unfazed by the gunfire.

Father Harris emerges from the back, dragging Angel.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
(crying out)  
Leave me! We'll die together!

FATHER HARRIS  
And it will win!

The Beast strikes Nick across the chest with its razor-sharp claws, throwing him back. It glides away from the flames, disappearing into the darkness.

ANGEL  
(screaming)  
Nick!!!

Angel watches, helpless, as the walls of the church cave in, burying Nick in a fiery pit of destruction.

EXT. PARK - LATER

The distant glow of the flames from the church gradually fades as Angel stands, rooted to the spot, her wide eyes fixed ahead. Her face is streaked with tears, silent sobs wracking her body.

She opens her palm, revealing a necklace - its metal glimmers faintly in the dim light. With trembling hands, she clasps it around her neck, the weight of the action grounding her in the overwhelming silence.

A faint cry echoes in the distance.

Angel's gaze sharpens. She rises to her feet, her eyes searching the darkness. Her movements are hesitant, like she's still trying to process the weight of everything that's just happened.

FATHER HARRIS (O.S.)  
(soft, distant)  
I found it wandering amongst the  
headstones.

Angel turns sharply as Father Harris appears behind her, holding a strange, unnerving Cat in his arms. It looks wild - unsettling. She steps forward instinctively, reaching out for the creature.

She takes the Cat from his arms and sinks to the ground, sitting cross-legged, staring at the strange animal in her lap.

Its fur is soft, but its eyes gleam with something otherworldly, like they hold ancient knowledge.

Father Harris looks down at the Bible in his hands, then glances back at the burning church in the distance, his face grim.

ANGEL

(her voice breaking)

Father, I've lost the one person who meant everything to me. I have nothing left to live for. This cross... this cross is all I have.

FATHER HARRIS

(his voice gentle but firm)

The cross... it's what lies ahead. Nick is still a part of you.

Angel lowers her head, the weight of his words heavy on her. She brushes a tear from her cheek, the pain in her eyes deep.

ANGEL

(with a quiet bitterness)

When one enters this world, one cries - that's life. Then when one exits, we cry again - that's death. There's nothing left for me.

FATHER HARRIS

(his tone sharpens)

It's here to destroy you... and it will stop at nothing.

ANGEL

(confused and desperate)

Why me?

Father Harris hesitates, his expression haunted.

FATHER HARRIS

You're Christianity last hope.

Angel stares at him, bewilderment and fear flickering in her eyes. She tightens her grip on the Cat, though it squirms uncomfortably in her hands.

ANGEL

I don't understand?

Father Harris opens his mouth to speak but is interrupted as the Cat suddenly scratches Angel's hand, its claws sharp and quick.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
 (sharply, wincing)  
 Ouch!

She jerks her hand back, throwing the cat aside. It lands softly on the grass, but its eyes - those unnatural, glowing eyes - never leave her.

Father Harris looks down at her hand, concern deepening in his expression.

FATHER HARRIS  
 (urgently)  
 Let me see.

ANGEL  
 (dismissive, shaking  
 her hand)  
 It's nothing. Just frightened, I  
 guess.

Father Harris doesn't buy it. He takes her hand in his, carefully examining the scratch marks. His face goes pale.

There are four distinct scratch marks in the shape of a cross.

A large shadow falls over Angel's body. Father Harris slowly turns his head, his eyes widening with realization.

The Cat has shifted in the shadows, revealing its true form. It's no longer a simple animal - it's a DEMON CAT.

Its body and head are like a sleek leopard's, but its feet resemble a bear's, clawed and heavy. Its mouth is like a lion's, filled with sharp, gnashing teeth.

The air grows colder, heavier. The park feels suffocating.

FATHER HARRIS  
 (with a deep breath,  
 his voice steady but  
 resigned)  
 Take this and save yourself.

Angel doesn't hesitate. She grabs the Bible from his hands, her fingers trembling as she holds it close to her chest.

Father Harris steps in front of her, facing the Demon Cat with a determined stance.

## FATHER HARRIS (CONT'D)

Go!

The Demon Cat's eyes flash bright white, and with a growl, it lunges forward.

Father Harris falls to his knees, bowing his head. The Demon Cat attacks, its claws slashing through the air as it sinks its teeth into Father Harris. His final breath is a quiet gasp as the creature rips him apart.

Angel stumbles backward, her breath coming in quick, shallow gasps. Her eyes are locked on the horrifying scene, the reality of it searing into her soul.

She turns and runs, her feet pounding against the cold earth as she escapes through the dense trees, the sound of the cat's sardonic, echoing cry following her. The night is oppressive, the darkness swallowing her whole.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Angel wanders aimlessly through the deserted streets, her face streaked with tears. The world around her seems vast and uncaring, the desolation palpable. Her steps are slow, uncertain, each one heavier than the last.

She stops at a street corner, exhausted, and gazes up. The buildings above appear to close in, their outlines distorted as if the world itself is collapsing in on her. The cold, oppressive mist clings to everything, blocking out any sense of warmth or hope.

Suddenly, rain begins to fall, sharp and relentless, drenching her instantly. She shivers but doesn't move, the tears on her face now indistinguishable from the rain.

Her eyes scan the street until they land on a door across the road. Something pulls her toward it, an instinct she can't ignore.

She crosses the street and pushes the door open, disappearing inside.

POV: BEAST OF HELL - NIGHT

The Beast of Hell glides through the night sky, a shadow in the darkness. Its wings slice through the air with silent power before it lands on a rooftop, its massive form watching the crowd below.

In the distance, more people gather before the stage, drawn by an unseen force, waiting for something... or someone.



SPIRIT VOICE (O.S.)

One by one, the living will slowly  
destroy each other beyond existence  
as the beast roams the Universe alone  
forever.

(a beat)

When a seed is planted, it begins to  
grow. You must begin your reign for  
the seed to continue to grow.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

The ring of light, now bright and insistent, moves toward  
Angel. It strikes her body with a violent surge, wrapping  
around her like a physical force.

The light flickers and pulses, its energy feeding into her as  
specks of light scatter across her body, fading into her skin.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT - LATER

Angel's eyes flutter open. The world is blurry at first, but  
slowly, the figure of John materializes above her.

She blinks a few times, disoriented, before pushing herself  
up onto her feet. Her body aches, but there's a fire in her  
now - something has changed.

She stumbles toward the window and looks out at the night.  
The rain continues to pour outside, but it feels distant now,  
as though she's disconnected from it. Her mind is elsewhere.

ANGEL

(softly, her voice a  
mixture of resolve  
and resignation)

I must go.

JOHN

(his voice firm, a  
sense of urgency in  
his tone)

You're not going anywhere until I  
get some answers.

He pulls a photo from his jacket pocket, handing it to her  
without a word. Angel's gaze immediately locks onto the figure  
of Nick in the picture.

A flood of emotions surges through her - a deep, unbearable  
grief. Her eyes widen slightly, and she runs a hand over her  
face, wiping away the moisture, but it's futile.

ANGEL

(her voice barely  
above a whisper, a  
hollow sadness)

Does it matter? They're all dead  
now. I'm the last one, and if I  
don't face it... humanity will end as  
we know it.

The weight of her words lingers in the room, heavy and  
oppressive. The air feels thick, as if the world itself is  
holding its breath, waiting for whatever comes next.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The cold, oppressive air hangs heavily within the ruined  
church. Tequila walks cautiously amongst the broken pillars  
and shattered stained glass, her footsteps echoing in the  
silence.

The dim light from the moon filtering through the cracks  
illuminates the remnants of what was once a sanctuary. Her  
unease is palpable as she scans the wreckage, her heart racing.

SALLY

(from the background,  
her voice steady but  
laced with skepticism)

You can't expect to find it under  
all of this.

Tequila barely acknowledges Sally, her focus fixed on the  
rubble before her. She tenses, anxiety creeping up her spine.

TEQUILA

(snapping, voice sharp)

Will you just help me find it and  
shut up? There it is!

Her eyes widen as she spots something familiar beneath the  
debris. She rushes over, frantic, pushing away the fragments  
of wood and stone. Her hands shake as she clears the rubble.

TEQUILA (CONT'D)

(urgently)

Quick, help me lift this wooden beam  
off!

The small white coffin comes into view, half-buried, untouched  
by the destruction surrounding it. Sally moves reluctantly  
toward her, helping lift the beam.

Tequila wipes the dust away from the top of the coffin,  
revealing a photograph screwed to its surface - a photo of a  
pregnant Tequila and her husband, both in military uniforms.

The photo is mounted on a thin block, a bittersweet reminder of what was lost.

TEQUILA (CONT'D)

(softly, almost to herself)

The wooden beam saved it.

She gently wipes away the remaining fragments, her fingers trembling. The pain of the memories surfaces like an open wound.

SALLY

(quietly, with sympathy)

Is that him?

Tequila doesn't look at Sally as she carefully picks up the coffin, cradling it in her arms. She nods, but the weight of her emotions is clear in her eyes.

She walks slowly, almost reverently, toward the altar, placing the coffin in a clearing below it. She checks for any further damage, her hands trembling as they trace over the surface.

TEQUILA

(her voice breaking just a little)

Yeah. That's Ryan. I named her Ginger after her father's tangerine orange hair.

(her voice softens)

She developed breathing complications after three months.

SALLY

(murmuring, her tone filled with sorrow)

So unfair.

Tequila pauses, her eyes distant as she remembers. A silence hangs in the air, heavy with grief.

She doesn't answer immediately, but when she does, it's like she's speaking to herself as much as to Sally.

TEQUILA

Help me get it in the car.

EXT. SQUAD UNIT - MOMENTS LATER

Tequila stands at the rear of the squad car, staring at the small coffin on the back seat. The headlights of the car cut through the darkness, but the world feels hollow around her.



Her fingers grip the doorframe, her knuckles white. She takes a deep breath, the weight of the moment settling in.

TEQUILA

(her voice cold, tinged  
with bitterness)

You know what unfair is? Being born  
with a complication that robs your  
life.

Sally stands beside her, her face unreadable, as she watches Tequila's profile. There's a quiet understanding between them, a shared sorrow that needs no words.

SALLY

(softly, her voice  
almost apologetic)

Then I have nothing really to complain  
about, do I?

Tequila doesn't turn to her, but the tension in her shoulders releases slightly. She looks back at the coffin, then takes a final, heavy breath.

TEQUILA

(more composed but  
still haunted)

Let's get outta here.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

John stands by the window, his gaze fixed on the Squad Police Unit pulling up outside. His expression is tense, his thoughts racing. The sudden screech of tires outside cuts through the thick air, and he turns sharply to look at Angel.

JOHN

(urgently, his voice  
filled with  
frustration)

That thing back at the church?

But Angel is gone. John's eyes dart around, searching for any sign of her.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(cursing under his  
breath)

Shit!

EXT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

John bursts through the door of the building, his boots thudding heavily against the pavement. His pulse quickens as he looks around, desperation mounting.

JOHN  
(yelling, breathless)  
Did you see her?

TEQUILA  
(confused, but firm)  
Who?

JOHN  
(gritting his teeth,  
frustration rising)  
Fuck! The night isn't getting any  
better.

The night sky above is dark and oppressive, and suddenly, the air grows even heavier, as if the world is holding its breath.

Sally, Tequila, and John all stop as a cold wind picks up, and a dark ash begins to fall from the sky, drifting like soot in the air.

The sky rumbles with distant thunder, the winds intensify, and debris starts flying around them.

SALLY  
(her voice low and  
grave, as she watches  
the sky)  
Yeah, and it's about to get worse.  
Look, up in the sky.

Tequila and John both look up, their faces hardened with fear. The storm is closing in fast, an ominous sign that things are spiraling out of control.

JOHN  
(yelling)  
You two head over to the zone. I'll  
meet you both at the rear of the  
stage later.

TEQUILA  
(shouting through the  
wind, confusion and  
concern mixing in  
her tone)  
What's going on?

JOHN  
(his voice cutting  
through the chaos,  
full of determination)  
I'm not sure, but I want to see that  
Bishop fella. Hurry now, I gotta  
get back to the chopper.

TEQUILA  
 (yelling, disbelief  
 in her voice)  
 You crazy? It's gonna be a hell of  
 a storm!

JOHN  
 (yelling back, his  
 jaw clenched, resolute)  
 Then do what you do.

TEQUILA  
 (snapping, frustration  
 breaking through)  
 And what's that?!

JOHN  
 (with fierce resolve,  
 shouting over the  
 wind)  
 Pray.

Without waiting for a response, John turns sharply and races back toward the building, his figure disappearing into the chaos.

Tequila and Sally exchange a quick glance before scrambling into the Squad Unit, the engine roaring to life as they speed off.

INT. LIFT - NIGHT

John stands in the lift, his hand gripping the rail as the numbers above flicker, climbing higher.

The emergency lights suddenly flicker, then go out completely, plunging him into darkness for a split second before the backup lighting hums on.

He curses under his breath, frustration and impatience boiling over.

JOHN  
 (muttering, irritation  
 and panic creeping  
 into his voice)  
 Not now!

The lift jerks to a halt, the emergency lights blinking erratically. John's eyes dart to the display showing they're stuck on floor forty-four.

The silence is suffocating, filled only with the ominous sound of his quickening breath.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

The storm has reached its peak. Lightning splits the sky as it strikes the top of the building next to the chopper, a deafening crack of thunder shaking the ground.

The air crackles with energy as if the world itself is on the verge of collapse. The once steady wind now howls, a warning that the end is coming swiftly.

INT. LIFT - NIGHT

John's finger slams repeatedly against the lift controls, but the buttons refuse to respond.

The elevator jolts violently as another lightning strike slams into the building, throwing him to the floor.

He groans, gritting his teeth, and struggles to his feet.

Suddenly, a low, groaning creak echoes through the space. The lift lurches downward, the metal shaft rattling ominously. John clenches his fists, his heart racing. He feels the elevator drop another floor with a violent jolt, the sharp sound of scraping metal filling the air.

JOHN

(muttering, his voice  
thick with frustration)

Not now... not fucking now!

John forces the lift doors open. He peers out and sees the floor above him, just a few feet away. Without hesitation, he leaps up, but his hand misses the ledge, and he crashes to the ground below with a grunt of pain.

Another lightning strike shakes the building. The thunder is deafening, and John's resolve hardens. He pushes himself to his feet and tries again, this time reaching for the edge above.

His fingers grasp the ledge and, with a strained grunt, he pulls himself up, climbing out of the lift and onto the floor above. He pauses for a moment, catching his breath.

EXT. ZONE CONCERT - NIGHT

Angel moves through the dense crowd, her eyes scanning the sea of faces, until they settle on Bishop, standing atop the stage.

The atmosphere is thick with anticipation, and the air hums with electric tension.

BISHOP

(his voice booming,  
as he raises his  
arms dramatically)

Children, the day of reckoning has  
come! The last one has fallen,  
perished in flames - destroyed by  
their own complacency!

(he pauses, letting  
the words sink in)

We are one, and we will follow one.  
The past has failed, but our future...  
our future will succeed. A new regime  
will rise, and it will spread beyond  
the universe. It will rise, and  
give you all eternal life!

Bishop's arms stretch wide, and a loud cheer erupts from the crowd, echoing like a wave through the night air.

EXT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The Squad Unit pulls up with a screech of tires. Tequila and Sally rush out of the vehicle, their eyes quickly darting to the rooftop.

The chopper sits precariously on top of the building, silhouetted against the stormy sky.

Tequila's face hardens as she glances toward the rooftop. She can feel the gravity of the moment, the air thick with the foreboding energy of the storm.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

John bursts through a fire escape, his boots pounding against the metal stairs. His eyes are wild with determination. The storm rages overhead, sending gusts of wind and rain against him, but he doesn't flinch.

With urgency, he sprints toward the chopper. He climbs into the cockpit, . He slams the control panel to life, the cockpit lights flickering as the engine hums to life.

John throws the belt across and fastens himself in, his grip tight on the joystick as he pulls it back, sending the chopper into the stormy sky.

The wind howls and the chopper is jolted by another lightning strike. John fights for control, teeth clenched as the craft shudders violently.

With a growl of exertion, he steadies the controls, pushing the chopper forward as the side of the building begins to collapse.

The thunder rumbles in the distance, but John keeps his focus, gunning the engine just in time to avoid the crumbling debris. The chopper pulls away, barely escaping the destruction.

EXT. STAGE - NIGHT

Bishop, eyes gleaming with fervor, surveys the crowd. The cheers only grow louder as the storm rages above, an ominous backdrop to his every word.

BISHOP

(his voice low,  
intense, as he surveys  
the masses)

Watch, before your eyes... a new age  
is upon us. Hail him, and he will  
protect all who obey. Together, we  
will cement our mark and dominate  
forever.

The crowd erupts into a frenzy of ecstatic cheers, their faces lit by the flashing lights of the storm.

Among them, Angel stands still, her gaze locked on Bishop, her expression unreadable.

Bishop's eyes shift upward, catching sight of the chopper hovering above. He stares, a flicker of recognition flashing across his face. A sardonic smile plays at the corners of his lips.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

(whispering, with a  
dark grin)

It begins now...

He turns his back on the crowd. The energy in the air changes, growing darker, as the sound of his eerie cry echoes over the crowd.

In a terrifying moment, Bishop's form begins to shift. His body distorts, contorting into the monstrous figure of the Beast of Hell. His eyes burn with a malevolent fire as he fully transforms.

EXT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Tequila makes the sign of the cross, her face grim as she watches the horrific transformation. The air is thick with terror and anticipation.

TEQUILA  
 (her voice sharp,  
 urgent)  
 I ain't waiting around. You get to  
 the other side.

She turns away quickly, and Sally follows without question, the weight of the situation sinking in.

INT. CHOPPER SKY - NIGHT

The chopper slices through the sky, descending sharply towards the chaotic crowd below.

JOHN  
 (gritting his teeth,  
 his voice tight with  
 anger)  
 You asshole, Bishop.

He slams a switch, turning on the chopper's searchlights, illuminating the crowd below in an eerie, unnatural glow. John picks up the mic, his tone commanding and urgent.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 (over speaker, sternly)  
 This is Chief Marshal, I order  
 everyone to clear the area - now!

But the crowd, drunk on the madness of the moment, ignores him completely, continuing to cheer, completely oblivious to the danger.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 (yelling into the  
 mic, desperate)  
 You're all in danger! Get outta  
 there at once!

As the chopper descends closer to the stage, John curses under his breath, his hands tightening on the controls.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 (frustrated, angry)  
 Damn morons. You're all going to  
 become toast! Jesus Christ!

EXT. STAGE - NIGHT

The Beast of Hell, now fully transformed, turns slowly, its glowing, menacing eyes scanning the crowd. It lets out a spine-chilling, guttural cry that echoes across the venue, sending a shiver through every soul present.

Its gaze locks onto Angel, and its eyes flash a violent white.

From either side of the stage, Tequila and Sally emerge, weapons ready, their movements calculated. They take aim with their M-32's, steadily closing in on the Beast.

SALLY  
(her voice shaking in  
horror)  
Oh my God..

The Beast of Hell unfurls its massive wings with a deafening roar, the air around it distorting from the power.

TEQUILA  
(fiercely, with  
determination)  
You ain't gonna get away with this.

Without hesitation, Tequila and Sally charge forward. The Beast's wings snap open, sending an explosive gust of wind crashing toward them.

Both women are knocked back, slamming through the backstage area, their bodies tumbling to the ground.

INT. CHOPPER SKY - NIGHT

John watches in horror as the Beast of Hell swoops down, cutting through the air like a living storm. The force of its wings creates a turbulent wind that shakes the chopper violently.

JOHN  
(gritted teeth, furious)  
Damn it...

The crowd, oblivious to the impending doom, continues to cheer as the Beast moves quickly, its claws extended, swaying with the motion of the air, heading directly toward Angel.

EXT. ZONE - NIGHT

Angel stands resolute, her eyes unblinking, as the Beast of Hell glides above her. With one swift motion, it extends its claws and plucks Angel from the ground, lifting her high into the air with terrifying speed.

The crowd gasps and screams, but it's too late - the Beast shoots upward into the dark sky, disappearing into the storm.

EXT. SKY CHOPPER - NIGHT

The chopper is caught in the Beast's wake. The turbulence is savage, throwing the aircraft off course as John struggles to regain control.



The crowd below panics, scattering in every direction as the chopper spirals downward.

INT. CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

John fights to steady the chopper, his knuckles white as he wrestles with the controls. His eyes flicker between the chaos unfolding below and the rapidly descending craft.

JOHN  
(gritting his teeth,  
angry and exhausted)  
Now you damn morons decide to move  
out the way...

With a strained growl, John forces the chopper back into a controlled descent, pushing the throttle to the max. He skims past the crowd, narrowly missing them as the craft stabilizes.

He lets out a tense breath as he maneuvers the chopper toward an empty spot in the chaos, finally managing to bring it to a safe, albeit shaky, landing.

EXT. SKY - LATER

The Beast of Hell swoops down through the darkness, its claws wrapped tightly around the unconscious Angel.

The cavern opens below, a gaping maw of shadows, and the Beast disappears inside, vanishing into the abyss.

EXT. CHOPPER - NIGHT

Bruised and battered, John struggles out of the chopper. Tequila and Sally rush toward him, their faces etched with concern.

SALLY  
(half-laughing, half-  
shocked)  
That was some landing.

John gives her a wry smile, still recovering from the chaos.

JOHN  
(winking at Sally,  
forcing a grin)  
Did you pray?

TEQUILA  
(dryly, glancing at  
the wreckage)  
You landed, didn't you?

JOHN

(pauses)

That thing was Bishop?

TEQUILA

(grimly, nodding)

Yep. And that was hell making its presence known.

JOHN

(confused)

The girl?

TEQUILA

(shaking her head)

No idea. It's all getting way too twisted. What do you mean?

JOHN

Hell's on earth now.

TEQUILA

(serious, voice low)

And we need to send it back. It's hiding in an underground cavern.

JOHN

(resolute, turning to go)

Then let's go.

(pauses, looking at Sally)

You stay here.

SALLY

(raising an eyebrow)

And do what? You can't be serious.

JOHN

(pointing firmly to the chopper)

It's safer here for you.

John and Tequila start running toward the chopper, but Sally calls out, her voice laced with fear and uncertainty.

SALLY

(desperate)

Hey!

Tequila turns, meeting her gaze.

SALLY (CONT'D)

(pleading)

You'll be back, right?

John looks at Tequila, giving her a silent nod.

JOHN  
 (reassuringly, with  
 conviction)  
 I will.

TEQUILA  
 (smiling faintly, her  
 voice soft but strong)  
 You're the best, remember?

She climbs into the chopper, and Sally watches, anxiety written all over her face, as it takes off into the night.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVERN - NIGHT

Angel lies unconscious on a massive stone slab, the cavern dark and oppressive. The Beast of Hell prowls around her, its presence suffocating.

BEAST OF HELL  
 (its voice hollow,  
 mocking)  
 What weak power he has. Using the  
 flesh of others to create his savior.  
 (pauses, eyeing Angel's  
 form)  
 So sweet, so innocent... yet so brave.  
 (cruelly)  
 I will reach inside, take what's  
 yours, and swallow the gift he's  
 given you. End his redemption. The  
 seed will be mine, and with it, his  
 almighty power.

The Beast's claws extend, and with a swift motion, it cuts the necklace from Angel's neck, tossing it aside like a discarded trinket.

BEAST OF HELL (CONT'D)  
 (voice dripping with  
 venom)  
 But first... you must awake and feel  
 the pain you are about to encounter.  
 How can giving birth be a precious  
 gift from God when it brings such...  
 immense suffering?

Angel stirs slightly, but the words barely register. She shifts, struggling to stay conscious, then sits up with a defiant glare.

ANGEL  
 (with quiet strength,  
 leaning forward)  
 A pain I will gladly give you.

The Beast laughs cruelly, amused.

BEAST OF HELL  
 (mocking, hollow laugh)  
 Ha! You have woken... and you speak  
 with no fear in your voice.

ANGEL  
 (calmly, challenging)  
 Why should I fear something that  
 does not exist? Your presence is  
 just a figment of one's imagination.

BEAST OF HELL  
 (growls, voice growing  
 darker)  
 You speak with great resistance. He  
 has chosen wisely. Now, resist this!

The Beast stands tall, its wings unfurled in an imposing display. It lets out a deafening cry, a wave of sound and fury that slams into Angel, forcing her back against the cavern wall.

BEAST OF HELL (CONT'D)  
 (hollering)  
 Does someone as wise as you fall  
 before a mere figment? Or have you  
 failed to see that I am flesh and  
 blood!?

Angel, struggling against the force, spots the necklace lying on the ground. She watches the Beast as it prowls around the cavern, then, with determination, reaches out and grabs the necklace.

ANGEL  
 (rising to her feet,  
 steadying herself)  
 Your mouth is full of curses, deceit,  
 and violence. Mischief and wickedness  
 lie beneath your tongue. But in my  
 hand, I hold the cross of the loved  
 one you took from me. Blessed by  
 The Almighty.

A supernatural force emanates from her, and the Beast of Hell is thrown back against the wall, stunned. Angel extends her arm forward, the power in her grip undeniable.

EXT. UNDERGROUND CAVERN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The doors to the cavern crash open. John and Tequila burst through, weapons raised, but the ground beneath them starts to shake violently.

Rocks begin to fall from the ceiling, debris flooding the cavern.

JOHN  
 (yelling to Tequila,  
 adrenaline coursing  
 through him)  
 Shoot it!

Tequila raises her M-32, taking aim, but before she can fire, the Demon Cat, a grotesque creature, erupts from a fissure in the wall. It lunges at her, jaws snapping.

Angel, distracted, loses her balance. The cross slips from her hand, and she's knocked to the ground as massive rocks fall around her.

John pivots, shooting at the Beast of Hell, but it glides toward Angel, claws reaching for her again. The cross becomes tangled in its massive claw as it lifts Angel and escapes, disappearing into the dark.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 (panicking, turning  
 to the Demon Cat,  
 firing wildly)  
 No! Damn it!

He unloads a full round into the Demon Cat, the creature collapsing in a bloody heap. John rushes to Tequila, who lies unconscious, her abdomen ripped open, her life fading quickly.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 (desperate, voice  
 shaking)  
 Shit! This isn't supposed to  
 happen... Hang in there.

Tequila's eyes flutter, a soft cough of blood escaping her lips.

TEQUILA  
 (weakly, with a  
 strained smile)  
 No time... you must destroy it.

JOHN

(choking on emotion,  
his hands trembling  
as he holds her)

I'm so sorry...

TEQUILA

(her voice faint but  
steady)

Don't be. I'll be with my baby  
girl... and her father.

(a beat, gasping for  
breath)

The girl needs you. Protect her.

JOHN

(his voice breaking,  
frantic)

Why her?

TEQUILA

(coughing up blood,  
eyes dimming)

She's salvation's only hope... for a  
new beginning.

JOHN

(pleading, panicked)

Don't say another word.

TEQUILA

(her voice barely a  
whisper, eyes closing  
slowly)

Eternity... is explained in the  
Bible... read it. It's going to be  
forever peaceful, but not before -

Tequila's eyes close for the last time, and John gently rests her head on the cold, unforgiving ground, the cavern echoing with silence.

EXT. STREET - LATER

The Beast of Hell lands with a thunderous impact, sending shockwaves rippling through the ground.

In the backdrop, the majestic yet otherworldly Heaven's Gate looms, shimmering faintly in the chaos.

The Beast releases Angel from its iron grip, letting her collapse to the ground. It circles her slowly, its massive form exuding an aura of dread.

BEAST OF HELL

(hollow, resonant  
voice)

You are proving to be as mighty as  
he.

(a beat)

What I said was wrong.

Angel pushes herself up, her breath ragged. She meets its gaze with defiance, unyielding despite the pain.

ANGEL

Never judge one who cannot be seen,  
for he will return... with power  
greater than before.

The Beast tilts its head, a low, guttural growl rumbling from within.

BEAST OF HELL

(hollow voice)

Then show me what other powers he  
has given you.

The Beast notices Angel's gaze flicker toward her necklace, now glinting in the claw of its massive hand. She extends her trembling hand toward it, her face tense with concentration.

...Nothing happens.

The Beast lets out a deep, sinister laugh, echoing like the roar of an abyss.

BEAST OF HELL (CONT'D)

(hollow voice, mocking)

As I thought... helpless without  
tools. Now, witness how destructive  
evil is...without the crutches you  
cling to!

The Beast raises its claw, the necklace dangling mockingly, as dark, crackling energy begins to build.

With a powerful thrust, it unleashes its chaotic powers onto Angel, striking her with relentless, searing waves of force.

Angel cries out in pain but refuses to fall, each attack pushing her closer to the brink. Her silhouette, illuminated by the dark energy, trembles but does not break.

The Beast continues its onslaught, its hollow laughter blending with the crackle of destruction, as Angel struggles to summon her inner strength.

EXT. CHOPPER - NIGHT

John sprints toward the overturned Chopper, frustration and panic etched on his face. He curses under his breath as he scans the chaos ahead.

Amidst the rubble, Angel is locked in a brutal fight with the Beast of Hell, their movements causing debris to scatter.

The Squad Unit screeches to a halt nearby. From the battered car, Sally staggers out, visibly wounded, but her determination burns through her pain.

JOHN

Your shot?

SALLY

I know. The crowd... they went wild.  
Set everything alight.

John's concern intensifies as he steps toward her and lifts her shirt slightly, revealing a gunshot wound on her lower back. Blood seeps through the fabric.

JOHN

(angrily)

Shit! We have to get you outta here.

SALLY

It's bad, isn't it?

JOHN

Yes. I should've stayed with you.

SALLY

I'll be fine. You go.

JOHN

You won't stand a chance. You're  
losing too much blood, and you don't  
have enough firepower.

Sally smirks weakly as she opens the trunk, revealing an arsenal of weapons.

SALLY

I grabbed everything I could from  
the station.

Gunshots crack through the air, forcing both of them to dive behind the car for cover.

JOHN

Forget it!

(MORE)



JOHN (CONT'D)

We need to get you outta here. Come on, let me help you into the car.

SALLY

(steadfastly)

Forget it. It's too late.

She gestures toward the bridge, where a massive crowd, enraged and chaotic, swarms closer in overwhelming numbers.

JOHN

If you stay here, you'll bleed out!  
We gotta go!

SALLY

It's too late, Dad.

John freezes, the word hitting him like a blow.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Shut up and listen to me for once!  
You always said desperate times call  
for desperate measures.

The sound of gunfire crescendos around them. Sally grips her weapon tightly, her voice trembling but resolute.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I'm not afraid to die. I've lived  
as long as I needed to.

John clenches his jaw, fighting back tears.

JOHN

You're as stubborn as your mother.

SALLY

And a smart cop... like you.

She smiles faintly through the pain.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Thank you... for giving me a second  
chance.

John pulls her into a fierce, desperate hug.

JOHN

I won't leave you.

Sally gently pushes him back, her voice breaking.

SALLY

Go.

John reluctantly nods, his face shadowed with anguish, and sprints toward the Squad Unit, dodging bullets.

Sally takes cover and opens fire on the approaching crowd, her last stand unflinching.

INT. SQUAD POLICE UNIT - NIGHT

Behind the wheel, John's hands tremble as he starts the ignition. In the rearview mirror, he sees the massive crowd converging toward the church.

Through the chaos, his tear-filled eyes focus on Sally, who fights valiantly but is ultimately overpowered.

John's face crumples as he grips the steering wheel tightly, his knuckles white. The sound of the crowd drowns out everything else. Sally's courageous last stand is etched into his mind as he speeds off into the night, his tears streaming silently.

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE - NIGHT

The Squad Unit screeches to a halt at the entrance of Heaven's Gate. John jumps out, his boots hitting the ground with urgency as he sprints toward the bridge.

His eyes narrow as he spots Angel across the bridge, weakened and bruised, still standing after her battle with the Beast of Hell.

EXT. STREET ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Angel struggles to her feet, the weight of her battle taking a toll on her. Her body is battered, but her spirit remains unbroken.

The distant murmurs of an approaching crowd grow louder, and the Beast of Hell, sensing the impending threat, swivels to face them.

John, hidden behind some rubble, watches the scene unfold.

The Beast of Hell stands tall, an imposing figure as it faces the approaching crowd, its hollow voice booming across the darkened street.

BEAST OF HELL

(hollow voice, menacing)

Children, witness before your eyes  
the beginning of eternal life as I  
destroy the unborn spirit that, in  
time, would have given false  
prosperity.

The Beast turns, its malicious gaze searching for Angel, but she has vanished. Its fury grows. It looks up toward the storm above, sensing something shifting.

The crowd continues its steady march toward the entrance of Heaven's Gate, hypnotized by the Beast's presence. John, realizing the danger, makes his move.

JOHN

(yelling, desperate)

Get out of here or you will all die!

The crowd turns to glance at him, unblinking and unwavering. They ignore his warning and keep moving toward him, the tension mounting in the air.

John's hand trembles as he presses the button on the remote. The crowd halts, as if frozen in time. A sudden bright light from the center of Heaven's Gate cuts through the storm's chaos. From within the light, Angel appears, her figure radiant, almost divine.

The Beast of Hell moves toward her, its dark wings unfurling, its malevolent energy swirling.

ANGEL

(calmly)

Those who speak in fear have the words of a trickster. Your purpose will end, and you will never reign again.

The Beast of Hell lunges forward, releasing a wave of destructive power toward Angel. She stands unmoving, her will unbroken. The attack is futile - she remains standing, her energy unshaken.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

(with conviction)

When anger prevails, one's mind becomes confused and weak. Stability is what conquers in the end.

The Beast's fury grows as it roars into the storm. It speaks in its hollow voice, its threat echoing across the landscape.

BEAST OF HELL

(hollow voice, ominous)

The time will come when Hell will return... and he is more powerful than me.

Angel doesn't flinch. She extends her arms forward, summoning an immense surge of energy. The Beast of Hell is slammed backward, crashing into a nearby building.

It rises, its body twisting with rage as it summons its remaining power. But it's no use - its powers are no match for Angel's unwavering force.

ANGEL

(eyes burning with intensity)

My mind will project the pain on you without any tool. Take the pain, curse it, and taste it. See, feel, and hear the cries through the minds of millions you destroyed for so long.

As Angel unleashes the full weight of her power, the Beast of Hell is pushed back, retreating further into the depths of Heaven's Gate.

JOHN

(yelling, with urgency and sorrow)

Go back and rediscover yourselves! Pray when there is still time! Your mothers and fathers need you!

The crowd, still under the spell of the Beast, watches in awe as the monster retreats. The spell begins to break, and they start to pull back, no longer advancing.

John deactivates the remote, the countdown nearly complete. He races to his Squad Unit, the urgency in his movements escalating as the seconds tick away.

INT. SQUAD POLICE UNIT - NIGHT

John slams his foot on the accelerator, the Squad Unit roaring down the road toward Heaven's Gate. In the rearview mirror, the crowd is still in pursuit, now frantic and wild.

JOHN

(mutters, frustrated)

Aw, shit. Damn fools.

He sticks his head out the window, shouting desperately.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(yelling to Angel)

Get out of there!

Angel turns at his call, her eyes scanning the area. She sees the explosive drums surrounding the buildings - John's warning clear in her eyes. He activates the remote control once again.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 (yelling over the  
 roar of the engine)  
 It'll blow! Get in!

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE - NIGHT

Angel, now fully aware of the danger, sees the drums and the approaching Beast of Hell. The storm intensifies as the Beast glides toward her, its dark wings creating a suffocating shadow.

JOHN (O.S.)  
 (urgently, shouting)  
 Watch out!

The Beast of Hell lands on Angel, its massive claw pinning her neck to the ground. Its cold, hollow voice is filled with mocking triumph.

BEAST OF HELL  
 (hollow voice, taunting)  
 Without any tools? How canny of  
 you.

The cross that hangs from Angel's neck dangles in the Beast's claw, mocking her.

ANGEL  
 (defiant)  
 Yes! Except this one.

In a sudden burst of energy, Angel rips the necklace from the Beast's claw. She presses it hard against the Beast of Hell's chest, her eyes blazing with resolve.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 My child.

The Beast of Hell is hurled into the air, crashing into one of the explosive drums. The force of the impact sends shockwaves through the area.

The Beast stumbles, disoriented and weakened. Angel, now free, rises to her feet.

As the Squad Unit arrives at full speed, John watches, eyes wide with urgency.

JOHN (O.S.)  
 (shouting)  
 Get in quick!



The destruction is immense, the once-pristine gates now reduced to a chaotic pile of debris. The Squad Unit is seen in the distance, racing toward the safety of the other side of town, as Heaven's Gate collapses in their wake.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

3 MONTHS LATER

EXT. GRAVEYARD OUTSKIRTS - MORNING

A peaceful morning light casts long shadows over a quiet graveyard. Six simple white crosses are mounted on neatly arranged graves, each bearing the name of a lost soul.

Angel walks solemnly toward the last grave, laying a bouquet of flowers at each one as she moves along.

When she reaches Nick's grave, she stops and kneels, placing the flowers gently on the ground. Her eyes linger on the grave as she removes the necklace from around her neck with a single hand. Holding it reverently, she places it over the cross and stares at it for a long moment.

A hand touches her shoulder. She looks up, and there stands John, a peaceful smile on his face. He holds a Bible in his hand.

JOHN

(softly)

Come.

Angel places one last flower next to Nick's cross, standing slowly. She takes a deep breath and exhales as she prepares to leave.

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We must move on.

Angel sighs, but her face softens. She nods, and together, they turn to walk away. As they leave, Angel gently rubs her slightly bulging stomach, a quiet symbol of new beginnings.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(looking at her with  
a curious smile)

Any idea the sex of the child?

ANGEL

(smiling softly)

A girl.

JOHN  
(playful, teasing)  
What makes you think that?

ANGEL  
A mother's intuition.

The camera pulls back, revealing a vast expanse of blackened graves - untouched by time, untouched by mercy.

The survivors of Heaven's Gate can be seen wandering among the graves, placing flowers on their parents' resting places.

The sun rises gently over the horizon, casting a hopeful light over the scene.

In the distance, Angel and John are tiny specks, their silhouettes faint against the expanse of destruction.

The camera continues to pull back, farther and farther, the image of the two figures growing smaller until they vanish into the landscape.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. RUBBLE OF HEAVEN'S GATE - LATER

Amidst the still-smoking ruins of Heaven's Gate, a White CAT emerges from the shadows. It meows softly, its fur dirty from the destruction, as it pads through the rubble.

The camera moves closer, zooming in on a small gap in the debris.

The camera follows the Cat as it squeezes into the dark hole below, disappearing into the unknown.

FADE OUT

THE END

To be continued