

Prophecy 3

THE ASCENT

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Purposes Only**

WHITE SHOOTING DRAFT
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PREACHER (V.O.)

In the beginning there was only the Word.

PAGES from some ancient manifest begin to fill the void, hand-illuminated in a long forgotten language, the indecipherable scrawl of the Creator and his army of masons. Angelic symbols stand out on every page.

PREACHER (V.O.)

And with the Word He spoke into being the realm of Heaven and its Angels. And He spoke into being the sun, the moon and the stars. And the earth, its oceans and its beasts.

One symbol stands out. A kind of starburst glyph. The text around the symbol transforms to another slightly more recent one. Aramaic. The language of the prophets.

PREACHER (V.O.)

And finally He spoke into being his masterpiece. Us.

More pages fly past, some bearing pictures that capture moments from man's long relationship with his maker.

PREACHER (V.O.)

And we were His children to love, keep and protect.

HOLD on a page containing that same ancient symbol. The wording around it changes once again, this time to a more rigid font. We've arrived in the age of the movable press. The language is Latin. The Gutenberg Bible.

PREACHER (V.O.)

This was the Word as it was spoken to the prophets. As it was handed down to us.

The text continues to change from Latin to Middle English. The King James Bible. Throughout the evolving collage that ancient symbol retains its shape. A fossil in an ever-changing landscape.

PREACHER (V.O.)

The Word of God, our Father in Heaven.

The pages freeze, becoming a concrete wall and the writing transforms yet again, into spray-painted GRAFFITI.

2 EXT. GRAFITTI WALL - NIGHT

2

PREACHER (V.O.)
(rising)
And a thousand generations found shelter
in that Word.

The ancient symbol remains. Gets a final touch-up spray
from its tagger...

...the former archangel GABRIEL, now human, a slouching
mockery of what he once was.

It is night. The place, East LA.

HUNDREDS OF SPRAY-PAINTED ANGELIC SYMBOLS

fan out from Gabriel, an immense recorded history for other
eyes but ours.

Gabriel turns to see several curious HOMIES loitering with
casual menace. He nods, tosses the spray can into a
battered ragtop '77 Caddy, jumps in and takes off IN REVERSE-

He caroms off a couple parked cars, shrugs, throws the car
in drive and PEELS OFF.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. STOREFRONT MINISTRY, SKID ROW - NIGHT

3

Caddy careens up to a crumbling storefront ministry, jumps
the curb and sends nearby pedestrians scurrying.

PREACHER (V.O.)
Now here we are tonight, the Word become
flesh and blood...

Above the ministry door, a crappy homemade sign reads
"REALITY CHECK, THIS WAY" with an arrow pointing in.

PREACHER (V.O.)
...Our flesh and blood!

Gabriel hops out through a belch of black exhaust. WE
FOLLOW HIM...

4 INT. STOREFRONT MINISTRY - NIGHT

4

where a packed CROWD of homeless people jam up to a young
PREACHER, beading sweat as he rants from a makeshift podium.
Billy Graham meets Lenny Bruce. The voice belongs to him.

(CONTINUED)

PREACHER

Well I got news, friends! The Lord
didn't keep His Word! No! He went back
on it! Abandoned his kids a long time
ago, and he ain't paying child support!

Gabriel worms his way closer, fascinated.

PREACHER

Am I right, Maggie?

MAGGIE, a young, willowy blonde, smiles at the attention.
Shouts back.

MAGGIE

You got that right, Preacher Boy!

PREACHER

Brothers and sisters, Our Father is a
Deadbeat Dad!

CROWD RESPONSES

Talk to me, Honey!

Sick Social Services on him!

A-men to that!

Gabriel brushes up against a FRAIL MAN clutching a large
bible. We can almost smell the righteous hate rising off
him.

Call him ZEALOT.

Preacher reflects in his black, wrap-around sunglasses.

PREACHER

That's right-- We can all forget about
the Divine Plan. Because there is no
Divine plan. Our lives are nothing but a
chain of unrelated accidents. Get used
to it!

MAGGIE

(shouting back)

Get used to it!

PREACHER

Bad things happen to good people for no
reason! Get used to it!

Maggie's leading the response, pure adoration in her eyes:

(CONTINUED)

CROWD
GET USED TO IT!

PREACHER
Good things happen to bad people for no
reason! GET USED TO IT!

CROWD
(unison)
GET USED TO IT!

PREACHER
Say it again!

CROWD
GET USED TO IT!

PREACHER
I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

CROWD
(screaming)
GET USED TO IT!

Zealot shudders with silent rage as Preacher whips the crowd
into a froth. Gnarled fingers dig into that bible.

Gabriel quietly watches, the calm in the eye of the storm.

PREACHER
You want salvation?!

CROWD
(screaming)
WE WANT SALVATION!!

PREACHER
You want it now?!

CROWD
WE WANT IT NOW!!

PREACHER
THEN GET UP OFF YOUR FAT LAZY ASSES AND
SAVE YOURSELVES!

CROWD
A-MEN!!

Zealot slides back his bible, revealing:

A 9mm SEMI-AUTOMATIC HANDGUN stuck in the crook of his arm.
Trembling fingers wrap around the handle.

(CONTINUED)

As Gabriel observes dispassionately.

PREACHER

Lemme hear another amen!

CROWD

A-MEN!!

A TALL MAN near the back calls out:

MAN IN BACK

GOD IS DEAD!

PREACHER

No my friend...

Zealot LEVELS HIS GUN, targets Preacher. Fingers curl around the trigger...

PREACHER

...God is not dead...

One by one, people in front of Zealot notice the gun and DIVE for cover, carving an ever-widening channel until...

PREACHER

...He just doesn't give...

Preacher and Zealot suddenly lock eyes...

PREACHER

...a damn--

...and ZEALOT OPENS FIRE.

ROUND AFTER ROUND splinters the podium, peppers the walls. Preacher tries to duck but it's too late. BULLETS SLAM into his stomach, chest and neck, fanning him backwards into the wall. He's dead before he hits the floor.

Maggie SCREAMS. Pandemonium.

And Zealot isn't even finished. Advancing on Danyael's writhing body he pulls out a small, nasty hunting knife. He starts to raise it as one of the retreating parishioners collides with him, knocking it to the floor-

-where it is immediately kicked away by the feet of the panicking mob. He drops to his knees amidst the flow of human traffic and without looking down, feels the floor for the knife. Unable to find it, Zealot stands again-

-and is summarily swept up in the CRUSH of FLEEING PEOPLE.

(CONTINUED)

Gabriel just stands there with curious detachment as frantic men and women sweep past, emptying into the street.

THEN

an eerie thing happens, noticed only by Gabriel. For a moment Zealot seems to lose his bearings and misses the doorway. He clips the inner frame with his shoulder--

SOMETHING DARK, SHADOWED AND TERRIFYING jolts from his body, as if momentarily dislodged--

Zealot caroms sideways as the darkness surges back inside him. He hustles on through the door and disappears outside.

Gabriel's attention shifts to

PREACHER

lying sprawled in his own pooling blood, and Maggie's desperate attempts to revive him.

Danyael and Maggie lock gazes one last time. He grabs onto her arm, pulling her closer.

Tears streaming, Maggie takes him gently in her arms like a child. She watches the life fade from his eyes.

Gabriel watches this strangely mortal moment.

Maggie kisses the top of his head, then gently lowers it back to the floor. Danyael's arms slip lifelessly away from her.

Maggie slowly turns to the one person who isn't fleeing:

GABRIEL

A hush falls across the room for just an instant. Then, the SOUND of DISTANT SIRENS...

Maggie turns back to Danyael.

Arms spread wide, Danyael's body looks vaguely like...

5 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

5

...A CRUCIFIX, flickering over a neon JESUS SAVES sign.

A LEATHER BOOT

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

splashes down, revealing the image to be a reflection in a puddle.

TILT UP TO:

A STRANGER, silhouetted by several bolts of lightning that converge behind him.

He walks to the edge of the rooftop, scans the nightscape beyond... then jumps, his long overcoat billowing up around him.

6 EXT. GRAFITTI WALL - NIGHT

6

GROUND LEVEL. He lands softly. Straightens and steps over to

THE SPRAY-PAINTED ANGELIC SCRIPT

spread wide across the damp masonry wall. He narrows in on that one familiar starburst symbol, as if it carries a greater significance than the rest.

CLOSE ON STRANGER

He sniffs the wall, the fetid air around him. Turns TO CAMERA. Don't bother looking into his eyes. He has none.

MATCH CUT TO:

7 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - SAME TIME

7

AN EYELESS CORPSE...

JOSEPH, our recurrent (and somewhat aged) coroner, and his queasy new intern, KYLE, are stitching up one of a half dozen STIFFS lined up like planes on a tarmac.

A PORTLY CORONER shuffles up.

CORONER

Hey, Joseph, L-282's mom wants his corneas back.

JOSEPH

You give her the "gift of sight" rap?

CORONER

Yup. Says you harvested 'em without consent. She wants her kid to go to the next world intact.

Joseph looks down at the mangled corpse, considers.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

All right, then go back and tell her
Junior's got bubblegum for brains and a
liver that's been painted across 200
yards of asphalt...

CORONER

(dry)

Oh stop, I think I'm gonna be sick.

JOSEPH

...so she better start dreamin' up a new
cosmology real quick.

CORONER

Thanks. I'll be sure to name you in the
lawsuit.

Joseph couldn't care less. Coroner shuffles off.

Joseph wheels his chair over to the next draped BODY.

JOSEPH

So what do we have here?

(whips back sheet)

Uhp... Lead poisoning.

PREACHER'S BODY

is a landscape of 9mm impact craters.

JOSEPH

(probing bullet holes)

OK, Rasputin, what army did you piss off?

CUT TO:

8 EXT. CITY - NIGHT

8

The Stranger pauses at the intersection of 1st and San
Pedro. Tests the air again.

Pinches his eyes shut and opens them.

He now has eyes.

CUT TO:

9 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

9

Joseph takes a scalpel and makes an incision below
Preacher's navel, then turns to Kyle.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH
Let's go for a liver temp.

Kyle hesitates, skittish.

JOSEPH
(points)
Thermometer.

Kyle picks it off the tray. Holds it out to Joseph.

JOSEPH
Go ahead, Ziplock. Do the honors.

Kyle steels himself, looks away as he plunges the thermometer deep into the abdomen. Still, that slurpy wet sound alone is enough to put him over the edge. He starts to gag.

JOSEPH
Big fan of "Quincy", right?

Kyle nods, his tongue too thick to speak.

JOSEPH
I get more interns that way.

He takes Kyle's hand and angles the thermometer sharply left.

JOSEPH
Liver's thataway.
(checks readout)
T.O.D. approximately 8:00 PM. OK, so
what do we got on our Mr. Doe here?

KYLE
Uh...

JOSEPH
(leafing through file)
Danyael Rosales... Funny spelling, huh?
Father unknown... Mother, Valerie
Rosales, deceased...
(beat)
Valerie Rosales. Oh Jesus.

He shoves off with his feet, rockets his chair clear across the room, docks in front of

A COMPUTER TERMINAL

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

where he logs on and begins a FILE SEARCH...

CUT TO:

10 EXT. CITY - NIGHT

10

Stranger's pace quickens. There's a singularity of purpose now, like a heat-seeking missile.

CUT TO:

11 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

11

COMPUTER GRINDS as it brings up the file on one

VALERIE ROSALES:

Check out the MORGUE PHOTOS. Briefly, cause you wouldn't want to linger on them.

WIDER: Kyle leans in over Joseph's shoulder.

KYLE

That's Mom?

JOSEPH

That's Mom. Never forgot that one.
Fourteen years ago. Easter Sunday.

SEVERE BURNS form a charred husk across half her body. The rest is virtually untouched.

Kyle's curiosity is actually starting to overtake his nausea.

KYLE

Whoa-- check out the burns. It's like she got hit with napalm and never moved.

Joseph brings up another series of CRIME LAB PHOTOS.

JOSEPH

These are from the scene.

The burn patterns now make better sense. She's curled on the floor of a tiny apartment, arms and legs drawn up into a tight semi-circle.

JOSEPH (cont'd)

This woman let herself be torched to death without so much as flinching. Why?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

KYLE
You asking me?

JOSEPH
Look at the body position.

KYLE
I'm looking.

On second glance, you get the distinct impression she's protectively encircling a large object. An object that's no longer there.

KYLE (cont'd)
She was shielding something...
somebody...

Joseph takes the mouse and starts scribbling over the image ala' John Madden.

JOSEPH
That something...

He sketches a SMALL FIGURE in a tight spooning position inside Valerie's protective embrace.

JOSEPH (cont'd)
... was her child.

KYLE
What happened to him?

JOSEPH
Apparently he got away.

Joseph gazes off at the stark white corpse lying on the table across the room.

JOSEPH (cont'd)
Until now.

Looking closer WE NOTICE a BURN SCAR which runs down one side of his upper body, starting at the temple, ending at his elbow. A scar left by an old but severe burn.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. LAPD - CENTRAL DIVISION - NIGHT

12

The Stranger approaches the front of the building. Again, he seems to test the air, confirming he's on the right track.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

He climbs the stairs to the main entrance, two at a time,
enters the building.

CUT TO:

13 INT - MORGUE COLD STORAGE - NIGHT

13

With Herculean effort, KYLE clumsily wrestles Danyael's body
up onto an open morgue drawer as Joseph idly watches.

JOSEPH

Easy now.

KYLE pushes the drawer shut with a decisive METALLIC CLICK.

CUT TO:

14 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

14

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF BLACK & WHITE CRIME SCENE BLOWUPS

They show Danyael as he was found, splayed upon his
makeshift altar. They're prominently displayed on a
homicide detective's caseboard.

WIDER

Gabriel faces the bored HOMICIDE DETECTIVE across a battered
wooden desk.

DETECTIVE

So you personally knew the victim.

GABRIEL

We go back.

DETECTIVE

How far?

GABRIEL

To the beginning.

15 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

15

A row of witnesses sits on the bench outside the room. We
recognize most of them from the ministry. At the end of the
bench closest to the door is

MAGGIE

weary, puffy-eyed, will to live stuck in a holding pattern.

CUT TO:

16 INT. CENTRAL DIVISION, FRONT DESK - NIGHT

16

Stranger steps up to the DESK SERGEANT. Businesslike demeanor, veiled urgency.

STRANGER

Your morgue-- it's in the sub-basement, right?

DESK SERGEANT

That's off limits to the public, sir.

STRANGER

I know that.

Stranger shows an open and obviously empty palm to the Desk Sergeant.

STRANGER (cont'd)

A.Z. Jones, FBI.

The cop nods and we can't figure out why until WE SEE

SERGEANT'S POV - JONES' PALM

there's a clamshell wallet containing a very real looking FBI picture ID.

Jones puts his empty hand back in his pocket as the cop BUZZES him in.

CUT TO:

17 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

17

Detective shoves off from his desk, checks his watch.

DETECTIVE

OK, that's it for now, but I might want to question you further as a material witness.

(hands Gabriel his
drivers' license)

This your current address?

GABRIEL

Yes sir.

DETECTIVE

Date of birth is empty. Why?

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

I asked the woman at the DMV that very same question and she told me not to bother her on her coffee break.

DETECTIVE

Okay then... how old are you?

GABRIEL

How old do I look?

He just sits there with a curious smile.

DETECTIVE

Uh, you can go.

Gabriel shoves off. Angles for the door.

18 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

18

Gabriel ENTERS the hallway and finds MAGGIE still sitting forlornly on that bench.

A HOMICIDE OFFICER passes.

HOMICIDE OFFICER

We'll need you to ID the body, Ma'am. If you can wait here just a bit longer, we'll set you up with an escort.

MAGGIE

(hollowly)

Thanks.

The officer moves on and Maggie is left staring right at Gabriel.

Glint of recognition. Nothing more.

Gabriel turns away from her and--

--swings right into the path of

JONES

who stops dead in his tracks. Narrowed eyes hint at a deep and ageless connection.

Maggie watches their strange encounter play out as if this should mean something to her, but not sure why.

(CONTINUED)

JONES

I always thought we'd see each other again. But I never thought you'd look so... ragged.

Gabriel glances at his own slovenly appearance reflected in the window glass.

GABRIEL

I'm on vacation.

JONES

Obviously. Or I wouldn't be here.

Gabriel just stands there, blocking the way.

JONES (cont'd)

I need the heart.

Gabriel doesn't give ground. Jones takes a step closer, lowers his voice to a barely audible whisper.

JONES

You, more than anyone, know what he is. He's their last hope. Without him, the walls of Heaven will crumble.

Gabriel stands there, impassive.

JONES

Come back to us. We can retake what's rightfully ours. We can make it like it was before the monkeys. Remember? Or has this place completely befouled your senses?

GABRIEL

This is your war now. Not mine.

JONES

I always loved you, Gabriel. Now I just pity you.

ON MAGGIE

Watching the exchange but hearing nothing..

JONES

cocks his head, as if homing in on a sound unheard by mortals. Twitches with the sense of something gone wrong. Way wrong.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

JONES

Out of my way... monkey.

Jones ruthlessly swipes him to one side. Takes off down the hall.

Disappears into the stairwell at the far end of the hall.

Following some dark impulse, Maggie gets off her bench and follows Jones, EXITING into the stairwell.

CUT TO:

19 INT. DREAMLIKE ROOM - NIGHT 19

White curtains billow around a darkened window.

A MOTHER stands before the window, watching.

20 EXT. DREAMLIKE ROOM - NIGHT 20

MATCHES are STRUCK, igniting rags stuffed into bottles of clear liquid.

21 INT. DREAMLIKE ROOM - NIGHT 21

The mother, VALERIE ROSALES, suddenly pivots from the window to...

...her SEVEN YEAR OLD SON.

Crying out soundlessly, Val starts RUNNING SLOW-MOTION toward her child as--

--THE WINDOW SHATTERS BEHIND HER WITH THE FORCE OF SEVERAL THROWN OBJECTS.

She DIVES onto the boy, dragging him to the floor, shielding him from the FLAMES of EXPLODING MOLOTOV COCKTAILS.

FIRE washes over her body in a single horrible wave, incinerating everything in its path.

THE MOTHER'S SMOLDERING ARM shoves the child out from her protective embrace, pushes him toward the far door.

Then slaps lifeless to the floor.

The child runs to the door, flings it open and disappears into the night...

22 EXT. DREAMLIKE ALLEY - NIGHT 22

He FLEES along treacherous shadowed ALLEYS, throwing frantic glances over his shoulder, eyes glinting with terror and loss.

He ROUNDS a CORNER, SLAMS into a DARK, TOWERING FIGURE...

It's GABRIEL.

Gabriel clamps a hand down over the child's eyes and mouth, plunging us into

BLACKNESS...

A blackness that coalesces into...

23 INT. STOREFRONT MINISTRY - NIGHT 23

THE ADULT DANYAEL

who stands at his makeshift pulpit.

As before, he's suddenly RIDDLED with BULLETS...

He topples backwards into that sucking blackness where...

24 EXT. HELLVISION 24

CORPSES are being flung onto ragged heaps.

Mountains of them, stretching endlessly to the horizon.

The very last to fall is

DANYAEL who lands in a tangle of stiffened white limbs and leering dead faces.

LOOKING BACK FROM WHERE HE FELL

is the deceptively-beautiful FACE OF AN ANGEL. We will come to know this face. And to fear it.

Danyael SCREAMS as everything FADES ONCE AGAIN TO:

25 INT. FREEZER DRAWER - NIGHT 25

BLACKNESS...

Sudden GASP. Frantic breath. Hyper-ventilating.

THUMPING of FISTS against METAL. Crack of light through dented seam.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

We're in a MORGUE DRAWER. Fuuuck.

26 INT. MORGUE COLD STORAGE - NIGHT

26

FROM OUTSIDE the whole wall is lined with morgue drawers. THUMPING STOPS. Nothing but a low fluorescent HUM stirs the silence of the empty morgue.

WHUMMP--! One of the stainless-steel drawer panels is KICKED CLEAN OFF-- clatters across the room. A toe-tagged FOOT juts from the opening.

WIDE - MORGUE

Danyael Rosales drops barefoot onto the cold tile floor, stunned and terrified to be ALIVE. Stands there, naked and trembling in the pungent aroma of death.

Momentarily blinded by the light, he SQUINTS into the stinging glare, sees--

ZEALOT,

gun leveled and about to fire.

DANYAEL LUNGES for ZEALOT as the GUN FIRES with a BLINDING FLASH--

--only it's not Zealot and he's not holding a gun.

It's JOSEPH.

His POLAROID FLASH CAMERA clatters to the floor.

JOSEPH

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!! I just wanted proof I wasn't crazy!

Acting on instinct, Danyael raises his hand, fingers outstretched, at Joseph's chest.

CUT TO:

27 INT. - STAIRWELL

27

Stranger descends five sets of stairs, practically flying.

CUT TO:

28 INT. MORGUE COLD STORAGE - NIGHT

28

Danyael has Joseph pinned against the wall, ready to kill him. He finally lets go of his neck, and the stunned coroner drops to the floor next to his camera.

Danyael bolts OUT OF THE ROOM.

Joseph catches his ragged breath, scoops up his camera and kisses it.

JOSEPH
Thank you for not jamming.

He plucks out the picture.

CUT TO:

29 INT. BOTTOM FLOOR - MORGUE - NIGHT - TRACKING

29

Jones EXPLODES from the stairwell, beelines for Cold Storage...

BURSTS through the double doors and into--

30 INT. MORGUE COLD STORAGE - NIGHT

30

--where he stops hard against

JOSEPH,

still sitting there across from the empty morgue drawer, clutching his camera and his slowly developing picture.

Jones stares at the busted open morgue drawer, sees no sign of Danyael and puts two and two together.

He whirls, SLAMS a fist into one of the thick steel drawer covers, denting it up to his wrist.

He removes his hand, stares quizzically at the bloody knuckles, as if such an outburst of violent emotion is utterly foreign to him.

He turns and glares right at Joseph.

JONES
Where did he go... Joseph?

JOSEPH
Do I know you?

(CONTINUED)

JONES
WHERE IS HE?!

Joseph timidly points in the direction where Danyael ran.

Jones swivels and bolts back the way he came, passing

MAGGIE

who has just come in. She watches him go then turns to see the morgue drawer which has been kicked off. A toe-tag lies on the floor beside. She turns to Joseph.

JOSEPH
(numbly)
Help you?

MAGGIE
I was waiting to identify the body of
Danyael Rosales and...

JOSEPH
You waited a little too long.

Maggie lifts the tag, sees Danyael's name. She looks to Joseph, struggling to understand.

31 EXT. MORGUE - NIGHT

31

Jones throws the rear door open. Looks around. Gives the air a sniff. Then takes off into the night.

32 INT. MORGUE COLD STORAGE - NIGHT

32

Maggie stands before Joseph in a state of abject disbelief.

MAGGIE
How can you just stand there straight-
faced and tell me he just walked right
out of your morgue? I mean, how am I
supposed to take that?

A decade of frustration washes over Joseph's face.

JOSEPH
I wish I knew.

MAGGIE
Yeah, well so do I.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

She turns and stalks out of the room.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. NEAR-EMPTY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

33

A STREETLAMP FLICKERING above

Gabriel cuts a solitary path across several acres of black asphalt. He pulls up short when he HEARS

A SMASH OF GLASS and the BLEAT of a CAR ALARM. He looks over, sees:

DANYAEL ROSALES

hurriedly fumbling into some liberated laundry. Danyael glances up to see Gabriel watching him from a distance.

Their eyes meet--

An eerie familiarity passes between them.

Gabriel makes no move to interfere as Danyael abruptly turns and dashes off.

THE STREETLAMP ABOVE GABRIEL

suddenly POPS ON FULL, framing him in a circle of bright white light. Gabriel notes this with mild bemusement.

34 INT. WELFARE HOTEL - NIGHT

34

Zealot, Danyael's would-be assassin, climbs a section of rotting stairs to...

35 INT. WELFARE HOTEL - FIFTH FLOOR - NIGHT

35

where he pauses, panting at #527. Zealot unlocks the door and enters...

36 INT. ZEALOTS ROOM, #527 - NIGHT

36

After he shuts the door, Zealot locks the knob, a deadbolt, another key lock, a padlock and just enough more locks to let you know this guy is heavy into home security.

He's surrounded by spartan furnishings-- hotplate, sink, table, chair. And, you guessed it, an overflow of RELIGIOUS ICONS scattered everywhere. Zealot plunks his heavy gun down on the table.

(CONTINUED)

Cold, blinking NEON glares in from the city outside, casting an INTERMITTENT SHADOW of SOMETHING on the far wall.

Zealot crosses over to the window, pulls the shade, cutting off the shadow and plunging the room into deeper darkness.

GUTTURAL WHISPERS inform the darkness with an icy dread-- whispers that Zealot finds strangely comforting.

ZEALOT
Praise the Lord.

MORE WHISPERS. Ancient tongues, rising and falling, sometimes singular, sometimes in chorus.

ZEALOT (cont'd)
(turns from the window)
It's done...

The WHISPERS deepen, becoming more ominous... angry.

ZEALOT (cont'd)
No... I-I did what you told me... The
blasphemer is dead...

Suddenly uneasy, his fingers seek out a half-filled glass of water. He guzzles it down.

ZEALOT (cont'd)
But... I couldn't... they pushed me out
before... I'm sorry-- I can find him
again... I can... Yes. Yes, thank you.
Praise the Lord.

WHISPERS CEASE.

ZEALOT (cont'd)
Wait... don't go...

SOMETHING

hisses-crawls-slithers across the far wall. Something more felt than seen, like a shadow steeped in darkness.

ZEALOT (cont'd)
Come back. Please--

It seems to disengage from the wall, becoming vaporous, largely invisible, but moving slowly, deliberately toward Zealot.

ZEALOT (cont'd)
Come back...

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

For a moment, the shape is lost in the congealed blackness that surrounds Zealot.

ZEALOT (cont'd)

Please--

The window blind SNAPS UP!

GLARE of NEON

casts a stark and horrific SHADOW that cover's Zealot's upper body.

NEON BLINKS OFF

as Zealot is catapulted into the wall headfirst. With a sickening SNAP his neck breaks. He's dead before he hits the floor.

NEON BLINKS ON

and the shadow is gone.

The Zealot lies motionless on the floor, empty eyes gazing at nothing.

CUT TO:

37 INT. JOSEPH'S OFFICE - MORGUE - DAY

37

In the years since we last saw him, Joseph has gotten himself a hobby. His office is now bursting with an abundance of plants, exotic and household, hanging and sedentary. In the middle of all this horticulture is...

... Joseph at his desk, BOTTLE OF TEQUILA sitting atop a stack of YELLOWED BOOKS: "Gray's Anatomy," "Paradise Lost," "The Book of Enoch," "Origins of Biblical Demonology," Gwatkin's "Knowledge of God" and...

...a hand-illuminated vellum BIBLE:

Joseph pulls the bible, fans it open to the frontispiece where a hastily scrawled note juts between the pages.

Joseph,

Thanks for the loaner. And no, you're not crazy.

Tommy Daggett

He opens the Daggett Bible. Starts flipping pages until he reaches the midway point.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

We don't see what he's reading, only the erratic notes he scribbles to himself on a piece of scrap paper, starting with:

NEPHALIM

Then:

ANGELS + WOMEN =

BAD NEWS

He reads on, adds:

VERY BAD NEWS

Scribbling comes faster, more feverish.

GOD'S WRATH

FLOOD

SECOND WAR

BEGOTTEN SON OF THE ANGEL DANYAEL

Joseph's expression darkens. He underlines:

DANYAEL

Then adds:

DANYAEL ROSALES?

Joseph reads on, his pencil scratching lines into the paper-- lines that converge into that now-familiar starburst symbol.

He suddenly stops, jots:

PYRIEL

Go EXTREME MACRO on that PENCIL TIP as he scrawls:

WHO THE HELL IS PYRIEL?

Joseph pours himself a numbing belt of Tequila. Knocks it back in one swig.

He glances back at Thomas Daggett's name on the inner leaf of that bible.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

JOSEPH
(sighs)
God, I miss your insights, Tommy. And
your utter lack of humor.

38 INT. MORGUE HALLWAYS - DAY

38

A SHADOWY PRESENCE moves deliberately through the silent
antiseptic hallways of the morgue, searching for
something...

39 INT. JOSEPH'S OFFICE - DAY

39

Joseph is still at his desk working and drinking feverishly.
A LONG SHADOW SLOWLY ENGULFS HIM AND AT THE LAST MOMENT
he looks up with a start to see
MAGGIE standing there.

MAGGIE
He died in my arms. I was there...

Joseph takes a Polaroid from his pocket and tosses it across
his desk. She looks down at it.

It shows a freshly resurrected Danyael stepping from the
morgue drawer staring into the camera with terror and rage.
The time at the bottom of the picture reads 2:03am.

JOSEPH
T.O.D. was 8pm. That was taken about six
hours later. Seen enough?

Maggie shakes her head.

JOSEPH
I was afraid of that.

40 EXT. MACARTHUR CITY PARK - DAY

40

DANYAEL stands at the edge of Macarthur lake, staring at his
reflection in the water.

41 EXT. HELLVISION

41

WE SEE WHAT HE DOES.

BODIES. Piled high in mountainous, writhing heaps, their
dying cries multiplying to a deafening, maddening roar
inside Danyael's head.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

As before, the last body to fall atop the slaughter is
Danyael's...

REVERSE ANGLE:

We're looking up at THAT SAME HORRIFICALLY-BEAUTIFUL ANGEL.
Beyond him spreads

42 AN ENDLESS EXPANSE OF DESERT-- 42

--but INVERTED where the sky should be.

The white alkali crust CRACKS OUTWARD from behind the angel,
venting FIRE as it cuts miles in every direction.

It forms a rippling abstracted STARBURST SYMBOL.

BACK TO SCENE:

43 EXT. MACARTHUR CITY PARK - DAY 43

Danyael pinches his eyes shut.

From outward appearances, he looks just like any of the
other park denizens currently dialed into the voices
rattling inside their heads.

Danyael seems to blink out of his momentary trance. Finds
himself staring up at

44 EXT. WELFARE HOTEL - DAY 44

eclipsing the noon sky. The after-image of that flaming
symbol slowly burns away.

CUT TO:

45 INT. WELFARE HOTEL - FIFTH FLOOR - DAY 45

DANYAEL'S BARE FOOT

kicking the door marked #527. It BUSTS nearly off its
hinges. Odd thing for a door that's been locked like Fort
Knox.

Danyael seems bewildered at his own strength.

46 INT. ZEALOTS ROOM, #527 - DAY 46

Danyael enters. Scans the room, sees--

(CONTINUED)

--Zealot, just where we last left him, slumped underneath the crudely rendered version of THAT SAME STARBURST SYMBOL FROM DANYAEL'S VISION.

Danyael steps up to the wall. Touches the symbol. Then bends down to Zealot.

DANYAEL

Hey... HEY!

(shakes him)

Wake up you son-of-a-bitch!

(shakes harder)

WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?!

Danyael lifts the chin. Nobody home. Lets it drop.

He strips off Zealot's shoes, then happens to pick up the BIBLE, splayed at Zealot's feet. Fans it open.

IT'S IN BRAILLE.

He turns back to Zealot. Mind-blown.

DANYAEL

You... You're blind?!

He suddenly stiffens. Sniffs the air. Drops the book. Turns to the open window as-

WHAT'S LEFT OF ZEALOT'S DOOR

SPLINTERS from the force of an explosive KICK.

JONES

looms in the doorway. Steps inside.

HIS VIEW OF THE ROOM

Danyael's gone. Just the slight swell of Zealot's tattered curtains to suggest where.

Jones bolts up to the window. Glances out.

47 HIS POV - EXT. THE STREET BELOW

47

is empty. No sign of his prey.

48 INT. ZEALOTS ROOM, #527 - DAY

48

JONES

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

turns back to the room. Crosses over to Zealot. He touches the dried blood running from Zealot's nose...

Then dips down, lifts one of Zealot's eyelids and LICKS HIS EYEBALL.

CONTACT FLASH--

49 INT. ZEALOTS ROOM, #527 - NIGHT

49

ZEALOT'S POV of DANYAEL SHAKING HIM, saying something incomprehensible.

50 INT. ZEALOTS ROOM, #527 - NIGHT

50

ANOTHER FLASH-- Danyael leaping out the window.

It's as if Jones licked the images right off Zealot's retina.

51 INT. ZEALOTS ROOM, #527 - DAY

51

CLOSE ON JONES

He looks up. Knows he's on the right track.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. DEWEY'S DONUTS - DAY

52

Generic downtown donut joint. Favorite hang for junkies who can't score.

53 INT. DEWEY'S DONUTS - DAY

53

Danyael steps away from the counter with two-dozen donuts and a cup of coffee.

He casts several furtive looks outside as if expecting Jones to burst through the window at any second.

He's barely seated before he tears ravenously into the donuts, crumbs sprinkling from his mouth. Stops just long enough to pour about forty teaspoons worth of sugar into his coffee.

Donut Guy watches slack-jawed from the counter.

CLOSE ON DANYAEL

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

He wipes his chin, then starts absently tearing holes in his napkin. Bit by bit, that STARBURST SYMBOL is left behind, almost like a cutout snowflake.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

54

Jones stalks up Spring Street, following his senses. He stops just long enough to pluck something off the sidewalk.

EXTREME CLOSE ON JONES' OPEN PALM

A single dark strand of hair.

CUT TO:

55 INT. JOSEPH'S OFFICE - DAY

55

Maggie sits at Joseph's desk, reading from the Daggett Bible which lies open in front of her along with several of Joseph's other religious texts.

Joseph meanwhile is at the other end of the office, going through a daily ritual that must take up most of his spare time: watering his plants.

As he talks, he moves closer to her, dousing, spritzing, drizzling his babies as needed.

JOSEPH

Odd little thing, that bible. First found it sewn into the lining of an old overcoat. No big deal, really, except the stiff who owned it wasn't human and his bible had an extra chapter of Revelations.

He comes to a bush that's gotten a little out of control and quickly snaps some of the excess leaves off it.

JOSEPH (cont'd)

Even after I had it fully translated, I never knew quite what to make of it.

MAGGIE

(reading aloud)

"At the hour of the resurrection shall come a final threat to Heaven and Earth. And it shall be met by one born with the heart of an angel and the soul of a man."

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH
Ever hear of a nephalim?

MAGGIE
A what?

Joseph plunks a vitamin stick into the soil of a potted plant, talking quietly to it.

JOSEPH
Take your vitamins, Vincent.
(to Maggie)
Nephalim. Half angel, half man. Your
Old Testament's chock full of 'em. Very
nasty guys. And very VERY hard to kill.

He comes to a hybrid plant brimming with multi-colored flowers.

JOSEPH (cont'd)
Am I right or am I right, Boris?

MAGGIE
Are you saying Danyael's one of these...
nephalims?

JOSEPH
Am I? I guess I am.

MAGGIE
You really believe that?

Joseph stops watering and ominously approaches Maggie.

JOSEPH
I've had four gutted hermaphrodites
burned to black pitch not a hundred feet
from where you're now standing. I've had
one cop driven insane by the angels
shrieking in his head before somehow
spontaneously combusting in the madhouse
he mistook for a monastery. I've had a
pretty young woman, now dead, come in
here knocked up by a stranger who left
her three months pregnant in only forty-
eight hours. And yesterday, I had a
young man, allegedly her son, shot up six
ways to sundown, crawl out of a morgue
drawer and waltz off like Lazarus.
(stops eyeball to eyeball
with Maggie)
So yeah.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

JOSEPH (cont'd)
I'd have to say I'm open to a whole
buffet of possibilities. Any
suggestions?

Maggie numbly closes the Daggett Bible. Sets it down and
shoves off from the desk.

MAGGIE
I guess I'll see you around.

JOSEPH
I don't suppose it would do much good to
tell you to get as far the hell away from
all this as you possibly can.

MAGGIE
Not likely.

She exits.

Joseph turns back to his plants. Sighs.

JOSEPH
Say a prayer for Maggie, boys.

CUT TO:

56 INT. DISGUSTING RESTROOM - DEWEY'S DONUTS - DAY

56

Danyael stands at the sink, surrounded by the excremental
filth of a few dozen very sick individuals.

CLOSE ON DANYAEL'S FACE

distorted in the scratched steel mirror. The reflection
stares back like an apparition.

He runs his hands under the faucet, splashes a brace of cold
water in his eyes. Blinks.

There's a sunkenness in those eyes that wasn't there before.
The scar which began at his temple is gone now. The entire
scar. And in its place, what seems like-- a rash?-- breaking
out along the crook of his neck.

CUT TO:

57 INT. DINING AREA OF DEWEY'S DONUTS - DAY

57

Jones approaches the bored adolescent DONUT GUY at the
counter. He gestures back toward the big blue Health
Department "D" gracing the window.

(CONTINUED)

JONES

What's the "D" for?

DONUT GUY

Donut.

Jones presses his nose up to the case. Points.

JONES

I'll take one of those. With the little colored sprinkly things.

(straightens)

You see a tallish, slightly Asian-looking guy come in here earlier? Had a mole right here on his cheek?

DONUT GUY

What, like John Boy?

JONES

Who?

DONUT GUY

(plops donut in a bag)

That'll be 63 cents for the donut and fifty dollars for the recollection.

JONES

What kind of answer is that?

DONUT GUY

A minimum-wage answer.

Jones leans in, fixes the kid in his glare.

JONES

(low, seething)

Listen, you pimple-faced little wretch. Here's the deal. Answer my question or I'll personally see to it that you spend the next millennium chained to a damp wall, wondering just what the hell it is that's been tunneling it's way up your ass for the last 750 years.

Donut Guy stares back, dumfounded. Finally blinks.

DONUT GUY

Cool.

Jones raises an incredulous eyebrow. Briefly considers gutting this little cretin like a fish. But chooses another tack.

(CONTINUED)

He feels around in his coat pocket and pulls a SCRAP OF PAPER, slides it across the counter.

DONUT GUY'S POV - PAPER SCRAP

Instead of paper, Donut Guy sees a fat, crisp, fifty-dollar bill. He snatches it up, stuffs it in his baggy chinos.

DONUT GUY

He came in about a half-hour ago.
Scarfed down two dozen mixed in less than
five minutes. Dude was after a serious
sugar fix.

JONES

Spontaneous tissue regeneration tends to
do that.

DONUT GUY

Huh?

JONES

(picks up bag)
Where is he now?

Donut guy nods toward the restroom.

Jones follows his eye-line. Steps sideways until he's
positioned himself directly in front of the restroom door.

He sniffs once, winces. That shithole's got to be a total
affront to his heavenly senses.

He reaches down, quietly tests the door handle.

Locked.

Jones takes a step back from the restroom door.

Donut Guy cranes around for a better look as--

Jones lifts his foot to kick the door in.

Instead--

--the door EXPLODES OUTWARD--

--knocking Jones off balance as Danyael BURSTS into the
dining area, starts to flee.

Jones gets a hand on him, spins him around, driving him face
first into the wall.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (3)

Danyael flails helplessly, pinned by the force of Jones' iron grip on the back of his forearm.

JONES

No matter how many times you tell them...

A GLINT OF SOMETHING SHARPLY METALLIC juts from under the wrist of Jones' free hand, which he positions over the small of Danyael's back.

JONES

...monkeys never seem to learn.

(leans in close)

You always-- ALWAYS-- remove the heart.

He WINDS BACK just as Danyael-- and this has gotta really hurt-- WRENCHES HIMSELF COMPLETELY AROUND BY DISLOCATING HIS SHOULDER.

Arm still pinned to the wall, we HEAR the SICKENING POP and TEAR of bone and sinew as Danyael grabs hold of Jones' stabbing arm and flings him off balance.

Danyael BOLTS THROUGH THE DOOR, his left arm flopping like a cow's tail.

Donut Guy can only watch in mute fascination.

58 EXT. DEWEY'S DONUTS - DAY

58

Jones BURSTS OUT in heated pursuit as Danyael LEAPS an ONCOMING CAR and disappears down an intersecting street...

Jones shaves the angle by CUTTING DIAGONALLY through the CORNER BUILDING, taking the STOREFRONT WINDOW with him. He makes a beeline across...

59 INT. SHOWROOM FLOOR - DAY

59

mowing down a half-dozen SHOPPERS and several racks of inventory. Reaching the adjacent corner window, he dips a shoulder and PLUNGES right back out into...

60 EXT. STREET - DAY

60

a mere fifty feet behind the fleeing Danyael.

Jones' face is TOTALLY SHREDDED now, muscle and tendon flapping over bone.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

And he couldn't care less.

WIDE: He pours it on, narrows the gap as Danyael runs into...

61 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

61

DANYAEL

glances over his shoulder, sprints flat out, his left arm already starting to regain some movement.

ON JONES

His face is already PARTIALLY HEALED as he closes in on Danyael, reaches out to grab hold...

...and locks onto the back of Danyael's neck. Jones stops and jerks Danyael backwards, flinging him to the ground. But before Danyael can get up again, Jones flicks his right arm and--

--SNICK! Out telescopes a rough-hewn metallic SPIKE from under his sleeve. The point consists of a half-dozen iron barbs tapering to a sharpened point.

It's a savagely effective extension of what we saw in the donut shop.

JONES

Get up.

Danyael can't take his eyes off the device at Jones' side.

JONES (cont'd)

I said get--

A car comes SCREAMING out of nowhere and just when Jones turns to look at it--

--he's broadsided and flung up on the hood of the vehicle.

Jones' face smashes the WINDSHIELD, nose to nose with the DRIVER--

a far from apologetic GABRIEL.

Gabriel's car comes to a shuddering stop as Danyael disappears into the swirl of mounting traffic.

Blind with rage, Jones punches through the windshield, grabs onto Gabriel's collar and yanks him out onto the hood.

(CONTINUED)

He gets right down in Gabriel's face.

JONES
Killing you would be so easy.

GABRIEL
A mugger can kill me. A bus can kill me.
Cholesterol can kill me. I'm afraid
you're not so special down here, old
friend.

Jones regards his ex-comrade with a mixture of curiosity and
scorn.

JONES
How do you bear it, Gabriel? You who
were once exalted above all others? How
do you face the reality of what you've
become?

GABRIEL
Have you ever been with a woman,
Zophayel?

Jones gapes back, uncomprehending.

GABRIEL (cont'd)
It's a lot like dying. You writhe and
you moan and you cry out to your God.
Finally, you reach a level of agony that
has you begging-- begging for release.

Lying inverted under Jones, Gabriel leers up suggestively.

GABRIEL (cont'd)
I was once an angel of death. Now I die
every day... When I have the available
cash.

Jones suddenly lets go of Gabriel like something utterly
befouled.

He jumps down off the hood and stalks away.

Gabriel calls after him.

GABRIEL
Aren't you just a little bit afraid?

Jones stops...

GABRIEL
Afraid you'll lose?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

...he turns slowly back around...

GABRIEL

Afraid you'll become me?

...and steps back up to Gabriel. There's a flash of anguish in Jones' eyes.

JONES

Yes.

On that, he walks off, leaving Gabriel alone in a mounting clog of honking traffic.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. GRAFITTI WALL - DAY

62

Glancing over his shoulder, Danyael rounds a corner. He pauses to glance up at

THE ANGELIC SYMBOLS

Gabriel spray-painted on the brick wall earlier. If those symbols have any meaning to Danyael, it's not apparent. He forges onward towards...

63 EXT. STOREFRONT MINISTRY - DAY

63

...the hole-in-the-wall where he gave his last sermon.

64 INT. STOREFRONT MINISTRY - DAY

64

A web of police tape surrounds the room. Blood darkens the walls and speckles the chalk outline of Danyael's death pose. Overturned folding chairs are strewn about the place.

Standing in the middle of his own chalk outline is DANYAEL. He stares at his own death scene, swirling in a vortex of impossible questions.

Hearing SOMEONE ENTER, he turns to see:

A SILHOUETTE

framed in the doorway. It's MAGGIE.

Eyes welling up, she takes a running step inward... then stops.

(CONTINUED)

They stand facing one another across the room. Momentarily frozen.

Maggie slowly approaches Danyael, almost dreamlike. Not able to believe but not able to wake.

She stops at the edge of the chalk outline.

Breath comes faster. Tears flow. She reaches out to touch him, confirm his existence.

Danyael steps back. Like a ghost.

She takes another half-step forward. Reaches for his face. This time he doesn't move. Lets her run her open palm across his hair, down his cheek.

Danyael places his hand lightly over Maggie's as her fingers continue to trace the outline of his jaw, moving slowly down his neck.

Maggie's hand stops abruptly when it reaches his chest. A chest she saw riddled with bullets.

Her eyes say it all. None of this can be real. It's not possible. At least not in her world.

Danyael opens his shirt, button by button, revealing the cluster of puncture wounds in his chest where the bullets hit.

Maggie's mouth parts at the sight. She brushes her fingers over the wounds. Danyael takes her index finger and guides it straight into one of the bullet holes. She tenses, then lets her finger sink in almost to the second knuckle.

She retracts it, looks at the blood on her fingertip, touching it with her thumb.

It can't be. But it is.

She wraps her arms around him, hugging him like there's no tomorrow. He gently returns the embrace and clumsily strokes her hair, like he's forgotten intimacy with her altogether.

Maggie moves to kiss him... He suddenly pulls back.

DANYAEL

No.

She presses forward, makes contact with his lips...

65 EXT. HELLVISION 65

--AND WITH A JAGGED FLASH--

...she's hit with that same apocalyptic vision:

BODIES, writhing and screaming against a black, roiling sky.

CLOSER...

It's MAGGIE'S OWN BODY, twisted in a frozen death scream
that JOLTS HER back to terrifying reality.

66 INT. STOREFRONT MINISTRY - DAY 66

She stumbles away from Danyael, GASPING for air.

MAGGIE
Danyael...?

67 EXT. STREET LEADING TO STOREFRONT MINISTRY - DAY 67

Jones is bearing down on the ministry. Getting a sense of
Danyael's closer proximity he breaks into a run.

68 INT. STOREFRONT MINISTRY - DAY 68

Danyael senses Jones' approach. He grabs Maggie by the arm
and shoves her toward the back door.

DANYAEL
Go. Now.

MAGGIE
What was that I saw?! Tell me what's
happening!

Danyael throws open the door and pushes her through it.

DANYAEL
Run.

MAGGIE
I won't...

DANYAEL
RUN!!

The force of his urgency frightens her enough to send her
reeling into the back lot.

(CONTINUED)

Danyael SLAMS THE DOOR behind her just as...

...a LARGE SHADOW slices across the front. Danyael turns to see Jones in the doorway.

He rushes Danyael...

... who responds in kind, launching himself at Jones.

The two run at each other and at about twenty feet leap up and--

--SLAM into each other with a force beyond anything human. They land and Jones quickly rolls on top and SLAMS Danyael's head into the floorboards before lifting him up and hurling him into the back wall...

... where Danyael slumps next to a banner that used to read "GOD CARES" but some clever spray painter has added the words "WHAT DOES" and turned the "S" at the end of 'cares' into a question mark, rendering it "WHAT DOES GOD CARE?"

Jones charges the dazed Danyael, flicking his right arm and--

--letting that ominous iron spike telescope from under his sleeve. He aims for Danyael's chest.

Danyael comes to his senses just in time to see that retracted claw on the spike's tip coming right at his heart. With no time to lose, Danyael sidesteps the device and--

--it punches right through the wall, where it sticks.

Danyael breaks off a piece of scaffolding rail and spins Jones around.

Grabbing him by the neck, Danyael winds back with his free hand to spear Jones through the heart.

At the last instant, Danyael diverts his aim and plunges the rail through Jones' shoulder, purposely missing his heart. The rail imbeds into six inches of solid wood, impaling Jones like a bug.

He savagely wrenches the free end upward into an "L" to prevent Jones from sliding back off.

Then stops for a moment to regard his unknown assailant.

DANYAEL

What do you want?!

Jones says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

What am I to you?! Why do I keep having
these visions?! WHY THE HELL AM I STILL
ALIVE?!

Jones just glares back at him, radiating hate.

Reaching into his pocket, Danyael pulls that torn napkin
with the starburst symbol. Jams it in Jones' face.

DANYAEL

What is this?!

Jones looks away.

That's it-- Danyael lashes out, grabs him by the shirt and
YANKS DOWN on him until he cries out in unimaginable pain.

DANYAEL

What is this and why am I being drawn to
it? TELL ME!!

Eyes slowly swivel back, level on Danyael.

JONES

(through gritted teeth)
Pyriel.

DANYAEL

Who?

Danyael retracts his hand. Positions it over Jones' heart.

DANYAEL

Last chance. WHO IS PYRIEL?!

Jones stares at him... then answers with icy calm.

JONES

The next God.

Danyael's hand hovers over Jones' heart, mind racing...

Maggie's halfway to her car. She takes another half step...
...then turns the hell back around.

70 INT. STOREFRONT MINISTRY - DAY

70

Danyael lowers his fist. Hears footsteps.

DANYAEL
Another time.

He suddenly pivots and races out the back door.

Maggie ENTERS the abandoned church. GASPS when she sees Jones writhing on the spike, trying to free himself.

JONES
Help me... Please...

Maggie cautiously, queasily approaches him.

JONES
Please...

She wraps both hands around the spike...

JONES
That's right...

...and PULLS. The spike gives slowly. Creaks through unrelenting wood. Then finally pops free.

Jones crumples to the floor. Slowly hauls himself upright.

Smiles weakly at Maggie.

JONES
I owe you.

MAGGIE
You need a hospital.

He reaches out and snatches her wrist.

JONES
Actually, I need another favor.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

71

Danyael moves on foot with the flow of traffic.

SEVERAL BIG RIGS

LUMBER PAST, fanning him in the slipstream.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

A MOTORCYCLIST

approaches with that trademark Harley HOWL.

At the last moment before it passes, Danyael swiftly snakes his arm out

GRABBING the guy by the back of his jacket, LIFTING HIM OFF HIS BIKE...

...which SLIDES to a dead stop.

Danyael drops the guy onto his ass, retrieves the bike, kicks it into gear and ROARS OFF.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. STOREFRONT MINISTRY - DAY

72

Jones forcibly escorts Maggie toward her waiting Bronco.

MAGGIE

Go ahead. Take the car. You can have it!

JONES

Fraid that won't do.

They stop at her driver's door.

JONES

Please get in.

She CHIRPS the automatic doorlock.

JUST THE DRIVER'S SIDE UNLOCKS...

Maggie hops in and guns the engine as Jones makes his way around to the passenger side only to find it STILL LOCKED.

Maggie throws the car in REVERSE, but it's no easy getaway. She's PARALLEL parked. And tightly at that.

Jones regards her curiously as she BANGS HER WAY BACK AND FORTH to get out.

Seconds before she's about to finally jostle the Bronco free, Jones simply PLUNGES A HAND THROUGH THE PASSENGER WINDOW.

Maggie SCREAMS--

(CONTINUED)

Still, it's not like Jones knows exactly how to open a car door. He fumbles with the inside handle.

JONES

Could you please stop and help me with this?

Fighting paralyzing waves of hysteria, Maggie just DRILLS the Bronco into the car parked in front of her, shoving it aside.

She slams back into reverse, cramps the wheel and JAMS IT IN DRIVE--

--just as the PASSENGER DOOR OPENS with a heartbreaking CLICK.

JONES

Never mind. I'm a quick study.

He hops in alongside Maggie as the Bronco PEELS OFF, careening into traffic.

Maggie starts to reach under the seat. Jones simply watches.

JONES (cont'd)

You've got a gun, I know. Keep it under the front seat of your car ever since you were robbed in the parking garage of your own apartment building.

Maggie whips the gun out.

JONES (cont'd)

But the idea of actually using it is still a bit, what, repulsive?

She jams it in his face.

JONES (cont'd)

So you keep the bullets safely stashed in your glove compartment.

Her face goes ashen. Gun slowly lowers.

JONES (cont'd)

I'm not here to hurt you. Promise.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. ROUTE 23 - NORTHBOUND - DAY

73

CU motorcycle speedometer - the needle's holding steady at a hundred and twenty as the HOG'S ENGINE ROARS in our ears.

Along with the HOWLING of approaching POLICE SIRENS.

Danyael rides, hair blown back, face to the wind. In the distance, two POLICE CRUISERS flashing their lights, gain steadily. Danyael is unfazed, in a world of his own.

74 INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

74

Two COPS sit, vigilant, patient, swooping down on their prey.

75 EXT. ROUTE 23 - NORTHBOUND - POLICE CRUISER - DAY

75

WIDE: The lead cruiser comes up behind Danyael and attempts to ride up his left side. But Danyael quickly swerves into the left lane, blocking it.

Cruiser squirrels dangerously, then angles into the right lane.

Danyael stares dead ahead as the lead cruiser pulls up along his right side. The driver has his window rolled down. He yells out to Danyael.

DRIVER

Pull it to the side, kid! Ride's over!

Danyael keeps his eyes trained forward, slowly edging the bike closer to the cruiser, till he's a mere foot away.

DRIVER (cont'd)

Hey! I'm talking to you, motherf--

Before you can say "ucker", Danyael reaches in through the driver's side window and SLAMS the cop's head against the steering wheel, engaging the air-bag and sending the patrol car into a vicious spin.

Lead cruiser SCREECHES sideways, blocking the road for the second cruiser which plows into the former. Both cars come to a grinding halt where they sit in a mangled heap...

... as Danyael rockets for the horizon.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. ROUTE 23 - NORTHBOUND - WRECKED COP CARS - DAY 76

Maggie's Bronco slows as it passes the wrecked cop cars.

JONES
Keep going.

77 INT. BRONCO - DAY 77

Maggie glances back in her rearview mirror.

MAGGIE
What do you really need me for?

JONES
Can't drive.

MAGGIE
Why are you after Danyael?

JONES
Why? I want to save him from himself.
Simple as that. Can we go any faster?

MAGGIE
Sure. Whatever you say.

She suddenly GUNS THE ENGINE, JERKS THE WHEEL and...

78 EXT. DESERT DITCH - DAY 78

WIDE

...PLOWS the Bronco into a ditch.

79 INT. BRONCO - DESERT DITCH - DAY 79

As Jones caroms off the dashboard, Maggie throws open the driver's door, snatches the gun and JUMPS OUTSIDE.

JONES FOLLOWS SUIT, shoves open the passenger door and gets out. As he starts around toward Maggie--

--she DIVES BACK INTO THE CAR, GRABS THE BULLETS FROM THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT, AND SCOOTs OUT THE OTHER SIDE.

JONES
We really don't have time for this.

He takes off after her as...

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

80 EXT. DESERT DITCH - DAY

80

...she runs/stumbles/crawls up a ragged hillside.

Jones follows at a determined walk. Calls out:

JONES

Good trick with the car. I'll have to
remember that.

Maggie tries loading her basic Smith and Wesson on the run.
Bullets tumble everywhere but the chamber.

After spilling nearly the entire box, she just sprints flat
out for the crest of the hill.

Jones picks up the pace.

81 EXT. DESERT CHAPARRAL - TOP OF HILL - DAY

81

Maggie reaches the top of the hill, stops and frantically
loads the gun with the remaining cartridges.

Swivels around to face the approaching Jones.

MAGGIE

I swear to God I'll use this!

JONES

I'm sure you will.

She fumbles with the safety.

JONES (cont'd)

But why don't we just talk instead.

She levels the gun in trembling hands.

MAGGIE

DON'T!

He keeps coming.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

I SAID DON'T!!

He's nearly upon her.

BLAM--! First shot misses.

He keeps coming.

(CONTINUED)

BLAM--! Second catches him in the thigh.

He reels backward. Starts forward again.

BLAM BLAM--! Two more SLAM INTO HIS CHEST.

He topples onto his back.

Two-fisting the gun, Maggie steps slowly up to the body.
Kicks it.

Jones jostles limply.

She turns to run--

--as he GRABS HER HEEL. She pitches forward into the dirt.

Jones sits up. Strips away the gun.

JONES

Surprise. You're talking to an angel.

Maggie struggles against his grip.

JONES

I'm really not here to hurt you,
Magdalena. I'm here to help you and your
kind. But you've got to be willing to
listen to me. Are you ready to listen?

Maggie keeps fighting to wrench free.

JONES

I usually measure time in eons.
Unfortunately, in this case, every second
counts. Please--

She finally relents.

JONES

That's better.

She goes rigid as Jones stands up and takes hold of her
shoulders.

JONES

It's not me you should fear. It's
Danyael.

MAGGIE

I don't believe that.

(CONTINUED)

JONES

Look around you. This place will become a killing field if Danyael is not stopped.

MAGGIE

Why?

JONES

Because he's out to slaughter the savior of mankind.

MAGGIE

Savior?

JONES

His heavenly name is "Pyriel." It means "Light of God." He is the beacon that will lead humankind from it's own self-destruction. He'll return to this earth four hours from now.

(beat)

Unless Danyael's there to stop him.

MAGGIE

I don't... I don't understand...

Jones slides two fingers over her lips.

JONES

Shhh.

He puts his lips to her ear. Soft. Sensual.

JONES

We have always communicated with your kind through voices. Voices that make saints weep and zealots kill. But we don't always carry the word of God in our voices. Such is the case with Danyael. He's being guided by angels who want to see your kind destroyed. Angels who hate you for despoiling Paradise.

MAGGIE

Danyael would never listen to them.

JONES

Whatever was human in Danyael Rosales died before he rose from that morgue. He's no longer your Danyael. You know it. You felt it. Didn't you?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (3)

Maggie's struggling not to believe. But failing.

MAGGIE
Why should I believe you?!

JONES
Because you have to.

Jones hands her back the gun. Turning his back to her, he starts walking down the hill toward the car.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY 82

Bent to the wind, Danyael hurtles down a lonely stretch of sweltering two-lane blacktop.

AHEAD:

83 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY 83

A "LAST CHANCE"- TYPE GAS STATION ripples into view.

CLOSER...

That FAMILIAR CONVERTIBLE CADDY with the smashed windshield is pulled over alongside the service garage.

GABRIEL

is bent over the radiator, fiddling with a hopeless tangle of hoses and wires.

Danyael's SHADOW falls across him.

GABRIEL
You're in my light.

Danyael SLAMS the hood down, nearly decapitating Gabriel.

DANYAEL
I know you...
(dawning)
I've known you all my life.

Gabriel stands up, turns to face Danyael. Some of that cold menace comes seeping back.

His eyes burn into Danyael's.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

GABRIEL

Little boy, running from the smoldering
husk of his dead mother. What is he
thinking?

84 EXT. TREACHEROUS ALLEY - NIGHT

84

FLASH TO THE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD DANYAEL

fleeing down a darkened alley.

GABRIEL (V.O.)

Is he thinking about his destiny?

CLOSE ON BOY

chest heaving, eyes wild with terror...

GABRIEL (V.O.)

Does he even think he'll live to see
tomorrow?

WIDE - THE ALLEY

As before, the little boy cuts around a corner, slams into
the waiting Gabriel...

GABRIEL (V.O.)

So many who want to kill him. And yet
somehow he survives. Does he ever stop
to ask why?

Gabriel scoops the boy into his arms.

FURTHER UP THE ALLEY

A cluster of SHADOWED FIGURES approach, lit by the burning
wicks of their Molotov Cocktails.

Gabriel turns and spirits the boy into a narrow,
intersecting alley...

GABRIEL (V.O.)

Does he ever stop to think that he's here
for a greater purpose? Does he ever
wonder what that purpose is?

BACK TO PRESENT-DAY GABRIEL:

85 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

85

standing before the adult Danyael.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

I do. Every single day of my wretched existence.

He steps closer to Danyael.

GABRIEL

Before you were even born, I tried to rip you from your mother's womb. But I failed. The Sword of God, slayer of legions, could not still this one tiny mortal heart. Why?

Gabriel looks around, gives an expansive, world-weary sigh.

GABRIEL

It's not the being here that plagues me. I've endured so much worse. It's that question. Why? Why you? What could you possibly mean to our Father?

DANYAEL

Nothing.

GABRIEL

I think the facts say different.

He steps away from the car. Approaches Danyael.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

You're the Word. Whatever it is you're destined to commit upon this earth-- it's what He wants. It's His will.

(closer)

No angel, however powerful, can be anything but the messenger, Danyael.

(closer)

You're the message.

(closer)

And for the first time in ten thousand years, I'm going to finally know what that message is.

Danyael turns slowly and steps up to his bike.

Saying nothing, he kick-starts the bike and launches back out onto the open road.

Gabriel follows him with his eyes.

CUT TO:

86 INT./EXT. - BRONCO - DRIVING - DAY

86

Maggie's back behind the wheel, Jones at her side.

MAGGIE

I did my time in Sunday school. If this
Pyriel is like the Second Coming or
something, how come I didn't know about
him?

JONES

Maybe you just picked the wrong religion.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. DESERT ROAD - HUALAPAI NATION SIGN - LATE AFTERNOON

87

Sign reads:

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE HUALAPAI NATION

Access by Approval of Tribal Commission Only

Danyael BLOWS PAST on the Harley, shaking the sign in his
slipstream.

88 EXT. HUALAPAI RESERVATION GATE - LATE AFTERNOON

88

Road ends at a STEEL GATE spanning two steep embankments.

Danyael guns it, banks up and around the gate and rockets
off across a perilous moonscape.

89 EXT. HUALAPAI RESERVATION - SANDSTONE ARCH - LATE AFTERNOON

89

NEW ANGLE

Danyael passes through a vaulted sandstone arch into...

90 EXT. HUALAPAI RESERVATION - PETROGLYPHS - LATE AFTERNOON

90

A CANYON

where he fishtails to a stop, transfixed by the sight of

PETROGLYPHS

spread wide across both cliff faces. Nowhere have we seen
such an immensity of primal expression. Or such dimly
comprehensible beauty.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSER

Even to the untrained eye, certain of the pictorial sequences carry a chilling message.

SEGMENT #1

A HUMAN FIGURE rises, as if from death.

SEGMENT #2

The figure approaches a LARGER FIGURE surrounded by an abstraction of FIRE.

SEGMENT #3

Both figures are now engulfed in that same symbolic fire.

SEGMENT #4

A primitive rendering of that STARBURST MOTIF. Both figures become far more elaborate in design and detail as they become joined by clashing patterns of lines and symbols suggesting some kind of celestial conflict.

Danyael pushes on. Whatever he's searching for, it's not here.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON 91

Gabriel's Caddy WHIPS THROUGH FRAME at a cool 100 m.p.h.

92 INT. CADILAC - LATE AFTERNOON 92

Gabriel cruises low in the seat, one hand draped across the wheel, chewing on a toothpick and blasting some Hank Williams knockoff.

A LITTLE HUGGING MONKEY

clings to the rearview mirror, just above the dangling pine air freshener.

SOMETHING ALONG THE ROAD

catches his eye. He STOMPS the BRAKES--

93 EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - LATE AFTERNOON 93

WIDE: The caddy SQUEALS TO A STOP.

CUT TO:

94 INT. BRONCO - LATE AFTERNOON 94

Maggie's got the Bronco throttled up so far it's shuddering like a washing machine.

MAGGIE

How much time?

Jones says nothing. Just stares straight ahead. Thinking.

95 EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - LATE AFTERNOON 95

BRONCO WHIPS PAST...

A SOLITARY ROADSIDE DINER

framed in a shimmering plume of dust. And parked out front, a very-familiar Cadillac.

96 INT. ROADSIDE DINER - LATE AFTERNOON 96

Sitting at the counter of this somehow-familiar little pit stop off old Route 66...

...is Gabriel.

A dour blonde WAITRESS ("MADGE" from Prophecy I) stops in front of Gabriel, regards him suspiciously. Like she's seen this guy before... or has she?

But this time around, he seems-- different.

GABRIEL

Say, Ma'am, I wonder if you could tell me how to get to Gila Flats.

MADGE

It's on the Hualapai reservation.

GABRIEL

Don't suppose you could be just a tad more specific... Madge.

She almost seizes up. It is him.

(CONTINUED)

MADGE

Where's your friend?

GABRIEL

Rachel? She wasn't in the best of health, I'm afraid.

MADGE

(darkens)

What do you want?

GABRIEL

For starters?

He leans over the counter, eyeball to eyeball with the unnerved waitress.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

I'd like some fresh brewed coffee with Sweet'n Low and non-dairy creamer, small grapefruit juice, three eggs over medium, yolks firm not hard, bacon crisp, hashbrowns, dry wheat toast, butter on the side and some of your best seedless blackberry jam.

(beat)

Gonna be a long day.

Madge just stares numbly back at him.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

Dates with destiny usually are.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUALAPAI RESERVATION GATE - DUSK

Clot of POLICE ACTIVITY marks an otherwise empty desert landscape. PATROL CARS and CIRCLING HELICOPTERS concentrate around

THREE HUALAPAI TRIBESMEN ON HORSEBACK

who are keeping the entire law-enforcement presence in a state of edgy suspension.

MAGGIE AND JONES drive up to the scene. OFFICER leans in Jones window.

OFFICER

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

Jones holds up his palm like a badge. Officer nods respectfully.

JONES
What's the problem?

OFFICER
Suspect crossed onto the Hualapai reservation, sir. They've refused access.

MAGGIE
Can they do that?

OFFICER
They're citing tribal autonomy.

We're waiting on a judgment call.

Jones and Maggie exchange glances.

JONES
(to officer)
Don't worry. If there's any heat from the top, I'll take it.

Jones nods to Maggie, who jerks the wheel, hits the gas and launches the Bronco off road and out across the rugged Hualapai badlands.

Hualapai elders look up from their mounts. This is not good.

98 INT. BRONCO - RESERVATION ROAD - DUSK

98

Maggie and Jones bounce like jackhammers over the uneven terrain.

MAGGIE
Remember, we're here to stop him. That's all. Nobody gets hurt.

Jones makes no effort to respond. Instead, he simply points.

JONES
Turn.

MAGGIE
I suppose you caught his scent.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

JONES
Something like that.

99 EXT. RESERVATION - OFFROAD - DUSK

99

Maggie veers the Bronco into what would be a pristine stretch of desert, were it not for that one STRIPE cutting straight through it: Motorcycle tracks.

Maggie steps on it.

Bronco charges up a ridge, chasing the tracks.

100 INT./EXT. BRONCO - RESERVATION - OFFROAD - DUSK

100

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, nothing but sky as we crest the ridge and plunge DOWNWARD, REVEALING:

DANYAEL, a few hundred yards downslope, arched forward on his bike like an arrow.

101 INT. BRONCO - RESERVATION - OFFROAD - DUSK

101

MAGGIE
OK... Now what?

JONES
Go faster.

They begin to close the distance.

MAGGIE
What's that?

Jones turns to Maggie. She's staring past him. He follows her gaze.

102 EXT. RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK

102

A SANDSTORM

is building on the horizon, just preceding a GATHERING OF THUNDERCLOUDS. The tidal wave of BILLOWING GRAY DUST rolls straight at them, a mile a minute.

103 INT. BRONCO - RESERVATION - OFFROAD - DUSK

103

JONES
Keep on him. We'll be OK.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

Maggie glances back at that sandstorm. It's coming fast.

JONES

Ignore it.

104 EXT. RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK

104

She floors it, closes the gap on Danyael.

Danyael keeps a steady rein, not even glancing at his rearviews in which the Bronco's reflection grows by the second.

The sandstorm BROADSIDES them in SWIRLING DARKNESS.

105 INT. BRONCO - RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK

105

Blinded, Maggie panics, lifting her foot off the gas. But before she can go for the brakes, Jones stamps his own foot down on hers, hitting the gas again.

JONES

Don't let up.

Maggie nods. Bears down on the accelerator, even though all she can see out every window are roiling clouds of sand.

106 EXT. RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK

106

THE MOTORCYCLE

becomes barely visible through the murk. They haven't lost any ground.

107 INT. BRONCO - RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK

107

JONES

Turn left.

Maggie starts to turn.

JONES

HARD LEFT.

She SPINS the WHEEL and sees--

--A HUGE ROCK FORMATION slice past on the right.

AHEAD

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

108 EXT. RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK 108

Danyael's shape DISAPPEARS into the churning swirl.

109 INT. BRONCO - RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK 109

MAGGIE
I don't see him.

110 EXT. RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK 110

Danyael's shape suddenly reappears-- but it's not moving!

Maggie SCREAMS as the Bronco RAMS into him and he FLIES UP
ONTO THE WINDSHIELD!

Only it's not Danyael. It's a cactus.

Bronco CAREENS WILDLY...

111 INT. BRONCO - RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK 111

JONES
Watch out.

Cactus slides off and Maggie regains her composure.

JONES
Can we go any faster?

She grits her teeth and pins the accelerator.

112 EXT. RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK 112

The real Danyael reappears up ahead, just in time to watch
him dart between TWO LARGE BOULDERS.

113 INT. BRONCO - RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK 113

Maggie braces herself for the impact.

MAGGIE
Ahhhhh---

114 EXT. RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK 114

Bronco threads the needle so tight both sideview mirrors
SHEER OFF. But they're through.

115 INT. BRONCO - RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK 115

MAGGIE

--JESUS!

116 EXT. RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK 116

WIDE

They're back on Danyael's heels, only a few feet behind.

ON DANYAEL

Pounded by blistering gusts of sand, Danyael squints into
his side mirror, then glances over his shoulder...

...making brief eye contact with Maggie.

117 INT./EXT. BRONCO - LATE AFTERNOON 117

MAGGIE

I don't like this...

JONES

Faster.

MAGGIE

We'll run him over!

JONES

Exactly.

She glances over at Jones, stricken. Let's off on the gas.

MAGGIE

I can't do that!

JONES

You know what's at stake.

MAGGIE

I can't! Nobody was supposed to get
hurt! That wasn't the deal!

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

JONES

How did you think we were going to stop
him, Magdalena? With a prayer?

MAGGIE

I don't know-- but not like this!

118 EXT. RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK 118

Danyael begins to recede into the distance.

119 INT. BRONCO - RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK 119

Jones' voice remains low and steady. But there is no
mistaking the do-or-die urgency.

JONES

He's almost to his destination. We have
to kill him.

(beat)

We have no choice.

A new attitude wells up in Maggie. Defiance.

MAGGIE

I do.

120 EXT. RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK 120

Danyael's bike recedes further.

121 INT. BRONCO - RESERVATION - SANDSTORM - DUSK 121

JONES

I'm warning you.

122 EXT. RESERVATION - END OF SANDSTORM - DUSK 122

Danyael's bike missiles up a shallow rise that ends in what
seems like some kind of natural boundary, beyond which the
dust storm does not penetrate.

123 INT. BRONCO - RESERVATION - END OF SANDSTORM - DUSK 123

MAGGIE

Whoever you are, whatever you are... I'm
not afraid.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

JONES
You should be.

On that, he reaches out and JERKS THE WHEEL hard to one side.

124 EXT. RESERVATION - END OF SANDSTORM - BRONCO CRASH - DUSK 124
THE BRONCO

plows into a CLUSTER OF ROCKS. It GOES AIRBORNE, pinwheels a couple times before spearing the ground roof-first.

This is not the kind of wreck you walk away from...

...unless you're an angel. Jones emerges from the passenger side as

125 EXT. RESERVATION - CREST OF RISE - DUSK 125
DANYAEL

skids to a stop at the crest of the rise. Turns to see

126 EXT. RESERVATION - BRONCO CRASH - DUSK 126
JONES

stepping clear of the wreckage. He taunts Danyael from a hundred yards downslope.

JONES
She's still in there, Danyael. Dying I suspect.
(shrugs)
Not that it really matters...

127 EXT. RESERVATION - BRONCO CRASH/CREST OF RISE - DUSK 127
JONES AND DANYAEL

regard each other from opposite sides of this desolate vista.

THUNDERHEADS are now darkening the sky above them. A DISTANT TYMPANIC ROLL from the imminent storm is heard.

And Danyael's gripped by an impossible choice. Maggie or Pyriel?

(CONTINUED)

It's his defining moment. His two selves, the human and angelic, pitched in stark opposition.

Even if Danyael forsakes his mission and goes back to Maggie, he's got to go through Jones first. Which is exactly how Jones wants it.

SNICK. The angel-killing spike lances from his sleeve.

Danyael climbs off the bike. He kicks the exhaust pipe, snapping it off at the base.

Lifts it up and approaches Jones...

Is that a smile on Jones' face?

SNICK SNICK-- The angel-killer DOUBLES, TRIPLES in length.

Danyael stops just beyond the length of the angel-killer's reach. Lowers his arms.

Forcing Jones to make the first move.

Jones moves through a series of escalating attack-thrusts which Danyael parries with the short length of pipe.

Several times Jones backs Danyael into inescapable corners, only to graze Danyael and bury the spike in shattered sandstone.

The two square off again, bloody and rubber-legged.

Fueled more by rage than sense, Jones makes a final wild lunge. His momentum carries him right onto the tip of the pipe which Danyael jams deep into his heart.

Shock washes across Jones' face. Angel killer slips from his fingers, clatters uselessly to the ground.

Every ounce of Danyael's repressed vengeance boils to the surface. Double-fisting the pipe, he jerks it back out of Jones' chest and goes to work on his head.

This has no strategic value whatsoever. It just feels good. He winds back and swings--

WHUMP-- Jones' head pitches left with a soft, squidgy sound.

WHUMP-- Head pitches right...

A slow, bloody, crooked smile stretches across Jones' battered face.

(CONTINUED)

JONES

So this must be what it feels like to be human.

DANYAEL

Not quite.

WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP

By the time Jones finally crumples in a lifeless heap at Danyael's feet, you almost feel sorry for the guy.

Danyael turns to the wrecked Bronco. Calls out.

. DANYAEL

MAGGIE--!!

No response.

He bolts around to the driver's side window. Leans in.

128 INT. BRONCO - RESERVATION - CRASH SIGHT - DUSK

128

MAGGIE

lies twisted under the inverted dash, head bent sideways toward Danyael like a broken bird.

Eyes roll up, struggle to focus.

The sky above is completely dark with the storm clouds now and a cool wind is picking up.

MAGGIE

Danyael...

DANYAEL

I'm here.

MAGGIE

Look...

(coughs)

be...

DANYAEL

What?

MAGGIE

...hind...

129 EXT. RESERVATION - BRONCO CRASH - DUSK 129

DANYAEL'S CHEST SUDDENLY ERUPTS

as the tip of Jones' angel-killer juts out just above his heart.

SNICK-- The tip BLOSSOMS OUTWARD, like razor-tipped umbrella tines.

Jones stands swaying half-dead behind Danyael, held up by little more than bloodlust and pure angelic spite.

It's now clear that he need only yank that forged-iron bloom backwards through the chest and he'll rip Danyael's heart out with it.

He pulls back on the spike and--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Shots come out of nowhere hitting Jones in the stomach, the arm, the chest. Jones looks in utter confusion down to see:

130 INT. BRONCO - RESERVATION - CRASH SIGHT - DUSK 130

MAGGIE POINTING HER GUN RIGHT AT HIM at the moment her feeble hand squeezes one more off and--

131 EXT. RESERVATION - BRONCO CRASH - DUSK 131

--KA-BOOM! Jones takes the last bullet right in the head.

Galvanized, Danyael back-kicks Jones and spins around, still run-through by that spike.

Leveling Jones with his glare, Danyael slowly, agonizingly, pulls the spike clear through his chest like a spear, sliding it out by the narrow end.

JONES

No...

Danyael swings the spike around, and impales the defenseless Jones. In one clean move, he hauls back and jerks the heart out.

Then sets it back in Jones' trembling hand.

DANYAEL

This is what it feels like to be human.

(CONTINUED)

Jones stares bleakly at that heart, still twitching in his open palm.

His eyes go black and he dies.

A THUNDERCLAP PUNCTUATES THE MOMENT.

Danyael throws down the angel-killer and hobbles back to the car wreck, bent and bleeding.

GABRIEL IS THERE

perched over Maggie, who's been pulled clear of the wreckage.

DANYAEL
Bring her back.

GABRIEL
I can't.

Danyael grabs Gabriel by the shoulders, SLAMS him against the car.

DANYAEL
BRING HER BACK!!

GABRIEL
What are you so afraid of?

DANYAEL
Nothing.

GABRIEL
Then why are you so desperate to bring her back?

The question lingers in the charged air as Gabriel wraps his fist around Danyael's collar and drags Danyael's face down to meet his.

GABRIEL
Because you know what Heaven will be like for her if you don't finish what you started.

Danyael brushes Gabriel aside and kneels down beside Maggie.

He strokes her limp hair. Leans in and gently kisses her across her closed eyes and slightly parted lips... then whispers in her ear.

We don't hear what it is. We don't need to.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

131

He stands, turns back once more to Gabriel. Then presses on toward the crest of the dividing ridge.

132 EXT. SALT PLAIN - UNDER STORMCLOUDS

132

Beyond the ridge, the desert falls away into a VAST, DRIED INLAND SEA. An immense, solitary flatness, broken only by mountains fifty miles distant.

Those familiar with "Prophecy I" will recognize this place.

This is where it all began.

Danyael moves unsteadily down the shallow grade. From the way he stumbles and shakily recovers, we know he's in bad shape.

ANOTHER CLAP OF THUNDER AS WE

CUT TO:

133 INT./EXT. CARWRECK - UNDER STORMCLOUDS

133

Gabriel dips down and regards Maggie.

Slight spasms ripple across her body, still fighting the final release of death. Breath comes in shallow gasps.

But Gabriel is nothing if not patient. He simply watches over her.

Maggie opens her eyes, fights to speak, blood pinking the corners of her mouth.

MAGGIE
(barely a whisper)
Are you...

Framed by ominous black swirling thunderclouds, Gabriel is backlit by the dying sunlight, forming a corona around his head.

MAGGIE
...an angel?

GABRIEL
No.

MAGGIE
I'm scared. I don't want to die.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

GABRIEL

I know.

She cries out weakly.

MAGGIE

It hurts.

Gabriel just watches her, quietly, solemnly.

MAGGIE

Who are you?

GABRIEL

Gabriel.

MAGGIE

Hold my hand, Gabriel...

He recoils slightly.

MAGGIE

Please...

Fighting whatever deep-seated revulsion he may have, Gabriel actually reaches down and takes her hand in his.

Waves of pain and nausea sweep over Maggie. She squeezes his hand. Gabriel squeezes back.

MAGGIE

Oh God, I'm so afraid...

Something we've never seen in Gabriel's eyes before-- compassion. Human compassion. He seems to be willing her back to life...

But failing.

She trembles. Clenches his hand.

Gabriel leans forward and kisses her softly across the cheek. Then whispers:

GABRIEL

Don't... be... afraid...

MAGGIE

Where... is... Danyael...?

GABRIEL

Fighting for you.

(CONTINUED)

Her hand relaxes. An inner calm spreads across her face as her breathing softly ceases.

CUT TO:

134 EXT. SALT PLAIN - NIGHT

134

Danyael stops at a series of delicate indentations in the cracked earth.

GUST OF WIND blows the top layer of dust away to reveal

THE PETRIFIED BONES OF A FALLEN ANGEL

Same skeleton we saw Simon standing over in "Prophecy I" we have now come full circle.

AERIAL

Starting close on Danyael, we begin to RISE UP, expanding our view of Danyael and the ground surrounding him.

An odd assortment of shallow FISSURES seems to radiate outward from the petrified angel skeleton.

HIGHER

What at ground level would appear like random erosion cracks, from this height begins to assume a DISTINCT PATTERN.

HIGHER STILL

Like the immense symbols etched onto the plains of Nazca, Peru, this dazzling pictograph stretches for miles in every direction.

It's the symbol of Pyriel.

A symbol that forges itself in FIRE that suddenly SURGES upward from the ruptured earth.

GROUND LEVEL

The wall of fire disappears and there stands

PYRIEL

Swathed in billowing bands of gossamer white linen, the trailing edges of his robe burn comet-like as he moves toward Danyael.

(CONTINUED)

The confrontation plays out under the flashes of lightning in an electrical storm which now begins in earnest.

Pyriel stops at arm's length from Danyael, dust and flame billowing up from his feet, obscuring the full measure of his form.

Still, the eyes cut through, cold, reptilian.

Long, membranous WINGS slowly unfurl, glowing translucent, reaching impossibly wide.

Still weak from blood loss and exhaustion, all Danyael can do is fight to stay upright as

A VOICE seethes from the hooded form. Low and deadly.

PYRIEL

There is no such thing as destiny. You
above all should know that.

Danyael blinks thickly. He's fading fast.

DANYAEL

Then what am I doing here?

PYRIEL

The one thing your kind excels at...

Fire burns away the last of the cloak, revealing a pair of massive arms ending at dagger-clenched fists.

PYRIEL (cont'd)

Dying.

Pyriel then swoops down on Danyael, clenched claws flying and-

SNICK-- out comes Jones' "angel-killer" hidden inside Danyael's sleeve. He raises it up and Pyriel bats it aside, lunging at Danyael's chest with his other hand, which Danyael kicks away. The final fight has begun.

Using primarily the angel-killer, Danyael blocks a furious series of Pyriel's punches with blinding agility. Each blow RINGS METALLIC, as if Pyriel's hands are made of some high-grade alloy as well.

Danyael is barely holding his own.

But he's fading fast and it isn't long before Pyriel finds an opening, hitting Danyael square in the chest.

(CONTINUED)

Seizing this moment, the angel begins thrashing at Danyael's face and body, pounding the young man into the ground.

He lets Danyael lay there bleeding for a moment before--
-grabbing him by the throat and hoisting him up, so that they are face to face.

PYRIEL

I am the fire which cannot die...

With the last of his strength Danyael thrusts the angel-killer up into Pyriel's chest and tries to pull his heart out... but can't.

Pyriel rears back and...

... hurls Danyael across fifty feet of desert. Danyael tumbles to the ground and barely has enough strength to look back at Pyriel, angel-killer protruding from his chest. A LOW RUMBLE OF THUNDER BUILDS TO CRESCENDO...

PYRIEL (cont'd)

... I... BURN... FOREVER.

... and the heavens unleash A LIGHTNING BOLT which connects with the iron angel-killer like a lightning rod-- jolting Pyriel upwards. He hangs for a split second quivering in the throes of electrocution, glowing pure white.

The lightning finally passes through him and Pyriel drops to his knees, weakened and burned.

Danyael rises and limps back toward the kneeling Pyriel, grabs onto the iron spike protruding from his chest and stares calmly into the creature's desperate eyes...

He YANKS the angel killer from Pyriel's chest, pulling his black, smoldering heart out with it.

Pyriel BELLOWS like a god betrayed.

One last bolt of lightning SLASHES the HEAVENS as the electrical storm ends. Clouds begin to part letting shafts of setting sunlight in.

And Pyriel sinks into the earth, his body scattering in a million dying embers.

Danyael just stands there staring, a destiny finally fulfilled.

CUT TO:

135 EXT. CARWRECK - NIGHT

135

Gabriel looks up to see Danyael approaching.

THEIR EYES LOCK.

We now see the ANGELIC MARK on Gabriel's neck is FULLY RESTORED.

Gabriel subtly brightens, like he's become the source of his own inner luminosity.

GABRIEL

It's not a blind universe, Danyael. It never was.

Get used to it.

Danyael gives him a slight smile of acknowledgment.

Gabriel brightens further. The vaguest outline of wings fills the glowing corona.

He kisses his two fingers... and is gone.

The first-loved has returned home.

DANYAEL

kneels down and cradles Maggie's body in his arms. He buries his face in her neck, breathes her in. Then, with monumental effort, he lifts her up and begins carrying her out across the endless expanse of desert.

FADE OUT:

THE END