

# **LEGION**

Written

by

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## PROLOGUE

**FADE IN:**

**OUR POINT OF VIEW OPENS ON A MURAL**

Colorful, faded, looks a thousand years old, but done by a post-modern artist. As we MOVE across the mural, images come to life, animate and play out the action over a YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE. This is CLAIRE and we'll meet her soon enough.

We focus on the drawing of a SINGLE EYE. It slowly blinks.

CLAIRE

It used to be said that if God didn't exist... mankind would need to invent him. In the end, we didn't need to do anything. He was real. And twenty five years ago he disappeared.

The EYE BLINKS again and stays closed, becoming a single line that dissipates like dust being blown away by a strong wind.

CLAIRE

No one knows when HE lost faith in us, or why, but looking back at that time it's not hard to see the many possible reasons.

We then see what looks like the Roman God of War, GABRIEL the Archangel, swoop down fiery, angry, deadly. The Archangel MICHAEL, beautiful, heroic, epic meets him in battle.

CLAIRE

In HIS absence, a civil war broke out amongst his angels over the fate of mankind, driven by those of them who despised Man and felt that he had been unjustly elevated above them.

We focus on each ARCHANGEL as they BATTLE...

CLAIRE

Gabriel, the Archangel of death, led this war. Michael, the greatest of all Archangels, fought him. These warring angels brought their fight to earth in a great cataclysm.

EARTH, blue and green, burns... swirling around it are frightening ANGELIC WRAITHS that look like the Ark Ghosts from RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK.

CLAIRE

Sides were drawn, the entire lower rank of angels joining Gabriel. Unlike Archangels, Gabriel's lower angels, "the Dogs of Heaven," were lesser spirits without a physical form. They could not visit earth without a body so the angels' first line of attack was to steal ours... they seized control of our bodies, killing us from within, turning brother against brother, husband against wife, mother against son.

The mural artwork continues to come to life, showing images of human beings being possessed and transformed: mouths full of jagged teeth, distended limbs, hands with razor sharp talons and jet black eyes. Rampaging and killing.

CLAIRE

Most of humanity were either killed or possessed in the first weeks of the "Extermination War", while the remaining few had the strength of spirit to fight off possession. These survivors mobilized, pulling back into fortified cities, and fought the angels to a standstill across what is now called the Rysen Line, after the great General who led the battle. My father.

A LINE runs across a map of the US, specifically the western states. The rest of the map shrivels and forms into an ANGELIC BABY, a perfect Cherub...

CLAIRE

Then came whispers of a chosen child who would grow up to lead mankind out of darkness and war. His legend quickly spread, giving humanity hope, a reason to fight back... and the angels hated it. They sought to find and destroy this "chosen" baby, strengthening our resolve even more. It is said that Michael acted alone, saved the child, and took the baby into hiding.

The Archangel Michael swoops down and takes the baby away...

CLAIRE

Ten years ago, the war as we knew it, ended. For a time, small bands of angels continued to attack our city, but their numbers dwindled until they disappeared altogether. Gabriel has not been seen since.

The Archangel Gabriel and his possessed recede, pull back and change into swirling black ink...

CLAIRE

Since then, we have rebuilt our lives, moved on with as much normalcy as possible in a world torn apart by the realization that God is real, and not only were we not alone, but his angels were our most hated enemies.

(beat)

And we continue to hope, to believe, that THE CHOSEN ONE, the baby hunted by the angels, our Savior... ..will someday reveal himself to us.

## ACT ONE

### INT. CASINO FLOOR - DARK

A darkened casino, gamers long gone. Wires dangle, tables overturned, the place destroyed. A tomb. A FLASHLIGHT BEAM sweeps through the wreckage. A MAN steps through the debris, followed by his sharp eyed Jack Russell, ELI.

The man wears a blue uniform, a CROWN OF LAUREL LEAVES emblazoned on one arm, below it a small set of WHITE WINGS. He's heavily armed, a shotgun on his back, and strangely, incongruous with the period, a short sword strapped to his upper thigh.

This is ALEX LANNEN (25), handsome rebel, a Cool Hand Luke among the ruins. Alex has a mischievous glint to his eyes, but underneath a hard earned seriousness, as if his lot has always been a conflict between dealing with what life has given him versus doing what he wants.

Alex moves cautiously, a pack slung over his back, a man on a mission. He enters the ruined showroom floor of a Range Rover dealership, the cars all gone.

Alex walks to the back and pushes aside a giant tarp; a RANGE ROVER is parked in an office, blocked from view, a hidden secret. His secret.

This is something Alex doesn't want anyone to know about and we see why when he opens the back gate. It's filled with SUPPLIES: weapons, extra gas, food, stacks of batteries, clothes. He's planning on going somewhere.

Alex takes more supplies from his pack, loads them into the truck. He contemplates his stash. The dog whines.

ALEX

Soon, Eli. Very soon.

**INT. CASINO FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Alex heads back through the casino toward the open exit doors when he freezes, sensing something. A presence behind him...

He slowly turns to see the fading light from the doors illuminating a poker table, and four ragged PLAYERS playing, a motley CREW: a MAN dressed in a soldier's green army uniform, a STRIPPER, heavy face make-up cracked and dry as if it had been applied years before, a CHILD in pajamas, and a muumuu wearing FAT MOMMA playing dealer.

Alex backs away, steps on a discarded WOODY DOLL: *I've got a snake in my...*

The PLAYERS turn, revealing distorted mouths, grotesque, disfigured with sharp rotting teeth, their eyes BLACK. Fat Momma grins.

FAT MOMMA

We have an open seat if you want to join usssss.

Without hesitating, Alex opens fire, catching the Stripper in the head. Alex bolts for the doors. And something shocking happens... the Soldier unfurls WINGS and leaps after Alex, inhumanly fast, while Momma flips up to the ceiling and scurries after him.

Most chilling, the Child's legs bend backwards, distort, snap, mimicking a grasshopper. She bounds twenty feet clearing the machines separating them.

**EXT. VEGAS STRIP - SUNDOWN**

Alex reaches the OUTSIDE, just ahead of them, and we realize we're at the far end of the VEGAS strip, at least what's left of it. This is the decrepit, ghost town version of its former glory, a war waged here.

Alex jumps into a MILITARY HUMMER and tears out... just as the poker players reach the street. Alex guns it for them and WHAM! - clips Momma spinning her to the ground.

The Soldier takes flight, as the Child moves like a bullet, leaping up, bounding from building to building.

Wounded but not dead, MOMMA SLOWLY RISES TO HER FEET, staring after the fleeing vehicle.

From HIGH ABOVE, Alex races among the ruins. And we see what Vegas looks like now...

The strip, containing Caesar's Palace, Mandalay, MGM Grand and the Wynn has been converted into a fortress, the iconic casino hotels now apartments housing tens of thousands of people. Fifty-foot walls surround the area like a castle.

It's lit up, a beacon, the surrounding landscape dark as the sun goes down.

**INT. HUMMER - SUNDOWN**

Alex pushes the Hummer hard as the Child leaps off a building and lands on the roof. Her arms snap-backwards, growing longer, talons protruding from each finger as she grabs for Alex.

Eli bites one of her arms, is about to be yanked out, but ALEX, risking his life for his dog, pulls ELI back, and fires into the angel's face. BLAM! Blowing her off the Hummer.

Alex grabs a radio receiver, as they fast approach the wall.

ALEX  
(into radio)  
A. Lannen! Passcode two-two-seven-one!

**INT. VEGA CONTROL ROOM - SAME**

A high tech control room built into the WALLS OF VEGA, large blast windows and plasma monitors show numerous views of the land around the city.

Two grizzled SOLDIERS in TAN uniforms watch the race below.

ALEX (ON RADIO)  
I repeat! Passcode two-two-seven-one! Open the damned gates!

SOLDIER ONE  
Isn't that one of ours?

The other soldier checks a DISPLAY, nods. A green DOT is illuminated in the driver's seat of the Hummer.

Script over dot reads: A. LANNEN, HOUSE RYSEN, v-2.

**INT. HUMMER - SUNDOWN**

The fiendish Soldier dives, latching onto the Hummer. His jaw drops open, unleashing a LONG SERRATED TONGUE. Alex fires at him, but the tongue slices his ARM and he drops his weapon.

He's so busy fighting the Soldier, Alex doesn't see the wall coming. Closer, closer... they're going to hit it.

Last second, Eli's BARK makes him glance up. He brakes HARD. The Soldier comes loose, swooping up. He is about to dive back down at Alex, as a GUN, high up on the wall, the kind they use on battleships to take out missiles, swings around and targets him. RAT TA TAT TAT!

The angel's emulsified, midair, splattering into a thousand chunks. Slowly, the doors to the fortress of VEGA open and Alex drives inside.

**INT. VEGA - GATE - NIGHT**

The interior gate is heavily fortified, the main doors two feet thick and right now swarming with more than uniformed soldiers. Alex is yanked from the Hummer and handcuffed as Eli growls.

Alex's adrenaline pumps and he fights back, doesn't like being manhandled, but they subdue him and force him through what looks like a high tech version of a TSA body scanner. Then a temperature gauge is placed against the NAPE of his neck, a reader light glows GREEN. He's clear.

An OFFICER (30's) marches up, looking at a handheld IPAD-like device that has all of Alex's information displayed.

OFFICER

Lannen! What the hell were you doing outside the city without authorization?

ALEX

They were having a two for one buffet at the Flamingo.  
(nods to Eli)  
We just couldn't miss it.

A couple of the soldiers grin. The Officer remains rigid.

ALEX

Who cares what I was doing! You  
saw the Eight-ball...

*Note: Angels that have possessed a human being are called Eight-Balls as in eight-ball hemorrhages because they have jet black eyes.*

ALEX

...and it wasn't just one angel.  
There was a whole group of them.

This news moves through the soldiers like an icy wind and it shows on their faces... fear.

ALEX

We need to tell Rysen.

The Officer, shaken as well by the news, notes something on Alex's file. In the corner is the same symbol of WHITE WINGS that's on his arm.

OFFICER

No.  
(nods to another soldier)  
Take him to the Archangel. He's  
one of his men. I'll report to  
Rysen.

That isn't what Alex wanted to hear...

**INT. WYNN TOWERS - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT**

The ARCHANGEL MICHAEL (30's) stands naked at large panoramic windows overlooking Vega. Steel security shutters attach to every window, able to shield them in a moment's notice. He opens the window.

Michael is covered in scars, the product of millennia of battles. He is tall and thin, with the steely blue eyes of Robert Redford and a mile long stare. Imagine what those eyes have seen. Right now they stare down towards the main gate.

BECCA WYNN (29), yes, the granddaughter of Steve, saunters up behind him. She is sultry, beautiful and very naked as she puts her arms around his waist. Wynn is Vega's Chief of Birthing.

In the suite behind them, half a dozen other beauties relax, naked, on a Genghis Kahn size bed. Wynn smiles at him.

WYNN  
 (playfully chiding)  
 You were a naughty boy tonight.

Michael flinches at her touch, hates himself for it and hates himself more for urges he can't seem to control.

MICHAEL  
 You shouldn't indulge me.

WYNN  
 It's my job to engage any and all  
 fantasies. As your lover it's my  
 pleasure.  
 (hugs him)  
 As long as I get you after...

He turns to her, gently touches her face, tracing the curves of her beauty with his finger.

MICHAEL  
 This has to stop.

Wynn smiles, has heard that before, but underneath, she fears the day he may mean it, for Wynn's in love with the Archangel.

With that Michael turns and is gone out the window, plummeting into the darkness.

**INT/EXT. HUMMER - DRIVING - NIGHT**

Alex and Eli sit in back of a military HUMMER. As they are driven down the strip we get to see VEGA as ALEX sees it...

Vega is much as we know it now: spotlessly maintained, bustling, energetic, vibrant and most of the iconic symbols we know and love are there, but ALL uniquely changed and modified for permanent housing and to defend against the constant threat of angel attacks.

It is more densely built-up than Hong Kong, but better organized. There are modern factories, open-air markets, and intense human productivity.

Giant VIDEO SCREENS announce a citywide EVENT -- the VEGA JUBILEE, an annual celebration of humanity coming back from the brink of extinction to fight against the angels.

At various checkpoints, there are more high tech TSA body scanners, manned by soldiers in BLACK UNIFORMS. Life in Vega relies on absolute vigilance and rule of law, but there are those that disagree...

As we pass an alley, a rebellious looking TEENAGER is pinned to the ground by soldiers, caught tagging "*Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not*" on a wall. His compatriots flee down the other end of the alley from pursuing soldiers.

Then Alex' Hummer has to slow, the DRIVER curses under his breath, as a large crowd crosses the street, drunk, partying, a sight worthy of old Vegas, revelers carousing.

DRIVER

This city's going to hell.

In stark contrast to the people below, the high walls are armed with heavy artillery and modern missiles, the Statue of Liberty a watchtower, the city no longer focused on gambling, the lights judiciously used to light and not entice.

A fortified nondescript building stands in the center of town, heavily guarded. Forty-story AGRI-TOWERS, each level a different crop, abundantly grow the food that easily feeds VEGA. Animals are bred and housed below ground, in artificial environments.

There are a number of murals, paintings and statues of a BABY. One mural is 100 feet tall on the side of what was BALLY'S; some are modern representations, others look like they could be Michelangelo's work. And all are different, no one baby alike.

Strange RUNE SYMBOLS, like a language, are painted below the baby and on walls all over the city.

#### **INT. CAESAR'S PALACE COMPOUND - SAME**

As we pull into the heavily fortified CAESAR'S PALACE we see that the city is broken down into fiefdoms, techno feudal, with the symbol on Alex's jacket emblazoned all over the former casino, CAESAR'S LAUREL LEAF CROWN.

Soldiers in blue uniforms guard and patrol, everyone carries the short sword we saw on Alex. More dogs everywhere.

Down the strip the MGM GRAND is the same... another fortified castle, another symbol: the GOLD LION flying on flags, its soldier's wear the black uniforms.

#### **INT. CAESAR'S PALACE COMPOUND - NIGHT**

Alex waits, hands tied behind him, in an interrogation holding area. Two imposing GUARDS with the WHITE WINGS on their arm stand by the door.

A SENIOR OFFICER (45), JOHN, also with the wings (they are all part of an elite force within Rysen's blue guard), stares at Alex, a whip on his desk. John is calm eyed, has the look of special forces.

JOHN

Exiting the city with a vehicle is a realigning offence. You're gonna get purged down to v-0, an Untouchable.

ALEX

I can live with that... better than making a home in Michael's ass to be a v-3 like you.

He's too disciplined to take the bait...

JOHN

How'd you do it? Did you reprogram one of the gates? Hack the surveillance?

(Alex isn't talking)

You've got no mulligans left Alex... Michael's going to peck your eyes out for this.

Speaking of eyes, Alex's track over John's shoulder to MICHAEL, now dressed in a long BLACK coat, two swords on his back, who has just appeared out of nowhere. He does that a lot.

Michael stares at Alex, shakes his head, disappointed. John follows Alex's stare to Michael, promptly shits his pants.

Alex can't help but smile... he never liked John. Michael says nothing, just points for John to leave. He can't get out fast enough.

MICHAEL

Leave the whip.

John hands it to Michael, nervous. Alex looks at the angel, knows what that means. There may be no love lost between these two, but there's respect. Michael snaps off Alex's bindings, showing his strength, lets him stand up.

MICHAEL

You know the rules and why they exist. Everything in Vega has a purpose. It's how this city survives. Founding law: "...for the protection and good of all... gates are inviolable..."

ALEX  
(cuts him off)  
We have a right to leave. We all  
do.

MICHAEL  
No... you don't.  
(poker faced)  
Tell me about the angels.

ALEX  
There were four, all Eight-Balls,  
but something about them was  
different. One of them could  
change her body... a child... she  
could leap like some kind of  
insect.

If this surprises Michael he doesn't show it.

MICHAEL  
Where were they?

ALEX  
A couple miles down the strip.

MICHAEL  
What were they doing?

ALEX  
Playing Texas Hold 'Em.

Off Michael's look.

ALEX  
Not kidding.

MICHAEL  
And what were you doing out there?

That Alex won't say... he just stares at Michael.

MICHAEL  
(sighs)  
You know the punishment for going  
outside the walls.

ALEX  
I'm going to be purged?

MICHAEL  
No. You're Archangel Corp, but if  
you ever do anything like this  
again, I won't spare you.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Do you understand me?

(beat)

Turn around.

Alex takes off his shirt and turns. Eyes burning. Michael cracks the whip across Alex's back, taking no joy in it.

Alex swallows the pain, hating Michael and the system that governs this place more with every lash. Michael slashes him again.

VOICE OS

That's enough.

RYSEN (65) has entered, the beloved supreme leader of Vega. He's a shell of a man, tired, and worn, seeming older than his years. He walks with a cane, in constant pain.

RYSEN

He's learned his lesson. Right boy?

Alex painfully nods.

RYSEN

Tell no one what you saw. Not a word about the Eight-Balls. To anyone. Now go report for duty.

Shooting Michael a bitter look, Alex exits.

MICHAEL

He shouldn't be outside the walls. He needs discipline.

RYSEN

The boy's been sneaking outside since he was a child, he's just never been caught. He knows Vega better than anyone, he's one of your best... and after what he did for Claire... I owe him.

Michael disagrees, but is more concerned about the attack.

MICHAEL

The Eight-Ball brazenly came right up to the gate. They're back.

RYSEN

The planet was crawling with them during the Extermination. There are bound to be stragglers left over from the wars.

Michael stares at Rysen, seeing age and time getting the better of him.

MICHAEL

Then why haven't we seen them in five years?

Rysen can't answer that...

**INT. RYSEN'S COMPOUND - NIGHT**

A blonde, green-eyed beauty, CLAIRE RYSEN (25) stands in front of a class of OLDER CHILDREN. She's a strong willed woman and the closest thing to a princess that Vega has.

And she's our narrator from the beginning. We see the MURAL from the prologue, one of those modern ceiling frescos painted to look much older; Claire refers to the mural as she speaks to her group. It's the same history lesson we heard in the prologue.

Three UNIFORMED GUARDS in BLUE UNIFORMS stand in back watching her. Claire's personal guard.

ALEX runs up late for his shift. He taps one of the GUARD'S shoulders, nods for him to go. The Guard throws him a look.

GUARD

(whispers)

You're late, Asshole.

ALEX

Sorry, got... held up.

Alex takes his place. Claire watches the exchange with interest then goes back to her class and dismisses the children.

**INT. RYSEN TOWER - NIGHT**

Claire leaves one guard at the elevator to her floor. ALEX follows her to her quarters, leaving the third guard by the door. Her security detail moves with military precision.

**INT. CLAIRE'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - RYSEN TOWER - NIGHT**

Claire enters with Alex. The large suite was once the epitome of Casino opulence and bad taste. Now only the view is the same, in a homey, very large apartment with books, chairs, a beautiful kitchen.

Alex makes a sweep of her apartment. Claire's tired, but waits patiently for him to finish. He does.

ALEX

Is there anything else you need  
tonight ma'am?

Claire grins, grabs him and pulls him into her arms. They embrace, kissing passionately, hungry. She notes a small cut on the back of his head with her fingers.

CLAIRE

What happened to your head?

ALEX

There were Eight-Balls by the  
truck.

CLAIRE

What?!

ALEX

Your father told me to keep  
quiet... so you can't say anything  
about it.

CLAIRE

They attacked you!

ALEX

(smiles)  
That's what they do. I'm fine.  
(reassuring)  
Your father wasn't worried.

She hugs him close, protective. He grimaces from the pain in his back, doesn't show it to her.

Claire

Thank the Savior you're okay.

ALEX

(pointed)  
You need to speak with your Dad.

CLAIRE

I will. Tonight. I've asked to  
see him. I'll tell him about us  
and get his permission... to marry.  
(grins)  
But you still have to do the knee  
and ring thing.

ALEX

Just so happens I have a knee and a  
ring...

Off Alex's unsure look.

CLAIRE

He'll say yes. Trust me. I know him.

She touches a SCAR along his neck.

CLAIRE

You're my shield... you took a knife for me. There's no me without you.

ALEX

We're different.

CLAIRE

You think you know him better than me?

ALEX

I know the system better than you...

He kisses her.

ALEX

The Rover is ready. We have enough supplies to easily make it to Delphi. Claire, they don't have numbers there, everyone's equal... we could start a new life... but it's got to be tomorrow night. The city will be busy with the Jubilee and you can slip out.

CLAIRE

It won't come to that. He'll say yes.

Off his look.

CLAIRE

(smiles, kisses him)

But if he doesn't... where you go, I follow.

Alex grins and turns to go to his post outside, but finds...

WILLIAM WEEL (30) standing in the doorway. William is handsome, but masks insecurity with vanity. He wears what can only be described as the clothing of a religious man.

We're not sure how long he's been there as William looks at Alex then to Claire, shrewdly weighing what his eyes are telling him. Something passes over William's face then he warmly smiles.

Alex heads for the door, but William stops him...

WILLIAM

What's your name soldier?

ALEX

Alex Lannen.

(hates saying his  
designation)

v-2. House Rysen. AA Corp.

WILLIAM

Alex Lannen... it's against our law  
for you to be alone with Claire, so  
next time make sure you're  
accompanied by another guard.

A velvet gloved slap. Humiliated, Alex nods, takes it, exits.

Claire is forced to hide her feelings behind her usual mask as William turns to her.

WILLIAM

You missed services tonight.

CLAIRE

I was teaching.

William's a charismatic politician, with easy charm.

WILLIAM

Ah, that's right. History is  
vital. But there's another subject  
even more so. Faith.

(he approaches)

It's important to remember that our  
faith must be nurtured, it must be  
kept like a promise. I'm troubled  
because so many of Vega's citizens  
have forgotten this simple truth.

(beat)

Let us pray.

Claire lowers herself to her knees, closes her eyes. William watches her a beat, then kneels beside her.

**INT. RYSEN'S BARRACK'S TOWER - 35TH FLOOR - NIGHT**

What once were guest rooms are now modern barracks, walls removed, housing thousands of soldiers. Tightly packed like the interior of a submarine, the bunks are stacked.

A number of soldiers both male and female, read, sleep and play games. Alex enters with Eli and goes to his bunk. Eli curls up, exhausted from the day.

Alex sits painfully, his back sore from the whip. Alex begins to peel off his shirt and out of the corner of his eye sees a GIRL (11), BIXBY, staring at him from the shadows like a mouse.

Bixby's "designation" is v-1, and in the slang of Vega, "Fodder," as in cannon fodder. She's an orphan, the very bottom of society. Alex is an orphan too, but as a soldier, he is a v-2, a "Grunt." Bixby works in the barracks for food and shelter.

He grins. She frowns.

BIXBY

What did you do now?

ALEX

Got on the wrong side of the Peacock, but Rysen stepped in.

Bixby comes over and helps him off with his shirt. She cleans the shallow wounds on his back as they talk. We sense their love for one another.

BIXBY

He's a kind man... but you should keep outta anything to do with the Tops. No good can come of it.

ALEX

They're no different than us just got a better number.

Alex stares at her warmly, Bixby really his only family, lowers his voice.

ALEX

You want to know a secret?

Bixby grins, leans in close, excited.

ALEX

One day... we're gonna live  
somewhere where there aren't any  
numbers, where we aren't told what  
to do, where to eat or sleep, or  
whom to marry. One day we'll be  
free.

Bixby repeats the word *free* silently...

BIXBY

Promise?

ALEX

Promise.

They do a practiced shake, a ritual. He stands, musses her hair.

ALEX

Stay close the next day or so.  
Something important's going to  
happen and whatever way it goes,  
you're coming with me...

**INT. RYSEN'S OFFICE (RYSEN COMPOUND) - NIGHT**

In an enormous room with the RYSEN SYMBOL painted on one wall, the kind of office Saddam Hussein once had, Rysen goes over paperwork.

SENATOR DAVID WEEL (48) enters. He exudes the power of a man who sees politics as a blood sport. As the leader of the Senate of Vega, he is the de facto head of the civilian authority.

RYSEN

Senator.

DAVID

There was an angel attack on a  
soldier outside the walls today.

Rysen stops what he's doing.

RYSEN

I see swearing the men to silence  
means nothing...

David calmly watches Rysen, the proverbial cat that ate the mouse. David smiles, enjoys this game they play.

RYSEN

It was a small group, four angels  
and they were easily destroyed.

DAVID

Not all of them. One survived.

Rysen stares at David.

DAVID

Don't worry. It's been taken care  
of, but the Archangel is concerned  
and you should be too.

RYSEN

Michael sees evil portent in  
everything and everyone. It was an  
isolated incident, nothing more,  
with no further reports of any  
sightings from our long range  
scans. I deployed the drones, it's  
clear.

(firm)

We don't need it getting out, it  
could cause a panic.

DAVID

Perhaps that's not such a bad  
thing?

Rysen's eyes narrow.

DAVID

We've done our job too well. Vega  
has grown complacent. Lazy.

Rysen is done, he goes back to his paperwork, expecting his  
order to be carried out. It's clear the men do not like one  
another.

DAVID

Are we still going ahead with the  
announcement at the Jubilee?

Rysen looks up, like he has a bad taste in his mouth but...

RYSEN

Yes.

DAVID

Good.

David turns to exit. Rysen stares at him, wondering if he's  
Caesar watching Brutus leave the room.

**INT. SHOWERS - NIGHT**

Alex stands in an enormous hundred head shower, water spilling on his face. He's alone until someone gets under the shower head next to him.

A female soldier named NOMA (25). She has dark hair, olive skin and is that vision of angel and devil that has lead many men to ruin, but she is also an unabashed tomboy, as tough as any man, tougher.

Alex glances around the shower, plenty of other heads available; more shocked by that then her intense nudity next to his.

NOMA

I'm that easy to forget? It's only been two years since field training.

Alex stares at her a beat. Grins, realizes....

ALEX

Shit! Noma.

They grab each other in a hug, then remember they're both naked, they blush and pull away.

ALEX

What are you doing back here? You became a "black" right? Weel's guard?

NOMA

Yep. Just transferred into Rysen's blues.

ALEX

Wow. They let you do that? The two groups hate each other.

NOMA

You know me... I can be pretty persuasive.

She notes his back, shakes her head.

NOMA

Still breaking the rules I see.

ALEX

(grins)

That's what they're there for...

He grabs a towel, finished and exits.

**INT. RYSEN'S TOWER - LOCKER ROOM - 35TH FLOOR - NIGHT**

Alex puts on casual clothes for bed and we see this is a unisex army. There's no room for prudish modesty and if someone is lucky enough to get pregnant, then they may be out of the army but will be taken care of by the city.

Noma walks in naked and begins dressing too.

NOMA  
What about you?

ALEX  
Rysen's Guard. Archangel.

NOMA  
Archangel! Holy shit. He only trains the best.

Alex  
Tortures the best.

NOMA  
(impressed)  
Look at you, I leave for five minutes... and you grow up into the big man.

Suddenly, there is a SOUND OF HELICOPTERS OVERHEAD. Alex grabs binoculars from his bunk and runs to the windows, Noma right behind him.

Any soldiers not asleep do the same; it's a big commotion.

**EXT. RYSEN'S BARRACK'S TOWER - NIGHT**

THREE HELICOPTERS, black, armored gunships, bank hard by the windows and swoop down into the courtyard of the GRAND. The GIANT GOLD LION illuminated.

The gunships land as members of the SENATOR'S HOUSEHOLD exit to greet them. Black clad soldiers surround two MEN.

Noma strains to see and is surprised.

NOMA  
Is that David Weel and his son?

Alex looks through his BINOCULARS to get a look.

ALEX  
Yeah.

NOMA

Then whoever is in those choppers  
is a big deal.

Alex keeps looking...

**BINOCULAR - ALEX' POV - NIGHT**

David Weel stands with William. Armed guards surround the men, one stands out: THOMAS FORD scans his surroundings like a cat looking for a meal.

They wait as WOMEN get off the helicopters, some soldiers, some civilians, but ALL women. No men. The last off is a tall regal woman, wearing the outfit of a soldier, a gun on her hip.

We will learn her name is ARIKA (32) and she is in charge.

With her is the only male, a small, pale boy (10) named ROAN. The boy stays close to Arika, gazing wide-eyed at the towering buildings.

David and William greet the delegation.

One by one the group are taken through the Vega screening process. They pass through the sleek body scanner, then a temperature gauge is placed against the back of the neck, the gauge turns GREEN.

All clear, they head inside.

**INT. RYSEN'S TOWER - WINDOW - 35TH FLOOR - NIGHT**

NOMA

Can I see?

Alex hands her the binoculars.

ALEX

It's a delegation from Helena.  
Have you ever seen one of their  
kids before?

NOMA

No. They keep their children  
hidden. It's their law.  
(she breathes in)  
Do you think the child is the One?

ALEX

(scoffs)  
The "Chosen One" is a myth.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 Something they tell the children to  
 give them hope. The only "one" I  
 believe in is myself.

Noma eyes him, grins big, had forgotten how appealing this  
 guy is...

**INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - NIGHT**

David, William and Arika walk with her entourage through the  
 brightly lit tunnels underneath VEGA. The child, Roan,  
 follows with the other ladies. A number of Weel's Personal  
 Guard stay close.

We can tell there's some history between Arika and David.

ARIKA  
 Helena sends her greetings and  
 respect. She wished to give you  
 this...

She motions to one of her underlings who walks forward with a  
 box. They stop. Arika opens it to reveal a COLT 45,  
 PEACEMAKER, polished silver, pristine, a beautiful relic from  
 the 1890's.

David smiles, takes it out of the box, points it... but the  
 way he does, aggressive, dominant, makes Arika uncomfortable.

He smiles, places it back in the box.

DAVID  
 A thoughtful gift. You learned a  
 lot about me on your last visit.

ARIKA  
 A passion for weapons is not hard  
 to forget.

DAVID  
 Yes, but I prefer you remember me  
 for something more... inspiring.

ARIKA  
 And what would that be?

DAVID  
 Hope...

David stops at a HIGH TECH STEEL DOOR, a yellow and black  
 RADIATION SYMBOL overhead, and places his hand in an  
 identification unit. The DOOR pops open.

**INT. UNDERGROUND NUCLEAR REACTOR - NIGHT**

This is not the actual reactor itself just the outer rooms, but with heavy GLASS that showcases a sophisticated underground reactor site.

It's advanced, unlike anything we've seen before. David sweeps an arm across the reactor.

DAVID

Gone are the days when darkness was something to fear. With this technology the lights of Vega will shine as a beacon of hope for a thousand years.

Arika's eyes light up at the sight... clearly something they need. Bad.

ARIKA

Along with food and clothing I can offer five hundred brides all of childbearing age in exchange for the technology to build our own reactor.

David eyes her. Sees the desperation.

DAVID

There'll be time to negotiate later.

(motions to his guard)

My men will take you to the bungalows so you can rest and freshen up after your flight.

ARIKA

Thank you David.

DAVID

And tomorrow night you'll be my guests at our yearly Jubilee in the Grand Arena. It's a small gesture the House of Weel makes to inspire and entertain the city. Night Arika.

The guards lead Arika and her retinue away. David and William stare after them.

WILLIAM

I wonder if the brides she offered would be spies. The city of Helena has never been a true ally to us.

DAVID

Possible. We have so much they don't.

Father and son are very alike yet very different. William is warmer, serene, has more heart and as a religious leader he is beloved by the city.

David places a hand behind William's neck, his son the only thing he cares about more than himself.

DAVID

That cripple Rysen won't be an obstacle much longer and when we consolidate power and you are crowned Lord of the city we may want Helena as an ally. For now we keep them close.

**EXT. VEGA - NIGHT**

We DRIFT OUT over the walls and move into the ruins of Vegas to find...

A CLOAKED MAN running toward Vega. He's large, built, and we can't see his face, but we sense he's in a hurry.

He stops, scanning the terrain for markings, staring at VEGA and then the stars above; positioning, looking for something he finds near a large rock.

He uncovers a trap door and slides it aside. The man lowers a high tech torch below revealing a tunnel. The tunnel, old and unused, leads straight to VEGA...

**INT. STRATOSPHERE - NIGHT**

The highest point in Vegas, Michael's home. He is the only one willing to live at the top, as people fear angel attacks and it is well above the wall's defenses.

He lives in one of the restaurants, empty save for a desk, a bed and stacks of books. One of the windows removed.

Michael sits cross-legged, alone, his eyes closed, meditating... his lips move silently as if he's speaking, or praying.

Suddenly, he stops, his eyes snapping open, sensing. The numbers on the elevator start rising. DING. The doors open to reveal the man we saw find the tunnel, his face still hidden behind his dusty cloak.

Michael smiles, can't believe it. The man removes his hood. This is JEEP (49).

MICHAEL

Jeep!

Jeep's covered in modern, glyphic tattoos on his arms, up his neck, his whole torso, exactly like the ones we saw written on the MURALS around Vega.

And Jeep, like Rysen and Michael, was a hero of the Extermination War and like Michael he exudes warrior. They embrace warmly, old friends.

MICHAEL

Sit.

Jeep sits. Michael hands him a glass of water.

JEEP

I see you still like the highest perch.

MICHAEL

It's been ten years. I thought you were dead.

JEEP

Nine and a half... but who's counting. What does everyone else think?

MICHAEL

The same. David Weel built you a statue in memoriam...

JEEP

That's... creepy.

MICHAEL

It wasn't a good likeness... looks more like Weel than you.

They share a laugh.

JEEP

He hasn't changed.

MICHAEL

We all assumed the tattoos were lost to us.

JEEP

No. I still carry the world's  
burden burned into my flesh.

MICHAEL

Have you deciphered any of them?

JEEP

It isn't just a language to  
decipher, it's something else. And  
from what I could find, there's no  
historical equivalent.

He takes a moment, a man used to being alone.

JEEP

Much of the last nine years was  
spent in wild goose chases looking  
for the names of prophets I had  
misspelled or tasks I thought I was  
commanded to carry out.

(sighs)

Other than the Vicor prayer of  
exorcism, which must have been a  
fluke, the rest of the tattoos are  
indecipherable.

Michael is unhappy to hear this. Jeep moves on to business.

JEEP

How is he? What's he like?

MICHAEL

(grimaces)

Undisciplined, strong willed,  
passionate, mercurial.

(beat)

Good.

JEEP

Can you bring him to me?

MICHAEL

Yes. Why?

JEEP

Everything's about to change.

He stands and stares out across the city scape far below...

JEEP

War is coming.

**END ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO****INT. VIP BUNGALOWS - WEEL'S COMPOUND - NIGHT**

The boy Roan startles awake on a couch, the last vestiges of a nightmare still with him. He looks around, fearful, sees the sleeping women arranged near him, the room full.

Very carefully, he slips out of bed. His movements silent as he leaves the room.

**EXT. VIP BUNGALOWS - WEEL'S COMPOUND - NIGHT**

Roan easily slides past the female guards as he disappears into the shadows.

**INT. CLAIRE'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - RYSEN TOWER - NIGHT**

Inside a small ANTE CHAMBER, Claire, dressed for bed, kneels before an alter, set up as a place of worship, the CHOSEN BABY we saw earlier in murals the focus.

She lights a single candle and then HEARS a bell and goes to the entrance as RYSEN limps in leaving his guard behind.

Father and daughter hug. They're close and she fawns over him, but she's also nervous to tell him her truth.

Rysen is contemplative, in his own head as he transits to the window, stares down at the city.

RYSEN

(sotto)

The people have lived behind these walls so long they've forgotten they're not prisoners.

Claire doesn't know what he's talking about, but she steps forward on her own mission.

CLAIRE

Father, there's something I need to tell you....

But before she can get the words out, he turns and cuts her off...

RYSEN

I've decided to step down from ruling Vega. The city is strong enough now to give power back to the people. Let them make up their own way going forward.

CLAIRE

(stunned)

Senator Weel will never give up power that easily. If you step down, he'll step in. He won't allow the people to govern themselves.

RYSEN

It doesn't have to be that way.

CLAIRE

Why now? We've worked so hard to build this city into what it is. You can't just give up.

Rysen stares at her for a long beat.

RYSEN

You have a strength of character that Vega desperately needs Claire.... You'll be important to its survival and soon you'll be called on to protect it.

Claire reacts, uncertain what he means by that.

RYSEN

Now what is it you wished to tell me?

CLAIRE

I...

Claire can't get the words out.

CLAIRE

It can wait...

Rysen's exhausted, it's late, he nods. He walks to her and kisses her on the forehead.

For a long moment, he stares at her as if saying goodbye, memorizing her face... then he exits.

Claire watches after him, her mind spinning.

**INT. SENATOR WEEL'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT**

Arika sleeps alone in a large bed as a MAN enters in a cloak. He slowly approaches the bed, when suddenly Arika spin-sits, quick reactions of a soldier and points a gun at him.

The man steps into the dim light. It's David Weel. He grins.

DAVID  
You're as paranoid as ever.

ARIKA  
If that were true... you'd be dead.

Arika relaxes a little, exhales.

DAVID  
Tell me about the boy, Roan? I've never seen any of your children. Why bring him here?

ARIKA  
Roan isn't one of our children. He's favored by Helena. She dotes on him like an adopted son.

DAVID  
Why?

ARIKA  
He's a savant, knows twenty languages, can play a Bach piano concerto and recite Shakespeare. His knowledge of history is astonishing. He's amazing, teaching us many things, but he's painfully shy and needs to be treated gently. Roan wanted to see the great city of Vega and Helena denies him nothing. She believes he's special... very special.

DAVID  
Do you?

ARIKA  
I've never seen a child like him.

DAVID  
A boy with those kind of gifts could be useful to Vega.

ARIKA  
He's not for sale.

DAVID  
Everything has a price...

Arika raises an eyebrow and stares at David. She smiles seductively and sits up, lets the sheet fall away, revealing her athletic nude body.

She tugs open his cloak as he watches her, David's naked underneath. Arika looks into his eyes as she takes hold, almost a challenge, then goes down on him.

David's head rolls back in ecstasy...

**INT/EXT. SENATOR WEEL'S TOWER - NIGHT**

Roan has made his way to the 20th floor exterior stairwell, which is now fortified with GIANT ANGEL REPELLING SPIKES that point away from the building. He reaches out and touches the SPIKES, OUCH, they're sharp and yanks his hand back. Then he climbs up on the ledge for a better look...

With a childlike curiosity he gazes out over Vega's walls, a killer view, breathes in deep, enjoying the fresh air, and takes in the sight of the city, the soft morning glow just touching the horizon. It's beautiful and it seems to calm him.

**EXT. RYSEN TOWER - MORNING**

The SUN rises over the towers of Vega.

**INT. RYSEN TOWER - CLAIRE'S FLOOR - MORNING**

Alex exits the elevator, reporting for duty and takes position with the other GUARD.

GUARD

She wants to see you. Needs some stuff from the supply center for tonight.

Alex nods, routine, swallowing his excitement for what he's about to learn.

**INT. CLAIRE'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - RYSEN TOWER - MORNING**

Claire waits for him by the door as he enters. She hands him a list, formal, a Princess talking to an underling.

CLAIRE

I need this filled by early afternoon.

ALEX

Yes ma'am.

Then she leans in, whispering...

CLAIRE

Something's happening with my  
father that could change  
everything. I couldn't bring it up  
to him.

Alex' face falls. She's serious, this hard for her.

CLAIRE

So tonight after the Jubilee we  
leave as planned.

Both of them are scared, but excited, they're really going to do it. Alex wants to hold her but the other guard is too close.

He exits and we watch Claire watching Alex and see her feelings pass over her face, so much love for him but worry etched there too.

**INT. HALLWAY - SAME**

Alex saunters back to his station, walking on air and finds Michael waiting for him. Ah shit!

The other guards, like most people, are never at ease with Michael. His intense gaze doesn't help. He's comfortable in long silences.

Michael doesn't have that effect on Alex, but he's never happy to see him. Michael pins him with that knowing gaze.

MICHAEL

Come with me.

**INT. STRATOSPHERE - MICHAEL'S HOME - DAY**

Michael and Alex enter. The space empty. We can see forty miles out. It's a stunning visual during the heat of the day.

Just as Alex crosses to a window, a MAN jumps out of the shadows with a sword and attacks him. Alex's reactions are those forged in war. He's impressive, acting instinctively, as he dodges the first blow drawing his own sword, and immediately fights back.

Out matched, the man quickly withdraws, raising his arms up.

JEEP

Okay, okay.

Jeep nods to Michael.

JEEP  
Exceptional job Michael.

Alex looks to Michael who hasn't budged.

Alex doesn't know who this man is... then shock creeps in and he turns cold.

ALEX  
Dad?

Jeep nods, smiles.

ALEX  
What? How did you get here?

JEEP  
I came back last night.

Alex's shock turns to anger.

ALEX  
Why?

JEEP  
To see you. To talk.

ALEX  
I'm not interested in anything you  
have to say.  
(beat)  
You gave me up. A scribbled note  
left in the night made that clear.  
Do you remember what it said? I  
do: you'll be an orphan now Alex...

JEEP  
I didn't think I'd make it back.

ALEX  
I was fifteen. You left me alone.

Jeep seems to be studying Alex, really analyzing the man he has become.

JEEP  
You had Michael.

Alex offers a grim laugh at that.

ALEX  
He isn't even human...

JEEP

Human enough to side with us  
against his own. The only one to  
fight for us. Without Michael we  
would have lost the war.

If that hurt Michael he doesn't show it.

Jeep softens...

JEEP

Alex... nothing has been done that  
wasn't necessary.

ALEX

Necessary? By making me an orphan  
you put me in the lowest caste. A  
1. If I didn't become a soldier I  
wouldn't have anywhere to live or  
anything to eat. You basically  
left me to die.

JEEP

It isn't the life I would have  
chosen for you... none of it is.

We can tell he means it as he places a hand on Alex's  
shoulder, but Alex doesn't care, totally rejects him, throws  
it off. He wheels on Michael.

ALEX

And you knew all of this, all  
along?

Michael, ever stoic, says nothing. Alex turns to Jeep.

ALEX

Go back to whatever hole you  
crawled out of... you don't have a  
son.

Alex storms out. Jeep sighs, looks out the tall windows.

JEEP

We need to bring the Council  
together today, before the Jubilee.

Michael nods.

JEEP

Did I do the right thing for Alex?

MICHAEL

That remains to be seen.

**INT. SENATOR WEEL'S COMPOUND (UNDERGROUND) - DAY**

Below the city of VEGA there are hundreds of miles of tunnels, and this is in the old days when it was just a casino town, now there is as much space below the surface as above.

David and William walk alone together, Thomas the only guard with them, keeping his distance.

DAVID

How are you coming with ferreting out the angel worshipers?

WILLIAM

My spies have been searching but making little progress. Considering angel worship is a capital offense, the Black Acolytes are incredibly secretive... For obvious reasons.

DAVID

Keep searching.

William nods as David stops at a DOOR.

DAVID

Tonight, at the Jubilee... I'm going to give the city something special to remember.

He opens the door and...

**INT. ROOM - DAY**

...they enter a dark room.

Something skitters within, nails on concrete, like a lizard shifting position. A chilling VOICE whispers from the darkness.

VOICE OC

Is that you David?

David points a flashlight, the beam revealing the FAT MOMMA from the teaser, still in her muumuu, chained to the wall, dirty, limbs long and twisted, her hair matted and filthy.

She turns to look at the light, her mouth black and rotted, her eyes JET BLACK.

She hisses, and faster than should be possible... lunges at them.

The Eight-Ball is yanked back hard as she reaches the end of her chain; William falls back, startled, David doesn't move.

DAVID

We found it outside the walls this morning.

William couldn't be more horrified and turns to his father.

WILLIAM

You brought one into the city?!

David stares at the thing grimly.

DAVID

The people need to be reminded of what we're up against... and who has protected them all this time.

Off William's very worried face...

**END ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE****INT. VEGA - NIGHT**

The city's population is excited, the energy palpable, all in anticipation of the big show. Crowds slowly move down the strip towards the MGM Grand, a giant block party as they go.

On large video screens, placed over the main drag to make announcements and disseminate news we see images of THOMAS FORD, Captain of Senator Weel's Guard, one of the many presentations for this years Jubilee.

The show is being billed as something extra special.

**INT. RYSEN'S BARRACK'S TOWER - 35TH FLOOR - NIGHT**

Alex, in uniform, sits on his bunk, sharpening his sword, deep in thought. He's pissed off from his encounter with Jeep. Eli cozied up next to him. Bixby walks up.

BIXBY

(re: sword)

You're sharpening that like you're gonna kill somebody.

ALEX

Yeah, you. You're late.

Alex immediately regrets being short with her as he sees the hurt in her face, the fight to hold in the lip tremble, the transformation from open to tough, her default mode.

BIXBY

Sorry... I was working in the laundry and the old hag wouldn't let me go.

ALEX

Sorry... I had a bad day.

BIXBY

You wanna talk about it?

ALEX

It's in the past.

He takes out a piece of paper and opens it.

PAPER: it's a map of the MGM GRAND ARENA. A red X is marked by an exit.

ALEX

Meet me here at 10:00 pm tonight.  
You can't be late. Understand?

BIXBY

Yeah... What's going on?

ALEX

You'll see...  
(finger to his lips)  
Don't tell anyone. Got it? 10:00  
pm sharp.

Bixby smiles, nods... she doesn't care what it is, she's in as long as it's with Alex.

Noma approaches in sexy casual clothes, nods to Bixby, who doesn't respond.

NOMA

Just got off... I'm heading over to the show. You going?

ALEX

Yeah but gotta work.

NOMA

Bummer. K. I'll see you guys later.

Bixby watches Noma walk away with that crazy body, jealous, turns to Alex.

BIXBY

She's more of a man than you...

Alex can't help but smile.

**INT. SENATOR WEEL'S COMPOUND - SECRET MEETING - NIGHT**

A meeting of the Council: Rysen, Wynn, William and David Weel sit around a long mahogany table.

David looks at his watch. Irritated.

DAVID

What was Michael so cryptic about?

...just as Michael enters with Jeep.

They're all shocked, Wynn gasps. Like Alex, they haven't seen Jeep in a decade, presumed him dead.

JEEP  
Yes. I'm alive.

DAVID  
How?

JEEP  
Thick headedness and luck.

Jeep opens his shirt. We now see the extraordinary tattoos in detail. They're like nothing we've seen before, as if he has been run through a bar code scanner.

JEEP  
I haven't been able to decipher anything of substance from the tattoos.

WYNN  
Can Michael?

MICHAEL  
No.

He walks over the wall and places a DISK in the player.

JEEP  
But more importantly... I've found Gabriel.

RYSEN  
What?!

JEEP  
He's built a fortress and an army of the possessed in the mountains near Boulder. They've adapted to our ways of war, weaponized and Gabriel is bringing a final solution to mankind.

As Jeep speaks...

#### **MONITOR**

... we see ROUGH FOOTAGE of Gabriel's dimly lit MOUNTAIN TOP aerie at night, thousands of possessed Eight-balls working, other Eight-balls with wings fly in and out of what looks like cave openings.

There are strange structures built right into the mountainside and it's clear they're organizing, building, militarizing.

JEEP

It gets worse. A few of the Higher Angels have joined Gabriel and they can appear perfectly human. New angels are abroad and there's no way to tell them from us...

DAVID

Higher Angels?

**MONITOR**

We see a long distance telephoto view, like spying on Big Foot, of what must be a male HIGHER ANGEL as he lands in a snow-laden field.

He's different than anything we've seen thus far. Larger wingspan, powerfully built like a Mack truck, hair, eyes and wings, **all of one color**, this one **RED**... as we watch he absorbs his wings into his body, the color of his hair and eyes dimming until he appears exactly human.

MICHAEL

They belong to the second sphere of angels, **the Powers**. They were born to be warriors, to keep other angels in line. They're far more powerful than the lesser angels that possessed mankind during the Extermination. I had hoped that they would sit out this war, but Gabriel has obviously persuaded some of them to join him.

He points at the frozen image of the Higher Angel on screen.

MICHAEL

His name is Furiad.

JEEP

All this has made me certain it's time to reveal the Chosen One.

If the room was shocked, now they're stunned.

RYSEN

You know who it is?

JEEP

Yes.

DAVID

Who?

JEEP

We will tell you soon.

David stands up.

DAVID

I don't have time for this.  
There's no Chosen One, no one  
coming to save us. There never  
was.

He points to each person around the room.

DAVID

We're the chosen ones. Not some  
imaginary savior.

WILLIAM

That isn't true. The Savior is  
real, the baby lived.

DAVID

(cold)

That's your delusion, not mine. So  
a baby lived. Many babies lived.  
We lived.

Points at Michael and Jeep.

DAVID

So what were you planning on doing?  
Pick some random child and tell us  
he's the baby. What proof do we  
have, how do we measure him? On  
your word alone?

MICHAEL

You have faith.

DAVID

(laughs)

That died a long time ago  
Archangel... when your kind laid  
waste to my planet.

(looks at the group)

And war is coming? Not news to me.  
It never ended. We're the angels  
natural enemies. It won't be over  
until either they're extinct or we  
are. What we need to do is prepare  
everyone for that inevitability;  
lead them.

He looks at his watch.

DAVID

And we lead by attending the Jubilee. A hundred thousand people need a release from the stress of this city and more importantly something to inspire them.

(looks at Rysen)

We can't cancel.

(beat)

After that I'll be the first one to reconvene here and say let's prepare, let's work together, I'm ready to do whatever it takes to keep us safe... but don't ask me to ever put my faith in some child god. A savior. I'll never do it again.

David turns and exits leaving his words hanging in the air, everyone in the room weighing what they believe.

Rysen stands and exits behind him...

**INT. CLAIRE'S TRANSPORT - NIGHT**

On the way to the show, Claire sits in the back of her car. Alex is one of three guards with her.

The lovers make furtive eye contact, both anticipating their escape.

**INT. MGM GRANDE ARENA - NIGHT**

The Arena is much as it is today, but it has been rebuilt to hold more people and to have an exclusive, ROMANESQUE VIP area above the performance area (like the Staple Center Boxes, but cooler).

In the center of the crowd on the floor is a large CAGE, like an Ultimate Fighting stage.

People are excited, an ebullient air, filling the seats all over the Arena. This is a treat for people who work hard.

**INT. WEEL'S VIP BOX - NIGHT**

David Weel sits with William overlooking the crowd. The GOLD LION BANNER prominently displayed over the box.

David flirts, a charming host to Arika, who sits with her female entourage, his honored guests. Roan sits behind them, silent, and watchful.

One of Arika's FEMALE AID'S studies David and whispers into Arika's ear.

FEMALE AID  
How could you allow it?

ARIKA  
Allow what?

Female Aid  
You know... allow him to have you.

ARIKA  
(rolls her eyes)  
It's work. Nothing more.

The Female Aid grows cold, give's her a disgusted look.

FEMALE AID  
Helena won't see it that way.

Suddenly, Arika's face morphs from confidence to concern.

**INT. RYSEN'S VIP BOX - NIGHT**

ACROSS the arena we see RYSEN'S BOOTH, LAUREL LEAF CROWN on a BANNER above.

Rysen sits with Claire, Alex and the guards behind them. Michael stands with Jeep farther back in the box, away from the eyes of the crowd.

Michael makes eye contact with WYNN, who sits in a small box on a lower tier. Wynn is frightened by what they just learned from Jeep in the Council meeting, but forces a smile.

Jeep moves and stands next to Alex. Alex won't even look at him.

ALEX  
As I said... I've got nothing to say to you.

JEEP  
Then I'll do the talking.

Jeep takes out a photo, holds it out to Alex. Alex isn't going to acknowledge the gesture until he sees that the photo is old, yellow: a shot of a woman taken in the light of a setting sun.

Alex' eyes dart to Jeep, questioning, and by his reaction we can tell it's Alex' mother. Jeep nods.

He takes the photo from Jeep. Alex stares at it like it's the Holy Grail, tears up.

ALEX

I never knew there were photos of my mother.

JEEP

This is the only one.  
(points at photo)  
It's been my lucky charm all these years. Now it's yours.

Jeep's not a communicative man, this is the most he can do. Father and son share a beat, then uncomfortable with the intimacy, Jeep abruptly goes back to his position next to Michael.

Alex gently places the photo in his pocket.

**INT. UNDERGROUND - NIGHT**

A dark cramped space. The only light, thin shafts shooting down from the close ceiling above. Within those shafts we make out the shape of the Eight-Ball Fat Momma.

She shifts position and we hear the clankle of her chains. SOUNDS filter down, muffled.

She begins to cough and lurch, hacking, her head thrown forward as if she is trying to expel something caught in her throat, a regurgitating bird.

It's hard to watch, but finally she produces a shiny object, holds it up, turns it over in her hands...

**INT. ARENA - NIGHT**

The Arena is finally full. David stands, holds out his hands. The crowd quiets.

We note that all the guards have communication mics, like secret service agents, including Michael.

David speaks into a microphone and we see he's a born leader, a charismatic speaker.

DAVID

Welcome Vega!

The crowd goes wild, then calms down as he lifts his arms.

DAVID

Tonight we celebrate our resilience, our fortitude, our collective courage. Every year we use this, our Jubilee to be reminded of the past... but also to look forward. And in that spirit of looking forward I have an announcement of incredible importance to our beloved city... to Vega.

Again, huge cheers.

DAVID

Tonight our city will become stronger, more unified...

(smiles wide)

Tonight... It is my pleasure to announce the engagement of Claire Rysen to William Weel. Through their marriage we join Vega's two greatest houses... the house of Rysen and Weel, thus securing the safety and future of our wondrous city.

The crowd goes crazy as William stands, beaming and looks across the way to Claire who sits, flabbergasted, fighting back tears.

Alex stands, rigid, shocked, a hot knife plunged into his heart.

Claire looks at her father accusingly, knows now what he was talking about. The betrayal is devastating. Rysen's face says it all: we have no choice. Claire's legs won't budge so Rysen casually helps her up.

Claire can't look at Alex, their hearts breaking in unison, she doesn't know what to do, as the crowd cheers the news enthusiastically.

Alex's eyes find Michael's and in that moment we see something we've not seen from the Archangel, intense compassion for Alex.

Michael knows about the two lovers and understands his pain. He gives Alex a slight nod of strength.

David lets the crowd enjoy the moment and then moves on to the main event.

DAVID

As is our tradition at the Jubilee, we celebrate the soldiers who stand on our walls, who protect us and keep us safe so that we can enjoy this life. But tonight we have something extra special.

**INT. ARENA FLOOR - NIGHT**

THOMAS FORD rises up into the CAGE on a platform and the crowd goes wild.

DAVID

Thomas Ford is one of Vega's greatest champions. A legend for killing twenty two Eight-Balls in battle with nothing but his knife...

On the other side of the cage, a platform begins to rise from below... and on it is chained the FAT MOMMA.

In the bright light she's even more horrific: mottled grey skin, black eyes, too long limbs.

The crowd goes completely silent in shock and horror, the only SOUND in the entire arena the hissing of the wicked angel and the jangle of her chains.

Thomas draws his sword.

DAVID

There's nothing to fear. We are in control, but it is good, always good, to be reminded of what we face. What is out there waiting for us. The thing that asks nothing and takes all. Why we must be diligent and disciplined in all we do.

**INT. RYSEN'S VIP BOX - SAME**

Michael's appalled, says to Rysen.

MICHAEL

You allowed him to bring one into the city? Are you out of your fucking mind?!

Rysen is as surprised and horrified as Michael.

RYSEN  
I had no idea.

MICHAEL  
It must be destroyed.

**INT. CAGE - NIGHT**

In the silence, the possessed Momma cranes her neck, slowly looking around the arena at the crowd and then up at Rysen's box, to Michael.

Her eyes rest on him.

**INT. GABRIEL'S AERIE THRONE ROOM - OUTSIDE BOULDER - NIGHT**

We enter the throne room of the Archangel GABRIEL.

Gabriel sits, alone and stares into space. He is the dark to Michael's light, looks like an ancient Roman god of War; his malevolence surrounds him like a cloud.

Slowly, he raises his arm and gives a little wave...

**INT. CAGE - NIGHT**

...and like a marionette the Fat Momma does the same to Michael.

Only Michael understands what it means as she grins.

Then we see a quick flash of METAL as she completes picking the locks on her cuffs and slips free, the chains dropping to the ground with a CLANG.

Lightning fast she's up and over the cage wall and INTO the crowd tearing a man in half and killing his wife with a blow to the head... causing a hundred thousand people to stampede all at once.

**END ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR****INT. ARENA - NIGHT**

A MASSIVE PANIC ensues as the crowd tries to get out of the packed arena. Thomas Ford can't exit the cage fast enough to handle Momma as she mauls more of the crowd.

Guards rush towards the Eight-Ball to put her down, but she leaps deeper into the crowd blocking them with the panicking people behind her.

**INT. WEEL'S VIP BOX - NIGHT**

In the chaos, David, William, Arika and her entourage are being hustled away by Senator Weel's guard.

**INT. RYSEN'S BOX - NIGHT**

Alex grabs Claire and Rysen and with the other guards exit out of the back of the box.

Jeep follows them as Michael leaps thirty feet from the edge of Rysen's box to the arena floor below, reaching the demonic Momma before she kills again.

**INT. ARENA FLOOR - NIGHT**

Michael's movements are heightened, look like they've been taken from a time-lapse camera, as if he's functioning outside of gravity.

Michael is ambidextrous, both swords come out in a blur and he cuts her down, but the place is out of control with terror, people getting crushed under foot.

And then fuel hits the fire.

THE ALL ALERT EMERGENCY SIRENS blare. Other than practice drills, no one has heard these alarms in years.

It means a full city wide attack is imminent. CODE RED.

Everyone is running for the exits to either escape or get to their designated posts. Vega is like a ship; everyone has a job to do in an emergency. Some do what they are supposed to, many panic.

Michael stands still, in the chaos of the crowd and listens. We have no idea what he hears, but it worries him.

He looks up to Wynn's box, makes eye contact with WYNN, mouths to her: **GO**.

She quickly turns and exits.

Michael presses his (Secret Service) earpiece mic.

**INTERCUT WITH ALEX**

MICHAEL

Get Claire and Rysen to Weel's  
bunker. Stay there until I come  
and get you.

ALEX

Will do.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Alex shouts out the order to Claire and Rysen's other guards.

ALEX

Weel's Bunker.

They race through hallways that are quickly filling with  
people looking for a way out.

Suddenly, DOORS bust open and a thousand people rush into the  
hall. Like a wave Claire and Rysen are separated.

Rysen's guard goes with him; Claire is caught up in the crush  
and disappears through a stairwell double door, pushed along.

ALEX

Claire!!

**INT. RYSEN'S BARRACK'S TOWER - 35TH FLOOR - NIGHT**

The sound of the citywide alarms is unrelenting.

Noma stands at the window and looks down on the city as  
Vega's defenses kick in. She turns and runs quickly to her  
post.

**EXT. VEGA - NIGHT**

Security shutters slam down over every window in the city,  
lights come on, creating perpetual daylight.

Giant lights mounted on the walls flood the night sky,  
illuminating the surrounding area.

The soldiers outside of the arena function like a tight crew  
acting with practiced precision to lock down Vega, rushing to  
positions, civilians flee indoors or underground.

**EXT. LANDSCAPE - NIGHT**

A low flying POV is moving over the landscape FAST... it crests a rise and we see VEGA ahead.

**INT. UNDERGROUND CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT**

This is where they coordinate the city's arsenal, the brain center.

Men and women in tan uniforms work sophisticated controls and monitors. One radar image is transferred to the main screen. It shows six objects, moving fast over the terrain.

The MAN in charge, JACOB (late 40'S), a doughy red head, was a computer game designer in his previous life. He stares at the images, amazed.

JACOB

How the hell did they get that close without us knowing?!

No one can answer that... but there's no time.

JACOB

Ah, hell. FIRE!!

**EXT. WALL - NIGHT**

An impressive explosion of firepower is unleashed off the walls of VEGA; advanced missile systems are launched at the moving targets.

**EXT. VEGA - NIGHT**

We now see a contingent of six angels flies towards Vega, FAST.

But these are unlike any "Eight-Balls" we've seen. They're like Special Forces angels, armored, trained, bladed wings; all have "adaptations" that make them deadly.

Two of them are instantly destroyed by the onslaught, but the other four are able to dodge the ordinance.

A second wave of heavy artillery is fired from the large strafing GUNS, obliterating another of the angels, before the last three get up and over the walls, entering the city.

**INT. HALLWAY AREA - NIGHT**

Alex fights towards Claire's exit, pushing people out of the way when he hears a child's scream, it's BIXBY and she's getting overwhelmed by the crowd, is about to be crushed.

Alex remembers, this is where she was supposed to meet him...

ALEX

Bix!

BIXBY

(scream)

Here!

Alex doesn't hesitate, and dives into the crush, knocking people of the way, as he grabs her up and drapes her over his shoulders.

He then has to fight his way back to the double doors.

**INT. DOUBLE WIDE STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

Alex breaks through and sees CLAIRE barely holding onto a railing, trying not to get swept down with the crowd.

ALEX

Claire! Hold on!

Claire looks up, sees him.

He makes his way to her, reaches a stairwell just above her. Alex puts Bixby down and then reaches to Claire, reaching, reaching, she grasps his hands and he pulls her up to where he is and they embrace, relieved.

Alex holds her for a moment, clearly an intimate embrace, and they look at one another.

CLAIRE

Alex... please... I'm so sorry... I had no idea... If I had known...

Looking around at the madness, the crush of people.

ALEX

There's no time right now, we need to get out of here...

Bixby's flabbergasted, wtf?! Alex is with Claire Rysen? But no one else notices in the panic...

**EXT. VEGA - NEAR WALLS - NIGHT**

The THREE angels have entered the city, flying fast down the strip.

The leader of the three is named WIKEN and he's a higher angel, more powerful, more distinct, **his eyes, wings and hair all jet BLACK**. Even the way he moves is more pronounced, has that same strange time-lapse effect that Michael just demonstrated.

SOLDIER'S FIRE on them and hit WIKEN, but the rounds do no damage.

THEY DIVE over a LARGE wall...

**EXT. ABOVE GROUND REACTOR COMPOUND - NIGHT**

...into the courtyard above the underground reactor.

A mean and quick battle takes place as Wiken and the angels destroy the soldiers trying to repel them. The city sirens still blaring, we hear, over the walls, more soldiers rushing to the reactor site.

WIKEN turns toward the reactor, and finds Michael standing there.

Michael's wings, WHITE FLECKED WITH GOLD, extend and without a word they launch at each other... two ancient angels at war.

The fight is amazing to see, the skill and power of both impressive...

**INT. WEEL'S MGM UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT**

David, William, Jeep, Rysen, Arika, her entourage, Roan and their guards are all glued to VIDEO SCREENS showing what is happening in the city, specifically the fight between Michael and Wiken at the reactor building.

**EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Alex, Claire and Bixby arrive in the hallway just outside of Weel's bunker. They made it, the hall empty.

Claire moves towards the large steel doors, but Alex stops her, turns her to him.

ALEX

Let's go. Leave. Right now!  
Tonight.

CLAIRE

Leave the city? It's under attack.  
This is a Code Red.

ALEX

It's perfect. By the time they  
begin looking for us we can be on  
our way to Delphi.

Bixby hears the plan, realizes that he was taking her with him and falls even more in love with Alex.

But for Claire, it's something different. We can see it now, the conflict in her, the love she has for Alex, but the loyalty she feels to her father, to Vega... The pull of that responsibility.

CLAIRE

(the hardest words)

I can't.

(beat)

Not right now. My father needs me.  
Vega needs us. We have to stay to  
protect the city. We'll work all  
this out... no one is going to tell  
me who to marry.

ALEX

What makes you think you'll have a  
choice?

CLAIRE

Do you trust me?

ALEX

(doesn't)

I trust you...

Off this, Claire puts her arm through Alex's and they walk into the bunker followed by Bixby.

**INT. WEEL'S MGM UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT**

They enter, Claire clutching at Alex, intimately, her heart breaking over what she just did... not sure if it was the right choice.

Rysen and Jeep are relieved to see them; David notes the way Claire touches Alex, the truth dawning on him.

ALEX

(to Rysen)

Sir, what's happening?

RYSEN

The angels have breached the city's defenses and are targeting the reactor ventilation shaft. Michael's there now.

Rysen points to the screen as we see...

**ON SCREEN**

...Michael, with the upper hand, about to kill WIKEN and another angel.

As strong as Wiken is, Michael is, well, Michael. It's no match and we see why Vega has been so effective at defending against the angels for as long as they have. It's like having Achilles on your side during the Trojan War. He is that good.

But then we see Michael realizing the third angel has gotten past him and is on a suicide run at the REACTOR TRANSFORMER SHED.

While Michael's momentarily distracted both Wiken and the other angel attack him...

Too late, Michael sees what their plan was as a GIANT EXPLOSION engulfs him.

The feed goes black.

**END ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE****INT. WEEL'S MGM UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT**

The room is shocked into silence.

The lights flicker and go off, the emergency power comes on. The room is bathed in RED LIGHT like the bridge of a submarine.

A Soldier frantically works the monitor controls to get a camera back up, any camera.

DAVID

Get me a picture. Now!

The Soldier works, but all the monitors are DARK.

SOLDIER

Senator... the reactor camera...  
just isn't there anymore. Every  
camera in the city is dark.

It's on every person's face... they're screwed. Alex has a different look: resolve. Without a word, Alex slips away to the door... but Jeep steps in front of him.

JEEP

What are you doing?

ALEX

Michael needs help.

JEEP

Michael can handle himself.

Alex goes to move around him, but Jeep shoves him back. Alex is ready for a fight, places his hand on his sword hilt.

ALEX

Get out of my way.

JEEP

If this bunker is breached, every  
leader of Vega is within these  
walls. And Claire? She's your  
responsibility. You're needed  
here.

ALEX

I'm needed out there more.

Alex pushes past him and reaches the DOOR as the sound of an electrical POP stops him.

He turns and sees the BUNKER monitors have surged back to life, a single grainy image on every screen.

ON SCREEN

A long range shot shows a large PLUME of smoke slowly rising from the city center where the nuclear reactor is located. Was located. There doesn't look like anything is left of it.

Alex looks to Jeep.

JEEP

You can't help him. No one can.

**EXT. NUCLEAR REACTOR COMPOUND - NIGHT**

Fires burn in the courtyard, the above ground building a blasted shell, a blinding smoke covers everything.

SUDDENLY Michael springs into view. He's fighting the last angel...

And destroys it, leaving just Wiken.

Wiken flees, flying straight up into the sky, dodging the heavy gunfire from walls and tops of buildings, and escapes into the clouds.

Michael doesn't pursue, his wings morph back into his body as he turns and runs to save a soldier who is on fire, helping him and then disappears from view.

**INT. WEEL'S MGM UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT**

The mood in the bunker is tense, fear permeates the air mixed with an almost coffin like sense of entrapment.

Dim lights take over from the emergency RED LIGHTS, a small relief, but they flicker in strength as if there's a surge in the line.

Alex is back by Claire's side, most people focused on the monitor image, the smoke plume growing larger.

David puts an arm around Arika. Some of Arika's entourage weep openly, others are stern.

DAVID

I assure you we're safe, you'll be okay. We'll restore order and get Vega's full defenses back online.

ARIKA

Thank you David... but it's not my first rodeo.

David smiles at this.

The boy, Roan, goes over to get something to eat off a platter, snacks like he's ravenous.

William walks over and takes Claire in his arms, more intimate than he's ever been with her...

WILLIAM

I was so worried. Thank the Savior you're all right.

Claire's stiff and uncomfortable being touched by William in front of Alex. It's a weird moment as Alex turns away, repelled by their exchange, unable to look.

Alex makes eye contact with Rysen who just witnessed it all. Rysen says nothing and looks away.

And through all of this, Jeep has calmly watched Alex. Never taking his eyes off of him. As if he's deciding something...

Then out of nowhere, ROAN, moving quicker than any child should be able to, leaps at JEEP plunging A KNIFE (from the food tray) into Jeep's belly, a perfect killing blow performed by a skilled assassin.

It's so shocking that no one reacts right away, then women SCREAM, guards pull handguns and fire on ROAN in the tight space, David screaming...

DAVID

Stop firing!

Bullets ricochet around the room, hitting one of Arika's women in the head. She falls over, dead.

Roan, like the other angels, has the ability to ignore gravity. He scurries along the roof, down a wall, dodging bullets.

But before he exits out the bunker doors one bullet finds its mark, hits him. Then he's gone.

Soldiers rush out after him as everyone turns their attention to Jeep.

Jeep stands still and then goes down on one knee.

Alex rushes to him and catches him just as he falls over. Alex gently lowers him to the ground.

As much as the distance of years has made him bitter, this is his father...

The light's going out of Jeep's eyes.

ALEX  
I need a Med Kit!!!

Alex tears open his shirt, places his hand on the wound, trying to stop the massive bleeding. The tattoos are so dark that it's hard to tell blood from pattern.

The man doesn't have much time left. Jeep looks at Alex warmly, a father's love filling his eyes.

JEEP  
(quietly)  
You're ready.

Then to the room he announces as loudly as his weakening body can manage...

JEEP  
Alex Lannen is the Chosen One. The  
baby foretold in final scripture,  
now a man...

Jeep dies in Alex arms.

Every person in that room stares at Alex and Jeep, frozen, not sure what to do or say.

Alex slowly stands, confused by what Jeep just said, trying to process it. What the hell was JEEP talking about?

David Weel fills in the blanks.

DAVID  
The last words of a dying brain.  
He was hallucinating. Ridiculous.

Rysen stares at Alex and then at David, William is flabbergasted.

Claire and Alex make eye contact. She stares at him in shock... but in her heart she knows; knows it is true.

And then the biggest shock of all tonight... as everyone watches, the TATTOOS begin to fade off Jeep's torso, fading as if being reverse typed, until there are none left.

Jeep's upper body is bare, except for the knife wound and blood.

And miraculously, as everyone can see, the TATTOOS HAVE TRANSFERRED ONTO ALEX'S BODY.

His arms, all the way up his neck, any part of his upper body that is exposed shows the glyphic angelic tattoos, as if being rewritten on him.

Claire gasps. No one can believe what's happening. Even David Weel is speechless. Arika unconsciously backs away as do her women. Bixby's floored... again... what a night!

Alex is most confused and alarmed of all.

He stares in horror at the tattoos that run down his arms; makes eye contact with Claire, their lives changed forever.

Every single person in the bunker immediately decides if they believe, and whether or not they're on the side of the Chosen One.

Claire bows down before Alex.

**END ACT FIVE**

**ACT SIX****INT. WEEL'S MGM UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT**

We open on silence, as everyone tries to come to terms with what just happened. William Weel is dumbstruck, can't process it, nor can Rysen.

David stares into Alex's eyes, for the moment not sure what to say.

The silence is deafening as Alex stands frozen.

David Weel decides to ignore it for now and gestures to Arika and her delegation.

DAVID

Arrest them.

Arika is panicked acutely aware of how this all looks, as soldier's surround them. She turns to David.

ARIKA

You have to believe me, David! We had no part in this. I had no idea what Roan was, he was deceiving all of us.

David just stares at her coldly, calculating.

ARIKA

(panicking)

What would we have to gain? Please think!

DAVID

I am...

Soldiers lead the Helena delegation out of the bunker as Arika pleads...

ARIKA

Please David... You must listen to me...!!

**EXT. VEGA - NIGHT**

ROAN, keeps to the shadows, wounded, as he slips down an empty alley between the giant buildings of a casino. He moves toward one of the main walls. Soldiers are everywhere, the city ablaze with light.

Suddenly, two soldiers round a corner and see him, bleeding, holding a knife. Before they have a chance to utter a syllable, he has killed them both.

He doesn't have much time before others find him. He runs at the wall and we focus on his BACK... as a RIPPLE moves up from the bottom to the top, like a wave, and as the RIPPLE spreads his WINGS grow out behind him and he takes flight; wings, hair and eyes all turn azure in color.

OVER THE WALLS he glides up, up, the trackers light on him, fire and miss. Roan escapes into the night.

**INT. WEEL'S MGM UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT**

Rysen approaches David.

RYSEN

Arresting Arika could spark another war.

DAVID

We're already at war. They brought that thing into the city allowing it to kill Jeep.

RYSEN

And you unleashed that monstrosity at the Jubilee. How is that any different? You knew what you were doing, they clearly didn't.

David's undaunted.

DAVID

Vega's grown complacent and so have you. I told you... the people need to be reminded of the enemy we all face.

(beat)

In fact, that demonstration was not only effective it couldn't have gone better. Now we will be ready to fight the battle that's coming...

David turns to Alex.

DAVID

So... Alex Lannen. Take off your shirt.

Alex does as he's told.

Every part of his torso is covered in the ANGELIC TATTOOS. Yet, strangely, they're different than what was on Jeep's body. It's subtle but clear.

David takes a close look at the tattoos, trying to discern how the trick was done, as if David Copperfield was involved.

Then he glances around the room, taking an assessment of who is there, who has been a witness. Claire, Rysen, Thomas (his personal guard), William... and Bixby?

He stares at her.

DAVID  
(to Alex)  
Who is this?

ALEX  
Bixby.

Bixby gulps.

DAVID  
Designation?

ALEX  
V-1.

DAVID  
A v-1. What is she doing in my  
Bunker?

Bix is toast.

ALEX  
I brought her.

Then Claire steps forward.

CLAIRE  
She's with me, under my protection,  
the protection of House Rysen.

David looks to Rysen. Rysen nods his assent.

DAVID  
She better be able to keep a  
secret, because no one is going to  
speak of this until we can figure  
out what it all means. Is that  
understood?

ALEX  
She'll be quiet.

BIXBY  
(terrified)  
I promise...

David stares at her, a predator eyeing his prey, then goes back to bossing people around.

Through all this, William has still said nothing, can't take his eyes off Alex, his deity in the flesh.

A LOUD SCRAPING SOUND draws everyone's attention to the BUNKER DOOR as it slowly slides open...

And Michael stands there, bloody, dark soot covering his face and arms, but alive. The women gasp, Rysen and the guards cheer... everyone is happy to see him alive, even David Weel.

RYSEN  
What happened?

MICHAEL  
They attacked the reactor. I stopped them... but not before damage was done. The core rods were exposed, but containment held. For now, there doesn't seem to be a radiation leak. The engineers are working on it.

Michael then sees Jeeps body, it stops him cold and he stares at it sadly, now devoid of tattoos. Then he looks up at Alex, his shirt off, covered in them.

Michael glances at the wall, Roan's blood on it, walks over and touches the blood, feels it between his fingers, knows what Roan was...

MICHAEL  
The boy was an infiltrator. Also a member of the Powers, a higher order of angel with the ability to blend and kill. They can appear in the most defenseless and disarming ways. That's why he was able to pass through our scanners.

Michael walks over to Jeep's body, stares down sadly.

MICHAEL  
The angel I fought at the reactor was another higher angel. His name is Wiken. Jeep was right: more than one has joined Gabriel in his war against us.

The light's flicker again.

Michael walks over to Alex and makes a planned move: he bows down on one knee. Alex shifts about, uncomfortable with this gesture.

Then Michael stands.

MICHAEL

(to Alex)

Put your shirt back on and cover up your arms and neck. Make sure none of the tattoos show.

Then he turns to the group.

Michael stares closely at each person as he speaks.

MICHAEL

Alex is the Chosen One. He IS the baby I saved all those years ago and he is now a man. He is under my protection.

The wheels spin in David's head, but he says nothing. Nor does anyone else.

Alex and Claire share one last glance as Alex exits the bunker with Michael.

**INT. DAVID WEEL'S PERSONAL CHAMBERS - LATER NIGHT**

David and William enter, both shaken by the events, but David's already ten steps ahead, scheming.

DAVID

I don't believe this Alex Lannen or anyone else is the Chosen One. Or even that the baby was ever real.

WILLIAM

You saw the tattoos. You saw what happened.

DAVID

I saw the tattoos transfer from Jeep to Alex. But I've seen more extraordinary things than that since all this insanity began.

He makes a drink, a stiff one.

DAVID

I don't know what it all means, but I'm not bowing to anyone, and you aren't either. Alex Lannen is now our greatest threat...

Looks at William.

DAVID

And Claire is in love with him, making your union much more difficult.

WILLIAM

What? You're wrong. He's a guard.

David approaches William, places his hands on his shoulders. For the briefest moment, we see David the father, not David the politician.

DAVID

I'm sorry, William, but your feelings for Claire have blinded you to what was plain to see in that room.

William absorbs this news. David darkens again, turns away.

DAVID

It's now more imperative than ever that we take full control of Vega.

WILLIAM

Helena isn't going to like us holding Arika in prison. I think Rysen was right.... she seemed to be speaking the truth when she said she had no idea what Roan was.

David takes a drink.

DAVID

Helena's going to like what I do next, even less.

William doesn't like the sound of that.

WILLIAM

You know Arika is Helena's wife, don't you?

David doesn't respond, he just walks over to a window and stares down on Vega, his kingdom.

DAVID  
Don't agree with Rysen... About  
anything... ever again.

**INT. RYSEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Rysen barks orders to a number of underlings when CLAIRE storms in, leaving Bixby at the door with a guard.

CLAIRE  
I need a word.

RYSEN  
Claire, I...

CLAIRE  
Now.

Rysen looks to his people.

RYSEN  
Leave us.

As soon as they're gone, she unloads.

CLAIRE  
How could you do this to me? I'm  
not a chess piece to be traded for  
advantage!  
(holding in tears)  
And you lied to me... you knew I  
would never go for it, so you  
decided to spring it on me in front  
of the whole city to force me  
against my will...

Rysen moves to her.

RYSEN  
You said it yourself... Weel will  
not cede power on his own and I  
can't rule forever. I'm old, I  
don't have many more days left. We  
must join House Weel with House  
Rysen and give the people a  
government that is united and then  
over time from the inside you will  
guide Vega towards a Republic.  
William is nothing like David. He  
wants what I do...  
(tired)  
We need Vega to be strong not  
subjugated.

Claire's horrified, stares at her father like a stranger.

CLAIRE

Everything is strategy and tactics to you. Even your own family. I don't love him! Doesn't that mean anything to you?

RYSEN

Yes it does.

CLAIRE

I love Alex...

Rysen absorbs this news, surprised, then as it settles, not.

RYSEN

He's a good man. He saved your life so you have misplaced feelings for him because of that...

CLAIRE

My feelings aren't "misplaced." I love him. And he is the Chosen One.

RYSEN

(cold)

I have no idea what he is and I only deal in what I can understand, facts not fiction. What I do know is your destiny is far too important to this city's future to be derailed by choosing the wrong man.

Rysen stares at her, softens.

RYSEN

We've all had to do things Claire... things we hated to do. Me more than most.

(hard to remember)

Your mother was possessed the first night of the war... She went crazy and came at you...

It brings tears to his eyes, and we see how the memory is seared into him, the misery.

RYSEN

She was going to kill you... if I hadn't stopped her.

He lets that hang in the air, something Claire didn't know. Her hand involuntarily comes to her mouth.

RYSEN

This must be done. You must marry William. You must lead Vega.  
(looks into her eyes)  
Our survival depends on it.

Off Claire's confused and tortured face we move away and focus on a single Rysen soldier in a blue uniform standing guard at the far side of the enormous room. The soldier shifts... it's NOMA.

**INT. STRATOSPHERE - NIGHT**

Michael and Alex enter to find WYNN waiting for Michael. She's been crying, but when she sees him alive...

WYNN

Michael!

She rushes into his arms. Michael isn't comfortable with this intimacy, even more so the fact Alex is a witness to it, but he soothes her gently.

MICHAEL

I'm fine.

She weeps tears of joy, gently checking his wounds with her hands, as Alex watches flabbergasted. He's never seen Michael in such a human moment, nor even dreamed he could have a lover.

MICHAEL

Wynn. I need to speak with Alex.

WYNN

(wiping tears)  
Of course.

She takes a close look at Alex, her eyes miss nothing, and notes the tattoos slightly exposed at the top of his wrists. Wynn exits.

Michael's non-plussed, but hides it well with his usual stoic gaze.

This night has changed the dynamic of their relationship drastically and both men feel it. Alex is still having trouble processing...

MICHAEL

You were never alone.

ALEX

What?

MICHAEL

When Jeep left, you were never alone. I watched over you...

(beat)

I made sure you joined the army. I formed the Archangel Corp so I could stay close to you without arising suspicion. Everything was done so you could train, in secret. No one could know who you were...

Alex attempts to see Michael in a new way other than as taskmaster. He can't.

ALEX

Am I supposed to thank you? To thank Jeep for all this?

MICHAEL

No. It just is. Jeep held the tattoos on his body for when you were ready. He knew it might mean his death...

ALEX

I'm not ready. I'm no savior.

MICHAEL

You are. And it's up to you to decipher the tattoos.

Alex stares at his arms.

MICHAEL

I bore them on my body before they were transferred onto Jeep's. But they were always meant for the Chosen One.

ALEX

What are they?

MICHAEL

Our fate. Our hope. Written in a language long since forgotten, one even I don't know.

Michael grabs a hand held light.

MICHAEL  
Can you take off your shirt?  
(beat)  
Please.

Alex does.

Michael shines the light over his torso and amazingly the tattoo's are shifting, changing, and slowly MOVING on Alex' body.

Michael's surprised by this, as if the tattoos have come alive.

MICHAEL  
(looks up at Alex)  
Can you read them?

Alex stares at them, sees them moving and is scared... which turns to anger, feeling pushed by Michael and shaken to the core by the death of his father and losing Claire.

ALEX  
I don't want it! I didn't ask for  
any of this! Why did Jeep have to  
die?!

MICHAEL  
I loved Jeep too Alex... but this  
is war and only one side can win.  
What's in those tattoos will guide  
you through what's to come. They  
will lay out the path through which  
mankind can be redeemed and Gabriel  
and his Legions pushed back. But  
this path will not be easily  
traversed. At every step, you must  
choose which course to take.

Alex looks down at the tattoos on his arms. After a beat, he shakes his head, frustrated, feeling the crushing burden now upon him. Michael steps closer.

MICHAEL  
(softly)  
Jeep believed in you, Alex. He  
believed the world could be a  
better place again. He had hope.  
He had faith. And so do I.

Alex looks up at the Archangel. His piercing blue eyes.

MICHAEL

Just try. Can you discern anything?

Alex reluctantly takes the light from Michael and does what he's told. He slowly moves it over his body.

ALEX

No.

**ALEX' POV**

But then he holds out his arm and we see how he sees them, and ONE of the tattoos de-codes, unscrambles.

It reads: **beware those closest to you.**

Alex looks up amazed and stares at Michael.

**EXT. VEGA - DAWN**

A MILITARY VEHICLE drives into the country far outside Vega. It's night, but the pre-dawn blue glow lights the horizon.

The VEHICLE stops and a MAN gets out. He climbs a rise and we realize it's William Weel.

THREE FIGURES step out from under a rock outcropping in black cloaks. GABRIEL towers over William, his fierce wings folding back against his armored body.

Wiken and Roan stand back. Roan is pale, wounded, but carries himself differently than before, a dangerous man, not a scared boy.

William drops to his knees before Gabriel like a submissive dog, eyes focused on the ground. Gabriel's tone is surprisingly soft. Almost loving.

GABRIEL

My son...

Gabriel gently touches his head. William looks up.

WILLIAM

We've found him.

**END PILOT**

\*