

INT. A DESOLATE SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT.

ECU in Black and White of the tile floor of the subway station. A pool of blood moves into the upper left hand of the shot. The camera PANS out and moves up slowly. As it does so, color fades in and the blood pool expands. As the camera continues to PAN out and up, it becomes clear that the blood is coming from the prostrated body of a man wearing a white business shirt and black slacks. Standing over the body, with a look of great shock is another man, BILL. He is dressed in business attire with a red tie on. He has dark brown hair, short but shaggy he is holding a black briefcase which he solemnly drops as the camera settles into a MLS of BILL against the tile wall of the station he continues to stare at the body before him. Behind him, to his right the fluorescent lights in the ceiling flicker and go out. From the shadows this malfunction creates emerges a man in a finely tailored suit. AMON, is a refined man who looks about 40. AMON walks up to BILL'S right side and the two of them look at the body.

MCU of BILL and AMON standing together.

AMON
Waiting on a train?

BILL
Uhh...Yeah. I, uh, I was trying to get home.

AMON
Aren't we all?

The two rest for a beat. CUT back to the MLS encompassing the whole scene and then return to the MCU. As the two men exchange dialogue, the camera cuts between an MCU of each of them separately and the MLS of the whole scene.

AMON
Do you know what happened?

BILL
No. I just walked into the station and he was just laying here.

AMON
That's how it usually is, friend.

BILL
How what is?

AMON
Death. It's always so sudden.

BILL
I wouldn't know.

AMON
I take it you've never been party to death before, then?

BILL
No, no. This is, uh, my first time.

AMON
They say there's a first time for everything.

BILL
Yeah, uh, I guess so.

The two rest for another awkward beat. The camera rests at the MLS of both of them.

BILL
Who do you think he was?

The camera begins to PAN up and to the right, circling around to an OTS shot from above and behind. The dead man has BILL'S face. A train pulls into the station.

AMON
Don't you know? He is you. Come with me.

Black

CUT to:

Fade To:

INT. ANOTHER, MORE CROWDED, SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

MLS of a train pulling into the station. AMON and BILL step off the train alongside the crowd. The crowd moves past the pair as if they did not exist.

BILL
Who are you? What's wrong with me? Am I dreaming? Where are we?

AMON
I am Amon; you, Bill, are dead; you are not dreaming - I assure you this is very real; and we are at the airport subway station.

BILL
I'm serious. Who are you? Are you death?

OTS MLS TRACKING AMON and BILL walking through the subway station and into the airport terminal above. All other pedestrians ignore them.

AMON
No, my friend. I am not death but I am working his shift tonight. To be precise, I am a demon.

CU of BILL'S face. He is even more shocked than ever before.

BILL
(Exclaiming)
A demon!? You can't possibly be real! Should you have a pitchfork or something?

They both stop walking for a moment. MCU of AMON.

AMON
(Sighing)

We are more common in life then you think. Besides, it is not my lot to torture you. Currently you are in a brief reprieve between the pain of life and the everlasting torment to which you will most likely be consigned.

They resume walking. The camera resumes OTS MLS TRACKING.

BILL
Where exactly are you taking me?

AMON
Well, first we're going to the airport.

BILL
But why there? This makes no sense. Is this some sick joke? Am I being "punk'd"?
Do people still get "punk'd"?

AMON
I told you this was all very real. You know what you saw. Just keep following me. And, no, no one gets "punk'd" anymore

BILL and AMON walk through a security line. People are taking off their shoes, belts, and taking the change out of their pockets. BILL and AMON walk on by. No one stops them. There is no indication that anyone sees them.

AMON
It's so superfluous.

BILL
What is?

AMON
All of this.

(AMON sweeps his hand indicating he is speaking about the security checkpoint.)

AMON
Nothing ever stops death. It doesn't matter how hard you try.

BILL
I suppose you're right. I assume you know a bit about this whole thing.

AMON simply sighs at BILL'S comment. They step onto a moving walkway. MLS of the two of them standing on the walkway in profile. The camera keeps pace with them. They pass numerous people on their way. Cut to an OTS shot of BILL and AMON. An older man is moving on the opposite walkway. He wears an older style suit, still fashionable in a classic way, with an overcoat draped over his arm

and a fedora in his hand. He nods at AMON, the first person to take notice of the demon so far.

AMON
(Nodding his head at the man)
Baphomet.

BAPHOMET
Evening, Amon.

As quickly as he appeared, BAPHOMET moves out of the shot as the camera continues the OTS shot. CUT back to the MLS profile shot.

BILL
Who was that?

AMON
No one.

Another awkward silence as they reach the end of the moving walkway. Cut to OTS of BILL and AMON walking through the airport concourse. They walk until they reach a gate at the end of the concourse. BILL and AMON walk to a bank of chairs. AMON sits down in one of the chairs and grabs a newspaper. BILL dawdles for a second and then sits one space away from AMON. Cut to a LS of the two of them from behind looking out the window at the tarmac.

BILL
What now?

AMON
We wait for our plane.

AMON crosses one leg over the other and opens his newspaper.

Cut to:

EXT. AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING

A plane approaches it's gate. From the window at the gate AMON and BILL are clearly visible.

Cut to:

INT. THE AIRPLANE - EARLY MORNING

LS of BILL and AMON walking through the crowded airliner. They come to the single open seat.

BILL
Who gets it?

AMON
Don't mind if I do.

BILL
Where am I supposed to sit?

AMON

Well, it's standing room only so stand in the aisle.

Cut to MS of AMON sitting in the seat buckling his belt with BILL standing next to him in the aisle.

BILL

Why do we need to take a plane anyways?

AMON

Are you really so self-absorbed to think that you're my only assignment tonight?

BILL

I suppose I am. What's going to happen?

AMON

Just wait and see. You'll know when it happens.

The plane begins to taxi down the tarmac. Passengers chatter among one another while BILL and AMON remain cautiously silent. AMON pulls his newspaper back out. BILL crosses his arms impatiently.

Cut to:

INT. THE AIRPLANE - LATE MORNING

TRACKING shot of the interior of the airplane and it's passengers. Some of them are asleep with their window shades down. Some move restlessly in their seats or chat among themselves. The camera settles on a MS of AMON and BILL. AMON sits placidly in his seat while BILL leans against the lavatory door. Suddenly, the cabin shakes slightly. Some passengers begin to panic. The cabin stabilizes and then shakes violently. The oxygen masks deploy and mass panic ensues. Screaming, crying, and shouted prayers to every god to ever exist cry out to anyone within hearing. AMON remains calm and folds his newspaper.

AMON

I told you, you would know when it happened.

BILL doesn't respond. He looks around wildly. He still hasn't gotten used to the fact that he's already dead. BILL reaches out for an oxygen mask but can't hold on to it. Every time he grabs hold of it it disappears out of his hands.

AMON

What are you doing? You do realize you're past that point, right?

LS of the front of the plane's cabin from the tail section. Gravity shifts and it becomes obvious that the plane is headed down at an extreme angle. People are still screaming and personal items are falling all over the cabin. BILL can be seen standing with the floor. The angle does not seem to affect him all that much. The plane crashes into the ocean, windows break and water comes pouring in.

Cut to:

White

[End of ACT I]

Fade in from white:

EXT. A MISTY AREA - DAY?

XLS of this white misty area. AMON appears in the distance followed by the passengers from the plane one by one in quick succession. The last person to appear is BILL. The afterlife is an odd place visually and the chatter of the new arrivals reflect this. BILL appears to be the least disoriented with the exception of AMON himself. The afterlife is a misty place like a foggy morning after a long night of rain. Although it seems to be daylight it is never truly night or day, just an ambivalent lightness. There are vague suggestions of buildings out there in the fog. Everything seems to be situated on a vast plane. To one side the atmosphere is far lighter than the area around the new arrivals. on the far opposite end of the plane the "sky" grows darker like a mixture of storm clouds and smoke. The crowd follows AMON towards the lighter end of the plane. The camera moves in toward the crowd and settles into a MLS of the crowd following AMON.

AMON

Now, as your official tour guide of the afterlife, I will guide you to Heaven's in-processing and customs center for your final judgment. If you have any questions or anything to declare please keep it to yourself. At this point it's too late and likely no longer matters. Thank you for riding life express.

The crowd remains dead silent. As they move through the fog, things begin to become clearer. Heaven comes into sight. It is sublime. Buildings of crystal and pearl with golden accents are everywhere. Everything is pristine, too pristine. As the crowd comes closer to the Pearly Gates the camera tightens into a CU of BILL looking at the sights astounded. AMON stands next to him trying to see what BILL sees. RACK FOCUS from BILL to AMON. A look of desperation crosses AMON'S face for half a second before he returns to his usual neutral aspect.

BILL

It's beautiful...

AMON

A bit gaudy if you ask me. Not all it's cracked up to be either.

(To the entire group)

Alright, everyone follow me.

AMON leads the group to a building off to the side of the gates.

Cut to:

INT. HEAVEN'S PROCESSING CENTER - DAY

A massive amount of people are in the processing center which is reminiscent of a hospital waiting room. It's a large lobby with uncomfortable seats. MLS of BILL as he grabs a number and takes a seat. Time lapses as BILL waits on his number to be called. One by one the people around him get called up to meet their fate. Finally, BILL'S number gets called up and he cautiously walks towards the camera.

Cut to:

INT. RAPHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

LS of an office within Heaven's processing center. RAPHAEL sits at his desk waiting for his next appointment to come in. He adjusts his paperwork and then his tie. RAPHAEL looks perfect in the way that an extremely ambitious and successful lawyer would. He is usually very chipper and upbeat, the

type of unflappable personality that would indicate great happiness in a human being. BILL enters RAPHAEL'S office.

RAPHAEL

Oh, hello. Please take a seat. How are you liking your time in eternity so far? Serene isn't it?

BILL does not respond. He's too uncomfortable to really say much of anything. BILL takes a seat in front of RAPHAEL'S desk. Throughout the ensuing dialogue the footage cuts between a CU of BILL, a CU of RAPHAEL, and a LS framing both of them within the context of the office.

RAPHAEL

Well, let's get started then, shall we. I just need your name and your number.

BILL

My number? Like my social security number?

RAPHAEL

No, no. Your approximate day of birth approximate to the nanosecond. Your guide to the afterlife should have given you this information before leaving you at the Pearly Gates.

BILL

(mumbling)

Amon didn't say anything about that.

RAPHAEL

(perturbed)

Of course it was Amon who brought you. That lazy, apathetic old roach.

RAPHAEL shakes off his temporary frustration and flashes BILL a huge, perfect smile.

RAPHAEL

That's alright. We can work with this. You're name please?

BILL

Bill, Bill Phillips.

RAPHAEL begins to type information into his computer terminal. He hums as he does so.

RAPHAEL

Oh my. There seems to have been a mistake.

BILL

What!? Am I going to Hell!?

RAPHAEL

Nothing so serious as that. At least not yet. We just can't seem to find record of your recent death. It seems you weren't scheduled to die until...hmm, that's interesting.

BILL

What!? What's interesting?!

RAPHAEL

Hold on one moment. I'll be right back.

RAPHAEL leaves the room at a pace that suggests that he is poorly hiding the urge to sprint away. BILL remains seated for a short time then stands up and begins pacing. RAPHAEL returns and practically bolts through the door. He slams his door shut and sits at his desk.

RAPHAEL

Bill, please take a seat. You are a most peculiar case. Perhaps the most interesting case in all my time working here. I'm not really sure what to do for you and no one else here is sure either. I'm sure we could -

BILL

(interrupting, forceful)

What is it!? This is something that concerns the rest of my life so spit it out!

RAPHAEL

Well, it doesn't actually concern your life more like your afterlife. Regardless, we can't find you in our database of souls.

BILL

What are you talking about?

RAPHAEL

It's as if you never existed. Not only was your recent death unscheduled, you have no death scheduled at any point in Earth's future. Not only that, there is no record of your birth or of the conduct of your life. We have no way of knowing who you are or how you lived.

BILL

What does that mean for me?

RAPHAEL

Well, that's the thing isn't it? Since you technically don't exist you can't be judged fit for Heaven or Hell and since you are no longer alive we cannot send you back to Earth not only because the logistics of a resurrection are difficult but, because of your lack of paperwork, we are not convinced that you are not the Antichrist awaiting a rebirth.

BILL stares at him dumbfounded.

RAPHAEL

That last part was a joke...probably. Anyways, you're unfit for both punishment and paradise.

BILL

What do I do now?

RAPHAEL

Well, you can't very well stay in the processing center. The chain of command here in Heaven has decided to allow you to live, if you choose to think of it that way, in Purgatory. You will be the only human soul in that desolate place but, I assure you, it is far superior to the horrors of Hell. It is a shame you can no longer repent of your sins or I would make every attempt to get you into Heaven. Anyways, you will need a sponsor for your time in Purgatory while we try to find your paperwork.

BILL

A sponsor?

RAPHAEL

Yes, we will appoint an angel to help acquaint you and orient you with the afterlife to make your adjustment easier. This angel will be required to check on you and act as your guardian in our realm.

BILL

Can I make a request?

RAPHAEL

Of course, esteemed guest.

BILL

Call Amon.

Cut to:

Black

Fade to:

EXT. THE PEARLY GATES – DAY

MLS of AMON leading BILL away from the Pearly Gates. The camera PANS over and follows the pair into the misty fog of Purgatory.

AMON

I still don't understand why you called me.

BILL

You're the only person I know here who can help me.

AMON

First of all, I'm not really a person. Second, you don't really know me nor should you ever want to know me. Third, I can barely help myself. What makes you think I can, or even will, help you?

BILL

I don't know. They said I needed a sponsor and, from what I can tell of angels, I would rather not have one of them looking in on me.

AMON

Bit too judgmental, aren't they?

BILL

No. It's not that. It's, it's the lack of empathy. Sure their friendly and smiling but they'll smile all the

way through sending you to Hell. It's unnerving.

AMON

Like I said, judgmental. Besides you have only got a glimpse of the nice ones. You should see the real dour ones. Those guys are an absolute riot. Still, you don't have a very good reason for picking a demon as your sponsor.

BILL

Well you already said it wasn't your lot to punish me until my judgment day so I figured you were the most neutral party.

AMON

Some say my mere presence is torture enough. If you think you can handle it then You can stick around.

BILL

So I can't go to Heaven.

AMON

Which is not a bad thing, depending on how you're looking at it.

BILL

And I can't go to Hell.

AMON

Which is definitely a good thing.

BILL

Where am I supposed to go?

AMON

Right now I'm off duty and you've got some free time so we're going to the bar.

BILL

The bar? What bar? There are bars in Heaven?

Out of the mist, a single building emerges. It is a long and low rectangular structure. Somewhat squalid in appearance but solid. It has a flashing neon sign which simply says "The Bar".

AMON

You have to keep in mind, we're not exactly in Heaven.

Cut to:

Black