

Our Father

by

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EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD- DAY

MARTIN (african american male, late teens, big but mostly muscle) walks up to his stepfather DAVID (white male, late 30s, tank body type, Martin's coach) between plays. Martins wears his yellow "Warriors" jersey. The sun is high in the sky but it might as well be golden hour. No matter where you look, you're being blinded by the yellow. Cheerleaders chant. The crowd roars. Music blares. Its all just a little too loud.

MARTIN

Dad.

(beat)

I'm so tired.

Martin breathes heavily. David pulls his face towards him and touches Martins helmet with his forehead.

DAVID

We're counting on you. It's almost over.

David jostles him by the shoulders.

Martin goes to drink some water, ears ringing. He can hear his heart beat. He's never felt quite this bad before, but he's a warrior.

Martin goes back out to the starting line and crouches down. He looks to the side and sees his mother, VERONICA (african american female, early 40s, thin and sleek, drips with minimalist elegance) in the stands clapping and yelling. She has a certain seriousness when compared to the other parents. We cannot make out her words. He looks back ahead. Another players sweat drips off his face. Martin's heartbeat gets louder. The whistle blows.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT THE WOMB ROOM- MORNING

Martin rises from a pool of blood, gasping for air. With closed eyes he reaches out and grabs hands with MEPHISTOPHELES (male, wrinkled face bat, about 4 and a half feet tall, he wears a pristine suit with cut outs for his wings) . They are in a small tower room with the pool of blood in the center. The castle is stone and decrepit. His eyes open.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Your highness! So glad you could join us.

Martin's shrieks echo down the halls of the castle. He pushes Mephistopheles hand away and flails in the blood. He pulls himself out the other side and begins clawing at the wall. His eyes are crazed.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Martin?

BEGIN FLASHBACK: EXT. THE FOOTBALL FIELD- DAY

Martin is laying on his back. The sun is so bright. He can make out the silhouettes of Veronica and David. Veronica's hands are on his shoulders.

VERONICA

Martin!

She's shaking him, begging her son to wake up. Her voice echos. David pushes her off him.

END FLASHBACK

INT THE WOMB ROOM- MORNING

Martin pauses.

MARTIN

Mom?

MEPHISTOPHELES

No. Mephistopheles. A pleasure to meet you.

Martin looks straight at him, breathing heavy. He looks around for his mother and in the process sees the room, the pool, his bloody jersey.

MARTIN

(beat)

Where am I?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Your in hell.

MARTIN

No.

MEPHISTOPHELES

No?

MARTIN

I'm on the football field. I have a game. I'm just taking a nap- that's all.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Does this feel like a dream?

Martin puts the collar of his shirt up to his mouth and sniff the blood. He wipes some off his forehead and begins to rub it between his fingers. He licks his lips and tastes some.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You are reborn. Though, I'm sure apart of you will always be on that field.

Martin steps up to the edge of the pool, barely making out his shadow on the surface of the blood. He looks hard at Mephistopheles.

MARTIN

You're just- you're so ugly.

MEPHISTOPHELES

What?

MARTIN

I mean- I just don't know if I'm creative enough to dream something this weird. I've never seen anything like you.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You're no spring chicken either 4 arms!

Martin hasn't heard that insult in a long time.

MARTIN

Hey! You can't say that to me. Do you know who I am?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Do you know who your father is?

Martin's eyes widen. He's put the pieces together and he doesn't like the full puzzle. He jumps back into the pool, trying to swim down and back into his life. He finds the bottom. He tries to go down again.

Mephistopheles jumps in with him and tries pulling him out by his shoulders. Martin flails and cries.

MARTIN

No! No!

Mephistopheles pulls him out and throws him onto the ground. Martin spits up blood.

MARTIN

I gotta go back. You gotta let me go back.

Martin curls into himself, crying and wheezing. Mephistopheles sighs.

EXT SIDE OF CASTLE- DAY

Martin sits on the hill with one set of hand clutching his knees to his chest and the other set rubbing his temples. He's wearing his recently cleaned jersey. Mephistopheles stands awkwardly beside him. The castle sits atop a mountain overlooking many small villages. You can barely make out people marching like ants below.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Would you like me to get you a drink?

MARTIN

I'm not old enough.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You're dead.

MARTIN

I'm not interested in drinking.

Hell looks like Zion National park on a misty day. Colorful, but slightly darkened with no ceiling in sight. Martin occasionally glances over at Mephistopheles. He doesn't want to stare but looking at him is like passing a car crash.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(beat)

So are you like the Mephistopheles.

MEPHISTOPHELES

No. Family name.

MARTIN

Ah.

Martin turns away, massaging the last feelings of denial and normalcy out of his skull.

MARTIN

I need to get out of here.

MEPHISTOPHELES

We could go on a walk. There's a beautiful pond in one of the local parks.

MARTIN

No. That's not what I mean. I just- I had a game and my team needs me and-

MEPHISTOPHELES

You want to go back to life?

MARTIN

Well yeah. I had a lot going on and a lot of people were counting on me.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You know, we did have one guy that did that.

MARTIN

Really?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Do you happen to be Jesus Christ?

MARTIN

Well, no but-

MEPHISTOPHELES

Then you'd might as well get
comfortable.

MARTIN

(beat)

Even if I can't go back to life, I still shouldn't be here. I went to church every sunday. I never kissed a girl. I always listened to my mom. I shouldn't be here, regardless of who my "father" is- if that even is the truth. I mean, you'd think God would base it on merit not paternity. I've done everything right.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh prince, you don't know how good you have it. Your parentage is a blessing. You're in good company though. We feel most people shouldn't be here and, if they could think, I'm sure they'd feel the same way.

MARTIN

If they could think? I just- isn't there some sort of appeal process. I'm sure we could talk it out.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh, no ones talked to him in centuries.

A bell rings.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Shit.

MARTIN

What?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Your brothers here.

INT ENTRANCE HALL- DAY

The doors are about a story tall. They open to a common area. Two fireplaces burn on either side. There's an assortment of luxurious furniture from across time (a fainting couch from the 1800s, a box tv from the 60s in a corner, a radio from 1940, some BAUHAUS originals, victorian

cabinet and chairs, antiquity statues ect). At a glass table stands WULFHILD (early to mid 20s, fuck ass jet black bob, pale skin, tall and slender, eyes randomly arrange across his entire body, 2 eyes in their normal place, one in the center of his forehead, and an upside down one on his lower left cheek)

Mephistopheles walks across the room to join him. Martin stands behind a crack in the door, unsure he wants to be exposed to more horrors.

WULFHILD

Is father here?

He doesn't bother to turn. He doesn't need to. He can see everything. His accent is european, but ancient and untraceable.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You know he's not.

WULFHILD

Well then, I can just ask you. I found the path. I need an army.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You know I won't do that. You're lucky you don't spend everyday getting tortured by the locals.

WULFHILD

That was a mistake. It was early in my career. I was young. I know what I'm doing this time.

Wulfhild taps the map with a pencil. He faces Mephistopheles with a smile.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Seventy-six soldiers died under your command.

WULFHILD

Causalities are apart of war.

MEPHISTOPHELES

They starved.

Wulfhild's eyes look in all different directions, trying to find a response that'll get him what he wants. One on the back side on his neck zeroes in on Martin.

WULFHILD

Who are you?

Martin opens the door and steps in cautiously.

MARTIN

I- I'm Martin.

WULFHILD

Hello Martin. I'm Wulfhild, Profit
of the Vorlorene Insel.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Mad Profit of the Vorlorene Insel.

Now that Wulfhild is facing Martin, Martins sees he's wearing a leather jacket with no shirt underneath and leather pants. The eyes on his torso glared at Mephistopheles.

WULFHILD

Are you a new sibling of mine?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yes. Now leave.

WULFHILD

But we're just starting to get to know each other.

MARTIN

What are you trying to do?

WULFHILD

I'm so glad you asked. I'm going to kill God.

The concept disgusts Martin.

MARTIN

You can kill God?

WULFHILD

Absolutely.

MEPHISTOPHELES

No.

WULFHILD

Well, how will we know if no one tries.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You're not going to be able to get up there.

WULFHILD

Look at the map.

Martin joins them at the table and looks at the map. It is pre-printed with doctors hand writing and colored penciled paths over the top.

MARTIN

If we can't kill God, do you think we could at least talk to him?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Martin, you have duties here.

MARTIN

I have duties?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yes. You're a child of Lucifer.

You're going to be a general.

MARTIN

I have to be a general?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I mean, no. But I'd highly recommend it. Good job. Long career path. Very rewarding.

MARTIN

I'm not sure I-

WULFHILD

Martin, are you a believer?

MARTIN

Yes. I believe in God. He's given me everything I have.

WULFHILD

Well then, maybe we can get you to have a talk with him before you start working for the other side. I mean I'm sure it's hard to change your faith overnight.

MARTIN

I thought you wanted to kill him?

WULFHILD

We don't know that I can. Do you think I can?

MARTIN

(beat)

No. I don't.

WULFHILD

Then you'll come with me? You'll bring your army?

MEPHISTOPHELES

If you go with him, you are not getting an army.

MARTIN

I don't want an army.

WULFHILD

I mean the military always needs people. If it doesn't work out, I'm sure they'll be here when you get back.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You're not going to get back because you're not going.

Martin looks hard at Mephistopheles. He sees himself being dragged down another grim path.

MARTIN

(beat)

I'm not meant to be here.

Mephistopheles pulls his ears down. His eyes twitches.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Fine. Fine. But you know this man is crazy.

Martin's voice cracks.

MARTIN

Aren't we all a little crazy.

Mephistopheles pulls his ears over his eyes, takes a deep breath, and leaves the room.

Wulfhild reads Martins jersey.

WULFHILD

Ah, you're a warrior.

MARTIN

Yeah. Yeah I was- I am the quarterback.

WULFHILD

Is that a new type of warrior.

MARTIN

Um, yeah.

INT BAR BATHROOM- EVENING

WULFHILD

So, you're newly dead.

He throws his clothes over the rusty bathroom stall. Water drips down from the ceiling. It's dimly lit and red.

MARTIN

Yeah. I crawled out of the blood pool thing a few hours before you arrived.

Martin folds Wulphild leather pants. They smell awful.

WULFHILD
So do you remember?

MARTIN
Remember what?

WULFHILD
Remember how you died. You're young
to be dead.

MARTIN
No. I don't. I think maybe it was
an accident.

Martin rubs his temples.

WULFHILD
It'll come back eventually. Hurts
like a bitch though.

Wulphild steps out of the stall. He wears full body fishnets
and booty shorts. He washes his hands.

WULFHILD CONT.
I think not knowing helps with the
transition more.

MARTIN
Why?

WULFHILD
Because when you find out you'll be
as mad as I am.

Wulphild adjusts his bob in the mirror. Martin takes in his
outfit. At first he's uncomfortable. Men don't dress like
that where he's from. Then, he starts thinking of the
logistics.

MARTIN
How do you pee in that?

WULFHILD
You don't. Though it's great to be
able to look around.

An eye beneath his butt cheek looks straight at Martin.
Martin turns towards the wall.

MARTIN
Do I have to be here? I don't like
bars.

WULFHILD
If we're both looking, it'll go
faster. The faster it goes, the
(MORE)

WULFHILD (cont'd)
faster you get to go back to life.
There's no point to someone like me
going back. If we wait too long,
you're world will be gone.

MARTIN
You look like you're here to party.

WULFHILD
I'm just blending in with the
culture. Maybe, have a beer. It'll
loosen you up and we can just focus
on looking.

MARTIN
Alcohol is unhealthy.

WULFHILD
Alright. Let's go then.

INT BAR- EVENING

The bar has wooden walls, dirt floor, and is crowded with demons. The demons are a mixture of human and animal parts. No two look the same.

WULFHILD
Blair has a red mohawk. Like the gingery red. She wears bandages across her chest and has humps on her back. I think she's still dating the cat guy. Real handsome. Fluffy fellow.

MARTIN
She dates one of these guys?

He accidentally bumps a waitress and she flirtatiously sticks a forked tongue at him.

WULFHILD
Try to be a little open minded.
It's their land.

Wulfhild disappears into the crowd. Martin looks around. Everything that could possibly be bad for his body or focus are there (booze, smoke, female demons dancing provocatively). He begins to sweat. He keeps turning but can't focus on anything. The walls seem to be closing on him, pushing him closer and closer to the demons dancing around him. The music gets louder. He pushes his way to the door.

EXT. BAR

Martin spots a space between a wall and a bush and crouches down in there. He takes calming breaths, trying to count the seconds. One pair of hands clutches and pulls at his hands

and the others clutches his knees as he rocks. A mist hangs in the air. Only the nearby plants are visible but the rest of the world hangs in white. Up a hill, there's a fallen tree whose roots stick up in the air, a sign of a ledge to the unknown.

He looks up. Through the leaves, he sees a distant, humankindshaped figure in the mist. He stands, still shaken.

MARTIN

Hello? Are you Blair?

The figure gets closer. The rocks on the ground begin to tremble.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Do you know her maybe?

He sniffs the air and the scent of peppermint makes his mind wander. He looks into the mist and the figure becomes more clear. An short, overweight woman, waddling and inching.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

It's funny. You smell just like my grand-

And then she emerges. Martin's grandmother NANA JONES (late 60s, short and overweight) is standing before him in her best church dress, large kitschy earrings, and a delicate gold cross around her neck.

But it's all wrong. She's in grayscale and where her eyes were meant to be were just two holes surrounded by flabby skin.

Martin freezes. After a long day of fighting and flying, the horror before him is just too much to process. Doesn't matter. Nana Jones isn't looking for him, and she slips right past towards the bar. He turns to watch her hobble. The ground continues to rumble.

An ARROW has struck Nana Jones from the side pinning her to the ground.

Martin starts to scream for her but something hits him from behind. He looks down at another arrow sticking out of his chest. He's now screaming for a different reason.

BLAIR (female, 21, curly fiery hair, incredibly beautiful but also masculine) comes up from behind him.

BLAIR

Sorry about that.

She pulls the arrow the rest of the way out and reloads her bow.

BLAIR

You must be new in town.

MATCHES (long haired cat man, black with orange eyes) pulls Nana Jones up and holds her back as she claws at him.

MATCHES

What do you want me to do with this one?

BLAIR

Just hold her for a second. Amber?

AMBER (has the eyes, ears, and legs of a fox with the torso of a woman) hands Blair a rocket launcher. Blair aims into the mist and fires, illuminating hundreds of lost souls like Nana Jones. It causes a fire in the distance and some of the herd turns to follow it. The others keep advancing towards the bar.

BLAIR

That's more than I expected.

Martin paws at his chest, feeling the hole slowly close amongst all the blood.

BLAIR

Amber would you go get reenforcements.

AMBER

On it!

Amber scurries off into the fog.

BLAIR

What's your name? Jones?

MARTIN

Martin.

BLAIR

Nice to meet you. Would you take that soul from my lovely boyfriend over there. She won't go after you because you're cold.

Nana Jones is sucking on MATCHES armplate.

MARTIN

She was my grandmother.

BLAIR

Maybe not.

(beat)

Matches, how far is the valley off this cliff from town.

MATCHES

It's about a mile.

BLAIR

Great that'll give us some time.
Martin you're going to do something
very important for me and you're
going to have that bar evacuate.

MARTIN

I am?

BLAIR

Yes. You're going to turn to the
nearest person and you're going to
tell them there's a herd coming
from the East. That's all you've
got to do ok.

MARTIN

Ok.

Martin stiffly begins his walk back to the bar and turns back towards a distant explosion. Blair holds a grill lighter and Matches is pouring a small flask of gasoline over Nana Jones. Blair catches his eye. She's stern.

BLAIR

Don't turn around again.

Martin hurries his way into the bar. Behind him Blair lights Nana Jones and they push her off the edge of the cliff.

INT. BAR

Martin enters the bar. The music is still loud but he can't hear anything over his own thoughts. He grabs the shoulder of a passing WAITRESS

MARTIN

Hi, I'm sorry. Hi. There's a herd.
Umm, it's coming from the East.

The waitress' eyes widen, she runs behind the bar and presses a button. The music stops. A siren sounds. The bar goes quiet. The waitress jumps up on the bar.

WAITRESS

Everybody, please exit through the
front of the building and return to
town!

The demons don't panic or make a sound. They just swiftly and orderly move towards and out the exit. Martin sits in a nearby chair.

Wulphild finds Martin as the room clears.

WULFHILD

Martin, look's like we're headed
East.

Martin just stares.

WULFHILD

She'll be where the herd is. It's her job. We have to go.

He grabs Martins arm and tries to pull.

MARTIN

No.

WULFHILD

What do you mean no?

MARTIN

It doesn't make sense.

WULFHILD

Well the army has to fight something.

MARTIN

Not that. Just- what about the plan.

WULFHILD

I have the plan.

Martin shakes him off.

MARTIN

God's plan! What about god's plan.

He stands up and begins to pace.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

People they follow his rules all their life you know. And you know he tells you that if you follow the plan. I mean it all works out you know.

WULFHILD

I don't know.

MARTIN

The bible! I mean it's all in there. You trust in his plan and you remain faithful and he leads you to where you need to go. I mean I've never known anyone who was so-so godly, so good.

Martin sits back down and cries. Wulfhild reaches out but decides to remain slightly too distant.

WULFHILD

This bible. I know it's important but it's after my time. But I think it's mislead you. I once believed that God was on my side, but it is clear to me now that I was simply lucky enough to be out of his path. This is why I need to go up there. He needs to feel what I felt down below. He needs to know what it's like to be powerless.

MARTIN

It just doesn't make sense. I mean I could sit and talk to him and I could just feel him. I could just feel him. I know he wanted what was best for me.

WULFHILD

And now you're dead.

MARTIN

Yeah but, maybe that was apart of the plan.

WULFHILD

It's not a very kind plan. You look young. Not too young, but young.

MARTIN

What if he doesn't know.

WULFHILD

He's god. I think he knows.

MARTIN

No but if Lucifer is real, shouldn't there be angels? Like maybe he's divied up the tasks wrong and so people are down here that shouldn't be.

WULFHILD

Martin, no one gets up there.

It's just the two of them now. The building rumbles as the occasional rocket lands outside.

MARTIN

Not my God. My God wouldn't let this happen. Something is wrong.

WULFHILD

He seems the same God to me. But if that is what you think, it's all the better we go and find Blair.

MARTIN

I already saw her.

WULFHILD

Oh?

MARTIN

I think she set my grandma on fire.

WULFHILD

She's been known to do that. If it makes you feel better that's probably what she would've wanted. She'll be fine.

MARTIN

What?

WULFHILD

The souls just want. They're always starving but can never eat. They're always tired but can never sleep. Most of all, they're always cold but can never get warm. That's why they come to the demon towns. They're so cold but the living are so warm. It's why they chase the fire.

MARTIN

So is she gone gone now?

WULFHILD

What do you mean?

MARTIN

I mean, she must be ash.

WULFHILD

No. She'll reform. We reform too.

Martin points to his chest and the bloody hole in his shirt.

MARTIN

I think I figured that out.

WULFHILD

Oh. I meant to ask. Blair?

MARTIN

Blair.

They sit for a moment. The explosions have stopped and the sound of the local insects begin to creep in with the night.

MARTIN

It's been a second. Are you sure we'll find her.

WULFHILD

There's only one other place she goes when she's not working.

EXT. BLAIR'S BASE -- NIGHT

Martin and Wulfhild walk through stone gates to a tree villages connected at various levels by wooden bridges. Some attach to the outerwall, where demons inspect cannons. On the ground, they train with everything from swords to flame throwers.

As the demons lay their eyes on Wulfhild, the village goes silent. Some draw weapons.

WULFHILD

Soldiers! I seek council with your general!

Matches steps forwards from the crowd.

MATCHES

And why should we allow our leader to meet with a murderer.

WULFHILD

I bring her new brother, MARTIN JONES, the great warrior from-
(aside to Martin)

Where are you from?

MARTIN

Um, Ohio.

WULFHILD

OHIO!

Matches looks at Martin, tired.

MATCHES

Oh. It's you.

INT. BLAIR'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Amber sits on Blair's lap as they attempt to share a swivel chair. They're both drinking and giggling. The room is warms and looks like the quarters of an old sea captain. The desk they sit by is made from an old leather storage trunk.

Matches and Martin enter.

MATCHES

I have bad new.

BLAIR

Hey, your Martin right? We haven't gotten to really meet yet. Do you want a beer?

MARTIN

You set my grandmother on fire.

BLAIR

You know, that's my bad, but I wasn't left with a lot of good options.

Wulphild enters. Amber gets up, trying to pull her knife, and in the process spills a drink all over the desk. Blair sighs.

BLAIR

Now what's he doing here?

MATCHES

They came together.

BLAIR

Martin, what are you doing with this guy?

WULFHILD

Martin sees my vision.

BLAIR

You're never getting up there.

WULFHILD

I have a plan this time!

Wulphild pulls out his map and begins to unroll it but then remembers the beer and rerolls it. Matches sighs, grabs a cloth of a nearby wall, and begins to wipe it off. Amber sees the current and oncoming chaos and leaves as quietly as she can.

BLAIR

Nothing you show me is going to convince me your chances are any better this time.

WULFHILD

I need to borrow your army. Not even all of the army. Just a little bit of the army.

BLAIR

Please leave.

WULFHILD

At least look at the map.

BLAIR

Absolutely inexcusable. You think you can play with people's lives.

WULFHILD

Just look-

BLAIR

Stop!

As he finishes unrolling the map, she slaps her fists on top of it. One of her hands grazes a seal.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I mean you just think I'm going to let history repeat itself.

She trying to reprimand him but begins to rub her fingers against the seal.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

You'd think you'd have some understanding of the value of life but since day one.

She rubs the seal some more. She looks down.

BLAIR

(beat)

Wulphild what is this?

WULFHILD

I met with Old Pheonician. He said he believes it's time.

BLAIR

Oh fuck.

She looks down at it, she then cocks her head.

BLAIR

Did you draw over this.

WULFHILD

No. He just began to go swiftly downhill as we worked.

BLAIR

Ah.

MARTIN

Who's Old Pheonician?

MATCHES

An actual prophet.

He glares at Wulphild.

MATCHES (CONT'D)

And a very skilled navigator in his time.

BLAIR

I thought he said there wasn't a way up.

WULFHILD

I think he meant father didn't want
us to know the way up.

BLAIR

Why now?

MATCHES

Probably because he's half dead.

Blair bites her finger nails. She stares hard at the map,
tracing some of the lines with her fingers.

BLAIR

Matches, what are you doing
tonight.

MATCHES

No.

BLAIR

No?

MATCHES

I know the politics, the over
population, I know it all. I fight
it everyday with you. But I will
not let innocents follow this man.

BLAIR

No. I don't want that either.

WULFHILD

You don't?

BLAIR

Of course not.

WULFHILD

How are we going to conquer heaven?

Blair laughs in his face.

BLAIR

Thank you for the map Wulfhild.
We'll take it from here.

WULFHILD

And how are you going to read the
map?

BLAIR

Matches and I have all night to
clean up these lines.

Matches comes and looks over her shoulder.

MATCHES

Even if I was going to help you, I
don't think I could.

BLAIR

What?

MATCHES

I mean look at it. That's more
senility. That's madness.

BLAIR

I mean- but it's just some lines.

She slurs her words just a little.

MATCHES

The more sober you are, the harder
that map will be to read. That is
if it's even real in the first
place.

BLAIR

It has the seal!

MATCHES

A seal delivered by him! For all we
know Wulphild held him at gunpoint.

BLAIR

Wulphild wo- well. Fuck.

Blair rubs her temples, willing her sobriety to return.

MATCHES

He's using you. He's going to lure
you and some young men into some
fate worse than death.

BLAIR

Hold on. Hold on.

MATCHES

Don't let yourself get manipulated.

BLAIR

Don't tell me what to fucking do!

Wulphild's eyes are looking back and forth at both of them
at different times. One looks for an escape route. Martin
turns to look at a nice mounted axe on the wall.

WULFHILD

I'm the only one who can read that
map because I was there when it was
drafted.

MATCHES

You want to kill god?

BLAIR

No I- just imagine. Imagine if when you and I walked out for work everyday, we didn't- we didn't have to hurt the kids. Imagine if all those eyeless babies and the little toddlers were where they were meant to go. Imagine never seeing another soul trying to nurse with milk she doesn't have.

(beat)

I just don't want to have to hear them cry anymore. Like I get it. They've killed so many of us but they don't know. We talk overpopulation but even half would put us in a better place than we are now. We need delivery on some broken promises.

(beat)

Don't you want them to stop crying?

Matches sighs. He bends down and takes her hands

MATCHES

Blair, what happens if you get up there and this dumbass does what he does. I mean he's got a whole thing of muscle with him now.

Matches motions at Martin

MARTIN

Oh, I don't want to kill God.

MATCHES

Why are you going then?

MARTIN

I just think somethings gone wrong along the way. I'm not even sure I'm supposed to be dead right now.

MATCHES

Interesting. So what are you going to do, when he goes after God?

WULFHILD

I mean, do we even know I can kill God?

MATCHES

No. But I know you start shit that's gotten people in a world of hurt.

BLAIR

I can take him. I mean he has weaknesses all over his body.

MATCHES

Are you saying you're going to get up there and poke him in the eyes.

WULFHILD

I'd prefer not.

BLAIR

We'll find something to do with him.

Martin's posture changes when he realizes "he" is apart of "we".

MATCHES

Is there anything I can do to stop you?

BLAIR

No.

MATCHES

Well, I'll hold things down until you get back.

He stand up, does a big stretch, and begins to leave. He turns for a second to look at Martin.

MATCHES

Pick the right side, kid.

Matches leaves.

WULFHILD

Great! We'll leave in the morning.

He rolls up his map.

WULFHILD CONT'D

I have somethings to get in order.

Wulhild leaves and Martin begins to follow him.

BLAIR

Martin, stay.

MARTIN

Hmm?

BLAIR

You don't have to go with him. We have places you can stay here. Better than whatever cave he lives in. And another pair of clothes that'll be less... Tight.

Martin grimaces at the thought of borrowing clothing from Wulhild.

MARTIN

Thank you. I'll tell him. But I'd really like to keep the jersy it's all the same to you.

BLAIR

Oh course. We'll stich it up.

(beat)

I'm sorry I set your grandmother on fire.

MARTIN

I'm sorry you had to set my grandmother on fire.

(beat)

Do you know if this is real?

BLAIR

What?

MARTIN

I mean, since I've gotten here I have these moments where I feel like it's all a nightmare. I was hoping maybe I'd wake up by now.

BLAIR

Oh Martin, Earth is so much worse than being stuck here.

INT AMBER'S TREEHOUSE APARTMENT-- NIGHT

Martin lays on a pulled out futon, staring at Amber. It's clear Amber takes some inspiratin from 70s decor. She has a bright orange rug, pink arm chair, and an accent wall of some of the tackiest wallpaper you've ever seen. Amber sits crosslegged on the floor by the coffee table, sipping tea and meds Martin's shirt.

AMBER

Please stop staring at me.

MARTIN

I'm sorry this is all still new to me.

AMBER

It's ok.

A star clock ticks on the wall.

MARTIN

Matches seems kind of scary.

AMBER

He can be... Aggressive at times.
But it's because he cares.

MARTIN

I kind of wish he was coming.

AMBER

Ha! He's too old to be playing around like that.

MARTIN

What do you mean?

AMBER

Oh honey, he'll be gone soon if he keeps acting the way he does. That's why he's all mad. He can't protect her like he used to.

MARTIN

Well how old is he?

AMBER

92.

MARTIN

What?

AMBER

I know. He covers the grays well.

MARTIN

And they're dating? Is that a crime.

AMBER

I mean she has a bigger gap with me than him and I'm not giving her up.

MARTIN

How old are you then.

AMBER

30.

MARTIN

Wait-

AMBER

Blairs like Wuldhild. She hasn't aged since she died.

MARTIN

But she seems so-

AMBER

Modern, empathetic, young

MARTIN

Yeah.

AMBER

I mean in a way she is all those things. I think you're only the second or third younger than her but Satan knows I can't keep up. I believe she'd be around 72 if they hadn't killed her.

MARTIN

She's older than my grandma.

AMBER

Yeah. She doesn't seem it does she.

MARTIN

Someone murdered her.

AMBER

I mean yeah. That's how most of you kid's die. You're lucky if you make it to 20.

MARTIN

I don't think I was murdered.

AMBER

Then I guess you're one of the lucky ones. I think I've finished up your shirt.

She hands him his shirt and he stands up and puts it on. There is now a jagged line through the middle with black stitches.

AMBER

I'm sorry. I wish I had white.

MARTIN

No, it's ok. Thank you.

Martin traces the line with his finger and then lifts his shirt up to look at his blank chest.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Since I can't die here, why did it still hurt.

AMBER

I couldn't tell you. I think whether you're alive or dead there still has to be some type of suffering. If it didn't we couldn't appreciate all the times we're not hurting.

MARTIN

Am I going to get hurt alot.

AMBER

Probably. Do you want some tea? I'm going back for more.

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE BLAIR'S BASE -- DAY

Blair and Martin watch the drawbridge go back up. Blair has a small messenger bag and her baggy pants are lined with weapons. Martin still wears his jersey, but now has leather armor strapped over the top and a messenger bag of his own. The sun is bright, but the mist is still thick and the soil is still red.

Wulfhild calls out from behind a nearby rock.

WULFHILD

I've been waiting.

BLAIR

Some of us try to sleep.

Blair and walter meet him at the rock, where he's laid out the map.

BLAIR

Where to?

WULFHILD

River Styx.

BLAIR

Well I'm extra glad I didn't pull up a carriage then.

MARTIN

Why didn't you pull one up before?

BLAIR

Didn't trust he wouldn't kill the horses.

WULFHILD

You always assume the worst in me. Besides, Martin can carry anything extra,

MARTIN

Just because I'm strong doesn't mean I'm your mule.

BLAIR

Let's just go.

Cut scene:

EXT BAR

MATCHES
(off screen)
You need help.

Martin peers through the leaves. BLAIR (female, 21, curly fiery hair, incredibly beautiful but also masculine), dressed as promised, is being confronted by her boyfriend MATCHES (cat man, long black hair and orange eyes) and her girlfriend AMBER (has the eyes, ears, and legs of a fox, has the torso of a woman). She is dangerously close to the mountains edge.

BLAIR
Fuck you.

AMBER
We love you. Please, come away from the ledge.

BLAIR
No, no. You just think you love me. You wouldn't say that if you loved me.

Matches looks hurt but not surprised.

MATCHES
No, we say it because we do. You're out of control.

BLAIR
Shut up.

She drops her bottle and it clatters off the edge and down into the abyss. She covers her ears.

MATCHES
You're hung over at work. You're wings have gotten worse. People are starting to talk.

BLAIR
I'm your general!

BLAIR
I'm your general!

MATCHES
Well don't sleep with your subordinates if you don't want us to get involved.

AMBER
This just isn't sustainable anymore. You can't live like this.

Blair begins unwrapping the bandages from around her chest and back, revealing two feathered, bloodied stumps, with bones sticking out of the top.

BLAIR

Fuck you! I'll show you who's in control.

AMBER

This is a bad idea.

Amber reaches out but is too scared to step closer.

AMBER CONT.

You're right, we'll let it go. We shouldn't have said anything.

MATCHES

I won't let it go.

(beat)

Go ahead. Jump.

Blair goes up to the edge and takes a deep breath.

BLAIR

Wait. I need a head start.

Amber tries to reach out to her as she comes back, but Matches stops her. Blair does a little shimmy, like she's getting ready to go on a stage. She takes off running and jumps over the ledge. For a second, an angel hangs in the air. Her hair is long. Her wings are white and double the size of her body. She was glowing.

Then, her face drops. Her wings disappear. She scratches the air like a drowning cat. She can't right herself. She disappears over the edge.