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INT. BUNGALOW. DAY

The house of an old person. Neatly dusted, family photos on the walls, framed daily affirmations, and shelves full of ceramic knick-knacks. A jazz-age tune plays in the distance on some crackly, unseen radio.

The living room leads to a dimly-lit hall, decorated with wood-framed mirrors and even more family photos. Now a soft and steady beep can be heard under the radio song.

INT. LAST ROOM ON THE LEFT - CONTINUOUS.

In this room can be found the owner of the house: SHELLY, 85, in bed, hooked up to a life support system (source of the soft and steady beep). Beside her, on a wooden chair, sits NURSE FREMONT, quietly reading a copy of "Contemporary Christian" magazine.

Nurse Fremont puts down the magazine, gets up, and checks Shelly's pulse. Check. Walks over to the EKG machine. Also check. Shelly is sleeping peacefully. Nothing unusual here.

NURSE FREMONT

I'll be right back, hon. Don't you go runnin' off, now.

She pulls a pack of Salem Ultra-Lights from her pocket, and goes out into the hall.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

A NEWCOMER is present. Standing staring at one of the framed affirmations is a man clad in a white skirt and robe, with intensely pale skin, bloodshot eyes, and naturally blond hair.

Nurse Fremont walks into the room, right past the newcomer, and lights up. She doesn't seem to see him or register his presence.

The Newcomer walks into the hall, without making a sound.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS.

The Newcomer glides down the hall towards Shelly's room. He is not reflected in any of the mirrors.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Shelly opens her eyes. The Newcomer is there, standing over her.

SHELLY

Phil?

The Newcomer shakes his head.

THE NEWCOMER

No.

SHELLY

Is it time?

The Newcomer smiles, sympathetically.

THE NEWCOMER

Don't worry. This won't hurt a bit.

SHELLY

I know.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Nurse Fremont looks up from her nic-fix.

NURSE FREMONT

Shelly?

INT. SHELLY'S ROOM. DAY.

The Newcomer bends down, and kisses Shelly on the cheek. The jazz music cuts off. Shelly moves her arms, and feeling suddenly strong again, sits upright.

SHELLY

Is that it?

The Newcomer offers his hand. She takes it, and stands up, amazed that she can do so.

Then she looks back on the bed, and sees herself. Or, at least, the shell of what she was. The woman in the bed is now yellow-toned, and cold.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Nurse Fremont quickly stubs out her cigarette.

NURSE FREMONT

SHELLY!

But the beeping has already become a flatline tone.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

As Nurse Fremont runs down the hall, she passes Shelly and the Newcomer without seeing them. As she enters Shelly's room, her inevitable reaction can be heard.

NURSE FREMONT

Oh my God! NOOOOO!

Shelly turns to look back, but the Newcomer gestures for her to keep moving.

THE NEWCOMER

Don't worry. She'll be fine.

(beat)

How do you feel?

SHELLY

There's. . . no pain.

THE NEWCOMER

I told you there wouldn't be.

SHELLY

No, I mean, I've been in constant pain for the past five years, and now. . .

She smiles. Probably wider than she has in over five years.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

THE NEWCOMER

You see? It's not that bad.

Shelly looks the room over.

SHELLY

I'll miss all this, though.

THE NEWCOMER
Of course you will.

SHELLY
What happens now?

THE NEWCOMER
Follow me.

EXT. THE HILLS. DAY.

A wide-open expanse of green. The Newcomer leads Shelly out away from the house, then pauses for a second.

Shelly looks into his eyes. He gives her a look back that could reassure the most paranoid hypochondriac.

And then, from out of his back, the Newcomer's wings unfold. Big, white, and feathery. He grasps Shelly by the arm, and together they fly.

Up and up, further and further, until Shelly's house is no longer visible.

SHELLY
Where are we going?

THE NEWCOMER
Separate destinations.

SHELLY
What?

THE NEWCOMER
I can only show you the way,
Shelly. I can't go there myself.

SHELLY
Why not?

THE NEWCOMER
That's just the way it is. Don't
be afraid. After all, you're
already dead!

She laughs, the first time she's been able to do so without coughing. Up ahead in the sky, a vortex opens.

THE NEWCOMER (CONT'D)
Time to go.

He slowly releases his grip, and she continues to ascend towards the vortex.

SHELLY

Thank you.

The Newcomer waves goodbye, as Shelly is sucked into the vortex, and it closes behind her.

The sky darkens. Thunder is heard. Then lightning.

CLOSE ON The Newcomer's face, as it begins to change. Color floods in, followed by beard stubble, dark hair, sweat. . .

AND HE SCREAMS!

INT. E.S.T. ROOM. NIGHT.

This new, more-human looking version of the Newcomer screams again, as thousands of volts surge through his body. He is bound to a table, wearing a blue hospital outfit, fighting the pain from the electrodes attached to his head.

The room is made of bare bricks, and two Doctors stand by supervising the treatment.

DOCTOR 1

I think that's enough therapy for today, don't you?

The "Patient" drops his head, exhausted.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. PATIENT CELL. DAY

This room is also bare-brick, with a black wooden crossboard for a bed/bench. A dark hole in the floor by the wall seems to be the only plumbing facility, and a high-up window the principal source of light. The window is barred, of course.

THE PATIENT, the same man we just saw getting the shock treatment, is sitting on the bench, tightly straitjacketed. He mutters quietly to himself.

THE PATIENT

isn't real. . . isn't real. . . I'm
not here. . .

There is a heavy knock on the door. The booming voice of head orderly BRAIDWOOD follows.

BRAIDWOOD

(o.s.)

DANIEL!

Presumably, he's addressing the patient. The patient doesn't seem to know or care. Or maybe he doesn't recognize the name as his own.

BRAIDWOOD (CONT'D)

Daniel, we're going to open the door now. Myself and Mr. Callaway are going to be behind it, so don't try to be a hero today, all right?

Daniel, if that's really his name, is still paying no attention, muttering his original mantra.

The door opens. Into the room walks BEVERLY JOHNSON, a good-looking, middle-aged psychiatrist in a white coat. She is flanked by Braidwood and CALLAWAY, two staffers built like rhinos, with deceptively amiable faces.

BEVERLY

(to the orderlies)

You guys can go now.

BRAIDWOOD

I don't think so.

BEVERLY

He's hardly going to feel safe with you two in his face non-stop.

BRAIDWOOD

I don't care what he feels. We're here to keep you safe.

BEVERLY

I don't think he'll hurt me.

(to Daniel)

Will you, Daniel?

CALLAWAY

With all due respect, Ma'am, this guy could hurt you, whether you think he can or not.

BEVERLY

Well, can you at least stand outside? If I start screaming for my life, you may feel free to re-enter.

BRAIDWOOD
Okay. It's your call.

The guards step outside. Beverly sits down on the floor in front of Daniel.

BEVERLY
It's okay, Daniel. They're gone.

DANIEL
. . . not my name. . .

BEVERLY
I'm sorry?

DANIEL
That's NOT my NAME!

BEVERLY
Okay. What is your name?

DANIEL
I don't remember. I almost had it yesterday.

BEVERLY
Well, then, how would you like me to address you?

No response.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
It does say "Daniel" on your records.

DANIEL
I have no records.

BEVERLY
That really doesn't matter. Why don't you tell me how. . .

DANIEL
It DOES matter! I shouldn't be here!

BEVERLY
And why is that?

DANIEL
I already told you. I told everyone. But you don't believe.

BEVERLY
Believe what?

DANIEL
That I'm an angel of death.

BEVERLY
Well, you'll have to admit, that is
a little hard to believe, Daniel.

DANIEL
THAT'S NOT MY NAME!

He starts to shake and struggle. Beverly is a little concerned, but not overly frightened. . .

Until the straitjacket snaps, and Daniel's arms are free. With superhuman speed, he leaps at Beverly, flips her over, and crouches on her back, one arm under her chin, the other restraining her arms behind her back. He leans his face into hers.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I could take your life with just
one kiss.

Then the voice of a child chimes in from behind him.

CHILD
Are you going to kill her?

DANIEL
What?

Time slows down. There is now a ten-year-old CHILD standing in the cell. As Daniel looks on, the child's face slowly contorts into an expression of grief, but right as the child lets out his first cry, the noise seems to shatter its owner into dust, which evaporates in the air.

Before Daniel can make sense of this, the security guards are on him, retying his straitjacket. Beverly, dusting herself off, is making a hasty exit.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I shouldn't. . .

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

POV of fields, farmhouses, etc., from the perspective of someone flying overhead.

DANIEL
 (cont'd, offscreen)
 . . .be here.

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

MATTHEWS
 Dr. Johnson?

Beverly abruptly drifts into reality. She has been leaning forward on the desk in her new office, which is barely wide enough for her desk to even fit, yet has a ceiling that's at least twenty feet high. Like the cells in this building, the office has only a very high-up, barred window for natural light.

This office is evidently new for Beverly, as she has boxes of files and such piled up on the floor. Boxes she has yet to unpack.

BEVERLY
 Yes?

MATTHEWS
 Hi.

He steps forward and offers his hand.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
 I'm Jay Matthews. One of the administrators here?

BEVERLY
 Oh, yeah. Hi.

She shakes his hand.

MATTHEWS
 Is everything all right? I heard you had some problems with Daniel.

BEVERLY
 Oh, that, well, you know. It's okay. I've had worse.

She starts to unpack some of the boxes.

MATTHEWS
 Well, I'm sure you've had better days also. They shouldn't have started you on him.

BEVERLY

I specialize in cases like his, Dr. Matthews. It's as good a place to start as any.

She's having trouble getting the tape off of one of the boxes.

MATTHEWS

Did they, uh, give you the tour of this place when you first got here? Hey, uh...lemme help you with that.

. .

BEVERLY

I. . .just. . . ARRIVED!

And with that, she rips off the entire top panel off the box, giving her momentum that sends her elbow back into Dr. Matthews' stomach.

He doubles over. Not a real tough guy, apparently.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Ohmygosh! I'm so sorry!

MATTHEWS

It. . . it's okay.

(dryly)

I've been beaten up by girls my entire life.

BEVERLY

Who're you calling a girl?

EXT. HEDGEROW MAZE. DAY.

The maze is more for decoration than for effect, as it's only about three feet high.

The ten-year old child seen in the cell is here.

CHILD

Are you going to kill her?

A REVERSE ANGLE reveals that the child is addressing Daniel, now in full angel mode, perched atop the hedgerow with wings outstretched.

Daniel looks quizzically at the child.