

THE FALLEN ONES

Written by
Christopher Zatta

One-Hour Pilot

"The Death of Thelesis at the Hands of Vassago"

EXT. ENDLESS SKY - DAY

WE'RE FLOATING through air. MILES AND MILES ABOVE EARTH. It's peaceful... Serene... That is, until a WOMAN'S VOICE BEGINS to speak to us, tinged with anger and admonition:

DEANNA (V.O.)
There are Angels and there are
Fallen Angels. At the dawn of
human existence, the Fallen Ones
were banished from heaven.

And suddenly WE'RE FALLING. CLOUDS HURDLE PASSED. The SCREAMS of hundreds of falling Angels echoes in our ears.

DEANNA (V.O.)
But they didn't go to hell. They
made a home on earth...

EARTH APPEARS in the distance below, VAST LAND surrounded by FOREST, RACING TOWARDS US as we plummet, CLOSER, and CLOSER, and at the MOMENT OF IMPACT we—

SMASH TO BLACK:

DEANNA (V.O.)
And they took their vengeance out
on mankind.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

FLASHES OF IMAGES: Bodies hitting the ground. Limbs torn. Grizzled faces in anguish. Humans slaughtered.

DEANNA (V.O.)
Angels then came as the protectors
of humanity, and a war broke out.

IMAGES OF BATTLE: SPEARS pierce the sky. ARROWS fly. Battalions collide. SWORDS clash with SHIELD and ARMOR. Bodies combust in flames. FORESTS BURN in a wild blaze.

DEANNA (V.O.)
The Fallen Ones were outnumbered.
Facing defeat, damnation to hell,
they made a final desperate threat
to kill off the entire human race.
So the Angels backed down.

CUT TO:

WE'RE TRACKING across the field, MOVING OVER PUDDLES of blood strewn with CORPSES, approaching a PILE OF WEAPONS.

DEANNA (V.O.)
A fragile truce was ultimately
reached.

WE ARRIVE at a STAND-OFF. SEVEN ANGELS and SEVEN FALLEN
ONES, their battle weary bodies covered in blood and dirt,
shrouded in shadow, we can't make out more than the
SILHOUETTES of their STATUESQUE FRAMES.

DEANNA (V.O.)
And a secret human organization of
Mediators was established to
maintain the peace.

Between the opposing sides of Angels approach SEVEN HUMANS.

DEANNA (V.O.)
Mediators were selected to ensure
any conflicts between the Angels
and Fallen Ones did not escalate to
another war.

TIGHT SHOTS on the Humans: Eyes. Mouths. Hands.

DEANNA (V.O.)
With everyone coexisting in
relative harmony-

An Angel and Fallen One clasp hands in agreement.

SMASH TO BLACK:

DEANNA (V.O.)
-the code of the truce has held for
centuries.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - PARK - DAY

A FIELD, reminiscent of the battlefield of Angels, surrounded
now by DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDINGS in the place of forests.

DEANNA (V.O.)
Today Angels and Fallen Ones blend
in and live secretly among humans.
They look like humans. They behave
like humans. They could be anyone,
any age, work any job.

VARIOUS SHOTS: CHILDREN play tag. A COUPLE enjoys a picnic.
An OLD MAN walks his DOG. A TACO TRUCK caters to CUSTOMERS.

DEANNA (V.O.)

To preserve the calm and status quo
of the truce, their presence is
kept from public knowledge.

WE SETTLE ON a PARK BENCH, where we find

LAPD DETECTIVE **JACKSON GREGORY**, late thirties, ruggedly handsome, short tousled hair, unshaven, dressed in a black coat, untucked shirt and jeans. His weathered and cynical eyes have seen things you'd never believe, and most of the time he'd rather not believe them himself.

Taking a seat beside Jackson is

ELIAS VASSAGO, A FALLEN ANGEL. Like all Angels and Fallen Ones, Elias is ageless, but his mortal body looks forties. With the countenance of an ex-soldier and the restrained anger of an ex-con, he could win a street fight any given Sunday. But his soft eyes betray vulnerability and concern.

And as with Jackson and any Fallen One, there's an unspoken tension between these two...

JACKSON

I talked with Alexander. He's
agreed to a land split.

ELIAS

You met with him first?

JACKSON

(of course)
You're the Fallen One.

Elias

Alexander moved into my district.
I shouldn't have to give up
anything.

JACKSON

You're not in a position of power,
Elias.

Elias acquiesces, aware he doesn't have much choice.

ELIAS

In these negotiations of yours, you
ever have to kill an Angel? Fallen
or otherwise?

JACKSON
 No. If I did it'd mean I failed.
 (point made)
 So can we—

Jackson pauses as two college-aged GIRLS walk by, on a stroll, allowing them to pass; he continues with discretion—

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 — can we settle this territory
 dispute without any problems?
 (Elias nods, stoic)
 Good. We'll all meet tonight to
 iron out details. I'll text the
 address.

Jackson stands to leave.

ELIAS
 I thought Mediators weren't biased.

JACKSON
 My role is to maintain the truce.
 My opinion of you is secondary.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN - 24 HOUR DINER - NIGHT

Late night. A skeleton crew of WAITRESSES at work. A DOZEN CUSTOMERS strewn about. Various conversations underway.

ANGLE ON Jackson, sitting alone at a table near the window.

A WAITRESS, sixties, approaches with a COFFEE POT in hand.

WAITRESS
 Get you anything else?

JACKSON
 Just another coffee. Thanks.

She pours him a mug-full, as just outside the window—

A PARKED CAR suddenly ERUPTS IN FLAMES, the blast PROPELLING A MAN across the parking lot.

Jackson bolts up from his seat, joining the fray of customers and waitresses rushing outside.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - 24 HOUR DINER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The crowd gathers on the sidewalk. WE SEE the MAN who was knocked to the ground, as he now gets to his feet.

JACKSON
(recognizing him)
Alexander...

This is **ALEXANDER THELESIS**, AN ANGEL, looks mid-thirties, blond, chiseled features, piercing eyes. Over six-feet tall, his imposing stature could command a room, and though just assaulted by fire, he's showing no fear.

Elias steps out from behind the BURNING VEHICLE, an angry gaze fixed on Alexander.

Another nearby car COMBUSTS IN FLAMES, knocking Alexander back down. Then a THIRD CAR explodes. A FOURTH. PILLARS OF BLACK SMOKE and FIRE fill the parking lot.

ANGLE ON Jackson among the crowd of spectators. Several people have CELL PHONES out, documenting the maelstrom.

Jackson moves in front of the people, an attempt to clear them to safety, but also blocking their cameras.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Everyone get back!

Our coffee-pouring Waitress peers over his shoulder in disbelief.

WAITRESS
How is this happening...?

ANGLE ON Elias, as a powerful GUST OF WIND propels him into the air, sending him FLYING ACROSS THE LOT. He tackles Alexander to the ground. Pins him down. Alexander struggles; then - BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

JACKSON
(horrified)
No! Elias, stop!

Elias stumbles back, watching Alexander burn to death.

FIRES ERUPT all around him. Igniting the ground. EXPLODING the GAS TANKS in surrounding cars. The car alarms howl. The blaze fills the entire parking lot - encasing Elias.

Jackson steps up to the fire's edge.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 (calling out)
 Elias!

No response. Licks of flame continue to entwine as Jackson tries to understand what must've set Elias off to kill Alexander; and then—

ELIAS EMERGES. Running, somehow unharmed as the fire MOVES ASIDE FOR HIM, clearing a path. He knocks Jackson to the ground, taking off down the street.

ANGLE ON Jackson, propping himself up from the curb, watching Elias escape, the consequences of a rogue Fallen One on the run bearing down.

WE CRANE UP from Jackson as BLACK SMOKE continues to fill the burning parking lot, WAFTING INTO THE SKY. FLASHING LIGHTS and SIRENS of FIRE TRUCKS approach from down the road.

And off this apocalyptic tableau, we—

SMASH TO BLACK:

MAIN TITLES

EXT. DOWNTOWN - 24 HOUR DINER - PARKING LOT - DAY

An EYEBALL fills the frame. Dry and cracked, it gazes unnaturally. WE HOLD long enough to note it's not blinking.

A FLASHBULB then goes off and WE WIDEN to see

ARSON INVESTIGATOR **SAMANTHA CLARKE**, thirties, astute, confident, wearing a JACKET with ARSON written across the back. Samantha's fascination with fire and her drive to solve a case are constant, especially when it means stepping outside her normal job description—that makes it all the more fun.

While she kneels over the charred corpse of Alexander, WIDEN TO SEE the parking lot is now a crime scene: COPS, REPORTERS, POLICE TAPE. Samantha has an assistant, **ALISON**, twenties, eager, snapping photos with a CAMERA. **OFFICER EMBRY**, twenties, an affable do-gooder, takes a report from the diner Waitress.

CLOSE ON Samantha.

SAMANTHA
 (sotto, to Alexander)
 How did this happen to you, hmm?

ANGLE ON Alexander, those eyes still open, staring off as if locked on something in particular.

BACK ON Samantha as she follows Alexander's death gaze to a DUMPSTER against the wall of the diner. It's completely intact – no signs of exposure to the blaze.

Samantha crosses to the dumpster and peers inside.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Strange...

JACKSON (O.S.)

What's strange? You climbing in the garbage?

ANGLE ON Jackson, still in the clothes from yesterday, all-in-all worse for wear. He watches Samantha with a bemused smile. These two share a history couched in mutual attraction.

SAMANTHA

Come here, look at this.

He steps up beside her.

Jackson's POV: GARBAGE. Lots of it. Drawstring bags. Discarded food. And none of it is burned.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

And not just inside the dumpster. Look at the side of the building and the ground.

Jackson looks – the area around the dumpster is undamaged, in stark contrast to the rest of the blackened parking lot.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

If nothing within this perimeter was burned, it's a point of origin.

JACKSON

(following her thought)
Then there were two arsonists?

SAMANTHA

(nods, re: Alexander)
The first one whom everyone saw killing crispy.
(then, re: the dumpster)
And the second, who probably set all other blazes from right here.

Samantha turns to her assistant Alison.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Take photos of the area surrounding the dumpster and collect comparison samples.

ALISON

(already snapping photos)
On it.

Jackson takes Samantha aside, discretely...

JACKSON

Listen, Samantha, I'm not going to need any help on this one.

SAMANTHA

(sardonic)
Oh? Is that right?

JACKSON

It's pretty cut and dry.

SAMANTHA

Sure, not counting the magical dumpster. Or that there are no incendiary devices in any of the cars. And let's not even worry about motive.

JACKSON

Valid points. But—

SAMANTHA

I find out how the bad guys did it, and you catch them. It's a classic method, Jackson, cause it works.

JACKSON

I already have a lead on arsonist number one. I'll bring him in. Question him—

SAMANTHA

Perfect. Call me when he's in custody.

He sees she's not giving in, so he does... for now.

JACKSON

You got it.

She smiles at Jackson, not one to let anyone shut her out. As she moves back to Alexander's body—

SAMANTHA

(re: Jackson's appearance)
Have you been working all night?

JACKSON
Yeah. Why?

SAMANTHA
(in jest... sorta)
You could use a shower.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN - JACKSON'S APARTMENT - DAY

An unkempt, bare bones STUDIO APARTMENT. CLOTHES on the FUTON. DISHES on the COFFEE TABLE. A cluttered desk, including a CELL PHONE and a FRAMED PHOTO of Jackson with his TWO DAUGHTERS.

The cell phone buzzes.

Jackson emerges from the bathroom, fresh from a shower, pulling on a clean shirt.

He checks the caller ID. Recognizing the number, he answers:

JACKSON
(into phone, familiar)
Penelope, morning.

PENELOPE
(over phone, to the point)
I'm out front. We need to talk.

JACKSON
(into phone, facetious)
Missed you too, Penny. Be right down.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - STREET - PENELOPE'S LIMO - DAY

Penelope's LIMO accelerates down the street.

PENELOPE (PRE-LAP)
Case 27812480. The murder of the Angel Thelesis at the hands of the Fallen One Vassago.

INT. PENELOPE'S LIMO (MOVING) - DAY

Jackson sits in back. Next to him is

PENELOPE HAWKE, forties, business attire, BRIEFCASE on her lap, a professionalism masking any personable qualities; namely because she and Jackson used to sleep together and, in hindsight, she views it a mistake.

Her eyes scan a DOCUMENT. Jackson glances at it.

JACKSON

Are we spell checking my report?

PENELOPE

No. This is damage control.

(reading)

Criminal activity. Code 50767, as well as Codes 50245A and 50245B. Determination. I hereby intend to execute Elias Vassago for the crime of murdering an Angel, and for publicly manipulating the earthly elements of fire and air in a hazardous manner endangering the lives of Humans.

JACKSON

So deems the code of the truce.

PENELOPE

You fail to mention that Alexander has the choice to return to earth.

JACKSON

(correcting)

It's not a choice.

(adding, indignant)

And the fact that Angels return to earth if their physical bodies die has no bearing on the case. Nor does the fact that when Fallen Ones die they go to hell and stay there.

PENELOPE

It most certainly does have bearing. Alexander's return is a time bomb.

JACKSON

Yeah, for Elias. Not for me.

PENELOPE

Meaning you'd assume let Alexander carry out just cause to retaliate?

JACKSON
 (not trying to hide it)
 If he does it makes my job easier.

PENELOPE
 (admonishing)
 Mr. Gregory, you cannot—

JACKSON
 (interrupting)
Penny. What's with the
 formalities?

She glances briefly to the roof of the limo.

INSERT ON A SMALL MICROPHONE: Nestled in the upholstery.

BACK ON Jackson and Penelope as Jackson realizes—

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 They're monitoring us?

PENELOPE
 This situation is more complicated
 than you seem to understand, Mr.
 Gregory. You cannot rely on blind
 faith that Angels will handle it.

Jackson eyes Penelope, defensive, feeling judged.

JACKSON
 Look, I'm aware last night was my
 responsibility. I fucked up.

PENELOPE
 No, you just haven't faced this
 kind of escalation.

JACKSON
 What escalation? Either I'll kill
 Elias or Alexander will.

PENELOPE
 The I.O.H.M. cannot allow Alexander
 to kill Elias. Elias is a leader
 in his district. There are Fallen
 Ones already up in arms claiming
 his actions were self-defense.

JACKSON
 That's bullshit. Even if Alexander
 provoked a confrontation, he wasn't
 fighting back when Elias set him on
 fire.

PENELOPE

The point is, the Organization of Mediators has reviewed the case and determined a dangerous likelihood that if an Angel kills Elias, with or without just cause, Fallen Ones will strike back.

A beat, as this sinks in for Jackson.

JACKSON

The truce would be over.

PENELOPE

Putting the entirety of humanity at risk. Ending all that Mediators and Angels have protected for thousands of years.

JACKSON

(an attempt at levity)
Sounds bad.
(then)
So my marching orders are—

PENELOPE

Kill Elias before Alexander returns to Earth and does it himself. It's the only scenario the Angels and the Fallen Ones must both accept.

Jackson leans back in his seat, contemplating his role, the gravity of it all landing as Penelope's composed demeanor grows foreboding—

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Elias was a fierce warrior when the Fallen came to Earth.

JACKSON

Clearly he hasn't changed.
(adding)
Evidence at the crime scene suggests he might not have been working alone too.

PENELOPE

Research his associates. You have approximately two days till Alexander is reborn.

JACKSON
(nods)
Drop me off at the library?

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

A CHEAP MOTEL ROOM. The LAMPS are turned off. WINDOW SHADES drawn shut. The BED illuminated by only a few shafts of light from outside. A SHAPE moves beneath the sheets.

CLOSE ON a woman's slender, naked back. Beneath wavy auburn hair WE SEE two long, deep scars along each of her shoulder blades.

KENDALL
(flirty)
You won't be offended if I don't
tell anyone about this?

Beside her WE SEE now Elias, also naked. He exhibits two of his own identical deep scars along each shoulder blade.

ELIAS
(grins)
You don't want to brag?

KENDALL
(laughing now)
Nope.

ELIAS
I want to brag.

A WIDER ANGLE REVEALS Elias is in bed with **KENDALL SURYA**, A GUARDIAN ANGEL, looks late twenties, with doe eyes and a kind countenance. Her dark looks effortlessly conjuring associations with Eastern European exoticism.

She climbs atop to straddle him, all smiles, smitten.

ELIAS (CONT'D)
If I'm dying I'm riding these
bragging rights straight to Hell.

Kendall's laughter subsides with a sudden sadness.

KENDALL
Please don't say that.

ELIAS

It's why you finally said yes to seeing me again, isn't it? My head's on the chopping block.

KENDALL

But you were framed.

ELIAS

My word against those coming after me.

Kendall looks at him for a beat, betraying a vast history of love shared within their locked eyes.

KENDALL

Promise to stay with me forever, and I'll promise to sway everyone from us for eternity.

He kisses her. Pulls her close. Her hands to his face, when—

WE HEAR a knock at the door.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Shit.

Alarmed, Elias and Kendall pull away from each other. Kendall grabs her discarded dress from the floor and slides it on. Elias pulls on a robe.

Kendall moves to the door. Pausing to look back at Elias.

He's at the window. Peering behind the closed shade to the outside world. All looks clear. He nods to Kendall.

She opens the door a crack. The chain lock still on. She lets out a sigh of relief as she sees who it is.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

(turns to Elias)

Til Penemue. And a couple others.

ELIAS

Let them in.

KENDALL

(a little annoyed)

You told them where you were?

ELIAS

I only reached out to who I trust. Please, let them in.

She reluctantly unlocks the chain and opens the door.

THREE FALLEN ONES ENTER, real Sons Of Anarchy looking types:

TIL PENEMUE, looks fifties, graying hair, intense wrinkles, of average height but built like a boxer.

ROSALIE SOFIEL, looks mid-twenties, shoulder length black curly hair framing an angular face.

ANDREI MERESIN, looks early thirties, a scar down the side of his face, with a broad frame and height that make him easily the most imposing one in the room.

ELIAS (CONT'D)

Hi, fellas.

They all bow their heads in deference.

TIL

Vassago.

ROSALIE

Vassago.

ANDREI

Vassago.

ELIAS

You don't have to do all that.

They raise their heads.

ELIAS (CONT'D)

And as a manner of practice, let's stick to chosen names. Call me Elias.

TIL

Sir, a gathering of Fallen Ones has expressed outrage over what has transpired.

ELIAS

I'm aware.

TIL

I wanted to conduct this formal meeting, because I, Meresin and Sofiel would like to carry out our own investigation into who framed you. We will not allow you to be unjustly executed.

Elias is warmed by this show of devotion. *Still, the names.*

ELIAS

Thank you, Til. Andrei. Rosalie.
 (then, the task at hand)
 Now, I've seen self-immolation, I
 know what it looks like—and
 Alexander did not set himself on
 fire. There had to be another
 Angel involved. Somewhere in that
 parking lot.

TIL

We will make inquiries.

KENDALL

(concerned)
 Elias, this is what the I.O.H.M. is
 meant to be doing. Please. Talk
 to the Mediator.

ELIAS

Jackson can't be trusted to be
 understanding of our condition.

KENDALL

Then in that case, don't stir up
 more concern on his part by
 aggravating the situation.

ELIAS

(to Til)
 She makes a point. Be discreet.
 And report back before acting.

Til, Rosalie and Andrei bow heads once again in deference.

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.C. LIBRARY - DEPARTMENT FOR THE HUMANITIES - DAY

CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN: Video of Alexander's body burning
 in the blaze plays on a Facebook feed.

WIDE ANGLE. Jackson is at a table. Eying the video on the
 computer. Various TEXTS ON ANGELOLOGY spread out before him.
 His CELL PHONE to his ear.

JACKSON

(into phone)
 Embry. It's Jackson. You're
 handling eye witness statements
 from the diner murder?
 (listens)
 (MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You know, people were filming and taking pictures on their cell phones. The shit's already all over social media. Ask if you can look through any footage the witnesses might've gotten. Maybe they caught something we can use.
(beat, listens)
Thanks, buddy.

Jackson hangs up as

CASSY VALDEZ, twenties, approaches with a CART OF BOOKS. Cassy is a part-time library employee, full-time grad student, and she's got a keen eye on Jackson.

CASSY

(handing him a book)
Here's the one I was telling you about.

JACKSON

Thanks... um, Cassy, was it?

CASSY

(nods; then, flirting)
You know, you don't really seem the type to frequent Theology stacks.

JACKSON

What types normally do?

CASSY

(awkward)
Nerdy grad students. Like me.

JACKSON

(laughs, amused)
Well, this place has a mighty extensive collection. Useful for researching Fallen Angels.

CASSY

Yeah? I like Fallen Angels. They're the interesting ones.

JACKSON

Why's that?

CASSY

They're flawed. Like Humans.

Cassy grabs an oversized ART BOOK from Jackson's pile of texts, opening it to a TWO PAGE COLOR REPRINT OF A PAINTING.

CASSY (CONT'D)
 Here, check this out...
 (sliding closer to
 Jackson)
 I love this painting, called
 "Despair Of The Fallen".

ANGLE ON the painting, portraying Fallen Angels struggling up
 a cliff to the Heavens, while Angels block the path.

CASSY (CONT'D)
 The "Despair" is the eternal sin of
 the Fallen Ones, for siding with
 Lucifer and getting banished from
 heaven.

JACKSON
 (re: the painting)
 This makes it look like they want
 to get back into heaven.

CASSY
 Wouldn't you?

Jackson smiles, impressed with Cassy.

JACKSON
 Have you heard of Elias Vassago?

CASSY
 Elias? I've read about *Vassago*.
 What's with the first name?

JACKSON
 (covering)
 Right, Vassago... sometimes I call
 them by first names, so they seem
 more personable.

CASSY
 (laughs, buying it)
 Weird.
 (opening another book)
 Vassago is a big shot in Angel
 lore.

JACKSON
 Big shot?

CASSY
 Yeah, he governed, like, twenty
 legions.

JACKSON
Does this book list any of the
Fallen Ones that he governed?

CASSY
(nods, reading them off)
Sofiel. Meresin. Penemue.
Tobiel-

JACKSON
(recognizing the name, not
a fan)
Shit... Tobiel.

CASSY
(facetious)
What's his first name?

JACKSON
Tony.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TWISTED SPADE - GAMING HALL - DAY

A HAND OF CARDS slams down onto a POKER TABLE: The ten, nine, eight, seven and six of clubs.

ANGLE ON **TONY TOBIEL**, A FALLEN ANGEL, looks fifties, sitting at the table with four other PLAYERS. Tony is short, unattractive, untrustworthy. His off-kilter features masked only by a constant beaming smile and thick, boisterous Italian accent.

TONY
Straight. Flush. I win. Again!

He collects his CHIPS and proceeds to deal another hand as-

Jackson ENTERS, unnoticed by Tony, taking a spot by THE BAR. He looks at several FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS on the wall, all of various guests to the establishment from over the years.

ANGLE ON one of the PHOTOS. A PICTURE OF JACKSON, drunk and slouched, sitting at that very same bar. Not a proud moment.

BACK ON Jackson as he grabs the photo and tosses it in the trash. He then notes yet ANOTHER PICTURE on the wall...

ANGLE ON the photo, OF TONY, posing with a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

TONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (spotting Jackson)
 Jackson, didn't see you there!
 (to the other Players)
 I'm out this hand.

ANGLE ON Tony joining Jackson at the bar. He smiles, which Jackson doesn't return. Something about him just makes Jackson's skin crawl.

Jackson points to the photo of Tony and the beautiful woman.

JACKSON
 Since when do Angels and Fallen
 Ones pose together for pictures?

TONY
 (brushing it off)
 Deanna and I made amends some time
 ago. After all, we go way back.
 (changing the subject)
 What can I do you for?

JACKSON
 Hear about Elias and Alexander?

TONY
 I did. Terrible thing. But with
 Elias it was only a matter of time.

JACKSON
 Where were you when it happened?

TONY
 (taken aback)
 Here. Working. Why?

JACKSON
 Elias had an accomplice.

TONY
 Well, shit, Jackson. Wasn't me.

JACKSON
 You were among his legion.

TONY
 Sure. I was.
 (gesturing to his photo
 with Deanna)
 And we've established a lot changes
 over the course of centuries.

Jackson eyes Tony with reservation.

JACKSON
(re: Elias)
You know where I can find him?

TONY
I know where he is. Yeah.

JACKSON
Where?

TONY
A hotel in Koreatown. The kind of
place people go to check out, if
you know what I mean.

JACKSON
Sounds charming. Take me there.

TONY
(whispering, re: his game)
Come on, I'm winning.

JACKSON
(threatening)
You know how many indiscretions
against the truce I have on you in
my back pocket?

A beat.

TONY
(conceding)
You've convinced me. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - BAR - DAY

Adjacent to the cheap motel is this attached HOLE-IN-THE-WALL
BAR, populated by weathered barfly's, as well as

Elias and Kendall, in a relaxed private conversation,
drinking a pair of long necks.

INT. MOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Jackson and Tony make their way through the lobby to a CLERK,
fifties, overweight and shlubby, sitting at a CHECK-IN DESK.

JACKSON
 (holding up his badge)
 You got a guest named Elias
 Vassago?

CLERK
 Just a sec.

The Clerk checks a GUEST BOOK.

Jackson glances across the lobby, spotting

A COUPLE PATRONS exit the adjacent hole-in-a-wall HOTEL BAR.
 As the door swings wide, through it WE SEE Elias at the far
 end of the bar with Kendall.

INT. MOTEL - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jackson ENTERS, making eye contact with Elias.

ANGLE ON Elias and Kendall.

ELIAS
 Fuck.
 (to Kendall)
 Time to go.

Elias and Kendall quickly move for the BACK EXIT; but then,
 Kendall STOPS.

ELIAS (CONT'D)
 (barks, hurry up)
 Kendall -- !

KENDALL
 I'll slow him down.

Kendall CLOSES HER EYES and begins to WHISPER.

WE CRANE UP above her into an OVERHEAD SHOT, DRIFTING ACROSS
 THE BAR. As though floating with the sound of Kendall's
 indecipherable words, CARRYING US TO

THREE BAR PATRONS sitting near Jackson.

They look up from their drinks with BLANK EXPRESSIONS. They
 STAND and turn on Jackson. Blocking the path to Elias.

JACKSON
 (to the Patrons, confused)
 Excuse me, guys?

Tony rushes over, noting the blank look of the Bar Patrons.

TONY
They're being swayed.

JACKSON
Swayed? Only Guardian Angels can
sway humans.

ANGLE ON Elias and Kendall, as they run out the back exit.

TONY (O.C.)
(re: Kendall)
Yes. And she's a Guardian Angel.

BACK ON Tony, hedging away from Jackson.

JACKSON
(starting to panic)
Where the fuck are you going?

TONY
I'm sorry. I can't help you.

Tony runs out to the lobby. Jackson moves to follow, but—

The Bar Patrons GRAB JACKSON and PULL HIM BACK INTO THE BAR. Jackson STRUGGLES FROM THEIR GRASP and JUMPS UP on the BAR TOP. Desperate to escape, he runs for the back exit.

The BARTENDER, also swayed, clips Jackson's legs out from under him. Jackson FALLS, SLAMMING to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TWISTED SPADE - GAMING HALL (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

ANGLE ON Jackson, sporting a blank stare. He's back at the bar in the Twisted Spade.

But everything is a little BLURRY now, even sounds are a little MUFFLED -- *something is off.*

FLASH!

REVERSE ANGLE ON Tony Tobiel, snapping a photo of Jackson.

TONY
(smiling wide)
Now you go on my wall!

WIDER ANGLE ON Jackson now, sitting at the bar in front of Tony, drunk and slouched, looking exactly the same as he did in the framed photo of him that we saw on Tony's wall earlier, telling us -- *THIS IS A FLASHBACK.*

Jackson reaches into his pocket and pulls out a folded up DOCUMENT. He opens it with melancholy dexterity, his eyes welling with tears.

ANGLE ON the document, its header reads: REQUEST FOR DIVORCE.

DEANNA (O.S.)
Your fault or hers?

Jackson turns to see

DEANNA RAGUEL, AN ARCHANGEL, looks forties, stunning, curly locks of blond hair. As with all Angels, Deanna has a gorgeous, luminous quality about her. It's captivating in a way that the Fallen Ones are not.

JACKSON
The divorce?
(re: his drunken
condition)
What's it look like?

DEANNA
(smiles)
Looks like you're in need of
salvation.

Jackson nods, then looks back at the request for divorce, affronted by pains of regret.

JACKSON
(re: his wife)
She kept saying the job was all I
cared about, was all I paid
attention to... she was right.

DEANNA
You've been dealing with the death
of your partner. Understandable
you'd throw yourself into your
work.

Jackson looks at Deanna, suddenly growing wary.

DEANNA (CONT'D)
He died a year ago today, didn't
he?

JACKSON
I know you?
(she shakes her head)
Then how do you know me?

DEANNA

I've been watching you. My name is Deanna. Archangel Deanna Raguel.

A beat.

JACKSON

Come again?

DEANNA

Your former partner, Detective Fishburne, worked for what's known as the International Organization of Human Mediators, negotiating disputes between Angels and Fallen Angels.

A beat; then—

Jackson cracks up laughing, convinced this is a joke.

DEANNA (CONT'D)

It was during one of these negotiations that Fishburne died.

JACKSON

Either you're crazy, or I'm drunker than I thought.

DEANNA

He spoke highly of you, Jackson. I'm curious if you'd be interested in taking his place. If so, I could put in a word for you.

Jackson eyes Deanna, it all sounds crazy, but there's something inviting about her, something convincing...

DEANNA (CONT'D)

You don't have much else to lean on. Why don't you sleep on it?

Jackson's cell phone suddenly rings.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

Jackson is asleep on the floor. Right back at the motel bar. His face bruised and cut, blood on his shirt.

His phone rings again. His eyes bolt open. He stirs awake, pulling the phone from his pocket. Disoriented, he answers:

JACKSON
 (into phone)
 Hello?
 (listens, realizing who it
 is)
 Hi, sweetie...
 (listens, growing concern)
 I'm on my way.

Jackson hangs up and looks at the Bar Patrons. Back in their seats and drinking their worries away, the blank expressions gone, the sway worn off. And they don't remember a thing.

BARTENDER
 (to Jackson, re: his
 condition)
 You're cut off, pal.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUPLEX - PORCH - NIGHT

Jackson walks up the steps to the FRONT PORCH of a one-story, low-income DUPLEX.

He takes a knee as his youngest daughter, **ANNA**, nine-years-old, emotional and a daddy's girl, runs into his arms.

JACKSON
 Hey, Anna. You okay?

ANNA
 (noticing Jackson's new
 bruises)
 What happened to your face?

JACKSON
 Nothing I could ever actually
 explain.

ANGLE ON **NATALIE**, seventeen-years-old, Jackson's oldest daughter. Not as excited to see her father, she stands back.

NATALIE
 (re: Anna)
 I told her not to bother you.

WIDE ANGLE to include this family trio.

JACKSON
 You guys never bother me, Natalie.
 So what's going on?

ANNA
I had a nightmare.

JACKSON
You did? What was it?

ANNA
The monster. The scary one.

JACKSON
The scary one, huh? He's back?

Anna nods.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
(to Natalie)
Where's your mom and Frank?

NATALIE
Out. I'm babysitting.

JACKSON
Well, is it okay if I stick around
till they get home?

NATALIE
I guess.

Jackson picks Anna up in his arms, and steps inside the duplex with his daughters.

JACKSON
(to Anna)
I won't let anything bad happen,
okay? No monsters. No nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE CATHOLIC SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY

SCHOOL CHILDREN IN UNIFORMS enjoy recess: Basketball. Four square. Hop scotch. The innocent chaos of childhood abandon.

WE SEE Jackson's daughters Natalie and Anna among the crowd.

ANGLE ON Jackson as he watches from the opposite side of a FENCE that surrounds the playground.

WEBBER (O.S.)
You know, it looks a little creepy,
grown man leering in at a
schoolyard.

Jackson turns to see a YOUNG BOY standing on the other side of the fence.

JACKSON

It's okay, kid. I'm meeting someone who works here.

WEBBER

I know. The I.O.H.M. said you wanted to talk? I'm Webber.

WEBBER LONGUE, A GUARDIAN ANGEL, looks nine-years-old, cute as a button.

JACKSON

(surprised)

You're Webber? The Guardian Angel for the school is a kid?

WEBBER

(put off)

Nice to meet you, too.

JACKSON

Sorry... I just assumed you'd be a teacher. Doesn't anyone notice you never age?

WEBBER

Not if I sway them.

JACKSON

(nods, point taken; then,
re: Anna and Natalie)

You know my daughters?

WEBBER

Yup.

JACKSON

Think you could keep a close watch over them for me?

WEBBER

I watch over all the kids here.

JACKSON

I know. Just... as a favor. I need the piece of mind.

WEBBER

Sure.

(then, pointedly)

(MORE)

WEBBER (CONT'D)
 Though for their sake, and
 everyone's, I hope you find Elias
 Vassago soon.

Jackson nods, sharing a look with Webber, registering the
 importance of protecting the truce.

JACKSON
 He's getting help from a Guardian.

WEBBER
 (interesting, but not
 surprising)
 Kendall Surya. They were close
 before he fell. Very protective.

JACKSON
 Any idea where I can find her?

WEBBER
 St. Vincent's. She's a hospice
 nurse.
 (adding, a little uneasy)
 You know, Deanna Raguel's been
 saying she supports Alexander's
 just cause for retaliation.

JACKSON
 Yeah. I expected she would.

His cell phone rings. He checks the caller ID, answers:

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Samantha, what's up?
 (listens)
 I'm not going to blow you off. And
 no, I haven't already been blowing
 you off—
 (listens)
 Checking in on my daughters.
 (listens)
 Yeah, they're good. They—
 (listens)
 Yes, I'll tell them you said hi.
 (listens)
 All right, till then.

He hangs up.

WEBBER
 You're not concerned about her?

JACKSON
 (thinking Webber is
 referring to Samantha)
 It's okay, I'll blow her off.

WEBBER
 No. Deanna. A rally for
 Alexander's reprisal against Elias
 shouldn't be taken lightly.

Jackson nods, finally taking note of Webber's cautioning.

JACKSON
 I'll talk with her.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - ARSON UNIT - GARAGE - ROOFTOP - DAY

POP! POP! POP! BURSTS OF FIRE IGNITE along a rooftop. As
 the flames dissipate and extinguish, WE SEE this is a
 SANCTIONED OFF AREA on top of the PARKING GARAGE for the
 ARSON UNIT.

WE SETTLE ON arson investigator Samantha Clarke, crouched at
 a safe distance with her assistant Alison. She holds a
 REMOTE DETONATOR.

SAMANTHA
 (disappointed, re: the
 dissipating flames)
 No good.

ALISON
 Didn't burn long enough?

SAMANTHA
 Or hot enough to burn off the
 incendiary.

Samantha approaches a SMOLDERING PILE OF ASH from one of the
 fires. She kicks at a CHARRED PIECE OF METAL, frustrated.

ALISON
 Any theories?

SAMANTHA
 Other than a remote detonator?
 Nope.
 (then, noticing something)
 Hold up... what's going on here?

Samantha's POV: Near the EDGE OF THE ROOFTOP, a FLAME CONTINUES TO BURN.

BACK ON Samantha as she and Alison step up to the flame.

ALISON
(checking her notes)
Did we do something different for
this one?

SAMANTHA
Nuh uh.

Alison proceeds to take photos with her camera as

Samantha crouches closer, gliding her hand over the flame, as if caressing it, noting a RAY OF SUNLIGHT across the back of her fingers. She glances towards the origin of the sunlight, REFLECTED off the WINDOW of a NEIGHBORING BUILDING. Samantha then runs her hand along the ground, gathering MOISTURE on her fingertips and rubbing it into her palm. She turns towards the source of the moisture, a trail of water leading from an AC UNIT. Samantha smiles.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
(sotto)
A fire rainbow.

ALISON
A what?

SAMANTHA
Naturally occurring phenomenon.
When the right combination of
elements— atmosphere, moisture,
sunlight— they work together to
create what looks like a fire in
the sky.
(then, on point)
We used trychtichlorate as the
chemical trigger for each of our
flames, yeah?

ALISON
And they all burned fast and weak.

SAMANTHA
(re: the still burning
flame)
Except this one. Which had a
percentage of moisture on the
ground and a concentration of
sunlight off the neighboring
building. And both fed it.
(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 (laughs, getting excited)
 I bet even the angle of the light
 was crucial!

ALISON
 (trying to follow)
 How does any of that tie in to the
 arsonists?

SAMANTHA
 No idea. Yet. But we know they
 manipulated the elements.
 (then, determined)
 And if these guys can do that, I
 want to figure it out too.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANGEL YOUTH - HALFWAY HOUSE - DAY

A SIGN above a DOORWAY reads "ANGEL YOUTH HALFWAY HOUSE".

Below the sign, Deanna Raguel gets out of the driver's seat
 of a CAR and helps MOLLY, twenties, from the passenger seat.

Molly is fragile and timid, wearing a disheveled skirt and
 blouse, twelve months sober till last night. She turns to
 Deanna, regretful-

MOLLY
 I'm so sorry.

DEANNA
 It's okay.

MOLLY
 You did so much for me... I
 couldn't even last a fucking day.

DEANNA
 (compassionate)
 You're human. You make mistakes,
 you learn from them, and you try
 again.

Molly nods, appreciative, then heads inside the building.

Deanna remains outside, turning to see

Jackson approaches from across the street, having witnessed
 the interaction with Molly-

JACKSON

Nice to know you still offer second chances to the forsaken.

Deanna shoots him a frigid glare, all compassion suddenly vacating her expression.

DEANNA

It's a fine line between duty and burden, Jackson.

(then)

Speaking of, where is the head of Elias Vassago?

JACKSON

Can we talk about that?

CUT TO:

INT. ANGEL YOUTH - HALFWAY HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Deanna closes the door to her office. Jackson takes a seat in the chair in front of Deanna's desk.

JACKSON

I need you to stop spreading support for retaliation and talking of just cause.

DEANNA

(incensed)

When an Angel in my district is killed, I'm going to respond.

JACKSON

I understand that, but—

DEANNA

Elias must die. It makes no difference to me if you or Alexander execute him.

JACKSON

It makes a difference to the Fallen Ones. They'll end the truce if it isn't me.

Deanna eyes Jackson, acquiescing to his reasoning.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

So, if it doesn't matter to you who does it, let it be me.

DEANNA
 Okay. I'll say no more of
 retaliating.

JACKSON
 Thank you.

DEANNA
 But I can't speak for Alexander.

JACKSON
 (smiles, calling her out)
 Deanna, yes you can.

Deanna betrays a smile then too, candid, finally assuming the friendly decorum she exhibited when they first met.

DEANNA
 You've gotten pretty good at
 mediating.

JACKSON
 I thought I did. But this
 escalation with Elias... I'm
 flying by the seat of my pants.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

ESTABLISHING: St. Vincent Medical Center. A variety of
 PATIENTS, MEDICAL STAFF and VISITORS.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY

Jackson walks down a hallway lined with LARGE BAY WINDOWS.
 He stops outside a HOSPITAL ROOM and looks inside to see

Kendall stands over the bed of a DYING WOMAN. The Woman
 reaches up with her hand, her FINGERTIPS TOUCHING Kendall's
 face. A FAINT GLOW emanates from where the fingers make
 contact with Kendall. It's an ethereal sight. Kendall
 smiles, soothingly. The Dying Woman smiles back.

BACK ON Jackson, entranced by what he's witnessing.

ANGLE DOWN the hallway, as ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN, revealing

ELIAS

He steps into the hall, stopping when he notices Jackson.

BACK ON Jackson, still looking at Kendall, unaware of Elias.

THE SKY DARKENS outside the bay windows as a TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR suddenly begins -- *ELIAS IS MAKING IT RAIN.*

Jackson suddenly becomes aware of the storm. He turns, spotting Elias. He instinctively moves to pull his HANDGUN.

BACK ON Elias. He rushes forward. Too quick for Jackson.

Elias SLAMS into Jackson. Both men CRASH through the bay window and a GUST OF WIND sends them FLYING UP INTO THE AIR!

EXT. MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

WE'RE MOVING SKYWARD, through POURING RAIN, higher, until we see FEET, then LEGS, drifting further to SETTLE ON

Elias and Jackson

Rain drenched and HOVERING above the HOSPITAL ROOFTOP.

Elias clutches Jackson by the throat, a desperate look in his eyes. Jackson struggles, fighting, trying to get free.

JACKSON
(petrified)
For fuck's sake! Let me go!

ELIAS
Stay away from Kendall!

JACKSON
I'm not here for her, I'm here for you! Now put me the fuck down!

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A NURSE and DOCTOR run to the SHATTERED WINDOW that Jackson and Elias flew through, ALARMED--

DOCTOR
What the hell happened?!

NURSE
I don't know--

Just as we might be recognizing the BLANK EXPRESSION on the faces of the Doctor and Nurse -- WE CRANE UP into an OVERHEAD SHOT, DRIFTING DOWN THE HALL. As though floating with the sound of indecipherable words, CARRYING US TO

Kendall, standing at a nearby hospital room doorway, eyes closed, whispering, USING SWAY on the Nurse and Doctor.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. MEDICAL CENTER - ROOFTOP - DAY

Jackson SLAMS onto the WET ROOFTOP. He quickly rolls onto his back. Elias stands over him, enraged by the accusations of his guilt, he yells over the incessant pounding rain--

ELIAS
I didn't kill Alexander!

JACKSON
(not believing him)
I watched you! I was there.

ELIAS
Think about it! Fallen Ones don't
come back from death. Alexander will.

JACKSON
So what?

Elias backs off, aware these bursts of outrage aren't working in his favor.

A beat. Calmer.

ELIAS
I did a lot of bad shit a long time ago. But not this. My time on earth is as precious to me as yours is to you. I don't want to go to hell. And I don't want war.

Jackson and Elias share a tense look; then, consenting--

JACKSON
Can you turn off the rain?

Elias nods, then looks up to the sky, CLOSING HIS EYES as he takes a DEEP BREATH -- and just like that THE DOWNPOUR ENDS.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
(getting to his feet)
Okay. Let's hear your side.

ELIAS

There had to be someone else
outside the diner. Someone who
wants the war to resume.

JACKSON

Any ideas who?

ELIAS

No. But Alexander was in on it.

JACKSON

(disbelieving)
Don't even—

ELIAS

I was trying to help him. He let
himself be burned.

JACKSON

That doesn't make sense.

Elias gets in his face, frustrated, growing heated again.

ELIAS

Why are you so quick to take their
side?

JACKSON

They're protectors. Angels would
never allow humankind to be
jeopardized.

ELIAS

What if some would?

Jackson considers the implications, the danger it would pose
to everything he believes, everyone he loves...

JACKSON

I can't believe in "what if's". I
let you live, Alexander will kill
you anyway, and the truce is over.

The ACCESS DOOR to the roof OPENS and Kendall runs out.

Elias turns to her, distracted. Jackson pulls his GUN and
shoots. A gut shot. Elias falls.

KENDALL

No!

Kendall rushes to Elias, cradling him in her arms, tears in
her eyes.

JACKSON
 (sincere)
 I'm sorry.

KENDALL
 He was innocent!

JACKSON
 I had to do it—

KENDALL
 Leave!

With her voice WE DRIFT OFF Kendall to Jackson as SHE SWAYS HIM. His expression TURNS BLANK and he EXITS the roof, leaving Elias to bleed out in Kendall's arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

Samantha walks through the BULLPEN, exchanging a few nods with various COPS as she passes them, arriving at

JACKSON'S OFFICE

And Jackson is nowhere to be seen. Samantha looks at her watch. Lets out an exasperated laugh.

SAMANTHA
 Son of gun blew me off.

OFFICER EMBRY (from the crime scene) breezes by. WE TRAIL Samantha as she quick steps after him.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 (catching up)
 Hey, Embry?

Embry smiles, blushing... *kinda obvious he's got a crush.*

EMBRY
 Oh, hi, Samantha.

SAMANTHA
 You know where Jackson is?

EMBRY
 No, I just been scouring that cell phone footage like he asked me—

SAMANTHA
 Cell phone footage?

EMBRY

From witnesses at the crime scene.

SAMANTHA

You mean the stuff online?
 (off his nod, unimpressed)
 World's really ending when
 investigations rely on Facebook
 feeds and Buzzfeeds.

EMBRY

(explaining)
 Well, I got the actual phones with
 the footage from the witnesses.
 (has to admit)
 It's some pretty good coverage.

Samantha abruptly halts her gait, frustrated.

SAMANTHA

So you guys *have* been holding out
 on me.

EMBRY

(sincere)
 No, I'm not holding anything out on
 you. You wanna see what I found?

SAMANTHA

Please.

TIME CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN: The image PANS ACROSS a swirl of
 black smoke, orange flames, a burning station wagon, **SETTLING**
 ON the dumpster outside the diner. And crouched by that
 dumpster WE SEE the IMAGE OF A MAN, obscured by the inferno.

EMBRY (O.C.)

We spotted this guy. Away from the
 crowd. See him? I thought maybe
 he was a vagrant.

WIDE ANGLE. Samantha and Embry stand at a LONG DESK lined
 with COMPUTERS, TECH EQUIPMENT, all manned by TECHNICIANS.

EMBRY (CONT'D)

Thing is, he took off. Wasn't
 among our eyewitnesses.

SAMANTHA

Have you run a facial recognition
 algorithm?

EMBRY

(nods)

They're going through the database now. Should find out if there's a hit soon.

(beat)

You want some coffee?

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE CATHOLIC SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY

School's out. The playground is empty, no children, no games; looks bleak now.

ANGLE ON Jackson, gazing at the playground with dispirited eyes, conflicted, the weight of shooting Elias wracking his conscience.

NEW ANGLE to include Webber Longue as he approaches.

WEBBER

Your daughters are doing okay, if that's why you're here.

JACKSON

No. Was just hoping to be near some humanity for a minute.

(beat, then)

When I was a little kid and couldn't sleep at night, sometimes I'd lay on my back, reach my arms out as far as I could until I'd get that tingly feeling in my fingertips. I was convinced I was touching my Guardian Angel. It was comforting. Then I got older and realized I'd just been extending my arms too much and cutting off the blood circulation in my hands.

(beat)

Only now I don't know what to fucking think.

Jackson looks to Webber for a beat.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Elias claimed that he was framed.

WEBBER

You believe him?

JACKSON

I don't know... thing I can't shake is his friend, Kendall? She believed him.

Webber nods, registering a significance in this-

WEBBER

As a Guardian, Kendall is among the purest. She says Elias is good, he must be.

Webber's words sink in, throwing Jackson for a loop...

JACKSON

So even with you guys there's never a clear definition of good or bad.

WEBBER

Being on earth changes us. For better or worse. After all, Fallen Ones have more reason to want to live peacefully here than Angels do. Considering their alternatives.

Jackson hangs his head, resolved on Elias' innocence.

JACKSON

Why the fuck does this all have to happen on my watch...

WEBBER

Good question to be asking yourself.

JACKSON

(then, cynical)
Doesn't matter anymore. Elias is dead. The truce is safe.

WEBBER

(correcting)
Elias isn't dead.

Jackson suddenly looks to Webber, realizing he didn't fire a fatal shot into Elias, alarmed the truce is still at risk.

JACKSON

...you're sure?

WEBBER

Yeah. Word like that would spread pretty fast.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

WE TRAIL Til Penemue, Rosalie Sofiel and Andrei Meresin as they march down the hall and into—

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elias sits in a HOSPITAL BED, hooked up to an IV and HEART MONITOR. Kendall is at the edge of the bed.

They both turn to see the trio of Fallen Ones entering.

KENDALL

(not happy to see them)
Not again.

Til, Rosalie and Andrei bow their heads in deference.

TIL

Vassago.

ROSALIE

Vassago.

ANDREI

Vassago.

TIL (CONT'D)

We have learned some potentially significant information, sir.

ELIAS

Go on with it.

Til turns to Rosalie. Rosalie steps up.

ROSALIE

(to Elias)

I was at Tony Tobiel's. He was drunk and running his mouth. Alluding to recent fraternizations with Alexander Thelesis.

A beat as Elias processes this.

ELIAS

(saddened)
It was Tony?

TIL

Not all that surprising, sir. He hasn't even been to see you other than to help the Mediator track you down.

Elias then removes the IV and HEART MONITOR PADS. His movements labored as he stands and pulls a shirt on over his BANDAGED ABDOMEN -- courtesy of Jackson's gun shot.

KENDALL

(to Elias, concerned)
Please, just rest. This is a serious accusation against someone based on hearsay.

ANDREI

Hearsay against a fucking rat.
Tony was always a rat.

Elias moves past Kendall.

KENDALL

(grabbing him by the arm)
Elias.

He stops and turns to face her.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

You could die.
(then, vulnerable)
You pulled me back into your life.
Don't run off again.

TIL

(to Elias, re: Tony)
We can just talk to him. See what happens. If he's dirty we'll know.

Elias regards Kendall. Reuniting with her has been the one positive thing that he's experienced recently. And yet...

ELIAS

(to Kendall, at a loss)
This is bigger than us.

He looks in her eyes for consent. She nods, aware he must go.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S CAR - NIGHT

Jackson pulls up to the MEDICAL CENTER and parks. His cell phone ringing. He checks the caller ID and answers:

JACKSON
 (into phone, hurried)
 Samantha, look, I'm sorry I didn't
 show up but I-

SAMANTHA
 (over phone, equally hurried)
 We got an I.D. on a suspect from
 that cell phone footage.

JACKSON
 (into phone)
 Is it the accomplice?

Jackson's POV: Elias, Til, Rosalie and Andrei EXIT the Medical Center. Making a bee line for a parked CHEVROLET IMPALA.

SAMANTHA
 (over phone)
 Good chance. I'll text a picture.

JACKSON
 (into phone)
 What's the name?

SAMANTHA
 (over phone)
 Tony Tobiel.

BACK ON Jackson, watching Elias climb into the car. Having a good inkling that Elias is heading after Tony too.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 (over phone)
 That name mean anything to you?

JACKSON
 (into phone, lying)
 Nope.

SAMANTHA
 (over phone)
 Embry's getting the address now to
 send a squad car. I'm going with.

JACKSON
 (into phone)
 Text me when you have the address.
 We can rendezvous.

EXT. MEDICAL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

WIDE OVERHEAD ANGLE. The Chevrolet Impala speeding off. Jackson's car pulling away in pursuit.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVROLET IMPALA (MOVING) - NIGHT

FUZZY DICE dangle from the rearview. Til is at the wheel. Elias in the passenger seat. Andrei and Rosalie in back.

Andrei peers out the rear window.

ANDREI

I think the Mediator is following.

Elias turns to look as well.

TIL

(to Elias, re: Jackson)

What should we do about him?

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jackson's POV/Through the windshield: Andrei sticks his entire upper torso out the Impala's window. He eyes Jackson.

ANGLE ON Jackson, at the wheel, suddenly frightened.

JACKSON

Oh, shit...

Jackson's POV/Through the windshield: Andrei snaps his fingers. The road between Jackson and the Impala CRACKS OPEN. The earth splitting. A WALL OF CONCRETE juts up.

BACK ON Jackson, slamming his breaks just before impact.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

OOHHHH SSSHHIIIIITTT!!!!!!

ABRUPT CUT TO:

A LIGHTING FIXTURE shakes with movement from its CEILING MOUNT as the earth tremors. WIDEN TO reveal we're

INT. THE TWISTED SPADE - GAMING HALL - NIGHT

Tony WALKS INTO FRAME. Carrying a GLASS OF SCOTCH. The ice clinking. He's shirtless. WE SEE those two long, deep scars along each of his shoulder blades.

A sweet, but slurred voice utters:

YOUNG WOMAN (O.C.)
The earth just moved.

Tony grins, eliciting a laugh from the Young Woman.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Seriously, was that an earthquake?

TONY
Probably.

He places the Scotch along the walnut rail of a POOL TABLE.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
(re: the Scotch)
For me?

TONY
We'll share.

WE DRIFT off the glass, across the deep red camel wool cloth top to SETTLE ON the **YOUNG WOMAN**, early twenties, laying on her back in the middle of the table. She's pale, a look of lost innocence, wearing a modest pencil skirt, with an unbuttoned blouse exposing her black bra. She clutches a rainbow colored GLASS PIPE. A LIGHTER rests nearby.

ANGLE ON Tony as he drops into an oversized black LEATHER CHAIR beside the table. It's a swivel chair and it swivels with his weight as he pulls on a button-down shirt. This is a far more sedate Tony than we've seen. His movements and speech relaxed, languid. As though the showy version he'd presented earlier was just a facade. Or maybe it's just because he's high right now.

Tony takes a deep breath. Sighs. Turns to the Young Woman—

TONY (CONT'D)
Coming down too?

She nods, equally languorous between sips of the drink.

TONY (CONT'D)
(confessional)
I hate coming down.
(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)
 Remembering all over again what
 existence has become. It's worse
 every time, you know that?

He waits for a reply. She just takes a hit off the pipe.
 Tony betrays the slightest of grimaces.

TONY (CONT'D)
 No. You don't. You people don't
 know the sensation of the fall.
 What it was like to lose access to
 such a place. How beautiful, how
 without concern it was there.
 There was nothing that didn't bring
 peace. Bliss. Euphoria. We
 didn't need to reflect on the
 inescapability of death. Hovering
 over eternal damnation to hell...
 All I want is to get back.

He looks to the Woman, his expression pained. Regarding her
 with spite, pity, but also affection.

TONY (CONT'D)
 And you sweet, sweet humans. You
 found a way to experience it. To
 feel a hint of what it's like up
 there. But you don't even know it,
 do you? Do you have any idea what
 I'm talking about?

She laughs, shakes her head, not in a sober state of mind to
 comprehend much of anything. Tony gestures to the pipe.

TONY (CONT'D)
 Take a little more and you'll feel
 it.
 (she takes a hit)
 Little more.
 (she takes another, but
 stops with laughs)
 Stop laughing and take more.
 (she does, he continues)
 Go on, more. That's it.
 (he watches for a beat as
 she now takes a long,
 deep drag; then—)
 Okay, save some for me.

As her body slumps over onto the table, WE SEE the FRONT DOOR
 of the gaming hall OPEN in the BACKGROUND.

Elias ENTERS, followed by Andrei, Til and Rosalie.

Tony shuffles nervously out of the chair. Moving away from the Young Woman, who remains motionless on the pool table.

TONY (CONT'D)
Hey, hey, now. Night on the town?

TIL
Hello, Tobiel. How are you?

TONY
Getting by.

ANDREI
(noting the drugs and
Young Woman on the table)
DMT? Surprised you can stand.

TONY
(a dismissive shrug)
Just came down.
(then; to Elias, stepping
towards him)
Elias, I heard what happened... I-

Andrei puts a hand on Tony's shoulder and forces him down into a chair.

A beat. Elias glares at Tony. Seething.

ELIAS
What happened to us?

TONY
What do you mean?

ELIAS
We drifted. I didn't notice it for a long time. Did you?
(Tony shakes his head no)
Funny how that happens. Weeks pass. Months, years, decades, centuries. I never wondered where you'd been. Until I had my run in with Alexander. Then the others here...
(gestures to Andrew, Til and Rosalie)
They all jumped to my aid. Looking in on matters, seeing if anyone heard anything about who set me up. And just when I was finally wondering where you were, cue you, walking a Mediator up to my face.

TONY

Elias—

ELIAS

Put Kendall on his radar.

TONY

(sincere)

I am so, so sorry—

ELIAS

Got me shot.

TONY

I didn't know what to do—!

ELIAS

You were one of my greatest soldiers in the war. You'd've sacrificed yourself for me once. Nearly did on three or four occasions.

(beat)

And though it's been a long time since those days, still saddens me.

Tony looks pleadingly from Elias to Andrei, Til and Rosalie. He turns back to Elias as desperation cracks his voice.

TONY

I was told you killed Alexander. Jackson witnessed it. I had to abide him as Mediator. He's got it in for me already.

ELIAS

(admitting)

Jackson is prejudiced. We know this.

ROSALIE

Deanna groomed him that way.

ANDREI

He's a Mediator. They always are.

TIL

Last couple Mediators in this territory were better. They gave Fallen Ones equal measure.

TONY

Exactly! If you ask me, we'd all be better off if Jackson met an untimely death. Get someone new in there.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

(to Elias, repentant)

If I knew you'd been set up, if I had any other choice, I never would have directed him to you. We do what we have to do sometimes. Even when we know it's wrong. Can you ever forgive me?

Elias studies Tony's face for a tense beat; then—

ELIAS

Sure. Let's move past the part where you led Jackson my way.

Tony exhales a loud laugh of relief, amends seemingly made.

TONY

Elias. You are still a fabulously intense motherfucker.

(turning excitedly to

Andrei, Til and Rosalie)

Reminds me when he and Gabriel confronted. Elias held those two humans to the rocks, splintering their skulls in each hand, and Gabriel cowered.

(to Elias, honest)

I missed seeing this in you.

(then, standing)

Can we have a drink now? Who wants a drink?

Tony moves for the bar. Til steps in his way. Stopping him.

ELIAS

Sit back down, Tony.

Tony cuts his jubilence. He takes his seat. Andrei and Rosalie move closer.

ELIAS (CONT'D)

We're not here to drink. We're not here to reconnect or reminisce. And we're not really here because you pointed Jackson my way. Reason we came is because Rosalie heard things about you. I want to find out if it's bullshit or if it's true.

TONY

(turning to Rosalie)

Heard what?

ROSALIE

That you and Alexander Thelesis
have been spending time together.

TONY

It's not true in any way.

TIL

You weren't at his home in the
hills for some dinner?

TONY

No, I wasn't.

ROSALIE

Why did you say you were.

TONY

I said nothing of the sort.

ELIAS

You weren't involved in framing me
for killing Alexander?

TONY

(stands, defensive)
Of course not.

The DOOR OPENS again.

Jackson ENTERS, with new cuts on his face and a limp to his
walk, courtesy of the car crash he was just in. His GUN is
drawn. The intensity in his eyes suggesting he's nearing a
breaking point.

Every Fallen One in the space goes into high alert. Tony
moving to the far end of the pool table. Andrei, Til and
Rosalie moving protectively in front of Elias.

JACKSON

(his aim floats from
Fallen One to Fallen One)
Which of you caused the quake?
(beat, forceful)
I said tell me which of you—!

ANDREI

That was me.
(utterly insincere)
Sorry.

JACKSON

That's a dock against your rap.

ELIAS
 (explaining)
 We needed to slow you down,
 Jackson. So we could talk to Tony.

JACKSON
 And what has Tony been saying?

ELIAS
 Denials.

JACKSON
 I'm not surprised.

Tony suddenly looks at Jackson with disgust, pointing a finger at Elias—

TONY
 Don't tell me you believe his claim
 that he was framed?

JACKSON
 I do actually.

TONY
 But you saw him kill Alexander.

Jackson pulls up an image on his cell phone, then hands the phone to Elias.

JACKSON
 I didn't see everything.

TIGHT ON ELIAS, looking at the image on Jackson's phone, processing the resolute implication of what he sees.

WIDE ANGLE. Jackson moves towards the pool table containing the Young Woman. Elias passes the phone to Til.

TIL
 (re: the image on the
 phone)
 This what I think it is?

ELIAS
 A photo of Tony. There when Alexander
 died. He killed him. Framed me.

JACKSON
 (to Tony)
 Thing I want to know is why...

ANGLE ON Jackson. His voice trailing off as he stops beside the pool table -- the Young Woman isn't moving.

He checks her pulse. Nothing.

He quickly pulls his hand from the body, disturbed by it—

JACKSON (CONT'D)
She's dead.

WIDE ON the room. Tony shrugs.

TONY
Thought that might happen.

Jackson quickly directs the aim of his gun at Tony.

TONY (CONT'D)
(to Elias)
Now we get to why we really grew
apart, huh?

ELIAS
Enlighten me.

TONY
Somewhere along the line you
stopped hating humans.

ELIAS
That stuck in your craw so much?

TONY
I was a follower of yours because
we once believed in the same thing.

JACKSON
Believed in what?

Tony whips around on Jackson—

TONY
That you fucking humans are not
worthy!

WHOOSH! A massive GUST OF WIND blows every BOTTLE AND GLASS
from behind the bar towards Elias, Andrei, Til and Rosalie.

Andrei, Til and Rosalie duck behind TABLES.

Elias is knocked back. CRASHING into a CHAIR. He grabs his
stomach in pain as a BLOOD STAIN spreads across his shirt
from the gunshot wound.

At the same time -- Tony LUNGES at Jackson. FLYING ACROSS
THE ROOM.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Jackson fires off shots. Each missing Tony, as Tony LEAPS FROM TABLE TO TABLE, CLOSING IN.

Jackson falls back. On his ass. He scrambles. But Tony is only one table away. Taking off into the air again, when—

THUMP—THUMP—THUMP!

Andrei, Til and Rosalie collide with Tony in mid-air! In rapid succession. Bringing him crashing to the ground.

Tony flails. Struggling from their restraint. But no use.

We suddenly hear Jackson's cell phone ring. Drawing everyone's attention to where the phone lays on the floor.

ANGLE ON JACKSON as he picks it up. Puts it to his ear.

SAMANTHA

(over phone)

Jackson. We're there in five,
what's your ETA?

Jackson promptly ends the call without reply.

JACKSON

Police are five minutes away.
(then, to Tony, the clock
ticking)

You were working with Alexander?

Tony looks around at his accusers. Nothing left to hide.

TONY

Yes.

JACKSON

Why?

TONY

I was offered salvation.

JACKSON

Salvation?

ELIAS

(understanding)

His eternal sin would be forgiven.
He could get back into heaven.

JACKSON

An Angel can't grant salvation.

ELIAS
 (understanding this too)
 True, Alexander couldn't. But an
 Archangel could. Such as Deanna.

The recognition of what this means suddenly hits Jackson square in the chest. He raises his gun on Tony once more.

TONY
 (to Jackson, scared now)
 Please. I give up. Put the gun
 down, you can arrest me.

JACKSON
 Can't allow you to enter police
 custody, Tony. My duty as a
 Mediator obliges me.

Jackson tightens his grip, swallows, bracing himself for this, the first time he'll actually kill an Angel, Fallen or otherwise.

TONY
 (desperation taking hold)
 Let me help you. We can take
 Deanna down together.

ELIAS
 (to Tony)
 Has she granted you salvation yet?

TONY
 No.

Jackson shoots.

Tony falls to the ground. Dead.

JACKSON
 (not missing a beat)
 Elias. Get out of here.
 (to the other Fallen Ones)
 All of you. Take the back exit.
 Otherwise when the police get here
 I can't explain who you are.

Til, Andrei and Rosalie quickly head out the back. Elias moves past Jackson.

ELIAS
 Thank you. For considering my
 side.

With that, Elias exits.

WE HEAR the sound of APPROACHING POLICE.

Jackson lays his gun on the ground. Then pulls his POLICE BADGE from his pocket and holds it up over his head.

The FRONT DOOR BURSTS OPEN. Police SWARM INSIDE.

They stop at the sight of Jackson. Tony dead on the floor. The Young Woman on the pool table. The broken and overturned tables. The floor littered with shattered glass.

Samantha steps up. Stunned at the sight.

SAMANTHA

What happened...?

JACKSON

Things escalated.

Samantha takes Jackson by the arm. Guiding him out of the hall as the cops flood the crime scene.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT (FLASHBACK) - DAY

A view of the sky fills the frame as a THUNDER STORM rages.

WE SEE a large cluster of RAIN SWIRLING mid-air within the storm, like a flock of birds in motion.

Suddenly it swoops downwards. CAMERA MOVES to follow the barrage of rain as it CRASHES through the WINDOWS of an ABANDONED WAREHOUSE.

ANGLE ON Jackson and Deanna. Standing a distance from the warehouse. Deanna's arms outstretched towards where the rain shattered the glass.

She grins as she turns to Jackson. His face exhibits an undeniable fresh expression of amazement.

DEANNA

Convinced yet?

JACKSON

(yes)

I might be getting there.

(then, questioning)

The fire that killed my partner.

It was caused by a Fallen One?

Deanna offers a nod of sincere remorse.

She then looks up to the sky, closing her eyes as she takes a DEEP BREATH -- THE THUNDER STORM ENDS.

DEANNA

Your partner, Fishburne, he was trying to save me. I'd discovered a Fallen One abusing a young woman under my care. I asked Fishburne to meet me at the Fallen One's apartment. I arrived first and was blind sided. By the time Fishburne got there my throat was already slit. The Fallen One then cracked Fishburne's head on a counter, lit the building on fire, and left us there to die together.

JACKSON

But Fishburne was found alone at the scene.

DEANNA

Guardian Angels swayed authorities while the I.O.H.M. removed my corpse.

A beat while Jackson processes this, he's essentially beginning a crash course on the existence of Angels on earth.

JACKSON

(then, curious)
Was dying painful?

DEANNA

It was. But I have to admit, I felt a sense of relief. I'd been on earth for so long. I was ready to go back to heaven.

JACKSON

So why didn't you choose to stay there?

DEANNA

I did. In fact, I was the first Angel who didn't choose to return to earth. Then we learned it wasn't a choice to protect humans. It was a regulation. A sentencing. Like being a prison guard who learns you don't have the freedom to retire. So you might see why I'd look forward to the day I can put this whole chapter behind me.

ANGLE ON JACKSON, looking to Deanna, deciding that he's ready for the first step to becoming a Mediator-

JACKSON
How exactly did all this begin?

CUT TO:

EXT. ENDLESS SKY (FLASHBACK) - DAY

WE'RE FLOATING through air. Miles and miles above Earth. MOVING FAST NOW, propelled forward with great force. CLOUDS SPEED BY. DEANNA'S VOICE BEGINS to speak to us:

DEANNA (V.O.)
There are Angels and there are
Fallen Angels. At the dawn of
human existence, the Fallen Ones
were banished from heaven.

And suddenly WE'RE FALLING. The CLOUDS HURDLE PASSED. The SCREAMS of hundreds of falling Angels in our ears. WE PLUNGE through clouds, revealing Los Angeles, downtown, a grid of BUILDINGS, down and down until we-

CUT TO BLACK:

END CREDITS