

CHRONICLES OF EMMORTA

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&

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SERIES LOGLINE: In the beginning, God created Emmorta and deities. This is their story.

PILOT LOGLINE: A world of deities is thrown into chaos when the first child deity becomes an adult.

TEASER

EXT. SANDY HILL NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - DAY

Fifty kilometers west of Nevada's infamous Area 51 lies the equally infamous Sandy Hill Nuclear Power Plant. Dozens of protesters march around, yelling at the armed guards who block entrance to the plant.

UNA (Black, thirty-something year old female) hops off a motorcycle, removes her helmet and strides towards the protesters. A small CRESCENT-SHAPED BIRTHMARK ON THE LEFT SIDE OF HER NECK can be seen clearly.

She approaches a man holding a protest sign.

UNA-A

Wow! This is quite a turnout.

MALE PROTESTER

You damn straight! We're past tired of all the radioactive crap from this place.

Absorbing some of Una-A's positive energy, he does a double take.

MALE PROTESTER (CONT'D)

(snarl turns to a smile)

Oh...hey. I haven't seen you before. Is this your first time here?

Shielding her eyes from the blazing sun, she gazes at the plant's huge cooling towers.

UNA-A

No, I've visited this planet many times.

Confused, the man lowers his sign.

MALE PROTESTER

Uhhh, excuse me?

Una-A slightly shudders. The CRESCENT-SHAPED BIRTHMARK on the LEFT SIDE of her neck vanishes and appears on the RIGHT SIDE as Una-D's personality emerges. With the change, her pleasant demeanor and expressions switch to pissed off.

UNA-D

You're excused.

She pushes past the protester, strolls through the large group and stops in front of the wall of armed guards.

One of the guards glares at Una-D as he points at the chanting protesters.

GUARD

Get back! *Get back!* I'll pepper spray you!

UNA-D

(smirks)

I suggest you calm down and invest in stronger mouthwash.

While he's looking at his belt for pepper spray, Una-D fades away as SMALL LAVENDER AURA WISPS outline her spirit.

GUARD

(looks up)

You asked for it, asshole.

Unable to see Una's spirit, the confused guard looks around.

Una-D's spirit form easily walks past the guards and approaches the plant entrance.

Before she can open the door, her body stops as if she hit an invisible wall.

UNA-A (V.O.)

I know what you're up to. You need to tell the protesters to leave.

UNA-D

(pissed)

You need to mind your own damn business. I'm finishing this up so we can go home.

UNA-A (V.O.)

The protesters are on our side. I'm not budging until they're safe.

UNA-D

For fucks sake!

Una-D heads back to the crowd.

Still in spirit form, she stands in front of the protesters.

UNA-D (CONT'D)

Leave.

A few lavender aura wisps quickly weave throughout the crowd. Within seconds the crowd flees.

INT. POWER PLANT CONTROL ROOM

Wisp open the control room doors.

In spirit form, Una-D navigates to the area containing the nuclear rod cooling pools, followed by lavender tendrils of chaos. Multiple alarms sound in their wake.

The plant safety officer frantically rushes people out.

PLANT SAFETY OFFICER

It's gonna blow. Get out, get out.
Get out now!

Huge cracks in the overheated pool walls open, draining the protective water.

Una-D does a happy dance!

EXT. POWER PLANT - DAY

Still in spirit form, Una-D exits the building moments before a raging fire starts and emergency personnel scatter.

As she strolls down the walk, she takes physical form. The birthmark on the RIGHT SIDE of her neck disappears and reappears on the LEFT SIDE. Her demeanor and stance switch from triumphant to saddened.

Una-A sighs at the mayhem, then rides off.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. EMMORTA - DAY

Beneath the light of Emmorta's three suns and numerous moons, the faint sound of leaves bristling in the wind, birds and insects singing, and animals calling out here and there, create a natural symphony.

We see the city Opella's sleek buildings that float high above this portion of a dense forest. A faint LAVENDER cloud-like aura surrounds each building's base.

MICCA, a striking ten-foot-tall angel-like figure, stands at her railing-less balcony, perched atop her pyramid-shaped home.

Whenever the CREATOR speaks, all ambient sound fades away. Once he has spoken, it returns.

CREATOR (V.O.)
(soft spoken but firm)
Find them.

Micca, a Brilliant deity, dives off the balcony, expands her magnificent wings.

As she searches the celestial city for her charges, we see what humans mistake as angels and demons living together in harmony. They come in different sizes, shapes, species, colors. All these winged beings appear to be adults in their forties to elderly. Their state of dress ranges from fully dressed to nude.

CREATOR (V.O.)
Check Serenity Falls.

Accompanied by much smaller winged beasts that joined her along the way, Micca gives up her search in Opella and heads towards the mountains on the other side of the forest below.

EXT. EMMORTA - MICCA FLYING TO THE WATERFALL - DAY

Gliding on thermals, high in the pristine sky, Micca approaches *Serenity Falls*, a mile-high waterfall.

She hovers atop a puffy, magenta cloud. Her eyes, which are balls of pure, sparkling energy, scan the land below.

MICCA
They aren't here.

She zooms off at extraordinary speed towards the wildflower fields along the base of a nearby mountain, leaving her winged followers behind.

CREATOR (V.O.)
Heads of dandelions have seeded.

MICCA
I'm on my way.

As Micca nears, she sees a naked Una in the middle of the flower-laden field, popping the heads off some burnt-orange and blue dandelions and blowing the seeds into the wind with others.

MICCA (CONT'D)
They're here.

Una runs towards the waterfall.

Micca doesn't follow.

CREATOR (V.O.)
Don't worry. They must learn balance.

MICCA
Many more will die.

CREATOR (V.O.)
Yes.

Apprehensive, Micca slowly drifts through a cloud over the field back towards the waterfall.

MICCA
We've never raised children. I fear I've failed them. I need more time.

CREATOR (V.O.)
No. Discipline must lead them now.

MICCA
Their youth makes them unable to control their anger and resentment. I should accompany--

CREATOR (V.O.)
No. Their parents will aid them.

MICCA
You know more than I.

Micca settles on the shore of the small lake and lovingly watches Una dive from the top of the waterfall into the steamy, teal water below.

MICCA (CONT'D)

(to Creator)

May I have a few moments alone with them?

CREATOR (V.O.)

Yes.

Una-D swims over to Micca, but remains in the water as she nears.

MICCA

It'll take months for them to contain the fires and stop the radiation leaks. The region won't recover for decades.

UNA-D

They said nuclear power is harmless. I just showed them the errors of their ways.

A school of glowing, yellow eels surround Una-D as she wrings the teal water from her hair.

UNA-D (CONT'D)

Not now, you guys.

They swim away.

MICCA

With your gifts comes responsibilities. You knew your actions would displease Him.

UNA-D

The only gift we want from the Creator is the peace of death.

MICCA

You have no idea what you're asking. You will stop hiding from the Father.

UNA-D

Ignoring, and *my* father is caged in a spectral cell with my mother.

MICCA

Sometimes the Father's actions are beyond our comprehension. Your hiding from him ends today. Now bring your sister forward.

UNA-D

As you say.

Eyes closed, Una-D draws in several deep breaths.

The small birthmark on the right side of her neck dissipates and appears on the left side.

The scowl on her face transforms into an easy smile as she opens her eyes.

UNA-A

I knew Father would send you for us.

Una-A exits the warm water into the cool air, hugging herself for warmth.

Micca's eyes fill with lavender sparks. A plush down blanket materializes out of thin air and drapes over her outstretched arm.

She bends and holds the blanket open for Una to step into.

MICCA

Why did you allow her to--

UNA-A

(interrupts)

We share a body, but I don't control her.

Una-A snuggles into the plush blanket.

MICCA

You can literally make her stop.

UNA-A

I shouldn't have to.

MICCA

Let's start over. Forget about your assignment.

Micca sits on a large rock near the water's edge, then taps the space beside her.

Una-A settles in beside Micca, and they both take in the peaceful beauty of the waterfall.

MICCA (CONT'D)

Tell me what's actually bothering you two.

Blanket wrapped around herself, Una-A shrugs.

UNA-A

Nothing makes sense. Why are we here? Why were we born?

MICCA

(laughs lightly)

Oh, you want to know the meaning of life. No problem.

Una-A cracks a genuine smile on that one.

MICCA (CONT'D)

Long before you two were born, deities felt lost. We had all of these abilities and gifts, but no use for them. Our lives changed for the better when the Father gave us specific purposes to fulfill. If you fulfilled yours, you wouldn't feel so lost and torn.

UNA-A

We're torn because we don't belong anywhere. Our own kind don't even want us.

Micca nods her understanding.

MICCA

Lomm and I love you. Our Father loves you. The others are just... confused and taking it out on you.

UNA-A

They're confused? We're the ones learning a universe of ever changing knowledge from scratch.

Micca takes a few moments to reflect on Una's words.

MICCA

I owe you two an apology for not fully appreciating how difficult this must be for you.

(MORE)

MICCA (CONT'D)

Expecting you to learn how to live with the others was not realistic, but allowing you to isolate yourselves from them was also a mistake.

UNA-A

You can't expect thousands to change for two.

(motions around)

This is the one place we get any peace. They don't want us, fine. We can stay here.

MICCA

But, you're not fine. You're rightfully hurt and I think lonely. But acting out will make things worse.

UNA-A

We're sorry.

Una-D makes Una-A jerk unnaturally.

UNA-A (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Micca hugs Una.

MICCA

I'm sorry, my little loves. I don't know how, but I'll find a way to make things better for you. You shouldn't be made to feel an outcast in your own home.

Micca stands and pulls Una-A up.

MICCA (CONT'D)

It's time for you to speak with our Father. If you do not hear anything else I say, hear this. Our Father is all about balance. You two must combine your gifts and work together to succeed. I love you.

UNA-A

We love you, too.

Una-A steps away from Micca, then jumps into the water.

UNA-A (CONT'D)

Father.

The Creator's transparent hand rises from the depths of the lake and grasps Una. Water drips and wisps of lavender aura outline his hand.

He lifts them high above the waterfall.

CREATOR (V.O.)

Hide from me again, and you will be banished from Emmorta.

UNA-A

(unmoved)

We hear you, but do you hear us? We can't save them.

CREATOR (V.O.)

Correct. They must save themselves. You cause concentric circles.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Early Spring, modern day Oakland, California. Una-D, sexily clad and holding an umbrella, materializes out of thin air into a darkened room.

UNA-D

Damn... can I get some light?

Bam! The lights burst on. She's inside a kindergarten classroom.

She runs a finger over one of the small desks.

Images of the child (KELLY, a shy, dark skinned, Black five-year-old with rashy skin), and her father (WALTER, thirty-something year old, dark-skinned Black male), play in Una-D's mind.

UNA-D (CONT'D)

(devilish grin)

Time to make a quick house call, then get back home.

Una-D taps her umbrella on the floor, shooting out a few lavender sparks. The door flies open and the lights wink out.

She adjusts her hat and walks into the rain storm outside.

INT. SPECTRAL PRISON

We see SINCLAIR, a long-winded, Qu-lacerion deity, and TASMEEN, an Imperion deity, languish inside their hermetic prison cell.

Rare, Qu-lacerions are known for their muscular builds, towering eight foot average height and obsidian black skin and wings. Equally as rare, Imperions are known for their snow white skin and wings that turn to flames.

Sinclair looks out the large impenetrable window at the vision of his miracle love child, Una.

SINCLAIR

Father, how can we truly guide our children to remain on the path you've lain when we are nothing more than a soul's whisper to them. They do not understand why we are forced to stay away, and neither do I. None of this makes sense.

TASMEEN

Neither does your continual kissing his ass. Yet here we are again.

SINCLAIR

I went along with your wishes because you carried my children, but doing things your way is what got us here. Now we remain here because you will not repent.

Tasmeen's wings flair out and become ablaze with fire.

TASMEEN

We've done nothing wrong. He's the one who stole our children and locked us away!

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF THE SCHOOL - NIGHT

Una-D nears the edge of the school's property. There is a rumble of thunder and a flash of lightning.

She continues down the block.

EXT. A FEW BLOCKS AWAY - NIGHT

As Una-D continues along the walk, she spots a bundled up HOMELESS WOMAN who is nodding off inside a bus stop shelter.

She pauses in front of the woman.

UNA-D

You need to get up. Someone may actually want to sit there.

The homeless woman bats her eyes open and glares at Una-D.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Who? You talkin' to me?

UNA-D

Yes, you. How long you been shootin' heroin?

The homeless woman sits up and spits at Una-D's feet.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Get outta my face, bitch.

UNA-D

I suggest you be kind to strangers.

The homeless woman jumps to her feet and whips a switchblade from her pocket.

HOMELESS WOMAN

You gonna fuck around and get cut.

Lavender sparks fill Una's pupils as a sandwich bag full of pure heroin materializes in her palm.

The homeless woman's eyes bulge.

HOMELESS WOMAN (CONT'D)

Hey... what's that?

Una-D lets go of her umbrella. It hangs in midair by itself.

She dangles the dope in front of the homeless woman.

UNA-D

Candy, you want some?

Caught up in her addiction, the homeless woman misses the floating umbrella.

HOMELESS WOMAN

(trembling)

Uhhh... can I... can I have a lil'
bit?

Tasmeen's cooing voice pops into Una-D's soul.

TASMEEN (V.O.)

(softly)

Yes, baby, yes... give it to her...

Una-D holds the bag over the woman's filthy, shaking hands. A sorrowful voice fills Una-D's soul.

SINCLAIR (V.O.)

(calmly)

Do not do this, daughter. Providing
this poor woman with that hellish
powder will surely kill her. Allow
your sister to save her.

Una-D hesitates for a moment to read the woman's soul.

We see visions of the junkie constantly robbing and abusing
her victims.

A bolt of lightning and clap of thunder bring Una back to the
moment.

UNA-D

I'm saving her and others by giving
her the ultimate gift.

She conjures a syringe full of the death juice.

UNA-D (CONT'D)

Here you go. I have one already
prepared for you.

Happy as a hog in slop, the homeless woman rolls up her
jacket sleeve, injects the drugs, briefly enjoys the best
fucking high of her damn life, then convulses and falls over
dead in the gutter.

Humming a happy tune, Una-D tosses the bag of dope next to
the woman, then strolls away, umbrella hovering, followed by
fading tendrils of lavender aura.

She approaches a church and pauses at the entrance.

A statue of St. Paul, at the foot of the stairs, seems to
stare at her.

UNA-D (CONT'D)
What you lookin' at?

INT. SPECTRAL PRISON

Tasmeen looks into the window at their daughter.

TASMEEN (V.O.)
Don't pay attention to that
chiseled bull crap. You're not
beholden to that damned thing at
all.

Stepping in front of Tasmeen, as pissed off as a deity can
get, Sinclair spreads his wings, blocking Tasmeen's view. He
braces his hands on the window.

SINCLAIR
The last day of you corrupting the
innocent thoughts of our daughters
can not come soon enough! As soon
as we're released, I vow to protect
our children from your vile ways.

Tasmeen cackles.

TASMEEN
Good luck with that, honey.
According to that asshole Father of
ours, we ain't goin' nowhere. *Ever.*

SINCLAIR
That is not what he said, *Tasmeen.*

TASMEEN
It's been eons, *Sinclair.*
(fiery glare)
And as long as I'm here, I'm gonna
enjoy helping my babies savage
every one of those miserable bags
of flesh they meet.

Face softened, Sinclair gazes lovingly at Una-D's image.

SINCLAIR (V.O.)
Dear child of mine, ignore the
rantings of your heathenistic
mother. You have been blessed with
the gift of pure love by the
Creator. *Embrace* the goodness that
flows through your immortal soul.

EXT. ST. PAUL CHURCH - NIGHT

Drawn like nails to a magnet, Una-D gawks at the statue.

UNA-D

I'm so sick of all of this. They
have no sense of purpose. How can
we set them on the right path when
they refuse to believe there is
one?

CREATOR (V.O.)

Calm.

Eyes closed, the small birthmark on the right side of her
neck disappears and reappears on the left side.

Eyes open, Una-A gazes around.

Across the street, we see a florist storefront. A pink and
purple fluorescent sign flashes in the window as water
cascades off the store's awning in waterfall-like fashion
onto the sidewalk.

UNA-A

This feels familiar.

MONTAGE

- A pair of Black toddler twins, one with a slight red aura,
the other with a slight blue aura, play in the water next to
Serenity Falls.
- The Creator's transparent hands, outlined in a lavender
hue, gently lifts the giggling children out of the water.
- The Creator's hands close with a swirl of lavender mist
inside that cocoons the twins.
- The foliage runs through multiple cycles of life as time
passes.
- The cocoon dissipates as the Creator reopens his hands,
revealing a single, slightly older child--sporting a lavender
aura.

END OF MONTAGE

A nearby train whistle blares, waking Una-A from the pleasant
memory.

CREATOR (V.O.)
 Together you can accomplish
 anything.

UNA-A
 I love you, Una, even though you
 can be a jerk at times.

UNA-D (V.O.)
 I love you, too, even though you
 think you know best.

Una-A turns and admires the St. Paul statue.

UNA-A
 My what an intricately beautiful
 piece.

She reaches out and touches the statue.

UNA-A (CONT'D)
 Some do know their purpose.

UNA-D (V.O.)
 In this, we agree.

INT. SPECTRAL PRISON

Furious, Tasmeen forms an aura of flames around herself.

TASMEEN
 I'm so fucking tired of his
 interference!

She struggles to get from behind Sinclair.

TASMEEN (CONT'D)
 Watch out, asshole!

Tasmeen fights past Sinclair, blocks him with her own flaming wings and slams both her fists against the window.

EXT. ST. PAUL CHURCH - NIGHT

The shockwave from Tasmeen's blow sends a tremor beneath the church. A faint lavender mist seeps from the cracks.

One of the heavy gargoyle heads on the ledge of the roof breaks free.

Una-A holds onto the statue, bracing herself against the shaking.

She hears the gargoyle break away, looks up and barely has time to jump out the way before it crashes onto the Saint Paul statue, obliterating it.

INT. SPECTRAL PRISON

Sinclair grabs Tasmeen by her flaming arms and glares at her.

SINCLAIR

Endanger them again, and I will
fuck you up!

Tasmeen flicks her forked tongue at him, eyes smoldering like lavender hot coals and laughs at his attempt to curse.

TASMEEN

You know what I am. Deal with it.

CREATOR (V.O.)

Cease!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. OPELLA - DAY

Ready to stir up a fresh batch of trouble, OLIP lands softly onto the balcony of his friend's home.

A common species of deity, Ele-sheen eyes appear to be large amber irises without pupils. With two eyes on its forehead and one above the bridge of its nose, the formation resembles an upside down pyramid. As with most deities, Ele-sheen are human sized beings. Unlike other deities, they have a long tail with a third hand on its tip. However, Olip's tail is short.

Seeing ROMMIAH seated, playing a board game with another deity, ZYRELL, he enters from the railing-less balcony. Like him, his friend's species are common and human sized.

Rommiah, a Decarrian, looks human except for her wings and absence of ears.

Zyrell, a Porsyte, is part of a hairless species with a nose similar to an elephant's trunk. Porsytes have large ears with a hole in the earlobes as if there were large invisible gages in them. Quite often, they adorn their ears and nose with jewelry.

INT. ROMMIAH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Celestial condos don't have doors that open to a common hallway. Instead, residents and guests enter from the balcony. Weather amazing, the balcony side wall is completely open to the elements.

OLIP

Anu, Rommiah! I have a special gift
for you.

An aquarium with one of the glowing eels from Serenity Falls appears in his hands.

Small hand at the end of his stubby tail wagging, he rushes into the unit.

ZYRELL

Go away, Olip. I'm winning.

Zyrell eyes his gift.

ZYRELL (CONT'D)

(chastises)

You know the falls are off limits.
You get caught by Micca, she'll
snatch your tail off again.

ROMMIAH

(to Olip)

Thank you.

Rommiah motions towards the two-layer pawn war game, Plix, and a third layer appears along with a lavender wisp that dissipates quickly.

ROMMIAH (CONT'D)

Try something constructive. Would
you like to join us?

ZYRELL

No. He cheats.

Zyrell snaps her fingers and the third level disappears.

OLIP

Anu. If you ain't cheatin', you
ain't tryin'.

He sets the aquarium on the end of the table.

ZYRELL

You were supposed to get
information on Una's failed
assignment, not be traipsing around
the falls.

OLIP

(to Rommiah)

The Creator's at Serenity Falls.

Rommiah loses interest in the game and absorbs this new information about the Creator.

ZYRELL

You lie a lot. I don't even know
why we sent you.

OLIP

I'm speaking to Rommiah. Why are
you commenting?

(to Rommiah)

Do I lie to you?

ROMMIAH

Your charm doesn't work on me. I'd know.

OLIP

Anu. You'll stop sleeping with me if I do, so I have to get my fun elsewhere.

Enhancing his gift of charm, he eases close to Zyrell.

OLIP (CONT'D)

(softly)
You look amazing today.

Flattered, Zyrell waves him off.

ROMMIAH

Tell us what you've learned.

ZYRELL

After that crap they pulled, the Creator's surely here to banish them.

OLIP

Anu! What you've heard pales in comparison to what I saw. Watch this, courtesy of Tasmeen.

Whap! Olip cracks his small tail like a whip, causing the game board layers and pawns to change into the scene at the nuclear plant. The scene plays slowly as the friends continue their discussion.

ZYRELL

What I heard was disgraceful enough. And you'd better be careful with Tasmeen.

OLIP

For someone who always has something nasty to say about my connections, you never pass on the opportunity to reap the benefits of my ill-gotten gain.

ZYRELL

(lowers head)
I apologize. I fear that soon I'll be forced to cross lines that...

Olip places a comforting hand on Zyrell's hand.

OLIP

It's all right, Zyrell. You're the epitome of order. I understand the difficulty of your position.

ROMMIAH

Were the twins with the Creator?

OLIP

Let me start at the beginning. Micca was with the twins, then they called the Creator.

| | | |
|-------|---------|--------|
| | ROMMIAH | ZYRELL |
| What? | | What? |

OLIP

I couldn't hear what they said until Una called out for him. They don't fear his wrath at all.

Rommiah shoots up from her seat.

Olip eases near Rommiah. Her arrogance makes her weak to his charm.

ROMMIAH

I *knew* something was wrong with the Creator. He doesn't allow any of us to wreak havoc like they do. The next thing you know, he'll have us answering to them.

OLIP

(softly)

I wonder if they have the ability to hide their misdeeds from him. And you know Micca and Lomm will protect them.

ROMMIAH

I fear he's finally given life to something he can't control.

He eases close to Zyrell.

ZYRELL

He didn't create those abominations. Sinclair and Tasmeen did. They're flawed and not part of the natural order. The Father should have put them out of their misery instead of raising them. Now they grow stronger by the day.

Rommiah nods in agreement.

OLIP

I'm still trying to figure out the biology behind a deity impregnating anything and giving birth.

Olip lifts Rommiah's shirt. She smacks him.

OLIP (CONT'D)

Deities don't have ovaries, uteruses or the type of ejaculate that produces children. We're immortals. There's no need to procreate.

The scene playing out on the game board is of Una transforming to her spirit form.

Ears and nose on high alert, Zyrell points at the scene.

ZYRELL

Wait! Did you see that! No that's impossible. No! Why would he allow this?

Worried, Rommiah paces nervously.

ROMMIAH

The most any of us can do is cloak ourselves in celestial aura so mortals can't see us.

Olip slowly moves from one side of Rommiah to the other as he continues to exert his influence. The scene from the nuclear plant plays out faster.

OLIP

No one has ever seen our Father in physical form, only spirit.

ROMMIAH

We've never been presented with a danger of this magnitude. This is all Micca's fault. She raised them and won't listen to the truth.

Olip shifts closer to Zyrell.

OLIP

(innocent to Zyrell)
What are we going to do?

The scene playing out on the game board is of the explosion.

Zyrell snaps her fingers and the scene turns back into the game layers and pawns.

ZYRELL

This has gotten out of hand. Our
Father will not protect himself, so
we have no choice but to put an end
to this travesty ourselves.

Pots stirred, Olip bows his head.

OLIP

You know best.

INT. MICCA AND LOMM'S BALCONY - DAY

LOMM, the same species and a bit taller than his lover Micca,
lands on the balcony.

He plucks a pink and black piece of fruit from the jingla
plant as she joins him on the balcony

He kisses her on the forehead and hands her the star-shaped
treat.

LOMM

Here. Eat. Fresh bloom.

Micca accepts the kiss, but not the delicious offering.

MICCA

No thank you, my love.

His eyes, as dark as deep space, search for answers in her
brilliantly illuminated eyes.

A beautiful four-legged bird lands on his broad shoulder.

LOMM

You need to speak with our Father.

Micca sits at the edge of the balcony, feet dangling in the
air and stares at the colorful world below.

MICCA

I love your gift of foresight.
(teasing)
Does it say how I'm to gain
clarity.

Lomm takes a seat beside her. The bird hops down and onto
Micca's knee.

LOMM

I wish. Your position is difficult,
but there's no better liaison
between the Father and his
creations.

Micca leans against him, strokes the bird's soft feathers and gazes at the three setting suns.

MICCA

I can't put this off any longer.

Lomm wraps his arm around her. She gives him a loving kiss.

MICCA (CONT'D)

I'll return soon, my love.

LOMM

Our love is eternity.

She gently waves the bird away, pushes off the edge and shoots up into the deep purple upper atmosphere.

EXT. AL-TEAR

Seated on the soft sand-like surface of Al-Tear, Emmorta's smallest moon, Micca takes a moment to enjoy the peace of Emmorta and its numerous other moons.

A magnificently-cut crescent shaped amethyst looking crystal sits on a large rock next to her.

She puts the necklace on and wipes away a patch of emerald-green sand, revealing the true crystal-like composition of Al-Tear.

She grabs a stone and taps the exposed crystal.

A pleasing sound, like that of a gigantic Tibetan singing bowl, along with comforting vibrations, reverberate across the moon's entire surface.

She stands, arms stretched out to her sides.

MICCA

Father, I seek your counsel.

As the vibes travel through her bare feet up to the crown of her head, her aura glows the richest shade of lavender imaginable.

The crystal on the necklace now glows.

She closes her eyes then opens them and finds herself standing on the palm of the Creator's gigantic, transparent hand, floating in space.

MICCA (CONT'D)

Rommiah's gift of truth lifted the blinders. The twins are no longer children, but worse yet, I saw how much I haven't protected them. As always, you were correct. It's time I step back.

Unsure of herself, she toys with the crystal dangling from the necklace.

MICCA (CONT'D)

I know she spoke from anger and jealousy, but have I done more harm than good?

CREATOR (V.O.)

No.

MONTAGE:

- Tasmeen is pregnant.
- Tasmeen and Sinclair are arguing.

TASMEEN

Open your fucking eyes. The Creator is no longer the only one who creates life.

(rubs her stomach)

We did this! He knows that together we're more powerful than even him.

CREATOR (V.O.)

I needed the nurturer for my new creation.

- We see from the Creator's point of view as he scours the universe, Rommiah is one of the first faces we see. He continues quickly through deities and sentient mortals.
- Micca is caring for plants and animals throughout the universe.
- The search continues, he then stops at Micca and Lomm making love.
- We see the toddler twins sleeping in the bed between Micca and Lomm, all cuddled close.

- At Micca's place, Una looks like a teen. Standing tall and proud, she is still much shorter than Micca.

UNA-A

Micca, we don't want to stay where we aren't wanted.

MICCA

Don't take it personally. They just don't know how to relate to deity children. You're our first.

UNA-A

We love Serenity Falls and no one goes there anymore. It calls to us. Please.

Micca softens her stance.

MICCA

Serenity Falls is now your home. I'll instruct the others to steer clear unless invited.

END MONTAGE:

CREATOR (V.O.)

You were chosen.

With knowledge the Creator chose her out of countless others, her self-confidence is restored and she stands taller.

A pair of shiny tears fall from her closed eyes.

MICCA

Rommiah would have given them hard truths, but I give them love. May I see them?

A thin wisp of lavender appears before her, then expands tall and wide, giving her a view of Una-A in front of the church.

She sees the gargoyle head break free and almost crush her baby as a bit of lavender mist left from Tasmeen's temper tantrum dissipates.

Instantly enraged, Micca's wings expand to their fullest.

MICCA (CONT'D)

Dammit, Tasmeen, you could have hurt them!

Tasmeen can be heard cackling at Micca's cursing.

MICCA (CONT'D)

Father, I understand why you keep
Tasmeen away from Una, but why
Sinclair?

The vision in the opened wisp switches to Sinclair holding the very pregnant Tasmeen in his arms as he flies past Al-Tear towards Emmorta.

TASMEEN

Faster, my love. We must reach
Emmorta before the Creator returns.

The Creator's GIGANTIC TRANSPARENT HANDS, outlined by lavender wisp, grabs them just before they make it to Emmorta's atmosphere.

The vision wisp closes.

CREATOR (V.O.)

They are one.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF CHURCH - NIGHT

Una-A looks in disbelief at the crushed statue.

UNA-A
This is why the Creator keeps us
from you.

The last hints of lavender mist disappear.

An approaching bus stops.

The driver slaps on his flashers, bounds out the bus and hurries over to Una-A.

BUS DRIVER
Hey! You okay, lady?

Annoyed, Una-A shakes statue debris off her shoes.

UNA-A
Yeah, I'm okay.

BUS DRIVER
I saw what happened. That damn
thing about got you!

She taps the intact gargoyle head with the tip of her toe.

UNA-A
(mumbles)
And you're supposed to be one of
the good guys.

The bus driver notices how fucking hot Una is, quickly turning chivalry to lust.

BUS DRIVER
(grins)
Hey... I'm about to get off. Would
you like to *join* me?

He reaches for her hand.

She points to his wedding band.

UNA-A
You're married?

BUS DRIVER
 (chuckles)
 My wife is. I'm not.

UNA-D (V.O.)
 (laughs)
 I feel your disgust with him. Don't
 blow him off. He's our ride. We
 have to work together. I'll take
 over.

Her birthmark switches from the left to right side of her neck.

UNA-D
 (coos)
 Can you give us a ride?

BUS DRIVER
 Hell yeah. Let's get outta here
 before the rest of this freakin'
 building comes down!

Una-D takes his hand as he walks her toward the bus.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)
 Good thing the terminal's right
 down the way. I'll drop you off at
 my car then punch out. It should
 only take a minute or two. You okay
 with waitin' in the car?

An impish grin fills her face.

UNA-D
 Sure. And trust me, your kindness
 will *not* go unrewarded.

BUS DRIVER
Ohhhh hell yeah! Let's do this!
 I'll call my dispatcher and tell
 them about the mess here in front
 of the church. I'd hate to see
 another one of those things fall
 and hurt somebody. Especially a
 sexy señorita such as yourself!

They board the bus and Una-D takes a seat behind him.

CREATOR (V.O.)
 Focus.

A flashback of the little girl in her earlier vision at the school pops up.

UNA-D
Damn, we're on our way...

INT. - SPECTRAL PRISON - DARKNESS

Heart aching that Una's being punished for her parents' misdeeds, Sinclair watches Una-D.

SINCLAIR
Father, I know you hear me. Have I not been punished enough for my follies? How can you be so unmerciful?
(anger building)
Have I not repented enough?!
Clearly you have the power to see into my heart, and know I am deeply sorry for allowing myself to become seduced--
(glares at Tasmeen)
By a wicked wretch.

Tasmeen motions for him to wrap this shit up.

TASMEEN
You talk too damn much. Get to your point, already.

Seeking refuge, he extends his wings then forms a cocoon around himself.

SINCLAIR
Fuck off.

TASMEEN
(laughs)
Much better.

Tasmeen wraps her soft, white wings in comfort around Sinclair.

TASMEEN (CONT'D)
Calm, my lover. I don't want to fight. Not now.

Sinclair relaxes and faces Tasmeen.

SINCLAIR
Why won't he forgive me? Am I doomed to beg for an eternity?

All ambient noise disappears.

TASMEEN
 (knowing what's coming)
 Aww hell.

CREATOR (V.O.)
 I forgive nothing, for nothing.

TASMEEN
 That don't make no goddamn sense.

CREATOR (V.O.)
 I create everything with purpose.

TASMEEN
 Like you're the only one who
 creates life. We created Una and
 you can't handle it.

Clarity lights Sinclair's eyes. He holds his hands out.

SINCLAIR
 Wait. Wait. Who created Una?

CREATOR (V.O.)
 Only I create life.

TASMEEN
 I carried and spit her out, you
 lying bastard.

CREATOR (V.O.)
 (calmly)
 Never.

TASMEEN
 You took my babies from me. I'm
 their mother. Not that fuckin'
 Micca.

SINCLAIR
 I can't believe this.
 (paces)
 All this time and the answer was
 right before our eyes.
 (laughs nervously)
 How could we be so blind? The
 Father created *all* with a purpose.
 Including Una. We did not create
 life.

TASMEEN
 Then why the fuck are we in here?

CREATOR (V.O.)
It's not for you to understand.

TASMEEN
More bulllllshit.

SINCLAIR
Our hubris.

Tasmeen glides past Sinclair and peers out the mystical window at the bus, then through it, and gazes at the stoic Una-D.

TASMEEN
(to Sinclair)
You continue wasting time with the Creator. I'll make sure *my* children finish their mission.

She places her hands on the window and closes her eyes.
A fiery aura surrounds her, radiating around the window.

INT. - BUS - NIGHT

Una-D ignores the ramblings of the horny bus driver and looks out the window.

The rains return with gusto and fury.
She stands and puts her hand on his shoulder.

UNA-D
There's been a change of plans.
Pull over and let me off at the next corner.

Shocked, disappointed and pissed, the bus driver continues driving.

BUS DRIVER
You kidding me? What happened to our date?

UNA-D
(shrugs)
A girl reserves the right to change her mind.

BUS DRIVER
Oh, I see, you're one of those "teasin'" bitches.

Tasmeen's spirit whispers into Una's soul.

TASMEEN (V.O.)

Da' fuck? Teach his ass some manners.

UNA-D

I highly suggest you change your tone with me.

He angrily speeds through a yellow light. Horns blare as the bus narrowly misses a collision with another motorist.

BUS DRIVER

I should have *known* better than to trust a ho' like you!

UNA-D

Now see, if you hadn't called me nasty names, I might have reconsidered and spent the night in sweaty lust with you.

She spots a freeway entrance ramp ahead.

UNA-D (CONT'D)

But since you wanna be a punk assed bitch about it, I'm gonna take you on a different kinda ride.

Tendrils of aura snake from her and take control of the bus.

The bus driver wrestles with the wheel.

BUS DRIVER

What the hell?!

The bus shoots across the lanes and onto the freeway entrance ramp.

Una-D is supernaturally rooted to the floor, unmoving, as the bus careens on.

UNA-D

What's the matter, sweetheart? I thought you wanted some thrills tonight.

Gaining speed, the bus shoots onto the rain-soaked freeway.

BUS DRIVER

(full panic)

What the hell? What the hell?

Una-D remains rooted as the bus rockets toward a pack of cars in the distance.

She glares at the bus driver as he struggles to control the runaway bus.

UNA-D

You... you're no different than any of the countless men I've run into on this garbage of a planet. Always big and bad until shit gets real.

Whoosh! The bus takes a curve way too fast for the stormy conditions, but guided by Una-D, it handles it sure-footedly.

UNA-D (CONT'D)

(agitation growing)

And your women are no better. They play coy, innocent, sweet and sophisticated until I take a peek into their souls. As I have done *you*.

The bus driver screams as the bus jets in and out of traffic unscathed.

Gaining speed, the bus races toward a gasoline truck.

BUS DRIVER

How is this happening?!

He turns to Una-D and see's her eyes are full of fury.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

You! You're doing this! What are you? *What are yooooooooooooooooou?*

She leans over the cringing bus driver as he shrinks in his seat.

He pees on himself.

The bus inches closer to the tanker truck.

UNA-D

(evil glare)

Why are you so concerned with who I am now? Not too long ago all you wanted to know about me was how well I fuck.

She glances at the tanker truck ahead.

The bus swerves out the way at the last second, clipping the tanker and knocking off the bus's passenger side mirror.

The bus speeds on even faster than possible.

BUS DRIVER
 (crying, praying)
 Heavenly Father, I love You, I
 praise You, and I worship You. I
 thank You for sending Your Son
 Jesus who won victory over sin and
 death for my salvation--

He wipes his eyes, looks out the rain-filled windshield.

Flashing emergency vehicle beacons shine in the distance.

A wave of brake lights clog the road ahead.

UNA-D
 (screaming with fury)
 Don't pray now! You worthless
 maggots are always lookin' for
 salvation, yet harbor a heart full
 of sin, lust, wretchedness and
 debauchery! And here we are, once
 again, dropped in this goddamned,
 funky-assed place!

Tears of frustration roll down her face.

The bus picks up speed.

UNA-D (CONT'D)
 For countless millennia, we've been
 forced to return here!

Overwhelmed, she glares into the stormy sky.

Her birthmark switches from the right to the left side.

UNA-A
 Why do you do this to us? They
 never change. We are tired. Give us
 the peace of death.

The bus zooms down the rain-soaked highway.

A multi-car pileup sits a mile ahead.

Her birthmark switches from the left to the right side.

Una-D returns and smiles as the bus driver weeps uncontrollably, slamming the steering wheel with his fist.

UNA-D

How does it feel to know you're about to die a horrible, painful death, Mr. Cheater? Can you imagine how it's gonna feel to have that steering wheel jammed against your belly, forcin' your intestines to vomit out your mouth? To feel your spine snap?

The bus driver screams as the bus nears the wall of cars.

Una-D tilts her head.

The brakes lock and the bus jerks to the right.

After a 360 degree spin, the bus slides down an exit ramp, avoiding the once inevitable collision.

It now blocks the exit.

UNA-D (CONT'D)

Well, lover. I kept my part of our bargain. I gave you the ride of your life.

He cringes as she touches his sweaty, tear streaked face.

BUS DRIVER

(terrified)

Please, please no more... I beg you... *please*...

UNA-D

Now, now. We had a deal. A ride for a ride. I need you to calm the hell down and take me to my destination.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. LIVING ROOM IN A NICE HOUSE - NIGHT

Seated on the sofa, Walter smokes a joint while watching sports highlights.

WALTER

Damn! I can't believe the Raiders
traded for that clumsy bastard!

Outside, dogs bark and howl. Down the chimney, a draft blows an ember onto the floor.

He goes over and scoops it up with the fireplace shovel.

WALTER (CONT'D)

What kinda crazy storm is this?
Must be right on top of my house.

As he tosses the embers into the fireplace, a tap on his door startles him.

He glances at the grandfather clock--half past midnight. He puts out the joint, then heads to the door.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(looking through peephole)
Who is it?

UNA-D

Sorry to bother you, but I'm
lost... Can you help?

Walter unlocks and cracks the door.

WALTER

Oh... hey, lady. Where you tryin'
to go?

Pretending to be helpless, Una-D conjures up a soggy, unreadable handwritten note.

UNA-D

(clumsily closing her
umbrella)

I just arrived in town. I'm lookin'
for my girlfriend's house, but my
note got soaked in the rain. On top
of that, my phone's dead. I *think*
this is the street but...

She holds up the note, straining to read it in the porch light.

UNA-D (CONT'D)

Hell, I can't make the address out.
It's either 1000, 1009 or maybe
even 1003. I saw your light was on
so took a chance this was the
correct house.

A fierce gust of wind rips the paper from her hand.

Walter swings the door open.

WALTER

Well, this is 1000, so we can
eliminate one address from your
list. Come on in out the rain. You
can use my phone and call her if
you'd like.

Una-D sticks her umbrella in the umbrella stand next to the door, removes her hat and offers him her hand.

UNA-D

Where are my manners? I'm Una, by
the way... and you are?

Caught up in her beauty, he forgets to close the door.

WALTER

(still holding her hand)
I'm Walter.

Pleased that she has spellbound another victim, she closes the door, takes off her jacket and hands it to him.

UNA-D

(sweet, sexy smile)
Thank you, Walter. I *really*
appreciate this.

Her tight outfit gives him a fantastic view of her perfect body. He hangs her jacket on the coatrack.

WALTER

No problem. Have a seat. I'll grab
my phone.

Una-D strolls into the living room, steps out of her high heels and falls back onto his plush sofa.

UNA-D
 (rubbing her feet)
 I hope you don't mind; my feet are
killin' me... Been in these shoes
 way too long.

Walter hands her the phone, takes a seat in his recliner
 across from her.

WALTER
 No, by all means, make yourself at
 home.

He fights to not stare at her.

UNA-D
 Thank you. I'm lucky to have run
 into a sweet single dude like
 yourself.

WALTER
 Single? What makes you think that?

UNA-D
 (sly grin)
 You let me in way too easy to be
 someone worried about gettin' his
 ass beat by his significant other
 for lettin' a sexy woman in his
 house in the middle of the night.

A brutal wind gust makes the lights flicker. Car alarms sound
 and dogs howl.

WALTER
 Interesting... It sounds like
 you've had a lot of experience in
 situations like this.

Phone in hand, Una-D leans forward, giving him a good view of
 her cleavage.

UNA-D
 I've had a lot of experience with a
 lot of things.

CREATOR (V.O.)
 Focus.

Annoyed, Una-D sucks air through her teeth.

UNA-D
 I also know you have a little
 girl... Kelly's her name, right?

She breaks eye contact with him and sets the phone on the table between them.

WALTER
(jumps to his feet)
How the hell... How do you know
that?!

Her pupils reflect the fireplace flames.

UNA-D
That's not important right now.
She's the real reason we're here.

Immobilized by her smoldering eyes, his arms go slack at his sides.

WALTER
Who... who are you?

Ignoring him, she picks up the snubbed out joint.

After losing eye contact with her, he blinks his eyes and shakes his head.

WALTER (CONT'D)
(disoriented)
You never answered my questions!

UNA-D
Shhh, I'm busy.

She puts the joint to her lips, and the other end ignites.

She takes a drag as Walter looks on befuddled.

Confused, he takes a few steps back.

WALTER
What the...? How did you...? I *know*
that thing wasn't lit!

Una-D exhales a huge plume of smoke in his direction.

UNA-D
You fuck up my buzz, I swear
there'll be hell to pay. Sit.

She motions to the chair. Lavender tendrils pull him into the seat and bind him there.

A brilliant flash of lightning and crash of thunder rock the house, causing a power failure.

The darkness adds to his anxiety.

WALTER

Why? Why are you here?

UNA-D

Now that's a good-assed question.

Why were we sent here?

(jokes)

I'd be the most horrible babysitter
ever.

She takes another drag.

CREATOR (V.O.)

He must serve his purpose.

UNA-D

And what's that?

CREATOR (V.O.)

His soul.

WALTER

What's what?

UNA-D

(to Walter)

I'm not talking to you.

(to Creator)

What about his soul?

CREATOR (V.O.)

Figure it out.

Unable to hear the Creator, Walter knows he's up shit's creek. Thrashing, he tries to escape the invisible binds.

WALTER

Oh God, please don't let this crazy
bitch take my soul. I promise I'll
change my life.

UNA-D

I'm pretty sure you aren't supposed
to cuss while praying.

She takes another drag, then rounds the table and puts the joint to his lips.

Defiance and courage building, he turns his head away.

UNA-D (CONT'D)

I must warn you. I'm used to
gettin' my way and don't have a
lick of patience.

With a flick of her hand, the lavender bindings disappear.

UNA-D (CONT'D)

Let's talk about Kelly.

Like a wild animal trapped in a corner, he grabs the chance
at freedom and attacks.

WALTER

Fuck you, bitch!

Gripping him by the throat, she stops him in his tracks and
lifts him up until his feet leave the floor.

UNA-D

You need to expand your vocabulary,
bitch.

Paralyzed by fear, he remains silent and still.

She loosens her grip.

He hangs in the air, unable to move.

She gazes into his eyes, then into his soul.

UNA-D (CONT'D)

Watch with me.

She motions to the television.

On screen, we see Walter's caucasian wife in the hospital
with a black eye and busted lip. A baby bassinet is nearby.

Walter rushes into the room, passes his wife and looks into
the bassinet.

When he sees the beautiful dark chocolate baby (complexion
same as his), he walks out saying he don't make ugly-assed
tar babies.

UNA-D (CONT'D)

You are a complete and utter ass.

WALTER

How... how are you doing this? I...
I... she forgave me. I was drunk.
Of course Kelly's mine. She looks
just like my mother.

UNA-D
 Forgiving you was one of many
 mistakes, but let's continue.

The scene on screen switches to his wife's repast. There are several uniformed police officers in attendance.

Sitting next to his wife's sister, he tries to ease his hand up her dress.

She hops up and slaps the mess out of him.

SISTER-IN-LAW
 You fucking bastard. She didn't
 kill herself, your cruelty did.

UNA-D
 (laughs)
 I like her a lot.

Una-D puts the joint up to his lips. He refuses to take a puff.

UNA-D (CONT'D)
 Your loss.

She returns to watching the television. Kelly is around five and has on her backpack. At the top of the stairs, she readies to head out to the bus.

WALTER
 Hurry up.

He shoves her hard. She rolls down the stairs, hurting her leg.

Crying, she tries to stand.

WALTER (CONT'D)
 Your stupid black ass had better
 not miss that fuckin' school bus.
 Get up and get out!

UNA-D
 You truly have no remorse for the
 pain and suffering you caused your
 family, do you?

WALTER
 This Christmas Carol shit is
 gettin' old. This is just a bad
 dream.

UNA-D

What's your purpose, Walter?

WALTER

I don't understand. What the hell
are you talkin' about?

(eyes slammed shut)

Wake up, Walter. Wake up!

UNA-D

Why do you think you were put on
this miserable planet? To beat
women and children? What? To fuck
around until your dick falls off?
What?

Shaking his head, he can't answer.

UNA-D (CONT'D)

I'm feeling generous today. Your
lesson will be short and sweet.

As if he were weightless, she puts a finger on his shoulder
and lowers him to the ground.

Her touch leaves him weak with pleasure and unable to move
his arms or legs. Confusion now replaced with lust, he
strains to touch her.

WALTER

I... I need to... feel you...

UNA-D

You would love how I feel, but
first things first.

A strong gust of wind pummels the house.

Flames almost out, she moves to the fireplace and tosses in a
log. It lands awkwardly.

Barehanded, she reaches inside and re-adjusts the burning
logs.

She returns, picks up the joint and stands face to face with
him. She raises it to her lips.

Placing the burning end of the joint in her mouth, she blows
a plume of smoke, sprinkled with tiny lavender sparks, up his
nose and in his mouth.

His eyes close as a huge stupid smile fills his face.

Taking him by the hand, Una-D walks him to the couch and sits him down.

Amused, she takes another toke, then hangs the joint in the air, straddles him and strokes his hair.

WALTER

Mmmmmmm, that's nice. Never had weed hit me like this.

Grabbing a handful of his hair, she snatches his head backwards and locks eyes with him.

UNA-D

It's time I return all the pain you've caused others, to you.

Terror replaces his euphoria as a kaleidoscope of nightmarish and perverted images fill his mind where *he's* the victim.

MONTAGE: UNA'S PUNISHMENT AND LESSON FOR WALTER

- Walter's father claiming he isn't his and putting the bastard out the house.
- Walter being teased for being a tar baby, they throw spurs (thistles) that stick to him.
- Walter walks in on his wife screwing someone. That person then beats him as his wife laughs.

END MONTAGE:

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE

Una-D plucks the hanging joint out of the air, takes another puff and locks lips with Walter, filling his mouth with more enchanted smoke. The wind picks up outside.

UNA-D

You can dish it out, but not take it?

Her father's spirit whispers into her soul.

SINCLAIR (V.O.)

Daughter, you must *not* punish this mortal any longer. He can't tolerate your vile form of play. Even now, his heart struggles to keep pace.

She places her hand on his chest.

UNA-D

Oh my, your heart is poundin' like
a jackhammer!

On the verge of mental and physical collapse, he struggles to be released.

WALTER

What are you? Are you the fuckin'
devil?

Una-D leans in inches from his terrified face. Ambient sound becomes barely audible.

UNA-D

Depends on my mood.

Sound fully restored, she takes his hand and brands a crescent shape on the back of his hand.

Walter screams in agony.

UNA-D (CONT'D)

A little reminder that this was no
dream. If you stray from your
purpose, this mark will burn and
you will relive this hell.

WALTER

But what's my purpose.

UNA-D

You'll figure it out quickly or
suffer.

She points and the lavender tendrils bind him to the seat.

UNA-D (CONT'D)

While I'm upstairs, keep watching
what an ass you've been, then do
the opposite.

WALTER

(staring at screen)
Nooooooooo! Make it stop! Make it
stop!

UNA-D

We're done with this discussion.

She touches his mouth and it seals shut.

UNA-D (CONT'D)

Much better. Time to check on that sweet lil' girl of yours. I'll try and be gentle with her, but no promises.

Supernaturally locked to the chair, Walter tries and fails to move.

Leaving him to suffer in silence, Una-D sashays up the staircase, humming a happy tune.

INT. KELLYS ROOM

Una-D arrives at Kelly's door. It opens silently on its own.

Inside, she gawks at the walls of the bedroom. They are covered in cut out magazine pictures of gorgeous female models, musicians, athletes and the like.

UNA-D

What a stupid hobby.

Una-D walks over to Kelly's bed and looks down at the sleeping child.

UNA-D (CONT'D)

(evil grimace)

No matter, she won't have to worry about idolizin' these false figures once we're done.

Una-D, bathed in lavender light, smirks and touches Kelly's forehead.

Kelly twitches as Una-D invades her dreams.

INT. KELLY'S DREAM

Kelly is happily dancing, surrounded by beautiful women. Una-D joins Kelly in dance.

The women laugh and point at Kelly. Una-D frowns.

Kelly is saddened as she realizes they are laughing at her rashy, eczema-covered skin.

The child sobs and falls into the fetal position.

UNA-D

Get up! Stop that whining and tell them to leave you alone.

Kelly looks up at Una-D's snarl and wipes her eyes.

KELLY
Are you my guardian angel?

Shocked, Una-D stares at Kelly.

UNA-D
Me? Are you kiddin'?

Kelly stands and ignores the teasing women.

KELLY
(mesmerized)
You are a different kind of
pretty...

One of Kelly's tears falls to the ground, expands and becomes a mirror, showing Kelly being bullied and degraded by schoolmates, teachers and her father.

Una-D views the memories and gasps.

UNA-D
Hold up. I'm not prepared for this
shit.

UNA-A (V.O.)
Don't worry. I've got this.

Una-D closes her eyes momentarily. The birthmark switches from the right to the left side of her neck.

Una-A caresses Kelly's face.

UNA-A
Hey, sweetie.

A tear rolls down Una-A's face as she relates to being made to feel like an outcast by those who should love and protect her.

UNA-A (CONT'D)
I know exactly how you feel.

CREATOR (V.O.)
Focus.

Una-A glares at the laughing women.

UNA-A
(waves her hand)
Be gone!

In a brilliant flash of lavender light, the teasing women vanish.

Una-A then kneels next to Kelly.

KELLY

Nobody likes me because I'm a
stupid, rashy tar baby.

Una-A takes Kelly's hand.

UNA-A

I love you and they are jealous
because your life has a special
purpose they will never understand.

KELLY

(confused)
Purpose?

UNA-A

Great things will happen because
you are you.

Una-A releases Kelly and motions towards the tear mirror.

We see an adult Kelly's office, the back wall covered with patent certificates, awards, her doctorate degrees and pictures of Kelly--always wearing a NECKLACE with an Amethyst crescent charm.

UNA-A (CONT'D)

Do you see the beautiful, Black
woman at the desk?

KELLY

(shakes head)
Umm hmm.

UNA-A

That's you when you grow up. If you
fulfill your purpose, no one can
stop you.

Una-A touches the center of Kelly's chest.

A dot of bright lavender light slowly dissolves inside Kelly.

UNA-A (CONT'D)

You are far stronger than you know.

Kelly saddens and rubs her rash-covered arms.

KELLY

No, I'm not. I'm ugly. I wish I was pretty like you.

Heart swollen with compassion, she gently squeezes Kelly's hand.

UNA-A

Let me show you somethin'.

In the vision, Kelly is shown herself, surrounded by friends, being crowned homecoming queen of her high school.

Her boyfriend gives her a hug. She also sees she still has faint eczema scars.

KELLY

Is that me?! Is that really me?!

UNA-A

Yes. Your skin condition does not make you lesser. Do you believe me?

KELLY

Yes... I guess so.

UNA-A

Guess? I know it's hard. Back at my home, my sister and I are different from everyone. They don't want to be our friend.

KELLY

(smiles)

They're jealous because great things will happen because you are you.

UNA-A

(laughs lightly)

You are too smart.

KELLY

I'll be your and the one inside you's friend.

UNA-A

(shocked)

You understand I am we? You are truly special.

Una-A holds out her pinky.

UNA-A (CONT'D)
 Friends forever. Pinky promise.

KELLY
 Pinky promise.

UNA-D (V.O.)
 Pinky promise.

They wrap pinkies.

UNA-A
 I will never lie to you. You are
 wise, intelligent and beautiful
 inside and out. Every time you look
 in the mirror, what should you
 remind your reflection?

KELLY
 (confidence swells)
 I *am* beautiful, I *am* intelligent,
 and I *am* wise!

Una-A touches the top of Kelly's sternum.

A NECKLACE appears with an Amethyst crescent charm around her neck.

Una-A whips up a mirror and shows Kelly.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 (gently rubs)
 Pretty. Purple's my favorite color.

Una-A motions to the tear mirror.

UNA-A
 Look closely at the photos on the
 wall.

The mirror's image zooms in on one of the pictures. We clearly see adult-Kelly is still wearing the NECKLACE.

KELLY
 (pointing at image)
 I see my necklace.

UNA-A
 This is so you'll know we're always
 with you. Focus on your purpose.

She hugs Kelly, then steps away.

UNA-A (CONT'D)

We must go now.

KELLY

I don't want you to.

UNA-A

(hugs Kelly)

Remember the lessons, forget the
pain.

Kelly and Una-A are encased in a radiant lavender light,
erasing Kelly's pain.

CREATOR (V.O.)

You have both made me proud today.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. EMMORTA - MICCA'S BALCONY - DAY

Holding a few pieces of Micca's favorite black and pink fruit, jingla, Olip lands on the balcony.

OLIP

Anu, Micca. I've come to apologize.

He waits a few seconds, then steps fully into the unit. Though a few hundred meters above the forest floor, the sounds of animals can be heard as if they are nearby.

OLIP (CONT'D)

Micca?

He continues inward towards the sounds through the living room and rounds a wall.

INT. LOMM'S CLINIC

A few different types of animals are lounging around the large area as Lomm is at a center table cleaning a cringe-worthy wound on the chest of an adult Bald-Eagle-sized scaled bird with razor-like feathers and sharp claws called a rastor.

Scales from around the wound litter the table along with a razor, sink full of bloody water and other equipment Lomm's using for treatment. The rastor's head is turned away like he doesn't want to see what Lomm's doing.

Olip walks in.

OLIP

Anu, Lomm. Didn't you hear me?

LOMM

I'm not Micca.

Olip chuckles at Lomm's joking.

OLIP

True.

(points at rastor)

What happened to him?

Lomm nods towards a caged rastor, then returns to his patient and applies a plant-based paste to the clean wound.

LOMM
Attacked.

OLIP
Aren't rastors docile?

LOMM
Yes.

OLIP
When's Micca returning.
(shows off fruit)
I need to get back on her good
side.

Lomm momentarily glances at Olip, then lays his hand on the area he'd applied the poultice.

OLIP (CONT'D)
You're right. I cause more than
enough trouble on my own so
shouldn't play into Rommiah's, but
you know how it is. She really
curls my tail.

He takes a bite of one of the pieces of fruit. Disgusted, he automatically spits it out.

A catlike creature pounces on the piece, then scurries off with it.

OLIP (CONT'D)
Ewww, now that's some nasty shit
there.

Lomm stops applying pressure to the wound, then wipes the medication off. The area is healed, but doesn't have scales.

Done, Lomm holds his forearm out and taps it twice.

The injured raptor hops onto his bare arm, its sharp, gripping claws don't cut into Lomm's skin.

LOMM
Yauss.

The creature stretches its wings back, leans forward and blows out fire.

Satisfied, Lomm points to a perch with his free hand. The raptor flies over to it.

Lomm opens the cage of the attacker rastor, then points to the examination table that is filthy from the treatment of its victim.

The rastor flies over and awaits Lomm.

OLIP
Where are the twins?

LOMM
Assignment.

At the table, Lomm lovingly strokes the rastor. It relaxes from his touch.

OLIP
I hear their last assignment didn't go as planned. My real name is chaos. Maybe I should check on them.

Lomm sighs, then rips the rastor's head from its body with his bare hands.

OLIP (CONT'D)
Oh shit! Can I snap off the next head?

LOMM
This is sad.

He places the head beside the convulsing body.

OLIP
Anu, I know your purpose as a caretaker of Emmorta, but why are you doing shit that makes you sad?

LOMM
They can't all be saved.

OLIP
I'm just saying you should learn how to delegate. I'll snap all the heads you want.

LOMM
It should be a burden. This one is mine.

OLIP
Let me give you time to mourn. Anu.

Lomm takes a few moments to really observe Olip.

LOMM

Don't.

OLIP

Anu, my friend, anu. If it were only that simple. We all have burdens to bear.

INT. ROMMIAH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Seeing Rommiah and Zyrell in their usual spot playing their favorite board game, Plix, Olip enters.

OLIP

Anu, Rommiah.

ROMMIAH

What did you find out?

OLIP

Micca's still gone and the twins are on assignment.

Rommiah stops mid-move to think a moment.

ZYRELL

And?

OLIP

Why do you reply when I'm obviously not speaking to you?

He eases his way between Rommiah and Zyrell.

ROMMIAH

How long do you think they'll be gone?

OLIP

You know how assignments work. They could take days to years.

ZYRELL

The Creator wouldn't entrust a multi-year assignment to them.

OLIP

(to Rommiah)

All I'm saying is, if you just happen upon Serenity Falls, no one will know.

ZYRELL

You really don't want your tail back, do you? Serenity Falls is forbidden.

OLIP

You can't half-ass this. Are you gonna help save our Father or not?

ZYRELL

Of course I'm in. I just don't want to cross lines we shouldn't unless forced to.

Rommiah motions from the game board to the box. The pieces begin floating to their places in the box, packing themselves.

ROMMIAH

The only way we can protect our Father is to find their weakness and use it against them. There's no telling when we'll get another chance to look around.

ZYRELL

And what happens if they, or worse yet, Micca returns?

OLIP

There's no way they can finish an assignment this quickly.

Rommiah walks across the room to a built in shelf full of games. The packed board game follows her and places itself in its rightful spot.

ROMMIAH

We'll just tell her we saw the errors of our ways and want to get to know the twins.

She selects a different game and returns to her seat.

ROMMIAH (CONT'D)

Who doesn't like games? This will be our gift to them.

ZYRELL

You truth-seers make terrible liars.

OLIP

(joking)

I volunteer to give them hands on sex education.

They both ignore Olip.

ROMMIAH

Our Father has never been in danger. We must step out of our comfort zones to protect him and save us all.

EXT. NEAR SERENITY FALLS - EVENING

Emmorta's main sun setting, half of the natural light has faded. With three suns, Emmorta never becomes as dark as Earth.

Flying over the forest, Olip leads Rommiah and Zyrell to Serenity Falls.

The falls can be heard but not seen because of the density of the forest. He slows to land in a less dense area.

Olip, who has made this trip often, easily navigates the tree branches. Rommiah and Zyrell have a difficult time, clipping their wings here and there.

ROMMIAH

Why don't we just come down over the falls.

OLIP

We don't know what the twins will do if they see us. We don't want to be in the air if it's a bad reaction.

He lands softly on the ground downstream from the falls. Rommiah and Zyrell have a bumpier landing a few seconds later.

Wings battered and bruised, Zyrell is not happy.

ZYRELL

This area was not made for large winged creatures.

OLIP

We can travel by ground easily.

The trio walks along a path through the thick woods towards the falls. The forest canopy makes it quite dark in this area.

ROMMIAH

This is one of the most beautiful areas of Emmorta. No wonder they claimed it for themselves.

ZYRELL

There are numerous falls just as beautiful. Three closer to Opella.

ROMMIAH

Why did you come? All you do is complain.

ZYRELL

You have no problems seeing the truth for others, but you can't for yourself.

(motions to Olip)

This fool encourages you to step out of line. I get it. We need to step out of lines *this* time, but not all the time.

OLIP

What's the worst that will happen if you're caught, they'll take her tail?

(hunches shoulders)

That's right. You guys don't have one. It's *my* tail on the line.

EXT. SERENITY FALLS - EVENING

Minimal illumination comes from the opening in the thick forest's canopy above Serenity Falls and the small lake it cascades in to.

Nearing the lake, Olip pulls Rommiah back and motions for her to wait.

OLIP

(softly)

They aren't expecting guests.

(calls out)

Una.

His hands held out, a board game appears on them.

OLIP (CONT'D)

Una. I'm Olip and I'm here with Rommiah and Zyrell to welcome you to adulthood.

ZYRELL

(whispers)

Welcome to adulthood?

OLIP

Better than what you came up with.

(looks towards waterfall)

They didn't answer, so mustn't be home. Let's go.

The game disappears.

Eels that glow yellow and/or mint green near the shore as the three friends walk by. They return to the depths of the lake.

OLIP (CONT'D)

Una!

Still, no answer.

ZYRELL

They aren't around. We acted in haste. We should go back and create an actual plan.

OLIP

There has to be a cave behind the waterfall that the Creator made for them.

ROMMIAH

Why do you say that?

OLIP

Have either of you ever been to Serenity Falls?

ROMMIAH

No.

ZYRELL

No.

OLIP

A few centuries or so before the twins were born, this used to be a real hotspot on Emmorta. I know every inch, and there was no cave behind the waterfall.

(MORE)

OLIP (CONT'D)

But one time I was here, I saw Una climb up a vine along the side of the waterfall, then go into the water and not come out.

He flies towards the waterfall with the other two close behind.

OLIP (CONT'D)

I've been waiting on a good opportunity to check things out ever since. Hello opportunity!

He hovers outside of what he believes will be the cave opening.

OLIP (CONT'D)

Una...

No answer.

INT. UNA'S CAVE - NIGHT

Olip, Rommiah and Zyrell enter the cave. Lanterns spaced throughout emit soft light. The walls are filled with nooks and bookshelves carved directly into the stone. Furniture handcrafted from wood and leather sits directly on the stone floor. Booming echos of the waterfall reverberate off the cave walls.

Drenched, with a flick of Olip's wrist, he and Rommiah are dry again.

Zyrell mumbles something, then uses her deity powers to dry quickly also.

The deities raise their voices to be heard.

OLIP

I don't know what I expected, but this isn't it.

He walks towards one of the nooks. Zyrell tries to stop him.

ZYRELL

We have not been given permission to fully enter their home.

He continues on and visually admires the artwork.

OLIP

This falls into the category of doing things outside of your comfort zone.

ROMMIAH

He's right. Their inability to fly is one weakness, but there must be more. The answers are here. We have to find them in order to protect our Father.

She heads for a set of book shelves

ROMMIAH (CONT'D)

Look at all of those books. Have either of you ever read a book?

She pulls books from one of the shelves, dropping them on the floor as they don't grab her interest.

ZYRELL

What would be the point? And you're putting everything back the way we found it before we leave.

Zyrell carefully enters what looks to be the kitchen area with its butcher block table. Knives made from raptor feathers and wood plates with wood eating utensils are stacked neatly on one end of the table.

Book opened, Rommiah's shocked by what she sees. She rushes over to Zyrell.

ROMMIAH

Look. There's writing in the margins.

(shows the pages)

Wow, I know Micca said they had to learn, but they were born complete idiots like mortals.

ZYRELL

Well, this should alleviate your fears of the Creator making us answer to them. They will never know even a fraction of what we know.

Olip moves over to the bedroom area and examines the fishnet hammock they use instead of a bed.

Rommiah motions around the cave.

ROMMIAH

Outside of the books and art, just about everything is related to catching, preparing or eating food. Why?

The fishing and hunting spears float from the wall towards Rommiah for her to examine.

OLIP

When they were babies, one time Lomm let me feed them. I still can't figure out why he liked doing it so much.

He takes clothes out of the drawers and drops them on the floor.

ROMMIAH

They have some of our abilities, but I don't think they're deities. Do you know any other deities without some sort of wings? I wouldn't be shocked if they're mortals with long life spans instead of deities.

Rommiah allows the spears to fall to the floor as she takes interest in kitchen cabinets not yet opened.

ZYRELL

You're jumping to conclusions that fit the narrative you want. Whatever they are, they're dangerous, and we need to figure out a way to stop them before they ruin our society.

ROMMIAH

Outside of us, there's no aura, wisp, or even a tendril of deity energy in this cave.

OLIP

She has a point. If deities lived here, there'd be something.

ROMMIAH

We're immortal. We don't need to eat, but Micca's fed them from day one.

