

**PSYCHOPOMP:**  
Judgement City

written by

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**Atmosphere:**

[https://www.youtube.com/  
playlist?list=  
PLB\\_hBWCCwaY5tfY5RU4J1-MxabXcWi02y](https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLB_hBWCCwaY5tfY5RU4J1-MxabXcWi02y)

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FADE IN:

EXT. JORDAN RIDES THE BUS - DAY

JORDAN RIVERS; 16; rides the bus, looking out over vast open fields; he is looking for something.

He looks down at a picture he has drawn of a specific tree.

He continues to sketch over it, making it more real, and he scans the fields for this tree.

We FLASHBACK to choppy and blurry scenes from a dream: landmarks; triggers; a woman with a lantern at a crossroads, pointing to a way; this tree he is drawing; an intersection; a blurry bus number.

RETURN TO SCENE

He is alone on the bus, as if he has travelled, solo, to the ends of the earth

BUS DRIVER

Last stop.

EXT. DUSTY CROSSROADS - DAY

Jordan alights, swinging his backpack over his shoulder, and awkwardly smiles a 'thanks' at the driver. We notice his teeth have character.

BUS DRIVER

(cautiously compassionate)

...you know, son, last bus back  
into town ain't til three; I sure  
hope you came prepared - looks like  
it's gonna be a hot'un

Jordan blinks into the sun

JORDAN

Thanks, mister

The driver tips his hat, and drives off, leaving Jordan in a cloud of dust. We see the bus number "246 - Woodsend/Riverville" just like in the dream.

Jordan is standing at the crossroads, flashing back to a street sign, and a broken fence in his dream - and he spies these things just ahead.

SIGNS: "WOODSEND/RIVERVILLE"

He walks along in the direction of Riverville; aways up the road is a stream, and he follows it. We see a tree in the distance. This must be it.

Dream FLASHBACKS superimpose over the real tree. He approaches the tree closer; he sees a deep hollow inside.

Jordan tentatively reaches out his hand toward it, and it crosses the flexible threshold to another world. He quickly pulls it back, startled.

Suddenly, in a violent-white flash: CLAWS. TEETH. RAH!s The blackness rips at the blinding-white; there is an atmosphere of all-consuming terror, and razorteeth that swallow the world whole.

DARKNESS.

Jordan's Heartbeat dominates the unknown darkness; increasing in sound and speed.

FADE IN to opening credits

### 3 OPENING CREDITS

CUE MUSIC: ("Psychopomp" - The Tea Party; "Crosses" - Jose Gonzalez; or "Fragile Dreams" - Anathema)

As atmospheric and choppy as the intros from TRUE BLOOD & AMERICAN HORROR STORY, there is creepy, glitchy, HOLGA-ART STYLE footage of Jordan's Dream-Tree; oddly superimposed and then clicking into a unified vision. Followed by interspliced dramatic skies, haunting fields, local landmarks, and soon-to-be-familiar faces - doing both exciting and mundane things:

Jordan riding the bus; Jordan sketching things that than morph into real-life pictures of places, people, and things.

Electra running, exploring, being mysterious. Tiffany alert, running, being loyal. Stormer-Jean dancing, studying, doing her alchemy, and morphing into realistic looking comic-book style scenarios.

Jordan running from shadows; chasing people whilst riding horses and mystic beasts; Stormer and Jordan accompanied by Electra and Tiffany; dark doors opening into blinding light, jazz and blues club singers, footage of cemeteries, funerals, morgues, cities, and HISTORY ARCHIVES from the "unexplained" files. Ghosts appearing in sepia-era photos, apparitions, phenomena, storms, aurora borealis... otherworldly dry-lightning.

Luminous, silver, DECOTECH-style font-lettering appears over the screen, spelling out: PSYCHOPOMP, over an amethyst-black starry-sky, under-framed by haunting black wispy grasses tickling the horizon-line.

JUDGEMENT CITY appears underneath the silver letters, in unevenly-inked typewriter-font. A metallic wash glimmers through 'PSYCHOPOMP', from left to right, finishing with a sparkle.

oh, and one shooting star falls to the still earth...

With no *bang*

INT. HOSPITAL - ELUSIVE TWILIGHT

Blackness. Heartbeats continue, pounding.

JORDAN'S P.O.V. - HOSPITAL OVERHEAD LIGHTS

We fade in and out of consciousness, looking out through Jordan's slow-blinking eyes as he is rushed by on a gurney, under the familiar flickering fluorescent-lights of a hauntingly blue hospital. A nurturing voice is heard distantly through the streams of consciousness and hospital-panic. We glimpse her in the periphery. ANGELINA; 30; blonde, busty, angelic; hides any panic in her voice

ANGELINA

Stay with us... stay with us,  
Jordan...

FADE TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. BILL'S KITCHEN - MORNING

BILL BAXTER is getting ready for work.

He is a boring man in his early 40's; wears glasses and a tie, reads the paper, sips coffee.

Bill is having a quick breakfast; we follow his movements through the kitchen, past pictures of the wife and kids, to a calendar with the date circled on it in a Love-Heart: "10th Anniversary"

He sips coffee, and places it down on top of a note from the wife:

"I Love you, Bunny - see you tonight xx"

Bill leaves the house, carrying his jacket, and gets in the car.

INT. BILL'S CAR - MORNING

Bill starts up the car, and things feel a little "off"; the radio is playing up, the engine sounds funny, and there is an air of tension. Stuff is just not right. We drive for a tense minute. Smoke comes from the bonnet, and Bill breaks down on the road ahead.

EXT. ROADSIDE - MORNING

Bill gets out of the car, and a cyclist nearly clocks him; Bill spins a bit. Shocked and startled. He pops the hood; smoke rises and water sprays, followed by hot oil which lands on him.

BILL

oWWWCH!

Bill gives up and tries his phone. No reception.

He paces, and rubs his neck, looking for a way out of this situation.

Bill almost slips down the cliff beside the road - not really watching where he's going - but he manages to save himself, and rests a hand on his Heart.

Bill is not having a good day.

He decides to walk away from the car, jacket over shoulder, and phone held high, searching for a tower.

We watch him walk far into the distance. Phone raised and seeking to connect.

INT. RAYNE HOUSE/STORMER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

STORMER-JEAN RAYNE wakes up to an alarm. She's a 16 year old with long dark-blue hair. Collapsed face-into-pillow, her sluggish arm hunts for her phone (who has alarm clocks, anymore?).

STORMER  
(grunts)

"8:00" shows on her phone, and she swipes the alarm off, sleepily.

A black cat is licking her face; we see Electra's name-tag glisten, showing us this is, indeed ELECTRA. Stormer smiles, giggles, and wrinkles her nose. She swings her legs over the bed, stabilising herself with her feet on the floor. THUD! She picks up Electra and kisses her back.

STORMER (CONT'D)  
Good morning pudgy-wudgy

Stormer does a short series of "energy alignment" exercises; she taps her fingertips four times, quickly; under her eyes, on the cheekbones. She taps four times on the corners of the collar bone, near the throat. Taps four times on the thymus gland, and taps four times either side of the ribs.

This is a morning routine for her.

STORMER (V.O) (CONT'D)  
I'm Stormer-Jean, and I'm the narrator of my life. And that's Electra; my familiar.

ELECTRA  
Meow

STORMER (V.O)  
Well, one of them.

Stormer's puts her feet to the floor, and as she gets up, she puts one in front of the other. She stumbles to the ensuite, where she brushes her teeth, fluffs her hair, and stares in the mirror while we learn about her through her VOICEOVER. She sifts through make-up near the sink, hunting for eyeliner in an obviously shared bathroom.

STORMER (V.O. CONT'D)  
 I come from a big family; I have two sisters, and we're triplets. I was the last one out, so I'm, like, the baby. I'm also the odd one out, because Summer and Blue-Misty are twins. I just tagged along for the ride; "A Hitchhiker", my grandma says.

Stormer puts on some DREAMCATCHER EARRINGS, we see them CLOSE-UP.

She moves to the bedroom and gets dressed, easily, in a white singlet and some jeans. She pulls on her motorcycle boots; she doesn't have a motorbike.

STORMER (V.O. CONT'D)  
 I'm pretty sure I think in Comic-Book; there's always something around the corner; something about to go BOOM! And I'm pretty sure my animals talk to me...

INSERT: Comic-Book version of Electra saying "Meow" in a speech bubble

STORMER (V.O. CONT'D)  
 My grandma says I have "the sight", whatever that means.

CLOSE-UP on Stormer's feline-eyes, as she perfects her eye-liner. She leaves the room and heads down the stairs to the rest of the family in the kitchen.

STORMER (V.O. CONT'D)  
 Summer and Blue are super-talented, but Grandma says it's because my passion is so contagious. I "fuel their fires and fan their flames".

INSERT: comic montage of Summer and Blue on fire, fanned by Stormer's impassioned flamenco dancing, dressed in flamenco attire.

STORMER (V.O. CONT'D)  
 Me? I don't know what I want to be when I grow up, yet; a detective? A doctor? An artist? A dancer? But not like Summer... I want to be free.

INT. RAYNE HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING

Stormer spies waffles on the kitchen table.

STORMER  
Oooh - waffles!

Stormer reaches for a waffle.

We pan around the room for some insight.

The RAYNE FAMILY family is obviously of mixed Native American genealogy. The house is decorated with some traditional pieces, and some modernity.

Around the kitchen table, we are introduced to the rest of Stormer's family. BLUE-MISTY and SUMMER; 16; are IDENTICAL TWINS. They are a bit prissy looking; dancers and singers, you know. We SNAPSHOT-FREEZE on each face in awkward poses; mouth wide open in objection - that sort of thing.

STORMER (V.O) (CONT'D)  
This is Summer, she dances. But she's not free...

FREEZE on Blue-Misty's bitchy expression.

STORMER (V.O. CONT'D)  
This is Blue-Misty -- she's the youngest jazz and blues singer to ever be allowed to perform at the clubs. She's \*that\* good. She's mad at me because I have blue hair.

FREEZE on GAYLE RAYNE; 69; elderly, warm, pretty, traditional; comic-book Love-Hearts flutter around her beautifully smiling face.

STORMER (V.O. CONT'D)  
...and this is Grandma... I Love her  
(dreamy)  
... They say that magic skips a generation; while my parents are pretty normcore, Grandma Gayle tells me I'm like her. That I have a "grand destiny" ahead of me.

FREEZE on Mum and Dad; HEATHER RAYNE; 38; and ROBERT RAYNE; 45; mid-disagreement, but bonded by the warmth of familiar fights, Love, and passion. Robert is utilising a spatula for emphasis. He's been slaving over breakfast.



STORMER (V.O. CONT'D)  
 The Parents. High school  
 sweethearts. They're OK.

Stormy joins the table; Summer, Blue, and Grandma Gayle are already settled. Gayle pinches Stormy's cheeks with Love and fond words

GRANDMA GAYLE  
 There's my beautiful Angel! Oh!  
 Good morning; how you light up my  
 day!

Stormy tries to stuff her mouth with waffles.

Summer and Blue roll eyes at each other, in that all-knowing twin-way.

COBY; 17; rushes past everyone, with a backpack and an attitude problem. He's a bit of a greaser; handsome in that bad-boy way.

COBY  
 - bye!

ROBERT  
 But you haven't had your breakfast!

Robert turns to meet Heather's gaze

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
 He's a growing boy

TIFFANY (beloved German Shepherd) comes running inside, straight to Stormy. Stormy grabs her head by the cheeks and ruffles with Love. She moves her head closer to Tiffany's.

STORMY  
 Hey, Tiffy!

Heather approaches the table for the last waffle, and eats it standing up.

HEATHER  
 So how's the dancing, Summer?

SUMMER  
 Well, I'm thinking of ditching my partner. He's just not good enough and that makes ME look bad, you know? I have worked SO hard for this, Momma. If I --

Blue interrupts

BLUE

He's worked hard for it too, Summer  
- you're not the "only one"

(rolls eyes)

who's dedicated their life to  
performance. What's he gonna do if  
you -- just -- abandon him after  
all the hard work he's put in?

SUMMER

(suspicious attitude)

Whose side are you on, boo?

BLUE

I'm just saying; sometimes you act  
like you're the only person with  
hopes and dreams. You can be  
selfish.

SUMMER

(under her breath)

You just mad coz you like him

Blue makes a face, as if to say "you just think you know  
everything".

HEATHER

(to Summer)

You can be impatient... why not  
give him a chance? What did he do  
that was so... "intolerable"?

SUMMER

Why you always gotta defend the  
underdog, Momma? He's not good  
enough.

Everyone is talking at once, and over each other. Blue turns  
to Robert, but he doesn't turn around.

BLUE

Dad, yo - pass me another waffle

ROBERT

Please wouldn't hurt

BLUE

Oh you know you Love it; "Daddy  
PLEASE may I have another waffle?!"

Blue clasps her hands in prayer, flutters her eyelashes, and  
pouts her lip.

Robert flips her one and she catches it with her plate. She squeezes some maple syrup on top. Robert turns around.

ROBERT

(to Blue)

What time's the show tonight?

BLUE

Eight

EVAN; 16; walks in from a room over there, FREEZE SNAPSHOT on him yawning. He's pretty, androgynous, darker skin, and black eyeliner. A cross between Robert Smith and Lafayette Reynolds.

STORMER (V.O)

That's Evan. He's our cousin. He came to live with us because Dad's brother married a christian; and they hate the gays. This is the 21st Century -- you think people would be over it by now. He's much happier here. He has so many more opportunities. He's a witch. He's mysterious; I like it...

STORMY

Hey, Evan

Evan passes Grandma Gayle and affectionately places his hands on her shoulders, rubbing them a bit. Gayle puts one of her hands on top of his hand, and smiles up at him.

Evan then snaps his hands up, palms facing forward

EVAN

I just had, THE most amazing dream.

He points to Stormy

EVAN (CONT'D)

You were in it.

He looks quizzically at Tiffany

EVAN (CONT'D)

And so was your dog...?

Evan walks over to Heather, and gently kisses her cheek. He takes the last of the waffle from her hand and pops it in his mouth. They smile at each other.

Electra comes over to Stormy

STORMY  
Hey, Kitty...

As she pats her, Stormy gets an electric shock! She snaps back her hand with a gentle gasp.

STORMY (CONT'D)  
(flatly, to no-one)  
Zap.

INT. HOSPITAL - ELUSIVE TWILIGHT

TRANSITION to a buzzing ZAP noise from medical equipment where Jordan is.

He rouses, and sees Angelina -- she is attentive, gets up, and comes over to his bedside. She is ready to answer all his questions. She places her hand on his arm.

ANGELINA  
How are you feeling, Jordan?

JORDAN  
Where am I?

Angelina is soothing

ANGELINA  
I'm Angelina. We're so glad to have you with us. We weren't sure you were going to make it, for a minute, there!

Jordan looks around, and sees a sign that says CITY HOSPITAL

JORDAN  
Wh...what happened? Am I dead?

ANGELINA  
Sort of...

Angelina smiles and winks.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)  
Jordan. You had the dream, didn't you?

Jordan nods a pensive 'yes'

Quick FLASHBACK to Jordan's hand in the hollow of the tree.

BACK TO SCENE

ANGELINA

Well... that dream you had is your calling. You have crossed over to the "other side", but you have brought your body with you. Do you understand? If you've made it across--

She reassures him

ANGELINA (CONT'D)

--and you have -- your Astral and Physical bodies have become fused; you can now travel between the worlds. Just like the shamans of the ages have always done.

Jordan has another quick FLASHBACK to the violence that blacked him out after touching the hollow.

BACK TO SCENE

Angelina tends to Jordan's body, and his medical equipment.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)

Time moves very differently, here... So you'll have plenty of time to get used to it.

JORDAN

(drowsy)

...I thought you were an Angel.

Angelina smiles.

ANGELINA

I am.

(beat)

Can you move?

Jordan pushes himself up

JORDAN

I feel... good.

ANGELINA

Shall we?

JORDAN

Where are we going?

ANGELINA  
 (leans in)  
 I'm going to show you the city.

EXT. JUDGEMENT CITY - NIGHT (AMETHYST TWILIGHT)

Jordan follows Angelina outside; she kind of glows, subtly.

Before him is a sprawling, futuristic, neon art-deco cosmopolis, twinkling under dark, dramatic skies.

The City is by a vast dark ocean, by a beach. The water is a phosphorescent green-black mass, and there are infinite stars, galaxies, and comets in the sky, of various different colours...

Jordan is pulled to the water... a sexy siren-mermaid creature glitters and plays in the distance. She gets pulled under, and seems shocked by it. Jordan is about to dive in after her, but Angelina snaps him back.

ANGELINA  
 You'll get used to that! That's "The Unknown". It has a mysterious... pull. But you'll get used to it. We have a job for you.

JORDAN  
 What happened to me...? There was something violent... how did I get here? I don't remember.

ANGELINA  
 The violence... they are "The Hollow", Jordan. They feed on human souls. That's what you're here for: to help the souls of the recently deceased crossover here -- safely.

Angelina looks into Jordan's eyes

ANGELINA (CONT'D)  
 Do you know what a Psychopomp is?

Jordan looks blank

ANGELINA (CONT'D)  
 Don't worry, you were born for this. You'll remember.

Angelina points around The City, and Jordan takes in the buildings; all signs above the retro-futuristic buildings are written in a DECOTECH-type font. There is a UNIVERSITY; an AKASHIC HALL; a GALACTIC AIRPORTAL; a DEAD WIVES CAFE (they have a lot of post-life processing to do). There is THE TEMPLE; HOTELS; THE CHAMBER; and, of course, THE HALLS OF JUSTICE; the scales of justice adorn this hall. The city is framed by unbelievable terrain; jewelled and turquoise trees, and an obscure lake of fire. There is a darkened dead-patch of forrest -- for another time.

A Wizard-Man approaches, arms open. His name is BRUCE.

BRUCE

Here she is!

Angelina and Bruce hug.

ANGELINA

Jordan, this is Bruce. He's your Tour Guide, and will orient you around the city. As staff, you get a room at the hotel whenever you want time-out, or a place you can just make your own; for privacy, and familiarity.

JORDAN

(hand out)

Hey, Bruce

BRUCE

Hello Son

Arms out, he embraces Jordan as a dear Loved one.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Tell me, son - are you ready to remember?

JORDAN

Remember what?

Bruce takes Jordan by the elbow, and guides him to walk together with him.

BRUCE

...haven't you always had the feeling... that there was something you couldn't... quite remember; about where you're really from?

Bruce smiles.

JORDAN  
 (kind of blank)  
 I guess. Yeah.

BRUCE  
 Well, it's up to you, son. You followed your dream-calling, you made it here, and we need you here, to help the souls crossover.  
 (beat)  
 Are you in?

JORDAN  
 I guess... yeah.

He smiles, more enthusiastic this time, like Ted Theodore Logan having a momentary revelation.

BRUCE  
 This way...

Bruce guides him to THE CHAMBER

EXT/INT. THE CHAMBER - NIGHT

THE CHAMBER looks like something from the movie METROPOLIS; like an upright mummy's sarcophagus with concentric rings around a sphere where the head might go. The rings glow, ascending and descending, with subtle pink, peach, and gold light that seems to sing.

Jordan steps inside; it's small - perfect for an astronaut or a coffin.

The process begins and is quick. We ZOOM into Jordan's head, and orgasmically fast PAST-LIFE FLASHBACKS flicker; there are many lifetimes featuring Angelina, Bruce, and Stormer in clothes of different and alien eras, and many people we have yet to meet. There are epic scenes of epic battles with epic creatures. The rise and fall of cities, civilisations, and planets, and the evolution of JUDGEMENT CITY, itself. There are plenty of passionate kisses; for we have Loved for lifetimes.

Jordan emerges, enlightened.

JORDAN  
 I REMEMBER EVERYTHING!

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Bill is still wandering where we left him. Bill finally gets reception, and desperately orders an Uber while he can. He slouches down on the road, relieved. A car drives by and obscures Bill from our view; it wipes to reveal --

EXT. THE PARK - DAY

Stormy and Tiffany, strolling through a park with many flowers, herbs, trees, and plants. Stormy crouches to smell and examine a particular bush of Lavender.

STORMY

Now this, Tiffy, is Lavender. One of the first perfumes ever made. It's used for protection, relaxation, and even--

Stormer collects some lavender from the bush, and puts it in a pouch.

STORMY (CONT'D)

--sleep. I need it for new my sleeping potion. Keeps people safe from nightmares.

Tiffany listens but sniffs around a bit, and looks elsewhere. Stormer holds a piece up to the light; the ultra-violet is hypnotising

STORMY (CONT'D)

...pretty, don't you think, Tiffany?

Tiffany is digging for something.

STORMY (CONT'D)

What you got there? --ah. Catnip. You want me to make you a sleeping potion, too? You're so cute.

Stormy Loves Tiffany's head with her hands. She grabs some catnip, too.

Evan comes jogging over to them; he's out for a jog, specifically, and is dressed in tiny shorts, and a headband.

EVAN

Hey girls

Stormer stands up to meet him

STORMY

Hey

EVAN

What are you two up to? Blue told me I'd find you here. I want to do a seance.

STORMY

What?

EVAN

Yeah.

STORMY

But... who?

EVAN

I figure this town has a lot of stories to tell...

Evan looks around in all directions. Stormer does, too.

Stormer spots a bright-blue parked 4WD semi-hiding.

STORMER

I think that truck is following me

EXT. JUDGEMENT CITY - NIGHT (AMETHYST TWILIGHT)

Jordan is running his hands through his hair in disbelief, and pacing around on the spot.

JORDAN

I can't believe it

He approaches Angelina, and grabs her shoulders. He pulls her to him and kisses her passionately, like a long-lost Love. Fireworks appear behind them in the distant sky. He hugs her like she was lost and then found, and then puts his hands on her shoulders, again.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I remember you.

Jordan turns to grab Bruce the same way. He stares Lovingly into his eyes, and his eyes well a little with tears.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(intimately)

I remember you, too.

Jordan plants a passionate kiss on Bruce's lips, too.

Fireworks in the distant sky, too...

BRUCE

(to Angelina, a secret  
joke)

Always with the bliss...

ANGELINA

(smiling blissfully)

Every time

Jordan spins around, still in disbelief, still running his hands through his hair. He spies THE TEMPLE, and a group of SEVEN GODDESSES. He falls ecstatically to his knees in deep emotion. He raises a hand to Angelina and Bruce, in recognition, remembering. He's a little sniffly from the tears of ecstasy

JORDAN

The Lights! It's The Lights!

ANGELINA

(confirming)

It's The Lights.

We witness THE LIGHTS - The Seven Goddesses from THE TEMPLE.

There is a Goddess for every continent; for every colour of the spectrum. They speak to each other in bursts of lights; the shades of which they are.

ROSE OF THE LIGHTS is a Native American Queen dressed in traditional turquoise and tan; almost Egyptian-looking royalty. Her aura is a shade of Crimson Lake and roses. Rose is in discussion with--

JADE OF THE LIGHTS; Jade is the Goddess of The Asias. She appears as a picture-perfect Geisha, with an aura of spring-green.

Crimson-pink hues escape Rose's mouth, and Jade talks back in fresh greens. The intensity of the discussion deepens the colours; and laughter escapes in the lightest of shades.

HONEY OF THE LIGHTS is a magnificent mixture of all the South American queens, and she exhales golden-yellow lights as she joins in the discussion.

PEARL OF THE LIGHTS is the Antarctic Goddess; she has an aura of white-ish blue... she's almost moonstone. A snow-queen. Icy-white as white can be, from head to toe.

Long white hair, and crystal-blue eyes. She breathes out in shades of blue.

AMBER OF THE LIGHTS is a brunette Grecian Goddess; thick hair, thick eyebrows, and a voluptuous full-figure. Her glow and speech is all shades of radiant and juicy fiery-orange as she joins in.

VIOLET OF THE LIGHTS is an ebony-black Goddess from the Africas, adorned in layers of gold, and white, and amethyst. She has lavender eyes and ultra-violet lips; her aura is wispy lavender and violet light, as she speaks up in the group.

Lastly, INDIGO OF THE LIGHTS. She is a Blonde-Aboriginal Goddess of the Australian Continent. She has electric indigo eyes, and her speech and hue is electric-blue. Occasionally, pure-light escapes the lips of the ladies; we can only imagine who/what they're talking about! They glow subtly with these spectrum-auras. They are regal, graceful, and mystical, and commune with the Source of Lights. Their multi-cultural diversity and beauty is out-of-this-world inspiring. They take your breath away. The Mothers of The World.

Indigo of the Lights approaches Angelina, Bruce, and Jordan, and reveals she can speak normally, too. She possesses a secret smile; like all divine women, do.

INDIGO OF THE LIGHTS  
I have come to check on myself.

Bruce swipes a tv/computer screen into being. It's a view of a city alley way, back on earth, and one single female, dirty, homeless, and shivering, beside a dumpster. Her face is tear-stained, and she looks really terrified. Angelina steps closer to the screen, with a hand out in sympathy.

Angelina is sad to see this.

ANGELINA  
-- oh...

Angelina pulls her hand to her mouth, powerless. Indigo steps closer, examining the scene. She beckons a few of The Lights to come over. Rose, Violet, and Amber sashay towards the group. Jordan nods to the girl on the screen.

JORDAN  
Who is that?

INDIGO OF THE LIGHTS  
It's me.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

## INDIGO OF THE LIGHTS (CONT'D)

We share a soul... she is my human. But we've lost contact with our avatars since the darkness came... She doesn't know me; who she really is. She's not fitting in... We sent some of The Lights to be born, there, during the darkness... and we did our best, but...

The avatar looks different to Indigo of the Lights. But they have the same eyes.

We watch the avatar as if we were watching a television of some sort. We HEAR the hustle and bustle of the city street as Indigo's avatar gets up from beside the dumpster. She is very distressed; her cardigan is pulled down past her wrists, and she wipes her tears and her nose with her sleeve. She snuffles, and tries not to sob, but she is crying. She searches through the rubbish for some food.

She finds a burger and some fries, and puts some of it in her mouth and chews. It's disgusting -- she spits it out.

She wipes her eyes, and bravely exits the alley and peers around the corner into the people-traffic... she is as sensitive as a mouse. She enters the main street, and we focus back on our concerned overseers who watch her on the screen. The world seems to bend away from Indigo's avatar as she walks through the crowd; like an invisible forcefield.

## INDIGO OF THE LIGHTS (CONT'D)

See how she doesn't fit in?

## ROSE OF THE LIGHTS

She must feel so isolated.

## AMBER OF THE LIGHTS

Things did not go as we'd planned. She has suffered. The Hollow came for her parents, and left her all alone.

## INDIGO OF THE LIGHTS

Unfortunately, she is so far away from us, that the only thing that can bring her back to remembering, is to die a little more, each day. To make more room for me in her. I can feel her, in here.

Indigo clasps her hands between her breasts. Rose and Amber each place a glowing hand on each of her shoulders. Indigo dips her head, with feeling.

## ROSE OF THE LIGHTS

(to Jordan)

There was a man... but he... he was kidnapped --

(she corrects herself)

married -- a Hollow. She can't connect in to earth without him. We are all homeless without Love.

## AMBER OF THE LIGHTS

(looking at the screen, realising)

They won't kill her, because they want her to suffer.

## BRUCE

Speaking of The Hollow, there's someone else we need to check on

Angelina finishes his sentence

## ANGELINA

Bill?

## BRUCE

Bill.

Bruce waves a hand over the screen to change the channel.

## BRUCE (CONT'D)

(to Jordan)

Ever since we lost the connection to the earth plane, we had to come up with an alternative remote-viewing platform. You'll want to pay attention to this, Jordan -- this is your guy.

## JORDAN

(he repeats)

Bill.

Bruce brings up Bill Baxter sitting by the road. We can see him cleaning his glasses, and checking his phone, waiting for updates from Uber.

## INDIGO OF THE LIGHTS

(quietly, to Rose, with a secret smile)

Gandhi is on his way.

## JORDAN

He's going to die today.

We ZOOM into Bill in real-time, as his Uber arrives, and he climbs inside.

INT. UBER - DAY

BILL

Boy am I glad to see you...

The rearview mirror shows a twinkle in the driver's eye looking at Bill. He drives on.

MYSTIC UBER DRIVER

Is that right, sir?

BILL

I am not having a good day

MYSTIC UBER DRIVER

Want to tell me about it?

He does and he doesn't

BILL

I have the feeling... that I'm not heading the right direction.

The driver waves his finger around the GPS

MYSTIC UBER DRIVER

The GPS says we are headed exactly where you chose, sir

Bill shifts in his seat and states:

BILL

I'm not happy. In my life. In anything I do here. Not my work. Not my marriage... I'm stuck.

MYSTIC UBER DRIVER

None of us on this planet can serve our soul purpose at this time, and realising your happiness in any way possible outside your calling is what you must do, sir. You think I was born to drive people around? No sir; I was not. Find the joy in what you already have, for this lifetime isn't about your solo purpose... All our journeys are different, yet we are interconnected. All part of the "Big Story".

(MORE)

MYSTIC UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)  
 Some journey's are shorter, and  
 some are longer. Just remember  
 your small place in the big  
 picture. Be happy there.

Bill thinks, uncomfortably.

MYSTIC UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)  
 We cannot live our soul purpose,  
 here. And we cannot be happy  
 without living our soul purpose.  
 So just be happy where you can...  
 it's all we can do.

INT. RAYNE HOUSE/STORMER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Open on laughter. Stormer and Evan are lounging around, and laughing. Evan is making faces and putting on voices.

EVAN  
 (putting on a voice)  
 "Young man, you get OUT! You get  
 OUT!!"

STORMY  
 (laughing hysterically)  
 Ahaha!

EVAN  
 (through laughter)  
 ...and then she started chasing me  
 out of the shop and down the  
 street!

Evan gets up

EVAN (CONT'D)  
 I should get to work.

STORMY  
 Don't forget to bring home all the  
 supplies we're going to need. And  
 bring me back some food!

Stormy smiles with her eyes closed. Evan kisses her cheek and leaves.

EVAN  
 Bye

Tiffany comes to play with Stormy



STORMY

What are we gonna do now, Tiffany?!

Stormer goes over to her desk and alchemy lab; we may or may not notice a book or a paper with the title "PARTHENOGENESIS". It's not relevant, now, but will be.

Stormy pulls out her lavender and catnip from her walk. She has bottles and droppers, and oils, and herbs everywhere.

We notice some labels on jars, like MUGWORT, and SKULLCAP.

She grabs an empty bottle, and puts the lavender inside; then she covers it with pure alcohol, and swishes it around.

She swaps it with another bottle that looks much more matured.

STORMY (CONT'D)

(turns to Tiffany)

-- and here's one I prepared earlier.

She opens it and squeezes some into a dropper. She puts one drop on her wrist and brings it to her nose. She closes her eyes, and inhales deeply. She flops down on her bed with a sigh.

STORMY (CONT'D)

ahhh...

INT. BILL'S OFFICE FOYER - DAY

Bill walks confidently through the foyer, relieved to have finally arrived at the safety of his workplace. He smiles at a few familiar faces, and arrives at an elevator. He is late, so the elevator is empty.

INT. BILL'S OFFICE/ELEVATOR - DAY

He gets in, and rides up to some elevator music. Bill watches the numbers light up as they climb. Suddenly - ALL THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

BILL

(in darkness)

uh --

The SOUNDS of a failing elevator can be heard. A cable snaps, and Bill plummets in the elevator. There is a loud CRASH, and the SOUNDS of a dying man. A glow appears in the darkness, and forms a boy; he's holding out a hand.

JORDAN  
(in his best Arnold  
Schwarzenegger)  
"Come with me if you want to live."

Bill recoils, and looks shocked and confused. Jordan leans into him, insisting.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Just kidding, mate. It's way too  
late for that.

He beckons with his hand, a "come on". Bill tentatively reaches for it.

BILL  
...where are we going?

JORDAN  
Your afterlife

BILL  
I'm dead?

Jordan nods for Bill to look behind him. Bill sees his broken body piled in the corner. It distresses him, and he pats his own body, frantically, trying to understand what's happened.

BILL (CONT'D)  
oh boy... I am not having a good  
day.

People rush around Bill's crumpled body, oblivious to Jordan and Bill, standing there.

The ambulance take Bill's body away, and Bill jumps in after it, clinging to his life.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Bill's body is rushed through a hospital. Bill's ghost follows closely, and Jordan follows the Bills. Jordan is not invisible; people bump into him, and talk to him. The medical team are shocking Bill's heart with hospital paddles.

DOCTOR #1

CLEAR!

Bill's chest arcs, but he's still flatlining. Bill's ghost hovers desperately around his own body. Angelina's Avatar is there; they look the same on earth and in the astral plane. She spies Jordan and tilts her head. She comes over with a clipboard.

ANGELINA

(smiling, curious)

Do I know you?

JORDAN

(casts eyes down, hands in pockets)

I don't think so

ANGELINA

(reads Bill's chart)

Are you here with... Bill Baxter?

JORDAN

I am

ANGELINA

...are you family?

JORDAN

(lying)

He's my uncle.

(sudden;y remembers to act concerned)

How is he?

ANGELINA

I'm afraid he's suffered massive trauma and internal bleeding. His Heart is clinically dead; it's not looking good... what's your name?

JORDAN

It's Jordan.

ANGELINA  
 (she repeats, searching  
 her mind)  
 Jordan.

Bill dies behind them, and Ghost-Bill grieves.

DOCTOR #2  
 Call it.

Angelina rubs Jordan's shoulder in sympathy, and heads back to Bill's body. Jordan catches Ghost-Bill's eye, and nods him over. Bill doesn't want to leave his body. Jordan insists, and holds out a hand, again.

JORDAN  
 Whatever you do, don't let go of my  
 hand.

A solid union is forged between their hands. Bill knows he lost without Jordan.

INT. RAYNE HOUSE/STORMER'S BEDROOM - DAY

DREAM SEQUENCE. Stormer is dreaming of Jordan's face. And his dream tree. It is emphasised that she must connect with him, in some way. Tiffany is guarding Stormer's body with a forcefield. She wakes up, suddenly. She pats Tiffany, jumps off the bed, and looks for some music to dance to.

CUE MUSIC: "Fragile Dreams," by Anathema (music only). She dances in her room, building gently up to shaking her hair and power-source hips. Wild, passionate, empowered. Ecstasy.

We cut between scenes of Stormer dancing, and Jordan assisting Bill in crossing over. Stormer and Jordan are energetically connected.

A) Jordan and Bill walk into darkness, together. Holding hands. Bill sees a bubble of a vision forming; it's a sad little girl nursing a bleeding knee. We recognise her as Bill's daughter from the family photos. Bill lets go of Jordan's hand in slow motion, and their worlds separate.

The little girl reaches for Bill's hand, and he reaches to meet her; totally lost in the vision. Slowly, and dramatically, Jordan pulls out a samurai sword and cuts off the little girl's extended hand before they touch. She screams; her mouth morphs into rabid razorteeth, and her hand reveals the ghostly skeleton of the CLAWS of The Hollow. She is one mad Hollow, lashing out and wisping away.

Bill is clearly traumatised and confused. Jordan grabs Bill's hand more solidly, with both hands, emphasising to NOT let go.

B) Stormer is dancing passionately; she is building energy to share with Jordan. She is his helper, his muse. Her passion -- her Soul-Light -- lights up the astral plane around Jordan, and helps him to see. She lends him power to imagine solutions; stay crystal clear; and not fall into dreams. To fight The Hollow.

C) Bill keeps letting go, and wandering towards the Hollow disguised as familiar Loved ones, and the memories they were once in. Jordan has the power of imagination in the Soul-Plane. Jordan starts running, and a pegasus appears under him. Jordan swoops in to save Bill's Soul from the Hollow; he has imagined himself as a samurai. The pegasus runs and flies -- or it transforms into a dragon. It's very like the scene featuring Falcor, from The NeverEnding Story.

D) More Stormer dancing.

E) Jordan continues to fight Bill's Monsters as they pull out every trick in the book. They hide as people he knew when he was alive; wife, kids, boss, tricksters. Jordan slays their illusions with his samurai sword.

E) Bill is continually manipulated and drawn into their "dreamworld" bubbles that look like heaven but are not --

Jordan has to pop those illusions! Much to Bill's horror.

F) Stormer dances, as if in a trance. She lights up Jordan's astral skies with lightning. She is the storm.

Her pets guard her sacred space, energetically, visibly.

Electra looks at Tiffany, the way cats do; commanding.

ELECTRA  
(telepathically)  
Shields up

Tiffany and Electra both put up forcefields protecting Stormer from the lurking Hollow, attracted like moths to her flame.

EXT. JUDGEMENT CITY - NIGHT (AMETHYST TWILIGHT)

Bill and Jordan arrive in Judgement City. People walk past, and smile. Bill is shaken, confused. Jordan comforts him.

JORDAN

It's cool. We made it. You did good. You did real good.

BILL

So what now? This is it? Just more of "me" without the people that I Love?!

JORDAN

I see you've reached the second stage of grief, Bill.

BILL

(disgruntled)  
What?

JORDAN

Grief is a journey... it's a rollercoaster. At first, you were in denial. The second stage is anger.

Bill pirouettes, ungracefully.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

This place, is... in between the worlds. It's designed to look a lot like where we're from -- familiar -- so we can get used to the idea of

(beat)  
leaving.

BILL

So you're from... earth, too?

JORDAN

I am. I know what you're going through. That's the best I can offer.

BILL

So what do I do now? I don't know anybody here but you.

JORDAN

(epically serious)  
Now, you face your judgement.  
(super-casual)  
Or we could go and get a coffee.  
Whatever you want.

BILL  
I think I'd like to get it over and  
done with. Where do I go?

JORDAN  
Right this way  
(Jordan points)  
You're on your own now, buddy.

Jordan gives him a pat on the back. Bill leaves, but turns  
back

BILL  
Hey, thanks for --

JORDAN  
You're welcome.

Bill walks the short distance to the hall, through the city.

EXT. THE HALLS OF JUSTICE - NIGHT (AMETHYST)

Bill stands at the foreboding entrance of the double-doors to  
the the Halls of Justice. The Scales of Justice are marked  
across the doors; a scale on each door. They open for him,  
and --

INT. THE HALLS OF JUSTICE - NIGHT (STARRY)

-- he walks into a void-like space, with stars everywhere;  
no roof, no walls, no floor. He loses balance -- but there  
is nothing to steady him. He realises he can't fall. He  
calls out into space

BILL  
...hello?

Some writing appears in the distance, like the STAR WARS  
opening scrawl; as if a movie is just beginning. The text  
scrolls slowly, to be read:

*"Many different perfumes carried by a breeze."*

is suspended solitarily. It continues:

*"We bear within us many past lives, each one complete,  
autonomous, and emitting its own subtle, special fragrance."*

*There are points along the journey when we must stand  
together with the whole line-up of our previous selves and  
follow out the journey they were all leading to. This is a  
formidable task. There is a lot to live up to.*

*It grants you authority and conviction and it makes it very hard to get started. In order to get anywhere you must at times deny the awareness that everybody is there, and do whatever you can do, apparently on your own. But truly the depth of experience, the substantive inward development and the power of your inner drive give it away-- you are destiny-charged in a larger-than-life fashion. Being self-possessed is your watchword. There is so much to accomplish. And at the center of the journey lies self-knowledge and the overriding determination to clear the karmic slate, to free up what has been trapped and bound and to come to yourself afresh. This destiny-will is guided, cosmically supported, centrally relevant to your whole world, and you will do it. Turn the darkest of hours into the brightest breakthroughs by refusing to stop anywhere or to back down from your resolve to wake up this time and get on with the greater path, at long last."*

The author is announced at the end.

*"Ellias Lonsdale, Earth, 20th-21st Century"*

SPACE RETURNS. A floating mouth appears over on the right, followed by a floating pair of eyes, and a floating pair of ears, that appear either side of the mouth. The mouth also possesses the secret smile that is so universal to Judgement City natives. It is both a masculine and feminine voice. Unidentifiable. Androgynous.

MOUTH

Greetings, Bill Baxter. Welcome to Judgement City.

BILL

uh -- hi...?

MOUTH

I trust you've had time to get used to The City -- your afterlife?

BILL

(nervous)

uh -- not quite...

MOUTH

Has anyone filled you in on what we get up to, here?

BILL

Um, no... should they have, or...?



MOUTH

Never mind. Each journey is different. Would you like to get started?

Bill nods, hesitantly

BILL

(chokes and clears his voice)

I would. I would.

MOUTH

Well, just relax -- there's nothing to be afraid of. The worst has already happened, right?!

Mouth laughs at its own joke.

MOUTH (CONT'D)

We do things a little differently, here. Back on earth, people are always getting told off by someone else, and having to prove themselves to a "higher power". Here, it is you that is the ultimate judge of your fate. We are just here to guide you through your process, and assist you, in any way we can. Once it's over, your Heart will let you know the outcome. We weigh it against a feather... if it's light, you move on, if it's heavy...

(beat)

we send you to counselling.

Mouth chuckles at its own joke.

MOUTH (CONT'D)

We are going to show you significant scenes from your life; times where you made decisions that affected the lives of others. Times where you were at a crossroads; and whether you based your decisions on fear and contraction, or Love, expansion, and connection-- or simply out of ignorance, selfishness, and small-mindedness. Humans are very

MOUTH (CONT'D)

predictable creatures; the majority are all afraid of Love; of taking chances, of moving forward, holding on, or letting go. Of changing. Afraid of reaching out. I don't know how you can stand it; the repetition! It's always the same. Yet...

(beat)

always different. You are all the same... yet humans are the most isolated species in this universe. Let me know if you have any questions, at any time, ok?

BILL

ok

MOUTH

(bluntly)

You married the wrong person. The person you chose is someone you have known from your past, but it was not a soul-expanding union. Quite the opposite, really. Marriage really closes doors. In this universe, we are all connected. Some fit better than others because of the expansiveness of the light that is generated in their Love-Union. They literally "light up the world" -- and that is what that world needs -- desperately. All of your books, and music, and movies -- all of them -- are always about this subject. The light is a tangible thing... in the presence of True Love, our chest is burst open beyond a comfortable means. If there's one thing that humans run to, it's comfort and control. Habit. And if there is one thing they run from, it's expansion, and surrender. Let me show you --

A scene appears in the void of space - these scenes are from The Akashic Records; everything that ever was and ever will be is recorded here, for afterlife review. Bill's records are accessed, however, this is another lifetime. A war, somewhere. Bill is injured in a war, and a woman takes care of him. This woman looks the same as Mrs. Baxter, just from a different era, and a different country.

EXT. WAR-TORN PAST-LIFE - DAY

A muddy and weathered-looking woman approaches a soldier with an injured leg, and crouches down beside him.

WOMAN

Can you move? I'm looking for my husband -- Cooper. Have you seen him? Do you know him?

MAN

I... I... can't feel my legs.

The woman stands and thinks for a minute. She looks around the ravaged land, then back to the wincing and disabled man.

She grabs him by his hands, and drags him away from the danger zone.

INT. HUT/WAR-TORN PAST-LIFE - DAY

It is clear some time has passed. They are both cleaner, but he is still bedridden. The woman is feeding him soup and bread. She is patting down his forehead with a cloth, and wringing it into a dish.

WOMAN

(smiling fondly into the distance)

He was going to take me to India. We wanted a family; but not until after we'd travelled the world. I was going to be a photographer.

(changes her tune)

I saw you there, and I felt... if this was my husband, I would hope that some kind stranger would take care of him, so he would make it home to me.

The man slowly reaches out a weak hand and places it on top of hers. His eyes burn with gratitude.

MAN

(croaky)

I am so glad you did. I am so grateful. I can never repay you for your kindness. We'll find him.

The woman's eyes well with tears.

INT. THE HALLS OF JUSTICE - NIGHT (STARRY)

Bill is standing in space, again.

MOUTH

(reporting)

First of all, you should never have been in the war.

(beat)

You were old friends, but were bonded only by a karmic sense of duty and debt. That's not "Love". You're both at fault for that one.

BILL

(pleading)

My wife; I could change. You could send me back, and I could --

MOUTH

You know we've heard it all before.

(beat)

People live by habit -- not by originality. Whatever feels most comfortable, they take as a default position in life. But default positions are entropic. They do not spiral up. They go round. And round. And round. And round...

(beat)

Dizzy!

(laughs at own joke)

We're not done, yet. Remember Pamela?

BILL

(thinking)

Pamela...

MOUTH

She never Loved again. And you don't even know her name.

A screen flashes up. It's an era of college. This recent life of Bill's. Kids are scattered on a college lawn, PAMELA; 18; blonde pigtailed and high socks, walks over to Bill and the boys, sheepish and shy. In Love. He gives her a friendly hug, and the group laugh together.

BILL

(saddened)

Why didn't I Love her? She made me feel, like... everything was over. Like everything made sense.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

Like I never wanted anything else  
in the world but her.

(justifying to himself)

And, I mean, my life was just  
begin--

MOUTH

(interrupting, but  
genuine)

That's rather selfish, don't you  
think?

Mouth brings up a sorrowful scene of Pamela, sobbing hard from the heart, in bed. The Akashic Records add colour, sound, texture, emotion, and and perfume to the scenes; we feel them more real than anything we've ever known. The Akashic accents clearly show us how much soul-heartache she is in. The ache is tangible, and technicoloured.

MOUTH (CONT'D)

This is when she found out you got  
married.

Bill looks guilty.

MOUTH (CONT'D)

See how our bad decisions ripple  
out and affect others? She was  
little use to the world with a  
broken Heart. And that, is all  
your fault. She doubted herself;  
her ability to know Love.

BILL

But why did I... do that?

MOUTH

I'm afraid only you can answer  
that, Bill Baxter. I think it's  
time for you to remember her.

Lifetimes and lifetimes of Pamela and Bill flash before his eyes. Some where he is female; some where they are both men; some where they are kittens. He begins to remember.

He begins to glow, emanating from the Heart. Tears also begin to fall gently from his eyes.

MOUTH (CONT'D)

Most humans only have one, true  
soul-mate -- you're one of them.  
You have lived quite far from your  
soul. It left you unfulfilled.

(MORE)

MOUTH (CONT'D)

I think you can feel that heaviness  
in your Heart.

INT. RAYNE HOUSE/LOUNGEROOM - NIGHT

Evan and Stormer are sitting around some food that Evan brought home. He is unpacking supplies for the seance.

Candles, a glass, a ouija board. Pen and paper. Stormer pops a corn chip in her mouth.

EVAN

White candles. I got ten, just in case.

Evan holds up a shot glass

EVAN (CONT'D)

A "vessel"

STORMY

(mouth-full)

That's a shot glass

EVAN

Whatever, sister

THROUGH A CAMERA

Someone is outside, taking pictures of Stormer. She is definitely being stalked, or followed. She is oblivious to this activity.

BACK TO SCENE

EVAN

We should do it when the moon is full; that's tomorrow.

He places the shot-glass on the board. It begins to move by itself. Evan and Stormer are both shocked, but Stormy grabs a pen and paper, and writes everything down.

The glass quickly moves between the letters, spelling out:  
B-U-S

Stormer and Evan register with a glance.

The glass moves quickly between the numbers: 2-4-6

It moves again to the letters: L-A-S-T S-T-O-P

It repeats: L-A-S-T S-T-O-P

It repeats two more times, faster and faster, until the glass flies off the table, and SHATTERS over there, somewhere.

Stormer and Evan stare at each other with no answers.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. THE HALLS OF JUSTICE - NIGHT (STARRY)

MOUTH

I think that's enough for today.  
Why don't you go take a walk, find  
a hotel, and make some friends,  
huh? Looks like you'll be staying  
with us for a while.

(beat)

Any questions?

Bill lowers his head.

BILL

Not right now -- but who should I  
talk to if I...

Bill trails off.

MOUTH

(more compassionate)

Find a hotel, and go and speak with  
the counsellor; that's what  
they're here for. They'll be more  
than happy to answer any of your  
questions. After a good night's  
rest, you can come back and see me  
in the morning, and we can get on  
with identifying the rest of the  
events weighing down your Heart.

(beat)

Sound good?

Mouth smiles. Eyes twinkle.

EXT. JUDGEMENT CITY - NIGHT (AMETHYST TWILIGHT)

Bill wanders through the streets and terrain of Judgement  
City. Bill passes "The Lights" at The Temple. He pauses for  
a moment, and watches them talk to each other in lights...  
it's a truly beautiful scene. He passes elaborate fountains,  
and garden-squares speckled with people. It feels a lot like  
some kind of home. Except for that lake of fire, over there.  
We spy a motel with a pink, white, and baby-blue neon-sign --  
SWEET DREAMS MOTEL -- and beside it, a DEAD WIVES CAFE.



INT. DEAD WIVES CAFE/JUDGEMENT CITY - DUSK

Bill walks in to a female-dominated cafe. They all stop and stare.

BILL  
 (to the room, humbled)  
 Uh, hi... is there anything I can  
 do  
 (beat)  
 for anyone?

Pamela, his soul-mate, appears from the background. She smiles a long-lost soul-mate smile at Bill.

EXT. JUDGEMENT CITY - NIGHT (AMETHYST TWILIGHT)

Jordan heads over to The Lights, and strikes up a conversation with Indigo and Rose.

JORDAN  
 So what happened with your avatar,  
 Indigo? You said she was supposed  
 to be with this guy, but he got  
 kidnapped?

INDIGO OF THE LIGHTS  
 Sadly, this is true. He was here,  
 with me, but-- why don't I show you  
 --

Indigo projects a memory onto the space in front of her from her third eye.

The footage is a little greyer than the live tv we witnessed, before; this is the past, after all.

We watch a sleeping a man in bed, become infected with The Hollow by an evil Hollow-woman. A skinwalker. She injects the silver cord connecting his physical and astral bodies while he dreams; she uses her venomous tail. This "ink" paralyzes and poisons his Astral Body, which is located in Judgement City. He is mid-conversation with Indigo, and they are holding hands and being romantic. Suddenly, he washes white. He turns into an auto-pilot zombie, and gets up from her, and walks away.

ROSE OF THE LIGHTS (V.O)  
 This was a targeted attack. We  
 tried to protect them from The  
 Hollow, but this one got through.

Indigo's Lover's eyes turn white, and he begins sleep-walking away from, her, away from the streets, and into the dead-forest.

A lobotomised-looking man marries this sinister Hollow-Bride.

INDIGO OF THE LIGHTS  
And there you have it

JORDAN  
Wow... that's harsh.

INDIGO OF THE LIGHTS  
Everything that enters that part of the forrest dies. The Hollow took it, last time they tried to extinguish this place.

Jordan glances over at the dead forrest, and takes in the surrounds.

INT. DEAD WIVES CAFE/JUDGEMENT CITY - DUSK

Bill and Pamela are sitting down at a table, holding hands.

PAMELA  
(bittersweet)  
My Heart was too heavy; I had to wait here for you.

BILL  
I am so sorry. I really don't know what I can say; I feel like I wasted your life -- and mine. I feel rotten. I feel like a failure.

PAMELA  
Hey, there is no such thing as a failure in this city. None of us passed with flying colours.  
(lip quivers)  
I'm not saying it doesn't hurt, or that I don't feel angry, but I've had a lot of time to...  
(beat)  
think about things.

BILL  
How long have you been here?

PAMELA  
Oh, feels like forever!

BILL  
Pamela  
(beat)  
Tell me what I can do. What can I  
say?

He looks pathetic, teary-eyed.

PAMELA  
Well you know you can't fix it  
(beat)  
but do I forgive you?

Pamela painfully wonders

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
I do. Forever is a big place. We  
all get lost.

EXT. JORDAN'S TREE/OPEN FIELD - DAY

Stormer is wandering around the crossroads from her and Jordan's, dream. She touches her head, trying to access her memory. She walks on, in the right direction, adjusting her satchel that is crossed over her chest. The sweltering heat mirages atop the dusty road. She follows a stream to the dream-tree; Jordan is standing beside it. He looks at her, curiously, as she approaches, wondering what she's doing there, and whether he knows her, or not.

She comes closer.

STORMY  
Hey

JORDAN  
Hey

STORMY  
I think our friendship is cosmic,  
bro.

Jordan is chewing on a stick of straw.

JORDAN  
Why's that?

Stormer looks around, talking casual

STORMY  
Know any "drunk ghosts"?

Jordan eyes her off, slightly suspicious, slightly curious

JORDAN  
What brings you to the middle of  
nowhere?

STORMY  
I had a dream about you.

Jordan looks interested.

STORMY (CONT'D)  
Yeah; you were speakin' in tongues  
and shit.  
(beat)  
Was pretty scary, man.

JORDAN  
So why'd you come

He kicks the dirt a little

STORMY  
Like I said: I think our  
friendship is cosmic, bro.  
(beat)  
Whatchu doin' out here?

JORDAN  
So, you had a dream about this  
tree? And me?

STORMY  
Yeah

JORDAN  
So did I.  
(beat)  
But I didn't dream about you.  
(beat)  
Who sent you?

STORMY  
I have no idea, man. We didn't  
even do the seance, and the glass  
was flyin' all over the joint and  
shit. Smashed everywhere.

She waves her hands around mimicking the flying shot-glass.

JORDAN  
Wait; you did a seance?

STORMY  
Bro; it's time to chill. I'm  
here. What do we do now?

JORDAN  
I have a funeral to attend.

STORMY  
Guess I'm coming with you.

EXT. CEMETERY/BILL'S FUNERAL - DAY

CUE MUSIC: An original blues/jazz version of "Hurt," (by Johnny Cash), sung by Blue-Misty Rayne.

Ghost-Bill oversees his own funeral from the astral plane.

There, but not-there. Stormer and Jordan also walk into frame; they are flesh and blood attending. They stand away from the service, watching from afar. Stormer puts her hands in her pockets, and Jordan crosses his arms. Jordan sees Ghost-Bill, hovering around the mourners.

INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES: "Hurt," by Blue-Misty Rayne

Blue is in the spotlight, surrounded by darkness. There is a single flower in her hair. She sings a haunting and original jazz and blues style rendition of "Hurt". It is subtle, understated, and is SO good it doesn't need to try too hard, at all. Blue-Misty is not a renown nightclub singer for no reason. It is a simple, and deeply moving song.

EXT. CEMETERY/BILL'S FUNERAL - DAY

MUSIC CONTINUES: "Hurt," by Blue-Misty.

Bill's wife, daughter, and son are huddled by a lowered coffin. Dressed in black, and mourning. The wife sobs, but stays strong for the kids. A priest gives a speech, and people offer condolences. Flowers and dirt are thrown on the coffin.

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

MUSIC CONTINUES: "Hurt," by Blue-Misty

Jordan sits down across from his therapist, looking strong, masculine, and radiant. She looks taken aback, as if he is a whole new man. We hear her speak faintly under the music.

THERAPIST  
(puzzled, impressed)  
You look...  
(beat)  
different!

JORDAN  
(starts talking, but fades  
under the music)  
A lot's happened...

Jordan talks to his therapist, using a lot of certain and emphatic hand gestures, but we can't hear them over the music. She nods, listening.

EXT. THE PARK - DAY

MUSIC CONTINUES: "Hurt," by Blue-Misty Rayne

Stormer plays ball with Tiffany. Evan is sitting nearby, telling stories. They are all enjoying life.

EXT. COUNSELLOR'S OFFICE/JUDGEMENT CITY - DUSK

MUSIC CONTINUES: "Hurt," by Blue-Misty Rayne

Bill stands outside the doors of the Judgement City Counsellor's Office. He has a lot to talk about.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Indigo's Avatar wanders around the streets, sad, cold and hungry. We see her being followed by a gang of guys; their shadows cast along the buildings indicate that they are possessed by The Hollow. She tries to hide, but they hunt her like a pack of wolves. They block all of her exits, and surround her trembling form in the alley. There is a loud party in a building, somewhere; no one would hear her scream if she did. She knows this, now. She is terrified. And rightly so. The guys each take turns mocking, threatening, and frightening her.

GUY #1  
Hey little girl

GUY #2  
I've got what you want right here.

He unbuckles his belt, and unzips his jeans.

GUY #2 (CONT'D)  
You look hungry

The gang of guys laugh with each other

Guy #3 grabs her from behind, and pins her arms back. Forcibly arching her chest. Guy #4 is the scariest and most silent; he approaches her body, kicking her legs more open with his own, and pushing his body into hers. Tears and snot stream down her dirty face. He leans in and talks too close to her mouth, flipping a pocket knife open, and tracing it across her cheek, down her neck, and down the front of her clothes. Her eyes follow the blade.

GUY #4  
(mocking)  
I Love me a homeless girlfriend.  
Mm-mm. She's so unloved. No one's  
touched her in such a long time...  
She wants it.

INDIGO'S AVATAR  
(sad but courageous)  
Kill me. I don't care.

GUY #4  
Oh, this isn't for you.

He twirls the knife.

GUY #4 (CONT'D)  
This just makes--

He slowly cuts a button off her shirt

GUY #4 (CONT'D)  
--access--

He cuts off another button, and her chest panics a little more

GUY #4 (CONT'D)  
--easier

He violently rips open her shirt, and cuts her underwear, waving it around, inhaling the aroma deeply, and then throwing it away.

GUY #4 (CONT'D)  
I'll go first, shall I?

He unzips his pants, whips it out, and plunges it aggressively into her quivering body. She winces in pain, but tries not to give them what they want.

GUY #4 (CONT'D)

I want you to feel everything.

He grabs her face and aims it toward him.

GUY #4 (CONT'D)

Look at me.

(his voice takes a demonic  
turn)

Look at me you filthy whore.

The guys laugh with each other and laugh at her. We see The Hollow outrageously enjoying themselves via the guy's shadows on the walls.

They each take turns raping her as we get further and further away from the scene. Sky-high. She looks like a rag-doll.

END OF EPISODE ONE