

FADE IN:

EXT. DARK GRAY CLOUDS - DAY

PRESENT TIME

STRANGE P.O.V moving slowly through dark clouds. In the distance, muffled thunder rumbles. A subtle but firm voice is heard within the clouds.

STRANGER (OS)

In the old testaments special people appeared on the scene at critical times in history, to rebuke and battle with principalities and powers. They were called by God to do battle with Lucifer.

DARK CLOUDS RUMBLE RAPIDLY IN THE SKY. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING AND A CRACK OF THUNDER.

LETTERS PUSH TOWARDS US - MAIN TITLE:

T H E U N S E E N

SPIRITUAL WAR MUSIC THEME begins as we FADE UP on a series of shots in the Los Angeles area. All shots of the immorality of today's day and age. TITLES BEGIN.

MONTAGE

A) Prostitutes soliciting sex on the streets.

B) A convenient store is being robbed. Thugs on the way out shoot and kill the store attendant.

C) A drive-by shooting that kills an innocent little girl about 10 years of age. The mother screams for someone to help as she cradles the lifeless body of her daughter.

D) A police officer is parked along side the road completing paperwork when suddenly, ambushed. Shot to death by local gang members.

E) The screams of a wife being beaten and then shot to death along with her children.

F) Riots breaking out in the downtown L.A. area.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. CHURCH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The frontal side of an animated protestant church -- very Pentecostal. TITLE CARD FADES IN: AUSTIN TEXAS 1977

The music of the gospel choir grows in volume as we approach the front entrance in a strange p.o.v.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The pastor, choir and church members worship and rejoice in the lord.

The church doors mysteriously open. Two security guard type deacons turn to greet anyone entering. No one enters.

A LARGE CROSS hung above the altar slightly trembles.

A LITTLE BOY standing closely to his parents with large blue eyes that seem to take in everything around, exhibits a certain wisdom and presence about him.

As the choir sings passionately, the church stands joyfully clapping to the song.

A WOMAN in the front of the congregation remains seated while everyone stands. She appears to be tentative and pale.

Suddenly, she begins to quiver -- as if about to have a seizure. She whips around and eyes meet with the boy. Her eyes become ominously bright red. She then crumples onto the floor into violent convulsions.

A NEAR-BY MEMBER of the church rushes to her aid and is violently thrown to the altar by a supernatural force.

Displaying a look of great concern the pastor quickly signals to four deacons to assist in restraining the woman. The church aware this woman is possessed engages in deliberate prayer. In a very passionate struggle the pastor and deacons attempt desperately to free her of the demon tormenting her soul.

PASTOR

(with commanding
authority)

I command thee demon to leave this
child of Christ)

DEMON

(patronizing)

Pastor? Are you making this battle
your own?

PASTOR

I command thee demon to leave this
child of Christ.

DEMON

(encouraging)

That's it Pastor! That's it! Be
brave.

(an eerie laughter
follows)

The little boy looks up at his parents indulged in prayer and calmly lets go of his father's hand proceeding naturally toward the woman. Meanwhile, the pastor puts his hand on the woman's forehead desperately seeking God's power.

The little boy walks calmly but deliberate toward the woman -- almost as if he had complete knowledge of what was taking place and would actually affect the outcome of the situation.

As the struggle continues physically and in prayer the deacons become weary; barely able to restrain the woman. Suddenly, with supernatural strength the demon-possessed woman compassionless frees herself from the pastor and deacons restraint.

Upon freeing herself she turns, faces the congregation and eyes sharply meet with the boy.

A stand off.

The church is awestruck. The woman's body begins to tremble viciously. She's unsteady on her feet. She looks at the boy in astonishment and then reluctantly released by this evil being. As the demon exits her body he hovers above the church. The woman's body crumbles to the floor.

The boy looks up and eyes meet with the demon. His demonic eyes were inflamed with contempt and hatred. He stares at the boy enraged, disappointed at his inability to keep his ground. Casually, the boy waves to the demon, as if to say you're not welcome here. The demon grudgingly leaves. Members of the church cannot see what's happened but very well know a miracle was in the making.

PRESENT TIME

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

It's a stormy and wintry night in the North Hollywood area. Rain is pouring viciously against the streets. The homeless struggle against the pouring rain desperately seeking refuge. In the midst of a vicious storm people drive impatiently along unusually flooded black streets.

EXT. LOS ANGELES RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Eventually, the storm settles into a howling wind and continuous needle piercing drizzle. Outside one of LA's prestige restaurants we observe through a window two business dressed men having coffee. We can't hear what they're discussing but the facial expression of one becomes poignant and upset. The next moment he gets up angrily in disbelief and walks over to the mens room.

INT. MENS ROOM - NIGHT

He walks through the door. Once inside, he stops in his tracks. He walks over to the sink and washes his hands and face. He looks up, wipes his face dry with paper towel. He bends forward, hunching his shoulders, feeling as if a great weight of stones had just been stacked on his back. Gripping the sink with both hands he gazes down at the empty bowl. He slowly looks up, closes in on the mirror and looks at himself. He exhales, an attempt to keep cool, calm and collective. Off the corner of his eyes he notices a glimpse of motion. The mens room door is shutting. The room becomes unsettling.

He then looks at his face in the mirror, as if behind him, a black indiscernible shadowy form on the wall. Something otherworldly and dangerous. The being seems incapable of reflecting light. Startled, he whips around. He's too frightened to move. A faceless silhouette form steps into the mens room. The stranger's body is black as charcoal and eyes the color of fresh blood.

STRANGER

Do not fear me. Oh I know this is a bit bizarre but, isn't the world just a vessel of bizarreness, so to speak...

(mildly laughing)

...Just look at me as your personal advisor for the moment.

The stranger's fiery eyes burn at the businessman. He then gazes directly into his eyes with a penetrating, unwavering hypnotic stare.

STRANGER

So, are you just going to stand there? He's ended your job! Your only source of supporting your family? He's in essence, ripped away all you had to live for. Life has a consistent way of pushing you to the edge -- doesn't it? Jump off the edge! And explore a most pleasurable horizon...

(whispering in his ear)

...Kill him. But make him feel pain for the hardship he's placed on you. You have nothing to lose?

The businessman turns and looks toward the floor. His eyes meet with an AXE leaned against the wall -- morbidly designed. He looks away. The look on his face displays he rather not go along with this.

STRANGER

What's there to think about? How many times will you endure insensitive decisions made by these pawns, as they deliberately change the course of your life to worse. On the other hand, I help change it for the better...

(referring to the axe)

...Take it! It will facilitate your deed.

(beat)

It's time to take a stand.

Those words sliced through the businessman's spirit. He did not want to believe it came to this. The decision is made. Enthralled in the moment of revenge he picks up the axe, ignoring the ungodly encounter with the stranger.

INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM - NIGHT

He returns to the dining room emotionless toward his victim. Customers shockingly step back afraid he may strike at them.

Rapidly approaching the manager about to leave, without hesitation, begins to strike him relentlessly with the axe.

Blood spurts from every direction.

Everyone in the restaurant screams, running frantically for their lives. A lady is unmercifully trampled as the crowd desperately exits.

Every man and woman for themselves.

The businessman looks down at the body and continues to strike indomitably. As he viciously strikes the blood spurts on his face.

A once clean-cut businessman. Now, the very essence of evil.

BUSINESSMAN

I dedicated thirty years of my life
to the company...

He raises the axe one last time and striking:

BUSINESSMAN

...You inconsiderate fuck!

EXT. OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Meanwhile, at a distance the sound of sirens shriek the streets. Momentarily police arrive and rush out with weapons thrust forward as they carefully enter the crime scene.

DETECTIVE 1

Alright put the axe down. It's
over.

The businessman turns in menacing slow motion facing the officers. Suddenly, the stranger speaks to him in a covert tone.

STRANGER (O.S.)

(impressed)

Bravo. Exemplary performance.

(looking towards the
officers)

Enslaved pawns. If you're captured, they'll imprison you and throw away the key. You can't survive the hardship of prison life. Your family will indeed disown you for committing this deed society calls an atrocity.

The businessman displays a look of despair and hopelessness. In a desperate attempt he turns the axe on himself. Prefers to end his life than endure the consequences. Interrupting the suicide attempt the stranger again speaks to him in a covert tone.

STRANGER

No, no, no, no, no. That's not what I had in mind. If you must go -- go with a sense of honor. Focus your aggression on those who intend to incarcerate you. Now that's going in the blaze of glory. Go on...

(beat)

...be it as it will.

The officers plead with the businessman.

DETECTIVE 2

Drop the axe. Don't let this get any uglier than it already has.

Meanwhile, news vans and reporters are lining the streets from across the restaurant. They have been cordoned off by a handful of police.

INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Detectives resume to plea with the businessman.

DETECTIVE 1

Step outside with us and lets talk
about it. What do you say?

Not falling for poor negotiation skills and realizing his fate, he rushes toward the officers with the axe in striking position. The officers having no choice of the matter open fire. They cut him with a shower of led. Bullets strike on his chest and abdomen. He fiercely continues forward when the fatal bullet strikes him in the head. He calmly falls.

The officers move up and look at the prostrate body.

DETECTIVE 2

Never a dull moment in this city.
What could've pushed him over the
edge?

Concerned about the preservation of the crime scene detective 1 shouts at the uniform officers.

DETECTIVE 1

(to uniformed officers)
Keep away from the crime scene...
(to himself)
...Last thing I need right now is
someone fucking it up.

We see through the eyes of the stranger as he moves swiftly undetected toward the officers, then sharply around them and VIOLENTLY through the double doors.

WITH AN EXPLODING EFFECT the glass shatters. Exploding glass sprays everywhere. The officers instinctively draw their weapons. They look at each other in wonderment.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The wintry thunder storm has resumed dropping of cold ominous rain. The stranger now begins to move rapidly through the streets of Los Angeles. He comes to a sudden halt in the front yard of a suburban West Los Angeles home. He begins to carefully -- almost strategically, observe the home.

LIGHTNING STRIKES

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

After carefully surveilling the home the stranger begins to move toward the house. Through the outside window, RICK TURNER, thirty one, handsome, clean cut software analyst lying in bed next to his wife SARAH TURNER, twenty seven, pretty brunette. This stranger watching them moves around the house to another window.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING! A CRACK OF THUNDER!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

An antique desk sits in a corner of the room with a notebook case and a digital clock that displays 10:30 p.m. Judging from all the computer parts and software we observe in Rick's room we can tell he's quite the technology nerd. The television set sitting on a wall stand above shows never-ending infomercials that never seem to quit throughout the night.

EXT. OUTSIDE - NIGHT

The stranger rounds the corner of the house and walks in the front door.