

"T H E F A L L E N"

written by

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Address  
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# THE FALLEN

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FADE IN:

EXT. STRATOSPHERE - NIGHT

A sea of stars. The hush before thunder.

A faint BRANDING IRON floats in blackness, glowing like a CROSS. It descends toward—

INT. VOID (MEMORY) - TIMELESS

Six faces, eyes downcast. The LEFT EYE of each sears with a burning cross. They do not scream. They endure.

A VOICE—ancient, sorrowful—RIPTIDES through the dark.

THE VOICE (O.S.)  
You wanted to know what it is to  
choose. Now choose again.

WHITE FLASH—

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ACT I - THE GATHERING

EXT. SEATTLE - RAIN NIGHT

Glass towers weep neon down slick streets.

INT. STARTUP OFFICE - NIGHT

A hive of monitors. Humming servers. Empty LaCroix cans.

CALEB (30s, gaunt, coder hoodie) types like he's exorcising a machine. The branded cross is a faint scar beneath his left eyebrow, half-hidden by hair.

On his screen: a network map. Nodes wink out. He frowns, taps keys.

CALEB  
C'mon, talk to me...

The nodes reform into a SIGIL. The sigil morphs into an  
ADDRESS:  
JERSEY CITY - BERGEN AVE - 3AM

CALEB (under breath)  
Yeah, okay. That's... not DNS.

He shuts the laptop, grabs a backpack, checks a compact 9mm.  
Pauses. Touches his left eye like a rosary.

CALEB (soft)  
Message received.

He heads out into the rain.

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EXT. PHOENIX - SUNSET

Heat shimmer. Dust. Inflatable tube men bob above a lot of  
dented sedans.

INT. EZRA'S AUTO - SALES FLOOR - SUNSET

EZRA (40s, shark smile, wedding ring tan line) charms a YOUNG  
COUPLE.

EZRA  
You don't buy a car—you buy a  
story. This one? It says "we make  
it out alive."

He palms the key. The wife catches a flicker: the faint cross  
under his left eye.

WIFE  
What happened there?

EZRA  
Wrong side of a miracle.

He hands over the keys. They leave, grateful.

Alone, he opens a drawer: three cell phones, a flask, a  
tarnished coin. The coin bears a WINGED SWORD.

The office TV flickers from a daytime judge show to STATIC. Then an IMAGE forms in the fuzz: A PREGNANT WOMAN—NIAH (early 20s, Black), defiant stare. A street sign behind her: PACIFIC AVE / GRAND. Jersey City.

EZRA stares, then smiles like meeting an old enemy.

EZRA (CONT'D)  
The East Coast calls. Figures.

He pockets the coin, the flask, and a revolver, then locks the lot and walks into the molten dusk.

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EXT. MIAMI - DAWN

Sky cotton-candy blue over white hotels.

INT. MIAMI NEWS STATION - WEATHER SET - DAWN

Green-screen map. REMIEL (late 30s, handsome ham) dances a hurricane cone.

REMIEL  
—so if you're planning beach time,  
maybe trade the Speedo for an ark,  
because—

He glances at CAMERA ONE. The red tally light BLOOMS GOLD. The teleprompter text changes to a single line:

"PROTECT HER."

A POLAROID slides out of the teleprompter slot as if born from glass. Niah, in harsh sodium light.

PRODUCER (O.S.)  
Remiel? You okay?

He recovers, grinning to camera.

REMIEL  
—and speaking of arks, looks like a  
divine appointment in New Jersey.  
Back to you, Mel.

CUT. He snatches the Polaroid, slips it into his blazer. His smile falls. He touches his left eye, winces at a phantom heat.

REMIEL (whisper)

Still paying for the fall, huh?

He walks off set, leaving a perfect TV smile on the monitor behind him.

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EXT. CHICAGO - NIGHT

Snow needles sideways.

INT. GIDEON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Whisky, paper, a rotary phone. GIDEON (50s, trenchcoat even indoors), a private detective that looks like he lost a fight with life and kept the change.

He studies a corkboard: missing girls, red string, an underworld map.

His old CATHOLIC RADIO crackles to life, unsolicited. The HOST'S voice becomes ANOTHER VOICE-metal-on-stone.

OTHER VOICE (RADIO)

You owe a debt, Gideon.

The window FROSTS into a sigil. Then transforms into a black-and-white photo of Niah under a streetlamp, belly full, jaw set.

Gideon lights a cigarette off a candle.

GIDEON

Everyone wants something.

He opens a drawer: two polished .45s, a worn prayer card of ST. MICHAEL. He palms both.

GIDEON (to card)

Don't start something you won't finish.

He kills the light.

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EXT. ATLANTA - AFTERNOON

Jets scream across a cerulean sky.

INT. HARTSFIELD-JACKSON AIRPORT - COCKPIT - TAXIING

JACOB VANCE (40s, coiled calm), in pilot blues. The left eye scar is pale like a crescent burn.

CO-PILOT

You see the memo about the fuel  
temp—

Jacob's EICAS screen glitches. The checklists slide away, replaced by a TEXT OF FIRE: "HUDSON-TONIGHT. SHE NEEDS A SHEPHERD." Then the normal readouts return.

Jacob looks out the cockpit window at the reflection of his own face. For a heartbeat, wings shimmer in the glass behind him.

JACOB

Yeah. I saw it.

He clicks the PA.

JACOB (PA) (CONT'D)

Folks, this is your captain. Smooth  
ride inbound. If you look to your  
right, you'll see a detour I didn't  
plan on.

He kills the mic. A choice sits on his face like a stone.

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EXT. BOSTON - DUSK

Old brick and ivy.

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - DUSK

A chalkboard thrums with equations and mythology. DR. SERAPHINA ARON (40s, precise, kind eyes) captures a room with gentle authority.

On the board: MYTH: NEPHILIM, WATCHERS, WAR IN HEAVEN.

A GRAD STUDENT raises a hand.

STUDENT

Dr. Aron, do you think any of  
that's... real?

Seraphina smiles, half-lidded, like guarding a fire.

SERAPHINA

Reality is a jealous word. But yes.  
I think we carry ruins of it around  
like scar tissue.

Her left eye twitches. She feels heat.

The chalk in her hand SCRATCHES of its own accord—forming A  
CROSS. Then a street map: Jersey City.

She drops the chalk. Breath fogs the air though the room is  
warm.

SERAPHINA (to herself)  
It's time.

She erases the board in one long, furious pass...and the chalk  
dust hangs like FEATHERS in the projector light.

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EXT. NEWARK - NIGHT

Bus station. People with nowhere to be.

A YOUNG BLACK WOMAN, NIAH (22), walks alone, hoodie over a  
cheap motel T-shirt, belly heavy. She doesn't ask for help.  
She doesn't need to. She is hunted, and she knows it.

A CAR idles across the street, fogging little ghosts.

In the window's reflection, EYES IN THE DARK blink wrong—  
vertical, not human.

Niah keeps walking.

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EXT. JERSEY CITY - OUTER BLOCKS - NIGHT

Refineries blink in the distance. The HOLLAND TUNNEL sign a  
faint halo.

A DIVE BAR: SAINTS & SINNERS. Neon martini, cross half-burned  
out.

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INT. SAINTS & SINNERS - NIGHT

Pool balls—a clack like knuckles. Neon hum. A bartender wipes a glass that will never be clean.

At the far end of the bar sits a MAN in a black biker jacket. His presence is quiet. Terrible. His eyes are rain on forged steel.

MICHAEL.

One by one, the six arrive—wet with weather from all corners of America.

Caleb's hoodie. Ezra's suit. Remiel's anchorman tan under a wool coat. Gideon's trench drips onto the floor. Jacob's pilot wings pinned to a civilian jacket. Seraphina's bookbag heavier than knowledge.

They take stools. No one looks at the others. They don't have to. The old gravity holds.

Michael sets down a POLAROID in the center of the bar: Niah in a streetlamp's cathedral, chin up.

MICHAEL

You want to go home. You want the brand to stop burning. Protect her.

Silence. Glasses clink. A patron in the back laughs too loud, then chokes like a fish on air and stops moving.

EZRA

Home's a strong word. You kicked us out.

MICHAEL

You chose the fall. Choose again.

GIDEON

What's the price?

MICHAEL

Everything. Or less, if you hesitate.

REMIEL

And if we politely decline?

The light above them flickers. For an instant, the bar's dingy walls become WINGS AND FIRE. It's gone.

MICHAEL

They will take her child. They will raise him to unmake the world. They will call him king and feed him nations. If she dies, you don't get a second chance to be brave.

Caleb reaches for the Polaroid. Michael's hand lands on it first—pinning it like a nail through a saint.

MICHAEL (soft)

I am not here to plead. I am here to witness your choice.

SERAPHINA meets his gaze—the only one who can.

SERAPHINA

Who is the father?

MICHAEL

Free will.

A beat. Then Ezra laughs once, a short bark that sounds like courage faking it.

EZRA

Fine. We're in. But if we do this, we do it our way.

MICHAEL

Your way already brought you here.

Michael slides the Polaroid to Seraphina.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

She'll be on Pacific and Grand within the hour. The first to touch her with harm will be a thing wearing a man's face. It will open its mouth and show its hunger. Do not listen when it speaks.

JACOB

What if the thing has a badge?

MICHAEL

Then pray for the badge.

His knuckles tap the bar like a gavel.

MICHAEL (quiet)

Protect her, and at the last breath of your last fight, you will see a door. Walk through.

Michael stands. The bartender looks up. The bartender is weeping and doesn't know why.

BARTENDER  
You payin' that tab?

Michael smiles. Bars of cathedrals collapse in that smile.

MICHAEL  
Paid in full.

He goes. The door shuts without sound.

The six look at each other like old enemies who remember the warmth.

REMIEL  
Well. Road trip's over.

GIDEON  
It just started.

They move.

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## ACT II - THE HUNT

EXT. JERSEY CITY - PACIFIC & GRAND - NIGHT

A cruel corner. Traffic sighs. A church two blocks down has a broken bell.

Niah stands under a streetlight, smoking a cigarette like it owes her money. She eyes every car. Checks the time on a burner.

A CRUISER rolls up. Two UNIFORMED COPS. The passenger, OFFICER VALE, smiles too much.

OFFICER VALE  
Evening.

NIAH  
No it ain't.

OFFICER VALE  
You fit a description.

NIAH  
Of what?

His pupils SPIKE VERTICAL. The streetlight buzzes. The shadows crawl sideways.

OFFICER VALE (not-human)  
Of a door.

He opens his mouth too wide. BLACK FLIES skitter out and die in the cold.

Before he can move—GUNSHOTS. Two tires pop. The cruiser dips. GIDEON steps out of the black across the street, both .45s smoking.

GIDEON  
Police reform.

OFFICER VALE turns, snarl like a zipper ripping.

From the rooftops, REMIEL DECKS him with a flying tackle that belongs in a ballet with knives. They hit asphalt. The other cop screams, grabs the radio—

CALEB's hand clamps the mic from the open window; he yanks the cord, fries it with a PHONE BATTERY rig.

CALEB  
No calls tonight.

Vale spits NEEDLES at Remiel. Remiel blurs left, plant-kicks Vale into the cruiser window, which SPIDERWEBS.

REMIEL  
Bad breath.

VALE lunges at Niah—  
—EZRA'S SUV comes out of nowhere, HAMMERS Vale, pinning him against the cruiser. The hood dents like a fist in wet clay.

EZRA (out the window)  
Ma'am, your chariot.

Niah backs against a mailbox, wild-eyed, one hand on her belly.

NIAH  
I don't know you.

JACOB (O.S.)  
We know you.

Niah turns. JACOB stands beside her, steady as a runway light.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
Walk with me.

Vale laughs from under the SUV—bones misarranged.

VALE (distorted)  
We will take it from the womb.

SERAPHINA steps into frame, chalk in hand. She draws a quick CIRCLE around the pinned demon's head with a stolen lipstick on the hood. The circle FLAMES invisible-white.

SERAPHINA  
Names have gravity. What's yours?

VALE hisses a string of syllables that hurt to hear. The lipstick circle brightens—his skin BLISTERS where it touches the line.

SERAPHINA (to others)  
Not his. The pilot.

Jacob's jaw tightens. He looks at Niah.

JACOB  
You can walk away. You can say no.  
But if you say yes, I don't stop  
until you're safe.

Niah watches Vale smolder, the others ready to die. Her life has taught her to read men. These aren't men. Not exactly. But their eyes say truth.

NIAH  
I'm not a victim.

JACOB  
Good. Victims wait. Survivors move.

A beat. She nods once.

NIAH  
Where we going?

GIDEON  
Away from here.

Sirens grow. Distant. Closer.

CALEB flings a handful of FAKE PLATES to Ezra.

CALEB  
Pick a personality.

They pile into TWO VEHICLES: Ezra's dented SUV, and Jacob behind the wheel of a stolen sedan Caleb hotwires in two fingers.

Remiel lingers. Vale's mouth stretches like a slit curtain; his voice turns HONEY.

VALE (soft)  
Pretty boy. You used to sing before thrones. You miss the applause?

Remiel smiles with teeth.

REMIEL  
I still get applause.

He jams a tire iron through the lipstick circle into Vale's throat. Vale dissolves like moths in a candle.

Remiel tosses the iron. Slides into the passenger seat.

REMIEL (to Caleb)  
Take me to my fans.

The convoy BURNS into the night.

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INT. EZRA'S SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

EZRA drives. GIDEON rides shotgun. Niah in the back with Seraphina.

NIAH  
Who are you people?

GIDEON  
Citizens with problems.

EZRA  
Club for left-eye charity cases.

SERAPHINA  
We used to guard gates. Now we guard you.

Niah chews that. The SUV rattles over a pothole. She winces; Seraphina notices.

SERAPHINA (gentle)  
How far along?

NIAH  
Too far for this conversation.

EZRA  
Got a name picked out?

NIAH  
Names get things killed.

GIDEON  
Sometimes they save them.

Niah looks out the window at a passing CHURCH. A broken cross.

NIAH  
Where were you people before?  
No one answers. That silence is a cliff.

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EXT. ROOFTOPS - SIMULTANEOUS - NIGHT

REMIEL runs the rooftops above the convoy, light on his feet, scanning.

A flock of BIRDS erupts and then just...stops midair and falls, dead. Remiel looks up.

The SKY ripples like a TEAR IN SILK.

REMIEL (into mic)  
We've got weather.

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INT. JACOB'S SEDAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Jacob drives calm, eyes flicking mirrors. Caleb rides rear, laptop open, wires like veins.

CALEB  
Traffic cams are blind in a three-mile radius. That wasn't me.

(beat)  
They're turning off the world as we pass.

JACOB  
Good. Means we're on the right road.

CALEB (smirks)  
That your pilot training?

JACOB (CONT'D)  
That's gravity. Everything falls  
toward what matters.

CALEB  
You used to be poetry, didn't you?

Jacob doesn't answer.

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EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

Steeple like a broken finger.

The convoy stops. They shoulder through warped doors.

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INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

Pews molder. A wind moves though nothing moves.

SERAPHINA draws GLYPHS on the floor with chalk and salt.  
CALEB sets trip cameras and motion sensors that were illegal  
ten years ago. GIDEON posts at stained glass with both  
pistols. REMIEL hums a tune and spins a SWITCHBLADE he has no  
earthly reason to own.

EZRA pours a drink from his flask, offers it to Niah.

NIAH  
That gonna hurt the kid?

EZRA  
It'll hurt the fear.

She considers. Sips.

NIAH  
Burns like Sunday school.

EZRA  
That's the top shelf.

GIDEON (to Jacob)  
You think he'll come?

JACOB  
He already did.

A SINGLE FEATHER lands on the altar. Then another. They're not white. They're IRON.

The doors OPEN. MICHAEL steps in. He looks like he was carved from a lightning strike.

MICHAEL  
They know. They're coming.

REMIEL  
We gathered by the bell. You got any sermons?

MICHAEL  
Only a question. When you broke your swords and chose your own names—did you imagine how small they would sound when you begged?

Silence. No one looks away.

SERAPHINA squares to him.

SERAPHINA  
I imagined the weight would be mine. It still is.

MICHAEL (to Niah)  
You are not an accident. You are not a mistake. You are a hinge. That is heavier than it is cruel.

Niah holds his gaze, unflinching.

NIAH  
You saying God did this to me?

MICHAEL  
No. I'm saying He trusted you.

Niah's lip trembles once, then goes still.

NIAH  
Trust is cheap where I'm from.

MICHAEL  
Then make it expensive.

He looks to the angels—fallen once, found again.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Hold this place.

JACOB  
How long?

MICHAEL  
Until you can't.

He turns and is already gone, as if he was never there.

REMIEL exhales.

REMIEL  
Well. That was motivating.

EZRA  
I've had worse pep talks.

GIDEON  
You ever been on a real crusade?

EZRA  
You mean the ones where we were the  
bad guys or the ones where we were  
the bad guys?

SERAPHINA  
Positions.

They take them.

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EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

Fog rolls up from gutters like breath from a sleeping throat.

SHAPES appear—men in suits with wrong smiles; women in church hats with EYES LIKE NAIL HEADS; kids with lollipops dripping INK.

They pile up outside the church, polite as a line. Then their faces TEAR and TEETH are everywhere.

FIRST DEMON tilts its head at the door.

FIRST DEMON  
Knock-knock.

The doors BLAST inward.

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INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

BATTLE.

John Wick-precision in a cathedral of rot.

GIDEON double-taps kneecaps, then hearts. PRAYER UNDER BREATH.

REMIEL dances between pew backs, knife a metronome of red.

EZRA fires, reloads revolver with a magician's flourish off a hymnbook.

CALEB triggers claymore-like LIGHT RIGS—flash-bang glyphs that pop demons like soap.

SERAPHINA draws BINDING CIRCLES with a dancer's grace; demons slam invisible walls, screaming in old consonants.

JACOB moves through it all with a pilot's economy—no wasted motion, no show. He is gravity's friend. Every enemy lands where Jacob decides.

Niah crouches behind the altar, breathing. She watches them bleed for her. She doesn't cry. She puts her hands on her belly and SINGS under her breath—tuneless, true.

A hulking HELL-KNIGHT smashes the side door. Horns like chandeliers, suit like a funeral.

HELL-KNIGHT  
Give us the hinge.

JACOB steps forward alone.

JACOB  
I've flown planes through storms  
that ate towns. You're just  
weather.

They meet. The pattern of the fight is AIR WARFARE in miniature—feints and flanks, altitude and angle. Jacob lures, redirects, STALLS the Knight into a GLYPH FIELD where Seraphina whispers a math prayer.

The Hell-Knight hits the invisible geometry and SCREAMS, bones turning inward. Jacob finishes with two precise shots in the places the scream revealed.

He falls. The church is suddenly QUIET.

On the floor, a demon head whispers with no lungs.

## DEMON HEAD

You can't keep her. We planted men  
with papers. Doctors with smiles.  
Sisters with knives in the hymnal.

GIDEON stomps it, hard. Silence again.

They breathe. Reload. Reset.

EZRA leans against a pillar, panting.

## EZRA

So that's... wave one.

## CALEB

More like wave zero.

REMIEL (to Niah)  
You good?

## NIAH

I don't do good. I do ready.

SERAPHINA looks to the shattered stained glass. The night  
outside WRITHES.

## SERAPHINA

Ready, then.

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## MONTAGE - THE RUN

—A MAP of Jersey and Manhattan. Red yarn becomes arteries.

—CALEB dives fingers-first into a server rack in a storage  
unit; TRAFFIC PATTERNS rewire like veins.

—EZRA buys a priest collar from a costume shop with a wad of  
cash and no explanation.

—REMIEL on a rooftop, whispering to the wind; DRONES peel off  
a billionaire's penthouse and come to heel like birds.

—GIDEON meets a NUN in a parking lot; she passes him a  
SHOTGUN in a guitar case. He kisses her cheek. She's crying,  
too.

—SERAPHINA chalks an EQUATION on a freeway overpass; cars  
pass under a blessing they'll never see.

—JACOB at a river's edge, eyes on the HUDSON, as if reading  
something only he can see in the rip current. He pockets a  
smooth stone like a talisman.

—NIAH in a mirror, lifting her shirt, staring at the stretched skin. A BRUISE we didn't see earlier blooms like a purple galaxy near her ribs. She stares it down until it looks away.

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INT. SAFEHOUSE #2 - NEWARK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A rectangle of light. The six and Niah catch their breath.

REMIEL tosses Niah a hoodie. She pulls it on.

NIAH

You said there were rules. Hit me.

SERAPHINA

Rule one: Never enter a threshold we didn't bless. Rule two: If something you love asks to be let in, it isn't it. Rule three: If you hear a voice that sounds like your own telling you to give up—tell it to wait outside.

NIAH

You all talk like poets.

EZRA

We're out of practice.

CALEB taps keys.

CALEB

Someone put a city-wide APB on Niah. Not police. Hospitals, shelters, churches. The wanted poster says she's a kidnapper—of her own kid.

GIDEON

That's a good trick.

JACOB

They'll herd us. Where do they want us?

CALEB

Holland Tunnel.

REMIEL

So we don't go there.

JACOB  
We go straight through.

The others look at him.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
They'll be ready. So we take ready  
away. We go loud where they expect  
stealth. We drive a choir through  
their living room and set the couch  
on fire.

EZRA (grins)  
He used to be poetry.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
I used to be a sword.

SERAPHINA looks at Niah's belly. A kick. Niah winces.

SERAPHINA  
Soon.

NIAH  
How soon is—  
She doubles over. WATER on  
concrete.

NIAH (through teeth)  
—now. It's now.

GIDEON looks to Jacob. No time left to choose.

GIDEON  
Then let's go ruin someone's plan.

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ACT III - THE WAR

EXT. HOLLAND TUNNEL APPROACH - NIGHT

Glare. Sirens. Checkpoints. SWAT vans. TOO MANY.

CALEB's hacked drones pop into view, swarm, then FLASH—not  
bombs—STROBES. Cameras everywhere go BLIND.

REMIEL runs ahead, vaults a barricade with no respect for  
gravity, plants CHARGES that aren't bombs; they are SINGING  
STONES—frequencies that only THINGS NOT INVITED can hear.

REMIEL (into mic)  
Choir's in place.

EZRA rolls up in the SUV wearing a priest collar crooked.  
GIDEON rides shotgun, prayer card wedged in his hatband.

COP #1 steps out, hand up.

COP #1  
Checkpoint. Turn around—

He GLITCHES—mouth opens too wide. Then normal. He blinks.

EZRA smiles pastoral.

EZRA  
We have a woman in labor, officer.  
You gonna make us have a baptism in  
traffic?

The cop's partner's EYES go black pinpricks.

COP #2 (flat)  
We can help her.

NIAH (from back)  
He's lying.

GIDEON shoots COP #2 through the visor. The round SINGES like  
a coal. The cop drops.

COP #1 morphs mid-reach into something with too many elbows—

The singing stones ignite. A HARMONY OF PAIN. The morph  
STUTTERS and tears itself apart trying to leave its own skin.

The convoy GUNS IT—through the checkpoint, into the tunnel's  
mouth.

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INT. HOLLAND TUNNEL - MOVING - NIGHT

Red tiles flash past. The world narrows to a vein.

Ahead: ROADBLOCK. Figures in suits, in robes, in lab coats.  
Smiles wrong. Hands empty in a way that promises knives.

JACOB (calm)  
Seatbelts.

CALEB slaps a KILL SWITCH he's clamped under the dash. The  
tunnel lights go BLACK.

REMIEL (O.S.)  
And for my next trick—

The DRONES flood the tunnel with WHITE NOISE. Demons WAIL like feedback.

EZRA flicks brights and RAMS the roadblock. Bodies hit the hood, slide off, come back up with spines in their hands.

GIDEON opens the door and FIRING WALKS beside the moving SUV, planting shots like kisses on foreheads.

SERAPHINA holds Niah's hand in the back. Between contractions, Seraphina WHISPERS an equation; a circle of FRACTAL LIGHT blooms under the seat—SANCTUM.

NIAH  
I can't do this here.

SERAPHINA  
You already are.

JACOB threads the sedan through chaos with inches to spare; his face a still pond with a storm under it.

CALEB taps out a string on his laptop like he's playing a dead piano—SPRINKLERS go off, and the water is not water. The demons it touches SMOKE.

REMIEL runs the ceiling walkway, drops like a guillotine onto a HELL ADVOCATE in a thousand-dollar suit, whispering into his ear as the knife goes in.

REMIEL (gentle)  
Tell your boss: the fall wasn't a mistake. It was a choice.

The advocate collapses, disbelief on his face like a child at a broken magic trick.

EZRA's SUV fishtails; TIRES SHRED. He spins, plants the bumper against the tunnel wall, creates a CHOKEPOINT.

EZRA (yelling)  
PIT STOP!

He kicks open the rear door. Gideon climbs over the hood, knees a demon's jaw, fires down into belly-dark.

GIDEON (to Niah)  
Eyes on me.

She does. He grins—wolf and father and brother.

GIDEON  
I got you.

A WALL OF BODIES hits the choke. Ezra reloads with hands that don't shake, even when a BLADE goes in under his ribs. He shoots the owner in the face and KEEPS SHOOTING until the slide stays back. Blood darkens his shirt.

EZRA (to himself)  
Should've sold better warranties.

He pulls a GRENADE pin with his teeth, shoves the grenade into the choke's maw, and BEARS HUGS three demons until they can't get free.

He looks at Niah once. Tips a two-finger salute.

BOOM. The choke clears in a blossom of BLACK FIRE.

SERAPHINA flinches. Niah sobs once and swallows it like medicine.

JACOB (radio)  
Ezra?

Static. Then: nothing.

REMIEL (flat)  
Keep moving.

They do. The SUV limps, metal screaming. The sedan leads now.

CALEB is pale. He coughs, hacking up ASH.

CALEB  
They got smart. They're writing  
counter-scripts to my scripts.

He keys a final command. The laptop SPARKS; his FINGERS BURN like candles.

CALEB (through pain)  
I opened every emergency door from here to Midtown. If we make daylight, we ride it.

JACOB glances back. Their eyes meet in rearview—apology and thanks and something that might be forgiveness.

JACOB  
You always were the best with  
locks.

CALEB grins, teeth grey now.

CALEB  
You were the best with landings.

A BLADE juts through the window into Caleb's chest. He looks surprised. Then angry. He grabs the blade, DRIVES IT IN himself, TRAPPING the arm that holds it; he yanks its owner through the glass and SNAPS its neck with a seatbelt like a garrote.

He slumps, turns to SERAPHINA across the gap between vehicles.

CALEB (CONT'D)  
Math me a door, Sera.

He dies with a smile like code compiling.

SERAPHINA swallows grief like glass, then SINGS NUMBERS.

GEOMETRY flowers out from under their wheels, curls up the tunnel walls—A PATH.

REMIEL lands hard on the sedan roof, breath ragged. He punches a HOLE in the roof, leans in.

REMIEL  
They cut my wings—

He laughs, bloody.

REMIEL (CONT'D)  
Kidding. Still got metaphors.

He looks at Niah.

REMIEL (soft)  
You're doing perfect.

He turns, FACES DOWN the wave in the tunnel behind them, arms wide like a HOST greeting guests. He winks at Jacob through the windshield.

REMIEL (CONT'D)  
Go be the sword.

He LEAPS backward off the roof into the oncoming mass, DRAWING THEM with sheer audacity and gravity and the promise of a fight worth telling lies about. He disappears in a FLOWER OF TEETH and LIGHT.

GIDEON (hoarse)  
Entrance up. Go.

JACOB guns it. They burst OUT OF THE TUNNEL into—

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EXT. DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN - PRE-DAWN

A city that doesn't sleep, holding its breath.

SIRENS. HELICOPTER beats. The pre-dawn air tastes like pennies.

SERAPHINA looks up. A TOWER under construction spears the skyline—the skeletal high-rise like a gallows. She points.

SERAPHINA

There.

JACOB doesn't ask why. He turns. The sedan howls. The SUV shivers behind.

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INT. HIGH-RISE - SKELETON FLOORS - PRE-DAWN

They spill from the elevator into concrete ribcage. Rebar like THORNS.

The air is COLDER. Breath fogs. Their words ECHO wrong.

Niah screams. CONTRACTION like a fist.

SERAPHINA draws a BIRTH CIRCLE in chalk and salt and math. The circle hums.

SERAPHINA

Once you step in, nothing uninvited  
can cross. Not fear. Not lies.

Niah nods, steps in. Sweat shines. She is a furnace.

FOOTSTEPS. Slow clap.

A figure approaches down the long unfinished corridor—  
TAILORED SUIT, shoes that cost a car, smile like a civics  
textbook. THE STRANGER.

Eyes POLITE. Hand out. Wedding ring. A father in any PTA.

THE STRANGER

Ms. Jackson? I'm with Children's  
Services. We've been worried about  
you. You've been preyed on by some  
very disturbed individuals.

He eyes the chalk circle, amused.

THE STRANGER (CONT'D)

You don't need to do this on a floor without walls. We have a bed ready for you. We have a doctor. We have a future.

GIDEON steps between them, guns low.

GIDEON

Admissions are closed.

The Stranger's smile doesn't change. His eyes do—WELLS WITH NO BOTTOM.

THE STRANGER

Mr.—what name are you wearing now? Gideon? You remember the little girl in Pilsen? The one you didn't find in time? She asked for help until her voice broke.

Gideon flinches like a whip. The Stranger turns to Jacob.

THE STRANGER (CONT'D)

Captain Vance. You were supposed to land in Charlotte the night you put whiskey in your coffee. Twenty-three souls trusted you to love your job more than your grief.

JACOB doesn't blink.

THE STRANGER (CONT'D)

Seraphina Aron. You teach children fairy tales to keep them from asking why you are alone.

SERAPHINA

I am alone because I choose not to break things I love.

The Stranger laughs. It is DEEP and KIND and OBSCENE.

THE STRANGER

You think you fell. That was a push.

He looks at Niah. The smile softens into something like CONCERN.

THE STRANGER (CONT'D)

Sweetheart. You can't raise what's in you. Let me help. We'll make sure your child is safe. Fed.

(MORE)

THE STRANGER (CONT'D)  
 Powerful. The world will sing his  
 name.

Niah's jaw sets.

NIAH  
 World never sang mine.

THE STRANGER  
 Because you didn't make it listen.

He takes a step. His shoe NEVER CROSSES the chalk line. He  
 feels it, looks down. The smallest crack in the facade.

His eyes lift to Seraphina.

THE STRANGER (CONT'D)  
 You always were the clever one.

He steps back. Claps his hands once. The sound is a command.

From the stairwells, the elevators, the empty windows—  
 LEGIONS. Suits, robes, nurses in scrubs, a little boy with a  
 dripping ICE CREAM that stains the concrete BLACK. They file  
 in like parishioners.

THE STRANGER (CONT'D)  
 Surrender the hinge and you die  
 quick. Keep her, and I paint new  
 angels on the sidewalk with your  
 insides.

GIDEON  
 I ain't a mural.

He opens fire.

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BATTLE - HIGH-RISE FLOORS

Choreography like an orchestra of VIOLENCE.

GIDEON holds the midline, backing up step by step, brass  
 raining.

JACOB moves like a wind chart, turning enemies into their  
 neighbors.

SERAPHINA sings numbers; the circle brightens, each  
 contraction syncing with a PULSE of light.

REMIEL's absence is a hole that sings. EZRA is a memory with a joke attached. CALEB is code in the air that still protects them.

Niah screams. The building answers—RIVETS groan. The Stranger smiles wider.

THE STRANGER (to Niah)  
He's almost here. He wants to meet you.

NIAH  
He'll meet me when I'm ready.

Her voice cracks into a WAR CRY.

HELL-KNIGHTS barrel down the far corridor. Jacob throws himself into them, gets SLAMMED into rebar. He WEDGES a Knight's head through them and SNAPS it with a doorframe.

GIDEON takes a blade through the shoulder, doesn't stop. He drags a demon close, whispers something in its ear that makes it SOB before it dies.

He is surrounded. He smiles, sad and proud.

GIDEON  
I ever tell you about my boy?

He detonates the GUITAR CASE. LIGHT and SALT and SHRAPNEL rip the floor. Demons VAPORIZE. Gideon goes with them, coat falling last like a curtain.

The Stranger brushes ashes off his lapel, annoyed.

THE STRANGER  
Vulgar.

SERAPHINA cries without sound, chalk trembling, then steadies.

SERAPHINA  
Almost there, love. Push with the light, not against it.

NIAH (sweat, tears)  
If I break—

SERAPHINA (CONT'D)  
Then we break the world first.

THE STRANGER tires of patience. He peels. His face UNZIPS along an invisible seam. The man drops away like a rented suit. What stands is TALLER, THINNER, OLDER. HUNGER in a tuxedo of night.

His voice is now ALL THE KIND THINGS SAID FOR WRONG REASONS.

THE STRANGER (true)  
Open, little hinge.

He REACHES—and hits the circle like a WALL OF SUN. He hisses, steps back, the top layer of his hand SHEETS OFF.

He flicks the melting skin away, bored now.

THE STRANGER  
Do you think geometry will save  
you?

SERAPHINA  
No. But it slows you down while we  
finish saving ourselves.

He gestures. WINDOWS SHATTER. The city's dawn wind HOWLS through.

THE STRANGER  
Then let's see who runs out of  
numbers first.

He gestures again. The FLOOR begins to TILT—the steel screaming like whales. The circle slides, chalk smearing—

JACOB drops his gun, plants his shoulders against a beam, HOLDS the world level with his back and legs, groaning.

JACOB  
We land together.

SERAPHINA redraws the smudge with her BLOODY FINGER. The circle holds.

NIAH bears down and ROARS.

THE STRANGER lunges. Jacob MEETS him. They fight like IDEAS, not men. Every blow is an argument. Every counter is a paragraph. Jacob loses ground. He's only a man. He was always only a man.

THE STRANGER drives him to the window frame, dangles him out over blue morning.

THE STRANGER  
You were made to carry messages,  
little courier. Carry this: there  
is no home.

He lets go—

JACOB catches REBAR, one hand, body out the window, city yawning below. His left eye FLARES under the scar-brand TO WHITE.

He PULLS himself back, screaming unheard words at gravity until gravity LISTENS. He comes over the sill like a man climbing out of hell.

He grabs the Stranger by his black tie and YANKS him INTO THE CIRCLE.

The Stranger's eyes go VERY WIDE.

THE STRANGER (CONT'D)

No—

The circle EATS him like salt eats ice.

He SCREAMS—a cathedral falling.

What remains is ASH in a man's shape. Then wind.

SILENCE.

Niah pushes. The CRY that answers is not a trumpet. It is SMALL and SOFT and DECIDES the shape of the day.

The light that pours out is NOT BLINDING. It is SEEING.

They are all very quiet. Even the city is quiet.

Seraphina catches the child in clean towels that were never there but are now.

She lays the baby on Niah's chest.

SERAPHINA (ruined with joy)  
Hello, little law.

NIAH sobs and laughs.

NIAH

Hi.

JACOB sags to his knees. Blood, dust, a smile he didn't practice.

The room changes—just a little. The air warms. The brand under each left eye COOLS for the first time in centuries.

MICHAEL is there, because of course he is, and because he never left.

He kneels by Jacob, who is not going to make it.

JACOB (whisper)  
Did we do it right?

MICHAEL  
You chose. That is all that was  
ever asked.

JACOB (eyes on Niah and child)  
They're safe?

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
For today. That is all any day  
owes.

Jacob nods, once. Easy with it.

JACOB  
Good landing.

He exhales. The brand on his left eye FADES like dawn eating  
a shadow. His body TURNS TO LIGHT, grain by grain, rising  
like dust motes in morning.

NIAH watches, tears like pearls.

NIAH  
Thank you.

Michael stands, looks to the others.

Where REMIEL would wisecrack, there is wind in a high place.  
Where EZRA would curse, there is laughter from a memory not  
ready to die. Where CALEB would call them idiots, a tiny  
server light on the floor blinks once and goes still.

MICHAEL  
Doors open when you walk. That is  
what you forgot, on purpose. That  
is what you remembered, by grace.

He turns to go.

SERAPHINA  
What now?

MICHAEL  
Now you rest. Now you teach. Now  
you change diapers. Now you keep  
choosing.

He looks at Niah. He bows—THE GENERAL BOWING TO THE KING.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 If you want to name him, do it for  
 yourself, not for anyone watching.

NIAH (smiles)  
 He's not for them.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 No. No one ever was.

He vanishes like a storm that decided to be a breeze.

GIDEON'S COAT lands from nowhere onto a beam.

Seraphina laughs through tears.

SERAPHINA (to baby)  
 Welcome to the mess.

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EPILOGUE - DAWN

EXT. BROOKLYN ROOFTOP - DAWN

Niah stands with the child swaddled to her chest. Seraphina beside her, hair wild, eyes tired-happy. Caleb's old laptop sits like a shrine with a candle. Ezra's coin weighs the candle down.

Remiel's tie pin sticks in the tar roof like a flag. Gideon's prayer card under it.

The SUN comes up like a PROMISE no one can enforce.

NIAH  
 You think they'll come again?

SERAPHINA  
 Every day. In smaller clothes. And  
 we'll be here. In bigger hearts.

Niah kisses her baby's head.

NIAH  
 You were never a mistake. You were  
 a choice.

A figure stands at the edge of the roof-JACOB. Or the memory of him. He looks like a man in a reflection you only see at the corner of your eye.

He raises a hand in a pilot's wave—two fingers, little salute. Then he is not there, and the space he left is WARM.

Seraphina takes Niah's free hand.

SERAPHINA  
Breakfast?

NIAH  
Yeah. I could destroy some  
pancakes.

They laugh, head for the stairwell.

The brand marks under left eyes—Seraphina's, faint now—do not burn. They glow, like a COAL that is not pain.

The city wakes. Somewhere, a BELL that was broken rings once. Then again.

CUT TO WHITE.

TITLE: THE FALLEN

FADE OUT.

THE END.