

T H E  P I L L A R S
"Where Idols Once Stood"

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Air Date:
October 13, 2009

Episode 1.05
"Where Idols Once Stood"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. TREES, WASTES - DAY

The sun is shining bright in the noon sky. An ENDLESS field of tall grass stretches on beyond the horizon. At one edge of this expanse is the treeline of a DENSE forest.

CORBIN TRAVAIL stands on a rock looking over the long and open plain, his wounds healing and his body ready for action. His hands shield his eyes from the BRIGHT sun as he scans the fields.

The medical bag is slung over his shoulder, now noticeably lighter. He shakes his head at the long roaming fields.

CORBIN
This is going to suck.

ENZO appears just below him on the ground, the grass coming up to his waist. He has his rifle gripped TIGHTLY in his hand, a tense look on his face. He looks out across where Corbin is, shielding his eyes from the sun.

ENZO
The other way will add about seven days.

Corbin shakes his head in defeat and looks down at Enzo.

CORBIN
We can't.

ENZO
Well if you weren't a magnet for the Council and Fallen, it might be a little easier.

Corbin shoots an amused look at Enzo, who returns it with slight smile. Corbin returns his attention to the expanse.

CORBIN
How long will it take?

ENZO
A day, maybe more. And that's with moving during the day.
(Beat.)
(MORE)

ENZO (CONT'D)

We'd have no shelter, nowhere to
hide. Just plains. Maybe some tall
grass...

CORBIN

...But not enough to hide in.

ENZO

(shaking his head)
Probably not.

Corbin looks at him and shrugs.

CORBIN

Better than the alternative...

ENZO

Well since we're strapped for time,
yeah.

Corbin nods and turns to Enzo.

CORBIN

We'll leave tonight, then.

ENZO

(re: bandages)
You sure?

CORBIN

(pats his stomach)
No. But we can't waste too much
time. We wait another day, they
could be on top of us.

Enzo nods in agreement. He keeps his eyes on the plains as
Corbin walks behind him and down the path. He looks over his
shoulder and sees his friend is out of sight.

FLASH!

*- (From the previous episode) A small house sits in the
middle of the Wastes. It looks like it is well up kept. A
statue of life among the emptiness.*

ENZO

Already...?

Enzo grabs his rifle, shifting it to behind his back, and
tightens the strap against his body, securing it in place.

He turns and follows Corbin.

CUT TO:

First Draft

EXT. TREES, WASTES - DUSK - LATER

Corbin and Enzo are waiting in the shade under the trees as the sun sets behind the mountains across the plains.

CORBIN
Crossed this before?

ENZO
Yeah. But not while I was being
chased by people who want to
reclaim me.

Corbin grins, an expression of genuine amusement on his face.

CORBIN
Never a dull moment...

ENZO
Look, if anything happens, don't
stop. Just keep running.
(securing the bags)
Atlantia is at the base of the
mountains.

Corbin starts to do the same as the sun descends more and more.

CORBIN
(looking back at the sun)
You don't have to come.

ENZO
(checking his bags)
I promised I would.

Corbin nods. Nothing else needs to be said as the sun sets and light all but disappears from the sky, only to be replaced by a brilliant red and purple sky.

ENZO
Go!

The two break into a run and are quickly in the fields.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAINS, WASTES - NIGHT - LATER

Corbin and Enzo are running through the grass at full speed. Above them the waning moon shines with silvery brilliance among a sea of stars.

CORBIN

(panting)

Have to... Keep this up... The whole time?

ENZO

(Panting.)

Until we find somewhere... To hide. Who knows... When that... Will be.

They continue to run, the grass whipping at their arms and legs.

As they just over a ditch, an explosion RIPS through the field, lighting up the darkness with blinding ferocity. The whole scene is thrown around and disoriented. Dirt and burning grass falls to the ground.

All the sounds become distant and hollow.

BLACK OUT.

OVER BLACK

The sound is still hollow.

- 1. Explosions.*
- 2. Corbin screams 'look out!'*
- 3. A Fallen cries out.*

BACK TO:

EXT. PLAINS, WASTES - NIGHT

Scorch marks and fires are scattered in the tall grass. Orange HIGHLIGHTED black smoke snakes into the darkened sky.

TRACK through it until a BODY appears in the mud.

CONTINUE OVER until we see that it's Enzo, his eyes closed and facing straight up into the stars. He slowly lifts his head out of the dirt letting out a low moan as he does.

He rolls over and slowly opens his eyes. He moves his eyes over the grass and to the stars. He blinks and suddenly takes a deep breath and begins coughing.

ENZO

(through the coughs)

Dammit...

He continues to cough and slowly sits up. He's obviously dazed. He turns around, noticing the destruction and fires. He gets to his knees and falls into one of the shallow craters surrounding him.

CORBIN (O.S.)
Run! Enzo! Run!

Enzo shakes his head.

CORBIN (O.S.)
Dammit!

He shakes his head again.

He tries to stand, around him the burning grass is beginning to intensify. He looks back at the now distant trees and falls back down, unable to even get to his feet.

P.O.V. ENZO

Everything around him is continually spinning and moving. He took a hard blow to his head. His raising his hand above his head and can't keep focused on it.

Corbin comes over and grabs him and pulls him up with one hand, his other is filled with blue energy. He fires off a blast into the darkness as he and Enzo limp on.

CORBIN
Snap out of it, buddy. Come on.

BACK TO SCENE

Corbin is kneeling over Enzo, who is still having a hard time coming too. He drops his hand to his side.

ENZO
What's going on?

CORBIN
Fallen.

A **FALLEN**, his wings glistening in the light of waning moon, **SWOOPS** down, effectively *buzzing* the two.

CORBIN
How'd they get that close?

Enzo is regaining coherence more. He blinks and sits up.

ENZO
Hiding in the darkness. They were waiting for us.

Corbin FIRES a blast from his hand after the Fallen, clipping him in the wing. Corbin smiles to himself as the enemy falls.

The victory is short lived as another Fallen comes from above and delivers a solid RIGHT HOOK to Corbin's jaw, knocking him down and unconscious in one hit. He turns and BACKHANDS Enzo across the face.

Enzo collapses next to him, blood seeping from the side of his mouth. He tries to fumble around for his gun, his hands too slick and his sense too dulled.

He gets his hand around the handle but a boot steps on it. He looks up to a clean cut man with LARGE white wings. This is the OTHER FALLEN.

FALLEN 2
Looking for something?

Before Enzo can say anything he gets a STIFF BOOT across the face, sending him spinning side-over-side and knocking him out.

The Fallen steps away. His injured comrade joins him, the wounded top part of his wing drooped over his shoulder.

FALLEN 2
Gonna live?

FALLEN 1
(inspecting his wing)
I should.

Fallen 1 touches the burnt and bleeding wing.

FALLEN 2
Good shot.

This hurts his friend's pride.

FALLEN 1
(looking at him)
A lucky one.

Fallen 2 smiles.

FALLEN 2
I'll grab him. We need to get back
to the house before dawn.

Fallen 1 nods in agreement. Fallen 2 grabs Corbin under his arm pits then hoists him over his shoulder, between his back and his wing.

FALLEN 2
Can you keep up?

Fallen 1 flexes his wings.

FALLEN 1
Shouldn't be a problem.

The two leap into the air and with a FLAP their wings, they take to the night sky, leaving the unconscious Enzo behind and alone.

BLACKOUT

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. HALL, HOUSE - DAY

It's an old house which is surprisingly well maintained.

FOOTSTEPS can be heard rapidly approaching, and a consistent shuffling, like something is being dragged. After a moment two tall men burst through from a stair well dragging a body.

They move quickly. We FOCUS in on the person being pulled. It's Corbin and he looks pretty bad with a large bruise on his jaw. His head bobs from their walking, his arms are limp and he makes no motion that says he is even awake.

The two Fallen who grabbed him earlier are the ones taking him through the house. From another part of the house we can hear the FAINT singing of a man:

SINGING (O.S.)
*It's that the ghosts of idols will
do just as well,
We all see what we want too anyway.*

The two Fallen continue to DRAG Corbin. They come across another Fallen standing at the entry way into another hallway. He is guarding it. The GUARD simply nods as the two pass and continue on.

FALLEN 1
She wants to see him now.

FALLEN 2
He's not awake.

They stop and the first FALLEN looks at him, grabs him by the face and examines him.

FALLEN 1
He'll wake up when he needs too.

They start dragging him again and throw open a door. From inside the screen floods with white light.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Corbin is DROPPED at the FOOT of a bed. After a long moment, he moans and slowly rolls over. His eyes strain to open against. He gets on his hands and turns to see the two Fallen bow then leave the room.

First Draft

As the door shuts he shakes his head and looks takes in the room, which is immaculate. Nice paintings adorn the walls. Across from the door is a wall with ROCOCO styled paintings filling its white walls.

The wall between them as two windows framing a large CHERRY WOOD WARDROBE.

Beside him his an old and ornate bed. Thick, tall posts stretch upwards, rings and soft bulbs studding the pole all the way up. Beautiful carvings fill the face of the footboard.

Corbin gets up, his eyes on the bed and a WOMAN (early 30's) lying asleep among the soft blankets and pillows. She has soft, curly RED hair, fair skin, and a slender waist.

Over her body is a thin (you can almost see through it) gown flowing down from her shoulders.

She is SALEM, Prophet of the Fallen.

SALEM
Come to me child.

Corbin looks her over, considering what could happen. She begins to writhe seductively. He swallows hard, his face denying his body's desire.

CORBIN
I think I'll stand.

SALEM
You are weary. So weary, my dear.
Lay your head and take a rest from
all your burdens.

Corbin looks around then goes to the window and sees a LARGE city outside. He's shocked as he watches people move about. This was NOT here when he first arrived.

CORBIN
(turning to her)
Where am I?

SALEM
Do not concern yourself with that.

He turns back to the window and the city is GONE.

SALEM
A shadow fills your mind.
Uncertainty. Corbin, love, hope.
(MORE)

SALEM (CONT'D)

Rest and all will be laid into your hands.

Corbin spins around.

CORBIN

How do you know my name?

She sits up suddenly, her eyes still closed.

SALEM

I am Salem! I see you Corbin! The destruction of life you bring. Lay your self down and rest!

Corbin is pulled by an invisible force and thrown to the bed. SALEM falls down beside him, her light body barely sinking into the cushions. She turns to him, her eyes still closed. Reaching out she runs her fingers seductively over his chest.

CORBIN

I don't need sleep. I'd rather know what the hell is going on.

SALEM

The pain. Oh, my sweet love. Your pain. Close your eyes and let me take you to paradise.

Corbin struggles and she holds her hand on his chest. Her hand glows for a second, a power coming from her, and Corbin begins to look weary.

ANGLE ON: SALEM'S LIPS

...PAINFULLY close to Corbin's ear. She speaks with a lyrical INTENSITY that would capture ANY man.

SALEM

(whispering)

Peace...

Corbin closes his eyes slowly as he drifts into some sort of sleep...

FADE TO:

EXT. FIELD, WASTES - DAY

PULL THROUGH a cluster of grass into a BURNED clearing a few meters wide. Grass and plants smolder and smoke, their ashes lifting into the air like a pyre for their deaths.

In the distance, all across the field, SMOKE rises like black beacons for the battle.

CONTINUE through, into more thick grass to the motionless form of Enzo, lying face down in the mud.

He pushes himself up gasping from breath, mud covering his face and clothes. He rolls over coughing, dirt and mud falling from his mouth.

He breathes heavily and deeply.

ENZO

Damn...

He sits up and looks around, PULL BACK to reveal that much of the field is smoldering.

Enzo steps out from the grass and takes in the scene around him: He LOOKS to the mountains where they were heading, holding them in his gaze for a moment.

He turns back to where they'd come from. His body pulling him in that direction. This journey is over for him. He sees the bags of supplies that they'd captured and takes them. He grabs the one rifle and shoulders it too.

He starts to head to where they had come from then stops. Something is pulling him it seems. He sighs and turns back to the mountains.

ENZO (V.O.)

*Till the end, whatever it may be.
I'm here, by your side. I'll make
sure you make it to where you need
to get to.*

He shakes his head and a bemused smile slides between his lips.

ENZO

Oaths...

He looks back to where he was lying and sees the extra rifle lying not to far from him. He grabs it and puts it on his other shoulder with the bag.

He pulls his first one up and slides the magazine out to check the ammo. He doesn't seem to like what he sees.

ENZO

Damn.

He slaps the clip back in and checks the other; same deal. He surveys the area and sees a small group of tall rocks and nods to himself. He starts in that direction, his body parting the grass in flowing waves.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNCIL HALL, PORTSOUND - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT

...Of the TALL Council Hall and the city beyond. There are Councilmen out in the gardens, on the stairs, doing their everyday routine, things are looking like they're back to normal.

INT. ADAM'S OFFICE, COUNCIL HALL - DAY

Adam is behind his desk with a group of Councilmen on the other side taking seats. He nods as the last one sits down.

ADAM

Thank you for coming see me
Councilmen.

They fill in all the various couches and chairs around the office. One speaks. He is a tall, middle aged (43) gentleman with a simple grey suit. He is COUNCILMAN MARCUS.

MARCUS

We know why you asked us here,
Adam.

ADAM

(bemused)
Of course you do.

Another, COUNCILMAN ARGOS, an older man (60's) with a thick, round body speaks next.

ARGOS

Chancellor, we are no more joyed by
Mars' appointment than you.

A light chuckle echoes from several of the members.

MARCUS

We understand, more-or-less, your
position and the intricacies that
you must balance daily. Mars is a
child angry that he didn't win a
foot race.

A few more chuckles sound from around the room. None of these men are friends of Mars.

ADAM

I couldn't agree more.

(beat)

I would like to discuss what could possibly be done in the Council itself to have him removed from this position.

The Councilmen all share a look, they've already discussed this it seems.

MARCUS

(solemnly)

Nothing, at the moment. He's done nothing illegal and his plays for power are little more than the "standard", despite his transparency .

Adam nods in understanding.

ADAM

So, deal with it?

ARGOS

For the time. Mars is impatient, every attempt he's made for power in the last twenty years as been averted by him getting over zealous.

MARCUS

As we saw the other day in the Council with his motion to have you removed.

ARGOS

But there are other matters that have us concerned, aside from Mars' delusions of grandeur.

Adam straightens himself and looks to Marcus.

ADAM

Such as--

MARCUS

Such as Agon's repeated strong arm tactics.

ADAM
(chuckling)
Yes, Agon too can get a little over
zealous, especially recently.

MARCUS
He needs to be controlled Adam, for
your benefit.

There's a KNOCK on the door. Adam motions with his hand and
the doors part and a young, attractive female aide enters.
The Councilmen watch as she walks over to Adam and whispers
in his ear.

ADAM
(re: aide)
WHAT?!

She straightens up and nods.

MARCUS
What is it?

ADAM
(to aide)
Dismissed.

Adam turns to the window as she leaves and closes the doors
behind her.

MARCUS
What is it, Chancellor?

ADAM
The damn fool!

Adam waves his hand across his window and it TINTS before
being replaced by the IMAGE of a NEWS ANCHOR. We catch her
mid-sentence

ANCHOR
*... ago. Again, this just in,
reports from the Council have
revealed that a Runner escaped from
Portsound over two weeks ago.
Already officials from leading
civilian bodies are requesting more
information and an explanation and
apology for not being told
sooner...*

The Anchor becomes quite as she continues. Adam is FURIOUS.
He waves his hand and the window returns to normal. He turns
back to the others.

ADAM

He did it...

ARGOS

You knew it could not be contained
for long, Pengloss.

Adam can't say anything as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE OF THE SEVEN, PORTSOUND - DAY

AN ESTABLISHING SHOT.

INT. MEETING ROOM, TEMPLE OF THE SEVEN

The Seven sit in their chairs around a large circular table. They're all looking in one direction, their bodies trained on a particular chair where MARS sits. He has a friendly smile that could make the most stout person uneasy.

SARAH

Speak.

Mars tries to wear the facade of a happy man at ease, but he's obviously NERVOUS here.

MARS

Thank you for seeing me, again.

No one says a word. Mars gets the point and continues.

MARS

Well, as I am sure you have no
doubt noticed, there has been a
shift in the system.

(beat)

There will be a place for you.

A scoff comes from one of the hoods. It's JUSTICE.

JUSTICE

You think we'd capitulate so easy?
That as soon as you win a *political*
victory we'd cast our lot with you.

SARAH

I believe you over estimate your
chances.

MARS

Perhaps--

COURAGE speaks out now.

COURAGE
(interrupting)
No. You do.

SARAH
You've been told, Mars, you're threatening us with another civil war. Adam, for better or worse, has given us security and a chance to rebuild.

FAITH
We are not so fickle to abandon the choices we've made. We see things beyond your comprehension.

MARS
You continue to hold to a delusion.

REASON
It's you who holds to a delusion.

Mars stands.

MARS
That remains to be seen. The offer stands.

Mars turns and leaves. A DEEP chuckle resonates from Courage.

COURAGE
He really is a pompous ass.

A few more chuckles come out.

SARAH
Pompous or not, he is becoming increasingly dangerous.

COURAGE
Do we tell Pengloss?

SARAH
He knows already. He knows what's going on.
(she scans everyone)
We need to keep an eye out in the streams, see if this can go bad.

They all stand.

SARAH

We'll meet in twenty minutes for
today's declarations.

They all bow to each other and leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE, WASTES - DAY

AN ESTABLISHING SHOT.

The house is a large, two story building painted a **FADING** white. Despite several of the windows being busted out, the house looks like it was, or could be, a nice and comfortable home.

INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE - DAY

There are two bodies beneath the satin sheets. One is Salem, her face content and her eyes closed. The other is Corbin. He stirs and **SITS UP**, like waking from a bad dream.

He breathes rapidly, sweat falls down his face and now **BARE** chest. He feels his heart pounding and looks around.

CORBIN

What the hell? Where am I?

SALEM (O.S.)

Shhh...

Salem reaches up and gently touches Corbin's bare chest. Her fingers glide across his skin. He closes his eyes at the feeling.

SALEM

You should rest, more.

CORBIN

I don't need rest.

SALEM

You do. Your soul is weary. You
have felt the pain and suffering of
Saints. You will continue to know
it.

Corbin is confused. He turns to her.

CORBIN

What?

SALEM

I see the streams, Corbin. I know
where we are, where you can go. So
will you. In time...
(pulling him down)
Rest, love.

Corbin falls back to the bed slowly. He turns his eyes to the window, a blinding white light pours through. He sees a silhouette in the light, a FEMALE silhouette. Corbin blinks as she moves and appears to face him.

CORBIN

... Jennifer...?

SALEM

(closing her eyes)
I can see her. She's beautiful, yet
so alone and sad. You will take her
from her prison of duty and
darkness. She will bring you the
reprieve you seek and the strength
you yearn for.

Corbin watches as tears begin to well in his eyes.

SALEM (CONT'D)

She is your everything.

Corbin watches as the figure is engulfed in light. He closes his eyes then opens them after the light subsides. The figure is gone.

Corbin blinks finally and tears roll down his cheeks and across the bridge of his nose. He wipes them away and looks back to the relaxed Salem.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD, WASTES - DAY

Enzo is standing next to an outcropping of LARGE boulders. He looks around him and grabs some of the grass and examines it for a moment. He lets it fall from his hand and waft away in the wind.

ANGLE ON: HANDS

...Ripping grass up from the ground...

ANGLE ON: GRASS

Being twisted together into long patches...

ANGLE ON: ROUGH SHIRT

Enzo, shirtless, is tearing holes into his shirt using medical tape from the bag and securing the patches of grass to the shirt.

RETURN TO SCENE

Enzo has his shirt back on, long patches of grass sticking up from his back, forming a rather impressive bit of camouflage. He walks over to one side of the rocks, facing the mountains where he and Corbin were heading.

He lays down on his stomach and pulls the rifle up to his shoulder and looks through sight and scans the sky.

TIME LAPSE

1. Enzo waiting. Prone, looking into the sky.
2. Clouds move rapidly through the sky.
3. Enzo ignores a bug crawling across his cheek.
4. The sun DESCENDS from its noon zenith.

END TIME LAPSE

Enzo has his eye pressed to the sight.

Exhale...

He is perfectly still and surprisingly alert.

Inhale...

His finger rests on the trigger.

Exhale...

His eye TWITCHES.

Inhale...

BAM!

The shot rings out, disturbing the quite.

He quickly stands, smiling proudly at himself, and looks into the distant where a winged figure falls from the sky. He breaks into a run heading across the field as we CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD, WASTES - LATER

Enzo is walking LOW through the grass, the tall, thin stalks slapping against his face and body. His head is just level with the top of the grass.

He hears MOANING just in front of him. He pauses, waits...

He jumps out to find an injured FALLEN in the grass, blood pouring from a wound in his gut. He TRAINS the rifle on his prey.

The Fallen, per usual, is an attractive man. He wears a white silk shirt and black overcoat.

ENZO
Don't move.

The Fallen turns and looks at Enzo, fury in his eyes.

Enzo approaches cautiously.

ENZO
You're going to take me to him.

The Fallen falls with a huff, his hand on his side.

ENZO
You'll live...

The Fallen smiles.

FALLEN
I know. It hurts.

ENZO
Imagine...
(beat)
Get up.

The Fallen struggles to stand and gets to his feet with much straining. Enzo holds the rifle on him.

FALLEN
You know, I was sent out here for
you actually.

ENZO
Bullshit.

The Fallen smiles again, grinning through the obvious pain. He holds his hand on the wound, blood flowing thickly over his it.

FALLEN

No, really. They sent me to find you, and bring you back.

Enzo hesitates as the Fallen presents his hands, open and empty. Enzo doesn't want to believe him, his finger staying FIRM on the trigger. He reaffirms his aim.

ENZO

Where?

The Fallen points to the distance, still within the fields.

FALLEN

Twelve miles or so, that way.

Enzo glances to where the Fallen is pointing, his eyes darting away then back to his prisoner.

ENZO

How do I know I can trust you?

The Fallen smiles, again through the obvious pain.

FALLEN

If I wanted to hurt you, I already would have.

The Fallen moves his hand and the wound has mostly HEALED, blood still stains the shirt and his bare skin.

FALLEN

It hurts like hell...

Enzo swallows and nods.

ENZO

Lead the way.

(beat)

Slowly.

The Fallen nods and starts walking. Enzo lets a wide breadth come between them and lowers his gun, making sure to keep it pointed at his prisoner in some way. He looks around for others.

FALLEN

(without turning)

There are no others. I came alone.

Enzo looks back to the Fallen and clenches his jaw. Sweat pours down his face.

The two continue to walk, the Fallen a good three meters in front. Slowly they get into the undamaged grass and out of sight.

BLACK OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. AGON'S HOME, PORTSOUND - DAY

A large home, not all that different from Adam's seen in Episode 1.02. It's tall, thin, with a brick face, and a half circle driveway separated from the main road by a tall fence and gate.

The gates part and a long car pulls in. The driver gets out, he's dressed in a sharp black suit and wearing dark glasses. He walks around the car and opens up the back door.

Out of it steps Adam, in a black suit and black tie. He puts on a pair of DARK sunglasses and looks around, taking in the home.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, AGON'S HOME - DAY

Adam is sitting in a large leather chair, his back against the upright cushion. AGON, wearing casual clothes, enters with two glasses in his hands, each filled half way with amber liquid.

He hands one to Adam who takes it graciously.

ADAM
(taking a sip)
Thank you.

Agon sits across from him and takes a larger drink.

ADAM
I don't like it when you take a day off.

AGON
Imagine my surprise when I discovered I had a home.

Adam smiles as he takes another sip.

AGON
So, why exactly are you here?

Adam looks at his glass then sets it down. He looks back up at Agon and leans forward, his knees supporting his weight.

ADAM

Agon, I had a meeting today.
Marcus, Argos, Gralin, a few
others. They're just as worried
about Mars as we are.

AGON

But with his recent publication of
the Runner...

ADAM

Exactly. He's moved himself into a
perfect position. He's taken his
shot at me and failed. Arrogant as
he is, he won't make the same
mistake twice.

Agon looks away, agitated at this.

AGON

When?

ADAM

Soon.

Agon finishes his drink in one large gulp and turns to gaze
out the window wantonly.

AGON

(turning back)
So much for a day off.

Adam smiles and takes another drink.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE - DAY

ANGLE FROM ABOVE: Corbin lies motionless on the bed, the
sheets tight around his waist. He stares upwards unmoving and
expressionless..

SPIN slowly and DESCEND as Salem rises, her eyes a crystal
blue, and smiles at him. She bends down and lightly kisses
him on the lips.

Corbin returns it, but for only a moment.

CORBIN

No... Don't.

Salem smiles and begins to run her fingernails across his
chest.

SALEM

Why?

CORBIN

I don't want it.

She flattens her palm and begins running her hand down his stomach...

SALEM

Don't you want to feel alive again?

Corbin GRABS her hand as it goes under the sheet. She resists but he is able to pull it back out.

CORBIN

No. That life is over.

SALEM

Life is never over. Only the one you think you knew is over. This is a new one. A different world. One whose gravity is pulling you closer and closer.

She begins to kiss him again. Up his neck, her lips pressing lightly and seductively against his skin.

SALEM

(between kisses)

And you, where will you fall? From everything you've loved you'll find the new purpose in the eyes of the other world. Peace, love, reassurance are the goals you seek.

Corbin grabs her arms and pushes her back, holding tight to her wrists.

CORBIN

I had those. Now there's only Merrick.

SALEM

You had an illusion. A shadow of reality.

(beat)

And Merrick? Do you know where to find him?

CORBIN

Earth. The Earth.

SALEM

(slyly)

How do you know that?

Corbin begins to speak then pauses; how does he know that?

CORBIN

I have nothing but what I've seen
since I died.

SALEM

A strange thing, faith. Causes us
to do the most irrational things
for the most practical and basic of
reasons... Such as hope.

(kisses Corbin)

Survival...

(kisses)

Love...

Corbin AGAIN pushes her away but she doesn't relent.

SALEM

(pushing back in)

Let it happen.

(kisses his lips)

I'll show you where you have yet to
go.

Corbin hesitates.

CORBIN

Why?

SALEM

Because your soul is tortured and
pained. No matter your death. You
need this, whether or not you think
you do.

(holding his hands)

Relax, my love...

Corbin finally succumbs and pulls her in. The two begin to
move in the throes of erotic ecstasy: groping, breathing
heavily, the *smack* of lips.

She moves on top of him. He embraces her finally.

FADE TO:

INT. AGON'S OFFICE, COUNCIL HALL - DAY

Agon paces ACROSS his office between the bookshelves. Each quick step traces an invisible line that divides the room into two halves.

A KNOCK from the door then it opens. In walks Marcus, uneasy and anxious. Agon stops and faces him.

AGON
What is it?

MARCUS
He's bringing you up on charges of
mis-conduct.

Agon bites his lip for a moment then shakes his head.

AGON
I'll be down there shortly.

MARCUS
Are you sure...

AGON
I'll answer today rather than give
him the chance to rally support
against me.

Marcus nods. Agon waves his hand to dismiss him and he leaves.

Agon watches him go and the door close behind him and then resumes his pacing.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE - LATER

Salem is lying beside Corbin, her arm draped across his stomach. She watches him as he breathes, his chest moving up and down in rhythmic motions. He turns to her, his face blank.

CORBIN
What now?

Tears well in Salem's eyes and streak down her cheeks. She begins to breath heavily as she sobs.

SALEM
You will find your way, Corbin.

CORBIN

What does that mean? What do you know?

SALEM

I know that before the end, you will know suffering, joy, pain unimaginable, bliss unbelievable. An old man's dreams in a young man's heart. I see what I should see, what is allowed because they are cloaked in its unknowing.

Corbin pauses -- expecting something more.

CORBIN

Who are "they?"

Salem wipes some of the tears from her face but more keep falling.

SALEM

They are here.

(beat)

Here, standing in the shadow of their own lives. Their divine number will soon be sundered, most will strive to help, one from guilt the others from duty.

Corbin is confused. He doesn't know what to say. She continues to sob. Corbin begins to put a hand on her shoulder to comfort her, but hesitates for a moment.

He turns and looks at the door and swallows, his mind racing with options. He looks back to Salem who has closed her eyes and seems to be asleep again.

He slides out from under her arm slowly, trying not to wake her. He grabs a pair of pants from the floor and slowly pulls them up as he stands.

His steps are careful as he tries not to disturb anything or wake his captor.

He gets to the door and slowly opens it, only the slightest CREEK breaking the silence. He steps out and gently closes the door behind him.

INT. HALLWAY, HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Corbin releases the door knob and takes his first steps cautiously.

SINGING (O.S.)
(muffled)
We dream of ways to break these
iron bars...

Corbin JERKS around, listening for the singing again.

SINGING (O.S.)
(muffled)
We dream of ways to break these
iron bars...

Corbin hesitates then takes another step forward. He swallows and licks his lips, ready to speak...

CORBIN
(whispering)
We dream of nights without moon or
stars...

He takes another step, waiting for the sound. Nothing happens. He starts walking, SLOWLY, his hand gliding against the peeling paint on the wall.

SINGING (O.S.)
(muffled)
We dream of tunnels and of sleeping
guards...

Corbin turns a corner and stops cold:

Down an empty and dim hall is a single door.

SINGING (O.S.)
(muffled)
We dream of tunnels and of sleeping
guards...

Corbin shakes his head.

CORBIN
(whispering)
We dream of blackouts in the prison
yard...

He takes his steps forward and makes his way to the door, the singing having stopped.

He gets to the door and reaches out, a mixture of caution and anticipation causing him to do it SLOWLY.

His hand wraps around the handle and turns it. He opens the door slowly, letting it swing inward with a slight push and steps in.

INT. ROOM, HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Corbin takes ONE step through, just past the threshold and waits. He stares forward.

PAN to reveal an OLD FALLEN sitting in a rocking chair, his face and body turned toward the empty room's single window.

Light falls upon his deeply wrinkled face. He wears a simple loose shirt and a blanket covers his thighs. On his face is the faintest smile creasing his weathered lips.

CORBIN
(softly)
Look to the day, the Earth will
shake...

The smile spreads and the Old Fallen turns to him.

OLD FALLEN
These weathered walls will fall
away...

Corbin reaches out for him but is SNATCHED BACKWARDS OUT THE DOOR.

CORBIN
No! WAIT!

INT. HALLWAY, HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

TWO Fallen drag Corbin backward. He tries to resist, kicking and hitting at their hands, but they hold on tightly.

CORBIN
What was that? Who was he?! How
does he know that song?

They ignore his screams and pull him around the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD, WASTES - DAY

Enzo and the Fallen walk through the grass, Enzo still a couple of meters behind him with the barrel of the gun trained on him.

The Fallen casts a quick glance back at Enzo.

FALLEN
That was a nice shot.

Enzo doesn't say anything, he gives no indication that he even heard the statement.

FALLEN
(smiling)
You have some weird ideas about us.

Enzo's face contorts into a mixture of anger and disgust.

ENZO
(bitterly)
Like what? That you kill us?
Slaughter those of us who run?

FALLEN
(laughing)
Yeah, like that one.

BAM! Enzo fires off a shot past the Fallen's ear who only shrugs at the outburst.

ENZO
I'm in control.
(beat)
Keep your mouth shut.

The Fallen smiles at Enzo over his shoulder. Enzo raises his gun forward.

They keep walking, an uneasy and awkward silence settling between them. The Fallen walks casually, his hands stuffed in the pockets of his over coat, his hair flicking up in the breeze.

FALLEN
I could fly us there.

Enzo snorts at the idea.

ENZO
(sneering)
Yeah. Right.

FALLEN
That was my original intent.

ENZO
And how were you going to convince me to come with you in the first place?
(pointing)
Sweet words and pretty shirts?

He glances back, a wide grin still on his face.

FALLEN

We were able to get your friend
with little trouble.

(rubbing his side)

A few injuries for them and me and
now we have you.

ENZO

For what?

The Fallen shakes his head, his face solemn and honest.

FALLEN

I don't know.

(beat)

I'm a soldier. I was given an order
and I carried it out.

ENZO

Good for you.

FALLEN

I could fly us there.

ENZO

No thanks. I like staying in
control.

The Fallen shrugs.

ENZO

Just keep walking.

Off Enzo's determined face as we...

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S OFFICE, COUNCIL HALL - DAY

Adam and Agon sit together, Agon on one of the couches and
glass of water on the end table next to him. Adam sits behind
his desk, a couple of objects, a cup, a pen, etc., floating
in front of him.

AGON

You still practice that?

ADAM

The basics always maintain the
utmost in concentration.

(beat)

You know he's going to hit you
today.

AGON
Marcus told me.

Adam glances at the objects and they all slowly and gently settle on the table with barely a sound.

ADAM
You're rather cavalier about this.

AGON
Have to be.

ADAM
(smiling)
I suppose.

AGON
Whatever happens, happens.

Adam nods.

ADAM
Whatever happens...
(takes a drink of water)
You know, if he succeeds...

AGON
I'm trying to not think about that.

ADAM
If he does though...
(beat)
What will you do? Exile would be the only option they'd give you.

Agon thinks about it for a moment, his lips pursing as he lets the possibilities play out in his head.

AGON
Atlantia, I guess.

Adam HOWLS with laughter.

ADAM
To the place where our idols once stood? Excellent! You wish to dance with ghosts and eat with spirits?

AGON
(smiling)
I doubt I'd be much company for the dead.

Adam lets the smile fade from his face to be replaced with a more serious expression of contemplation. He looks over at Agon, the moment of levity gone from the room.

ADAM
None of us are.

Agon nods looks away and Adam looks down, the room losing its spontaneous levity.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE - DAY

Corbin stands along at ONE of the windows flooding light into the room. He squints against the white light, his eyes lightly glistening in flood.

CORBIN
What do you want with me?

He faces Salem. She sits on her bed, her knees drawn up with his chest covering her naked body. She rests her chin between her knees.

SALEM
What do you want with your self?

CORBIN
I am so sick and tired of the damn double talk that I've been getting since I died.

SALEM
Since you died...

Corbin shakes his head, anger brimming just below the surface.

CORBIN
You and your half crazed prophecies or whatever the hell they are.

SALEM
Glimpses of the possibilities.
Things maybe we, or you, were meant to see.
(shrugging)
Maybe not.

She offers her hand out to Corbin. He hesitates to take it and stays at the window, the light shining around him giving him an almost angelic glow. She puts her hand down.

Pain is the only look on his face. A deep and emotional pain that tells us he hurts as much as he's confused. Tears well in his eyes and he finally snaps.

CORBIN
WHY AM I HERE?!

Salem doesn't speak, she just watches him as he breaks down.

CORBIN
What is the purpose of this? Me,
here, in this room? Why?

SALEM
I want to know more about you.

Corbin is confused, he takes a step forward.

CORBIN
What about me?

SALEM
More than you could even know.

Corbin takes another step forward.

CORBIN
I need to know. I'm doing one of
the craziest things known to man at
the moment.

SALEM
(smiling)
What is that?

CORBIN
Following visions of my own life
filled with the woman I loved
telling me to find some old war
hero.

SALEM
Merrick...?

CORBIN
Yes! But I don't know why.

SALEM
Things have been set into motion
Corbin, things that you may, or may
not, have a say in any longer.

Corbin pauses, this bringing a new question to his mind. He eyes her for a moment, he soft and gentle face watching his every moment. She's studying him much like he is her.

CORBIN

Are you going to kill me?

Salem laughs out loud at the comment and looks back him with a broad smile.

SALEM

Corbin, we don't, nor have we ever,
killed Runners.

Corbin doesn't know what to say. He waits, the air between them having changed.

CORBIN

T-then... What do you do?

Salem's demeanor becomes warm and friendly, almost like a mother looking at her son.

SALEM

We set them free, Corbin. We show
them the truth.

Corbin is more confused more now than before. His mouth drops slightly as he tries to find the words to say.

BLACK OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. AGON'S OFFICE, COUNCIL HALL - DAY

Agon is back in his office now. He sits behind his large desk with a stack of papers in front of him. He signs one, flips to the other.

He sighs at the monotony and stops. He sets his pen down in the crevice of his desk meant for writing instruments. He rubs his temples and closes his eyes.

A KNOCK echoes through the room. Agon looks up, worry and a bit of fear in his eyes. Is this the moment he's been anticipating? Are they here for him?

With a wave of his hand the door opens and in walks a man in a black suit.

AGON
Can I help you?

The man nods.

MAN
Sir, you are hereby informed of charges being issued against you by persons in the High Council of the land. Your immediate presence is requested to answer to the charges.

Agon nods and the man turns and leaves. The door closes behind him and Agon waits. He clenches his jaw and his whole body tense. He grabs a small glass and THROWS it across the room, shattering against the far wall.

He stands and walks around the desk and to the door. He looks down at the glass and twists his wrist. He pieces and shards of glass twist and contort then reform into the glass. He keeps his hand in the air and points at the desk.

The glass FLOATS back over to the desk then settles on it with no sound. Agon turns back from it and turns the door knob and opens the door. He walks out and the door closes.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE - DAY

Corbin is now sitting in a chair a good distance from the bed.

On the bed sit Salem, still seductively sexy yet innocent. She has wrapped a sheet around her and holds Corbin's gaze with her own.

SALEM

Are you going to speak?

Corbin blinks himself out of his stillness and thought.

CORBIN

You don't *kill* Runners? You show them "truth"?

SALEM

We've never killed a Runner.

CORBIN

Never?

Salem looks deep into his eyes.

SALEM

(softly)

Never.

Corbin shakes his head and stands. He begins to pace around the room.

CORBIN

There have been hundred of them, maybe thousands. What happened to them all then?

SALEM

Not everything is what it seems, love.

CORBIN

No, I've caught that much.

She smiles and holds her hand out to him again. This time he takes it and she pulls him to sit on the bed.

SALEM

Corbin, this world is but a shadow of truth. The things, the man, you search for, those are but sign posts. Even I don't know what it all means.

CORBIN

Then how do you show the Runners truth?

She hesitates, the first time where she is unsure of what to say next.

SALEM

The old man. He's one of the oldest. Like you, we do not age.

CORBIN

What do you mean.

Salem takes a deep breath and looks into Corbin's eyes.

SALEM

It started at the end of the war...

FADE TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

SUPER: Some twenty five years ago...

We're on eye level with a rich green grass, beyond it is a clear blue sky. A large military boot steps into frame and we begin to move upward, we soon see that this is an Avalonian military uniform, if somewhat older.

SALEM (V.O.)

*We were soldiers in Lucifer's army.
Defeated but not dishonored.*

Continue until the profile of a familiar, but younger, face comes into frame. Adam Pengloss stares outwards. He steps forward, around him sit an array of weapons and troops, all trained on the field below.

PAN around to see a large formation of troops.

VOICE (FILTERED)

All troops, ATTENTION!

There's a loud snap as thousands of boots click together.

TRACK across the lines of the troops, young and old faces all scarred, physically and not, with the war behind them.

SALEM (V.O.)

*The man who's your chancellor now
was our executioner...*

Adam continues to towards them. He stops in front of one and looks him over with care then moves on to the next. His hand pats his once former enemies on their shoulders with a sadness and respect in his eyes.

SALEM (V.O.)

If, perhaps, he didn't want to.

He continues looking over the troops then takes a few steps back. A small wire wraps down his cheek and in front of his mouth from the device on his ear.

Adam looks over all the troops and shakes his head, a look of disgust and sadness on his face. He coughs lightly and it echoes out over the field. As he speaks it carries.

ADAM

I am General Adam Pengloss of the 7th Legion. Many of you I have met on the battlefield. I have been impressed with your courage.

A loud grunt resonates from the troops. Adam doesn't even break stride with his speech.

ADAM (CONT'D)

But your cause is lost, and your commander dead. You were promised terms by Merrick. Those terms were gracious.

(Beat.)

But those terms will not be kept. The newly formed High Council has declared Merrick a traitor and rescinded all his decrees as supreme commander.

The troops begin to cry out in rage and frustration.

ADAM (CONT'D)

The Council has declared that you whom have raised arms and done violence to the world of Avalon, are to be made null.

The cries become louder and more intense. On the hill above troops ready their weapons and energy balls begin to form with others. Large batteries begin to survey the gathering. The situation is beginning to seem tense.

Adam doesn't break one bit. He remains calm and collected. These are his orders, he's a man that will do what he is ordered to do.

ADAM (CONT'D)

All those who fail to comply will become Fallen and be hunted with the full resources of High Council.

Adam looks out over the troops with a stiff, icy glare as they continue to become more and more angry.

SALEM (V.O.)
Our cause was not lost, though our prophet was. In a single moment we all vowed to fight on.

He watches as many suddenly take to the sky and begin to fly off. Weapons and batteries from the hill open up on the fleeing soldiers!

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Salem holds Corbin's hand in hers, tears falling down her face.

SALEM
We've been waiting for a sign.
(wiping tears away)
When Adam enacted his program through the Seven, we knew that it wouldn't be long.

CORBIN
What do I have to do with this...?

Salem swallows the lump in her throat. Her love replaced with hope.

SALEM
We, I, think you may be the one we've been waiting for.

Corbin REJECTS this idea. He shakes his head and stands, pushing her away.

CORBIN
What? No!

He keeps shaking his head and backs away from her.

SALEM
You're different. You know it. Your fear of death taught you that you were different.

CORBIN
I'm no one's savior.

SALEM

You rebelled against the very thing
meant to quell the human spirit.
You rebelled, though you didn't
really know it.

Corbin stops pacing and looks at as she lays on her chest
across the bed and looks up at him.

CORBIN

You are crazy.

She smiles.

CORBIN

What am I supposed to do then? If
you're right.

(beat)

Let's just say you're right. What
should I do? Why am I doing what
I'm doing?

Salem rolls her eyes in contemplation.

SALEM

The interesting thing about
prophecy, even the prophecy I see
and give, is that everything is
clouded in the mists of the
universe. Something doesn't want it
to be all known. If it was, the
journey teaches us nothing.

(closing her eyes)

They see in you a messiah while you
will find little to be saved.

Corbin takes a moment to collect himself and sits back down
on the bed. He takes her hands, sadness and confusion filling
his eyes.

CORBIN

Where am I going?

SALEM

From the apostle you will be taken
on a journey to prepare the path.
Lines of poetry will declare the
light of God in your breath. You
will be lost in your suffering and
love.

CORBIN

What the hell does that mean?

SALEM

You'll know when the time comes.

Salem reaches up and brushes Corbin's hair from his face tenderly.

SALEM

I'll take you to him. Maybe he will show it to you...

CORBIN

Who? Show me what?

Salem moves from him and stands. Corbin watches her, his eyes glistening in the light.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD, WASTES - DAY

Enzo and the Fallen are still walking, Enzo a good six or seven steps behind his "captive." The Fallen STOPS. Enzo stops too, careful to keep his distance.

ENZO

What?

FALLEN

(pointing)

That's where we're going...

Enzo follows his finger and sees the FAINT outline of a house in the distance. He shields his eyes with his free hand to try and get a better look.

ENZO

Okay. Let's keep going.

FALLEN

No. This is holy ground.

ENZO

What?

FALLEN

Holy ground. We can't walk any further. We have to fly.

ENZO

Heh, not gonna happen.

Enzo raises his gun and aims it at the Fallen's head.

ENZO

Guess I'm done with you then.

His finger begins to squeeze the trigger but the Fallen only smiles.

FALLEN

Regardless of whether or not you kill me, the others, who are out there, watching, will kill you if you take a single step onto that soil.

The Fallen finally turns to Enzo, a broad GRIN on his face.

FALLEN

If you want to get to him, I'll have to carry you there.

Enzo hesitates.

FALLEN

You can trust me.

ENZO

How do I know that?

FALLEN

I'm a soldier, not a politician.

Enzo cracks a slight smile.

ENZO

I may still need more than that.

The Fallen points to his head.

FALLEN

Shoot here, right in the temple, if I go more than five feet above the grass...

Enzo contemplates this, his gun is fixed but the finger on the trigger eases. After a TENSE moment Enzo lowers his rifle THEN shoulders it. He pulls a small pistol out of the BAG on his shoulder.

ENZO

(re: pistol)

This should cover it then.

The Fallen grins again and NODS.

FALLEN

I think so.

He approaches Enzo CAUTIOUSLY, his hands OUT and OPEN where Enzo can see them. Enzo simply nods.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN CHAMBER, COUNCIL HALL - DAY

Agon strides out from the DARK hallway and makes his way to the center dais usually reserved for Adam. He WAITS a second then steps onto it.

The dais ROTATES slowly then RAISES a few meters above the ground. Agon tries to EYE every single one of them, but it's lost to him and he lowers his eyes.

Mars stands from his alcove, a good distance above the chamber floor. He walks to the railing and looks down on Agon, who returns the look with the coldest of stares.

MARS

Praetor Agon, thank you for coming.

AGON

(coldly)

Anything for the Council.

MARS

Of course.

(beat)

Praetor, you are officially charged with gross negligence and extreme abuse of power given to you by the Council.

AGON

What is your evidence?

Mars gives him a shrewd smile

MARS

I was hoping you'd ask. Our evidence is as such:

Mars looks up and waves his hand, a large image appears in the chamber of the execution of Teresa.

AGON

What about that?

MARS

The execution of one Teresa Travail was unnecessary, wouldn't you say?

AGON

At the time, it was deemed *necessary*. We took the chance that cutting off the Runner's support at home would cause him to return.

Murmurs begin to pick up. One Councilman stands, he's about midway up the wall, it's GRALIN. He's wearing a pretty normal black and white suit.

GRALIN

Councilman Mars, what is the point of this, other than to try and drag an esteemed member of the government's name through the mud?

MARS

Councilman Gralin, my *point* is that Agon did knowingly and willfully abuse his power. Gentlemen, we all know we are not above the law, and the law *cannot* be broken to justify the ends, no matter how dire.

AGON

Then what would you have had us do? Right or wrong in hindsight, we made a choice, and we felt it was *right* at the time.

This brings out several *claps* and "yeas" from the Council.

MARS

Then how was the attack on the Harbinger and myself to be considered right? Or, how was it to affect the search for the Runner?

(eyeing Agon)

How did raiding her temple and destroying parts of my home justify you breaking the law?

Agon thinks for a moment. Mars has him on that one. He looks down, his brow slightly creased in contemplation.

Beat.

He looks back up at Mars with a calm and impassable face.

AGON

It doesn't...

Now the Council erupts. Mars smiles but Agon holds out his hand to quiet them so he can finish, which they do.

AGON

I will not apologize, however, for my actions. The Harbinger and you, Councilman, threatened us repeatedly. While yes, my decision in how to execute the course of action was heavy handed, a course of action was needed.

More murmurs and discussion among the Councilmen echoes now. Agon waits and watches as Mars keeps his eyes locked on him. Gralin speaks out now.

GRALIN

Thank you, Praetor, you may step down. You will be summoned when we have made a decision about the charges.

Agon bows his head in respect and steps down from the dais as it lowers back into the ground. He makes his way down one of the hallways.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOUSE, WASTES - DAY

The sun beats down from the late noon sky. Not a noise to be heard, no birds, no sounds of wildlife or wind at all.

The old house sits in the middle of the open field, alone and solitary with the mountains on the horizon behind it. There is nothing around for miles, not even a tree.

In the distance, a winged figure approaches, flying just above the tall grass.

Enzo has his hand raised, trying to keep the pistol trained on the temple of the Fallen as they glide through the air.

They get to the porch of the house and the Fallen gently sets Enzo down. Enzo lowers the gun and looks at the front door of the house.

FLASH!

- *The vision of the house from the previous episode.*

ENZO
This is it...

The Fallen settles behind him on the steps. Enzo swallows hard, unable to really grasp what he's seeing. The experience that is now beginning to suck him in.

ENZO
What is this place?

FALLEN
Our last refuge.

Enzo takes a few steps and peers into the house through one of the dirty, grime covered windows. Inside is a large open room with couches and chairs, vases on tables, the amenities of a well lived house.

Enzo turns back to the Fallen.

ENZO
What now?

FALLEN
I followed my orders. Your friend is inside.

The Fallen JUMPS and with a FLAP of his MASSIVE wings takes to the air and is quickly out of sight. Enzo watches for a moment then turns back to the house and swallows his unease.

The pistol in his hand is stuffed into his pants and the rifle on his shoulder slides into his hand as he walks to the door.

He GRASPS the handle tightly with his free hand and presses the butt of the rifle against his chest. He takes a deep breath and twists the knob and enters into the dark house.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM, HOUSE - DAY

Corbin sits in a chair, perched against his knees looking at the old man slowly ROCKING back and forth in the chair. Corbin watches as the man stares outside with a blank smile.

Salem's hands rest down on Corbin's shoulders and she bends down to his ear.

SALEM
(whispering)
Ask him...

CORBIN

Ask him what?

SALEM

Anything.

Corbin looks up at her and she gives him a reassuring nod.

CORBIN

Where am I going?

The old man doesn't say anything. He gently rocks back and forth, the smile never leaving his face.

CORBIN

Nothing...

The old man's soft face turns to Corbin and he sings low and sweetly.

OLD FALLEN

*Some things are better left unsaid.
You know what's at stake.
Something's are better left unsaid.*

Corbin sits back in his chair, stunned. He looks up at Salem who wears a similar expression.

SALEM

H-he's never done that before...

She steps over to him and kneels, resting her hands on his. He keeps his eyes on Corbin, the smile slowly turning to straight lips.

SALEM

Ur... what is it? What is wrong?

UR

*As long as we keep it in textbooks,
then we'll be untouchable,
untouchable. We hate to lie to
children, but after all it's all
for their own good.*

(beat)

It's all for their own good.

A tear falls from his eye as he remains fixed on Corbin, almost as if he's saying sorry. Salem turns to Corbin, looking over her shoulder at him.

SALEM

Something more...

UR

*I still believe, they can save us.
I've lived this way too long to
turn back now.*

She quickly turns back to him.

SALEM

They!?

CORBIN

Enzo too...?

The door FLIES open and Corbin turns to see Enzo standing with his rifle aimed into the room.

ENZO

What the hell are you doing?!

Corbin turns back to Salem and she and Ur are GONE.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

COLD OPEN:

INT. ROOM, HOUSE - DAY

Corbin JUMPS from his chair and looks around the room.

CORBIN
Where did they go?

Enzo keeps his rifle ready. He spins around to check behind him, nothing. He turns back to Corbin.

ENZO
Who? The Fallen?

Corbin shakes his head and runs his hands through his hair. He moves from spot to spot frantically.

CORBIN
NO! Yes! The woman and the old man!

Enzo looks around the room with interest. He doesn't see anything or anybody with Corbin.

ENZO
When I came in, you were right there, just looking at the chair.

Corbin is beyond confused, he looks at Enzo but he doesn't have the answers. Corbin looks back to the chair as we CUT TO:

INT. MAIN CHAMBER, COUNCIL HALL

Agon stands on the raised dais once again, slowly getting a view of everyone in the Council. He waits, the anxiety evident in his every movement.

His eyes dart from person to person, his white knuckled hands grip the sides like it's his only means of safety. A bead of sweat slowly falls down the side of his face.

Beat.

Gralin steps up to the RAIL of his box and looks across the floor at a very disappointed looking Mars sitting. His arms are crossed as he sits in his chair and watches Agon with the slightest hint of disgust.

GRALIN
Praetor Agon, thank you for returning.

AGON

Of course.

GRALIN

Praetor, you were charged with gross misconduct and abuse of power in your position. As you requested, the specific charges of Murder of a civilian, terrorism, threats against a member of this Council, and threats against a state allowed pseudo-religious figure were read to you.

AGON

(nodding)

Yes.

GRALIN (CONT'D)

And to these crimes you plead guilt of necessity. Correct.

AGON

That is correct.

There's a shift in some of the members of the Council, this is a tricky situation.

GRALIN

With the *execution* of one Teresa Travail, we feel that you were correct, if over zealous, in your procedure. The evidence does not provide enough proof that she was indeed involved in her son's running, though it does not prove she was not.

(beat)

These charges are dropped.

AGON

(somewhat relieved)

Thank you Councilmen.

Gralin nods then continues.

GRALIN

As to the incidents that we have direct evidence of your threats against both a member of this Council and the pseudo-religious figure known as the Harbinger, a person who is allowed to operate under the auspices of the government, you did not deny in any way your actions, nor did you provide any *real* explanation of your actions.

Agon looks down and bites his lip, kicking himself for not having handled that better.

GRALIN

In your defense, you and the Chancellor are indeed privy to information that this Council and its members are not.

Agon looks back up, surprised at where this is headed.

GRALIN (CONT'D)

Inasmuch, it was believed by many in the Council that while your *means* were less than amiable, your purpose is understood.

(looking at Mars)

The Councilman did provide a hinderance and a possible security risk. As did the Harbinger. These charges will be wiped from the record. Now, while we are letting you go on this one, you do best to keep it in mind, Praetor, that this is an officiating body, not a gang. You will *remember* in the future that you are not above the law.

Agon bows his head and closes his eyes in a moment of relief. He looks back to Gralin.

AGON

Of course, Councilmen. My apologies for the brashness of my past actions.

GRALIN

(nodding)

Very well. Dismissed.

Agon bows again and the podium lowers back INTO the ground and Agon steps down, making his way to the hallway. Mars watches him go, his lip slightly curled from anger.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE - DAY

Corbin is LEANS against the dresser, his body rigid and his eyes fixed, unblinking. In front of him is the bed where he and Salem had spent the day. It's perfectly made.

ENZO (O.S.)

Corbin?

Corbin BLINKS and turns his head to face the door.

Enzo stands in the doorway, watching, the rifle by one side and the bag on the other. He reaffirms his grip on the handle and nods towards Corbin.

ENZO

You all right?

Corbin looks back to the bed, his voice is quiet and calm.

CORBIN

I thought you said all the stuff
I'd been seeing would be gone.

ENZO

(shrugging)

I thought it would be.

(beat)

There are Fallen outside. They say
they'll take us to Atlantia.

Corbin turns back to Enzo.

CORBIN

Atlantia?

ENZO

(stepping in)

Yeah. They say they can get us
there just before sunset.

(pointing out the window)

Which isn't long.

Corbin turns to look out the window just as the bottom of the sun begins to slide behind the mountains.

CORBIN

And once we're there?

ENZO

What do you mean "once we're there?"

Corbin's eyes begin to water as he stares at the sun.

CORBIN

Do we really still go through with this? Do we go to Earth? *The Earth.*

Enzo thinks, scratching his chin. Corbin turns back to him, waiting for the answer. Enzo holds his hands up and shrugs.

ENZO

We've come this far...

A smile pulls on the edges of Corbin's lips.

CORBIN

Yeah, I guess we have.

Corbin nods and heads for the door. Enzo watches as he passes him.

ENZO

How do we find him when we get there?

Corbin stops, his hand on the door frame.

CORBIN

I don't know. I'm sure we can though.

Corbin takes a step out into the hallway. Enzo hurries after him.

INT. HALLWAY, HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Enzo comes out of the bedroom and catches up with Corbin. He reaches into the bag and pulls out a folded shirt. Corbin sees it.

CORBIN

What's that for?

ENZO

(smiling)

I looked through some of the rooms while you were soul searching. All these are nice. I figure we can't go around looking like this once we get there.

Corbin agrees with a nod and a smile as they step outside onto the porch of the house.

CUT TO:

INT. AGON'S HOME, PORTSOUND - DUSK

Agon stands at the fireplace, his arm supporting him against the mantle as he looks into the yellow and red flames. The light plays on his face, a cacophony of emotion written on it.

Behind him, FOOTSTEPS echo in the large room.

AGON

I was wondering when you'd get here.

He pushes off the mantle and turns to see Adam standing behind a couch.

ADAM

Good job, today.

AGON

Thanks.

ADAM

I mean it. You took what he had and you beat it, with sound reason I might add.

Agon takes a seat in a chair facing Adam, he offers Adam a seat, but Adam refuses with a hand out and a slight shake of the head.

AGON

You knew I'd win?

ADAM

(grinning)
Never had a doubt.

AGON

I see.

A moment passes between them, one of reflection almost.

ADAM

I have an idea.

AGON

What's that?

ADAM

Perhaps we've been going about this wrong...

Agon isn't too sure what Adam means. Adam takes Agon's expression and nods.

ADAM

We've tried the stick. We've tried brute force with this entire situation. It didn't work.

AGON

Mars is practically an immovable object.

ADAM

Perhaps, but we can undermine his whole base now.

AGON

How so?

Adam smiles deviously at Agon.

ADAM

I have an idea. Come with me.

Agon remains confused for a moment then follows Adam as he leaves his house.

CUT TO:

INT. MARS' OFFICE, COUNCIL HALL - DUSK

Mars sits in his large leather chair, gazing out the window towards the sunset. His hands are steepled in front of his wearied face. His eyes remain fixed as a knock wraps on the door.

MARS

Enter.

He turns as the doors open to see SYBIL entering in long black robes. She seems to be angry as she crosses the room with a quick step. She gets to the desk and slams her hand down and leans into him.

SYBIL

You are failing!

Mars is quite intrigued by this remark.

MARS

Oh?

SYBIL

You have done nothing to get them removed. The Harbinger is not pleased. You *are not* holding up to your end...

Mars stands slowly, his eyes locked with Sybil's. He leans on his fists against the surface of the desk and closes the gap between their faces.

MARS

You obviously don't understand things, so let me explain them to you.

(beat)

Sit.

Sybil does as she's told, but with all the ire of a pissed off two year old. Mars walks around the desk and begins to talk.

MARS

Adam and Agon are not simple people to be rid of. Their *proposal* has worked to rather amazing standards, even I am impressed. They have a lot of willing support, and even more through intimidation. Do you follow?

Sybil nods, her face still filled with disappointment and anger.

MARS (CONT'D)

Furthermore, I told you from the onset of our mutual endeavor that this would be a long process. Granted they have given me the ammo, but did you really think I would be able to topple the very popular heads of this state in a week?

(looking to her)

Perhaps you bit off more than you can chew...

SYBIL

Then what is the point of all this - this political *posturing* or whatever you're doing?

Mars smiles, it's like he's educating a child with no idea what's going on.

MARS

I have chipped at their armor. I have shown they are far from invincible and can be attacked. I may lose these first battles, but I will not lose the war.

Sybil seems to let it sink in. She looks Mars dead in the eye and stands slowly.

SYBIL

Just remember, we're doing you a favor too.

On that, Sybil spins on her heels and walks away, which leaves Mars to admire her backside. Off of his smile as we:

CUT TO:

INT. SETH'S CHAMBER

A pair of doors part in the middle to reveal Adam and Agon inside of the elevator. They step out and begin to make their way towards the center of the chamber where the clouded light waits for them.

AGON

Don't suppose I could try one last time to talk you out of this?

Adam simply shakes his head.

They get to the swirling clouds. They wait only a moment before Seth appears, suspended inside of the light.

SETH

Are you giving me another chance at him?

AGON

Quite the contrary.

Seth looks to Agon then at Adam.

SETH

What?

ADAM

I want you to deliver a message for me.

Seth furrows his brow in questioning.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK PORCH, HOUSE - DUSK

The sun is beginning to set behind the mountains in the distance. Corbin and Enzo stand on the porch, waiting.

CORBIN

You said they were here?

ENZO

Well, I wouldn't step off the ground, holy ground or some deal.

ACRE (O.S.)

It is.

Corbin and Enzo turn to see a Fallen step out from the other side of the porch wrapping around the house. It's ACRE, the same Fallen who first hunted Corbin.

ACRE

(to Corbin)

What did you learn?

Corbin hesitates. He looks to Enzo then back at his former pursuer.

CORBIN

I-I don't know... Was there anyone even here.

ACRE

That depends on you. She is a fickle person.

CORBIN

Am I free then?

ACRE

Do you feel so?

Corbin nods in understanding. Another Fallen lands, his feet settling on a creaky board on the steps leading up to the porch.

FALLEN

Are we ready?

ACRE

I believe so.

Corbin and Enzo both nod.

CORBIN
So, she's real?

Acre smiles.

ACRE
I ask myself that every day.

Corbin turns to Enzo who is nothing if not completely confused.

ENZO
I really don't get this sometimes.

He walks past a smiling Corbin to the steps. The Fallen grabs him under the arms then lifts into the air.

Corbin turns and looks back into the house and freezes. There, in the hallway stands Ur on a cane and Salem supporting his other arm. She lays her head on his shoulder and gives him a reassuring nod.

Corbin turns away and approaches Acre who holds his hand out.

ACRE
It's time to go.

CORBIN
Yeah...

He takes Acre's hand and is pulled upwards into the sky.

As the two fly off towards the mountains, PAN to the PORCH and see Salem and Ur standing on it now, watching their guests slowly disappear in the late afternoon haze.

SALEM
You have nothing to say about him.

Ur answers her with a simple smile.

SALEM
(smiling)
I thought so.

Salem and Ur remain, looking into the distance as the sun starts to disappear behind the mountains.

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE

First Draft