

INT. HERMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex wakes up on a couch in Herman's living room; her cuts have been cleaned and bandaged. The cluttered apartment contains scattered pieces of furniture, and several dusty bookshelves filled with books on virtually every subject.

Herman is pouring Alex a cup of tea in the kitchen.

ALEX

Where am I?

HERMAN

My apartment. Twelfth Avenue.

Herman brings the tea over to Alex.

ALEX

(confused)

Thanks.

HERMAN

You're welcome.

Herman walks over to a bookshelf, where a winged Air Force medal sits beside a framed copy of Alex's editorial. It reads "Moral Absolutism Renders Religion Obsolete."

ALEX

For the tea.

HERMAN

Might be out of date. I don't have people over much.

Alex sips the tea, then spits it back out while Herman's back is turned.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

What do you remember?

ALEX

(slowly)

I don't know. There was a man. He hit me.

HERMAN

A man?

ALEX

Yes.

HERMAN

I guess you could call him that.

ALEX
What would you call him?

HERMAN
His name is Ares.

ALEX
You know him?

HERMAN
Yes.

ALEX
There were others, too.

HERMAN
Three others.

ALEX
And then - they were gone.
(beat)
Ares? Like... Mars? The war-god?

HERMAN
You know your history.

ALEX
Mythology. You- you shouted something.
What was it?

HERMAN
A binding spell.

ALEX
A- sorry, what?

HERMAN
It doesn't work on all of them.

ALEX
All of them? Who are these people?

HERMAN
They're not people, Alex. They're gods.

A long silence.

ALEX
Gods.

HERMAN
Yes.

ALEX
 (beat)
 You're insane.

Alex stands up shakily, and tries to leave.

HERMAN
 You saw them yourself! You think normal
 people move like that?

ALEX
 I don't know! Stop asking me all these
 questions!

HERMAN
 I'm trying to *answer* your questions!
 People are getting killed - it's them!

ALEX
 Whoever those men were-

HERMAN
 They're not men!

ALEX
 Fine! Whoever they are, we need help, we
 need to go to the police.

HERMAN
 You have no idea. You have no idea what
 you're up against. How could you?

Herman sits back on the couch, and buries his head in his
 hands. Finally, he looks back up at Alex.

HERMAN (CONT'D)
 Why don't you believe?

ALEX
 (distracted)
 What?

HERMAN
 How can you look at this world, at
 everything in it, and not believe in
anything?

ALEX
 I believe in people!

HERMAN
 (exasperatedly)
 Well, that's beautiful.

Alex glares at him.

ALEX

You think there's something *better* out there? You think there's a God?

HERMAN

I know there is.

ALEX

Then tell it to those people, murdered - in a *church*!

HERMAN

That's-

ALEX

Tell it to children dying of some horrible disease - five of them, every *minute*!

HERMAN

You're different.

ALEX

I am *not* different!

HERMAN

You *are*. You always have been.

ALEX

(beat)

You don't know me.

HERMAN

I do.

ALEX

No. You know where I work, what I do. Why don't we get to the good stuff?

HERMAN

Please, calm down.

ALEX

Let's talk about how *different* I am! Where were "the gods" when my father walked out on us? When my mother spent two years being eaten alive, because we couldn't afford chemo? Did they watch her suffer? Did they watch her leave me? I don't believe in a god that would watch that happen. I'm *better* than a god who would let that happen.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

Don't talk to me about *believing*. You have no *idea* how much I believed.

Alex storms through a door out onto the balcony.

EXT. HERMAN'S BALCONY - NIGHT

Alex rests against a stone wall overlooking the Hudson River. There is an overwhelming sadness in her presence.

Herman enters to stand beside Alex.

ALEX

Why did you come to me?

HERMAN

Because you care - you care so much.

ALEX

Sometimes I don't care. Sometimes I feel... nothing.

HERMAN

(with a weak laugh)

It's funny, isn't it? How little difference there is between feeling nothing, and feeling everything?

Alex reflects as she watches the world around her:

ALEX'S P.O.V. - NEARBY APARTMENT WINDOW

A MUSICIAN composes a song at a PIANO.

ALEX'S P.O.V. - STREET BELOW

A geeky-looking MIDDLE-AGED MAN and WOMAN stand a few feet apart, talking shyly.

ALEX'S P.O.V. - HUDSON RIVER

Two DRUNKEN YOUNG MEN stagger around on a stopped motorboat.

BACK TO SCENE

HERMAN

What do you see?

ALEX

(beat)
People.

Herman takes out his amulet, and closes his eyes.

HERMAN

Almighty Gaia, lift the veil from your
daughter's eyes so that she may see as
you see.

There is a moment where nothing happens, and then, suddenly,
translucent, glowing figures appear throughout the periphery.

ALEX'S P.O.V. - NEARBY APARTMENT WINDOW

A MUSE guides the Musician at his PIANO.

ALEX'S P.O.V. - STREET BELOW

A winged EROTE (love god) pushes the Middle Aged Man into the
Middle Aged Woman for a kiss.

ALEX'S P.O.V. - HUDSON RIVER

One of the Drunken Young Men stumbles, and is about to fall
off the boat when a SEA NYMPH rises from the water and pushes
him back to safety.

BACK TO SCENE

Alex breathes heavily as she takes in this new world.

ALEX

(humbly)
What am I supposed to do with all this?

HERMAN

What you do best. You find out the truth.
There's someone trying to hurt these
people. We need to find out why. Will you
help me?

Alex looks back at the people in front of her.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Will you help them?

A long pause.

ALEX
Who are you?

HERMAN
(smiling)
I'm just the Messenger.

Herman and Alex gaze out at the world around them.

© All Rights Reserved. 2014