

WALKÜRE

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INT. NEW MEXICO, 1945

JOHN is sitting in a wood cabin. John is African-American in his late 20s, in Navy slacks. Opposite him is a window out to the desert. The rickety wooden office he is sitting in howls and creaks in the wind.

2 SCIENTISTS walk down the hall talking in hushed tones. They see John and stop talking, only starting again when they are far enough away.

A man in a pressed suit walks out of a nearby office

MAN IN SUIT  
Captain Stewart?

John looks up

MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)  
Doctor Oppenheimer will see you

John gets up, straightens his uniform, and walks into the open door.

Sitting behind a desk is a bespectacled man who speaks in a soft German accent.

OPPENHEIMER  
Captain

JOHN  
Doctor

OPPENHEIMER  
Have a seat

EXT. NEBRASKA, TRELBY COUNTY CHURCH, SUMMER 1934

ELIJAH is standing on the small dusty main street of a farming town.

OPPENHEIMER (O.S.)  
Welcome to our Scorched Corner of  
Wasteland

Its a bright sunny day, but everything around him is scorched as if it had rained fire the previous night.

He is standing opposite a church. On the churches lawn are an assortment of pine boxes, sizes ranging from small to large. A few conscripted carpenters come and take one, a man cries in the distance.

INT. NEBRASKA, TRELBY COUNTY MEETING HALL, SUMMER 1934

THE MAYOR is looking down at long rows of corpses laid out carefully in what used to be the Meeting Hall. She is quite obviously still in shock.

ELIJAH stands next to her, tall and imposing.

THE MAYOR

He said he was a rainmaker. That he could wash away the dust.

ELIJAH

Did it work?

THE MAYOR

What?

ELIJAH

Was there rain?

THE MAYOR

For a few days. It didn't last

EXT. NEBRASKA, TRELBY COUNTY FARMHOUSE, 2 DAYS PRIOR

Its late evening and a YOUNG FARMHAND is priming the pump, trying to fill up a bucket. He works at it for a while, frustrated, until what looks like mud finally comes up.

The Farmhand curses under his breath and starts to look into the bucket when torrents of thick red blood come pouring out of the pump. He runs off in a panic down the road, coming into contact with a swarm of bugs. They darken the sky, then everything turns yellow and red with fire, and then eventually darkness.

INT. NEBRASKA, TRELBY COUNTY MEETING HALL

ELIJAH and THE MAYOR walk into a large meeting hall, probably a Moose Lodge before it was a makeshift Morgue. There are bodies lined up being tended to by family members and volunteers.

ELIJAH

What killed everyone here?

The Mayor doesn't answer, she is just staring down at the bodies.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

Ma'am?

THE MAYOR  
 (quietly)  
 They're the firstborn.

She is staring down at the corpse of a young woman, barely 17. The Mayor holds the young woman's hand as if she wasn't already pale with death.

An OLD MAN walks quickly into the building, disturbing the temporary morgue's quiet

OLD MAN  
 We found something.

He looks scared and is out of breath. Whatever he just saw scares him more than the 30 dead bodies in the room with him.

EXT. NEBRASKA, TELLBY COUNTY FARMHOUSE,

The Body of a YOUNG FARMHAND is lying in the middle of the farmhouse lane, bone exposed where locusts stripped away the flesh.

ELIJAH, THE MAYOR, and THE OLD MAN walk quickly down the farmhouse lane past the body of the Farmhand. The trees are burnt husks, the fields lay fallow and brown. Bugs crunch under foot.

Soon Elijah finds himself walking alone, both the Mayor and Old Man have stopped.

OLD MAN  
 In the barn.

Elijah understands why they don't want to go. He steels himself and continues forward

INT. NEBRASKA, TRELBY COUNTY FARMHOUSE BARN

Its dark, there are flies everywhere. ELIJAH opens the barn door and the light does little to penetrate the gloom.

He walks forward, trying to see what the flies are crowded around.

He comes to a perfect circle of blood, within which is laid out the skinned carcass and every organ of a cow, as if it had been an engine stripped for parts.

The flies are there because of the rotting meat, but refuse to cross the circle of blood to get to it. Whatever holds them back is holding Elijah back as well.

Elijah walks around the circle, examining the carnage. On the other side is a pile of cow-skin, presumably from the cow in the circle. Elijah lifts it up, its been cut and shredded. But he finds something underneath it, a small, more compact, piece of leather. He uses his toe to flip it over.

Whatever he sees disturbs him. He takes a white cloth out from his coat and uses it to pick it up

EXT. NEBRASKA, TRELBY COUNTY FARMHOUSE

THE MAYOR and THE OLD MAN wait patiently at their line in the road, peering cautiously at the Barn.

ELIJAH walks up with his white cloth.

ELIJAH  
Do you have a town doctor?

THE MAYOR  
I'll take you to him

Elijah starts to walk off

OLD MAN  
What do we do about the-...

The old man points to the barn, at a loss for words

Elijah responds without looking back.

ELIJAH  
Burn it down. Salt the earth.

INT. NEBRASKA, TRELBY COUNTY TELEGRAPH STATION

A small dark shack, the window broken.

ELIJAH sits alone, writing out a message

"Found rainmaker. Next town north. Please advise"

Elijah taps out the message in Morse. He sits back and waits

"Pursue at order of Angels"

Elijah writes it out after listening.

EXT. NEBRASKA, TRELBY COUNTY LINE

ELIJAH stands with his horse at the edge of the town. Behind him a plume of black smoke rises from a burning barn.

EXT. OUTSIDE BOZEMAN MONTANA, FOREST, DAY

EDIE is a woman in her 40s. She is wearing a large-brimmed hat that covers her face. Every once in a while you catch a glimpse at her eyes underneath, milky white.

She is walking in a dense pine forest, more hills and rock than flat land. She walks with complete assuredness.

Behind her stumbles HUNTER, a young man with a rifle slung over his back.

EDIE

You shot it in the head?

HUNTER

It still wouldn't go down.

EDIE

You don't hunt wolves

Hunter jogs to catch up

HUNTER

My family's herd's been disappearing. I'm not letting my folks starve

EDIE

Neither is what you were shooting at.

HUNTER

Its the wolves thats eating my cattle, not me thats eating their deer

EDIE

Shhh.

Hunter shuts up, but doesn't look happy about it.

HUNTER

Are you sure you know where you're going?

EDIE

Yes.

HUNTER

I mean, do you need any help-

Eddie stops and turns around. Her milky-white eyes fully visible, though not quite looking at Hunter.

EDIE

Stop talking

Hunter does. Eddie keeps walking through the forest, deftly avoiding undergrowth and tree branches

EDIE (CONT'D)

Nature is so much bigger than you, boy. Don't start to think you can win. You hear that?

Hunter doesn't. Eddie continues faster down the trail, coming onto a small creek that cut a line down the hill.

On the side of the creek is what looks like a very large wolf. There is a bloody hole where one of its eyes used to be.

EDIE (CONT'D)

That's not a wolf

HUNTER

What?

Eddie goes closer, cautiously. Hunter stays behind

EDIE

Quaewolf. Bastard child of a wolf and coyote.

She kneels down, coming closer to the creature, who is too tired to protest.

EDIE (CONT'D)

She was probably rejected by the pack. Look at these scars

There are long scars hidden underneath the fur on the Quaewolf's neck and back.

EDIE (CONT'D)

She fought back. Good girl.

She looks back in Hunter's general direction.

EDIE (CONT'D)

Your rifle?

Hunter steps up, slinging his rifle into his hands

HUNTER

Let me do it

EDIE

You've done enough.

She holds out her hands and he guides the rifle to them.

She stands and points the rifle down, the muzzle of it right against the top of the creature's spine. She takes a breath, about to pull the trigger-

But she stops right before. She kneels down and sets the rifle down beside her. She takes some water from the stream and cups it in her hand, bringing it to the creature to drink. It does.

She cups it's head

EDIE (CONT'D)

You didn't deserve this.

She stands up, patting around for the rifle and leveling it, once again.

EDIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, sister.

The Quaewolf breaths out a sigh. A gunshot sounds. The forest echoes in silence, but it isn't long until the birdcalls start up again.

She takes a length of rope out of her belt and starts tying the dead Quaewolf's hind feet

EDIE (CONT'D)

Come by my property after dawn  
tomorrow, I'll give you your share  
of the meat

HUNTER

But-

EDIE

You'll take it and use it. Not just  
for dog food. You need to eat some  
of it yourself.

Hunter doesn't understand, but he knows better than to argue

HUNTER

OK



EDIE  
The pelt is mine.

HUNTER  
Can I have my-

She holds out the rifle. He walks up and takes it cautiously.

EDIE  
Leave now.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA, PISGAH FOREST, SUMMER 1934

EZEKIAL  
That's a nice bit of stonework  
there

Ezekial, who does not look as if he has aged in the last 10 years, has gathered a few more scars.

Jenny is working at carving a block of stone with a pneumatic drill. Its shaping to be a 6-foot tall cross. She wipes her hand across her forehead, leaving a stripe of granite dust

EZEKIAL (CONT'D)  
You got a little something there on  
your forehead, miss.

JENNY  
You call me "miss" again and I'll  
tear you a new anus with an air-  
powered masonry drill- And what's  
this I conveniently have by my  
side? What could that possibly-

EZEKIAL  
Its a Masonry Drill, no need to  
belabor the point, there.

Jenny puts her hands on her hips

EZEKIAL (CONT'D)  
Sorry miss, I'll leave you be

JENNY  
What the hell did I tell you about  
calling me Miss

EZEKIAL  
Well, its just that I don't know  
your name-

Jenny smiles and quickly sticks out her hand

JENNY

I'm Jenny

Ezekial nods his head

EZEKIAL

Zeke.

JENNY

Too good to shake my hand, Zeke?

Ezekial smiles

EZEKIAL

No Ma'am- Jenny.

He smiles and pulls his stump out of his coat pocket

EZEKIAL (CONT'D)

I just don't have much of a hand to  
shake with

It takes Jenny a moment to realize what's missing, then she immediately stumbles over an apology.

JENNY

I'm so sorry

EZEKIAL

Its fine. No way for you to know.  
(smiles)  
I know how you can make it up to  
me.

INT. NORTH CAROLINA, ASHEVILLE PUB, SUMMER 1934

JENNY walks up to a small table with two smudged glasses filled with what looks like it could be beer.

Ezekial smiles and sips the beer lovingly. Jenny eyes him, laughing quietly.

JENNY

You do security for the highway?

EZEKIAL

I stand around and look tough. Had  
to run off a mother-bear last week.  
Most fun I've had in months.

JENNY

I shouldn't ask

She can't help herself

JENNY (CONT'D)

Why'd they hire a one-handed goon?

EZEKIAL

Why'd they hire a stick of straw to swing away at piles of stone all day

JENNY

Well I guess we're both just that good

EZEKIAL

I guess we are

INT. NORTH CAROLINA, ASHEVILLE PUB, SUMMER 1934, LATER THAT EVENING

JENNY went to get another pitcher of beer, and EZEKIAL is patting his pockets for cigarettes.

3 WPA workers come up to Jenny at the bar. One is heavier, PORK, the other sticks to the back, following the herd, this is YELLOW. The last is CRISCO, who has petrified his hair with lard.

Jenny is laughing with them

EZEKIAL

(to Jenny)

Are these men bothering you

JENNY

If they were I'd take care of it.

Pork, Yellow, and Crisco all look at the shorter Ezekial, as if they are daring him to interfere.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Naw, I'm waiting to see which one of them can best me at arm wrestling

Jenny has gotten somewhat drunk. She points at Crisco

JENNY (CONT'D)

You like you enjoy your own company nightly enough that you've built up some right arm beef. You first.

Jenny clears off a table, and starts to gather a small crowd. She puts her elbow down on the table

Crisco swaggers over like he has boulders hanging between his legs. Yellow and Pork slap him on the back, egging him on.

CRISCO

I hate to wrestle a lady, but as  
you ain't dressed like one

He puts his elbow on the table.

She gives him a 'ready' nod, he nods back.

JENNY

Someone give us a count

The BARTENDER has joined the crowd, he steps up

BARTENDER

Count of 3? 3- 2- 1-

As soon as he finishes there is a brief struggle, and Jenny has Crisco's hand to the table.

Crisco isn't happy, the crowd cheers, and Jenny chugs the last of her beer.

CRISCO

I wasn't ready. Lets go again.

They do it again, and again. 5 times. Jenny wins all 5.

The rest of the crowd decides to give it a go, and none but a few could best her.

EZEKIAL

Alright, folks. Shows over. Lets  
give her a break

Crisco walks up, much drunker than before

CRISCO

Why don't you shut up and walk back  
to the bar so someone can put this  
bird over his knee

Ezekial rolls his eyes and turns to the young man

EZEKIAL

You see, I was just having a nice  
conversation that I'd like to get  
back to

Crisco isn't listening, we winds up for a punch

CRISCO

You ugly-

And just as he tries to swing, Ezekial comes in low with his shoulder, using his right hand to hold Crisco in place as he stands up, lifting Crisco clear from the floor

Crisco looks green

CRISCO (CONT'D)

Please put me down.

Ezekial does carefully, steadying Crisco against the bar.

EZEKIAL

You done yet?

Yellow walks up, speaking for the first time

YELLOW

Yeah, mister. Sorry. Let me get him back to camp.

Jenny comes up

JENNY

Least we can do is feed you fellows some Chili.

She turns to Ezekial, speaking to him quietly

JENNY (CONT'D)

Don't try to fight my fights for me. Its not polite

Ezekial puts his hands up.

They all sit down, cupping chili, eating it slowly. Jenny slaps them on the shoulder, laughing. They're in better spirits.

Pork speaks, turning his attention from Jenny to Ezekial.

Pork Looks at Ezekial but speaks to Jenny

PORKY

So why are you here with his ugly mug.

Ezekial leans forward, not bothering to hide his stump.

PORKY (CONT'D)

(to Ezekial)

I'm not intimidated. If you wanted a fight you would have kicked his ass when you had the chance.

Yellow speaks

YELLOW

How'd-... How'd you lose the hand.

Jenny looks at the two of them

JENNY

You ever heard of privacy?

Porky leans in

PORKY

The war.

(To Ezekial)

But you look a little young for it

EZEKIAL

It wasn't the war. Lost it 8 years ago.

CRISCO

He asked you HOW-

JENNY

You don't have to talk about it

Ezekial takes a long drink, smiling at the 3 young workers

EZEKIAL

It got taken off with a switchblade

YELLOW

Why?

EZEKIAL

Well- I figure I must have pissed him off somehow.

Porky and Crisco nod silently, but Yellow is thinking

YELLOW

No. I mean- cutting through bone with that small a knife. My uncle's a butcher- he's the big mean sort, he couldn't do it.

EZEKIAL

Well, I think we proved today that  
muscle can hide

He smiles at Jenny, a way to let her know the questions don't  
bother him.

EZEKIAL (CONT'D)

Lets just try to forget-

PORKY

You'd be almost 40 if you fought in  
the war. 18 years. You sure as hell  
don't look 40.

CRISCO

Yeah!

Ezekial loses his easy rapport. His eyes are lost in the  
past, just for a moment.

EZEKIAL

I was 14. I lied, they knew, but  
they didn't care. They needed  
trench meat. I was 15 out of basic,  
got back when I was 19.

They're all quiet, made awkward by truths they didn't want to  
hear. Ezekial laughs

EZEKIAL (CONT'D)

I tell you, by the time I got out  
of training I swear that I knew  
everything there was to know about  
Women from what the other boys told  
me. That knowledge earned me my  
share of knocks about the head.

They all chuckle.

EZEKIAL (CONT'D)

I am in need of another beer.  
Anyone else?

They all raise empty glasses. Ezekial gets up and goes to the  
bar, taking a moment to breath, unclenching his left hand.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA, PISGAH FOREST, LATER THAT NIGHT.

EZEKIAL and JENNY are walking along a dirt path, the WPA  
workers camp is visible in the darkness, a few late lanterns  
still lit to light the way.

JENNY

I'm sorry they pried so much.

EZEKIAL

People like to do that, it doesn't worry me anymore. They learn one thing about me and think they know me.

JENNY

Its rude

EZEKIAL

Its the way of things.

Jenny takes Ezekial's arm.

JENNY

I got a tent to myself, if you want to-

EZEKIAL

Not tonight. I owe you a proper night out.

Jenny raises her eyebrows with a smile. Both surprised and impressed

JENNY

Don't leave me waiting too long. I'm not patient.

She smiles, waves, and jogs over to her tent.

Ezekial laughs to himself

EZEKIAL

(to self)

Its like I don't even know who I am, anymore.

INT. LOS ANGELES, SLAUGHTERHOUSE FLOOR

Blood drips onto the floor into a large ichor-filled puddle. Something large and heavy then falls heavily into it.

Its a cow, freshly bled and ready to be skinned. Its dragged off further down the line

Further up the line is another cow, swinging on chains as the last of its blood drips dark into a large tub.



Further still up the line, a group of workers tie the hind feet of the cow together and hook it, raising it up by chain winch so that its dangling like the other.

There is a loud thump and crack.

A cow slides limply down a metal slide.

Standing in front of a locking chute at the top of the slide is RICHARD, holding a very large hammer.

A cow is being led into a chute in front of him

RICHARD

Lock her up!

The sides of the chute clamp down and the Cow protests, throwing its weight around.

He looks it in the eyes, raises the hammer up, and brings it down with all his weight.

EXT. LOS ANGELES, SLAUGHTERHOUSE

A small group of SLAUGHTERHOUSE workers are gathered around in still-bloody overalls, taking a smoke break, passing around a few colas and flasks. RICHARD is relaxing with the rest of them, sweating profusely.

WORKER 1

Any word on Tommy?

WORKER 2

They had to take the hand

WORKER 1

Jesus.

WORKER 3

It ain't right

RICHARD

Second time in a week with that saw.

WORKER 1

Who else?

WORKER 3

Julian lost a finger

WORKER 2

What finger?

There are laughs all around

WORKER 3  
Which finger?

WORKER 2  
Yeah, what finger

WORKER 1  
Why does it matter what finger?

WORKER 2  
I just want to know

Richard sees someone in the distance catch his eye and wave him over. Richard gets up and jogs on over

RICHARD  
Yeah?

WORKER 4  
Richard, we got someone over at the office asking for you

RICHARD  
Who?

INT. LOS ANGELES, SLAUGHTERHOUSE, OFFICE

RICHARD walks into the office, taking his hat off and wiping his shoes. Its pretty notable that everyone in the office is white, unstained by their professional endeavors. Richard looks out of place, but he isn't the only one.

Standing in tan Military Dress is a RED-HAIRED ANGEL. Richard stops, suddenly very nervous

RED-HAIRED ANGEL  
Richard Samson Stewart?

Richard doesn't salute or move other than to say-

RICHARD  
Yes.

RED-HAIRED ANGEL  
May we find a private place to talk?

RICHARD  
No.

RED-HAIRED ANGEL

We can converse here, then. You know why I am here.

RICHARD

Yes.

RED-HAIRED ANGEL

Your nation needs you, Richard Samson Stewart.

RICHARD

No it doesn't. My nation doesn't even want me, can't even see fit to give me my pension, so tell me how my Nation can "need" me.

The Angel walks up, face as impassive as ever.

RED-HAIRED ANGEL

War is coming, Richard Samson Stewart. As inevitable as Death or Dawn, War is coming. Are you going to run from it?

Richard matches the Angel's gaze. The office around the two has gone silent.

EXT. BELGIUM FRONT, 1918, WINTER.

EDIE, A tall woman, sits in a trench. Her hair is held up by string and she is wearing thick trousers, made for men. At her side is a trench knife, well taken care of. She is looking over the trench and taking notes.

ELIJAH sits down the trench, he has a long cut on his forehead, his eye is bruised. He doesn't look happy and takes a swig from a leather flask.

There is the crack of a rifle

EZEKIAL and RICHARD are sitting at the edge of the trench, Ezekial looking through binoculars, RICHARD with his finger on the trigger of a Springfield.

Richard is well built, he hides his curly hair under a hat, but some always manages to escape.

EZEKIAL

24!

RICHARD  
How can I have killed 24 germans if  
I've only fired 23 times

EZEKIAL  
One of them got two.

RICHARD  
How can you possibly know that?

EZEKIAL  
Math.

Richard laughs.

Edie turns to Elijah

EDIE  
I didn't think that Priests were  
allowed to fight

ELIJAH  
I didn't think that nurses were  
supposed to be armed.

She gestures to the flask that Elijah is trying to hide

EDIE  
Mind if I take a nip?

He tosses it to her and she takes a swig.

EDIE (CONT'D)  
I just want something to happen.

ELIJAH  
No you don't.

EXT. CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES, 1934

RICHARD is sitting on his front porch.

The sun is setting, Richard is smoking a pipe.

JOHN  
Dad, did you hear me?

Richard doesn't answer him. Next to him is his son, JOHN, 17 years old, his eyes fiery. Richard draws on the pipe and breathes out, the smoke falling through the air like artillery shells.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I said I want to join the army,  
like you.

RICHARD

No.

John looks at his dad, hurt and angry in only the way that  
adolescence can provide

JOHN

I thought you'd be proud of me.

RICHARD

No- its not that. I'm always proud  
of you.

He smiles at his son and looks out across the hills.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Just not the army. The spirit of  
General Lee still lives in West  
Point. Its the confederate disease  
and our kind may never be welcome.

JOHN

I can pass, just like you did.

RICHARD

I passed because they didn't care  
to look too deeply. But the war is  
over.

Richard takes another draw at the pipe, this time a Valkyrie  
riding an 8-legged horse comes galloping out of the smoke

RICHARD (CONT'D)

For now.

JOHN

So what do I do?

RICHARD

The Navy. If I'd had a choice  
that's what I would have done. At  
least you won't be trapped in a  
foxhole when there's another war.

JOHN

Will there be another war?

RICHARD

There will always be another war.

Richard gets up. As he sets his pipe down, a man made of smoke climbs out of the pipe like he is climbing out of a foxhole, but is immediately shot down.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Go grab a lantern, there's  
something in the attic I need to  
show you.

John runs off into the house.

DALIA, Richard's wife, Walks out of the house. Richard starts to stand but she pushes him back into the chair. Her hands hard with callouses, hair short and pulled back, she exudes strength.

DALIA  
Does he have to know?

RICHARD  
I think he already does. He should  
hear the truth.

Dalia goes to hug Richard.

DALIA  
You still wake up sweating and  
moaning. What if this follows him  
like it followed you?

Richard just hugs back.

RICHARD  
It might.

Richard steels himself for a moment

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Darling?

DALIA  
Yes?

RICHARD  
The Angels found me again.

DALIA  
You have to go?

RICHARD  
Something is happening.

Dalia leans in close, her hand on Richard's neck.

DALIA  
Go talk to our son.

RICHARD  
Yeah.

Richard takes a shakey breath, keeping it under control

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
If I don't break his heart, I'll  
break mine.

EXT. NEBRASKA, SUMMER 1934

Elijah has been riding north.

The first town he stopped at was burned like the first.

He goes to talk to them and they all run away, hiding in their shop windows. The church has been burnt to the ground, and bodies lie rotting on the front lawn.

So he rides on to the next town.

This one is just as burned, just as scarred. A child covered in boils runs across an empty main boulevard as ELIJAH gets into town.

Elijah jumps off of his horse and talks to the kid, who points further down the boulevard.

EXT. NEBRASKA, FATHER CRUCZYK'S CHURCH

ELIJAH comes to a small church that is blackened with soot but still standing. He goes to open the door.

INT. NEBRASKA, FATHER CRUCZYK'S CHURCH

FATHER CRUCZYK is kneeling at the pew. He gets up when the door opens, and stands at the other end of the church from ELIJAH.

The sun streams through the windows.

INT. NEBRASKA, FATHER CRUCZYK'S CHURCH, LIVING QUARTERS

A small, sparsely appointed room off the back of the church. FATHER CRUCZYK is sitting on his bed, while ELIJAH is sitting at the only chair next to a small table. Both are drinking muddy coffee.

The Father looks up after what must have been a long silence

FATHER CRUCZYK  
Is it the end times?

Elijah is surprised by the question

ELIJAH  
I don't think so.

FATHER CRUCZYK  
That's good.

The Father takes out a cigarette and offers Elijah one,  
Elijah refuses.

FATHER CRUCZYK (CONT'D)  
Why did God visit the plagues upon  
this town.

ELIJAH  
I don't know

FATHER CRUCZYK  
But you're here to find out?

ELIJAH  
Yes.

FATHER CRUCZYK  
Good.

The Father seems calmer now.

ELIJAH  
I'm looking for a rainmaker

FATHER CRUCZYK  
We've had many.

ELIJAH  
About two weeks ago? Before the  
plagues came.

FATHER CRUCZYK  
They were the last to come

ELIJAH  
They?

FATHER CRUCZYK  
A small boy and an old woman.

Elijah is worried.



FATHER CRUCZYK (CONT'D)  
They had something to do with...

He is at a loss to describe what has happened to his town.

ELIJAH  
I don't know. Its possible.

The Father puts the cigarette out, carefully scraping the ember from the rest of the cigarette and placing it by his bed.

FATHER CRUCZYK  
These are dark times

ELIJAH  
They are.

Father Cruczyk leans over, grabbing Elijah's hand.

FATHER CRUCZYK  
We're going to be fine. We'll  
rebuild the town, start over.

Elijah looks up, eyes red. The last few months have been long and filled with things no one should have to see. Its taken its toll.

FATHER CRUCZYK (CONT'D)  
I've seen the world at war, lost my  
son to Influenza, watched Dust  
swallow my flock, and watched my  
flock run from their own God with  
terror. You take your punches and  
you get back up.

Their eyes meet, The Father smiles at Elijah, Elijah does his best to smile back.

EXT. BELGIUM FRONT, 1918, WINTER.

The air is foggy and thick. The world is quiet, and the ground is frosted.

ELIJAH, in a chaplain's uniform, is holding a can of shoe polish

EZEKIAL is wearing a pair of ears made out of some rags. He is looking at ELIJAH seriously

EZEKIAL  
You have to do it. Its Halloween.

Elijah draws whiskers on his face.

ELIJAH

There.

EZEKIAL

Now Meow.

EDIE Laughs and RICHARD comes from a foxhole carrying a dummy assembled from sticks and old clothes.

RICHARD

He's not going to Meow. Edie, you ready for the show?

Edie gets up and takes the dummy, securing it to a stick at the edge of a foxhole.

EDIE

They're not going to fall for it

RICHARD

They don't have to. They just have to shoot at it.

EZEKIAL

The least we can do is waste German bullets

Richard climbs up to the berm and takes a look. The fog is so thick he can't see across no-man's land

RICHARD

We might have to cancel on account of weather

EZEKIAL

I've never seen Fog so thick.

A scream is heard distantly in the fog. Elijah looks up

They all heard it.

OPPENHEIMER (V.O.)

War has always been more affected by the intangible

INT. NEW MEXICO, 1945

OPPENHEIMER is sitting in a chair at a desk smoking a pipe. Papers cover his desk, old blue-lined schematics.

Opposite him is JOHN, in Navy dress.

OPPENHEIMER

Intangible isn't the right word.  
The word I am thinking-  
Gottberührt. I don't know it in  
english.

JOHN

What are you getting at?

OPPENHEIMER

Science is inexact. Anything may be  
proven or done with enough *will*  
behind it. You call it Magic.

JOHN

But we're not talking about rabbits  
out of hats.

OPPENHEIMER

No, no. We're talking about belief  
and ritual. The manifestation of  
Thought-form. I've seen red-lights  
districts filled with dancing fae  
and love potions. These things defy  
logic. They get in the way of my  
work. And yet still they are there.

Oppenheimer leans forward and annotates one of the schematics

OPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

I have two sets of laws to  
navigate, here: The fundamental  
laws of the universe, and the laws  
that we impose upon it. One is  
measured, it has equations and  
constants. But all these  
exactitudes are thrown away the  
minute you or I start believing  
something.

Oppenheimer takes a match, strikes it, and puffs an ember to  
life in his pipe. He takes a deep breath and closes his eyes.

He breathes out a cloud of smoke

OPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

Without thought, the smoke has no  
form. But I breathe with thought

A smokey 8-legged horse runs out of the smoke and dashes  
itself against the table

OPPENHEIMER (CONT'D)

Shapes in smoke. Rauchform, in the German. How much do you know of the Great War?

JOHN

I know what that was

OPPENHEIMER

More than most. There are points in war and nations where these little pushes we make onto the world, like my valkyrie, will all converge. The Kaiser believed, so his people believed. And they all dreamed, and their belief made manifest.

EXT. BELGIUM FRONT, 1918, WINTER.

ELIJAH, EZEKIAL, RICHARD, and EDIE all stand at the edge of their foxhole.

Something in the fog screams again.

OPPENHEIMER (V.O.)

A man's arms will lift twice as much when he is in danger. Will rises to the situation that calls for it.

There is a distant thunder

Eddie starts to climb the edge of the foxhole. Richard tries to hold her down but she easily pushes him away.

She is standing on the edge of the foxhole

Her eyes are milky white

OPPENHEIMER (V.O.)

There, near the moment of death, we became what we needed to be.

She pulls the trench-knife out of her boot as the thundering grows louder.

Elijah, Ezekial and Richard are up on the ledge as horses ride out of the fog.

Great 8-legged beasts, topped by riders with white eyes wearing shining armor.

Eddie meets them first, diving to the side and cutting the saddle off of the horse with her knife, the rider falls and she plunges the knife into the horse. It screams. rearing and throwing her to the ground

EXT. MOSSY FOREST

EDIE wakes up.

Around her is a beautiful shadowy forest, gnats flit around, birds rustle in the branches.

But we hear the moans of the sick, gurneys being wheeled around.

In the distance someone yells in pain, the birds flit off their branches.

FIELD DOCTOR (O.S.)  
Careful now  
(yells out)  
She's awake!

EDIE  
What in the world

FIELD DOCTOR (O.S.)  
You were very hurt. We found you in  
a field a week ago. You were  
missing for the last 3 months,  
Everything is going to be OK.

EDIE  
I can't see you

Her hand stops in midair

FIELD DOCTOR (O.S.)  
We did the best we could.

EDIE  
But I can see

FIELD DOCTOR (O.S.)  
I'm sorry, but you can't.

INT. ENGLISH FIELD HOSPITAL

Eddie is in a bed connected to an IV. Her feet have been bandaged, her ribs are wrapped.

Her eyes are clouded and opaque.

EDIE  
I'm in a forest

The FIELD DOCTOR leans over her bed, concerned. Edie tries to get up, the Doctor restrains her

FIELD DOCTOR  
Going to need some Morphine here!

Two nurses rush over. A syringe is pushed into Edie's arm. She still struggles, straps are brought it.

EDIE  
But its so beautiful here.

She trails off into unconsciousness.

EDIE (CONT'D)  
I want to stay.