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# The Prophecy 3: The Ascent

By Gregory Widen

In the beginning  
There was only The Word,  
And with The Word He spoke into being  
the realm of Heaven and its angels.  
And He spoke into being  
the sun, the moon and the stars.  
And then the Earth,  
its oceans and its beasts.  
And finally He spoke into being

**His masterpiece:**

Us.  
And we were His children  
to love, keep and protect.  
Placed above all others, we were  
His most cherished creation,  
most beloved on Earth  
and in Heaven.  
This was The Word as it  
was spoken to the prophets,  
and then it was  
handed down to us.  
The Word of God  
our Father in Heaven.  
And a thousand generations  
found shelter in that Word  
So here we are tonight,  
The Word  
becomes flesh and blood.  
Our flesh and blood.  
And I got news.  
The Lord, He didn't keep his  
Word, No. He backed out on it.  
He abandoned His kids a long time ago,  
and He ain't payin' child support.  
- Am I right, Maggie ?  
- You got that right, preacher boy.  
Brothers and sisters,  
our Father is a deadbeat dad !  
- Amen to that.  
That's right. And we can all  
forget about the "divine plan, "  
because there  
is no divine plan.

It's a blind universe  
out there, friends.  
Our lives are nothing but  
a chain of unrelated accidents.  
- Get used to it !  
- Get used to it !  
Bad things happen to good people  
for no reason. Get used to it.  
Get used to it ! - Good things they  
happen to bad people for no reason.  
- Get used to it ! -  
Get used to it ! - Say it again !  
- Get used to it !  
- I can't hear you !  
- Get used to it !  
- Do you want salvation ?  
- We want salvation !  
- Do you want it now ?  
- We want it now !  
God is dead !  
God is not dead.  
He just doesn't give a damn.  
Please help me. Please.  
Oh, God.  
No.  
Praise the Lord.  
It's done.  
No. No, I did what you told me.  
The blasphemer is dead.  
Oh. Oh.  
Oh.  
- Oh, but I couldn't.  
-...pushed me out of the way before...  
I'm sorry.  
I can find him again.  
- I can!  
No.  
Yes. Yes.  
Please.  
No. Don't go.  
Don't leave me alone.  
Please.  
Please.  
Ohh.

Hey, Joseph.  
L-282's mom  
wants his corneas back.  
- Did you give her the  
"gift of sight" rap ? - Yep.  
Says they were harvested  
without her consent.  
- She wants her kid to go to the  
next world intact. - Mm.  
"Take heed,  
you senseless ones.  
Does He who  
formed the eye not see ?"  
- Huh ?  
- Psalm 94.  
Deal with it, Carl.  
All right.  
Let's see what we have here.  
Ahhh. Leadpoisoning.  
Hmm. Okay, Rasputin.  
What army did you piss off ?  
Allright.  
Let's do a liver temp. Thermometer.  
Okay.  
Do the honors.  
Okay.  
Eh. The liver's  
that away, Magellan.  
There you go. T.O.D.

**approximately 8:**

All right. See what else  
we got on our John Doe here.  
Um...  
"Danyael Rosales."  
Danyael.  
Funny spelling, huh ?  
"Father unknown.  
Mother, Valerie Rosales, deceased."  
Valerie Rosales.  
Oh, Jesus.  
It's starting again.  
It all comes back,  
over and over again and again.

- Never stops, never ends.

- What do you mean. ?

Look. Look

at that burn pattern. Look.

- It's like...

- Go on.

It's like she got hit with napalm  
and never moved.

All right.

These are from the scene.

Okay.

You get hit with a blast like that,  
don't you curl up into a tighter ball,  
expose less skin ?

- Are you asking me ?

- I've asked myself a thousand times.

- I don't know.

- Look at the body position.

I'm lookin.

Closer.

Closer.

It's like she was  
shielding something.

Yes.

Yeah.

That something...

was her child

She was

protecting her child.

You gave him your life.

That still wasn't enough.

So you, uh, personally  
knew the victim, huh ?

We go back.

I know him from

before the big bang.

The big bang ?

- When exactly was the big bang ?

- The beginning.

- Good night, Joseph.

Yeah.

Good night, Kyle.

All right. Look. I'm going to let you go,  
but I may have to call you back...

later on down the line  
as a material witness.

Gabriel... Is there no last name ?

I mean,

is it like the Artist Formerly  
Known As Yanni or something ?

- Sting.

- I thought it was Yanni.

Shows you how far out oftouch I am.

Is this... this address current, "Gabriel" ?

I can tell you

**in two words:**

Is that with a hyphen ?

- Slash.

- Date of birth ?

There's no date of birth  
here. Why is that ?

I asked the woman at the Department  
of Motor Vehicles that same question.

She told me not to bother her  
on a coffee break.

D.M.V.

All right. Why don't you tell me ?

How old are you ?

Thirty-nine.

Hmm.

H-How old do I look ?

Be cruel.

I'll just put down "39"  
instead, huh ?

You know what?

Fact is I'm old enough  
to know better, Sparky.

- What'd you call me ? - That's what they  
called you when you were a kid, right ?

Yeah. You did good

- Can you buzz me in, Clark ?

No. Not before that.

- Where's your morgue ?

- That's off-limits to the public, sir.

A.Z.Jones, FBI.

That'll be two floors down.

Tunnel access to the sub-basement.

I'm gonna have to ask you  
to identify the body, ma'am.  
I'm also gonna have to ask you  
wait just a little bit longer here.  
- There'll be somebody along  
to help you. - Thank you.  
I always knew  
we'd see each other again,  
but I never thought  
you'd look so...  
different.  
We become the thing we fear.  
I let myself go.  
Obviously.  
Or I wouldn't be here.  
- Ah.  
- I need the heart.  
You, more than anyone, know what he is.  
He's their last hope.  
I never know  
what side you're on, Zophael.  
Well, that should be infinitely clear  
to you now. Come back to us.  
We can retake  
what's rightfully ours.  
We can make it like it was  
before the monkeys. Remember ?  
Or has this place completely  
befouled your senses ?  
I like it here.  
I even learned to drive.  
You know what  
your one flaw is, Gabriel ?  
You only see what you want to see.  
Have you ever looked around ?  
Our Creator poured all His grace  
into this world, but do you see it ?  
- Do you see it anywhere ?  
- Not yet.  
Destroying Heaven  
is not what I was up to, Zophael.  
Not even Lucifer,  
is that arrogant?  
Go on.

Out of my way... monkey.

- I had to know.

Ah. Thank you  
for not jamming.

Where did he go, Joseph ?

- What ?

- Where is he ?

No. You don't just stand  
there straight-faced  
and tell me he walked  
right out of here.

- You don't do that.

- I'm sorry.

Sorry ? How am I  
supposed to take that, huh ?  
Probably the same way I have  
for a very long time. Badly.  
I just lost the only thing  
I cared about...

in this whole  
fucked-up universe.

You haven't seen "badly,"  
sir. Not yet.

What's it like  
to wake up as dead meat...  
with the buzzards circling ?

Do I know you ?

I know you from  
before you were born.

Both times.

Huh ?

"Zophael. Spy of God."

"Bridge between rebel and  
loyal factions within Heaven.  
His true allegiance is unclear  
from religious texts."

My kingdom  
for a straight answer.

Pyriel. Pyriel.

Who the hell is Pyriel ?

He died in my arms.

**T.O.D. was 8:**

was taken six hours later.



Look. I still don't believe what  
you're tryin' to tell me.  
I was afraid of that.  
All right. Let's go.  
Where ?  
There are things that ghosts  
and civil servants just shouldn't know.  
No. You drive.  
Embryos and idiots.  
I hate this place.  
"In the final hour shall come one born...  
with the heart of an angel  
and the soul of a man."  
Ever hear  
of a nephalim ?  
- A what ? - Take your  
vitamins, Vincent. Good boy.  
Nephalim.  
Half angel, half man.  
Old Testament's chock-full of 'em.  
They're very nasty guys.  
And very, very hard  
to kill.  
Am I right or am I right,  
Boris. ?  
Are you saying  
Danyael's a nephalim ?  
Am I ?  
I guess I am.  
Do you really  
believe that ?  
Look.  
I've had four  
guttled hermaphrodites...  
burn to black pitch  
right under my nose.  
I've had one cop,  
my best friend,  
driven insane by the angels  
shrieking in his head...  
before somehow  
spontaneously combusting...  
in a madhouse he had mistaken  
for a monastery.

A pretty young woman, now dead  
knocked up by a stranger...  
who left her three months, pregnant  
in only 48 hours.  
And just yesterday, a young man,  
allegedly her son,  
shot up six ways to sun down,,  
crawled out of a drawer...  
and waltzed out  
like Lazarus.

So, yeah, I'm pretty much open  
to a buffet of possibilities.

Any suggestions ?

No.

What's the "D" for ?

Uh, "doughnut."

I'll take one of those  
with the colored fragments on it.

Did you see a young man about this tall,  
dark hair, dark brown jacket,  
come in here earlier ?

Look. That'll be  
and about, uh, 50 bucks  
for the recollection.

- What kind of an answer is that ?

- A minimum wage answer.

You answer my question,  
or I'll personally see to it that  
you spend the next millennium...  
chained to a damp wall  
wondering just what it is...  
that's been winding its way up through  
your bowels for the last 750 years.

Cool.

Look. The dude came in here  
about a half an hour ago...  
and scarfed down about two dozen mixed  
in less than five minutes.

He was, like, on this serious  
sugar rush, you know what I mean. ?

Spontaneous tissue regeneration  
tends to do that.

- What ?

- Where is he now ?

Oh.  
Hiding in shit...  
just like a monkey.  
No matter how many times you tell them,  
they never seem to learn.  
You must always,  
always remove the heart.  
Hey, hey, hey !  
- What are you ?  
- Judgment.  
Don't push your luck.  
Ah. Ah ?  
Crazy me.  
Nice coat.  
Killing you  
would be so easy.  
Yeah ? Fried food can kill me.  
A mugger can kill me.  
You're not so special  
down here, "Jones."  
How do you bear  
what you've become, Gabriel ?  
You, who were once exalted  
above all others.  
You been with a woman,  
Zophael ? It's like dying.  
You moan and cry out.  
You get to a spot...  
that has you  
begging for release.  
Once,  
I was an angel of death.  
Now, I die every day  
when I have the cash.  
Enough about me.  
You must be scared.  
What if you lose ?  
You must be scared you might  
become like me, right ?  
Yes.  
My dying memory is being in your arms.  
I remember slipping away  
and thinking,  
God, how lucky I was

to hold you one last time.  
But I... I kept slipping...  
until all around me  
there were just bodies.  
I don't understand.  
No.  
Maggie, get out of here.  
- Get out !  
- No, Danyael ! No !  
Maggie, get out of here.  
- No ! No, Danyael ! Please.  
- Please don't go.  
- Maggie, I said go !  
- How does it feel, Danyael,  
to know that  
you're almost perfect ?  
- If not for the monkey inside you.  
- What am I to you. ?  
What is this ?  
I said, "What is this ?"  
And why am I drawn to it ?  
Pyriel.  
Who ?  
The whited sepulcher.  
The next God.  
Help me, please.  
Come closer.  
I tried  
to reason with him.  
I tried everything  
I could.  
- Help's on the way.  
- Good. That's good.  
There now.  
That's better.  
Please.  
Let me explain.  
- Looking for these ?  
- Take the car. You can have it.  
- I'm afraid that won't do.  
After you.  
Yes, yes, I know.  
You keep a gun under the front seat of  
your car ever since you were robbed ...

in that dark cul-de-sac in that  
very, very bad part of town.  
But the idea of actually  
using it is a bit, what. ?  
Repulsive ?  
So therefore you  
keep the bullets stashed safely...  
in the glove box.  
I'm not here to hurt you.  
Promise.  
Earth angel, Earth angel .Hmm.  
Is this the best you can do ?  
- Do we have a problem ?  
- Look, why do you even need me, huh ?  
Can't drive.  
I believe this  
can go faster.  
Sure.  
Whatever you say.  
We really don't  
have time for this !  
Monkey.  
Good trick with the car.  
I'll have to remember that.  
Jerk the wheel  
to the right, and... wow.  
I swear to God,  
I'll use this.  
I'm sure you will.  
- But why don't we just talk instead ?  
- Don't !  
I said don't !  
- Fact. I am an angel.  
I'm also your friend.  
We can both help each other, but you're  
going to have to be willing to listen to me.  
Are you ready  
to listen ?  
I usually measure time in eons,  
but in this particular case,  
every second counts.  
- Please. I told you, I'm not  
here to hurt you.  
We both see things

the same way, you and I.  
A world abandoned  
by the Creator.  
A universe in chaos.  
Danyael Rosales saw it too.  
He saw it more clearly than any of us.  
But he's  
lost his way now.  
He's been deceived by my brothers, who  
still cling to old ways, old truths...  
who still harbor  
some cold, empty faith...  
that our beloved Father  
shall somehow return...  
and deliver us  
from this wasteland,  
this killing field.  
But that will never,  
never happen, Magdalena.  
You know it. I know it.  
And most of all,  
Danyael Rosales knew it.  
- Until now.  
- Why ?  
Because he's being  
driven by forces...  
beyond his control.  
- Where's he going ?  
- He's going to stop our savior,  
the only one who can set things  
right again with Heaven and Earth.  
Savior ?  
His name is Pyriel.  
It means "light of Heaven."  
He came here  
in the first war,  
led the army of God that cast Lucifer  
to a far more distant shore.  
And here he's remained.  
- Is he evil ?  
- No, no.  
Evil is the realm  
of darkness.  
Pyriel is the light.

He is the shining beacon  
that will lead us...  
from an eternity  
of rotting despair...  
unless Danyael's there  
to stop him.  
- Why would he do something like that ?  
- Shh.  
Magdalena.  
We've always communicated  
with your kind through voices.  
Voices. Voices  
that make saints weep...  
and zealots kill.  
Voices that drive an angry mob  
to incinerate a mother...  
desperately  
shielding her little boy.  
It is those same voices  
that now speak to Danyael.  
Danyael would never  
listen to them.  
Whatever was human  
in Danyael Rosales...  
died before he rose  
from that morgue.  
He is no longer  
your Danyael.  
You know it.  
You felt it.  
Didn't you ?  
Why should I  
believe you ?  
'Cause you have to.  
Everywhere I go,  
you're there.  
I close my eyes,  
you're there.  
running from  
his dead mama.  
Was the boy thinking...  
Was he thinking about destiny ?  
Do you think he'll live  
to see another day ?

So many  
who want him dead  
Yet he gets by.  
Does he stop to wonder why. ?  
Does he think he might  
be here for a purpose. ?  
Does he wonder  
what that purpose is ?  
I do every moment  
of my existence.  
Before you were born, I tried  
to rip you from your mama's womb.  
I failed.  
The Sword of Heaven...  
could not still  
this tiny mortal heart.  
How come. ?  
It's not being here  
that perplexes me.  
It's the not knowing.  
How come you ?  
What could you mean ?  
Do you know who ?  
- Nothing.  
- Clearly the facts say otherwise.  
You're the Word.  
Whatever it is you're destined  
to commit upon this Earth,  
it's His will,  
it's what He wants.  
No angel,  
however powerful,  
can be anything  
but the messenger.  
Danyael, you're a message,  
and now...  
for the first time in a gazillion years,  
I get to know what it is.  
I get to know  
what that message is.  
Okay, I did my time  
in Sunday school.  
If this Pyriel's like  
the Second Coming or something,



how come I don't  
know anything about him ?  
Maybe you just  
chose the wrong religion.  
I dreamed of you.  
I'm Mary.  
I know the enemy ghost.  
Last night I dreamed  
the end of one history...  
and the beginning  
of another.  
The darkness was met by the coming  
of a great warrior.  
I dreamed of you.  
You look smaller  
in person.  
% Together  
Flying for life %  
Tell me something.  
Do you still  
love your God ?  
The truth.  
As much  
as He loves me.  
Say, ma'am, I wonder if you  
could tell me how to get to Gila Flats.  
Yeah, it's, um... It's over  
on the Hualapai reservation.  
I don't suppose you could  
be just a tad more specific,  
Madge.  
Where's your friend ?  
Oh, you  
have a long memory.  
Rachel is, uh...  
under the weather. She's bedridden.  
But I'll tell her  
you inquired.  
- What do you want ?  
- Everything.  
But to begin, I  
need some coffee, fresh-brewed,  
Sweet N Low,  
non-dairy creamer,

small grape fruit juice,  
three eggs, yolks firm, not hard,  
bacon, crisp, hash browns,  
dry wheat toast, butter on the side...  
and a portion of your  
famous blackberry jam.

It's gonna  
be a long day.

Remember, we're here to stop him,  
that's all. And nobody gets hurt.

- Go up the hill and turn.  
- I suppose you caught his scent.

Something like that.

There.

You've done well.

I'm proud of you.

- Do not lose him.

- I won't !

- Okay. Now what ?

- Go faster.

What's that. ?

Ignore it.

- Don't let up.

- I won't !

Turn left.

Hard left.

I don't see him.

He's there.

Jesus !

- Faster.

- We'll run him over !

- Exactly.

- I can't do that !

I told you

what's at stake here.

That wasn't the deal.

Nobody was supposed to get hurt.

How did you think we were going to  
stop him, Magdalena ? With a prayer ?

I don't know,

but not like this !

He's almost at the destination.

We have to kill him.

- We have no choice.

- I do.  
- I'm warning you. - Whoever you are,  
whatever you are, I'm not afraid of you.  
You should be.  
She's still  
in there, Danyael.  
Dying, I suspect.  
Not that  
that really matters.  
So, this is what  
it must feel like...  
to be human.  
Not quite.  
Maggie.  
- Danyael.  
- I'm here.  
Look behind you. - What ?  
Aaah !  
Aaah !  
This is what it feels like  
to be human.  
- Bring her back.  
- I can't.  
- You have to.  
- What are you afraid of ?  
- Nothing.  
- Why so desperate to get her back ?  
'Cause you know what Heaven's  
gonna be like for her...  
if you don't finish  
what you start.  
Are you an angel ?  
Once upon a time.  
- I don't want to die.  
- No.  
Who are you ?  
Gabriel.  
Hold my hand, Gabriel.  
Please.  
Oh, my God.  
I'm so afraid.  
Don't be afraid.  
- Where is Danyael ?  
- He's fighting...

for you.  
The child  
of divine fornication.  
What do you want  
from me ?  
I have come  
to help the monkeys perish...  
by mutual slaughter...  
and then sow the Earth  
with a better seed.  
Genocide.  
It happens  
now and then.  
Turn away, nephalim.  
Blight not...  
and keep warm.  
Fuck you.  
There is no such thing  
as destiny.  
You above all  
should know that.  
What am I doing here ?  
The one thing your kind  
excels at...  
dying.  
Aaah !  
It's not a mindless,  
indifferent,  
blind universe, Danyael.  
It never was.  
Get used to it.  
Shh.  
In the end there's still  
The Word everywhere...  
in Heaven and its angels,,  
the Earth and the stars,  
even in the darkest part  
of the human soul.  
It was there  
The Word burned brightest.  
And for a moment,  
I was blinded