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# The Prophecy II

By Gregory Widen

"Lord, blind my eyes|to these visions...  
and deafen my ears|to the screams.  
For I have seen legions|of God's army fall...  
and heard the dying cries|of 10,000 angels.  
Guide my hand, Lord,  
for what I see is the coming end|of the Kingdom of Heaven.  
Protect and keep these pages|in Heaven's darkest hour.  
And watch over us, Lord.  
For Heaven's war|has come to Earth".  
Thomas Dagget.  
It's five past the hour,  
and that means a quick look|at today's weather.  
This morning, San Fernando valley|residents got a surprise...  
when they found frost|on their windshields.  
But things will be|warming up this afternoon.|The gusty winds will be dying  
down.  
- We'll have clear skies,|good to moderate air quality.  
Temperatures... seventies in|the valleys, sixties at the beaches.  
As far as traffic is concerned,|the SIG alert we had this morning,  
reported northbound on the 405|at Sunset, is still backing things up.  
- We'll have to wait|while authorities...  
- What time is it?|I'm coming. I'm coming.|- investigate that situation.  
Southbound on the 405 has normal|slowing. However, it has snagged up...  
quite a ways past...|- Aah!  
- What do you got?|- Hit by a pedestrian.|Car accident. EP: 90 over 60.  
Contusions to the head|and neck. Clear this hallway!  
People, get out of the way.|Are you okay?  
Yeah, I will be if... Jesus!|I don't know what happened.  
- He was just there.|- How fast were you going?  
- Twenty, thirty.|- All right, prep four.|I'll be in in a minute.  
- You got it.|- Get the door!  
- Don't be afraid.|- What?  
Don't be afraid.  
We'll take it from here, Val.|Thanks.  
- He's coming!  
Gabriel's coming!|He's coming!  
He's coming for me!  
- What's going on?|- I don't know, Father.|He just started screaming.  
- I tried to open the door,|but he locked it.  
Yes.  
- Thomas?|- Thomas?  
- Thomas? Step back!  
Thomas?  
Thomas?

He's coming for you.  
It's time for you|to go, Gabriel.  
- This is not my war,  
and Hell isn't big enough|for both of us.  
Hey.  
How are you feeling?  
Look, I, um...  
Danyael.  
Danyael?  
I don't know if you remember me.  
I just wanted|to apologize.  
- I could've killed you.|- Take a lot more than that to kill me.  
Valerie...  
talk to me.  
The monkeys|never did get that one right.  
It's not "willing servants of Heaven".|It's "winged".  
So, you found me.  
This place looks lived in.  
What about these visions,|Thomas?  
What do you do?  
You write them down|on a-a scroll...  
and stone tablet.  
I know you prophets|enjoy doing that.  
Or... maybe a picture?  
A certain someone?  
I know you've|seen her, Thomas.  
So?  
Who is she?  
Ironic, isn't it?  
An archangel needs a monkey|to get a vision from God.  
That's a small step|from prophet to mortar.  
Can you take it?  
- Dr. Parson said you'd sign these.|- Can we do it later?  
- Yeah, sure.|- Thanks.  
Ready?  
One, two, three.  
Wow!  
See that?  
Wow!  
Whoa!  
Do it again.  
Do it again.  
Be well, guys.  
Bye.

That was|a pretty great exit.

I got waylaid.

Well, I hope you don't mind.|I had this dry-cleaned.

I figured it was|the least I could do.

You don't have to keep|apologizing, Valerie.

Yeah, well, you don't have|to keep forgiving me either.

It's in my upbringing.

Well, guilt's|in mine, so...

How would you feel|about seeing me again?

- Most of the kids|in the ward are terminal.

I mean, I used to spend|a lot of time hoping and hoping.

And then I just stopped.

It makes you wonder|what the point is.

And what do you think|the point is, Valerie?

Right now?

- Four hundred and seventy-two|dollars a week, plus benefits.

- Makes me sad.|- Hmm.

Wonder if it should|make me sad too.

Maybe it should.

What, you just don't like|talking about yourself?

Not much to tell. I think you're|the more interesting one in this pair.

- You think?|- Mm-hmm.

I don't know.|That looks pretty interesting to me.

Just something I got|when I was young.

- Yeah?|- You were married?

Uh, yeah.

What happened?

Um... Well, we lived together|for three years,

- and then we were married|for three months.

And when he wasn't running up my|Visa card, he was home watching that...

You know that|real-life cop show?

He wasn't exactly the most|employable soul on the planet.

Where is he now?

He left.

I'm sorry.

It's okay. I mean,|it's probably for the best.

I was miserable.|I just didn't know it.

He was a fool.

I thought you were|just walking me home.

Would you rather|I leave?

I'm not sure.

- It's not a good time.|- Yeah.

I know.

You all right?

I'm fine.

Do you accept me?

- What? What?|- Do you accept me?

Yes.

Valerie?

- Be well, Valerie.|- Valerie?

Valerie?

Is it done?

It's done.

It took you|long enough.

Michael said|not to force her.

Michael didn't say|take your time.

Long time, Danyael.

Nice to see you again.

Good-bye, brother.

- Aah!

Take a deep breath,|Danyael.

It's not too late|to fix this.

Come back. Now.

As far as I'm concerned,|nothing happened.

She was a momentary lapse|of self-control, Danyael.

But I'll find her.

Don't walk away!

Kids.

They don't listen|these days.

You're no kid, Rafayel.

The monkey. Hmm?

Who is she?|Where is she?

Why couldn't you have just stayed|in the basement, Gabriel?

Why couldn't you stay out of it|and mind your business?

This was my fight.|You made it yours.

My enemy's friend|is my enemy.

How many more worlds have to burn|before you're satisfied, Gabriel?

Just the one.

This one.

Aah!

I'm not greedy.

Hi.

I'm wondering if you could help me.|I have a friend...

and she got herself|in a bit of a situation.

And I was wondering if maybe|she might've been in to see you?

We have a very|broad-based clientele, sir.

If this was her, um...

- Claim check.|- Exactly. Claim check.

If this was her|claim check,  
could you find her name|and where she lives...  
in that, uh,|whatever it is?  
- Of course.|- Thank you.  
This laundry's already been picked up.  
So I can't give|that information out.  
- Oh, she wouldn't mind.|We're family.|- You just said you were friends.  
Caught me. Very good.  
Martin, don't ask me|how I know. Shh.  
- Uuh!  
Your head.|It hurts here, or it hurts here?  
- Here.|- Mm-hmm.  
And your belly... la panza...|it hurts up here...  
or down here?  
Kind of... here.  
Well, I'm making|you some eggs.  
No, the cereal was|just fine. Thanks.  
But you love eggs.|I'm making you eggs.  
Nana, gross.|No eggs.  
- No eggs, please|- Every morning, you ask me for eggs.  
- Na...|- I am making some eggs.  
- Nana, I don't want eggs.  
- I don't wanna be skinny.|That's not what this is about.  
Pr... I'm pregnant. I'm pregnant.|I have a cold. I have a cold.  
Every time I skin my knee,|you're telling me that I'm pregnant.  
- Jesus, that's why I wanted|to become a nurse:  
to prove to you that people|don't get pregnant just because|they've scraped  
their knee.  
So?  
I'd like to know where your|grandmother went to medical school.  
There must be|a mistake.  
There's no mistake, Vally.|You're pregnant.  
That's not possible.  
Kath, I've been|with one man.  
And that was just|a couple days ago.  
Um... You know,|you're not just pregnant.  
According to the test,|you're in your second trimester.  
- Hey.  
It's done.  
Oh, it's incredible.|It is.  
I can't think of a better night|to do it, Julian.  
If it's the only way|I can have you,  
then I won't have it|any other way.  
I put that in the note.

That's just beautiful.

Are you ready?

- I'm ready.|- I'm ready.

Oh!

I'll see you|in Heaven, baby.

Meet you there.

Aah!

Show time.

Anybody home?|Huh?

Hmph. |That's too bad.

Intensive care. |My favorite.

Izzy. Izzy.

Isabelle. |Come back.

- Come back.

- I know you're in there. |Come on back now.

Back it up. |Back it up.

Hi.

Nice hair.

- Julian?|- He's gone. He's dead.

He's taking|a dirt nap.

- Julian.|- Look, I need your help. |I'm short-staffed at the moment.

Don't start.

- Don't start. I hate that. Please.

- He's the cold eye. He's spilled milk. |- Ju...Julian.

- Julian.|- Come on. Come on, kiddo.

Oh.

Come on, kiddo. |We got work to do.

Julian. |Julian!

- Didn't I kill myself?|- Yes and no.

The answer to that|is up to me.

Oh, my God.

How do you know|he did it?

A witness saw your friend rip the guy's|heart out with his bare hands.

Plus, he left this|at the crime scene.

Somehow, he managed to check in and out|without leaving his name.

But we traced him to you|through that patient I.D. number.

So what can you tell us|about the man?

Nothing. I... |I barely knew him.

It's not surprising.

Does that ring a bell?

Well, he had a, |um, like...

- You Val?|- Yes.

- You the nurse?|- Yes.

- You done with her?|- Yeah. Take her.

Come here.

- I don't know what to tell you.|- Yeah. Shut up.

Listen.

No. Really listen. |Both ears.

Nod to tell me both ears |are listening. All right.

I've dealt with a thousand bodies in |this office. Floaters, crispy critters,

bunk bait; bodies you wouldn't |even know were bodies if it |wasn't for a driver's license.

- Yes, well, I don't see |what that has to do...|- Don't talk, Val.

Bodies chopped and minced and skinned |and used as table decorations.

- That's your job.|- You're talking again. |Yeah. No. Listen.

Four years ago, a body came in here |tattooed like those; crushed like those; |eyeless.

But hey, I'm a sport. |I play along.

I tried to determine |what had rolled into my office.

But the questions just got deeper. |No sign of growth, no white cells, |no optic nerves.

I realized what was there before me |had never been born.

- That's not possible.|- That's what I thought.

And then it was gone. Burned up in |a flash one night. All the records...

Everything to indicate that |it had been there disappeared.

Everybody that had anything |to do with that body...

has either died... |or gone mad,

- including my friend Thomas.|- Who's he?

A detective. |Became a monk.

- He used to send me cheese wheels |every Christmas.|- Where can I find him?

You can't. He's dead.

Burnt to ash up at |St. Gregory's Monastery.

What do you mean, |"burnt to ash"?

You look like |a nice person, Val.

**Take my advice:**

Don't get involved |whatever you do.

Get the lights.

Hey, Joe.

Thank you.

Miss Rosales, I really don't know |what else I can tell you.

His death shocked everybody.

Thomas was a fine member |of our order.

- I understand he used to be a detective.|- Mm-hmm.

Well, did he ever talk to you about |any odd cases that he had?

Anything dealing with cults |or gangs or anything?

- Miss Rosales, I really can't |disclose anything more.|- I know, Father.



- Now, if you'll excuse me.|- It's just that...  
he was involved with|something a while ago...  
and it's something that I|may have stepped into as well.  
It's, um, angelic script.  
According to the old Hebrews, God marked|all his angels with such a sign.  
Or so Thomas told me. He was|a bit of an expert on such matters.  
How so?  
All right. |Uh, listen.  
This is not something|I would normally discuss, but, uh,  
since it seems|so important to you.  
Please.  
Thomas was obsessed|on the subject of angels.  
So much so that he claimed|to have had visions about them.  
According to him,  
some angels became jealous that God was|giving too much attention to  
mankind.  
So they tried|to wipe humans out...  
under the archangel Gabriel.  
- Please, have a seat.|- Thank you.  
The problem was,|to do that...  
they had to contend with other angels|that were still loyal to God's will.  
It caused a kind|of civil war up there.  
It tore Heaven apart.  
Thomas believed...  
there was to be|a final confrontation.  
And if the good side wins,|great.  
And if not?  
If not...  
What does that mean?  
"Then ash from|a burning Heaven...  
will cover the Earth".  
Well, if this guy was|so good at prophesizing,  
did he bother to say|how it ends?  
It gets metaphorical. It talks about|the union of Heaven and Earth.  
- The coming of a Nephilim.|- A what?  
A Nephilim. |A child born...  
of an angel|and a human woman.  
It's talked about|in Genesis six.  
I, honestly, don't know|what to make of it.  
"When humans began|to multiply on the face of the Earth...  
and daughters were born to them,  
the sons of God saw they were beautiful,|and took wives for themselves.  
All that they desired.  
The Nephilim were on the Earth|in those days.

When the sons of God went|into the daughters of humans...  
and bore children to them,  
they were giants,|men of great and terrible renown".  
So, you're keeping me alive|because you don't know DOS?  
What was the number?

Three-three,|six-six.

Wait. What's that?|Something's happening.

- Is that her?|- Bingo.

Rosales.

Valerie.

And folks,|up next, a very special item to|make a bright day even brighter.

- This beautiful, soft|white and lavender gown...|- Nana?  
will compliment a new bride|as she walks down the aisle...  
on that most special of days.

This fine quality linen,|cotton and silk dress...  
will surely become|a family heirloom...

- that will last for ages.|- Nana?

That's right, Jim.|And notice the fine...  
satin applique|around the neckline.

- Isn't it beautiful?|- Karen, it's really...  
craftsman work throughout.

They don't make them like this anymore.

- Nana?

Nana?

Nana?

Nana?

- Nana?|- Nana's gone, you know.

Nana didn't have much time left,|in any case.

In the end, it wasn't gonna be|something you'd wanna witness.  
Look at it this way.

You two can|hook up later.

You have no idea|the trouble you got there.

No!

What's going on here is not personal.|It's business.

- It's what I do best.

Get out!

Monkey wannabe. Wanna dance?

You'll have to learn|a modicum of respect.

Remember who|did this to you.

Go!

This is good.

Step on it.

- Stop!

Back it up.|Back it up!

Drive much?

Try not to hit the dog.

You didn't say anything|about me killing anybody.

Do it... for Julian.

Or forever wish you'd had.

Just do it.

Atta girl.

I'd get the fuck out of here|if I were you.

Valerie. Shh.

Hello?

Help!

Hello!

- Who are you?|- I think you know.

You didn't answer me.

I'm sorry.|That's the best I can do.

The best you can do.|Well, guess what?

Your best is not good enough!|I don't know...

what they taught you|in kindergarten, but your best|does not cut it here,  
okay?

You seduce me! You knock me up!|My grandma's dead!

And some freak comes to my house|and he tries to kill...

I mean, who... who was that|trying to kill me?

Gabriel.

I must've missed|the trumpet.

Valerie, please.

- You don't understand.|- I understand fine.

You are psychotic.

You don't know how|important you are.

Let me tell you|a secret.

It was revealed to us that|there would be a child.

A child born of|my kind and yours.

The child that would unite my brothers|again and bring an end to this war.

That child has been|given to you.

Certifiable.|You're certifiable.

You... You...

You're probably one of those guys|who, like, goes around...

door-to-door selling bibles,|and you and your brothers... You have to  
believe me.

probably all wear white and|you probably have a Web site somewhere.

And you probably bake brownies|on the weekend...

and you sell them to raise money|for your cause or your cult...

Don't be afraid.

Sir, did you notice any unusual|activity in the neighborhood tonight?

- I got a wrecked car|in the alley back there.|- No, sir.

So you didn't see anything, |hear anything. Is that about right?

The fact is, officer, |I wasn't paying much attention.

See, I was with |my woman.

7-Charlie-63. Come in.

- Dorfman, come in. |- Yeah, this is Dorfman.

63, report to |Rosales residence.

- May I ask, you fellas use that |to what, talk to each other?

- Yeah? |- What, are you high? |It's a radio. Yeah.

It's a miracle. |Shh.

Do you read me, 63? 63, come in.

Dorfman, where are you? |Come in. 63.

Checking on the DMV report on the, uh...

- Okay. Pop quiz. |How do you make that work?

How do you use that?

- Hmm? |We have nothing showing yet.

Uh, Roger, dispatch.

Are we having |a communication problem?

What? Take it easy.

Come here.

It's all right. |Come here. Come here.

Don't be scared. |Here.

Sit.

I want to be with Julian.

Please. Why can't you |just let me die?

Let's understand |each other.

I sang the first hymn |when stars were born.

Not that long ago, |I announced to a young woman...

Mary... who it was |she was expecting.

On the other hand, |I've turned rivers into blood.

- Kings into cripples.

- Cities to salt.

So I don't think that I have |to explain myself to you.

You have the child. You'd raise it.

Maybe on his first |morning of school,

you'd put him on a bus |and he wouldn't come back.

Or maybe as a teen, he'd dive into |a pond and he wouldn't come up.

And I was just supposed |to accept that?

It's how you live here, |isn't it?

Doesn't give you |the right to use me.

- It wasn't my decision. |- But it was your choice.

I never had a choice, |Valerie.

Listen, I have to |get you to Michael.

- Michael? |- He can protect you.

He's gone somewhere |with the others.

I don't know where,|but we have to try to find him.  
There's a book that|a priest gave me.  
It had... It had prophecies|about your war.  
It might help you.  
Where is it?  
It's in my car.  
At my house.  
Can I ask you something?  
Yes.  
- What are my chances?  
Be honest.  
I don't know.  
But stay here.|He won't kill you in a church.  
Respond to Trinity Church,|2222 West in. Silent alarm tripped.  
All available units.|All available units.  
- Please respond.|- Wow. That's where I'd take her.  
- I love this thing.  
Come on.  
- Come on. Come on.|- 2222 West in. Trinity Church.  
Dispatch, this is 1 -Adam-19.  
Responding to the call|at Trinity Church.  
Roger that, 1-Adam-19.  
As soon as the coroner's through.  
- Can I get an I.D. on her?|- Yeah. It's Rosales.  
Nina Rosales.  
- Sir, please go|to the other side of the...|- Shh.  
- It's okay.|- You wanna help me|out here? Thanks.  
Be careful.  
I know you're here, Val.  
I smell you.|I see you. Yeah.  
Why hide?  
I'm doing you a favor.  
What did Danyael|tell you...  
about your rug rat?  
1 -Adam-9.|Units 20 and 30 are responding.  
- 35-Adam-9.  
5-Lincoln-22.|Report to Vermont and Sunset, code 9.  
We've been through this before.|My kind, your kind.  
It's not a good mix.  
The power of an angel.  
The free will|of a human.  
The mothers love it|at first...  
until the birth.  
I've seen women rip themselves open|trying to get these things out...

'cause they knew they were|carrying bad kids, Val.  
Nobody liked them,|not even you-know-who.  
It took a big flood.  
I think we have to...  
So, since you're here...  
- Confess. Say you're sorry.  
- Drop it!|- Drop the weapon!  
- Freeze!  
Help me! Help me!  
- Drop it right there!  
- Gabriel!  
- Hold it right there, sir!  
- Freeze! Right there!  
He's got a weapon!  
No, wait.  
Isabelle.  
Izzy.  
Izzy.  
You can be straight with us.|Come on.Just tell us who he is.  
The angel of death.  
I'll get some coffee.  
Nice coat.  
So what was he up to|in the church?  
Trying to kill|the savior of humanity.  
Just ask him.  
- What the...|- Shh!  
Loose lips sink ships.  
Mm-hmm. Yeah.  
What is that?  
That's tomorrow's newspaper.  
Huh? Come on.|Bad monkey. Come on, come on.  
- I don't know...|- Hah?  
How?  
- You don't even know where they are.|- Yeah.  
- But, I know where they're going.|- Where?  
- Where?  
Eden.  
I'll go get another car.  
Here.|Just take my hand.  
This is it?|This is Eden?  
What man|has made of it.  
Just her.|Michael wants to see her alone.  
It's all right.  
Don't be afraid.

It's your tradition too, isn't it?  
Lighting candles|for the dead?  
Michael?  
What a dump!  
Gemayel.|Long time no see.  
Would you get|the big guy for me?  
Don't eat that!  
Trust me.  
I've lit far too many|in this war.  
Is that one for me?  
It could be...|for all of us.  
Danyael said you|could protect me.  
If that were the case, this war|would have been over a long time ago.  
Are you telling me that I've come|all this way for nothing?  
If that's what you|want to believe, then yes.  
I can't believe that.  
Then don't.  
Ah... ah.  
You've done wonders with the place,|I have to say. I hardly recognize it.  
Talk to me! Why fight?|I'm not here to argue.  
We're family.|You know what I want.  
What you want has made you|a walking tragedy, brother.  
Even Lucifer|wouldn't have you.  
Surprising, since the two of you|have so much in common.  
What have I done? You speak to me that|way... How do you compare me to him?  
Everything I've done|has been for us.  
I don't want this.|I don't want this!  
I want it back the way it was,|when... when He loved us best.  
- Then submit.|- To what? A talking monkey?  
Obey, Gabriel. Or you'll be|called to a stricter punishment|than any of us  
ever known.  
I don't think so.  
And, uh, it seems to me,|the numbers here speak differently.  
One way or the other,|this war ends tonight.  
You think you can take her,|Gabriel? Then come.  
But your brothers|stay behind.  
No one will lift a hand|against you. I promise.  
Michael. Please,|you can't let him have her.  
Whether she lives or dies|is her choice, not ours.  
I'm not going to let her|die like this.  
Even if it means|disobeying me?  
Yes.  
This way.  
- Valerie!|- Danyael, Michael let him in.

This way.

- Go ahead.|- What about you?

It's all come down|to you. Just go.

Ah. The honeymooner.

The price of freedom. |You know what to do.

Come on!

It's not that you slept with|that monkey-skin suit that gets me.

It's that you liked it.

What are you, in love?

What do you know about love, Gabriel?

It's wrong to go|against your family.

You chose them. I want it back|the way it was. You want them?

I'd rather be|one of them.

- Aaghh!

It's too bad.

- Hmm. Oh!|- Thanks.

It's about time.

Nice move.

I'll say hello|to Julian for you.

You have no idea|what you're in for. Shh.

Val, we don't have|to do this.

Fuck you.

- Uuh!|- Now you're gonna get hurt.

Val, it's time to go.

If He wanted me to die,

He would've let you|kill me a long time ago.

This isn't about you.

This is about|what you got there.

The power of an angel, |the free will of a human being.

All I want is what's mine. |Heaven. Have you been?

It's paradise.

One thing. |I'll let you go easy. Say it.

You know He's not with you. |Say it.

When was the last time|that you and He spoke?

Not lately.

It's not that He doesn't talk|to you, you know.

It's just that|you don't listen.

How do you know?

I can hear Him.

What's He say?

Jump.

There is your answer, |brother.

So you'll become|what you loathe the most.

Good-bye, Gabriel.



So, what happens now?

I can't see into the future, |Valerie.

You're gonna take my child |when it comes, aren't you?

He was the only one |of you worth anything.

He was the only one |who cared.

His child deserves |better than you.

I'm keeping him.

I'm raising him.

And maybe one day, |he'll get on the school bus,  
and he |won't come back.

And maybe one day, |he'll dive into a lake,  
and he won't come up.

I'll take my chances.

It's not yours to decide, |Michael.

Mom, when's vacation?

Well, you have one month, |and then you have the whole summer off.

- Can we start now? | - No, you can't start now.

- Oh, I never like leaving her. | - They'll be fine.

You just |gotta have faith.

Oh, honey, just let me give this.

- There you go. | - How are ya?

I'm fine. |You stay warm now.

- Thanks a lot. | - Take care.

Why you always so nice to that guy?

I think he's sweet. |He says he used to be an angel.

Phone's gonna ring.

It's gonna be |you-know-who.

Everything's gonna |be made right.

Phone's gonna ring.