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The Prophecy

By Gregory Widen

I remember the first war.
The way the sky burned.
The faces of angels
destroyed.
I saw a third of
Heaven's legion banished...
and the creation of Hell.
I stood with my brothers
and watched Lucifer fall.
But now my brothers
are not brothers.
And we have come here,
where we are mortal,
to steal a dark soul
not yet Lucifer's...
to serve our cause.
I have always obeyed.
But I never thought
the war...
would happen again.
Come to our help,
Lord, Holy Father,
almighty
and eternal God.
You are the source of every honor
and dignity,
of all progress
and stability.
You watch over the growing family of man
by Your gift of wisdom...
and Your pattern of order.
When You had appointed high priests
to rule Your people,
You chose other men next to them
in rank and dignity...
to be with them and to
help them in their task.
And so there grew up
the ranks of priests...
and the offices of Levites
established by sacred rites.
In the desert You extended
the spirit of Moses to 70 wise men...
who helped him to rule

the great company of his people.
He shared among the sons of Aaron
the fullness of their father's power,
to provide worthy priests
in sufficient number...
for the increasing rites
of sacrifice and worship.
With the same loving care You gave
companions to Your Son's apostles...
to help in teaching
the faith,
they preached the Gospel
to the whole world.
Let Joseph, who is
to be ordained priest,
come forward.
Lord, I am not worthy to receive You,
but say the word and I shall be healed.
Almighty Father, grant to this servant
of Yours the dignity of the priesthood.
Renew within him
the spirit of holiness...
as a coworker with
the Order of Bishops.
We ask this through
our Lord Jesus Christ.
One God,
forever and ever.
Amen.
Let Thomas, who is
to be ordained priest, come forward.
Some people lose their faith
because Heaven shows them too little.
But how many people lose their faith
because Heaven shows them too much?
Years later, of all the gospels
I learned in seminary school,
a verse from St. Paul
stays with me.
It is perhaps the strangest passage
in the Bible, in which he writes:
"Even now in Heaven there were angels
carrying savage weapons. "
Hey, you're not

supposed to be up here.

Sorry.

Don't fuckin' move.

You don't need a gun,

Thomas.

Who are you?

Everything used to be

much simpler, didn't it?

Get down, slow.

- Everyone thinks they know what Heaven is like.

- Turn around. Turn around!

- Heaven isn't Heaven anymore.

- Now, take it easy.

- Thomas... Thomas! - Calm down.

Take it easy. - Will you listen?

I was in the church

that day.

I know what you saw.

I know why you left

your faith on that floor.

What do you want?

You have no idea

what this is like for me.

"A Thesis on Angels

in Religious Scripture"...

by Thomas Dagget.

Do you still believe...

any of it?

- You're asking me as a cop?

- As a priest.

But I'm not a priest.

St. Christopher.

"Go your way in safety. "

Do you believe...

that you're part

of God's plan,

Thomas?

That's a complicated question.

No, it isn't.

You found it, haven't you?

You can't keep it from us,

Simon!

That's it. Go ahead.

All right.

Why don't you
call it in?

Well, look at this. Tommy Dagget
actually lit by the light of morning.
What am I doin' here, Burrows? I work
nights. It's not even my division.
Well, we'll get to that.

- Our friend here did a half-gainer
from the fourth floor. - Jumper?
Not unless he decided not to bother
opening the window first.

81, clear. Unit 14, clear.

Was he fucked up
or what?

Well, he wasn't exactly in condition
to walk a chalk line when we got here.
You're welcome to smell his breath,
if you like.

He is missing
one or two things, though.

- What's that?

- His eyes.

Maybe they're stuck
in the radiator grill.

Who's the room
registered under?

- John Smith.

- Anything interesting inside?

Well, there are what an experienced
detective like yourself...

could possibly construe
as signs of a struggle.

Of course, nobody saw
or heard anything.

- Place been dusted?

- Yeah. Nothing.

Kinda weird, huh,
somebody carrying that around?

That's why Lieutenant Deason
had me call you down on this.

Any ideas

what it's doin' here?

No.

"For it was there

at Nicene...
that the world's
fourth-century bishops...
declared that with the sacrifice
of God's Son man became one with God,
for the first time
lifted above all other creations...
to stand at His side
in Heaven. "
You been holdin' out on me.
I never knew you could read and write.
That measures eight feet.
- Where's Chimney Rock?
- Okay, let's move.
Arizona.
It's where I'll be
in two years and three months.
You gonna give all this up?
You're breakin' my heart.
Don't forget
to tip the maid.
Ave Maria #
Amen #
Amen ##
Hey, what's the big idea
of sitting out here all alone?
Someone's here.
Where?
Pig out
on all the cake?
No.
But there, there might be one teeny,
tiny little piece left.
But you'll have to
race me for it.
- What's that?
- Where?
Oh, you sneak!
Tommy. A little early
for you, isn't it?
Joseph.
- They got you workin' days?
- Yeah.
Huh.

Tyson, slow down.

- Everybody's dead.

- Do you got any more of this?

No.

All right, where
do you wanna start?

Well, I think we could
skip the cause of death.

Why don't we begin
with his eyes?

Your man has none.

What, they weren't
in the radiator grill?

No, I mean,
he never had any.

No optical fibers,
no muscle pores, zip.

We did a toxicology
on his blood, you know,
- looking for the usual... coke, booze, sugar.

- What'd you come up with?

High sodium,
elevated erythrocytes,
no floating cholesterol platelets,
trace of ammonia.

- What's so unusual about that?

- Oh, nothing. Nothing.

Actually,
it's pretty common...
for an aborted fetus.

- Fetus?

- We also did a bone section.

It wasn't much trouble; most of them
were sticking out of his chest anyway.

Okay. And?

When a baby grows,
their bones get larger...
by having calcium layers form over the
haversian canals. Are you with me?

- I'm with you.

- This leaves growth rings; everybody's got 'em.

Except our pal here.

Oh.

And this is for you.

He's also a hermaphrodite.

Ohh!

He's got both male
and female sex organs.

- Think of the possibilities.

- Yeah.

He could be impotent and frigid at
the same time. They don't normally work.

We found this
in the lining of his coat.

- It's an old Bible.

- Yeah.

Handwritten.

Beautiful, really.

See this symbol?

Matches a scar on his neck.

Exactly the same.

That's attractive, huh?

Anything else?

There's a velvet
book marker.

- Cute.

- What is it?

Twenty-third chapter of
St. John's Revelations.

And?

There is no
23rd chapter.

Well, maybe this is
the teacher's edition.

- Can I keep this?

- Sign for it.

What are we gonna do here,
Tommy?

Do me a favor... just sit on it for a
couple of days, give me a head start...

before the wolves
start circling, okay?

Take your time.

"And there were angels
who could not accept...

the lifting of man

above them,

and, like Lucifer, rebelled against the

armies of the loyal archangel Michael.

And there rose

a second war in Heaven. "

"Lieutenant to the seraph
or archangel Gabriel. "

Gabriel.

Simon.

Over here!

Mamacita.

Hey, cutie!

Hey, don't let the door hit you!

One-one thousand,

two-one thousand,

three-one thousand,

four-one thousand,

five-one thousand,

six-one thousand,

seven-one thousand,

eight-one thousand,

nine-one thousand,

ten-one thousand.

You guys,

I know you're here.

You guys.

I know

you're in here.

Hello there, young lady.

Hi.

I'm Simon.

What's your name?

- Mary.

- Mary!

Mary.

That's a pretty name.

- Does Miss Henley know you're here?

- No, she doesn't.

No one does.

And I would like to keep it like that,
if we can.

Do you think that you could not

tell anyone that I'm here,

just for

a little while?

Okay.

Mary!

- Come on!

- Come on! Come on!

- I have to go.

- Let's go!

Do you have to?

Are you hungry?

I could bring something.

That would be very nice,

Mary.

Okay. Bye.

Bears love the honey

Honey loves the bees

We belong together

like monkeys in the trees #

I'll always love ya

We're stuck like glue

I wanna be

your best friend too #

I wanna be

your best friend too ##

Gee, Jerry, you look like shit.

- Leave me alone, Gabriel.

- Soon, pal, soon.

- Come here.

- Go away.

Come here.

You still got a spark of life

left in you.

- Fuck you.

- Hmm.

I want you

to do something for me.

- Why don't you just let me die?

- Soon.

Honest.

Don't start.

You know how I hate that.

I'm so tired.

I'm so goddamn tired.

Watch the profanity.

One more favor.

- What?

- I want you to get something for me.

Some personal effects the cops took
from the Gable Apartments...

on Seventh Street.

It'll be sitting in a property room
on San Julian.

And you just want me to waltz right
in there like this, right?

Go in during
a shift change.

- You got the name the stuff is under?

- John Doe.

- Oh. Why doesn't that surprise me?

- Number 12.

Bus fare.

7-8-25, code six.

105 North Vann, route 52.

- Hey.

- Hey.

Final spectrometry came back on that
fancy Bible of yours.

If that new chapter's
a forgery, it's an old one.

Carbon dating checks out
second century.

That would make this Bible
the oldest in existence then.

So don't lose it.

How's the translation
going?

Well, from what I can
make out so far,
this thing seems to be mostly about
angels and the second war in Heaven.

A second angel war?

Over what?

Us. Humans.

It says when God gave us a soul
some angels became jealous...
and they started this war.

Really? You translated all of that?

Well, when did it end?

It doesn't say it did.

It does prophesy a little, though.

Come on.

Let me show you something.
It's been a while here,
so bear with me.
"And there shall be
a dark soul,
and this soul will eat other dark
souls and so become their inheritor.
This soul will not rest in an angel
but a man, and he shall be a warrior. "

Nice.
Very nice.

Let me ask you something.
Why wouldn't God just
get rid of the bad angels?
I don't know. I don't know.
Maybe He can't.

- Maybe He won't.
- Come on.

Don't be so serious.
It's not like all this is real.
Well, what's in the basement
is real.

And according to this,
it's got a name.

Remember that symbol
on his neck?
According to some ancient
Hebrew cabalists,
that's angelic script
for an angel named Uziel.

Are you saying we have
a dead angel on ice?

Baseball Game,
Faint]

Ball three.

- I'm gonna need to see a pass.
- Shh.
- Yeah.
- Stop it.
- Dork!
- It's over. Back to the real world of learning.

Wait up.

Brian,
have you seen Mary?

- I think she's out back.
- Allison?
We haven't seen her
since lunch.
Were you upstairs?
Mm-hmm. All right.
Until I get back
I want everyone reading...
and being quiet.
Mary?
Mary?
- Mary, come here.
- But Simon and I were...
Now.
Ohh.
I'm not mad at you. I just want you
to go back to class. Okay?
- Bye.
- Bye.
This is school property.
You can't sleep here.
It wasn't part of the plan.
Are you all right?
Not really.
I'll have to call
the police.
I wish you wouldn't
do that.
They can help you.
No.
Not me.
Please leave, Katherine.
Hi.
Well, now.
I thought you left.
I hid.
I'm very clever.
Oh, yes, you are.
Very clever.
Mary,
I have very little time left.
And since you have been
so nice to me,
there's something that I would very much

like to give to you.

What?

Something very special.

Can you keep a secret?

The biggest secret ever?

What is it?

Come here.

Come here.

It's okay. Come here.

You're a very clever girl.

Close your eyes.

Mary?

Oh, honey.

- Are you okay?

- I don't feel good.

Did you...

Did you eat something?

- Can I go home now?

- Come on.

It's okay.

Emma?

Mary got really sick in school
and I thought she should come home.

I don't feel very good,
Grandma.

Come on, sweetie.

It's all right.

I'll have the school
send for a doctor.

He was just lying
up there.

Most of my deputies are at a tanker
spill right now and they may be a while.

These people are rarely
any problem.

I'll have one of the boys come down by
tonight or tomorrow and shoo him out for ya.

All right. I mean, as, as,
as soon as you can.

He was kind of strange.

All right, thanks.

Looks like one of those snow angels
we used to make as kids, you know.

Lay down on

a clean snowbank,
swing your arms
up and down.
You know what this means,
don't you?
Our friend's cleaned out all our
evidence on Mr. Doe here, everything.
Yeah.
- Guard get a good look at who nailed him?
- Yeah.
Tall.
Smiled a lot.
I think I have to go.
- Where?
- Chimney Rock.
Go.
Figure this out.
Then call,
tell me I'm not crazy.
You like the desert,
Jerry?
You promised.
Soon! Don't be a pest
about it.
Never trust a fucking angel.
I can't see, you know.
Hey, look, man, what the hell
do you need me for, huh?
It's a big universe,
Jerry.
Some things in it
are talking monkey work.
Monkeys. Like you.
Oh. Well,
that's great, Gabe.
Stop!
Stop the car!
Ahh.
I can always smell
a graveyard.
Last night #
I went to sleep #
You enjoyin' yourself up there?
I always enjoy

watching you work, Jerry.

How'd I ever get you
in my life?

- Stop. You didn't really want to kill yourself.

- Oh, no, I did, actually.

I did kill myself,
right?

- I mean, I did do it.

- Ahh, technically.

- So you're just keeping me alive.

- Letting you die slower.

Oh, yeah.

Thanks, man. I'm so in your debt.

Thank you, Jerry.

I'm touched.

Ohh! Fuck.

- Ah.

- Oh, fuck.

Don't hurt it.

Ah. There you go.

That's it.

Brush off. That's it.

Be very careful.

Open it up.

Whoa.

Ah, there it is.

Not much to look at.

It's not what's on
the outside that matters.

It's what's
on the inside.

Oooh!

You are looking at
the cleverest,
meanest, sickest
talking monkey.

I love him.

Time to go.

Gimme a kiss.

It's not here.

- More bad news for the war effort, huh?

- Shut up!

Jerry, come here.

If you were a soul,

where would you hide?
The hell away from you.
- Hi, Simon.
- Hi, Gabriel.
Long time.
You know why I'm here.
Oh, yes.
Don't have it on you,
by chance.
- No.
- No.
That'd be too easy.
Sorry, man.
You know.
Simon.
Get serious.
So, where's the soul?
You know,
bigger than a bread box;
used to occupy the recently dead
Colonel Hawthorne.
You can't keep it from me, Simon.
The stalemate is over.
Why are you doing this,
Gabriel?
I want what's mine.
I bow to no human in Heaven.
- But the Word...
- No one hears the Word anymore. No one!
- Without the Word...
- There's only the argument. I'll not step aside.
I will not allow
any talking monkey...
to take my place.
I'll burn down Heaven
to stop it.
I'm so tired of this war.
Reject the lie, Simon.
Join us.
Help us make it like it was
before the monkeys.
You remember?
We cast out
Lucifer's army.

You and I.
We threw their rebel thrones
from the wall.
- They wanted to be gods.
- I don't want to be a god, Simon.
I just want to make it
like it was before the lie,
when He loved us best.
Oh, Gabriel.
When was it
that you lost your grace?
I'd like to help you,
old friend,
but I can't.
I'm not sure who's right,
who's wrong, but it doesn't matter.
Sometimes you just have to
do what you're told.
That's who we are.
You know,
the great thing...
about a conversation
like this?
You never have to
have it again.
You know the routine.
Yes.
Not yet!
Simon.
I can make this last
forever.
This is getting boring,
Simon.
Hey, man...
Where is it? Where did you put it?
Give it to me!
You're an abomination,
Gabriel.
You'll never
get that soul.
You're a tough one,
friend.
Old school.
What's going on, John?

You may want to skip
this one, Katherine.
Were any of your, uh,
students up here?
Mary.

- How is she?
- Same.
- Has she seen the doctor yet?

- He found nothing.
But something is in her.
So we have called the hand trembler
to find if she must have a sing.
"And there shall be
a dark soul,
and this soul will eat other dark
souls and so become their inheritor.
This soul will not rest
in an angel, but a man,
and he shall be
a warrior. "

How long ago
was he buried?

- Which time?
- "Which time"? What do you mean?
Somebody dug him up last night.

Local hoods, probably.

I just finished
puttin' him back.

- Did you call the sheriff?
- Sure.

They were busy up at the school this
morning. Some wino burned himself up.

Expectin'

I'll be buryin' him too.

Don't run, don't run.

Don't run!

Don't run.

Can I help you
with something?

Yes, I'm Thomas Dagget
with the police.

- Katherine Henley.
- I'd like to ask you a few questions, if I may.
- It's about that guy upstairs?

- That's right.

Well, sorry, but I kinda got my hands full right now.

- Do you mind if I tag along? Let me help you with that.

- Make yourself useful.

- Hey, you forgot something!

- Thanks.

- What grade is this?

- Oh, it's all of them.

The town doesn't seem that small.

Well, after the copper mine closed, it sort of took most of the town with it.

Jade,

you hurry back!

So we just teach out of this one corner now.

- The rest of the school has been abandoned for years.

- Hey!

Get him, Danny!

It's happened before, you know.

Homeless people just looking for a place to sleep.

Of course, no one's ever burned themselves up before.

- Did you talk to him?

- Yeah. I wanted to know what he was doing there.

- Did he say?

- No, he didn't say.

I mean, he looked like he was hurt, bloody, like somebody had cut him.

Is there something going on I should know about?

Did any of the children come in contact with him, talk to him in any way?

- Yes.

- Which one?

Well,

she's home sick today.

I'd like to speak with her parents, if that's possible.

Well, her parents

are dead.

She lives with her grandmother.

I'd have to ask her.

Did you know
an Arnold Hawthorne?

The colonel.

Did you go
to his funeral?

Everybody did.

He lived here.

Any dark secrets?

There are no secrets in a small town,

Mr. Dagget,

dark or otherwise.

Okay. Thank you.

Sure.

No, not really.

I mean, he lived here but...

- nobody ever really talked to him much.

- Have any family?

Nah, not Hawthorne. Town'll probably
just auction this place.

- Yeah.

- Well, lock up when you're done.

- Okay, thanks.

- Sure.

It's unusual...

to see someone your age
in a church on a weeknight.

Don't get me wrong.

I think it's a sign of excellent
character. You're not from here.

- What are you doin'?

- Looking for something.

- Did you find it?

- I will.

- I found what you're looking for... Thomas.

- Excuse me?

Do I know you?

How do you know my name?

Ah, you look
like a Thomas.

Hey. Look at me.

You want me to

look at you? Huh?
You know how you got that dent
in your top lip?
Way back,
before you were born,
I told you a secret, then
I put my finger there...
and I said,
"Shh. "
Okay?
There and there.
Put your lips there.
Pucker your lips and blow.
Just a little bit.
This trumpet's special.
Very good.
Kevin.
Have a mint.
On me. Huh?
Oooh-ohhh.
What? What, you want an autograph?
Come on, get out of here.
Next.
- Sandra.
- How'd you know my name?
Well, you look like a Sandra.
You have very pretty teeth, Sandra.
- Thank you.
- Let's check 'em. Hmm? Ahh.
- Did you see the man upstairs, Sandra?
- A little.
- Did you talk to him?
- No.
- Well, who did, Sandra? Who talked to the man?
- Mary.
- Where is Mary, Sandra?
- What the hell do you think you're doing?
- I'm talkin' to the kids, ma'am.
- Sandra, come here.
Come here, honey.
The rest of you inside. Now. Go on.
- Bye, Gabriel.
- See you, kids. Study your math.
Key to the universe.

Bye, Gabriel.

- Who are you?

- That's a long story.

- Ignore him.

- Yeah, everybody else does.

Look, I don't know what's going on here,
but I think you both should leave.

You're right.

You have no idea
what's going on.

- So you saw Simon. What did he say to you?

- Yes.

- You weren't supposed to be here.

- Why? Is something wrong?

Emma.

It's okay, Mary.

You don't have to talk to him.

You don't have to talk to any of them.

He was just asking me
about Simon.

Simon?

What did he say
to you, Mary?

- He asked if I could keep a secret.

- What was that?

Something he gave me.

- What did he give you?

- Then it wouldn't be a secret.

You're a good friend not to tell, Mary.

But I'm a good friend of Simon's too.

So if you want to go ahead and say
what it was, you can tell me, okay?

It's a secret.

But sometimes it hurts.

Ever cut off
a Chinaman's head?

They don't bleed.

Not like we do.

Or maybe it
was just the cold.

You could always tell
when they were coming.

Those songs.

They charge through the snow.

Their guns froze.
And that was okay
because we were better.
Colder.
At Chosin, we were colder
than anyone.
Make it stop, Miss Henley!
Make it stop!
- It's okay. It's okay.
- Make it stop! Make it stop!
Shh.
What are we gonna do?
She's going to have the enemy ghost way.
We leave this afternoon.
- Wh... Where's the ceremony?
- It's at her clan's village. Old Woman Butte.
You're gonna take her away?
This girl needs a doctor.
She's already seen
a doctor.
Chinamen's heads? Chosin? I've never
heard her talk that way before.
- Is someone teaching that to your kids in class?
- Yeah, sure.
Right next to Jack and Jill.
Colonel Hawthorne was at Chosin.
Did she talk to him?
She had no contact with him.
He hated children.
This isn't just
about some drunk...
who burned himself up
at the school, is it?
Can you tell me
the truth, Thomas?
Did you ever read
the Bible, Katherine?
Long time ago.
Did you ever notice how in the Bible,
whenever God needed to punish someone...
or make an example,
or whenever God needed a killing,
He sent an angel?
Did you ever wonder what a creature

like that must be like?
A whole existence spent
praising your God,
but always with one wing
dipped in blood.
Would you ever really
want to see an angel?
Why are you asking me this?
They want
Colonel Hawthorne.
They want a dead, forgotten,
psychotic colonel.
They?
There was a man
at my school this morning.
The children
were calling him Gabriel.
He had Sandra on his lap.
What does he want
with my kids?
I don't know, Katherine.
But I gotta find him.
I know where
you can find him.
He was parked right here.
It's cold.
What's that?
I don't know.
It's angelic script.
Thomas?
No!
Saint John was right.
There's a war in Heaven.
Is Gabriel an angel?
He wants something.
Something that's here.
He wants Mary.
Thomas, he wants Mary.
Mary?
His car.
Get away from her.
Son of a gun. Priest.
Wanna-be. Figured it out.
- Mary?

- Shh.

She won't feel anything, honest.

I have to rip her apart, of course.

Just the way it goes. See, Simon hid

Hawthorne's soul inside her. I need it.

Nice Catholic boy like you, Mr. Dagget,
you should be on my side.

Goddamn it!

You're gonna have to watch it
with that profanity.

Mary.

Look in my eyes.

Come on, motherfucker!

Come on, fuck!

Thanks, man.

You're a sport.

Pest! You have any idea how hard
it is to get one of those?

Why?

I'm an angel. I kill firstborns
while their mamas watch.

I turn cities into salt.

I even, when I feel like it,
rip the souls from little girls.

And from now

till kingdom come,

the only thing you can count on,

in your existence,

is never understanding why.

You, give me a kiss.

- Mary!

- Go! Go!

You...

can't... have her!

Thomas!

Get that one and a half incher
over to the other side.

We need more!

- You don't understand. You gotta cuff him.

- He's dead.

- He's not dead. You gotta cuff him, do you hear me?

- Bob, just do it.

Do it!

All right, Jack. Cuff him.

Put him in my car.

- All right.

- They got him. They got him.

- Wh... Where's Mary?

- She's here. She's here.

Hey.

On Earth, they're not immortal.

They're not like you and me.

You've got to cut their hearts out.

Come on.

We gotta go.

Let's go. Let's go.

This is a good place.

Separate water source.

Stocked grain.

Only one possible approach.

A man could,

with the proper defenses,

hold off

an entire battalion.

Hi.

Can I help you?

Yeah, someone's gonna die. Soon. Here.

I'll just be a minute.

Uh, there's no visitors

allowed in I.C.U.

Timing is so important.

I smell these things.

Shh.

So.

"Nancy. "

Recovering? Hmm.

Recovering? Huh.

Stable?

Get out of here.

Deteriorating.

Critical.

My favorite.

Rachael.

Not yet. Come back.

Come on, back it up.

That's it. Come on back.

Ooh. Ahh.

- Hi!

- No, no, no, no, no.
Shh.
Don't start.
I hate that.
Come on, don't start.
It's only
for a short time.
Promise.
Hello, Katherine.
We must talk.
- Oh, my God.
- God?
God is love.
I don't love you.
L... I can't.
I can't do this.
I can lay you out and fill your mouth
with your mother's feces.
Or we can talk.
- Are you one of them?
- Them?
Are you an angel?
I am the first angel,
loved once above all others.
A perfect love.
But like all true love #
One day it withered
on the vine ##
Ahh, the winged party boy
is about.
Come to feed on the guts
of your little Mary.
- Are you a part of it?
- No, Katherine.
Other angels have made this war
because they hate you.
You and all humans.
God has put you in His grace
and pushed them aside.
They're desperate. They've never been
able to conquer the other loyal angels.
And so this war has remained
in stalemate for thousands of years.
And while this state

of affairs endures,
no soul can meet its God.
Your parents and their parents
and so on, from the beginning,
lie still in wormy earth.
Of course, some of them
do come to me eventually.
For while Heaven may be closed,
I am always open, even on Christmas.
Gabriel has a plan.
Humans... and how I love
you talking monkeys for this...
know more about war
and treachery of the spirit...
than any angel.
Gabriel is well aware
of this...
and has found a way to steal the
blackest soul on Earth to fight for him.
If he wins, Heaven opens.
I know that this new Heaven
will just be another Hell.
You see, I'm not here to help you
and the little bitch...
because I love you
or because I care for you,
but because two hells
is one hell too many...
and I can't have that.
What I'm offering you
is a chance not only to save Mary,
but to finally open Heaven
to your kind.
What do you say?
I saw the devil tonight.
If you have something to say,
why can't you say it
to me?
Thomas.
I had a voice once,
Katherine.
For as long as I could remember,
I had a voice...
that called me to my God,

that called me to church.
And on the day that I needed
that voice the most,
it left me.
It's better never
having known that voice.
All I know is that I'm not going to let
anything happen to Mary.
All right?
Say, ma'am,
any idea where I can find
Old Woman Butte?
Yeah, it's on
the reservation.
Don't suppose you could be
just a tad more specific,
Madge?
The light.
It was so...
br... bright.
- Isn't your friend hungry?
- What?
Not for a while, I'm afraid.
Funniest thing.
Don't do that.
- Take 522 to the Sonsela Wash cutoff.
- Right.
First dirt road, go left 20, 25 miles.
You'll see it.
Much obliged.
Let's get crackin', Rachael.
No.
Eternity here.
In that sagging skin suit.
Or one more day with me.
Why?
Can't drive.
But I can wait.
Until the stars burn out,
if you don't make up your mind.
I doubt we'll meet again.
- Suits me.
- Thank Heaven.
Little Tommy Dagget.

How I loved listening
to your sweet prayers every night.
And then you'd jump in your bed,
so afraid I was under there.
And I was.
Do you know what hell
really is, Thomas?
It's not lakes of burning oil
or chains of ice.
It's being removed
from God's sight,
having His Word taken
from you.
It's hard to believe. So hard.
I know that better
than anyone.
And there's your weapon.
Think, Thomas, think.
What is the one thing
essential to an angel,
the thing that holds
his entire being together?
Faith.
Faith, faith.
And what would happen
if that faith was tested,
and an angel just like you...
didn't understand?
Use that.
Use it!
He's coming.
Go inside,
lock the door.
There's one shot.
Okay?
It'll be okay.
You're gonna love it,
Rachael.
It'll be our night
to howl.
Nice move.
Beautifully done.
Tommy, you've got to
come work for me.

Upstairs.
L... I could get you in now.
You'll love it.
Nobody tells you when to go to bed.
You eat all
the ice cream you want.
You get to kill... all day,
all night,
just like an angel!
Save yourself, friend!
Why go to the wall for that bitch
and her rug rat?
It all turns out the same
anyway. Now, later.
I'm gonna rip
that kid apart.
I'm not an angel!
I'm just a man.
Which means I got something
you don't. It's a soul.
This is gonna really hurt.
Your war...
Make it good.
- Your war is a lie!
- Right.
It's not about humans.
It's about God.
What do you know
about that, you monkey?
I don't have to, Gabriel.
I know you.
I know what it's like
to be ignored, pushed aside.
I know your anger. I know what it's like
to lose your faith in the Word.
I know.
'Cause you hate Him.
You hate Him just a little bit.
'Cause you're jealous.
That's what this war's about...
jealousy.
Jealousy that He could love
something more than you.
Something with a soul.

Well.

If you wanted to prove
your side was right, Gabriel,
so badly,
why didn't you just ask Him?
Why didn't you just ask God?
Because...

He doesn't talk to me
anymore.

Gabriel!

- I'm getting so fed up with you.

- Go to hell.

Heaven, darling, Heaven.

At least get the zip code right.

It's all the same to you,
isn't it?

No. In Heaven,
we believe in love.

- What do you love, Gabriel?

- Cracking your skull.

Kill me!

Oh, God!

Mary!

Go home.

Go home!

Finish it.

Long time.

This war is mine.

Your war is arrogance.

That makes it evil.

That's mine.

Lucifer, sitting
in your basement,
sulking over your breakup
with the boss.

You're nothing.

Time to come home,

Gabriel.

The enemy ghost is gone.

The war's over.

It's done.

No. I want you both
to come home with me.

Never. "I love you.

I love you more than Jesus. "

You owe me one.

- You're gonna ask me to take you home.

- No.

You will. Because anything else will
be worse than you could ever imagine.

Katherine.

I have my soul.

And I have my faith.

What do you have... angel?

Leave the light on,

Thomas.

Is he coming back?

I don't think so.

And in the end I think
it must be about faith.

And if faith is a choice,
then it can be lost...

for a man, an angel...

or the devil himself.

And if faith means never
completely understanding God's plan,
then maybe understanding
just a part of it, our part,
is what it is
to have a soul.

And maybe, in the end,
that's what being human is
after all.

What was it you once said

Few of the things
in life #

Are clear to me

Not for a second
did I believe you #

Not for a minute
did I believe you #

But within your need
you lie alone #

This empty space
you call your home #

If you just let me in

I wouldn't let you
break down #

Like I'm breakin' down #
I think you thought
the rain #
Could wash away the day #
And clean you #
Not for a second
did I believe it #
Not for a minute
did I believe it #
Within your need
you lie alone #
This empty space
you call your home #
If you just let me in #
I wouldn't let you
break down, ah #
'Cause I'm breakin' down #
If you just let me in #
I wouldn't let you
break down #
'Cause I'm breakin' down #
I'm breakin' #
Down #
If you just let me in #
I wouldn't let you
break down, no #
'Cause I'm breakin' down
I'm breakin' down #
If you just let me in #
I wouldn't let you #
Break down #
I'm breakin' down #
I'm breakin' down #
I'm breakin' down