

DOGMA

**EXT ASBURY PARK BOARDWALK - DAY**

Jersey spring day. Beyond the wooden planks that make up the aged fun pier,  
the ocean waves crash into the sandy shoreline.

An OLD MAN stares at the empty beach. Sun-worshipers hours away from besmirching the dunes. His features are simple. He wears an old overcoat.

His face belies good years gone by - a face that has seen more sunrises than one would suspect. He inhales the crisp, salty air and lets a small, satisfied smile cross his face.

Behind him. a large arcade with steel shuttered doors sits on the boardwalk. Three young boys skate around by on roller blades, passing a street hockey ball between them proficiently. The Old Man views them briefly. checks his watch, and looks back toward the ocean.

The skates of the three hockey playing youths skid to a halt. We pan up to their faces - now cold and dispassionate. They look at one another and nod.

Their skates glide out of frame.

P.O.V. SKATERS - The Old Man leans on the railing that overlooks the beach.

We get closer and closer to him until...

One of the skaters checks him hard into the railing. The Old Man exhales violently and falls to his knees. The two other skaters begin savagely beating on him with their hockey sticks, as he crumbles beneath them. Repeatedly their blades crash down hard on his head.

**OC VOICE**

I don't understand - how can you base your lack of belief in God on the writings Lewis Carroll?

The three skaters cease their beating and check the Old Man's pulse. Satisfied, they skate away, leaving his crumpled form on the boardwalk.

**INT AIRPORT - DAY**

LOKI walks beside a NUN in a semi-busy terminal. They pass through the metal detectors. The Nun carries a donation can.

### **LOKI**

Leaving 'Alice in Wonderland' aside, look closely at 'Through the Looking Glass' - particularly 'The Walrus and the Carpenter' poem: what's the metaphorical meaning?

### **NUN**

I wasn't aware there was one.

### **LOKI**

Oh, but there is - it colorfully details the sham that is organized religion. The Walrus - with his girth and good-nature - obviously refers to either the Buddha, or - with his tusks - the lovable Hindu elephant god, Lord Ganesha. This takes care of the Eastern religions. The Carpenter is an obvious reference to Jesus Christ, who was purportedly raised the son of a carpenter. He represents the Western religions. And in the poem. what do they do? They dupe all the oysters into following them. Then. when the oysters collective guard is down. the Walrus and the Carpenter shuck and devour the helpless creatures, en masse. I don't know what that says to you, but to me it says that following faiths based on these mythological figures insures the destruction of one's inner-being.

BARTLEBY sits amongst a row of seats by one of the arrival gates. He eats popcorn and stares at...

A steady stream of TRAVELERS, exiting the gate, meeting lovedones, family.

### **OC LOKI**

Organized religion destroys who we are or who we can be by inhibiting our actions and decisions out of fear of an intangible parent-figure who shakes a finger at us from thousands of years ago and says "No, no!"

Bartleby smiles at the meet-and-greets, warmed. Loki saddles up beside him,  
kneeling on one of the seats, facing the Nun.

**LOKI**

'Through the Looking Glass' - a children's tale? I think not.

**NUN**

(really dazed)

I've... I've never really thought about it like that...

(beat; shocked; off her cassock)

What have I been doing with my life...?'

**LOKI**

Don't look back. Just get out there and taste life.

(off donation can)

Leave this for the unenlightened. Poverty is for the gullible - it's another way the church is trying to control you. You take that money you've been collecting for your parish reconstruction and go get yourself a nice piece of ass. You deserve it.

The Nun nods at him, and saunters off, obviously grappling with something.  
A passerby tries to stick money in her can, but she yanks it away.  
Loki  
faces the proper direction in his seat and plops down beside the still-transfixed Bartleby.

**BARTLEBY**

(looking OC)

Here's what I don't get about you: you know for a fact that there is a God.  
You've been in his presence, he's talked to you personally. And yet I just heard you claim to be an atheist.

**LOKI**

C'mon man - you know I don't believe any of that shit I was telling her. I

just like to fuck with the clergy; keep 'em on their toes. When her head stops spinning, she'll be facing the way of the Just again. But oh. will she have a bunch to confess.

(looks around)

Now here's what I don't get about you: why do you feel the need to come here all the time?

**BARTLEBY**

(off travelers)

I like to watch. This is humanity at it's best. Look at them.

A reunited FAMILY share a group hug and move on, making way for two young LOVERS to embrace and kiss passionately.

**OC BARTLEBY**

All that tension, all that anger and mistrust, forgotten for one perfect moment when they come off that plane. See those two? The guy doesn't even know that the girl cheated on him while he was away.

**OC LOKI**

She did?

Bartleby and Loki continue to watch the arrivals.

**BARTLEBY**

Uh-huh. Twice. But it doesn't matter at this moment because they're both so relieved to be with one another. I like that. I just wish they could all feel that way more often.

**LOKI**

Maybe if someone gave them free bags of peanuts more often they would. Now what was so friggin' important that I had to miss cartoons this morning? If it was to share in your half-assed obsessions with Hallmark moments, I'm

going to slug you.

**BARTLEBY**

(still looking OC)

You're never going to believe this: we're going home.

**LOKI**

(off Bartleby's popcorn)

Let me have some?

**BARTLEBY**

(pulls out envelope)

Look what somebody sent us in the mail.

(hands him a newspaper article and corn)

**LOKI**

Did you say we're going home?

(reads)

"Cardinal Glick Cuts Ribbon on 'Catholicism - Wow!'"  
Campaign."

(to Bartleby)

And?

**BARTLEBY**

Keep reading.

**LOKI**

(reads)

"Updating the church... television spots... Papal consent...  
rededication..."

(to Bartleby)

Again - and?

**BARTLEBY**

(snatches article) Give me this

(getting up; reading)

"The Re-dedication of Saint Michael's Church on it's hundredth anniversary is the kickoff of a new campaign that seeks to bring the Catholic Church back into the mainstream. With a papal sanction, the archway entrance to the centuryold, Jersey shore house of worship will serve as a passageway of pleanry indulgence, which - according to Catholic beliefs - offers all who pass through it's arches a morally clean slate."

(looks at Loki)

You still don't get it, do you?

**LOKI**

No, I don't get it. Are we leaving now?

They start walking.

**BARTLEBY**

If you walk through the church's front door on the day of the Re-dedication ceremony, your soul is wiped clean of any and all existing sin, moreso than the sacrament of penance could ever offer. It's a plenary indulgence, man!  
I don't know why I never thought of this before.

**LOKI**

(spits out chewed popcorn into trash can)

Sounds thin. Sounds like someone made it up.

**BARTLEBY**

It's rarely employed, but it's legitimate. It has a papal sanction for God's sake.

**LOKI**

So you're saying you and I can walk through this doorway and go back home?

**BARTLEBY**

No - by passing through the doors, our sins are forgiven. Then all we have to do is die...

**LOKI**

Wait. wait, wait - Die? I don't want to die.

(chews popcorn)

**BARTLEBY**

(steps on conveyor belt)

You'd rather stay down here for a few more eons?

**LOKI**

No, but we don't even know if we can die. And what if we can, but this archway thing doesn't pan out? What then? Hell? Fuck that.

(spits out chewed popcorn into napkin)

**BARTLEBY**

Impossible. If we cut off our wings and transubstantiate to complete human form then we become mortal. And if we die with clean souls, there's no way to keep us out. They have to let us in.

**LOKI**

(beat)

Who sent this thing?

**BARTLEBY**

I don't know. Somebody who's looking out for us, I guess. Does it matter? All that matters is that after all these years, we've found a loophole. He can't keep us out anymore. And once we're back in, I'm sure He'll just forgive and forget.

They pass the Nun. who leans against a wall, still dazed.

**LOKI**

Yeah, but this plenary' indulgence thing is a church law, not Divine Mandate. Church laws are fallible because they're created by man.

**BARTLEBY**

One of the last sacred promises imparted to Peter the first Pope by the Son of God before He left was "Whatever you hold true on earth..."

**LOKI**

" ...I'll hold true in Heaven."

**BARTLEBY**

So if the Pope says it's so, God must adhere. It's dogmatic law.

**LOKI**

(beat; extends hand)

Let it never be said that your anal retentive attention to detail never yielded positive results.

**BARTLEBY**

(accepts hand)

You can't be anal retentive if you don't have an anus.

**LOKI**

There's just one thing I think I should do before we leave - something that'll get us back on His good side.

**BARTLEBY**

What's that?

Loki smiles and starts rifling through his pockets. He extracts a magazine article.

**LOKI**

This is something I've been dreaming about for five years now. Read.

The crumpled article displays a Barney-like gold-hued cow, alongside various profit charts and text.

**OC BARTLEBY**

(reading)

"Mooby the Golden Calf- Creating an Empire Out of Simplicity."

Loki wipes his mouth and nods to the article.

**LOKI**

I want to hit them.

**BARTLEBY**

Are you nuts?!

(crumples article)

We're mere days away from getting back, and you want to jeopardize it because you have a soft spot for the good ol' days?!

**LOKI**

What better way to show I've repented than by resuming the position I denied... thanks to you.

**BARTLEBY**

A killing spree is not going to make things better for us.

**LOKI**

We're not talking about killing here. We're talking about Divine Justice.

We're talking about punishing the wicked, raining down fire and brimstone.

He's all about that. I just know he'd want this done.

**BARTLEBY**

There hasn't been an Angel of Death since you quit. Doesn't that mean anything to you? Besides, what if you're wrong?

**LOKI**

If I'm wrong, it won't matter. Like you said - we pass through the arch and we're forgiven anyway

They step up to an elevator and press the button.

**BARTLEBY**

(considering it)

Well... he does hate competition.

(reading article)

And this Mooby deninitely falls under that heading.

**LOKI**

The church we have to go to is where?

**BARTLEBY**

New Jersey. The Rededication is in four days.

The doors open. They get on. Other people are inside as well.

**LOKI**

Our last four days on earth. If I had a dick, I'd go get laid. But we can do the next best thing.

**BARTLEBY**

What's that?

**LOKI**

Let's kill people.

A guy beside Loki reacts. Loki smiles at him as the elevator doors close.

**OPENING CREDITS**

Between black cards with white credits there are shots of the OLD MAN from the boardwalk being wheeled into a hospital on a gurney, being treated in the emergency room, being hooked up to life support system, and finally resting in an intensive care wing.

**EXT ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH - DAY**

The church sits on a grassy knoll in Mc Henry - a suburb of Chicago. Some

kids tear by on bikes and egg it.

#### **OC PRIEST**

The greater Illinois chapter of the Right to Life foundation will be holding it's bi-annual softball game against the Cook County Pro-Choice league next Sunday at two.

#### **INT ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH - DAY**

The PRIEST speaks from the lectern, addressing semi-filled rows of the faithful.

#### **PRIEST**

Those who find the weekly demonstration outside of

the Twelfth Street Planned Parenthood Clinic hard to make due to work schedules are urged to show their support in the fight against the thoughtless and wanton destruction of life by cheering on our boys on the field. Refreshments. as always, will be served.

Dollying down the rows while the Priest rattles on. we pass the parishoners. Some listen intently, others are nodding off. One surreptitiously listens to a Walk-man; a man and a woman quietly argue while their kid colors in a coloring book, going off the page and marking the pew; two kids play cards; one guy leafs through a copy of Hustler hidden by his hymnal book.

#### **OC PRIEST**

Today's second collection will be donated to the John Doe Jersey Life Fund.

For those of you who haven't been following the news, an unidentified homeless man who was accosted and severely beaten at the New Jersey shore

last Tuesday lies in critical but stable condition in one of that area's

hospitals. He lacks identification and police have had no luck in tracking

down any possible family. While he shows no signs of recovery, the Arch-Bishop of the Trenton Diocese has disputed the state's decision to

remove the indigent man from life support systems, asking that Catholics

all over the country join in this protest against Euthanasia. And finally -

will whoever keeps parking in my spot, stop doing that. Thank you. Now,

please rise for the recession of faith. We believe in one God, the father...

As the congregation flatly joins in the prayer, we stop on BETHANY - a beautiful twenty-something woman who struggles to stay awake. She checks her watch and exhales softly.

**OC VOICE**

I don't really want to be here.

**ENT PLANNED PARENTHOOD CLINIC - DAY**

A small gaggle of signcarrying Right-to-Lifer's march in front of the sterile looking building.

**OC VOICE**

But then again, I guess nobody ever does... except maybe you.

**INT BETHANY'S OFFICE - DAY**

The source of the voice - a GIRL - sits beside Bethany's desk, stretching out her gum. Bethany offers her an understanding smile.

**GIRL**

You know, I've done this three times now; and each time the counselor tells me I should be more careful in the future, I should show' some responsibility. Gotta tell you, though - this is the first time the counselor wasn't some ugly as hell old bitch. It's kind of hard to take abortion advice from a woman who's too gross to get laid in the first place.

**BETHANY**

I'm not here to lecture you - I'm here to make sure you really want to go through with this.

**GIRL**

I'd rather go back to that night when my idiot bovfriend swore up and down he was sterile. Short of that, there aren't many choices left, now are there?

**BETHANY**

Ever think about having it?

**GIRL**

(beat)

What woman doesn't on some level.

**BETHANY**

I never did.

**GIRL**

(incredulous)

You had an abortion?

**BETHANY**

(lights a smoke)

My first year in college. All through high school, I'd dated the same guy - Walter Flanagan. We were really in love, right? So much so. that we decided to go Carnegie Mellon together... that's this college in Pittsburgh. So there we are -away at school, and there's suddenly no parents to worry about anymore, so we're screwing like rabbits - just constanly doing it. And I wound up getting pregnant. So he begs me to have it. He says we should quit school and get married, and I'm telling him that that'll screw up our educations. We fought about it for a week - my arguement being there was no rush to have kids, you know? We could always have a baby in a couple of years - after school. So I got the abortion against his wishes... I mean, what the hell - it was my body, right? After graduation, we got married and immediately set about trying to have kids. We tried like hell for the first six months, and... nothing. So I went to a gynocologist to see if everything was okay on my end.

(beat)

It wasn't.

(takes a drink)

My uteran wall had this fissure. It seems that the doctor who performed the procedure on me years before had somehow botched it. I'd never be able to have a child.

The Girl's face says it all. Bethany takes a drag and continues.

**BETHANY**

So there I am - devastated. And now I have to go home to break the news to my husband who years before had begged me to have the baby - his baby. And after I explain it to him through my tears, he sits on the couch and rubs his eyes. And in the calmest, most rational voice I've ever heard anybody use in my life, he asks me for a divorce. And I fought him, you know? I tried to talk him out of it; told him there were alternatives - like we could adopt. And all he said was he wanted a wife who could have his children.

**GIRL**

(beat)

What happened?

**BETHANY**

He remarried. He had two kids in two years with his new wife. We never spoke again. And now I do this.

**GIRL**

That's like... such a sad story.

**BETHANY**

I dated this guy a year or two ago - he was really into comic books. He told me I had the stock superhero story -I wanted to prevent a wrong that had happened to me from ever happening to anyone else. Kind of like Batman, he said. The only difference is I don't put on tights to do it... unless all my other clothes are in the wash.

(smiles and puts out her smoke)

So... let's go over your paperwork.

**EXT CLINIC - DAY**

A well-dressed LIZ maneuvers through the small thrall of Right-to-lifer's.

They shake their placards at her accusingly.

**PROTESTOR 1**

You should be ashamed of yourself!

**PROTESTOR 2**

Child killer!

**LIZ**

(looking over their shoulders)

**HOLY SHIT!! IT'S THE POPE!!**

As the thrall turns excitedly in an effort try to spy the imaginary pontiff, Liz ducks inside the clinic.

**INT CLINIC COFFEE ROOM - DAY**

A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE fills the frame - "CHURCH SAYS NO TO DEATH OF JOHN DOE". It's lowered to reveal Bethany, reading. Liz enters and hangs up her coat.

**LIZ**

Jesus! You're a Catholic, aren't you? Can't you talk to them or something?

**BETHANY**

They hate me more than you, no doubt. At least you have an excuse - you're Jewish,

you don't know any better.

**LIZ**

I don't think they'd accept that one - we already used it as our excuse for killing Christ. So where were you yesterday morning - a bunch of us went out for brunch?

**BETHANY**

I went to church.

**LIZ**

That kills me. You and church. We work in a field that specializes in pissing off the cloth and you add insult to injury by breaking bread with them every week.

**BETHANY**

I sit there every Sunday and I feel nothing. I can remember sitting in church when I was a kid and being moved - like everything meant something, like I was important. And the stories of all these holy people were so inspiring. Now I sit there and think about my checking, and what I'm going to wear to work the next day.

**LIZ**

So then why do you still go?

**BETHANY**

(beat)

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

**LIZ**

You think I'm going to mock your religious beliefs? We're friends, Bethany - I may mock you for being a divorcee at twenty five who's never had an orgasm, but I'd never mock you for having faith.

**BETHANY**

That's just it - I don't. I don't think I have any faith left.

**LIZ**

(making coffee)

I had a girl in here once - 'bout fifteen. She told me that faith is like a glass of water. When you're young, the glass is full, and it's easy to fill up. But the older you get, the bigger the glass gets, and the same amount of water doesn't fill the glass anymore. Periodically, the glass has to be refilled.

**BETHANY**

A fifteen year old who came in here said that?

**LIZ**

She had gotten knocked up by her pastor.

**BETHANY**

Jesus! See? A minister knocks up a teenager -isn't anyone afraid of the Lord's wrath anymore?

**LIZ**

That would require faith, and that commodity lately seems reserved only for the psychotic zealots that hang around outside.

(collects her things to leave)

So what are you doing tonight?

**BETHANY**

Watching T.V.

**LIZ**

Girl, you need a man. If only for ten minutes.

**BETHANY**

It's been my experience that the average male is never a man - not even for ten minutes in his entire life span.

**LIZ**

Uh-oh - that sounds militant. You thinking of joining the other side?

**BETHANY**

Couldn't do it. Women are insane.

**LIZ**

Then girl, you better get back to church and ask God for a third option.

**BETHANY**

I think God is dead.

**LIZ**

The sign of a true Catholic.

Liz exits with her coffee. Bethany stares after her.

**INT A QUAINT SUBURBAN HOME - DAY**

The Stygian Triplets kneel on one knee before a high-backed leather chair, upon which Sits a shadowy figure who we see from behind. They appear to be in a den or library.

**SHADOWY FIGURE**

All proceeds according to plan. No doubt, the powers will attempt to contact the Last Scion. You know where she is. She must be eliminated befoie she enters the frav. When she is negated, there will be nothing to interfere with our plan. Shuffle her loose her mortal coil, that we may obtain our final glory.

(beat)

Go.

The Stygian Triplets rise and skate off.

**INT BETHANY'S KITCHIEN - NIGHT**

The fridge door opens and Bethany glances around inside. She pulls out a chocolate cake and closes the door.

**INT BETHANY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Bethany sits on the couch, eating cake with a fork and watching the OC t.v.  
The theme song to Filmation's 'Batman and Robin' cartoon can be heard.  
She sips some milk from a glass and has some more cake.

**INT BETHANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Bethany's in bed, staring up at the ceiling. From the darkness, a creaking floor board is heard. Bethany reacts, grabbing a bat from under her pillow.  
She peers into the darkness, defensively wielding her bat.

Suddenly, the room explodes in flames. A huge fire that appears to be shooting out from the floor ignites mere feet from Bethany's bed.  
Bethany leaps back, taking a beat to stare, mesmerized. Looking closely, one can see an anthropomorphic form standing in the blaze.

**VOICE**

(powerful; booming)

**BEHOLD THE METATRON - HERALD OF THE ALMIGHTY AND**

**VOICE OF THE ONE TRUE GOD!**

The Voice repeats itself. Bethany darts out of bed and dashes out of the room, quickly returning with a fire extinguisher. While the voice is in mid-sentence, she blasts the thing with the contents of the canister, swirling the nozzle around to hit all the flames. The booming Voice sputters and starts coughing, losing it's impressive edge. Bethany stops squirting and turns on her bedside lamp.

A choking, drenched, and coughing androgynous figure in a suit waves her away. The figure coughs up some of the extinguisher's contents and drops to the floor, hacking. It is METATRON. Bethany stares, shocked.

**METATRON**

(between coughs)

Sweet. ..Jesus! Did you... have to empty...the whole can?!

Bethany grabs her bat again and holds it up, this time offensively.

**BETHANY**

**WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU AND WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING IN MY ROOM?!**

**METATRON**

(slowly rising to it's feet)

I'm the one... who's soaked and... she's the one who's pissed. That's rich!

**BETHANY**

(reaching for phone, still holding bat)

I'm calling the cops! Breaking and entering, attempted arson... they're going to lock you up for life...!

**M ETATRON**

(wiping off clothes)

No dial tone.

**BETHANY**

(ear to phone)

You cut the phone lines...

(even more offensive with bat)

Get the fuck out of here, now!

**METATRON**

Or you'll what - hit me with that fish?

The bat Bethany held is now a salmon. She drops it to the floor and freaks.

**METATRON**

Now just sit down on the bed and shut up!

**BETHANY**

Oh God - you're going to rape me...

**METATRON**

I'm not going to rape you.

(to itself; off clothes)

Look at my suit...!

**BETHANY**

Take whatever you want, just don't kill or rape me...

**METATRON**

Enough with the raping already! I couldn't rape you if I wanted to.

(unzips pants and pulls them off)

Angels are ill-equipped.

Bethany stares. There, before her, stands the exposed Metatron. There is nothing where some sexual genitalia should be - it's as smooth and anatomically impaired as a Ken doll.

**METATRON**

See? I'm as anatomically impaired as a Ken doll.

(rings out pants)

You meat-puppets and your arrogance - you think everyone's just waiting to rape you.

**BETHANY**

Wh..what are you?

**METATRON**

I'm pissed is what I am. You go around drenching everyone that comes into your room with flameretardent chemicals? No wonder you don't get laid.

(pulls pants back on)

Go get me a towel, will you?

Bethany blinks. She exits the room and comes back with a towel. She holds it out to Metatron who grabs it and starts toweling off.

**METATRON**

(taking off jacket)

Stand back.

Bethany steps back. Metatron flexes and huge fucking wings extend from it's back, dripping water. Bethany goes wide-eyed and cowers against the wall.

**METATRON**

(tosses towel away)

Like I was saying - I am the Metatron.

Bethany stares, saying nothing, pinned against the wall. Metatron looks insulted.

**METATRON**

Metatron. Don't tell me the name doesn't ring a bell?

Bethany remains silent and wideyed. Metatron gets testy.

**METATRON**

You people. If there isn't a movie about it, it's not worth knowing, right?

(beat)

I am a seraphim.

(beat)

The highest choir of angels?

(beat)

You do know what an angel is, don't you?

Bethany slowly nods.

**METATRON**

Metatron acts as the voice of God. Any documented occasion when some yahoo claims to have spoken with God, they're speaking to me. Or they're speaking

to themselves.

**BETHANY**

(beat)

Why doesn't God speak for himself?

**METATRON**

Ah. So glad you decided to join the conversation. To answer that -  
human  
beings have neither the aural nor the psychological capacity to  
withstand  
the awesome

power of God's true voice. Were you to hear it, your mind would cave  
in  
and your heart would explode within your chest. We went through five  
Adam's  
before we figured that out.

**BETHANY**

Are you going to kill me?

Ni ETATRON

I could for what you did to this suit. Unfortunately I can't. You're  
called.

**BETHANY**

(beat)

Called how? How called?

**METATRON**

All that from two words. Color this angel impressed.

**BETHANY**

(beat)

How do I know you're an angel?

**METATRON**

Oh, you mean besides the fiery entrance and the expansive wingspan?  
You  
people kill me. Fine. You want more proof? How about a tequila?

(snaps fingers)

**INT MEXICAN BAR - NIGHT**

Bethany and Metatron sit at a table. Bethany immediately clutches at her pajamas. Metatron waves a WAITER over.

**BETHANY**

Where the hell are we?!

**METATRON**

The only place one can go for good tequila.

(to Waiter)

Dos tequilas, por favor. And an empty glass.

**WAITER**

Si.

The Waiter turns to leave. Metatron yanks a smoke from his pocket as he goes.

**METATRON**

Gracias, senior.

**BETHANY**

We're in Mexico?!

**METATRON**

Actually, we're in the Chilli's down the street from your house, but it was

still an impressive trick

(lights smoke)

You don't mind that I lost the wings, do you? I'm trying to keep our profile low.

**BETHANY**

I suppose it would be too cliché to observe aloud that this is the weirdest

dream I've ever had.

**METATRON**

Can you imagine how insulting it is to converse with a person and have them insist you're a dream? If I had an ego, it'd be bruised.

**BETHANY**

What do you want with me?

**METATRON**

I'm to charge you with a holy crusade.

(pause)

You do know what a crusade is, don't you?

**BETHANY**

(sarcastically)

Uh, yeah.

**METATRON**

Don't give me that. Last time I charged someone with a crusade they had to look the word up.

**BETHANY**

Why am I supposed to go on a crusade?

**METATRON**

Your's is a heritage divine. Also, you didn't seem to be doing much lately.

The Waiter arrives with their drinks.

**METATRON**

Oh - Gracias!

(he leaves; off the tequila)

One of the only things your people have mastered since you crawled from the primordial ooze.

(sips)

**BETHANY**

I work in an abortion clinic.

**METATRON**

(spits tequila into empty glass)

Moses was a drunk. Look what he accomplished. And no one's even asking you to part an ocean. All you have to do is go to New Jersey.

**BETH ANY**

New Jersey.

**METATRON**

Sure. Go to New Jersey and visit and small church on a very important day.  
Agreed?

**BETHANY**

That doesn't sound like a crusade.

**METATRON**

Aside from the fine print, that's it.

**BETHANY**

What's the fine print?

**METATRON**

(mumbles into glass)

stopacoupleofangelsfromenteringandthusnegatingallexistence.

Damn, this is good tequila.

(sips)

**BETHANY**

Wait, wait, wait. Repeat that.

**METATRON**

Damn, this is good tequila?

**BETHANY**

The first part.

**METATRON**

(spits into empty glass)

Details. Stop a couple of angels from entering and thus negating all existence. God, I hate when people need it spelled out for them.

**BETHANY**

Clarify that.

**METATRON**

That's the problem with you people - you need every-thing clarified.

No

leaps of faith whatsoever. Alright -vou want the whole secret origin?

Here

goes: Back in the old days, God was vengeful and hot-tempered, and his wrath was bore by the Angel of Death - name of Loki. When Sodom and Gommorah were destroyed? That was Loki. When the waters wiped out everything with the exception of Noah and his menagerie? That was Loki. And

he was good at what he did. But one day, he refused to bear God's wrath any longer.

**BETHANY**

Why?

**METATRON**

Because he listened to his friend - a Grigori by the name of Bartleby.

**BETHANY**

Grigori?

**METATRON**

One of the choirs of angels. They're called Watchers. Guess what they do?

**BETHANY**

So they're like Guardian angels?

**METATRON**

Exactly like that, but different. So one day, Loki's wiping out all the first born of Egypt...

**BETHANY**

The Tenth Plague.

**METATRON**

See? Tell a person you're the Metatron and they stare at you blankly; mention something out of a Charlton Heston movie and they're suddenly theology scholars. May I continue uninterrupted?

(Bethany nods)

So once he's done with the first born, Loki takes his friend Bartleby out for a post-slaughter drink. And over many rounds, they get into this discussion about whether or not murder in the name of God is okay. Now, Bartleby can run circles around Loki intellectually, not to mention the fact that Loki's more than half in the bag, and in the end, Bartleby convinces Loki to quit his position and take a lesser one - one that doesn't involve slaughter. So - very inebriated - Loki tells God he quits: throws down his fiery sword, gives him the finger - which ruins it for the rest of us. because from that day forward, God decreed that angels could no longer imbibe alcohol. Hence all the spitting.

**BETHANY**

Sounds reasonable.

**METATRON**

Maybe to you, but I'm a lush by nature.

**BETHANY**

I mean about the angel of Death's resignation.

**METATRON**

For a liberal, yes, but this is the Angel of Death we're talking about. The Angel of Death can't be a conscientious objector. The Angel of Death is charged with meting out whatever justice God demands. So for their insolence, God decreed that neither Loki nor Bartleby would ever be allowed back into Paradise.

**BETHANY**

Were they sent to Hell?

**METATRON**

Worse. Wisconsin. For the entire span of human history. And when the world ends, they'll sit outside the gates for eternity.

**BETHANY**

And what's this have to do with me?

**METATRON**

Somebody's clued them in to a loophole in Catholic dogma that would allow them to reenter Heaven.

**BETHANY**

So what? They beat the system. Good for them.

**METATRON**

It's not that simple. If they get in, they will have reversed God's decree.

Now listen up because this part is very important: existence in all it's

form and splendor functions solely on one principle: God is infallible. To

prove God wrong would undo reality and everything that is. Up would become

down, black would become white, existence would become nothingness. In essence - if they are allowed to enter that church, they'll unmake the world.

**BETHANY**

Are these guys that bitter?

**METATRON**

No, that's the stupid part: they have no idea what their actions will result in. As far as they know, they're just going home. Isn't that sweet?

**BETHANY**

If this is so major, why are you talking to me? Why doesn't God do something?

**METATRON**

He could. He could blink them out of existence, destroy that church, turn them into plants. But He'd rather see you take care of this one personally.

**BETHANY**

Why me?

**METATRON**

Because of who you are.

**BETHANY**

And who am I?

**METATRON**

The girl in the p.j.'s. Don't ask so many questions just serve your purpose.

**BETHANY**

I'll pass.

**METATRON**

I beg your pardon?

**BETHANY**

When some asshole abortion doctor destroyed my uterus -where was God?  
When  
my

husband decided he couldn't be with a wife that couldn't bear his  
children  
- where was

God? Now all the sudden, after all these years of quiet noninvolvement  
in  
my life, He

sends one of His lackey's my way who tells me I should save the world,  
and  
as what -

some sort of test? To Hell with Him.

**METATRON**

Do yourself a favor Bethany - do the world a favor: let go of your  
petty  
crap. It's served you precious little in the past, and it serves you  
even  
less now when the fate of existence

hangs in the balance. Don't allow eons of history and life to get  
blinked  
out of being just because you have a grudge against your creator.

**BETHANY**

A grudge? Do you know why I work in that clinic? It's my own private  
way of  
saying

"fuck you" to God.

**METATRON**

And any other day I'd say that's your business and your life, and  
enjoy  
yourself and goodnight. But this isn't about you - this is about  
eve~body.  
So you lost the abiliry to make life. You're being offered the chance  
to  
play mother to the world by acting like one and protecting it - saving  
it.

(swigs her drink and spits it out)

But I can't make you. You'll do what you will. However, if you should  
decide to stop being selfish and accept your responsibility, you won't  
be  
alone. You'll have support.

**BETHANY**

What, more angels?

**NIETATRON**

Prophets - although they don't quite get it yet. You'll know them right away - one speaks, the other listens. The one who speaks - and he will at great lengths, whether you want him to or not - will make mention of himself as a prophet. The other one won't say anything, but he'll be helpful

just the same.

(looks at watch)

I have to go. You'll do what you will, but try to remember that we're working in a time frame here.

Metatron moves to exit.

**BETHANY**

(beat)

Hey.

(Metatron turns)

You work for God.

**METATRON**

They tell me it's God. If it's not, I'm going to be severely pissed - what with all these years of bossing people around on his behalf and expectorating perfectly good tequila.

**BETHANY**

What's he like? God?

**METATRON**

(thinks)

Lonely. But funny. He's got a great sense of humor.

**BETHANY**

I'll bet.

**METATRON**

Look at sex. Sex is funny. One time I asked him why you people had to look so stupid while procreating. He said if you didn't, you'd do it all the time, just for fun.

**BETHANY**

But we do.

**METATRON**

I know. And you all look so damn stupid doing it. It kills us upstairs.

**BETHANY**

Sex is a joke in Heaven?

**METATRON**

The way I understand it, it's mostly a joke down here too.

And with that, Nietatron is gone. Bethany looks at her drink. A three-man mariachi band surround her and begin playing Prince's 'Little Red Corvette'.

**INT BETHANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Bethany startles awake. The radio on her night-table plays 'Little Red Corvette'. She lays back down.

**INT BETHANY'S OFFICE - DAY**

Bethany sits at her desk, staring into space. A twenty-something girl speaks, but Bethany's not really listening. She's extremely preoccupied.

**INT CLINIC - NIGHT**

Bethany shuts off the lights in the various rooms. She packs up her bag and turns on the alarm.

**EXT CLINIC - NIGHT**

Bethany exits and locks the door behind her. She starts walking.

As her feet tread lightly toward her car, three small shadows move toward her.

Bethany throws her bag on her car roof and rumages through her purse for her keys. She hears something and stops. Roller blades can be heard moving slowly across the asphalt of the parking lot. Bethany turns quickly. Nobody's there. She looks around, a bit peturbed.

### **BETHANY**

(calling into the darkness)

God, what time do you people quit and go home?! Let's just save it for tomorrow, alright?

There's no response. Then there's the noise of wood being tapped against the ground. Bethany peers into the darkness, looking for the source.

Suddenly, a skater whips past her, slamming his stick into the back of her knee. Bethany goes down. Another skater whips in and slashes at her, but she ducks. The stick hits the car door above her. She rifles through her purse madly until another skater whips by, dragging her purse away with his stick. Bethany looks up.

The Stygian Triplets are lined up menacingly, a few feet from her. They tap their hockey sticks in unison on the ground. Bethany jumps up and faces them defensively. The Triplets emit an unholy shriek and charge at her.

And from out of nowhere, a large figure swoops down from above, landing on the ground between Bethany and her menacers. The Triplets stop short and regard the figure curiously. The large figure whips into a defensive stance, Batman-style.

The Stygian Triplets look to one another. They shrug and charge anew.

From behind the rock-still large figure, a smaller figure leaps into the streetlight, shrieking, flying through the air, busting into a flying kick. He lands before the middle Triplet and open-palm punches him twice in the

face, grabbing his stick from the falling child's hand and tossing it into the air behind him.

The stick sails through the night air and is snatched by the grip of the large figure, who twirls it under his arm, and then back out like a sai. He swings it out before him, knocking the other two Triplets off balance. The smaller figure back flips into the larger figure's arms and kicks his feet into the faces of the two wobbling Triplets. They go down, and the smaller figure leaps forward with a shriek, landing between the fallen pair, elbows into their backs.

The first struck Triplet leaps out of the darkness at the large figure, screaming something unholy. The large figure catches the kid by the throat and quickly

head butts him, tossing him to the side. The large figure sways for a beat and then shakes it off.

The small figure collects the hockey sticks and throws them into the distance. He kicks at the fallen Triplets as they scurry away.

#### **SMALL FIGURE**

(calling after them)

**GO BACK TO YOUR PAPER ROUTES, YOU PUNK FUCKS!**

(more to himself)

Snoogans.

The large figure saddles up beside the small figure. They look at one another and shake hands.

#### **SMALL FIGURE**

Dude, I know they were just kids, but we kicked their fucking asses!

Bethany stares, mystified. She grabs her purse from the ground.

#### **BETHANY**

Where... where did you learn to do... that stuff?!

**SMALL FIGURE**

From this comic book some guys made about us. Long story.

**BETHANY**

(beat)

I don't know what to say... or think.

The figures turn into the light, revealing the faces of the heroes for the first time - two very familiar faces.

**SMALL FIGURE**

Say you'll offer us sex as a reward.

**BETHANY**

Who are you?

The large figure lights up a smoke. The small one extends his hand.

**SMALL FIGURE**

Jay. And this is my business associate, Silent Bob.

**BIETHANY**

Well thank you for being out here so late... Come to think of it, what are you doing out here so late?

(freezes)

Wait a second are you protestors?

**JAY**

What's a protestor?

**BETHANY**

You're not with the Fight-to-Lifer's?

**JAY**

You mean those fucks with the signs and pictures of dead babies? Shit no.

Me and Silent Bob are pro-choice: a woman's body is her own fucking business.

**BETHANY**

Then - I don't mean to sound ungrateful - but what are you doing hanging around?

**JAY**

We're here to pick up chicks.

**BETHANY**

(a bit stunned)

Excuse me?

**JAY**

We figure an abortion clinic is a good place to meet loose women. Why else would they be there unless they like to fuck.

**BETHANY**

(taken aback)

Oh. Right. Well, I should be going. Thanks for the rescue... I think.

**JAY**

(shocked)

Wait, wait, wait - we just saved your ass, and you're just going to take off? What the shit is that?

**BETHANY**

I had a weird night last night, and now tonight's not shaping up to be any better. I think I should go home, take some percocets, and lay down.

(opens her car door)

**JAY**

(to Silent Bob)

How about that shit? Fuck this town, man - I'm going back to Jersey and selling weed~

(they start walking)

At least there I can get turned down while trying to make myself a profit.

Bethany freezes. Metatron's words echo in her ear. She shakes her head.

**BETHANY**

(to herself)

You've gotta be kidding me.

(thinks for a beat; then) Hey! Wait!

She runs up to them. They whip around and raise their fists defensively.

**BETHANY**

Sorry.

(beat)

Would you... I can't believe I'm doing this...

(inhales deeply)

Would you... like to have a drink with me?

Jay's face lights up. He punches Silent Bob in the arm.

**JAY**

See?! I told you if we hung around outside that place we'd get laid! Thank you!

(looking skyward)

Thank you, God!

**INT SEEDY GUN SHOP - NIGHT**

Various guns are laid out atop a glass case.

**OC SALESMAN**

Now this piece is nice. It's not lightweight, but one look at it and nobody

- I mean nobody - is going to fuck with you. Try it on.

Loki picks up the gun. Bartleby and the SALESMAN look at him.

**LOKI**

It's a lot more compact than the flaming sword, I'll say that much.

**BARTLEBY**

It's the weapon of choice these days.

**LOKI**

It seems unimpressive. At least the sword looked intimidating. How can I strike fear into the hearts of the wicked with this?

**SALESMAN**

Oh, I get it. You want to become a vigilante, right? Like Batman or something.

**LOKI**

Batman never uses guns.

(off gun)

I don't know. It feels impersonal.

**BARTLEBY**

Then don't use a gun. Just lay the place to waste like Sodom and Gommorah.

Now that was something.

**LOKI**

Oh yeah, for you maybe. You got to stand there and read. I had to do all the work.

**BARTLEBY**

What work? You lit a few fires.

**LOKI**

I rained down sulfur, man. There's a subtle difference.

**BARTLEBY**

Sure.

**LOKI**

Are you kidding me? Any moron with a pack of matches can start a fire. Raining down sulfur takes a huge level of endurance. Mass genocide is the most exhausting activity one can engage in, next to soccer.

(to Salesman)

I'll take this one.

**SALESMAN**

Five seventy five to walk with it right now.

Loki starts sifting through his wallet.

**BARTLEBY**

Soccer?

**INT DINER - NIGHT**

An English muffin is covered with a knife-full of jam. Bethany raises the bread to her mouth and takes a bite. She glances at the OC pair and stops chewing.

Jay and Silent Bob study her intently. Jay smiles widely, anticipatory, and nods.

All three sit at a small table near a window. Bethany puts the English muffin down and brushes off her hands. Jay's feet are moving a mile a minute.

**BETHANY**

Are you both from around here?

**JAY**

I'm hard as hell.

**BETHANY**

Do you live in the city?

**JAY**

Do you have a friend for Silent Bob, or are you going to do us both?  
If so,  
I'm first. I hate sloppy seconds.

**BETHANY**

You're a man of principle. Where do you come from?

**JAY**

We used to live in a small town in Jersey. Real small town. We  
practically  
knew everybody.

**BETHANY**

What brought you to McHenry?

**JAY**

Hollywood.

**BETHANY**

(beat)

Hollywood?

**JAY**

Oh yeah. See, we used to sell smoke in front of this video store. And  
one  
day this fuck wants to rent a video. So we did, only we didn't have  
anyplace to watch it. So we went to the mall and popped it into a VCR  
at  
Macy's and sat on the floor and watched it. It was called 'Sixteen  
Candles'. Did you ever see it?

**BETHANY**

Yes.

**JAY**

So the next day we rented 'The Breakfast Club', and then 'Weird  
Science'

where these two fucks have a chick that'll do anything for them and they don't do nothing because it's a PG movie. But then we got thrown out of Macy's when we watched 'Pretty in Pink', because of this bitch.

(points to Silent Bob)

**BETHANY**

(to Silent Bob)

What'd you do?

**JAY**

You know how at the end the red-headed bitch gets together with her dream guy at the prom?

(Bethany nods)

Well pussy here starts fuckin' sobbing all sorts of loud and shit. And the manager's like "Get the hell out of here!" And I'm like "Fuck you, you bald cocksucker! I'll kick your lard.."

**BETHANY**

(speeding him along)

So what exactly brought you to Illinois?

**JAY**

Oh yeah. See, all these movies take place in a town called Shermer, in Illinois. And there's all this fine bush running around, and we could kick all the dude's asses because they're all whiney pussies. Except Judd Nelson - he was harsh. But best of all, there was no one selling weed. So I says to Silent Bob "Man, we could live phat if we were the blunt-connection in Shermer, Illinois!" So we collected some cash we were owed, and caught a bus. But when we got here,

you know what we found Out? There is no Shermer in Illinois. What kind of shit is that?! Fucking movies are bullshit!

**BETHANY**

And now you live here?

**JAY**

Fuck that. This berg sucks. Everyone talks with a stupid accent so you don't know what they're saying, and it's too fuckin' cold. We were talking about taking off. Until we met you, that is.

(kisses her hand)

**BETHANY**

(retracts her hand)

Right. So how much longer are you staying here?

**JAY**

Until you're ready to skip out and make with the sex.

**BETHANY**

No. How long are you staying in McHenry?

**JAY**

We're leaving tomorrow.

**BETHANY**

Where are you going next?

**JAY**

(to Silent Bob)

Jesus - this broad asks alot of questions.

(to Bethany)

Back to Jersey. We've been going straight for like five

years now. It's about time for us to retire or something. Enjoy our salad

years. No more adventures.

**BETHANY**

I see.

(sips her coffee)

**JAY**

Yeah. So do you do anal? Is it true that chicks fart if you blast them in the ass?

**BETHANY**

I didn't ask you out for sex.

**JAY**

I'll take head.

**BETHANY**

I don't know why, but...

(composes herself)

...I want to go with you.

**JAY**

What, like steady? You wanna be my girlfriend?

(shrugs to Silent Bob)

Alright, but Silent Bob has to live with us and you pay the rent.

**BETHANY**

No, I want to go with you to New Jersey.

**JAY**

Really? You're the only chick I ever met that wanted to go to Jersey. Most chicks try to get out.

**BETHANY**

When can we leave?

**JAY**

Wait a second! What is this shit? Are we going fuck or not?

**BETHANY**

You're going to lead me somewhere.

**JAY**

Me lead you? Lady, I don't even know where I am half the time. If we're not going to fuck then what the hell did you ask me out for?

**BETHANY**

Someone told me I'd meet you, and you'd take me somewhere I was supposed to go. I didn't believe it until you said that thing in the parking lot.

**JAY**

What the hell are you babbling about? All I know is we saved your ass from some angry fucking dwarfs and you promised us se~..

(to Silent Bob)

Didn't this crazy bitch promise us sex?

(to Bethany)

...and now you're telling me that I'm supposed to take you somewhere, and you don't even know where it is?

**BETHANY**

(beat)

Do you believe in God?

**JAY**

(horrified)

Holy shit - you're a Jehovah's Witness! All the fine chicks that come out of that place, and we gotta get the one Jesus freak!

(to Silent Bob, getting up)

Let's go...

**BETHANY**

(grabbing his sleeve)

No. wait...

**JAY**

(pulling back)

I'll scream rape.

**BETHANY**

I can pay you.

**JAY**

(quickly sitting back down)

Pay?

**BETHANY**

For being my guide. You were going to leave anyway; all I'm asking is to tag along and see where it leads. I'll pay a hundred bucks and all expenses.

**JAY**

(thinks; to Silent Bob)

I feel like I'm Han Solo, and you're Chewie, and she's Ben Kenobi, and we're in that fucked up bar.

(to Bethany)

What about sex?

**BETHANY**

No sex.

**JAY**

Alright, but let's say we're caught in a situation where we've got like five minutes to live, like a bomb or something is gonna go off - would you fuck us then?

**BETHANY**

In that highly unlikely situation?

(beat)

Yeah, sure.

**JAY**

Yeah? You slut. Noonch.

(to Silent Bob)

What do you think?

Silent Bob shrugs. Jay stands up.

**JAY**

Alright. But I'll drive.

**EXT MAIN HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Bethany's car roars overhead, speeding down the road, revving awfully loudly.

**INT BETHANY'S CAR - NIGHT**

The speedometer reads ninety five.

Jay drives, eyes glued to the road. happy as hell. Silent Bob smokes to his right. Bethany sits pinned against the back seat, wearing an uncomfortable and dubious look. She struggles to lean forward. The engine still races.

**BETHANY**

(yelling over engine noise)

What gear are you in?

**JAY**

(not looking back)

Gear?

**EXT HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Jay, Silent Bob, and Bethany sit on and against the car. The hood is open

and smoke billows out.

**JAY**

(defensively)

Well what do I know from shifting?! Like I ever drove before!

Silent Bob shrugs and smokes. Bethany walks away, shaking her head.

**JAY**

Chicks.

Silent Bob nods and extracts a tool from his jacket. He begins working on the engine as a cross~ountry bus races by.

**INT BUS - NIGHT**

Bartleby and Loki sit in the back. Bartleby reads a map and Loki stares at the gun in his lap. A COUPLE makes out in the seat in front of them.

**BARTLEBY**

We have to pass through three more states to get to New Jersey: Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania.

**LOKI**

With a very important stop in Cleveland.

**BARTLEBY**

Oh right. The Angel of Death Returns. Sounds like a bad movie.

**LOKI**

Movies are bullshit. And don't start with me, alright. The last time you bugged me about my job, you got us sentenced to life in Wisconsin.

(looks out window)

All this time we've been down here, why didn't we ever leave the Cheese?

**BARTLEBY**

He said to stay where he put us. We feared worse punishment if we disobeyed  
Him again.

**LOKI**

Where were we afraid He'd send us?

**BARTLEBY**

New Jersey.

**LOKI**

Now that, my friend. is irony.

**BARTLEBY**

(beat)

You know, maybe you're wrong about this slaughter. How can you even be sure  
of what incurs the Lord's wrath these days? Times change. Remember when  
eating meat on Friday was supposed to be a Hellworthy trespass? Or when  
people weren't even supposed to shop on Sundays?

**LOKI**

That stuff was small potatoes. The major sins never change. And believe me  
- I can spot a commandment breaker a mile away.

**BARTLEBY**

Sure.

**LOKI**

You don't believe me?

(looks around; eyes fall on kissing couple)

There. There's one.

**BARTLEBY**

(off couple)

So what? They're kissing.

**LOKI**

Adultery.

**BARTLEBY**

That's a stretch. How do you know they're not dating?

**LOKI**

You'd know better than me - let's hear it.

**BARTLEBY**

Oh, I know the truth. But let's see how boned up on the job you really are.

**LOKI**

A test?

**BARTLEBY**

Of sorts. So what's your proof?

**LOKI**

He's wearing a wedding band.

**BARTLEBY**

So? Maybe that's his wife.

**LOKI**

No married man kisses his wife like that. You get married and the passion dies, man. Don't you ever watch talk shows?

**BARTLEBY**

What are you talking about?

**LOKI**

A guy makes his best plays when wooing. When the object of his desire is won, there's no need to expend the effort anymore. He relaxes, satisfied with the spoils of victory, which he then decides isn't so victorious because he's saddled with a life-mate.

**BARTLEBY**

Very romantic sentiment.

**LOKI**

That's the problem - romance. You think about it :back in the old days,  
nobody got married out of quote, unquote, love. People married for property', dowries, or to procreate - to immortalize oneself through offspring. When did all this love stuff start? What the hell happened to  
the status quo?

**BARTLEBY**

The Troubadors.

**LOKI**

Lionel Richie's old group?

**BARTLEBY**

No, that's the Commodores. The Troubadors were wandering minstrels and dramatists that sang melodramatic and sappy songs of undying love.

**LOKI**

Sounds like the Commodores.

**BARTLEBY**

The Troubadors made 'love' fashionable. And their influence altered the  
balance in a significant fashion. Until them, people got married because  
they had to. After them, people started 'falling in love'. Romantic courtships became the norm. What started out as simple entertainment made  
such a dramatic impact as to forever alter the way society operates.

**LOKI**

That's human beings for you - easily misled. From the Garden of Eden to the  
'Thigh Master' - they believe what they're told. I'm telling you - one day  
they're all going to watch one too many John Hughes flicks and start looking for Shermer, Illinois.

**BARTLEBY**

Be fair. Humans are dumb, but not that dumb.

(off couple)

So is it adultery or not?

**LOKI**

(thinks; to couple)

Excuse me.

The Couple stops kissing. The MAN looks at Loki.

**LOKI**

Are you married?

**MAN**

(puzzled)

Why?

**LOKI**

Just curious.

**MAN**

(holds up ring finger)

What do you think?

The Man shakes his head and goes back to kissing. Bartleby offers Loki a "Satisfied?" expression. Loki taps the Man on the shoulder.

**MAN**

(breaks kiss; pissed)

What?!

**LOKI**

To her?

**MAN**

What?

**LOKI**

Are you married to her?

**MAN**

Not that it's any of your fucking business, but no! Why?!

Loki looks at Bartleby. Bartleby rolls his eyes. Loki calmly shoots the man in the head. Screaming ensues.

**EXT HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

The bus skids to a halt. People flock off in a panic. scattering. After a beat, Bartleby and Loki deboard and stand there alone.

**BARTLEBY**

You're such an asshole.

**LOKI**

Don't blame me, man. Blame the Commodores.

**BARTLEBY**

Troubadors.

**EXT ROADSIDE OF HIGHWAY - DAWN**

Silent Bob still tools around under the hood, Jay hands him various wrenches. Bethany steams off to the side.

**JAY**

(to Silent Bob)

She's pissed, dude. She'll never fuck us now. Well, maybe you, but definitely not me.

(beat)

Let me know how she is.

**BETHANY**

(turns on him)

Nobody is fucking me! You got that?!

**JAY**

At least not in this car.

**BETHANY**

(sighs)

I'm sorry I dragged you to that diner. I don't know what I was thinking.  
But being that I've decided to go home and not to New Jersey, this is where you two get off.

**JAY**

You're breaking up with us?

**BETHANY**

Good luck with finding Molly Ringwald, or whoever it is you're looking for.  
Sorry for the inconvenience. Good bye.

Bethany starts walking away. Jay stares at her, shocked.

**JAY**

(to Bethany)

Who the hell do you think you are, lady? You can't go around breaking people's hearts like that! We fell in love with you! Guys like us don't just fall out of the sky, you know!

On cue, a naked black MAN falls from the sky. landing between the two parties. Bethany and Jay stare at him. The Man is face down, sooty, and ashen - as if he's just been in a fire. Bethany drops to her knees and rolls him over, feeling for a pulse. Jay looks down, then looks skyward as Silent Bob joins him.

**JAY**

(yelling up)

A beautiful, naked woman doesn't just fall from the sky, you know?!

(beat; to Silent Bob)

Was worth a try.

Silent Bob nods. Bethany presses her ear to the man's chest.

**BETHANY**

No heartbeat.

**JAY**

Do you think he fell from a plane? Like 'Alive'? Did you ever see that flick?

**BETHANY**

(starts CPR'ing him)

I think there would have been more of a mess if he fell from that high.

**MAN**

Not necessarily.

Bethany, Jay, and Silent Bob leap back. The man sits up and rubs his face.

**JAY**

**KILL IT!! KILL IT!!**

**MAN**

That sounds familiar.

**BETHANY**

Jesus, are you okay?

**MAN**

Rufus. And yes, I'm fine.

**JAY**

He's the fuckin' undead!! Cut his head off!!

**RUFUS**

(getting up with Bethany's help)

What happened to your car? You clock ninety in first gear or something?

**JAY**

Mind your own fucking business!

**RUFUS**

(to Jay)

Listen, goldie-locks, what I just did was not easy and it ga\e me a fucking migraine. Now if you don't pipe down, I'm going to rip your balls off.

**JAY**

(hiding behind Silent Bob)

I knew it! Mother fucker wants to eat my brain!

**BETHANY**

I think he was aiming a bit further south.

(to Rufus)

Speaking of which, you're awfully nude - Rufus, is it?

**RUFUS**

Rufus it is, Miss.

(to Silent Bob)

Hey, tubby... how's about lending a brother your coat 'till I can find my own threads?

Jay looks at Silent Bob.

**JAY**

Dude, he fell out of thin air!

Silent Bob shrugs and passes his coat to Rufus. Jay bugs.

**JAY**

Dude, his dick is gonna be rubbing all over the inside of your armor!

**RUFUS**

(to Silent Bob)

I'll do my best to tuck it back, brother.

Silent Bob nods. Something OC catches his eye. He stares OC and exits.

**BETHANY**

Where exactly did you fall from?

**RUFUS**

Some might say grace.

**JAY**

(to Silent Bob)

Dude, he's talking about your mom.

Jay turns to see that Silent Bob isn't there.

Silent Bob peers at a large bush at the road side. The bush rustles slightly.

**OC BETHANY**

You know, normally I'd have a hard time with this, but somehow you falling out of the sky seems to go hand in glove with some of the other stuff I've been dealing with.

**OC RUFUS**

Believe me - you ain't seen nothing yet.

Silent Bob peers closer at the bush. Suddenly - a Stygian Triplet leaps out at him, pinning him to the ground with his hockey stick.

The other two Triplets leap on top of Jay and BETHANY

Rufus grabs the one off Bethany and hurls him to the side.

Jay manages to reach into his jacket and pull out a copy of Penthouse. He rolls it up and starts beating the kid in the head with it.

Silent Bob gets his hands under the stick that pins him and pushes it up

hard, into the Triplet's forehead, knocking him off. He rushes to Jay's side  
and plies the other Triplet from his throat, hurling him OC.

The Triplet Silent Bob fought 'punctures' the air with his stick and rips  
downward, creating a 'hole'. He grabs his friend and leaps into it, disappearing.

Jay and Silent Bob look at each other, blink, and embrace passionately.

The Triplet that Rufus threw rushes Rufus from behind - hockey stick in  
lancing position. Without looking back, Rufus reaches behind himself, grabbing the stick and swinging it (and the Triplet) over his head in an  
arch, letting go. The last Triplet goes sailing through the 'hole', and it  
seals shut.

Bethany, Jay and Silent Bob are in various wide-eyed states of shock.

**JAY**

Alright - what's with you, lady?! That's the second time you got attacked  
by the fucking Mighty Ducks!

**RUFUS**

(wiping off hands)

Man, they're onto you bad, already. I got here just in time.

**BETHANY**

How can you be so composed? We were almost killed.

**RUFUS**

Death is a worry of the living. The dead only worry about decay and necrophiliacs.

**JAY**

See! I told you he was the undead!

**RU FUS**

Not the undead, the dead. I died. Christ told me the secret to resurrection

once when we were at a wedding in Canna, but I got drunk and forgot it.

**BETHANY**

(incredulous)

Wait. wait, wait - Christ? You knew Christ?

**RUFUS**

Knew him? I saw him naked.

**BETHANY**

Let me guess - you're another angel?

**RUFUS**

No, I'm a man - just like you and him.

(looks at Jay)

Well, maybe not like him. At least I was a man. Been dead for nearly two thousand years. Here.

(pulls rolled up paper from behind his ear)

**JAY**

No wonder he saw Jesus - homey's rockin' the ganj.

**BETHANY**

(unrolling it)

It's not a joint.

(looks at it)

I can't read this.

**RUFUS**

It's Sanskiit. It says "Rufus - see you in two years. Jesus." Freaked me out because he basically told me when my number was up. Took the flavor out of the remaining years. Look, we gotta keep moving. If we stay in one place

long enough, those things are liable to come back. What say we  
continue  
this discussion over something to eat?

**BETHANY**

(snaps)

**WAIT A SECOND!**

(inhales deeply)

I'm a rational woman, okay. All I want to know is where you, and  
those...  
kids came from?!

**RUFUS**

They came from Hell. I came from Heaven.

(walking away)

Let's start walking.

**JAY**

Walk? Do you know how far we are from anywhere?

**RUFUS**

Back in the old days with J.C., we walked everywhere. Did you ever  
hear of  
a fat apostle?

(exits)

Bethany looks to Jay and Silent Bob for some guidance or stability.

**JAY**

What's an apostle?

Bethany shakes her head and exits. Jay and Silent Bob shrug at each  
other.

**EXT MOOBY CORP. BUILDING - DAWN**

A large office building in downtown Cleveland. The city. hasn't  
started up  
yet. A pickup truck pulls curbside in front of the structure. Bartleby  
and

Loki jump out of the back and pat the side of the truck. offering waved  
thank-you's to the driver. As the truck pulls away, Loki pulls out the article and looks at it. He looks up at the building and nods to Bartleby, smiling. They head toward the front doors.

INT QUALNT SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAWN

A ringing phone is answered by the unseen figure in the chair. We move from the seated Figure, passing by the dead bodies of the home's original owners, and come to a stop on the bruised and worn Stygian Triplets seated on a couch. They look scared.

**FIGURE**

Hello?... No, they're not in right now... I'm the phone guy... I'll leave them a message... Bye.

The Figure hangs up the phone and rises.

**FIGURE**

You say the girl has already met the prophets?

The Stygian Triplets nod.

**FIGURE**

She grows closer to learning her true identity. If that happens, our plan is jeopardized. I can't afford to go into the field - that might compromise us further. The best course of action is to insure that our parcel is not found. And being that I can't even trust you enough to kill a girl, I'm left with no choice but to seek outside assistance in guarding our package.

(sighs)

I'm going to have to summon the Golgothan.

The Figure exits. The Stygian Triplets register shock.

**EXT FAST FOOD JOINT - DAWN**

Rufus - now wearing some funky new clothes - carries a tray of fast food to an outdoor table. Sitting already are Bethany, Jay, and Silent Bob.

**RUFUS**

(off new clothes)

It's amazing the shit people throw out. Didn't I tell you I'd find some threads?

A car full of teens whip past them.

**TEEN**

(yelling from passing car)

**GARBAGE PICKER!**

**RUFUS**

(waves to them)

Thank you.

(to group)

What's that mean?

**JAY**

It means they saw you pull that shit out of that dumpster.

**RUFUS**

So it's a good thing, then.

(handing coat back to Silent Bob)

I appreciate the loan, brother. You can have this back.

**JAY**

(to Silent Bob)

Lucky you.

**RUFUS**

(off food)

Damn, I remember when all we used to have for breakfast was fish and goat's milk. What do you call this shit?

**BETHANY**

(to Rufus)

Egg McMuffin. Now how about you start explaining some things to me.

**RUFUS**

Like what?

**BETHANY**

Like - for starters - who the hell are those kids that keep attacking me?

**RUFUS**

Nasty little bastards called the Stygian Triplets. They're not really related. When they were alive they were a trio of kids that snatched a neighbor's toddler and smashed it's skull in - "just to see what it looked like" I believe was their defense. They were killed in a car wreck on the way to a detention center.

**BETHANY**

So they're dead too?

**RUFUS**

You'd be surprised how many dead people are just walking around - we're stubborn bastards. Thing is, those kids are supposed to be in Hell. Which means that someone wants you out of the picture so badly they're willing to summon demons.

**BETHANY**

Is it those two angels I'm supposed to stop?

**RUFUS**

Couldn't be. They're not evil - they're just stupid.

**JAY**

(to Bethany)

Wait a minute - are you going to listen to this shit? We don't even know who this guy is. For all you know, he's in with those fucks. They both showed up at the same time.

**BETHANY**

I hate to say it - but he does have a point. How did you know where to find us?

**RUFUS**

You know what the dead do with most of their time? They watch the living. Especially in the shower.

**JAY**

(to Silent Bob)

I can't wait to die.

**BETHANY**

And why are you watching me?

**RUFUS**

Because you're the one who's going to help me get some changes made in that book you all hold so much stock in.

**JAY**

Hustler?

**RUFUS**

The Bible.

**BETHANY**

What's your beef with the Bible?

**RUFUS**

I'm not in it.

**JAY**

Neither are any of us, but you don't hear us bitching.

**RUFUS**

But I'm supposed to be in it. I was the Thirteenth Apostle.

**BETHANY**

I've been going to church my entire life and I've never heard of a thirteenth apostle named Rufus.

**RUFUS**

See? You know all about the other twelve Apostles -white boys, I might add.  
But no mention of Rufus. And why? Cause I'm a black man. But that's just my pet peeve. I mainly want to correct a major error that you people are basing a faith on.

**BETHANY**

What's that?

**RUFUS**

Jesus wasn't white; He was black.

Rufus bites into his sandwich. Bethany, Jay and Silent Bob look at him and then each other.

**JAY**

Bullshit. I've seen pictures of Jesus, and He has blonde hair and blue eyes.

**RUFUS**

(wiping hands)

That's what's particularly insulting. Between the time when He established the faith and the church started to officially organize, the powers-that-be decided that while the message of Christ was integral, the fact that He was black was a detriment. So all renderings were ordered to be Eurocentric, even though the brother was blacker than Jesse.

**BETHANY**

If that's true, then why'd He get written about while you were left out?

**RUFUS**

Well He is the Son of God, right? It's kind of hard to have the New Testament without him. So you fudge a few facts and put a spin on His ethnicity. Leaving me out's okay because there's still Twelve apostles to choose from.

**JAY**

I don't buy it.

**RUFUS**

That's what the good people of Antioch were saying when they stoned my ass.

**BETHANY**

You were martyred?

**RUFUS**

That's one way of putting it. Another way is to say I was bludgeoned to shit by big rocks. See - Christ told us Apostles to go out into the world and spread His word. Antioch was already garnering a big Christian following, so I got sent there. And was a big hit. They loved hearing about Jesus' message, and how He was the Redeemer. But when I mentioned He was black, the whole town turned on me - called me a liar and shit. I pressed the point, and before I know it, I'm wearing stones - although not to accessenze.

**BETH ANY**

Why didn't you just let the point go when you saw how they were reacting?

**RUFUS**

Because it's part of the facts. White folks only want to hear the good

shit: life eternal, a place in God's kingdom. As soon as they hear they're getting all this from a black Jesus, they freak. And that - my friends - is called Hypocrisy. Folks just can't accept a black Savior.

(to Silent Bob)

You going to eat that hash brown?

**BETHANY**

So you went to Heaven?

**RUFUS**

Shit yeah; it was the least the brother could do. I gave up my sheep and followed His ass around Jerusalem for three years. And in all that time, did I ever get laid? Hell no! But I didn't bitch, because I was into His message. And while the message is what counts, folks should know that He was black. That's why I'm going to help you find stop those angels from getting to that church in exchange for you helping me with my campaign.

**BETHANY**

How do you know about that?

**RUFUS**

Heaven's a pretty boring place, and anything that breaks the tedium is news. The unmaking of existence is what you might consider a great tediumbreaker. Besides, there isn't much I don't know about you.

**BETHANY**

I find that hard to believe.

**RUFUS**

When you were five you let a kid from next door piss on your hand.

**JAY**

(shocked)

You did that?

**BETHANY**

Yeah... but I never told anyone about it.

**RUFUS**

Neither did he. He died of Leukemia two years later. His name was...

**BETHANY**

...BryanJohnson.

**RUFUS**

Your exploits - no matter how inane - are well-known in Heaven.  
Probably in  
Hell, too.

Bethany rubs her temples and exits OC. Rufus watches her go.

**JAY**

(intrigued)

Tell me something about me.

**RUFUS**

(preoccupied with the OC Bethany)

You masturbate more than anybody else on the planet.

**JAY**

Shit, everyone knows that. Tell me something nobody knows.

**RUFUS**

You think about guys when you do it.

Rufus gets up and exits. Silent Bob looks at Jay, shocked.

**JAY**

Not all the time!

Bethany sits on a swing in the kiddie-jungle gym, shaking her head.  
Rufus  
joins her.

**RUFUS**

I'm sorry if I spooked you.

**BETHANY**

I just feel... violated. Like my life isn't mine exclusively.

**RUFUS**

That's the way it goes with celebrities.

**BETHANY**

What are you talking about? I'm a nobody. I'm just a quiet girl from the suburbs who counsels pregnant teens.

**RUFUS**

You sound like Christ. He had the same reaction when He found out who He was, minus the quiet girl from the 'burbs angle. And like Him, I'm sure you'll come to terms and do what you're supposed to.

**BETHANY**

Why not get the pope or someone holy like that?

**RUFUS**

Just because a guy wears a funny hat, doesn't make him the right man for the job. Only certain hands can deliver the world from the brink of destruction. last time it was Jesus - this time it's you.

**BETHANY**

Why me?

**RUFUS**

Can't say yet. But the question is - are your hands capable enough to carry the burden. It all rides on you.

**BETHANY**

(rubbing her temples)

Two thirds of me wants to forget about this and go home. You know, yesterday I wasn't sure God even existed. And now I'm upto my ass in

Christian Mythology.

**RUFUS**

God hates it when it's referred to as Mythology.

**BETHANY**

Well then let's ask the quote, unquote 'prophets' what we should call it instead.

(looking OC; concerned)

Now where did those two assholes go?

**INT STRIP JOINT**

It's your typical strip club. One woman on a stage and a crowd of men paying way-too-much attention. The place is dimly lit with red lights and chock full of smoke. Off to one side, a dee-jay spins records, blasting the music. The crowd is rather thin.

Jay and Silent Bob sit at the stage. their eyes glued on...

The DANCER - a gorgeous, shapely vixen with very little clothing on, and growing littler by the second.

Jay pokes Silent Bob, who produces a wad of bills. They skim off a nice pile and stow the rest. They spread their piles neatly on the bar. The Dancer smiles and starts dancing toward them. Jay holds up a five-spot and performs his own little seductive dance ~th it. He stands at the edge of the stage, ~'rating. The Dancer slinks over and Jay stuffs the five in her G-string. She rubs his head and slinks away. Jay humps Silent Bob's chair, excitedly. Bethany and Rufus come up from behind them. Bethany hits Jay.

**BETHANY**

(shouting above the music)

What are you doing?

**JAY**

Proving to this bastard that I ain't gay.

**BETHANY**

What?

**RUFUS**

Long story - forget it. But we should get moving. How can we get to New Jersey?

**BETHANY**

I had a car.

She slaps Jay upside the head, but - riveted by the Dancer - he doesn't feel it.

**BETHANY**

(to Rufus)

We could go by train.

**RUFUS**

(looking OC)

Sounds cool.

**BETHANY**

There's a phone out there. I'll call for reservations.

Rufus is now also riveted by a table dancer off to the side.

**BETHANY**

No, it's okay. I can handle it.

Rufus half-nods. Bethany shakes her head and exits.

The Dancer gyrates on the stage, revealing more and more of herself.

Jay pounds on the stage, hoots, and dances, flashing more bills.

ACROSS THE STAGE a small GANG of bandanna-wearing, angry-looking blacks watch the OC Jay with little amusement. The Dancer dances toward them.

**JAY**

(banging on stage)

Sweet thing!

(Hashes another five)

Look what I found! Snoog!

The Dancer smiles as she approaches Jay, but is interrupted by more banging.

The GANG LEADER has his foot on the stage. He produces a ten dollar bill from his jacket and casually holds it up. The other three members of his posse smile and slap hands.

The Dancer shrugs at the shocked Jay and changes direction, heading toward the Gang. Jay casts a horrified look at Silent Bob.

The Gang Leader leans forward, preparing to tip when we hear an obnoxiously loud throat-clearing.

Jay holds aloft a twenty, smiling and nodding.

The Dancer shrugs at the Gang Leader and again switches direction. The Gang Leader looks at his posse, who shake their heads at him, disappointedly.

The Stage becomes a bidding table, as - on one side - the Gang Leader produces two twenties. On the other side, Jay - staring at the Gang Leader - produces three twenties. The Gang Leader hits his posse up for more cash.

Jay hits Silent Bob up for more cash. The Dancer stays in the middle, gyrating and sizing up the best offer.

Jay then produces the creme'de Ia creme': three hundred dollar bills. He sneers at the OC Gang Leader. The Dancer heads over to Jay and wraps her legs around him from the stage, gyrating against his groin. Jay stares at the Gang Leader, a victorious smirk on his face.

The Gang Leader shakes his head angrily and jumps out of his seat,

producing a gun from his jacket. He fires into the ceiling. The music scratches to a halt and the other viewers scatter toward the door. The Gang Leader points his piece at Jay, his posse backing him up.

**GANG LEADER**

You a smart ass, ain'tcha, white boy? Come in here and ruin my good time.

**JAY**

It's a free country. The bitch just came to the man with the most.

**DANCER**

Bitch?

**JAY**

No offense, baby.

**GANG LEADER**

The bitch is gonna be leaving with the man with the most - the man with the most led in his piece. While you and tubby are leaving with the most led in your dead fucking carcasses, know what I'm sayin?

**JAY**

(to Dancer)

Step to the side, baby. I've gotta slap this pussyass, Nino Brown wanna-be down.

**DANCER**

(to Gang Leader)

Come on, Kane. This isn't necessary.

**GANG LEADER**

Shut the fuck up and back away from the midget!

The Dancer moves to the side.

**GANG LEADER**

(to Jay)

Now I believe you were about to apologize. I believe you were about to intone some pleas for mercy. You were about to say "Please, Mister Kane, I didn't mean to disrespect you in your club. Please accept my most humble apology.

Bethany comes back and sees the mess. She moves to rush to Jay's side, but Rufus holds her back An OC Jay laughs.

Jay leans on Silent Bob, laughing. The Gang stares back, angrily.

**JAY**

You want an apology?

**GANG LEADER**

(cocks gun)

Give me at least one "I'm sorry," and I'll put a kill shot through that thick fucking skull of your's. Otherwise we go slow and long in the pain dispensation.

**JAY**

(beat; zips jacket closed)

Know what I'm doing?

**GANG LEADER**

No. What you doing?

**JAY**

I'm closing my jacket, so that when we start this up, I don't get your filthy fucking brain guts all over my shirt. You know why?

**GANG LEADER**

Why?

**JAY**

Because you can't get shit stains out of flannel. What I'm saying is that

you got shit for brains.

The Gang Leader and his posse stare silently for a moment.

**GANG LEADER**

Well I appreciate you breaking that down for me, but I got it without the explanation.

**JAY**

No. No, I don't think you did get it. See, there's gonna be some nine's firing in here, and when the bullets stop flyin', your cunt-lip ass is gonna be all holes and smoke. You think you can draw on me and walk away? Fuck that. And fuck you - you punk-ass monkey bitch! Yeah, I called you a monkey! Maybe if you kiss my dick all nice before I cap you, I'll bring a coconut to your funeral and lay it on your grave; stick a straw through it and stick the other end in the ground. Your lips'll reach.

The Gang stares, mystified. Rufus and Bethany can't move they're so frightened.

**JAY**

You think every white boy cowers at your ass? Shit, if I don't fucking plant you - watermelon - my muscle here will.

(thumbs at Silent Bob)

What do you think he is? My boy friend? I love chicks. So he's gotta be with me for one reason: to watch my back. Silent Bob doesn't talk in words - he speaks in bullets. Re's all quiet cause he's thinking about how he's gonna take you and your bitches out quick enough to piss on the bullets in your bodies before they cool down. You know why? Because he likes to see the hot steam coming off them when he sprays them down. Come to think of it, I'm tired of talking to your dumb ass; you probably don't even understand big words like 'piss'. Tell you what - I'll let him explain it to you.

(to Silent Bob)

Silent Bob - shoot these punk-monkey bitches.

Silent Bob slowly raises his hands in a surrender fashion. Jay looks at him.

**JAY**

What are you waiting for?!

Silent Bob shrugs.

**JAY**

(flabbergasted)

**YOU DON'T RAVE A GUN?!?**

Silent Bob kind of nods

**JAY**

(shocked)

**WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU MEAN? ALL THIS TIME WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER, AND YOU DON'T HAVE A GUN?!?**

Silent Bob indicates the negative, sheepishly.

**JAY**

**THAT'S JUST FUCKING GREAT! DO YOU THINK I**

**WOULD'VE SAID ALL THAT IF I'D KNOWN YOU**

**DIDN'T HAVE A GUN?!?**

(beat)

**HUNHH?!?**

Silent Bob raises his eyebrows remorsefully. The Gang snickers and smiles.

**GANG LEADER**

What was that about a coconut?

Jay shakes his head and glowers at Silent Bob.

**JAY**

No gun! What the fuck kind of muscle are you?! All this time and you got no gun!

**GANG LEADER**

Oh boys! We have some unfinished business here.

**JAY**

(sheepishly)

Can we talk this over?

**GANG LEADER**

Tell you what - you got thirty seconds. Then I cap you. Talk all you like.

Bethany goes to make a move, but Rufus holds her back, shaking his head. He puts a finger to his lips to quiet her and points back toward the action, smiling.

Jay fumes.

**JAY**

(to Silent Bob)

I can't believe you.

(to Gang Leader)

Do me a favor.

(points to Silent Bob)

Shoot this piece of shit first.

(to Silent Bob; disgusted)

No gun!

Suddenly, they both snap into a momentary trance. Zombie-like, Jay and Silent Bob step to the turntables behind them. Jay puts on headphones and begins scratching a record. A familiar tune begins.

The Gang watches, perplexed.

Silent Bob whips around, microphone in his hand, and begins to sing.

**SILENT BOB**

**HEY, HEY, HEY!!! IT'S FAT ALBERT!**

**AND I'M GONNA SING A SONG FOR YOU!!**

**AND BILL'S GONNA TELL YOU A THING OR TWO!!**

**WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN, NOW!**

**WITH BILL AND ALL THE GANG!**

**LEARNING FROM EACH OTHER -**

**WHILE WE DO OUR THANG!**

The Gang slowly goes from perplexity to enjoyment. The Gang Leader softens and smiles, adding a slight nod of approval. Jay provides back-up.

**JAY**

**NA , NA, NA! GON NA HAVE A GOOD TIME!**

**SILENT BOB**

(as Fat Albert)

**HEY! HEY! HEY!**

**JAY**

**NA. NA. NA! GONNA HAVE A GOOD TIME!**

Bethany and Rufus look on. amazed.

**RUFUS**

I thought she looked familiar.

**BETHANY**

Who?

**RUFUS**

(he nods toward the stage)

Serendipity.

Bethany looks to the stage.

The Dancer is the SERENDIPITY in question. She wipes sweat from her brow.

**INT. MOOBY CORP. BOARDROOM - DAY**

Oh, this isn't your standard boardroom; this is Mooby Corp., home of Mooby, the Golden Calf - which can only be described as a bovine variation on Barney: sickeningly simple and very non-threatening. A large table sits in the middle, a media center behind the huge chair at the head. The walls are adorned with framed posters of Mooby, playing with kids, mouth agape in a stupid smile. At the center of the table is a large, gold plated statue of the insipid creature.

Doors open and the boardroom fills with suits - six men, one woman. They chatter and take their seats. After a beat, WHITLAND, the CEO, enters, taking his place at the head of the conference table.

**WHITLAND**

Good morning, shoppers.

(slaps a file on table)

Has anyone seen the over-night's?

An anticipatory hush fills the room.

**WHITLAND**

We creamed 'em.

A cheer and applause goes up from the group. Whitland smiles.

**WHITLAND**

(reading from file)

And last night was a rerun, which says to me that with the six months we have to ready and promote the 'Very Nlooby Christmas' pay-per-view special,

we can produce history-making numbers. The record is held by that shock-jock's New Year's thing, but I see no reason why our little cash cow can't supercede those numbers and...

(stops and sniffs the air)

Do I smell onions?

Bartleby and Loki sit behind the thrall on a black leather couch. Loki is carving something out of an onion, while Bartleby looks on.

Whitland and the rest of the board stare at them.

**WHITLAND**

I didn't realize we had guests. Who are these gentlemen with?

The other suits shrug and look to one another for an answer nobody has.

**WHITLAND**

(to Bartleby and Loki)

Excuse me.

Loki continues carving. Bartleby looks at his friend and shakes his head.

Loki lifts his head without looking up.

**LOKI**

(very distracted)

Hmm?

**WHITLAND**

May I ask what you're doing in my boardroom?

**LOKI**

(still preoccupied)

My friend just has a few words for you, and then we'll be on our way. Heading to Jersey, you see. Now -by the decor, I assume I'm guessing correctly that this is the corporate headquarters for Mooby Productions International?

**WHITLAND**

You guess correctly. Now, may I ask who the fuck you are and - again - what the fuck you're doing in our conference room?

**LOKI**

(to Bartleby, still not looking up)

You may proceed, mon ami'.

**BARTLEBY**

I can't believe you.

(to Whitland)

I just want to start off by apologizing. My friend here has a penchant toward the dramatic, so he's making me do this. Usually, I don't even involve myself in his affairs, but he hasn't done this in awhile, so he wants...

**LOKI**

(frustrated)

Just read 'em their rights already.

**BARTLEBY**

(sighs; circling the table)

Mooby, the Golden Calf. Created by Nancy Goidruff -a former kindergarten teacher - in nineteen eighty nine to fill a gap in the Saturday morning schedule on local network K-REL Bought by the Complex Corporation in nineteen ninety one and broadcast nationally as the 'The Mooby Fun-Time Hour', it picked up a large following of children, ages three to eight, and spawns sixteen records, two theatrical films, eight prime-time specials, a library of priced-to-own video cassettes, and bicoastal theme parks dubbed 'MoobyWorld'.

(beat)

Did I miss anything?

Whitland and company stare for a beat.

**WHITLAND**

You forgot 'Mooby Magazine'. Is there a point to this?

**BARTLEBY**

(grimly)

You and your board are idolators.

Whitland and company stare dumbfounded. Loki finishes carving and stands beside Bartleby.

**LOKI**

(to Bartleby)

How could you forget the magazine?

Bartleby rolls his eyes. Loki turns to the Whitland and holds up the sculpture.

**LOKI**

It's you.

(sets sculpture on table)

Do you know much about voo-doo? Fascinating practice, very close to Satanism, but not really much of a religion - no doctrine of faith. Just an arrangements of superstitions, the most well-known of which is the voo-doo doll.

(sneezes; waits; continues)

A mock-up of an individual is subjected to various pokes and prods, and the desired result is that the individual will feel the effects.

**WHITLAND**

(to nearest board member)

Call security - now.

Loki throws the knife at the table, severing the phone cord.

**LOKI**

All lines are currently down.

**BARTLEBY**

(to Whitland)

Again -. I apologize for my friend's...

**LOKI**

(frustrated)

Would you just get on with it?!

**BARTLEBY**

(miffed; to Whitland)

You are responsible for raising an icon that draws worship from the Lord.

You've broken the first commandment, but more than that, I'm afraid none of you passes for a decent human being. Your continued existence is a mockery of morality.

(looks to Loki; Loki nods)

Like you - Mister Bernard.

(stands behind board member)

Last year you cheated on your wife of seventeen years, eight times - twice with prostitutes. You even had sex with her best friend while she was at her garden club meeting and you were supposed to be watching your kids.

**LOKI**

In the bed you and your wife share, no less.

The board member stares in disbelief. Loki nods to Bartleby and he moves on.

**BARTLEBY**

And you, Mister Newman.

Loki sifts through compact discs. He pulls out one entitled 'Mooby Mania' and pops it into a player. A simple children's song echoes through the room.

**BARTLEBY**

You got your girlfriend drunk at last year's Christmas party, and then paid a kid from the mailroom to have sex with her while she was passed out, just so you could break up with her - guilt free - when she sobbingly confessed the next morning that she cheated on you. She killed herself three months later. You sent flowers to her wake.

The board member's face is frozen. Bartleby shakes his head and moves quickly around the table.

**BARTLEBY**

(not liking his job)

Mister Pereira disowned his gay son; Mister Turran put his mother in a third-rate nursing home and used the profits from the sale of her house to purchase an oriental rug for himself; Mister Barker flew to the Phillipines on the company account to have sex with an eleven year old boy; Mister Bloom okayed the production of Mooby dolls from what he knew were unsafe and toxic materials because it was less costly.

Bartleby stops at the female Board member and looks at her, relieved.

**BARTLEBY**

You, on the other hand, are an innocent. You lead a good life and have never misused your power here.

She stares at Bartleby. Loki pats her on the back and urges Bartleby on.

**BARTLEBY**

But you, Mister Whitland. You have more skeletons in your closet than this assembled party. I can't even mention them aloud.

Bartleby leans over and whispers something unheard into Whitland's ear.  
Whitland goes green. Bartleby steps back. Loki stands beside Whitland.

**LOKI**

You're her father, you sick fuck.

Whitland begins sobbing.

**BARTLEBY**

(to Loki)

Can I go now?

**LOKI**

(cheerily rubbing his head)

Go on, you crazy kid.

Bartleby exits. Loki turns menacingly on the others.

**LOKI**

With the exception of Miss Pryce, there is not a decent human being amongst you. Do you know what makes a human being decent?

(beat)

Fear. And therein lies the problem. None of you has anything to fear anymore. You rest comfortably in seats of inscrutable power, hiding behind your false idol, far from judgement - lives shrouded in secrecy even from one another. But not from God.

Loki goes to exit but pauses. He turns around.

**LOKI**

I forgot my little voo-doo doll.

(looks at Whitland)

Wow. It really does look just like you. Maybe, if I believed enough...

Loki begins moaning menacingly, slowly waving an open palm over the figure.

Whitland looks at it horrified, then at Loki, then back at the figure.  
He  
sweats and shifts in his seat - eyes pinned on the figure. Loki lets  
out a  
shriek and smashes the figure with his fist. Whitland freezes, eyes  
closed.  
Slowly, he opens his eyes - unharmed.

**LOKI**

I don't believe in voo-doo.

Loki swiftly exits. The Board Members sit in awed silence. Then the  
doors  
burst open and Loki storms back in.

**LOKI**

But I do believe in this.

Gun blazing, he takes out the male board members, including Whitland,  
in a  
flurry of bullets. The remaining female Board Member covers her head  
with  
her arms. Loki hangs his arm at his side and touches her hair.

**LOKI**

(smiling)

It's okay. You've done nothing wrong. They were bad men. You are a  
pure  
soul.

She looks at him, terrified. He smiles back. Then his expression  
hardens.

**LOKI**

But you didn't say 'God Bless You' when I sneezed.

He quickly puts the gun to her head. She slams her eyes shut.

**OC BARTLEBY**

(cautionary)

Loki!

Loki freezes and looks OC. He grimaces and holsters his piece.

**LOKI**

(to woman)

Sorry. Force of habit.

He surveys his handiwork and exits. The female Board Member slowly opens her eyes and looks around.

**INT STRIP JOINT - LATER**

Jay and the Gang Leader sit together at a table, surrounded by the other gangsters and Silent Bob. They laugh and chug their '40's.

**GANG LEADER**

(to Gang)

Watch this shit.

(to Jay)

Do it again, G. Do the Mush-mouth.

**JAY**

(swigs his beer; as 'Mush-mouth')

Hey-buh, Fat-buh, Al-buh-bert.

The Gang laughs hysterically.

**GANGSTER 1**

Fat Albert like a mother fucker and shit!

Bethany, Rufus, and Serendipity huddle around a table further away.

**RUFUS**

(elated)

I forgot you were down here! How long now?

**SERENDIPITY**

Three years this August. What about you - is this another temporary expulsion? You and your 'Christ was down' campaign?

**BETHANY**

What does that mean - another expulsion? I thought you came down here specifically to help me?

**SERENDIPITY**

Is that what he told you? Rufus gets thrown out constantly; at least once a month, ethereal time. They always bring him back, but only after a few days of peace and quiet - free from that black nationalist rhetoric.

**RUFUS**

(joking)

Artsy-fartsy bitch.

**SERENDIPITY**

Who you calling artsy-fartsy?

**RUFUS**

(to Bethany)

Serendipity here used to hang with us sometimes back in Jerusalem.

**BETHANY**

Let me guess - the fourteenth apostle; left out of the bible because she's a woman.

**RUFUS**

The girl's not a woman.

(to Serendipity)

No offense.

**BETHANY**

Oh, those weren't tits I saw Jay cozing up to?

**SERENDIPITY**

(tugs on boobs)

What, these? You should know better than anyone at this table that tits don't make a woman.

**RUFUS**

Hell, the tubby, coat-wearing mother fucker's got tits - don't make him a woman.

**SERENDIPITY**

Aside from an intuitive knack for accessorizing, what traditionally defines a woman falls between two things : her legs. But as you can see...

Serendipity stands and unbuttons her jeans, dropping them slightly, revealing yet another smooth, sexless crotch, quite like Metatron's.

**SERENDIPITY**

I lack definition.

**OC JAY**

Hey! They're getting a free show!

Serendipity pulls her pants back up and sits down, smiling at the OC party.

**BETHANY**

(weary)

Oh God. Another angel. Like Metatron.

**SERENDIPITY**

How do you know Metatron?

(to Rufus)

How does she know Metatron?

**RUFUS**

This is the last Scion.

**SERENDIPITY**

(beat)

You're kidding.

**RUFUS**

Don't you see the resemblance?

**SERENDIPITY**

(stares at Bethany)

A bit.

(suddenly nervous)

Oh shit. If she's been tapped, then something's up.

**BETHANY**

I'm confused.

**RUFUS**

Bethany, Serendipity here isn't technically an angel, nor is she by any means a human being like I was and you are.

**SERENDIPITY**

Amen to that.

(swigs her beer and spits it out)

**BETHANY**

Then who is she?

**SERENDIPITY**

Not who - what. I haven't always been part of the anthropomorphic club. I used to be an abstract.

**BETHANY**

Now I'm really lost.

**RUFUS**

Serendipity's an idea.

**SERENDIPITY**

Try all ideas.

**BETHANY**

Meaning?

**SERENDIPITY**

I'm a muse, stupid.

Bethany stares at her for a beat, then at Rufus. Rufus nods affirmatively.

**BETHANY**

I can't take much more of this.

(downs her beer)

**RUFUS**

(to Serendipity)

She's now met a seraphim, a dead man, and a muse.

You can appreciate her frame of mind.

**BETHANY**

(to Serendipity)

So you - what - inspire people?

**SERENDIPITY**

What just went down with your friends over there-you don't think they thought of that themselves? I knew Kane's weak spot for Fat Albert and passed it along to the boys.

**RUFUS**

If she hadn't interceded, they'd be chalk lines right now.

**BETHANY**

You made them sing that song?

**SERENDIPITY**

I offered them a solution out of the hole they dug for themselves. Thankfully, they took it.

**BETHANY**

Are you kidding? Those two are so dense, they wouldn't get a good idea if it was given to them in a specially marked box.

**SERENDIPITY**

Dense people are the most open to suggestion - it's you so-called intelligent folks that have a hard time accepting a good idea.

**RUFUS**

Ain't that the truth.

**BETHANY**

Prove it. Give me a good idea.

**SERENDIPITY**

If I do, and you accept it, then you'll have confirmation that you are - as you say - dense.

**BETHANY**

(beat)

Alright. So you're a muse. So what kind of people do you inspire - besides stupid ones?

**SERENDIPITY**

I used to specialize in entertainment - literature, theatre, so forth.

**BETHANY**

Movies?

**SERENDIPITY**

In some cases, I'd do everything but bang starlets on the casting couch.

**BETHANY**

What have I seen that you've been involved with?

**SERENDIPITY**

Off the top of my head - everything. Well almost everything. For example:

I'm responsible for nine of the ten top grossing films of all time.

**BETHANY**

Nine?

**SERENDIPITY**

The one about the kid, by himself in his house; burglars trying to get in  
and he fights them off?

(Bethany nods)

I had nothing to do with that one. Somebody sold their soul to Satan  
to get  
the grosses up on that piece of shit.

**RUFUS**

Which brings us to the next logical question - what are you doing  
stripping?

**SERENDIPITY**

Well you remember why I left, right?

**RUFUS**

You were tired of doing all the work and getting none of the credit  
for  
your ideas.

**SERENDIPITY**

And sick of watching incapable people take brilliant inspiration and  
turn  
out real trash.

(to Bethany)

So I opted to quit being a muse and write for myself. I gave my two  
weeks  
notice. got a body, fifty bucks, and got sent out into the world to  
make my  
fortune.

**BETHANY**

So what happened?

**SERENDIPITY**

Writer's block.

**RUFUS**

Writer's block?

**SERENDIPITY**

Can you believe it? Me - a muse, for God's sake! I sit down in front of the typewriter, and what do I get? Nothing. Blank page. I can't even write a grocery list.

**BETHANY**

What about what you did with Jay and Silent Bob? You inspired them.

**SERENDIPITY**

That's the cosmic joke. I can give out a zillion and nine ideas a second, but I can't keep any for myself. Her quirky sense of humor.

**BETHANY**

Whose?

**SERENDIPITY**

God's.

**BETHANY**

You're saying God's a woman.

**SERENDIPITY**

Was there ever a doubt in your mind?

**BETHANY**

The possibility never presented itself. He's always referred to as a Him.

**SERENDIPITY**

I didn't write it that way My job stops at the idea stage. The person that holds the pen adds their own perspective, and all the pen-holders were men.

One of the drawbacks to being intangible is that you have no say in the editorial process.

#### **RUFUS**

Another one's that you can't jerk off.

#### **SERENDIPITY**

(to Bethany)

See. these being male-dominated times, the Pharisees and High Priests felt threatened by the idea of a woman lording over them and controlling their fates. so they made sure that She became a He Doesn't stop with God - the whole book is slanted and gender-biased: a woman's responsible for the first sin, the fall of man, and the expulsion from Eden. a woman cuts Sampson's coif of power, a woman asks for the head of John the Baptist. Read that book again some time - women are painted as bigger antagonists than the fucking Egyptians and Romans combined.

#### **BETHANY**

(stunned)

God is a woman...

#### **SERENDIPITY**

I don't know what the big surprise is - women are the only gender that can create life, just like God created the universe. Who else but a mother could have the infinite patience with impudent children that God has with humanity. A woman can give birth to and nurture both sexes, so psychologists theorize that women are the only gender both sexes can feel completely comfortable with; and the faithful - both male and female - feel at ease with God. In time of trial, our first instinct is to implore the aid of the Almighty, just as when you're a child, the only person who can make it all better is...

#### **BETHANY**

...mom. God, it makes sense.

**RUFUS**

(to Serendipity)

Shit, you still have a knack for words.

**SERENDIPITY**

Not really useful in my new line of work.

**RUFUS**

What about that? Why'd you choose stripping?

**SERENDIPITY**

In an effort to create something artistic that I could claim as my own.  
See, I've been able to fool myself into thinking this isn't stripping, it's dancing; and at least dancing is artistic. But She won't even give me that much - the way God designed dance, it's the only creative act which results in no tangible product. Unlike paintings, poems, movies or most other arts forms. when the dance is over, there's nothing to show for it - nothing to save and enjoy... or sell.

(takes a drink)

Believe me, the irony wasn't lost on this muse.

**RUFUS**

How long are you going to keep this up?

**SERENDIPITY**

Believe me, I think about eating crow and going back to the grind from time to time. But I'd hate to give Her the satisfaction of my playing the prodigal. And it sucks because I can't stand being flesh anymore - especially this halfway crap. Not only do I have to take care of the aesthetic - the showers, the haircutting, the pit-shaving - but I can't take advantage of the benefits - like getting laid or using my period as an excuse not to get laid...

(conspiratorily to Bethany)

...the only true boon to having a period, from what I understand.

**RLFLS**

Well we could sure use your help. We need someone with good ideas. You remember a couple of angels named Loki and Bartleby?

**SERENDIPITY**

Sure - the angel of death and his squeamish pal with a conscience.

**RUFUS**

They found a way back.

**SERENDIPITY**

(shocked)

God no. Not the plenary indulgence loop hole?

**BETHANY**

You know about that?

**SERENDIPITY**

I always knew that thing was a bad idea. Leave it to the Catholics to destroy existence.

**RUFUS**

Bethany's Catholic.

**SERENDIPITY**

My condolences.

**BETHANY**

What do you have against Catholics?

**SERENDIPITY**

Ever been to a Catholic mass?

**BETHANY**

Once or twice.

**SERENDIPITY**

It's like bad sex - up, down, up, down, kneel, leave.  
And the whole time you'd rather be watching t.v.  
You people don't celebrate your faith - you mourn it.

**BETHANY**

So if we're so wrong, then what's the right religion?

**SERENDIPITY**

When are you people going to learn? It's not about right or wrong -  
it's a  
question of faith. It doesn't matter what you believe in - just that  
you  
believe.

Jay and Silent Bob join them, wearing bandannas.

**JAY**

Look! They made me and Silent Bob part of the gang!

Suddenly, the doors behind them blast open, pouring light into the  
onc~im  
room. A huge figure stands in the doorway, backlit and acting as a  
sepia  
filter - the light and vapors surrounding him are brown.

**FIGURE**

(deep, guttural hiss)

Not born... shit into existence.

Our group stares at the OC brute. Jay sniffs the air.

**JAY**

Who farted?

**SERENDIPITY**

Sweet Christ, someone wants you bad.

**BETHANY**

What do you mean? What's that smell?

**RUFUS**

Don't tell me that's who I think it is.

**SERENDIPITH**

The stench should say it all.

**BETHANY**

Who the hell is it?!

**SERENDIPITY**

An excremental - the Golgothan.

**BETHANY**

A what?

**RUFUS**

A shit-demon.

The Golgothan moves slowly from the door, toward the group.

**NO-MAN**

No... man. ..of...woman.. born...

The Gang join the others. They hold and cover their noses.

**GANG LEADER**

(to Jay; loading his piece)

Friend of your's?

**JAY**

(to group)

Is this smelly fuck with us?

**RUFUS**

He's coming for Bethany.

**JAY**

(to Gang Leader)

Smoke that mother fucker like it ain't no thang!

**GANG LEADER**

I knew I'd get to wax someone today. Represent!

The Gang charges OC, guns blazing, while we hold on the group. Suddenly, the room is filled with screams and wet, slurpy noises. The group goes from staring wide-eyed, to shielding themselves. The noise stops and Jay and Silent Bob look up.

The Gang lay about NoMan in trashed, dead positions. They are covered in murky, creamy crap - their wide, white eyes frozen in horror. NoMan scoops a finger-full of muck off the leader and eats it, smiling.

Our heroes start backing up slowly, as to not be noticed.

**JAY**

(to Silent Bob)

I guess we're in charge of the gang now.

**BETHANY**

What the fuck happened?!?

**SERENDIPITY**

Go for the bar. We might have a few seconds - his short-term memory's for shit.

**JAY**

So's the rest of him.

**RUFUS**

No chance of taking him down?

**SERENDIPITY**

Gee. I don't know. Let's ask the gangstas.

**RUFUS**

You're right; let's book.

They dash. NoMan snaps to attention and throws it's arm at them, launching a huge glob of shit through the air.

**JAY**

(running; seeing it coming)

**SHIT!!!**

Everyone leaps behind the bar. The shit flies over them and slams against the mirror above. Immediately, it stretches - Blob-like - over the entire frame, and burns in an acidic fashion.

Jay stares, horrified.

**JAY**

Now that... is some powerful shit.

Serendipity pulls at the floor, yanking open a door.

**SERENDIPITY**

Quick! Get in!

Bethany, Rufus, jay and Silent Bob leap into the darkness. Serendipity follows, pulling the door shut on top of them.

**INT BASEMENT**

Our heroes cower beneath the floor door.

**JAY**

What is that thing?

**SERENDIPITY**

You ever hear of Golgotha?

**BETHANY**

Skull place. The hill where Christ was crucified.

**SERENDIPITY**

(peering above)

Yeah, well it wasn't just Christ up there - the Romans crucified everybody on that hill. Ahd Christ excluded, they were all criminals - killers, brigands, thieves, rapists. And whenever the crucified expired, their bodies would naturally lose muscle control, spilling bowel and bladder in the process. And the result is that walking pile of crap up there: the Golgothan Shit-Demon - Hell's chief assassin. And he's here for you, girlie.

Silent Bob stares at a crack in the doors. A milky drop of shit drips through it.

#### **BETHANY**

What are we doing down here, then?. Any second now he'll be blasting through that door!

#### **SERENDIPITY**

Shit's brainless. If we can sit tight for a couple of minutes, he'll forget what he came for.

Suddenly another drop falls. Then another. Then a steady stream. Silent Bob taps Rufus and points. Rufus reacts.

#### **RUFUS**

(indicating trickling shit)

Looks like it's been taking memory training courses...

#### **SERENDIPITY**

(off trickle)

#### **JUMP!!!**

The five leap from their perch on the steps, just as the doors explode, dumping a torrent of crap on the steps. The body of muck morphs into NoMan anew. NoMan lumbers toward them. The group, attempting to gain their bearings on the floor, crawls backwards. NoMan pulls a piece of himself off, rolling it around in It's hands.

#### **SERENDIPITY**

If anybody still remembers any prayers, I suggest you start whipping them out.

Silent Bob stares wide-eyed up at the approaching demon. And then, something occurs to him. He stops backing up and stands. The others continue moving back.

**BETHANY**

Bob, get down! Jay!

**JAY**

(to Silent Bob)

You tubby retard! Get your ass back on the floor!

Silent Bob stands like a statue in the Golgothan's path. The demon snarls a smile, moving ever closer. Silent Bob reaches into his coat and pulls a small canister out. He points it at the beast. A mist shoots out into the face of the Golgothan. It pauses, looking confused. The shitball in It's hand drops to the floor, and then so does It.

Bethany, Rufus, Serendipity, and Jay climb to their feet and crowd around Silent Bob. They look to the fallen, unconscious behemoeth, then to Silent Bob.

**BETHANY**

(off Bob's canister)

What was that?

Silent Bob holds the can out to them: it's a small, trial size can of Glade Air Freshener. Jay looks at it, then at Silent Bob.

**BETHANY**

(reading can)

'Knocks strong odors out.'

**RUFUS**

Way to go. tubby.

**BETHANY**

Why would you ever carrs this?

Jay farts. Silent Bob sprays the freshener at his ass. The others look at jay.

**JAY**

What?!

**RUFUS**

(to Serendipity)

Who has dominion over this thing?

**SERENDIPITY**

Only Lucifer can order a killing. But something doesn't make sense: this thing never travels alone - with it's intelligence level, Lucifer'd never allow it. It usually has some kind of backup.

**RUFUS**

Can you get some answers?

**SERENDIPITY**

I can give it a shot.

**BETHANY**

What's going on?

**RUFUS**

Serendipity's going to talk to that demon.

**JAY**

Cool! Can we watch?

**SERENDIPITY**

Not a good idea. Demon's can wreak havoc on the weak-minded.

**JAY**

Fuck you - weak-minded! Me and Silent Bob can talk to him in his own language! See...?

(makes the universal metal sign)

he'd understand this.

**SERENDIPITY**

(shakes her head; to Rufus)

Whoever sent this might send mor~. I suggest you take the princess and get as far away as possible.

(to Bethany)

I'll do what I can to extract some info from shit-boy here. If there's anything helpful. I'll get it to you somehow.

**BETHANY**

(hugs her)

Thank you. And... you're a great dancer.

**SERENDIPITY**

I'm a better juggler.

(to jay and Silent Bob)

You know you're supposed to be prophets. right? Start acting like prophets.

You should have seen that thing coming.

**JAY**

(to Bethany)

Why the hell are we getting yelled at?!

**SERENDIPITY**

Just watch out for Bethany. Go.

Bethany leads Jay and Silent Bob up the stairs.

**JAY**

(to Silent Bob)

Man, bitch thinks just 'cause she's good-looking, she can tell us what to do.

**BETHANY**

She told me that if you behave, she'll give you head.

**JAY**

(excited)

Yeah?.

**BETHANY**

Oh, a demon'd have a field day with you.

Serendipity and Rufus watch them disappear up the steps.

**OC JAY**

(beat)

Shut up.

**OC BETHANY**

You shut up.

**SERENDIPITY**

(to Rufus)

Nice girl.

**RUFUS**

Comes from good stock.

**SERENDIPITY**

You haven't told her yet?

**RUFUS**

Not the right time.

**SERENDIPITY**

How uncanny is the resemblance? Those eyes, the lips...

**RUFUS**

The nails.

Serendipity looks at Rufus. He smiles. She hits him, laughing. He cracks up.

**SERENDIPITY**

Blasphemer.

Then, the OC Golgothan makes a groggy, grumbling noise.

**SERENDIPITY**

Shit. You'd better go. I'll take care of the trash.

**RUFUS**

(hugs her)

Good luck.

Rufus runs up the steps. Serendipity turns on the Golgothan.

**SERENDIPITY**

Alright, Stinky - let's see what you know.

**EXT CHURCH -DAY**

A suited MAN stands at a podium, addressing a small thrall of reporters.

**MAN**

And now, to speak on behalf of his Holiness' 'Catholicism - Wow!' campaign, ladies and gentlemen of the press, I give you the driving force behind the movement - Cardinal Glick.

The reporters clap as CARDINAL GLICK takes to the podium. He strikes one as more of an agent than a man of the cloth as he removes his Wayfarers.

**GLICK**

Thank you, Mister Flanagan - one of this parish's chief patrons, who donated the stained-glass likeness of Our Lady of Gleeeful Misery that welcomes you as you enter the church every Sunday.

(off index cards)

Ladies and Gentlemen of the press - few would deny that the Catholic Church has fallen behind somewhat in the times. Catholicism usually strikes the average person as an old-fashioned remedy for the ills - both moral and psychological - of a society that has since left it's stringent rules and ornate rituals on the heap with 45's and eight track cassettes. And in an effort to disprove that, the Church has appointed this year as a time of renewal, both of faith and of style. So, it is with great pleasure, that I present you and your parish - mere days away from it's centennial celebration - and the continental United States, via Satellite with the first of man revamps that the 'Catholicism -Wow!' campaign will unveil over the next year.

(applause)

Now, what does this mean for the average church-goer? Are we going to throw out the rule book and adopt a hippie mentality in regards to our faith? No. We're simply talking about a few minor alterations to both the aesthetic and theoretical aspects of a religion that boasts one of the highest membership numbers on the planet.

A few applause ring out. Glick smiles.

**GLICK**

Thank you, thank you. So what are we talking about here. Well, for example...

(pulls out crucifix)

while it has been a time-honored and traditional symbol of our faith, we have decided to retire the highly recognizable, yet wholly depressing symbol of our Lord, Jesus Christ, crucified. Why? Well, look at it. Would

you relish being a member of a group that uses a man nailed to two pieces of wood as it's masthead? Of course not - who would? I've got enough downers in my daily routine without having to deal with this visual everytime I go to worship. Instead, the church is going to adopt this new, more soothing and inspiring sigil, which we feel is in-line with our new outlook.

Glick pulls a cover off an object to his right - a two foot figure of Christ smiling and giving the 'thumbs up'. The crowd buzzes.

**GLICK**

See? Isn't this better? How could you not feel just great walking into a church and seeing this behind the priest - a positive reinforcement that whatever we do, God thinks is 'a~kay'. I love this thing, it's so...

**REPORTER I**

(interupting)

Cardinal Glick - has the church given any thought to it's position on john Doe Jersey? Will he be given the right to die with dignity?

Another buzz rises from the crowd. Glick rolls his eyes.

**GLICK**

C'mon people. We're not here to talk about that. It's an issue we stand firm on - euthanasia is a big no-no, just like abortion. Murder's murder. Why won't you people accept that? Besides, we're here to talk about this little guy - your friend and mine... the happy Jesus. Can't you just see it on chains around people's necks, and as the new background in avant garde, MTV videos?

**INT BUS TERMINAL - DAY**

The image of the 'Happy jesus' - thumbs up and all - is captured on a t.v. monitor, a label reading U\`E VIA SATELLITE - RED BANK. NEW JERSEY' at the

bottom of the screen. Bartleby and Loki look up at it, then at one another.

**LOKI**

And you say Siskel and Ebert have no influence over this culture.

**BARTLEBY**

We're getting out of here at just the right time. These people are nuts.

**LOKI**

(off t.v.)

And that's the church we're heading to?

**BARTLEBY**

(steps to ticket window)

If you want to go home...

(to WOMAN in window)

Two tickets to New Jersey, please.

**WOMAN**

Jersey's sold out, sir.

**BARTLEBY**

Are you sure?

**WOMAN**

The computer says.

**LOKI**

Come on - how many people can possibly be going to New Jersey?

**WOMAN**

Enough to fill a bus.

**BARTLEBY**

(to Loki)

You had to drag that judgement out. You couldn't just hit and run.

(to Woman)

When's the next one?

**WOMAN**

Same time tomorrow.

**BARTLEBY**

What?! Doesn't this place warrant at least two buses a day?

**WOMAN**

I take it you've never been to the Garden State. Next.

Bartleby and Loki look around.

**LOKI**

There's no one else here.

**WOMAN**

Then I guess it's lunch time.

(she shuts her window)

**LOKI**

We should have learned to drive a long time ago. Infinite celestial power  
and we can't catch a bus.

**BARTLEBY**

Just shut up, this is your fault.

**LOKI**

You can either lament over our mass transit folly, or you can listen to my suggestion.

**BARTLEBY**

It's your suggestions that prevent us from negotiating what should be a simple matter of catching or staying on a bus!

**LOKI**

Why fall victim to gravity when we can just as easily rise above?

**BARTLEBY**

(stares at him)

Fly?

**LOKI**

We got wings, right? Let's use them.

**OC VOICE**

I wouldn't suggest that.

The pair spin and gawk.

AZRAEL leans in the doorway. He removes his hat, revealing two stubby horns.

**AZRAEL**

You wouldn't want to stand out, now would you?

**INT STRIP JOINT BASEMENT - DUSK**

NoMan is tied to a chair in the middle of the floor. Serendipity draws a circle around him with lipstick. Once finished. she takes a glass of water and throws it into No Man's face. It roars to life. The Golgothan shakes of his daze, turning his attention on Serendipity.

NoMAN

The Muse. They told us you were up here.

**SERENDIPITY**

Matter of perspective. NoMan. I like to think of it as 'down here'. I have a few questions for you, sir.

NoMan

Free us from these binds, that you may have answers.

**SERENDIPITY**

(heads toward it)

Okay.

(stops; sarcastic)

Oh wait. I'm smarter than that.

NoMan lets out a bellow.

### **SERENDIPITY**

Face it, big guy - I'm not releasing you until I get answers. This can go hard or easy. The sooner I get what I want, the sooner you'll be free. Now, you can start by telling me why you're on this plane?

NoMAN

(beat)

Liquidate the Last Scion.

### **SERENDIPITY**

See? That wasn't so hard. Now - who sent you? Was it Lucifer?

NoMan laughs in a sinister fashion.

NoMAN

Our master is no one and all. For a time, he will be prince of this world - and the fate of those who dwell in it will be at the mercy of his whimsy. And then he will sever reality and crush existence, like a thumb punctures a fontanell, giving peace to those who've been without for so long.

### **SERENDIPITY**

Did Bartleby and Loki send you?

NoMAN

Resist no further, Muse. Deliver over to us the conflicted one, that this world may die screaming. No power - divine or inherited - threatens the crusade. You cannot win. Soon will rise of the cry of the abandoned,

begging your God to put an end to the madness. And only as being  
becomes  
not, will they know that the God of Abraham lay dormant while the  
dream  
perished in a blink. Your God is not dead - He's brain dead.

#### **SERENDIPITY**

She, you chauvinist bastard - She's brain dead. And no She's not. Stop  
trying to be so spooky. Tell me who sent you, or I'll use whatever  
influence I have below' to make Hell even worse for you.

NoMAN

You speak of Azrael.

(he laughs)

We pity you. Muse. You're still playing the old game. The one that  
could  
have made good on your threat is gone.

#### **SERENDIPITY**

What do you mean. gone? He escaped?

NoMAN

No soul escapes Hell, but one.

(beat - as if It's heard something)

Would that I could cross the threshold of your confining circle, I  
would  
crush your half-life throat. But my Master does not abandon me to this  
mockery of a prison. We will come back for the girl. And when we do,  
it  
will take more than fragrant mist to keep our hands from crushing her  
head.

NoMan goes stiff and then limp. His body begins to melt.

#### **INT TOY STORE - DAY**

Azrael leads Bartleby and Loki through the aisles, passing tons of  
stuffed  
animals.

#### **BARTLEBY**

Jesus Christ, Azrael - how'd you get out of Hell?

**AZRAEL**

I told them I was coming up on a routine possession. I don't have much time. If they figure out my ruse, they'll come looking for me.

**BARTLEIBY**

You lied?

**LOKI**

Go figure. Him. A demon.

(to Azrael)

Why'd you bring us in here?

**AZRAEL**

Because you two fucks are inches away from getting yourselves caught. Going around killing people, about to uncase your wings... don't you have any idea what's going on?

**LOKI**

We're going back home.

**AZRAEL**

Are you so clueless as to think you can just waltz back into Heaven?

**BARTLEBY**

Why not? We're going back clean.

**AZ RAE L**

Let me let you in on a little secret, okay: everyone is looking for you. Both sides - above and below. The orders are to terminate you on sight.

**BARTLEBY**

(shocked)

Why?

**AZRAEL**

You're pissing people off, that's why! Word on the grapevine is that God's pissed off at your presumption, and I know Lucifer's pissed because you assholes might just succeed where he's failed so many times, making him look bad.

**BARTLEBY**

So they're going to kill us?!?

**AZRAEL**

They're going to try'. That's why you have to travel incognito - tone down your behavior, stay off their respective radars. Go about this thing more subtly. Quit killing people - that's high profile. And for God's sake, don't uncage your wings until you have to transubstantiate. Because the minute you let them flap, legions of thrones and hordes of demons will fight each other over who gets to kill you first.

(looksOC)

Shhhh!

A WOMAN and her small DAUGHTER walk past. While the Woman looks at the items on the top shelf, Loki pulls off Azrael's hat and taps the Daughter on the shoulder. He points to Azrael's horns. The Woman pulls the Daughter further down the aisle, oblivious to the trio.

**DAUGHTER**

Mommy, that man had horns.

Azrael grabs his hat and puts it back on.

**AZRAEL**

That's the kind of shit I'm talking about!

**LOKI**

Oh, lighten up.

**BARTLEBY**

(still reeling)

I can't believe they want to kill us.

**AZRAEL**

Believe it, boys. They've even got the Last Scion looking for you.

**LOKI**

You're kidding!

**AZRAEL**

This is big. I'm telling you. Your re-entry is a thorn in a lot of sides,  
and they'll stop at nothing to prevent it.

**LOKI**

If that's the case, then why aren't you hunting for us too?

**AZRAEL**

Because I want to see you go back. You were both given a raw deal;  
almost  
as raw as mine. If you make it back, then I figure there's hope for  
me.

(looks around)

In the meantime, I suggest you find an alternate mode of  
transportation. If  
anything else comes up, I'll contact you.

**BARTLEBY**

Thank you, Azrael. You're a true friend.

**AZRAEL**

Would you expect anything less from a demon. I have to get back to the  
Pit,  
before they get suspicious.

(turns to leave)

**LOKI**

Hey Az - what's it like down there. Is it as bad as they say?

**AZRAEL**

Give you a hint: they've been playing 'Mrs. Doubtfire' continuously for two years now.

(exits)

**LOKI**

(looks at Bartleby)

Shit man - that is punishment.

**EXT CONTRYSIDE - NIGHT**

The Train chugs through the darkness.

**INT TRAIN - NIGHT**

Bethany and Rufus sit across from one another. They stare out the window.

**RUFUS**

How you coping, kid?

**BETHANY**

It's weird. just when I think I've got a handle on things. something wholly unbelievable presents itself. Sometimes I wish I had just stayed home.

**RUFUS**

You sound like the Man.

**BETHANY**

(beat)

What was He like?

**RUFUS**

Jesus? Black.

**BETHANY**

Besides that.

**RUFUS**

The brother was centered. I mean, He was God, right? But I think He felt left out because He was more than human, you know? We used to sit around the fire - me and the other guys - and we'd be talking about what assholes the Romans were or getting laid...

**BETHANY**

Some things never change.

**RUFUS**

...and He'd just sit there listening and smiling. We'd ask Him why He never joined in the convo, but He said He just liked to hear us talk; about anything. Said it was like music. I think He just wished He had unimportant shit to talk about himself.

**BETHANY**

How does He feel now?

**RUFUS**

He still digs humanity, but it bothers Him to see the shit that gets carried out in His name - wars, bigotry, but especially the factioning of all the religions. He said humanity took a good idea and, like always, built a belief structure on it.

**BETHANY**

Having beliefs isn't good?

**RUFUS**

I think it's better to have ideas. You can change an idea. Changing a belief is trickier. Life should be malleable and progressive; working from idea to idea permits that. Beliefs anchor you to certain points and limit growth; new ideas can't generate. Life becomes stagnant. That was one thing the Man hated - still life. He wanted everyone to be as enthralled with living as He was. Maybe it had

something to do with knowing when He was going to die. but Christ had this

vitality that I've never encountered in another person since. You know what I'm saving?

**BETHANY**

He was big on life?

**RUFUS**

It was more than that. He was the only person I ever knew who never engaged in that most ancient of life-affirming activities.

**BETHANY**

Sex.

**RUFUS**

Debate. That's the only way people know how to reaffirm that they're alive - by debating. In all its forms. People spend their whole lives debating: we fight about who's right and who's wrong, we fight ourselves, we fight each other, we fight death, we fight over beliefs, we fight over fights. We believe that to stop debating - in any fashion - is to stop living and give up. People say that life's a struggle, but it's not. Life is living. I'm even guilty of it myself, the way I go on about Christ's ethnicity, fighting for the truth to come out. And I'm dead. Even in death, the only way I know how to live is through debate. That's sad, isn't it?

**BETHANY**

Not if you believe it's important for people to know.

**RUFUS**

A belief's a dangerous thing, Bethany. People die for it. People kill for it. The whole of existence is in jeopardy right now because of the Catholic Belief structure regarding this plenary indulgence bullshit. And whether they know it or not, Bartleby and Loki are exploiting that belief, and if they're successful, you, me. all of this... ends in a heartbeat.

(beat)

All over a belief.

Bethany nods. Rufus looks around.

**RUFUS**

I haven't seen the moron twins in awhile.

**BETHANY**

They went to the lounge car to smoke.

(getting up)

I'll go find them; make sure they're not getting into any trouble.

**RUFUS**

I'm going to catch a few z's. Forgot how tiring living can be.

Bethany heads off Rufus looks out the window, then shuts his eyes.

**INT LOUNGE CAR - NIGHT**

Bethany enters and spots Jay and Silent Bob, talking to an unseen party.

**BETHANY**

You two aren't getting into any trouble, are you?

**JAY**

Nope. Just about to smoke a bowl with our new friends. You in?

**BETHANY**

And who are your new friends?

**JAY**

They just got in at the last stop.

Silent Bob moves over, revealing the new friends.

**JAY**

This is Larry and Barry.

Bartleby and Loki smile at Bethany.

**LOKI**

Jay tells us you're going to sleep with him.

**EXT TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT**

The train rushes over head.

**INT LOUNGE CAR - LATER**

Loki, Jay, and Silent Bob pass a joint under the table and take quick hits, trying to remain casual. Jay pounds the table happily.

Bartleby and Bethany lay on either side of the table in their booth.

**BETHANY**

You can smoke up with them if you want. You don't have to keep me company.

**BARTLEBY**

It's a long trip. There'll be plenty of time later.

(beat)

So why are you heading to Jersey?

**BETRANY**

There's just this thing there I'm supposed to do. How about you?

**BARTLEBY**

We're going home.

**BETHANY**

Do you two live together?

**BARTLEBY**

Unfortunately. Do you live with those guys?

**B ETHANY**

God, no. Not they just sort of adopted me.

**BARTLEBY**

They're funny as hell. The big one never says a word.

**BETHANY**

I wish the little one would take a cue from him. But they're okay, as far as stoner's go.

**BARTLEBY**

Lo... Larry's taken an immediate shine to them, and he usually hates people.

**BETTIANY**

How long've you two been together?

**BARTLEBY**

Awhile. He's great company. He can be a little flaky sometimes, but we've got a lot in common.

**BETHANY**

How'd you meet?

**BARTLEBY**

We were stationed together.

**BETHANY**

See? That's beautiful. And everyone's always up-in-arms about this 'out-in-the-military' issue.

**BARTLEBY**

What do you mean?

**BETHANY**

Well there's all that macho bullshit about it being 'This Man's Army'. And you two meet and hook up while in the service, which is so special - because it's so hard to meet anyone you can seriously relate to...

**BARTLEBY**

(catches on)

You think we're lovers?! Oh no. No, we're not gay.

**BETHANY**

(laughs)

Oh God, I'm sorry'. I just assumed...

**BARTLEBY**

No. We live together and all, but at the end of the night, I go to my room.  
and he goes to his.

(beat)

Why? Do I come off as gay?

**BETHANY**

(laughing)

No, not at all. I'm sorry. My ex-husband kind of fouled up my relationship awareness barometer.

**BARTLEBY**

You're divorced?

**BETHANY**

That's the nice way of putting it. I consider it being dumped.

**BARTLEBY**

I was dumped once. More or less.

**BETHANY**

It's terrible, isn't it? Don't you constantly question your value - like why was I so easy to cast aside? Didn't I have merit?

**BARTLEBY**

And you wonder if the other party's going to come to their senses and call you back.

**BETHANY**

The worst is that I still think like a couple. After all these years, I still have the 'we' mentality.

**BARTLEBY**

Mine grew out of what was really a stupid misunderstanding. A misunderstanding that grew into a total withdrawl of communication. Abandonment. And even though it was years ago, there's not a day that goes by that I don't wonder what went wrong. And then it hits me - I was replaced by someone. A lot of someones.

**BET HANY**

And they always tell you it'll hurt less with time...

**BARTLEBY**

...when actually, it hurts more.

**BETHANY**

(beat)

You know what we need? We need some drinks. A lot of drinks. Do you agree?

**BARTLEBY**

Whole-heartedly.

**INT TRAIN CAR - NIGHT**

Rufus continues to slumber.

**INT LOUNGE CAR - NIGHT**

Jay is asleep on Silent Bob's shoulder, drooling slightly. Loki talks with Silent Bob.

**LOKI**

I'm telling you, man - it's all about organized religion and society's battle against it. The Rebels are fighting the Empire, right? Now the Empire is led by whom? Darth Vader? No. It's led by the Emperor. And the Emperor is a practitioner of the Force, albeit the Dark Side of the Force. And the Force is basically a religion.

(Silent Bob nods)

So the entire galaxy is under Imperial rule, and the Imperial government is run by this old religion. What you have, then, is a theocratic government - a government run by the church. So Luke, Han, and Leia are fighting that government to liberate the galaxy from the pious grip of what is, in essence, holy mother church.

Silent Bob nods in understanding.

Bethany and Bartleby slump in their booth, the table loaded with empty glasses. Bethany is quite tipsy. Bartleby sips his drinks, and surreptitiously spits it out.

**BARTLEBY**

You're saying you still go to church?

**BETHANY**

(laughs)

Every Sunday.

**BARTLEBY**

Does it do anything for you?

**BETHANY**

(thinks)

Gives me time to balance my check book every week.

**BARTLEBY**

See? That's what I'm talking about. People don't go to church and feel spiritual. They go to church and feel bored. But they keep going. Every week. Out of habit.

**BETHANY**

Or in habit, if you're a nun.

**BARTLEBY**

Oh... that wasn't very funny at all.

**BETHANY**

A friend of mine told me that church is like bad sex:it's messy and there's no foreplay...

(starts laughing)

No. that's not it. I am so buzzed.

**BARTLEBY**

When do you think you lost your faith?

**BETHANY**

I remember the exact moment. I was on the phone with my mother, and she was trying to counsel me through what was happening to me and my marriage. And she said something like "There's always a plan." And I... just got so angry. I mean, I know she was talking about God, right - God had a plan. But I was like "What about my plans?" You know? Like, don't they count for anything? I had planned to grow old with my husband and have a family - wasn't that plan good enough for God?

(beat)

Apparently not.

(swigs her drink)

How about you? When did you lose your faith?

**BARTLEBY**

Me? Years ago. One day, God just stopped listening. I kept talking, but I got the distinct impression that He wasn't listening anymore.

**BETHANY**

She. And how do you know She was listening in the first place?

**BARTLEBY**

(thinks)

I guess I don't.

**BETHANY**

I hate thoughts like that. But they occur to you with age. When you're a kid, you never question the whole faith thing - God's in Heaven, and He's... She's always got her eye on you. I'd give anything to feel that way again. Which is why I guess I let myself get talked into this pilgrimage. I needed proof. And the opportunity presented itself to find out if it is like they told us in Catholic school. And I gotta tell you - the last few days, I've come across some interesting people that lend toward convincing me.

**BARTLEBY**

Where's this pilgrimage to?

**INT TRAIN CAR - NIGHT**

Rufus stirs. He looks around and stretches.

**INT LOUNGE CAR - NIGHT**

Bethany and Bartleby continue their discussion.

**BETHANY**

You'd never believe me if I told you.

**BARTLEBY**

Try me.

**BETHANY**

Alright. But I warned you. Okay - I'm going to this church in New Jersey.

**BARTLEBY**

Really...

**INT TRAIN CAR - NIGHT**

Rufus heads toward the back of the car. He opens the door between the cars and exits.

**INT LOUNGE CAR - NIGHT**

Bethany and Bartleby talk further. Bartleby's intrigued.

**BETHANY**

I was told that I'm supposed to stop a couple of angels from entering the church. They're trying...

(laughing)

This sounds so stupid... They're trying to get back into Heaven.

**INT TRAIN CAR - NIGHT**

Rufus passes through another car and opens the door at the end.

**INT LOUNGE CAR - NIGHT**

Bartleby grows very tense. Bethany rattles on, half-toasted.

**BETHANY**

See, they got tossed out of Heaven years ago, right? And if they get back in, it proves God wrong. And since God is infallible, to prove Her wrong would...

(laughing hard)

..would unmake existence! I feel so stupid just saying it.

Bartleby's eyes are wide. He looks scared. Then, a calm falls over him.

**BETHANY**

(laughing)

But the thing I don't get... is how do I stop an angel? Two, even! I guess I'm supposed to talk them out of it or something.

Bartleby surreptitiously slides a knife off the table.

**BARTLEBY**

Maybe you're supposed to kill them?

Bethany breaks into hysterics.

**INT TRAIN CAR - NIGHT**

Rufus pulls open another door and exits.

**INT LOUNGE CAR - NIGHT**

Bethany's still cracking up, oblivious to the on-the-defensive Bartleby.

**BETHANY**

Oh yeah! Kill them! Even if that was the case... I mean. how do you kill an angel?

**BARTLEBY**

I don't imagine it's much different...

(slowly lifts the knife)

...from killing a human...

The door behind them slides open. Rufus steps in.

**RUFUS**

Where the hell is everybody? I wake up, and...

He sees Bartleby. They both freeze.

**BARTLEBY**

The Apostle!

**RUFUS**

Holy shit!

**BETHANY**

(stumbling to her feet)

Rufus, I want you to meet my friend, Barry...

Bartleby leaps out of the booth and grabs Bethany, holding the knife to her throat.

**BETHANY**

(chuckiing)

Barry! Don't be such a show off!

**RUFUS**

Take it easy, Bartleby. Just let her go and let's talk about this.

**BARTLEBY**

After all this time, this is what it comes down to -slaughtered by this meat puppet?!

**RUFUS**

There doesn't have to be a slaughter. We can work this out...

**BETHANY**

Is that a knife?

**BARTLEBY**

Oh. we can work it out, alright. I'm going to work the blade in and out of her thorax!

(calling over shoulder)

Loki!

Loki catches the action and reacts.

**LOKI**

Holy shit - the Apostle!

He leaps from the table. Jay stirs and wakes up.

jAY

(half asleep)

I didn't come in you, I swear...

(looks around)

Bartleby, with Bethany in hand, faces off against Rufus. Loki joins them.

**LOKI**

(to Rufus)

What are you doing here?

**BARTLEBY**

They're here to thwart our journey home, my friend. This one just told me that she's supposed to stop a couple of angels from entering a church.

**LOKI**

You think she was talking about us?

**BARTLEBY**

I'd say there was a pretty good chance. What do you say, Rufus - we're to be liquidated?

**RUFUS**

It doesn't have to go down like that! You haven't thought about the consequences of re-entry!

**LOKI**

Consequences, schmonsequences.

**BARTLEBY**

I have to agree with him. No one - not you, and especially not this finite-lifer - no one is going to impede us. We're going home, regardless of whose pride it may hurt!

**RUFUS**

It's not a question of pride, it's...

**BARTLEBY**

Loki - kill the girl

**LOKI**

(beat)

What are you, high?

**BARTLEBY**

Do it!

**LOKI**

I can't kill her if she hasn't done anything, you know that. And it looks like she's 'on the job', so to speak...

**BARTLEBY**

Fine! I'll kill her myself...

A hand lands on Bartleby's shoulder.

**JAY**

(oblivious to the situation)

Hey man - now it's your turn. We got enough for a fatty boom-batty, biggety blunt!

Bartleby turns the knife on him.

**JAY**

(not quite getting it yet)

We having cake or something?

Loki backhands Jay, stunning him.

**JAY**

(dazed)

In grates...

Jay drops to the floor, out cold. Silent Bob grabs Loki and hurls him down the aisle. Rufus grabs Bartleby's knife hand. They struggle. Bethany collapses.

**RUFUS**

**TUBBY! THE DOOR!**

Silent Bob jumps over Loki and opens the back door of the car. He grabs Loki by the collar.

**LOKI**

Wait, man! Can't we talk about this?!

He throws Loki out the door, off the train.

Rufus squeezes Bartleby's hand. Bartleby drops the knife and punches Rufus in the face. Bethany jumps on Bartleby's back, covering his eyes. They careen down the aisle, toward Silent Bob. He pulls Bethany off Bartleby's back and kicks him out the back door, off the train. He quickly slams the door closed and leans against it.

The Bartender stares at him.

Silent Bob brushes off his coat and thumbs toward the door.

**SILENT BOB**

No ticket.

Rufus rubs his jaw. Bethany crawls up beside him, breathing heavily.

**BETH ANY**

I should have known something was wrong when he paid for all the drinks.

**INT UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT**

A door is kicked open. Loki enters, brushing himself off. Bartleby follows.

**LOKI**

The Apostle is here!

**BARTLEBY**

I noticed.

**LOKI**

If that's the case, then chick with him must be...

**BARTLEBY**

The Scion, I'd imagine.

(leans against the wall; slides down)

**LOKI**

(in a panic)

Well, shit man! Maybe we should rethink this whole thing! I mean, you heard the guy - he said there were consequences. Azrael tells us we're marked. Maybe there's more to this than we thought about.

Bartleby leans against the wall, sitting on the ground. His demeanor has changed. He stares into space.

**BARTLEBY**

There sure is.

(beat)

It's them.

**LOKI**

(beat)

What?

**BARTLEBY**

(shakes his head)

Them.

**LOKI**

(thinks)

The movie about the giant ants?

**BARTLEBY**

Them - the humans. It's what it all comes down to. you know? Us against humanity... kind of like that giant ant movie.

**LOKI**

(beat)

Are you alright?

**BARTLEBY**

I'm better than alright. I've had an epiphany, my friend.

**LOKI**

An... epiphany. Yes, well... that'll happen.

**BARTLEBY**

When that sweet, innocent girl let her mission slip, I suddenly understood it all - everything. For the first time in all these eons, I get it.

**LOKI**

(beat)

Get what?

**BARTLEBY**

In the beginning, it was just us and Him. Angels and God. And then He created the humans. And He gave them more than He ever gave us. Our's was designed to be a life of servitude and worship - adoration. But He gave the humans more - He gave them a choice. They can choose to ignore God, choose to acknowledge Him. All this time we've been down here, everyday I felt the absence of the Divine presence. And it pained me... as I'm sure it must have pained you sometimes, even though you'd gloss over it with jokes. But we feel his absence, and why? Because of the way He made us -as servants. Had we been given free will, we could ignore the pain... like them.

**LOKI**

You know - maybe you should take a nap or something.

**BARTLEBY**

Loki, don't you get it? It's the humans - it's always the humans. They were given paradise; they threw it away. They were given this planet; they destroyed it. They were favored best among all His endeavors; and some of

them don't even believe He exists. Their ego-mania corroded Hell and made it dark and crimson.

(looks at Loki)

I asked you to lay down your sword years ago - why?

Because I felt sorry for them. And where did it get us?

Thrown out.

(smiles)

We've paid our debt. Don't you think it's time we went home? And to do that, I think we have to dispatch our would-be dispatchers.

**LOKI**

Wait, wait, wait - kill them?! You're talking about the Last Scion, for Christ's sake! And what about Jay and Bob - I mean, those guys were alright.

**BARTLEBY**

Don't, my friend. Don't let your sympathies get the best of you, as they did me way back when. Scion or not, she's just a human. And regardless, our sins are forgiven by passing through that arch. No harm, no foul.

**LOKI**

That sounds thin.

**BARTLEBY**

Fine. We'll cover ourselves. We'll take out a slew of people. Maybe amidst the body count, He won't notice.

**LOKI**

Oh, that's being realistic.

Bartleby reaches out and grabs Loki, slamming him against the wall.

**BARTLEBY**

I'm going home, Loki. And nobody - not even the Almighty Himself - is going

to make that otherwise.

Bartleby releases Loki and smiles. He exits. Loki watches him.

**LOKI**

Shit.

He follows.

**EXT CAMP FIRE - NIGHT**

Another Newspaper headline regarding 'John Doe Jersey' fills the frame. It is lowered to reveal Jay, Bethany, and Rufus sitting around a makeshift fire in the middle of nowhere. Jay rolls a joint. Silent Bob reads the paper.

**BETHANY**

I don't understand why we couldn't stay on the train. You threw those guys off.

**RUFUS**

A very basic strategy - if your enemies know where you are, then don't be there.

**BETHANY**

And what's with that? Why are we enemies? The guy almost gutted me, for God's sake!

**JAY**

He had the knife at your throat. To gut you, he'd have to have the knife at your stomach.

**BETHANY**

Semantics! Semantics that don't even answer my question.

**RUFUS**

Well, I know I'd perceive the person sent to kill me as my enemy.

**BETHANY**

What do you mean, kill? I wasn't asked to kill them -just stop them from going into that church.

**RUFUS**

And how were you going to do that? Preoccupy them with a game of Bingo?

**BETHANY**

I've never killed anything before in my life!

**JAY**

I'll do it.

**RUFUS**

Shut the fuck up, little man - you couldn't kill a pint of ice cream, let alone an angel.

**JAY**

Fuck you - I can kill an angel as good as the next guy.

**RUFUS**

Oh yeah? How' would you do it?

**JAY**

I'd give him a Van Damme neck-break, like in 'Hard Target'. D'jou see that flick?

**RUFUS**

(ignoring jay; to Bethany)

Killing an angel's a two-step process - first you have to cut off their wings. which then makes them human. From that point on, it's the same as killing anything else - head or heart, take your pick.

**BETHANY**

You say it as if it's easy.

**RUFUS**

(oblivious to Jay)

Problem is, I don't think we could pull it off even if we wanted to.  
All  
this time away from the Divine Presence should have made those two  
weaker -  
and those guys felt far from weak. Either that or someone's protecting  
them  
- someone with juice.

**BETHANY**

So then we're screwed?

(shrugs)

Shit, that's the best news I've heard in days.

**RUFUS**

This doesn't excuse you from trying to stop them.

**BETHANY**

Count me out. You're telling me they're unstoppable, I'm exhausted -  
both  
psychologically and physically, the odds are against us. I say we kick  
back  
and wait for the end -a little non~xistence might be just what the  
doctor  
ordered.

**JAY**

I'm with her. I don't care about dying, so long as we're all going to  
die.

**RUFUS**

What are you babbling about now?

**JAY**

If I was the only one, that'd bother me because every-one else would  
go on  
living, having a good time without me. But if we all go at once,  
that'd be  
okay, because I know I'm not missing anything.

**BETHANY**

See? You know it's right when even he's making sense.

**JAY**

Besides, she said if we were in a situation where we were going to die in like five minutes, she'd have sex with me and Silent Bob.

**RUFUS**

So you're suggesting she throw in the towel and let eons of work and history get blinked out of existence just so you can get laid?

**JAY**

(thinks)

No. Just so me and Silent Bob could get laid.

**BETHANY**

Now that we're all but in total agreement on this, I'd just like to finally know - why me?

**JAY**

Because you've got nice tits.

**BETHANY**

I wasn't talking to you!

(to Rufus)

Why me? Why do I have to do this? Nobody's come

clean on that. Out of everyone on the whole god-damned planet. How come I got tapped?

Rufus looks at her. He shrugs.

**RUFUS**

Family ties.

**JAY**

That show's funny as hell.

**RUFUS**

Shut up.

(to Bethany)

Do you know what the Apocryphal books are?

Bethany shakes her head no.

**RUFUS**

Most of that information in the Bible came from the Dead Sea Scrolls - ancient text discovered in a cave ages ago. And when the Sanskrit was translated, they discovered data that conflicted with the lore church officials had already established as the basis of their religion. They couldn't refute centuries of dogma, so they thought it best to leave certain passages out - sometimes whole books. Those books make up the Apocrypha.

**BETHANY**

What's this have to do with me?

**RUFUS**

You've never gotten the complete picture. If they had compiled the material together like they were supposed to, you'd get the whole story. But by leaving text out, the church has presented you people with an extremely sterile and unmoving account of religious history. The Creation. the entire Old Testament, the history of Christ...

(let's her take it in)

Forget about my whole black angle for a minute...

**JAY**

We might if you'd quit bringing it up.

Rufus backhands Jay. Silent Bob holds jay back. Rufus continues, oblivious to Jay.

**RUFUS**

He goes from twelve years old to thirty. Whole volumes of text about the

eighteen year struggle with His Divine nature prior to His acceptance of it  
were thown out, forever lost to the faithful.

**BETHANY**

I don't buy it. Integral material like that would give people a better understanding of the nature of God. Why leave it out?

**RUFUS**

Because it was all closely tied in with His family.

**BETHANY**

His mother and father?

**RUFUS**

His brothers and sisters.

**BETHANY**

(beat)

Wait, wait, wait - Jesus didn't have any brothers or sisters. Mary was a virgin - that's why it's called the Immaculate Conception.

**RUFUS**

Mary gave birth to Christ without having known a man's touch - that's true.

But she did have a husband. And do you really think he'd have stayed married to her all those years if he wasn't getting laid? The nature of God and the Virgin Birth - those are leaps of faith. But believing a wife never humped her husband - that's just gullibility.

**BETHANY**

(sudden realization)

**MARY AND JOSEPH HAD SEX?!?**

**RUFUS**

All the time, from what I understand. Jesus used to tell me stories about hearing them through the walls when He was a kid.

(beat)

So you ask why you got tapped. I'll tell you why: a Christ was the salvation of this world once before. And you're the closest thing to a Christ that still walks.

**BETHANY**

Meaning?

**RUFUS**

The blood that flows in your veins shares a chromosome or two at the genetic level with the man you call Jesus.

(hand on her shoulder)

You're His great-grand-niece.

Bethany's jaw drops. A high-pitched squeak of a word escapes her lips.

**JAY**

(takes a hit from his joint)

So... that would make Bethany part black.

(to Silent Bob)

Man, this is just like when Vader told Luke he was his father.

**RUFUS**

I just wish I knew what the hell we're supposed to do now?

**OC VOICE**

You must go to the Dagobah system and find Yoda - the Jedi Master who instructed me.

Everyone turns around. Metatron leans against a tree.

**METATRON**

God. I've always wanted to say that.

**RUFUS**

The voice.

**NIETATRON**

(mimicking his shock)

The Apostle!

(sits down with them)

**BETHANY**

Now you show up! Where were you when that psychotic bastard had a knife to my throat?

**METATRON**

I told you you'd be in capable hands - you're not dead are you?

**RUFUS**

What are you doing here anyw'ay?

**METATRON**

I felt left out. Everyone's sitting around coming clean, I thought I'd join in with a confession of mine own.

**JAY**

Now who's this mother fucker?

**RUFUS**

This is the Voice of God - show some respect.

**JAY**

The Voice of God? Where's the rest of Him?

**METATRON**

Funny you should mention that - we're not sure.

**BETHANY**

Excuse me?

**METATRON**

Didn't it ever occur to you that this Bartleby/Loki situation was well within the realm of His control?

**RUFUS**

If that's the case, then why was Bethany tapped?

**METATRON**

You know those constitutionals He likes to take?

**BETHANY**

Constitutionals?

**RUFUS**

I think we're beyond euphemisms at this point.

(to Bethany)

God's a skee-ball fanatic.

**METATRON**

Let's not altogether blow some of the mystery that surrounds Him, alright?

(to Bethany)

Yes - the Lord has quite a fancy for the game; been playing it for years -

He assumes a human form once a month and indulges. Doesn't tell anyone where He's playing; just goes away for a couple of hours. It's quite understandable - a small exercise in hand/eye coordination has been proven

as a highly effective means of therapeutic relaxation. And from what I understand, He always gives his free points away to neighborhood children.

Isn't that sweet?

**BETHANY**

But She hasn't come back from one of those day-trips, is what you're getting at?

**METATRON**

(to Rufus)

'She'? I take it she's met the Muse.

(to Bethany)

No, 'She' hasn't. And we've been unable to locate Her.

**RUFUS**

Maybe He was killed? Human form has that drawback.

**M ETAT RON**

No - there's a different sort of foul-play afoot, children. Whomever has set the renegade angels on their path and is keeping them quite well-hidden. is also responsible for the Lord's whereabouts. Were He to be killed in human form, He'd have immediately returned to Paradise. Somebody knew enough to keep the body alive, but incapacitate Him in another fashion  
- He's trapped in a body.

**RUFUS**

So God's not dead...

**JAY**

He's brain dead.

**METATRON**

So it would seem. And as omnipotent as we are above, I have to admit that we're more or less lost without His presence. We've had our people looking everywhere for Him. And I tapped her, because I thought we might be able to smoke out whoever's behind this. But whoever it is has been clever enough to send some lackeys after you, as opposed to showing up themselves.

**RUFUS**

Can it be Lucifer?

**METATRON**

Thankfully they seem oblivious to the situation in the nether-regions. I know they're not responsible - at least not Lucifer. If he was, he'd have made his move by now to conquer Heaven. And I know he's not responsible for Bartleby and Loki because he'd have just as much to lose by their return as everyone else.

**RUFUS**

Then what about the Golgothan and the Triplets?

**METATRON**

Don't be stupid - demons aren't exclusive to Hell. Anybody can summon one.

**JAY**

(excited)

Yeah?

Silent Bob hands Jay his newspaper and points. Jay reads.

**BETHANY**

Don't encourage them. And why did you lie to me? You said I was tapped as a test?

**METATRON**

No, you said that - I just didn't correct you. You were shocked enough -  
how do you think you would've taken it if I told you the face of God belonged on the back of a milk carton?

**RUFUS**

So what do we do now?

**M ETAT RON**

I say we get drunk, kids - because I'm all out of ideas.

**JAY**

(off paper)

Why don't we just ask this guy to close the church?

**METATRON**

I beg your pardon?

**JAY**

Here.

(hands group the paper)

**BETHANY**

(reading)

'Glick Takes Heat for Campaign'?

**JAY**

It's the guy in charge of the church thing.

**BETHANY**

(reading)

'Cardinal Glick has come under fire for the blatant pandering and questionable direction of his church-sanctioned 'Catholicism - Wow!' campaign. When asked about his motivations for decommissioning the traditional baptismal fonts in favor of the proposed Olympic sized lap-pools beneath parish floors, Click responded "Come on - who doesn't like a pool party?"

**JAY**

Maybe you could tell him to shut down the church. If it's closed on that day, those guys can't get blessed or whatever - right?

**METATRON**

Good Lord - he's got a point.

**BETHANY**

I think Silent Bob had a point. But sure - we can go to him and explain the situation somehow.

**RUFUS**

'We'? You're back in?

**BETHANY**

Well, mine is a heritage Divine... and I wouldn't want to let down the family.

(smiles)

**METATRON**

(off Silent Bob)

Well, well, well - the prophets finally live up to their titles.

Silent Bob shrugs. Jay is trying to look down Serendipity's shirt. She back-hands him.

**TELEVISION SCREEN - COMMERCIAL**

Two cartoon ALTAR BOYS sift through their bowls of cereal.

**ALTAR 1**

The same boring cereal again?

A cheesy CARTOON CHRIST floats down from above.

**CHRIST**

Man cannot live on boring cereal alone!

**ALTAR 1 & 2**

**IT'S JESUS!**

Jesus pulls a box of HOSTIES cereal from his sash.

**CHRIST**

Why not try Hosties!

CL on cereal pouring into a bowl. It's shaped like Eucharistic hosts.  
Milk  
follows.

**CHRIST VO**

New Hosties is fortified with vitamins and minerals, topped off with an  
angelic kiss of frosting that stays crispy in milk!

Christ's hands on their shoulders, the Altar Boys down their cereal  
happily.

**CHRIST**

Hosties is an important part of any nutritious breakfast, and each one  
is  
blessed by a high ranking Vatican Monsignor - good for the body, and  
good

for the soul. But make sure you've confessed beforehand...

Altar 2 clutches at his throat, gasping.

**ALTAR 2**

I... I touched... m..myself! I'm...s...sorry...

**CHRIST**

(smiling benignly)

You're forgiven.

Altar 2 stops choking and continues eating, happily.

**CHRIST**

So try a bowl of Hosties! And don't just take my word for it...

A cartoon POPE pops out of the box, eating a spoonful of cereal.

**POPE**

They're Heavenly!

**INT CLICK'S OFFICE - DLSK**

A hand switches off the t.v. Pan up to Cardinal Click, all smiles.

**GLICK**

Well...? Doesn't it pop?

Bethany. Rufus, lay and Silent Bob are at a total loss for words.

**JAY**

(After a long beat)

Does it come in chocolate flavor?

The Cardinal picks up a golf putter and begins putting into an overturned glass.

**GLICK**

You see? Now this one's got vision!

(to Jay)

We're rolling out the flavors in September. Big cereal month with the kids,  
back to school and all.

**BETHANY**

It's a bit... startling.

**GLICK**

Exactly! And that's what we're looking to do - shake these people up a bit,  
get them motivated. That's the whole point of the campaign. Mass attendance  
is at an all-time low in this country. And it's not like we're losing them  
to the Protestants or Baptists - people aren't practicing at any denomination these days. If we can sell them some show - let 'em know the  
Catholic church has some panache, we can win them back -even get some new  
ones. Fill them pews, people - that's the key. And cross-promoting - like  
with the cereal tie-in grabs the little ones as well. Hook 'em while they're young.

(sits at his desk, lights smoke)

**RUFUS**

Kind of like the tobacco industry?

**GLICK**

Oh - if only we had their numbers. But we are aiming for the same demographic, even though mine is the soulsaving biz. And if I have to play  
a bit of the devil to bring them closer to the Lord, then I'll wear the  
cloven hooves and carry the pitch fork.

Jay and Silent Bob adjourn themselves from the group and approach a hat  
rack, where the Cardinal's CASSOCK and MITER hang. Jay nudges Silent Bob.

**OC BETHANY**

We really appreciate you seeing us this late in the day, your  
Emminence. My  
friends and I have been traveling all night in hopes of getting a  
chance to

talk to you about the Saint Michael's Re-Dedication ceremony.

The Cardinal blows smoke rings.

**GLICK**

You'd like to help out in some way?

**BETHANY**

We'd like you to cancel the ceremony and the re  
dedication.

**GLICK**

(pauses mid-ash-tap)

I beg your pardon?

Silent Bob stands alone by the coat rack. Jay leaps into the frame,  
cassock  
tied around his shoulder like a cape. He strikes a Superman pose.

**OC BETHANY**

There's going to be a world of trouble if tomorrow's ceremony goes  
forward  
as planned.

The Cardinal leans back in his chair.

**CLICK**

What is this - a threat? Are you planning some sort of demonstation?

(pause)

Are you pro-choicers?

**BETHANY**

No, the trouble's not from us. It's from these renegade angels who've  
been  
stuck on earth since the plagues...

Rufus side-kicks Bethany, nonchalantly.

**BETHANY**

Uh... these guys who think they're renegade angels.

**RUFL'S**

See padre, it goes down like this - the boys believe that by passing through the archway they can get to Heaven. Granted, it's far-fetched, but the brothers are convinced it's the truth.

Silent Bob watches as the Miter appears slowly from behind the partition, resembling a shark fin. It 'swims' to and fro, menacingly. Silent Bob shakes his head.

**OC GLICK**

And you want me to call off the ceremony... for that?

Bethany leans forward in her seat.

**BETHANY**

Well. they're very passionate about it. Dangerously so. They could turn violent if they walk through that arch and nothing happens.

**RUFUS**

These guys could blow, and if they do, they're going to take some people with them. Call this thing off.

**CLICK**

(beat)

Who sent you? Someone from the Council of Churches, right? Somebody's upset that we're getting so much publicity- is that it? Who was it? Rabbi Sloss?

**RLFLS**

We were sent by Him who is called I Am.

**GLICK**

Cute.

(standing)

Time to go. kids. Play time with the Cardinal is over.

**RUFUS**

(to Bethany)

Worked for Moses.

**BETHANY**

Stay out of this.

(to Glick)

Your Emminence, it's not a joke. These guys are an accident waiting to happen. And if the re-education ceremony goes on as planned...

**GLICK**

...then these loonies will show up and go nuts, thus endangering the lives of all assembled, including the Governor, the press, me, the leaders of the Council of Churches. Heck, let's not stop there, maybe even God Himself.

**BETHANY**

You can't say Himself; it could be a woman.

**GLICK**

(rubs temples)

Your passion for all topics insignificant, including the gender of our almighty lord, tests my patience, people. Now I'm a very important man with very important matters that demand my attention, so if you'll please...

**RUFUS**

I'm telling you man. this ceremony is a mistake.

**GLICK**

The Catholic Church does not make mistakes.

**RUFUS**

What about the church's silent consent to the slave trade?

**BETHANY**

And it's platform of non-involvement during the Holocaust?

**CLICK**

(beat)

Alright, those were mistakes. But one can hardly hold the current incarnation of Holy Mother Church responsible for oversights of old. Now I've indulged you for more time than I should have. Please go.

**BETHANY**

But tomorrow...

**CLICK**

(losing it)

Tomorrow goes off without a hitch! Do I make myself clear?! I did not labor two years and exhaust even an ounce of my being to insure that this ceremony be a cornerstone in the most important liturgical event since Vatican Two just to cancel it at the zero hour at the insistence of a wandering band of pranksters who've targeted me as the focus of their evening's merriment! This occasion is important for the congregation of this parish, for the massive crowds coming for the plenary indulgence, for me, for his Holiness the Pope, and - most importantly - for the 'Catholicism - Wow!' campaign! And neither you, nor any other influence short of the hand of God...

(glares at Bethany)

... HIM -self will prevent it from occurring successfully!

He violently grabs the Miter/shark fin 'swimming' behind the partition.

**GLICK**

**AND TAKEOFF MY GODDAMN HAT!!!**

lay slowly looks over the partition.

**EXT SEASHORE**

The sun slowly rises. The day has arrived.

**EXT TURNPIKE - EARLY MORNING**

Amidst very little traffic, two figures emerge from the shadows on the Pennsylvania side. Bartleby and Loki step purposefully past the green sign that welcomes motorists to New Jersey.

**INT BAR - DAWN**

The place is empty, except for Bethany, Rufus, Jay and Silent Bob and A

**BARTENDER.**

**BETHANY**

I can almost see the headlines - if there were going to be any -  
"Existence  
Erased - Thanks to some prick in a scarlet cape.

**RUFUS**

It's a crime that a guy like him even gets to wear a scarlet cape.

**JAY**

That ain't no crime. You wanna see a crime? Look what we stole from  
the guy  
in the dress.

(to Silent Bob)

Hand it over.

Silent Bob pulls a golf club from out of his coat.

**BETHANY**

Oh my God. We're going straight to Hell, I know it.

**RUFUS**

You stole the Cardinal's driver?

**JAY**

I told him to. You know how much these things are worth? That's at  
least a  
couple of sodas and a pack of smokes right there.

**BETHANY**

What do we do now?

**RUFUS**

Let them keep it. In a couple of hours, it won't matter anyway.

**BETHANY**

Not that - about Bartleby and Loki!

**RUFUS**

We have no choice but to try to kill them.

**BETHANY**

(to Rufus)

But you said they couldn't be killed.

**OC VOICE**

Correction : they won't be killed.

The gang turns to see Azrael sitting at the bar.

**AZRAEL**

And just to insure that, we're all going to sit tight, right here,  
until  
the two idiots pass through that arch.

**JAY**

Hey...!

**BETHANY**

He wasn't talking about you two.

**OC VOICE**

There's only one idiot here, .Azrael...

Bethany and Rufus react, as does the very surprised Azrael.  
Serendipity  
stands in the doorway.

**SERENDIPITY**

And that's you.

**AZRAEL**

The Muse. Just in time to join us for a drink.

**BARTENDER**

(suddenly noticing Azrael)

Hey. Where'd you come from?

**AZRAEL**

Nothingness. And that's where I'm returning to in approximately...

(checks watch)

...onehour.

**BARTENDER**

Alright Plato - sounds like you've had enough drinks already. Let's go.

**AZRAEL**

Come on Barkeep - just one drink for the road. Then I'm gone.

Serendipity joins Bethany and Rufus. She whispers.

**SERENDIPITY**

I was trying to find you - to tell you I'd figured out who was behind all this.

**RUFUS**

Is that who I think it is?

**SERENDIPITY**

None other than.

**BETHANY**

Who is it?

**SERENDIPITY**

That's my worst suspicions confirmed.

The Bartender relents.

**BARTENDER**

Alright - one drink. Then you're gone.

**AZRAEL**

Gimme a Holy Bartender.

**BARTENDER**

Never heard of it.

**AZRAEL**

(to the group)

He doesn't know how to make a Holy Bartender.

You know - don't you, Muse?

**SERENDIPITY**

Azrael... don't.

**AZRAEL**

(ignoring her)

Anybody? Well - I know how to make a Holy Bartender.

Azrael pulls an Uzi from his coat and blows a dozen holes in the Bartender.

The Stygian Triplets burst through the doors and everyone jumps to their feet, with the exception of the Bartender, who dies.

**AZRAEL**

Get it?

**SERENDIPITY**

Sweet Jesus, Azrael - why?!?

**RUFUS**

(rushing him)

C'mon, demon - let's see you try that shit on a brother whose already dead!

The Stygian Triplets cross their sticks in front of Rufus to block him  
as  
Azrael trains his Uzi on Bethany.

**AZRAEL**

(joining them)

You maintain that kind of an attitude and you and the barkeep won't be  
the  
only corpses in the room -the Christ-Bitch will join you.

**SERENDIPITY**

I can't believe you're behind this. Are you really that stupid?! Do  
you  
know what's going to happen if those two jerks enter that church?!

**AZRAEL**

I'm actually counting on it. And if my calculations are correct, the  
pawns  
are moving in to check-mate as we speak.

Everyone stares at Azrael, with the exception of Jay. He suddenly  
laughs.

**JAY**

I get it! Holy Bartender! That's a good one!

**EXT SAINT MICHAEL'S CHURCH - MORNING**

A formidable crowd of parishoners surrounds a small stage, ten yards  
from  
the front of the church. Banners hang every~ere, heralding  
'Catholicism -  
Wow!' as well as the Centennial of Saint Michael's. The media eats it  
up.

Cardinal Glick stands at the podium, all smiles. He's in mid-speech.

**GLICK**

I'd also like to acknowledge this great state's Governor, Elizabeth  
Dalton,  
for coming out an helping us ring in the first hundred years of this  
little  
parish True. she's a Protestant - but we won't hold that against her.

(crowd laughs)

Now, let me just give you a bit of history on this particular little hundred years young House of God...

**OC BARTLEBY**

This is no longer God's House. God doesn't live here anymore.

The crowd turns, aghast. Bartleby pushes his way through them, sheepishly followed by Loki.

**BARTLEBY**

He's grown weary of your superficial faith and has turned a deaf ear to your lip-service prayers. He is no longer amused, and has abandoned you - His favorites - to the whim of judgement. Hypocrites and charlatans - prepare to taste God's wrath!

**LOKI**

(whispering)

Maybe we should just go.

**BARTLEBY**

You wanted your body count, you got it. This lot is rife with sin. We'll judge them all!

Glick grabs a COP from the crowd and pushes him toward the pair.

**CLICK**

These are the two I was warned about, Officer McChee. Please assist them off the church grounds.

The Cop grabs Bartleby's arm.

**COP**

Alright mouthpiece, let's leave the nice Cardinal alone and go for a ride...

Bartleby grabs the cops hand on his shoulder.

**BARTLEBY**

Mister McGhee, don't make me angry. You wouldn't like me when I'm angry.

**COP**

Is that so? Well, let's just...

Bartleby throws his other hand forward and twists the Cop's head around in one brisk motion. Loki's eyes bug out. The crowd takes flight.

**BARTLEBY**

(releasing dead Cop)

Ladies and Gentlemen - you have been judged as guilty of violations against our Almighty Lord. And this very day - I assure you - you will all pay for your trespasses... in blood.

(to Loki)

Wings. Now.

**LOKI**

I'm not so sure...

**BARTLEBY**

**DO IT!**

**INT BAR - LATER**

Azrael still hosts his captive audience, uzi trained on the mortals. The Stygian Triplets surround them, brandishing their sticks.

**BETHANY**

You're a muse too?

**SERENDIPITY**

Former muse. He was kicked out.

**AZRAEL**

Tell them, Serendipity. Tell them how I was slighted by the Almighty.

**SERENDIPITY**

You got what you deserved, you yellow shithead.

**AZRAEL**

Ever the apple polisher. I'd hoped that when you left Paradise, you did it finally because you couldn't tolerate the injustice that was visited upon your own brother.

**BETHANY**

He's your brother?!

**SERENDIPITY**

Not technically. We were created at the same time.

**AZRAEL**

To compliment one another. Two spirits of pure inspiration.

**BARTLEBY**

So what happened?

**AZRAEL**

Yes. What. Lucifer got restless and started his little war for the throne. Heaven became divided into two factions - the faithful and the renegades. The ethereal planes were chaotic with battle, angel against angel. And when it was all over, Cod cast the rebels into perdition.

**SERENDIPITY**

But Azrael refused to fight. He wouldn't ally himself to God or Lucifer. He remained in the middle, waiting to see who came out victorious.

**JAY**

What are you - some kind of fucking chicken?!

**AZRAEL**

I was an artist! I was inspiration! A muse has no place in battle! Our job is to create - not destroy!

**SERENDIPITY**

So after the fallen were banished to Hell, God turned on those that wouldn't fight, and my brother here was sent down with the demons. Something he considers a grave injustice.

**AZRAEL**

Don't tell me that you never questioned the judgement, Serendipity; that you don't think the Almighty acted too rashly?

**SERENDIPITY**

You've been waiting for millions of years to ask me that, haven't you? It's been on your mind since the moment you fell. It's been gnawing at you this long.

**AZRAEL**

Well?

**SERENDIPITY**

No, Azrael. It never bothered me, and I'll tell you why:

you stood behind your office, you prick. So you were an artist - big deal.

Elvis was an artist, but that didn't stop him from joining the service in time of war. That's why he's the King... and you're a schmuck.

**BETHANY**

So all this is about revenge?! You're going to unmake existence because you have a grudge against God?!

**AZRAEL**

After the first million years, revenge was the farthest thing from my mind.

Self-preservation became the only necessity.

**RUFUS**

Meaning?

**AZRAEL**

Escape. Escape from Hell became my all-consuming reason. So I studied the religions and waited for my opportunity to present itself; which finally did. in the form of the plenary indulgence And while I couldn't exercise it myself. I knew the perfect vessels through which I could free myself from torment.

#### **RUFUS**

Bartleby and Loki.

#### **AZRAEL**

After that, it was a simple matter of waiting for a church to celebrate their Centennial, and when that finally happened, applying some of the old inspiration tactics - by sending the pair an article laced with ideas. An incantation I picked up in the Pit kept them cloaked and off Heaven's radars, and aside from the Triplets and the Gologothan, no soul in Hell had a clue as to what was going on.

(smiles)

Won't proud Lucifer weep when he realizes I triumphed over the Power in a way he never dared or dreamed.

(shakes it off)

But no plan, no matter how intricate, could succeed if the Almighty was in the realm of the quick. So I dispatched Him in a fairly ingenious fashion.

#### **BETHANY**

How so?

#### **AZRAEL**

Oh no. I've seen way too many Bond movies to know that you never reveal all the details of your plan - no matter how close you may think you are to

success. Suffice it to say, the Catholics have been even more helpful in insuring my success than by just supplying the clean-slate archway.

(gets up)

The only X-Factor was the involvement of the Last Scion. I'm amazed that someone up there would have the balls to make a move without the Lord's say-so. Believe me - I sweated when you stumbled upon my boys on that train. But alas, here you are - powerless to stop the inevitable.

**BETHANY**

Look, asshole - I don't know if anyone explained the rules to you, but if you succeed, everything gets blinked out of existence - even you.

**AZRAEL**

(beat)

Human, have you ever been to Hell? I think not. Do you know that once Hell was nothing more than the absence of God? And if you'd ever been in His presence, then you'd realize that's punishment enough. But then your kind came along - and made it so much worse.

**BETHANY**

Humans aren't capable of one hundredth the evil a shitbag demon like yourself is.

**AZRAEL**

Evil is an abstract; it's a human construct. But true to his irresponsible nature, man won't own up to being the engineer of evil, so he blames his dark deeds on my ilk. But his selfishness is limitless, and it's not enough for him to shadow his own existence. He turned Hell into a suffering Pitt - fire, wailing, darkness - the kind of place anyone would do anything to get out of. And why? Because he lacks the ability to forgive himself. It is beyond your abilities to simply make recompense for and regret the sins you

commit. No - you choose rather to create a psychodrama and dwell in a  
foundless belief that God could never forgive your 'grievous  
offenses'. So  
you bring your guilt and inner-decay with you to Hell - where the  
horrid  
imaginings of so many gluttons-for-punishment give birth to the  
sickness  
that has infected the abyss since the first one of your kind arrived  
there,  
begging to be 'punished'. And in doing so, they've transformed the  
cold and  
solitude to pain and misery. I've spent eons privy to the flames,  
inhaling  
the decay, hearing the wail of the damned. I know what effect such  
horrors  
have on the delicate psyche of an angelic being.

(beat)

Would you like to glimpse pain eternal? Look...

Azrael places his hand over Bethany's eyes. For about ten seconds, we  
see  
some of the most fucked up and disturbing imagery that can be crammed  
into  
240 frames of film.

Azrael pulls his hand away. Bethany is fried, convulsing  
uncontrollably.

#### **AZRAEL**

I'd rather not exist than go back to that. And if everyone has to go  
down  
with me, so be it.

#### **SERENDIPITY**

(holding up Bethany)

You're still thinking only about yourself, you fuckmg child.

#### **AZRAEL**

Now, now, now. Things are getting too tense in here. What say we watch  
a  
little t.v.

(grabs remote control)

#### **JAY**

Put on channel nine - 'Davey and Goliath'!

A Stygian Triplet smacks him with it's hockey stick.

**JAY**

Hey!

**AZRAEL**

I was thinking more along the lines of current events.

On the T.V. - a sweaty and panicked REPORTER barks into the camera, obscuring the chaos behind him. Screams are heard.

**REPORTER**

...I repeat - men with huge fucking wings have laid waste to St. Michael's... Bullets don't seem to affect them... police who were on the scene are dead... The remaining crowd has dropped to their knees, identifying this as the fabled Apocalypse.. I'm not a man of faith, but I'm inclined to agree with them..

(looking OC)

**NO! DON'T COME ANY CLOSER!!**

(pulls gun)

PLEASE!! Please...

He puts the gun in his mouth and fires. The screen goes blank.

**AZRAEL**

(snapping off tv.)

You see that? And I told them to keep a low profile. I'd be pissed, but in a couple of minutes, it won't matter anymore.

While he speaks, Serendipity looks to Silent Bob. Silent Bob snaps to attention, and locks eyes with Serendipity. He looks to the golf club, then back at her. He nods.

Azrael suddenly catches the exchange between the two.

**AZRAEL**

Now what was that all about?

**SERENDIPITY**

Hunhh? Oh. nothing. I had something in my eye.

**AZRAEL**

(getting up)

Bullshit. What are you trying to do, Serendipity -get the guy killed?

Now

who's the fucking child? What did you tell him - to hit me with the  
golf

club? Are you serious?

(picks up golf club)

I'm a fucking demon, and you'd have him assault me with athletic  
equipment?

(hands club to Silent Bob)

Well, here then - take it. Call it a gift.

(stands back and hits his own chest)

Take a shot - take your best shot. C'mon - c'mon, bright boy.

The Stygian Triplets snicker. Silent Bob stares at Azrael, perplexed.

**AZRAEL**

Don't you know anything?

Silent Bob looks to Serendipity. She nods. He shrugs and swings the  
club

with all his might into Azrael's chest - which caves in, blowing muck  
and  
shit everywhere.

Rufus, Jay, and Serendipity turn on their captors, grabbing the  
Stygian  
Triplets by the throats.

**SERENDIPITY**

**BETHANY! BLESS THE SINK!**

**BETHANY**

**WHAT?!?**

**SERENDIPITY**

**DO IT!**

Bethany leaps over the bar, pushing over the dead bartender, and blesses the melting-ice filled sink. Serendipity urges Rufus and Jay to follow her, with the Triplets in hand. They submerge them - head first - in the sink. Cruddy steam and muck blows out of the water. The Triplets convulse and fall still.

Azrael clutches at his sucking chest wound, dropping to his knees. He grabs Silent Bob's leg. Silent Bob kicks him onto his back and out cold.

**JAY**

(joining Silent Bob)

What the fuck have you been eating?

Silent Bob shrugs.

**BETHANY**

What just happened?

**SERENDIPITY**

(collecting hockey sticks)

He said it himself - he's a demon. You hit a demon with an instrument of God - the pure side's always going to do the most damage.

**JAY**

Silent Bob's an instrument of God?!

**SERENDIPITY**

No - but the driver is.

**BETHANY**

(catching on)

And Glick's the kind of asshole that would bless his own clubs for a better game. And the sink...?

**SERENDIPITY**

You've got that Divine heritage going for you - sanctifying is just one of the fringe benefits.

**BETHANY**

Remind me to try the water-to-wine thing at my next party.

(to Jay)

How far away is this church?

**JAY**

Three towns over - about five miles.

**BETHANY**

We've gotta make tracks, people - there isn't much time left. Rufus, grab his gun.

**RUFUS**

Ten steps ahead of you.

**BETHANY**

(going through dead bartender's pockets)

We can take the bartender's car - I don't think he'll be needing it anymore.

Bethany and Serendipity rush out.

**JAY**

We gonna make it?

**RUFUS**

Was Jesus down?

Rufus and Jay exit. Silent Bob stares down at Azrael's body. Jay comes back and yanks him out the door.

**EXT STREET - DAY**

Cardinal Click runs to a pay phone. Sweating and bloody, he looks a mess.

He presses '0' and looks around wildly - particularly skyward.

**GLICK**

(to God)

Look, if you didn't like the cereal thing, we could've gone in a different direction!

(to phone)

**OPERATOR! SEND MORE POLICE TO SAINT MICHAEL'S PARISH - NOW!! PEOPLE ARE GETTING KILLED BY...!**

As he speaks, a large shadow falls over him from above. It grows larger, enveloping Click. He drops the receiver, drops to his knees, and screams.

**EXT SAINT MICHAEL'S - DAY**

Bethany, Jay, Serendipity, Silent Bob, and Rufus stare OC, horrified.

**JAY**

Holy shit.

Bodies, bodies everywhere - partial, whole, bloody - hanging, burning, upended. No one is left standing. It's a scene straight out of Hell. Bethany buries her face in Rufus' chest.

**JAY**

See? And people wonder why I don't go to church.

**BETHANY**

Are we too late?

**SERENDIPITY**

To save these poor schmucks, yes. But we still exist.

**BETHANY**

Where are they?

**RUFUS**

They could already be in the church.

**SERENDIPITY**

Which means that if they come out, nobody touches them.

**JAY**

Are you shitting me? The brother here is going to shred them with his Schwarzenegger special - ain't you, homey?

**SERENDIPITY**

If they've passed through that arch, they come out clean. And if they die,  
they go straight up - and we know what happens then.

**JAY**

What if they just kill themselves?

**BETHANY**

They can't - it's a mortal sin. You die with a mortal sin on your soul and  
you burn. They'd go to hell, and that's not what they're after.

**JAY**

So then what the fuck are we supposed to do?! Just wait for a solution to  
fall out of the sky?!

On cue, a body plummets out of the sky and hits the ground before the group, quite like Rufus had, way back at the start. This body, however,  
bursts apart like a body would if dropped from a large height. Jay looks at  
Rufus.

**JAY**

Friend of your's?

**RUFUS**

'fraid not.

**OC VOICE**

It was a Cardinal.

They all turn to see Loki, leaning against a body or two, drinking from a bottle of champagne. His wings lie beside him, filthy - blood spattered and ashen. He looks exhausted. Rufus trains the gun on him.

**LOKI**

Kind of hard to tell with his face like that, but the Rosaries are a dead giveaway.

**JAY**

(goes for the Uzi)

**IT'S ONE OF THEM!! KILL IT!!!**

**BETHANY**

(struggling to stop him)

**NO...!**

She slaps the Uzi out of Jay's grip. It clatters to the side.

**BETHANY**

(to Jay)

Don't you listen?! We can't touch them!

**JAY**

I wasn't gonna touch him, I was gonna shoot him!

**LOKI**

(looking skyward)

He's been at it for awhile now.

In the distance above - a mere shadow against the sky - something winged soars and stops, releasing what looks like a very panicky human being.

**OC LOKI**

We ran out of parishoners, so he just started picking up anyone off the street. You're looking at eons of repression getting purged. If only we'd been able to jerk off.

Loki drags himself a few feet backwards.

**LOKI**

I'd step back if I were you.

They jump back just as the body hits the ground and explodes. Bethany charges at Loki, grabs his lapels, and shakes him furiously.

**BETHANY**

**WHY?!? WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU HOPE TO PROVE?!? ALL THESE PEOPLE - WHY?!?**

**JAY**

(to Rufus)

I thought we weren't supposed to touch them?

**RUFUS**

I think our Bethan's about hit her ceiling.

Loki slaps Bethany away, non-chalantly.

**LOKI**

This wasn't my idea. alright? I just wanted to go home.

(takes a big champagne swig)

We both wanted to go home. But he snapped. When he realized who you were and what you'd have to do, he just lost it.

(smiles)

You know what's funny about it? He never could stand to see me work. He said he always felt son~' for you people - that you didn't know any better.

(looks up)

Now look at him.

**JAY**

This guy's drunker than hell.

**SERENDIPITY**

Which means he's human now - his wings have been cut off.

(slapping Loki to sober him up)

Loki! Loki!

**LOKI**

(recognizing her)

The Muse. Haven't seen you in a long time. What's with the tits?

**SERENDIPITY**

Loki - have you walked through the arch yet? C'mon. tell me! Have you gone  
in and come out through the archway yet?!

**VOICE**

No.

Bartleby lands beside them, draping his wings at his sides, brushing himself off.

**BARTLEBY**

We were awaiting your arrival.

**SERENDIPITY**

Bartleby - listen to me! You can't go through with this! Azrael was just  
using you! If you go back this way...

Bartleby slaps her down.

**BARTLEBY**

I've become aware of the repercussions, Muse. I know what I'm doing.

Bethany leaps at him, all fists and fury.

**BETHANY**

YOU FUCK! YOU SICK, TWISTED FUCK!! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!! LOOK AT ALL

you've

done...!

Bartleby subdues her. He strokes her hair.

**BARTLEBY**

Bethany - you of all people should understand what I'm t~'ing to accomplish here. You too have been abandonned. You know what it's like to be cast aside. But while you've only felt the devastating effects for a few years, I've dealt with it for millenia. And while you never see your ex-husband or how blissful he is with his new wife...

(picks up her face and smiles at her)

And he is...

(drops her head)

..seeing you people everywhere. everyday, trapped on this perfect little world He created for you... it's a constant reminder that though my kind came first, your kind was most revered. And your kind knows forgiveness, while my kind knows regret. A lesson must be taught. All are accountable... even God.

(steps back)

Soon a cadre of police will arrive, just in time to kill us as we exit the church. And then this failed experiment called existence will cease to be.

Loki stumbles to his feet.

**LOKI**

I can't... let you do this, Bartleby...

(he sways as if drunk)

I didn't know we... would end existence...

**BARTLEBY**

(to Bethany)

My compatriot. Genocide takes a lot out of him. He's weakened. And more importantly, he's now a human being. A condition that carries two liabilities: a conscience...

Bartleby pulls a knife and guts Loki. He stares at Bartleby as he dies, confused and betrayed. Serendipity nods to Rufus and Silent Bob.

**BARTLEBY**

..and a short life span.

(in a whisper; to Loki)

Sorry, old friend - but you lost the faith.

Rufus and Serendipity and Silent Bob jump Bartleby and start throwing punches. Silent Bob bites his wing. Jay grabs Bethany and pulls her behind a bush.

**BETHANY**

(peering out from behind)

He's lost it! We're fucked! We're absolutely fucked!

**JAY**

(pulling off clothes)

I hear you.

**BETHANY**

I can't believe this shit! We're on the brink of nonexistence and God's still nowhere to be found! What the fuck kind of deity gets kidnapped?!

**JAY**

(pulling open pants)

Amen to that.

**BETHANY**

(suddenly notices him)

What the hell are you doing?!

**JAY**

I'd say we've got about five minutes left to live; the whole world's going to end. You said you'd fuck me.

**BETHANY**

Are you a complete lunatic?! Everyone's out there battling that thing and you want to cower back here and jump my bones?! We have to go down fighting!

**JAY**

No - no time for that foreplay stuff, just sex.

**BETHANY**

You pig...!

**JAY**

What?! It's all over; nobody's gonna beat that thing! Now we can either lay here all comatose like that

John Doe Jersey bastard behind us, or we can make with the love.

Bethany freezes.

**BETHANY**

(finally!)

What did you say?!

**JAY**

'Make with the love'? I just said that to be sensitive. Usually I call it boning.

**BETHANY**

No - about John Doe Jersey?

**JAY**

That guy - the one that they won't take off life support - John Doe  
Jersey.  
This is where he's at.

**BETHANY**

What? Where?

**JAY**

Saint Michael's hospital - over there.

(points behind them)

There, across the street, sits a HOSPITAL.

**BETHANY**

(thinks)

Where's the nearest boardwalk?

**JAY**

Look, I ain't got time to win you a prize or something, we gotta get  
to it  
before...

**BETHANY**

**WHERE IS IT???**

**JAY**

(scared)

Asbury Park. About five miles away.

**BETHANY**

You ever been there?!

**JAY**

(really scared)

Once. I was banging this girl who worked at the carousel. She wanted  
to do  
it on the ride, but I got sick and started puking...

**BETHANY**

(grabs his face)

**DO THEY HAVE SKEE-BALL THERE?!?**

**JAY**

(piss-scared; high pitched)

...yes.

Bethany kisses Jay hard on the lips, jumps up and looks over the bush.

**JAY**

(warming up)

Now that's more like it.

Rufus and Serendipity battle Bartleby, his wings thrashing about.

Silent

Bob is getting back on his feet.

**BETHANY**

**BOB!**

Silent Bob looks to Bethany. She waves him over and bends back down to

Jay

who half-closes his eyes, and puckers his lips. Bethany pinches his

lips

together and raises Jay to his feet, just as Silent Bob arrives.

**BETHANY**

(to Jay)

Whatever you do - stall Bartleby from going into that church!

(to Silent Bob)

Bob - come with me!

(they exit)