

EXT ANTIOCH WASTELAND - NIGHT

ARCHAAM stands expectantly in a desert clearing outside of a walled city of ancient architecture. The figure is dressed in tattered religious garb. Hanging limp with injury, stained and missing feathers are ARCHAAM's angel wings. His mouth is tightly wrapped with stained cloth. ARCHAAM's eyes have vertical metal half rings that protrude from his cheek and eye bones inhibiting his vision.

Noises from the city of Antioch are heard as a celebration begins. Fireworks ignite the sky above spires of buildings and cascade light rigidly upon ARCHAAM's face.

ARCHAAM (V.O.)

Woe to the city of Antioch your judgement
is nigh. You speak the name of your
creator, yet your hands are unclean.

EXT ANTIOCH - NIGHT

We fly over the city in all of it's majesty, it glows with lights that halo wonderfully constructed buildings and ornately garnished temples.

ARCHAAM (V.O.)

Your religious temples grand, yet they
honour men, and mens deeds of vanity and
pride. Oh, sad Antioch, last city of
God. You were given the Jubilee and were
not gracious.

Fireworks fly by our view and explode light down upon the city casting stark shadows from the high structures. A crowd is exclaiming in wonder from below.

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Archaam stands looking at the city with insanity in his eyes, his head shakes slowly in disgust.

ARCHAAM (V.O.)

Endowed with the Spires of Angels and yet
you cast them wickedly from you.

EXT ANTIOCH - NIGHT

A young boy, LIN, stands in a darkened alley. He's face is unclean and his clothes are worn. A small smile of childish wonder is worn on LIN's face but his eyes are welled with tears. He looks towards the more glorious parts of the city as fireworks explode in the night sky.

ARCHAAM (V.O.)

Mother Antioch, your children weep, but you cannot hear them over your pious laughter. Your Herald is coming.

EXT ANTIOCH CITY GATES - NIGHT

A rugged man, THE HERALD walks purposefully towards the gates of Antioch with dire intent. THE HERALD wears a very large earthen toned cloak extending beyond his shoulders. The cloak is separated from his belt line where the hilt of his sword is visible. The guards take notice of THE HERALD and walk out to meet him.

ARCHAAM (V.O.)

Your forsaken guardians are upon your door. Do you not hear great Antioch.

EXT ANTIOCH - NIGHT

Fireworks continue to explode above the city.

ARCHAAM (V.O.)

Can you not remove the veil of night from your eyes?

EXT ANTIOCH CAPITAL - NIGHT

A group of elder men stand on a baroque platform high above the center of the city. The men appear to be lords and politicians. None of the men smile as they stare down upon the crowds below them. SCHLIEL, a mesmeric man dressed as royalty walks into view between the men. He looks upon the awed multitudes below. SCHLIEL smiles at the throngs while the men around him try not to meet his gaze.

ARCHAAM (V.O.)

War is upon you Antioch, heed my words. Your fathers will not give you comfort.

EXT ANTIOCH WASTELAND - NIGHT

ARCHAAM stretches his arms and battered wings out from himself. A wind from nowhere begins to blow on the man and a guttural laughter is heard.

ARCHAAM (V.O.)
Your judgement is at hand. And I shall
deliver you.

FADE OUT.