

"ANGHELLS"
PILOT

Written by

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. PARK - DAY

1

A bright, lively spring day. Families, joggers, dogs.

To the left: a CLOWN sadly inflates a balloon that immediately pops.

To the right: a GUY in a jester hat wobbles on a unicycle - and crashes into a bin.

Dead center: PETER SAINT - stylish, grinning, handing out leaflets like he's running for Mayor of Heaven.

PETER
(grandly)
Faith is more than religion.

A PASSERBY scowls, doesn't break stride.

PASSER BY
Get fucked!

Peter doesn't miss a beat. Spins. New leaflet. New target.

PETER
(smiling wider)
Faith is more than religion!

Another PASSERBY wrinkles their nose.

PASSER BY #2
Keep it in church!

Peter beams at the camera.

PETER (V.O.)
It's a funny old life!

Some kids come and SLAP the flyers from Peter's hands.

Flyers disperse in the air, like it's a graduation celebration.

The kids run off laughing leaving Peter dismayed.

SMASH CUT TO:

2 EXT. PARK - DAY = INTERVIEW - PETER

2

Peter beams at the camera, arms wide open.

PETER
I'm Peter. Peter Saint.
(beat)
A human messenger—
(looks up dramatically)
—Of the Powers That Be.
(leans in)
Two and a half thousand years old.
(grins)
Don't look a day over fifteen
hundred, right?

He chuckles proudly. Off-camera, someone coughs.

Peter's smile tightens.

3 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY 3

Peter strolls toward a grubby corner shop.

PETER (V.O.)
(talking grandly)
One day, you're just living your
life—then BOOM—
(booming voice)
Peter! You are chosen! Go forth!
Inspire! Spread the message.

He passes a HOMELESS MAN outside the store.

Peter slows, places a hand on his heart, and gives a solemn
nod at the camera, like he's delivering a eulogy for mankind.

Holds the look... too long.

4 EXT. PARK - DAY - INTERVIEW - PETER SAINT - CONTINUOUS 4

PETER
You just... keep walking the Earth.
(beat)
Doing good deeds.
(beat)
Millennium after millennium.
(dreamy sigh)
The things you see... Priceless.

He gazes off wistfully. A bird shits on a branch behind him.

5 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY - LATER

5

Peter exits the store triumphantly with a scratch card, a sandwich, and a bottle of pop.

He kneels beside the HOMELESS MAN with missionary zeal.

PETER SAINT
Here you go brother.

The homeless man takes the scratch card, squints at it

HOMELESS MAN
What's this?

PETER SAINT
(winks at camera
theatrically)
Perhaps you should try your luck!

HOMELESS MAN
(flat)
I have a gambling problem.

Peter's face freezes.

He side-eyes the camera like he's just handed vodka to someone at an AA meeting.

PETER
(clears throat)
Well-uh-maybe just... just this
once?
(beat, sternly)
Just this once though!

Peter claps the man awkwardly on the shoulder and briskly power-walks away.

Behind him, the HOMELESS MAN starts scratching the ticket.

PETER (V.O.)
Doing a small miracle... very hard
to get right.

HOMELESS MAN (O.S.)
(celebrating)
OH MY GOD, I'VE WON, I'VE WON FIFTY
GRAND!

Peter freezes mid-stride. Slow turn to camera.

Huge, guilty smile.

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PETER
(grins)
Technically... miracle achieved.

He shrugs sheepishly.

FADE OUT:

6 CUT TO MAIN TITLES 6

An ancient dusty Bible is slammed onto a red cloth.

Dust explodes dramatically.

Pages flutter open...

Finally land on a blank page. Words slowly appear:

ANGHELLS

A single ominous thunderclap.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

7 EXT. PARK - DAY - INTERVIEW - PETER 7

PETER
(earnest, hands clasped)
I try to do what good I can. Which
is why I've brought you all here
today. Had a dream, some divine
word... a nudge from the cosmos.

A BEAM OF HEAVENLY LIGHT explodes behind him. Ethereal.
Glorious. Loud.

Peter doesn't react. Still mid-ramble.

PETER (CONT'D)
My boss, The Metatron, told me to
bring a crew, document
things—divine outreach, that sort
of vibe.

From the beam, THE METATRON descends - floating, glowing,
dressed like a non-binary Gucci ad for holiness. Wings
tucked. Serious stare.

Peter glances at his wristwatch.

PETER (CONT'D)
They're late, though. Typical angel
time - always early when you're
dead, always late when you're
desperate.

LOUD COUGH behind him.

Peter finally turns, sees The Metatron. Blinks. Turns back to
camera, unfazed.

PETER (CONT'D)
Aha. Here they are! May I present
the majestic, the enigmatic, the
walking HR. Complaint form... The
Metatron.

SMASH CUT TO:

8 EXT. PARK/ POND - DAY

8

Peter and The Metatron sit on a bench, feeding ducks. Peter's
all smiles. The Metatron throws birdseed like it's classified
Intel.

METATRON
Peter, things are spiralling.

PETER
Well, I mean, it's not that bad-

METATRON
Not that bad?
(beat)
Plagues. War. Billionaires in
space.
(exhales)
And there's an entire subreddit
arguing Australia doesn't exist.

9 EXT. PARK - DAY - INTERVIEW - METATRON

9

METATRON
I'm The Metatron. Voice of the
Powers That Be.
(beat)
I was there at the beginning. I'll
be there at the end.
(shrugs)
...Probably sooner than planned.
Calendar's looking bleak.

10 EXT. PARK/POND - CONTINUOUS 10

Peter continues to listen.

METATRON

Faith's at an all-time low.
"Religion" is trending somewhere
between NFTs and colonoscopies. And
don't even mention the simulation
theorists-

PETER

Wait—we're not in a simulation?

METATRON

(deadpan)

Oh no, we are. It's just running on
really outdated software.

PETER

Makes sense. Explains my van's
heating system.

METATRON

The Powers are done waiting. It's
time for the Second Coming.

PETER

Jim?!

(beat)

But - But, he isn't really a
society person is he?

11 EXT. PARK - DAY - INTERVIEW - METATRON 11

METATRON

(sighs)

He's not lying. But humanity's
circling the drain, and we've
unplugged the sink.

The Metatron shrugs like a celestial barista who's out of oat
milk again.

12 EXT. PARK/ POND - CONTINUOUS 12

METATRON

He's got four months to get on
board. And you're going to help
him.

PETER
Help him do... what exactly?

METATRON
Inspire the people. Spread the
message.
(beat)
Make the world great again!

Peter freezes. A long, pained look to camera.

PETER
Maybe workshop that slogan.

METATRON
You have four months.

PETER
And if he doesn't turn it around...
do I finally get my wings?

METATRON
No, Peter.
(beat)
The world ends.
(raised brows, gestures)
Wiped. Rebooted. No humans allowed.

Peter's face drops like someone just cancelled Christmas.

13 EXT. PARK - INTERVIEW - METATRON.

13

METATRON
Am I excited for the end?
(ponders)
No. Creation is chaotic,
unpredictable.
(beat, smirks)
Like British politics... or Elon
Musk's Twitter feed.

A beat. Then a laugh - celestial, echoing, a little unhinged.

SMASH CUT TO:

14 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

14

Peter's CAMOUFLAGE-WRAPPED CAMPER VAN wheezes down a winding
road like it's questioning its life choices.

On the back: a faded bumper sticker reads:
"HONK IF YOU'VE BEEN FORSAKEN."

15 INT. CAMPER VAN - MOVING. 15

Peter grips the wheel with holy conviction and mild panic. The van rattles. He sighs, glancing upward like he's expecting divine roadside assistance.

PETER (V.O.)

Okay, so maybe it is the end of the world... But The Metatron's bark is usually worse than their bite.

(beat)

Although their bark has smited a few people.

He adjusts a tiny angel bobblehead on the dash. It falls off.

16 EXT. JIM'S HOUSE - DUSK. 16

The camper van SCREECHES to a halt in front of a cottage that looks like it's allergic to sunlight. Weeds. Moss. A garden gnome with a blunt in its mouth.

PETER SAINT (V.O.)

This is going to be a challenge. Jim's a lovely guy.

(beat)

But, let's just say since his first trip round, trust and motivation

17 EXT. JIM'S HOUSE - INTERVIEW - PETER - MOMENTS LATER 17

PETER

(nervous)

Right, so I'll just pop in, say hi, warn him about the apocalypse—ease him into it gently.

CAMERA PANS TO: A curtain twitches.

Then violently slams shut.

PETER (CONT'D)

He does have a bit of social anxiety!

18 EXT. JIM'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER 18

Peter knocks politely. Then louder. Then dramatically.

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PETER
Jim! It's Peter! Open up! I know
you're in there—
(shouts)
—I can hear Love Island!

Beat. No response.

PETE
(to camera)
He's very spiritual... just mostly
with reality TV.

CLICK. The deadbolt unlocks from the inside.

The door opens, on the other side -

JIM KRISTEIN, (30s, top knot, vape in hand, ironic tee that says "WWJD? Probably Chill.") Stares at Peter, then at the camera, eyes wide.

JIM (V.O.)
I am Jim- Jim Kristein. I work
remote IT.

19 INTERVIEW - JIM - LIVING ROOM.

19

Jim shifts uncomfortably, avoiding eye contact with the camera.

JIM
Oh. And I'm also the Second Coming
of Jesus Christ.
(awkward pause)
...So, yeah. There's that.

Jim picks his vape pen up from the coffee table.

JIM (CONT'D)
Not keen on redeeming mankind.
(hits vape)
Tried it once.
(beat, exhales)
Got nailed.
(shrugs, leans in)
Not the fun kind neither.

20 INT. JIM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

20

Jim lounges like a man allergic to responsibility. Peter paces like a spiritual life coach mid-breakdown.

PETER
And you need to "come out" to the
world!

Jim mulls this over for a beat, it doesn't fit -

JIM
Yeah -- I'll pass.

PETER
(stunned)
Pass?!
(shakes head, then)
Jim! The universe is about to be
rebooted.

JIM
(puffs vape)
Mate. Have you even seen the news
lately?
(sits back comfortably)
Reboot doesn't sound half bad. If
you ask me.

Peter turns to camera, deadpan. Yep, fair.

21 INT. JIM'S HOUSE - INTERVIEW - JIM

21

Jim flips through TV channels with dead-eyed detachment.

JIM
I love nature. Got mad respect for
trees. The ocean's cool. But
humanity? Bit of a mixed bag.

He grabs a bong, hits it, exhales dramatically.

JIM (CONT'D)
So yeah, nah. Not my problem.

Jim looks off camera, his brow raised.

JIM (CONT'D)
Oh, my books?
(smirks)
Yeah, I also like reading and
isolation. Nice isn't it.
(leans forward)
All first editions might I add.

PETER

Jim, this is serious. The Metatron came to Earth. They never do that.

JIM

Yeah? Last time I came to Earth, I left with PTSD from lowercase T's. This second time around is only reinforcing that first impression so far.

(beat)

I mean I forgave all their sins and left them with a message.

(beat)

What did they do?

PETER

Misinterpreted your message-

JIM

Oh, you think?!

(beat)

I said "love thy neighbor," not "start religious wars and turn me into an air freshener."

(to camera)

A bad one at that too! What even is that smell is it sand, is it tree, what is it?

PETER

Okay, fair. But it's different now! We live in a digital age. Everything's recorded! It's not all Chinese whispers.

JIM

Whoa, what the hey Pete? You can't say that. It's outdated.

PETER

But, It was just a game.

JIM

Yeah, back then. Now, that's the road to a cancelling.

PETER

(to camera)

I - I didn't mean any offense!

(to Jim)

(MORE)

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PETER (CONT'D)

Look, all I'm saying is that this time it's different. It's a digital age, we can record and keep an eye on things hence...

(awkwardly looks at camera and back)

Y'know, these guys.

Jim looks at the camera. Beat. He turns back to Peter.

JIM

Oh, great. So instead of being crucified, I get cancelled alongside you!

(sighs)

Brilliant.

Peter looks at him expectantly.

PETER

It is for the greater good!

JIM

(sighs)

Fine. But if I end up on a meme page, I'm smiting someone.

PETER

(sheepish, hopeful)

So you're in then?

Jim nods. Peter fist-pumps like a man who just converted a vegan at a BBQ.

PETER (CONT'D)

Great! Now we just need some help.

23 INT. JIM'S HOUSE - INTERVIEW - JIM

23

JIM

My views on religion?

(ponders, then shrugs)

Not Christian. That'd be pretty egotistical, wouldn't it?

(beat)

But if you already know the universe's source code... what's the point in believing?

He shrugs, takes a hit from his bong.

SMASH CUT TO:

24 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 24

Peter's camper van trundles down the coastal road like it's hunting a sunset... or a conspiracy.

25 INT. CAMPER VAN - MOVING. 25

Jim lounges in the passenger seat, arms folded, eyeing his surroundings like he's being driven by a cult leader with a podcast.

JIM

Pete. When are you getting a real home?

PETER

This is a home! Freedom, flexibility, and a shower that mostly works when it rains.

JIM

(skeptical)

The microwave's duct-taped to the oven.

PETER

Exactly. Saves time.

JIM

Right. And the vibe? Feels like the Ghostbusters van got repossessed by Vice Media.

PETER

(sincerely)

It's got character. Plus, it used to belong to a fitness instructor in Norfolk.

JIM

Fitness Instructor? You sure. I mean with the camo-job, I would have gone with conspiracy nut or serial killer.

PETER

He was a nice guy. Though he had a lot of plastic wrap in the back I had to clear out.

Jim raises a brow dubious.

PETER (CONT'D)

But he threw in a gaffer clamp and
a box of lens caps. Bargain.

26 EXT. CAFE/ CAMPER VAN - INTERVIEW - PETER

26

Peter leans against the side of the van. Behind him: peeling vinyl, a rusting solar panel, and what might be a camera rig glued to the roof.

PETER

I've lived in temples, treehouses,
one really weird lighthouse.
But this van? It's the dream.
And sure, it smells like hummus and
regret—but it's mine.

(leans in)

Also, zero rent!

27 INT. CAMPER VAN - CONTINUOUS

27

Peter pulls down an ancient flip-TV with the confidence of a man showing off a holy relic.

PETER (V.O.)

Everything I need is right here.
Cooking space. Sleeping space.
Mystery drawers full of someone
else's camera batteries...

INTERCUT:

Peter tries to cook. Oil splashes. He yelps.

He gets stuck trying to open a cupboard and blesses it like that'll help.

The van rocks violently every time he turns on the tap.

PETER (V.O.)

Okay, it's not perfect.
But I figure if it survived a
decade of low-budget horror shoots,
it can survive me.

SMASH CUT TO:

28 EXT. CAFE - DAY. 28

The van screeches to a halt outside a sketchy diner that looks like it moonlights as a biker clubhouse and a haunted charity shop.

A TEEN with a mullet MOONS THE CAMERA and runs.

JIM (O.S.)
So, what's the plan here then Pete?

29 INT. CAMPER VAN - CONTINUOUS 29

Peter unbuckles, practically buzzing.

JIM
Breakfast or exorcism?!

PETER
I'm meeting a friend. Media-savvy.
Knows hashtags. Has tattoos.
Probably owns a drone.

JIM
(dubious)
Uh-huh.

Jim's PHONE BUZZES. He checks it.

JIM (CONT'D)
Work call.

He answers, instantly transforming into Customer Service Mode

JIM (CONT'D)
Hello I.T Work desk, First things
first, have you checked the power
button?

He stares out the window, dead inside.

30 EXT. CAMPER VAN/ CAFE - INTERVIEW - PETER 30

Peter fidgets, fixing his hair in the van mirror.

PETER
Getting Jim to say yes? That's the
miracle. Now I just need one more-
(nods towards cafe)
(MORE)

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PETER (CONT'D)

-And he drinks his coffee black,
with a shot of chaos.

SMASH CUT TO:

31 INT. CAFE - DAY

31

A greasy, loud diner. CONSTRUCTION WORKERS scarf down food like they're training for an eating competition.

Peter weaves through the chaos, stiffening his jacket as he approaches a booth in the far corner - dark, ominous, somehow colder than the rest of the room.

He stops, clears his throat.

PETER

Hello Karl.

PAN TO: KARL.

Pale. Black-rimmed eyes.

A punk rock suit clings to him like a bad attitude.
He sneers at the camera like it just insulted his eyeliner.

KARL

Jesus, Peter.

PETER

No, he's in the van on a work call.

KARL

Not what I meant.

(eyes camera)

So, uh -What is this - Noel's House
Party: Eternal Damnation Edition?

32 INT. CAFE - INTERVIEW - KARL

32

Karl stares into the camera. Unblinking.

KARL

I'm Karl. Just Karl.

Trust me - you don't wanna know a
demon's real name.

(beat)

And no. This isn't my true face.

He gestures down at his body like he's wearing a knock-off mannequin.

KARL (CONT'D)

This was Sven.
(silent for a beat, then)
OD'd in '76. Too much nose candy,
not enough hydration.
(smiles)
So I moved in.
(leans forward, smug)
My real form?
(shakes head)
Nah, you ain't ready for that. Let
me put it this way. You'd cry,
puke, and question your place in
the cosmos.
(sits back, smirks)
Not to brag.

33 INT. CAFE - BOOTH

33

Peter sits across from Karl, who manages to look superior despite slouching like a dropout with a grudge.

PETER

I've got four months to fix Jim's
image. Creation is on the chopping
block.

KARL

So you want me to help the Second
Coming... come out?
(beat)
Why the hell would I do that?

PETER

Rumor has it, you helped a certain
loud-mouthed alpha male rise to
power.
(leans in)
Until he had you-

KARL

(dismissive)
Alright, alright!
(sighs)
Bollocks.

34 INT. CAFE - INTERVIEW - KARL

34

Karl sits still. Deadpan.

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KARL
Yes, it's true. I've been in the
ear of royalty, politicians...

A rapid-fire montage of old photos:

Thatcher-era politicians

KARL (V.O.)
Actors...

B-list celebs

KARL
Secret societies.
(beat)
Their parties get pretty wild.
Nothing compared to Diddys though.

Grainy CCTV of him in the background of a Bilderberg meeting

KARL (V.O.)
Even helped the Antichrist go
viral.

Ending with a STOCK PHOTO of TYLER SPUD - an angry Reddit mod
energy with a fistful of protein powder.

BACK TO SCENE:

Karl flips around a battered laptop.

A frozen YouTube video of Tyler mid-rant.

Karl hits play.

ON LAPTOP SCREEN:

Tyler talks on a shaky, hand-held.

TYLER
We're sprites in a virtual meat
grinder, bro!
(beat, ranting)
SIMULATION THEORY! The government's
a scripted cut scene!
(puffs chest out)
Be alpha. Be loud. Buy my
supplements.

PAN OUT FROM LAPTOP TO KARL:

KARL
(slightly irritated)
Little twat went full conspiracy
and got me demoted. Now I'm a soul
dealer.
(beat)
Which is Hell's equivalent of a car
wash with less dignity.
(grins)
Speaking of - anyone want eternal
pleasure in exchange for mild
damnation?

He casually flashes a contract from his sleeve.

35 INT. CAFE - BOOTH - CONTINUOUS 35

Peter leans in, sly.

PETER
Wouldn't it feel good... to stick
it to your boss's golden boy?

Karl raises an eyebrow. Then smirks.

KARL
Look at you Peter, not so "saintly"
after all are you?

Both glance at the camera. Peter cringes. Karl grins like he
just keyed God's car.

SMASH CUT TO:

36 INT. JIM'S HOUSE - INTERVIEW - KARL & PETER 36

They sit awkwardly on Jim's saggy couch.

PETER
Contrary to belief, angels and
demons aren't enemies.
We balance each other.

KARL
Back in the day, sure - I tried to
melt his face off.

PETER
But now?
(shrugs)
Free will, temptation, inspiration.
It's all part of the system.

A quiet, peaceful beat as Karl leans into a content Peter.

KARL
Though, you're not technically an
angel there, Pete!

PETER
(tense smile)
Yet.

Karl gives the camera the slowest, most sarcastic eyebrow
raise in history.

37 INT. CAFE - BOOTH 37

Karl sits in silence. Sips his coffee like it owes him money.
Then-

KARL
Alright. You want to launch Jim?
Here's what you do...

He leans in, whispers in Peter's ear. Peter listens.
His eyes widen.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

38 EXT. PARK - DAY. 38

Peter beams, watching Jim put the final touches on a handmade
refreshment stand beside a freshly built soapbox stage.

PETER
Wow, Jim, you built this in less
than 24 hours?

Jim shrugs, sanding the stage casually. It's a genuinely
impressive setup.

JIM
I dabble.

He smirks at the camera like he just got away with cheating
on a GCSE.

39 EXT. PARK - INTERVIEW - PETER 39

Peter's eye twitches.

PETER
So Karl suggested we start small.
You know—community vibes, grass
roots momentum, friendly miracles.
(holds up phone)
...But I'm not sold on this.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN:

SOCIAL MEDIA PAGE - @THEREAL2NDCUMING

PETER (CONT'D)
Bit much, I think.

40 EXT. PARK - STAGE AREA - DAY 40

A large banner flaps in the wind:
"THE SECOND COMING - HERE TODAY!"

Peter adjusts a phone on a janky tripod, sweating as he
fumbles with live-stream settings.

Jim eyes the setup with suspicion.

JIM
Are we positive this doesn't make
us look insane?

PETER
Nope! Karl says it's a...
(mimics Karl)
"Bold brand activation."

JIM
The demon?... Karl?! You know he
once tried to sell me an NFT of my
own soul.

PETER
Yes, but he's helping us.

Jim turns to camera. He ain't buying it.

JIM (V.O.)
Do I trust a demon?

41 EXT. PARK BENCH - INTERVIEW - JIM 41

JIM
Would you trust a lion in a zoo
with your head in its mouth?
(MORE)

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JIM (CONT'D)

(beat)

Exactly. But Peter? He'd hug the lion and try to baptise it.

42 EXT. PARK - LIVE STREAM VIEW.

42

Peter stands in front of the camera, arms wide like a local magician.

PETER

Welcome! Today, something divine this way comes. Behold... Today, he is arising...

(gulps)

Again!... Yay!

Live-stream comments explode in real-time:

"LMAO"

"Is this satire?"

"Jesus has a man bun??"

"Yeah, I know that guy!"

PETER (CONT'D)

There! That looks great, right? Stay tuned! He's going to be here soon!

43 EXT. PARK - STAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

43

Jim bolts across the park. Peter chases.

PETER

Jim! Jim! What do you think?

JIM

Pete, I, uh, I hate it.

PETER

Too late! Stream's running, and I have no clue what I'm doing!

44 EXT. PARK - INTERVIEW - PETER

44

Peter, red-faced, glistening with stress.

PETER

Do I look stressed?

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The Camera lingers as Peter heavily breaths.

PETER (CONT'D)
Cool... Cool!

45 EXT. PARK - STAGE AREA - LATER 45

The park is surprisingly busy. Peter hands out bottled water like it's holy wine.

An OLDER WOMAN approaches, curious.

OLDER WOMAN
So, what's all this about then?

PETER
Oh, you know - divine reinvention!
Miracles! Refreshments!
(hands her water)
Bless you, my love. Enjoy the
vibes.

OLDER WOMAN
What a kind young man.

46 EXT. PARK - INTERVIEW - PETER 46

Peter looks proud.

PETER
No matter how long I've been
around, giving back always feels
good.

PAN TO:

Jim chatting with MARY at the refreshment stand. She's laughing at something he's said. Their chemistry? Tangible.

47 EXT. PARK - REFRESHMENT STAND. 47

MARY
(laughs)
There is no way, you're the second
coming!

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JIM
(grinning)
These guys wouldn't follow me
otherwise.

He nods to the camera.

MARY
(sips water, teases)
Well then, "Mr. Second Coming" -
can you turn this into something
more exciting?

JIM
If I do... we grab drinks tonight?

MARY
Depends. You turn it into rosé, I'm
in. Turn it into Monster Energy,
I'm suing.
(looks at camera)
And if we do, what about your
friends here?

Jim smirks, glances at the camera.

JIM
(reassuring)
Relax, they won't be coming along.
(beat)
Unless you're into that?

Mary laughs.

MARY
You're terrible.

JIM
Half-God. Quarter rascal. 100%
legally single.

He waves his hand over her bottle.

She sips—eyes widen.

MARY
Wait... is that... sangria?

JIM
Only the finest -

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Suddenly: SCREAMING. SPITTING. PURE CHAOS FROM OFF-SCREEN.

Jim freezes.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. PARK GATES - INTERVIEW - JIM

48

JIM
So yeah. Turns out I'm a little...
rusty.
(beat)
Miracle wise.

A POLICE OFFICER grabs Jim and drags him away mid-interview.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
Alright, Cosby 2.0 - let's go.

SMASH CUT TO:

49 INT. POLICE CELL - NIGHT - SURVEILLIANCE FOOTAGE

49

Jim sits on a narrow bench in a tiny cell.

Peter is pacing. Jim is relaxed, like he's waiting on a Deliveroo.

JIM
Well, Pete... that was something.

PETER
Why sangria, Jim?! Of all the
drinks—why sangria?

JIM
I was about to get a date.

PETER
A date?!
(beat)
ALL of creation is on the line and
you're trying to get laid?

JIM
Hey, it's been a while, man. You
get it.
(beat)
You still are human right?

PETER
(defensive)
Course I do and YES I am a man and
I do have...
(beat)
Y'know...
(shrugs)
Needs and what not. BUT, I also do
pick my moments.

JIM
(smirks)
If you say so Pete.

The cell door creaks open. A burly POLICE OFFICER leans in.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
Oi topknot, you're up!

Jim stands, salutes Peter like a soldier going to war.

JIM
Pray for me.

Peter sighs, mutters to himself as Jim exits.

PETER SAINT
I could really use a miracle right
now...

He stares up at the surveillance camera like it's God's
intern.

50 INT. INTEROGATION ROOM - LATER - SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE 50

Jim, handcuffed, sits opposite a weary-looking DETECTIVE
INSPECTOR.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR
You know spiking drinks is serious
business, right?

JIM
Absolutely.
(beat)
In my defence... it was water.
Just... over blessed it.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR
So, do I need to call a healthcare
representative?

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JIM

No, no, no. Look, I can explain.
(sighs)
I am the second coming.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR

(laughs)
Oh brilliant. My mate Kevin's the
Tooth Fairy. Maybe we can all grab
a pint.

Jim glances at the camera, deadpan.

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN - ENTER: THE METATRON

Suit. Wings. Absolute power walk.

The Detective bolts upright.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

Excuse me, this is a private-

METATRON

Sit down. Un-cuff him. Forget this
ever happened. Then...
(beat, ponders)
Take a holiday - somewhere with no
signal.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR

Yes, of course. Absolutely.
Immediately.

Metatron looks up to the security camera, they don't blink,
just turns back to the detective.

METATRON

Oh-and hand the security footage to
the camera crew on your way out.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR

Rightey dokie!

He salutes them like they're a general and leaves.

The Metatron turns to the camera and shrugs.

51 EXT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW - METATRON

51

METATRON

(arms crossed)
I don't usually intervene in these
things. But let's be honest...
(MORE)

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METATRON (CONT'D)
this lot need a LOT of supervision.
(turns back, sighs)
Come on Jim, I haven't got all day!

Jim trudges behind.

JIM
What about Peter?

SNAP CUT TO:

52 INT. POLICE STATION - CELL - SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE 52

Peter sits on the bunk, waiting. He taps his fingers together.

PETER
Hello?!

He glances up at the camera again. It blinks.

SMASH TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

53 INT. JIM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. 53

Jim, Peter, and Karl are crammed onto Jim's tragic little sofa - three men, one lumpy cushion. The vibe? Post-catastrophe staff meeting.

Metatron paces in front like a divine head teacher absolutely done with these idiots.

Karl is scrolling on his phone like this is just another Tuesday.

METATRON
What was you thinking?
(shakes head then,)
What the fuck guys?!

Jim and Peter recoil like kids caught shoplifting holy water.

KARL
(not looking up)
Bit unholy with the swearing there,
M.

METATRON
Zip it. I'll get to you in a sec.

PETER

In my defense, I didn't know he was
going to turn water into—
(sighs)
... Sangria.

JIM

In my defense, I was two jokes away
from a date. I overshot it.
(shrugs)
What can I say. I'm rusty.

METATRON

Right. And instead of divine
intervention, we got...
(dramatic beat)
.Bottomless brunch chaos.
(points to Karl)
And why go to him?!

PETER

Ah well, technically --

METATRON

No. Zip. Shhhh. Silence!

KARL

In his defense, he's human.
Little faith. Big desperation.

METATRON

Let me guess... this whole circus
was your idea?

Karl finally looks up, smirking.

KARL

Okay, okay. Hear me out—
(leans forward)
Bad publicity... is still
publicity.

METATRON

You're one finger snap away from
express shipping back to Hell.

KARL

Fair. But also—check this out.

Jim's phone rings. He answers, confused.

JIM

Hello?
(beat)
(MORE)

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JIM (CONT'D)
Yeah, this is Jim-
(beat)
-G.B.N.N.? The news network?

WIDE SHOT: Karl looks to the camera, smug as sin.

KARL
How's that for divine intervention?

54 INT. JIM'S HOUSE - INTERVIEW - KARL

54

KARL leans back, hands behind his head, king of chaos.

KARL
Look, I'm good at what I do.
And what I do isn't good.
Yeah, Wolverine said it first - but
I meant it.
(grins)
Also, I invented the Matrix. And
NFTs. But sure, keep ignoring me.
(beat)
You're welcome by the way...
(beat)
So...

FLASH CUT TO:

55 EXT. PARK - DAY - EARLIER

55

Karl lurks behind a tree like a Goth substitute Bond villain.

Across the grass: Jim and Mary flirt adorably.

Karl cracks his knuckles. Snaps his fingers. Cue:

Distant SCREAMS

Kids crying

Someone projectile spitting

KARL (V.O.)
Look, being a good guy gets you
ignored. But a disaster?
(beat)
That trends.

FLASH CUT TO:

56 INT. JIM'S HOUSE - INTERVIEW - KARL - CONTINUOUS 56

KARL
Was it sangria?
(nods)
Yes. Was it damn good sangria?
(gives a thumbs up)
Also yes.
(leans in)
People love a miracle. They love a failed miracle more.

57 INT. JIM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER 57

Jim, still holding the phone, now looks like he's aged five years.

JIM
They want me on live TV. Morning show. Full apology. Explaining the sangria incident...

PETER
(frowns)
They do love a good scandal...

KARL
Relax. I've got "contacts."

58 INT. JIM'S HOUSE - INTERVIEW - KARL 58

KARL
Let's just say... CNN, Fox, BBC - they all owe me a favour. Chaos is their love language.

59 INT. JIM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 59

KARL
We get Jim on the inside, the nation sees him, falls in love. Boom. Messiah goes mainstream.

Metatron stares at Karl. Not not impressed.

METATRON
Hmph.

JIM
We are trying.

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METATRON

Just remember - I'm watching.
Very closely.

Suddenly: BLINDING WHITE LIGHT.

POP, the camera rings, glitching out for a moment.

It comes back on. Metatron gone.

Everyone blinks. Smoke clears.

PETER

Okay, so we're not obliterated.
That's... something?

JIM

(sighs, to camera)
Right. All of you - out. I need to
decompress.

60 EXT. JIM'S HOUSE - EVENING.

60

The door slams shut behind Peter and Karl.

They both stand there awkwardly. Post-smite.

PETER SAINT (V.O.)

So, how did today go?

PETER SAINT

See you tomorrow Karl?

KARL

Maybe. I'll see how I'm feeling.
Got a poker game with a Succubus
this evening.

Karl points his finger like a gun and winks at Peter.

KARL (CONT'D)

And I got just the bus she can suck
on to. Anyway, have fun doing what-
uh-

(looks Peter up and down)

Whatever it is you do.

They part ways.

61 INT. CAMPER VAN - MOVING - NIGHT 61

Peter drives in silence, streetlights flashing across his face.

PETER SAINT (V.O.)
You live long enough, things start
to repeat. Wars, plagues, TikTok
trends... But now?
(beat)
Now there's... purpose.

62 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT 62

Peter pulls up. Steps out.

PETER SAINT (V.O.)
It's good to feel useful.
To believe again. Even if the
stakes are... cataclysmic.

He stops. Sees someone.

PETER SAINT
What the --? I thought you won
fifty grand?

PAN DOWN: The HOMELESS MAN from earlier.

Now rocking a golden grill, a designer coat... and a bottle
of WKD.

HOMELESS MAN
Yeah, well. Told you I had a
gambling problem.
(flashes grill)
But I got these babies though.

PETER SAINT
So... Can of pop and a sandwich?

HOMELESS MAN (O.S.)
Ah, go on then.

Peter walks inside.

FADE TO BLACK:

63 THE END. 63