

(Street God)
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ESTABLISHING SHOT - LOS ANGELES

EXT. SKY ABOVE LOS ANGELES - PRE-DAWN

Aerial shot. Black sky just beginning to fade into gray. From high above, the city of Los Angeles stretches endlessly – glittering like a circuit board in the void.

A single drone shot begins to descend, drifting slowly downward over:

* The glowing downtown skyline, distant sirens echoing like a ritual song.

* High-rise offices, their windows empty and soulless.

* Homeless encampments tucked beneath freeway overpasses, flickers of trash fires warming frozen hands.

* The crumbling heart of the city: Skid Row.

The camera drifts lower, cutting through the haze, until the streets below come into view.

EXT. SKID ROW - CONTINUOUS

Rows of tents, rusting shopping carts, cracked sidewalks soaked in last night's rain. Human silhouettes shift in shadow. Coughs. Murmurs. Dogs barking somewhere unseen.

Trash dances in the wind like plastic angels.

A lone figure kneels in the center of the alley – unmoving. Cloaked. Surrounded by the wreckage of lives long forgotten.

SMASH TO BLACK.

LOS ANGELES - INDUSTRIAL ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A lone, flickering streetlamp buzzes above a row of graffiti-covered dumpsters. The city hums in the background—sirens, traffic, murmured shouting—but here it's still. Oppressive.

A man in a tattered white cassock, hood low over his face, kneels in the filth. He clutches a leather-bound Bible, pages swollen with water damage and highlighted with wild scribbles.

Meet PROPHET ENOCH (40s), gaunt but intense, like a street preacher who's seen Heaven and Hell both. His lips move in silent prayer.

From the shadows, a YOUNG MAN (late teens, hoodie, gang tattoos) approaches, hesitant.

YOUNG MAN
You the one they call... the Street
God?

Enoch doesn't look up.

PROPHET ENOCH
That is what they say. But it's not
my name.

My name was taken from the Book of Truth.

I am Prophet Enoch, the Voice in the Wasteland.

YOUNG MAN
They say you... help people. Fix
things.

If they're ready to change.

Enoch slowly rises. His eyes are piercing – pale and haunted, like he's carrying divine fury inside.

PROPHET ENOCH
You come seeking mercy...
But I smell death on your hands.

The young man stiffens, defensive.

YOUNG MAN
I—I didn't kill nobody, man. I
just—

PROPHET ENOCH (INTERRUPTING)
You lied to your mother.
You beat your brother.
And you sold poison to children.

The young man takes a step back, shaken.

YOUNG MAN
How the hell do you know that?

Enoch reaches inside his robe and pulls out a small brass censer. He lights it with a cracked Zippo—incense smoke twists unnaturally, snaking toward the young man.

PROPHET ENOCH
Your sins stink louder than this
world's rot.

YOUNG MAN
What... is this?

Enoch raises his hand. For a flash—his shadow expands across the alley, stretching impossibly wide, like wings unfurling behind him.

PROPHET ENOCH
Confess.
Or face the fire that cleanses.

Suddenly, the lights flicker, and from the alley wall behind him, a mural of Christ appears to blink, its painted eyes weeping blood.

SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. SKID ROW - ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

Rain taps on the broken stained-glass windows of a ruined church tucked behind a homeless encampment. Inside, candles flicker in makeshift holders: beer bottles, rusted cans, bones.

A dozen people sit in rows of stolen folding chairs, some in rags, some in security guard uniforms, a few with prison tattoos. They look hollowed out. Hurting.

Up front, PROPHET ENOCH stands at a makeshift pulpit — an old ATM flipped on its side. Behind him, a cross made of rebar and copper pipe leans against a crumbling wall.

PROPHET ENOCH
You were cast out.
Labeled junkies. Felons. Ghosts.
But I say — you are the chosen.

He paces, his boots echoing in the silence.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
The city pretends it's Heaven — but
it's Babylon.
And Babylon must fall.
You feel it, don't you?
The shaking. The signs.

The crowd nods, some mutter "amen," "yes, brother."

A woman in a hoodie clutches her shaking child.

WOMAN

My son... he's been seein' things.
Shadows in mirrors. Voices in his
dreams.
Is it... punishment?

Enoch kneels in front of the child, who stares wide-eyed.

PROPHET ENOCH

No.
The boy is sensitive.
He hears what the city tries to
bury.

Enoch reaches into a burlap sack. Pulls out a small,
blackened mirror shard. Holds it up to the child.

The glass ripples, ever so slightly.

Gasps from the crowd.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)

Your son is not cursed.
He is a seer.

MAN IN THE BACK

What the hell are you, man?

PROPHET ENOCH (SOFTLY, ALMOST SMILING)

A messenger.
A weapon.
A bridge between what is... and
what's coming.

Suddenly—a STRONG WIND howls through the church, though no
doors or windows are open.

The candles flicker violently. One blows out, then another,
then all.

A beat of silence.

Then, from the dark—someone sobs.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL DINER - NIGHT

Two LAPD detectives sit in a booth. A wall-mounted TV shows a news story in the background:

"Another incident tied to the mysterious figure some are calling the Street God... Witnesses claim he healed a man who was overdosing – or possibly scared him straight..."

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ (40S)
He's building something.
A movement. And people are
listening.

DETECTIVE NGUYEN (30S)
What's worse than a gang?
A gang that thinks it's holy.

They sip their coffee. The camera lingers on the flickering screen:

SECURITY FOOTAGE – grainy, low-res – of Enoch walking through a tunnel, his shadow splitting in two behind him.

INT. THE THRESHOLD - LIMINAL SPACE - UNKNOWN TIME

We open in pure white silence. No walls. No floor. Just endless, dimensionless light. But it feels cold. Heavy.

ENOCH (mid-30s, clean-shaven, wearing hospital scrubs) stands barefoot, confused. Disoriented. His breath is visible, like it's winter inside the void.

His hands tremble. He looks around—no one. Nothing. Just... light.

A RUMBLING SOUND begins—low, deep, like a mountain groaning. Then: a single door appears behind him, floating upright, wooden, cracked down the middle. A doorknob wrapped in thorns.

He turns to it. His hand reaches—hesitates. Blood already forming on his palm from the thorns before he even touches it.

VOICE (O.S.)
If you open it... there's no
return.

Enoch freezes.

A second version of himself appears behind him—older, hooded, dressed in the cassock we know as Prophet Enoch. Pale eyes. Hollowed.

PROPHET ENOCH (OLDER)
You'll see them for what they are.

You'll never sleep again.

ENOCH
I didn't ask for this. I just
wanted peace.

PROPHET ENOCH (OLDER)
Peace is what the blind call death.

You were chosen to see.

Suddenly — MIRRORS BURST FROM THE AIR, surrounding him like a spiral. In each mirror, a different version of L.A. flickers:

- * A church on fire
- * A dead child floating in a fountain
- * A weeping angel covered in graffiti
- * A woman screaming silently in an alley
- * The LAPD beating a homeless man

The images spin faster and faster, like a carousel of sin and sorrow. Enoch falls to his knees, clutching his head.

The sound becomes overwhelming — whispers, cries, Bible verses in reverse.

Then: silence.

He looks up.

A FIGURE IN LIGHT stands before him. Featureless. Radiant. Its voice is like a chorus of wind and thunder.

DIVINE FIGURE
This city has made itself God.

You will tear down its altar.

ENOCH (WHISPERS)
Why me?

DIVINE FIGURE
Because you were broken... and did
not die.

DIVINE FIGURE (CONT'D)
You will walk its streets.

You will gather the lost.

You will be hated.

You will be feared.

But in the end... you will be seen.

The figure raises a burning hand – and presses it against
Enoch's forehead.

He screams – eyes wide, mouth open, but no sound comes out.

His veins go black, spiderwebbing beneath his skin. Symbols
flash in his pupils—crosses, wings, eyes, numbers.

The mirrors shatter, the door explodes into flame—

SMASH TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL – NIGHT

Enoch wakes up screaming in bed, strapped to restraints, eyes
bloodshot, soaked in sweat.

A NURSE rushes in, frightened.

NURSE
Get the doctor! He's back in
episode—!

Enoch's mouth moves again—but this time it's perfect Hebrew.
Words the nurse doesn't understand.

He looks directly into the security camera in the corner.
Smiles faintly.

PROPHET ENOCH (V.O.)
And thus it began.

Not a fall.

A rising.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - 6TH STREET BRIDGE - DUSK

Prophet Enoch stands on the edge of the bridge, arms outstretched like a crucifix. Behind him, the skyline glows orange, apocalyptic and holy.

Below him, traffic honks. Onlookers gather, filming on their phones. Some scoff. Others watch in silence.

A few street kids stand nearby, listening. One of them - LUCIA (17, Latina, scarred knuckles, hard eyes) - steps forward.

LUCIA
You really think the world's gonna
burn?

PROPHET ENOCH
It already is.

We're just too numb to feel the fire.

Lucia studies him. Not quite a believer - but hungry for meaning.

LUCIA
If I follow you...

what do I have to give?

Enoch turns to her. Smiles softly.

PROPHET ENOCH
Only your rage.

I'll give it purpose.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT - NIGHT

A flickering neon cross leans against the wall. Inside, a ragtag group gathers around a table covered in Bibles, maps of L.A., and surveillance photos.

The room is lit by candlelight and a buzzing TV showing static. Among those present:

* LUCIA, now wearing a red cloth around her wrist - a sign of allegiance

* MALIK (30s, ex-con, gentle giant), reading scripture aloud

* SISTER GRACE (50S, FORMER NUN, EYES SHARP WITH FURY)

Enoch sits at the head, carving something into wood with a nail.

SISTER GRACE
The prophecy's spreading.

People are asking where to find you.

We need to move soon.

PROPHET ENOCH
Let Babylon come looking.

We'll answer with miracles.

INT. INTERFAITH COUNCIL - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Across town, in a sterile church basement, religious leaders of various denominations sit in an emergency meeting.

RABBI GOLDSTEIN
He's twisting scripture. Luring
vulnerable people into a delusion.

REVEREND THOMAS

He's not a prophet. He's a cult leader with a martyr complex.

CATHOLIC PRIEST
The news says he's casting out
demons on Skid Row.

Do we even know what's real anymore?

REVEREND THOMAS

I know this: if we don't speak out, people will die.

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

A joint task force meeting is underway. Walls covered in photos, video stills, timelines.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ stands at the center, pointer in hand.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ
He calls himself Prophet Enoch.

Real name: Elijah Greyson. Former seminary student.
Psych hold four years ago after a dissociative breakdown.
Vanished from the system. Now he's back – and not alone.
Slides flip – Lucia, Malik, Sister Grace.
Arsons. Missing persons. Reports of “visions” and
“exorcisms.”

CAPTAIN ROWE
We wait too long, this turns Waco.

DETECTIVE NGUYEN
What if it already has?

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY PLATFORM – NIGHT

Torchlight illuminates the walls – now painted with Enoch’s
symbol: an open eye inside a cross.

His followers chant in whispers. Enoch steps forward,
barefoot, arms bandaged from ritual scars.

He raises a bucket of black water and walks to Lucia.

PROPHET ENOCH
Are you ready to die... so you can
live?

LUCIA (SOFTLY)
Yes, Father.

He submerges her face.

The water bubbles. Her body seizes – and then calms.

He pulls her out. Her eyes are different now. Unblinking.
Awake.

The crowd erupts in whispers of praise.

FADE OUT.

MONTAGE: THE PROPHET WALKS THE CITY

EXT. SKID ROW - NIGHT

Tents flap like torn sails in the evening wind. Smoke from burning trash barrels curls into the air like incense.

Prophet Enoch kneels beside a trembling addict, whispering into his ear. The man sobs, collapses into Enoch's arms. Around them, a circle of homeless men and women chant in low tones.

A woman with schizophrenia watches from a distance – then begins to hum a hymn she hasn't sung in years.

CUT TO:

EXT. MACARTHUR PARK - DUSK

Sunlight filters through smog, staining the lake a sickly orange. A group of teens sit on the amphitheater steps, vaping and freestyling.

Enoch walks barefoot across the grass. Pigeons scatter. The air grows still.

He sits beside them without a word. They go quiet. One of them – a girl with a busted lip – looks at him.

PROPHET ENOCH
You don't have to be hard to
survive. You just have to be seen.

They stare, unsure whether to laugh or listen.

He smiles. A breeze stirs, the lake ripples. A dying swan lifts its head.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL - SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Palm trees line a cracked sidewalk where kids play with beat-up footballs and busted bikes.

A sidewalk revival is underway: folding chairs, a beat-up PA system, and a banner reading: RISE FROM THE RUINS.

Enoch speaks from the back of a pickup truck.

PROPHET ENOCH
They built prisons where they
should've built temples.

But we are the bricks now. We are the fire.

A woman faints in the crowd. Others drop to their knees, hands lifted skyward.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK - SUNSET

Tourists record a barefoot prophet walking past shirtless skaters and souvenir shops.

Enoch pauses beside a street magician, performing for tips.

PROPHET ENOCH
Illusion is cheap.

Faith... is terrifying.

He gestures to a blind painter who sits quietly nearby. Enoch kneels and touches the painter's face. The man gasps.

BLIND PAINTER
...Is it sunrise?

Enoch stands and disappears into the crowd.

The painter begins to paint without hesitation, his strokes more vivid than ever before.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Tourists surround the Hollywood Walk of Fame, snapping photos of Spider-Man impersonators and faded dreams.

Enoch walks past them all. Stops before the star of a disgraced celebrity now erased from public favor.

He crouches, whispers into the concrete:

PROPHET ENOCH
They worship false gods...
and then stone them when they
bleed.

Behind him, a group of struggling actors exchange glances. One follows him.

Then another.

And another.

CUT TO:

EXT. PACOIMA - STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A group of ex-gang members, their tattoos faded but visible, form a half-circle.

Enoch stands in the center, a bucket of ash at his feet.

He dips his fingers, marking their foreheads with a burning cross.

PROPHET ENOCH
You once claimed these streets for
yourselves.

Now you claim them for something eternal.

A low rumble in the distance - a muscle car revving. No one turns to look.

They stay, locked in the moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - NIGHT

Enoch walks alone beneath the stars. The city glitters below – like a constellation fallen to Earth.

He speaks, not to anyone – but to the night.

PROPHET ENOCH
I'm almost ready.

Are you?

Behind him, figures begin to emerge from the trees. Dozens. Then hundreds. Each of them carrying a single lit candle.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

From above, the city looks alive – but beneath the surface, pockets of flickering light grow brighter. Small circles forming everywhere.

Prophet Enoch's reach is spreading.

He's no longer a fringe preacher.

He's becoming a movement.

END MONTAGE.

SCENE: DISINFORMATION WARFARE

INT. NBC LOS ANGELES STUDIO - LIVE BROADCAST - NIGHT

Bright studio lights. Blue backdrops. A serious news anchor, NINA VALENCIA (40s), polished but tense, stares into the camera.

Behind her: an image of Prophet Enoch, hooded, walking through downtown with a halo of blurred light behind him. The chyron reads:

"STREET GOD: MESSIAH OR MENACE?"

NINA VALENCIA
Tonight, we bring you new footage
from inside one of Prophet Enoch's
so-called revival events.

While his followers call them miracles, officials are calling them dangerous public disturbances.

Cut to grainy, shaky cell phone footage: a crowd in South Central surrounding a woman speaking in tongues, collapsing to the ground. The screen glitches just as Enoch reaches for her.

NINA VALENCIA (V.O.)
Psychologists warn of a growing
psychogenic contagion – religious
mass hysteria – spreading across
vulnerable communities.

Back to the studio.

NINA VALENCIA
Sources tell us the LAPD has formed
a specialized unit to monitor and
potentially detain the man known
only as Prophet Enoch.

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD TASK FORCE ROOM - NIGHT

Detective Martinez clicks through dozens of screens: drone footage, protest maps, online sermons.

CAPTAIN ROWE stands behind him, arms crossed.

CAPTAIN ROWE
He's in every corner of this damn
city.
But you notice something? No one
gets close.
We send in eyes, they vanish.
Phones glitch.
What the hell is he?

DETECTIVE NGUYEN
More like what is following him.

Martinez clicks on a still frame: an overhead drone shot of a crowd in Echo Park.

Just above the crowd – a blurry, wing-like shape hangs in the air. Not a bird. Too big. Too still.

The room falls silent.

INT. WAREHOUSE SHELTER - BOYLE HEIGHTS - NIGHT

Cracked windows. Rotting beams. Inside, a makeshift hospital ward has been set up by Enoch's followers - cots, lanterns, bandages, whispered prayers.

On one cot lies a young boy, motionless. Bruised, not breathing. His mother sobs at his side. The room is deathly still.

Prophet Enoch steps forward. The moment swells with tension.

PROPHET ENOCH
This city eats its children.

But not this one.

He lays both hands on the boy's chest.

CLOSE ON: Enoch's eyes - dark, dilated, cross-shaped reflections dancing across his pupils.

A beat.

Then - the lights flicker.

The lanterns grow brighter, unnaturally so.

Wind fills the room, though the windows are sealed.

The boy suddenly inhales sharply, like being pulled from deep underwater.

Gasps erupt from the room. The mother screams. The boy sits up, blinking.

FOLLOWER (WHISPERING)
Is he... is he alive?

SISTER GRACE
He was never dead.

He was asleep. Until the Father called him.

Enoch stands, silent. He looks shaken - almost like he didn't expect it to work.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM - LATER

Nina Valencia watches the same footage – but in this version, the moment glitches. The revival scene pixelates. Audio cuts.

CAMERA TECH
Every file corrupted. Even the
backups.

She looks up slowly.

NINA VALENCIA
He's not just controlling people.

He's controlling the narrative.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY ABOVE DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

AERIAL DRONE SHOT OF THE CITY.

Suddenly, the screen flickers. In one frame – just one – we see it. A winged figure, dark and motionless, hovering over Los Angeles. Gone in a blink.

FADE TO BLACK.

ONSCREEN TEXT:

"Even the angels fear to walk here."

INT. FBI BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights hum overhead. A task force surrounds a whiteboard covered in images of Prophet Enoch, maps, newspaper headlines, and cryptic symbols.

AGENT MARA ELLISON
(sharp, skeptical,
emotionally restrained))
Stands before the board, arms
crossed.

MARA

He's not a prophet. He's a
narcissistic schizophrenic with a
savior complex.
But he's organized. Charismatic.
And gaining traction across
multiple socio-economic groups.
He doesn't need bombs. His weapon
is belief.

She clicks to a slide: Followers in uniforms. Pilgrims
arriving by the busload. Tattoos of Enoch's symbol.

MARA (CONT'D)

I'll go in.
Profile him from the inside.

The room falls silent. Then, Director Howard nods.

DIRECTOR HOWARD

You sure you're ready for this?

MARA

That's why you called me.

CUT TO:

MARA GOES UNDERCOVER

EXT. SANTEE ALLEY - FASHION DISTRICT - DAY

A sensory overload of bootleg purses, incense, shouting
vendors, and knockoff saints. Mara walks through the crowd in
worn clothes, no badge, her demeanor softened. She carries a
duffel bag. She looks tired. She finds a coded flyer pinned to
a pole:

" THE CITY IS SICK - COME TO WHERE THE EYE OPENS."

Coordinates scribbled on the back.

She tears it down.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED AQUARIUM - NIGHT

She enters a forgotten aquarium in Long Beach — once beautiful, now overtaken by mold, shattered glass, and silence.

Inside: a vigil. Candles flicker beside drained tanks, now filled with scriptures and bones.

Lucia spots her.

LUCIA

New face.

You come to mock, or to kneel?

MARA (UNDERCOVER)

I don't know what I came for.

Lucia studies her. Hands her a robe.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mara sits with dozens of followers in candlelit silence. They hum, chant, weep.

Then — he enters.

PROPHET ENOCH.

He walks past them like he knows every soul. He pauses when he gets to Mara. Looks at her, curious. Almost amused.

PROPHET ENOCH

You're hiding your name, Mara.

Her blood chills.

MARA

...I didn't say my name.

PROPHET ENOCH

You didn't have to.

He moves on. She exhales sharply, rattled.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Dim lighting. Paperwork, coffee cups, and static on paused surveillance monitors.

Mara's phone buzzes. UNKNOWN CALLER.

She hesitates.

Answers.

MARA
Ellison.

VOICE (O.S.)
That's still how you answer the
phone? No 'hello,' no warmth?

Mara freezes. A slow smile creeps in.

MARA
Michael?

CUT TO:

INT. RURAL STUDY, MAINE - NIGHT

MICHAEL STRATTON (60s) sits in a quiet home office.

Books on cult psychology, criminal profiling, and photos from Jonestown line the shelves.

He wears reading glasses, loose sleeves rolled up.

MICHAEL
Hey, kid.

MARA (SITTING UP)
You still call me that?

MICHAEL
You still act like one.

Especially jumping on the Enoch case without backup.

MARA
You're watching me?

MICHAEL

Always. Especially when they send my best student into a blender full of religion, grief, and a man who can speak in riddles without blinking.

She bites back a grin.

MARA

You're still better at this than I am.

MICHAEL

I'm slower. Not better.

A silence. Soft but intimate.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You okay?

MARA (AFTER A BEAT)

He's... not what I expected.

MICHAEL

They never are.
Jones was charming.
Koresh had a record collection.
They don't come with horns, Mara.
They come with truths no one else had the guts to say out loud.

MARA

So you think he's a cult leader?

MICHAEL

I think you're in too deep.

MARA

I'm fine.

MICHAEL

That's not the word I'd use. You sound... softer.

She swallows. Almost embarrassed.

MARA

It's good to hear your voice.

MICHAEL

Be careful.
You're sharp, but the ones who
believe they're immune to belief?
They fall the hardest.

He starts to hang up—

MARA

Wait.

A beat.

MARA (CONT'D)

Will you... call again?

MICHAEL (SOFTLY)

I was hoping you'd ask.

He hangs up.

She holds the phone for a moment longer, the faintest blush
in her cheeks.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKESHIFT SHRINE - MIDNIGHT

Mara sits alone, staring at her hands.

She recorded audio on a small concealed mic during her time
with Enoch.

She plays it back.

But what comes through... isn't what she remembers.

The voice on tape is herself, but whispering in Latin — a
language she hasn't spoken in 20 years.

Then static.

Then a male voice that isn't Enoch's:

"You are not here to watch.

You are here to remember."

She looks up slowly. A shadow crosses the candlelight.

INT. UNDERGROUND SANCTUARY - NIGHT

A dimly lit abandoned subway station, transformed into a sacred gathering space. Candles line the walls. The concrete echoes like a cathedral.

MARA kneels among the followers, quiet but observant. Her eyes scan every corner – noting exits, followers' behaviors, makeshift weapons hidden in plain sight.

Enoch steps onto the raised platform. His robe flows like smoke behind him. He doesn't look at her – yet.

PROPHET ENOCH

There is one among us tonight... who
wears another skin.

A mask made of grief and reason.

Mara tenses. But doesn't move.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)

She believes she is watching us.

But I wonder... if she's ready to be seen.

LUCIA glances toward Mara, suspicious. Mara maintains her stillness.

CUT TO:

INT. INNER CHAMBER - LATER THAT NIGHT

A long stone corridor. At the end, a door opens into a candlelit room with a single wooden chair in the center.

Mara is led in. Enoch waits inside.

He gestures to the chair.

PROPHET ENOCH

You're trained to listen, yes?
To watch facial tics, micro-
expressions...
You learned to break men in ten
questions or less.

MARA
You've read my file.

PROPHET ENOCH
I've read your soul.

A beat.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
You stopped praying after the fire.

MARA (CAREFULLY)
I never told anyone about the fire.

PROPHET ENOCH
Exactly.

Mara's calm face betrays the tiniest flicker of fear.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - MIDNIGHT

Mara types notes on a burner laptop.

Subject exhibits classic cult leader traits:

- * God complex
- * Mirroring
- * Fear exploitation
- * Possible hyper-observant savant syndrome

However...

Mentions details outside of known public record.

She pauses.

Clicks open an encrypted audio file - her own covert recording of their conversation.

But when Enoch's voice comes through, it's distorted. Wrong. It echoes, laced with whispers in a language that makes her skin crawl.

Then, faintly - another voice layered underneath:

"Do you remember why you came here, Mara? Or are you already beginning to forget?"

She slams the laptop shut, breathing hard.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - NEXT DAY

Mara meets Lucia on the steps, intentionally bumping into her.

MARA (WHISPERS)
Why him? Why follow this man?

LUCIA
Because he saw me when no one else did.

And when he spoke... I felt it inside my bones.

MARA
That's how cults work.

LUCIA (COLDLY)
No. That's how God works when He finally speaks up.

Lucia walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. ENOCH'S PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Walls lined with handwritten scripture in multiple languages - some unknown.

Enoch sits alone. Eyes closed. Silent.

He opens a small book. Inside - a photograph.

A photo of Mara, much younger, with her husband. Burned at the edges. Smoke-stained.

He closes the book, smiles faintly.

PROPHET ENOCH (SOFTLY)
She's still running.

FADE OUT.

INT. OLD HIGHLAND PARK THEATER - NIGHT

An abandoned 1930s movie palace, reclaimed by Prophet Enoch's followers. Ripped velvet seats, decayed murals of angels, ceiling cracked open to the night sky.

Mara enters under the guise of joining a healing service. She keeps her body cam rolling under her coat.

A CHILD is carried in, limp. Eyes rolled back. His skin looks... wrong. Gray. No pulse.

The mother wails, screaming for mercy.

Prophet Enoch kneels beside the child, murmuring something ancient. The followers begin to chant, low and steady.

Suddenly – all the EXIT signs go out. The moonlight turns a deep shade of blue. The room vibrates with a frequency Mara can feel in her teeth.

The child begins to levitate.

Gasps ripple through the theater. Even Mara stares, frozen.

Then: a blinding flash – and the child sits upright in the air, eyes wide, breathing.

He falls back into Enoch's arms, alive.

MARA'S CAMERA – when reviewed later – shows only static and blank space during the event. No visuals. No sound.

Just a low, untraceable hum.

CUT TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - CHURCH IN MOSUL, IRAQ - YEARS AGO - DAY

A sun-soaked courtyard. Peaceful. Children play nearby. Mara, then Agent Ellison, stands with her husband Caleb, a humanitarian aid worker.

They speak quietly under a fig tree, arms around each other.

CALEB
 You know what I believe?
 God doesn't scream through signs.
 He whispers.
 And you've always been too smart to
 listen.

MARA (SMILING)
 That sounds like a rebuke wrapped
 in a compliment.

CALEB
 That's marriage.

Suddenly – an explosion.

The church blows out from the inside. Smoke, screaming, fire,
 flying debris.

CUT TO:

INT. FLASHBACK – CHURCH IN MOSUL. DAY

Moments later Mara stands in the rubble dress singed from the
 blast face bleeding. Caleb is dead on the ground she bends
 down and finds Caleb's cross neckless buried in the
 smoldering debris.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK TO PRESENT – MOTEL BATHROOM – NIGHT

Mara stands before the mirror, holding the same blackened
 necklace.

She looks at herself like a stranger.

MARA (TO HER REFLECTION)
 He died for faith.
 I live without it.

She drops the necklace in the sink.

Then pauses.

The mirror – ripples.

Her reflection does not move in sync.

CUT TO:

INT. ENOCH'S QUARTERS - SIMULTANEOUS

Enoch kneels, eyes closed.

PROPHET ENOCH
She's remembering.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - LATER

Mara sits alone. Rewinding the body cam footage again and again. Still no evidence. Still just static and hum.

She exhales shakily.

For the first time, she's not sure what she saw was real – but she's also not sure it wasn't.

Her hand drifts to the cross necklace, now back around her neck.

She stares at her reflection in the dark window.

MARA (V.O.)
He said God whispers.

But what if He's finally screaming?

CUT TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Mara sits across from Director Howard and two federal analysts. Maps of L.A., psychological profiles, and occult symbols cover the table.

MARA

I've been inside his sanctuaries.
I've watched the rituals.
And I've seen him do things that... I
can't explain.

DIRECTOR HOWARD

Then don't explain. Prove.

MARA

I'm going back in. I'll plant the
camera, the tracker, everything.
We leak the footage, show the
public what's really going on – the
manipulation, the madness.

FBI ANALYST

If he's just a man, this ends it.
If he's more... we'll need the whole
alphabet.

Mara nods. But there's something in her eyes – doubt. A
flicker of fear.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS - NIGHT

Mara walks the tunnels alone, disguised, clutching a satchel
filled with hidden tech.

Every step deeper into Enoch's domain feels heavier. The air
changes. Colder. Thick with incense and something else –
expectation.

She places a micro camera behind a pipe. A GPS tracker under
the altar stone.

She plants the last piece – a parabolic audio bug near
Enoch's private quarters.

As she turns—

ENOCH IS BEHIND HER.

CUT TO:

INT. ENOCH'S QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Candlelight flickers over scrolls, burnt Bibles, and maps of L.A. marked with blood-red circles.

Mara stands, calm on the outside. A storm underneath.

PROPHET ENOCH

You came here with a question.
Not from the Bureau. From your
soul.

MARA

You're not divine. You're a
narcissist with messiah delusions.
You manipulate trauma. Exploit the
broken.

PROPHET ENOCH

Is that why you came? To be
exploited?

She flinches.

MARA

You don't know me.

PROPHET ENOCH (GENTLY)

I know you held your husband's
bones.
I know you still dream of ash.
And I know you wore a crucifix at
six years old because you thought
if you believed hard enough, your
mother would come back.

Mara's composure wavers. Just for a second.

MARA

You read my file.

PROPHET ENOCH

I read your silence.

A tense pause.

MARA

Why me?

PROPHET ENOCH

Because you're the only one who
still doubts.

(MORE)

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
Everyone else gave in – to faith or
fear.
But you... you're fighting.

He steps closer.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
That makes you holy.
And dangerous.

MARA
I'm not here to convert. I'm here
to stop you.

PROPHET ENOCH
Then what are you waiting for?

He opens his arms – an invitation.

She stares. Her hand drifts toward her jacket – toward her
weapon.

Then –

A candle blows out by itself.

The room grows colder.

Something unseen moves behind her.

She turns – nothing.

Back to Enoch. He hasn't moved.

PROPHET ENOCH (SOFTLY) (CONT'D)
You're not afraid of me.
You're afraid you were wrong.
About everything.

She backs away. Leaves the room.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - LATER

Mara dumps the recordings onto the hard drive. Watches the
video from the camera she planted.

Static.

Flicker.

And then – the confrontation footage.

Except she's not in it.

It's just Enoch. Speaking directly into the lens.

PROPHET ENOCH (ON VIDEO)
You can't expose what doesn't hide.
And you can't kill what's already
dead.

The footage cuts out.

CUT TO:

INT. MARA'S MOTEL ROOM – THAT NIGHT

She clutches Caleb's necklace in her palm. Staring at it like it might answer. Then she turns on the light. On her motel mirror, in black ash:

"He whispered once. Now He's screaming."

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST L.A. – ABANDONED LOT BY THE TRAIN TRACKS – LATE AFTERNOON

A basketball hoop with no net, a burned-out food truck, a few tagged-up shipping containers.

Three CHOLITOS – PEPE, GORDO, and LIL G – hang out, passing a joint and drinking Jarritos out of glass bottles. Gold chains. Tattooed necks. Worn-out Nikes. They're talking shit and laughing.

Enter PROPHET ENOCH, walking slowly down the tracks in silence. Robe dragging. Eyes locked on them like they're a sermon waiting to happen.

PEPE
Ay, yo! Look at this fool, G. He
came straight outta a Bible and a
homeless shelter.

LIL G
You lost, padre? This ain't
Nazareth – this is Nastyrath.

The cholos laugh.

Enoch stops. Looks at them. Doesn't blink.

PROPHET ENOCH

You've baptized yourselves in
sarcasm..
but your hearts are tired.

GORDO

Ay, I'm tired 'cause I work
graveyard at the taco plant, ese.
And also 'cause I got high before
breakfast.

PEPE

Listen, padre. We don't wanna slang
or boost Nikes.
But we gotta eat. We got rent. Baby
mamas. Gas prices.
Even sin got a markup now.

LIL G

Yeah, I stole some baby formula and
they called me a cartel affiliate.
Like bro—I'm just broke with
morals.

PROPHET ENOCH (DEAD SERIOUS)

Even the thieves of old knew who
they were stealing from.

They all go quiet for a second.

GORDO (NODS SLOWLY)

Damn... that kinda hit.

PEPE

Yo, that's some fortune cookie
stuff right there.

LIL G (TO ENOCH)

Aight, since you're holy and
whatnot — you gonna bless us with a
job or nah?

Enoch kneels in the dust. Draws a symbol in the dirt with his
finger — an open eye inside a flame.

PROPHET ENOCH

You've been surviving on scraps.

But the table's about to flip.

When it does... I'll need soldiers who can laugh and fight.

GORDO (LOWERS SUNGLASSES)
Hold up. You recruiting?

PEPE
Like... spiritual soldiers?

LIL G
Yo, I don't do no Jehovah's Witness
stuff though. They be mad pushy.

PROPHET ENOCH (RISING, SOLEMN)
Not witnesses.
Warriors.

He walks away, silent.

The cholos watch him go.

GORDO
...If this fool got dental, I'm
down.

PEPE
You think he got vision insurance
too?

LIL G (SERIOUS)
I dunno, man. I kinda liked him.
Dude walked in like Moses but
talked like a Yelp review for my
soul.

They all nod.

PEPE
Real talk, I feel like I just got
holy-jumped.

GORDO
Yo, pass me the joint. I gotta
process this spiritual job
interview.

FADE OUT.

EXT. EAST L.A. ALLEY - NIGHT

GORDO, PEPE, and LIL G now wear mismatched handmade robes
over their regular clothes. Their neck tattoos still peek
out. They're setting up plastic folding chairs and candles
inside old soda bottles.

A cardboard sign reads:

"Prophet's Word - 7PM. BYO-Faith"

LIL G

Yo, you think Enoch's gonna show tonight?

GORDO

I dunno, ese. Last time he dipped mid-sermon and said the air smelled like betrayal.

PEPE

That was you farting during prayer.

LIL G

Ay, I had ceviche, man. Spirit was movin' in my gut.

They high-five. A few locals arrive - a tired single mom, a kid on a scooter, a man with a busted nose and a Bible.

The cholos take their places like untrained ushers in a divine comedy.

PEPE (TO NEW ARRIVAL)

You late, but it's cool. Jesus was never on time either. You want healing, deliverance, or just chillin' in the vibe?

INT. UNION STATION UNDERGROUND

Smoke. Sirens. Tactical gear. Screams. Chaos.

MARA storms down the tunnel, gun drawn, searching for Enoch.

Suddenly, around a corner-GORDO, PEPE, and LIL G step into her path.

They're wearing riot vests over their robes, armed with non-lethal weapons - stun batons, makeshift shields, tear gas masks with crosses painted on them.

MARA

Get out of the way. This is a federal operation.

GORDO

Nah, this is a faith operation now.

PEPE

We used to sling rocks. Now we roll
with the Rock of Ages.

LIL G

(holding a walkie-talkie)
Yo, Prophet said don't hurt nobody
— just stall the demons.

MARA

You think I'm a demon?

LIL G

You got that haunted look, mija.
Like you seen the truth and didn't
like it.

PEPE

You came for him? Maybe he came for
you.

MARA (AIMS WEAPON)

I don't have time for parables.

GORDO (CALMLY)

You better make time. 'Cause the
end is never punctual.

Behind them, flames flicker. Chanting begins.

Mara lowers her weapon—just slightly.

MARA

Get out of my way.

LIL G

After you confess. Or at least
admit we're handsome.

Mara pushes past them, rattled. They fall in behind, forming
a loyal rear guard, goofy but determined.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAFFITI WALL - EAST L.A. - DUSK

The cholos repaint a mural of Enoch with a golden aura,
adding halos, roses, and a quote:

"Even the broken can build something holy."

GORDO
Man, I still got warrants, but I
feel mad forgiven lately.

LIL G
I miss the Prophet, fool.

PEPE
He ain't gone.

He just went viral in our souls.

EXT. DESERT MOTEL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK - 1990S)

A young boy, no older than 6 or 7, sits alone on the hood of
a rusted-out car.

He's barefoot. Wearing an oversized t-shirt.

There are bruises on his arms – but his expression is serene.
Still. Watching.

Crickets. Distant traffic. The motel sign flickers:

"No Vacancy. No God."

His MOTHER stumbles out of a room, drunk, mascara streaked.

MOTHER
Get off that damn car. You think
the stars care about you?

The boy doesn't move.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
You ain't special. You ain't magic.
God forgot about all of us, baby.

She throws a bottle into the dark. It shatters near his feet.

He looks down at the broken glass.

Then—

He steps off the hood... directly onto the shards.

But doesn't flinch. Doesn't bleed.

His mother stares.

She takes a step back.

MOTHER (SOFTLY) (CONT'D)
 ...What the hell are you?

The boy turns toward her.

His eyes reflect the motel's flickering neon – and something brighter.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. SOCIAL SERVICES OFFICE – LATER

CASEWORKER (V.O.)
 No birth certificate. No known
 relatives.

Kid doesn't talk. Doesn't cry. Barely blinks.

The boy sits silently at a metal table, drawing symbols on a napkin with a crayon.

They resemble the same iconography seen later in the cult:
 the eye, the flame, the inverted cross with wings.

Another child runs by and falls hard, scraping her knees.

The boy looks up.

Walks over.

Places his hand over the wound.

The girl gasps – the bleeding slows.

A caseworker sees it.

CASEWORKER (O.S.)
 Jesus.

BOY (QUIETLY)
 Not quite.

EXT. DESERT – DUSK (LATER)

The boy walks alone into the open sand.

He looks up at the sky.

The clouds above swirl – forming a spiral.

A voice (possibly imagined, possibly divine) whispers:

"You will not be loved. But you will be followed."

He closes his eyes.

FADE TO WHITE.

INT. FBI COMMAND CENTER - PRE-DAWN

Tactical monitors glow like firelight in a dark room. A map of Enoch's stronghold - the abandoned Union Station expansion tunnels - is displayed on a massive screen.

MARA, armored and focused, briefs a team of federal agents, SWAT, and local law enforcement.

MARA

He has no weapons, but his
followers are zealots.
Some of them will die for him. Some
will kill for him.
Use non-lethal force where
possible.
We're not here to martyr a myth.
We're here to shatter it.

She straps on her comm.

MARA (V.O.)

The only way to end a religion is
to make its god bleed.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNION STATION - FIRST LIGHT

Black SUVs, armored vans, and a helicopter circle the location. Officers pour into the underground tunnels.

The media arrives, drawn by anonymous tips.

The public watches.

This is a televised exorcism of a man declared prophet, messiah, madman.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

Enoch stands beneath a crumbling archway, surrounded by his closest followers — Lucia, Malik, Sister Grace.

Candlelight flickers. Chanting begins.

LUCIA
They're coming.

Enoch smiles faintly.

PROPHET ENOCH
Let them.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS - ADVANCING - MOMENTS LATER

Agents move in tactical formation. Gas masks. Stun guns. Riot shields.

Mara leads them through the tunnel, eyes razor-sharp.

They breach the final chamber — smoke, candles, and silence.

Enoch is standing alone, arms raised, robes flowing in the unseen wind.

MARA
Hands where I can see them!

He turns, slowly.

PROPHET ENOCH
You've come to kill a lie.

He smiles.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
Are you sure... you're not the lie?

Mara hesitates. Then—

BANG!

Flashbangs explode. Screams. Chaos.

INT. CHAOS — SLOW MOTION

Followers scramble. Smoke thickens.

Mara charges forward, finds Enoch kneeling, smiling at her.

She raises her weapon – but in that moment:

* The air distorts like heat rising off pavement.

* Her vision flickers.

* Caleb's voice whispers in her ear.

"He's not who you think he is, Mara."

She lowers the weapon. Blinks.

She's standing in her childhood church. Sunlight. Her mother smiling. Caleb waiting at the altar.

MARA

No... this isn't real.

She blinks again–

She's in the underground again. Enoch inches from her face.

PROPHET ENOCH

You came to end me.

But it's you who's unraveling.

She stumbles back.

CUT TO:

INT. ABOVE GROUND – LIVE NEWS BROADCAST – CONTINUOUS

Helicopters show the scene: agents dragging followers out. Protestors clash with police. Sirens wail.

Then:

Mara emerges, alone. Covered in ash. Wide-eyed.

Reporters swarm.

REPORTER

Agent Ellison – is he dead? Was he captured?

She opens her mouth.

But instead of speaking – she laughs.

A single, sharp, hollow laugh.

Then silence.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HOLDING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mara sits alone in an interrogation room, eyes blank.

A tape recorder plays back the mission audio.

It's just her voice. Whispers. Prayers. Some in Latin. Some in a language no one recognizes.

The door opens. A silhouette enters. Possibly Enoch?

We can't tell.

SILHOUETTE

You came to bury a god.

But you only fed Him.

Mara slowly lifts her head.

She smiles.

FADE TO BLACK

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Faith is the fire that purifies... or consumes.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES - DEAD END STREET - DAY

It's tense. Two groups of gang members face off, weapons drawn, bandanas red and blue. They shout over each other.

CARS BLOCK BOTH ENDS. Neighbors peek through blinds. A kid's basketball rolls across the street - everyone freezes, waiting for the first shot.

Then—

A SANDAL slaps the ground.

PROPHET ENOCH walks slowly into the middle of the street.

He's in flowing robes, one hand holding a Bible, the other carrying a grocery bag with plantains and Top Ramen.

Everyone turns.

CRIP #1

Ayo... is that the Street God?

BLOOD #2

Man, what's this biblical Obi-Wan Kenobi ass dude doin' here?

PROPHET ENOCH

Greetings, lost lions of Judah and Judah-adjacent sets.

CRIP #3 (WHISPERS)

This fool got a mixtape or a gospel?

BLOOD #1

Yo! We in the middle of something serious right now, preacher man.

You tryna get shot on purpose?

PROPHET ENOCH

If I had a dollar for every time someone asked me that...

I'd still be broke.

But spiritually rich.

He drops his grocery bag. A pack of Top Ramen spills out.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)

I come bearing sacred noodles. The manna of broke prophets.

CRIP #2

Yo, is this fool high?

BLOOD #3

Nah, bro. That's the Street God. My cousin said he levitated a burrito at Mariachi Plaza.

CRIP #1

I heard he made a gang truce with just eye contact and a churro.

PROPHET ENOCH (TO BOTH SIDES)

You wear red. You wear blue.

Together, you make... a very confusing purple.

CRIP #4

Ayo... is he tryna start a fashion line?

BLOOD #1

Don't tempt me, bro. I'd rock that "Holy Violence" hoodie. Real quick.

PROPHET ENOCH

I'm just saying... if Moses could part the Red Sea,

maybe y'all can chill before you part each other's skulls.

Awkward silence.

Then—

CRIP #3

...Did this dude just compare our turf beef to a Disney prince miracle?

BLOOD #2

This man out here lookin' like he 'bout to baptize us in barbecue sauce.

PROPHET ENOCH (GRINNING)

Only if it's honey mustard. The Lord's favorite.

The two gangs laugh— hesitant at first, then real. Guns lower slightly.

BLOOD #1

Aight, nah, this fool crazy.

You got jokes, prophet. You got jokes.

CRIP #1

You came unarmed to a shootout and started crackin' dad jokes.

PROPHET ENOCH

I came armed with grace.

And Top Ramen.

He picks up the pack and tosses it to CRIP #1.

CRIP #1 (CATCHING IT)

Damn. Chicken flavor. This man really divine.

BLOOD #3 (LAUGHING)
You know what? I ain't even mad no
more.

I think he just... glitched my aggression.

They all start laughing. The tension breaks.

A GUN CLATTERS TO THE GROUND.

PROPHET ENOCH (SOFTLY, SMILING)
Even Cain and Abel had a shot at
peace.

Y'all just needed a punchline.

CRIP #2
Ayo, you ever consider doing stand-
up? You got like... spiritual Kevin
Hart energy.

BLOOD #2
Yo, we should do like... a block
party or something. Invite the
Prophet.

"Crips, Bloods & Blessings."

EVERYONE
"Yo!!"

CUT TO:

EXT. SAME STREET - LATER

The scene is totally transformed. A makeshift BBQ grill is
going. People from both sides are laughing, dancing, swapping
old beef stories like they're family.

Enoch sits on the curb, sipping horchata from a paper cup.
Children circle around him, asking for stories.

He smiles, watching a world he didn't create - just reminded
it was possible.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED RAIL YARD - SOUTHEAST LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Wide shot.

Floodlights cast long shadows across crumbling train cars and concrete platforms. Candles, burn barrels, and makeshift altars light the scene.

A massive crowd pulses with tension and expectancy.

* Crips and Bloods on opposite sides... but watching, unarmed.

* Pimps in fur coats, arms crossed, chewing toothpicks.

* Prostitutes in heels and robes.

* Cholos wearing half-holy gear and half-street drip.

* LAPD in riot gear, positioned at the periphery.

* FBI agents scanning the crowd with earpieces.

* Media vans, satellite dishes, and live news feeds rolling.

Above it all:

A giant spray-painted banner draped over a boxcar reads:

" LET HE WHO WALKS THE ASHES SPEAK "

CUT TO:

INT. CNN LIVE BROADCAST - SIMULTANEOUS

NINA VALENCIA stares into the camera from the makeshift press tent.

NINA

We're here in what can only be
described as the most surreal
spiritual gathering in modern
American history.
Everyone is here.
I mean that literally.
Crips. Bloods. Cops. Feds. Hookers.
TikTok influencers.

She pauses.

NINA (CONT'D)
And at the center of it all... a man
in robes and boots, known only as
Prophet Enoch.

CUT TO:

EXT. REVIVAL PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

PROPHET ENOCH stands atop a raised platform built from
stacked pallets and scrap metal, holding nothing but a mic
plugged into a jerry-rigged PA system.

His followers – including Gordo, Pepe, Lil G, Sister Grace,
Lucia, and Malik – stand behind him like an oddball choir.

The crowd hushes.

PROPHET ENOCH
They told me this city couldn't be
saved.
Said its bones were too broken, its
heart too twisted.
But here you are... all of you.
Killers. Cops. Hustlers. Healers.
All standing in the same dirt.

He points to a LAPD captain.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
You came armed.

Points to a Blood.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
You came angry.

Points to a hooker in a red wig.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
You came tired.

Points to a televangelist in the front row.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
You came jealous.

Crowd shifts. Uneasy. Riveted.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
 But the truth is — we all came
 dirty.
 So tonight, I say this:

He raises a bucket of black water and throws it at his own
 feet.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
 Let's stop pretending we ain't
 drowning.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI VAN - SIMULTANEOUS

MARA watches from a monitor.

One agent leans over her shoulder.

FBI AGENT
 You still think he's just a con
 man?

MARA
 I think he's a mirror.

And I'm starting to hate the reflection.

CUT TO:

EXT. REVIVAL PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Enoch spreads his arms.

PROPHET ENOCH
 You don't have to believe in me.

I don't even believe in me.

But you know what I do believe in?

He pauses.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
 Change.
 Real change.
 The kind you feel in your gut —
 like a sickness, before the
 healing.

Suddenly — the power cuts out. Silence.

The PA dies. The lights flicker.

Whispers ripple through the crowd.

A wind rushes through the yard. Candles stay lit – but the air grows charged.

Someone screams – a man levitating two inches off the ground, convulsing in ecstasy.

People scatter. Others kneel. Some scream. Some pray. The news cameras glitch.

Enoch says nothing. Just stands – arms outstretched, eyes closed.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVE NEWS FEED – STATIC – REBOOT

NINA stares into the camera, shaken.

NINA

We appear to have lost... visual for a moment.
But–there's something happening here tonight.
Something no one's ready for.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIL YARD – MOMENTS LATER

The chaos calms.

People start hugging, weeping, laughing.

Crips and Bloods dap each other.

A pimp hands his coat to a woman in tears.

A street preacher and a TikTok dancer pray together.

PROPHET ENOCH steps down from the platform.

He doesn't say another word.

He disappears into the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI VAN - FINAL SHOT

Mara rewatches the footage.

Frame by frame.

In one shot - Enoch is there.

Next - he's gone.

Only the crowd remains.

FADE OUT.

INT. NEWSROOM - CNN LIVE FEED - DAY

NINA VALENCIA, visibly shaken, anchors the feed.

Behind her: split-screen coverage of riots, prayer circles, street baptisms, and police abandoning posts.

NINA

The Department of Homeland Security
has labeled Prophet Enoch's
movement a "domestic spiritual
insurgency."

But tonight, across every time zone, thousands are still
gathering in silence... awaiting his next word.

CUT TO:

INT. PODCAST STUDIO - "CULTWIRE" - NIGHT

Two hosts livestream a debate with callers.

HOST 1

He's either a messiah... or the best
psy-op in history.

CALLER (V.O.)

He touched my daughter's head. She
stopped seizing. We saw it. I don't
care what the FBI says.

HOST 2
I'm just sayin', that clip from
Watts? Dude floated. I don't even
do church, but I ain't missin' this
revival.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - NIGHT

Graffiti everywhere:

"Street God Lives"

"Faith Is Contagious"

"Repent or Refresh"

"The City Is a Church Now."

Street vendors sell robes with spray-painted sigils. "Holy Hustle" t-shirts. Homemade candles labeled "Ashes of Doubt."

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - HOLY GROUND RAVE - NIGHT

A wild underground party. Strobos and trap gospel blast. Everyone wears glowing symbols. A DJ remixes Enoch's sermons into beats:

"You don't need permission to believe - just desperation."

A drunk influencer sobs into the camera:

"I just wanna feel real, you know? I get it now. I get him now."

CUT TO:

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - MID-SERVICE - NIGHT

The PRIEST is mid-sermon when a group of robed youths barge in chanting Enoch's words.

YOUTHS
The city doesn't need salvation.
It needs recognition.

They stand before the altar in silence.

Some parishioners get up and join them.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVE NEWSROOM - FBI PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

A shaky spokesperson stands before flashing cameras.

FBI SPOKESPERSON
Prophet Enoch is not divine. He is
a suspected manipulator with no
verifiable identity.

REPORTER 1
Then where is he?

REPORTER 2
Is it true two agents quit to join
his movement?

REPORTER 3
Why does he keep disappearing from
footage?

The spokesperson freezes.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET REVIVAL - VENICE BEACH - DUSK

Hundreds gather barefoot. A girl anoints people with motor oil. A street preacher shouts through a megaphone:

PREACHER
He never claimed to be Jesus.

He's our prophet. He speaks L.A.'s language.

INT. TIKTOK CLIP - VERTICAL FORMAT

A 17-year-old livestreamer kneels on a sidewalk.

STREAMER

I'm not in a cult. I'm just tired
of being empty.
He didn't fill me with truth.
He made me admit I never had any.

Comments explode:

"So real."

"Where is he tonight?"

"Anyone else seeing symbols in their dreams?"

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - NIGHT

Smoke rises from pockets of fire.

A projection of Enoch's symbol appears on the side of the US Bank Tower.

Sirens echo.

A voice blares from a hacked traffic light speaker system:

"Faith is louder than bullets."

CUT TO:

INT. MARA'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

She watches the livestreams. TikToks. Surveillance feeds.
News.

She closes her laptop.

Looks in the mirror.

Her reflection smiles before she does.

She turns away, panicked.

MARA (WHISPERS)
What the hell is happening?

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Rain slaps the concrete. Mara waits alone in a hooded jacket, hand near her holstered gun.

Footsteps echo.

Enoch enters. Calm. Unarmed. Hooded.

PROPHET ENOCH
You called me.
Funny thing, considering you think
I'm a fraud.

MARA
I don't think. I know.
I just want to hear it from your
mouth.

PROPHET ENOCH
What? That I'm not God?
Would that make this easier?

MARA
Yes.

PROPHET ENOCH
Then no.
Because I'm not here to make it
easier.

A beat. Mara studies him like a puzzle with no edges.

MARA
Who are you, really?

PROPHET ENOCH
Who did you pray to when the church
exploded?

Mara flinches. Tight jaw. Flash of trauma.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
I wasn't there.

But you still said my name.

MARA
I said "help me."
That doesn't mean I believe in you.

PROPHET ENOCH
You don't have to.
You already responded to me. That's worse.
It means you're open.

He takes a slow step forward. Mara doesn't move.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
That's how faith begins.
It sneaks in through the wounds
logic leaves behind.

He turns. Leaves.

MARA (SOFTLY)
I hate you.

PROPHET ENOCH (O.S.)
I know.
That's the first step toward
belief.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mara dreams.

She's in the mirror. But her reflection blinks out of sync.
Suddenly Enoch is behind her, in the reflection only.

PROPHET ENOCH (V.O.)
You're not dreaming.

You're remembering forward.

CUT TO:

INT. MENTAL HEALTH CLINIC - DAY

Mara speaks to a government-assigned psychiatrist.

MARA

He knew things he couldn't know.

PSYCHIATRIST

You said you're recording everything?

MARA

Yes. Every second.

PSYCHIATRIST

Then just watch the tapes.

MARA

That's the problem.

She opens her laptop. Plays a clip.

It shows her sitting alone in a candlelit room - talking to empty air.

CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Mara stumbles upon Enoch sitting alone on a wooden pew. No one else is there.

MARA

Why are you letting them riot?

You could stop this.

PROPHET ENOCH

You don't stop a wildfire with a whisper.

You start one that way.

MARA

People are dying.

PROPHET ENOCH

People are living for the first time.

It looks similar.

MARA (QUIETLY)
What are you?

He leans in – gently. No threat. Just sadness.

PROPHET ENOCH
Maybe I'm a coping mechanism.
Maybe I'm a hallucination.
Maybe I'm the echo of something
older than you.

He pauses.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
Or maybe... you needed a god so
badly, your mind built one that
looks like me.

She stares at him.

MARA
Then why do I keep chasing you?

PROPHET ENOCH
Because you still believe your job
is to stop me.
But your soul already made its
choice.

CUT TO:

INT. MARA'S MOTEL – FINAL PRIVATE MOMENT

Enoch appears sitting across from her – just appears.

She doesn't flinch.

PROPHET ENOCH
You should sleep.

MARA
You're not real.

PROPHET ENOCH
Neither is your badge.
It's just metal shaped into belief.

MARA
I can still end this.

PROPHET ENOCH
Then why haven't you?

Silence.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
You're not afraid I'm lying.
You're afraid I'm telling the
truth.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Mara storms in, gun drawn, flashlight sweeping through
flickering shadows.

She's expecting Enoch. Or worse. The air feels wrong. Thick.
Electric.

Instead—

PEPE (O.S.)
Ay, ay, chill, mija! You almost
popped my third lung!

Mara spins — flashlight lands on Pepe, Gordo, and Lil G —
fully robed in makeshift ceremonial cloaks made of flannel
shirts, rosaries, and prayer candles duct-taped to their
belts.

GORDO
(holding a 5-gallon
sparkletts jug)
We brought holy water.
...I think.

LIL G
It might be Gatorade. We baptized a
squirrel and it's still acting mad
fast.

Mara stares. Unblinking.

MARA
...What the hell is this?

PEPE
It's the warm-up. You gotta cleanse
the vibe before he shows up.

MARA
He? You mean Enoch?

LIL G
Nah, Enoch's busy right now. He's
like... on a spiritual FaceTime
with the moon.

GORDO
(seriously)
Moon's in retrograde. You gotta
wait till it stops spinning
emotionally.

Mara holsters her gun. Utter disbelief on her face.

MARA
You're kidding.

PEPE
Nah, we dead serious.

You should sit. We saved you a folding chair.

He gestures to a plastic lawn chair wrapped in a red robe and
labeled "FOR THE FBI LADY."

MARA
You labeled it?

LIL G
We like to make guests feel seen.

Mara sits – stunned – as the cholos light cinnamon incense
and pour the Gatorade into a kiddie pool.

GORDO
This is the purification bath.

We tried using bath bombs but they gave me eczema.

PEPE
We wrote a hymn too. Wanna hear?

MARA
God, no.

LIL G
Too late. Hit it, Gordo.

Gordo clears his throat. They begin humming – an off-key, emotional version of Tupac's "Keep Ya Head Up" mixed with Gregorian chanting.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mara now sits, robe half-on, eating flaming hot Cheetos offered by Gordo.

She looks like someone who gave up trying to make sense of anything.

MARA (TO HERSELF)
This is a dream.
It has to be a dream.

PEPE
Nah, this is prophecy, girl.
And it's just getting started.

GORDO
You ever seen a hummingbird sneeze?
That's when it really kicks in.

Mara drops her head into her hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL BACKLOT - NIGHT

Candlelight flickers against graffiti-tagged walls.

A circle has formed. There's music playing on a busted Bluetooth speaker.

The Crips and Bloods have arrived. Robed. United. Sort of.

They wear blue and red ceremonial sashes, over Timberlands and sagging jeans.

Some hold Bibles. Others hold Hot Cheetos. One dude has both.

MARA walks in, still chewing the remains of a sacred cholo Cheeto. She freezes.

MARA
...you've got to be kidding me.

CRIP #1 (RAZOR)
 Ayo, don't step on the blessed
 chalk line.

That's the sacred perimeter.

BLOOD #2 (FISH)
 Yo, who gave you permission to name
 that?
 That's not official doctrine,
 homie.

CRIP #2
 It's written, bro. Page two of the
 Gospel According to Enoch.

BLOOD #1 (JAMZ)
 That page got ripped out. Gordo
 spilled horchata on it.

LIL G (FROM BEHIND MARA)
 We're still canonizing stuff, it's
 a whole process.

Mara walks through slowly, wide-eyed, as if watching a cult-
 themed sketch comedy show unravel live.

MARA
 What... is this?

GORDO (DEAD SERIOUS)
 The unity circle.

We hold it every new moon and/or taco Tuesday.

JAMZ
 We squashed the beef. Now we grill
 it.

RAZOR
 Amen.

PEPE
 We all agreed the prophet said,
 "Thou shalt not set trippeth."

FISH
 Except on the Sabbath. You allowed
 a little trippin' on Saturdays.

CRIP #3 (WHISPERING)
 We're still interpreting that part.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEREMONIAL FIRE PIT - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone is gathered. The vibe is part cult, part family BBQ, part stand-up night.

RAZOR stands, holding a scroll (it's just a CVS receipt).

RAZOR

A reading from the Book of Divine
Hustle, chapter six:
"And the prophet said, 'Let the
dope boys put down their scales...
...and weigh their hearts
instead.'"

EVERYONE

"Facts."

JAMZ

Yo, he also said, "Blessed are the
peacemakers."

I thought that meant Glocks at first.

PEPE

Nah, bruh, he meant like... emotional
peacemaking.
You gotta stop projecting trauma.

LIL G

Preach, therapist Jamz.

CUT TO:

INT. MARA'S POV - NIGHT

Mara sits among them. She looks like a woman slowly giving up her federal identity in exchange for a front-row seat to the world's most confusing gospel roast battle.

MARA

You guys think he's real?

RAZOR

He's realer than student loans,
that's all I know.

FISH

Man appeared outta nowhere, turned
a shootout into a group hug.

That ain't even a parlor trick. That's divine improv.

GORDO

Yo, he made my cousin's baby mama
cry tears of glitter, dawg.

MARA (FLAT)

Sure. Why not.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL ALTAR - NIGHT (PRIVATE)

Mara is alone now. Quiet. Candle burning.

The echoes of laughter fade, replaced by a deep silence.

She opens her recorder.

MARA (INTO RECORDER)

I thought I came to dismantle a
lie.
Instead... I'm watching fools I used
to arrest become priests.
And somehow... I don't hate it.

A voice from the shadows.

PROPHET ENOCH (O.S.)

That's because you don't want logic
anymore.
You want meaning.

Mara turns.

MARA

He's here.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUNDOWN CHURCH - SOUTH LA - DUSK

The sky glows orange. A slow wind passes through the husks of broken windows.

Inside the hollowed-out church, followers gather: cholos, Bloods, Crips, prostitutes, preachers, ex-cops, single mothers, lost kids.

They sit on plastic chairs or broken pews.

No Enoch.

There's whispers:

"Where is he?"

"Is he coming back?"

"He never missed a Thursday."

"Did they take him?"

MARA stands at the edge, unnoticed.

She watches the anxious crowd.

She opens her mouth. Closes it.

Steps back.

But someone sees her.

PEPE (QUIETLY)
Yo. Mara. You know his vibe.
You think he's okay?

LIL G
Maybe this is the test.
Maybe we're supposed to carry the
message.

FISH
Carry what message, dawg?

The dude literally spoke in riddles and dipped.

MARA (QUIETLY)
He said.. "Let the silence speak
when the voice disappears."

Everyone stops. Looks at her.

MARA (CONT'D)
I don't know why I remember that.

But he said it. In that warehouse. Before the lights went out.

RAZOR
So what's the silence saying right now?

Mara looks around. Thinks.

MARA
That this isn't about him anymore.

A pause.

MARA (CONT'D)
It's about who you are... when no one's telling you what to be.

She says it like a thought out loud. But something shifts.

They're listening. Hanging on her every word.

JAMZ (SOFTLY)
...Damn. That felt... prophetic.

GORDO (NODDING)
Lowkey, I felt the spirit when she said that.

LIL G (WIDE-EYED)
Ay... does this mean she's like... the new prophet?

MARA
What? No.

PEPE (TO THE CROWD)
All in favor of Sister Mara, say "Word."

CROWD

"WORD."

MARA
I am not leading this.

FISH
But you just did.

CUT TO:

INT. RUNDOWN CHURCH - LATER THAT NIGHT

The crowd has formed a quiet circle.

Mara sits in the middle. Someone's put a robe over her shoulders.

Candles flicker. The wind hushes.

A little girl asks:

LITTLE GIRL
What happens now?

Mara stares at her.

MARA (SOFTLY)
We wait.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - FBI - SAME TIME

Agents watch the footage.

AGENT 1
Who's the woman in the robe?

AGENT 2
That's Agent Ellison.

AGENT 1
...She looks like she's running the sermon.

Cut to static.

CUT TO:

INT. MARA'S MOTEL - EMPTY ROOM - SAME TIME

The mirror is dark.

For once, no reflection.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mara sits on the edge of her bed, robe half off, gun on the nightstand, eyes hollow. The candles she never lit are flickering anyway.

She stares at her wedding ring.

Slides it off.

Pauses.

Slides it back on.

She says nothing.

Then - a voice.

PROPHET ENOCH (O.S.)
You've carried him longer than he
ever carried you.

MARA (WITHOUT TURNING)
Not tonight.

PROPHET ENOCH
Tonight is exactly for this.

She looks up.

He's sitting in the chair across from her, hood down, cloak dusted, quiet as snowfall.

MARA
You don't get to talk about him.

PROPHET ENOCH
I don't have to. You've been
talking to him every night in your
head.

Saying what you never said when he was alive.

MARA (SHAKING)
Shut up.

PROPHET ENOCH
Go ahead. Say it out loud.
The one thing you're too good to
say.
The one thing that's rotting you
from the inside out.

MARA (SCREAMING)
I HATED HIM FOR DYING!

A silence so thick it rattles the air.

MARA (TEARS FALLING) (CONT'D)
I loved him. But I hated that he
left me.
I hated how small I became.
How fake I felt at his funeral.
I hated the way people looked at me
like I broke.

PROPHET ENOCH (GENTLY)
You didn't break.
You hardened.

She collapses to her knees.

MARA
I didn't want to be saved.
I wanted someone to blame.

PROPHET ENOCH
You blamed yourself.

A long pause.

He kneels beside her, for the first time fully human – no
mystery, no aura, no sermon.

Just a man, quietly present.

PROPHET ENOCH (SOFTLY) (CONT'D)
He wouldn't want that.
He wouldn't recognize the armor you
wear now.
But I do.

MARA (CHOKING OUT)
Why do you know this?

PROPHET ENOCH
Because I carry pain too.

And I know how heavy yours became.

He reaches out. Doesn't touch her – just offers.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
You don't have to carry it anymore.

She exhales – one sharp, ragged, desperate breath.

And in that breath, something leaves her.

A grief. A name. A tether.

She whispers:

MARA
Goodbye, Caleb.

Enoch nods.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Mara looks up.

Enoch is gone.

Only the chair remains.

And the candles – still lit.

But now they smell like ash and jasmine.

She clutches her wedding ring – and finally sets it on the nightstand.

MARA
Not thrown.
Not buried.
Just set down.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Mara stands at the window, staring out at nothing. Her robe is half-wrapped, the gun is on the table – next to a burning candle someone else lit.

A knock.

She turns fast.

Opens the door.

It's Michael Stratton.

Older now. Weathered by years of death, grief, and knowing too much.

He holds a plain brown manila envelope, worn at the edges.

MICHAEL

This was never supposed to surface.

But I pulled a favor.

You need to see it.

MARA (CONFUSED)

What is it?

MICHAEL (SOFTLY)

The kid before the prophet.

He sets the file down.

Leaves without saying another word.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mara opens the envelope.

Inside: a thin case file. Redacted printouts. A few polaroids.

CASE FILE HEADER:

"UNIDENTIFIED MALE CHILD - CCL-0497 (DESERT INCIDENT, 1991)"

She flips through.

* A polaroid of a bruised 6-year-old boy sitting barefoot beside a shattered bottle.

* A drawing of symbols – the same sigils now seen in graffiti all over the city.

* A note scrawled in blue ink:

"Child does not speak. Responds to religious stimuli. Exhibits no reaction to pain.

Possible neurodivergence. Or trauma-induced affectlessness."

Mara reads further.

FLASH CUTS: THROUGH MARA'S EYES

* The boy standing barefoot on glass.

* The child healing the bleeding girl.

* Caseworkers whispering in fear.

* A social worker's margin note:

"Refuses all names. When asked who he is, he writes only:
'THE VOICE.'"

BACK TO PRESENT

Mara stares at the last page:

An intake form with a fingerprint but no name.

Under "Notes," the typed sentence:

"Child states: 'I wasn't born. I was placed.'"

Mara slowly lowers the paper.

She looks at the mirror across the room.

She walks toward it.

For a moment, she sees herself as a child in the reflection.

Then – Enoch.

Then just her again.

INT. SAFEHOUSE – MOMENTS LATER

Mara lights another candle.

Opens her recorder.

Speaks, voice trembling:

MARA
He didn't come out of nowhere.
He came from silence.
A beat.

MARA (CONT'D)
And maybe...
so did I.

CUT TO:

INT. SKID ROW - TENT CITY - EARLY MORNING

Murmurs drift through the encampment. Fires burn low. People stir with purpose, not just survival.

HOMELESS MAN 1 (RASPY)
You hear? Today's the day.

HOMELESS WOMAN
(RUBBING HER ROSARY)
They say he's gonna crack the sky open.

YOUNG GIRL (WIDE-EYED)
Will God be there?

OLD VET (QUIETLY)
He's already here. Just wearing different shoes.

People begin packing bags. Sharing food. Offering rides.

They all start walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - DAY

The crowd swells. Thousands gather on the rolling hills and dusty fields - homeless, celebrities, gang members, priests, livestreamers, scientists, skeptics, tourists.

People carry signs:

"STREET GOD — LIGHT OUR WAY"

"I WANT TO BELIEVE"

"PROPHET ENOCH IS THE FIRE"

"THIS CITY IS A CHURCH"

TV crews are everywhere. Helicopters buzz overhead. A dozen news anchors in portable tents call it "The Day of Revelation."

Mara stands alone near the front of the field.

Her phone buzzes: "Unknown Number."

She doesn't answer.

EXT. CNN BROADCAST — LIVE FEED

NINA VALENCIA

(anchor) (speaks nervously to camera.)

NINA

We're here at Elysian Park in Los Angeles where tens of thousands have gathered, following rumors that Prophet Enoch has predicted — or possibly promised — a public miracle.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)

We've got drones in the air.
Nothing yet. Skies are clear.

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK — NOON

The sun beats down. Sweat. Silence. Restless anticipation.

Then...

The wind shifts.

Birds scatter.

The crowd stirs.

A child points upward.

CHILD (SHOUTING)
Look!

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

The sun begins to shimmer unnaturally – a soft pulse at first, like a lens flare.

Then it spins.

Slowly at first.

Then faster.

People gasp. Some scream. Others collapse in prayer.

The sun zigzags, emitting streaks of violet, blue, red, and gold.

The sky ripples. It looks painted and alive – like stained glass in motion.

CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

ASTROPHYSICISTS and METEOROLOGISTS scramble at monitors.

SCIENTIST 1
What the hell is this?

SCIENTIST 2
There's no solar flare. No magnetic anomaly. The sky shouldn't be doing this.

SCIENTIST 3 (HUSHED)
This isn't a weather event.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROADCAST SCREENS WORLDWIDE

Every news outlet cuts to live coverage.

The footage is undeniable.

In Vatican City, cardinals freeze mid-walk.

In Times Square, crowds stare upward.

In Tokyo, subtitles run under a broadcast calling it a
"???????" - "Call from Heaven."

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - CONTINUOUS

The crowd falls silent.

Then someone begins to sing - a low, trembling hymn.

Then another joins. And another.

Soon, thousands are singing. Crying. Holding strangers.

Mara stands frozen - tears running down her face.

Behind her, someone whispers:

"He's not a man anymore. He's the voice."

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM - CNN - LIVE

Nina Valencia, eyes wide, speaks into camera - shaken.

NINA
I have... no words.

We are witnessing something the world may never explain.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - LATER

The light fades. The sun returns to normal.

The air is still.

Enoch is nowhere to be seen.
 Just the people. Changed.
 And on the grass, where he was rumored to stand –
 A burned sigil scorched into the earth:
 The eye in the cross.

CUT TO:

INT. VATICAN CHAMBERS – NIGHT (ROME)

A circle of CARDINALS in crimson robes watches looped footage of the Elysian Sun Event.

CARDINAL 1 (HUSHED)
 This is not approved doctrine.

CARDINAL 2 (AWED)
 Then doctrine is behind schedule.

CUT TO:

INT. MARA'S SAFEHOUSE – NIGHT (LOS ANGELES)

The light is low. One candle burns. Mara sits across from Michael, the man who taught her how to spot a lie.

He watches her carefully.

She's distant. Changed.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS ROOM – DAY (WASHINGTON, D.C.)

The PRESIDENT speaks at a podium, flanked by advisors and generals.

PRESIDENT
 We are asking the international
 scientific community to remain
 calm.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
We are not assigning theological
significance to this event at this
time.

Behind him, a monitor glitches – briefly displaying Enoch's
symbol before cutting to static.

CUT TO:

INT. MARA'S SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL
They called me from DC.

They want your badge.

Mara doesn't flinch.

MARA
They can have it.

MICHAEL (PLEADING)
You don't even sound like yourself
anymore.

MARA (SOFTLY)
Maybe I never did.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLOBAL MONTAGE - "THE WORLD REACTS"

* In Brazil, a soccer stadium full of fans chants Enoch's
name.

* In Kenya, a village church projects the sun footage on the
side of a stone wall.

* In China, censors block the footage – but a pirate signal
beams it from phone to phone, millions watching in silence.

* In the slums of Mumbai, a girl touches her mother's cheek
and whispers, "He's coming."

CUT TO:

INT. MARA'S SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

He's not divine.
He's a well-coded virus. A symbol
infected with your grief.
You still have time to wake up.

MARA

I don't want to wake up.
I want this to be real.

Michael leans in, almost breaking.

MICHAEL

You were my brightest.
You used to chase truth.
Now you're chasing shadows.

Mara turns toward the window – the skyline lit with candles
and drone swarms spelling symbols in the sky.

MARA (QUIETLY)

Maybe truth left.

CUT TO:

INT. UN SECURITY COUNCIL - NIGHT

A speaker from Switzerland raises a trembling voice.

SWISS DELEGATE

If this was not man-made,
then what do we call it?

Silence.

RUSSIAN DELEGATE (GRIM)

A second genesis.
Or the beginning of the end.

CUT TO:

INT. MARA'S SAFEHOUSE - FINAL MOMENT

Michael stands. Defeated. At the door.

MICHAEL (SOFTLY)
If he asks you to do something –
anything –remember who you were
before the fire.

He leaves.

Mara sits alone.

She turns to her reflection in the window.

This time, her reflection smiles before she does.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD SEARS BUILDING - SOTO ST, EAST LA - DAY

The monolithic tower of the long-abandoned Sears building now
looms with purpose.

Freshly painted symbols – glowing spiritual sigils – climb
the cracked concrete.

Colorful murals wrap around the loading docks:

Faces of the homeless, angels in hoodies, eyes in crosses.

Lines of people gather at the entrance with hope, not hunger.

Massive banners flap in the wind:

"House of the Forgotten"

"No Money. No Judgment. Just Shelter."

"The City Is a Church."

CUT TO:

INT. MAKESHIFT PRESS AREA - SAME

Dozens of reporters have been allowed in – some skeptical,
others awe-struck.

A few well-known streamers and international press are live
on the scene.

Camera crews roll. Microphones held high.

PROPHET ENOCH steps forward, flanked by robed Cholos, Crips, and Bloods — now acting as proud, self-appointed security in coordinated bandanas and radios.

Enoch's new robe is sand-colored, made from rough hemp — minimalist but regal. A symbol of renewed humility.

He stands tall — calm, direct, fully present.

PROPHET ENOCH (TO THE CROWD)
This building was once a monument
to commerce.
A warehouse of things.
Now it houses people.

Behind him, glass doors open — showing rows of bunk beds, medical tents, showers, therapy stations, and a community garden growing from what was once a parking lot.

JOURNALIST (RAISING HAND)
Are you trying to replace the
government?

PROPHET ENOCH
No.

I'm replacing what it forgot.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEARS GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

GORDO stands proudly at a checkpoint.

GORDO (TO A CONFUSED REPORTER)
Yeah, we pat down for knives, but
we bless 'em too, you feel me?

PEPE (HOLDING A CLIPBOARD)
Everyone gets a bed. Two meals. A
place to cry without being judged.
Also no stealing from the garden or
we put you in the "Spiritual Time-
Out Corner."

LIL G
Which is just a chair with a
picture of Enoch making the
disappointed face.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OUTSIDE - PROTESTERS & SUPPORTERS GATHER

Two camps have formed:

- * Followers kneeling, crying, singing.
- * Protesters shouting "CULT!" "GOD ISN'T A MAN!"
- * Police tape holds back the edges of growing tension.

INT. LIVE STREAM - GLOBAL FEED

Enoch's speech is being translated in real-time to Arabic,
Mandarin, French.

PROPHET ENOCH
They call me a prophet.
I am not.
I am a man who stopped ignoring
suffering.
If that makes me holy...
then your bar was too low.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - WIDE SHOT

Drone footage shows the entire Sears building alive - light,
color, movement.

It looks like a modern cathedral born from urban decay.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - MARA WATCHES THE BROADCAST

She stands alone, watching him speak.

For the first time, he doesn't seem threatening.

He seems... right.

She whispers:

MARA
You're building something that
might actually work.

She doesn't notice she's crying.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM - CNN LA - MORNING

NINA VALENCIA, sharp, no-nonsense, preps her notes.

Footage replays on the screen beside her:

THE MIRACLE AT ELYSIAN - SUN EVENT
(timestamp: 12:02 p.m.)
Split screen to security cam
footage from Prophet Enoch's
safehouse:

LOCATION: NOWHERE NEAR THE EVENT

PRODUCER (O.S.)
We corner him today.

He wasn't even there.

NINA
Finally. Let's see if the Prophet
can handle the truth.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD SEARS BUILDING - SOTO ST - DAY

Nina steps out of the press van and is immediately greeted by
the CHOLLOS SECURITY FORCE - Gordo, Pepe, and Lil G.

They wear color-coded radios, matching sunglasses, and newly
printed "HOLY OPS" hoodies.

PEPE

Whoa, whoa – credentials?

NINA

I'm Nina Valencia. CNN. Scheduled interview.

GORDO (MOCK SERIOUS)

You bring snacks?

NINA (SMIRKING)

I brought a cameraman with a peanut allergy. That count?

LIL G

...she cool.

They fist bump and guide her toward the entrance.

INT. UPPER LEVEL – SEARS TOWER STAGE AREA – MOMENTS LATER

Cameras are set. Lights soft. Candles line the walls.

PROPHET ENOCH enters. His robe is simpler now – clean linen, no symbols.

He sits across from Nina with calm control.

NINA

Prophet.

You weren't at Elysian Park when the miracle occurred.

PROPHET ENOCH

No.

NINA

So you admit it wasn't you?

PROPHET ENOCH

Did I claim it was?

NINA

You allowed millions to believe it.

PROPHET ENOCH

I allowed them to witness.

What they chose to believe – that's their miracle, not mine.

NINA (PRESSING)

So what are you, then? A coincidence in robes?

He smiles.

PROPHET ENOCH
I'm a spark.

They are the fire.

INT. LIVESTREAM - CONTINUOUS

The broadcast is being streamed worldwide. Comments flood in.

"This man is untouchable."

"She tried it, but he blessed her anyway."

"THE CITY IS A CHURCH."

INT. INTERVIEW - CONTINUOUS

Nina flips her page.

NINA
Some say this building is a cult
compound. That you've militarized
gang members as your holy guard.

PROPHET ENOCH
Let's talk facts.

He gestures to a printed spreadsheet on the table.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
After the phenomenon – which I did
not orchestrate – this center
received:

- * A \$7 million donation from private citizens.
- * \$2.4 million in city subsidies for unhoused services.
- * Five food trucks.
- * Twelve nurses.
- * And one mayoral commendation.

NINA
That's not divinity. That's PR.

PROPHET ENOCH
Call it what you like.

But people are eating.

INT. CHOLO SECURITY OFFICE - SAME TIME

Gordo and Pepe watch the livestream, eating Hot Cheetos dipped in hummus.

GORDO
She tried to roast him but he
lowkey fed her stats like a chef.

PEPE
That's prophet math. You can't
divide that.

INT. INTERVIEW - FINAL MOMENT

NINA
Last question.

PROPHET ENOCH
Make it sacred.

She looks up, the edge gone from her voice.

NINA
Do you believe you're chosen?

A pause.

PROPHET ENOCH (QUIETLY)
I believe I was abandoned.
Then I chose myself.

INT. CNN STUDIO - LATER

The clip goes viral.

Headlines flash:

"Prophet or Public Servant?"

"Exclusive: Enoch Explains the Miracle Fallout"

"Nina Valencia: 'I expected a liar. I met a lighthouse.'"

FINAL SCENE: "The City Is a Church"

EXT. SEARS BUILDING - NIGHT - LIVE BROADCAST

Thousands gather.

The sky churns with stormlight and prayer.

Drones buzz above like metallic angels.

MARA stands at the base of the stairs, surrounded by Crips, Bloods, Cholos, nurses, mothers, believers, and skeptics - the full spectrum of Los Angeles.

She's not armed. She's not in uniform.

She's barefoot.

The wind stills.

A flicker of movement - and then, through the smoke-

PROPHET ENOCH appears.

But he's not glowing.

No dramatic music.

No fire.

He's dressed in a simple robe. Calm. Human.

He stands before the crowd. Before the world.

INT. GLOBAL BROADCAST FEED - SIMULTANEOUS

Vatican. Johannesburg. Mexico City. Tokyo. Atlanta. Tehran.

Every news station plays the feed. Subtitles roll in 80 languages.

The world holds its breath.

EXT. SEARS STEPS - CONTINUOUS

PROPHET ENOCH (TO THE CROWD)
I am not the answer.

I'm the question that no one else dared to ask out loud.

The crowd is silent.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
If you came to worship me...

go home.

Gasps. Shock. Cameras flash.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
If you came for shelter – stay.
If you came for mercy – stay.
If you came because you're tired of
gods who stay silent while the
system eats the poor – stay.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE ROOM – SAME TIME

Agents stare at the monitors. Techs scramble.

Director Howard watches, breathless.

DIRECTOR HOWARD (QUIETLY)
What's he doing?

EXT. SEARS BUILDING – CONTINUOUS

Mara slowly steps forward.

She holds the case file of his childhood in one hand.

Her voice trembles.

MARA
You weren't chosen.

You were thrown away.

A long silence.

PROPHET ENOCH (SOFTLY)
And what grows in the places we
abandon?

He looks to the crowd.

PROPHET ENOCH (CONT'D)
Miracles.

THE SKY RUMBLES.

A light – not fire, not thunder – rolls across the horizon.

The clouds part.

The sun appears – at night.

But it's not a sun.

It's an eye of light, pulsating. Spinning slowly.

Silence falls.

People weep.

Others collapse.

No screams – just awe.

INT. MICHAEL'S STUDY (MAINE) – NIGHT

Michael watches on a grainy TV.

MICHAEL (TO HIMSELF)
God help me...

I believe her.

EXT. SEARS BUILDING – CONTINUOUS

The light vanishes.

Prophet Enoch is gone.

No one saw him leave.

A hush. Not fear – reverence.

Mara turns to the crowd.

They stare at her.

She takes a deep breath.

MARA (V.O.)
He said the city was a church.

She looks around at the poor, the broken, the once violent,
now holding hands.

MARA (V.O. CONT'D)
He was wrong.

She steps forward – not to a pulpit, but among them.

MARA (V.O. CONT'D) (CONT'D)
It's not a church.

WIDE SHOT: THE CITY

People light candles from Echo Park to South Central.

All across LA – people kneel, laugh, hold each other.

MARA (V.O. CONT'D)
It's something older than belief.

It's the hunger we all carry.

And the voice we all share,

when we finally stop pretending we're alone.

FINAL IMAGE:

A CHILD in the crowd steps onto the steps of the Sears building.

No robe. No crown.

Just wide eyes.

The crowd parts for her.

They kneel, but she doesn't notice.

She smiles at nothing.

Above her – in the clouds – a brief, flickering sigil of flame and an eye.

Gone in a blink.

FADE TO BLACK.

FINAL TITLE
CARD:

"Maybe there are no prophets.

Just people brave enough to believe out loud."

EPILOGUE: "Years Later"

EXT. SKID ROW MEMORIAL GARDEN – DAY

What was once crumbling pavement and tents is now a sanctuary of trees, murals, and blooming flowers. Quiet benches. Laughter.

A fountain made of broken bricks flows in the center – carved with the words:

"The Forgotten Remembered Themselves."

A plaque beneath it reads simply:

"Dedicated to the Voice."

No birth. No death. No claim.

Just the echo that fed us.

INT. PUBLIC SCHOOL – CLASSROOM – DAY

A TEACHER (30s) gestures to a chalkboard.

Drawn in colored chalk is the old Sears Building, now titled:

The People's Temple of Shelter and Light

TEACHER

...and from that building, we saw
the birth of universal housing in
38 cities.

Security was provided by former gang members, trained in peacekeeping.

No guns. Just meals, music, and mutual respect.

A child raises her hand.

CHILD

Was the prophet real?

The teacher smiles, thoughtful.

TEACHER

Does it matter?

EXT. GLOBAL MONTAGE – "AFTER THE VOICE"

* Tokyo: A youth-led community clinic with the Eye-in-Cross symbol in the window.

* Kinshasa: Women planting a rooftop garden under a banner reading "God is the Shelter We Build."

* Berlin: Activists bow before a mural of Enoch – but beside it reads:

"No Saints. Just Sparks."

INT. MARA'S HOME - COUNTRYSIDE - SUNSET

A small, sun-drenched home. Quiet. Simple.

Inside, Mara is older. Peaceful. She waters a houseplant.

On the wall: a photo of her younger self, standing in front of the crowd at the old Sears building. She isn't speaking – she's listening.

A young girl runs in – wide eyes, gap-toothed grin.

GIRL

Nana, is it true the Prophet
disappeared into the sky?

MARA (SMILING SOFTLY)

That's what some say.

GIRL

Did you see it?

Mara kneels, tucks hair behind the child's ear.

MARA

I saw something brighter than
proof.

I saw people change.

She hands the girl a candle.

MARA (CONT'D)

Go light it for someone who's
hungry.

The girl runs off.

Mara stands in the doorway.

Outside, the sunlight breaks through clouds in a soft ripple – golden, surreal.

A brief shimmer in the sky. Maybe a reflection.

Maybe more.

Mara watches. She doesn't smile. She doesn't speak.

She just knows.

FADE TO BLACK

FINAL TEXT ON SCREEN:

**"What is divine
is what we dare to become."**