

THE SILENCE OF HEAVEN  
by  
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THE SILENCE OF HEAVEN

EXT. EARTH - ORBIT - NIGHT

A God's-eye glide.

The Earth turns in silence.

Cloud systems swirl-

not violent, not calm.

Strained.

There is no membrane in the sky.

No seam between divine and void.

Just space.

Cold. Vast. Honest.

The planet rotates-small, luminous, alive.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

A vast, cathedral-scale chamber suspended in darkness.

Light falls in measured shafts, like a cosmic  
courtroom-precise, intentional.

No walls.

No ceiling.

Translucent planes hang in silent symmetry, arranged with  
deliberate order.

Geometric. Hierarchical.

Reality has been set in session.

At the center: EARTH-not as a globe, but as a layered field.

Geology.

Atmosphere.

Biology.

Human movement.

All overlapping. All influencing one another.

The ADJUDICATORS stand in a wide arc—calm, almost—human presences.

Not judges.

Assessors.

The SON stands among them.

No elevation. No crown.

Only attention.

ADJUDICATOR ONE

Proceed.

The Earth—field shifts.

EXT. URBAN INTERSECTION - NIGHT

A minor altercation.

Two men argue over nothing that matters.

Voices rise. A shove.

A punch lands.

Bystanders tense—but do not intervene.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The Earth—field reacts.

A human conflict cluster flashes—localized, brief.

Seconds later—

A faint disturbance ripples through the geological layer.

Barely perceptible.

Logged.

No alarm.

EXT. COASTAL TOWN - NIGHT

A quiet street.

Windows rattle—just enough for people to pause.

A dog whines.

Then stillness.

No damage.

Only unease.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The Son watches—focused now.

SON  
Correlation window?

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
Sixteen seconds.

SON  
Again.

Another human conflict appears—elsewhere.

Another geological response follows.

Subtle. Precise.

SON (CONT'D)  
It's not punishment.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
No.

SON  
It's reflex.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
The vessel absorbs rupture.

The Son looks at the layered Earth.

Something in him tightens.

INT. VATICAN - PRIVATE CHAPEL - NIGHT

Cardinal MATTEO SANTORO kneels alone.

Stone walls. Flickering candles.  
 Silence thick enough to feel.  
 Matteo is composed. Thoughtful. Still.  
 He is not asking for anything.  
 He is listening.  
 A candle flame bends—unnaturally.  
 The temperature shifts.  
 A presence forms behind him.  
 Not glowing.  
 Not winged.  
 Exact.

MATTEO  
 (quiet)  
 I'm not asking for certainty.

The ANGEL stands there—human-shaped only by necessity.

ANGEL  
 Good.

MATTEO  
 Then why are you here?

ANGEL  
 Because the Earth is reacting.

Matteo opens his eyes—does not turn.

MATTEO  
 To what?

ANGEL  
 To you.

A beat.

MATTEO  
 To humanity.

ANGEL  
 Yes.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The Adjudicators observe.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
Subject contact initiated.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Protocol deviation.

The Son does not look away.

SON  
He was always going to hear it.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Hearing alters outcome.

SON  
So does silence.

The Tribunal HUM deepens—measured, judicial.

INT. PRIVATE CHAPEL - NIGHT

Matteo finally turns.

The Angel meets his gaze—steady, unreadable.

MATTEO  
Earthquakes. Storms. Fires.

ANGEL  
Not judgments.

MATTEO  
Then what?

ANGEL  
Symptoms.

MATTEO  
Of what?

The Angel considers him.

ANGEL  
Of a coupled system under stress.

MATTEO  
You're saying—

ANGEL  
-when humans rupture each other,  
the rupture transfers.

MATTEO  
To the planet.

ANGEL  
Yes.

Matteo absorbs that.

MATTEO  
And when we live in peace?

A pause.

ANGEL  
The system stabilizes.

Matteo looks down at his hands.

MATTEO  
Why tell me?

ANGEL  
Because you will not weaponize it.

MATTEO  
You don't know that.

ANGEL  
We do.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The Son steps forward.

SON  
He's careful.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Careful people still act.

SON  
So do restrained gods.

That lands.

EXT. VATICAN CITY - DAWN

The sun rises over untouched stone.

Bells begin to ring.

Tourists gather.

Priests walk.

Life proceeds.

The city looks eternal.

Unmoved.

INT. PRIVATE CHAPEL - DAWN

Matteo remains kneeling.

The Angel fades—less solid now.

MATTEO  
If I speak—

ANGEL  
Conflict increases.

MATTEO  
If I stay silent—

ANGEL  
The planet continues absorbing  
rupture.

MATTEO  
So either way—

ANGEL  
—consequence persists.

Matteo exhales slowly.

MATTEO  
And God?

The Angel hesitates.

That hesitation matters.

ANGEL  
God has chosen restraint.

MATTEO  
And Christ?

The Angel's voice lowers.

ANGEL  
He is bearing witness  
without authority.  
Matteo closes his eyes.

MATTEO  
That sounds unbearable.

ANGEL  
It is.

The Angel vanishes.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL  
Earth rotates in the center.  
Small. Luminous.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
Tolerance margin unchanged.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
For now.

The Son watches Earth longer than protocol allows.

SON  
We built a world that listens.

A beat.

SON (CONT'D)  
And taught its inhabitants

to shout.

Silence.

EXT. EARTH - ORBIT - NIGHT

The planet turns.

Quiet.

Alive.

Listening.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. VATICAN - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE SECRETARIAT - MORNING

Matteo walks with purpose through polished marble.

Clerics pass. Guards nod. A world built to look unshakeable.

Ahead: double doors. A brass plaque.

SECRETARIAT OF STATE.

Matteo pauses—hands still.

Then enters.

INT. VATICAN - SECRETARIAT OF STATE - CONFERENCE ROOM -  
MORNING

A long table. Cold light. Water untouched.

Cardinal LUCIANO VERRI (60s), immaculate, intelligent, calm  
as a blade, sits at the head.

Cardinal REYES (50s), thoughtful, quieter, a man who listens  
for what isn't said, sits to the side.

Cardinals MORETTI and GIULIANI sit nearby—authority in  
different flavors: Moretti is institutional muscle, Giuliani  
is institutional memory.

Luciano gestures to an empty chair.

LUCIANO

Matteo.

Matteo sits.

A measured beat.

LUCIANO (CONT'D)

We received a report.

Matteo doesn't look away.

MATTEO  
From whom.

LUCIANO  
From your silence.

Matteo breathes once—controlled.

LUCIANO (CONT'D)  
You were seen entering the private  
chapel twice last night.

MATTEO  
It's a chapel.

MORETTI  
It's a restricted chapel.

REYES  
(to Matteo, gentle)  
What happened?

Matteo looks at Reyes. He trusts him more.

MATTEO  
I had a visitation.

A pause.

Luciano's expression doesn't change.

LUCIANO  
From what?

MATTEO  
An Angel.

Moretti lets a small, involuntary laugh escape—then regrets it.

MORETTI  
We're doing this now?

Matteo's eyes flick to him—sharp.

MATTEO  
This is not performance.

Luciano folds his hands.

LUCIANO  
Then speak plainly.

Matteo hesitates—already hearing the paradox.

MATTEO  
The Angel said Earth is reacting.

GIULIANI  
Reacting?

MATTEO  
To human violence.

Moretti leans back.

MORETTI  
So now earthquakes have opinions?

MATTEO  
Not opinions.

REYES  
Matteo... what exactly was said?

Matteo chooses his words like he's defusing something.

MATTEO  
That the Earth absorbs rupture.

That when humans kill each other, the damage transfers into the planet.

Silence stretches.

Luciano studies Matteo with clinical patience.

LUCIANO  
And what are you proposing?

MATTEO  
I'm not proposing. I'm reporting.

LUCIANO  
To whom?

MATTEO  
To you.

LUCIANO  
Why?

Matteo's voice lowers.

MATTEO  
Because you control meaning.

Luciano's eyes narrow—an almost-smile.

LUCIANO

Correct.

MATTEO

And meaning is now dangerous.

Moretti shifts—annoyed.

MORETTI

Meaning is always dangerous. That's why we manage it.

Matteo looks at him.

MATTEO

You manage it until the world breaks.

Luciano raises a finger—small, final.

LUCIANO

We will not moralize natural events.

MATTEO

It's not moral. It's systemic.

LUCIANO

The public will not hear "systemic."

They will hear "God is angry."

Matteo swallows.

MATTEO

God is restrained.

Reyes flinches at the phrasing.

REYES

Who told you that?

MATTEO

The Angel.

Luciano sits forward—voice gentle, lethal.

LUCIANO

Then your Angel has placed the Church in a legal position with the universe.

Matteo holds his gaze.

MATTEO

Maybe the universe placed us in  
one.

EXT. ROME - STREET - DAY

A delivery driver honks at a pedestrian.

The pedestrian shouts back.

A third person intervenes—too aggressively.

It escalates. A shove. A phone thrown.

A glass bottle breaks on the curb.

People gather—not to help, but to watch.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The conflict cluster flashes.

Seconds later—

A tremor ripples through the geological layer.

Slightly stronger than before.

ADJUDICATOR TWO

Amplitude increasing.

ADJUDICATOR THREE

Frequency compressing.

The Son watches—jaw tight.

SON

It's accelerating without  
awareness.

ADJUDICATOR ONE

Awareness would increase conflict.

SON

So would denial.

ADJUDICATOR ONE

That is the nature of closed loops.

The Son turns to the court-like arc.

SON  
Then what is the metric?

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Tolerance.

SON  
Tolerance for what?

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
For themselves.

The Son looks back at Earth—small, luminous, stressed.

SON  
And if tolerance fails?

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
The vessel fails.

The Son doesn't move.

SON  
Including the innocent.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
The system does not differentiate  
innocence.

A beat.

SON  
Then we must.

The Adjudicators do not answer.

INT. VATICAN - SECRETARIAT CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS  
Luciano stands, ending the meeting without appearing to.

LUCIANO  
You will not speak of this.

MATTEO  
That's not yours to command.

Luciano smiles like a physician.

LUCIANO  
It is absolutely mine to command.

Matteo rises too.

MATTEO  
If Earth is reacting—

MORETTI  
—Enough.

Moretti leans in, voice like stone.

MORETTI (CONT'D)  
If you connect human violence to  
earthquakes,

you ignite every war on Earth into a holy referendum.

Matteo's eyes harden.

MATTEO  
Maybe war should feel expensive.

Luciano's smile disappears.

LUCIANO  
War already feels expensive to the  
people who suffer it.

We do not add metaphysics.

Matteo looks at Reyes, searching for a bridge.

REYES  
(quiet)  
If this is true...

how do we help?

Luciano answers, immediate.

LUCIANO  
By preventing panic.

Reyes looks at him.

REYES  
That's not help. That's sedation.

Luciano's gaze shifts—warning.

LUCIANO  
It is governance.

Matteo steps back from the table.

MATTEO  
You're afraid people will fight if  
they hear it.

Luciano

I'm certain they will.

Matteo nods—accepting the tragic logic.

MATTEO (CONT'D)  
Then you're choosing silence.

Luciano corrects him.

LUCIANO  
We are choosing stability.

Matteo turns to leave.

LUCIANO (CONT'D)  
Matteo.

Matteo stops.

Luciano's voice is soft now.

LUCIANO (CONT'D)  
If you insist on being a prophet,

we will treat you as one.

Matteo doesn't respond.

He exits.

INT. VATICAN - SIDE CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Reyes catches up to Matteo.

REYES  
Matteo.

Matteo keeps walking.

REYES (CONT'D)  
Was it real?

Matteo finally stops.

MATTEO  
I don't know what "real" means  
anymore.

Reyes steps closer.

REYES  
Tell me what you saw.

Matteo hesitates. Then:

MATTEO  
It didn't glow. It didn't threaten.

It spoke like... like consequence had a voice.

Reyes absorbs that.

REYES  
And Christ?

Matteo's face shifts—pain behind discipline.

MATTEO  
The Angel said Christ is watching  
without authority.

Reyes whispers:

REYES  
That's torture.

Matteo nods.

MATTEO  
For him. For us.

Reyes glances down the corridor—paranoid now.

REYES  
What are you going to do?

Matteo answers honestly.

MATTEO  
Nothing.

Reyes blinks.

REYES  
Nothing?

MATTEO  
If I speak, I light a fuse.

If I stay silent, the Earth keeps absorbing it.

Reyes

Then we're trapped.

Matteo looks at him.

MATTEO (CONT'D)

No.

Reyes waits.

MATTEO (CONT'D)

We're responsible.

EXT. VATICAN COURTYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

Matteo crosses the courtyard alone.

Tourists take photos. A child points at a Swiss Guard.

The world looks normal.

A low, brief vibration passes through the stone under Matteo's feet.

No one notices.

Matteo does.

He stops, hand touching a column—feeling it.

Then it's gone.

He looks up at the sky—blank.

Not angry.

Not speaking.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

Earth's field steadies—barely.

ADJUDICATOR TWO

Institutional suppression  
initiated.

ADJUDICATOR THREE

Conflict probability reduced.

The Son watches the layer where human conflict flares and fades.

SON  
Reduced is not resolved.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Resolution is not the mandate.

SON  
Then what is?

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Continuation.

The Son steps forward—voice low.

SON  
At what cost?

A pause—judicial, formal.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
All costs are internal.

The Son stares at Earth.

SON  
Then Earth is paying for them.

No answer.

Which is an answer.

INT. VATICAN - PRIVATE CHAPEL - NIGHT

Matteo returns.

Same candle. Same silence.

He kneels.

MATTEO  
If I obey them, people die quietly.

Nothing.

MATTEO (CONT'D)  
If I disobey them, people die  
loudly.

The air shifts.

The ANGEL appears—faint, reduced, as if being watched.

ANGEL  
The court is in session.

Matteo lifts his eyes.

MATTEO  
So it's true.

ANGEL  
Yes.

MATTEO  
And they'll end us.

ANGEL  
They will end supervision.

Matteo freezes.

MATTEO  
That's different.

ANGEL  
Not to the ones who depended on it.

Matteo swallows.

MATTEO  
What do they want from me?

The Angel's voice is careful.

ANGEL  
To see what you choose

when both choices hurt.

Matteo's throat tightens.

MATTEO  
That's not mercy.

The Angel meets his gaze.

ANGEL  
It is the last form of it.

A beat.

MATTEO  
Tell Christ I understand.

The Angel hesitates—almost human.

ANGEL  
He already knows.

The Angel fades.

Matteo remains kneeling.

Not praying.

Enduring.

EXT. ROME - EARLY MORNING

A city waking.

Cafés open. Scooters weave. Church bells mark time.

A headline flickers across a newsstand screen:

"UNRELATED SEISMIC ACTIVITY REPORTED IN MULTIPLE REGIONS."

The word UNRELATED lingers.

INT. VATICAN - COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE - MORNING

A clean, modern room hidden inside ancient walls.

Luciano stands with Moretti and a small team of ADVISORS.

Charts. Graphs. Language drafts.

ADVISOR  
We emphasize randomness.

Statistical independence.

MORETTI  
Remove anything that suggests  
pattern.

LUCIANO  
Not remove.  
(beat)  
Blur.

Moretti nods.

A screen shows SOCIAL MEDIA TREND LINES.

ANGER spikes.

Then flattens.

LUCIANO (CONT'D)  
 People calm faster when confusion  
 replaces outrage.

ADVISOR  
 And if someone connects the dots?

Luciano's answer is immediate.

LUCIANO  
 Then we isolate the dot.

INT. HOSPICE - COASTAL TOWN - DAY

Matteo arrives.

A different rhythm here. Slower. Honest.

A NURSE hands him a clipboard.

NURSE  
 Room twelve's asking for you.

Matteo nods.

INT. HOSPICE - ROOM TWELVE - DAY

ELENA (16), sharp-eyed, thin but fierce with intelligence,  
 lies propped against pillows.

She studies Matteo as he enters.

ELENA  
 You look like someone who knows  
 something.

MATTEO  
 That's dangerous.

ELENA  
 So is pretending you don't.

She smiles-wins.

MATTEO  
 How are you feeling?

ELENA

Like my body's doing things  
without consulting me.

That lands harder than she knows.

MATTEO

Does that frighten you?

ELENA

No.

It annoys me.

Matteo laughs quietly—first time in days.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Everyone keeps asking if I'm at  
peace.

MATTEO

Are you?

ELENA

I don't know what that means.

Is the world at peace?

Matteo doesn't answer.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Exactly.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

Earth's layered field pulses again.

A new visual layer appears:

HUMAN STRESS DENSITY.

ADJUDICATOR TWO

Psychological agitation increasing.

ADJUDICATOR THREE

Without narrative outlet.

SON

So silence is fermenting it.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Silence preserves autonomy.

SON  
No—it removes language.

The Son gestures—frustrated now.

SON (CONT'D)  
They're animals with foresight.

Take away explanation and they invent enemies.

The Adjudicators watch Earth.

No argument.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

A domestic dispute spills onto a sidewalk.

Neighbors watch from windows.

Someone films instead of intervening.

A scream cuts through the air.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The human conflict cluster spikes.

Seconds later—

A sharp tremor hits the geological layer.

Stronger this time.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
Amplitude increase: twelve percent.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Compression accelerating.

The Son steps closer to Earth—instinctive.

SON  
We're late.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
We are precise.

SON  
Precision isn't compassion.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Nor is compassion sustainable.

INT. VATICAN - LUCIANO'S OFFICE - DAY

Luciano reviews a PRIVATE DOSSIER.

Photos of Matteo at the hospice.

Notes.

Behavioral assessments.

RECOMMENDATION: REASSIGNMENT.

Luciano hesitates.

Luciano looks up-out the window.

St. Peter's dome gleams.

LUCIANO  
(quiet)  
He's not trying to burn us down.

MORETTI  
That makes him worse.

Luciano exhales.

LUCIANO  
Prepare the transfer.

Moretti nods-already moving.

INT. HOSPICE - COMMON ROOM - AFTERNOON

Matteo sits with several PATIENTS.

No sermon. No theology.

Just listening.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Feels like the world's shaking  
even when it isn't.

MATTEO  
Sometimes the body notices

before the mind does.

She nods—comforted.

A faint vibration rattles a cup on the table.

Everyone freezes.

Then it stops.

No damage.

No announcement.

A shared look passes through the room.

They all felt it.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The Adjudicators stand closer now.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Tolerance margin narrowing.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
The vessel is responding faster.

SON  
Because the rupture is deeper.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Or because awareness is spreading.

SON  
Awareness of what?

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
That something listens.

The Son turns sharply.

SON  
They don't know that.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
The body does.

A beat.

SON  
Then they deserve language.

Silence.

INT. HOSPICE - ROOM TWELVE - EVENING

Elena watches the window—clouds rolling in.

ELENA  
You ever feel like the Earth's  
tired?

MATTEO  
Yes.

ELENA  
Me too.

She turns to him.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
If people stopped hurting each  
other,

would it calm down?

Matteo stiffens—chooses his words.

MATTEO  
I think it would feel less alone.

Elena considers that.

ELENA  
That makes sense.

MATTEO  
Does it?

ELENA  
Yeah.

Pain gets loud when nobody's listening.

Matteo swallows.

EXT. VATICAN - EVENING

A courier hands Luciano an envelope.

Luciano opens it.

OFFICIAL DECREE – REASSIGNMENT PENDING.

Luciano looks at it a long moment.

Then folds it carefully.

Not relief.

Regret.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL – ETERNAL

Earth's field trembles—small, fast, insistent.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
Acceleration exceeds forecast.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
We are approaching threshold.

The Son looks at the Adjudicators—no longer deferential.

SON  
Then say it.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Say what?

SON  
That silence is now action.

A pause.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Silence has always been action.

SON  
Then own the consequences.

The Adjudicators do not respond.

Which is answer enough.

EXT. COASTAL SHORE – NIGHT

Matteo walks alone by the water.

Wind picks up.

Waves hit harder—still controlled.

He stops.

Looks out at the horizon.

MATTEO  
(quiet)  
I'm trying not to make it worse.

The ocean answers only with motion.

Persistent.

Unforgiving.

Alive.

Matteo closes his eyes—decision forming, not yet chosen.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The Son remains standing as the others turn away.

Earth rotates—beautiful, strained.

SON  
(to himself)  
They taught us to pray.

A beat.

SON (CONT'D)  
They never taught us to listen.

The Earth-field flickers again.

The Tribunal HUM deepens.

Court still in session.

EXT. COASTAL TOWN - MORNING

Gray sky. Wind off the water.

Fishing boats rock harder than usual.

A RADIO on a dock murmurs:

RADIO ANCHOR (V.O.)  
 -authorities emphasize no  
 connection between yesterday's  
 unrest and subsequent seismic  
 anomalies-

A FISHERMAN clicks it off.

FISHERMAN  
 (to no one)  
 Everything's a coincidence now.

INT. HOSPICE - ADMIN OFFICE - MORNING

Matteo stands with the HOSPICE DIRECTOR.

A folder sits open between them.

DIRECTOR  
 They called from Rome.

Matteo already knows.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
 They're "reassigning" you.

MATTEO  
 To where?

DIRECTOR  
 They didn't say.

A beat.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
 Do you want me to fight it?

Matteo shakes his head.

MATTEO  
 No.

DIRECTOR  
 Why not?

MATTEO  
 Because if they're afraid of  
 silence,

they'll be terrified of resistance.

The Director studies him-concerned.

DIRECTOR  
You're not in trouble here.

MATTEO  
That's what makes it dangerous.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The chamber feels tighter.

Planes closer. Light narrower.

Earth's layered field vibrates—faster now.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
Feedback loop shortening.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Planetary response latency  
decreasing.

The Son steps forward—no longer waiting for permission.

SON  
It's becoming involuntary.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
It always was.

SON  
No.

The frequency wasn't.

The Son gestures—human conflict clusters now overlap more often.

SON (CONT'D)  
They're stacking trauma.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
That is an internal human failure.

SON  
And Earth is paying for it.

A silence.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Earth was designed to endure.

SON  
Not endlessly.

EXT. CITY - MIDDAY

A demonstration—peaceful at first.

Signs. Chants. No clear ideology.

Police present.

Someone throws a bottle.

Another responds.

The crowd surges—confused, reactive.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The conflict cluster flares bright.

Immediately—

A geological pulse ripples—stronger than before.

ADJUDICATOR TWO

Amplitude increase: nineteen  
percent.

ADJUDICATOR THREE

Compression accelerating beyond  
tolerance.

The Son's jaw tightens.

SON

That was too fast.

ADJUDICATOR ONE

The system is learning.

SON

No—it's panicking.

INT. VATICAN - LUCIANO'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Luciano stands alone.

He stares at a wall-mounted screen showing global instability  
metrics.

A red indicator blinks:

RESPONSE LATENCY: DECREASING

Luciano rubs his temples.

GIULIANI enters quietly.

GIULIANI  
We've reassigned Santoro.

Luciano nods—relief mixed with something else.

LUCIANO  
Good.

GIULIANI  
Is it?

Luciano doesn't answer.

GIULIANI (CONT'D)  
The science council is uneasy.

LUCIANO  
They're always uneasy.

GIULIANI  
They think suppression is making  
things worse.

Luciano turns sharply.

LUCIANO  
Suppression prevents panic.

GIULIANI  
Or displaces it.

Luciano exhales.

LUCIANO  
We don't govern feelings.

We govern outcomes.

GIULIANI  
And if the outcome is wrong?

Luciano looks away.

LUCIANO  
Then history will forgive us.

GIULIANI  
History doesn't forgive silence.

Luciano stiffens.

INT. HOSPICE - ROOM TWELVE - AFTERNOON

Elena is weaker today.

Breathing shallow.

Matteo sits beside her.

ELENA  
You're leaving.

MATTEO  
Who told you?

ELENA  
People whisper louder  
when they think you're dying.

Matteo manages a smile.

MATTEO  
I don't know where I'm going yet.

ELENA  
That's okay.

MATTEO  
Why?

ELENA  
The Earth doesn't either.

That stops him.

MATTEO  
Do you feel it?

ELENA  
All the time.

MATTEO  
What does it feel like?

ELENA  
Like when you hold your breath  
too long.

She looks at him—serious.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
 Promise me something.

MATTEO  
 I don't make promises anymore.

ELENA  
 Then just listen.

Matteo nods.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
 Don't make me useful.

Matteo's throat tightens.

MATTEO  
 I won't.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The Son watches Elena through the Earth-field—her life line thin, flickering.

SON  
 She's innocent.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
 The system does not recognize  
 innocence.

SON  
 Then the system is incomplete.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
 The system is efficient.

SON  
 So is a fire.

The Adjudicators do not respond.

The Son steps back—decision forming.

EXT. COASTAL TOWN - EVENING

Dark clouds gather offshore.

Wind picks up sharply.

No storm warning.

Locals look uneasy.

A small TREMOR rattles storefront signs.

Then stops.

No damage.

Just fear.

INT. VATICAN - COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE - NIGHT

Luciano watches a press briefing on mute.

A SPOKESPERSON smiles calmly.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

"NO PATTERN. NO CAUSE. NO THREAT."

Luciano turns off the screen.

The room feels smaller.

INT. PRIVATE CHAPEL - NIGHT

Matteo kneels—last time.

The ANGEL appears—dim, unstable.

MATTEO  
They're moving me.

ANGEL  
Yes.

MATTEO  
So this is over.

ANGEL  
No.

MATTEO  
Then what is it?

ANGEL  
A narrowing.

MATTEO  
For whom?

ANGEL  
For everyone.

Matteo rises—anger breaking through discipline.

MATTEO  
If I speak now, I break them.

ANGEL  
Yes.

MATTEO  
If I don't, Earth breaks.

ANGEL  
Also yes.

MATTEO  
Then what does Christ want?

The Angel hesitates—longer than ever.

ANGEL  
He wants you to choose

without him.

Matteo absorbs that—devastated.

MATTEO  
That's cruelty.

ANGEL  
That's adulthood.

The Angel flickers—almost gone.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
The court is divided.

MATTEO  
About what?

ANGEL  
About whether silence is mercy

or abandonment.

The Angel vanishes.

Matteo stands alone—no comfort left.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The Adjudicators stand farther apart now.

Earth trembles at the center—barely holding.

ADJUDICATOR TWO

We are approaching threshold.

ADJUDICATOR THREE

Recommendation: prepare termination protocol.

The Son steps forward—voice steady, resolved.

SON

No.

All eyes turn.

SON (CONT'D)

If the planet fails now,

it will be because we taught them

to outsource consequence.

ADJUDICATOR ONE

You are compromising neutrality.

SON

I am reclaiming responsibility.

A silence—judicial, grave.

ADJUDICATOR ONE

Then state your position.

The Son looks at Earth—at Elena, Matteo, the crowds.

SON

End supervision.

The Tribunal HUM wavers—shock rippling through the chamber.

EXT. COASTAL SHORE - NIGHT

Matteo stands against the wind.

Waves crash harder now—still not catastrophic.

He whispers—more to himself than heaven.

MATTEO

I don't know if I'm strong enough.

The wind does not answer.

But it does not destroy.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

Earth continues to rotate.

Strained. Alive.

The court remains in session.

No verdict yet.

Only time.

EXT. COASTAL TOWN - DAWN

The storm never came.

Gray light seeps in instead.

Windows intact. Streets wet, not flooded.

People step outside—confused, relieved, unsettled by the almost.

A woman looks at the sky like it betrayed her expectations.

INT. HOSPICE - ROOM TWELVE - MORNING

Elena's breathing is shallow now.

Machines hum softly.

Matteo sits beside her, silent.

ELENA

(weak smile)

Guess the world didn't end.

MATTEO

Not today.

ELENA  
Disappointing?

MATTEO  
Relieving.

She studies him—still sharp.

ELENA  
You look like someone who lost  
something.

MATTEO  
I did.

ELENA  
What?

MATTEO  
Permission.

She nods—understanding more than she should.

ELENA  
That's okay.

You don't need it where you're going.

MATTEO  
Where's that?

ELENA  
Where people are honest.

A beat.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
Promise me one more thing.

MATTEO  
I said I don't—

ELENA  
—Just listen.

He nods.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
If the Earth really feels us...

tell it I'm sorry we're so loud.

Matteo breaks—just a little.

MATTEO

I will.

She closes her eyes.

A moment.

The monitor flatlines.

No drama. No music.

Just absence.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

Elena's life signal extinguishes—a soft fade in the biological layer.

The Earth-field shudders—small, involuntary.

SON

She didn't deserve that.

ADJUDICATOR ONE

Deserve is not a function.

SON

It should be.

ADJUDICATOR THREE

Emotion introduces bias.

SON

So does silence.

The Son turns—voice sharpened.

SON (CONT'D)

You measure tolerance,

but you refuse to measure grief.

The Adjudicators do not answer.

EXT. HOSPICE - MORNING

A gurney exits through quiet doors.

Matteo follows.

The ocean beyond is calm.

Almost apologetic.

Matteo stops—hand over heart.

MATTEO  
(whisper)  
I heard you.

The wind stirs—nothing more.

INT. VATICAN - LUCIANO'S OFFICE - DAY

Luciano watches news footage.

Small tremors. Local unrest. No clear cause.

The world looks tired.

MORETTI enters.

MORETTI  
Santoro's transfer is complete.

Luciano nods.

MORETTI (CONT'D)  
He won't be a problem.

Luciano doesn't respond.

MORETTI (CONT'D)  
You don't look convinced.

LUCIANO  
He was never the problem.

Moretti waits.

LUCIANO (CONT'D)  
We are.

Moretti stiffens.

MORETTI  
With respect—

history favors stability.

Luciano turns.

LUCIANO  
History favors survivors.

Moretti leaves—uneasy.

Luciano sits alone.

For the first time, the room feels accusatory.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

Earth trembles again—less violently this time.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
Anomaly detected.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Conflict density decreased.

SON  
Why?

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
Localized grief clusters...

not escalating.

The Son focuses—zooming into Earth-field.

Mourners. Funerals. Quiet rooms.

SON  
They're stopping.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Stopping what?

SON  
Hurting each other—

for moments at a time.

The Adjudicators observe—intrigued.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Correlation is insufficient.

SON  
So was faith.

That lands.

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

Elena's funeral.

Small. Modest.

Matteo stands with a few mourners.

No cameras. No speeches.

A CHILD drops a flower—then places it back carefully.

The ground settles.

Still.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The Earth-field steadies—barely, but noticeably.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
Planetary response latency  
increased.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Marginal stabilization detected.

A rare thing.

The Son looks at the Adjudicators—hope restrained.

SON  
You see?

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
We see fluctuation.

SON  
I see possibility.

A pause.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Possibility is not policy.

SON  
It's precedent.

The Tribunal HUM lowers—uncertain now.

INT. VATICAN - COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE - NIGHT

Luciano watches a live briefing.

A REPORTER asks:

REPORTER

If people believe the planet reacts  
to violence,

won't that change behavior?

The SPOKESPERSON hesitates.

SPOKESPERSON

We caution against mythologizing  
tragedy.

Luciano turns off the screen—disturbed.

EXT. COASTAL SHORE - NIGHT

Matteo walks the waterline again.

He kneels—touches the sand.

MATTEO

I don't know how to save you.

A long beat.

The tide recedes slightly—natural, subtle.

MATTEO (CONT'D)

But I'll stop making it worse.

He stands—resolved, quieter than before.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The Son addresses the court—measured, calm.

SON

They don't need rescue.

ADJUDICATOR TWO

They will fail.

SON

Yes.

ADJUDICATOR THREE

Then why delay termination?

SON

Because failure teaches

what salvation never did.

A long silence.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
You are asking us to relinquish  
control.

SON  
I'm asking you to relinquish  
certainty.

That lands harder.

Earth rotates—still fragile.

Still alive.

EXT. EARTH - ORBIT - NIGHT

The planet hangs in darkness.

No storms visible.

No miracles.

Just breath.

EXT. COASTAL TOWN - MORNING

Sunlight breaks through thin clouds.

The town resumes—careful, quieter than before.

A MAN helps another lift a fallen sign.

They exchange a look. No words.

The ground remains still.

INT. HOSPICE - CHAPEL - DAY

Empty now.

Matteo sits alone in the last pew.

No candle lit.

No prayer spoken.

He simply breathes.

A subtle vibration passes through the bench—barely there.

Matteo notices.

He places his palm flat against the wood.

MATTEO  
(soft)  
I'm listening.

The vibration fades.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

Earth's field stabilizes—momentarily.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
System feedback reduced.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Temporary equilibrium.

SON  
Temporary is enough to learn.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Or enough to delay failure.

The Son turns—measured.

SON  
You confuse inevitability with  
indifference.

The Adjudicators do not respond.

INT. VATICAN - LUCIANO'S OFFICE - DAY

Luciano receives a PRIVATE MESSAGE.

SUBJECT: PUBLIC LEAK — UNVERIFIED THEORY CIRCULATING

Luciano reads the summary.

"Earth reacts to human violence."

No attribution. No source.

Just whispers.

Luciano exhales.

LUCIANO  
It's started.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY (MONTAGE)

- A teacher breaks up a fight before it starts.
- A protest disperses early, uneasy but restrained.
- A man lowers his voice during an argument—then stops speaking altogether.

Between moments:

Minor tremors subside.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

Data layers shift.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
Correlation trending downward.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Behavioral adaptation detected.

The Son watches—guarded hope.

SON  
They don't need certainty.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
They need accountability.

SON  
Exactly.

INT. VATICAN - EMERGENCY SESSION ROOM - DAY

Luciano stands before a smaller council.

Fear in the room now—contained, but present.

GIULIANI  
We cannot address the theory publicly.

LUCIANO  
Agreed.

MORETTI  
Then we discredit it.

REYES  
Or we contextualize it.

All eyes turn to Reyes.

REYES (CONT'D)  
People sense something already.

Silence isn't neutral anymore.

Luciano studies him.

LUCIANO  
And if they panic?

REYES  
They already are.

Quietly.

A beat.

LUCIANO  
Santoro spoke to no one.

REYES  
That's the problem.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The Son steps into the central light.

SON  
They're changing without  
instruction.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Change without narrative is  
unstable.

SON  
So is obedience without  
understanding.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
You are advocating uncontrolled  
evolution.

SON  
I am advocating earned survival.

Silence.

Judicial.

Heavy.

EXT. CEMETERY - EVENING

Matteo returns alone.

Elena's grave—fresh earth.

He kneels.

MATTEO  
You were right.

A breeze stirs the grass.

MATTEO (CONT'D)  
Pain is loud when no one listens.

The ground remains calm.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

Earth rotates—less strained now.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
Planetary response normalized  
within variance.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Unexpected resilience.

The Son exhales—relief, tempered.

SON  
She mattered.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Individual lives are not metrics.

SON  
Then your metrics are incomplete.

The Adjudicators exchange a subtle shift—rare.

INT. VATICAN - LUCIANO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Luciano sits alone.

A single file open on his desk.

MATTEO SANTORO - STATUS: REMOVED FROM INFLUENCE

Luciano stares at it.

Then closes it.

LUCIANO  
(quiet)  
Forgive me.

EXT. COASTAL SHORE - NIGHT

Matteo walks the waterline again.

This time—no turmoil.

The ocean moves steadily.

MATTEO  
I don't know what comes next.

A long beat.

The tide touches his shoes—gentle.

MATTEO (CONT'D)  
But I'll stay.

He looks out—resolved, grounded.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The Adjudicators stand motionless.

Earth holds—fragile, alive.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Proposal pending.

The Son nods.

SON  
I know.

He looks at Earth one last time.

Not as savior.

As witness.

EXT. EARTH - ORBIT - NIGHT

The planet turns.

Quiet.

Listening.

EXT. EARTH - ORBIT - DAWN

Sunlight crests the curve of the planet.

Not triumphant.

Careful.

The light reveals no catastrophe—only continuity.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The chamber is quieter than before.

Less hum. More space.

Earth's layered field stabilizes, but faint fractures remain—hairline, unresolved.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
System equilibrium holding.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Probability of cascade reduced.

SON  
Reduced is not eliminated.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Elimination is not the objective.

SON  
Then say it plainly.

The Adjudicators pause—judicial protocol engaging.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
The objective is autonomy

without annihilation.

SON  
Then autonomy requires consequence.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
And restraint.

SON  
From us.

Silence acknowledges that.

INT. VATICAN - EMERGENCY SESSION ROOM - DAY

A smaller council again.

Tighter. More anxious.

LUCIANO presides—fatigue showing.

REYES sits opposite him—steady, resolute.

GIULIANI  
The theory has spread beyond  
containment.

LUCIANO  
How far?

GIULIANI  
Hospitals. Schools. Social feeds.

MORETTI  
Still fragmented.

REYES  
Fragmented ideas are more dangerous  
than unified ones.

Luciano looks at Reyes—curious now.

LUCIANO  
You've changed.

REYES  
No.

The situation has.

Luciano exhales.

LUCIANO  
We will not validate superstition.

REYES  
It's not superstition

if behavior is changing.

LUCIANO  
Because of fear.

REYES  
Because of responsibility.

That word hangs.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY (MONTAGE)

- A heated argument dissolves into silence.
- A protest kneels instead of surging.
- A soldier lowers his weapon at a checkpoint.

Between moments:

No tremors.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

Data confirms the montage.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
Correlation strengthening.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Behavioral restraint increasing.

The Son watches—measured hope.

SON  
They're learning to pause.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Pausing is not peace.

SON  
It's the first skill.

INT. VATICAN - LUCIANO'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Luciano receives a sealed envelope.

Inside: a report.

"PLANETARY RESPONSE DECREASES DURING PERIODS OF CIVIL RESTRAINT."

No logos. No attribution.

Luciano reads it twice.

LUCIANO  
(quiet)  
Damn it.

He leans back—conflicted.

EXT. COASTAL TOWN - DAY

Matteo volunteers at a food distribution table.

No clerical collar.

Just a man handing out supplies.

He notices—people speak softer.

They look at the ground when tempers rise.

The Earth remains still.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The Adjudicators reposition—subtle.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Unexpected compliance trend.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
Without directive input.

SON  
Because they're sensing  
consequence.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Or projecting meaning.

SON  
Does it matter

if the result is survival?

A beat.

ADJUDICATOR ONE

It does

to precedent.

SON

Then let this be one.

INT. VATICAN - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Reyes walks alone.

Luciano approaches—unexpected.

LUCIANO

You think Santoro is right.

REYES

I think silence is failing.

LUCIANO

And speech?

REYES

Speech terrifies me.

Luciano nods—honest now.

LUCIANO

Me too.

They stand—men without answers.

EXT. CEMETERY - SUNSET

Matteo stands by Elena's grave.

He places a small stone.

MATTEO

They're trying.

The wind moves gently.

No reaction.

Just presence.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

Earth holds steady.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
Termination protocol unnecessary

at this time.

The Son exhales—deep, restrained relief.

SON  
Thank you.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Do not thank us.

SON  
Then who?

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Them.

The Son looks again at Earth.

SON  
We've never trusted them this much.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Trust is not the metric.

SON  
Then call it what it is.

A pause.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Restraint.

The word echoes—quiet, final.

EXT. EARTH - ORBIT - NIGHT

The planet turns.

Still fragile.

Still alive.

The silence remains.

But now—

It listens back.

EXT. EARTH - ORBIT - NIGHT

The planet rotates in silence.

Cloud cover thinner now. Patterns calmer.

No glow of intervention.

Only endurance.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The court stands in recess without leaving.

The translucent planes have shifted—less density, more space between them.

Earth's layered field remains centered.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
System stability remains  
provisional.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
Human adaptation continues—uneven,  
fragile.

SON  
Fragile is not failure.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
It is insufficient margin.

SON  
For certainty.

The Adjudicators regard him—measuring.

INT. VATICAN - LUCIANO'S OFFICE - MORNING

Luciano stands at the window, Rome below him.

The city hums—controlled, cautious.

GIULIANI enters.

GIULIANI  
The Holy Father wants a briefing.

Luciano nods.

LUCIANO

On what?

GIULIANI

On why the world feels like it's  
holding its breath.

Luciano closes his eyes.

LUCIANO

Tell him...

we are listening.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY (MONTAGE)

- A heated political debate ends without violence.
- A crowd disperses when tempers rise.
- Two strangers step back from confrontation.

Between moments:

No tremors. No storms.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The data reflects the montage.

ADJUDICATOR TWO

Behavioral restraint plateauing.

ADJUDICATOR THREE

Without reinforcement, regression  
likely.

SON

Then reinforcement must be  
internal.

ADJUDICATOR ONE

You are relinquishing leverage.

SON

We were never meant to keep it.

A beat.

ADJUDICATOR ONE

State your recommendation.

The Son steps forward—finality in his posture.

SON  
End all corrective buffering.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
That will expose them fully.

SON  
They already are.

Silence follows—long, judicial.

INT. VATICAN - EMERGENCY SESSION ROOM - DAY

Luciano stands before a small circle of Cardinals.

Reyes among them.

LUCIANO  
We will issue no statements.

MORETTI  
Then what do we do?

LUCIANO  
We change tone.

A murmur.

LUCIANO (CONT'D)  
Less certainty.

Less absolutism.

GIULIANI  
That risks confusion.

LUCIANO  
So does pretending we know.

Reyes watches Luciano—something like respect forming.

EXT. COASTAL TOWN - DAY

Matteo works alongside volunteers rebuilding a seawall.

Hands dirty. Collar absent.

A TEENAGER starts yelling at another—frustrated.

They stop themselves.

An awkward pause.

They walk away.

The ground remains still.

Matteo notices.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

Earth steadies.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
Planetary response minimal.

ADJUDICATOR THREE  
System learning detected.

The Son exhales—careful not to celebrate.

SON  
They don't need us to be loud.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
They never did.

SON  
Then why did we speak so much?

The Adjudicators do not answer.

INT. VATICAN - PRIVATE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Luciano and Reyes walk together.

LUCIANO  
Santoro never asked for power.

REYES  
That's why it scares us.

Luciano nods.

LUCIANO  
We're losing control.

REYES  
Or learning restraint.

Luciano stops.

LUCIANO  
Do you believe him?

Reyes thinks—then:

REYES  
I believe silence has consequences.

Luciano exhales.

EXT. CEMETERY - SUNSET

Matteo sits near Elena's grave.

He watches the sky change color.

MATTEO  
We're trying.

No response.

But the air feels lighter.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The Adjudicators stand in alignment.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Motion to withdraw supervision

is before the court.

The Son looks at Earth—final, tender.

SON  
Let them feel everything.

ADJUDICATOR TWO  
Including failure.

SON  
Especially failure.

A pause.

ADJUDICATOR ONE  
Motion carried.

The Tribunal HUM lowers—then stops.

Silence, deeper than before.

EXT. EARTH - ORBIT - NIGHT

Something shifts.

Not visible.

Not dramatic.

The planet remains.

Unassisted.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL

The translucent planes fade—one by one.

The Adjudicators recede into absence.

The Son remains a moment longer.

He looks at Earth.

SON  
(soft)  
It's yours now.

He steps back.

The space empties.

EXT. EARTH - ORBIT - DAWN

Sunlight spills across the planet.

No protection.

No judgment.

Just consequence.

EXT. EARTH - ORBIT - MORNING

The planet turns without accompaniment.

No hum. No overlay.

Just mass, motion, consequence.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL (NOW EMPTY)

The chamber exists—bare.

No Adjudicators. No Son.

Only faint afterimages of geometry, dissolving.

Process without overseer.

EXT. ROME - MORNING

Traffic moves slower than usual.

Drivers yield more often.

No reason given.

A headline scrolls on a café television:

“GLOBAL TENSION EASES — EXPERTS UNSURE WHY.”

INT. VATICAN - LUCIANO'S OFFICE - MORNING

Luciano stands alone.

No advisors. No screens.

Just a desk and a view of the city.

He opens a drawer.

Inside: an unsigned letter draft—never sent.

Luciano reads it one last time.

LUCIANO

(quiet)

We chose order over truth.

He folds the letter. Places it back.

Closes the drawer.

INT. HOSPICE - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Matteo packs a small box.

Books. A photo—him younger, with a WOMAN and a BOY.

He hesitates—then places the photo face-down.  
Closes the box.

EXT. COASTAL ROAD - DAY

Matteo drives an old car north.

Windows down.

Radio off.

The land rolls by—unchanged, attentive.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

Producers argue—low stakes, unusual restraint.

PRODUCER

We don't have a narrative.

ANCHOR

Maybe that's the story.

They exchange a look.

Neither likes it.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY (MONTAGE)

— A police officer talks down an agitated man.

— A heated argument pauses, then dissolves.

— A protest disbands before nightfall.

Between moments:

No planetary reaction.

INT. VATICAN - PRIVATE CHAPEL - EVENING

Reyes kneels alone.

No candles.

No visitors.

REYES  
(whisper)  
If we're wrong...

forgive us.

Silence.

EXT. COASTAL TOWN - NIGHT

Matteo arrives at a modest rental.

Unpacks.

No cross on the wall.

Just a window facing the sea.

He opens it.

Listens.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - ETERNAL (AFTERMATH)

The space fades further—nearly gone.

Only a faint outline remains.

Then nothing.

EXT. EARTH - ORBIT - NIGHT

The planet drifts—unsupported.

Alive.

INT. VATICAN - PRESS ROOM - DAY

Luciano steps to the podium.

No prepared remarks.

REPORTER  
Your Eminence—

why has the Church gone quiet?

Luciano considers the room.

LUCIANO  
Because certainty was doing harm.

Murmurs.

LUCIANO (CONT'D)  
We will speak less.

Listen more.

Flashes pop.

Luciano steps away.

EXT. COASTAL SHORE - DAWN

Matteo walks barefoot along the sand.

The tide is gentle.

He stops.

Places a hand on the wet earth.

MATTEO  
I'm still here.

The sea responds only with rhythm.

But it holds.

EXT. EARTH - ORBIT - DAWN

Sunlight crests the horizon.

The planet remains.

No verdict rendered.

No miracle given.

Only responsibility.

EXT. EARTH - ORBIT - DAY

The planet turns—unchaperoned now.

Weather systems form and dissolve naturally.

No interference.

No correction.

Just cause and effect.

INT. COASTAL TOWN - COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

A modest room.

No banners. No ideology.

A small group sits in a circle—locals, volunteers, strangers.

Matteo stands at the edge—not leading.

A WOMAN speaks.

WOMAN

We're not here to fix the world.

We're here to stop making it worse.

Nods ripple through the group.

Matteo listens.

INT. VATICAN - ARCHIVAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Luciano walks alone through endless shelves.

He stops at a locked cabinet.

A label: "SUPPRESSED THEOLOGICAL DISSENT."

Luciano hesitates—then keeps walking.

He does not unlock it.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY (MONTAGE)

— A border checkpoint where tempers flare—then cool.

— A domestic argument that ends in silence, not violence.

— A riot that never begins.

Between moments:

The Earth remains still.

INT. THE TRIBUNAL - NOTHINGNESS

No space. No light.

Just absence.

No oversight remains.

EXT. COASTAL SHORE - SUNSET

Matteo sits on a weathered bench overlooking the sea.

Older now. Quieter.

The world did not end.

It did not heal.

It continues.

A CHILD runs past him—laughing.

The ground does not tremble.

INT. VATICAN - PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Luciano watches a late-night broadcast.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

—experts note a sustained decrease  
in violent incidents worldwide,  
though no clear explanation—

Luciano turns off the TV.

He sits in the dark.

LUCIANO

(soft)

It was never ours to hold.

EXT. COASTAL SHORE - NIGHT

Matteo walks the tide line one last time.

He kneels—touches the earth.

MATTEO

I won't speak for you.

The sea rolls in—then out.

Accepting.

EXT. EARTH - ORBIT - NIGHT

The planet floats—alone, resilient.

Scars visible.

Balance tentative.

Alive.

TITLE CARD (SILENT)

THE SILENCE OF HEAVEN

FINAL IMAGE

A wide shot of Earth from space.

No music.

No voiceover.

Just rotation.

The longest held silence of the film.

FADE TO BLACK.