

INT. HOSPICE HALLWAY - DAY

Stepping out directly into a breeze, Chaplain inhales it, refilling.
Holding the folder from Baker, to Martinez, to him, he feels the Wind harshly alter.
Chaplain follows its rough path in the air, up to the distant sign over double doors:

'UNIT 4 - ALZHEIMER'S'

Wendy glides by swiping the folder, just as she'd done with his yellow tie.
And in this case, just as Baker instructed him not to allow.

Chaplain watches her go ahead of him, entering the Unit in peaceful stride.
And watching Chaplain, from the distant behind, is Baker. Hiding as he does.
Seeing Chaplain disobey a direct order. Then, seeing Chaplain check his phone:

14 Missed Texts from one Texter: 'Mildred'. Chaplain chuckles, reading them.
Baker watches; all appearance of sloughing off, on his phone while on Baker's clock.

Her Texts are Coordinates:

Album 2 - Track 4. Dining Hall - Central Speakers.

Chaplain Redirects the Stream Sound Tunes from this Hall, *and*, to this Song:

'THERE IS NONE LIKE YOU' by Lenny LaBlance

1-8 Sec Mark

A Live Audience claps as the Song begins, also as Chaplain moves on hallward.
Rushing past him as he goes, a straight stream back to the dark of Baker, his glare
flares with insidious eyes under an Audience Applause; he absorbs it as if his own.

9-33 Sec Mark

Then along comes Mudbug. Motoring to Chaplain, winding a hall together in stride.
Seems to be an oft' time-trodden path for these Pals who sure get along, along a hall
drawn of Pomegranate Trees, rising high over Cattails waving in the painted breeze.

MUDBUG

How do, Chap.

CHAPLAIN

How do, Mudbug.

MUDBUG
Got a question for you.

CHAPLAIN
Sure I'll have one in return.

MUDBUG
Clara Lou. She seeing something we aren't?

CHAPLAIN
Makes you ponder that?

MUDBUG
You say our fighting power comes by: Speaking the Name of Christ.

CHAPLAIN
Yep.

MUDBUG
You been seeing her eyes gleam?

CHAPLAIN
Yep.

MUDBUG
That Gal's not just talking about Him, she's *experiencing* Him...

34 Sec Mark

CHAPLAIN
Amen.

Cut To: 1:03 Mark the piano seamlessly sifts his *Amen* (*akin to the one he left exiting James' room*) floating in The Wind into, then across the open Dining Area, doubling now as a Dance Floor due to Clara Lou's curtsying, to a Great Something Unseen.

Mudbug & Chaplain observe at the Dining Hall edge, standing in by Mildred perched near the Stereo System, controlling sound, and studying Clara Lou's Soiree. Seeing:

1:22-1:24 Mark:

Three Waves of The Violin Glide The Wind over Clara Lou, lifting her eyes higher every sift; stepping politely, yet joyful toward a Purple Majesty coming in a cloud.

1:25-1:34 Mark:

Mudbug in his chair, left of Chap, Mildred seated right, none seeing what she sees.

CHAPLAIN

Accurate assessment Mudbug. How ya figure we apply it to our Crew?

Mildred's eyes ahead, but her ears hear. Almost like she orchestrated this lesson.

MUDBUG

We're praying in attack mode, that's battle. *This*, is love. Where I'm seated, sure seems she's tapped into a far mightier weapon than ours. Whadda you think Chap?

CHAPLAIN

I'm just glad she's on our side.

1:35 Mark

MUDBUG

Hooah!

1:36 Mark

Pure laughter leaps from their faces pushing joyful Wind onto Clara Lou via the **1:38 Mark's** escalating strings, strengthening what she, & now the Audience, are seeing:

Visions of her CHILDREN, HUSBAND even their DOG surround to escort her up to her Dance Partner taking shape in a Cloud. Familial Visitations dutifully disappear.

Visually experiencing their wonderment as they view Clara Lou, Wendy passes by.

MUDBUG

Wonder what her Dance Partner looks like.

WENDY

Wouldn't know, but I bet He moves like a Dove.

Chaplain loves that. He glances back as she passes, seeing Wendy's yellow shine fire diagonally up connecting & adding rocket fuel to the light Clara Lou's gazing into...

2:06 Mark's Crescendo into sheer Glory reveals what it is: The Eyes of Her Maker.

Pure Euphoria! Clara Lou is seeing the other side, and it's her Christ greeting her! There He is, there for her! Everything she's ever lived for is real in a single glimpse.

She's in **love** in the purest presence of it! Clasp to His Cloud-like cloak, dancing mesmerized in a Light that reflects powerfully past Chaplain, Mudbug and Mildred.

It tilts them in unison backward from a Rushing Wind. During so, Chaplain's eyes find and follow the **2:19-2:20 Mark's** three piano chords soaring out of their hall.

Tilting back Chaplain gives Mildred a look. She nods for him to go follow the notes. He heads up the hall; Music's still moving deeply, yet his focused eyes are on a hunt.

2:41-2:44 Mark A Vocalist's lingering note-hold guides a Yellow Shine by Chaplain's chest, he watches it laser past, his head turning to the rhythm, seeing it land on its own hunted target in the distance. *Elise*. It absorbs her as she's being wheeled away.

2:45 Mark Chaplain returns his gaze forward, saying softly:

CHAPLAIN
Everything's Weird.

Up two steps into a darkened room (*barely noticeable sans light is the decor, circa 1984; wood credenza, pleather couch, TV/Tin Foil-Wrapped Antennas, et al. Featured Set: Ep 2*), Chaplain finds Shirley, the previously, and still, lost sheep, seated at an old piano.

She's not playing. He smiles to, and nods for her to strike a chord. She puts her fingers to the ivory: **3:00-3:05 Mark's** piano riff, becomes her actually playing.

3:06 Mark

CHAPLAIN
See.

3:07-3:09 Mark

Shirley smiles and conquers two more chords.

3:10 Mark

CHAPLAIN
You're in there.

3:11-3:18 Mark lifts from piano to symphony, her head rises with it blissful, revealing in a distance beyond her rising upper body: Clara Lou, center of the dining hall that in Crystalic Purple Haze resembles a Royal Ballroom, as she takes a post-dance bow.

Moved by Melody they're simultaneously filled, as one lifts and the other lowers.

Offset Shirley, Chaplain sees above Clara Lou; A Dragon-Formed Mist thrashes into the air, but blocked by a Purple Protection, its tail snaps a thunder clap, racing out.

The music shatters into a Dark Wind's Roar echoed in beats of the Sky Serpent's snapping tail clacks, as it disappears slithering across the ceiling, into the halls.

Chaplain extends a hand back in prayer to Shirley, fires it up to the sky, steps down the stairs, tracking the sounds of evil in the air he's **hellbent** on sending it back to.

INT. HALLWAY / RENOVATION AREA - DAY

Under Construction, a hollow gray captures the feel of this Windtunnel of a hall.

On the hunt, a Breeze passes him harshly, he follows it beyond the broken drywall, seeing a sign: **UNIT 4 - ALZHEIMER'S**. He ignores the Mist's sabotage-distraction.

Reaching the Hall's end, it's either left, straight or... to his right, Mildred reaches the end of her Hall, aligning parallel to him. She nods: Straight Ahead. He follows her Marching Orders and heads forward. Lights flicker in the ceiling up above.

Chaplain rounds a bend to a ladder, two Humans up it, visible from the waist down. Chaplain looks up in the open rafter. Left Side: **EMERALD**. Right Side: Brian.

CHAPLAIN
Howdy, Emerald.

Emerald's stringing electrical wires, ignoring Chaplain.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)
Howdy, Brian.

Brian peaks through the cords.

BRIAN
How's James?

EMERALD (O.S.)
Are you talking or working?

BRIAN (O.S.)
Yes.

Pulling up cords, Emerald's face is revealed, unnecessarily agitated.
Chaplain's looking straight up, getting hocked off at how Emerald's treating Brian.

EMERALD
Baker put you with me, I'm responsible for your work,
if your work is *mierda*, who gets written up?

BRIAN
(letting it all bounce right off)
Probably both of us?

EMERALD
You have kids? No. Responsibility? None. No accountability means *mierda* work.
My family is collateral damage for all you *de'mierda* Millennials.

BRIAN
Millennials. You have to pronounce the '**uls**' part to nail the insults.
See? In-**sul**-ts. Try it.

Emerald is going off in Spanish mumbles.
Chap's brewin'. He catches a glimpse of Mildred rolling in, giving the '*chill out*' eye.
His hand hits his Belt-Bible, he hears his least favorite Scripture again in the Wind.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Let your yes be yes, and your no be no.

BOOM! Jump Scare: Chap glances up, Emerald's face is in his. Chaplain's unphased.

EMERALD

(condescending)

Everything okay, Chaplain?

CHAPLAIN

No.

Emerald's down the ladder, a Darkness lurches from him, pushing Chaplain back. Chaplain watches it seethe to and latch on Emerald as he rages into a black hall. Chaplain's baffled by the frenzy, how anyone would see their friend's new colors.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

Hey Emerald! Remember that time this year at Christmas, when we spent Christmas together? 'Cause it was Christmas?!

Across the lobby, Chaplain sees Baker in his office, standing over, scolding, Wendy. Baker sees him, and closes the blinds. Chaplain rips a look back Emerald's way.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

He the one turning you into a prick?!

Chaplain's a Lion pacing, ready to devour Baker, but catches Mildred motioning him to keep his focus...up. He looks back up, seeing Brian working on the circuits.

He considers his options, & promptly takes the wrong one, heading after Emerald in the pitch black hall. Emerald's grumblings alter into hisses of something unseen.

Hearing into the hollow; snake sounds coming at him, he stands firm and fires away:

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

Name of Jesus, you're bound.

Quietness becomes. All seems settled, yet it's still dark, and he's still staring into it. Still miffed, Chap careens his head back grabbing a glimpse of Baker's office...ire rising.

Hissing returns. Louder, coming faster. He looks fiercely in; beads of red circles, *like eyes in the Mist*. He tries praying, but is blocked by anger. Here they come...

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

Well... Crap.

Whoosh! A Vortex of Dark Wind rushes around and into him. He's willfully subdued. A peace flanks him taking in a cyclone of whispers working to justify his selfish fury.

*'Baker's Evil ~ He's Wrong You're Right ~ It's Not Fair ~ You're Man Enough To Fight!
You've Earned The Right To This Anger ~ It Helps You, It Drives You ~ He's Cruel!'*

Chaplain's snapping back, slowly taking a knee. Inhaling the Mist, he coughs it out.

RAPID FLASH: Jaymie Coughing. Daughter Watching. Logan Standoffish To Him.

*'He Thinks You're A Fraud ~ He'll Never Believe What You Believe.
It Will Cause More Grief To Them If You Try ~ It Will Separate Them.
The Girl's Fine ~ Don't Waste Time Praying For Her ~ Pray Against Baker.'*

Chaplain stumbles on one knee, *but then*, drops his head & points a finger skyward. He's shaking off the wicked whispers, retaliating with his own:

CHAPLAIN

*'From the rising of the sun, till the time that it goes down,
The Name of the Lord shall be praised.'*

A Rush and Hush comes over him. He rises his eyes, searching into the empty dark. The white of a mustache becomes visible on the face of someone stepping forward.

PARMENTER

Feel better?

CHAPLAIN

No.

PARMENTER

Exactly.

He **pulls** Chaplain up, intentionally hard. Smack into his chest.

Parmenter brushes him off & a pat on the back that both fills & pushes him forward.

PARMENTER (CONT'D)
Don't stay too long in a dark place.

He pushes Chaplain outta there & is off to other business like this never happened. Chaplain sees: Him go to Baker's office, walk right in, open the blinds & Wendy exit.

Chaplain gets his bearings. Sees Mildred giving a, 'Didn't I tell you?' look. He shoots back a mock grin. She nods back up to Brian. Chaplain follows orders.

CHAPLAIN
Don't pay attention to nothin' he was sayin', wasn't him doin' the talking.

Brian's too chill to mind, but also, Chap notes, too fixated on the work of his hands. Not from a technical aspect: artistic. He aligns the lights in spectacular coloration.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)
You're an artist!

BRIAN
I dabble. Howbeit, I hear it takes an artist, to spot an artist.

Brian descends, plugging in more lights, a table's in the way. Chap helps him flip it.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Isn't there a thing in the Bible about Turning Tables?

CHAPLAIN
My Favorite Verse. Kinda Artist are ya Brian?

BRIAN
I definitely peg you as a *Scribe*. You collect people's stories, then share them: For the benefit of an Audience. Though our pals at Hippa may see that differently.

Chaplain's glazed, unimpressed look says he knows when he's being buffaloed.

CHAPLAIN
Your gift, what form'd it come in?

BRIAN

You really should come with subtitles.

Chaplain Laughs. Brian's back up the ladder unable to connect the new lights.

Chaplain looks up; that clearer angle helps him spot the issue:

CHAPLAIN

Cords are blocking your, look, there, ironically, ya gotta darken the light to see...

Brian covers the light, dimming the shine aimed down to Chaplain.

WHOOSH! A Rush of Wind Roars. But not on Chaplain...

Mildred is engulfed in her wheelchair, her eyes grow wide, seeing:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (VISION)

Chaplain, dressed in black, stands in a circle of light, staring up between the trees. The Wind that rushed Mildred pushes down over Chaplain, then reverses... *pulling*. A Bright Beam fires from the sky. A terror-filled version of what poured over Logan. The Beam & Light-Circle Chaplain stands in vibrates, shaking him, about to lift him. Chaplain's stuck. His head drops slowly down, looking to the ground. All goes dark.

INT. HOSPICE RENOVATION AREA - DAY

Mildred comes to. It's only been a few seconds, but she's sweating profusely. She looks to the floor, realizing she's about 7 feet back from where she was. She calls for Chaplain but her voice is weak; her Iphone/Earbud Communication Device is disconnected. She watches Chaplain leaving Brian, heading out of sight.

INT. HALL / FIRESIDE CHAT LOUNGE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Chaplain moseying by, is whispering in conversation with God: Clearing the Halls. He hears a familiar name, his own, he smiles and listens in without anyone aware.

This Lounge doubles as the 'War Room' for Chaplain's band of Prayer Warriors. The Simmering Fireplace is Virtual Reality.

Mudbug speaks to a small circled Crew - *Opal, Wilma, Jernard* - directing his voice near his Tablet, which dictates his words on a Hovering VR Screen over the VR Fire.

The Screen, also a Zoom, writes the words for the Hearing impaired.
As well they're echoed for the Seeing Impaired not there; Bedridden.

MUDBUG

The Good Chap's showing us how to shoot those worms outta the sky, keeping each other covered; easy victories in a hard battle. But what I'm seeing is, ain't none of that matter, if we aren't fighting for love. The Strength comes when **we** come from a place of love...*for others*. Don't be thinking 'bout the things the world's caught up in, that's done for us now. We're closer to what's next. We got that gift: New Strength.

Opal sees Chapalin, her smile glows, drawing him inside. Mudbug's unaware.

MUDBUG (CONT'D)

We need to trust love, **now**. Trust its strength. And where it really comes from.
Harold's gone, and James' strength is...
(spots Chaplain)
Is James going to die?

CHAPLAIN

Yes. But it won't be by his hand.

Chaplain lays a hand on Mudbug's shoulder, fueling him, as he did for Chap before.
He's glad Mudbug's taking the lead (*by design*) as they soften to the warm voice of:

WILMA

There's a Victory Party going on in Eternity right now, don't ya know?
That our friend James Chose Life.

OPAL

Chalkin' up some W's for Heaven.

Chaplain's been focused on the air around them:
The Light of Opal & Wilma. The Cloudiness of Jernard. He keeps it all to himself.
Then he attends to the Crew encircling him, addressing each within this Lasso.
They look up to him. 'Now What?'

CHAPLAIN

Every room you pass, pray for protection.

Starting on:

MUDBUG
With Love.

CHAPLAIN
Every person you even think of..

Circling to:

OPAL
God'll put them on your mind.

Spinning right to:

WILMA
Don't ya know.

CHAPLAIN
And *when* you pray, make sure you're comin' in clean.

Chaplain's eyes land on Jernard's; the connection is scattered.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)
Petitions sent up, crashland quick if your heart's lacking.

He's locked in on Jernard's Aura, trying to get a clear signal. Nothing yet.
Jernard harbors something knowing Chaplain doesn't know what. *But She Does:*

ELISE (O.S.)
Forgiveness.

Chaplain looks past Jernard, who turns back, both seeing her in the door.
Her face not yet fully revealed, yet clear it's been bruised. Still, she *shines*.

Jernard's soothed by the softness of her spirit, turning back to Chaplain.

JERNARD
I'm in.

CHAPLAIN

Kick Butt, Take Names. Either order.

Big Jernard Chuckles, infectiously. His Frame consumes the doorway as he goes thru, revealing when gone, Elise is too. But Chap eyes another person out there:

Logan's been listening in. Chap & Mudbug speak subtle with their eyes, and move together just out the door meeting him where he's at; a faint purple hue about him.

LOGAN

What can I do?

Mudbug smiles from his chair. Victory.

CHAPLAIN

Serve your wife.

BOOM Clara Lou bolts in, Mudbug & Logan jolt. Chaplain remains unphased. She takes Logan's hand, sending a shiver thru him; she sees purple commonality. Three Clicks of Rob's shoes... Chaplain nudges Clara Lou away, she keeps Logan's hand in hers tugging him along for the ride.

Team Mudbug & Chap, head off to head off Rob.

MUDBUG

At this point we're just doing this for our own amusement, right?

Chaplain's Laugh echoes the hall. Reaching Rob. Chaplain notes Rob's shakey aura.

CHAPLAIN

Does tend to brighten the day. But, there is a mission here.

MUDBUG

Care to fill a friend in on the overall mission-fire you started for us today?

CHAPLAIN

Not to be *'good people.'* To be Christians.

Person can't be a Christian and a Prick. Isn't in the cards.

MUDBUG

Ain't. And, sounds like, we've had, *dissimilar*, experiences with Christians.

Chaplain smirks, but veers his gaze away, seeing Martinez leaving her Nurse Station.

CHAPLAIN

Curtain's up, Showtime Mudbug.

He nudges Mudbug who motors right up to Rob, blocking his path.

MUDBUG

Hey Rob, I got a proposition for you.

ROB

Sure, I only practice like, 8 of the Commandments.

Chaplain laughs quietly, exiting out of sight. Leaving Rob and Mudbug. Alone.
Rob looks around, something's, off. Recognizing Chaplain's always been present.

MUDBUG

Chaplain's saying if we say the Name of Jesus, outloud, actual demons explode.

Rob just stares.

MUDBUG (CONT'D)

Says we're building an army. Real demonic forces are around us now, this second, attaching to you, but we're gonna start blasting those soul-suckers back to hades.

ROB

This is the, *second most*, horrifying thing I've experienced today. Pardon me.

Rob bails. Mudbug's laughing as he motors away.

Chaplain leans casually against the wall, watching Martinez walk toward him.
He can't help but smile, every time Martinez is around, even if it's Warpath time.

Now he's seeing a bit of the Yellow Hue that covers Wendy covering her.
Chaplain knows whatever's been happening today, it's targeting Martinez.

Martinez lays into him: *Baker writing up Wendy - HIPPA - Board Meeting 2 days.*
His Eulogy terrifying people - Partridge, meet: Pear Tree.

It's all a Blur, and all along Chaplain's smirks are solely due to seeing her Shine.
Rob enters. Visibly shaking off the Mudbug talk.

CHAPLAIN

Have fun over there?

ROB

He says we have demons, but you're in the Army now... using God's Proton-Packs.

CHAPLAIN

Yep.

Chaplain smiles. Rob again, stares. Martinez looks at them looking at each other.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

Don't cross streams, Rob.

ROB

Okaaaay well Dear, we should go handle Clara Lou now, let the air out of that balloon.

CHAPLAIN

Hey **I** put out a balloon! Back down the hall.

Pointing his thumb out like a hitchhiker, toward James' Room.

They stand, watching him, puzzled, as keeps thumbing away, smiling oddly.

ROB

Uh. Huh.

CHAPLAIN

But that was a lil' earlelliar [earlier].

Chaplain can't pronounce that word. He knows. And keeps on smiling.

MARTINEZ

You sound like a vocabulary slug.

CHAPLAIN

Yeep.

He's nodding, grinning. It's weird. They nod along with him, fake smiling, slowly stepping back together, tactfully; clearly not the first time he's weirded them out.

ROB

I can never tell if he's trying to save us, or eat us.

Chaplain knows exactly what he's doing. He loves this; seeing them connect on the same page... even if at his expense. Bonus: Doing so in a way that makes him laugh. Watching them leave, creeped out, he opens his office door, entering with a smile.

INT. CHAPLAIN'S OFFICE - DUSK

Another Couple: Fran & Dan are room center. Fran on one knee, ring extended up, in the midst of proposing. Chaplain doesn't miss a beat, stepping *right* back out.

INT. HOSPICE HALLWAY - DUSK

He closes the door, and, leans back against it, in one rapid swoop.
HOPE, the Hospice Dietary Aid, strolls by with a cart of sandwiches.

HOPE

You see a ghost in there or something?

CHAPLAIN

Yeah think so... but actually that was lil' earlelliar.

As she passes, Chaplain leans not-so-subtly toward the sandwiches. Locking eyes with her, a faceoff, she determines his sandwich fate.

Last sec, she maneuvers the cart his way enough to grab one. Sheer Joy, for both. He leans back again, and takes a moment to take a bite. Mouth full, still smiling.

HOPE
(*in the distance*)
All better?

A Wind Picks Up. Crossing his face revealing real nourishment. Communion.

CHAPLAIN
Hm-mm.

As did with Shirley & James, he extends a hand her way in prayer, then fires it up. Finger skyward, he brings it down, knocks the door, turns the handle, one swoop.

DAN (O.S.)
Come on in.

Chap gives a, *'thanks for the invite to my own office'* chuckle. And barrels in.

INT. CHAPLAIN'S OFFICE - DUSK

CHAPLAIN
Much obliged.

They stand side to side in front of his desk. She's beaming, holding up the ring.

FRAN
I Proposed!

CHAPLAIN
Gathered.

DAN
We'd like you to conduct the ceremony.

CHAPLAIN
Mazel tov, why, the room?

FRAN

This is where we first met.

Chaplain stares. Long. No blinking. Piecing it together. And: Got it!

CHAPLAIN

Oh, Yeah. So the thing about all that is, it's a whole other thing.

Dan and Fran stare. Puzzled. Same as Martinez & Rob.

DAN

So, you legally *can't*? But, you do funerals right?

Chaplain's look says, '*yeah, like half hour ago.*'

CHAPLAIN

If memory serves.

DAN

Then, why not Marry us? I mean, it's us! Look!

CHAPLAIN

'Cuz *it's a whole other thing.* Look we'll talk on it tomorrow, lunch, you're cookin'.
But if I gotta sit through this conversation I'm choosin' the grub --

Dan looks around to the framed photos, realizing there's no Ordination Certificate.

DAN

-- You're not ordained!

Fran Gasps! Eyes super wide. Her first instinct is to cover for Chaplain.
She shoves Dan. Then looks to the door to make sure no one heard.

FRAN

SHHH!

Chaplain finds this hysterical.

DAN

Why didn't you get Ordained? Did you hit someone or something?

FRAN

Dan, no, there's a whole other thing.

CHAPLAIN

Tomorrow.

FRAN

Lunch.

Chaplain Hawkeyes Fran, awaiting menu options.

DAN

Frankfurters in Kraut?

Chaplain doesn't budge his look from Fran. Those are a 'no.'

DAN (O.S.)

Falafels.

Chaplain keeps eye-locked to Fran, waiting for it...

DAN (O.S.)

Ever heard of Duck Pie?

Chaplain and Fran share a replica squint, 'huh?'

FRAN

Chicken Livers.

CHAPLAIN

(bingo)

Lil' Malt Vinegar Sauce. Soda Water.

Chaplain begins shepherding them out.

FRAN

Chaplain thank you. For today. The Eulogy was perfect, Dad would be honored.

Chaplain's quick to push past compliments, pushing them out faster for it.
In doing so, sees Dan spotting the Picture turned backward on the shelf.

All goes silent, save for the sound of a heart beating.

He's in another world as Fran continues complimenting...at the door, he snaps back.

CHAPLAIN

Fran... Malt Vinegar. Key to each meal.

Face to face with Dan, Chaplain gives the Picture a glance. Then back to Dan.
The Wind soars there & back in his look, zooming onto his heart. Dan **sees** it.

DAN

Long walk.

Something about those words...it's not good. Chaplain responds, hesitantly:

CHAPLAIN

Yep.

'WHAT A BEAUTIFUL NAME' by Hillsong begins. **0-6 Sec Mark**.

He watches them go, focused on Dan's back, moving further away, disappearing.

Having gone one full Lasso Swing around the facility, Chap slings himself back in
the office, closing the door and leaning against it to the 'thump' of the **7 Sec Mark**.

Peripheral left, he spots his Yellow Tie hung back in place. Wendy.

He steps to it, eyeing a Sticky Note drawing of a Finger Pointing Up...to a document.

'Sittin' & Thinkin' About God'

He instantly recognizes, and is struck by, this Epistle.

In the middle of the page, one line *highlights* to him:

'They Persevered Because They Saw Him Who Is Invisible.'

A Wind Picks Up, Chaplain looks to the door, no one is there.

He places the page on the shelf, covering the backward picture, then turns:
The **35 Sec Mark's** Cymbal Beat reveals Mildred in the doorway. Chaplain jolts.
Of all the Pop Scares he's been cool through today, it's Mildred who gets him.

MILDRED

Didn't like what I saw back there Chaplain.
Your **you's** riskin' gettin' in His way.

Chaplain slides his suit jacket off and around her shoulders, looking to the door.
Revealing below the back of his neck, a Tattoo that appears more like a Branding:
Two Black Lines: North-South. **One Straight Line:** Crossing Through The Top.

CHAPLAIN

Been kind of a wild past 24 minutes, Mildred.

MILDRED

Heh. You mean 'The Calm?' Welcome to the Storm.
It's their time Chaplain, they're being let loose in our final 20 years. Only gonna get
stranger, meaner, darker. You let go of that open wound; rid **all** childish things and
lead. That ain't comin' from me. Comes from the one been whisperin' in your ear...

Chaplain's eyes drop in realization. He whispers: 'Sister...'
Then his face jolts up, ready and at attention.

CHAPLAIN

Shiner.

The beat *thumps* at the **1:04 Mark** and **cuts to** the **2:00 Mark** where Chaplain steps
into the doorway directly under a Slithered Line of Dark Mist, forming into a cloud.

It's grown since he first encountered it outside James' Room
He stands calmly observing it piece itself together, sliding up the hall.

MILDRED

Been seeing it long?

One floats by, snapping toward his head. Chaplain's calm, simply, studying.

CHAPLAIN
Juuust today.

He mouths what he's been mouthing in the halls: '*Name of Jesus, you're bound...*' sending the Floater flying as the **2:12 Mark's** lyrics, '*Death could not hold You*' echo.

MILDRED

We're real. Our lives are real as those things you're seeing in the sky. But now we're living in, *and livin' out*, someone's story. Your Sister's. Whatever God's revealing for her to see in these days; guess we're taking on. His perspective is from the Eternal. You, were brought here to be surrounded by those close enough to *that* to see that.

The Wind's Rush is guided by the Music's Rush, **2:28 Mark**, as Chaplain *tilts* aside, Wind soaring by, straight onto Mildred behind him, pouring over her, feeding her the information she reveals. He's oblivious, facing the Battle Clouds, up and out.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

Some of your friends are seeing from an Earth Perspective... Frailty.
Time's short so you don't see from that now, that's done for you now.
You're answering your Calling...means you're operating from your Soul.

2:41 Mark's lyrics, '*You have no rival...*'

CHAPLAIN
Next Level Stuff.

2:44 Mark's lyrics, '*You have no equal...*'

MILDRED (CONT'D)

Be Daring. There's no fear in Love.
His Perfect Love casts it out. He gives us the Power to Love on Earth.

2:55 Mark's lyrics, '*Yours is the Kingdom...*'
Chaplain decides to just, own this all and, *screw it*, marches out.

MILDRED (CONT'D)
And destroy what's from hell.

2:58 Mark's '*Yours is the Glory...*' has Chaplain rounding the doorway into:

INT. HOSPICE HALL - NIGHT

Veering left, he catches a glimpse of Parmenter leaning against a wall, Cowboy Cool, but staring up the hall to something that probably isn't.

Chaplain follows Parmenter's gaze...Baker Snow stands at the hall's end, covered in a Dark Cloud with a Red Orb pulsating in the center of the Mist.

Chaplain faces forward, revealing Mildred in the office to his left, a hand extended in prayer as the **3:07 Mark's** Rapid Drums **fire** off the Red Orb straight at Chaplain.

But, Chaplain hears the Female Voice again, who he now knows as his Sister's:

SHINER (V.O.)
And no weapon formed against you can stand...

He tucks his chin to his shoulder, smirks & steps right the heck into the Red Blast.
3:10's Lyric: '*Name*' belts in 2 beats; 2nd beat shifts up. Chap's face does too, saying:

CHAPLAIN
Amen.

As Wind from Parmenter's Prayer, right, and Mildred's Prayer, left, **drill** the Red Orb spiraling it over Chaplain's head thru a Wind Circle appearing to be made of Thorns. It Vanishes into the Dark Waters the Spirit Soared over in the opening, revealing a,

TITLE CARD:

THE OFFICIAN

-Stars Shoot Forward In The Sky Over The Waves Of The Sea-
as:

Cast Credits Fly In, Set To The Beats Of The Song's Final Seconds
