

HEAVEN

Screenplay by Jacklyn A. Lo

Based on Novella "Tomo and the Soul Catchers"

Redemption Sequel

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. A.I.I. - CEO OFFICE - NIGHT

SUBTITLE IN: A.I.I. HQ - CHICAGO - THE YEAR 2045

Oliver Tumson, CEO of one of the world's most thriving high-tech companies, stands at attention in front of His Majesty Satan.

SATAN

Does the bug still alive?

TUMSON

Yes, it is, on a wish of Your Majesty.

He bows low to his Master who nods haughtily.

SATAN

Keep it cluttered.

He says instructively to Tumson who listens with his head bowed.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Chaos is the key to our success!
Eliminate any intent to fix the
bug, which means discard any
talent!

He looks at Tumson expressively.

TUMSON

I obey, Your Majesty.

He says meekly; Satan coldly nods.

SATAN

Continue financing this group "I
Hate Robots". They come in very
handy.

He thinks and winces.

SATAN (CONT'D)

And take this woman, founder, on
your payroll. Secretly... of
course...

(MORE)

SATAN (CONT'D)
(muttering contemptuously)
They will do anything for money.

TUMSON
Yes, Your Majesty, I obey your
orders.

The CEO of Artificial Intelligence International bows as low
as possible to His Majesty Satan.

THE END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT. APPLE GARDEN - HEAVEN

Paradise-looking garden.

Ann and Michael dressed in loose, light tunics lie under an apple tree. Her head is on his chest.

Wu (4) with a net hunts for colorful butterflies.

ANN

Michael, what happened with Adam
and Eve?

She turns her face to his.

ANN (CONT'D)

Why they deserved such a sad
destiny?

MICHAEL

You mean their expulsion from Eden?

ANN

Yes, from Eden or Paradise,
wherever they lived... I think they
liked it there, but then they had
to leave. Why were they so much
cursed by God?

MICHAEL

Well, they lost their faith. That
was their problem.

ANN

Faith in God?

MICHAEL

Well, faith in God and respect, in
fact. You see, they had a chance to
live and to evolve under His
leadership, which was perfect for
them, but they preferred their own
way.

He strokes her hair.

ANN

Is it too bad to go your own way?

MICHAEL

No, it isn't. But their low consciousness led them to imperfect vision, plans with flaws... and to suffering as a result...

ANN

Okay. But didn't God Himself make a mistake in his own creation?

MICHAEL

An error? Our Father?

ANN

Yes, an error, a bug, as it sometimes happened in A.I.I. during product development.

MICHAEL

Well... do you see anything imperfect in Wu?

Ann turns her head to the curly little boy staring at the bumblebee on a cornflower.

ANN

No, he is perfect.

She smiles gently.

MICHAEL

See...

(he nods)

The same with Adam and Eve for our Father - for him they were perfect creations.

ANN

But why and how did such a tragedy happened?

MICHAEL

That was their own choice.

He strokes her hair again.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You see, our Father doesn't want to raise humans like robots. Instead, he gives them the freedom to make their own choices and be unique.

As always when he speaks about God his face becomes ceremonial.

ANN

But some people would rather be free of freedom or free will.

MICHAEL

Exactly! And they can make their choices forward to that stage.

ANN

Which stage?

She rolls her eyes.

MICHAEL

The stage of "no choice". Our Father gave people incarnations to solve the dilemma - whether they want to have their own choice or not.

He looks at her expressively.

ANN

Okay. And how? How it's done?

MICHAEL

Okay! Let's take your first life as Mi.

Ann nods and slightly rises.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Let's imagine her making a choice to become a slave of Zo.

Ann winces.

ANN

Well...

MICHAEL

Slavery is a choice, which eliminates your freedom. But to make your own decisions you need freedom.

ANN

Yeep! And my second life was about love. And if I would choose the opposite...

Ann looks at Michael.

MICHAEL

You would be second life closer to the darker direction or "no choice" path.

ANN

And if instead of other choices towards Light, I would make all choices towards Darkness...

She thinks.

ANN (CONT'D)

What then?

MICHAEL

Instead of the kingdom of God, you would fall into Satan's world without any right for your personal choice anymore.

ANN

Huh!

She shivers.

ANN (CONT'D)

Hard to believe!

MICHAEL

Indeed! But then your multiple choice towards darkness would be proof of your personal will for the "no-choice" path, as you said - you'd become free from free will.

ANN

I see... I feel good about my choices to Light... Still, in my case, I paid my own life per a choice.

MICHAEL

Well, not all spiritual choices are so tough, my dear. However, greater sacrifice - a faster way to redemption.

He winks.

ANN

Rob told me about it once...

Michael nods.

MICHAEL

Besides this - our Father is very kind to every creature.

He becomes very serious.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Adam and Eve were no exception. He took good care of them. That is why he warned them of wrongdoing.

ANN

And they were badly punished in the end!

MICHAEL

They got what they wanted, ignoring the advice of the Higher Consciousness. And if you want to use the word "punished", it was not done by our Father, but by law.

ANN

By-law?

She looks uncomprehending.

Wu approaches Ann and gave her a small bouquet of flowers.

WU

For you, mommy.

ANN

Thank you, my sweet.

She takes the flowers and smells them.

ANN (CONT'D)

Come to me!

She holds out her hands to the boy. Wu shakes his head.

WU

No, I want there.

He shows on a dark alley going deep from the garden.

CUT TO:

INT. CORA'S HOME - CHIGAGO - NIGHT

A small dark room.

A blonde CORA, the mid-20s, sobs on a secondhand sofa. Black mascara runs down her pretty face, and lipstick leaves marks on the stale pillowcase.

With black circles around her eyes, Cora tosses and turns on the sofa.

CORA
(whispering)
I won't stop wanting it...

She whispers and blows her nose into the cheap XXL T-shirt she is wearing.

MOMENT LATER

She kneels.

CORA (CONT'D)
Dark Forces! Please give me the
power... power of seduction to
control men!

She folds her palms in front of her.

CORA (CONT'D)
I'm begging you!

MOMENTS LATER

A GRAY SHADOW flickers before her eyes and disappears.

CORA (CONT'D)
I will serve you, I promise!

She BREATHES IN and looks around - NOTHING.

CORA (CONT'D)
(loudly and confidently)
I need to talk to you!

She stares into the darkness - the shadow flickers again.

MOMENT LATER

The air around the shadow thickens, acquiring a darker shape.

MOMENT LATER

He is DEMON, a stocky man (50s) with a DISGUSTING FACE and a worn jacket.

Cora raises her hand as if blocking from him.

The man grins and running his hand over his face changes it to a LESS UGLY and younger.

Cora relaxes and drops her hand.

LESS UGLY DEMON
(sneeringly)
Did you call for us?

He penetrates her with his black eyes.

CORA
Me? Who.. are... you?

The man looks at her, smirking mockingly.

CORA (CONT'D)
Are you...

She clears her throat.

CORA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Himself?

LESS UGLY DEMON
What do you mean by "himself"? His
Majesty Satan?

He LAUGHS unpleasantly and stares at her through the abyss of his black eyes.

Cora blinks.

LESS UGLY DEMON (CONT'D)
Who do you think you are?

Cora stares at him, lost.

CORA
Who... are you, then?

LESS UGLY DEMON
Demon.

CORA
What...

She glances at him.

CORA (CONT'D)
What do you want?

She still can't pull herself together and stutters.

LESS UGLY DEMON
I don't know - you tell me.

Cora starts to come to her senses and CLEARS HER THROAT.

CORA
Well...

LESS UGLY DEMON
I came at your request to negotiate
a deal.

CORA
The deal?
(beat)
What deal?

LESS UGLY DEMON
Oh, mortals!

Demon SNORTS.

LESS UGLY DEMON (CONT'D)
Didn't you ask us something?

CORA
Well... So, you're here to give me
what I want?

Her eyes widen.

LESS UGLY DEMON
Yes, I am.

CORA
How?

LESS UGLY DEMON
You will give me something our
Majesty desires, and in exchange,
you will get what you want.

She thinks.

CORA
So you are saying that if I agree,
I will have the power of seduction
to keep any man under control?

LESS UGLY DEMON
Yes.

As he nods Cora swallows her saliva convulsively.

CORA
For how long?

LESS UGLY DEMON
Eternity.

CORA
Eternity...

She whispering dreamily.

CORA (CONT'D)
And what do you want for that in
return?

She stares at him with a frown.

LESS UGLY DEMON
The only price His Majesty is
interested in...

He pauses, intriguing her.

LESS UGLY DEMON (CONT'D)
Your Soul.

CORA
My soul?

Cora looks at him in disbelief.

CORA (CONT'D)
Really? That's it?

She smiles broadly.

LESS UGLY DEMON
Yes, that's it!

He nods.

CORA
Well... You're not fooling me?

LESS UGLY DEMON
You will get an agreement signed by
His Majesty Satan Himself.

CORA
By His Majesty?

She GIGGLES and shakes her head.

CORA (CONT'D)
I don't believe you.

Demon wrinkles and reaches out to get something out of thin air - it's a SCROLL. He handles it to Cora.

She takes the document.

CORA (CONT'D)
Ouch!

The scroll burns her fingers with some kind of POWER. She tosses the scroll to her other hand and blows on her fingers.

LESS UGLY DEMON
Only your signature is missing.

CORA
But how will you get my soul? I don't exactly have it in my hand.

LESS UGLY DEMON
We shall handle the technical side of the deal. The only thing we expect from you is your acceptance.

Cora opens the roll and looks at it - there is an antique-looking text written in black ink. The letters are convex and somewhat scary.

Demon magically gets a pen and hands it to Cora, who frowned at his pushiness.

CORA
I haven't read it yet.

Demon grimaces.

CORA (CONT'D)
(reading aloud)
This is an Agreement between His Majesty Satan and Coraline Worthy.

She takes a breath.

CORA (CONT'D)
Coraline will gain the power of seduction to control men in exchange for her immortal soul.
(beat)
Time frame: Eternity. Signatures: His Majesty, Prince of Darkness, Satan.

Behind the name, Satan is a signature written in dark red:
Satan.

The space behind her name is empty.

She looks at His signature - there is no doubt for her anymore that this is the REAL thing - the agreement with Satan himself!

Demon freezes.

CORA (CONT'D)
I'm ready for it!

She confirms confidently.

Demon nods in relief.

LESS UGLY DEMON
I need a drop of your blood.

He grabs her hand, pierces the skin on her finger and squeezes some of Cora's blood into a tiny bowl.

Grabbing the ink-pen from Demon she sinks it into her blood and signs her name: Coraline Worthy.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. HEAVEN - FIELDS OF SOULS - DAY

SUBTITLE IN: GOD'S TREASURY FUNDS - FIELDS OF SOULS

Endless fields of sparkling souls stretch right and left, down and up.

Ann and Michael, with Wu in his arms, are staring at them in fascination.

WU

Ah!

He presses his palms to his cheeks in delight.

ANN

(to Wu)

Beautiful, isn't it?

WU

Beau-ti-ful!

He nods his head amusingly.

Ann LAUGHS.

MICHAEL

(to Wu)

Would you like to have a look at them closer?

As Wu nods Michael lowers him down. The boy slowly but surely goes forward.

ANN

How many are there?

MICHAEL

Infinite, but we keep statistics as each and every one of them is a great treasure for Our Father.

ANN

And how it's done? Do souls attached to a name?

MICHAEL

Kind of name.

He nods.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

A code.

ANN

A code? Do I have a code too?

MICHAEL

Sure. Coding is necessary for everyone.

ANN

Interesting...

MICHAEL

And practical.

He nods.

ANN

Are there only souls from Earth?

MICHAEL

Not. From other worlds and planets also.

ANN

And how many of those worlds are in here?

Ann points to the glittering fields.

MICHAEL

Countless...

ANN

So, are they waiting here to be incarnated?

MICHAEL

Correct.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

But not all of them are asleep, some go through active training to be in the best shape for their next incarnation.

ANN

WOW! Really? I love it!

She wants to ask something more but notices two SILHOUETTES moving towards them.

MOMENTS LATER

People who look like shadows walk towards them.

Ann peers at the couple.

ANN (CONT'D)

Mum?

(beat)

Dad?

She runs to them.

ANN'S MOM, late 50s, hugs her.

ANN'S MOM

(in Russian)

Солнышко наше, Анюта!

ANN

(in Russian)

Мама!

She presses against the woman with tears in her eyes.

ANN (CONT'D)

Папа!

She reaches out her hand to her DAD, early 60s.

ANN'S DAD

Анюта!

ANN

I can't believe it!

She stares at them.

ANN (CONT'D)

How are you? How you have been,
guys?

ANN'S DAD

We are good. We enjoy it here. And
the best thing that happened to us
is that we are together.

ANN

You are together, as always. How
wonderful to see you!

ANN'S MOM

(anxiously)

And you, Anyuta?

She frowns.

ANN'S MOM (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

ANN
Well, I didn't die. In fact...

Michael steps forward.

MICHAEL
She ascended.

ANN
(to parents)
This is my friend and partner -
Michael.

She points to Michael with a big smile.

ANN'S MOM
Ann...

A tear appears at the edge of her eye.

ANN'S MOM (CONT'D)
We are so happy for you! He seems
nice.

She smiles.

ANN
Yes, it is.

Wu jumps to Ann.

WU
Mommy!

Anna takes Wu in her arms.

ANN
(to parents)
This is my son Wu.

ANN'S DAD
Hi Wu, I'm your granddad.

Wu looks at him curiously.

ANN'S MOM
(smiling affectionately)
And I'm your granny.

Wu smiles at her back.

WU

Gra-nny.

ANN'S DAD

We don't have much free time here,
Ann. Tough schedules. Our return to
Earth is soon, so we must be ready.

ANN

Sure, guys. I love you and always
will.

They hug Ann.

ANN'S DAD

(to Ann)

We love you too, baby.

(to Wu and Michael)

Bye, bye, Wu and Michael!

He waves to them. They waves back.

ANN'S MOM

(to Ann)

Take care, be a good girl!

(to Wu)

And you too!

(to Michael)

Take care of them, Michael.

Michael nods.

WU/ANN/MICHAEL

Bye, bye!

The parents joining their hands walk away.

MOMENTS LATER

Ann gazes thoughtfully after her disappearing parents.
Michael takes Ann's hand.

ANN

Michael... How? How did you arrange
it?

MICHAEL

We organize such meetings for every
deceased person.

ANN

Really?

MICHAEL
Yeap! Usually, so they don't feel
too lonely here.

Wu reaches out into his arms.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(to Wu)
Do you want to go to me?

Wu nods.

ANN
Thanks, Michael! Thanks a lot. I'm
touched.

She passes Wu to Michael.

MOMENTS LATER

Ann and Michael with Wu in his hands slowly move among the
sparkling fields.

ANN (CONT'D)
Michael, but how they appeared
here? They are dead and buried in
the Earth, far from here.

She turns her face to him.

MICHAEL
Sure. Their appearance is a
hologram only. But their souls are
real, and their memories of you are
true.

ANN
So... they are waiting for their
next incarnation?

MICHAEL
Yep, when the time is right.

He nods.

ANN
And their redemption from the chain
of reincarnations depends on their
choices?

MICHAEL
From choice and karma... You are an
excellent student, Ann!

He smiles broadly.

ANN

Well, thanks to my teacher.

She winks and looks at Wu, who rests his curly head on Michael's shoulder and closes his eyes.

ANN (CONT'D)

(softly)

Michael... why do people have to die?

MICHAEL

Well, life is a project...

He glances at Ann who wrinkles her nose.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It has a beginning, a deadline, and tasks in between.

Ann wrinkles her face ironically.

ANN

It's kind of a very dry comparison.

MICHAEL

But very visual as you used to work on projects.

She nods in the affirmative.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Which projects did you like the most - short or long?

ANN

The shorter - the better.

MICHAEL

And why?

ANN

(brightens up)

Well, efficiency, for sure. A quick start, brisk performance, and easier achievement of deadlines.

MICHAEL

You see!

ANN
But I'm asking about human life,
not a project!

MICHAEL
Everything must be efficient to
evolute the best.

ANN
Well... but most people think
they've already evolved.

She makes a funny face.

MICHAEL
Do you agree?

He winks. Ann grins.

ANN
But still, Michael, death is so
sad!

She looks sad.

MICHAEL
This is for the purpose - to add
value to life itself.

Ann SIGHS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Another big reason - diversity of
experiences.

He glances at Ann.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Can you imagine that you would
develop as Mi for ages?

ANN
Huh!

She smiles.

ANN (CONT'D)
Hard to imagine.

MICHAEL
And as Ra?

ANN
No... I like them all, but eternity
is too long.

MICHAEL
See!

Wu tosses and turns in Michael's hands.

WU
Mommy...

ANN
Hi, my sweet!

MICHAEL
(to Ann and Wu)
Are you guys, too tired for the
next adventure?

WU
No-pe!

He opens his eyes and shakes his head.

ANN
Well, we've just warmed up.

She watches at Wu who smiles and nods his head.

MICHAEL
Great, let's continue our journey
further then.

MOMENTS LATER

Ann and Michael, with Wu in their hands, smoothly move away
from the glittering fields.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMO'S STUDIO - CHICAGO 2045 - EVENING

SUBTITLE IN: SIXTY HOURS AFTER ANN'S REFUSAL

It's dark.

ROB'S HOLOGRAM HEAD pops out of Tomo's bag on the floor.

A light green glow spreads around, illuminating fully dressed
Tomo lying face down on the bed and his fedora.

The light falls on Tomo's face and he lets out A MUFFLED GROAN.

TOMO

Ann...

He GROANS.

SERIES OF FLASHBACKS - TOMO REMEMBERS

INT. TOMO'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - NIGHT

Lots of high-tech gadgets on the table; multiple images of beautiful white women on the wall.

TOMO, 14, watches the American film PRETTY WOMAN.

INT. NAKIA COMPANY - DAY

A humble environment of a startup company.

A slim woman with beautiful long brown hair and black high heels reads from a SmartBoard display: NAKIA - The Gateway to Your Success!

She turns to Tomo.

ANN

Ann York, A.I.I.

She gives him her hand.

ANN (CONT'D)

We need the best software developer for our flagship product...

INT. A.I.I. CANTEEN - DAY

Tomo and Ann have lunch.

FLASH ONE

ANN

You look great today.

FLASH TWO

ANN (CONT'D)

You're very likable.

FLASH THREE

ANN (CONT'D)
I like your work.

INT. CAFÉ SKY - EVENING - FLASHBACKS

Tomo in a suit and fedora sits in front of Ann.

Rob's hologram head raises to the air.

ANN
This is... incredible!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. TOMO'S STUDIO - CHICAGO 2045 - BACK TO PRESENT

Tomo lets out an agonizing SCREAM as if all his teeth hurt at once.

Rob's hologram moves closer to him.

ROB
Sir, you need to sustain yourself.

He clears his throat.

ROB (CONT'D)
In accordance with statistics, a human cannot survive without food for more than three weeks, and without water for a week at most.

Tomo opens his eyes to stare straight into the hologram.

MOMENT LATER

With a MOAN, Tomo fells back on the bed.

ROB (CONT'D)
A healthy mode for a human consists of having food on average three times per day and ingesting around two liters of liquid, sir.

Tomo GROANS.

TOMO
Who the hell... are you?

He asks slowly, word by word.

ROB
It's me, Rob!

He answers briskly.

TOMO
How do you...

ROB
How have I appeared here? Well, you haven't switched me off after the meeting with Ann.

A wave of grief takes over Tomo's face.

TOMO
(breathing out)
Ann...

He clasps his head with both hands.

ROB
Well, to be precise you hacked
Ann's database to create a
holographic version of me. You
copied all her settings, including
the feature to help a human
survive.

Tomo unclenches his hands and rises.

ROB (CONT'D)
As a matter of fact, fresh air is
also extremely important for
humans. It's not only good for
digestion, but it also cleans your
lungs, improves your immune system,
and makes you happier!

TOMO
Happier?

He LAUGHS like he's been sentenced to life in prison and
nothing can save him. MOAN.

ROB
Indeed, sir.

TOMO
How can this make me happier?

ROB
I would be glad to inform you of
this, sir. However, I will probably
run out of battery in the middle of
my explanation...

Tomo groans but gets out of bed.

He picks up his electronic tablet from the bag and connects
it to the charging surface of the bedside table.

ROB (CONT'D)

Thank you, sir! So, in accordance with my brief research, human cells require four things to live and function: oxygen, water, nutrition, and cleansing. Without oxygen, the cells die within minutes.

TOMO

(mumbling)

Lucky cells.

(to Rob)

I feel like I want to die...

ROB

Sometimes small things seem like big ones, sir, but in a little while, you will recognize that actually, they are not as important as you thought.

TOMO

Not important?

He shakes his head.

TOMO (CONT'D)

I asked her to marry me, but she abandoned me like... an outdated software!

ROB

Well, not really. I think she likes you a lot, but...

TOMO

But?

ROB

But, life scripts are not written by humans.

TOMO

Which scripts, Rob? What you are talking about?

ROB

Would you like to know more?

TOMO

Carry on!

ROB

Well, I can tell you more during a nice walk or OneWheel ride, perhaps.

TOMO

A walk?

He asks in a tone as if Rob proposes a flight to another galaxy.

ROB

Or OneWheel... See how beautiful the evening is!

Rob sends a command to the SmartHome system and the heavy curtains swiftly open.

The setting sun bursts into Tomo's room, filling it with a beautiful mixture of red, purple, orange, and blue.

TOMO

I'm tired... I'm terribly tired, Rob!

ROB

That's can't be true, as you spent in your bed sixty hours, twenty-five minutes, and nineteen seconds, sir.

Tomo SNORTS.

ROB (CONT'D)

Why don't you refresh yourself in your lovely Jacuzzi? The contrast shower can be helpful, too.

TOMO

Shower?

ROB

Yes, shower. Besides lowering the blood pressure, boosting the central nervous system, contrast showers have been designed to stimulate the production of male and female sex hormones and to give some pain relief.

TOMO

Relief?

ROB
Yes, pain relief.

Rob nods.

ROB (CONT'D)
I'm certain you'll find it helpful
in your predicament. While you are
taking a shower, I, with
Smarthome's assistance, shall make
a fresh juice for you and check the
weather report.

MOMENTS LATER

Tomo drinks orange juice from a straw; a bath towel around
his body.

ROB (CONT'D)
Are you better, sir?

TOMO
A bit...

He still sounds down.

ROB
See! And you haven't even had any
fresh air yet! We should remedy
that immediately.

He looks meaningfully at Tomo.

ROB (CONT'D)
In fact, the weather is great - not
a cloud, and I chose an outfit for
you that I think you would find
"cool". Just put it on!

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN - SATAN'S TREASURY FUNDS

Ann, Michael, and Wu glide towards darkness.

ANN
Where we are going?

MICHAEL
I got Satan's permission to visit
His treasury fields.

ANN
That's why it's so dark?

Michael nods.

MICHAEL
Yeap. It's Satan's domain... I will
light you the way.

He stretches his hand forward, a bright beam of light emerges from his palm, illuminating their path.

ANN
Do you also need permission... from
Satan?

She emphasizes "you".

MICHAEL
Yes, of course.

ANN
Why? You've been here for ages...

MICHAEL
Satan wants this, it was agreed
with Father, so it's a kind of law.

INT. SATAN'S DOMAIN - FIELDS OF SOULS

Ann, Michael, and Wu stand at the edge of the fields with Satan's souls.

The fields are dark and gloomy with some shades of red and orange.

Wu backs away.

WU
Mommy...

MICHAEL
(to Wu)
Do you want to my arms?

The boy reaches out to him. Michael takes Wu and strokes his head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(whispering in Wu's ear)
It's Okay.