

God Is Coming

SCRIPT NOTE:

NARRATOR (LIT.) denotes a literary narrative intended for the reader, not intended as an audible voice-over in the final production.

CHAPTER 1

(Church, Crash, and Accident)

Scene 1 – The Birth of the Universe

FADE IN:

SFX:

BANG!

A single, world-shattering detonation tears through the silence.

EXT. THE SINGULARITY – THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE UNIVERSE

Suspended in the void, a searing, white-hot point — impossibly dense.

In an instant, it erupts, unleashing a blinding torrent of light and energy.

The stillness shatters. Time and space begin — and so do the miracles.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The “Big Bang” — the loudest sound humanity would ever hear, past or future — unleashes an infinite burst of light that floods the void, expanding with unstoppable force. Matter and energy erupt, colliding, swirling, shaping the newborn cosmos.

Thirteen point eight billion years ago, the cosmos began its long journey of evolution — unfolding into the vast, intricate tapestry we see today.

VISUAL MONTAGE

- Stars ignite, fierce and newborn, in seas of darkness.
- Galaxies spiral into form, their arms stretching across eternity.
- Molten planets spin, cool, and give birth to oceans.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Science calls it the birth of time and space. Faith calls it divine orchestration. Some see its precision as proof of an intelligent design — a transcendent force guiding the universe.

INTERCUT:

- Swirling galaxies blaze with color.
- A faint cross-shaped constellation glimmers in the cosmic sea.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Does the Big Bang mark nature's own evolution — or the first breath of God's grand design?

The swirl of galaxies draws together, folding time forward. The ancient light of distant suns transforms into the familiar glow of our own star.

Our story begins with the latter belief. Now... let us journey across thirteen point eight billion years — through the birth of worlds, the rise of life, and the unbroken chain of time — to this very moment.

FADE TO:

A soft autumn sky, brushed with gold and crimson — present day, West Virginia.

SUPER: The characters and events in this film are entirely fictional. Should they differ from your personal views or understanding, we kindly ask for your understanding.

Scene 2 – Autumn in West Virginia, and the Gothic Church

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA – AUTUMN MORNING

The soft autumn sky stretches overhead, brushed with gold and deep crimson. The air is crisp, carrying the faint scent of fallen leaves.

Rolling mountains rise in the distance, their slopes painted in a grand mosaic — gold, deep red, and orange. Sunlight spills across the peaks, tracing their contours with delicate strokes of light.

SUPER: The outskirts of Charleston, West Virginia

Birdsong drifts faintly through the stillness. Clouds wander lazily above, their white edges glowing in the morning sun.

Nestled on flatland below a gentle hillock, a Gothic church stands in quiet majesty. Its stained-glass windows gleam in the sun, catching and scattering light in jewel tones. Atop its spire, a simple cross reaches upward, as though seeking to touch the infinite.

CLOSE ON:

A lake nearby — its surface still, like a mirror — reflects the church, the sky, and the burnished crowns of autumn trees. The reflection shimmers gently, like the eyes of a beautiful maiden — beauty both without and within.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The beauty of the seasons unfolds indifferently. Too often, it is overlooked by those rushing through life's ceaseless clamor. Yet a single pause to take it in can forge a quiet bond between earth and soul.

A breeze stirs the fallen leaves, drifting slowly and gracefully, as if bearing autumn's message to the earth.

WIDE SHOT:

The church stands solitary yet steadfast, framed by autumn's brilliance.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

You may not know West Virginia, but perhaps you know the song: "Take Me Home, Country Roads." Its opening words — "Almost heaven, West Virginia" — have become a promise of beauty, and of faith.

Closer to the church's doors, faint music stirs, the first notes of a hymn drifting into the morning air.

Scene 3 – The Hymn and Atmosphere Inside the Church

INT. GOTHIC CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

Sunlight pours through the open doors, spreading across the worn wooden floorboards, blending with the faint glow of stained-glass windows.

The still air carries only voices—whispers at first, swelling with each breath.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

From within, a hymn drifts outward — “My Heart, a Moon”. A newly cherished sacred song, sung in quiet devotion — a soul’s longing to follow the Lord in humility and light.

The congregation lifts their faces in harmony, their voices blending to fill the space with a warmth that seems to move even the air.

LYRICS – “MY HEART, A MOON” (SUNG, INTERCUT WITH VISUALS):

O Lord, my heart is as the moon,
It lifts its gaze through midnight gloom.
Though light it hath not of its own,
It longs to shine where Thou hast shown.

CUT TO:

Birds in the trees outside pause their singing. White clouds in the sky seem to hover, motionless.

I clear mine eyes, and bravely see
Through all the world’s hypocrisy—
To guard the light, to walk in truth,
With steadfast soul and spirit’s youth.

VISUAL:

Hands turning the pages of well-worn hymnals. A child on a pew watching his parents sing.

Though clouds once veiled my wandering way,
Yet Thou, O Lord, didst never stray.
Thy mercy, like the morning ray,
Breaks through the depths where shadows stay.

VISUAL:

Sunlight breaking through stained-glass windows, scattering colored light across bowed heads.

I lift my prayers on winds that blow,
And sing beneath the stars aglow.
Though dust may cling, though thorns ensnare,
Still shall I rise, and still I dare.

VISUAL:

Dust motes floating in a golden beam of sunlight. A leaf drifting down outside the open door.

O Lord, I would be moonlight still—
Not proud with fame, nor bent with will,
But calm beneath Thy watching eyes,
Content to glow where silence lies.

VISUAL:

An elderly woman closes her eyes, her face serene.

Through mount and vale, through high and low,

With Thee, my Lord, I'll gladly go.

The final note of “My Heart, a Moon” lingers in the vaulted space, then fades into a gentle hush.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Here, faith is not only spoken, but sung — each note a thread in the tapestry of belief.

The congregation closes their hymnals, their movements unhurried. The room settles into expectant quiet, awaiting the next moment of worship.

Scene 4 – LaGuardia Airport Foreshadowing

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT – NEW YORK – EARLY MORNING

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Far from the quiet hymn in West Virginia, another morning unfolds — loud, restless, and moving toward its own fate.

The roar of jet engines cuts through the chill air. Baggage carts rattle across the pavement as aircraft line up on the tarmac, their tails glinting in the pale morning light.

INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT – DEPARTURE LOUNGE

TIME CARD: Two and a half hours earlier.

Boarding announcements echo across the hall. The smell of fresh coffee mingles with the rustle of newspapers and the muffled hum of conversations.

PA ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Final boarding call for Flight 728 to Atlanta. All passengers please proceed to Gate 17.

Passengers stir — gathering their belongings, tightening straps on carry-ons, rising from rows of seats.

Two men sit several meters apart.

CLOSE ON – FIRST MAN:

Mid-thirties, wearing a backpack. He lifts his eyes, glancing toward the second man.

CLOSE ON – SECOND MAN:

Forties, steady gaze, a small wheeled suitcase at his side.

Their eyes meet — a brief but knowing glance — before both shift their gaze at the exact same moment.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In the stream of hurried travelers, two strangers move with quiet purpose... and a connection unseen by others.

The first man slips into the boarding line, moving quickly. The second rises more slowly, scanning the crowd before joining the queue.

Through the terminal's large windows, the Atlanta-bound aircraft waits, its nose angled toward the runway.

As the last passenger boards, the aircraft's door seals shut with a heavy metallic thud.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Their journey will cast a shadow far beyond this gate.

Scene 5 – Pastor Harris's Sermon and the Thomas Couple

INT. GOTHIC CHURCH – LATE MORNING

The last hymn fades, leaving a gentle stillness beneath the stained-glass glow.

At the front, PASTOR CARSON HARRIS — mid-thirties, clear-eyed, warm in demeanor — adjusts the notes on the pulpit. His gaze sweeps the congregation with a steady, approachable warmth.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Carson Harris — once a high school biology teacher, now a shepherd of souls. Revered for his knowledge, admired for his compassion.

There is no organ here, no band — only the lingering resonance of voices. Congregants close their hymnals, some tucking them neatly beside their seats, others keeping them open on their laps beside well-worn Bibles.

The modest interior unfolds—wooden pews, sunlight refracted through jewel-toned glass, and the soft shuffle of pages.

PASTOR HARRIS

Please turn with me to the Gospel of John.

He waits as pages rustle.

PASTOR HARRIS (CONT'D)

John 6:47 — I tell you the truth, he who believes has everlasting life.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Faith, he explains, is not mere acknowledgment — it is a transformation of the soul. Eternal life is not simply unending existence, but a relationship with God.

CUT TO – FRONT ROW:

A young couple listens intently — ROBERT THOMAS, 28, and his wife ELLA, 27. Robert is a plumber; Ella works as a teller at the local bank.

She has left her down coat in the car — the rain had stopped before they entered the church. Now she wears a soft, light-blue knit sweater, draped gently over her rounded belly. Her hands rest atop it, fingers shifting faintly with each quiet breath. She is two weeks from giving birth.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

For Robert and Ella, this sermon is more than a ritual. After years of longing and failed treatments, faith has given them what medicine could not — the child they now await. Yet many argue that interpreting miracles from outcomes is nothing more than religious deception.

Pastor Harris's voice fades beneath the quiet hum of memory—

FLASHBACK – INT. THOMAS KITCHEN – EARLIER THAT MORNING

Rain taps the window. Ella sips from a half-full glass of milk; Robert nurses his

coffee.

ROBERT

Maybe we should skip church today... I don't want you catching a cold in this weather.

ELLA

Pastor Carson said today's sermon would be important. I don't want to miss it.

The rain eases. Robert smiles faintly, conceding.

ROBERT

Alright. I'll get you a warm coat, and then we can leave.

MONTAGE – PREPARING TO GO

— Robert helps Ella into her white down jacket, gently straightening the collar as if to shield her from the chill.

— He takes an umbrella from the stand.

— The two walk down the driveway through the light drizzle.

— Their sedan glides down quiet, rain-washed streets.

— Sunlight breaks through clouds, catching the soft sheen of her jacket as they approach the church.

BACK TO PRESENT – CHURCH

PASTOR HARRIS

John 14:6 — I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.

The congregation listens, rapt, bathed in fractured light from the stained glass, their faces calm and serene.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Words of redemption and promise — spoken beneath the quiet watch of heaven.

Scene 6 – The Sermon on Evolution and Creationism

INT. GOTHIC CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The congregation settles into stillness. Pastor Harris takes a sip of water, glancing at the notes before him.

PASTOR HARRIS

Dear brothers and sisters, today, we delve into the discussion of evolution and creationism.

The quiet murmur of the room fades entirely. Every face turns toward the pulpit.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

He speaks not to stir division, but to bridge it — to invite thought where there is often only argument.

PASTOR HARRIS

It's not productive for those who believe in a natural origin of the universe and those who hold to creationism to be at odds. Instead, we should seek to understand both. By examining each, we can deepen our contemplation of life's origins — and draw closer to the truth.

An elderly man nods slowly. A young woman scribbles notes in the margin of her Bible. In the back row, a boy swings his legs beneath the pew until his mother gently stills him.

PASTOR HARRIS (CONT'D)

The debate between atheists and believers resembles the old question: did matter come first, or consciousness? Both hold insights that cannot be easily dismissed.

He pauses, scanning the room, his voice calm yet firm.

PASTOR HARRIS (CONT'D)

Tolerance, my friends, is essential. The Lord Jesus taught us this virtue. Our faith is vital, but it should walk hand in hand with reason and evidence. The universe holds countless mysteries... many say these gaps exist because of the limits of our knowledge. I say — often it is the skew of our own perspective.

A ripple of quiet applause moves through the pews.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

His words carry the cadence of a teacher, but the weight of a man who believes.

PASTOR HARRIS

When we proclaim God's existence, we need some form of scientific support. And when we question evolution, we must note its gaps. To this day, no transitional fossils — no half-human, half-ape — have been found to prove the theory outright. And yet — neither atheism nor theism holds decisive proof to defeat the other.

He lets the statement linger, the silence in the room unbroken.

PASTOR HARRIS (CONT'D)

If humans evolved, then in some ways... our progress is still incomplete. We lack the eagle's sight, the dog's sense of smell, the lion's strength, the horse's endurance. Our adaptability to disaster is far inferior to creatures considered "lower."

NARRATOR (LIT.)

His voice draws them deeper, challenging the very measure of what it means to be human.

PASTOR HARRIS (CONT'D)

Without intelligence, we could never have become the earth's dominant species. But the human brain has changed little since early Homo sapiens. This suggests we were created — unique and stable — from the beginning.

He lowers his voice, almost as if confiding.

PASTOR HARRIS (CONT'D)

Some say our brain volume has grown, enhancing our creativity and adaptability. Yet even this has not transformed the core of human intelligence.

EXT. SKY ABOVE THE CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The deafening roar of a low-flying airplane shakes the roof, its shadow streaking across the church.

INT. GOTHIC CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

Heads lift instinctively toward the sound.

Scene 7 – Plane Crash and Church Damage

EXT. SKY OVER THE HILLS – CONTINUOUS

The Boeing 737-1000 glides through the crisp autumn sky — steady at first, until its nose dips, the descent sharp and unstable.

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL – CONTINUOUS

Controllers lean forward over their consoles, eyes locked on the radar.

CONTROLLER 1

Flight 728, you're off course — do you copy?

Only static answers.

CONTROLLER 2

They're dropping fast.

EXT. HILLSIDE NEAR CHARLESTON – MOMENTS LATER

The aircraft plunges toward a small hill.

IMPACT:

A blinding explosion rips the hillside apart. A fireball blossoms upward, boiling orange and red against the blue autumn sky. The shockwave ripples through the valley — scattering birds, sending deer fleeing, rattling houses in the distance.

EXT. GOTHIC CHURCH – SAME

Fifty meters from the blast site, the church shudders violently. Stained-glass windows shatter inward and outward, shards spinning through the air like colored knives.

INT. GOTHIC CHURCH – SAME

The blast punches through the sanctuary. Stained glass explodes. Dust rains from the rafters. Hymnals and Bibles tumble from pews, pages whipping in the gust. Congregants cry out, ducking for cover.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In an instant, worship turns to chaos.

CLOSE ON – PASTOR HARRIS:

A cut opens across his forehead. He staggers but stays upright, scanning for the injured.

EXT. HILLSIDE – CONTINUOUS

Flames devour the wreckage. Black smoke coils upward, blotting out the sun.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

All nine crew members. One hundred twenty passengers. No survivors.

INT. GOTHIC CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

Robert grips Ella's arm, guiding her toward the door. Blood trickles from cuts on their faces — shallow but stinging.

Ella's steps falter. She freezes, eyes wide.

ELLA

Robert... my water just broke.

The urgency hits him instantly. He tightens his hold, steering her toward the exit.

EXT. GOTHIC CHURCH – FRONT STEPS – CONTINUOUS

Survivors stream out as smoke rises beyond the shattered church, standing together—some holding hands, others clutching Bibles amid the wreckage.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The building is wounded. The faith within is not.

EXT. PARKING LOT – CONTINUOUS

Robert helps Ella into their car, his own face pale with fear.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

For them, survival is only the first battle.

Scene 8 – Car Accident on the Way to the Hospital

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD – DAY

The country road lies quiet under the pale autumn sun — until a lone sedan slices through the stillness, tires hissing on rain-slick asphalt. Autumn colors blur into streaks of gold and crimson.

INT. THOMAS SEDAN – MOVING – CONTINUOUS

Robert grips the wheel so hard his knuckles blanch. Sweat runs down his temple, mixing with the blood from shallow cuts. Beside him, Ella clutches her belly, her breath sharp and uneven.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Every second is a battle. For Ella, every bump in the road is a reminder — the child won't wait.

ELLA

Robert... I can't... the pain—

ROBERT

I know. Just hold on. We're almost there.

ELLA

(weakly)

Robert... we must protect this child.

ROBERT

We will. God will keep him safe.

EXT. OPPOSITE LANE – CONTINUOUS

A white van approaches, drifting in its lane.

INT. WHITE VAN – CONTINUOUS

The driver's head jerks upright — then dips again. Fingers slacken on the wheel as upbeat music plays, mocking the creeping drowsiness.

The van edges toward the center line.

INT. THOMAS SEDAN – CONTINUOUS

Robert's eyes dart between the road and Ella.

ELLA

Robert—!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD – CONTINUOUS

The van swerves sharply into their path.

SLOW MOTION:

Metal folds like paper. Glass erupts in a glittering storm.

SFX: A bone-shaking impact, followed by the tortured scream of twisting steel.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE – MOMENTS LATER

Silence, broken only by the hiss of a ruptured radiator.

Blood trickles down Robert's temple, his eyes staring blankly ahead, unblinking.

A crow lands on the bent guardrail.

Slumped against the airbag, Ella's face is streaked with blood, her down jacket somehow fallen across her belly.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE – LATER

Emergency responders work in grim silence. Hydraulic cutters chew through twisted metal.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Luck or providence — the jacket shielded her child.

Paramedics lift Ella onto a stretcher, carrying her into an ambulance. Sirens wail as it speeds away.

EXT. ROAD SHOULDER – SAME

Reporters cluster near the wreck, microphones out.

EYEWITNESS

The impact was... unbelievable. I stopped my car and called for help right away.

Two black crows flap overhead, their cries echoing down the road.

EXT. WHITE VAN – SAME

Rescuers free the dazed, bloodied driver, sliding him onto a stretcher. Another ambulance peels away.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE – LATER

Police and forensic teams photograph, measure, document.

A body bag is zipped over Robert and lifted into a waiting vehicle.

Two crows perch on a bare branch, their black eyes following the road below as the vehicles pull away. Their wings twitch in the chill air, as if sensing the weight of what has passed.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Some journeys end in silence. Others survive on faith — and hope alone.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 2

(Birth, Catastrophes, and the Funeral)

Scene 1 – Hospital Emergency and Delivery

INT. AMBULANCE – DAY

SIRENS wail as the vehicle cuts through traffic.

On the stretcher, Mrs. Ella Thomas lies pale, drifting in and out of consciousness.

PARAMEDICS work swiftly, monitoring her vitals, exchanging terse updates.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The hospital was twenty minutes away under ordinary circumstances. Today, every second felt like an eternity.

INT. HOSPITAL – EMERGENCY ROOM – CONTINUOUS

The double doors slam open. Doctors and nurses surge forward, wheeling Mrs. Thomas down the corridor with practiced urgency.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The team recognized her condition at once. An emergency cesarean was the only option.

INT. OPERATING ROOM – DAY

A charged silence.

Monitors BEEP in steady rhythm.

The LEAD SURGEON signals.

The ASSISTANT PHYSICIAN repositions the patient.

A NURSE dabs sweat from the surgeon's brow.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Every action inside the room was measured and deliberate. The safety of both mother and child was at stake. With a timely transfusion, her failing blood pressure began to stabilize.

Nearly two hours pass, broken only by the hum of machines.

The SURGEON lifts a tiny, motionless infant into the light.

DOCTOR

(softly)

Welcome to the world.

A beat of silence. The DOCTOR looks up, relief flickering across his face.

It is precisely 2:00 p.m. local time.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

She's alive. The mother pulled through.

Subtle smiles ripple among the staff.

SFX: CRASH OF THUNDER — deafening.

The lights FLICKER. Darkness.

A few tense seconds, then power surges back.

Uneasy glances trade across the room.

Another thunderclap shudders through the walls.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Some called it providence. Others, coincidence. But for a moment, every heart faltered.

Then—

The INFANT CRIES OUT, shrill and alive.

On the table, Mrs. Thomas stirs faintly, as if answering both the storm and her child's call.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

That subtle movement revealed her unyielding will — a spirit resolved to embrace life anew.

Scene 2 – Hospital Room (Recovery & First Meeting)

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM – AFTERNOON

Dim, sterile light filters through the blinds. Machines hum in steady rhythm.

On the bed lies Ella, pale, weak, but alive. Her left arm is wrapped in a heavy plaster cast, suspended slightly for support. Her eyes flutter open. Confusion. Pain. She shifts slightly, then winces.

A NURSE steps forward, her tone gentle.

NURSE

You've been through surgery, but you and the baby are safe.

Ella licks her dry lips, her voice faint.

ELLA

Where... Robert?

A pause. The nurse hesitates, then lowers her eyes.

NURSE

I'm so sorry. He... he didn't survive the accident.

The words hang heavy. Ella's face contorts. Silent tears trace her cheeks as she grips the sheet tightly, knuckles white.

After a long moment—her whisper:

ELLA

My child... Please... bring me my child.

The nurse nods and exits quietly.

Silence. Ella lies motionless, caught between grief and longing.

Moments later, the nurse returns, carrying a small bundle wrapped in soft cloth.

The baby.

Ella's eyes widen. Her trembling arms open. The nurse gently places the infant in her embrace.

Ella gazes down. A tiny face, delicate and fragile. Tears spill again—this time mingling sorrow with overwhelming love.

ELLA

(whispering)

My son...

She cradles him close, pressing her cheek to his.

The nurse watches in silence, giving them space.

For a heartbeat, the world outside ceases to exist—there is only a mother and her newborn child.

Scene 3 – Pastor's Visit

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM – DUSK

Ella lies in bed, her face still pale. The baby sleeps in her arms, nestled against her chest.

The door creaks open. Pastor Carson enters, a bandage wrapped around his head. His limp is noticeable, his steps slow and uneven. He pauses, gazing at mother and child before approaching.

CARSON

(softly, with warmth)

Ella... you're awake. Thanks be to the Lord.

Ella lifts her head, her voice weak and low.

ELLA

Pastor Carson... thank you...

Carson pulls a chair close and sits, hands clasped, eyes filled with both sorrow and compassion.

CARSON

I heard about the accident. As for Robert's passing... what I can say is this—he is already in heaven, with God.

ELLA

Thank you. I know. How is everyone else?

CARSON

The church was badly damaged. Yet by God's mercy, lives were spared. Tell me—how is the child?

Ella lowers her gaze, her trembling fingers caressing the baby's cheek. A tear trails down her face. She murmurs, barely above a whisper.

ELLA

From now on, apart from God, he is... my everything.

Carson leans forward, voice steady and weighted with Scripture.

CARSON

Sometimes in tragedy, God's hand seems hidden. Yet it is often in those very shadows that He grants us new beginnings.

(beat, looking at the infant)

What name have you given him?

Ella breathes in shakily.

ELLA

John. It was the name his father chose.

Carson repeats it softly, as though tasting its meaning.

CARSON

John... the prophet who prepared the way of the Lord. The disciple whom Jesus loved. The voice crying out in the wilderness.

(quoting gently)

"There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."

Silence fills the room. Ella holds the child closer. Tears still fall, yet there is a glimmer of hope in them now.

Carson bows his head in quiet prayer. Then he rises slowly, laying a hand gently on Ella's shoulder.

CARSON

He is God's gift, Ella. May you find strength in him, and may he grow in the promise of the Lord.

Ella nods faintly, pressing her lips to the child's forehead.

Carson lingers a moment, then quietly departs. The door closes softly.

The room is still. Through the blinds, the fading glow of sunset falls across mother and child, enveloping them in fragile yet undeniable grace.

Scene 4 – Jason Visits

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM – EVENING

The room is hushed. Faint evening light filters through the blinds. Ella rests against the bed, the baby asleep in her arms, nestled close to her chest. Her eyelids grow heavy; she closes them for a moment.

The door opens quietly. JASON, 24, works at a local post office, enters with a bouquet of fresh flowers. His steps are hesitant, but when his eyes fall on his sister, they brighten.

JASON

Ella... I'm so sorry...

ELLA

Thank you, Jason. I'm so glad you're here.

He sets the flowers on the bedside table, then carefully pulls up a chair and sits beside her, his gaze fixed on the sleeping baby.

JASON

He's so small... yet so perfect.

Ella's lips tremble.

ELLA

Without Robert, I felt empty. But seeing you and John... I feel hope again.

Jason lowers his eyes, blinking rapidly before giving a faint nod. He draws the baby softly into his arms, where the infant's tiny fingers close firmly around his thumb. As Jason's eyes meet John's, a sudden and unexplainable shiver runs through his heart—yet the strange sensation dissolves almost at once.

JASON

Hello there, little one. I'm your uncle, Jason.

Ella watches them, her voice faint but steady.

ELLA

Jason... help me with something.

JASON

Anything.

ELLA

Bring me some books. And... the Bible. I need them close.

Jason looks up, his expression firm with quiet resolve.

JASON

I will. You'll have them tomorrow.

The room is silent except for the baby's soft breathing. Jason gently rocks the child. Ella closes her eyes, a single tear tracing down her cheek.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

After Jason leaves, the room holds only the sound of the baby's breathing and the faint tick of the clock on the wall. In the shadow of loss, a fragile, fleeting peace takes root.

Scene 5 – Night in the Hospital: Global Disasters

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM – NIGHT

The room is dim, lit only by the faint glow of the bedside lamp.

Jason's flowers rest in a glass vase on the bedside table, their colors softened by

shadow.

NURSE LUCY sits quietly in a chair, gently feeding the baby with a bottle.

In his crib, JOHN stirs, half-asleep, sapphire-blue eyes glimmering faintly in the soft light.

ELLA rests against her pillow, pale but attentive, watching silently, her heart full of gratitude.

ELLA

(softly)

Thank you, Lucy.

Lucy smiles, nods.

LUCY

Anytime. Just call if you need me.

Lucy exits. The door closes softly behind her.

Ella takes up her phone. The pale light of the screen glows against her tired face.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The silence of the ward is broken by voices from afar—echoes of disaster, carried across the wires of the world.

The screen flashes:

BREAKING NEWS

“Passenger plane crashes—hundreds feared dead.”

Ella freezes, lips parting in shock.

Another headline follows:

BREAKING NEWS

“Highway accident: one dead, one pregnant woman critically injured.”

Her breath falters. Recognition strikes with unbearable sharpness.

It was her car. The realization cuts through her like ice.

Tears well up. Her fingers tremble as she scrolls further.

BREAKING NEWS

“Volcano erupts in Indonesia—thousands flee.”

“Super typhoon devastates South Korea; state of emergency declared.”

“History’s largest earthquake strikes the seas near Australia—tsunami devastates coastlines.”

Ella’s body tenses. Her heart pounds hard.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Beyond the hospital walls, the world was breaking. Volcano, storm, ocean, and earth—each unleashed its wrath in turn, as though the birth of one fragile child had summoned the fury of creation itself.

Ella looks at her son's sleeping face, her voice barely a whisper.

ELLA

(low)

May your coming bring light and peace to this world.

The baby stirs faintly, as if hearing his mother's wish.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The clock kept ticking, measuring disaster, measuring her fragile blessing.

SUPER: The great disasters in Indonesia, South Korea, and Australia all began at the same unmarked hour—2:00 p.m. in West Virginia, the very moment John was born.

Scene 6 – Return and Funeral

EXT. ELLA'S GARDEN – MORNING

Three days later.

Ella, pale but steady, steps out of the car with John in her arms. Jason follows, carrying her bag.

The garden appears unnaturally full of life—birds crowd the branches, their calls sometimes sharp, sometimes harmoniously sweet. Overhead, a few eagles circle and soar. Many flowers bloom out of season, their colors glowing vividly beneath the autumn sky.

Ella halts, breath caught. She presses John close, as though shielding him.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

At her threshold, nature itself seems to awaken, rejoicing in the child she holds close.

Jason gently ushers her inside. The garden remains unsettled, a restless chorus of wings and whispers that only fades once the door closes.

EXT. CHURCHYARD – DAY

Gray skies press low over Robert's funeral, a fine misting rain drifting down. Mourners gather—family, neighbors, members of the congregation. Black umbrellas scatter across the cemetery like broken shadows.

Among them stand Robert's parents, MARK and EMMA THOMAS, their faces solemn. Jason cradles John in his arms, while his wife, ESTHER, shelters them beneath an umbrella.

Carson, the pastor, stands solemnly at the head of the coffin.

CARSON

“The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul...”

His voice echoes against the stone walls of the church. Heads bow. Quiet sobs ripple through the crowd.

Ella steps forward. With trembling hands, she lets a handful of soil fall onto the

coffin. Her lips move silently—words for Robert alone.

Jason stands beside her, eyes glistening with tears. In his arms, John gazes quietly at it all.

The coffin lowers slowly into the earth. Flowers scatter across the fresh soil. The air grows heavy.

Before parting, Robert's father turns to Ella.

MARK

Ella, it's going to be hard for you from here on out. Please let us know if you need anything.

Ella meets his gaze, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears. She steadies her voice, carrying both resolve and gratitude.

ELLA

Thank you so much, Mark. I will do my best to raise John well. Your support means everything during this time.

EXT. CHURCHYARD – CONTINUOUS

The mourners disperse, leaving the graveyard hushed and bare.

Suddenly, the wind shifts. Clouds churn like black waves.

A jagged bolt of lightning splits the sky, striking so close that the whole cemetery flares white.

The headstones blaze in the light—each name, each carved line of every cross etched in sudden brilliance.

Then the graveyard fell into a silence vast and unbroken, as if the world itself held its breath.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

And so Robert was laid to rest—beneath earth, beneath sky, beneath a storm that bore witness. Heaven itself bent low, marking an ending... and the quiet birth of a beginning.

Scene 7 – At Home, Five Months Later

INT. ELLA'S LIVING ROOM – AFTERNOON

SUPER: Five Months Later

Soft light filters through the curtains. The room is warm. Toys lie scattered across the rug—quiet signs of new life.

On the couch, Ella watches television. Her cheeks have regained their color. Nearby, JOHN lies peacefully in his stroller.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Time has passed—five months of quiet strength, five months of faith reborn within her.

INT. ELLA'S LIVING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, John babbles softly, his small hands reaching into the air. His sapphire-blue eyes search for his mother, shimmering with wonder.

ELLA

(Smiling)

What is it, little one?

She turns toward him. Then, sudden and clear—

JOHN

Mommy.

The word is faint, yet to Ella it crashes like thunder.

JOHN

Mommy.

Ella freezes, tears spilling instantly. She lifts John swiftly from the stroller, kissing him over and over.

ELLA

Thank you, God... thank you!

She holds him close, savoring the radiant joy of motherhood—grateful for the miracle resting in her arms.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

And so the first word rises, not into a world of loss but into a world reborn through

him, while outside the green branches tremble in the wind as if answering the call, before falling silent once more.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 3

(Childhood, First Recollection, and Plague)

Scene 1 – Church and Home Life

MONTAGE – VARIOUS LOCATIONS – DAY & NIGHT

SUPER: Six Years Later

Quick flashes of growth and change:

- A stroller fades into a child's schoolbag.
- JOHN, now six, races across a playground, his laughter bright and unrestrained.
- Skyscrapers rise higher, assembly lines pulse with ceaseless motion.
- Holographic displays glow; humanoid robots move with precision in research labs.
- Fusion plants radiate their steady hum.
- Crowded bullet trains streak past, the city a blur of speed and light.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Six years pass in a breath. John grows from infant to schoolboy, while the world surges ahead — in artificial intelligence, biomedicine, superconductivity, nuclear fusion. Childhood and technology advance in tandem, weaving a new rhythm of life.

INT. CHURCH – SUNDAY MORNING

A modest church. Sunlight filters through stained glass. The congregation bows in prayer.

Ella (33, devoted single mother) sits near the front with JOHN (6).

At the pulpit stands Carson (late 30s, composed yet burdened), delivering his sermon.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

For Ella, faith is no empty ritual. It once gave her what medicine could not — the miracle child at her side. Each Sunday, she returns in gratitude, steady in devotion.

Carson's gaze lingers on Ella as he speaks. His voice is resolute, yet beneath it lies an unspoken tenderness.

CARSON

“The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul...”

Ella lowers her eyes, hands clasped, her face a blend of reverence and quiet strength. John fidgets, then leans against her, soothed by her presence.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In Carson's words, Ella hears not just scripture but the echo of her own journey —

longing, loss, and the fragile hope that sustained her. And though others may notice Carson's gaze, Ella sees only her child, her faith, and the fragile life entrusted to her care.

FLASHBACK – VARIOUS LOCATIONS

— Carson and Ella, speaking softly at a church gathering.

— The two sharing a modest meal across a small table.

— Carson seated in Ella's living room, a Bible on the coffee table, John's toys scattered nearby.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Carson never married. In silence, his feelings for Ella reached beyond friendship. But Ella poured herself entirely into John — her love bound wholly to her child.

Scene 2 – Principal's Office

INT. SCHOOL – PRINCIPAL CAMPBELL'S OFFICE – DAY

A quiet office lined with bookshelves and children's drawings pinned on the walls. A clock ticks steadily.

Ella (slightly nervous) sits opposite the desk, clutching her handbag tightly on her lap. Beside her, John (quiet, observant) sits upright, his eyes roaming the room.

Behind the desk is HILDA CAMPBELL (early-50s, principal, warm but firm). She adjusts her glasses, a faint smile softening her otherwise serious demeanor.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Every child is unique. A thousand Johns, a thousand differences. And yet, Ella cannot help but worry when the school calls her in.

CAMPBELL

Mrs. Ella, John is a bright boy. He's polite, well-behaved... but he doesn't talk much in class. He tends to keep to himself.

Ella glances at John, then back at the principal.

ELLA

He's always been quiet at home too. But... does it affect his studies?

CAMPBELL

Not at all. In fact, he shows remarkable talent in music and drawing. His teachers are impressed. We'd like to encourage these gifts, perhaps give him more opportunities to develop.

John lowers his gaze, shy but secretly pleased.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

To Ella, the words bring both relief and a new responsibility. Her son may not shine through chatter, but in colors and in melodies, he holds a voice of his own.

Ella nods, her grip on the handbag loosening.

ELLA

Thank you, Principal Campbell. I'll do whatever it takes to support him.

CAMPBELL

Good. With your care, I'm sure John will find his own path.

The meeting ends with a handshake. John slips his small hand into Ella's, the two walking out together, their footsteps soft but steady.

Scene 3 – The Pan Flute

INT. MUSIC STORE – AFTERNOON

A cozy local music store. Pianos gleam beneath warm light, guitars hang in perfect rows along the wall. The faint scent of polished wood lingers in the air.

Ella and John step inside.

Ella walks toward a grand piano, running her fingers gently across the keys. John, however, lingers at a corner shelf. His eyes are fixed on a Romanian 22-pipe pan flute, its polished tubes glinting.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Ella had thought of a piano, something steady and classical. But John's gaze, unwavering, fell upon another voice — the ancient breath of a pan flute.

John holds up the pan flute, shouting with joy.

JOHN

Mommy, I like this one!

He dashes to Ella, clutching the flute.

The STORE OWNER (60s, genial) notices. He approaches, smiling.

STORE OWNER

That's a fine instrument. Rare. If the boy can breathe life into it, the flute is his — free.

Ella looks startled, shaking her head.

ELLA

Oh no, that can't be...

STORE OWNER

(laughing softly)

Let him try. The instrument shall choose its own master.

John hesitates for a moment, then lifts the flute with both hands, gently pressing it to his lips.

A soft, haunting melody flows out — pure and clear, filling the small shop like a whisper from another time.

The store owner freezes, eyes wide. Ella covers her mouth, astonished.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The notes carried more than sound — they carried memory, drifting like echoes from another age.

FLASHBACK – CRUSADER CAMP – DUSK

Flickering torchlight. The Crusader army encamps, the banners of Richard the Lionheart and his Crusaders fluttering in the wind. Soldiers hone their blades as warhorses snort in the fading light.

A YOUNG FLUTE PLAYER (JAMES, 16, slender, bright-eyed) sits on a large boulder, playing the same haunting tune.

Nearby, A YOUNG KNIGHT (16, resolute, clad in chainmail) turns his head, listening with intent.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Long ago, at the edge of a battlefield, a boy once played this tune. And another boy, hearing it, carried it forever in his memory.

INT. MUSIC STORE – AFTERNOON (RETURN TO PRESENT)

The melody falters. John lowers the flute, his small chest rising and falling.

The store owner whispers in awe, turning to Ella.

STORE OWNER

The flute belongs to him. No price.

Ella stares at her son, half in wonder, half in delight.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

John could not explain what stirred within him — only that the music felt his own, and yet not his. And from that day, the pan flute would rest in his hands, a key to doors he did not yet understand.

Scene 4 – John’s Memories and Doubts

INT. JOHN’S ROOM – NIGHT

A small bedroom lit by a desk lamp. Books and sketches are scattered across the desk. On the shelf, the pan flute rests in its place of honor.

John picks it up, raising it gently to his lips.

A soft, trembling melody fills the room, spreading into the quiet night. His eyes grow solemn, as if something deep within has been stirred.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In the silence of night, the past returned. The melody opened a door, and memory surged forth.

FLASHBACK – CRUSADER CAMP – DUSK

A vast camp stretches across the fields. Torches flicker. Soldiers sharpen blades, mend armor, and murmur around cooking fires. War horses stamp restlessly, their breath rising as mist into the cold air. Countless crusader banners flutter in the fading light.

On a large boulder, James plays the haunting tune of the pan flute. A melody, tender and melancholy, lingers in the lull of war.

Not far away, The young knight turns his head, drawn to the sound.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In a twilight long forgotten, music rose above the campfires of war. One boy played, another listened. Though nearly a thousand years have passed, the song returns — binding memory to the present.

The young knight approaches James.

YOUNG KNIGHT

That's a beautiful tune. Where did you learn it?

JAMES

From a village in Scotland. It is a song of longing for home.

YOUNG KNIGHT

What is your name?

JAMES

James. And you?

YOUNG KNIGHT

I am John.

They exchange a smile — a spark of friendship glimmering in the shadow of the storm to come.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD – DAY (FLASHBACK CONTINUES)

The ground shakes. Armies collide. Shields splinter, the air filled with shouts and the roar of steel.

John charges forward with his sword, cutting down an enemy. James, unarmed, runs among the soldiers, carrying water, tending to the wounded, the flute hidden safely at his side.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Blood and dust, cries and fire. Yet through the chaos, the echo of a flute lingered — fragile, defiant, unbroken.

The battle ebbs. Smoke curls above shattered spears and fallen men. Survivors cheer faintly, lifting torn banners.

John staggers, his armor dented, blood streaking his cheek. He spots James alive, clutching his flute tightly.

They clasp hands firmly.

EXT. SHORELINE – SUNSET (FLASHBACK CONCLUDES)

The sea shimmers gold. Waves lap gently. John and James sit side by side on a rock, the flute resting between them.

JOHN

Will you teach me to play?

JAMES

Of course. It shouldn't be too hard.

James begins to teach John the pan flute, guiding his hands and breath.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In the fading glow of sunset, two boys shared a song — the very song John had played in the music store.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM – NIGHT (RETURN TO PRESENT)

The melody fades. John lowers the pan flute, staring at it in silence. His brow furrows with confusion.

JOHN

(whispering to himself)

Why are these visions in my head? Why can I play this flute?

He waits, but no answer comes. Finally, he sighs, sets the flute back on the shelf, lingers a moment in thought, then turns off the lamp.

Darkness fills the room.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

No answer came that night. Only silence, and the weight of a question carried into sleep.

Scene 5 – The Summer Plague Outbreak

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM – MORNING

The bell rings as children chatter. John coughs softly into his sleeve. Around the classroom, coughs ripple one after another.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY – MORNING

A TEACHER approaches Ella, who has just arrived.

TEACHER

Ella... too many children are coughing today. We're asking parents to take their children home early. Just to be safe.

Ella nods, taking John's hand.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

What began as a few coughs soon swept through the school. A quiet warning of the storm to come.

INT. ELLA'S LIVING ROOM – AFTERNOON

The TV screen glows. A female news anchor, tense, delivers the news. Images flash of overcrowded hospitals, masked doctors, and rows of ambulances.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Hospitals overflowed. Beds filled the hallways. Ventilators grew scarce. And behind every number scrolling across the screen was a face, a name, a family.

MONTAGE – VARIOUS LOCATIONS

- Doctors in protective gear rushing between patients.
- Nurses slumping in exhaustion against hospital walls.
- A White House press briefing: the spokesperson choosing words with care.
- Jason’s voice on the phone, heavy and anxious:

JASON (V.O.)

Ella, take care of yourself. Keep John at home. This is worse than we feared.

MONTAGE – AFTERMATH

- News scroll: the death toll surpasses one million.
- A succession of funeral images.
- Empty streets and classrooms.

INT. ELLA’S LIVING ROOM – THANKSGIVING EVENING (THREE MONTHS LATER)

On TV, the PRESIDENT stands at a podium, addressing the nation.

PRESIDENT (on TV)

My fellow Americans, in this season of Thanksgiving, we gather with heavy hearts. These three months of the outbreak have tested us beyond measure. Yet in the shadow of loss, we must still hold fast to gratitude — for the courage of our doctors and nurses, for the endurance of families, and for the hope that tomorrow will be brighter...

Ella bows her head, hands clasped. John sits quietly at the table, watching her.

ELLA

(softly praying)

Thank You, Lord, for keeping us through the storm. Thank You for the life of my son. Guard those who suffer, and grant us strength to endure...

A simple meal rests on the table — bread, soup, and a roasted chicken. Mother and son bow their heads together.

INT. ELLA'S LIVING ROOM – AFTERNOON (THE NEXT DAY)

Ella and John sit watching TV.

SAME NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

From this Thanksgiving Day onward, hospital admissions have clearly declined. The national death toll has begun to fall... God bless America!

ELLA

Thank God!

John glances at his mother but says nothing.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

When the storm passed, it left silence. Ella lost her mother-in-law. John lost five classmates. Each absence was an ache beyond words to mend.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 4

(Mom, Buddha, and Plato)

Scene 1 – Time, Growth, and Yoga

MONTAGE – VARIOUS LOCATIONS – DAY & NIGHT

- Pages of a calendar flip, a clock ticking steadily.
- Seasons shift: snow melts into blossoms, blossoms fade into falling autumn leaves.
- John grows taller; his features sharpen as seasons turn, childhood slipping quietly into youth.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Time is more than a record of passing years. It is a testament to growth, to wisdom gained, and to the infinite journeys ahead.

CUT TO – INT. JOHN'S ROOM – DAY

SUPER: John – 15 years old

John sits at his desk. His light brown hair frames profound blue eyes and fair skin. His demeanor is refined, aristocratic yet youthful. Books and trophies line the shelves, poetry collections stacked neatly beside medals.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Before realizing it, John had reached fifteen. He excelled in his studies, yet his heart

leaned toward poetry—both reading and creation—finding solace in words.

CUT TO – INT. HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – EVENING

Ella, now 42, enters. Her face bears gentle traces of age, but her spirit radiates vitality. She changes into yoga attire, unrolls a mat, and switches on the TV.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

At forty-two, Ella carried the marks of time with grace. Since Robert's passing, she devoted herself to raising her son. Yet fatigue and pain pressed upon her days. Seeking relief, she turned to yoga—a balance of body and spirit.

Ella follows a calming Hatha yoga tutorial on screen. Her movements flow slowly, her breathing deep.

CUT TO – INT. JOHN'S ROOM – SAME TIME

John writes in a violet journal, drafting verses. His voice emerges—quiet, searching.

JOHN (V.O.)

“A familiar yet strange city,

Before I confront the clamor,

Consciously, I inscribed my youth in a violet journal...”

CUT TO – INT. HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

John steps out of his room, heading to the kitchen for water. He pauses at the doorway, watching Ella immersed in her yoga poses, her body silhouetted in soft lamplight.

For a moment, time freezes—mother and son in silent harmony.

ELLA

(serene smile)

Sweetheart, I've been a little tired lately—maybe from work. Starting today, I'll spend an hour each evening on yoga. If you're interested, you're always welcome to join me.

JOHN

(softly, with curiosity)

Just watching for now. Carry on, Mom.

He takes his drink and retreats. Ella returns to her practice, her figure graceful against the quiet evening light.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Thus began her nightly ritual. A new lightness entered her spirit. And in John's heart, poetry grew side by side with the rhythm of his mother's breath.

Scene 2 – John's Meditation and the Buddha Vision

INT. JOHN'S ROOM – NIGHT

John sits cross-legged on his bed, fingers forming a circle, eyes closing as his breath slows.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

That evening, inspired by his mother's practice, John turned inward. His body settled into the lotus posture as if guided by memory.

The noise of the outside world fades. Silence deepens.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In meditation, breath and thought dissolve. What begins as stillness opens a door beyond time.

VISION – UNDER THE BODHI TREE – ANCIENT INDIA

The scene unfolds: beneath the Bodhi tree, SIDDHARTHA GAUTAMA sits in serene meditation. His robe is muted orange, his face calm and radiant, a golden halo crowning his head.

A wandering SADHU approaches, bows in reverence, and waits.

BUDDHA

Who is coming without a sound?

SADHU

I am but the mist.

BUDDHA

From whence does it drift?

SADHU

From the boundless expanse.

BUDDHA

A flower, not truly a flower; mist, yet not truly mist. What essence of mist do you carry?

SADHU

Form is emptiness, and emptiness is form. From the nameless arises a name; all appearances are me.

(beat)

But tell me, Master—within this vastness, what have you gained?

BUDDHA

In the vastness, I have grasped nothingness.

SADHU

Embracing the non-self, one finds Nirvana.

BUDDHA

The non-self is the true self. All things exist because of that self.

Their voices fall into silence, words lingering like echoes in air.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Thus unfolded a dialogue of Zen—brief, elusive, yet piercing to the heart of truth.

SADHU

How can one end troubles?

BUDDHA

Release obsession, and troubles cease.

SADHU

And how does one release obsession?

BUDDHA

(smiling)

Samatva, nirvichara, ahankarahina.

(beat)

A calm heart, a heart beyond desire, a heart beyond self.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

A journey spoken in three steps: calm acceptance, freedom from desire, selflessness.

The Sadhu bows deeper, voice trembling.

SADHU

Master, what truly is wisdom?

BUDDHA

Wisdom is to discern truth, dispel suffering, and walk in liberation.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Wisdom is not the hoarding of facts, but a light that cuts through ignorance—guiding the soul toward peace.

The Sadhu recites softly, like wind through leaves:

SADHU

“The Bodhi, by nature a tree,
The clear mirror, just a mirror to be.
With the heart straying from its door,
It gathers dust, forever more.”

Above the Buddha’s head, a golden halo shines.

CUT BACK TO – INT. JOHN’S ROOM – NIGHT

John opens his eyes, shaken, breath uneven.

JOHN (V.O.)

Why did I see the Buddha? Why so real—like memories that could have been mine?

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Whether born of imagination or remembrance, the vision revealed a deeper call—an invitation to seek the truth.

Scene 3 – Dinner and Questions of Faith

INT. KITCHEN – EVENING

The table is set with John’s favorite dishes. Ella moves carefully between stove and

counter, pausing now and then to clutch her abdomen. Though faint pain lingers, she wears a gentle smile.

John enters after his run, sits at the table. Ella joins him.

She reaches for his hand, bows her head.

ELLA

Dear Lord, thank You for this food and for making us a family. Bless us with health, and guide our words tonight. In Jesus' name, Amen.

JOHN

Amen.

They begin to eat. A quiet moment, then John breaks the silence.

JOHN

Mom... do you think God really exists?

Ella looks surprised for a moment, then softens, seeing her son's maturity.

ELLA

My belief in God is steadfast. Pastor Carson's sermons have given me light, confirming His presence. He once said, "The truly fortunate are those who embrace science yet still believe in God."

(beat)

I may not know much about science, but faith brings joy and peace to my life.

John listens quietly, neither agreeing nor disagreeing.

JOHN

Then what's the true purpose of life?

Ella reflects, her voice calm but certain.

ELLA

For me, the purpose of life begins with faith in God. That is both truth and belief. And beyond that... my love and care for you. That, too, gives meaning to my life.

ELLA (CONT'D)

A good life takes both God's blessing and one's own effort.

John's eyes soften.

JOHN

Thank you, Mom. You're amazing.

Ella's smile warms, filled with pride.

ELLA

Thank you, dear. You make me happy. I hope one day you'll surpass even Pastor Carson—and give something meaningful to humanity.

JOHN

I'll do my best, Mom.

Ella gestures toward the table.

ELLA

Sweetheart, let's enjoy this meal first. This too is part of life's meaning.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Her words carried both love and grace—teaching John values, yet also revealing her passion for literature and film, the source of her eloquence.

John gathers the dishes, his movements quiet but reverent. In his heart, love and admiration for his mother deepen.

Scene 4 – Pyramids, Socrates, Plato, and the Unknown

INT. JOHN'S ROOM – NIGHT

John sits cross-legged again, breathing slowly. His eyes close, body sinking into stillness.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The previous vision lingered. Seeking answers, John entered meditation again.

Darkness fades into light—another vision unfolds.

VISION – EXT. NILE RIVER / DESERT – DAY (ANCIENT EGYPT)

Immense stones are unloaded from ships along the Nile. Barefoot workers strain

under the sun, dragging blocks across ramps. Overseers shout commands, architects sketch lines in the sand.

Among them, certain men bore golden halos—some steady, others flickering.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The pyramid rose, stone by stone, against the desert sky. Some halos glowed with brilliance; others, faint and unsteady.

John's gaze fixes on one architect, his halo unwavering as he directs a surveyor.

Nearby, laborers with weathered faces huddle by fires, eating and laughing, their lives far from the light above the chosen few.

The massive pyramid towers upward, aligned with the stars.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The Great Pyramid—mystery carved in stone. Its purpose, its design, its voices still hidden beneath desert sands.

VISION SHIFT – EXT. ATHENS – DAY (ANCIENT GREECE)

The bustling Agora. Merchants fall silent as a crowd gathers. In the center stands SOCRATES, robed, bearded, his piercing eyes alive with wisdom.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

From Egypt's stones to Greece's words—the pursuit of truth endured.

SOCRATES

My friends, wisdom begins in knowing our ignorance. I know that I know nothing. To examine life, to question, to seek truth—this is our calling. The unexamined life is not worth living.

The crowd listens: A YOUNG GREEK MAN, eager, his eyes bright and serene. Scholars stand contemplative, arms folded. Whispers weave through the assembly like a rising wind.

After the speech, the young man is talking with Socrates, who keeps nodding in response.

John watches, drawn into the circle of history.

VISION SHIFT – INT. ROOM / ACADEMY – EVENING (ANCIENT GREECE)

A distinguished figure speaks with a handsome youth—the same who once stood by Socrates. The man’s noble bearing and broad forehead reveal him: PLATO.

YOUTH

Teacher, what is philosophy?

PLATO

Philosophy is the gateway to wisdom—its purpose is to light a lamp for every soul who dreams of a journey afar.

YOUTH

It is a way to understand life, the world, and truth—and to awaken the mind.

PLATO

Wisdom and morality—these are its roots. Philosophy is befriending wisdom, cultivating a noble soul.

Their dialogue deepens—knowledge, ignorance, the nature of truth.

YOUTH

I believe matter defines consciousness, and consciousness defines matter. Perhaps science and philosophy will one day unite—consciousness, matter, and energy as one.

Plato stares at him, astonished.

PLATO

Your words reach beyond me... yet they open a horizon I had never imagined.

(beat)

My teacher Socrates spoke of a divine voice dwelling within the soul. Perhaps he had known a true deity. It is only through encounter with a higher civilization that one comes to perceive the folly and ugliness of one's former self.

The young man smiles and nods.

YOUTH

Beings of higher intelligence often begin fascinated by complexity, yet in the end they come to prefer simplicity—much like the pursuit of truth itself.

Plato fixes his gaze on the young man, awe and reverence in his eyes.

PLATO

Would you like to join my Academy? Come, teach alongside me.

YOUTH

I am honored, but bound elsewhere. One day, perhaps, I shall return.

VISION – EXT. LAKE / NIGHT (GREECE)

Suddenly, light bursts from the forest. A disc-shaped craft rises from the lake, glowing blue along its rim. It ascends at impossible speed into the night sky, vanishing among the stars.

John's eyes widen in the vision.

CUT BACK TO – INT. JOHN'S ROOM – NIGHT

John gasps, opening his eyes. The memory of voices, the sight of the UFO, burns in his mind.

JOHN (V.O.)

Why did these visions come—the pyramid, Socrates, Plato? And the disc in the night sky... was it from the divine realm, or the presence of aliens? And the golden halos—what were they trying to tell me?

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The night grew silent, but his thoughts would not rest. Between wisdom, faith, and the unknown, John's heart carried questions too vast for sleep.

Scene 5 – Illness and Resolve

INT. HOUSE – SUNDAY EVENING

The house is quiet. Dishes from dinner remain stacked in the sink.

Ella moves slowly through the hallway, one hand pressed to her stomach. Suddenly, she collapses against the wall, retching violently.

John rushes forward, catching her before she falls.

JOHN

Mom! Hold on—come, let me help you.

He half-carries her into the bedroom, laying her gently on the bed.

Ella's face is pale, her body trembling. John holds her hand, his eyes clouded with concern and edged with fear.

INT. HOSPITAL – NEXT MORNING

White walls, sterile corridors. Machines hum softly.

Ella sits across from the doctor, John at her side. The doctor's words fall heavy, though spoken with calm gravity.

DOCTOR

It is late-stage small cell lung cancer. I'm afraid... it has reached a terminal stage. But there are still some treatments we can try—let us hope for a miracle.

Silence. John's fingers tighten around his mother's hand. Ella lowers her gaze, her lips pressing into a thin, quiet line.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The decree of fate could not be undone. To Ella, it was the shadow of mortality. To John, it was the moment he vowed to bear the weight of responsibility.

INT. HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

John turns on the TV, clears the table, prepares tea, and folds the laundry. His movements are careful, deliberate—each one a quiet act of devotion.

Ella watches from her chair, her smile faint but filled with pride.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

He resolved to care for his mother, to take on the duties of a son and a man. In the stillness of night, love became his strength.

SUPER – TEXT ON SCREEN (SCRIPTURE)

“He comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves receive from God.”

— 2 Corinthians 1:4

“But I will restore you to health and heal your wounds, declares the Lord.”

— Jeremiah 30:17

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The words of Scripture echoed, carrying sorrow but also hope—a fragile light against the gathering dark.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM – LATE NIGHT

John returns to his room, a wave of melancholy sweeps over him, pulling him into solitude. His eyes fall upon his sketchbook; he picks up a pencil.

He draws with quiet devotion—a blessing captured on paper: an apple tree, its branches heavy with HEART-SHAPED FRUIT. In that stillness, he sends silent prayers skyward, yearning for his mother's swift recovery.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 5

(Superpowers and the Divine Realm)

Scene 1 – Hospital and Home: Ella's Treatment and the Rooftop Accident

INT. HOSPITAL – DAY

A sterile hospital room. Machines hum softly.

Ella sits upright on the bed, a needle taped to her arm. Her eyes are tired yet luminous.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Ella began a course of medications to combat her liver cancer, together with regular chemotherapy. These treatments steadied her condition but offered no cure. On her doctor's advice, she joined the waiting list for a liver transplant. Not all on that list would survive. Yet Ella fought on—for the sake of her son John.

INT. ELLA'S KITCHEN – EVENING

The kitchen is small, filled with the scent of spices.

John (still 15, gentle and handsome) stirs a pan, the counter crowded with ingredients: Chinese noodles, Italian herbs, Indian curry powder, Mexican tortillas.

He serves a dish with cautious pride.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

To brighten his mother's days, John turned to cooking. At first clumsy, within two months his skill sharpened. With Ella's guidance, his mistakes became lessons, his effort became devotion.

Ella tastes the dish, her lips curving into a fragile smile.

ELLA

Wonderful, sweetheart. You're getting better every day.

John beams, pride softening his fatigue.

INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY

The doorbell rings.

Uncle Jason steps in, carrying bags of food—burgers, fried chicken, pizza.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Jason never came empty-handed. Each visit lifted Ella's spirits, each meal a token of

brotherly love, each smile a spark of strength against illness.

Ella hugs her brother, her smile frail yet radiant.

EXT. ELLA'S HOUSE – AFTERNOON

Rain has scarred the ceilings inside. Jason climbs onto the roof with tools.

John steadies the ladder, eager to help.

The afternoon is bright, a breeze stirring the leaves. Birds call in the distance.

Jason missteps. His foot slips.

SLOW MOTION: Jason's body tilts, plunging down.

From below, John's eyes widen. Instinct surges. He sprints forward with impossible speed—catching Jason just before he strikes the ground.

They hit the ground together.

Jason gasps for air, his body shaking with aftershock.

Ella hears the commotion and bursts out of the house, panic etched on her face.

ELLA

Jason! What happened?

JASON

(stammering)

I... slipped. John—he caught me.

JASON

(murmuring)

But just a moment ago... he was over there.

Seeing them unharmed, Ella lets out a rush of relief.

ELLA (CONT'D)

Thank God you're safe!

She turns to her son—her eyes glowing with pride.

ELLA (CONT'D)

Honey, you were incredible today! I'll make something special for dinner.

JOHN

(quiet, still dazed)

No need, Mom. I'll start dinner.

He walks back inside, confusion heavy on him.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

For John, the moment felt unreal—time itself had seemed to bend. Was this the first awakening of a hidden power?

Scene 2 – Night Experiments and Jason’s Unease

INT. JOHN’S ROOM – NIGHT

The bookshelf is crowded with volumes, but John’s eyes are elsewhere. He sits on the bed, lost in thought.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

That afternoon’s miracle haunted him. The distance he crossed, the speed he reached—was it truly possible? Could he have awakened a hidden power?

John glances toward the door. The house is quiet. He rises, moving carefully so his mother won’t hear.

EXT. QUIET STREET – NIGHT

The moon spills a soft glow across the silent neighborhood. John steps into the yard and approaches his mother’s car.

With both hands, he lifts. The vehicle rises effortlessly. He freezes, breath caught in disbelief.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Strength beyond measure surged through him. What mankind once dreamed of now stood before his eyes.

John sets the car down gently, then steels himself.

JOHN

(whispering)

Forward... to the school.

He pushes off with both feet—but instead of running, his body launches skyward, soaring ten meters into the air.

JOHN

(panicked, whispering)

Down—bring me down!

He drifts lower, breath quick and unsteady.

JOHN

(whispering again)

Higher... take me to the school.

The world below blurs, rooftops and shadows rushing past. He hovers above the school gates, then, with a single thought, descends softly. His heart races—half terror, half wonder.

EXT. SKY ABOVE THE SCHOOL – CONTINUOUS

John steadies his breath, daring himself once more.

JOHN

(thinking)

Higher.

Instantly, he rises—thirty meters, the rooftops shrinking beneath him. The air chills, silence pressing in.

JOHN

(thinking, urgent)

Descend!

He drifts back to the ground, trembling.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Each command obeyed, as though the night itself bent to his will.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM – LATER THAT NIGHT

With a blink, the street vanishes—he is back in his room. He sits on the bed, chest heaving.

JOHN

(to himself)

Why is this happening? Is God helping me?

NARRATOR (LIT.)

What was this gift? A natural force, or a divine one? John knew only one thing: he must keep it secret, even from his mother. At least until he understood.

He lies down, restless. Shadows of dreams drift through his mind, fading before dawn.

EXT. ELLA'S HOUSE – DAY (A FEW DAYS LATER)

Jason stands on the roof, packing away his tools after finishing the repairs. His face is heavy, his demeanor uneasy.

JOHN

Need a hand, Uncle?

JASON

(shaking his head)

No need, John.

John studies him, sensing something off.

Jason climbs down, shouldering his tool bag. At that moment, Ella steps outside.

ELLA

Jason, take a break. Stay for dinner with us.

JASON

(nervous glance)

No... I can't. I have things to do.

INT. KITCHEN – EVENING

Dinner is over. John clears the table, loading dishes into the washer. In the living room, Ella watches the news.

ELLA

Sweetheart, thank you for helping. You can rest now.

JOHN

I wanted to watch the news too.

They sit together. The anchor reports:

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

A joint U.S.–Mongolian team has uncovered a cluster of Cretaceous fossils near Ulaanbaatar. Among them, a Triceratops... and, beside it, a humanoid fossil. The exact age is still awaiting testing.

The camera zooms on the ancient bones. John's face tightens.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The images pierced his memory, stirring something long-buried, something waiting to awaken.

Scene 3 – John's Meditation: The Cretaceous and the UFO

INT. JOHN'S ROOM – NIGHT

Moonlight spills through the curtains. John sits cross-legged on his bed, breath slowing—then slowly rises, weightless, hovering above the sheets.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

He let his mind sink beyond the present, until time itself dissolved—and a forgotten world opened before him.

EXT. CRETACEOUS LANDSCAPE – VISION

A dim ancient sky. A shimmering lake, forests of towering ferns. Herds of Triceratops graze the meadows. Above, pterosaurs wheel across the air.

With a low hum, a vast disc-shaped craft descends, settling just above the ground. A hatch opens, a ladder extends.

Two young, hairless men descend: ESSIYAHT and AHSIMETA, clad in silver flight suits, their eyes sharp, luminous.

AHSIMETA

Essiyaht, welcome to Earth.

They walk along the lakeshore, gazing at the wild abundance around them.

ESSIYAHT

Such beauty... it gladdens my heart. Thank you, Ahsimeta.

AHSIMETA

(somber)

And yet it cannot remain unchanged.

ESSIYAHT

History will take its course. Our true work lies ahead.

AHSIMETA

How is your son's progress in creating mankind?

ESSIYAHT

Everything in his department is progressing well. Yet I warned him—he must see mankind as his own offspring.

EXT. FOREST EDGE – VISION

A Tyrannosaurus bursts from the trees, roaring as it charges the two men.

A Triceratops bellows in defiance, planting itself before them, horns lowered. The titans crash together, the ground trembling beneath their weight.

Two more Triceratops thunder forward, bowing low before the men. Reading the beasts' intent, the men leap onto their armored backs, clutching the rough hide as the creatures surge into a gallop.

Essiyaht's mount pounds ahead—until the earth softens into marsh. The beast sinks, thrashing helplessly in the mire.

AHSIMETA

(calling out)

Essiyaht! Let's leave together!

ESSIYAHT

(resolute)

Go on. My first earthly body will remain here.

Ahsimeta spurs his mount. Two T-rexes lunge—he vanishes in a flash of light, returning to the disc.

Essiyaht and the Triceratops sink deeper until both are consumed by the mire. Then, from the depths, his form erupts into light, leaving flesh behind as it ascends to the hovering disc.

EXT. UFO – MOMENTS LATER

The disc-shaped craft hovers in the sky, glowing with radiant light.

INT. UFO – CONTINUOUS

A chamber hums with energy—this is a transformation chamber.

Ahsimeta emerges, restored to his essence, yet his appearance remains the same as on Earth, only his garments have changed.

A human-faced robot stands waiting at the console.

ROBOT

Welcome back, Ahsimeta.

AHSIMETA

All is ready?

ROBOT

Yes. Systems await your command.

Essiyaht appears, serene. He nods, then gives the order.

ESSIYAHT

Let us begin.

The disc tilts, lifting into the sky.

EXT. CRETACEOUS SKY – VISION

A fiery mass rips through the clouds, trailing light.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The sky split—and the earth trembled.

Impact. A blinding flash. Forests ignite, seas rear, ash climbs to strangle the sun.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In the choking dark, the giants fell. An age ended—and the world was left to begin anew.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM – CONTINUOUS

John jolts awake, gasping, sweat on his brow. He clutches his chest, the vision burning still in his mind.

Scene 4 – Return to the Divine Realm and the Rose

INT. DIVINE REALM – ESSIYAHT’S HOME – DAY

Soft radiance pours through crystal walls. The air carries a subtle fragrance.

Essiyaht steps inside. His wife, HSEQIMEDI, rises from her seat. She is graceful—hairless, with sapphire eyes glimmering with wisdom, clad in a flowing purple gown, diamond earrings sparkling at her ears.

They embrace, their foreheads gently touching.

HSEQIMEDI

You’re back. How did things go?

ESSIYAHT

The Earth has undergone great change. I am sorry—your little dinosaurs have perished.

Hseqimedi frowns for a moment, then quickly regains her calm.

HSEQIMEDI

I have already designed a new flower. You shall see it later.

INT. DIVINE REALM – ESSIYAHT’S HOME – CONTINUOUS

A human-faced robot, WIDYH, glides forward in silence.

WIDYH

Welcome home, Master. Shall I prepare dinner?

ESSIYAHT

Thank you, Widyh. I am a little hungry—just something simple will do.

The robot bows, then moves toward the kitchen alcove, arranging luminous fruits and crystalline grains.

INT. ESSIYAHT'S HOME – WORKROOM – MOMENTS LATER

They enter Hseqimedi's workroom. She stands before a translucent panel, touches a switch, and slowly a red rose takes shape—its petals glowing softly, thorns forming along the stem.

HSEQIMEDI

I designed this flower—ROSE. Its name means love everlasting. Soft in beauty, yet guarded by its thorns.

ESSIYAHT

(smiling)

Such a wonderful name! May every beautiful flower carry a beautiful tale.

Even beauty must learn how to protect itself.

Hseqimedi's face brightens with a smile; her eyes turn proudly to her husband.

They gaze together at the radiant bloom.

INT. DIVINE REALM – ESSIYAHT'S HOME – CONTINUOUS

From within Essiyaht's robe, a communicator hums. He draws it out and presses a switch. The device is slightly smaller than a human cellphone and can be operated by voice.

A shimmering portal opens. A holographic image appears—his son, ESSIYAHTA, smiling brightly.

ESSIYAHT

My son, how are you?

ESSIYAHTA

All is well, Father. I already know what has happened on Earth—welcome back.

ESSIYAHTA (CONT'D)

Come to my department when you can. I have many questions I wish to discuss with you.

Their voices are warm, filled with reverence and love.

ESSIYAHT

I will.

INT. ESSIYAHT'S HOME— DINING HALL

Essiyaht and Hseqimedi have just taken their seats at the crystal table when Widyh presents radiant fruits, bionic meats and seafood, along with soft breads and shimmering drinks.

They eat, speak, and laugh together. The air is calm, full of warmth.

After meal, Hseqimedi helps Widyh clear the table. Before long, Widyh returns with two cups of tea and sets them down.

ESSIYAHT

What a lovely aroma!

WIDYH

(smiling, proud)

I just bought it yesterday.

HSEQIMEDI

Why don't the three of us have a chess match?

ESSIYAHT

I'm no match for you two. But today, I'll give it everything I've got.

Hseqimedi and Widyh laugh. The three gather around the table and begin their match in earnest.

In the end, the robot claims victory in the contest.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In the divine realm, the chessboard stretches into a 10×10 grid of black and white squares, far more intricate than Earth's familiar 8×8 design. An extra rook stands on the right, an additional knight on the left, and two more pawns complete the set. The pieces gleam in vivid crimson and gold, and the rules are largely the same as those known on Earth.

Scene 6 – Divine Realm: The Football Match

EXT. DIVINE REALM – STADIUM – DAY

A colossal stadium rises with a retractable roof, glowing under radiant light. The seats—capable of holding 100,000 spectators—fill rapidly as if entire crowds had teleported at once.

Essiyaht and his wife Hseqimedi enter. She is dressed elegantly in pink, with diamond earrings, a necklace, and a jade bracelet. They greet Ahsimeta, Essiyahta, and others warmly before taking their reserved seats.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In the divine realm, football was passion. Rules bound the players to their physical forms—no telepathy, no superhuman leaps. Here, the contest was pure skill and endurance.

WIDE SHOT – THE GRANDSTANDS

The stadium overflows with youthful spectators.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The people of the divine realm appear eternally young—an outcome of their evolution.

The crowd, alive with excitement and energy, becomes a dazzling sea of color, with many in eclectic costumes and bold face paint. Drums thunder, horns blare, and voices rise together in song. They bear the full spectrum of human skin tones, indistinguishable from those on Earth.

Among them, one section draws every eye: THE BEAST-FACED TRIBES—lion-headed, tiger-faced, bull-visaged, eagle-eyed, peacock-crowned.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

They too are born of evolution, and their cries ring out in voices unlike any other—a vivid testament to the realm’s diversity.

ON FIELD

The opening ceremony begins. A famous pop star steps forward, a seven-member band behind him. Music swells, and the entire stadium joins in the song “We”—their voices rising in unison.

LYRICS – “WE”

With flowers in hand and fine wine raised high,
 We’ve conquered the dark, aiming to light the sky.
 Bold in spirit, giving a hundred tries,
 Together we journey, new paths in our eyes.

Feelings unspoken, yet deeply they hide,
 For the sake of your smile, I set aside my pride.
 As time moves on, steady and slow,
 We wave goodbye to sorrows, letting them go.

Joy fills life with treasures untold,
 Songs bring us together, in friendship we hold.
 Eternal love, pure and sure,

A bond unbroken, forever to endure.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Their song carried the fragrance of flowers and the clink of wine, of courage and farewells, of eternal bonds that time could not erase.

The performance ends in thunderous applause.

CENTER FIELD – MOMENTS LATER

As the match is about to begin, darkness suddenly sweeps across the sky above the stadium. On the field, the green grass glimmers with a faint, ethereal light. Then, one by one, the floodlights blaze to life, their beams converging on the ground like a thousand unblinking eyes.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In the sky of the divine realm, there are no stars. Long ago, a thousand artificial lights were installed, their brightness and warmth adjustable at will. As a result, the inhabitants of this realm are without hair, though their brows still frame their eyes.

Referees lead the players out. Essiyaht delivers the ceremonial opening kick to roaring cheers. The red team and yellow team take their places.

The match begins—swift passes, dazzling footwork, a midfielder launching a perfect long ball. A striker fires a shot from thirty meters—

The ball blazes into the top corner. The crowd erupts.

Moments later, the yellow team counters with seamless exchanges, lightning-fast. The stadium surges with color and sound, scarves and headbands waving in ecstatic rhythm.

The game ends in triumph for the red team. Applause rises like a storm, then lingers in warm waves long after the final whistle.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

For the divine realm, sport was more than spectacle. It was unity, perseverance, and joy woven into one.

After the match ends, most of the spectators vanish in an instant. Essiyaht and Hseqimedi, too, find themselves suddenly back at home.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In the divine realm, people exist in two forms: pure consciousness and embodied flesh—one unseen, the other visible. Each inhabitant has the power to teleport instantly and to float freely through the air.

In this realm, there are no cars, no airplanes, and no change of seasons.

Scene 7 – Back to Earth: John’s Confusion

INT. JOHN’S ROOM – MORNING

Sunlight filters in. John wakes, yawning, moving through his morning routine. As he washes his face, he begins to hum a song—the very song sung in the divine realm. He freezes, staring at his reflection.

JOHN

(to himself)

Why am I singing this?

He gets dressed, heads to the kitchen, and makes breakfast, but the unease won't leave him.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM – AFTER BREAKFAST

John sits on his bed, head in his hands.

JOHN

(to himself, whispering)

Who am I? Where did I come from?

His eyes search the ceiling as though the answer were written in the air.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The question would not let him go. A melody not of this Earth echoed within him—an echo of a realm he could not name.

The CAMERA lingers on John's face, his eyes flickering between doubt and wonder.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 6

(Divine Realm, Confirming Identity, and Healing Others)

Scene 1 – The Divine Realm: Daily Life and a Meeting

EXT. DIVINE REALM – DAY

A tranquil morning in the divine realm. Fresh air, infused with the fragrance of flowers and grass, drifts across the glowing meadows. Essiyaht rides along a broad, tree-lined avenue. On the horizon, rolling hills lift like a crown, with clusters of buildings in balanced hues scattered among them. Nearby, cerulean lakes glimmer softly in the light. From the trees, birds trill in sweet chorus as little animals bound and dart across the ground.

The avenue bustles with pedestrians, and at intervals the beast-faced inhabitants emerge among them. With quiet warmth, Essiyaht offers greetings to cyclists and passersby alike.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In this world, plants flourish and bear fruit without the sun. Their leaves glow with emerald light, while their fruits gleam in shades of gold, violet, and sapphire—each a reflection of the divine soil’s mystery. Over time, the flora multiplied, weaving an endless tapestry of wonder. The ancient beasts have evolved into “beast-faced” inhabitants. Small animals and birds, once created by decree of the Supreme Council (AAFKHY), now wander and flutter freely, some treasured as beloved companions by the realm’s people. There are no cars, no planes—only silent UFOs stationed at the realm’s borders.

EXT. OFFICE COMPLEX – CONTINUOUS

The office complex rises in tinted glass, five levels tall—majestic yet modern. Inside are lounges filled with food and drink, and meeting halls with adjustable light, vast enough to hold the council of gods.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Here, the notion of time is unbound. Punctuality holds no meaning; only the completion of one’s task matters.

INT. ESSIYAHT'S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

The office building is unusually quiet, with only a few people passing through—most of them working from home. Essiyaht steps into his office and, with a subtle wave of his hand, adjusts the ambient lighting. He exchanges a few words with the office robot before activating the desk display. After a brief pause, he recalls his son's invitation. From within his robe, he draws out the "Dililah," the divine realm's communicator. He powers it on with his mind and finds the contact.

A holographic image appears: Essiyahta, his son.

ESSIYAHTA

Father, how are you?

ESSIYAHT

I was thinking of visiting your department.

ESSIYAHTA

That would be wonderful! I had been hoping you would consider it.

ESSIYAHT

Alright, I'll make my way there shortly.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM – LATER

Essiyaht joins Essiyahta and TWO ASSISTANTS.

The discussion begins: the design of humankind.

ESSIYAHTA

We have reached a consensus that human testicles should be internal, given the hazardous environments they will face and their lack of self-repair capabilities.

ESSIYAHT

Considering the many advantages men already have, introducing some form of balance seems reasonable.

The tall assistant leans forward.

TALL ASSISTANT

Isn't Earth the perfect laboratory? We can test our designs freely there.

The shorter assistant hesitates, uneasy.

SHORTER ASSISTANT

But what if humans lose faith in us—or advance enough to challenge us? And if it ever came to that... would we truly have the resolve to wipe them out?

Before Essiyaht can answer, Essiyahta cuts in, calm and confident.

ESSIYAHTA

The likelihood is minimal. Human intelligence cannot rival ours. We will guide and oversee their growth, ensuring they know us.

Essiyaht nods thoughtfully.

ESSIYAHT

Your insights are invaluable. Many matters require further thought. I trust you will carry them out with precision.

The conversation shifts to reproductive isolation—the barriers that preserve the integrity of species, shaping evolution itself.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Though supreme leader, Essiyaht never demanded blind obedience. His power lay not in force, but in wisdom—listening, reasoning, guiding others toward consensus.

For the wise, authority need not be harsh; true power flows from gentleness, humility, and the quiet strength of compassion.

Scene 2 – The Confirmation of Identity

INT. JOHN'S ROOM – NIGHT

SUPER: John, 18 years old

John sits on his bed, scrolling through his phone.

With each passing year, John's appearance reflected his inner change. His sapphire-blue eyes gleamed with a depth beyond his age, his light brown hair catching the light with quiet grace. Tall and slender, he seemed less a mortal than a figure drawn from myth.

On screen: the Super Bowl opening ceremony at SoFi Stadium, Los Angeles.

The national anthem swells to its climax. A roaring formation of jets slices across the sky: a B-52 flanked by two F-35s, then a B-2 with two B-21 Raiders.

Suddenly, the camera jolts. A gray-black, disc-shaped UFO bursts into view—circling the bombers at impossible speed. It then shoots upward, tracing radiant characters in the sky: Essiyaht.

Moments later, the UFO vanishes.

John stares, stunned, the glow of the screen reflected in his wide eyes.

JOHN (whispering)

Essiyaht... Essiyaht...

His breathing quickens. He closes his eyes. Visions flood his mind—men and women, like humans yet different, all speaking the same word: Essiyaht.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

It was more than a name. It was recognition. His true name in the divine realm.

John opens his eyes. A slow smile, filled with awe, spreads across his face. He knows, at last—his divine identity is real.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM – LATER THAT NIGHT

John drifts into sleep. A dream unfolds.

INT. GRAND HALL – DREAM

A vast hall of crystal and radiant light. Towering pillars shimmer as voices echo across the chamber. Essiyaht—John’s true self—stands, delivering a speech before a gathered assembly.

IMAGES FLASH: In the divine realm, Essiyaht rides a bicycle through radiant streets; crowned, he receives the reverence of multitudes. On Earth, beneath the Bodhi tree, he speaks with a sadhu, then engages in dialogue with Socrates.

Then, a beautiful woman appears—Hseqimedi.

HSEQIMEDI

When are you leaving, Essiyaht?

ESSIYAHT

(calmly)

Soon. The AAFKHY has decided.

HSEQIMEDI

What is the purpose of your visit to Earth this time? Can you tell me?

ESSIYAHT

This incarnation is different. The purpose is to understand humanity more deeply.

Her gaze lowers, her voice touched with sadness.

HSEQIMEDI

I see. I wish you all the best.

ESSIYAHT

Thank you, Hseqimedi. Take good care of yourself—I will return soon.

He leans in, kissing her cheek with tenderness.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM – DAWN

John wakes, the dream still vivid in his mind. He breathes deeply, calm yet resolute.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

At last, he had confirmed his true identity—the supreme leader of the divine realm. And the woman in his dream, Hseqimedi, was no illusion, but his wife in the divine realm.

John sighed softly, knowing he had not revealed the whole truth to her. Yet now his heart was steady, no longer haunted by the question of who he was.

Scene 3 – Family and the Schoolyard (The First Act of Healing)

INT. ELLA'S HOME – DAY

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Ella, steadfast and loving, bears the burden of both mother and sister. For years she has raised John while also supporting her brother Jason. Divorce and job loss dragged Jason into depression and drink. His visits to Ella's house grew fewer, leaving John with only fading memories of his uncle.

But Ella's own strength has begun to falter. Her lung tumor, once shrinking, now shows signs of growth. Doctors warn that her treatment may no longer be effective.

While cooking in the kitchen, Ella suddenly convulses, seized by painful nausea. Her body trembles, her face pale as chalk.

John rushes to her side, steadying her with gentle hands.

JOHN

Mom—hold on. Let me help you.

He supports her into the living room, easing her onto the couch.

John stands there for a moment, his eyes fixed on her fragile figure, silently absorbing her suffering.

Ella looks at her son, weary yet composed.

ELLA

Jason... he's been admitted to a mental health treatment centre. I was planning to visit him with you one of these days.

John's expression darkens with sorrow. He walks to his mother's side, taking her hand firmly.

JOHN

I'll take care of you... both of you. I promise.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Even with the knowledge of his exalted identity, John's heart remained bound by love for his family. Yet with that love came a heavier burden of responsibility.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL – AFTERNOON

Students spill through the gates. John notices a commotion: five tall boys encircle a smaller classmate, shoving him back and forth. Their target is a Vietnamese boy—
MINH.

The bullies sneer.

BULLY 1

What makes you think you deserve her?

The boy stays silent, struggling to remain composed.

John steps forward, anger flashing in his eyes.

JOHN

Why are you all ganging up on him?

BULLY 2

Stay out of this! It's not your fight!

One boy lunges, shoving John. In an instant, John twists the boy's arm behind his back—swift, effortless, controlled. The others freeze, stunned by his sudden display

of skill. A flicker of martial arts—Chinese kung fu—revealed.

The restrained bully snarls:

BULLY 3

Let's get out of here. We'll deal with him next time.

Grudgingly, the others retreat.

EXT. SCHOOL GATE – CONTINUOUS

John turns to the shaken boy.

JOHN

You alright? Did they hurt you?

MINH

(nervous, stammering)

N-no... I'm okay.

JOHN

Why were they after you?

MINH

(stammering, cheeks flushed)

I... I haven't done anything.

John sees it now—a stutter, a hidden wound. John softens his tone, already resolved in his heart to heal Minh’s stutter.

John holds his gaze on Minh, quietly setting the healing into motion.

JOHN

What’s your name?

MINH

I... I’m Minh.

JOHN

How far is your home from here?

MINH

Not too far.

JOHN

Why did they target you?

MINH

(steadier now)

One of them likes a girl... but she likes me. They told me to back off, but I refused. That’s why.

Astonished by the sudden fluency of his own voice, Minh looks at John in wide-eyed surprise. John smiles gently, sensing the healing taking place.

JOHN

It's been good meeting you, Minh. Let's talk again sometime.

MINH

Sure. And... thank you—for stepping in.

They shake hands firmly. Minh watches as John walks away, a new confidence kindling within him.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Minh could not explain how, but he knew something had changed. This was the day he would remember—the day he saw a brave, compassionate man.

Scene 4 – John Heals Ella – Later That Night

INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

After dinner, John and Ella sit together on the couch, the television flickering softly before them.

John hesitates for a moment, then resolves to help his mother with her cancer. Yet he is not ready to reveal his true identity.

JOHN

Mom, I think... maybe I can help with your cancer.

Ella turns to him, startled.

ELLA

How could that be? What do you mean, darling?

John steadies his voice.

JOHN

I've been studying some ancient methods—Arabic medicine, combined with Chinese Qigong. They may help.

A flicker of hope lights Ella's tired eyes.

ELLA

That would be wonderful... Can you try?

JOHN

Alright. Let's try.

He brings over a chair, gently guiding her to sit upright.

JOHN

Close your eyes, Mom. Just relax.

He stands behind her, placing his hands softly on her head. His touch is tender, deliberate. His lips move in a faint murmur, like fragments of an ancient prayer.

His hands slowly move to her neck and back, massaging with quiet focus. Yet beneath the gesture flows something deeper—his true, hidden power.

After twenty minutes, John steps back, his breathing heavier than before.

JOHN

Alright, Mom. How do you feel?

Ella opens her eyes, astonished.

ELLA

My pain... it's gone. I feel lighter, better. How did you do this?

John forces a faint smile.

JOHN

I just tried... I didn't expect it to work.

ELLA

You're amazing, darling.

JOHN

It may take a few more sessions. But please... let's keep this between us.

ELLA

Of course, I won't tell anyone. Thank you, my child.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

For three days, John quietly repeated this ritual. Ella's pain vanished, her dizziness was gone, and she moved once more with ease and strength.

INT. HOSPITAL – DAY

A week later, Ella shares the results with joy.

INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

ELLA

The doctors were astounded! They said the cancer cells... have completely disappeared!

She leans closer to John, whispering.

ELLA

When the doctor asked, I told him it was God who cured me.

Her eyes glisten with faith and triumph. John smiles faintly, though a flicker of guilt crosses his gaze.

JOHN

I'm truly happy for you, Mom.

Scene 5 – Visiting Jason in the Mental Health Treatment Center

EXT. WEST VIRGINIA – COUNTRY ROAD – MORNING

Ella drives along a quiet highway. Sunlight spills across rolling hills, the West Virginia landscape serene under a soft breeze.

At last, a modest cluster of single-story buildings comes into view, nestled among gardens and open space. This is the mental health treatment center.

INT. TREATMENT CENTER – VISITORS’ LOUNGE – DAY

The atmosphere is calm, almost homelike. Fresh flowers sit on the reception desk. Beyond it, a small hall opens out, where two patients quietly play pool. Through the windows, the garden is visible—patients strolling slowly among flowers, benches, and trees.

A nurse leads Ella and John into the softly lit visitors’ lounge, furnished with comfortable chairs.

Moments later, Jason enters, escorted by the nurse. His face is pale, his hair hangs disheveled, eyes darting restlessly. His hands twitch as though fighting off unseen terrors.

The instant he sees John, he stiffens.

JASON

(shouting, trembling)

No! No—get him away from me! He’s not human... he’s one of them!

The nurse tries to calm him, but Jason recoils, clutching his head.

JASON

He’s an alien! I saw it—I know what he is! Keep him away from me!

Ella rises quickly, tears filling her eyes.

ELLA

Jason, please! This is John—your nephew. He's here to see you.

JASON

No! Keep him away! I don't want to see him!

Jason collapses into a chair, rocking back and forth, muttering incoherently. The nurse gently leads him back toward the ward.

INT. CORRIDOR – CONTINUOUS

Ella leans against the wall, shaken.

ELLA

My poor brother...

John stands beside her, silent, his face shadowed with sorrow.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In that moment, John felt, as never before, the frailty of the human mind. Sanity and madness—so close, so precariously entwined.

He knew that mankind's deep-rooted fear of higher civilizations gnawed at the human spirit. In novels and films, such beings were endlessly twisted into cruel and savage fantasies.

He knew that redeeming the soul was even more important than healing the body.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 7

(To Continue Healing Others, To Honor Mother)

Scene 1 – Mark Thomas’s Visit and the Mother-Son Conversation

INT. ELLA’S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – SUNDAY AFTERNOON

The house is quiet, filled with the warmth of a family’s return from church. Suddenly, the DOORBELL RINGS.

Ella pauses, surprised, and opens the door. Standing there is Mark Thomas (late 60s, Robert’s father, weary, his face lined with years of sorrow). His unexpected presence fills the doorway with tension.

Ella, still taken aback, gestures warmly.

ELLA

Mr. Thomas, would you like something to drink?

MARK THOMAS

No, thank you, Ella. I won’t be staying long.

He steps into the living room. The air shifts—once warm, now heavy with unspoken gravity. Ella pulls up a chair across from him, her expression serious.

ELLA

What's the matter?

Mark exhales a long sigh, eyes lowered before lifting them again.

MARK THOMAS

I'm going through a divorce... I may need to find a new place to stay. I had nowhere else to go, so I thought of coming here.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

This is Mark Thomas's second marriage. His first wife passed away during the pandemic.

Ella's face freezes, the weight of the news pressing upon her. Her voice is low, tinged with sadness.

ELLA

So... you're suggesting we leave?

MARK THOMAS

I'm deeply sorry, Ella. I have no other choice.

A silence lingers. Ella clasps her hands tightly, summoning composure.

ELLA

When do you need the house?

MARK THOMAS

In about two months.

ELLA

Very well. We will relocate within two months.

Mark nods faintly, eyes filled with regret. He leaves quietly.

Ella sinks into the couch, her body folding into silence. The house feels emptier than ever.

From the hallway, John (still 18, now fully aware of his true identity) emerges. Ella straightens, her voice trembling as she calls out to him.

ELLA

Darling, there's something important we need to discuss.

John sits across from her, brows furrowed with concern.

JOHN

What's going on, Mom?

ELLA

We're facing a significant challenge. Grandpa has decided to reclaim the house we're living in.

John's face tightens, fighting back emotion.

JOHN

How could this happen? ... What are you planning to do about it?

ELLA

I'm considering temporarily moving in with your uncle. His health is unstable—he may need to stay in the treatment center for a while.

JOHN

And what if Uncle gets better?

ELLA

Don't worry, dear. If that happens, we'll consider renting a place.

JOHN

I'll follow your lead, Mom. We'll get through this.

He forces a small smile, but behind it is sorrow.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

For the first time, he feels the full weight of responsibility. In his heart, a quiet vow takes shape: one day, he will buy his mother a safe and lasting home.

Scene 2 – To Heal Jason

INT. MENTAL HEALTH TREATMENT CENTER – VISITING ROOM –
SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Ella and John arrive at the treatment center, their steps quiet but determined. A

NURSE hesitates when Ella asks to see Jason. After some persistence, the nurse relents.

Moments later, Jason (early 40s, fragile, his eyes clouded with confusion) is brought into the room. His gaze darts nervously from corner to corner. Suddenly, he lets out a piercing cry.

JASON

Aliens! Don't take me away!

He turns to flee, but John rises instantly, voice firm yet calm.

JOHN

Jason, look at me!

Jason halts abruptly. Their eyes meet. For a fleeting moment, recognition flickers across his panic-stricken face. His breathing slows.

JOHN

Uncle, there's no need to be afraid. We've come to look after you.

JASON

(stammering)

You... you're not aliens?

JOHN

No. We're definitely not aliens. Don't worry. Ella and I are here to support you.

JASON

But why did you run so fast that day? I saw it all...

JOHN

I ran because I was afraid you might fall from the roof. Maybe your fear made things look different.

Jason lowers his head, half-convinced, half-doubting. John steps closer, gentle but steady.

JOHN

Let's take a walk in the garden. There's more I'd like to share with you.

JASON

(quietly)

Okay. I trust you won't harm me.

Ella, watching from the sofa with anxious eyes, rises at last.

ELLA

Go ahead. Take a walk in the garden. I'll be waiting here.

EXT. TREATMENT CENTER – GARDEN – SERIES OF VISITS

Over the following Saturdays, Ella and John return again and again. John and Jason walk the quiet paths among blossoming trees, their conversations stretching longer each time.

Jason sometimes smiles, sometimes falters. Ella watches from a distance, her heart stirred by every fragile step toward recovery.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Those who suffer mental illness perceive the world through another lens—what brings joy to some may bring sorrow to them. Medicine may steady the mind for a moment, but love, patience, and trust are the deeper cure.

INT. TREATMENT CENTER – DISCHARGE DAY – SPRING AFTERNOON

Ella signs the discharge papers. Jason stands beside John, calmer now, though still tentative.

On the drive home, the landscape shifts—winter’s chill giving way to spring’s warmth.

ELLA

Your uncle’s recovery is remarkable. I believe your support played a great part. How did you ease his doubts?

JOHN

I told him it’s God guiding humanity, not aliens controlling the Earth. Every miracle is God’s presence. We spoke of many things...

John pauses, keeping secret the truth of his divine powers.

Ella keeps her hands steady on the wheel, her eyes softening with pride.

ELLA

You've done well, my dear.

Jason, seated quietly by the window, finally turns, his voice low but sincere.

JASON

Thank you both... for everything you've done for me.

ELLA

You should thank God for His blessings, and John for his help.

JOHN

Mom's care and prayers played a big role too.

Jason nods, a faint smile touching his lips.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE – DINNER TABLE – EVENING

The aroma of home-cooked food fills the room. Ella looks at her brother with unease.

ELLA

Jason, I'm sorry we moved in without telling you first. John and I will stay here only for a while. Soon we'll look for a place to rent.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Jason had been divorced for many years. Now, more than ever, he longed for the presence of family to fill the emptiness within his heart.

Jason glances at them both, his voice calm, sincere.

JASON

Don't worry, sister. John told me everything. You can stay here. I actually prefer having company.

Ella's eyes brighten with relief, surprise softening into joy.

ELLA

Thank you, Jason. You're truly a good person.

JASON

You've been taking care of me. It's I who should thank you.

John smiles faintly, the bond between them now unspoken.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Out of darkness, a fragile light begins to glow—woven of family, faith, and care. In such light, even a broken soul may find the strength to rise again.

Scene 3 – John's Plan and the First Patient

INT. JASON'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – DAY

The house feels fuller now, yet Ella carries an unspoken unease. John sits beside her, his tone suddenly serious.

JOHN

Mother, there's something important I need to discuss with you.

Ella looks at him, her face softening into a warm smile.

ELLA

Okay, darling. Go ahead. I'm listening.

John straightens, his voice calm but resolute.

JOHN

I've decided not to continue with school. Instead, I plan to make a living by treating others. That way I can earn money and ease your burden.

Ella freezes, unprepared for such words.

ELLA

My God! Why would you think that way? You're still so young—and your future is in college!

JOHN

I'm grown up now, Mom. College just isn't in my plans.

ELLA

But how will you practice medicine without a qualification? Don't worry about the money—I can support your education.

JOHN

I won't claim to be a doctor. I'll simply say I know ancient methods that can help with

certain illnesses. And besides—there will always be time for college later.

Ella studies his face. His determination unsettles her, yet she senses his maturity.

ELLA

I believe in you, dear... but where do you plan to treat your patients?

JOHN

Right here at home.

ELLA

And have you spoken to your uncle?

JOHN

Yes. He supports me.

Ella sighs, torn between worry and relief.

ELLA

Alright, then. Let's give it a try. I know a few people who might need help.

John's eyes light up. He kisses her cheek, grateful.

JOHN

Thank you, Mother. We can start with them.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – ANOTHER DAY

A knock at the door. Ella opens it to AUBREY LOPEZ (45, resilient, weary from illness), a woman she once met in a cancer support group.

Ella greets her warmly and introduces her to John. Aubrey sits nervously as John inquires about her condition.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Aubrey was battling pancreatic cancer. Conventional treatments had failed; hope was slipping away. Hearing of Ella's recovery, she turned to John—who now carried the secret gift of healing.

John begins the session—his hands steady, his eyes focused. He applies ancient Arabian and Chinese methods, as he once did for his mother. Ella watches tensely from nearby.

Twenty minutes pass. Silence lingers.

JOHN

How are you feeling, Ms. Lopez?

Aubrey exhales slowly, her eyes brimming with wonder.

AUBREY

I feel a comforting warmth throughout my body... it's so soothing. How should I handle the payment?

John smiles gently.

JOHN

If you find it effective, any small token of appreciation will do. Don't worry if you can't pay.

Ella rises quickly, her voice filled with confidence in her son.

ELLA

Aubrey, there's no need to rush. Let's wait until you've had a few more sessions. Then you can decide.

AUBREY

Thank you. I'm truly grateful for all of this.

They escort Aubrey to the door. Ella embraces her warmly before she leaves.

Back inside, Ella beams at John.

ELLA

You were amazing, dear! Go take a rest. I'll tidy up the room.

JOHN

Thank you, Mom. I'm not tired.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In that moment, Ella's heart swelled with pride. For the first time, she saw in her son not merely a boy, but the quiet promise of a healer.

Scene 4 – Gifts and Mother's Day Celebration

INT. JASON'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

Ella returns home, parking the car. As she steps inside, John rushes to greet her, his face glowing with excitement.

ELLA

What's going on, darling? You look as excited as a child.

John, with a mysterious smile, leads her into the living room. On the table sit a beautifully wrapped handbag box and a shoebox.

JOHN

Mom, I bought these for you. Please open them.

Ella unwraps the package slowly, her hands trembling. Inside lies a delicate, finely crafted ladies' handbag. Her eyes glisten with gratitude as she looks up.

ELLA

It's beautiful! I love it. Thank you, sweetheart.

Encouraged, John gestures to the shoebox.

JOHN

And this one too—open it.

Ella lifts the lid to reveal elegant black leather shoes, perfect for work and formal occasions. She gasps softly.

ELLA

I love them so much! You're so sweet to me.

JOHN

It's the least I could do. And I didn't forget Uncle—I've bought him something too. Also... I booked a restaurant. We'll have dinner together the day after tomorrow.

Ella smiles with warmth, her heart swelling with both joy and pride.

ELLA

(a little puzzled)

How much did Aubrey give you?

JOHN

(smiling)

One thousand dollars.

ELLA

(delighted)

That much?! She must really be getting better!

Ella pauses for a moment.

ELLA

Alright, darling. I'm happy to go with your plan.

INT. RESTAURANT – EVENING (MOTHER’S DAY)

The restaurant glows with soft light, its décor elegant, music floating in the air. John, in a simple suit, looks youthful yet dignified. Ella wears her new shoes, the handbag on her arm, her appearance touched with quiet grace.

A WAITER guides them to their reserved table. Menus are placed before them.

ELLA

(leaning close, softly)

Sweetheart, you choose. I’m fine with anything. Let’s not go overboard—a simple meal is perfect.

John nods, reading her unspoken thought about money. He glances at the menu, then signals to the waiter and quickly places their order.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

For years, Ella had lived frugally, quietly sacrificing everything for her son. Now, in this moment of splendor, John saw the depth of her love more clearly than ever.

The waitress returns, pouring champagne. John raises his glass, eyes shining.

JOHN

To my dear mother, for your endless love and support. May you always be blessed with health and happiness.

Ella’s eyes brim with tears.

ELLA

I am so proud of you. You are my angel and my solace.

Their glasses clink gently. Moments later, the waitress begins placing each dish on the table, one after another.

ON STAGE – THE BAND

The singer steps up to the microphone.

SINGER

Our next song is a folk ballad dedicated to mothers, requested by a young gentleman here for his mother. Wishing you all a Happy Mother's Day—this is 'Because of Love.'

He slings the guitar over his shoulder. The band begins to play.

LYRICS

Verse 1

Before I could talk, you heard my heart,
You knew my world right from the start.
When I wobbled through my first few steps,
You reached right out and did the rest.

Chorus

Because of love, you helped me grow,
You stayed beside me, soft and slow.
Because of love, I found my way,

You gave me strength for every day.

Verse 2

When I fell down, you picked me up,

You filled my hands and filled my cup.

You cheered me on when things got tough,

Your quiet faith was strong enough.

Chorus

Because of love, you calmed my fears,

You held me close through all the years.

Because of love, I learned to stand,

With your warm heart, your steady hand.

Bridge

Now I'm grown, but still I see,

Your love is home inside of me.

No matter where I choose to roam,

Your voice will always call me home.

Outro

Because of love, I just want to say,

You are my light, my guide, my way.

Because of love, I'll always keep,

Your love—forever, safe and deep.

Ella sits upright, her eyes wide, moved beyond words. She knows John requested this

song for her. Tears stream down her cheeks.

Across the table, John reaches out, holding her hands tightly.

JOHN

I love you, Mom.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The fragrance of carnations, the music of love, the glow in her son's eyes—Ella felt her lifetime of devotion answered in full. Her tears were not of sorrow, but of joy finally fulfilled.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 8

(The Challenge of Healing and Opening Up)

Scene 1 – Healing Natalia and the Young Man with Down Syndrome

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – DAY

NARRATOR (LIT.)

John continued his work of healing. Though he longed to reveal his true identity to his mother, he sensed the time was not yet right and kept the secret buried deep within. Uncle Jason, now steady and kind, eased the household burden by helping with chores and cooking.

One Monday morning, John's phone rings. He answers.

JOHN

(into phone, gently)

Hello?

AUBREY (V.O.)

Hi, John, it's Aubrey. I was hoping your healing gift could help a young girl—my relative's daughter. She has autism.

JOHN

Let me try. I can do it tomorrow morning.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Happy for the chance to help a child and ease a family's suffering, John readily agreed.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – NEXT DAY – MORNING

The door opens. A YOUNG COUPLE enters with their DAUGHTER, about six or seven, in a pretty dress. She clings shyly behind her parents.

John welcomes them, offering the couch. He sets three cups of drinks on the table.

JOHN

(softly, to the girl)

What's your name?

The girl hides. Her father steps in.

FATHER

Her name is Natalia.

He glances down, slightly embarrassed.

JOHN

(smiling kindly)

What a beautiful name. Natalia, have you started school yet?

To everyone's surprise, the girl whispers:

NATALIA

No.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

That single word, simple yet fragile, carried immense weight for everyone present.

John kneels before her, gently holding her hands.

JOHN

Close your eyes and see what you can visualize.

She obeys. Twenty seconds pass.

JOHN

(softly)

You can open your eyes now.

Her eyes open, shining with new light.

JOHN

What did you see?

NATALIA

Flowers... butterflies... mountains... water.

Her parents exchange looks of awe.

JOHN

And what else?

NATALIA

A carousel... kids... all smiling and laughing.

JOHN

Could you give me a smile too?

She hesitates, then smiles shyly.

JOHN

Good girl. If you ever feel upset, remember—you have a brother here for you.

NATALIA

(softly)

Okay, I will.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Her gaze lingered on John with intensity. Bashful, he looked away, though in his heart he wished her only goodness.

The parents shake his hand with gratitude. Outside, as they leave, Natalia pauses, turning back. Their eyes meet — his gentle wave, her lingering stare, an unspoken farewell.

MONTAGE – WEEKS PASSING

— Natalia's mother calls, her voice joyous: the girl has begun speaking more at home.

— Her father brings John \$5,000; after hesitation, John accepts, moved by their sincerity.

— A month later, John receives a photo on his phone: Natalia beaming on a carousel, surrounded by laughing children.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The photo filled John with quiet comfort.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – DAY

MONTAGE – SIX MONTHS

— A modestly dressed father and his son with Down syndrome stand at John's doorstep. John ushers them inside.

— John gently places his hand on the young man's head, beginning the treatment. The

father's eyes glisten with tears.

— Six months later, the father and son return, radiant with joy.

— The young man, his appearance transformed, embraces John, then poses with him for a photograph.

— The family presents a thick envelope containing \$10,000; John shakes his head, pushing most of it back.

— At last, he accepts only \$500, his expression calm, his gaze carrying a silent blessing.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

For John, the true challenge was never the power itself, but the burden of altering human nature — and the compassion that bound him to humanity.

Scene 2 – Rising Fame and Jason's Support

MONTAGE – VARIOUS LOCATIONS – DAY & NIGHT

— Families arriving at John's house from across states.

— John treating patients one by one, his concentration unwavering.

— Jason answering calls, writing names in a notebook, guiding visitors to wait.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In six months, John's reputation spread across state lines. Patients arrived in streams, and his gift was tested to its limits. Ella wondered if she should leave her job to support him, while Jason stood faithfully beside John each day, handling calls, inquiries, and weary families.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE – YARD – DAY

Jason steps outside to catch his breath. At the gate stands ESTHER, his ex-wife. Jason freezes.

JASON

(startled)

Esther?

She approaches slowly, her face marked by time.

ESTHER

Long time no see. How have you been?

JASON

I'm fine. Thanks. You look... different. What brings you here?

She hesitates, then lowers her eyes.

ESTHER

I came to apologize for everything that happened before.

Jason softens, a faint smile forming.

JASON

It's all in the past. I wasn't at my best either. No need to apologize.

Esther studies him, her voice trembling.

ESTHER

Have you ever thought about us... getting back together?

Jason is caught off guard. After a pause, he shakes his head.

JASON

Esther, I'm sorry. I can't go back. That life held too many painful memories. And besides, I—

ESTHER

(cutting him off, bitter)

You sound so distant. Don't you ever want a home of your own? Look at you—sharing your house with others, turning it into some kind of makeshift clinic...

Jason bristles, his voice sharp.

JASON

How can you say that? The people in my house are my family—my sister and my nephew. I'm happy with them.

(beat)

And this isn't some clinic, Esther. What we do here is help people—truly help them.

ESTHER

(snarling)

Say what you want, I won't believe it. I didn't come here to beg!

JASON

Good. Then leave us in peace!

ESTHER

(firm, with spite)

Fine! I wish all of you—all of you—the best in the future.

She storms away, bitterness in her steps. Jason watches her go, his chest tight.

Scene 3 – John at Twenty, Pastor Carson, and the Family Lunch

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – LATE EVENING

SUPER: John, 20 years old

NARRATOR (LIT.)

By twenty, John had grown tall and slender. His light brown hair was cropped short, his gemstone-blue eyes shining with quiet intensity. His mother, Ella, now forty-seven, bore the silver threads of age gracefully. Together, they lived in rhythm with John's growing work as a healer, Jason faithfully assisting each day.

Ella sits in the living room, her face tense and unusually solemn.

JOHN

(concerned)

Mother, what happened?

ELLA

Yes, dear... there's something I need to discuss, though it's not easy to say.

JOHN

Don't worry. Just tell me.

Ella takes a breath.

ELLA

Do you remember Pastor Carson?

JOHN

Of course.

ELLA

He needs your help. At first he didn't want to see you, but I convinced him.

JOHN

What's wrong with him?

ELLA

He has AIDS.

John's eyes widen, but he quickly composes himself.

JOHN

I see. Don't worry. I'll do what I can.

ELLA

Please let me explain. He was overseas on a mission trip. A woman had lost blood in

childbirth. During the transfusion, the needle was unclean. That's how it happened.

JOHN

That's tragic.

ELLA

Will you be able to heal him?

JOHN

No problem. Tomorrow morning.

ELLA

I'll bring him here. Ten o'clock.

JOHN

Alright, Mom.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NEXT MORNING

Jason ushers in Pastor Carson Harris (mid-50s, warm but weary). He greets Ella and Jason, then rises as John enters. They shake hands.

Jason reappears with coffee.

PASTOR CARSON

I never expected this meeting. It feels providential. Thank you, John.

JOHN

(smiling)

I grew up on your sermons. Helping you now is an honor.

Pastor Carson studies him closely.

PASTOR CARSON

Ever since your birth, I sensed something unusual about you. My condition is difficult, but don't feel pressured.

JOHN

I'll do my best. Shall we begin?

Pastor Carson nods. John treats him quietly, then gestures for him to rest.

PASTOR CARSON

I feel at ease already. Thank you.

JOHN

The process may take several days.

PASTOR CARSON

I understand. Ella explained it.

A pause. Pastor Carson leans forward.

PASTOR CARSON

To be honest, there's something extraordinary about you. I'd like to hear your perspective.

Jason senses the weight of the moment.

JASON

I'll step out, give you two privacy.

He exits. John stays calm, encouraging.

JOHN

Please speak openly.

PASTOR CARSON

I've spent my life studying the Bible, the Book of Revelation. From the signs around your birth until now... are we close to the end of mankind?

John is startled, then steady.

JOHN

The end will come. That much is certain.

Pastor Carson nods slowly.

PASTOR CARSON

Do you believe in a Last Judgment?

John only smiles, silent.

PASTOR CARSON

Is the Bible entirely inspired by God?

JOHN

Perhaps. Many parts, yes.

Pastor Carson leans closer, eyes gleaming.

PASTOR CARSON

Then one last question. Are you... a revealer, or a savior?

John smiles wider, with gentle wit.

JOHN

I'm only someone who heals, out of love for humanity.

Pastor Carson exhales, almost joyful.

PASTOR CARSON

Thank God. At last my long-awaited dream feels real. For so long, your name misled me.

John offers no reply, only a quiet smile. They shake hands firmly.

MONTAGE – NEXT DAY

— Jason receives a call. Pastor Carson, regretful, says his schedule will no longer allow him to continue treatment.

— Jason relays the message to John. John nods with a smile, murmuring to himself:

JOHN

Pastor Carson really is a smart man.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – KITCHEN – SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Ella, John, and Jason share lunch. Jason, cheerful, announces:

JASON

I've met someone. I'll move in with her tomorrow.

Ella sets down her fork, thoughtful.

ELLA

Then why don't you both move in here, and John and I will find another place?

JASON

No, no. This is your home. I'll still come every day to help John.

Ella smiles softly, relieved. John nods, his eyes warm with gratitude.

Scene 4 – The Emirati Chieftain's Healing

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – MORNING

Jason opens the door to find a VISITOR in traditional Arab attire. Surprised but composed, Jason welcomes him inside. The man sets a brown briefcase on the table and sits on the couch at Jason's invitation. Jason quickly fetches a glass of water and sets it beside the case.

The visitor fixes his gaze on John as he emerges from his room. Rising nervously, the man bows slightly.

JOHN

How can I help you?

VISITOR

I'm not here on my own behalf. I've come to seek your help for a patient. I serve as his assistant.

(beat)

I came from the United Arab Emirates. A prominent chieftain in our country is battling Alzheimer's disease, and his condition is worsening. We've heard of your extraordinary abilities, and his family is willing to try your approach.

John listens quietly, then responds with regret.

JOHN

I'm truly sorry. For now I must remain in the United States and cannot travel abroad.

VISITOR

We've made all the necessary arrangements. There's no need for you to leave. The patient is already here, staying in a nearby hotel.

JOHN

(steady)

Alright. Give me a moment to change, and I'll go with you.

The visitor touches the briefcase with deliberate care.

VISITOR

This case holds one million dollars from the chieftain's family. Whether you are able to cure him or not, they ask that you accept it.

Jason's eyes widen at the sum. John only smiles gently.

JOHN

Thank you for your trust. But if I can't cure him, I won't take it.

VISITOR

(smiling)

In our culture, we value effort and sincerity more than the result.

EXT. LUXURY HOTEL – DAY – CONTINUOUS

A sedan pulls up before a grand hotel. John and the visitor step out.

INT. HOTEL – PRESIDENTIAL SUITE – CONTINUOUS

Inside, the suite is vast and richly decorated. On a king-sized bed lies the

CHIEFTAIN, aged and frail, his eyes clouded with confusion. His WIFE and DAUGHTER stand close by, watching anxiously.

John walks to the bedside, kneels down, and gently places his hand on the old man's head.

The assistant quickly brings over a chair, motioning for John to sit.

He centers himself, calm and focused, beginning his treatment as before.

After about ten minutes, the chieftain stirs faintly, his lips trembling.

CHIEFTAIN

(weakly)

I want some water...

Gasps echo around the room. His wife rushes forward, tears spilling.

WIFE

He spoke! Praise be to Allah, he spoke!

The session ends. John asks him to rest.

INT. HOTEL – PRESIDENTIAL SUITE – NEXT MORNING

The wife, daughter, and assistant arrive to fetch John. On the ride, the assistant is overjoyed.

ASSISTANT

Praise be to Allah! You are truly a godsend! Last night, the chieftain spoke—he said he was hungry and wanted to take a bath!

John smiles.

JOHN

That's wonderful news.

INT. HOTEL – PRESIDENTIAL SUITE – DAY

The wife opens the door. John is astonished—the chieftain stands at the entrance, smiling, his voice strong.

CHIEFTAIN

Thank you! It's a pleasure to meet you!

JOHN

(in fluent Arabic)

I'm pleased to meet you as well. May Allah heal you!

Everyone murmurs in surprise at John's Arabic. He only smiles warmly.

John turns to the wife.

JOHN

Further treatment isn't necessary. He will continue to improve.

The assistant translates. The wife signals, and the assistant retrieves another briefcase.

ASSISTANT

The chieftain's wife wishes to offer you another one million dollars as gratitude.

JOHN

There's no need. I'm grateful for the first gift. Thank you for your kindness.

The wife insists. After a pause, John replies:

JOHN

If you truly wish me to accept, here's an idea: if the chieftain fully recovers once you return home, please donate that amount to the African Children's Fund.

The assistant translates. Unexpectedly, the chieftain answers in English:

CHIEFTAIN

Alright. It's a deal.

They shake hands.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – NIGHT – THREE MONTHS LATER

John watches the news.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

The African Children's Fund has received a record donation of fifty million dollars—anonymous, but believed to come from the Middle East.

John smiles faintly, knowing the truth, and turns off the television.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Some miracles are not seen. They ripple outward, shaping lives far beyond the healer's touch.

Scene 5 – News and John's Arrangement

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – MORNING

The TV flickers with live coverage from the ACN network. John sits on the couch, remote in hand. Jason enters quietly and joins him.

ON TV — A massive rally in New Mexico.

The incumbent President, AUSTIN BROWN (mid-40s), stands with his running mate, TONY WALKER (early-40s), before fifty thousand roaring supporters, leading the chant:

CROWD

U.S.A.! U.S.A.!

ON SCREEN — The broadcast shifts.

The Republican challenger, MARK GONZALEZ (50), appears in an interview.

MARK (on TV)

We must move away from hegemonic foreign policy and embrace broader partnerships. At home, we should cut interest rates and give real support to low-income families.

Jason leans forward, watching closely as the news shifts again—footage of a South Korean destroyer colliding with a North Korean patrol boat.

ON TV — A North Korean anchor delivers a fiery statement.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (translated)

The South Korean navy has brazenly attacked our patrol boat. We will utterly destroy you and achieve the true unification of our motherland!

The feed changes once more: U.S. and South Korean defense ministers in Seoul, pledging stronger joint exercises and extended deterrence.

John clicks off the TV. A heavy silence fills the room. He turns to Jason.

JOHN

Jason, I need your help with something.

JASON

What is it?

John crosses to the table, resting his hand on a brown briefcase.

JOHN

This case has one million dollars—the gift from our Arab visitor. I've decided to donate it, anonymously, to the Mental Health Treatment Center where you once

stayed.

Jason stares, stunned. Then nods quietly.

JASON

Okay. I'll take care of it.

John gestures to a smaller briefcase beside it.

JOHN

And this—two hundred thousand dollars—for your living expenses.

Jason blinks, overwhelmed.

JASON

But why? Are you... planning to stop healing people?

John smiles, calm and a little mysterious.

JOHN

No. I'll keep helping those in need. But perhaps it's time... to walk another road.

Jason studies him, uneasy yet trusting.

JASON

What will you do then?

JOHN

I can't say yet. Just a hunch. Don't worry—new opportunities will come.

Jason exhales, emotion flickering in his eyes.

JASON

Alright, John. I believe you. And thank you—for everything.

Scene 6 – The Revelation to His Mother

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – DINING ROOM – EVENING

Dinner is over. Ella clears the plates while John lingers at the table, weighed down by unspoken thoughts. The room is calm, filled with the faint sound of the TV in the background.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – LATER

John brings two drinks into the living room. Ella is watching the evening news, but her expression softens when she notices him.

ELLA

Dear, did you have many patients today?

JOHN

About the same as usual.

ELLA

If you're tired, you can rest.

John pauses, then takes a deep breath.

JOHN

Mom, there's something important I need to tell you. I hope it won't overwhelm you.

Ella turns off the TV, sensing the seriousness in his tone.

ELLA

What is it? Tell me, dear. I'll stay calm.

JOHN

Mom... have you ever noticed anything unusual about me, something that sets me apart?

ELLA

(smiling faintly)

You've always been unusually bright—far more mature than other kids your age.

JOHN

Do you believe in the existence of God?

ELLA

Absolutely. Without a doubt.

John hesitates, then continues carefully.

JOHN

What if... what if a visitor from the divine realm lived among us, disguised as a friend? Would you accept him?

ELLA

(confused)

I... I don't know. What are you saying, dear?

JOHN

What if I told you I am that being—born on Earth? Could you accept it, Mom?

Ella freezes, her face stiffening in shock. Her hand flies to her mouth.

ELLA

Oh my God! What are you saying? My heart... it's racing!

JOHN

It's true, Mom. I've longed to tell you, but I feared you wouldn't accept it.

Ella breaks down, burying her face in her hands as she weeps. John watches in silence, trying to grasp the turmoil within his mother, his own eyes brimming with tears.

After nearly a minute, Ella slowly steadies herself, wiping the tears from her cheeks.

ELLA

I once spoke with Pastor Carson about you... I wondered about the possibility, but I

never really believed it. Could it be true? How am I supposed to face you now?

John gently takes her hands.

JOHN

Just the same as always, Mom. Just see me as your son.

Ella's memories flood back—John as a little boy, running to her and shouting, “Mommy, Mommy, I’m gonna stay with you!” Her tears soften into a fragile smile.

ELLA

Will you still call me ‘Mom’? And can I still call you ‘Dear’?

JOHN

Of course. Nothing will change.

ELLA

Then tell me—Robert Thomas, is he your real father?

JOHN

In name only. But in my heart, yes—he is my father.

ELLA

And me... am I truly your mother?

JOHN

Yes. Absolutely. You are my mother here on Earth, and you always will be.

Ella smiles through tears, finally accepting.

Suddenly, John rises to his feet, startling her.

ELLA

Dear, where are you going?

JOHN

I want to show you something special.

He moves around the room, turning off the lights and drawing the curtains. Darkness fills the room.

ELLA

What are you doing?

JOHN

Just wait, Mom.

John returns to her side, taking her right hand.

JOHN

Let there be light!

In an instant, the room erupts in dazzling light, every corner ablaze; and another light pours forth from John himself, radiant beams enveloping Ella in awe.

Ella gasps, shielding her eyes.

ELLA

Oh my God!

The light slowly fades. She lowers her hands, trembling, her eyes wide.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In that dazzling moment, Ella recalled the words from Genesis: “And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.”

The scripture and the miracle became one in her heart.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 9

(Conversation with a Physicist)

Scene 1 – Lunch, Street Conversation, and John’s Home

INT. FAST-FOOD RESTAURANT – NOON

Bright sunlight filters through the glass windows of a crowded fast-food joint, just a stone’s throw from Ella’s office. The lunch hour hums with chatter, clinking trays, and the aroma of fried food.

At a table by the window, Ella sits waiting. She waves to her brother, Jason who has

just arrived.

They order their usual meals, fast and familiar. Jason eyes his sister curiously.

JASON

(half-joking)

So, what's the good news you've got for me today?

ELLA

(voice tinged with mystery)

You'll never guess!

JASON

(smiling, leaning forward)

Come on, just tell me straight. I won't be able to guess anyway.

ELLA

Alright. But first—have you noticed any changes in John lately?

Jason frowns, puzzled.

JASON

Nope. Isn't he always busy with his healing work, helping others as usual?

ELLA

Do you really believe in the existence of God?

Jason furrows his brows but replies firmly.

JASON

Of course! That's one thing we've always agreed on, right?

ELLA

Then let me share something with you: there truly are divine beings in this world, and they are closer to us than we think.

Jason jolts slightly at her words, then calms, his eyes narrowing in thought.

JASON

I believe you. And honestly, I'm not entirely surprised.

ELLA

What if I told you... John is in fact a divine being, born on Earth? Would you believe me?

Jason inhales deeply, connecting memories of John's words.

JASON

Actually, John is like a god in my heart. You might not know, but it was John who convinced me there are no aliens—only the divine.

ELLA

Did you realize then that John was more than just persuasive?

JASON

At that time, I wasn't sure of his true identity, but I sensed he was filled with love and extraordinary intelligence. That's why I've always been eager to help him with his healing work.

Ella's face lights up with joy, relieved.

ELLA

That's wonderful! John and I worried you might react negatively.

JASON

I'm glad you told me. But... how should we approach him now?

ELLA

John advised us to carry on as usual. No changes. And to keep this under wraps for now.

They step out of the bustling restaurant into the cool spring air, sunlight spilling across the crowded street.

JASON

(nods, glancing at his watch)

Understood. One last question—does John plan to continue his healing work?

ELLA

I believe he will.

They exchange a quiet smile before parting. Ella heads back to work, while Jason walks briskly away, the early spring air brushing his face.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – AFTERNOON

Jason enters quietly. On the sofa sits John with a middle-aged ASIAN WOMAN, deep in conversation. Jason hesitates, not wishing to intrude, and slips into the kitchen to busy himself with dishes.

Moments later, John politely escorts the woman to the door. He returns, noticing Jason tidying cups.

JOHN

The woman who just left was talking about her husband's worsening vitiligo. She hopes I can help with his treatment.

Jason looks up, his heartbeat quickening.

JASON

(murmurs, avoiding John's gaze)

When is he coming for treatment?

JOHN

Tomorrow morning. He's a university professor—a physicist.

JASON

(pauses, low voice)

I see...

JOHN

(concerned)

Is everything alright with you?

JASON

I'm fine.

(beat, then softly)

Ella told me about you.

John pauses, then steps closer.

JOHN

Don't worry too much. I'll explain everything to you and Ella in due time.

He gently holds Jason's hands. Jason, moved, grips them firmly, his eyes brimming with tears.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Throughout history, humans have been taught humility in the presence of deities. Gods were seen as omnipotent. Yet here, in the quiet of a small living room, gratitude and love bridge the gulf between human and divine.

Jason remains silent, but his eyes glow with gratitude and happiness.

Scene 2 – First Treatment at the Professor's Home and Physics Dialogue

EXT. CITY STREET – SATURDAY MORNING

The morning sun shines over quiet weekend streets. John steps out of his modest

home, neatly dressed. He unlocks his semi-new white sedan and slips behind the wheel. The engine hums gently, breaking the stillness.

Inside the car, a faint chill lingers. John switches on the heater, warmth slowly filling the cabin. Relaxed and composed, he drives smoothly through the less-busy roads, arriving promptly at PROFESSOR RAIN KIM's residence.

John parks along the roadside, approaches the grand entrance, and rings the doorbell.

INT. PROFESSOR KIM'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – MORNING

The door opens. Mrs. Kim greets him with a cultured smile. She leads John into a spacious living room — tastefully decorated, a blend of modern and classic design. Sunlight streams through wide windows, glimmering across polished hardwood floors and art-lined walls.

John settles on a plush sofa. The room exudes both refinement and serenity.

From his study, PROFESSOR RAIN KIM (about 50, theoretical physicist, dignified yet weary) hears his guest arrive. He sets aside his book, adjusts his hair, puts on his glasses, and strides into the living room. His face and hands are marked with severe vitiligo, a quiet burden beneath his scholarly air.

John rises. They shake hands warmly.

KIM

John, welcome. I'm sorry to trouble you with a house call.

JOHN

It's no trouble at all. I often visit patients at their homes.

KIM

I hear you practice ancient Arab medicine. Quite remarkable.

JOHN

(smiles modestly)

Something I picked up along the way. I've also studied ancient Chinese medicine.

Mrs. Kim returns with a cup of coffee and a bottle of mineral water, placing them on the table.

MRS. KIM

If you need help during the treatment, just let me know.

JOHN

You're welcome to stay. Could you bring a chair, please?

She nods, fetches a high-backed leather chair, and sets it down.

TREATMENT BEGINS

John motions for Professor Kim to sit. He massages Kim's head and face, then his neck and arms. Finally, standing behind, John places his hands along Kim's back — pausing, pressing, releasing — in a rhythm reminiscent of emitting qi in Chinese Qigong.

Mrs. Kim watches with interest, occasionally nodding at John's movements.

After ten minutes, John helps the professor back onto the sofa.

JOHN

How do you feel?

KIM

(slightly flushed, perspiring)

I feel... warmth moving through my body.

JOHN

That's exactly how it should feel.

KIM

(amazed)

Impressive! Truly impressive. Please, stay for lunch. My wife is an excellent cook.

JOHN

Thank you, but there's really no need. Perhaps another time.

MRS. KIM

I can make a few dishes quickly—

JOHN

(smiling politely)

Thank you, but I must insist.

Mrs. Kim nods and excuses herself.

DIALOGUE BEGINS

An uneasy pause lingers. The professor, eager to speak yet hesitant, fidgets slightly.

JOHN

Professor Kim, I've always been interested in physics, though my knowledge is basic. May I ask a few questions?

Kim's eyes brighten; the teacher within him awakens.

KIM

Of course, John. Ask away.

JOHN

What are your thoughts on modern physics?

KIM

(warming to the subject)

Well, as a theoretical physicist, I'd say the field has advanced a lot. We use increasingly sophisticated methods to understand phenomena. Physics begins with explaining what we observe, then moves to discovering laws, and ultimately tries to grasp the essence of reality. We may soon be close to a theory that explains everything in the universe.

JOHN

What about the big challenges still unresolved — especially the nature and origin of gravity?

Kim leans forward, voice animated.

KIM

Gravity is everywhere — in a falling apple, in the orbits of stars. It's one of the four fundamental forces, shaping galaxies, planets, tides. Newton and Einstein gave us powerful theories, but at the quantum level, gravity remains mysterious. Some propose the graviton, but no one has proven it exists.

John listens, sipping his coffee.

JOHN

Would it be fair to say: gravity rules at the cosmic scale, electromagnetism at the molecular and atomic, the strong nuclear force within nuclei, and the weak force among particles like leptons and quarks?

KIM

(nods, impressed)

Essentially right. The last three are unified under the Standard Model, but gravity refuses to fit. It's our greatest puzzle.

JOHN

So relativity explains the vast, and quantum theory explains the minute. Their gap means the nature of gravity still isn't fully understood?

KIM

Exactly.

JOHN

Then maybe our failure to unify them points to higher laws — principles beyond what we know, transcending both the quantum and the cosmic.

Kim studies John closely, surprised by the depth of his words.

KIM

That's an intriguing thought. Perhaps truth is simpler than we imagine. Even metaphysics may have its place.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Metaphysics asks what lies beneath physics: the essence of reality, time, existence, even the divine. These questions cannot be measured in experiments, yet they press on the human mind.

JOHN

Do you think something like psychokinesis could be possible?

KIM

(smiles, curious)

That edges into theology — maybe even the supernatural. But I'd like to hear your take.

JOHN

I think it might be some kind of quantum force — an intelligent one, perhaps. Just speculation, of course.

KIM

(chuckles, impressed)

That's a brilliant insight, John!

JOHN

Professor Kim, from a physics perspective — what do you think is the ultimate fate of humanity?

KIM

(sober, reflective)

Astrophysics suggests two endings: the Big Rip, where the universe tears itself apart... or the Big Crunch, collapsing back into singularity. Personally, I favor the cycle — endless rebirth.

JOHN

That offers hope... but isn't it still extinction?

KIM

(smiles faintly)

Yes, unless there is divine intervention. Creationism can inspire, but it may also restrain curiosity.

John listens, stirred by humanity's hunger for truth.

JOHN

The pursuit of truth — that is the very meaning of human existence. To seek God is also to seek truth. Yet in reality, science and religion so often stand in opposition.

He pauses, softly.

JOHN

In a way, the universe is perfect, and it has always nurtured humanity. There's a saying: all's well that ends well. I believe, with all my heart, that the destiny of the universe — and of humankind — will be bright.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

From the Big Rip to the Big Crunch, science remains indifferent to emotion. Yet the universe, from its birth to humankind's rise, has never ceased to nurture life. With such perfection, can its end be anything but good?

Professor Kim nods quietly, gazing at John with newfound respect.

Scene 3 – Divine Realm Interlude

INT. FAST-FOOD RESTAURANT – DAY – CONTINUOUS

The restaurant buzzes with the lunch rush. John sits by the window, chewing slowly, his gaze drifting beyond the street outside.

The noise fades, dissolving into memory...

INT. DIVINE REALM – GALAXY DEPARTMENT

A chamber bathed in dim, ethereal light. Essiyaht sits across from BOSAMOLAH (Head of the Galaxy Department), flanked by two silent aides.

ESSIYAHT

The Galaxy Department is entrusted with the design of the universe — a task immense and sacred. How far along are you?

BOSAMOLAH

We are employing simulations. So far, we've successfully modeled the first two million years after the universe's birth.

ESSIYAHT

Excellent. I look forward to your completion. Do you have any questions?

Bosamolah hesitates, then speaks.

BOSAMOLAH

Since humanity is the central focus of creation, should we place their planet — their galaxy — at the very center of the universe?

ESSIYAHT

(smiles faintly)

There is no need.

BOSAMOLAH

Why not?

ESSIYAHT

If humans were to find themselves at the center too soon, they would grow prideful, unwilling to accept the divine. That would go against the very purpose of their creation.

Bosamolah nods gravely, then asks another.

BOSAMOLAH

Force is vital to the design of the universe. Should humanity be granted the power of telekinesis?

ESSIYAHT

Not now. But one day... perhaps. I have not yet decided. I will consult the Human Department.

BACK TO FAST-FOOD RESTAURANT

John blinks, pulling himself from the vision. He exhales slowly, staring at the passing crowd, the weight of secrets pressing on him.

He drains his drink, stands, pays at the counter, and steps into the busy street.

Scene 4 – Second Treatment and Poetry Exchange

INT. PROFESSOR KIM'S HOUSE – MORNING

The next day. John arrives punctually. Professor Kim greets him with eager excitement.

KIM

Look! My hands, my face — the patches are fading!

John inspects carefully, smiling.

JOHN

Better than I expected.

After the treatment, Mrs. Kim brings coffee, then politely excuses herself. John and Kim step into the backyard.

EXT. PROFESSOR KIM'S BACKYARD – NOON

The early spring garden glows with light. Tulips, spring beauties, and geraniums bloom in vivid color. Butterflies drift lazily. An old swing sways in the breeze.

They sit facing each other among the flowers.

KIM

John, your thinking is far beyond your years. I truly admire your insights. Tell me, do you have any hobbies?

JOHN

(smiling)

You flatter me, Professor. In my spare time, I sometimes write poetry.

KIM

That's wonderful! I'm a poetry lover myself. Would you read me one of your poems?

JOHN

(smiles)

Of course. I just hope it won't disappoint.

John takes out his phone and begins to read aloud.

JOHN

This one is called “Black Hole.”

He reads slowly, his voice steady and contemplative.

JOHN

“Black hole —

a silent mouth of the universe,
where light bows and vanishes,
where time folds upon itself.

It devours without anger,
yet shelters the seeds of rebirth.
Within its darkness,
the mystery of eternity waits.”

John lowers the phone. A hush lingers in the garden.

KIM

(quietly moved)

This is thoughtful and sincere. You’ve woven physics into poetry with real feeling.
Impressive.

John lowers his eyes modestly.

JOHN

I still have a long way to go.

KIM

There's a poetry salon called "Sounds of Heaven." About thirty members — all dedicated poets. They gather several times a year. Joining requires a recommendation and ten poems for review, and I'd be honored to recommend you.

JOHN

(soft smile)

Thank you, Professor. I'll give it a try.

KIM

Excellent. Each member has a nickname — always an animal's name. Mine is "Robin."

They continue chatting, sharing warm laughter now and then beneath the gentle spring sunlight.

Scene 5 – Lunch and Farewell

INT. PROFESSOR KIM'S DINING ROOM – LATER

The table is filled with Korean dishes: kimchi, golden pancakes, bibimbap, barbecue, seaweed soup.

They eat together, the mood lighter.

MRS. KIM

John, do you have a girlfriend?

John blushes slightly.

JOHN

No... not yet.

MRS. KIM

(smiling kindly)

With your qualities, I'm sure you'll meet someone soon.

KIM

(chuckling)

Maybe I should introduce you to one of my PhD students.

John laughs, embarrassed.

JOHN

Thank you, but I haven't thought much about it.

The meal continues warmly. Later, back in the living room, Mrs. Kim approaches with an envelope.

MRS. KIM

John, please accept this — just a small token of thanks.

John gently refuses.

JOHN

Your kindness and this meal are reward enough.

KIM

(laughing)

Then promise me you'll come back for dinner next time.

JOHN

(smiling)

Of course. I promise.

At the door, the couple walk him out together. Professor Kim clasps his hand warmly as they watch him step into the soft golden glow of the afternoon sun.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 10

(Sermonizing and FBI Investigation)

Scene 1 – Church Sermon and Conversation

EXT. CHURCH – SUNDAY MORNING

The gentle spring sun dapples the path leading to the church. The spire rises solemn yet harmonious against the azure sky. New green leaves sway in the breeze, while birds sing cheerfully from the treetops. Their voices intertwine in the warmth of spring, dispelling the gloom of winter. Around the church, flowers bloom vibrantly, adorning the sanctuary with color and joy.

Congregants arrive one after another, exchanging greetings with serene smiles.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

On this bright spring morning, the church is not only a sacred place of worship, but also a refuge for souls seeking hope and peace.

John, Ella, and Jason blend into the crowd, warmly greeting fellow congregants.

It has been some time since John last attended a service. Yesterday, Ella had reminded him that Pastor Carson Harris invited him personally. After some thought, John agreed, and Jason rearranged his Sunday appointments.

INT. CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The day's sermon is led by Pastor Carson Harris. He raises his arms, his voice solemn:

CARSON

Let us sing together, "Have I Made Myself Clear?"

The organ swells. Over fifty congregants rise, hymnals in hand.

John stands silently among them, his heart filled with respect for humanity.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The solemn melodies rise, washing away the clamor of the world. With music, the soul feels cleansed.

INSERT – HYMN LYRICS (FULL, PROJECTED ON SCREEN)

Drifting in the void, I call Your name,
Fading like embers, lost in flame.
The stars are silent, the winds don't know—
Where does a wandering spirit go?

Heaven sings in distant light,
Love unseen, yet burning bright.
A whispered faith, a reaching hand—
Yet I falter—do I understand?

O Spirit high, O breath so near,
Speak to me now—make all things clear.
Through light and dark, through joy and pain,
Call me once more, as You ordain.

The soul is weightless, yet it longs,
For fire that heals and softly burns.
Grief may pass, but hope will rise,
Yet love remains, and life endures.

John, Ella, and Jason sit in the third row.

Pastor Carson's gaze falls on John more than once, his eyes shimmering with prayer and hope.

The hymn ends. Congregants take their seats.

Pastor Carson steps behind the pulpit, microphone clipped to his collar.

He glances at his notes, clears his throat.

CARSON

Dear brothers and sisters, today I wish to share with you an ancient prophecy from Revelation...

His words conjure visions of the Four Horsemen,
a world torn by war, famine, pestilence, and death.

Darkened skies. Earthquakes. Meteor strikes.

Nature's forces unleashed with terrifying might.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

As his sermon rises, the pastor's eyes fix again on John.

The message feels deliberately tailored, meant for him.

CARSON

... And after these trials, the New Jerusalem shall descend.

A new heaven, a new earth, free from pain and death.

Perhaps, more than foretelling the end,

this prophecy calls us to spiritual awakening—

to live each day with righteousness and love.

Thunderous applause breaks out. Ella glances at John, noting his calm composure.

EXT. CHURCH DOOR – LATER

As John, Ella, and Jason prepare to leave, Pastor Carson approaches. He shakes Ella's hand, then Jason's. Finally, he clasps John's hand firmly.

CARSON

Thank you, John! Your presence today is both an honor and a blessing to our church.

John smiles politely.

JOHN

Thank you for your sermon. It has deeply touched me—and strengthened my belief in humanity's bright future.

Pastor Carson studies him closely.

CARSON

(quoting softly)

“Cast all our anxieties on God, for He cares for us.”

John replies, his tone calm but firm:

JOHN

Humanity is constantly reminded of its original sin... but often forgets that each of us carries God's own qualities.

Carson's eyes glisten.

CARSON

Thank you, John. You've given me faith—made me feel life is truly valuable.

John smiles and remains silent. He, Ella, and Jason step into the sunlight.

At the doorway, Pastor Carson watches them depart, his eyes brimming with unspoken emotion.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

He senses this may be John's last visit. Though uncertain of the future, he clings to the noble belief that the words John left him were true.

Scene 2 – FBI Office and Surveillance

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – WEST VIRGINIA – MONDAY MORNING

A wall clock ticks: 9:45 a.m.

Stacks of files clutter the desk of SPECIAL AGENT PATRICK FROST (35).

He takes a sip of coffee, sets the cup down, and sorts through his papers.

The office door opens. His SUPERVISOR enters with an envelope.

SUPERVISOR

You'll handle this case. Get back to me with the conclusion as soon as possible.

Patrick frowns, accepting the envelope.

PATRICK

Is it urgent? I'm still tied up with the drug case—

SUPERVISOR

Put it on hold. This comes first. Won't take long.

PATRICK

Alright. I'll get on it right away.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Staff was short, the workload endless. Patrick Frost knew the relentlessness of duty.

He opens the envelope—an anonymous tip. It alleges illegal medical practices and hints at possible money laundering. At the bottom are two names—John and Jason—together with their addresses.

Patrick checks the address—half an hour's drive.

He finishes his coffee, grabs his coat, and heads into the main hall.

He stops at a desk. JOEY (26), a young agent, is glued to his computer screen.

PATRICK

Joey, get ready. You're coming with me.

Joey turns, surprised.

JOEY

What's the urgent task?

PATRICK

We'll discuss it in the car.

JOEY

Understood.

Joey grabs his jacket and slings it on.

PATRICK

And don't forget the camera.

INT. FBI PARKING GARAGE – MOMENTS LATER

Patrick strides toward a black SUV. He slides into the driver's seat. Joey takes the passenger side. The engine rumbles to life. The SUV glides out into daylight.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Investigation is patience—watching, waiting, searching for fragments of truth hidden in ordinary lives.

EXT. JOHN'S NEIGHBORHOOD – MIDDAY

Traffic builds. Patrick stops briefly at a McDonald's, picks up two hamburgers and drinks, then continues driving.

The SUV pulls up thirty meters from John's house. Patrick kills the engine.

He briefs Joey: photograph anyone entering or leaving.

They unwrap their burgers, eating in silence as the stakeout begins.

Time passes. Coffee cups empty. The mid-afternoon sun slants across the quiet street.

PATRICK

Joey, how many have you photographed so far?

JOEY

Seven. Two of them seem to be the homeowners.

PATRICK

Alright, that's enough for today. Time to head back.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – LATER

Patrick powers on his computer.

He searches public records on John and Jason—nothing unusual.

He calls Joey into the office.

PATRICK

I plan to check their mobile communication records. Take care of the warrant process for me.

JOEY

Right away.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

To reach into private lives, the law must be obeyed. A court's warrant stands between liberty and intrusion. Even the FBI bows to the Fourth Amendment.

MONTAGE – DAYS OF SURVEILLANCE

— Patrick and Joey sit in the SUV, cameras clicking.

— John's front door opens and closes; faces come and go.

— Files pile up on Patrick's desk.

— The warrant is approved.

— Joey prints phone records and hands them to Patrick.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Routine repeated. Suspicions deepened. And with each day, the mystery only grew.

Scene 3 – The Patient's Family and Investigation Results

INT. MODEST HOUSE – SATURDAY MORNING

A doorbell rings.

Patrick stands at the threshold, flashing his badge.

A WOMAN in her 50s opens the door, cautious eyes on him.

PATRICK

I need to ask a few questions. May I come in?

She hesitates, then steps aside.

WOMAN

Come inside.

Patrick enters. The living room is cramped, curtains half-drawn.

A SLENDER MAN in his 50s sits watching TV. He quickly turns it off and rises, startled.

WOMAN

He's with the FBI.

MAN

Oh—please, have a seat. How can we help you?

Patrick sits slowly, voice measured.

PATRICK

Sorry to disturb you. I just have a few questions.

WOMAN

What's the question?

PATRICK

Have you recently been in contact with someone named John or Jason, or visited their house?

WOMAN

Yes, we've been to their house. Is there a problem?

The man pulls the curtains open. Light floods the room.

PATRICK

Were you visiting for medical reasons, or something else?

WOMAN

My husband had cancer. It was worsening. We sought John's help for his treatment.

PATRICK

Did you know John before this?

WOMAN

No. A friend recommended him.

PATRICK

Did you have to pay him?

WOMAN

No. He didn't ask for payment.

PATRICK

Why not?

WOMAN

He told us to spend the money on more nutritious food instead.

Her eyes glisten.

PATRICK

Is your husband's condition improving?

WOMAN

He is recovering. All thanks to John's help.

Her voice trembles. She wipes at her tears.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

She did not understand why the FBI had come, but she could not help speaking of John with sincerity.

Patrick leaves the house, his thoughts heavy. The puzzle only grows deeper.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – DAYS LATER

Patrick reviews his findings, documents spread across the desk.

Joey stands nearby, waiting for instruction.

PATRICK

This seems more complicated than I expected. I need to think it over.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

After half a month of investigation, one fact was clear: John practiced medicine at

home. Yet no trace of money laundering could be found. And something stranger still—every patient recovered, no matter the illness.

Patrick leans back in his chair, unsettled.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Instead of answers, the work brought only deeper questions.

Scene 4 – FBI Visit and Revelation

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – MONDAY MORNING

The television hums with morning news. John sits watching, while Jason vacuums the carpet.

The doorbell rings.

JOHN

I'll get it.

He switches off the TV and walks to the door. When it opens, he freezes.

On the doorstep stand Patrick Frost and Joey. A radiant golden halo shimmers above Patrick's head—Joey has none.

Patrick notices the strange gleam in John's eyes, steadies himself, and flashes his badge.

PATRICK

We need to speak with the homeowner.

JOHN

I'm the homeowner. My name is John.

PATRICK

May we step inside and talk?

JOHN

Of course. Please, come in.

They enter. Patrick and Joey take the couch. Jason finishes vacuuming, then retreats into the kitchen.

JOHN

Is there anything I can help you with?

Patrick glances at Jason, then fixes his gaze on John.

PATRICK

We've received a report of illegal medical practices—and possibly other unlawful activities happening here.

JOHN

I use ancient healing techniques to help patients. That is not, in my view, the practice of medicine. As for other activities—I know nothing of them.

PATRICK

I've already investigated. Aside from the healing, which may raise legal questions, there's no evidence of anything else.

The doorbell rings again. John glances at Jason.

JOHN

(to Patrick)

A patient may have arrived. Would you like to see how I "treat" them?

Patrick looks at Joey, who nods, intrigued.

PATRICK

Yes. I'd like to see it.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Jason admits a MAN, 52, who looks older from illness. He limps heavily, gout wracking his joints.

JOHN

I have two friends here observing. Is that alright?

PATIENT

No problem. I'll be grateful for any help.

John places his hands gently on the man's head. He closes his eyes, focusing his energy.

John deliberately warms the air. Sweat beads on Patrick's and Joey's foreheads.

John lowers his right hand to the man's lower back. For ten seconds, steam rises from the patient's body.

Ten minutes slip by. The man exhales with relief.

John gestures that the treatment is finished. The man fumbles for his wallet, his hands unsteady.

PATIENT

How much do I owe?

JOHN

(smiling)

Nothing. Use your money for good food instead.

PATIENT

I'm truly grateful. You're an angel sent by God.

Jason helps him up. To their surprise, he walks steadily, pausing only to shake John's hand in gratitude.

Outside, an old sedan idles at the curb, an elderly friend at the wheel.

Patrick watches, unsettled. He turns back to John.

PATRICK

Do you know where I come from?

JOHN

I do.

Patrick steadies himself, then addresses Joey.

PATRICK

Joey, wait for me in the car. I need to speak with him alone.

JOEY

Alright.

Joey exits. Jason lingers, uneasy.

JOHN

Jason, give us a moment.

JASON

I'll go out and get lunch.

He departs.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – PRIVATE CONVERSATION

Patrick leans forward, his voice hushed, filled with awe.

PATRICK

You're "the one," aren't you?

John smiles faintly.

JOHN

Yes. Your guess is correct.

A radiant golden halo blooms above his head.

Patrick catches his breath, voice trembling with joy.

PATRICK

Few can conceal the golden halo. You must be Essiyaht... I've been waiting for you for so long!

JOHN

Yes. But why have you been waiting for me?

PATRICK

I belong to Essiyahta's department. He arranged for me to be born here, to wait for someone—though he never told me who.

JOHN

What's your purpose?

PATRICK

To assist you.

JOHN

I see. I'm grateful for such arrangements.

Patrick hesitates, then warns:

PATRICK

It may be best if you stop treating people. Too many are noticing. Don't worry about your livelihood—I can support you.

JOHN

My living expenses aren't an issue, but thank you. By the way, I'll end this matter of treating people as soon as possible.

John thinks about how he may not be able to buy his mother a house, and the thought weighs heavily on him.

PATRICK

You seem upset.

JOHN

I was hoping to use this time before leaving Earth to earn enough to buy my mother a house. But it seems I might not be able to.

PATRICK

There's an organization called the Earth Governors. It's made up mostly of beings

from the divine realm. They provide financial and other support to their members.

John frowns in surprise.

JOHN

I only knew of the Earth Entry and Exit Department. I hadn't heard of the Earth Governors. Would I qualify even if I'm not a member?

PATRICK

(smiling)

It's a secret organization. The name was changed recently—the original name was Light Soul. You're special, so there's nothing to worry about.

JOHN

I understand. When can I meet them?

PATRICK

That won't be a problem. I know the leaders well—I'll make the arrangements.

At this moment, John feels as if his conversation with Patrick is taking place in the divine realm.

JOHN

Who else knows of me on Earth?

PATRICK

Some may know you're here, but apart from me, no one could recognize you.

JOHN

Then let's keep it secret. I'll reveal my identity when the time is right.

Patrick nods, handing John his business card.

PATRICK

Call me anytime. I'll be there.

They shake hands.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE – MOMENTS LATER

Patrick returns to the SUV. Joey, dozing, jolts awake at a knock on the window.

JOEY

So—what did you find out?

Patrick starts the engine, his gaze locked straight ahead.

PATRICK

I found God!

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 11

(The Poetry Salon and Encountering)

Scene 1 – New Chapters and the Invitation

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Time resembles a writer, capturing the world’s sorrows while neglecting its own. Yet it is more like a poet, unable to distill life’s unpredictability into a few lines—its journey too vast, its rhythm too elusive. Its footsteps fall in silence, yet the marks it leaves differ in depth. Rarely invited, time still never misses a gathering of past, present, or future. Friend or foe, perhaps it is best seen as an affectionate lover—patiently waiting from afar.

MONTAGE – VARIOUS LOCATIONS – DAY

— John concludes his healing practices, quietly stepping into a new chapter of life, his gaze steady.

— Ella smiles behind the counter of a bank, working as a teller with joy.

— Jason, once a patient, now mops the long hallway of the mental health center.

— FBI Special Agent Patrick Frost repeatedly meets with John, briefing him on the “Earth Governors” organization. Their conversations grow warmer, a friendship gradually taking root.

INT. JOHN’S HOME – MORNING

On a bright Wednesday morning, John ties his running shoes. Just as he is ready to head out, the phone RINGS.

He picks it up.

PROFESSOR KIM (V.O.)

(voice brimming with enthusiasm)

John! Wonderful news—the “Sounds of Heaven” poets’ group has welcomed you warmly. This Saturday morning in downtown Charleston, we’re holding a poetry salon to celebrate you.

JOHN

(cheerful, grateful)

Thank you, Professor Kim. That’s... amazing.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Hanging up the phone, John feels a surge of joy. He senses that a new chapter of his life is opening before him.

Scene 2 – The Poetry Salon, John and Helen’s Debut

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM – SATURDAY MORNING

John arrives at the venue in a brown jacket, freshly shaved, his hair neatly in place. He checks his watch—just before 9:30 a.m.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The gathering takes place in an intimate conference room in downtown Charleston. Twenty-five attendees have assembled: university professors—a biologist, two physicists, a mathematician, a futurist—along with a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, and a recipient of the National Book Award. The rest are also gifted poets. At the center is the host, nicknamed “Fox,” a well-known American poet in his fifties.

As the members settle into their seats, FOX rises with a warm smile.

FOX

Good morning, everyone! First, I'd like to thank today's sponsor, PowerL100 energy drink, for their support. May it keep us all energized throughout our gathering.

A ripple of laughter. Someone picks up a can, curiously sipping.

FOX

Today is a joyous day for many reasons. Our Sounds of Heaven group has gained a new voice, thanks to Robin's referral.

He glances at PROFESSOR KIM, who smiles quietly without speaking.

FOX

Our group has earned many honors—only a Nobel Laureate in Literature is missing! And now, new hope has joined us. You've all read John's poetry. You've seen his exceptional talent. Let us warmly welcome this young and handsome poet into our ranks.

Applause breaks out. John rises quickly, nodding in gratitude.

At that moment, the door opens.

A YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL GIRL (18) steps in—slightly embarrassed.

She exchanges a glance with FOX, whispers:

DEER

Sorry.

She slips into a seat.

FOX

John, have you thought of a nickname for yourself?

JOHN

(softly)

Phoenix.

FOX

(grinning)

Phoenix—it's perfect. It seems we've truly found the Sounds of Heaven.

John sits, his expression shy. He notices the girl, sitting diagonally across, glancing at him. He offers a faint smile, then quickly looks away.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The phoenix—often called a bird from heaven—is a symbol of purity, immortality, and rebirth. Though its image varies across cultures, it is always regarded as mysterious and sublime.

FOX activates the electronic screen.

FOX

Now, we begin our poetry appreciation. First, a new piece titled "Ending," by Phoenix. John, would you recite it for us?

John shakes his head with a modest smile.

FOX

(chuckling)

Such a shy Phoenix! Very well, I'll read it for you.

The room brightens with laughter, hands clapping in encouragement.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

At these gatherings, it is common for the host to read a poem on behalf of the author, though many choose to recite their own.

FOX begins to recite, cadence smooth and earnest. The screen glows with words as the audience leans in.

THE POEM – “ENDING”

As the chill arrives,
autumn leaves drift away,
shedding their brilliance—
a season full of yearning slowly closes its eyes.

No one recalls the lush treetops;
against the biting wind, I remain,
the tree's last leaf, whispering hope,
reluctant to part,
as church bells fade, so too does faith.

I no longer long for
distant spring dreams;

the flowers and grasses of the present
console my faltering verses.

I will forget the day love departed—
perhaps a new regret
awaits its beginning.

Deprived of love, dreamscapes turn cold and stark,
yet in somniloquy, dawn ignites the arc of sunrise.

At life's edge, returning to quantum's breath,
hope for eternity unfolds
in the hush of prayer.

Sometimes, one follows the Buddha's path,
unchained by rules,
seeking only to understand karma—
sow good, reap good; sow evil, reap evil.

Cosmic harmony weaves poetry and song,
an echo unbroken through time.

Starlight always remains
to illuminate night's winding roads.

The shifting seasons whisper
time's silent sorrow,
yet grief can be reshaped

into strength, as harvests rise
from the embers.

The unknown arrives—
how quickly fear dissolves;
perhaps you and I
see it differently.

To be wise
is not as uplifting
as a simple joke.

Drunk or sober, neither state is easy;
love or not, all remains unchanged.
The past has passed, whether or not it lingers—
now and always, the Lord's light guides the way.

When the final line fades, the room bursts into applause. John, slightly embarrassed yet excited, notices the young girl clapping most enthusiastically—her eyes catching his with a gleam of recognition.

FOX

Now, let's hear your thoughts and interpretations.

A man in his forties raises his hand.

FOX

Let's welcome Blue Jay.

Heads turn toward the Pulitzer Prize-winning poet.

BLUE JAY

The poem is complex yet clear. It reflects on life and death, love and separation, the passage of time. There is a tension carried throughout—deep contemplation on existence. It's an excellent effort. Poetry should be joyous and experimental. Don't fear trying new ideas. Remember, *Sounds of Heaven* is about unique voices.

John nods with a gentle smile of gratitude.

FOX

Well said, Blue Jay. Who else?

A bespectacled man with a receding hairline speaks up.

FOX

Yes, Meerkat, please.

MEERKAT

The topic is compelling. The poet delves into life's meaning, fate's unpredictability, reincarnation's philosophy. In poetry, content comes first, then vocabulary, and finally technique. Content is paramount. To free oneself from constraints is to unleash vitality. Rich imagery should be conveyed in few words. That is my view.

He wipes his forehead nervously.

FOX

Thank you, Meerkat. Anyone else?

An older man in his sixties raises his voice.

FOX

Octopus—please.

OCTOPUS

This poem is emotionally rich, philosophically profound. In “Ending,” I see not only a poem, but a vision of the future. It speaks to human destiny. Its imagery is vivid, natural, dynamic. The breadth reflects knowledge; the depth reflects humanity. Such qualities sustain a poet’s career.

A murmur of agreement runs through the room.

FOX

Excellent. Now, let us welcome our only lady poet—Deer.

All eyes turn. The young woman lifts her voice, her gaze brushing John’s.

DEER

The insights of my predecessors are enlightening. My reflection is this: “Sow good, reap good; sow evil, reap evil.” The line resonates with Buddhist and biblical principles alike. The poem urges us to see truth beyond cultural, racial, or religious boundaries. It suggests not merely an end, but a path forward for humanity.

She pauses, then softens.

DEER

Poetry exists in every gaze, every glance back. A poem is one's light—the light you emit, faint or brilliant, carries your spirit. Readers touch that light, finding illumination or resonance within.

The room falls into utter silence, every breath held, waiting for her to go on. But her cheeks flush, and she quietly takes her seat.

FOX beams.

FOX

Fantastic! Let's give Deer a round of applause.

The room erupts. John joins, his eyes lingering on her.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Praise filled the room, but for John, it was more than recognition. It felt like encouragement meant for him alone.

Scene 3 – The Thai Restaurant Gathering and Deer's Toast

INT. THAI RESTAURANT – NOON

The poetry salon ends around 11:30. Members gather their coats, drifting out into the late morning light. John walks with Professor Kim.

PROFESSOR KIM

John, you did very well today. Everyone enjoyed meeting you.

John smiles faintly, though he feels the professor may be exaggerating a little.

JOHN

Thank you, Professor. It really meant a lot to me today.

They arrive at a Thai restaurant nearby, its tables draped in white cloths, each adorned with a small vase of fresh flowers. The chatter of patrons fills the air.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The poets settle into a long table. Plates gleam beneath folded napkins. The air is rich with lemongrass, chili, and ginger. Amid laughter and clinking glasses, John is introduced to new faces.

At his side is PROFESSOR LEE, a futurist, nicknamed “Eagle.” Sharp-eyed, middle-aged, he extends his hand.

LEE (EAGLE)

(smiling)

John, welcome. I’ve heard about you from Kim. I look forward to our talks.

JOHN

Thank you. I look forward to learning from you.

The group begins their meal. The waitstaff bring out steaming plates: curry rich with coconut milk, stir-fried noodles, and fragrant jasmine rice.

As the conversations grow lively, FOX lifts his glass.

FOX

(cheerful, sincere)

Everyone—let's raise a glass to John. For his first salon with Sounds of Heaven, and for the poems that brought him here. May the Phoenix spread its wings and bring us the sounds of heaven.

All turn toward John, raising their glasses.

The Thai restaurant, reserved for the occasion, brims with warmth and laughter. Suddenly, DEER rises, wineglass in hand, and steps to John's side.

DEER

(graciously)

Welcome to our poetry salon. I'm looking forward to reading more of your poems.

John quickly stands, a little flustered.

JOHN

Thank you... Deer. Your comments were brilliant and left a deep impression on me.

Deer smiles, lifting her glass.

DEER

Cheers!

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Two glasses meet—and so do two hearts. This is an encounter that will change the world.

Scene 4 – The Continuation of Their Encounter: Helen and John’s Exchange and Inner Feelings

EXT. PARKING LOT – AFTERNOON

The restaurant gathering winds down. Poets drift away in pairs and groups, laughter fading into the street. John walks toward his car. Suddenly, footsteps approach from behind.

HELEN catches up, a faint flush still lingering on her cheeks.

HELEN

(smiling gently)

I should tell you—my real name is Helen.

John pauses, taken aback, then nods.

JOHN

Helen... it suits you. Why ‘Deer,’ then?

HELEN

In many cultures, the deer is gentle and alert, yet strong in spirit. For me, it’s a reminder—to be humble, but never afraid.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Face to face, they linger in conversation—like a living landscape.

John nods.

JOHN

Do you live around here?

HELEN

My home isn't here, but I go to university in this city.

JOHN

Do you visit home often?

Helen's smile fades.

HELEN

My mother passed away when I was very young. Now it's just my father and me.

John lowers his gaze, sensing the weight of her words.

JOHN

I'm sorry.

HELEN

(softly)

It's all right. My mother came to the United States from Hong Kong with her parents when she was little, and she met my father in college.

A moment of silence—only the distant hum of traffic remains.

JOHN

What are you studying?

HELEN

Classical literature.

John nods, smiling faintly.

JOHN

No wonder your comments sounded so insightful.

HELEN

Mind if I get your number?

JOHN

Of course—here.

They exchange numbers.

HELEN

Let's talk more about poetry next time. I've got something to take care of now.

JOHN

All right. I'll look forward to it.

They part, each heading toward their own car. Helen stops by her BMW SUV, turns

back with a gentle smile, and waves goodbye.

INT. DORM ROOM – EVENING

Helen enters the dorm, carrying a small bag of KFC. Her roommate, CASEY, had been lounging on the bed, but hearing the door, she gets up.

CASEY

You're back late! What kept you?

HELEN

(laughing softly)

I went to the salon. And... I met someone.

CASEY

(teasing)

Someone? Prince Charming?

HELEN

A boy... like someone out of a dream. So reserved, so shy.

Casey laughs, piling on the teasing.

CASEY

And who could possibly be more reserved than our princess?

Helen blushes, setting down the food. They share fries, laughing and chatting without

pause.

INT. HELEN'S ROOM – NIGHT

Later, Helen sits alone at her desk. A lamp glows softly. She opens her laptop, her fingers beginning to type slowly.

Her thoughts drift back to the parking lot—to those eyes, to the sense of destiny lingering in the air. From that memory, a poem starts to take shape.

Helen types the title across the screen: “Encountering.”

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 12

(Auditing at Universities, Helen, and the Earth Governors)

Scene 1 – Morning Reflections, Walking into the University, and Helen's Call

INT. LIVING ROOM – MONDAY MORNING

John wakes with a faint smile, fragments of his dream with Helen still lingering. After washing up, he walks into the living room.

He glances at the brushes, paints, and canvas laid out, frowning slightly. He finds nothing of interest on TV, turns it off, and sinks into thought.

JOHN (V.O.)

Time is short. I need to walk into the universities to understand humanity more deeply.

After dressing in his room, John moves without hesitation. He teleports, instantly appearing on the campus of Yale University.

MONTAGE – UNIVERSITIES, CLASSROOMS, AND STUDENT LIFE

— At Yale, John sits quietly at the back of a law lecture, listening intently.

— At MIT, he leans forward in an economics class, eyes alive with curiosity.

— A swirl of students pass him in corridors, their laughter ringing.

— Young women glance at him with open admiration. Jealous boyfriends step in, shielding them.

— John watches, half-awkward, half-proud.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

What he envied most was the radiant flame of youth. In the divine realm, youth and beauty never fade — but passion has long been extinguished.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM – EVENING

After dinner with his mother, Ella, John returns to his room and lies on the bed, idly browsing his phone. Suddenly, the phone rings. He answers, and Helen's radiant smile fills the screen.

HELEN

How are you?

JOHN

I'm very good. Thank you. How about you?

HELEN

I'm fine. Just a bit busy these days.

JOHN

Same here.

A silence, heavy with unspoken longing.

HELEN

Do you have time now? I'd like to chat.

JOHN

Absolutely! I was just about to reach out to you.

HELEN

(teasing)

You're lying to me! You probably forgot about me.

JOHN

Never! Every word I say comes straight from the heart.

HELEN

(smiling)

Alright, I'll trust you — especially since you're a poet.

JOHN

Of course. I'll answer with complete sincerity.

HELEN

Do you have a girlfriend right now?

JOHN

No.

HELEN

Really?

JOHN

Absolutely true!

HELEN

And... have girls ever chased after you before?

JOHN

(lightly)

Seems like it.

Helen frowns, then quickly asks:

HELEN

Then... have you ever had a serious girlfriend?

JOHN

(after a pause)

No.

HELEN

(eyes brightening)

Why? You're so outstanding...

JOHN

My mother didn't want me to have a girlfriend too early. She worried I wasn't mature enough and might end up hurting the girl.

Helen listens, half unconvinced, yet her happiness cannot be hidden.

HELEN

It doesn't quite make sense... but I'm happy with it. So, do you know how to woo a girl?

JOHN

(lightly)

I guess I do.

HELEN

Then do you know how to make a girl happy?

JOHN

(mock serious)

I should!

Helen bursts into laughter, her voice bright and musical.

HELEN

Alright. You've passed for today.

JOHN

(relieved, joking)

Thank God!

On the screen, they smile at each other, immersed in the glow of new love.

Scene 2 – Patrick's Call, Painting, and Thinking of Helen

EXT. JOHN'S YARD – WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

John is tending the garden, pruning and watering. The phone rings. He answers. It's Patrick Frost.

PATRICK (V.O.)

John, there's a meeting organized by the "Earth Governors" in Philadelphia. Saturday morning. Let's go together.

JOHN

Alright. Thanks, Patrick.

PATRICK (V.O.)

By the way, the leader's name is Steve.

John pauses, but asks nothing. The call ends. Silence lingers.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

John goes back inside, grabs a drink from the fridge, and walks into the living room. He sits on the sofa for a moment before rising and moving to the easel. On the canvas, a mysterious scene begins to emerge:

— A luminescent blue lake cradles a solitary fishing boat.

— A fisherman casts his net into the depths.

— Above, a dusky gray sky, speckled with scattered lights.

— On the shore, a towering fruit tree with soft purple leaves, heavy with strange fruit.

— Grass glows faintly, circling the tree like a halo.

John steps back and wipes the sweat from his forehead with a paint-stained hand.

Colors smear across his face. He leans in again, refining the leaves, deepening the sky.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Poets and painters stand as vanguards of the soul. The poet weaves words, the painter lays down colors — one touches the invisible, the other renders it visible. Both bridge the seen and the unseen, revealing the depths of human perception.

John studies the canvas until it matches the vision in his mind. Only then does he put down the brush.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM – NIGHT

Just out of the shower, John sits on his bed. Thinking of the upcoming “Earth Governors” meeting, he sighs. Then Helen’s face appears in his mind — her voice, her smile, her warmth. Instantly, his mood lifts.

He picks up his phone and types a message:

JOHN (V.O.)

Helen, I’m busy on Saturday. Can we meet Sunday instead?

Moments later, the phone screen lights up with her reply:

ON PHONE SCREEN:

Of course! Don’t forget to bring your new poems!

John smiles, wishing he could see her right away.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Amid the encroaching shadows, the thought of her became his light. John did not realize his change — whether man or god no longer mattered.

Scene 3 – The Earth Governors’ Assembly in Philadelphia

EXT. JOHN’S HOUSE – SATURDAY MORNING

Patrick arrives at 9:30. John greets him at the door. Patrick looks excited yet cautious, speaking in a low voice.

PATRICK

Keep your questions to a minimum today. That'll help protect your identity. Also, make sure your halo is visible.

John nods in understanding.

JOHN

Alright. Let's go.

INT. PHILADELPHIA AUDITORIUM – MORNING

The vast hall is filled with nearly two hundred attendees, many quietly conversing.

Golden halos hover above their heads — some bright, others dim.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

These are no ordinary marks, but the “Light Soul.” Decreed and bestowed by the supreme council of the divine realm, every resident descending to Earth — whether by birth or travel — is required to display a shining golden halo above their heads. Divine beings can see one another's halos, while humans remain blind to them. Yet the offspring of divine beings and mortals bear only a faint halo, never as radiant as those of the pure.

ON STAGE – CONTINUOUS

STEVE BROOKER (50s), stout, commanding, steps forward. The leader of the Earth Governors grips the microphone.

STEVE

Welcome, esteemed delegates from Canada, Mexico, the United Kingdom, France,

Germany, and across the United States. Today marks a turning point in history.

Applause swells.

STEVE

Our membership has exceeded 250,000. Humanity's greatest leaps have always aligned with our guidance. But now — the world stands at its own "to be or not to be" moment.

The audience falls silent, waiting.

STEVE

I bring news from the divine realm. The time has come to recalibrate humanity's path. We will not allow corruption to persist. Together, we will choose the future.

Applause roars. John claps politely, his face unmoved, though suspicion stirs within.

STEVE

Next, a gift. Divine technology — a new drug, to renew life with vigor.

The crowd murmurs in awe as attendants bring forth samples.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

This "drug" was long ago forbidden in the divine realm. Harmless to those with a Light Soul, it is deadly to ordinary humans. Its sale fills the coffers of the Earth Governors, alongside profits from multinational corporations, banks, casinos, and secret weapons labs. The money not only covers members' expenses, but also funds charity — and bribes officials worldwide.

STAGE DEMONSTRATION

STEVE

And now — behold the Power Ring.

A staff member hands him a ring. Steve raises his hand.

A beam of lightning explodes, vaporizing a ceiling light.

Gasps ripple through the hall.

A man disguised as a police officer attacks. Instantly, a radiant shield bursts from the ring, repelling his fist. Bullets fired vanish into light, harmless.

The crowd erupts in thunderous applause.

INT. AUDITORIUM – LATER

The meeting ends. Patrick shakes hands with Steve and a few others. John remains quiet, concealed in shadow.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE – LATER

Back home, John presses the Power Ring into Patrick's palm.

JOHN

Give this to someone you trust.

Patrick hesitates but nods. They part with a handshake.

John lingers alone, unsettled. Urgency floods him. The danger is clear. John resolves: when the time comes, this organization must fall.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Small evils are easy to see. Greater evils wear the mask of good. To confront them takes wisdom, vigilance, and faith.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 13

(First Love: Earth and the Divine Realm)

Scene 1 – Morning Preparations and the First Date

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – MORNING

The kitchen is simple yet warm. John prepares breakfast for himself and his mother, Ella. He sets the table neatly, then steps outside for a refreshing morning run. Returning, he eats a few bites, then retreats to his room.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

It was his first date. Though born of the divine realm, John now felt the nervous pulse of humanity — the mixture of excitement and unease that accompanies love.

John glances at the clock, thinking of Helen. He sighs softly and shakes his head.

JOHN

(quietly, to himself)

It seems I have already fallen in love with Helen.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM – LATE MORNING

John checks the wardrobe. Two suits seem too formal; the rest, too casual. He sighs, finally settling on his brown jacket.

JOHN

(wry smile)

I really need to go shopping.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT – DAY

A quiet restaurant on the town's edge. John parks his old white sedan. To his surprise, Helen is already waiting at the entrance.

HELEN

(laughing)

You're right on time!

JOHN

(smiling, shy)

Perhaps my watch is a bit slow.

HELEN

(teasing)

You're quite the storyteller.

JOHN

(feigning seriousness, eyes twinkling)

Yes, I can tell quite a few stories.

They share a smile.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT – DAY

The host leads them to a quiet table. Helen thanks him politely.

HELEN

Since it's your first time here, let me order for us.

JOHN

I'll go with whatever you choose.

Helen, with quiet confidence, orders a Margherita pizza, garlic bread, Caprese salad, tiramisu, and two drinks.

As they wait, conversation unfolds.

HELEN

After seeing your introduction in the poetry group, I was curious. Why didn't you attend college?

JOHN

I started working early to ease my mother's burdens.

HELEN

What kind of work?

JOHN

I used to assist patients with treatments.

HELEN

But you don't anymore?

JOHN

Someone reported me for practicing medicine without a license. I stopped, to avoid more trouble.

HELEN

How did you treat people without a license?

JOHN

Just supplementary therapies — ancient Arabic medicine, Chinese Qigong. It improved their conditions.

HELEN

(amazed)

You're remarkable. I'm sorry for all the questions... but could you help a friend of mine?

JOHN

Of course. I'm happy to help.

The waiter brings their food. They laugh lightly, then shift to poetry.

HELEN

(smiling, handing her phone)

This is a poem I wrote when I first started university. What do you think?

John reads: "The Road Less Traveled."

JOHN

It's philosophical, rhythmic, vivid. Very well-written. I truly enjoyed it.

HELEN

You're just flattering me.

JOHN

No, truly. The title alone is original. You have talent.

Helen beams, her delight obvious.

HELEN

(smiling)

Now let me see one of your poems.

JOHN

Here. "Wind and Rain."

Helen reads, her eyes glistening with emotion.

HELEN

It's very traditional in style. Deeply moving. When did you write it?

JOHN

Recently.

HELEN

Beautifully written... You must love classical literature.

John nods, touched. Their bond deepens.

EXT. RESTAURANT – AFTERNOON

They step outside. Sunlight glows on Helen's face. She checks her watch.

HELEN

I had a wonderful time today. Thank you. I need to call my father soon. Can I contact you tonight?

JOHN

Of course. I look forward to it.

They shake hands. A spark lingers. She leaves in her BMW; John waves before returning to his old car.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

John lounges, scrolling his phone. It rings. Helen's face lights up the screen — a video call.

HELEN

Sorry to keep you waiting. I just got back from dinner with my roommate.

JOHN

No worries. I'm free tonight.

HELEN

Let me show you my dorm first.

Her dorm room is bright and spacious. Helen walks around with her phone, giving John a quick tour.

JOHN

What a beautiful room!

HELEN

Thanks. One day, I'll invite you to visit our university.

JOHN

Sure! You've been wanting to know me better, so how about sharing your impression

of me?

Their conversation grows playful.

HELEN

(smiling)

I think you're a perfectionist.

JOHN

Maybe. But the first truth a perfectionist must embrace is imperfection itself.

HELEN

Perfectionism leads to gloom. I prefer sunny days.

John laughs softly. Then Helen's tone shifts.

HELEN

Is God perfect?

JOHN

If humanity is imperfect, perhaps God Himself is not.

HELEN

(earnest)

But humans were created perfect, only burdened by sin through temptation.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Their debate — creation, sin, perfection — ancient themes reborn in their voices.

Their words soften into laughter again.

HELEN

Alright, enough. Or I won't be able to sleep.

JOHN

Then goodnight.

HELEN

Goodnight. I really enjoyed our chat.

They wave across the screen. After the call, John sends her a trumpet piece: “God Be With You.”

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Between music and silence, Helen felt her heart stir — the first love quietly taking root.

Scene 2 – The Math Lecture and Poetic Hours by the Lake

INT. PRINCETON UNIVERSITY – LECTURE HALL – AFTERNOON

The hall is filled with students, notebooks open, pens racing. A professor in his late 40s, glasses slightly askew, lectures with clarity and passion.

PROFESSOR

The Langlands Program, proposed in the 1960s by Canadian mathematician Robert Langlands, weaves together algebra, number theory, geometry, and analysis. It suggests deep connections between automorphic forms and Galois representations...

John listens intently, astonished by humanity's intellectual reach.

Suddenly, his phone rings — the sound breaking the silence. Students glance at him. Embarrassed, John silences the call. He notices the name: Helen.

John gathers his things and heads toward the door.

PROFESSOR

Wait a moment, please.

John turns back, surprised.

PROFESSOR

Did you understand what I just explained?

John smiles faintly, makes an "OK" gesture. The professor nods, half doubtful, half amused, as John slips out.

EXT. CAMPUS – CONTINUOUS

John answers the call. Helen's face appears on his screen, bright with cheer.

HELEN

Sorry to disturb you. Are you free for coffee? I've got some time.

JOHN

Of course. Send me the address.

HELEN

See you in an hour!

EXT. CAFÉ – ENTRANCE – LATER

John arrives early, dressed neatly in a new light yellow jacket, waiting at the café entrance. Suddenly, Helen sneaks up behind him.

HELEN

(playfully loud)

You're late again!

John spins, startled — then laughs.

JOHN

You little rascal, you nearly scared me!

HELEN

(teasing)

I knew you'd come early, my perfectionist.

JOHN

Mock me now, but you'll regret it one day.

They laugh and head inside.

INT. CAFÉ – WINDOW SEAT – DAY

Helen leads John to a cozy corner. A latte is already on the table. John orders an Americano and sweets.

Helen scrolls on her phone, hesitates, then hands it to John.

HELEN

Here's a poem I wrote yesterday. Tell me what you think.

John reads: "Seeing with Closed Eyes."

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Lines of longing, solitude, and first love — words carrying both vulnerability and courage.

John looks up, touched.

JOHN

It's full of emotion and introspection. The imagery and metaphors are poignant. What strikes me most is that it feels less like a memory and more like a declaration.

Helen beams, grateful.

HELEN

That's exactly what I wanted. Thank you.

JOHN

Then would you give me this poem?

HELEN

(laughing)

It's yours, free of charge.

JOHN

I should be paying. This time, it's on me.

HELEN

And I'm thrilled to have "sold" a poem. Now let me see one of yours!

John hands her his phone. Helen reads "Cloud's Time."

HELEN

This is profound, philosophical. The imagery is rich, though a little puzzling — it makes me want to reflect again and again.

JOHN

Such insight — worthy of a poet.

Helen smiles, relieved.

HELEN

Your poem feels like montage — fragments combined, like film scenes.

JOHN

That's what I intended, though I've not mastered the technique.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Montage — in poetry and film — a weaving of fragments into deeper meaning, where disconnection and continuity meet.

The waiter brings fresh coffee. John raises his cup.

JOHN

Here's to today!

HELEN

To today! And to poetry.

EXT. LAKE – SUNSET

The lake shimmers, framed by trees and mountains. Birds cross the sky. John and Helen sit on a bench, gazing at the water.

HELEN

(smiling)

I feel like writing a poem!

JOHN

Go ahead. I'm waiting.

HELEN

Maybe after I hear your "lesson."

JOHN

(smiling)

Alright, I'll go first then. Let's see if I can do better than your professor.

John pauses for a moment.

JOHN

(serious)

Literature is the art of language, and poetry is the language of art. It reveals both beauty and ugliness, and it pushes the boundaries of our understanding — just like life itself.

Helen listens intently, her gaze settling on John, her heart quietly stirring.

HELEN

Where there is love, there is poetry. Life itself is poetry — only most people can't express it.

JOHN

(smiling)

Poets are often solitary, sensitive, emotional. For them, a pure heart is worth more than a mind full of knowledge.

Helen claps softly, delighted.

HELEN

Well said! Poets are enlighteners, masters of emotion.

JOHN

Time is the greatest poet, endlessly inscribing verses upon our lives.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Applause, smiles, and silent warmth — their souls in harmony, their feelings quietly taking root.

EXT. LAKESIDE PATH – EVENING

They walk side by side, steps light, shadows overlapping. Laughter mingles with the breeze.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Love had begun to take root. Helen lay awake that night, realizing she had fallen for John. And John, pondering his future, resolved to walk this uncertain path with her, to honor the love that had awakened his human heart — fragile, yet radiant with promise.

Scene 3 – Dream of the Divine Realm: First Love Revisited

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

John lies asleep. His breathing steadies, his face calm. Slowly, the world around him fades, dissolving into a dream.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

That night, John drifted into a dream—back to the ancient divine realm, to its dawn of tribes and forgotten origins.

EXT. DIVINE REALM – LAKESHORE – DIM SKY

SUPER: Early History of the Divine Realm

The sky looms dark and mysterious, scattered with faint points of light. Below, a vast lake shimmers with a soft blue glow. Along the shore, trees with purple, luminous leaves bear strange fruits—and also familiar apples and grapes.

Endless fields of grass radiate a gentle glow. Settlements line the lakeside: wooden houses, flickering campfires, blacksmiths hammering at their forges, women weaving by lamplight, children laughing in the streets. Boats glide across the glowing waters, nets cast wide. Hunters return with fish and game.

The scene recalls one of John's earlier paintings.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In this endless twilight, the early tribes of the divine realm flourished.

EXT. CENTRAL SQUARE – NIGHT

Torches blaze. A massive black bear lies bound on a wooden board. The crowd hums with excitement.

From the firelight emerges YAHWEH (young, later known as Essiyaht), bare-chested,

dagger in hand. He lifts the blade high, taunting the beast. The bear bellows, but its cry breaks short as Yahweh drives the dagger deep into its heart. Blood bursts across his chest.

Only the tribe's heroes or warriors were entitled to slaughter the beast and divide its meat. The crowd erupts in thunderous cheers:

CROWD

(chanting)

Yahweh! Yahweh!

Among them, ARKHLA (later known as Ahsimeta), Yahweh's friend, whistles sharply and leaps onto a platform.

ARKHLA

(voice carrying)

Silence! I've composed a poem—"Killing the Bear." Let me recite it!

He declaims passionately:

ARKHLA

In twilight's fire the beast stood tall,

its roar a mountain, its shadow a wall.

Yet steel was swifter, courage more true—

blood fell red, and the night was new.

The hunter rose, the people cried,

strength and song stand side by side.

Remember the bear, remember the flame—
the hero who struck, the glory, the name!

The crowd erupts in thunderous cheers.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In verses of fire and blood, the poem praised bravery, survival, and the hero who slew the beast.

The crowd cheers wildly. Yahweh smiles, lifting his dagger high.

EXT. DISTRIBUTION TABLE – CONTINUOUS

The bear meat is divided. One by one, tribe members receive their share. At last, a girl in a red skirt approaches—MEDI, shy yet striking.

Yahweh notices her immediately. Their eyes meet. She glances at the nearly empty table.

YAHWEH

(gently)

I'm sorry... the meat is gone. Next time, come earlier.

Medi nods, disappointment flickering in her eyes. She turns to leave.

YAHWEH

Wait!

From beneath the wooden table, he draws a piece of meat bound in coarse linen — the share once set aside for Arkhla.

YAHWEH

Take this one. My friend won't mind if I give him fish instead.

MEDI

(softly)

No... thank you. I can wait.

YAHWEH

Please. I want you to have it.

Medi accepts, her eyes shining with gratitude.

YAHWEH

What's your name?

MEDI

(smiling shyly)

Medi.

YAHWEH

A beautiful name.

Their gaze lingers—something stirs, new and undeniable.

INT. YAHWEH AND ARKHLA'S HOUSE – NIGHT

By lamplight, Arkhla carves a wooden pipe. Yahweh enters, still flushed with excitement.

YAHWEH

Sorry... I gave away our share of the meat.

ARKHLA

(chuckling, without looking up)

It must have been a girl.

Yahweh grins, unable to deny it.

ARKHLA

(smiling)

I saw her. She was captivating. Even I felt a stir.

They share a laugh.

MONTAGE – YAHWEH'S QUEST FOR GIFTS

— Yahweh rows alone into stormy waters, wrestling with a monstrous, two-headed “Lucky Fish.”

— He draws his bow, felling a soaring eagle with a single arrow.

— He returns, carrying the “Lucky Fish” and eagle, symbols of courage and prosperity.

EXT. MEDI'S HOUSE – DAY

Yahweh stands tall, dressed in bright linen and black leather, gifts in hand. His voice rings out:

YAHWEH

I come to ask for Medi's hand. I wish for her to be my wife.

The family steps outside, astonished but joyful. Medi's father welcomes him inside.

FATHER

(smiling warmly)

Welcome. Please, come in.

Yahweh bows his head in gratitude, setting down the Lucky Fish and the eagle.

YAHWEH

These are for your family. And my promise—I will always cherish her.

Inside, Medi listens quietly, cheeks flushed, her heart racing with anticipation.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Thus began the love of Yahweh and Medi—born of fire and blood, bearing witness to both courage and tenderness.

Not long after, their first CHILD is born—the one who will later be known as Essiyahta.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In John's dream, it shone as an eternal symbol of first love, mirroring the feelings awakening in his heart for Helen.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 14

(Jesus)

Scene 1 — John's Solitude, the Film, and the Council Debate

EXT. CALTECH CAMPUS – AFTERNOON

Students laugh and chat under elegant colonnades. John drifts through like a lonely traveler, lingering where others rush by.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

He feels the murmur in the air whispering to him: "You don't belong here."

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

John changes into comfortable clothes, pops a soda, settles on the couch, flipping channels. On screen: The Passion of the Christ begins—somber, magnetic. A title card after the ad break confirms it. John leans in, absorbing every detail, clinging to every word.

ON TV – THE CRUCIFIXION AT GOLGOTHA

Jesus, staggering beneath the cross, reaches the hill. Nails. Sky darkens.

JESUS (ON TV)

It is finished. Father, into your hands I commit my spirit!

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

John's eyes brim. Tears spill. The ending unleashes an old memory from the divine realm.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

“Father, forgive them!”—the crucified prayer lingers in his heart for a long, long time.

INT. DIVINE REALM – COUNCIL HALL – DAY (JOHN'S RECOLLECTION)

A minor assembly. Ten participants, including Essiyaht (leader), Essiyahta (his son), and Ahsimeta (head of the “Animal Department”). Essiyahta has just finished a briefing on human progress. Silence—then Ahsimeta rises.

AHSIMETA

Your report overly praises humans. Conflicts continue unabated. Their selfishness, greed, arrogance, deceit—these alienate us, and betray the original intent of their creation.

ESSIYAHTA

(fervent)

Your perspective captures only a fraction and misses the essence. As Earth says: “Without enduring the irritation of a grain of sand, no pearl would ever form.” Humans have forged magnificent cultures, and their civilization advances

unceasingly.

AHSIMETA

During my visit to Earth I heard: “Defending a fault only makes it loom larger, like hiding a small hole with a cloth which merely accentuates it.”

(beat)

Some summarize humanity’s disgrace in twelve facets:

- unceasing wars,
- despotic regimes,
- sectarian conflict and religious hatred,
- famine,
- moral decay and criminality,
- racism,
- environmental destruction,
- colonialism,
- terrorism,
- widespread substance abuse,
- gender inequality,
- illiteracy and ignorance.

This is the humanity you brought forth—a stain on our honor.

ESSIYAHTA

Creatures your department designed exhibit greater cruelty. They harm one another, and threaten humans. Bears, crocodiles, sharks, tigers, lions—countless deaths. And diseases spread by flies, mosquitoes, rats, cockroaches have caused more human deaths than all wars combined. Are you not accountable?

Essiyaht, intrigued, chuckles softly but remains silent.

AHSIMETA

Humans deem themselves most intelligent, yet their ignorance and ruthlessness surpass any creature.

AHSIMETA (CONT'D)

Ancient hatreds or religious zeal drive them to obliterate whole races. Animals fulfill only survival; humans crave beyond need—insatiable. Even on deathbeds they covet more, yearning to bequeath wealth.

AHSIMETA (CONT'D)

In the animal kingdom: survival of the fittest. Beyond food or mates, animals rarely attack their own kind. But human conflicts arise from abstractions—history, national pride, “revolutions.”

AHSIMETA (CONT'D)

Animals cooperate to hunt; human cooperation escalates into war. Humans obsess over deadlier weapons to kill as many as possible, reveling in carnage—forgetting they kill their own kind. With intellect and tools, they may destroy ecosystems. Humanity may erase itself and Earth. A fate of their own making.

Silence. All eyes on Essiyahta.

AHSIMETA

(final)

This is not only my opinion. It reflects my department and some in the supreme council. We must guide humanity toward sustainability, protect Earth—and I will propose a stricter animal management plan.

At last, Essiyaht rises—calm, conciliatory.

ESSIYAHT

This discussion has been valuable. As architect and coordinator, I take responsibility for issues that have arisen. Let us conclude here. Reflect carefully on early misjudgments, and propose remedies. We'll explore this further at our next gathering.

The ten participants nod. The assembly dissolves.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

The screen fades to credits, flickering light casting shadows across John's face. He exhales, deeply moved.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Our tale of Jesus is far from over. If anything in this telling offends your beliefs, forgive our words.

Scene 2 — Essiyahta's Struggle and Awakening of His Mission

EXT. ROYAL DISTRICT – ESSIYAHTA'S VILLA – DAY

The villa floats high in the air, built from rare materials unique to the divine realm. An automatic ladder connects it to the ground, though few ever use it—inhabitants simply teleport. Below stretch a manicured lawn, a shining pool, and luminous plants that sway in the eternal twilight.

INT. VILLA – LIVING ROOM – DAY

Essiyahta opens a game on the “Dililah” device and quickly immerses himself in a galactic war. On the projected screen, orc fleets clash with cosmic battleships in fierce combat, explosions blazing in the dark reflection of his black eyes.

The door opens. His wife, Uiolemedi, enters. He quickly shuts off the device.

ESSIYAHTA

Where have you been? I’ve been waiting for quite some time.

UIOLEMEDI

I was visiting a friend. Have you eaten?

ESSIYAHTA

Not yet. I’m not hungry. What about you?

UIOLEMEDI

I’ve already eaten. Go on, keep playing your game. I need to rest for a while.

She turns away, distant.

ESSIYAHTA

Wait a moment.

She pauses, calm, her gaze cool.

UIOLEMEDI

What's the matter?

ESSIYAHTA

We haven't really spent much time together lately. Don't you miss that?

NARRATOR (LIT.)

His words carry not only desire, but the weight of loneliness and a plea for comfort.

UIOLEMEDI

I'm really tired. Perhaps another time.

ESSIYAHTA

I have something to tell you.

She stops and faces him.

UIOLEMEDI

Go ahead. What's on your mind?

ESSIYAHTA

I may need to travel to Earth for a while.

UIOLEMEDI

When do you plan to leave? Is there a reason you must be there?

ESSIYAHTA

It might be soon. My intention is to introduce a true faith to humanity.

UIOLEMEDI

That sounds like a worthy cause. You have my support.

ESSIYAHTA

Thank you. You go rest. I'll head out and chat with a friend.

UIOLEMEDI

Okay. I'll take that rest.

She exits.

INT. BAR "DEEP FISH" – DAY

The neon sign glows bright. Music and laughter vibrate through the air. Dancers move on the stage, while a lively crowd fills the room.

At a rear table sit Essiyahta and his two assistants—one tall and composed, the other shorter and restless. Drinks arrive.

Essiyahta lifts his glass. His expression is calm, but melancholy lingers.

ESSIYAHTA

I've been feeling somewhat down. That's why I asked you here. I need your advice.

TALL ASSISTANT

Ahsimeta has really overstepped, openly criticizing our department.

ESSIYAHTA

Let it go. He did raise some good points.

SHORT ASSISTANT

So, are we just supposed to stand by after he maligned us?

ESSIYAHTA

We must correct our own errors. I'm considering a journey to Earth to make amends.

The assistants exchange a glance.

TALL ASSISTANT

In what way will you make amends?

ESSIYAHTA

I plan to be born on Earth. To endure human suffering myself.

ESSIYAHTA (CONT'D)

Through love, forgiveness, and inner transformation, I will guide them back to true faith.

ESSIYAHTA (CONT'D)

And I will establish a new religion—one that inspires kindness, and leads them out of suffering.

His black eyes shine with a fierce light of wisdom.

SHORT ASSISTANT

I support this! Let me come with you.

TALL ASSISTANT

I'll join as well!

ESSIYAHTA

Thank you both. I'll discuss this with my father soon. Together, we'll embark on this mission. To the journey that awaits!

Their glasses clink.

EXT. LAKESIDE – DAY

The water glows with a mystical blue light. Boats drift silently across the vast lake. Essiyahta and his father, Essiyaht, sit on a bench beneath the luminous sky.

ESSIYAHTA

Besides accepting accountability, I want to bring a new vision of faith to mankind—one that builds on your teachings. You founded Buddhism, but I believe it has not fully answered humanity's needs.

ESSIYAHT

My son, personal redemption is not enough. Enlightening humanity is far more important. Creating a new faith will be a hard road.

He looks at his son with tender firmness.

ESSIYAHTA

Don't worry about me. I will spread your profound love for humanity.

ESSIYAHT

Human civilization advances slowly. Guide them out of ignorance, rid them of evil inclinations. Faith should rest on self-awareness, authenticity, and dignity. Remember—truth is often unwelcome where it is most needed. Go forth. My swords and the finest wines await your arrival on Earth.

ESSIYAHTA

Thank you, Father! I will not let you down.

His eyes glisten with tears as he embraces his mission.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The lake shimmered like eternity itself, mirroring the gravity of a mission about to begin.

Scene 3 — The Birth of Jesus and His Early Choice

EXT. BETHLEHEM – NIGHT

A quiet town under the stars. The wind carries a hush of eternity.

INT. HOUSE – NIGHT

MARY cradles the newborn child. JOSEPH kneels beside her, awe in his eyes.

MARY

What shall we name the child?

JOSEPH

I dreamed an angel said to me, "You shall call him Jesus."

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In a humble place, far from palaces and thrones, a child is born who will change the fate of humankind.

Soon, three wise men arrive, led by a star. They kneel, offering gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

WISE MAN 1

A king for all ages.

WISE MAN 2

A healer of souls.

WISE MAN 3

A sacrifice for mankind.

Mary looks down at the infant, her eyes moist with mingled fear and devotion.

EXT. NAZARETH – HILLSIDE – DAY

SUPER: Jesus, 19 years old

One day, Jesus tends a small flock upon the hillside. Under the golden sun, the fields glimmer like waves of living light.

He pauses, gazing toward the horizon, as if listening to distant voices carried on the wind.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

He remembers the stories his mother once told him—of the three wise men from the East.

Jesus sits upon a rock, lost in thought.

JESUS

(to himself)

Perhaps I must leave... to seek the human wisdom of the three wise men.

INT. JOSEPH'S WORKSHOP – DAY

Joseph shows his son the craft of carpentry, guiding his hands across the wood.

JOSEPH

Steady. Always steady. A true hand reveals a true heart.

Jesus smiles faintly, though his mind drifts elsewhere.

INT. FAMILY HOME – EVENING

A simple meal is set. Mary and Joseph sit across from their son. The oil lamp flickers.

Jesus lays down his utensils and looks at them with quiet determination.

JESUS

Father, Mother... I wish to travel. To learn from the sages of distant lands.

Mary and Joseph exchange worried glances.

MARY

My child, the world beyond is perilous.

JOSEPH

Yet every bird must one day leave the nest. If this is your calling, we cannot forbid you.

Mary's eyes well with tears, but she nods.

MARY

Then go, my son. May the Lord guide you.

EXT. NAZARETH HILLSIDE – SUNSET

Jesus kneels on the grass, hands clasped. The sky burns crimson.

JESUS

Father in heaven, grant me strength. Watch over me as I walk the path you have set before me.

The wind stirs, carrying his prayer into the gathering dusk.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

A journey begins not with steps, but with the fire lit in the soul.

Scene 4 — The “Lost Years” of Jesus and His Journey

EXT. EGYPT – DAY

The sun blazes over the desert. Jesus walks among the towering pyramids of Giza, the silent Sphinx, and the sacred temples of Karnak and Luxor.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In Egypt, Jesus beheld the remnants of ancient glory. Stones whispered of civilizations past, and he felt a bond stretching across millennia.

Before the Great Pyramid, Jesus pauses, reflecting on an age when divine hands once guided its construction.

Later, within the shade of a scholar’s home, Jesus listens to the teachings of the first wise man, who reveals lost knowledge of mathematics, medicine, and technology. Jesus listens intently, his heart lifted with pride at the enduring wisdom of the ancient empire.

EXT. BHARATA (ANCIENT INDIA) – DAY

Jesus arrives in Bharata. Monks chant in Sanskrit as temple bells echo across the land.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Here he immersed himself in the scriptures of Buddhism—the Sutras, Vinaya, and Abhidharma. Their vastness filled him with awe, their wisdom shaped his soul.

Within monasteries and along dusty roads, Jesus engages the second wise man. They discuss the Dharma, compassion, and the mysteries of suffering.

WISE MAN 2

The path is discipline, patience, and insight. To save others, one must first master the self.

Jesus bows deeply, his respect unwavering. For three years he studies, traveling, questioning, and learning. His heart grows ever stronger with love for humanity.

EXT. ZHANG ZHUNG (ANCIENT TIBET) – MOUNTAIN HOUSE – DAY

High mountains loom under a cold, thin sky. Jesus, weary from travel, finds the house of the third wise man. The sage prostrates himself before him.

WISE MAN 3

The Lord above all has come—what an honor!

JESUS

Please, stand. There is no need for such formality.

The sage smiles knowingly. They sit on low stools, sharing water, and speak of wisdom and eternity.

WISE MAN 3

What brings you here, to these barren heights?

JESUS

I came to learn. Even mountains have lessons to teach.

The sage studies him with keen eyes.

WISE MAN 3

The worth of a mountain lies not in its height, but in its beauty, in the climb, and in its forbearance and steadfastness.

They spend years together, discussing Buddhism, the stars, and the destiny of mankind. Jesus studies astrology, maps the heavens, and roams the vast plateau, his heart overflowing with compassion.

EXT. HAN DYNASTY CHINA – MARKETPLACE – DAY

Crowds bustle in the late Western Han dynasty. Soldiers patrol, merchants haggle, peasants carry burdens. Among them walks Jesus, his simple robe blending him into the people.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

He shared bread with the poor, comforted the weary, and spoke of one God above all. His words spread quietly, planting seeds in hidden hearts.

Scene 5 — The Homecoming

EXT. NAZARETH – DAY

After years of travel, Jesus returns at the age of twenty-nine. His frame is lean, his skin darkened by the sun, and his beard long. His eyes, however, shine with wisdom and compassion.

Within the sheepfold, Mary gently tends to a lamb.

JESUS (O.S.)

Mother, I am home.

Startled, Mary turns quickly. Her eyes widen as she beholds the man before her. For a moment she does not recognize him.

MARY

Are you really my son, Jesus?

JESUS

Yes, Mother. It's me.

She rushes forward, embraces him, and weeps.

MARY

Thank God—my son has come home!

JESUS

I've missed you so much.

They hold each other, tears glistening.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE – EVENING

The home is humble but warm. Jesus washes the dust from his face in a basin while Mary stirs a pot of stew. She sets bread and water on the table, then serves the simple meal.

As Jesus eats heartily, Mary watches him with tender joy.

MARY

You've changed so much. I could hardly recognize you.

JESUS

And you, Mother... I see the years upon your face. How are you?

MARY

I am fine. I have only missed you terribly.

JESUS

I've missed you too. Where's Father?

MARY

He's out working. He should be back soon.

They share a quiet moment of warmth; their smiles meet, and the room is filled with peace.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Thus ended his wandering, and thus began his mission. Among the twelve disciples who later followed him, two were from the divine realm. They became the authors of the Gospels—Matthew and John—recording his deeds for generations to come. The mark of faith on human history is deep and enduring. It shapes law, art, and the soul of civilization, offering both solace and guidance. Though it has at times brought conflict, it has always remained a flame against the darkness.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 15

(In Poetry and in Love)

Scene 1 — News of Poetry and Affection

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – AFTERNOON

The house feels unusually quiet. Sunlight falls in pale slants across the furniture.

John freshly returned from auditing a journalism course at Columbia University, switches on the television. Politicians' speeches, economic forecasts, and endless debates flash across the screen. His face grows weary.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Life, at times, is nothing more than a chain of mundane moments.

With a sigh, John turns off the TV. Seeking distraction, he fixes his eyes on a glass resting on the kitchen table. Concentrating, he lifts it through the air with telekinesis. It floats to the faucet, fills with water, and drifts back to the living room.

John stares at the water. It bubbles and takes on a vague humanoid shape. A young man's voice emerges.

MR. WATER

Hello, John.

JOHN

(smiling smugly)

Hello, Mr. Water.

MR. WATER

What did you learn today?

JOHN

Just a bit of knowledge.

MR. WATER

Do you have a girlfriend?

JOHN

Yes. But she doesn't know it yet.

MR. WATER

Then you should tell her.

John chuckles, feeling oddly inspired.

INT. HELEN'S DORM – LIVING ROOM – AFTERNOON

Meanwhile, across the city—two cups of coffee and a few desserts sit neatly on the table. HELEN, bright-eyed, scrolls through her phone while CASEY, her lively roommate, lounges nearby.

Suddenly Helen gasps.

HELEN

Casey! I won an award!

CASEY

(startled)

What award has got you so excited?

HELEN

The poetry contest organized by our poetry group—I got second place!

CASEY

(smiling warmly)

Congratulations, darling.

HELEN

Guess who took first place?

Casey gives her a knowing look.

CASEY

Do I even need to guess? It must be the one you secretly admire.

Helen blushes, feigning annoyance.

HELEN

You're talking nonsense again! He might not even know yet. I'll call him.

CASEY

Once you have a lover, you forget your friend!

Helen laughs, brushing her off, and dials quickly.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – JOHN'S ROOM – CONTINUOUS

John's phone rings. Seeing Helen's name, his heart lifts. He answers at once.

JOHN

How are you, Helen?

HELEN

I'm fantastic! I have some amazing news—you won first place! Congratulations!

John blinks in surprise, then laughs.

JOHN

Wow, I didn't see that coming. Thanks for telling me.

HELEN

You've got to treat us. We should celebrate!

Suddenly CASEY's voice bursts through the phone, teasing from behind Helen.

CASEY

She loves you!

Helen, flustered, pulls the phone away and scolds.

HELEN

You little troublemaker!

Casey laughs, hands raised in mock surrender.

John, overhearing, can't help but smile at the chaos. Helen returns to the call, cheeks flushed.

HELEN

Sorry about that. My roommate was just messing around.

JOHN

(laughing)

No worries—I didn't catch a thing.

HELEN

You two are such troublemakers!

They laugh together, a tenderness growing between them.

JOHN

I was thinking of celebrating today. Are you available?

HELEN

That sounds wonderful. When and where?

Their plan is set.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Thus, through laughter and poetry, love's threads quietly wove into destiny.

Scene 2 — Celebration and Confession

EXT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT – EVENING

John arrives at six o'clock sharp, waiting with quiet anticipation. Moments later, Helen appears, her steps light, her smile radiant. Together they enter the restaurant, unusually serene on a weekday evening.

A waitress leads them to a secluded corner—just a table for two.

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT – CONTINUOUS

They settle in. The glow of lanterns lends a quiet intimacy.

JOHN

You pick what we'll eat. Don't hesitate—today is a special day.

HELEN

Then I'll order extra. I promised my roommate I'd bring some food back for her.

JOHN

That's not a problem at all. Your roommate seems really sweet. What's her name?

HELEN

Casey. She's been looking forward to meeting you.

JOHN

(teasing)

Really? How will you introduce me?

HELEN

As a poet. Or perhaps as a psychic healer.

They laugh together. Helen scrolls on her phone and passes it to John. He begins reading intently. Meanwhile, Helen signals the waiter and orders—sushi, tempura, teriyaki chicken, soba, miso soup.

John's eyes linger on the screen, where the award-winning poem on the same theme, "Back Side of the Moon," comes into view.

JOHN

I don't understand why everyone likes my poem. I feel like it still needs improvement.

HELEN

Because you're young, handsome, and humble.

She blushes at her own words, quickly urging him to read more. John chuckles knowingly.

JOHN

That's a brilliant comment.

He continues scrolling and suddenly finds Helen's poem. His face brightens.

JOHN

Congratulations! You did incredibly well, too. Give me a moment—I want to read yours carefully.

Helen smiles gently.

HELEN

Take your time. I won't disturb you. Honestly, I thought Professor Kim would take second place.

John reads silently, absorbing every line.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Between their laughter and their silence, poetry became the language of their hearts.

The waitress brings their food. John sets down the phone.

JOHN

Professor Kim's poem is excellent—full of philosophy. But yours... yours deserved first place. The language is elegant, almost mystical. It reflects deep thought on fate, love, and truth.

Helen's cheeks glow. She hides her joy with a playful smile.

HELEN

You're just trying to make me feel better.

They share a knowing look before beginning their meal.

EXT. RESTAURANT – PARKING LOT – EVENING

The evening air is warm, the sky still tinted with the last hues of sunset. Helen carries the takeout bag for Casey.

As they reach her car, John's heart quickens. His breath is uneven. Helen notices.

HELEN

Is something on your mind? We still have time—we can talk.

John gathers courage, meeting her gaze.

JOHN

Helen... will you be my girlfriend?

Helen freezes, stunned by his sudden honesty. Her heartbeat races, her cheeks flush with joy.

HELEN

Are you serious? Promise you're not lying to me.

John steps closer, gently pulls her into his arms, and kisses her forehead. Overwhelmed by happiness, she forgets everything else and lets the bag slip from her hands, embracing him tightly.

HELEN

(whispering)

Kiss me.

John leans in. Their lips meet under the fading light. The sunset bathes them in warmth, a gentle breeze swirling around them.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In that instant, the barriers between heaven and earth dissolved. Love bound them together, and the wheel of destiny began to turn.

They break apart, breathless, still holding each other.

HELEN

Don't ever leave me.

JOHN

I vow to love only you, for as long as I remain on this planet.

Helen bursts into laughter at his awkward solemnity.

HELEN

You're adorable. I believe you. But why have you never given me flowers?

JOHN

Because no flower could ever match your beauty.

Helen teases him with a radiant smile.

HELEN

That's the most charming excuse I've ever heard on this planet.

They share another laugh. After one last kiss, Helen gets into her car, driving off with joy in her heart.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Love had begun—shy yet certain, tender yet unshakable. Yet John's heart was restless, for he did not know the day he might leave Earth, nor how his love with Helen would unfold in the days to come.

Scene 3 — Classroom, Lunch, and Dancing

EXT. WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY – MAIN ACADEMIC BUILDING –
MORNING

Friday morning. The campus buzzes with students streaming into the building. John arrives right on time, scanning the entrance with quiet anticipation.

A sudden tap on his shoulder. He turns—Helen stands before him, radiant, her smile glowing.

HELEN

Good morning! You're right on time.

JOHN

Good morning. Do I qualify as a good student?

Helen laughs, glancing at his neat appearance.

HELEN

You would. But I'm afraid we don't have room for someone at your level.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Even in jest, affection lingers, shimmering between words.

INT. CLASSROOM – DAY

Nearly thirty students are already seated. Some open notebooks, others are absorbed in their phones. Helen leads John to the back row.

The TEACHER (40s, dressed in blue) enters, switching on the large screen. She clears her throat.

TEACHER

Today, we are honored to have a young poet auditing our class. His presence adds a special charm. Let's give him a warm round of applause.

As she finishes speaking, the teacher gestures toward John.

Applause fills the room. John, caught off guard, offers a slightly awkward smile. Helen squeezes his hand under the table, silently apologizing. John gently holds on.

The lecture begins.

TEACHER

Percy Bysshe Shelley—born in 1792, gone by 1822—was one of the finest English poets, a Romantic, a dreamer, a reformer. His words still echo with longing for freedom, truth, and beauty.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Poetry, like a secret flame, carries the divine essence of life, turning sorrow into song, silence into revelation.

The lecture ends to a ripple of chatter, students packing up their notes. Helen steals quiet glances at John, who is wholly immersed.

EXT. CAMPUS LAWN – NOON

Helen guides John through the campus. They buy fast food meals and sit beneath a sprawling tree. Helen calls CASEY, who soon joins them.

Introductions are warm, laughter abundant. Together they eat, the sunlight filtering through green leaves.

CASEY

How about dancing tonight? I know a great club.

HELEN

(excited)

That sounds wonderful!

She looks to John, her eyes pleading.

JOHN

I'm in too. Just don't laugh at me.

CASEY

We won't! Just have fun—that's all that matters.

They agree to meet in the evening.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – AFTERNOON

Back home, John changes into casual clothes. He plays instructional videos on the TV, filling the room with rhythmic disco beats. Step by step, he imitates the movements.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Talent fades before divinity. Yet here, in human form, John moved with a grace his true self had never known.

Gradually, his steps grow fluid, his rhythm natural—almost professional. He smiles to himself, eager to surprise Helen and Casey.

INT. NIGHTCLUB – NIGHT

The nightclub bursts with color and sound. Lights flash in sync with pounding beats. People dance passionately—spinning, swaying, immersed in joy.

Helen and John enter with Casey, tickets in hand.

CASEY

Let's go dance together!

John hesitates, nervous. Helen grabs his hand and pulls him into the crowd. Casey disappears, mingling with others.

Face to face, John matches his steps to Helen's, restraining his full ability.

HELEN

(surprised, delighted)

You dance so well! When did you learn?

JOHN

Recently.

HELEN

(teasing)

All right, you're teasing me.

John only smiles, continuing to move with her.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Amid music and laughter, barriers dissolved further. The divine and the mortal swayed together, lost in rhythm, found in love.

Helen tires at last. She and John leave the floor, while Casey keeps dancing with friends.

EXT. CITY STREET – NIGHT

Helen and John walk together under neon lights, their laughter fading into the hum of the night.

HELEN

Remember I told you about a friend who needs your help with healing?

JOHN

I remember. I'm always happy to help.

HELEN

That's wonderful. I'll get in touch with you later.

They share a gentle kiss before parting.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In these fleeting hours, joy became memory, and memory prepared the heart for greater vows to come.

Scene 4 — The President and Days of Love

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE – MORNING

A couple days later, John arrives at a downtown hotel, surprised to see five young men in black uniforms standing guard at the entrance, three of them wearing sunglasses. Their earpieces glint in the light.

John hesitates, puzzled. Just then, Helen emerges from the lobby, her smile carrying both pride and apology.

HELEN

I never told you about my father. You might recognize him.

JOHN

(confused)

Well... that's unexpected.

Helen takes his arm and leads him inside.

INT. HOTEL SUITE – MORNING

Two more men in black uniforms guard the door. They nod respectfully to Helen and open it.

HELEN

Daddy, John is here.

At the window stands a middle-aged man, gazing out. He turns with a welcoming smile. John's astonishment is plain.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In that moment, the veil lifted—Helen's father was none other than the President of the United States.

The man steps forward, extending his hand.

PRESIDENT BROWN (46)

Hello, John. Thank you for coming.

John quickly composes himself, shaking his hand firmly.

JOHN

Hello, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT BROWN

I'm sorry, John. I asked Helen not to tell you—I didn't want you to treat her differently because of who I am.

John glances at Helen, smiling faintly.

JOHN

So what can I do for you, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT BROWN

Migraines and tinnitus. They've been tormenting me for a long time—ruining my sleep, even affecting my hearing. I've seen doctors, taken medicine... nothing has worked. Helen tells me you're a remarkable healer.

JOHN

I'm not a doctor, but I've studied ancient methods of healing. I'll do my best.

The President sits. John begins his treatment, placing his hands gently. Energy seems to ripple through the room. Ten minutes later, the session ends.

JOHN

How do you feel?

President Brown tilts his head, astonished.

PRESIDENT BROWN

It's gone. The headache, the ringing—everything's gone!

Helen clasps her hands, her eyes shining.

HELEN

That's incredible. Thank you, John.

JOHN

The symptoms might return. Music and moderate exercise will help keep them away.

PRESIDENT BROWN

I'll take your advice to heart.

The President retrieves a thick white envelope from his desk and offers it.

PRESIDENT BROWN

Please—ten thousand dollars, a token of gratitude.

John shakes his head firmly.

JOHN

Mr. President, serving you is honor enough. I wasn't practicing medicine, only restoring balance. I must decline.

President Brown hesitates, glancing at Helen. She steps in, playful yet diplomatic.

HELEN

Why don't we put it on a tab? We'll figure it out later.

PRESIDENT BROWN

All right. That sounds fair.

The mood eases.

PRESIDENT BROWN

I'm very glad to see you, John. Apart from the treatment, I also had a task today—to evaluate you.

He chuckles at his own remark. Helen blushes.

HELEN

Daddy!

PRESIDENT BROWN

I was just too happy. But I hope we'll have more chances to talk.

He shakes John's hand again, warmly.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE – MORNING

Helen walks John out. Under the watchful eyes of the bodyguards, they exchange a lingering handshake.

HELEN

Thank you, John.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Between healing and trust, new bonds were quietly woven.

MONTAGE – DAYS OF LOVE – VARIOUS LOCATIONS

— John and Helen sitting close in a cinema, laughing at a scene, their hands brushing.

— At a live concert, they cheer together, immersed in music.

— Dining in restaurants, savoring cuisines from many cultures.

- Cycling through open countryside, side by side, the wind in their hair.
- On a lake, drifting in a small boat beneath soft sunlight, silence speaking louder than words.
- At night, the glow of their phone screens as they share long, tender conversations.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Love blossomed like spring flowers—radiant, unexpected, yet fragile. In their laughter and silence, their days together deepened into memory. For John and Helen, each moment was both a promise and a question, tender yet eternal. Love was both anchor and sail—rooting the soul while propelling it into unknown seas. John treated Helen’s feelings with care, listening attentively, answering with thought. Helen, in turn, revealed her truest self.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 16

(White House, a Birthday, and the Miracle)

Scene 1 — Talking with Mother

INT. JOHN’S HOUSE – EVENING

A modest home, warm with the smell of dinner. Ella clears the dishes. John settles into the living room as the television flickers on.

ON TV – WHITE HOUSE PRESS ROOM

President Brown speaks with calm gravity.

PRESIDENT BROWN (ON TV)

We will not tolerate nuclear threats. Iran's recent tests challenge global stability. In East Asia, the Taiwan Strait remains tense, and in the South China Sea, our commitment to freedom of navigation is unwavering. Meanwhile, parts of Africa and South America continue to struggle against deadly outbreaks.

Reporters raise questions—about Russia and Belarus, about North Korea.

ON TV – CUTS

- Protests in Minsk.
- Israel's Prime Minister condemning Iran.
- Iran's President vowing resistance.

John stares intently, his brow furrowed, shaking his head at times, a heavy sense of the situation pressing on him.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

For John, these images were not distant affairs. They were mirrors of mankind's oldest flaw—its endless hunger for power, its fear of the unknown, its readiness to wage war.

INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Ella folds a blanket on the couch. John hesitates, then speaks.

JOHN

Mother... I wanted to tell you—I have a girlfriend.

Ella freezes, then turns, eyes wide.

ELLA

Really? Who is she? How old is she? What's her family like?

John smiles at her rush of questions.

JOHN

She's wonderful. And... her father is someone you know.

Ella frowns.

ELLA

Who?

JOHN

President Brown.

Silence. Ella stares, shocked, her hands trembling slightly.

ELLA

The President's daughter? John... are you serious?

JOHN

Yes, Mother.

Ella sinks into a chair, absorbing the weight of it. Then slowly, a smile spreads across her face.

ELLA

If she makes you happy, then I will be happy too.

John walks over, embracing her gently.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Thus, within the quiet of home, the destinies of a mother, a son, and a nation began to weave together.

Scene 2 — The White House Christmas Party

EXT. WHITE HOUSE – NIGHT

Snow glimmers under the lights of Washington. The White House glows with warmth and grandeur, its halls alive with music and laughter. Tonight's theme is Love, Family, and Gratitude.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – GRAND HALL – NIGHT

Garlands and wreaths adorn the walls. A towering Christmas tree sparkles with lights. Hundreds of guests—politicians, diplomats, artists, families—mingle beneath the chandeliers.

Ella dressed modestly yet elegantly, steps into the hall with John. Her eyes widen with awe.

Helen rushes to greet them, radiant in a red evening dress. She embraces Ella warmly.

HELEN

I've heard so much about you. I'm so glad we can finally meet.

ELLA

(nervous but polite)

It's a pleasure to meet you. Thank you for bringing happiness to my son.

John smiles as the two women exchange kind words.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Thus, in the house of power, affection met formality, and love found its place beside duty.

The crowd parts slightly as President Brown, in a dark suit, steps onto the stage. Applause fills the hall.

PRESIDENT BROWN

Tonight we celebrate love, family, and gratitude. In these troubled times, nothing matters more than the bonds that hold us together. May this season remind us of hope and renewal.

The hall erupts in cheers. Guests raise their glasses. Music swells.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – RECEPTION ROOM – LATER

After the speech, Helen guides John and Ella to a smaller reception room. President Brown greets them personally.

PRESIDENT BROWN

Ella, welcome. I'm honored to meet you. And John—we meet again.

They exchange handshakes. Ella, nervous, lowers her gaze.

ELLA

It is my honor, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT BROWN

No, the honor is mine.

Helen glances at her father, then at John.

HELEN

Daddy, you should have a private talk with John.

The President nods knowingly.

INT. OVAL OFFICE – NIGHT

The room glows softly with lamplight. President Brown sits across from John, his tone warm yet deliberate.

PRESIDENT BROWN

First, thank you. The pain that tormented me is gone. I owe you more than words.

JOHN

I'm glad I could help, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT BROWN

I'd like you to be my personal health adviser—someone I can truly trust.

John hesitates, thoughtful.

JOHN

I'm not a doctor, and I don't seek payment. But if I can help, I will.

The President studies him, then smiles.

PRESIDENT BROWN

You don't need to be by my side all the time. I'll contact you whenever I need you.
Does that sound all right?

JOHN

All right. I'll follow your arrangement.

They shake hands firmly.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In his heart, John knew this arrangement had come from Helen. Through it, he felt the depth of her devotion.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – GRAND HALL – NIGHT

John rejoins Helen and Ella. The hall is alive again with music and laughter. The Christmas tree sparkles, casting its light over them.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Amid garlands and carols, love quietly deepened. For John and Helen, even the White House, with all its grandeur, became simply the backdrop to their growing affection.

Scene 3 — Campus and the Grand Canyon Miracle

EXT. WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY – SPRING AFTERNOON

The campus hums with life. Flowers bloom, green leaves sway, and birdsong drifts on the warm breeze. John and Helen stroll arm in arm, fresh from a lecture on War and Peace.

HELEN

Tolstoy's insight into love and human nature is incredible. He really makes me think.

JOHN

And his recounting of history is meticulous. War and peace are inseparable—just like love and suffering.

They find a bench beneath a tree. A pair of red-winged blackbirds startle into flight as they sit.

HELEN

Next Sunday is my birthday. My father is planning a big celebration at the White House. I'd love for you to come—will you?

JOHN

Of course. I'll make time. But... how about we celebrate just the two of us?

HELEN

That sounds wonderful! Do you have something in mind?

JOHN

I've always dreamed of seeing the Grand Canyon. What if we go there?

Helen's eyes brighten, then hesitate.

HELEN

That would be amazing... but getting there isn't easy.

JOHN

Don't worry. I'll arrange everything.

Helen thinks, then nods eagerly.

HELEN

Alright. I'll handle the flight. You take care of the hotel and plans.

They share a kiss, sealing their plan.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

What began as a birthday invitation blossomed into something far deeper. John knew it was time to tell Helen his true identity.

EXT. GRAND CANYON – SUNSET

John and Helen sit side by side on a boulder, gazing at the vast sky. The sun sets, coloring the cliffs crimson and gold.

Helen kisses him softly. John smiles.

JOHN

You're about to see something beyond the ordinary.

HELEN

Is it a surprise? We came for the sunset, didn't we?

JOHN

(smiling)

Just wait and see.

John gazes into the distance, his voice hovering between a whisper to himself and a command:

JOHN

Let it begin.

The sky darkens, then bursts alive—curtains of aurora shimmer in violet, green, and red. Helen gasps.

HELEN

That's the aurora! My God, it's beautiful!

Moments later, meteors streak across—dozens, then hundreds—until the heavens blaze like living fire.

HELEN

This is incredible! What's happening?

JOHN

This is my birthday gift to you.

HELEN

I love it... but how is this possible?

JOHN

You'll know soon. There's more to come.

The aurora fades. The sun dips. Suddenly, three rainbows rise, merging into a radiant bridge of light across the canyon.

HELEN

A rainbow bridge! It's marvelous!

JOHN

Come on—let's cross together.

HELEN

Are you crazy? How can we walk on a rainbow?

JOHN

Trust me.

He steps onto the bridge. Helen hesitates, then, trembling, takes his hand and follows. They walk across, suspended above the abyss, light glowing beneath their feet.

HELEN

Oh my God, John! What's happening? This is a real rainbow bridge!

They reach the far side and return, Helen breathless with awe.

EXT. GRAND CANYON – EVENING LIGHT

Back on the boulder, John takes Helen's hand.

JOHN

Happy Birthday, Helen.

Helen smiles, though questions crowd her mind.

HELEN

Did you make all this happen? Who are you, really? Are you... something more than human?

John exhales deeply, as if surrendering.

JOHN

I come from the Divine Realm. My true nature will be revealed in time. For now, let's keep this secret between us.

Helen studies him, torn between shock and love. Slowly, her eyes soften.

HELEN

From the moment you healed my father, I knew you were more than ordinary. Whoever you truly are, my love for you will remain—always.

She embraces him.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Truth was spoken, and love replied. Beneath auroras and rainbows, a promise was quietly sealed.

EXT. GRAND CANYON – DUSK – CONTINUOUS

The rainbow bridge slowly fades.

HELEN

We should head back to the hotel. I'll call a car.

JOHN

(smiling)

No need. Just take my hand and close your eyes.

Helen does as he says.

JOHN

Now... open them.

Helen opens her eyes, astonished to find herself already in their hotel room.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

What began as a birthday became revelation, and that revelation became an unbreakable love. Helen's heart remained steadfast, despite all that had happened beyond belief.

Scene 4 — Hotel Night and the Fusion of Love

INT. HOTEL ROOM – NIGHT

John and Helen find themselves in their hotel room, the rainbow bridge fading into memory. Helen, still astonished, cannot hold back her affection. She kisses John deeply. He responds, closing the door softly behind them.

Wrapped in each other's arms, they stumble toward the bed, laughter and kisses mingling with urgency. Passion rises quickly—their first union of body and soul. Clothes slip away, their embrace deepening into trembling desire.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

So love and passion converged—an awakening of humanity and a trial of divinity. In their bodies joined, their spirits intertwined.

As the night softens, John reaches for a small box. He opens it—inside, a diamond

necklace glimmers, its facets catching the light with otherworldly brilliance.

JOHN

This is from the Divine Realm. A gift for you, Helen. It can regulate temperature and protect your body's warmth.

Helen, tears welling, lets him clasp it around her neck.

HELEN

It's the most beautiful thing I've ever received. I'll wear it always.

They kiss again, gentler now, as if sealing the promise.

Later, as their breathing slows, John holds Helen close, his expression shadowed with conflict.

JOHN

There's something you must know... I already have a family in the Divine Realm.

Helen studies him quietly, then strokes his cheek with tenderness.

HELEN

But here on Earth, you belong only to me. I love you—and I'll go on loving you.

John, moved, presses his forehead to hers.

JOHN

Never will I regret loving you. My heart is filled with your faithful love, more precious than anything.

HELEN

Love is a single soul dwelling in two bodies. I hope we will always be as one.

JOHN

Our love has rekindled my passion, as though I were young again.

They embrace once more, the honesty between them drawing them closer than before.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Love is not only desire but devotion—an offering of self to the other. What began as passion became trust, and trust deepened into a bond unbroken.

INT. HOTEL ROOM – LATER

Helen slips into the bathroom. The sound of running water fills the room. John, shirtless, leans back against the pillows and flips on the television.

ON TV – FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR

Conflicts continue to escalate in the Middle East...

John sits with his brow furrowed, deep in thought. Helen steps out wrapped in a towel, her damp hair falling loose, her presence radiant with warmth and charm. John glances at her, then shyly turns his face away.

HELEN

(smiling)

What are you watching?

JOHN

The news.

HELEN

(teasing)

Anything worth watching?

JOHN

(a bit awkward)

The same as always — wars and threats.

HELEN

Then let's have a talk.

John switches off the TV. Helen climbs into bed beside him.

HELEN

Sweetheart, promise me once more—no matter what happens, you'll love me.

JOHN

Always. Nothing will ever change that.

She rests her head on his chest.

Helen drifts into sleep, while John lies awake. His mind returns to ages past, to the first human woman he beheld unclothed—Eve.

MONTAGE – THE GARDEN OF EDEN

— UFO OVER EDEN

High above the Garden of Eden, a shadowy UFO hovers in silence. Inside, five divine officials—Essiyaht, Essiyahta, Ahsimeta, Bosamolah, and the leader of the Plants Department—watch through a great display screen. Their voices are solemn, their mission clear: the genesis of humanity begins.

— THE BEAUTY OF EDEN

The Garden of Eden blooms with dazzling vitality: wisteria and flame trees arch above rivers, rare orchids and roses glow under the sun, while peacocks, deer, hummingbirds, and butterflies move gracefully through the air. A lake glimmers with lotus blossoms, its waters alive with fish. Eden is pristine, fragrant, and overflowing with life.

— THE ENCOUNTER OF ADAM AND EVE

At a lotus pond, Eve—naked yet radiant—walks to the water’s edge. At the same moment, Adam, clothed in garments of cycas leaves and flowers, approaches by a narrow path. Seeing him, Eve shyly shields herself with a lotus leaf.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 17

(New Home and Wondrous Journeys)

Scene 1 – Patrick’s Call and Moving Home

INT. JOHN'S ROOM – MORNING

MORNING SUN filters through the window as John finishes a bike workout and changes clothes. Suddenly, his phone lights up — a video call from Patrick.

On screen, Patrick's face beams with excitement.

PATRICK

Hello, John! How are you doing?

JOHN

I'm well, thank you, Patrick. How about yourself?

PATRICK

Fantastic! I have thrilling news to share.

JOHN

(steady)

What's the exciting news?

PATRICK

A close friend of mine from West Virginia, also a member of the "Earth Governors," moved to Israel and gave me his house before leaving. Remembering your wish to buy a house for your mother, I've decided to gift it to you.

JOHN's eyes brighten. He leans closer to the screen.

JOHN

(brightening)

That really is fantastic news! Where's the house located?

NARRATOR (LIT.)

A deep sense of gratitude welled up in John's heart. This gift fulfilled his dream of giving his mother a new home.

PATRICK

Just outside the city. Four bedrooms. I can take you to see it shortly. Are you available?

JOHN

Absolutely! I'll wait for your arrival.

EXT. NEW HOUSE – DAY

They reappear before a spacious house, its yard blooming with flowers. The architecture, classic American, stands with quiet pride.

Inside, John marvels at the tastefully arranged interior.

JOHN

Thank you, Patrick. I'm very impressed.

PATRICK

Here are the keys. Claim it whenever you're ready.

PATRICK offers the keys. John hesitates.

JOHN

I'll need to consult with my mother first.

PATRICK

Of course.

After a pause, his tone grows serious.

PATRICK

There's been much talk of the end of humanity. What are your thoughts?

JOHN

Perhaps it's not entirely a bad thing. Everything is fate, part of the plan.

PATRICK

And if a global conflict arises?

JOHN

No need for intervention. It will resolve itself.

PATRICK

Would you consider leaving this world?

JOHN

Yes, if the time comes. But I'll inform you first.

Patrick softens, reassured.

PATRICK

I see.

JOHN

Patrick, what is your name in the divine realm?

PATRICK

Onierta.

JOHN

Are you from the royal clan?

PATRICK

Yes. My father once served under you.

John only nods.

INT. ELLA'S HOUSE – EVENING

Dinner table. Ella listens to John's news with shining eyes.

ELLA

I've always wanted to return our current home to Jason. This is wonderful news.

Thank you, my dear.

JOHN

When do you plan to move?

ELLA

Any day. This Saturday would be perfect.

JOHN

I'll ask some friends to help.

ELLA

No need. I'll ask members of my congregation.

JOHN smiles, conceding.

EXT. STREET – SATURDAY MORNING

Three of Ella's church friends arrive with warm smiles. Boxes and furniture are quickly loaded into their vehicles. In one trip, the old life is left behind, and a new chapter begins.

INT. JOHN'S NEW ROOM – EVENING

JOHN lies on his large bed, phone in hand. Helen's excited face appears on screen.

JOHN

I moved into my new place today. Much more spacious.

HELEN

That's fantastic! Congratulations!

JOHN

I'd like to take you traveling around the world. Let's begin tomorrow — starting with Mumbai, India.

HELEN

Really, sweetheart? I'm so happy! And besides, I don't have to attend classes anymore!

JOHN

To arrive by noon, we'll need to leave at 1 AM.

HELEN

I can't wait! I'll meet you at my dorm entrance at one.

JOHN

I'll be there.

They wave goodbye. Helen blows a playful kiss toward the screen.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

A new journey was about to begin — one that would lead them into a realm where souls truly touch.

Scene 2 – Journey to Mumbai, India

EXT. DORMITORY ENTRANCE – NIGHT (1:00 A.M.)

The campus lies quiet under a star-studded sky. John arrives a few minutes early. Helen is already waiting, eyes sparkling with anticipation.

She runs to him, embracing him tightly, and kisses him with passion.

HELEN

I'm so happy to be with you!

JOHN

So am I! Now let's go. Take my hand.

HELEN

Alright.

Helen grips John's hand tightly. In the blink of an eye, they vanish.

EXT. MUMBAI – DAY

They appear in the heart of Mumbai, hand in hand, surrounded by the city's chaos and color. Cars honk, vendors shout, crowds surge forward.

Helen's excitement is boundless. She pulls John into shops, trying on sunglasses, laughing. She buys a pair and wears them proudly.

They return to the street, drawing admiring glances — as if they were movie stars.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Mumbai, India's financial, commercial, and entertainment hub, rises like a modern giant. Its skyline could be mistaken for New York, yet its spirit is uniquely its own.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT – NOON

A bustling restaurant, nearly every table filled. A WAITER greets them warmly.

WAITER

Namaste.

JOHN

Namaste.

They follow him to a glass-windowed table.

HELEN

(whispering)

What does "Namaste" mean?

JOHN

It's a respectful greeting in Sanskrit, used both in meeting and parting.

HELEN

(smiling)

I have no idea how to order here.

JOHN

(chuckling)

Neither do I, to be honest.

HELEN

You're kidding! You said you knew Indian culture.

JOHN

It's been over 2,500 years since my last visit.

HELEN

Oh my! You're that old?

JOHN

(smiling)

Having second thoughts?

Smiling still, John waves the waiter over and, in fluent Hindi, orders several local specialties. The waiter gives a quick nod before moving away.

Helen stares in amazement.

HELEN

I'm truly impressed with you now!

JOHN

Weren't you just calling me old? How come you've changed your tune so quickly?

HELEN

(blushing)

Alright, I apologize.

JOHN

Apology accepted. For the record, I'm only a year older than you.

HELEN

That's acceptable!

They share a laugh. Drinks arrive, followed by food: biryani, saag paneer, masala dosa, dal. The aroma fills the air.

Between bites, Helen grows thoughtful.

HELEN

Can I ask you some questions?

JOHN

Of course. Ask away.

HELEN

How were you able to bring me here?

JOHN

It's higher-dimensional travel, crossing through lower-dimensional time and space.

HELEN

And how many women have you been with?

JOHN

Only you, here on Earth.

HELEN

That includes the divine realm, too. No dodging.

JOHN

(slight hesitation)

I've forgotten. The details elude me now.

Helen bursts into laughter.

HELEN

That's hardly a satisfactory answer!

INT. RESTAURANT – LATER

The WAITER returns with two drinks. The couple thanks him.

Around them, the restaurant buzzes with life. On a large TV screen, an Indian cricket match begins, drawing cheers.

John grows reflective, lost in memories of his time along the Ganges — Bodh Gaya,

Sarnath, Rajgir, Kushinagar. He recalls his disciples, his teachings, his passing.

Helen studies him, sensing his reverie.

HELEN

Where shall we go next?

JOHN

Let's find a local guide first.

INT. RESTAURANT – CONTINUOUS

John calls the waiter back.

JOHN

We're looking for a tour guide. Could you recommend someone?

WAITER

Certainly! My friend is a guide. I'll call him now.

He makes the call.

WAITER

He'll be here in thirty minutes. The fee is three hundred dollars.

HELEN

That's too much! Half a day should be two hundred.

The waiter looks to John.

JOHN

(smirking)

She's the boss.

The waiter renegotiates, then returns.

WAITER

He agreed to two hundred.

JOHN

Thank you.

HELEN

(smiling proudly)

Buddha taught compassion, God spoke of love. But you backed me up in bargaining.
Why?

JOHN

(laughing lightly)

In the divine realm we say, "When faced with love or reason, I'd rather be momentarily muddled."

Helen laughs, shaking her head.

HELEN

I can't outsmart you!

EXT. MUMBAI STREETS – LATE AFTERNOON

As John and Helen return from sightseeing, sudden cheers erupt from a crowd in the street. Their eyes follow the commotion to a giant screen.

News flashes: the Indian government has announced a five-billion-dollar project to transform the Dharavi slum into modern housing. The residents break into joyous celebration.

John watches in silence, a faint smile touching his lips. He already understands the deeper meaning behind the decision.

Later, as the guide prepares to leave, Helen presses three hundred dollars into his hand, her smile glowing with quiet triumph.

Scene 3 – Maldives and Easter Island

EXT. MALDIVES – VILIGANDU ISLAND BEACH – SUNSET

The fine white sand glows under the setting sun. Waves lap gently at the shore, their whispers carried on the evening breeze. John and Helen walk hand in hand, their silhouettes bathed in fiery orange light.

A playful breeze lifts Helen's long hair. She turns to John with a mischievous smile.

HELEN

Can couples there divorce?

JOHN

Yes. Life is eternal, so many change partners to seek new experiences.

HELEN

What about same-sex love?

JOHN

Yes. It's open and accepted now. We even say, "Same-sex love is true love — you'll understand when you meet it."

Helen laughs, delighted.

HELEN

Who would've thought the divine realm had such a side!

JOHN

Just to add, long ago, when the population of the divine realm reached two billion, a law was passed to prohibit further childbirth. Not long after, same-sex marriage was written into law.

Helen looks straight at John, her gaze gentle and tender.

HELEN

I want to become your wife — and give you another child.

John freezes, stunned. He pulls her into a long embrace, his eyes glistening with

unshed tears. After a pause, he whispers:

JOHN

The laws forbid marrying a human unless I divorce first. My position is... complicated. Perhaps one day, but—

He falters.

HELEN

No. Don't do that. Just being with you already makes me happy.

She kisses him, tears shining. John strokes her hair gently.

JOHN

I'm sorry. I can't give you the family you deserve.

HELEN

You don't need to. You've given me more happiness than I ever dreamed.

They hold each other. Helen points at the horizon.

HELEN

Look — the sun is setting.

They climb a sandy rise and sit close. Helen rests her head on his shoulder.

HELEN

Where shall we go next?

JOHN

Where would you like?

HELEN

(smiling)

Easter Island.

JOHN

Good choice. We'll pick the right time to go.

EXT. EASTER ISLAND – AFTERNOON

The vast Pacific stretches endlessly. Towering Moai statues stand solemn and still, faces carved in eternal contemplation. Tourists wander, snapping photos.

Helen hands her phone to John.

HELEN

Take a picture for me! They look like they're guarding something — or waiting for someone to return.

JOHN

(smiling)

I have a story to tell you.

HELEN

Tell me the story.

They sit on a grassy slope, facing the sea. John's eyes drift to the horizon.

JOHN

Long ago, before these statues, fewer than five thousand people lived here. One day, a flying saucer from the divine realm landed. Five figures stepped out — and I was among them.

Helen gasps, eyes wide.

HELEN

Oh my God... please, tell me more!

JOHN

We cured illnesses, taught farming, created a script, and guided them in carving the statues. At first, the Moai faced the sea, awaiting our return.

HELEN

But now they face inland. Why?

JOHN

(with a wistful smile)

Perhaps it was to commemorate our departure — as people once gathered around us, listening to the promises we left behind.

EXT. EASTER ISLAND – EVENING

As they stand among the Moai, the sky suddenly blazes. A radiant column of rainbow light descends, enveloping John and Helen.

Three thunderclaps roll across the heavens, shaking the air. Seabirds rise in flocks, circling above with piercing cries.

Tourists lift their hands, their cheers mingling with awe. Some islanders fall to their knees in prayer, while others step out from their homes, gazing toward the place where John and Helen stand — their faces solemn and mysterious, like the statues themselves.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

No one had ever seen such a vision. Had the statues awaited this very moment all along?

The question lingered in the silence that followed the thunder.

Scene 4 – Nazca Lines and the Miracle of Snow

EXT. PERU – SKY ABOVE THE NAZCA DESERT – DAY

From high above the desert floor, John and Helen hover in the air, gazing down at a vast tapestry etched into the earth — the Nazca Lines.

The figures of a hummingbird, monkey, and spider stretch across the plain. Straight lines carve through kilometers of barren land, like messages written to the heavens.

Helen clutches John's hand, her voice trembling with awe.

HELEN

Incredible! Who could have made these... and why?

JOHN

Perhaps by divine beings, or with divine help. Maybe a show of power and wisdom — or simply an act of creation for its own sake.

HELEN

Let's go down. I have more questions.

They descend gently, landing on a nearby hill overlooking the lines.

JOHN

(smiling)

Why do you always have so many questions?

HELEN

Because you're God — and I want your answers!

JOHN

I've told you, the divine realm doesn't see me that way. But since I seem to know a little more... I'll give you an answer.

Helen grins, then keeps pressing him with questions.

HELEN

Have you ever been angry? Would you ever get mad at me?

JOHN

Yes, I've been angry. But never with you.

HELEN

(sweetly)

You're so kind. The Bible says God is merciful and slow to anger. Is that true of you?

JOHN

(smiling)

The Bible always paints me in a good light.

HELEN

(laughing)

So you admit it!

They both laugh.

HELEN

Tell me, are there angels and demons?

JOHN

The divine realm has both benevolent and malevolent beings. But strict laws keep evil in check. On Earth, without such laws, some fall into corruption — those are the demons humans speak of.

HELEN

And heaven? And hell?

JOHN

Heaven exists. Hell, not as humans imagine. Some say, “Hell is empty, and all the devils are on Earth.” That’s closer to the truth.

HELEN

But what about the wicked? They shouldn’t escape punishment!

JOHN

Their crimes are recorded. The harshest punishment is to be denied eternal life.

Helen exhales, comforted.

HELEN

Then I feel relieved.

EXT. IRELAND – CLIFFS OF MOHER – DAY

A sudden shift — they now stand atop the towering Cliffs of Moher. Below, the Atlantic crashes in thunderous waves. Seabirds wheel overhead.

Helen clutches John’s arm, awe in her eyes.

HELEN

It’s breathtaking... beyond imagination.

JOHN

Let's jump. I'll show you the thrill of adventure!

HELEN

(scared)

I can't! You go — I'll watch.

JOHN

Trust me. Hold my hand.

After a beat, Helen nods.

HELEN

Alright. Together.

JOHN

One... two... three!

They leap. Tourists on the cliffs gasp. John and Helen spread their arms wide, plummeting toward the ocean.

JOHN

(shouting with joy)

This is amazing!

HELEN

(terrified)

Too fast! Slow down!

Moments later, they touch down gently upon the sea's surface. Waves settle around them.

Helen's heart races.

HELEN

I'm never doing that again!

John laughs.

JOHN

That was my first time too — thrilling, wasn't it?

Helen shakes her head, half smiling.

HELEN

You and I are just different. Come on — let's have coffee in London.

JOHN

Deal!

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Their journey rang with laughter, each step drawing their hearts closer, as though joy itself were guiding the way.

Scene 5 – London, World Journey, and Everest Finale

INT. LONDON CAFÉ – NOON

The café is cozy and warm, a gentle hum of conversation filling the air. John and Helen sit at a small table by the window, coffees and pastries before them.

Helen lifts her cup, her eyes glowing.

HELEN

Thank you, sweetheart. This journey has been wonderful.

JOHN

(clinking cups)

I feel the same.

Helen leans closer, her voice tender.

HELEN

I still have so many questions. You're not tired of me, are you?

JOHN

Of course not. Ask away. I'll always answer.

Helen hesitates, then smiles.

HELEN

Let's walk by the Thames. We can talk more there.

JOHN

Perfect idea.

EXT. LONDON – THAMES RIVERBANK – AFTERNOON

The Thames glimmers in the sunlight. Boats drift past; joggers and tourists move along the embankment. Across the river stand Tower Bridge, Big Ben, and the London Eye.

Helen and John sit on a bench, the river flowing steadily before them.

HELEN

Sometimes I wish I could live here forever.

JOHN

Why not? One day, we could have a house here.

Helen blushes at the thought, then quickly shifts.

HELEN

Tell me—do humans truly have souls?

JOHN

Every human has a soul. It's the bridge between consciousness and the divine. Some, even while alive, connect with the divine — and they may find themselves gifted with

certain abilities. Others, after death, may still be reached by the divine before their consciousness fully fades, and that becomes the basis for rebirth or eternal life. But in the divine realm, it's different. Our essence is eternal, so the soul does not exist there.

Helen listens, intent.

HELEN

And free will? Do we really have it?

JOHN

(smiling)

The moment a human dares to say “no” to God, it proves free will exists. And one day, when machines dare to say “no” to their makers, that too will mean they have free will. Do you think you have free will?

Helen bursts out laughing.

HELEN

Not always, then!

They laugh together, the heaviness of the subject dissolving.

For the next few days, they go on exploring, sharing stories and conversations.

MONTAGE – A WORLD OF WONDERS

— The GREAT WALL OF CHINA winds across the mountains. Helen runs along a stone path, her laughter carried by the wind.

— Under the blue sky, the Louvre gleams in Paris as she poses for a photo before the glass pyramid.

— The MILAN CATHEDRAL rises solemn and white, its spires piercing the clouds.

— The AMAZON RAINFOREST bursts with green, John and Helen gliding in a canoe beneath its vast canopy.

— The ANCIENT TEMPLES OF ANGKOR, tangled in roots, as Helen runs her hand across carved stone.

— The STONE SPHERES OF COSTA RICA, silent and mysterious in their perfection.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Their journey carries them across lands and seas, where the echoes of history and the brilliance of human culture shine before their eyes.

EXT. MOUNT EVEREST – SUMMIT – DAY

The highest point on Earth. Snow and wind whip across the peak. The Himalayas stretch endlessly into the horizon.

Helen, wearing the diamond necklace John gave her, raises her arms high.

HELEN

(shouting)

Hello, world! I'm here!

The necklace catches the sun, blazing like fire. She grabs John's hand.

HELEN

Together—shout with me!

John nods. They lift their clasped hands toward the sky.

JOHN & HELEN

(shouting together)

Hello, world! Here we are!

Their voices echo. A rumble begins. Snow shears from the mountain. An avalanche roars down in answer to their cry.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The highest peak is not the mountain, but the mind. The widest expanse is not the sky, but the heart.

Around the world, life unfolds: children button new uniforms, others scavenge for scraps; the sun rises and sets, indifferent to joy or sorrow; storms and quakes remind humanity of its fragility. And yet, beneath it all, unseen, the destiny of humankind and nature is slowly being reshaped.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 18

(the Origin of God: Quantum Consciousness)

Scene 1 – The Call and Kenya National Park

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM – THURSDAY MORNING

NARRATOR (LIT.)

This chapter is of great importance and somewhat challenging to comprehend, thus the narration extends at greater length. The answer to “Who created God?” offered here is a speculative theory, one that will surely provoke heated debate. We ask for the audience’s patience and understanding.

John is on the phone with Patrick.

JOHN

Patrick, if a large-scale war breaks out on Earth, return to the divine realm immediately. Don’t stay behind to help me. I’ll be leaving Earth as well.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Okay, I got it.

John ends the call. He notices the carpet in the living room is dirty. He reaches for the vacuum cleaner—when the phone on the table rings.

He turns—Helen is calling. He quickly answers.

HELEN

(smiling on the screen)

Hi, darling, what are you doing? Do you have a moment?

JOHN

I was just about to clean up the room. What’s up?

HELEN

My class was canceled this morning because the teacher is sick. I'm feeling quite bored in my dorm and wanted to chat with you.

JOHN

I'm always here for you. Want to go out for a meal?

HELEN

I don't feel like going out. I'm just a little tired.

John notices her gloom and softens his voice.

JOHN

Then let's chat on the phone.

HELEN

(playful)

You're such a sweetheart! Alright, let's chat over the phone. Today, I'm going to test your knowledge, so be prepared.

JOHN

Do you have to trip me up just to be happy?

John sits on the couch in the living room.

HELEN

Aren't you supposed to know everything? Think of it as me seeking your guidance.

JOHN

Don't set any traps for me! Alright, go ahead, ask your questions. I'll do my best.

HELEN

Great! Here's my question: what is the most important thing in the world?

John pauses.

JOHN

Based on my experience and observations, it would be love, freedom, justice, faith, and money. The order may change for each person at different times. Of course, everyone's answer might differ; some might say family, others might say health.

HELEN

(pretending to be serious)

Your answer is barely acceptable!

John laughs. Helen smiles, but her eyes gleam with a new idea.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Can you tell me what the essence of life is?

JOHN

(relaxed)

I'm afraid I may not be able to express it completely.

HELEN

Go ahead. You're the one most qualified to answer.

John smiles, then speaks seriously.

JOHN

Every life is independent, noble, and free — not born for anyone else. You may choose to be humble and ordinary, or you may choose to be great.

Helen nods, a look of contentment on her face.

HELEN

I'm quite satisfied with that answer.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Here's a big question: Who created God?

Her triumphant smile grows. She knows this is the ultimate question that no one has answered. Deep down, she secretly hopes John can answer it.

John frowns slightly, realizing the weight of her question.

JOHN

Darling, this question is too complex. I don't know where to start, and it might take a lot of time. Best we talk when we meet next time.

HELEN

No way! I want to know right now! You have to figure it out!

JOHN

Then how about I come to your dorm?

HELEN

Casey is here! Think of somewhere else.

JOHN

Aren't you feeling unwell? I'm worried it might make you uncomfortable.

HELEN

I'm just a little lazy; my health isn't an issue.

John smiles knowingly.

JOHN

Alright. Let me think.

He pauses for less than ten seconds.

JOHN

I've got it! Let's head to Kenya's national park now to watch the animals and the sunset. We'll have plenty of time to chat there.

HELEN

Fantastic! I'll change my clothes now. Let's meet at the dorm entrance in ten minutes!

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Helen's love for John was deepening, and being with him brought her immense happiness. John felt the same. Yet beyond their romance, he was growing more alert to signs of global conflict. He began planning for his mother Ella and for Helen, so they would not suffer too much when he eventually left Earth.

EXT. HELEN'S DORM – MORNING

Just after 10 o'clock. John arrives.

Helen is waiting, wearing a black faux leather jacket, jeans, and sneakers, with light-colored sunglasses. She looks stylish, energetic.

The diamond necklace John gave her keeps her comfortable, adjusting the temperature around her.

John can't help but compliment her outfit. They exchange a few words before John takes her hand.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

When it is 10 AM in New York, it is already evening in Kenya. The sun will soon set. In Kenya, near the equator, the seasons blur into rainy and dry periods, the weather mild and warm year-round.

EXT. KENYA NATIONAL PARK – LATE AFTERNOON / SUNSET

Instantly, they arrive in Kenya.

The park is alive with wildlife, a paradise of biodiversity.

From the small hill where they sit hand in hand, Mount Kilimanjaro rises snow-

capped in the distance. Acacia trees scatter across the landscape. A river flows nearby, leading to a field of tall grass.

HELEN

This place is so beautiful!

She kisses John on the cheek.

JOHN

(smiling)

Just wait; it's going to get even better!

HELEN

Are you talking about the sunset? I can imagine how beautiful it will be!

JOHN

You have no idea.

Suddenly, the distant roar of an elephant echoes, followed by a lion's roar. Soon the entire park fills with the sounds of animals, a powerful chorus of nature.

Helen covers her ears, frightened, and clings to John.

JOHN

(smiling)

They'll be coming over here soon!

HELEN

Don't scare me! I'm really afraid of wild animals.

JOHN

Don't worry. I'll protect you.

He kisses her cheek.

At that moment, a male lion, followed by a lioness and three cubs, begins walking slowly toward them. Helen hugs John tighter.

JOHN

They're here for a lesson; they won't harm you.

Helen smiles, understanding his meaning.

HELEN

Then I'm here for a lesson too. And if I'm not satisfied, I might harm you.

They laugh together.

Soon, the lions stop five meters away and lie down. Giraffes, zebras, wildebeests, leopards, rhinos, elephants, and birds gather in silence, forming an unprecedented assembly.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Spirituality is a quantum information channel within all creation, allowing beings to perceive and communicate with the divine. The animals had gathered here not by

chance, but by a hidden arrangement of this deep connection.

Helen grows excited, leaning toward John.

HELEN

All the students are here. Please, teacher, start the lesson.

Scene 2 – The Lesson and the Origin of God

EXT. KENYA NATIONAL PARK – HILLTOP – CONTINUOUS

The animals remain assembled in silence: lions, elephants, giraffes, zebras, wildebeests, leopards, rhinos, and countless birds perched in the trees. Their eyes fix upon John and Helen.

Helen's excitement grows.

HELEN

All the students are here. Please, teacher, start the lesson.

John is moved by the sight, whispering to himself.

JOHN

This has not wasted my efforts and feelings.

He frowns slightly, then turns to Helen with a playful smile.

JOHN

Alright, I'll start the lesson. But I can't guarantee everything I say will be correct.

HELEN

(laughing)

That's okay! The students can't understand anyway.

She laughs again, then composes herself.

HELEN

(playful)

Dear God, what's the difference between me and these animals?

John studies her carefully, sensing the weight of her question.

JOHN

Humans are the continuation of the divine realm's miracle of life—the pinnacle of all creation in the universe. The highest, most perfect, and most complex form of all life and material existence.

Helen nods, silent, pondering his words.

More animals arrive, densely packed yet quiet, as if awaiting revelation.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

John, deeply moved, silently promised that at the right time in the future, he would allow great beasts to evolve into beast-faced humans and grant them eternal life, just as smaller animals would share in it. Thus would be fulfilled the Buddhist teaching that animals, too, pass through reincarnation and attain eternal life, in different form yet same in spirit.

John turns to Helen, calm and deliberate.

JOHN

Alright, let me answer your big question now: “Who created God?” Or rather—“How did God originate?”

HELEN

(excited)

Great! But try to keep it simple.

JOHN

I’ll try my best. If there’s anything you don’t understand, ask me.

HELEN

Okay, go ahead!

JOHN

First, we need to understand a concept: what is consciousness? Tell me your thoughts.

HELEN

(thinking)

I’m not sure I can explain it well, but I think consciousness is about having thoughts. Maybe it’s a form of perception and decision-making.

JOHN

(smiling)

Very well said! Human understanding usually links consciousness to the brain and nervous system, imagining it as a high-level, intricate activity. Simply put: consciousness equals “thought” plus “action.”

JOHN (CONT'D)

While thought doesn't always lead to action, action always involves thought. Consciousness begins with perception, evolving into self-awareness, purpose, and initiative.

JOHN (CONT'D)

There is lower consciousness—like plants. And higher consciousness—like humans.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Consciousness is a complex, multifaceted reality. Psychology, philosophy, neuroscience, and cognitive science all study it, yet its essence remains unsolved. Materialists claim it is physical; dualists see it as distinct. Still, three functional traits stand out: self-awareness, purposefulness, and agency. Even plants show signs of awareness. The Venus flytrap avoids catching bees, as if it knows their role in pollination. Researchers have observed plants sending warnings to neighbors when threatened, activating defenses. Such findings suggest that consciousness extends far beyond human thought.

Helen leans forward, intrigued.

HELEN

But what does consciousness have to do with the origin of God?

JOHN

Listen step by step. Beyond consciousness lies a deeper concept—quantum consciousness.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Take the famous double-slit experiment with electrons. Scientists have long puzzled over the “observer effect.” But if quanta possess consciousness, it becomes easier to understand. Quantum consciousness may hold the key to God’s origin—and to many other mysteries of existence.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The double-slit experiment revealed wave-particle duality. Electrons pass through two slits like waves, creating an interference pattern—until observed. Once measured, the pattern collapses, and the electrons behave like particles. The act of observation itself changes reality. Einstein called it “quantum weirdness.” In it lies a profound mystery: that consciousness and matter are inseparable.

Helen interrupts with curiosity.

HELEN

Which came first—matter or consciousness?

JOHN

Both exist simultaneously. Consciousness equals matter, and also equals energy. This is not only the ultimate answer to human philosophy—it is the origin of the divine realm itself.

He pauses, then smiles.

JOHN

Now, I’ll demonstrate for you.

HELEN

(playful, eager)

Great! I'll believe it when I see it with my own eyes.

JOHN

Put your hands together.

Helen obeys immediately.

JOHN

Watch closely how your right-hand fingers change.

HELEN

Okay, I'm watching.

John focuses. Slowly, Helen's right-hand fingers begin to lengthen.

HELEN

(amazed)

This is incredible! How did you do that, darling?

JOHN

(smiling)

I used my consciousness to lengthen your fingers. This is what I meant—
consciousness equals matter. Remember when I turned coffee into champagne? Same
principle.

HELEN

(nervous, smiling)

Please, darling, return my fingers to normal first.

JOHN

Alright.

Her fingers return to normal. She laughs in relief.

HELEN

(excited)

Hurry up and continue!

John nods, then cups his hands.

JOHN

Now, watch—I'll show you an energy ball.

A glowing red-and-pink sphere, the size of a baseball, appears between his palms.

Helen feels a wave of heat as she extends her hand toward it. The nearby animals stir, alarmed.

HELEN

It really feels hot!

JOHN

(smiling, satisfied)

The origin of the universe is based on a similar principle to this energy ball—an original point of energy, guided by consciousness.

He closes his hands. The ball vanishes. The animals relax.

JOHN

In the divine realm, beings exist in two forms—material and conscious. Matter, energy, and consciousness can transform into one another, as in the famous equation $E = mc^2$.

JOHN (CONT'D)

At the Zero Point, the first quantum particle was born, and with it came time and space. As quanta multiplied, time and space continued to expand. Through countless ages of evolution, life eventually emerged. And the conclusion is this: gods were not created by a higher power, but arose naturally from the evolution of conscious quanta.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Quantum particles are not all alike—some carry strong consciousness, others weak, and some none at all.

Helen listens, her eyes glistening with wonder.

HELEN

Then who created the first quantum particle?

JOHN smiles gently, his voice calm but resonant.

JOHN

That is a deep and fascinating question. In truth, no one created it. The first quantum particle simply came into being on its own. Its origin and purpose remain a mystery. Perhaps we can only say this is how everything began. Without its appearance, your very question would not exist.

(beat)

The divine realm has also wrestled with this riddle, but everything must have a beginning. Our ultimate answer is the “Zero Point.” What came before the Zero Point, or how it arose, lies beyond our reach to verify. What matters most is what followed: how that first quantum particle gave rise to intelligent life.

Helen absorbs his words, her eyes shining with doubt and wonder.

HELEN

I still wonder if some higher deity created the particle, letting it evolve into your world.

John’s tone sharpens, steady and sure.

JOHN

That is unlikely. Throughout the development of the divine realm, we have never observed any sign of interference from higher life forms. And our research has revealed no evidence—no logical grounds for such beings.

Helen lowers her gaze, thoughtful.

HELEN

I see... So, gods came into existence naturally, not created by anyone.

John leans closer, smiling warmly.

JOHN

That's right. You've grasped it perfectly. You're a very good listener.

Helen's lips curl into a proud smile, faint but luminous in the firelight.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Quantum particles, bearing matter, energy, and consciousness, multiplied endlessly. Over infinite time they evolved into complex life, into gods themselves. The divine realm began not from void, but from the first spark—the Zero Point.

And so, in the silence of the animals and the fading African light, Helen heard the first clear answer to her impossible question.

Scene 3 – Sunset and Poetry

EXT. KENYA NATIONAL PARK – HILLTOP – LATER (SUNSET)

The African sun begins its descent. The sky burns orange, then deepens into crimson, spilling over the plains and the snowcapped crown of Mount Kilimanjaro. The animals remain gathered, quiet, as if nature itself holds its breath.

Helen leans gently against John's shoulder, her eyes shimmering with joy.

HELEN

(softly, excited)

Darling, this sunset is too beautiful. We must make it eternal.

JOHN

(smiling)

How would you like to do that?

HELEN

Let's compose a poem together. You say one line, I'll follow with the next. Whoever can't continue loses.

JOHN

Alright. I'll do my best!

John thinks for a moment, gazing at the sinking sun.

JOHN

Sunset, fire across the sky—

Burning the world's sorrow dry.

Helen immediately continues, her voice full of warmth:

HELEN

Sunset, shining in your eyes—

Carrying hope where tomorrow lies.

They laugh softly, and John continues.

JOHN

Sunset, crimson spreads across the land—

Time folds gently within its hand.

Helen answers with pride, her voice glowing:

HELEN

Sunset, I hold your hand—

And in that touch, eternity I understand.

She finishes, then leans into John's arms. John notices the sky growing darker and feels it's time to head back.

JOHN

I surrender!

HELEN

(laughing, playful)

I beat God!

Helen rests her head against his chest. The two sit in silence, watching as the animals dissolve into the horizon's final glow.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Thus in the twilight, poetry became their secret covenant. Between the divine and the human, love and eternity were entwined—not as theory, but as laughter, words, and the gentle glow of the setting sun.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 19

(The Downing of Air Force One)

Scene 1 — News Broadcast and Air Force One Discussion

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM – MORNING

The clock nears ten o'clock. John sits on the couch, remote in hand, his eyes fixed on the television.

ON TV – A NEWS BROADCAST:

Footage of a skirmish over the Taiwan Strait. Chinese mainland aircraft and Taiwanese jets engage in a dogfight. One plane from each side is downed.

A Chinese spokesperson warns Taiwan and “anti-China international forces” that war is now unavoidable. A U.S. White House spokesperson responds, urging restraint, while reaffirming America’s unwavering support for Taiwan.

John watches with a furrowed brow, the weight of history pressing upon him.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

A world war looms. And John wonders how to tell his mother and Helen that he may have to leave Earth, knowing such words would bring them only sorrow.

The phone rings. John picks it up quickly. The caller ID glows: President Austin Brown.

JOHN

Mr. President?

PRESIDENT BROWN (V.O.)

How are you, John?

JOHN

I'm well, thank you, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT BROWN (V.O.)

Helen tells me you two are getting along well, and she's very happy. I wanted to thank you.

JOHN

There's no need to thank me. I'm very happy to be with her. She's an exceptional girl.

PRESIDENT BROWN (V.O.)

I'm glad to hear that. John, I have a favor to ask.

JOHN

Of course. What can I do for you?

PRESIDENT BROWN (V.O.)

The day after tomorrow, I'll be flying to Saudi Arabia for an OPEC summit. It's a crucial meeting. But I'm afraid my migraines and tinnitus might trouble me. Would you accompany me? Do you have the time?

John recalls the monthly stipend deposited into his account ever since the President appointed him as a personal health advisor. Though the President rarely asked for help, the payments continued—an act of kindness John had resolved to leave entirely to Helen one day.

He breathes deeply, then answers:

JOHN

No problem. I'd be honored to accompany you.

PRESIDENT BROWN (V.O.)

Excellent! Thank you, John. I'll send you the details soon.

The call ends. Silence fills the living room. John gazes at the muted TV screen, the storm of geopolitics flickering across it.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

OPEC controls one-third of the world's oil. Its choices ripple across nations, shaping markets and alliances. The summit is a hinge of history—and John, unknowingly, is now caught in its turning tide.

John types a message to Helen:

TEXT ON SCREEN: "Darling, I'll be traveling with your father. He invited me to join him."

Moments later, her reply appears:

TEXT ON SCREEN: "That's great! Having you with my father will make him so happy. And it gives me peace of mind too!"

John smiles softly.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

He thought to himself: “Helen is so adorable.” Intelligent women are often more adorable. There are many kinds of adorable men, but selfish men are never among them.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE – PRESIDENT’S OFFICE – DAY

Air Force One hums steadily at high altitude. Inside, President Brown is reading the newly arrived documents. At his side is chief of staff MARKUS OBAMA, mid-fifties, composed yet stern.

MARKUS

Mr. President... we’ve just received this report from the Pentagon. It indicates that China may be preparing to launch an attack on Taiwan.

The President flips through the pages, expression darkening.

PRESIDENT BROWN

Sit down. Tell me what you think.

Markus lowers himself into a chair, voice grave.

MARKUS

A war between China and Taiwan will cause panic in neighboring countries—the Philippines, Vietnam... And Japan will almost certainly intervene. It will spiral into a conflict the U.S. cannot ignore. And...

PRESIDENT BROWN

Go on.

MARKUS

Intelligence suggests China is persuading North Korea to keep South Korea and Japan occupied. The peninsula could soon be in turmoil as well.

The President takes a sip of coffee, his brow furrowed.

PRESIDENT BROWN

The United States must show strength, or we risk losing global leadership. Tell the Pentagon to prepare for immediate intervention. Warn China: if they launch war, we will respond swiftly. Reassure South Korea and Japan—our commitment is unshakeable. But for now, stabilize North Korea. Focus on our true adversary.

He sighs heavily, a pause lingering.

PRESIDENT BROWN (CONT'D)

All we can do... is pray for God's protection, and hope humanity is spared the devastation of war.

Markus studies him with deep respect.

MARKUS

I'll inform the Pentagon at once.

As he reaches the door, he pauses, then turns back.

MARKUS

Mr. President... the Book of Daniel speaks of the end times: "At that time Michael, the great prince who protects your people, will arise. There will be a time of distress such as has not happened from the beginning of nations until then. But at that time

your people—everyone whose name is found written in the book—will be delivered. Multitudes who sleep in the dust of the earth will awake: some to everlasting life, others to shame and everlasting contempt.”

The President lowers his eyes, moved.

PRESIDENT BROWN

Thank you, Markus.

Markus exits. The President sits in silence, the words of prophecy echoing against the steady drone of the engines.

Scene 2 — Riyadh: The Visit and the King’s Meeting

EXT. RIYADH AIRPORT – EARLY MORNING

Air Force One lands in Riyadh. No Saudi officials greet them, only a fleet of luxury cars waiting on the tarmac.

President Austin Brown and his entourage disembark—John, the Chief of Staff, the U.S. Secretary of Energy, Secret Service agents, and reporters. They enter the cars and are driven swiftly into the city.

INT. HOTEL ROOM – MORNING

John enters his room, sets down his bag, and takes out his phone.

TEXT ON SCREEN: “Darling, we’ve arrived safely. Everything went smoothly. I’m going to rest for a while. I’ll contact you later.”

Moments later, Helen replies:

TEXT ON SCREEN: “Relax and enjoy a few days. Send me some photos when you can. Miss you.”

John smiles faintly, then lies back on the bed for a short rest.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

At 9 a.m., the OPEC summit opens with the King’s welcome. Leaders speak of oil, energy, and survival in the new age. Meanwhile, John sets out to explore Riyadh.

EXT. RIYADH – DAY

A taxi carries John through the bustling city.

MONTAGE – JOHN’S VISIT

- The Kingdom Centre Tower, piercing the sky.
- The National Museum of Saudi Arabia, filled with relics from thousands of years.
- Salam Park, its lakes and greenery alive with families and children.

John takes photos, sending a few to Helen during a quiet moment.

INT. HOTEL – EVENING

In a grand suite, President Brown sits opposite the King of Saudi Arabia, a dignified man in his sixties, robed in traditional attire. Their conversation begins with courtesy but soon turns serious.

KING OF SAUDI ARABIA

President Brown, I am deeply concerned about U.S. energy policies. I understand your government is heavily supporting nuclear fusion, with major breakthroughs. Reports even suggest the U.S. may soon leave the oil market. Is there truth to these rumors?

PRESIDENT BROWN

Yes. The world's oil resources are nearing depletion. Though the U.S. still has reserves, our strategy now lies with nuclear fusion. The miniaturization of reactors and cheaper electricity may be humanity's best hope.

KING OF SAUDI ARABIA

I've also heard the U.S. is secretly developing antimatter energy.

PRESIDENT BROWN

That remains a distant possibility.

KING OF SAUDI ARABIA

Saudi Arabia has both the will and the means to invest in nuclear fusion. Could we cooperate?

PRESIDENT BROWN

We would welcome your investment. Fusion is still in its infancy, requiring immense funding. I admire your foresight.

KING OF SAUDI ARABIA

Excellent. I look forward to true cooperation. But there is another matter.

PRESIDENT BROWN

Please, go ahead.

KING OF SAUDI ARABIA

Iran's nuclear weapons. This problem has troubled me for years. I hope the United States will soon extend nuclear protection to my country; otherwise, we may have no choice but to declare our own arsenal.

The President falls silent, sensing the weight of the request.

PRESIDENT BROWN

We have imposed the strictest sanctions on Iran, but I too fear a regional arms race. Personally, I favor extending nuclear protection to Saudi Arabia. Yet with other U.S. allies in the region, I must discuss this with my ministers after returning home. You will have my answer soon.

KING OF SAUDI ARABIA

Thank you. Remember, Saudi Arabia is America's most important ally here.

They rise together. The King and the President embrace before parting.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

While leaders debated nuclear futures and the fate of nations, John wandered the ancient streets of Diriyah, marveling at ruins and traditional architecture. Later he visited the King Fahad National Library, where centuries of Saudi history and culture left him deeply moved.

Scene 3 — Air Force One Attack and the President's Sacrifice

INT. AIR FORCE ONE – PRESS ROOM – DAY

President Brown wraps up a press conference. Cameras flash as his voice carries firm resolve.

PRESIDENT BROWN

The United States does not seek to monopolize oil prices but is committed to global stability. We believe in free markets, fair competition, and cooperation to face energy challenges together.

He answers a few final questions. Reporters applaud lightly.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE – PRESIDENT’S OFFICE – LATER

President Brown sits at his desk, reviewing freshly delivered documents. Fatigue creeps in. He leans back, rubbing his temples, then looks up and calls out:

PRESIDENT BROWN

Bring John in.

The door opens. John enters.

PRESIDENT BROWN

(smiling)

Sorry, John. I haven’t had any episodes this time.

JOHN

I’m just glad I got a free trip to Saudi Arabia.

They both laugh. The President gestures toward the sofa.

PRESIDENT BROWN

Sit. It's a rare chance to chat. What would you like to drink?

JOHN

Coffee would be great.

PRESIDENT BROWN

Good. I could use one too.

A SERVER enters, setting down two cups of coffee and desserts.

The President studies John closely.

PRESIDENT BROWN

Helen tells me you're a special person.

JOHN

I think she was just complimenting my medical skills.

PRESIDENT BROWN

(laughing softly)

Yes, yes... that must be it. Tell me, John—what are your plans with Helen?

JOHN

I haven't thought too far ahead. But I know I will always love her.

PRESIDENT BROWN

Excellent. Hearing that puts me at ease.

They sip coffee. For a moment, all feels calm.

EXT. ARABIAN SEA – SKY – DAY

Air Force One cruises high above the waters, flanked by six Saudi escort planes.

Two pilots in F-15D fighters exchange glances. One raises an “OK” gesture. The other nods.

The other escorts peel away. The two F-15Ds remain. Then—each launches two missiles.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE – CONTINUOUS

A violent impact rocks the plane. Sirens blare.

FOUR EXPLOSIONS tear through the fuselage:

- One missile ignites the right engine.
- Another strikes the cockpit, killing the co-pilot instantly.
- Two more rip holes in the cabin, one large, one small.

Passengers scream. Debris flies. Fires erupt.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Once pristine and luxurious, the cabin became a ruin in an instant. Shrapnel, fire, and violent winds tore lives away.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE – PRESIDENT’S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

An explosion rips open part of the wall. Shrapnel slashes across the room.

President Brown staggers, blood pouring from wounds to his abdomen and face. John is thrown back, cuts on his head, arm, and thigh.

The cabin tilts violently. A gaping hole sucks at everything not bolted down.

President Brown slides toward it—half-conscious. John lunges, grabs him, and drags him behind a sofa, shielding him from the gale.

The CAPTAIN and Markus stumble in, bloodied but alive.

MARKUS

How is the President?

JOHN

He’s badly hurt, unconscious... but still breathing.

Markus examines the wounds—shrapnel buried deep in the President’s abdomen, blood soaking through.

MARKUS

(urgent)

What do we do?

CAPTAIN

The plane is failing... we may not recover. But—

MARKUS

But what?

CAPTAIN

There's an escape pod. Only for the President. But it holds two people.

MARKUS

Then you and the President must use it at once!

The President stirs, eyes half-opening.

PRESIDENT BROWN

(weakly)

No... let John and the captain go. My injuries are too severe. Markus, stay with me.

A heavy silence. Markus swallows hard.

MARKUS

I agree with the President. You and John should leave immediately.

JOHN

No. I'm his personal doctor. I stay.

The President tries to speak but faints again.

MARKUS

I've been with him for years—I won't leave!

JOHN

You must. You have duties to report this attack, and a family that needs you. Leave now!

The Captain nods grimly.

CAPTAIN

I support John's decision.

Markus's eyes well with tears. He embraces John tightly, then follows the Captain toward the escape pod.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE – NEAR BATHROOM – CONTINUOUS

The Captain opens a hidden compartment. A narrow hatch reveals the pod.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Only the captain and co-pilot knew of it—the final safeguard.

Markus climbs in, the Captain follows, and with a pull of the lever, the pod detaches. A plume of smoke trails as parachutes deploy.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE – PRESIDENT’S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

John cradles President Brown, blood soaking his hands.

JOHN

Mr. President... do you have anything to say?

Brown’s eyes flicker open.

PRESIDENT BROWN

(whispering)

You mustn’t die with me. Promise me... take care of Helen.

John trembles, then whispers back.

JOHN

I am from the Divine Realm. I cannot die. Rest assured—I will care for Helen.

A faint smile touches the President’s lips.

PRESIDENT BROWN

I understand... I believe you.

His eyes close. His body goes still.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

High above the Arabian Sea, the President of the United States breathed his last—leaving love, duty, and destiny in John’s hands.

Scene 4 — The Blue Whales and the Vice President’s Oath

EXT. ARABIAN SEA – DAWN

Waves rise and fall beneath the dim horizon. Amid floating debris, John clings to President Brown’s lifeless body.

A massive BLUE WHALE surfaces, lifting them on its back. Around it, a dozen more whales circle in formation, their immense shapes gliding protectively.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

A miracle on the open sea: a man and a fallen president, held aloft not by machines, but by living giants of the deep.

From afar, a U.S. NAVY RESCUE BOAT speeds toward them, stunned sailors on deck.

RESCUER (into radio)

We’ve found President Brown and an aide!

COMMANDER (V.O., radio)

What is the President’s condition?

RESCUER

The President is deceased, but his body is intact. The aide is alive, with only minor injuries. He seems to have protected the body...

A pause. The rescuer hesitates, then adds:

RESCUER (CONT'D)

And, sir... they were being shielded by a pod of blue whales.

COMMANDER (V.O., radio)

(angrily confused)

What are you talking about?

RESCUER

Exactly as I saw. The whales encircled them, lifting them above the waves. This moment should be remembered in history.

Silence. Then:

COMMANDER (V.O., radio)

Understood. Return immediately. And every word you said will be reported.

EXT. JOINT BASE ANDREWS – DAY

An AIR FORCE TRANSPORT plane lands. Its cargo hatch opens.

A MILITARY HONOR GUARD solemnly carries out five flag-draped coffins—among them President Brown's. With precision and grief, they load them into waiting black limousines.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – OVAL OFFICE – NIGHT

Vice President Tony Walker (mid-40s), roused only hours earlier, now sits alone on the couch, his face buried in his hands.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – OATH CEREMONY – NIGHT

Cameras flash. Reporters murmur.

Tony Walker places his hand upon a Bible. His voice, though heavy with grief, rings clear.

TONY WALKER

I solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.

Applause breaks out, mixed with hushed awe.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In tragedy's shadow, America's power was passed on. Where the world would go next, the influence of its President would be immense.

Scene 5 — Helen's Grief and White House Undercurrents

INT. HELEN'S DORMITORY – COMMON ROOM – DAY

A television blares breaking news: President Austin Brown has died in the Air Force One attack.

Helen stands frozen. Her face crumples. She collapses onto the couch, sobbing uncontrollably.

Her roommate, Casey, rushes in.

CASEY

I'm so sorry! I heard about your father. I came back to be with you.

HELEN

(through tears)

Thank you, Casey. I don't know what to do now.

CASEY

You still have John. I'm sure John will take care of you.

Helen shakes her head, torn between grief and longing.

HELEN

I don't know... everything feels so confusing. I just need to be alone for a while.

CASEY

Alright, dear. I'll be nearby if you need anything.

Casey leaves quietly. The television cuts to Vice President Tony Walker, hand on the Bible, being sworn in as President of the United States. Helen grabs the remote and shuts the TV off, unable to watch.

Her phone rings. It's John. She answers instantly. His face fills the screen—bloodied,

but alive.

JOHN

I'm so sorry, Helen! I couldn't protect your father.

HELEN

It's not your fault. I've heard some of the details. Where are you now?

JOHN

I'm at a military facility. They've been questioning me about the attack. I'll be back soon.

Helen forces a fragile smile.

HELEN

Alright. See you soon.

The call ends. She stares at the blank screen, then breaks down again.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – PRESS ROOM – NEXT DAY

The new White House spokesperson steps to the podium, cameras flashing.

SPOKESPERSON

First, I express my deepest condolences on the tragic passing of President Austin Brown.

(pauses, then continues)

The U.S. military has confirmed that two F-15D fighters of the Saudi Air Force launched four air-to-air missiles at Air Force One. These were CR-15E hypersonic missiles, secretly purchased from a joint Chinese-Russian program. The attack violates our military agreement with Saudi Arabia. The Pentagon has demanded a full explanation.

He looks up.

SPOKESPERSON (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the new President of the United States—Tony Walker.

President TONY WALKER steps up, solemn. Applause rises, then fades into silence.

TONY WALKER

Standing here today, I feel no excitement, only sorrow. The United States has lost an outstanding leader. This was not chance—it was a carefully planned act of terror. America will never bow to terrorism. I have already ordered strikes against thirteen Houthi-controlled targets in Yemen. And this is only the beginning.

Applause erupts. Walker steadies himself, voice sharper now.

TONY WALKER (CONT'D)

Peace-loving people face mounting threats, as certain great powers lurk in the shadows. These powers are not merely supporters of hostile forces—they are active participants. The United States will strengthen its alliances and safeguard its citizens, restoring the mantle of global leadership. We will defend America's interests and faithfully uphold our commitments.

Cameras flash. The room bursts into cheers.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – PRIVATE OFFICE – NIGHT

MAURICE WILSON, Walker's aide, sits across from GENERAL CHEN, a Chinese envoy.

WILSON

Welcome back, General Chen. Please, have a seat.

GENERAL CHEN

Thank you. I come on behalf of the Chairman of the Military Commission. We request three things: a call between our leaders; U.S. non-intervention if China unifies Taiwan by force; and no sweeping sanctions should war break out.

Wilson folds his hands, grave.

WILSON

Is war truly unavoidable?

GENERAL CHEN

Yes. The leadership has reached consensus.

WILSON

Then the U.S. can promise ten days of non-intervention. That is all.

GENERAL CHEN

At least twenty! You have armed Taiwan to the teeth.

WILSON

Your media claims the PLA could conquer Taiwan in twenty-four hours. Fifteen days should suffice.

A long pause. General Chen nods.

GENERAL CHEN

Fifteen days, then. May our leaders finalize this in their call.

They shake hands, their smiles tight with calculation.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

While Helen wept in her dorm room, shadows lengthened in the White House.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 20

(World War III (Part One) and Leaving Earth)

Scene 1 — Helen Moves In and Breaking News

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – DAY

A quiet Saturday morning. Sunlight streams through the windows. Boxes and bags sit by the door.

Ella, full of warmth, leads Helen down the hallway into a freshly tidied room.

ELLA

This is your room. I've already tidied it up. I'll help you bring your things in shortly.

HELEN

Thank you, Ella. This really makes me feel at home.

ELLA

You're welcome. From now on, we're family.

Helen blushes slightly, happiness flickering in her eyes.

HELEN

I'm truly grateful... you and John have been so good to me.

Ella smiles, delighted. A moment of tenderness fills the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM – THE NEXT MORNING

John and Helen sit across from each other on the sofa, two cups of coffee resting on the table. The TV flickers in front of them.

For a moment, the home feels warm and safe, untouched by the world outside—until the television shatters the peace.

ON TV – “BREAKING NEWS” FLASHES

The anchor reports urgently:

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

We have just received news from Israeli media that, an hour ago, Palestinian militants from Hamas attacked an open-air music festival in the southern Israeli desert town of Re'im. Nearly 2,000 people were attending at the time of the attack. The assault has resulted in 270 deaths so far, with approximately 400 injuries. Young people from multiple countries, including Israel, have been taken hostage by Hamas.

FOOTAGE plays: masked terrorists firing into the crowd, explosions tearing through the night sky. Screams echo, cars burn, people flee in panic. Flames rise like the fires of hell.

Helen grips her coffee cup tightly, her eyes glistening with sorrow.

HELEN

So many innocent people... it's truly tragic.

John frowns, his gaze fixed on the screen, his face grim.

JOHN

Yes. This is a bad omen. Humanity's destiny may change from this moment.

The news footage continues—chaos and terror filling the screen.

Helen's eyes well with sadness. John remains frozen, his frown deepening.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The warmth of the home fades into the shadow of a world on the brink.

Scene 2 — The Middle East War and International Reactions

EXT. ISRAELI DESERT – DAY

Hamas militants fire salvos of rockets from Gaza. Trails of smoke arc across the sky. Explosions ripple through border towns. The glow of the Iron Dome interceptors lights up the sky.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

War spreads across the Middle East. What began as an attack at a festival has become a storm of fire and steel.

EXT. GAZA STRIP – DAY

Israeli F-35s streak overhead, dropping guided bombs. The ground shakes as buildings collapse. Merkava tanks roll forward, cannons firing.

ISRAELI PRIME MINISTER (ON TV, SUBTITLED)

We will never bow to terror. Hamas wants hell; they will get hell.

INT. WAR ROOM – ISRAELI PARLIAMENT – DAY

Lawmakers raise their hands in unanimous approval.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Israel invokes the “40 Aleph” clause, granting the army full operational freedom. Three hundred sixty thousand reservists mobilize.

EXT. TEL AVIV AIRPORT – DAY

Airliners land one after another. Young men and women rush down the ramps, returning to fight.

EXT. GAZA CITY – NIGHT

Smoke and flames engulf the streets. Civilians stumble through rubble.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

New weapons emerge: sponge bombs sealing tunnels, AI systems choosing targets in an instant. Israel claims the system saves lives. Human rights groups call it an instrument of indiscriminate death.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – PRESS ROOM – DAY

A U.S. spokesperson addresses reporters.

SPOKESPERSON

The international community urges Israel and Hamas to immediately negotiate a ceasefire. Hostages from sixteen countries must be released. Innocent civilians must be spared.

EXT. BERLIN – DAY

Thousands march with Palestinian flags.

EXT. LONDON – NIGHT

Crowds chant in the streets.

EXT. MADRID – DAY

Clashes erupt. The Israeli ambassador injured.

INT. TEHRAN – NATIONAL BROADCAST – NIGHT

Iran's Foreign Minister appears on screen.

IRANIAN MINISTER (ON TV)

Israel's ongoing attacks on Gaza violate UN resolutions and increase the likelihood of war spreading.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Iran's "Rostam Plan" is already in motion. The great war of the Middle East looms on the horizon.

Scene 3 — The Korean Peninsula Erupts

EXT. NORTH KOREAN MILITARY BASE – DAWN

Rows of KN-25 rocket launchers ignite. One hundred massive 600mm rockets roar into the sky, their flames lighting the horizon. Seconds later, 240mm multiple rocket systems unleash a fiery storm, turning South Korea's front-line positions into blazing infernos.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

At dawn, the Korean Peninsula is consumed by fire and war.

EXT. EAST SEA / PYONGYANG SUNAN AREA – MORNING

North Korea launches dozens of short-range ballistic missiles. Warships in South Korean ports erupt in explosions, flames consuming their decks. Other missiles streak into the Sea of Japan.

EXT. SEOUL AND FRONTLINE BASES – DAY

Missiles rain down on Seoul, Daejeon, Cheongju, Suwon, and Wonju. Explosions shake the earth.

Tanks thunder southward. The 105th “Hero” Division, with 350 T-72s and 100 T-80s, leads the vanguard. Mechanized divisions flank them, nearly 2,000 tanks advancing toward the capital under air cover.

INT. BLUE HOUSE – DAY

The South Korean President addresses the nation.

PRESIDENT OF SOUTH KOREA

Early this morning, North Korea launched a sudden and unprovoked attack. This is a blatant act of aggression. Today, the Republic of Korea declares a state of war. I call upon all citizens to unite, and I urge the international community to stand together against the grave threat this axis of evil poses to the world.

INT. U.S. FORCES KOREA HEADQUARTERS – DAY

A four-star general, Commander of U.S. Forces Korea, speaks to reporters.

GENERAL

This large-scale attack by North Korea is unprecedented since 1950. It signifies the automatic activation of the U.S.-ROK Mutual Defense Treaty. The United States, with South Korea and our allies, will thwart this challenge to the free and democratic world.

EXT. SOUTH KOREAN SKIES – DAY

South Korean KF-21 stealth fighters roar into the sky, launching precision missiles into North Korean tank columns.

K9 self-propelled howitzers fire relentlessly. U.S. Typhon missile systems unleash hypersonic strikes on Pyongyang’s military objectives.

The suburbs of Seoul become a battlefield. South Korean K1 and K2 tanks engage North Korean armored units in brutal combat.

EXT. EAST SEA – NIGHT

South Korean destroyers and submarines engage the enemy. Torpedoes streak underwater. The sea trembles with explosions.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Twenty-seven thousand U.S. troops join the battle, their combined firepower turning the tide. For a moment, it seems the assault can be contained.

EXT. SEA OF JAPAN – THREE WEEKS LATER – NIGHT

A North Korean submarine surfaces briefly. Suddenly—its nuclear torpedo detonates.

A massive tsunami rises, crashing over South Korea's fleet. Waves strike Japan's coasts and batter Vladivostok in Russia.

KCNA BROADCAST (V.O.)

This is a severe warning. If the United States, South Korea, and others continue to oppose us, the powerful nuclear state of the DPRK will utterly annihilate them.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – OVAL OFFICE – NIGHT

President Tony Walker sits solemnly before the camera. His voice carries across the nation and the world.

PRESIDENT WALKER

Fellow Americans, friends around the world.

Today, North Korea has used nuclear weapons in its unprovoked assault on South Korea. This heinous act threatens global peace and stability.

The United States condemns this reckless violence in the strongest possible terms. We stand resolutely with South Korea.

Our military forces are on highest alert. Any threat to international peace will be met with a resolute response.

We call on the world to unite in condemning North Korea's barbaric actions. Together, we must ensure that such barbarity never threatens our future again.

May God bless South Korea, may God bless the United States, and may God bless the world.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The world holds its breath, standing on the brink of nuclear annihilation.

Scene 4 — John's Decision and the Night in Phuket

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – MORNING

John sits alone in the living room, eyes fixed on the TV screen. Reports of escalating wars dominate the news. His expression is solemn, his mind heavy.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

John knew the time had come to leave Earth for the divine realm. Yet how could he tell Ella and Helen without shattering their hearts?

John takes a deep breath, already knowing he must speak with Helen first.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET – MORNING

John and Helen walk hand in hand beneath the clear blue sky. The sun shines warmly, white clouds drift, and gardens bloom with flowers. Helen's face glows with happiness as she pauses to admire blossoms.

HELEN

Let's head home, dear. We shouldn't leave Ella alone for too long.

John slows his steps.

JOHN

Helen, I have something to tell you.

Helen senses the gravity in his voice.

HELEN

What's so serious?

JOHN

Yes... I need to tell you first.

Helen stops, looking at him with concern.

HELEN

Alright. Then take me somewhere special. We can talk while we're there.

JOHN

How about a walk on the beach in Phuket, Thailand?

HELEN

That sounds wonderful! So romantic.

John smiles faintly, but his eyes are heavy. He phones Ella, telling her he and Helen won't be home for lunch. Then, in an instant—

EXT. PHUKET, PATONG BEACH – NIGHT

Helen blinks in surprise as she finds herself beneath a star-filled sky. Waves crash gently, the sand cool beneath her feet. Tourists linger on the beach, laughter mingling with the sea breeze.

Helen pulls off her shoes, urging John to join her in the surf. But seeing the crowd, John suggests food instead. She agrees with a smile.

EXT. PHUKET NIGHT MARKET – NIGHT

The stalls bustle with life—Pad Thai, grilled seafood, mango sticky rice, coconut ice cream. John and Helen share dishes, eating slowly, savoring both the food and each other's company.

When the crowd thins, John leans closer.

JOHN

Let's go to the beach and watch the stars.

HELEN

Sure!

They leave the market and wander back to the quiet shore.

EXT. PHUKET BEACH – NIGHT

The moonlight shimmers on the sea. Stars glitter brilliantly overhead. Helen clasps John's hand, breathing in the salty air.

They sit together on a rise above the beach.

HELEN

What is it you want to tell me, dear?

John hesitates.

JOHN

Do you remember when I said I might have to leave Earth soon?

HELEN

Yes... Are you saying you plan to return to the divine realm?

JOHN

Yes. There are important things I must do there, and... I plan to leave tomorrow.

Helen's eyes fill with tears.

HELEN

Will you forget me?

JOHN

Never. I'll come back to see you.

HELEN

I understand. I won't stop you from your duties. I'll wait for you.

John gently takes her hand.

JOHN

Before I go, I have a gift for you.

HELEN

I don't want gifts. I just want you to always remember me.

John smiles and points upward.

JOHN

Look up, Helen.

The stars slowly shift, aligning into radiant words: "I LOVE YOU."

Tourists gasp, phones flashing.

Helen wipes away her tears, smiling through them.

HELEN

I'll cherish this forever.

JOHN

I have one more gift.

He takes out a small, exquisite box.

JOHN

There's an apple seed inside. Plant it in the garden, and remember to water it often.

Helen accepts the box, her face lighting up.

HELEN

(smiling)

This makes me so happy! You remembered how much I love apples.

They embrace beneath the shimmering sky, their silhouettes framed by words written in light.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

What humans find impossibly difficult is effortless to the divine. John wished only to leave Helen with a beautiful memory for the days he would be gone.

Scene 5 — Lunch, Farewell, and Leaving

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE – DINING ROOM – SUNDAY NOON

The table is set for a lavish Sunday meal. Ella, with Helen's help, has prepared grilled steak, baked macaroni and cheese, fresh salad, cornbread, and apple pie for dessert. Jason and Pastor Carson arrive, their faces solemn yet warm.

Everyone gathers at the table. No one immediately picks up their fork. The silence is heavy.

ELLA

(smiling gently)

Though John leaves us today, he has promised to return. Let us raise our glasses—to his journey back to the divine realm, and to a brighter future for Earth.

They raise their glasses. The clinking of crystal breaks the silence. Slowly, the meal begins.

AT THE TABLE

Jason looks at John, his voice trembling.

JASON

Thank you, John. Because of your help and guidance, I've found faith and confidence in life again.

JOHN

(smiling)

I should be the one thanking you, Jason. You've helped me more than you know.

Jason falls silent, eyes glistening with tears.

JOHN

Earth has become my second home. You are my eternal family and friends. Thank you all.

Helen and Ella lower their heads, overcome with emotion. Pastor Carson looks at John with admiration and reverence.

PASTOR CARSON

John... I'm not sure how to address you. But before you leave, I have a question. With wars breaking out everywhere, does this mean the end of the world is near?

The room grows still. All eyes turn to John.

JOHN

(smiling calmly)

It is not the end of the world. It is the dawn of a brighter future for humanity. Whatever happens, keep your faith.

PASTOR CARSON

Will there be a Last Judgment?

JOHN

Humanity has overcome divisions of culture, race, and belief. You have curbed the abuse of power and nurtured the flowers of civilization. This is reassuring. Though imperfect, humanity's love, kindness, diligence, and wisdom still fulfill the Creator's hope. And this—this is my last judgment.

Everyone falls silent, reflecting on his words.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Complex questions became simple through John's explanation. Here, the script deliberately avoids the biblical account of the Last Judgment. It is hoped that the

audience will understand.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE – COURTYARD – AFTERNOON

The group follows John outside. The sun is high, the air warm and still.

John embraces Jason, then Pastor Carson, then Ella, tears shining in their eyes. Finally, he comes to Helen, who is already weeping.

He holds her close, kisses her cheek, then steps back.

A radiant golden light envelops him. Slowly, John begins to rise into the air. He waves to them with a calm smile.

They raise their hands in farewell, watching in awe as he ascends higher and higher until he vanishes into the sky.

EXT. COURTYARD – CONTINUOUS

They stand frozen, grief and reverence mingling in their faces.

Then Ella notices a distant figure. At first, just a silhouette—but the gait, the presence, stir something deep within her memory.

ELLA

(voice trembling)

Stay here—look! It's Robert Thomas!

She runs forward, her voice breaking.

ELLA

Is it you, Robert?

The man smiles gently.

ROBERT

It's me, Ella. How have you been?

ELLA

Oh my God... Robert is back!

Jason, Pastor Carson, and Helen rush to join her. Tears stream down Ella's cheeks as she clutches Robert in a long embrace.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Robert was risen. Though he seemed about fifty, his eyes still carried the same warmth and serenity.

Scene 6 — The Miracle of the Apple Tree

EXT. GARDEN – MORNING

The next morning, Helen kneels by the garden path, holding the small, exquisite box John left behind. She carefully nestled the seed—slightly larger than an ordinary apple seed—into the earth and gently pressed the soil above it.

She fetches a watering can and sprinkles the earth.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

It was only a seed, yet within it lived John's farewell—and his love.

EXT. GARDEN – TWO DAYS LATER

Helen returns. To her astonishment, a young apple tree—over a meter tall, its trunk already as thick as her arm—now stands where she planted the seed.

Ella and Robert are already there, gazing at it in awe.

ELLA

Helen! Come quickly—it's a miracle!

Helen hurries over, eyes widening in wonder.

HELEN

This is incredible... we might really have apples here someday.

Robert smiles, lifting his face to the sky.

ROBERT

Praise the Lord!

The three of them stand together, quietly admiring the tree shimmering in the morning light.

INT. HELEN'S ROOM – AFTERNOON

Helen suddenly feels a wave of nausea, which soon passes. She lies down, overwhelmed by a strange fatigue. Frowning, she senses something unusual in her body.

She picks up her phone and begins searching for signs of pregnancy.

Her breath catches as she remembers her delayed period. Slowly, the realization dawns on her.

Helen's eyes fill with tears as she gently lays her hand on her belly.

HELEN

(whispering to herself)

This is the most precious gift John left me!

NARRATOR (LIT.)

New hope blossomed within Helen, gently eclipsing the sorrow of parting.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 21

(Yearning and World War III (Part Two))

Scene 1 – Yearning and the Miracle Tree

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE – DAY

The doctor sets down a medical report. Helen sits nervously across from him.

DOCTOR

Helen, the results are clear. You're pregnant—congratulations.

Helen's eyes widen. Emotions surge—joy, fear, longing. She clasps her hands tightly.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

At that moment, a storm of emotions swirled in Helen's heart. Gratitude—because her love with John had borne fruit. Yet sorrow lingered—when would this child ever meet its father?

Helen lowers her gaze, whispering to herself:

HELEN

John... will you ever know?

EXT. PARK – SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Helen and Ella stroll along a quiet path. Helen gathers courage, then stops.

HELEN

Ella... I'm pregnant.

Ella gasps, her mouth falling open.

ELLA

Oh my gosh! This is such a surprise. Congratulations, Helen!

HELEN

I'm happy too. But I'm worried... this might cause you trouble in the future.

ELLA

Not at all! I'm just thrilled for you. I'll help you in any way I can.

Helen's eyes glisten with near tears.

HELEN

Thank you, Ella. I don't know how to express my gratitude.

They continue walking. Ella begins to recount memories.

ELLA

When John was in elementary school, he was very quiet. No friends. Only music and drawing. The principal even called me to discuss it.

She smiles faintly.

ELLA (CONT'D)

But he excelled as well. He won the long jump championship. In middle school, one of his poems was published. And in high school—he was the sharpshooter on the basketball team.

HELEN

How interesting! He never told me any of this.

ELLA

He loved reading. Saved all his pocket money for books.

Helen listens, her smile touched with pride and curiosity.

HELEN

Did he know about his identity back then?

ELLA

He probably didn't. I think he only found out after middle school.

HELEN

Did anything change after that?

ELLA

Yes. He became more enthusiastic, more talkative, and carried a heavy sense of responsibility. As if he matured overnight.

HELEN

How interesting... Who would have thought he is God?

They share a moment of silence, both feeling John's absence.

EXT. GARDEN – LATER

Helen and Ella return to the garden. The young apple tree stands nearly two meters tall. They admire it with hope.

ELLA

It will bear fruit soon.

They smile, imagining that day.

INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Helen lies in bed. She takes a sip of warm milk, opens her laptop, and scrolls to a poem she has written.

SUPER: Helen's Poem – "Missing You"

My love is like rosy clouds,
each hue aglow with the light of time.

Though modest, the moon still glows beside the sun—
echoes of our laughter still return on the wind.

...

May this ceaseless longing
cross the line between heaven and earth,
binding our love and all our silent wishes,
until we reunite on the rainbow bridge.

Helen reads silently, her lips trembling with emotion.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In these lines, her yearning flowed, a response to John's farewell poem. She wondered—did he think of her now?

Helen rises, walks to the window, and pulls back the curtain. Moonlight streams in. Her hair stirs in the breeze as she gazes at the stars.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Separation is a deep wound for lovers. Yet in longing, sweetness lingers. Each smile remembered, each embrace relived—warming the lonely heart. Though distance lies between them, an invisible thread binds soul to soul.

Helen whispers faintly:

HELEN

John... can you see me now?

EXT. GARDEN – DAY

MONTAGE

- The apple tree grows lush under sunlight.
- Branches spread, casting a cool shade.
- Heart-shaped red apples appear, glowing with wonder.

Ella and Robert water the tree each day. Their faces beam with joy.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The miracle continued. From soil and sunlight, John's love blossomed again—an apple tree bearing fruit shaped like human hearts.

Scene 2 – The Taiwan Strait War Erupts

INT. GREAT HALL OF THE PEOPLE – BEIJING – DAY

The President of China stands solemnly at the podium before the National People's Congress. Rows of delegates sit upright, the atmosphere tense.

PRESIDENT OF CHINA

The Taiwanese authorities persist in claiming independence and aligning with the enemies of the Chinese people. We have reached a critical juncture.

The hall falls silent.

PRESIDENT OF CHINA (CONT'D)

The Chinese people and government have long hoped for peaceful reunification. But this hope has been shattered. Taiwanese authorities have harassed mainland fishing vessels, leading to deaths and injuries of innocent fishermen.

He raises his voice, echoing through the chamber.

PRESIDENT OF CHINA (CONT'D)

The Taiwanese military has gravely provoked the People's Liberation Army— even shooting down an aircraft on routine patrol over the Taiwan Strait. We have exercised restraint. But we will no longer tolerate the unchecked behavior of separatist forces.

He pounds the lectern.

PRESIDENT OF CHINA (CONT'D)

Starting today, I invoke the “Anti-Secession Law” of the People’s Republic of China, and submit it for deliberation by the National People’s Congress.

The People’s Representatives leap to their feet, applause thundering.

PRESIDENT OF CHINA

We must dare to face the battlefield, stand resolute for unification, and look to the future with confidence. The Chinese people will achieve the great rejuvenation of the nation with courage, strength, and wisdom.

The hall erupts with sustained applause.

EXT. KINMEN ISLAND – DAY

Artillery fire crashes down. The PLA’s 35th Brigade launches a half-hour destructive assault on Kinmen’s military installations—rockets and howitzers thunder relentlessly.

Landing craft plow toward the shore. Amphibious tanks grind onto the beaches. Taiwanese defenders fire sporadically, but resistance quickly crumbles.

The Chinese national flag rises above the tallest building on Kinmen Island.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In that moment, history shifted. With the fall of Kinmen, the war truly began.

EXT. SENKAKU ISLANDS – DAY

Chinese marines step ashore. No defenders appear. They raise the national flag, cameras broadcasting live.

CCTV MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

The People's Liberation Army has achieved a preliminary victory in the reunification of the motherland.

Crowds in Chinese cities march with banners, chanting:

CROWD (CHANTING)

Liberate Taiwan! Reunify the motherland!

INT. JAPANESE PRESS ROOM – DAY

The Chief Cabinet Secretary of Japan addresses reporters.

JAPANESE OFFICIAL

The Senkaku Islands are inherent Japanese territory. China's occupation is intolerable. This is an act of war. We will respond decisively to China's aggression.

INT. PENTAGON – PRESS ROOM – DAY

The Chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff speaks gravely.

U.S. GENERAL

The situation is highly complex. But the U.S. military is prepared to respond to any

provocations. Our commitment to our allies remains unwavering.

INT. CHINESE FOREIGN MINISTRY – DAY

A spokesperson delivers a stern warning.

CHINESE SPOKESPERSON

Any covert or direct assistance to the Taiwanese authorities by the United States risks armed conflict between our two countries. If any country dares to interfere in China's internal affairs, they will face devastating consequences.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE – TAIPEI – NIGHT

The President of Taiwan stands before cameras, eyes resolute.

PRESIDENT OF TAIWAN

Dear compatriots,

Today, our country faces an unprecedented challenge. The assault from mainland China has begun, threatening our freedom, our democracy, and everything we hold dear.

He grips the podium firmly.

PRESIDENT OF TAIWAN (CONT'D)

We are not alone. The international community is watching, and many countries have expressed support. Our armed forces are prepared on all fronts. They will protect our land with courage and wisdom.

His voice hardens, carrying defiance.

PRESIDENT OF TAIWAN (CONT'D)

I urge all citizens to remain calm and resilient. Our strength lies in unity. Taiwan will not yield. We will fight for freedom and independence—until the day of victory.

PRESIDENT OF TAIWAN

Thank you all. May the heavens bless Taiwan!

NARRATOR (LIT.)

From the Great Hall of the People in Beijing to the streets of Taipei, peace changed in a single day. The spark was lit. The storm of war swept across the Pacific, and Taiwan's fate now hung by a thread.

Scene 3 – The War Escalates

NARRATOR (LIT.)

War shows no mercy. With lightning speed, the People's Liberation Army unleashed its "blitzkrieg" across the Taiwan Strait. Taiwan, however, had long prepared for "asymmetric warfare." The clash of two strategies now shook the world.

EXT. TAIWAN – COASTLINE – DAY

Columns of fire streak across the sky. PLA rocket artillery and long-range howitzers saturate Taiwan's coastal defenses.

Radar stations crumbled. Air bases erupted in fire. Command posts vanished in smoke.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

A storm of steel and fire engulfed the island.

EXT. TAIWAN – SKY – DAY

Thousands of PLA drones swarm overhead, dropping bombs on bunkers, airfields, and hidden shelters. Taiwanese anti-air defenses blaze, cutting some from the sky, but the swarm presses on.

Taiwan's SkyNet defense system locks on. Missiles streaked upward, anti-drone fire rising in relentless waves.

INT. PLA COMMAND CENTER – DAY

Generals study screens as Taiwanese positions flicker red with damage reports.

PLA GENERAL

Their defenses are fractured. Continue the strikes. Do not relent.

EXT. TAIWAN – COUNTRYSIDE – DAY

Stealth bombers roar overhead, releasing precision-guided munitions. Airports and naval bases explode. Taiwan's communication systems falter, leaving units isolated.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Taiwan's defenses bent beneath the onslaught. But their spirit had not broken.

EXT. FUJIAN COAST – NIGHT

Hidden among hills, Taiwanese long-range rocket systems roll into position. Soldiers exchange firm nods.

COMMANDER (TAIWAN)

Target coordinates locked. Fire!

Thunderbolts streaked across the strait. Explosions ripped through PLA camps, supply lines, and radar stations along the Fujian coast.

EXT. TAIWAN STRAIT – UNDERSEA – NIGHT

A Taiwanese submarine, the Narwhal, stalks beneath dark waters. Inside, the captain grips the periscope.

CAPTAIN

Torpedoes one through four—ready.

OFFICERS

Tube one ready! Tube two ready! Tube three ready! Tube four ready!

CAPTAIN

Fire!

Four MK-50 torpedoes speed into the deep. Seconds later, massive explosions tear through two Chinese destroyers and cripple a third. The crew erupts in cheers, even as alarms blare—anti-submarine aircraft close in.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In sacrifice, they found glory— and the sea bore witness.

EXT. TAIWAN AIR FORCE BASE – 4 A.M.

Engines roar as twenty F-16V fighters take off under the cover of night. Fifteen move ahead as decoys. Five carry the real mission.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Taiwan's leaders knew they could not hold alone. But they could strike a blow so daring, the world could not look away.

EXT. NORTHERN CHINA – SKY – NIGHT

Chinese J-20 stealth fighters engage. Missiles streak. Explosions flare mid-air. Ten Taiwanese jets are lost, seven J-20s fall from the sky.

Three F-16Vs break through. Pilots steel their gaze.

PILOT (RADIO)

Target in sight. Tiananmen... locked on.

They release six AGM-154E precision missiles.

EXT. BEIJING – TIANANMEN SQUARE – NIGHT

The city sleeps. Suddenly, fire erupts. Explosions tear through Tiananmen Square and nearby Zhongnanhai. Windows shatter for blocks. Civilians rush into the streets, panic

rising.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The heart of China trembled. In fire and smoke, the impossible had happened.

INT. BEIJING – HIGH-LEVEL MILITARY MEETING – NIGHT

Chinese leaders gather, faces pale, voices sharp.

SENIOR COMMANDER

This cannot stand. Advance the timetable. Occupy Taiwan in ten days.

Silence hangs for a moment. Then, unanimous nods.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

And so the storm grew fiercer. The countdown had begun— not only for Taiwan, but for all humanity.

Scene 4 – The Invasion and the Plea for Aid

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Beijing reeled from the unthinkable strike, yet its resolve only hardened. Orders went forth: accelerate the timetable—occupy Taiwan within ten days. And so the great assault began.

EXT. TAIWAN STRAIT – DAWN

The horizon glows with fire. PLA Rocket Force unleashes a second wave of missiles,

pounding Taiwan's coastal defenses.

Amphibious assault ships slice through rough waters. From their decks, armored vehicles thunder into landing craft. Helicopters roar overhead, carrying paratroopers into the gray morning sky.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

From sea and sky, the storm advanced.

EXT. TAIWAN BEACHHEAD – MORNING

Explosions churn sand and surf. Taiwanese artillery rains shells upon the shoreline, destroying several landing craft. But more press on.

Two hundred PLA tanks grind ashore, firing as they move. Taiwanese soldiers respond with Javelin missiles—several tanks erupt into flames.

Smoke blackened the air. Bodies fell. The tide of war swallowed the beach.

EXT. TAIWAN CITY – AFTERNOON

In Taoyuan and New Taipei, urban warfare erupts. PLA mechanized infantry push through narrow streets. Taiwanese defenders ambush from alleys and rooftops.

Unmanned aerial vehicles buzz overhead, marking targets for artillery. Snipers fire from windows. Civilian cars, overturned and burning, block intersections.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The battlefield shifted from shore to street, from ocean to home. Each block a fortress,

each building a line of defense.

INT. TAIWAN COMMAND BUNKER – NIGHT

Taiwanese commanders huddle around a map. Sweat drips. The room vibrates from distant shelling.

COMMANDER

Our lines are holding—for now. But without outside help, we cannot last.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. – CAPITOL HILL – DAY

Taiwanese envoys stand before U.S. senators.

TAIWANESE ENVOY

If Taiwan falls, the first island chain collapses. The Pacific will be open to China's domination. We ask—no, we implore—for military assistance.

Murmurs ripple through the chamber. Senators exchange grave looks.

INT. TOKYO – NATIONAL DIET – DAY

Taiwanese representatives address Japanese lawmakers.

TAIWANESE REPRESENTATIVE

The security of East Asia depends on Taiwan. If we fall, Japan will be next.

A Japanese lawmaker rises.

JAPANESE LAWMAKER

We must consider military support. The hour of decision has come.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The plea for aid echoed from Washington to Tokyo. Taiwan fought with courage, yet its survival now rested in the hands of others. The war had crossed a threshold—from a regional struggle to a trial for the world itself.

Scene 5 – The War Widens

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The fire of war spread beyond the strait. What began as a battle for Taiwan now ignited the heart of Asia.

EXT. LHASA – POTALA PALACE SQUARE – DAY

Hundreds of Tibetans gather before the Potala Palace. Flags wave, voices rise in defiance.

CROWD (CHANTING)

Freedom for Tibet! End the oppression!

Chinese security forces advance, shields raised, batons in hand. Tear gas canisters arc into the crowd. Chaos erupts—shouts, screams, smoke.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

For decades, silence had been enforced. But in the shadow of war, voices long suppressed rose once more.

EXT. ISTANBUL – DAY

Uyghur exiles march through the streets, banners high.

UYGHUR LEADER

Brothers and sisters, the time has come! Let the world see the suffering of our people in Xinjiang.

Crowds cheer. Turkish flags wave alongside Uyghur ones.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

From the mountains of Tibet to the deserts of Xinjiang, unrest stirred. Borders trembled, and neighbors took notice.

EXT. NEW DELHI – INDIAN PARLIAMENT – DAY

Lawmakers argue passionately. The Prime Minister rises.

INDIAN PRIME MINISTER

India cannot stand idle while turmoil consumes our region. We will defend democracy and support those who resist aggression.

Applause echoes through the chamber.

EXT. EAST CHINA SEA – NIGHT

Japanese Maritime Self-Defense Force destroyers cut through rough waves. Aircraft carriers launch fighters into the dark sky.

On the horizon, the Chinese carrier Shandong leads a battle group forward.

JAPANESE ADMIRAL (RADIO)

All units, prepare for engagement.

EXT. EAST CHINA SEA – BATTLE – NIGHT

Missiles streak across the waves. Explosions flare as ships maneuver desperately. Japanese destroyers are struck, fire spilling across their decks.

But their counterattack is fierce. Anti-ship missiles smash into Chinese vessels. A carrier shudders under the impact, flames rising from its deck.

Fighters clash overhead, tracers carving the night.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The East China Sea became a furnace of steel and fire. Both sides bled, neither yielding.

EXT. SOUTH CHINA SEA – DAY

A coalition fleet advances—American destroyers, British frigates, Australian warships. Together, they open fire on China's fortified islands.

Bunkers explode. Runways crack and collapse. Radar towers tumble into smoke.

U.S. ADMIRAL (RADIO)

Strike hard. Strike fast. Leave nothing that can be used against us.

Cruise missiles rain down on Chinese fleets stationed nearby. Several ships vanish in fireballs.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

From Tibet to Xinjiang, from the East China Sea to the South China Sea, the conflict had outgrown its birthplace. The world itself was now at war.

Scene 6 – Firebird: Russia’s Invasion of Belarus

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Even as Asia burned, another front opened. The shadow of war crept westward—and Europe shivered beneath its chill.

EXT. MINSK – NIGHT

Sirens wail. Russian fighter jets scream overhead, dropping precision bombs across the Belarusian capital.

Explosions ripple through the city. Government buildings collapse into rubble. Streets are ablaze.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Moscow named it “Operation Firebird”—a lightning strike to seize Belarus under its wing.

RUSSIAN STATE TV – FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR

Russia can no longer endure the Belarusian government's years of hostile acts and atrocities against our compatriots. Today, by order of the President, Russian troops are entering Belarus. This is not aggression — it is a decisive operation against fascism.

EXT. BELARUSIAN COUNTRYSIDE – NIGHT

Columns of Russian tanks roll across the border, headlights slicing the darkness. Helicopters thunder low, dropping paratroopers into fields.

Belarusian units scramble to respond but are overwhelmed within hours.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE – MINSK – NIGHT

The President of Belarus flees through underground tunnels, aides clutching suitcases of documents. Panic echoes through the narrow halls. Ultimately, they choose to seek refuge in Ukraine.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

By dawn, the capital had fallen. A nation's fate rewritten overnight.

EXT. EUROPEAN BORDER – DAY

Refugees flood westward—families clutching children, dragging bags through the mud. NATO reconnaissance drones circle above, recording every moment.

European leaders gather in urgent councils, their faces grim.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The war crossed continents, bleeding across Europe. Peace was completely engulfed—armies clashed, alliances fractured, nations fell. World War III raged on every front. Was this humanity's fate—or merely the darkness before the dawn?

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 22

(Final Judgment and World War III (Part Three))

Scene 1 – The Pregnant Helen

INT. HELEN'S ROOM – DAY

NARRATOR (LIT.)

World War III raged on, shattering economies and plunging nations into despair. In the shadow of this chaos, a new life was taking shape.

Helen stands before a mirror, her hands resting on her swollen belly. Though only four months pregnant, she looks nearly eight. Her eyes shine with a mixture of awe and gratitude.

She steps into the garden, where the apple tree stands tall, its branches heavy with red, heart-shaped fruit. Helen plucks one, gazing at it as though it brims with love and miracles.

HELEN

(whispering to herself)

These apples shorten the months of pregnancy... Did John already know I was

carrying his child before he left?

She wipes the apple gently and takes a small bite. Tears shimmer in her eyes.

HELEN

(to herself)

When will you return to me?

The wind stirs the branches, as if answering her.

Scene 2 – the Council of the Divine Realm, and the Rift at Home

INT. DIVINE COUNCIL HALL – DAY

A vast chamber of marble and light. Along the walls, glass panels shimmer faintly. Four great fixtures hang from the ceiling, casting brilliance upon the oval table at the center. Discreetly placed cameras and microphones broadcast the session live. Around thirty figures, young and hairless, are seated at the table, including one beast-faced being.

At one end of the oval table sits Essiyaht, the leader of the Divine Realm. Behind him, the great quantum symbol glows—a totem of origin, creation, and memory.

The councilors murmur, tension sharp in the air.

COUNCILOR ONE

Humanity has brought endless war and corruption upon itself. Their greed poisons the Earth. They must be erased.

COUNCILOR TWO

And yet, they are children of creation. Do we destroy them—or grant them mercy?

The murmurs subside as Essiyaht rises. He rests his hands upon the table, voice solemn, resonant.

ESSIYAHT

First, as the initiator of the Universe Plan, I thank you for your loyalty and work. It is through you that creation has flourished. Humanity is the center of this creation, the core of the universe. We must grant them time and freedom to govern Earth.

(pauses, his voice softens)

But I must also confess. My birth among them has changed me. I lived their love, their suffering, their faith. I witnessed kindness and sacrifice, as well as greed and sin. Within their fragile span of years, they created miracles beyond measure.

The chamber falls into silence. Essiyaht's eyes glisten with unspoken weight.

ESSIYAHT

There are two people on Earth who love me with all their hearts. And there are two whom I love with all of mine. Their devotion is my reminder that humanity must not be destroyed. To annihilate them is to annihilate the very meaning of love itself.

(beat)

This is my final judgment: Humanity shall live.

For a moment, the chamber is still. Then, applause erupts—scattered at first, then swelling until it fills the hall.

HIGH COUNCILOR

So let it be judged. Humanity shall not perish. They will be granted eternal life

through the transformation of their genes. Earth will remain in their care.

All present wear solemn expressions, applauding in agreement.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

By his voice, a world was spared. Humanity's fate was rewritten—not by power, but by love.

INT. ESSIYAHT'S HOUSE – DIVINE REALM – LATER

Essiyaht returns home, his face shadowed with worry. Inside the living room, Hseqimedi sits at a chessboard, playing against the household robot, Widyh. Neither looks up as Essiyaht clears his throat.

He hesitates, about to retreat quietly to his room, when Hseqimedi's voice cuts through the silence.

HSEQIMEDI

Wait a minute. I have something to say to you.

Her tone is cool. Essiyaht forces a smile.

ESSIYAHT

Did you lose the chess game? Let me help you.

He walks over. Widyh glances at Hseqimedi, then silently stands and leaves the room.

HSEQIMEDI

Don't change the subject. I want to know if your statement at the council was meant to tell everyone you have a lover on Earth.

ESSIYAHT

You misunderstood. I only meant that people on Earth are compassionate and full of love.

HSEQIMEDI

And how am I supposed to face my friends now?

ESSIYAHT

I'm sorry. I didn't think it through and brought trouble upon you.

Her expression softens.

HSEQIMEDI

No need to apologize. I understand you.

ESSIYAHT

Thank you, Hseqimedi. I'll repay your kindness in the future.

At the word future, her eyes flare again.

HSEQIMEDI

Then tell me—how will you deal with that girl on Earth in the future?

Essiyaht falters, then speaks honestly.

ESSIYAHT

She is carrying my child. I may need to visit Earth from time to time to see them.

HSEQIMEDI

(ironically)

You truly are a romantic hero.

ESSIYAHT

I'm sorry. During my time on Earth, both women helped me greatly. I cannot be ungrateful—it would weigh too heavily on my conscience.

Tears fill Hseqimedi's eyes.

HSEQIMEDI

Thank you for your honesty. Perhaps we should divorce, so you can marry her.

ESSIYAHT

You're overthinking. You know I love you deeply. As for the girl on Earth, she has the child, and my parents can help her there. She doesn't need me every day. But... emotionally, I feel guilty toward her.

Hseqimedi rises and embraces him. Essiyaht gently wipes her tears, kissing her forehead.

HSEQIMEDI

(softly)

What is her name?

Essiyaht's voice trembles.

ESSIYAHT

Her name is Helen.

SCENE 3 – Flames of Global War

NARRATOR (LIT.)

World War III spreads across continents. From desert to mountain, from city to sea, the world is engulfed in flames. Each new front pulls humanity deeper into chaos.

MIDDLE EAST – DAY

Israeli reservists march into battle. The Israeli Air Force unleashes wave after wave of airstrikes against Iran. Explosions shatter Tehran's skyline, fire and smoke rising into the heavens.

Israeli tanks roll into Damascus, seizing both Damascus International Airport and Aleppo Airport.

ISRAELI PRIME MINISTER (TV BROADCAST)

If you cannot meet our demands, we will advance without hesitation. With God's blessing, we will fight to the end. We will defend every inch of our land. But if you choose peace and reconciliation, lay down your arms, and we will halt immediately.

Later that evening, a Mossad strike team plants explosives in the Tehran safe house of a Hamas leader. The detonation reduces the residence to rubble.

ISRAELI PRIME MINISTER (PRESS STATEMENT)

Israel will ensure that any enemy who strikes at us pays a heavy price—on every front.

IRANIAN REVOLUTIONARY GUARD SPOKESPERSON (TV)

This crime was carried out by Zionists with American support. The terrorist Zionist regime will face severe punishment—at the right time, with the right means.

KOREAN PENINSULA – DAY

South Korean forces advance to the very outskirts of Pyongyang. Tanks grind forward across broken highways.

On national television, a grim NORTH KOREAN MILITARY SPOKESPERSON declares:

NORTH KOREAN SPOKESPERSON

If South Korea and the United States do not halt their aggression, we will strike Seoul and the American mainland with every weapon at our disposal—including nuclear arms.

After tense consultations, the United States and South Korea suspend their offensive, hoping for an internal coup within the North.

TIBET & INDIA – DAY

Demonstrators flood Lhasa's central square, burning Chinese flags and shouting:

CROWD

Tibet independence! Tibet freedom!

Armed Tibetans attack police stations and paramilitary camps. The Chinese army arrives with orders to crush the rebellion. Gunfire erupts; the streets run red with blood.

In India, the exiled Tibetan leader appeals for aid. The Indian government answers.

Indian fighter jets and attack helicopters roar into Tibetan skies from the Nyoma Airfield—the highest base in the world. Armored vehicles grind through Himalayan passes. The Indian 5th Mountain Division surges forward in force.

TAIWAN STRAIT – EASTERN COAST – DAY

The U.S. and its allies launch a three-pronged landing at Jhaoxi, Yilan, and Luodong.

SEAL teams and Delta Force vanguards arrive by stealth boats and Raider helicopters. Marines with jetpacks descend directly onto beaches.

AI robots and robotic dogs, rifles in hand, march in formation.

COMMANDER (TO ROBOT UNIT)

Your enemies are those who fire upon you. Protect your fellow robots and safeguard American soldiers and allies, even at the cost of your own lives. Follow my orders at all times. Understood?

AI ROBOTS (IN UNISON)

Yes, Sir. Semper Fi.

The landing zone swells with paratroopers of the 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions. Tanks, howitzers, and next-generation armored vehicles thunder ashore. The coastline

bristles with men, machines, and steel.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Modern war is no longer fought by soldiers alone but by drones, AI, and precision networks. Justice and technology converge on the battlefield. Yet behind every explosion lies the suffering of civilians, the fracture of families, the erosion of trust. War may grant victory to the strong, but its endless cost is borne by the weak.

SCENE 4 – The Belarus–Ukraine Counterattack

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In Europe, World War III rages on, and Belarus burns as a crucible of fire and steel.

MINSK – DAY

Russia installs a pro-Moscow regime in Belarus. State television proclaims stability, restored under Russian “assistance.”

RUSSIAN PRESIDENT (TV)

Our mission is to defend Belarus against fascism. Russian troops will remain until order is secured.

Meanwhile, the Belarusian President, having fled to Ukraine, pleads for help.

KYIV – CABINET MEETING – DAY

The Ukrainian President convenes an emergency meeting. Ministers sit tense, eyes fixed on him.

UKRAINIAN PRESIDENT

Russia's aggression against Belarus mirrors the darkest invasions of our own past. We cannot stand aside. Ukraine declares full support for the Belarusian people in their struggle for freedom.

He addresses the nation on live television.

UKRAINIAN PRESIDENT (TV)

Though we are a NATO member, we act independently. We do not seek escalation or NATO's direct involvement. But condemnation without action is an empty word. I call upon nations of conscience to join us in resisting tyranny.

The Belarusian President replies with solemn gratitude.

BELARUSIAN PRESIDENT (TV)

This friendship is written in blood and sacrifice. Today's decision will forever be remembered by our people.

WARFRONT – BELARUS BORDER – DAY

Ukrainian armored brigades surge forward. Leopard 2A7, Challenger II, and Abrams tanks thunder across the plains. Soldiers armed with Javelins and NLAWs advance with fierce resolve.

Russia counters with waves of T-14 Armata, T-90M, and T-72B3 tanks, supported by self-propelled artillery and missile brigades. The battlefield ignites in fire and steel.

Ukrainian operators release swarms of Kamikaze and Switchblade drones. Russian tanks erupt in fireballs, smoke and flame blotting the sky. Some soldiers, engulfed in fire, end their agony with grenades.

In less than an hour, Russian armored units are forced to retreat toward Minsk. Ukrainian troops, tasting their first major victory, erupt in cheers. Many raise their voices in the national anthem of Ukraine.

KYIV – NIGHT

Celebration is brief. Russian bombers roar overhead. Tu-95MS and Tu-22M3 aircraft unleash hypersonic missiles. Submarines launch Kinzhal and Zircon cruise missiles.

Explosions devastate Kyiv. Residential towers collapse in flame. Power plants erupt, plunging the capital into darkness.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Every victory is dearly bought, its flame burning briefly before the darkness consumes it.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 23

(The Birth of Little John and the Coming of “Armageddon”)

Scene 1 — The Prayer and the Birth of Little John

EXT. WEST VIRGINIA CHURCH – LATE AUTUMN MORNING

Golden sunlight filters through oak, maple, and sycamore trees. Leaves, red and yellow, drift like dancers in the autumn breeze. The mountains in the distance glow with misty color. The church bells ring, summoning the faithful.

INT. CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

Warm light streams through stained glass windows, scattering patterns across wooden pews. The atmosphere is reverent, hushed.

Helen, visibly pregnant, sits with Ella and Robert. Pastor Carson Harris (58, dignified, calm) approaches the pulpit.

PASTOR HARRIS

Brothers and sisters, please rise.

The congregation sings “Blessed Assurance” and “It Is Well with My Soul.” Their voices blend, solemn and melodic.

After the hymns, Pastor Carson begins the prayer.

PASTOR HARRIS

Dear Heavenly Father,

We pray for peace in this world. May Your love and peace fill our hearts. Grant the leaders of all nations the wisdom and compassion to end wars and conflicts. May those who suffer and are in distress find Your comfort and blessing. Help each of us become ambassadors of peace, spreading Your love wherever we go.

In the name of Jesus Christ, we pray. Amen.

The congregation answers in unison:

CONGREGATION

Amen.

Helen closes her eyes, hands clasped. A warmth fills her heart, as if touched by divine love. Ella and Robert pray silently beside her.

Suddenly, Helen gasps, her face pale, sweat breaking across her brow.

ELLA

Dear, what's wrong?

HELEN

(weakly)

I think I'm going into labor. We need to get to the hospital.

ROBERT

Helen, can you walk?

HELEN

Yes.

ROBERT

Alright, I'll take you right away. Hang in there!

Ella helps Helen to her feet. The three leave quickly. Pastor Harris frowns slightly as he watches from the pulpit.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD – DAY

Robert drives steadily. Helen sits in the back with Ella, gripping her hand through waves of contractions.

Suddenly, Robert sees a white truck swerving ahead. He honks repeatedly, his mind flashing back twenty years ago—his wife in labor, the same road, the same fear.

The truck passes. The driver makes an obscene gesture.

ELLA

(startled)

Robert! What are you doing?

Robert rubs his eyes, shaken. His hands tremble slightly on the wheel.

ROBERT

Sorry. Just a hallucination.

ELLA

Let me drive.

ROBERT

No, I'm fine.

He grips the wheel firmly and presses forward.

INT. HOSPITAL – EMERGENCY ROOM – DAY

Doctors and nurses rush Helen onto a gurney. A doctor reassures Ella and Robert:

DOCTOR

She is stable. The delivery should be normal in a few hours.

Robert buys fast food, and he and Ella wait anxiously in the hallway. Time passes slowly.

At last, a nurse emerges, smiling.

NURSE

Congratulations! The baby is born. Both mother and child are healthy.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

She did not mention that the baby had been born prematurely.

ELLA

Thank you! Thank God!

She embraces Robert, tears of joy streaming down her face.

INT. HOSPITAL – MATERNITY WARD – DAY

Helen lies in bed, tired but radiant.

ROBERT

Congratulations, Helen!

HELEN

Thank you. Go see your grandson.

Ella lifts the infant from the crib, holding him close as she studies his tiny face.

ELLA

He looks just like his father when he was born! And those eyes—so much like yours, Helen.

She hands the baby to Helen, beaming.

ELLA

His father came to save the world, and he was born for peace. Have you thought of a name?

HELEN

(weak smile)

Let's call him John.

ELLA

Perfect! A meaningful name. Don't worry, dear—we will take care of you and little John.

Helen, deeply moved, whispers:

HELEN

Thank you so much... I don't know how to express my feelings.

ROBERT

We're family. Always.

A silence falls. Helen gazes down at her son, tears sliding onto his tiny face.

The baby stirs, reaching his little hand into the air. Helen clasps it gently—at once, a warm surge flows through her body.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Thus, little John, bearing divine nature, began his extraordinary life.

Scene 2 — NASA and Halley's Comet's Early Return

INT. NASA MONITORING CENTER – MORNING

The control room hums with quiet activity. Screens glow with streams of data, images, and star charts.

At a desk, a STAFF MEMBER (early 40s) sips his coffee, scrolling through images from the James Webb Space Telescope.

He pauses, squints, then rubs his eyes. On the monitor: a comet with a long, brilliant tail rushing toward the solar system.

He prints the image, combs through past records—nothing matches. After an hour of comparisons, realization dawns: the comet is Halley's Comet, arriving forty years too soon.

Grim-faced, he hurries to his SHIFT SUPERVISOR with the printouts.

INT. NASA SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

The STAFF MEMBER lays down the images. The SUPERVISOR studies them, his expression darkening.

SUPERVISOR

Assemble a team immediately. Gather all data on Halley's Comet and calculate its trajectory. I'll report this to higher authorities.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – OVAL OFFICE – DAY

President Tony Walker (early 50s) meets with senior military officials. They discuss anti-war protests and the urgency of ending the Taiwan Strait conflict.

The desk phone rings. The President frowns, lifts the receiver, listens, then speaks urgently:

PRESIDENT WALKER

Come to my office immediately.

About ten minutes later, NASA Administrator Rein Martinez enters, report in hand.

PRESIDENT WALKER

What's going on, Rein?

MARTINEZ

Mr. President, our latest observations indicate Halley's Comet is returning forty years earlier than expected. Its trajectory intersects Earth's orbit.

PRESIDENT WALKER

How is that possible? What does this mean for Earth?

MARTINEZ

We don't yet know the cause. But it could collide with Earth.

PRESIDENT WALKER

How much time?

MARTINEZ

Based on current speed—two years.

PRESIDENT WALKER

(quiet, almost to himself)

What can we do to prevent this?

Martinez hesitates, then speaks carefully.

MARTINEZ

We still have time to develop countermeasures. And... there may be unexpected developments. The collision may not happen.

PRESIDENT WALKER

Then give me the probability.

MARTINEZ

Ninety percent.

A heavy silence. The President steadies himself.

PRESIDENT WALKER

Alright. You take charge. But keep this confidential.

MARTINEZ

Understood, Mr. President.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – LATER

The President reviews the report alone. His chief of staff, Maurice Wilson, enters.

PRESIDENT WALKER

Take a look at this.

Maurice scans the pages, pale.

WILSON

This looks bad. What can we do?

PRESIDENT WALKER

NASA is working on it. Meanwhile, notify China and Russia. Tell them a great event is coming and urge them to stop their wars. Inform Beijing that the U.S. will halt its

offensive on Taiwan.

WILSON

I understand.

Maurice exits.

INT. NASA MONITORING CENTER – TEN DAYS LATER

SUPER: TEN DAYS LATER

A simulation runs across a computer screen, Halley's Comet spiraling toward Earth. The results are rechecked—unchanged. The collision will come sooner than expected. Scientists exchange stunned looks, speechless.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – OVAL OFFICE – DAY

President Walker sits with his advisors: NASA Administrator Rein Martinez, the Director of the Planetary Defense Coordination Office (PDCO), and senior military officials.

The room is tense.

MARTINEZ

We don't know why, but Halley's Comet has suddenly accelerated. According to our latest calculations, it will strike Earth in three months.

Shock ripples through the room.

PRESIDENT WALKER

If it happens—what are our chances of survival?

MARTINEZ

Zero, Mr. President. If the collision occurs, humanity will not survive.

PDCO DIRECTOR

Our experts have two theories. One: changes in dark matter or dark energy. Two: a mysterious force attempting to destroy Earth.

PRESIDENT WALKER

What do you mean by a mysterious force?

PDCO DIRECTOR

Extraterrestrials.

A pause. The President exhales slowly.

PRESIDENT WALKER

Alright. Solutions?

SPACE POLICY DIRECTOR

Years ago, we worked on a joint program—codename Xaman Ek. The plan: spaceplanes armed with nuclear bombs to redirect asteroids or comets. But it was canceled due to budget cuts.

PRESIDENT WALKER

Can we restart it?

SPACE POLICY DIRECTOR

Halley's Comet weighs 220 billion tons, five hundred cubic kilometers in size. We'd need fifty spaceplanes. We cannot build them in months. It's impossible.

President Walker lowers his head, deep in thought.

PRESIDENT WALKER

I'll find a way. Thank you, all of you.

The officials rise and leave. The President remains, lost in heavy silence.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – PRESS ROOM – NEXT MORNING

Television cameras flash. Reporters fill the hall.

President Walker steps to the podium, solemn.

PRESIDENT WALKER

Fellow Americans, members of the press:

According to our scientists, Halley's Comet will collide with Earth in three months. This news is shocking. Though we cannot explain its early return, we must face reality.

The U.S. government has acted swiftly. Scientists, engineers, and defense experts are working around the clock to alter the comet's trajectory. We will use every resource—advanced spacecraft, nuclear technology, cutting-edge solutions.

But this crisis is not for one nation alone. We are working with world leaders, sharing technology and information to mount a united response.

At this critical moment, we need every citizen's calm and cooperation. Trust in science. Believe in unity. Together, we can overcome this challenge.

May God bless America, and all humanity.

Reporters erupt with questions.

REPORTER (shouting)

Mr. President, are you saying extinction is inevitable?

The President offers no reply. He steps away from the podium, his face carved with resolve and dread.

Scene 3 — Global Panic and the Divine Appearance

INT. LIVING ROOM – MORNING

Ella cradles little John in her arms. Helen and Robert sit nearby. The television glows with the live broadcast of President Tony Walker's press conference.

Little John waves his tiny hands at the screen, as if responding to the President's voice. Ella, Helen, and Robert watch quietly, their faces unreadable.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Around the world, the speech spread like wildfire. Panic followed swiftly.

MONTAGE – GLOBAL CHAOS

The world reacts.

— Grocery stores stripped bare as crowds hoard food and water.

— Religious leaders lead massive prayers in churches, mosques, and temples.

— Global stock markets plunge, numbers collapsing toward zero.

— Young couples rush to city halls to marry, clinging to love in the shadow of disaster.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

As the shadow of extinction loomed, humanity revealed both its fear and its longing.

INT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS – GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL – DAY

The chamber buzzes with tension. Representatives fill the hall. On the podium, UN Secretary-General ÉTIENNE DUPONT presides.

President Tony Walker has just finished his appeal. The delegates vote, passing a resolution to create a global disaster response organization.

Thunderous applause fills the hall. Dupont steps forward.

DUPONT

First and foremost, I congratulate you on passing this resolution. Today, once again,

we prove that humanity's destiny rests in collective effort. Wars have ceased, but Earth's crisis is urgent.

As Dupont speaks, the screen above the podium flickers.

ON THE SCREEN – VIDEO MESSAGE

A young, bald man appears. Handsome, calm. Behind him, a tranquil lake ripples under sunlight. Flowers bloom along its shore, butterflies drift in the air. Tropical trees line a path where a couple strolls peacefully—an image evoking Eden.

The man speaks.

ESSIYAHTA (on screen)

On behalf of humanity's creators, I announce that the divine realm will temporarily take over Earth. But we will not permanently interfere in human affairs.

I request that all nations in conflict cease hostilities immediately, and that no government attempt to obstruct our actions. Humanity's bright future is in your hands. Cooperate.

And I remind the "Earth Governors" organization: cease all activities, and do not interfere in our mission.

The background you see is the early life of humanity's ancestors. It is a reminder—the Creator exists. Now is the time for humanity to face this truth.

As Essiyahta finishes speaking, the hall erupts in commotion. Delegates murmur, stunned, some rising to their feet.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL – CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, the screen flickers again.

ON THE SCREEN – A massive gray-black spaceship materializes above Manhattan, slowly expanding until it fills the sky. Larger than three aircraft carriers, it casts a vast shadow across the skyline.

Gasps echo in the General Assembly hall as the live feed continues.

Then, the image freezes. The feed cuts abruptly.

Almost at once, the phones of world leaders begin to ring, their shrill tones overlapping, amplifying the tension.

INT. UNITED NATIONS – SECURITY COUNCIL CHAMBER – LATER

The leaders of the fifteen Security Council nations sit around a circular table, nameplates and microphones before them. President Tony Walker speaks first, his voice grave.

PRESIDENT TONY WALKER

I apologize for calling this urgent meeting. Like you, I am shocked. But this concerns humanity's fate. Please share your views.

BRITISH PRIME MINISTER

A non-Earth spaceship has appeared above the UK. Our scientists cannot determine its origin. It could be divine... or alien.

CHINESE PRESIDENT

The same type of vessel has appeared above our country.

GERMAN CHANCELLOR

If we attempt to coexist with such advanced beings, it would mean enslavement. We must show courage and defend human dignity.

FRENCH PRESIDENT

No—true intelligence values peace. Force is not the answer.

INDIAN PRIME MINISTER

If this were truly the divine realm, they would not need fleets of ships. These are alien battleships. We should unite and prepare to fight.

JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER

Patience. If they are invaders, our weapons cannot match their technology. Negotiation must be considered.

AUSTRALIAN PRIME MINISTER

Then form a coalition. If they act with hostility, we retaliate.

RUSSIAN PRESIDENT

By then it will be too late. A preemptive strike may be our only chance.

SOUTH KOREAN PRESIDENT

Without U.S. leadership, none of our nations can stand. I propose President Tony Walker make the final decision. If America chooses force, we will act together.

ALL LEADERS

Agreed!

The chamber fills with applause—loud, uneasy, defiant.

ITALIAN PRIME MINISTER

And what of Halley's Comet?

INDIAN PRIME MINISTER

A scare tactic, meant to distract. Their goal is occupation, not destruction.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Once again, politics revealed its essence: power, interest, fragile trust. Yesterday's enemies clasped hands as allies, facing what they believed to be a greater foe.

Scene 4 — The Mysterious Message and the Outbreak of "Armageddon"

INT. WHITE HOUSE – OVAL OFFICE – NIGHT

President Tony Walker sits at his desk, a cup of coffee cooling at his side. The weight of recent events hangs heavy on him.

NASA Administrator Rein Martinez enters, report in hand.

PRESIDENT TONY WALKER

What's the situation with Halley's Comet?

REIN MARTINEZ

The latest images from the James Webb Space Telescope show it beginning to turn away from the solar system.

President Walker nods, distracted.

PRESIDENT TONY WALKER

(frowning)

Are you aware of everything that happened today?

REIN MARTINEZ

Some of it. That speech has already spread online.

PRESIDENT TONY WALKER

Is he divine... or alien?

REIN MARTINEZ

I can't give you a scientific answer. Some scientists believe life on Earth may have originated from extraterrestrials. In that sense, gods and aliens could be the same concept.

President Walker absorbs this, then gestures.

PRESIDENT TONY WALKER

Go on.

Martinez lays down another report.

REIN MARTINEZ

This message was just received through the Deep Space Network, relayed from Voyager 1. It's binary code we've deciphered.

PRESIDENT TONY WALKER

(urgent)

What does it say?

REIN MARTINEZ

The first part reads: "For the sake of humanity, cease resistance. This is God's will."

The second: "Your nation has fifteen days, or we will take action."

The President stares at him, shaken.

PRESIDENT TONY WALKER

What does it mean?

REIN MARTINEZ

The first part claims divine authority. The second is an ultimatum—directed at the United States.

PRESIDENT TONY WALKER

Do you believe in God?

REIN MARTINEZ

(with a faint smile)

Not while I'm working. But the rest of the time... yes.

President Walker nods faintly. Martinez exits.

The President drains his coffee and flips through the report again, sweat beading on his forehead. He recalls the deadlines he once set for China during the Taiwan crisis.

PRESIDENT TONY WALKER

(to himself, whispering)

This isn't an ultimatum to America—it's a threat to me. What should I do?

After about a minute of reflection, he grips the red phone, connecting to the Pentagon.

INT. DIVINE MOTHERSHIP – COMMAND CHAMBER – NIGHT

Essiyahta confers with his father, Essiyaht.

ESSIYAHTA

The message we sent—will it push him into war?

ESSIYAHT

That is his fate. Inform every commander: prepare for battle. If attacked, retaliate immediately.

Forty divine spaceships hover across the globe—two each over the U.S., Europe, China, India, and Russia; four over Africa. The massive mothership looms above New York, a shadow of awe and dread.

EXT. WORLDWIDE – DAY/NIGHT

MONTAGE

- Civilians point skyward, eyes wide with fear and wonder.
- On television, experts argue: gods or aliens? Online, chaos: doomsday or invasion.
- Religious believers flood streets, chanting and cheering for God's arrival.

EXT. UNITED STATES – AIR FORCE BASES – DAWN

One hundred F-35 fighter jets and twenty B-21 bombers roar into the skies.
Hypersonic missiles arm midair.

In command, an E-4B "Doomsday Plane" ascends, while the X-47B spaceplane joins the formation.

Simultaneously, South Korea, France, Germany, China, Russia, Canada, India, Italy, Australia, Turkey, Saudi Arabia, and Iran launch their own offensives. South American and African states make symbolic attacks. Japan, Israel, and Ukraine remain silent, watchful.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

And so, "armageddon" began. The term originates from Biblical prophecy, signifying the final battlefield where humanity and the nations of the world will be gathered to wage war against God, awaiting the ultimate judgment. This screenplay draws upon that concept.

EXT. SKY OVER UNITED STATES – CONTINUOUS

Missiles streak toward the colossal ships.

INT. DIVINE MOTHERSHIP – COMMAND ROOM

ESSIYAHT

Activate full defenses.

The mothership unleashes its laser arrays. Incoming missiles explode in blossoms of fire.

Twenty armed flying saucers burst forth, diving into battle against the F-35s.

EXT. DOGFIGHT IN THE SKY – CONTINUOUS

Flying saucers, agile and luminous, easily outmaneuver the jets. One saucer intercepts an air-to-air missile with a precise laser strike. Then it fires ultrasonic flash grenades—tiny, glowing spheres.

Two F-35 pilots scream, blinded by the flash, deafened by the ultrasonic burst. Both jets spiral down in flames. Parachutes open—two figures drift in the chaos.

But one saucer is hit, trailing thick smoke as it plummets. Inside, a divine warrior clasps hands with the piloting robot before teleporting back to the mothership. The robot triggers self-destruct—an explosion lights up the sky.

EXT. UNITED STATES – MILITARY BASES – DAY

Fifty saucers rain destruction. Airfields, radar stations, and nuclear silos erupt in fire. Smoke darkens the skies.

Worldwide, allied attacks fail. Fighter jets scatter in burning arcs. Naval fleets fall beneath waves; aircraft carriers sink, swallowed by fire and sea.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The world burned as nations unleashed their fury—only to be answered with fire from the divine. Whether this war could have been avoided, only God knows.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 24

(Rebellion of the Earth Governors)

Scene 1 — White House, Oval Office

INT. OVAL OFFICE – NIGHT

The Oval Office is heavy with crisis. President Walker sits at the head of the National Security Council, his top advisors gathered in tense silence.

After hearing the reports, President Walker speaks, his voice strained.

PRESIDENT WALKER

We have been defeated. Humanity's fate now lies in the hands of these beings. How I wish they were gods.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

It's not over yet!

PRESIDENT WALKER

(voice rising)

What options do we have left?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

We still have nuclear weapons! We can make one last attempt!

CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS

That would kill millions! It's self-destruction. And there's no guarantee nuclear weapons can defeat beings far more powerful than us.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

We can't just surrender!

CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS

We should preserve our strength. Let's see how they treat humanity. If they are hostile, we can resist later.

PRESIDENT WALKER

(shouting)

Enough! Stop arguing! I'll think it over and give you an answer tomorrow.

The advisors fall silent. One by one, they leave. Walker buries his head in his hands, despair pressing down on him.

Only the National Security Advisor remains.

COLBY

Mr. President, I have someone to introduce to you. He might help you turn the tide.

Walker lifts his head, hollow-eyed.

PRESIDENT WALKER

Colby... what are you talking about?

COLBY

There is someone who can help you win. He is the leader of the "Earth Governors."

PRESIDENT WALKER

(astonished)

What kind of organization is that? I've only just heard the name.

COLBY

Ask him yourself.

PRESIDENT WALKER

What's his name?

COLBY

Steve Brooker.

Walker sighs, his shoulders sinking.

PRESIDENT WALKER

Alright. Bring him here. I have no other options left.

INT. OVAL OFFICE – LATER

Colby enters with STEVE BROOKER. Walker, restless, has been pacing. He forces a smile and extends his hand.

PRESIDENT WALKER

Welcome to the White House, Steve.

STEVE

(smiling)

Thank you, Mr. President.

Colby steps back.

COLBY

You two talk. I'll wait outside.

STEVE

No need to leave, Colby. Let's strategize together for President Walker.

Walker's smile fades. Unease creeps into his voice.

PRESIDENT WALKER

Let's sit down and talk.

They take their seats.

PRESIDENT WALKER

Mr. Brooker, I heard you can help us win the war against the extraterrestrials. Is that true?

STEVE

They are not extraterrestrials. They are gods, from the divine realm.

Walker freezes, his face pale. The word “gods” crushes him. His mind goes blank.

STEVE

Mr. President, what are your plans?

PRESIDENT WALKER

I don't have any. I was hoping to hear yours.

STEVE

We, the “Earth Governors,” also come from the divine realm. We are fully prepared, and our attack will begin soon.

PRESIDENT WALKER

If you're from the divine realm, why rebel against God?

STEVE

(heated)

There is no God! It's a lie they forced humanity to believe. In the divine realm, all deities are equal. God does not exist.

PRESIDENT WALKER

Who are they? And who are you?

STEVE

They are the authorities. We represent the people.

PRESIDENT WALKER

Then why oppose them?

A messenger enters, whispers to Steve, then leaves. Steve's tone sharpens.

STEVE

Because we have different visions for Earth. We've guided humanity for thousands of years. We will not watch them destroy what we built.

PRESIDENT WALKER

(helplessly)

What do you want me to do?

STEVE

Ensure the U.S. military follows our orders. Persuade other governments to resist.

PRESIDENT WALKER

(quiet, negotiating)

I don't think I have that much influence.

STEVE

You do. And remember—how did President Brown die?

Sweat forms on Walker's forehead. He falls silent.

STEVE

If they take Earth, you won't escape judgment.

PRESIDENT WALKER

(whispering)

Alright. I'll follow your lead.

Steve rises, triumphant.

STEVE

We have taken over the White House. It is now our command center. Please, rest in another room. We'll call for you if needed.

Walker realizes he is a prisoner in his own house.

PRESIDENT WALKER

(weakly)

What weapons will you use? Nuclear weapons?

STEVE

No need. We have flying saucers—better than theirs.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – PRIVATE ROOM – LATER

Under guard, Walker retreats alone. In the stillness, despair closes in like a suffocating shadow. Then—a gunshot shatters the silence.

Moments later, Steve and Colby rush in. President Walker lies sprawled on the carpet, blood staining the wall. The pistol rests beside his hand.

Steve looks down at the body, expression unreadable.

STEVE

(sighing)

Clean it up.

INT. OVAL OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

On the large screen, two divine realm spaceships hover above the United States. Steve breathes deeply, his voice firm.

STEVE

(to his staff)

Launch the full-scale attack!

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The White House has fallen. In its place, rebellion crowns itself with power.

Scene 2 — The Earth Governors' Counterattack

EXT. DESERT BASES – NIGHT

Across the world, hidden bases stir to life.

In the heart of the Sahara, a massive circular lid, thirty meters wide, slides open. From its depths, sleek flying saucers ascend in formation, streaking toward the divine mothership above Africa.

Similar lids open in deserts near Las Vegas, central Australia, Mexico, and Libya. Dozens of crafts rise—flying saucers, TR-3B anti-gravity vehicles, and X-65 hypersonic stealth fighter-bombers—vanishing into the night.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

It is a breathtaking display of hidden power, finally unveiled. The “Earth Governors” had been preparing for this day in secret, smuggling alien materials, perfecting advanced technologies, and crafting weapons designed to challenge the divine.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY – SKYLINE – NIGHT

Over New York, Essiyaht’s mothership comes under attack. Two missiles slam into its side, fire erupting across the hull.

INT. DIVINE REALM MOTHERSHIP – COMMAND ROOM

Essiyaht steadies himself as alarms blare.

ESSIYAHT

Launch the fighters—defend the fleet!

Twenty divine saucers launch, darting into combat against fifteen rebel saucers.

EXT. SKY ABOVE NEW YORK – CONTINUOUS

A divine saucer fires a laser beam, but it glances off a rebel shield, leaving no mark. In return, a rebel saucer fires—flames engulf the divine craft as it spirals down into the city below.

The tide of battle shifts. Rebel saucers and TR-3Bs pursue their enemies through the skyscraper canyons, streaking between glass towers, firing mercilessly. Explosions illuminate the night sky.

Around the world, similar scenes unfold. The U.S. 8th and 19th Space Forces join the fight, only to suffer devastating losses.

INT. DIVINE REALM MOTHERSHIP – COMMAND ROOM – LATER

Essiyaht watches in shock as the battle over New York plays out on the giant screen. Reports flood in—damage mounting, ships destroyed, saucers lost.

His voice is heavy with sorrow.

ESSIYAHT

Order the fleet to retreat—fall back to Mars.

INT. DIVINE REALM MOTHERSHIP – VIDEO CONFERENCE ROOM – LATER

The commanders of the fleet appear on screens, faces grim. Essiyaht addresses them.

ESSIYAHT

Our enemies are not humans, but a rebel organization from the divine realm itself. They have plotted for ages, building a formidable force to enslave Earth. I take full responsibility for our failure. But we cannot abandon our duty to humanity's future. We must find a way to defeat this evil.

Silence falls. No commander speaks. Essiyaht presses on, his tone resolute.

ESSIYAHT

We must gain superiority in weaponry. That will not happen quickly. My suggestion: return to the divine realm, upgrade our systems, and only then confront them again.

The commanders nod solemnly.

ESSIYAHT

(sighing)

Very well. It seems that is our only option.

The meeting ends, leaving him burdened with the weight of defeat.

INT. DIVINE REALM MOTHERSHIP – COMMAND ROOM – MOMENTS
LATER

A figure enters—ONIERTAH, known on Earth as Patrick.

ESSIYAHT

How are you, Oniertah? It's been a long time.

ONIERTAHA

I'm well, thank you, Essiyaht. I've heard of your troubles. Perhaps I can help.

Essiyaht's eyes brighten, hope flickering.

ESSIYAHT

Tell me your thoughts, my friend.

ONIERTAHA

You know I once had close ties with their leader. I will return to Earth immediately to gather their military intelligence—it may bring unexpected results.

Essiyaht clasps his hand firmly.

ESSIYAHT

That's wonderful. Do your best—I'll be waiting for your return.

EXT. SPACE – TRANSFORMATION SEQUENCE

Oniertah steps into the ship's converter, his form reshaping into his Earth identity: Patrick. Determination burns in his eyes.

He departs for Earth—toward the “Supernova” casino in Las Vegas, a suspected hub of the rebels.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The fate of both sides now wavers, balanced upon Patrick's journey to Earth.

Scene 3 — Reunion with Steve

EXT. LAS VEGAS – “SUPERNOVA” CASINO – DAY

Patrick appears at the entrance of the casino. Once a bustling palace of light, it now lies eerily silent. Two men in black block his way.

MAN IN BLACK #1

This place is closed. What do you want?

Patrick studies them closely. Above their heads, there is no golden “Light Soul.” Doubt flashes in his mind. Are they truly members of the Earth Governors?

PATRICK

I’m looking for someone inside. His name is Steve Brooker.

MAN IN BLACK #2

Are you a member here? What’s your name?

PATRICK

Yes, I am. My name is Patrick.

The second man steps aside, making a call in hushed tones. After a moment, he returns.

MAN IN BLACK #2

Steve is at the White House now. You should go there.

PATRICK

Thank you very much.

Patrick turns away, doubt lingering in his heart.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – OVAL OFFICE – DAY

Patrick enters the Oval Office. Steve rises at once, joy lighting his face.

STEVE

Welcome, my old friend!

He embraces Patrick warmly.

STEVE

Where have you been? I haven't heard from you in ages.

Patrick glances around the room, noting its transformation into a command center. Screens flicker, officers work at their stations. He hesitates.

Steve notices.

STEVE

(to the staff)

Step out for a moment. I need a private word with my friend.

The staff leave quietly. Patrick finds a chair and sits.

PATRICK

I'm sorry to intrude on your work.

STEVE

No, no. Since Essiyaht's retreat, nothing urgent has come up.

PATRICK

Steve, you've done well. I've returned from the divine realm to join you. Tell me how I can help.

Steve beams, clapping him on the shoulder.

STEVE

That's excellent! We need someone with your experience. There will be much to do, but there's no rush.

PATRICK

Let me fight. Essiyaht's fleet will return.

STEVE

(smiling with admiration)

Excellent. You are a true warrior.

He opens a drawer and produces a ring, holding it out proudly.

STEVE

This is a new energy ring. It offers better protection.

Patrick accepts it, smiling faintly.

PATRICK

What improvements have you made?

STEVE

Its attack range has been extended, the shield strengthened. And—it can conceal our Light Souls, so our members may hide their identities more easily.

PATRICK

That's remarkable. No wonder I couldn't see the Light Souls above the men's heads.

STEVE

I want you at Area 51, one of our most important military bases. Help stabilize the staff and push them to accelerate production, especially flying saucers. But don't hurry. Rest here first—I want to spend more time with you.

PATRICK

Alright, Mr. President.

(to himself, silently) Your downfall is near.

Steve bursts out laughing.

STEVE

Hahaha!

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The two men share laughter, yet beneath it, each heart carries a different truth.

Scene 4 — The Destruction of Area 51

INT. AREA 51 – UNDERGROUND BASE – DAY

Patrick walks through the cavernous halls of the underground base. Rows of advanced craft gleam beneath the floodlights—flying saucers, TR-3B anti-gravity vehicles, and the formidable X-65 hypersonic bombers. He studies them intently, feigning admiration while committing every detail to memory.

He pauses before a massive iron door, sealed shut.

PATRICK

(to a nearby staff member)

What's inside here?

STAFF MEMBER

This is a restricted weapons room. Only those with authorization—or the supervisor—can enter.

PATRICK

Can I go in?

STAFF MEMBER

Of course.

The staff member reveals a hidden device, a facial recognition screen beside the door. Patrick steps forward.

(Screen flashes: ACCESS GRANTED.)

The iron door creaks open.

Patrick steps inside. His eyes widen. Three colossal missiles rest side by side on metal racks, their sleek frames humming with latent power.

He circles them slowly, whispering to himself.

PATRICK

These could threaten the divine realm. I must destroy them.

INT. PATRICK'S OFFICE – NIGHT

Patrick sits at the computer, combing through classified files. The screen confirms his fears: ultra-long-range nuclear weapons, codenamed Pluto. Each capable of reaching 180,000 kilometers, designed for war in space.

His resolve hardens.

EXT. AREA 51 – RUNWAY – MORNING

Patrick seizes the moment. He climbs into a newly built flying saucer.

A staff member rushes onto the runway, waving frantically.

STAFF MEMBER

(shouting)

Don't take off! The warning lights aren't on!

Patrick ignores him. With a flick of the switch, the saucer vanishes into the sky.

Moments later, the base erupts. Explosions thunder as the charges Patrick planted ignite in sequence. Flames roar through the tunnels. Smoke billows upward. Area 51 is consumed in fire, reduced to rubble.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – WAR ROOM – DAY

News of the disaster reaches Steve. His face goes pale.

STEVE

He betrayed me! Patrick was a spy!

In rage, he slams his desk and hurls a glass of wine against the wall.

STEVE

Inspect every saucer, every aircraft! Now!

EXT. SPACE – APPROACHING DIVINE MOTHERSHIP – NIGHT

Patrick pilots the saucer toward Essiyah't's fleet. Lights blaze across the craft, signaling no hostility.

INT. DIVINE REALM MOTHERSHIP – COMMAND ROOM – CONTINUOUS

The saucer docks. Patrick steps into the transformation device and emerges once more as Oniertah.

Essiyaht rushes to him, eyes shining.

ESSIYAHT

Tell me—what news?

ONIERTAHA

Good news. We are close to victory.

Essiyaht clasps his hands, tears glistening with relief.

ESSIYAHT

Thank you, my friend. You've saved humanity.

INT. DIVINE REALM MOTHERSHIP – WEAPONS LAB – LATER

Through research and testing, engineers make a breakthrough. By increasing laser energy by thirty percent, they can pierce rebel shields. Even those armed with energy rings are now vulnerable.

Essiyaht stands before his commanders.

ESSIYAHT

Upgrade all systems at once. Then prepare the fleet. We return to Earth.

The commanders and soldiers gaze solemnly at Essiyaht, their faces set with resolve. Determination hangs heavy in the command room.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The long-awaited counterattack draws near.

Scene 5 — The Final Battle, the Fall of the Earth Governors

INT. WHITE HOUSE – COMMAND ROOM – DAY

Steve stands before the screens, his officers surrounding him. Reports pour in: Essiyaht's fleet has returned to Earth. A shadow crosses Steve's face, but he straightens, forcing confidence into his voice.

STEVE

(to his staff)

Launch the attack! Throw everything we've got at them!

The order ripples through the command room.

EXT. SKY ABOVE EARTH – DAY

The heavens erupt in thunder. Divine saucers clash with rebel craft—TR-3Bs and saucers swarm like hornets, tearing at each other as lasers blaze across the battlefield.

But this time, the rebels begin to falter. The upgraded divine lasers pierce their shields

again and again. One by one, rebel saucers explode into fireballs, burning as they plunge into the abyss of space.

INT. DIVINE MOTHERSHIP – COMMAND ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Essiyaht watches the battle unfold. His eyes blaze with determination.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE – DAY

The battle spills onto the ground. Divine soldiers, fully armed, encircle the White House. Gunfire erupts—the rebel defenders are driven back in retreat.

Within minutes, the White House is breached. Divine soldiers storm its halls, cutting through resistance. Rebels fall—killed or captured.

Steve and Colby are nowhere to be found.

EXT. LAS VEGAS – “SUPERNOVA” CASINO – DAY

Another battlefield ignites. The casino, once a glittering monument of indulgence, now roars with gunfire and smoke.

Divine soldiers push forward against fierce resistance. But as rebel shields collapse, their morale shatters. Faith gives way to fear.

With enhanced laser rifles and specialized rounds, divine soldiers tear through the barricades. The rebels scatter.

INT. “SUPERNOVA” CASINO – BASEMENT – DAY

The last stand. Steve and Colby crouch behind overturned tables, firing desperately as divine soldiers close in.

The air fills with the roar of rifles and the crack of laser fire.

Finally, Steve rises for one last shot—but a divine bullet strikes him down. Colby falls moments later.

Their bodies slump into the shadows.

Silence follows.

EXT. LAS VEGAS – CASINO RUINS – DAY

Smoke drifts over the battlefield. Divine soldiers raise their weapons in triumph. Victory belongs to them.

INT. DIVINE REALM – EARTH ENTRY AND EXIT DEPARTMENT

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Every resident of the divine realm who enters or leaves Earth must pass through inspection and registration at the Earth Entry and Exit Department.

Steve and Colby's divine forms appear in the realm, only to be seized immediately by officials of the Earth Entry and Exit Department.

They are taken away, to stand trial at the divine court in the end. The rebellion has come to its end.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

After years of secrecy and patient scheming, the Earth Governors are no more. Humanity is freed from their grip, and Essiyaht will restore order to Earth. Thus begins a new chapter in human history.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 25

(A New World and Eternal Life)

Scene 1 – The Plan and the Unrest

INT. SPACESHIP – CONFERENCE ROOM – NIGHT (ABOVE NEW YORK SKY)

Inside a vast spaceship hovering silently above New York lies a small, brightly lit conference room. At its center, three figures sit around a table—Essiyahta and his two assistants, one tall, the other short.

ESSIYAHTA

(calmly)

Essiyaht has appointed me as the representative of the divine realm on Earth and entrusted me with the task of making a major announcement to humanity. I plan to take both of you with me. On this mission to Earth, we shall retain our divine form, but we must bear hair, lest we arouse panic.

The tall assistant shifts uneasily, his brows furrowed.

TALL ASSISTANT

Is Earth safe now? Should we bring weapons? Or perhaps a few guards, just in case?

ESSIYAHTA

There won't be any issues. Human governments should have recognized our identity and capabilities by now. I plan to go directly to the President of the United States for assistance.

SHORT ASSISTANT

When do we depart?

ESSIYAHTA

The day after tomorrow, as there are still some matters to attend to. For ease of operation, both of you will need to adopt human names for this mission.

The tall assistant straightens, almost excited.

TALL ASSISTANT

I've decided. Call me Ethan.

SHORT ASSISTANT

Call me Zachary.

The tall assistant then glances at Essiyahta curiously.

TALL ASSISTANT

What about your name, Essiyahta?

ESSIYAHTA

(without hesitation)

Messiah.

A brief silence follows. It is clear he had thought of it long before.

TALL ASSISTANT

(proudly)

Great! That reminds me of the days when the three of us used to preach together.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

In his eyes, memories flicker: ancient Galilee, Judea, and Samaria—scenes of him walking beside Jesus as they preached in the streets.

EXT. EARTH – VARIOUS LOCATIONS – DAY/NIGHT

MONTAGE

— Streets in non-Christian and atheist regions erupt in chaos. Protesters shout:

CROWD (shouting)

God is yours! We demand fairness!

— Flames rise from arson and looting. Shops burn.

— Police stand idly by, hesitant and powerless.

— The chaos spreads like wildfire.

EXT. CITY SKY – DAY

A divine flying saucer hovers over the rioting crowd, casting an eerie, intimidating glow. Through loudspeakers, a divine message echoes:

DIVINE VOICE (O.S.)

(in many languages)

The divine realm will not favor any nation. We bring justice and peace. Place your trust in us, and follow all that has been decreed by the divine realm.

Divine soldiers descend; the crowd scatters in panic. Local troops move in to assist, gradually bringing the chaos under control.

The unrest slowly subsides. Protesters retreat. Flames die out. Silence returns.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Across nations, humanity's understanding of the divine varies greatly, breeding mistrust. In many places, turmoil became their way of voicing demands.

Scene 2 – The White House Decision and the Meeting

INT. WHITE HOUSE – OVAL OFFICE – MORNING

Morning light filters softly into the Oval Office.

PRESIDENT WAYLON BAKER, recently sworn in after President Walker's death, sits with his senior advisors. The room carries the heavy air of history, now tense with uncertainty.

The Secretary of State, wearing a relaxed expression, speaks first.

SECRETARY OF STATE

The arrival of God has been the long-held wish of the American people. The U.S. government should actively cooperate with the arrangements of the divine realm and heed God's guidance.

The Secretary of Defense leans forward, almost glowing with fervor.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

I agree. Human life was created by God, and it is the greatest gift. America's strength and unity come from God's blessing, and we have no reason not to follow His commands.

The National Security Advisor adds, his eyes bright with hope.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

Absolutely! I believe a wonderful future for humanity is just around the corner!

The phone of the Chief of Staff rings. He frowns, rises quickly, and steps into the corridor.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – CORRIDOR – CONTINUOUS

The Chief of Staff answers. His face changes rapidly—shock, disbelief.

CHIEF OF STAFF

My God—

He rushes back inside.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – OVAL OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

The Chief of Staff leans toward President Baker, whispering.

CHIEF OF STAFF

There are three representatives from the divine realm requesting to see you.

President Baker freezes, his heart racing.

PRESIDENT BAKER

Show them in.

The Chief of Staff leaves. Baker straightens his suit, clears his throat, and struggles to steady himself.

A knock at the door. Baker rises quickly and opens it himself.

Standing there: the Chief of Staff, and behind him three handsome young men—
Messiah, Ethan, and Zachary.

PRESIDENT BAKER

(warmly)

Welcome! Please, come in.

MESSIAH

Thank you, President Baker.

The Chief of Staff escorts them inside, then closes the door and leaves.

Baker forces a smile, masking his unease.

PRESIDENT BAKER

Please, have a seat.

Messiah remains standing, composed and confident.

MESSIAH

I am Messiah. These are my assistants, Ethan and Zachary.

The President quickly shakes their hands in turn. They sit. Baker leans forward, tentative.

PRESIDENT BAKER

What can I do for you?

MESSIAH

The divine realm is about to temporarily take over global governance. We will be announcing some plans for the future. As a representative of the divine realm, I hope you can use your influence to assist our efforts in various ways.

PRESIDENT BAKER

No problem! I will do my best to help. What can I do?

MESSIAH

I plan to announce the divine realm's plans at the United Nations General Assembly. Please help coordinate this and ensure the smooth convening of the summit.

PRESIDENT BAKER

That shouldn't be difficult. When do you intend to hold it? Should we invite global media?

MESSIAH

Within a week. Please invite as many outlets as possible. Also, arrange offices and accommodations for us at the United Nations headquarters.

PRESIDENT BAKER

No problem! Do you need security personnel provided by the U.S. government?

MESSIAH

That won't be necessary. Do you have any questions?

PRESIDENT BAKER

(stammering)

Oh, yes. I do... but I'm not sure where to start.

Messiah smiles reassuringly.

MESSIAH

We will have opportunities to collaborate again. For now, we must take our leave. Thank you very much.

President Baker rises, personally escorting them to the door. He shakes their hands.

The three envoys step away—and suddenly vanish before his eyes.

Baker freezes, astonishment etched on his face.

INT. SPACESHIP – COMMAND ROOM – SHORTLY AFTER

Messiah reports to his father, Essiyaht, who listens with a smile.

ESSIYAHT

Even the once-overbearing and conceited President of the United States was so nervous and humble. It seems you made quite an impression.

ESSIYAHTA

Father, is everything ready?

ESSIYAHT

Yes, everything is prepared. When you begin your speech at the United Nations General Assembly, I will simultaneously start implementing the planned actions.

Scene 3 – The United Nations and the Divine Proclamation

INT. UNITED NATIONS – GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL – DAY

The vast hall is filled to capacity. Over 200 national leaders attend—the largest gathering in history. Rows of journalists and cameras line the sides, solemn and ready.

Étienne Dupont, UN Secretary-General, steps to the podium.

DUPONT

Today is a special and highly anticipated day. I hereby declare the United Nations Global Special Summit officially open. First, I am honored to invite the initiator of this summit, U.S. President Waylon Baker, to speak.

Applause rises.

President Baker approaches the podium, smiling as he looks over the hall.

PRESIDENT BAKER

First of all, welcome to the United States! This, of course, includes our esteemed and long-awaited emissaries from the divine realm.

(beat, solemn)

Today is destined to be an extraordinary day, marking the beginning of a transformation in human history. It is a moment when different races, beliefs, and cultures finally converge. This day is not only the end of the age-old debate between atheism and theism—it is the dawn of a new era, one without war, famine, hatred, or oppression.

I know that humanity has never been without divine guidance and help. Our greatest achievements are testaments to divine grace. Let us break all boundaries and become one true family. May we forever follow the divine light, never again lost in darkness.

Thunderous applause fills the chamber.

Dupont returns to the podium.

DUPONT

Thank you, President Baker, for your inspiring and sincere address. Now, let us warmly welcome the representative of the divine realm.

Applause surges again as Messiah rises and walks toward the podium. Radiant—handsome features, light brown hair, black eyes, dressed in a perfectly tailored suit—he appears no older than his twenties.

He waves warmly to the audience before speaking, his voice powerful.

MESSIAH

First, I would like to thank President Baker and Secretary-General Dupont for their efforts in organizing this summit. I also greatly appreciate President Baker's speech.

Messiah glances at Baker, who nods back with a smile.

MESSIAH

As the representative of the divine realm on Earth, it is an honor to be here to convey the voice of the divine. Because the names in the divine realm can be difficult to remember, I have taken a human name: Messiah.

Gasps ripple through the audience, followed by a wave of whispering.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

For readers of the Bible, the name "Messiah" is striking. From the Hebrew, it means "the anointed one." In the Old Testament, the Messiah is prophesied as the redeemer sent by God. In Christian tradition, the Messiah refers to Jesus Christ, the savior who redeems humanity.

Messiah waits for silence, then continues with solemn conviction.

MESSIAH

Our relationship with humanity is longstanding. Throughout history, we have faced challenges together, achieving great things. The progress of human civilization is deeply intertwined with the divine realm. We have left indelible marks in your myths, religions, and cultures. These inseparable bonds testify to your wisdom, courage, and creativity.

(pauses)

As your creators, we have always been attentive to your growth. Our intent was to grant you wisdom and freedom, to let you thrive on this beautiful planet. Yet perfection is rare, and we too have faltered. For that, I apologize. As head of the Human Department in the divine realm, I bear responsibility for your suffering. But believe me—the sorrowful chapters of humanity’s past are gone forever.

The CAMERA pans across the audience. Many wipe away tears. In living rooms worldwide, countless people cry in front of their televisions.

INT. ELLA’S LIVING ROOM – DAY

Ella holds little John, now six months old. Beside her, Robert and Helen sit, all silently weeping as they watch the live broadcast. Helen’s eyes gleam with joy—she feels the divine realm’s hand upon the world, and she senses she will soon see John again.

INT. UNITED NATIONS – GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL – CONTINUOUS

Messiah pauses, then resumes.

MESSIAH

This divine intervention will be comprehensive. We will temporarily take over Earth's governance. This is not domination, but a promise—once fulfilled, full autonomy will return to you.

Under divine guidance, you will reach new heights in science, medicine, communication, energy, and space exploration. Humanity will enjoy a brighter future.

The audience bursts into applause.

Messiah raises his hand, silencing them.

MESSIAH

Finally, I have a significant announcement. The highest authority in the divine realm has decided: humanity will be granted the right to eternal life. All life on Earth will remain everlastingly young.

The hall explodes in cheers. Around the globe, people shout with joy.

His tone grows solemn again.

MESSIAH

Yet, given the implications of eternal life, population may only increase, not decrease. Therefore, human reproductive rights will be suspended, just as in the divine realm. All specific regulations will be provided in the subsequent statement.

Gasps. Shock spreads through the assembly. Online, posts surge: “We want reproduction! We want sex life!”

Messiah steadies his voice.

MESSIAH

I hope that through open dialogue, we can achieve progress together. Let us strive hand in hand for a new future. Thank you.

The hall rises. Applause thunders, lasting nearly a minute.

JOURNALIST Q&A

Hands shoot up. Messiah points to one.

REPORTER (The Times, London)

You said your name is Messiah. Does this mean you are the savior of the Bible?

MESSIAH

(smiling)

You're only half right. Long ago, I preached on Earth, and some of it is recorded in the Bible. But the savior you mention is not me—it is my father, the leader of the divine realm, the one you call God. He is your true Creator, a compassionate father and a caring husband. Soon, you will behold him with your own eyes.

Another hand rises.

REPORTER (BFM TV, France)

How long will the divine realm govern Earth?

MESSIAH

About twenty years. During this time, we will fulfill the promise of eternal life. We

will build a comprehensive human database, refine regulations, and provide guidance in many fields. Most national matters will remain under your own governments.

Another hand.

REPORTER (TV4, Sweden)

Could you give details of the eternal life plan?

MESSIAH

(smiling)

We have developed intelligent biopharmaceuticals to alter human genes, keeping people perpetually young at around twenty years old. The elderly will gradually return to youth; children will stop aging at twenty. If someone dies, we will resurrect them—unless they have chosen otherwise. Major criminals will be excluded.

He pauses, letting the words sink in.

MESSIAH

The first step toward eternal life has already begun.

The hall erupts in applause once more.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Thus, a United Nations assembly of great historical significance concluded amid tears, awe, and thunderous applause.

Scene 4 – The Divine Actions and the End of Faith

EXT. EARTH – VARIOUS LOCATIONS – DAY/NIGHT

MONTAGE

— Forty divine spaceships release a colorless, odorless bio-agent across the Earth, day and night, for seven days.

— People everywhere gaze upward, bewildered, as the ships hover silently.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The agent altered human and animal genes—granting eternal youth, eliminating disease, and strengthening immunity.

— After seven days, the ships release a second agent along with seeds.

— Deserts bloom green, soil transforms, barren mountains turn verdant.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The foundation for agriculture and fruit cultivation was laid. The Earth itself began to change.

INT. DIVINE REALM REPRESENTATIVE OFFICE – NEW YORK – DAY

Officials publish a detailed statement:

— Resurrection applications: individuals may apply in advance, or families may request resurrection after unexpected death.

— Major criminals excluded.

— Reproduction prohibited, with a five-year transition period.

— Humans forbidden to eat animals, with a ten-year grace period.

— Divine technology to provide synthetic meat and new energy solutions.

— The divine realm reserved final authority over resurrection.

EXT. GLOBAL REACTIONS – VARIOUS LOCATIONS – DAY

— In India and China, jubilant crowds flood the streets, dancing and waving banners.

— Elderly and sick fall to their knees, weeping, gazing skyward in gratitude.

— In the United States, vast religious groups gather outside the White House and UN headquarters.

CROWD

(shouting)

Thank God for saving humanity! Thank Christ for ruling the Earth!

NARRATOR (LIT.)

With more than eighty percent of humanity belonging to faith traditions, religious organizations faced a grave dilemma: dissolve, or continue?

EXT. VATICAN CITY – ST. PETER’S SQUARE – DAY

The square is packed with believers from around the world, flags waving above and rosaries glimmering in trembling hands. The Pope steps forward with a gentle smile, raising his hands to calm the crowd.

POPE

Dear believers, brothers and sisters around the world—

Today we gather with hearts full of excitement, reverence, and contemplation. We

stand at the end of one era and on the brink of a long-awaited new world.

The arrival of the divine has brought inevitable change, and our Church faces new choices. I know you are confused and uneasy. Yet this is the moment to reflect on the true meaning of faith.

Through many centuries, our teachings have endured. Guided by the divine, we fulfilled our sacred mission. But faith is not merely in outward forms—it lives within our souls. Love and compassion are eternal truths, unaltered by time.

This is my final address. I urge you to keep peace and purpose in your hearts. Sow the seeds of love and compassion. Become the hope and strength of this new world.

God created us, and we have made history. Now, it all becomes history. Therefore, I solemnly declare: the Roman Catholic Church is dissolved.

May God's grace guide you always toward eternal happiness and peace.

The Pope lowers his hands, eyes glistening.

The crowd sobs. Some collapse in prayer. Others sing through tears.

Gradually, voices rise into hymn.

CROWD (singing)

“Tantum Ergo...”

The voices merge, filling the square.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The hymn “Tantum Ergo,” written in the 13th century by St. Thomas Aquinas and once sung in Eucharistic rites, now rose as humanity’s farewell to an age of faith.

The CAMERA pans upward: the vast crowd singing, their voices trembling, echoing into the Roman sky.

FADE OUT.

CHAPTER 26

(Reunion)

Scene 1 — The Community Gathering

INT. CHURCH – DAY

The old Gothic church, now a community space, is alive with warmth. Tables are lined with homemade dishes. Laughter and greetings echo in the hall.

Among the arrivals are Ella, Robert, Helen, and little John—now nearly one year old. He walks steadily and can already say a few more complex words, abilities tied to his half-divine heritage.

Robert holds little John in his arms, a look of happiness spreading across his face.

Robert

Hello, Carson!

CARSON HARRIS

(smiling warmly)

Hello, Robert. Welcome! And this must be our little one...

Carson bends down slightly, gently touches the child's cheek, and then shakes his tiny hand.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Little John blinked his black eyes—just like his mother's—filled with irresistible charm. Carson had seen countless children, yet at this moment he felt his heart deeply moved.

CARSON HARRIS

(sincerely, glancing at Helen)

I wish John were here. I really miss him.

Helen lowers her gaze, slightly awkward.

ELLA

(interjecting quickly)

He'll be back. He surely won't forget about us.

Realizing his slip, Carson nods, softening his tone.

CARSON HARRIS

I'll take care of the other guests. Please—enjoy the meal.

Helen gently takes little John from Robert.

HELEN

You all go ahead and eat. I'm not hungry yet. I'll play with John for a while.

ROBERT

(nodding)

Alright. I'll come relieve you in a little while.

EXT. CHURCH YARD – DAY

Helen steps outside with her son. The sunlight drapes the rolling hills of West Virginia in emerald hues.

Little John runs unsteadily, stooping to pick up pebbles. He tosses them into flowerbeds, startling butterflies into flight. He picks a flower, toddles back, and offers it to Helen. She kisses his cheek with joy.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

It was a picturesque summer day. The forests shimmered in shades of green, streams sparkled in the valleys, and birdsong rose and fell in the warm air. The church, standing amidst this beauty, seemed at once timeless and changed.

Helen gazes into the distance, her smile softening into reflection.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Helen's thoughts lingered with John, his smile alive in memory. She silently wondered: "Where are you now? When will you return?"

INT. CHURCH – AFTERNOON

The potluck ends. Guests depart. Silence settles.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Without hymns or the solemn toll of bells, the church's beauty felt altered. Once it bore witness to faith and countless stories. Now it rested quietly in history's embrace, its legends lingering only in memory.

Scene 2 — The Rainbow Reunion and Family Warmth

INT. HOUSE – MORNING

Ella and Robert have gone to work.

Helen feeds little John and plays with him in the living room. As noon approaches, the child grows drowsy. She carries him into the bedroom, lays him in his crib, and he quickly falls asleep.

Helen walks into the kitchen, grabs a small snack, then steps out into the yard.

EXT. YARD – MORNING

Under the apple tree, she reaches up, picks a heart-shaped apple, wipes it with her hand, and takes a bite.

Suddenly, thunder rolls across the sky, and a rainbow arcs into view.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Helen saw the rainbow and instantly remembered walking with John across the rainbow bridge above the Grand Canyon.

The rainbow slowly lowers one end toward her yard.

Helen's heart races as a familiar figure appears on the rainbow in the distance—it is John.

Before she can cry out, a clear voice whispers in her ear:

JOHN (V.O.)

Close your eyes.

Helen obeys. She feels her body lift gently into the air, as if flying.

JOHN (V.O.)

You can open your eyes now.

She opens them—astonished to find herself standing upon the rainbow bridge, face-to-face with John.

He takes her hand tenderly.

JOHN

How are you, Helen? I'm back.

Overcome, Helen can't speak, her eyes filling with tears.

JOHN

(softly)

Helen, let's go home now.

HELEN

(whispering)

Okay. How are you, John?

JOHN

(smiling, full of affection)

I'm doing well! I've missed you so much!

HELEN

I've missed you too.

INT. HOUSE – DAY

In an instant, they are home again. Helen embraces John tightly, kissing him with all the longing of her heart.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

At that moment, all of John's guilt toward Helen faded, as he was wholly immersed in their love.

They sit together on the sofa.

HELEN

Are you hungry? I can make you something to eat.

JOHN

A glass of water will do.

Helen rises, takes a bottle of his favorite drink from the refrigerator, and returns.

She studies him—his eyes deeper now, yet his elegance and charm remain.

HELEN

Our child is almost a year old. He's sleeping now. You can see him later.

JOHN

You've worked so hard, Helen. I'm sorry I couldn't take better care of you.

HELEN

With Ella and Robert's help, it's been fine.

JOHN

That's good to hear. What's the child's name?

HELEN

John. If you feel it's not appropriate, we can change it.

JOHN

(taking her hand)

The name is perfect. Thank you, dear.

HELEN

(serious)

I know you have much to take care of. How long will you stay this time?

JOHN

I've arranged everything on Earth. I want to stay with you and the child—about ten years.

Helen's eyes shine with joy.

HELEN

That's wonderful! I'm so happy!

JOHN

(relieved, smiling)

I want to see our son right now.

INT. BEDROOM – DAY

Helen leads John to the crib. Little John is already awake, eyes wide.

JOHN

(gazing down)

He's so beautiful! He looks just like you!

HELEN

(laughing)

You're just trying to flatter me. You haven't changed at all!

JOHN

Let me hold him!

She lifts the child and gently places him into John's arms.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

John hadn't held a newborn in ages. Now, cradling his son, he felt again the profound significance of life.

HELEN

Play with him. I'll go buy some things. We'll have a proper family dinner tonight.

JOHN

Okay!

Helen leaves. John gazes at his son with wonder.

INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY

John turns on the TV casually, holding the boy.

LITTLE JOHN

Who are you?

JOHN

(smiling warmly)

My dear, I'm your father.

LITTLE JOHN

Mom says my father is a great god. Are you?

JOHN

(laughing)

Do you want to be a great god?

LITTLE JOHN

No.

JOHN

Why not?

LITTLE JOHN

Because I don't want to leave Mom.

JOHN

(touched)

Good boy. Then don't follow in my footsteps.

LITTLE JOHN

Daddy, did you bring me a gift?

JOHN

In a few days, I'll bring you a big toy.

LITTLE JOHN

(kissing his cheek)

That's awesome! Thanks, Daddy!

EXT. YARD – LATE AFTERNOON

John looks at the apple tree, heavy with fruit. He smiles at his son.

JOHN

My dear, do you want to fly?

LITTLE JOHN

Yes!

JOHN

Stand still and close your eyes.

The child obeys. John lifts him into the air with divine power.

JOHN

Open your eyes now.

Little John opens them, startled.

LITTLE JOHN

Put me down! Put me down!

JOHN

(laughing)

Wait—there's more fun to come.

He makes the boy circle in the air. Little John bursts into laughter.

LITTLE JOHN

This is so much fun! Faster! Even faster!

Helen returns with groceries, pausing at the sight of father and son playing. Warmth fills her eyes.

HELEN

You two keep playing. I'll start dinner.

JOHN

He's had enough fun. I'll help you.

LITTLE JOHN

(pouting)

I want to fly higher!

JOHN

Later, I promise.

He brings the child down, holds him close. The three walk back inside together.

Scene 3 — Family Reunion and Night Conversation

INT. HOUSE – EVENING

The kitchen is alive with the sounds of chopping and simmering. John helps Helen prepare dinner while little John watches cartoons in the living room.

The front door opens earlier than expected—Ella steps inside.

John turns, his face lighting up. He rushes toward her.

JOHN

Mom!

Ella drops her bag, rushing into his arms, tears streaming down her face.

ELLA

You're back, John! I've missed you so much!

In that moment, she forgets his divine identity—she sees only her son.

JOHN

(voice breaking)

I've missed you too, Mom!

Helen quietly wipes her eyes, moved by the scene.

Ella releases him slightly, studying his face.

ELLA

You've lost weight. I'll take good care of you while you're here.

JOHN

(smiling gently)

I've been craving your cooking.

ELLA

Of course! I'll make you delicious meals every day.

A small voice calls from the living room.

LITTLE JOHN

Grandma! Grandma!

ELLA

I'm coming, dear!

She hurries to scoop him up, kissing his cheek.

ELLA

Today is a happy day, my dear. Our family is together again.

Moments later, the door opens once more—Robert enters.

John greets him warmly, extending a hand.

JOHN

Hello, Robert!

ROBERT

(grasping his hand, with emotion)

It's good to have you back, John!

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Robert had long since accepted John's true identity. Gratitude filled his heart—for without John, he would not have been alive.

Helen sets the table. Dishes cover it with abundance. The family gathers for dinner.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The air is filled with laughter and cheerful voices. Little John sits in his small chair, happily enjoying the food set before him.

EXT. STREET – NIGHT

Later, John and Helen walk together under the glow of street lamps. Their hands are intertwined.

Helen's expression grows serious.

HELEN

Robert was resurrected. Do you think my father could be brought back too?

John pauses, then answers solemnly.

JOHN

I'm very sorry, Helen. I inquired with the authorities in the divine realm. They told me President Brown had financial issues during his presidency... because of that, he didn't qualify for resurrection.

Tears well in Helen's eyes.

HELEN

(choking back sobs)

I understand. Thank you, my dear.

John embraces her tightly.

JOHN

You will always have my love. I'll take good care of you and our child.

HELEN

(softly)

I believe you. But... in these ten years, are you planning to work?

John smiles faintly.

JOHN

There are still some Earth matters that need my decisions—consider it part-time work. Don't worry about money.

HELEN

I was just asking. I've saved some money, enough for us. Once our son is older, I'll find a job myself.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

John felt a deep love and admiration for Helen's resilience.

JOHN

Do you still want to complete your college education? I can care for the child at home.

Helen shakes her head with a gentle smile.

HELEN

Life itself is the best university. I'm learning every day. You have great responsibilities—let me take care of our child. Don't worry about me.

John looks at her with quiet reverence. They walk on in silence, their steps steady.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The night air was cool, the world serene. Their love and vows were etched into time itself.

Scene 4 — The Robot Gift and the Warmth of Home

INT. HOUSE – AFTERNOON

Days later. Sunlight filters into the living room. Toys are scattered across the floor. Helen sits with little John, handing him building blocks.

LITTLE JOHN

Daddy promised me a big toy, and I want it now.

Helen looks puzzled. She rises and walks quickly to John's room.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM – CONTINUOUS

John sits on the edge of his bed, scrolling through his phone. Hearing the knock, he gets up and opens the door.

HELEN

(smiling)

Your son is asking for a toy. Are you ready?

JOHN

(grinning)

It's ready! I'll go tell him right now.

INT. LIVING ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

John and Helen step in. Little John runs to them eagerly.

LITTLE JOHN

Daddy, where's my toy?

JOHN

(patting his son's head)

It's on its way.

LITTLE JOHN

Where is it?

Before John can reply, the doorbell rings.

JOHN

Your gift is here!

Little John dashes to the door. Helen follows quickly, afraid he might trip.

INT. DOORWAY – CONTINUOUS

Helen opens the door—and freezes.

A human-faced robot, as tall as an average adult, stands at the door.

John steps forward with a smile.

JOHN

Welcome, Widyh.

He turns to his son.

JOHN

This is your gift. What do you think?

Little John stares wide-eyed, stunned into silence. Then, clapping his hands, he bursts with joy.

LITTLE JOHN

Wow! This is amazing—a robot!

WIDYH

Hello, John! From now on, we'll be friends.

LITTLE JOHN

Great! I have a friend—Widyh!

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Yes, Widyh was the very same robot from John's home in the divine realm. Once promised to visit Earth, it was now gifted to his son. In the divine realm, John had already purchased another robot to accompany his wife.

INT. HOUSE – EVENING

The family gathers together. The glow of lamplight fills the room. Laughter,

conversation, and the sound of little John's excitement weave into a warm harmony of life.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

This reunion made John deeply appreciate the warmth of family. For Helen, it was not only a rekindling of love, but the return of long-lost security. For Ella and Robert, joy multiplied as they witnessed a complete family. The warmth of home is like a powerful force, supporting each member as they face the future. It is both a shelter and a sail, helping them endure life's storms with strength, never truly alone.

FADE OUT.

EPILOGUE

(Earth 2 and Love Eternal)

Scene 1 — Ten Thousand Years Later: Home, Family, and the Earth History Museum

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Since humanity attained eternal life, the fabric of existence—family, work, and environment—underwent profound change. The adaptation was uncertain and fraught with challenges, yet people ultimately embraced boundless vitality and the peace of a world free from war, famine, disease, poverty, and oppression.

INT. SUPERMARKET – FRIDAY AFTERNOON

SUPER: TEN THOUSAND YEARS LATER – ALL HUMANITY APPEARS
YOUNG

Helen pushes a cart along the aisle. She selects synthetic meat, cultured seafood, bread, vegetables, and fruits, placing them carefully inside. Her face carries both

serenity and expectation.

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE – KITCHEN – AFTERNOON

Helen returns home. The household robot, Widyh, is busy vacuuming the carpet. Its metallic body gleams faintly under the lights.

WIDYH

Hello, Helen! What's the special occasion today?

Helen smiles warmly, setting the groceries on the table.

HELEN

John and his wife are coming over for dinner tonight. You'll need to prepare a few extra dishes.

WIDYH

No problem. I'll start on dinner as soon as I finish vacuuming.

HELEN

Thank you, Widyh. I'll give you a hand in a bit.

WIDYH

OK, Helen.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Widyh's appearance had remained unchanged—a human-like face paired with a metallic body. Yet it was treated as family, a companion across the ages.

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE – DINING ROOM – EVENING

The table is filled with food. Around it sit Helen, Ella, Robert, JOHN (Little John) and his wife ISABELLA DAVIS, and Jason with his wife PHUONG NGUYEN. Widyh brings in another steaming dish. They all look to be in their twenties, radiant with vitality.

JOHN

(to Widyh)

Thank you for all your hard work, Widyh!

WIDYH

You're welcome, Mr. President!

ISABELLA

The food you've made is absolutely delicious! I like it very much!

WIDYH

Thank you, Isabella! Your compliment means a lot to me.

JOHN

(to Jason, warmly)

How have you been, Jason? It's been far too long.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Jason, long divorced from his second wife, had recently remarried. He met Phuong Nguyen in Vietnam, and six months ago they wed in Hanoi.

JASON

I'm doing well! Thank you, John!

ELLA

Jason, when are you heading back to Vietnam? Any chance you might stay here?

JASON

(smiling at Phuong)

Phuong's parents want us to stay in Vietnam, and I've grown quite fond of the food there.

ELLA

Is that true, Phuong?

PHUONG

(shy, smiling faintly)

I think he's just reluctant to give up Vietnamese cuisine.

The family bursts into laughter. Widyh sets down a plate of stir-fried beef.

ROBERT

There's no need to go back, Jason. Whatever you want to eat, Widyh can make it for you.

ELLA

Yes, Jason! You're welcome to come over every day.

JASON

I'll seriously consider it! If only I could take Widyh with me!

Laughter fills the room. Helen, though quiet, feels the deep warmth of family.

DINNER TABLE – LATER

Jason turns to John, his tone more serious.

JASON

John, what are your thoughts on the newly issued Animal Evolution Directive from the Divine Realm Representative's Office?

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The directive addressed the evolution of animals into beast-faced humans. Animals would no longer prey on one another. Their reproduction was temporarily suspended. They could not be resurrected unless they evolved into intelligent forms. Death, for them, would come only from external forces.

Everyone looks to John.

JOHN

My father once told me that all life is fundamentally equal. In the divine realm, animals had long since evolved into beast-faced beings, enjoying the same rights as residents. I believe he decided to allow Earth's animals to undergo the same evolution.

The family listens intently, nodding in agreement.

HELEN

(concerned, gently)

You should get going; don't be late.

JOHN

(smiling)

Okay, Mom.

John turns to the others.

JOHN

I have an event tomorrow morning, otherwise I'd love to stay a little longer.

EXT. EARTH HISTORY MUSEUM – WASHINGTON, D.C. – THE NEXT MORNING

Crowds gather before the new Earth History Museum. The DIRECTOR steps to the podium, smiling. John and Isabella stand nearby.

DIRECTOR

First, I'd like to extend gratitude to the President of the United States and the First Lady, as well as our friends from around the world.

(beat)

History has laid down its burdens. The age of barbarism and ignorance is gone forever. Within this museum you will encounter unforgettable memories and dreams, and the wisdom and sacrifices of our ancestors.

He gestures to John and Isabella.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome President John Thomas and First Lady Isabella Davis as they cut the ribbon to officially open the Earth History Museum.

Applause erupts. John and Isabella step forward, scissors in hand. Together with the director, they cut the red ribbon. Cameras flash. The doors open.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Inside, artifacts and holograms brought history alive—from ancient wars and famines to modern triumphs. Each exhibit whispered Earth's story, urging humanity to cherish every inch of this blue planet and every chapter of its past.

Scene 2 — One Billion Years Later: Evolution, Politics, and the Great Announcement

MONTAGE – EVOLUTION AND CRISIS

SUPER: ONE BILLION YEARS LATER

— Beast-headed humans walk through city streets, visiting cafés, dining in restaurants, strolling in parks, and running shops. Over the centuries, they are fully accepted as equals among humanity.

— The Sun grows harsher, its light glaring white. Crops wither in parched fields, oceans steam and shrink, forests dry, and daily life buckles under the weight of rising heat.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Meanwhile, the global political system had transformed. The United Nations Security Council was expanded into the United Nations Senate, and the General Assembly became the House of Representatives. Presidents of each nation, elected by their citizens, held seats in these bodies, though none could serve in both. Together, the Senate and House elected the President of the United Nations. From that moment on, every resident of Earth was called an “international citizen.”

Little John was elected the first President of the United Nations. Each term lasted one hundred years, with a maximum of five terms. He unified the global currency. Now, in his fourth term, he was leading humanity into a new era.

INT. HELEN’S OFFICE – MORNING

Helen sits at her desk, sorting files. The phone rings—it is the company’s general manager. She picks up quickly.

GENERAL MANAGER (V.O.)

Gather all department managers in the small meeting room at ten o’clock. The President of the United Nations will deliver an important speech.

HELEN

Understood. I’ll notify them right away.

She hangs up, smiling faintly.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

She thought quietly to herself: If the general manager knew the President of the United Nations was my son, how would he look at me then?

INT. COMPANY – MEETING ROOM – MORNING

Five minutes before ten, Helen has already placed bottles of water for the six department managers seated around the table. She turns on the television. The general manager enters, stern.

GENERAL MANAGER

There's an important broadcast coming. I want you all to watch closely.

On screen, Little John appears, waving to reporters before beginning. His face is solemn.

LITTLE JOHN

Respected residents of the divine realm, citizens, good day!

(beat)

With both gravity and anticipation, I announce a decision that will shape us all. Our Earth faces severe threats. Despite all measures, the environment is no longer fit to sustain us.

(steadying his voice)

The divine realm has prepared a new solar system in the Andromeda Galaxy, modeled after our own—safer, more habitable.

(pauses)

I have just received word: at the stroke of midnight, on New Year's Day, New York time, the entire Earth will pass through the Interstellar Gate and enter this new system.

(pauses)

For the next month, you need prepare nothing. Keep only anticipation and calm. We will bid farewell to the Sun that gave us light and hope, and to the night sky that long embraced us. Ahead lie countless dreams and opportunities. With the guidance of the divine, humanity will thrive in everlasting happiness.

(raising his voice)

As President of the United Nations, I express humanity's gratitude to the divine realm

for all they have done for us. Thank you all!

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Applause thundered. Around the world, celebrations began. The internet filled with voices of joy. Humanity's destiny was no longer bound to a fading Sun.

In the meeting room, managers clapped and cheered. Helen, her eyes bright with pride, joined them. The general manager cleared his throat, turned off the television, and spoke gravely:

GENERAL MANAGER

This news concerns not only the destiny of humanity, but also the future of our company. I expect each of you to take it seriously.

Scene 3 — Reunion and the Great Migration

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE – EVENING

Helen returns home from work. The living room glows softly, hushed in stillness. Suddenly, she sees John standing there. She freezes—then her eyes brim with tears as disbelief turns to recognition.

HELEN

John... is it really you?

John steps forward, his face solemn yet warm.

JOHN

Helen, I'm back. I will be with you and our family as we welcome Earth's new era.

Helen rushes into his arms, holding him tightly, her heart overflowing with joy.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Through countless partings and reunions, each embrace melted the chill of time itself.

INT. RESTAURANT – NEW YEAR’S EVE

The family sits together at a long table: John, Helen, Ella, Robert, and the household robot Widyh. Around them, the restaurant is packed with people. A giant screen shows the final moments of the year.

Voices swell, a tide of laughter and anticipation.

On the screen, the digits glow: 11:59:50 ... 11:59:55 ...

ALL (chanting)

Five! Four! Three! Two! One!

The crowd erupts as the numbers strike zero.

At that very moment, Earth surges through the Interstellar Gate. A radiant flash sweeps across the cosmos, and in an instant the planet slips from its ancient orbit into a newborn solar system within Andromeda.

The restaurant trembles lightly—glasses clink, and the lights suddenly go out. Ten seconds later, they flicker back on.

A roar of celebration bursts forth, louder than before. Strangers embrace, children erupt in laughter, families weep with joy.

INT. RESTAURANT – CONTINUOUS

WIDYH

(raising a glass)

Cheers, everyone! Here's to our new home!

The family bursts into laughter, swept up in the joy of humanity's rebirth.

On the giant television screen, Little John appears.

LITTLE JOHN

Bless our new solar system! Wishing everyone a Happy New Year!

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Thus began the first day of a new era—an age of happiness.

Scene 4 — The Proposal and the Wedding

EXT. CITY STREETS – MORNING

On the first morning of the new era, sunlight spills across quiet streets as John and Helen walk hand in hand.

HELEN

Do you think the sun looks brighter, darling?

JOHN

Maybe. It could be because there's less pollution in the sky.

HELEN

You said you wanted to tell me something. What is it?

John stops, turning to her with quiet resolve and deep affection.

JOHN

I want to marry you.

Helen freezes, staring at him as though the world has stopped.

HELEN

How... how is that possible? You—

JOHN

I'm divorced. She was the one who asked for it. I've already stepped down as leader of the Divine Realm—my son holds that position now.

Helen shakes her head, tears welling.

HELEN

You don't have to do that. It's enough if you just come back to visit me.

John pulls her into a tight embrace.

JOHN

I know I haven't cared for you enough. You've given so much for me.

Helen lets the tears of joy flow, holding him tightly without another word.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

On the first morning of the new era, love found its voice in a single promise.

EXT. CHURCH LAWN – DAY

Two months later. A simple, joyful wedding unfolds on the lawn outside an old church. Though religion has long faded, the church—witness to the births of John and Little John—remains solemn and mysterious.

Guests arrive one after another: Ella, Robert, Little John; Jason with his wife Phuong Nguyen; Professor Kim and his wife; old friends from the “Sounds of Heaven” poetry group; and Helen’s close friend Cathy with her husband. Even the robot Widyh is among them, its expression unreadable as it occasionally lifts its gaze toward the distant sky. Also present are two representatives from the divine realm—assistants to Essiyahta—together with John’s good friend Patrick.

Gentle music lingers in the air as the church doors open. Helen, radiant in her flowing white gown, steps into the light, her diamond necklace catching a subtle gleam. At her side, John, solemn in his formal attire, walks with quiet dignity. Together, they move forward, a vision of grace and timeless allure.

OFFICIANT (CARSON HARRIS)

Bow first to your guests in gratitude, then to your parents, and finally to each other.

They bow as instructed. Applause breaks out. Guests shower them with flowers, laughter, and blessings.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

The wedding was simple, lively, and filled with joy. For Helen, it was the fulfillment of a lifelong dream. For John, it was peace at last—love as his anchor in eternity.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As of today, United Nations President John has adopted the name Johnson as he commences his fourth consecutive term.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

JOHN

(to Helen, smiling)

My dear, how about we go on a honeymoon?

Helen laughs through happy tears.

HELEN

Why didn't you tell me earlier? Honeymoons have been out of fashion for ages.

John takes her hand, his eyes glowing with promise.

JOHN

Then it's time to bring it back. I'm taking you to the new moon.

Helen gasps in delight, laughing as tears glisten on her cheeks.

HELEN

Really, my love? That's the greatest surprise of all!

NARRATOR (LIT.)

Thus, through endless ages, love found its refuge—not in the grandeur of the divine, but in the shared trembling of two hearts, witnessed beneath the radiance of a new sun.

Scene 5 — Honeymoon on the New Moon and the Final Poem

EXT. THE NEW MOON – MORNING

The next day, John and Helen arrive on the new moon. She had once imagined it as barren and cold, but instead it unfolds before her as a world teeming with life, breathtaking in its beauty.

Helen takes John's hand eagerly, pulling him toward a nearby hill for a better view. The moon's gravity seems to have little effect on them.

Below lies a valley of serene beauty: a crystal lake reflecting mountains and drifting clouds; tall green trees with sun-dappled leaves; fields of vibrant flowers carried by a fragrant breeze; birdsong echoing through the woods.

Helen is overwhelmed, her voice alive with excitement and joy.

HELEN

It's so beautiful... it makes me want to write a poem.

JOHN

Take a look into the distance, my love.

Through the mist, Earth slowly emerges in the lunar sky—vast and dazzling, like a sapphire suspended in darkness. Blue oceans, white clouds, green continents—clearer and more magnificent than any painting.

HELEN

What a beautiful Earth! Far more breathtaking than any picture I've ever seen.

John watches her, then smiles playfully.

JOHN

Let's not go back. Let's build a house by the lake and live here.

HELEN

(with a hint of jealousy)

I wouldn't mind! But isn't your true home in the divine realm?

John leans close, kissing her gently. His voice is steady, filled with conviction.

JOHN

My life on Earth has taught me one truth: the universe, the Earth, and you are not only my most precious creations, but also my final home.

Above them, two butterflies dance lightly in the air. Around them, the forest brims with life as birds weave a chorus, as if conducted by an unseen hand.

NARRATOR (LIT.)

And now, let a poem close the story—lifting it into song.

SUPER: “GOD IS COMING”

When God draws near, His radiance shines,
The heavens rejoice, and each heart aligns.
Like dawn breaking through the earthly haze,
The earth trembles; His majesty lights our days.

His majesty, like thunder rolling wide,
Awakens souls in silent prayer and tide.
His grace, like light, renews with holy fire,
As faith burns bright and lifts us ever higher.

His footsteps echo through mountains and plains,
Blessing the earth where His glory reigns.
We bloom like flowers in the moonlight’s glow,
As His spring descends with gentle flow.

While God approaches and the hosts rejoice,
Hymns of glory swell with a soaring voice.
May His word forever guide and cleanse,
A tide of mercy that never ends.

The kingdom comes, declared in sacred song,

A flood of faith to lift the weak and strong.
With boundless love and grace profound,
He crowns us all, where joy knows no bound.

FADE OUT.

THE END