

HULLABALUJAH

(A Rock Opera)

Created by
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WGA Registration
#1059659

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EXT. A STREET IN THE SUBURBS - DAY- LIVE ACTION

SALESMAN/SORROW, a man in a cheap suit, walks down the sidewalk carrying a vacuum cleaner. He is checking addresses.

He stops to look in his appointment book. Sees the name "Frank Hopper", an address and an appointment time. When he looks up, a poster on a telephone pole catches his attention. There is a a message scrawled in a child's handwriting.

"LOST DOG - Clem. Lost July 4th. Ran away cause he was scared of the big bangs. We miss him, and he misses us. Please help. Needs special medication--our family's love! 555-0122"

Below the words, there is a child's drawing of a little dog.

SALESMAN/SORROW runs his hand over the surface of the telephone pole, which is crucified by hundreds of tacks and staples where notices have been posted and removed.

He sees a dog walking nearby that looks like the drawing.

SALESMAN/SORROW

Clem?

The little dog stops and cocks his ears. **SALESMAN/SORROW** gets out his cellphone and dials the number on the poster.

SALESMAN/SORROW (TO CLEM) (CONT'D)

Stay.

Someone answers the phone.

FATHER (V.O)

Hello?

The little dog darts out into the street in front of a car.

SALESMAN/SORROW

Clem!

BRAKES SCREECH. The dog is safe, but still running away.

FATHER (V.O)

Hello?

SALESMAN/SORROW looks at his watch, and makes a decision.

SALESMAN/SORROW

Sorry, wrong number.

He hangs up.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY -MOMENTS LATER - LIVE ACTION

SALESMAN/SORROW, demonstrates a vacuum to FRANK, a scary Hells Angels type, who sits on the couch, drinking beer.

He turns off the vacuum and empties its bag onto a piece of black velvet. His cellphone rings, he ignores it.

SALESMAN/SORROW

You may wonder why the dirt is white instead of brown, sir. It is because this is not dirt, but the peculiar heavy snowfall of your own skin, which rubs off and accumulates on your couch each night as you watch tv. Observe.

He dumps a pile of dirt and dust onto the floor. Frank coughs. The **SALESMAN/SORROW** picks up an ashtray filled with cigarettes and ashes. His cellphone continues to ring.

He adds ashes and cigarette butts to the pile on the floor.

SALESMAN/SORROW (CONT'D)

Now, that's a mess. Not to worry, we have your vacuum and we'll just...

He tries to pick up the dirt with the man's vacuum. No go.

SALESMAN/SORROW (CONT'D)

Oops! Good thing we're not making a sandwich, cause your vacuum is not cutting the mustard. Let's try mine. 6.5 amps of suction. The most 'sucking force' in the industry.

The cellphone is still ringing. Exasperated, **SALESMAN/SORROW** gestures to the biker, "just a second," and picks up the call. He hears the voice of a little boy.

SALESMAN/SORROW (CONT'D)

Yes. Hello.

SCOTTY (V.O.)

You called. Did you find Clem?!

SALESMAN/SORROW

Uh, yes, no. I can't talk now...

SCOTTY (V.O)

Please mister!

Frank glares at the pile of ashes and dirt on his carpet.

SALESMAN/SORROW

I'll call you back. I'll help you
find your dog, I promise kid.

He hangs up.

Switching to his demo vacuum he sets it on top of the pile of dirt. He clicks the switch and nothing happens.

SALESMAN/SORROW (CONT'D)

Hmm.

SALESMAN/SORROW pulls the vacuum's plug from the electrical outlet. He plays with the prongs, then sticks it back in.

VROOM! The vacuum roars to life, belching black soot and dust into Frank's face. The salesman quickly unplugs the vacuum.

SALESMAN/SORROW (CONT'D)

Oooh.

Frank looks like he just stuck his head up a chimney.

The men exchange a long look.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY - DAY- LIVE ACTION - MIXED MEDIUM

Frank rushes from the apartment, holding **SALESMAN/SORROW** over his head. The salesman clutches his vacuum cleaner. Frank throws him through the air and he falls, screaming and flailing, down into the pool.

Frank walks inside. **SALESMAN/SORROW** splashes in the pool, holding his vacuum, like a liferaft, as if it will save him.

SALESMAN/SORROW (CONT'D)

Help! I can't swim!

The salesman sinks below the water's surface.

ANIMATION

He sees SIREN, an irresistible creature of terrible beauty.

She smiles at him, and stretches out her arms, inviting him. The haunting melody of her song echoes under the water.

END ANIMATION

SALESMAN/SORROW tilts his head like a dog, listening.
Air escapes his mouth in slow rising bubbles.

SALESMAN/SORROW focuses on sun and shadow rippling on the wall of the pool like plants at the bottom of the ocean. He opens his mouth and says a word. We hear the word even though he is underwater, as if we are hearing his thought.

SALESMAN/SORROW (CONT'D)

Pretty.

His vision fades to black. There is a flash of white light, and a parade of memories march through Salesman's mind.

SERIES OF SHOTS - ANIMATION

CLOSE SHOT

Image of a woman's face, smiling.

EXT. A FIELD - DAY

A child running through golden hay.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A man and a boy, sitting by a fire.

EXT. SNOW FILLED WOODS - DAY

A boy struggles to dig a dog's grave in hard, frozen earth.

CLOSE UP

The numbers 16-38-6 written on a slip of paper.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - NIGHT

A teenager and a pretty woman slow-dancing.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A man sits on a snowbank, putting on a pair of black shoes.

EXT. COUNTY FAIR - DAY

A Ferris wheel.

EXT. THE OCEAN SHORE - DAY

Waves slowly erode a sand castle.

CLOSE UP

A dog twitching in dream sleep.

CLOSE UP

Hands opening a gift.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A man in a hospital bed.

CLOSE UPS

Faces of smiling people, crying people, angry people.

CLOSE SHOT OF **SALESMAN/SORROW'S** EYES...CLOSING

As he dies, **SALESMAN/SORROW** tumbles and rolls in the water.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY - ANIMATION

The water **SALESMAN/SORROW** is in changes from a pool to the ocean. The vacuum cleaner in his hand becomes a sword. His crappy suit becomes the simple tunic of a knight.

He has become **SALESMAN/SORROW**.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY - MOMENTS LATER - ANIMATION

SALESMAN/SORROW lies on the sand, washed up from the ocean.

He stands and starts walking along the deserted beach.

There is a red and white striped puppet theater standing in the sand. A little sign states "Next show one minute." He sits down in front of the puppet theater and waits.

EXT. PUPPET STAGE - DAY - LIVE ACTION

We hear **CLOWN**, a mad, Shakespearean buffoon, elegant and absurd. The curtain parts, revealing a backdrop of a foggy mountain. Ancient looking puppets scurry across the stage.

CLOWN (V.O)

Long ago, and someplace else; a
group of people was pursued by an
army, across an endless plain.

Live action puppets fade to a larger vision of the past

EXT. MOUNTAIN - NIGHT - ANIMATION

Tiny lights snake up the side of a dark mountain.

CLOWN (V.O)

They climbed a mountain; and not
having wings, found themselves
surrounded on its summit. The army
spread below and around them,
content to wait out the darkness
and cold which came at end of day,
snug by their warm fires.

EXT. PUPPET STAGE - DAY - LIVE ACTION

Puppets with swords sit by a fire of orange and yellow paper.

CLOWN (V.OO

While the people they pursued,
would spend the long night
shivering on the mountaintop,
because there was no wood to burn.

Sad looking puppets hover together. One stands alone,
his little face looks like SALESMAN/**SORROW**.

CLOWN (V.OO (CONT'D)

There was amongst them a great
singer of songs. He had always sung
to lift the spirits of the people.
Sweet joyous songs, full of
silliness and cheer. Now he was
silent, and sat apart from the
rest. He tried to find a melody to
lift the heaviness of heart which
lay upon them. The thing which made
him sing was broken. His voice
cracked, brittle with sorrow.

The little puppet hangs his head.

CLOWN (V.O) (CONT'D)

So the long night passed. And when
the sun rose, the people rose with
it, to face their fate with courage
as had always been their way.

A tiny papier-mache sun, hanging from a thread, rises
jerkily.

CLOWN (V.O) (CONT'D)

The army stirred and stretched its terrible limbs, the clash of metal-on-metal rose on a cold wind, and the sun shone grey.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY - ANIMATION

The sun rises behind clouds above the mountain.

The army swarms like ants.

CLOWN (V.O)

Up the mountain they started, the pitiless mass of men, climbing, clanking, and banging arms and shields. The low heartbeat of steady marching drummed deep and slow. Now, when all hope was lost and the army approached, the singer lifted his voice to heaven where it was made.

EXT. PUPPET STAGE - DAY - LIVE ACTION

The little puppet that looks like SALESMAN/**SORROW** lifts his head toward the sky. We hear a beautiful melody under Clown.

CLOWN (V.O)

He sang a song of such sweetness, beauty and terrible sorrow, that its like had never been heard before in the world.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY - ANIMATION

The clouds get darker, and thunder BOOMS. Rain falls.

CLOWN (V.O)

The heavens opened and it began to pour rain. God's tears fell onto the dry earth. The steep mountain path turned to mud and the soldier's feet could find no ground. They stumbled and crashed upon each other as the rain continued to fall. They could not rise and were soon washed down the mountainside.

A muddy pile of soldiers in chaotic struggle.

On the mountaintop, the people hold hands and laugh.

The man who sang down the rain stands apart.

CLOWN (V.O) (CONT'D)
The people were saved. And the man
who had saved them, they named the
Singer of Sorrows.

EXT. PUPPET STAGE -DAY- LIVE ACTION

Clown pulls a piece of fabric from the puppet and reveals him
dressed exactly like SALESMAN/**SORROW**.

The puppet lifts a tiny sword in the air. The show ends with
a fanfare of music. Clown blows on an out of tune bugle.

The puppets bow.

EXT. BEACH - DAY - ANIMATION

Clown steps from behind the puppet stage.

CLOWN
I'm the Clown.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**
Hello. I liked your story.

CLOWN
It's your story.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**
Uh, no. My name is Walter Smith,
and I'm a vacuum cleaner salesman.

CLOWN
You **were** a vacuum cleaner salesman.
Before you were born you were the
Singer of Sorrows.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**
I'm sorry but you're mistaken.

The Clown holds up a glass jug of strange purple liquid.

CLOWN
We'll see. Drink this.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

No thanks.

CLOWN

Let me give it to you in a nutshell. You're an angel, and your job is to sing for creatures and people who die. You live human lives to remember what it's like. To stay on top of your game. You are supposed to forget the memories but you're a rebel and you break the rules. This is a gift from you to you. After every life you insist I give it to you.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

What is it?

CLOWN

The essence of all sorrow in the world. Sounds nasty, no normal person would touch it with a ten foot tongue. But, you are the Singer of Sorrows.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I'm no singer, I assure you.
If you heard my voice, you'd know.

The Clown smiles. He grabs SALESMAN/**SORROW** by the hair, pulls his head back and pours the liquid down his throat.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** chokes, falls to his knees. His eyes fill with tears. Looking at the sea, he opens his mouth and sings.

SORROW

(singing)

The ocean is made of Heaven's tears, shed of loneliness these tears of man. Over many years, made by many wounds of heart. I send my voice across the waters, in hopes the reunion of its makers may soon follow.

CLOWN

There you are.

Clown looks out across the ocean and sees a small row boat moving across the waves. He checks his watch.

CLOWN (CONT'D)
Right on time.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**
I was Walter Smith, vacuum cleaner salesman. It was a good life. My first word was "pretty." As a baby, I saw a flower. My last word was "pretty" as well.

CLOWN
That's nice. Do you remember me?

SALESMAN/**SORROW** shakes his head.

CLOWN (CONT'D)
It'll come back to you.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket. It is the "Lost Dog" notice he found earlier.

CLOWN (CONT'D)
What's that?

SALESMAN/**SORROW**
I'm not finished. I have to get back in my body.

He runs off.

CLOWN
Hey wait! You can't. Come back!

SALESMAN/**SORROW**
I made a promise!

Clown is at a loss for words. He looks out to sea and sees the rowboat and its captain coming closer.

CLOWN
Nobody stands up the boatman.
He's going to be really angry.

Suddenly scared, he picks up his puppet theater and runs after SALESMAN/**SORROW**.

INT. MORGUE - DAY - LIVE ACTION

SALESMAN/SORROW is a corpse laying on a table.

The crappy suit we saw him selling vacuums in is folded on a nearby chair. A MORTICIAN is speaking into a taperecorder.

MORTICIAN

Subject is approximately 43 years old... cause of death is drowning.

SALESMAN/SORROW sits up and spits out a ton of water.

The Mortician jumps back, horrified. **SALESMAN/SORROW** grabs his pants and hops out of the room, putting them on.

SALESMAN/SORROW

I'm feeling much better!

EXT. OCEAN - DAY- ANIMATED

DEATH sits in a little rowboat on the beach. He consults his big "Book of the Dead" and sees the salesman's name "Walter Smith" (AKA Singer of Sorrows). He looks at his watch.

He speaks to one of his minions, a black robed, whispering silhouette. DEATH points in his book.

DEATH

We've got a naughty soul. He died two hours ago. At this location. Start looking there. Go. Fetch.

The creature flies off.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Good boy.

EXT. STREET IN SUBURBS - DAY - LIVE ACTION

SALESMAN/SORROW wanders the streets looking at addresses. He carries the "lost dog" note. Clown runs to catch up with him.

CLOWN

You don't have to read the rulebook to know it's not ok to come back from the dead. Ever heard of anyone coming back? Well, once in a while, but not a vacuum cleaner salesman!

SALESMAN/SORROW

This is the place.

He looks down at the address on the curb.
It matches the address on the "Lost Dog" flyer.

They both look up at the house.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY- LIVE ACTION

A man and woman stand at a kitchen table,
which is covered with "Lost Dog" signs.

FATHER

I think he's made enough of these.

MOTHER

It gives him something to do.

FATHER

What do we tell him?

MOTHER

We can't tell him what we don't
know.

FATHER

Then what do we say?

MOTHER

We're sorry? At least it's true.

FATHER

I don't want the truth. I want a
great lie to tell him. Better than
Santa. But he's too old now. He
can tell when I'm lying. When I
don't believe. I want to believe,
or be able to lie convincingly to
my child. Is that too much to ask?

She moves to him.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY - LIVE ACTION - MIXED MEDIUM

SCOTTY, a little boy sits on a swing.

SALESMAN/SORROW comes up to him.

SALESMAN/SORROW

Are you the boy looking for a dog?

SCOTTY

Have you seen him?

SALESMAN/SORROW

Yes. I saw him yesterday. And I'm going to help you find him.

Clown, unable to be seen or heard by the boy, yells at **SALESMAN/SORROW**.

CLOWN

Don't get his hopes up.

SALESMAN/SORROW ignores him.

SALESMAN/SORROW

My first dog was named Mr. Boswell. I would have done anything for him.

FLASHBACK

EXT. SNOW FILLED WOODS - DAY - LIVE ACTION

A crying boy struggles to dig a grave in hard, frozen earth.

END FLASHBACK

SALESMAN/SORROW

He was my first best friend.

SCOTTY

I miss Clem. It hurts here.

He points at his heart.

SALESMAN/SORROW

Let me take some of it away.

He holds his hand an inch over the boys heart and sings

SALESMAN/SORROW (SINGING) (CONT'D)

Sadness, sadness go away, there is too much sun today, sadness sadness go away, warm sun shines, and we should play.

A blue mist flows from the boy and up **SALESMAN/SORROW'S** arm.

SALESMAN/SORROW (CONT'D)

Better?

The little boy smiles.

Clown pulls him away.

CLOWN

A human heart with an angel's powers is a dangerous combination.

Clown sees something moving in the bushes. He investigates and finds a minion of death hiding there.

ANIMATION: DEATH MINION ONLY

The thing hisses and takes off running.

Clown pursues it. **SALESMAN/SORROW** speaks quickly to the boy.

SALESMAN/SORROW

I've got to go, but I'll be back!

Two houses down, Clown has tackled and is wrestling with the minion of death. He wraps a RUBBER CHICKEN around its neck and holds it tight.

CLOWN

Did your master send you after the Singer of Sorrows? Well he needs a little more time. The Singer of Sorrows is well liked upstairs. Your master had better back off!

The minion drops something on the ground. **SALESMAN/SORROW** picks it up. It's a BlackBerry.

SALESMAN/SORROW

Really?

CLOWN

I know. We angels don't get BlackBerries. I guess Death gets a better budget with the heavy workload. Hold him!

He puts **SALESMAN/SORROW'S** hands on the rubber chicken around the creature's neck.

Clown looks intently at the BlackBerry, pushing buttons.

The creature struggles and tries to get away.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

Hold him! I've almost got it. Ha! See here? He's not after you, he's here for...the dog, Clem. He's scheduled to die in two days, and the location is...

Death's minion kicks the BlackBerry out of Clown's hand. It flies through the air and smashes on the concrete.

The creature wrenches free and escapes.

SALESMAN/SORROW starts after him.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

Forget it. The dog is scheduled to die and there's no stopping that.

SALESMAN/SORROW

I'm dead, and I'm here.

CLOWN

For the moment.

SALESMAN/SORROW

The moment is all we ever have. I'm not giving up.

CLOWN

All right, I'm game. But we need reinforcements. Come on.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY -MOMENTS LATER- LIVE ACTION

Clown and **SALESMAN/SORROW** walk along train tracks. When he lifts his foot to step over, something stirs under the dirt.

ANIMATION: DEATH MINION'S HAND

A black hand shoots up from beneath the ground and grabs his foot. We hear the HORN of a coming train.

SALESMAN/SORROW

Something's got me!

Clown stomps on the black hand. It won't let go. The train is coming closer. He takes a pair of "chattering teeth" from his bag of tricks and sets them on the black hand. Like a rabid pit bull, the "chattering teeth" wail and gnash. The Death minion howls in pain.

Clown pulls and tugs at **SALESMAN/SORROW**. Finally, the death minion releases its grip. **SALESMAN/SORROW** and Clown fall to the ground, clear of the tracks. The train ROARS by.

CLOWN

They're after you now! Keep your eyes open.

EXT. HILL OVER HIGHWAY -TWILIGHT - LIVE ACTION - MIXED MEDIUM

A beautiful sunset is beginning.

Below, a massive traffic hisses on the freeway.

Car horns are HONKING and tempers are flaring.

Clown and **SALESMAN/SORROW** approach a highway overpass, where RAGE, a savage mountain of a man/woman, (could be played by a man or a woman.) is swinging a sword and screaming.

CLOWN

Don't say anything to upset her.

SALESMAN/SORROW

Such as?

CLOWN

You never can tell.

SALESMAN/SORROW

I'll say nothing.

CLOWN

No, that would upset her. You two are the best of friends, through many ages and countless battles.

Rage crashes her sword into a metal fence.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

Singer of Sorrows, meet Rocker of Rage.

Clown puts his hands over his ears.

A huge voice bellows, sounding like a foghorn.

SALESMAN/SORROW'S hair blows wildly and he fights to stand.

Rage sings. Her song is an operatic rock sound reminiscent of Queen. Lots of inarticulate ahs! and screams.

ANIMATION: JAZZ FAIRIES

When she uses profanity; the JAZZ FAIRIES, tiny little fireflies, appear, flying around her head, 'blowing' acid jazz to cover the words.

RAGE

Die! All you stupid, mother*&^%
dirty pig*&%^ *&^%\$. Die of an
infectious and incurable disease,
that makes your %^%\$^ and %^\$# fall
to the ground to be carried off and
eaten by hungry plague-ripe rats.
Where are all you mother*&^%
going? Oh, for a stone to crush,
each skull before me and make a
river of the trickling blood of
Abel. You lousy pig#\$\$@#\$\$@ Eat \$#@%
and die!

She rests, exhausted. We hear HORNS HONKING again. The jazz
fairies gather together and their firefly lights grow
brighter. They part, and fly away.

SALESMAN/SORROW

That's an angel?

CLOWN

An inbetweener, like you and I.
She's good at what she does.
Scary but **good**.

SALESMAN/SORROW

What **good** could come of this...
fury?

CLOWN

Rage.

SALESMAN/SORROW

What?

CLOWN

Her name and her vocation is Rage.
Call her the wrong name and she's
likely to pull out your intestines.
She absorbs the extra rage, a
frequency that human beings cannot
hold too much of without harm. She
keeps people from killing each
other. And she's good to have
around in case someone or some
thing needs a good ass kicking.

RAGE

What fool disturbs my prayer with
his girly whisperings?

CLOWN

This fool. I'm a clown, by the way.

Rage comes toward them.

RAGE

You're a fool. And a dead one, if you don't shut up.

CLOWN

Aren't you done?

RAGE

Does it look like I'm done?

She gestures toward the traffic jam.

CLOWN

I've seen worse.

RAGE

And did you know that five people within a mile of us here on the freeway have guns? Thomas Lengner in the crappy Ford truck just lost his job, and stopped at the bar on the way home. He's got his 45 on his lap and Chad Cooperman in the Ferrari in front of him, just gave him the finger.

CLOWN

Don't sweat it, I know how to defuse the situation here. Watch this, Sorrow. Now they can see me. I just decide it in here.

He points to his head.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

Nothing to it.

He pulls down his pants and moons the traffic.

HORNS sound. There are GUN SHOTS.

Clown pulls up his pants and runs.

The other angels follow.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - ANIMATION

Death sits by his little boat, stoking the flames of a small fire with a long arm bone from a skeleton. He looks at his watch, and growls angrily.

Several death minions sitting by the fire, fade backwards into the shadows of the night. Only their red eyes remain blinking in the blackness.

DEATH

Enough is enough. Time to call in a professional.

He lifts a large seashell to his lips. He blows upon it and a deep and mournful note rolls out across the water.

Soon the ocean boils and splits open, revealing a tunnel up from the depths. Majestic and beautiful comes Siren, a train of sparkling seaweed dragging behind her. She steps onto the beach, bows and kisses Death's hand.

SIREN

You summoned me?

DEATH

Lovely, deadly spirit, I have need of your tender melodies. A wayward soul eludes me. You know him well. He is the one who got away. The love of your life. Serve death, serve yourself, bring him to me.

SIREN

It would be my pleasure.

She flies up into a cloud which becomes dark with pending rain. Death smiles and claps his hands appreciatively.

EXT. A HILL. - NIGHT - MIXED MEDIUM

The angels have built a small fire. Night has fallen, and crickets sing. Clown rides a unicycle in a large circle, keeping away from Rage, who lumbers after him, swinging her huge sword and grunting.

The jazz fairies (ANIMATION) fly around tooting their horns to cover the profanities, buzzing their wings desperately to keep up with Rage as she moves.

RAGE

I'm gonna rip off your **&^% and shove it up your^%\$#! You &^%# \$!

CLOWN

Well, you wanted to know what a "Wedgie" was.

RAGE

Stand still so I can gut you!

Clown enjoys tormenting Rage. He produces more props from within his bag of tricks. He juggles a couple of red balls, and then balances a bowling pin on the end of his nose.

SALESMAN/SORROW looks down at the lights of the traffic jam.

He starts to sing. The two other angels stop and look at him.

SORROW

(singing)

Beautiful birds, build their own cages, long to sing yet stay silent. Made to fly, and not to crawl, fly sad birds, fly.

He sits, head bowed.

RAGE

My heart hurts.

Clown crosses to **SALESMAN/SORROW**

SALESMAN/SORROW

All that life I desired only to buy my freedom. I always felt there was something I was supposed to do. I never found it. I failed as a human, not only this time, but every time.

CLOWN

Come my friend, shed shame and regret like a snake's skin, dare to hope the same design and care applied to the making of a snowflake or a butterfly has been lavished on you. It has. You are a normal man, struggling to remember the hot feeling of living faith that is being an angel. Give it time.

SALESMAN/SORROW

I know only this. These are my last hours in my last life as a human being. I must find this dog. It won't change or save the world, but it may save me. It is my path.

RAGE

And we will walk it with you. Your two oldest friends. We survived the battle of the Westward slope. We can surely find one little dog.

CLOWN

Shh!

He puts his finger over his lips.

RAGE

What is it? An enemy?

He draws his sword.

CLOWN

Do you hear singing? Far off?

SALESMAN/SORROW

No.

CLOWN

I've got an idea. Sit down by the fire, and let's have a puppet show. I'll tell you a story.

RAGE

I don't want to hear one of your stories.

CLOWN

It's not for you. It's for Sorrow. He **really** needs to hear this story.

Clown readies his puppet theater. Rage lies down and pulls a blanket over herself.

RAGE

If I fall asleep, it's not the story that bores me, it's you.

CLOWN

Thanks. Let the magic begin!

Rage yawns.

EXT. PUPPET STAGE - DAY - LIVE ACTION

Two puppets in a boat sail on a makeshift sea of tissue paper. It is SALESMAN/**SORROW** and Clown.

CLOWN

In another life we one day sailed,
further than anyone had, save those
whom never returned.

A puppet Siren sits on a rock.

A string lifts her little arm to beckon sailors forward.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

Something called us; you said it
was the horizon; you sang to it
your sweetest, saddest song.

The SALESMAN/**SORROW** puppet lifts its head and we hear a sad melody under Clown's words. And then another melody, full of longing, meets and melds with the first.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

The horizon answered, a melody of
terrible beauty, a power you
couldn't escape. Her song was well
rehearsed, you surrendered to an
end.

The SALESMAN/**SORROW** puppet dives into papier-mache waves.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY - ANIMATION

SALESMAN/**SORROW** is tossed in an angry sea. The Siren looks on from the shore of her island, hands clasped.

CLOWN

Then something happened which no
one could have foreseen. A Siren
falling in love.

Siren leaps into the sea and swims powerfully toward SALESMAN/**SORROW**. Once, twice, three times, he goes under.

Siren reaches him under the boiling waters and drags him up onto the shore. She shakes him desperately.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

She could not bear the world
without your song.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** awakens and smiles up at the Siren's beautiful face. They kiss.

CLOWN(CONT'D)

From the edge of the world I
witnessed the longest kiss ever
seen.

EXT. PUPPET STAGE - DAY - LIVE ACTION

The SALESMAN/**SORROW** puppets kiss. They rise and bow.

EXT. MOUNTAIN- NIGHT- CONTINUOUS - MIXED MEDIUM

Rage has fallen asleep and is snoring loudly.

Clown is blinking and yawning too.

CLOWN

I hope you found that story
entertaining. But the reason I told
it to you is, uh, oh man. I'm
asleep on my big red feet. The
reason I told you the story
is...very important that you...

He slumps to the ground and falls asleep.

SALESMAN/SORROW hears a haunting melody floating through the air. He looks for its source and notices a sweet little waterfall amongst the rocks. He moves toward it.

He swirls his fingers in the water's ripples.

ANIMATION: SIREN

Behind him, the Siren creeps up, rising from the stream which flows from the waterfall.

A fog rises, and the air in front of her ripples like water.

SIREN (SINGING)

Come to me, live and die in my
arms. Within the womb you breathed
water. Do so again. Breathe in.
Breathe.

She steps toward him and touches his face.

SIREN (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 So many lives walking beside you
 through oceans, streams and lake.
 Even in tears. I was there.
 Wherever you dwelt..was
 there...Following you...I'm
 following you!

Water rises up his body, enveloping him like a blanket.

Clown and Rage who are sleeping nearby stir in their sleep trying to wake up. Siren calms them with a gesture, thickening the fog of sleep over them.

SIREN (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 Once I had the patience of
 ancients. To wait, to sing,
 stealing sailor's souls. Once I had
 the patience of ancients, and then
 you kissed me, you kissed my soul!
 Once I sang the beast desire, now
 it lives in me, and I must sing. I
 want you now and now it shall be.

SALESMAN/SORROW is completely surrounded by water.(ANIMATION)
 He wakes and struggles within the watery cocoon, drowning.

Siren brushes his hair back from his face and soothes him as bubbles rise from his mouth. Slowly he lets go and drowns.

SIREN (CONT'D)
 Breathe water and drown my love,
 with me. We will away, for the last
 time be parted. Together stay,
 forever as one!

The spirit of **SALESMAN/SORROW** separates from the Salesman's body. Siren and **SALESMAN/SORROW** walk off hand in hand.

Once they are gone, Rage and Clown are free of the Siren's spell. Clown wakes suddenly.

CLOWN
 I remember what I was trying to
 remember! You have to stay away
 from water because...

He turns to see **SALESMAN/SORROW** dead, face down in the little stream under the waterfall.

CLOWN (CONT'D).
 Exactly.

EXT. BEACH - DAY- ANIMATION

SALESMAN/**SORROW** washes up on the beach. He wakes to find Death standing over him.

DEATH

You are really starting to annoy me. You know that? There is an ancient and eternal system of which you are a tiny piece. There's no bargaining with it. Who do you think you are anyway?

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I am the Singer of Sorrows!

He picks his sword up from the beach and stabs Death through the foot, sinking his blade deep into the sand.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** jumps up and runs.

Death bellows with anger, and points his hand in SALESMAN/**SORROW'S** direction. A wall of fire explodes across the beach racing to catch up with SALESMAN/**SORROW**. Just in time he makes it behind dunes and the fire passes over his head. He waits a moment and then takes off running again.

INT. MORGUE. - DAY - LIVE ACTION

The same mortician as the first time **SALESMAN/SORROW** came back to life, now stands over his body. He holds a scalpel in a shaking hand. Slowly he approaches the body, and makes an incision.

SALESMAN/SORROW

OW!

SALESMAN/SORROW sits up straight on the gurney.

The mortician screams and backs up against the wall. **SALESMAN/SORROW** grabs his pants and grins.

SALESMAN/SORROW (CONT'D)

Hello again! I really do owe you an explanation but I don't think you'd buy it. You're not crazy. It's a crazy world. Crazier than you know.

EXT. WOODS - TWILIGHT - LIVE ACTION

Rage and Clown are walking through the woods.

SALESMAN/SORROW runs breathlessly up to them.

CLOWN

Welcome back to the land of the living!

He embraces **SALESMAN/SORROW**

CLOWN (CONT'D)

Oh. That body is starting to ripen.

Rage shakes **SALESMAN/SORROW'S** hand vigorously.

RAGE

Good to see you my brother! Your woman is stealthy and dangerous. You need to remember how to fight.

CLOWN

He'll always be a sucker for the Siren.

RAGE

Indeed, there's no defense against love. But he will need his sword when we go up against death's minions. They aren't after his heart but his body.

CLOWN

We fought side by side in the Seventh Circle wars for 300 years, and you don't remember squat. Lucky dummy. I was drafted. You volunteered. It was Hell.

SALESMAN/SORROW

Where is the Seventh Circle?

CLOWN

I said it was Hell. I'll show you.

He takes **SALESMAN/SORROW'S** sword and looks down the blade.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

Ah, here we go.

He finds a dark spot that looks like rust on the blade.
He scrapes it with his fingernail, and a red dust comes off.

CLOWN (CONT'D)
Stick out your tongue.

SALESMAN/SORROW
Why?

CLOWN
To see. Don't worry, what you've
already killed can't hurt you.

SALESMAN/SORROW sticks out his tongue.
Clown places some of the red dust on it.

WHOOSH! Memory descends on Sorrow.

EXT. HELL - DAY - ANIMATION

SALESMAN/SORROW and Clown stand side by side with swords in hand. They are two of a small group of angels formed in a circle around a tiny white flower growing in red, red soil.

Thousands of demons rush toward them from every direction, screaming. The ground shakes and rumbles as if there's an earthquake. Clown yells above the din to **SALESMAN/SORROW**.

CLOWN
Someday we'll look back and laugh
about this!

SALESMAN/SORROW doesn't look so sure.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - LIVE ACTION

SALESMAN/SORROW is back to the here and now.
Clown laughs and slaps him on the shoulder.

CLOWN
Some dumb ass 5th level angel
accidentally drops a flower into
Hell; it takes root, and we, the
grunts have to go to war. Politics.
Nothing ever changes.

RAGE
In any case, you see how you once
could fight. You will need to
remember, and you will.

SALESMAN/SORROW

We are running out of time. The dog Clem is going to die tomorrow. We have to find out where, so we can save him.

RAGE

That's your job and this fool's.

CLOWN

Clown. I'm a clown.

RAGE

I am preparing an army. You find out where the battle is to be. I know of one more angel I think we can recruit. Another old friend and rebel, like the three of us.

EXT. A MANSION - NIGHT - LIVE ACTION - MIXED MEDIUM

The angels force their way through a rusty, broken down gate. They walk up the driveway to a large dilapidated mansion with boards on its windows and high weeds growing in the front yard. The inside of the house is dark and ominous.

CLOWN

All right! This is where the party's at!

SALESMAN/SORROW

What party? This place is a dump.

Clown puts his ear to the door and listens.

CLOWN

Yep, it's really hopping in there.

He knocks on the door in a definite rhythm.

Slowly the door swings open.

ANIMATION:DOWN THE TUNNEL

A tunnel of light is revealed, and from the beyond, the sound of loud music and laughter emanates. Suddenly, **SALESMAN/SORROW** can see spirits and angels passing by him through the door, into the party. (ANIMATION)

Everyone removes their shoes. Once they do, they rise a foot in the air and float into the tunnel of light. There is a long line of shoes stretching across the lawn.

Clown bends to take off his big red shoes.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

In here, time stands still. You'll need to take your shoes off to party on.

He stamps his feet on the ground.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

We could be in there a hundred years, and no time will pass.

RAGE

Let's go. I want a drink.

She takes off her boots and floats upward.

CLOWN

You gonna argue with her?

INT. JOY'S PARTY SANCTUARY - LIMBO - ANIMATION

As they descend through the light filled tunnel, they see strange forms and mysterious shapes flying and morphing in the air. An other-worldly voice speaks from nowhere and everywhere. In homage to "The Matrix" we hear:

FEMALE (V.O)

Let me tell you why you're here. You're here because you know something. You feel it. It is this feeling that has brought you to me. Unfortunately, no one can tell you what "It" is. You have to see it for yourself!

They enter a magical world. An impossible space, with architecture which defies gravity and other logic.

The space is filled with mythical creatures.

JOY, a stylish, party king, dances and sings with a microphone in his hand.

JOY (SINGING)

Rock and Roll's too loud for Heaven. The smoke is rising, the bread is leaven. Hell has 6's, but we roll 7's. Settle down son, you'll shake the jellin.

The dance floor is packed.

A live band rocks, making unearthly music on old instruments like harps and lutes, which echo with electric synth sound.

JOY (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 Changing water into rhythm and
 rhyme. Hallelujah, this joint is
 fine. Look around, who do you see?
 Everybody, can you give me a C?

Ganesha rides on the back of a giant elephant which lifts its trunk and sounds a mighty "C" note.

JOY (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 Over in the corner, dancing up a
 storm. It's brother Gabriel blowin
 on his horn.

The angel Gabriel flutters his giant wings and blows hard on his glowing magic trumpet.

JOY (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 Beer is cold and the sirens are
 HOT! HOT! HOT!

Seductive sirens dive into a crystal clear pool and the water steams and hisses as they sink to the bottom.

JOY (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 I think I'm 10,000 years old,
 but...I forgot!

Sitar music vibrates through the air, played by the six-armed, blue, Hindu Goddess Kali.

JOY (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 Up the volume, get your moves on.
 Up the volume, get your groove on.
 It's a party, Joy's your D.J. Why
 should Hell have all the fun?

Hairy-legged Centaurs play their Pan flutes and march in a conga line around the room.

JOY (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 Rock and Roll's too loud for
 heaven. Let's raise the roof before
 we're done...

A giant cyclops lifts the roof to let in Pegasus, the flying horse, trailing glowing clouds behind her.

JOY (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 *...and party on, baby and
 remember...

*In homage to Earth, Wind and Fire's "September"

A Sphinx, wearing sunglasses, sings while Egyptian dancers cross the dance floor; hands gesturing above their heads.

JOY (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 ...to dance the House of Rising
 Suns..

Phoenix flies up in the air and spins to the music. It turns from fire to many colored flame, like a living disco ball. Joy stops singing but the music and dancing goes on.

Clown looks up at the Phoenix, his face illuminated by fiery light. He claps his hands like a child.

CLOWN
 Pretty!

A flaming poop lands on his shoulder. He screams and brushes it off to the floor. He stomps on it to put out the fire, and yells again because he has no shoes on and burns his foot. He waves across the room at Joy, who heads over toward them.

He smiles wide, throws open his arms to embrace SALESMAN/**SORROW**. The same with Rage, who resists but does not escape the greeting.

Clown makes introductions, gesturing toward Joy, but we can't hear anything over the music, except his name.

CLOWN (CONT'D)
JOY!

Rage makes her way to the bar.

Joy laughs with Clown. His intoxication bubbles over, as he lifts a glass to make a toast. Clown shrugs at SALESMAN/**SORROW**, indicating, "I have no idea what he said."

Clown leans in toward Joy and says something, Joy breaks up laughing. He looks at SALESMAN/**SORROW** who seems ill at ease.

Joy produces a picture from his pocket. It's very old, and shows himself and SALESMAN/**SORROW** standing under the Arc de Triomphe, Paris, at the end of the war.

The photo captures a moment of supreme happiness. Everyone is celebrating, kissing, throwing hats in the air.

Joy has his arm around SALESMAN/**SORROW** and is pointing at the camera. SALESMAN/**SORROW** is smiling.

Joy points to the smile, and gives SALESMAN/**SORROW** a look of mock wonder. Then he slaps him on the back, and winks.

INT. PARTY - LATER

Clown and SALESMAN/**SORROW** sit uncomfortably close at the center of a long red couch. On either side of them, beautiful couples make out.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

When are we getting back to the mission? We're running out of time.

Clown leans in close to SALESMAN/**SORROW** and yells to be heard.

CLOWN

I told you, we're out of time here. No time is passing. Have fun. I'm gonna mingle. Get you a drink?

SALESMAN/**SORROW** shakes his head 'no'.

Clown boogies cross the dance floor. He slides up to Rage at the bar and slaps her on the back. Rage growls.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

Having fun?

RAGE

The music is too loud.

CLOWN

What?

RAGE

The music is too loud!

CLOWN

Eh?

A minotaur sitting next to them at the bar snickers.

Rage glares at him.

INT. - BALCONY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS - ANIMATION

SALESMAN/**SORROW** looks down at the lighted pool from high up on the balcony. Nervous, he quickly steps back.

Slowly his face appears again, peeking back down at the pool. An idea comes to him, and he hurries inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A huge brawl is in progress. Five guys try to subdue Rage, piling on top of her. She roars and gnashes her teeth.

The band just keeps playing. The jazz fairies are rocking out with them, buzzing around the stage, letting loose with their little trumpets.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** finds Clown and shouts in his ear.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

Is she ok?

CLOWN

No problem, she's just having fun.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

When she's done, meet me by the pool. I've got an idea!

He walks away.

CLOWN

By the pool!?

EXT. BY THE POOL - CONTINUOUS - ANIMATION

SALESMAN/**SORROW** treads water in the middle of the pool.

No one else is there, except a Merman, lazily floating and drinking a Mai-tai. A shadow towers over him. It is Rage.

RAGE

Get out of the pool.

MERMAN

Dude. Chill out. There's plenty of water for everyone.

Rage grabs the Merman by the tail, and whips him through the air, he flies and screams, landing with a THUMP! out of sight. Rage smells his hand and grimaces.

RAGE
I hate fish.

Rage steps into the bushes, where Clown is already hiding. Clown stuffs cotton in his ears and hands some to Rage.

RAGE (CONT'D)
This is a bad idea.

CLOWN
What?

RAGE
This...oh, that's funnier the second time. You know what else would be funny? Me crushing your head like a ripe watermelon.

CLOWN
Shh.

EXT. THE POOL -CONTINUOUS

SALESMAN/**SORROW** looks up at the stars. The melody of Siren wafts through the night. The water begins to come alive, fog forming on its surface.

From the deep end, she rises. She embraces him and they kiss.

SIREN
Did you miss me?

SALESMAN/**SORROW**
Always.

SIREN
Are you ready to be reunited? For good this time? Forever?

SALESMAN/**SORROW**
Not yet. I need your help my love.

SIREN
Anything.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**
I need to save a dog from death.

SIREN

No one escapes death. You above all should know that.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I made a promise to a little boy.

SIREN

You made a promise you can't keep.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

Maybe. But I'll try. I know when the dog will die. But I need to know where. You are a servant of Death, you can get close to him, look in his book and find out.

SIREN

And what do I get in return?

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I'll retire and stay with you forever.

SIREN

I've heard that before.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I promise. And I keep my promises.

The Siren has formed great arms of water which wrap round SALESMAN/**SORROW** and envelope him.

SIREN

What if I said I will take you now?

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

No.

SIREN

No? You can't say no to me. I **will** take you now.

The arms of water clench him. Water creeps down his forehead and through his hair, closer and closer to his face.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

No, you won't.

Suddenly Rage and Clown jump from the bushes. Rage grabs Siren and pulls her screaming and writhing from the water.

She hisses and spits water in every direction.

CLOWN

Calm down!

Siren and Rage both look at him amazed. Siren becomes enraged and changes into a giant sea snake with many heads. The heads bite and snap at Rage.

RAGE

Fool! Never say that to a woman.
Especially a Siren!

Rage slams two of the snakes heads together and grabs it by the tail. Siren lifts Rage into the air and smashes her through deck chairs. Clown rubs his hands together.

CLOWN

Oh. Girl fight! Sort of.

Back and forth at the edge of the pool, Rage and Siren wrestle for control. Clown pulls an endless colored handkerchief from his mouth, wrapping it around Siren.

With a burst from her powerful snake tail, Siren sends herself and Rage flying through the air, they come back down onto the diving board and fly up again.

Clown pulls hard on the long colored handkerchief and the girls SLAM! back down once more.

Rage bellows with effort and subdues Siren in a bear hug. Exhausted for the moment, Siren gives up. Breathing heavily her eyes burn into SALESMAN/**SORROW**

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

Look in Death's book. Get me the information I need. Then we'll be together forever. I promise. Will you do this for me? Promise.

SIREN

I HATE YOU!

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

Promise.

SIREN

All right. I promise. But I still hate you.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** nods to Rage. She releases Siren. She rises up towering above them, becoming a tornado of water. Everyone grabs something and holds on.

Clown's legs stick straight up in the air and his shoes are sucked off. Then the Siren is gone, flying into the night.

Clown sits on the ground, in striped socks. His hair stands straight up on end.

CLOWN

That went well.

Joy stumbles out, drink in hand, and without pants. He wears heart covered briefs. Joy surveys the mess.

JOY

Well, it's not a party until the place is trashed. This looks like fun central. What did I miss?

CLOWN

Clash of the Titans.

JOY

Really? I thought I didn't invite the Titans. They eat all the Hors d'oeuvres.

RAGE

If you'd like some more of the same kind of fun which transpired here, we're taking Sorrow to brush up on his swordplay.

CLOWN

We are? I haven't even gotten anything to eat.

Joy looks in Clowns 'bag of tricks' and pours out hundreds of shrimp onto the ground.

JOY

Crustacean hoarder

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

No offense, Joy, it's been a wonderful party, but I really don't want to waste any more time.

JOY

A party a waste of time? For shame. Ok. Let's go. Let me get some shoes on. And my sword. And some pants.

EXT. SUBURB - NIGHT - LIVE ACTION

The angels make their way down a winding street. Joy stumbles along, with one arm around **SALESMAN/SORROW** for support.

JOY

....That night, at the Croix du Sud Montparnasse in Paris, with a lady named Claudine, and the aid of copious amounts of the lube of Bacchus, we nearly made you break your oath to your lovely songstress. Or as Clown calls her 'the screamer.'

CLOWN

I? Never.

JOY

I want to apologize for that attack on the lovely white tower of true love, may it stand forever. Nothing is more wonderful than being loved by a woman.

CLOWN

Except being loved by two women.

RAGE

As if you've been loved by any!?

JOY

Despite all past words and deeds, and my present instability, I want you to know that I am serious. You are blest in your love. When you walked out of that cafe and away from the most beautiful young lady I'd ever set eyes on and chose to jump into the Seine and drown instead, to be reunited with your love. I found this noble. And I did, and do admire you. Bravo. To the monogamous hero!

He raises a flask to drink again. Rage takes it from him.

RAGE

You've had enough. Despite your prodding, he remembers none but me. His best friend.

SORROW

No. I remember you, Joy.

Joy gasps with happiness and throws his arms around **SALESMAN/SORROW**.

JOY

My friend. I live in his memory!

He face hangs close to **SALESMAN/SORROW**.

SORROW

It was your breath, remembered you to me. Like the burp of a fire breathing dragon. Ripe with fuel.

JOY

Wonderful!

CLOWN

You remember his breath, but not my stinkies? How humiliating. What about this?

He makes a silly face.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

Nothing, huh? Damn.

JOY

You're memory is coming back to you, eh? What about that legendary song you sang up on the mountain? Can you sing it for us?

SORROW

I cannot.

CLOWN

Do you recall it?

SORROW

Yes. But the secrets that gave the song its power were not mine to reveal. I betrayed the trust of one who opened their deepest heart to me as to no other. I will not do so again.

JOY

Pity.

RAGE
Who did you betray?

CLOWN
Mind your own business, nosy.

Rage punches him in the arm.

CLOWN (CONT'D)
Ow. Violence is not always the answer, you know.

RAGE
Works for me.

CLOWN
I've got a question. Any woman in the world through time you could have had. But, no, you had to pick a devil from the deep, who wants nothing more then to see you dead. What is it about Siren?

JOY
Are your pants on fire?

CLOWN
No.

JOY
If your pants were on fire you'd know it right? Love is like that. It's unexplainable. Inexplicable. And Magnificent.

Joy has taken a lighter and lit Clown's pants on fire.

Clown realizes the trick played on him and runs down the street batting at his backside. He takes a Spritzer bottle from his 'bag of tricks', and puts out the fire.

EXT. HOUSE.- NIGHT- MOMENTS LATER- LIVE ACTION

A small, normal looking house. Few lights are on.

Several cars are parked out front.

RAGE
This is the place. (looks at her watch) And nearly the time. Normally I would handle a case like this all by myself.
(MORE)

RAGE (CONT'D)

But it will be enjoyable to have
you all by my side once more.

SALESMAN/SORROW walks up the driveway. Clown grabs him.

CLOWN

They can see you. You need to be
invisible for this job.

He moves his mouth toward **SALESMAN/SORROW**.

SALESMAN/SORROW

I am pledged to another.

CLOWN

You idiot. I'm not kissing you. You
must take of my breath; angel
breath will make you invisible.

He opens his mouth and a blue smoke passes to
SALESMAN/SORROW.

SALESMAN/SORROW

Tastes funny.

CLOWN

Of course. I'm the Clown!

CLOWN (CONT'D)

If you start becoming visible,
signal me, I'll give you some more
air. It wears off after awhile.

Rage pushes Clown out of the way.

She spits wetly in **SALESMAN/SORROW'S** face.

RAGE

Angel spit works too. And it lasts
longer.

CLOWN

Nice.

SALESMAN/SORROW moves to wipe his face.

RAGE

Leave it. Come on.

CLOWN

You are lacking in social graces.

Rage, **SALESMAN/SORROW**, Joy and Clown walk up to the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT -MIXED MEDIUM

A group of kids sit around a Ouija board in a dimly lit room.

SALESMAN/SORROW, Clown, Rage and Joy stand by, watching. ZEO, a multi-pierced, Goth kid and MELISSA, a pretty Grunge girl in a Nirvana T-shirt, have their hands on the navigator.

MELISSA

Are there any spirits in this room?

The navigator does not move. Someone giggles.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Are there any spirits in this room?

Silence. Someone giggles.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Come on, you guys!

(back to the board)

Are there any spirits in this room?

Rage sits on the back of an EZ boy, sword in her hands. Joy sneaks over to the Ouija board and gently moves the navigator toward "Yes" on the board.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Yes. Are you good spirits? We only welcome good spirits here.

The navigator spins slowly in circles. Then stops on "No".

ZEO

Cool.

Rage readies her sword. She looks to Clown, who takes a position with his staff on the other side of the room.

Joy puts his drink down on top of one of the kids heads, where it stays balanced perfectly. He takes out his sword.

MELISSA

We only welcome good spirits here.

She pushes the navigator towards "Goodbye" on the board. Clown breathes a sigh of relief.

ZEO

Aw, c'mon. We're having a party;
everybody is invited, as long as
they've got beer, or bud! Come on
in demons, let's party!

Rage shakes her head, takes out her sword. She gets Clown's attention and points at the wall. Clown looks and nods. Joy takes another wall.

SALESMAN/SORROW is clueless. Rage crosses to him, and spits in his eyes. **SALESMAN/SORROW** rubs at his eyes, when he looks up again he is...

EXT. WIDE PLAIN. - DAY - LIVE ACTION - MIXED MEDIUM

...in the center of an endless plain.

THE SEANCE IS LIVE ACTION. EVERYTHING ELSE IS ANIMATION

The circle of Ouija players sits on desert sand. From the direction Rage pointed are demons, running, carrying swords.

JOY

Now would be an excellent time to
remember how to use that.

SALESMAN/SORROW holds his sword loosely in his hands.

He lifts it, eyes it doubtfully.

The fight begins. A huge demon roars toward Rage, and Rage roars back. A few strokes of Rage's sword and the demon falls. Only to be replaced by another, and another.

The jazz fairies dodge and weave amidst the madness, playing their trumpets and covering Rage's profanities.

RAGE

Eat #\$\$^, *%&^*%&^%!

Joy laughs and drunkenly slays demons, it seems almost accidentally, as he swings clumsily, falls and trips every which way.

Clown pulls a giant red boxing glove out of his bag of tricks. WHAMMO! Powered by a powerful spring, the boxing glove zooms out and thumps a demon in the chin. The demon falls to the ground. Down for the count.

A demon looks at Rage, Clown, and Joy, who are fighting furiously. Then he sees **SALESMAN/SORROW** and senses his fear.

The monster runs, lifting his sword. **SALESMAN/SORROW** just stands there.

The demon's sword flashes down. Now, **SALESMAN/SORROW** instinctively swings to protect himself, there is a "CRASH!" of steel. He parries several blows, and then twists the monster's sword in a circle with his own blade, and wrests it from his enemy's hand.

The sword flies through the air and lands, sticking in sand.

SALESMAN/SORROW sweeps the monster's feet out from under it, and puts his blade to its neck.

RAGE (CONT'D)

Kill it!

But something makes **SALESMAN/SORROW** hesitate.

He looks into the creature's eyes.

SALESMAN/SORROW

What is your name?

The creature's head tilts, like a quizzical dog.

SALESMAN/SORROW (CONT'D)

I am the Singer of Sorrows, angel
of the 2nd order..

Clown is attacked by two demons at once, and groans with the effort of fending them off.

CLOWN

We could use your help here.

RAGE

These are Hell spawn. They are the
nameless, mindless limbs of our
enemy. It is our part to cut them
off from his will in the only way
possible. With death!

A demon reaches for the face of one of the kids at the Ouija board. Rage slices off its claw with his sword, then stabs it. It bellows in pain.

SALESMAN/SORROW

I will not kill an unnamed
creature.

RAGE

Then you will die!

The battle moves closer and closer to SALESMAN/**SORROW**. Rage and Clown are protecting him from attackers. A circle of demons is hemming them in, the circle growing smaller.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** places his sword on the demon's shoulder.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

By the power vested in me, I name
you Emanuel. Rise. You are named
and free. Do what you will.

The creature rises and runs for its sword. It picks it up and races back at SALESMAN/**SORROW**. SALESMAN/**SORROW** drives his sword through the creature. It looks into his eyes and falls.

The battle rages on. SALESMAN/**SORROW** names them as he fights. Only once they have been named does he kill them.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** (CONT'D)

I name you Ezra...Jacob...Horatio.

Clown picks up on it. Naming and bashing demons.

CLOWN

...Buttface,Little butt,
Juanita.

JOY

Aimée, Émilie, and sweet
Gabrielle!. I remember you well.

Clown pulls a big fluffy coconut cream pie from his bananapants and flings it at a demon. WHUMP! It catches the creature full in the face. As it stumbles around, blindly licking its face, Rage tackles it to the ground.

Clown flings more pies. One of them hits Rage in the face.

CLOWN

My bad.

Rage shakes her head, sending pie filling flying every which way. Now she's really mad. Two demons give each other a look, as if to say "uh oh".

Rage charges at them.

Soon the battle is over.

All the creatures are dead, lying in piles all around. Zeo the Goth kid, drops the Ouija board and stands up.

ZEO

This is so lame. Nothing ever happens. Let's play video games.

The other kids rise, start walking and disappear one by one.

RAGE

The gratitude of mortals is overwhelming.

CLOWN

Hey, that's sarcasm. Almost a joke. I'm proud of you.

He starts to pat Rage on the shoulder.

RAGE

Don't touch me.

Melissa, (The Grunge girl) is last to go; she stands for a moment near SALESMAN/**SORROW**, looking almost directly at him. She holds a tiny crucifix on a silver chain around her neck.

MELISSA

(whispering)

Thank you.

And she steps forward and disappears.

A demon who was pretending to be dead scurries across the ground toward his sword. Rage swings her sword down toward the creature's head, but SALESMAN/**SORROW** blocks the blow with his own sword. The demon cowers in fear.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

By the power vested in me, I name you Simon. Rise. You are named and free. Do what you will.

The creature picks up his sword, looks at the three angels. He moans something unintelligible, then points at the mountains. Dropping the sword, he runs away.

CLOWN

Simon says "Head for the hills."
Good idea.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

Good luck, Simon.

JOY

Well done.

He puts a hand on SALESMAN/**SORROWS** shoulder.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

Rage... I remember you. The memory came back when I stopped you from killing that demon. That look of murderous rage you gave me..

CLOWN

That was her nickname in school. 'Murderous Rage.' She got it when he threw that teacher out the window. Remember?

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I do.

CLOWN

Nothing about me? How about this?

He puts his hands together and then pulls them apart, making it look like his thumb has separated from his hand.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

Ringing any bells?

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

Sorry.

RAGE

Anyway. Well done, in the battle Sorrow. I think you're ready.

CLOWN

Except for the naming.

JOY

Yes, well, except for that. Charming but unnecessary. In any case, the main fellow you will have to contend with already has a name. Many names actually. First and foremost being Death.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT -ANIMATION

Death sits by his little boat, warming his hands by the fire.

SIREN

Death.

He turns to see Siren rising from the sea.

DEATH

Ah, my lovely. Come closer. Do you have the soul?

SIREN

No. He eluded me.

DEATH

Really? I find that hard to believe.

SIREN

Are you calling me a liar?

DEATH

Of course not. You give what you promise, always. To sailors, the peace and quiet they crave. The constant and warm embrace and never ending love only the grave can offer.

SIREN

He has chosen a silly, meaningless, and ultimately futile quest over our love. And I despise him for it. I want to be the one to crush his heart and squeeze the hope from it like an oversized grape.

DEATH

I know you probably hear this from all the fellows. But I find you very attractive. And when you talk of killing for revenge, I almost feel blood in my veins, again. How can I help you?

SIREN

I need to know where a certain dog will die, so that I can be there when Sorrow tries to save it. So that I can crush its tiny spine with the force of a hurricane.

DEATH

Oh. Only this? Feel free to peruse my book. Please.

She takes the book and begins to open it.

DEATH (CONT'D)

I ask only a little thing.

She stares at him.

DEATH (CONT'D)

A kiss.

SIREN

Never.

DEATH

You hurt my feelings.

SIREN

Ask something else. I have much power, many kingdoms. I am a Queen of the ocean's depth.

DEATH

Yes. You're quite impressive. But I want what you are unwilling to give. I want to force you to do my will. I want to control you, like a puppet. This excites me. Go figure.

Dark clouds gather over the ocean. Rain and wind begin to pour down.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Yes! I love it. Give it to me!

A lightning bolt flashes down and crackles into Death's head. He laughs and throws his arms wide in the air. His robe smokes and sizzles.

DEATH (SINGING) (CONT'D)

When you're done with your tantrum,
Can you give us a kiss? Otherwise,
you'll never see what's in this
book. Have you any idea what power
I hold? Real power overcomes its
fatal flaw. Pride is the flaw, like
an animal caught. Chew your arm
off, rather than lose control.
Think on it dear, you're already
"owned" by fear. Here is the
powerful Princess Siren's inner
song: Controlled by fear and love
together, Forever to be alone.

She kisses him.

DEATH (CONT'D)

There, that wasn't so bad was it?

He hands her the book. She looks through it while spitting in the sand repeatedly.

DEATH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you feel that way. I found it delightful. You're eternally young and beautiful. So often it's the older faded roses I have to kiss. And they almost want it. It's revolting really.

She has found what she wanted in the book and turns to leave.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Go to your master. Go to your love. Whatever he does out there in dreamland, I'll be waiting here for him, and sooner or later, he will come, and I will have him. He took so much of my time. So I'm going to take my time with him. You'll see. Give him a kiss for me. Imagine the look in his eyes when he tastes me on your lips.

He laughs, she flees into the night.

EXT. CITY PARK- MORNING- MIXED MEDIUM

Birds sing in the trees. Sprinklers come on and spray the green grass. Siren forms herself out of the sprinkler's rainbow arch of water. (ANIMATION)

She is on her way in a particular direction when she hears the harsh and desperate "CAW" of a crow. Immediately she moves toward the sound.

EXT.- TOP OF A BUILDING - MORNING - LIVE ACTION

Rage, Clown, Joy, and **SALESMAN/SORROW** wake from sleep on top of an apartment building. Clown hears the Siren's song in the air and grabs **SALESMAN/SORROW'S** leg. Joy tries to cover **SALESMAN/SORROW'S** ears.

SALESMAN/SORROW

She does not sing for me, but for another.

SALESMAN/SORROW hurries off; Rage calls after him.

RAGE
Don't kill her, you will regret it!

CLOWN
Why would he kill her?

RAGE
If my lover sang for another, I
would kill them.

EXT. A LONELY ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS - MIXED MEDIUM

A winding road up a hill, crowned with the stark black silhouettes of trees. The trees stretch skyward, twisted and tortured by an age of standing against the wind.

A lone crow perches on a gnarled branch. He CAW! CAWS! Toward the ground, where stands the Siren. (ANIMATION) She responds with a deep RATTLE from the bottom of her throat.

SALESMAN/SORROW arrives on the scene. He kneels. He gestures with a hand, asking permission to come forward. The Siren nods. He moves closer to her.

Clown, Rage, and Joy run up to the scene.

CAW! Barks the crow. The Siren slowly lifts her hands, and holds the crushed body of a crow.

CLOWN
Oh! If that's not a red flag in a
relationship what is?

The Siren crosses to **SALESMAN/SORROW** and holds out the dead, bird to him. **SALESMAN/SORROW** accepts the bird into his hands.

Siren points into a tree, where the live crow is perched.

SIREN
He has lost his love. His heart is
half sorrow, half desire. That is
why we were both called. There is
sorrow that she is gone. And desire
to follow her.

The crow CROAKS.

SIREN (CONT'D)
He says his voice is ugly. Too ugly
to honor her beauty. Will you sing
his words?

SALESMAN/SORROW steps forward to stand beside Siren.

They sing what the crow CROAKS.

SIREN AND **SALESMAN**/SORROW (SINGING)
 She washed my food. She warned me
 of danger.

The wind rises and the sky slowly darkens.

SIREN AND **SALESMAN**/SORROW (SINGING)
 (CONT'D)
 She joined me in the center circle.
 When I was judged, she would not
 leave: when they threatened to peck
 out her eyes over me, It was she
 that showed no fear.

ANIMATION:

The song emanates from the two lovers in visible streaks of color. The colors weave, dancing, twisting around each other.

The visual melody of Siren is dark and tortured like condemned souls, while **SALESMAN**/SORROW'S song is clear light blue and cleansing, like a flood of tears.

A dark cloud, boiling and alive rushes toward them over the mountains. Clown pulls out a tiny umbrella and holds it over his head.

Crows descend from every direction, gathering round the two singers. Now we can see that the storm clouds are actually the mad circling swarm of crows arriving.

SIREN AND SORROW (SINGING)
 She spied a pretty, shiny thing and
 swooped down to snatch it up for
 me. I would trade all those shining
 things, to have her back.

There is a moment of deep silence. Everyone stands with head bowed. The crow CAWS to Siren and **SALESMAN**/SORROW. He takes one last look down at his love, and then takes flight.

END ANIMATION:

Clown stoops by the dead bird and picks up a dime.

CLOWN
 Hey, look!

There is a terrible sound, as a crow sweeps in and snatches the dime out of Clowns hand.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

Aaah!

He shakes his fist in the air at the crow. A smattering of crow poop lands on his head.

SORROW

Can you give us a moment?

Clown moves away, looking self important. He takes Rage by the arm, as if escorting a child. Rage shakes him off.

CLOWN

Well, there's no water, so I guess it's safe. But I'll be watching.

The siren hisses at him as he walks by.

JOY

Don't do anything I wouldn't do.
Never mind.

She kneels and tears a piece of her dress off. She wraps the body of the dead crow and moves it off the street.

Walking back to **SALESMAN**/SORROW, she sees the pool of blood which has collected on the pavement where the dead crow lay.

SIREN

He's wrong you know. Here is water.

ANIMATION:

She gestures toward the blood. Making a conjuring motion with her hand she takes control of the liquid. Concentrating, she causes it to rise, taking the form of a man. She molds and shapes it like clay with her power.

SIREN (CONT'D)

Everything living is made of water.
You, me, we all lived in the sea,
once. The sea lives in us forever.
There's no leaving her behind.

She gestures, and the blood becomes an island. On the island, tiny figures are moving.

SIREN (CONT'D)

When I was on the island with my
sisters, I was strong. Cold and
merciless as the sea herself.

(MORE)

SIREN (CONT'D)

Then you came and infected me with compassion for these poor dumb creatures; men. When they died on shores far from their homes, I knelt beside them, I heard them croak out the names of their loves.

The names of women rise in the air, in blood formed letters. "Anne-Marie", "Gwen", "Elizabeth". The letters rise a foot or so and then pop, the blood raining back down to the ground.

SIREN (CONT'D)

Women left waiting and watching the sea. I made my way back to each of their women, following the scent of their longing.

A cliff of blood rises at her bidding. Atop it, tiny figures walk along in wide hoop dresses, looking out to sea.

SIREN (CONT'D)

I met them on cliffs above the sea, where they paced endlessly, their faces red as sunset and wet with tears. I told them I could reunite them with their loves if they were willing to pay the price. I flung them from the cliffs, and they flew. Twisting in the air, their great billowing dresses flowing round them. They seemed as angels to me. Falling.

She buries the bird under leaves and dirt.

SIREN (CONT'D)

These poor, sad creatures. Either the love dies, or the lover. For them, love is a curse. As it has become for me. You return again and again to ease their pain but what of mine? Why do you love them more than me? I am a siren. I am not supposed to know pain, only to cause it. That was my destiny.

SALESMAN/SORROW

Perhaps this is your penance.

SIREN

When will it end?

SALESMAN/SORROW

Soon.

SIREN

You have lied before. I broke men's bodies, you broke my heart.

SALESMAN/SORROW

And I am the greater sinner, for I know what I do. You are innocent.

SIREN

I am so long and far from innocent, I don't even remember what it feels like. For such as us, soaked in the bitter poisons of pain for so long, I giving it, and you taking it away; can there be happiness?

SALESMAN/SORROW

I think so.

She hands him a page ripped from Death's book.

SIREN

I fulfilled my promise.

SALESMAN/SORROW

And I will mine.

She turns to leave.

SALESMAN/SORROW (CONT'D)

Where's my kiss?

She is reluctant. She approaches him, slowly their lips come together. They separate. He licks his lips.

SALESMAN/SORROW (CONT'D)

Hmm. I don't remember your lips ever tasting so sweet.

She looks at him suspiciously.

SALESMAN/SORROW (CONT'D)

What?

Far behind him, up on a hill she spies a water tank.

The fingers of her hand clench and shake. The supports of the water tank crumple and give way.

Water comes rushing down the hill.

Too late, she realizes his eyes are innocent. At the last second before the water crashes into him she says.

SIREN

I'm sorry. Old habits die hard.

SALESMAN/SORROW is washed away. A desperate hand reaches out toward Siren, and she reaches out to him. But the powerful force of water released cannot be taken back.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY - ANIMATION

SALESMAN/SORROW rolls in the stormy surf. He emerges from the sea with his sword in his hand. Before he has time to think, he sees the flashing blade of a sword coming down. He parries and blocks Death's blow.

DEATH

Excellent. It's all coming back to you now, eh? Good. I can't take it away unless it comes back, can I?

He strikes at **SALESMAN/SORROW** viciously. Again and again. **SALESMAN/SORROW** thrusts back. Death retorts and backs him up the beach.

Jumping out of hiding from behind the boat, several of Death's minions grab **SALESMAN/SORROW** and drag him down.

DEATH (CONT'D)

No! No! You idiots. Get out of here, let go of him. I don't need any help. I've been waiting here for days because I'm not allowed to leave the boat. I don't need you, shadows, servants, fools! Do I look like I need help?

The minions are looking past and above him.

DEATH (CONT'D)

What now?

He turns to see a massive wave bearing down on him. On top of it rides the Siren, on the back of a giant octopus.

The wave POUNDS Death under. At the same time, the suction cupped arm of the octopus grabs **SALESMAN/SORROW** and lifts him out of harms way.

The octopus sets him down far up the beach.

SIREN

Go finish your work.
Then come home to me.

She waves him a kiss. Looking down, she is just in time to spot Death, flying through the air with his sword aimed at her throat. The octopus arm entwines him and dunks him beneath the waves.

SIREN (CONT'D)
I'll be fine.

EXT. FOREST -DAY- MOMENTS LATER- ANIMATION

A little dog runs into a forest clearing.

CLOSE UP:

The name on his collar reads "CLEM".

He is pursued by a pack of wolves. Only for a moment does he stop and then he tears off again, as fast as he can.

On the backs of the wolves ride Death's minions, (ANIMATION) driving their heels into the animal's sides, screaming unearthly shrieks.

EXT. FOREST - DAY -MOMENTS LATER - ANIMATION

Rage, Joy, and Clown sit in the woods. Rage is sharpening her sword. Clown is filling up balloons with shaving cream. Joy is drinking a martini. Clown pulls a big ridiculous alarm clock from his "bag of tricks"

CLOWN
Getting close.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** runs up to them.
He holds out the page from Death's book.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**
Here. I have to get in my body.
I'll come back.

JOY
There's no time!

RAGE
Let's go!

EXT. PARK - DAY -MOMENTS LATER - ANIMATION

A small family sits in the park, having a picnic. JAMES, the father, mother, and their son GARRETT. Clem the dog runs up to them out of the woods. She checks his name tag.

MOTHER

Oh, who have we here? Clem. Are you lost Clem? Who do you belong to?

GARRETT

Can we keep him mom?

JAMES

No, son, he belongs to someone.

Five giant wolves sprint from the woods toward the family. They cannot see the screaming Death minions on the animal's backs. Clem takes off running.

The Father shields his wife and child with his body. The wolves pay them no attention but continue on their quest.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY - MOMENTS LATER - ANIMATION

Rage, Clown, Joy and SALESMAN/**SORROW** stand in the clearing arranged in a circle. Clown looks at the page ripped from Death's book.

CLOWN

This is the place.

JOY

Almost time.

RAGE

Be ready.

Suddenly Clem runs into the clearing. Right behind him comes Garrett, the little boy we saw in the park having a picnic.

CLOWN

What's this kid doing here?

Garrett grabs Clem and puts him up in the branches of a tree. Clem scuttles up higher.

Joy looks through the woods and sees the wolves and their riders approaching.

JOY

Incoming!

He draws his sword.

RAGE

Fight the spirits, they are
controlling the wolves!

Rage stands in front of the boy, defending him with his sword. Garrett picks up a stick and wields it menacingly.

A wolf comes straight at him. The boy pokes at its snarling face. On the back of the wolf, the death minion is screeching and trying to force the animal forward.

It pulls a dark sword and trades blows with Rage. One, two, three. Rage bellows and strikes down hard. The Death minion's sword smashes and it hisses and spits.

Rage lashes out and cuts the shadow creature in half. Both halves roll on the ground and then toward each other, meeting up and reconstituting itself. The creature jumps on Rage's back and tries to strangle him.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the battle, Clown has perched himself on the branch with Clem. He hurls shaving cream filled balloons into the face of a shadow creature.

Caught in mid scream, it takes the shaving cream down its throat. Coughing and wheezing, it loses control of its wolf, which runs back into the woods and away.

Clem barks madly from his perch up in the tree.

Joy and SALESMAN/**SORROW** stand back to back, fending off wolves and the shadowy creatures striking with swords from their backs. Two wolves and their riders plunge toward Joy.

He moves to attack but slips and falls in the effort. The two wolves collide in mid air and YELP in pain.

Garrett, the boy, throws rocks at the wolves.

A death minion on wolfback passes underneath Clown on the tree branch. Clown smacks him in the face with his rubber chicken and the creature falls off his wolf. Freed from the shadow's power, the wolf disappears into the woods.

Rage throws his sword through the air and impales a death minion to a tree. The wolf runs off and the death minion squirms on the sword, till it frees itself and hides in the shadows of the forest.

A wolf and its rider slips through the ranks and closes in on Garrett. The boy falls and throws his hands up in front of his face. Clem leaps down from the tree and rushes over.

CLOWN

Clem, no!

The wolf is inches from Garrett's face when suddenly he SNARLS and looks back. Clem is tearing into his paw. The wolf bucks its death shadow and runs for the woods.

Clem runs after him. Two wolves and their riders quickly follow the two animals. There is a sound of barking and howling and scuffling in the bushes and then silence.

All the angels turn and look.

No wolves are to be seen. Then at the edge of the clearing, they see two wolves and their riders emerge. One of the riders holds Clem in his claws. The other rider thumbs his nose at the angels and they both turn and run off.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

They got him.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** walks slowly over to the bushes and takes a look. He comes back with his head down. Garrett starts toward the bushes. SALESMAN/**SORROW** holds up his hand.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

Your mother is calling.

We hear a woman yelling in the distance. Garrett hesitates.

He turns and runs in the direction of his mother's voice.

JOY

Clem saved the boy.

RAGE

He was brave with much spirit.

CLOWN

What happens now?

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I will sing his song of passing and then we will leave this place.

He kneels on the ground and begins to sing.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** (CONT'D)

(singing)

I, Singer of Sorrows mark this
moment with a tear. Let the stars
hear his name and remember Clem,
remember...

Rage kicks him to the ground.

CLOWN

Ho! Everybody's a critic.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

Why do you do this my friend?

RAGE

Now is not a time for tears. It is
a time for blood.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I am the Singer of Sorrows, this is
my part to play.

Rage grabs him by the throat and throws him to the ground.

RAGE

Learn my melody and sing with me.

(singing)

No!

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

My friend.

Rage slaps him across the face.

RAGE

(singing)

No!

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

My friend.

Rage makes to slap him again. SALESMAN/**SORROW** catches her
hand.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** (CONT'D)

You are dear to me, but I will not
suffer this.

RAGE

Then don't. Let it fill you with
 the rage of vengeance. Rise up
 against it. How many sons, how many
 fathers, how many innocents cut
 down without rhyme or reason have
 you been sole choir to? How can you
 sing the song of their lives and
 ignore the last word on their lips.
 'Why?' or the word on the lips of
 the stronger ones, who drown in
 death, spitting out its icy black
 water again and again, shouting one
 word till they go under forever.
 'No.' Death insists with infinite
 patience, 'Yes' There were souls
 who still dared to say 'No.' Sing
 with me. You chose your song, but
 you have often longed to sing mine.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** returns to his knees and sings his sad song.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

(singing)

We mark this moment with a tear...

Rage begins his own song, louder, furious, pounding.

RAGE

(singing)

A time for blood and not for fear,
 we are standing tall.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

(singing)

Let the stars hear his name. On
 bended knee I pray.

RAGE

(singing)

No time for tears, blood letting;
 Godspeed. We are standing on our
 feet.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

(singing)

Remember him. Remember Clem.

Slowly, the songs merge, SALESMAN/**SORROW'S** gaining tempo,
 volume, anger. It is a new melody, sad and terrible and its
 power drives Clown to his knees, hands over his ears. The
 last word the two angels sing together.

RAGE AND SALESMAN/**SORROW**

(singing)

No!

They raise their swords.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

(singing)

We won't let him go.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY -ANIMATION

Rage, Joy, Clown and SALESMAN/**SORROW** walk down the beach toward Death, his small boat, and his minions.

Death floats on his back in the water, his long black robe flows around him. He steps to shore and lets the wet robe drop.

There is nothing there. Footprints appear in the sand, revealing the passage of an invisible creature, coming closer.

Two handfuls of sand are scooped up by the invisible Death. He pours the sand down over his head and face. It sticks to him, making his form apparent. He molds himself out of sand, rubbing it on his chest, his arms, his legs.

One of the faceless minions, hands him a dry black robe to put on. He turns toward the angels. His face of sand looks like that of a statue whose features have been worn down by eons of desert wind. The Sphinx comes to life.

One of the minions hands him the spirit of Clem, the little dog. He pets the dog. Clem shakes sand off his head.

CLOWN

Tiny little boat you've got there.

DEATH

The vessel fits the traveler. When
I sailed into the port of
Hiroshima, I captained a ship ten
times the size of the Titanic.

Death pulls his robes about him and sits on nothing, apparently, on the air itself.

DEATH (CONT'D)

You. Walter Smith. Vacuum cleaner
salesman. And/or Singer of Sorrows.
You've made quite a fool of me.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I just needed a little more time to wrap up a few loose ends.

DEATH

Like this fellow here?

He lifts the dog in the air.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

Yes.

DEATH

Well. How shall we proceed?

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I am here to prevent you from carrying Clem across the water.

DEATH

Of course. Again I ask, how shall we proceed?

CLOWN

Can we have a hint?

DEATH

Oh dear. It's embarrassing when people don't make themselves aware of the protocols.

Clem struggles. Death, irritated, signals for one of his minions to come closer.

CLOWN

Sorry.

DEATH

No matter. Normally, those in your position make an offering. Gold, precious gems, the sacrifice of various animals, sheep, cattle.

Death wraps Clem in the black robe and sets him on the sand.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Some offer to take the place of the traveler. Usually when it's a child or a spouse. You could try making a passionate and poetic speech. Do you have anything prepared? No?

(MORE)

DEATH (CONT'D)

You could beat your breast and tear
out your hair. A bit old fashioned,
but dramatic.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I think I shall take the dog from
you by force and throw you face
first into the sea.

Clown hands SALESMAN/**SORROW** his sword.

DEATH

Ah. It has been ages.

A faceless one hands Death his sword, wrapped in velvet.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Excuse my smile. The challenge is a
solemn ceremony. But the sword is
my own little hobby. It's not often
I have the pleasure.

He draws his sword and slices air. He holds the sword in
front of his eyes and on its shiny metal surface are dancing
chaotic images of violence and horror.

Men are slain by swords and by guns. There is the glow of
fire, the image of a mushroom cloud rising.

DEATH (CONT'D)

As I stood over the body of the
very first man slain by a sword, I
knew the art of death had reached
its zenith. Guns, grenades, nuclear
bombs, all the messy, cowardly,
inelegant, yet effective tools that
came later could not compare to the
sword for its beauty and
simplicity. The line of it. The
singularity of purpose. A piece of
art whose sole function is to kill.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I have only used my sword only for
the defense of man.

DEATH

And you defended by killing, yes?

SORROW

If necessary.

Death circles, swinging his sword, warming up.

DEATH

Sooner or later, it is always necessary. As is death. Except when it comes to such as you. Cheating death time and time again, play acting, falling, then rising from the stage to start the show again.

Death disappears and a second later reappears with his sword at Sorrow's throat.

DEATH (CONT'D)

What do you risk here? Nothing.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

What would you have of me?

DEATH

If you win, the dog lives. If I win, you die. Truly die. The only way an angel can. By being undone. Everything you are, or were, or will be, as if it never was.

The bloody face of a soldier appears in Death's sword. It moans to SALESMAN/**SORROW**.

SOLDIER

Don't do it!

Annoyed, Death shoves his sword into the sand, burying the soldier's face up to its nose.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

And it is within your power to do such a thing?

DEATH

By God granted. How can an angel be truly free if he has no choice but to exist?

Clown pulls SALESMAN/**SORROW** aside, looking back at Death's sword in the sand. The soldier on the sword is shaking his head, making muffled noises of protest.

CLOWN

I'm all "go team", but maybe, just maybe, bear with me on this one, maybe it was God's will the dog should die? Ya know?

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I cannot know God's will, only my own heart.

CLOWN

That's a great line. I'll carve it on your tombstone. It's a joke, a joke. I got the utmost confidence in you.

He steps away, making a face at Rage, as if to say "Oh boy".

CLOWN (CONT'D)

Ok, Sandpants, let's do this thing. Come on over here smiley.

Death approaches looking grim.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

Ok, let's have a fair fight. No disappearing. No magic, no singing, no interference by faceless minions, no wet willies, no wedgies, no three stooges eye poking.

Death growls with impatience..

CLOWN (CONT'D)

Ok. Ok. Shake hands.

Death puts out his hand. When SALESMAN/**SORROW** reaches out to take it, Death's hand dissolves into soft sand, pouring onto the beach. He backs up, grimacing, preparing his sword.

JOY

God saw that. Loser.

Death and SALESMAN/**SORROW** move apart. Death stoops down, scoops up some sand and recreates his hand.

The two opponents swing their swords, warming up.

Spirits of the dead flow from Death's sword and join forces with SALESMAN/**SORROW**, fighting by his side.

A ghostly T-Rex thunders across the beach and snaps his jaws on Death's body. His teeth pass through Death with no effect.

Soldiers of every historical era fire upon Death with muskets, rifles, bazooka's; venting their rage and despair upon him. Death remains untouched, laughing, continuing his attack upon SALESMAN/**SORROW**.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** is clearly outmatched. Death gives him a chance to recover his breath. All the forces of the dead gather behind SALESMAN/**SORROW** , jostling each other, jockeying for position.

Death walks along their ranks, smiling into their faces.

He comes upon THE GHOST OF ACHILLES, a beautiful, steely man, in ancient metal armor.

DEATH

Ah Achilles! My first duel. I lost.
 ...And the many which followed.
 This is why some of the old
 warriors lived so long.

The Ghost of Achilles leaps forward and swings his blade through Death.

Death grabs the warrior and lifts him into the air.

The two stare into each others eyes. Achille's gaze burns with blue fire.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Achilles. Now there was a name. He ought to have died a hundred times. But whenever I came to gather him, he bested me.

Achilles struggles to release himself from Death's grip.

DEATH (CONT'D)

I think he was simply tired of life at the last. The senseless parade of moments and events and questions unanswered.

Achilles grows tired and ceases to resist. Death rips the ghost in half and throws the two pieces of the body in different directions on the beach. Spirit energy erupts and stains the sand with throbbing light.

DEATH (CONT'D)

I cannot offer you the peace of God that passeth all understanding, I cannot offer you answers. But I can bring an end to questions. An end to pain.

(MORE)

DEATH (CONT'D)

Someone once said, someone who's now dead, by the way, "When the power of love overcomes the love of power, the world will know peace." I know that day will never come. I am the way and the darkness. I am the only peace they will ever find. Forever I whisper in God's ear as he looks down upon the Hell they make of his Heaven, "show mercy-- Let me end their pain." Soon...My day is coming.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

Never.

The upper half of Achilles yells out in defiance, lifting his sword in the air. Blue liquid light oozes out of the ghost's mouth. Clown, steps away, gassed out.

ACHILLES

A moment's success pays the failure of a thousand years, I will defeat you!

CLOWN

Whoa. Somebody's watched his Tony Robbins tape one too many times.

Death kicks sand over the torso of Achilles. The ghost spits out sand and gnashes its teeth.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** and Death begin to fight once more. The efforts of the spirit army are doubled. Death and SALESMAN/**SORROW** dance in a ballet of violence and energy. The Russian calvary charges to the booming "1812 overture."

Enormous Cannons "BOOM" to the music, firing at Death. Smoke rises thickly from their barrels, into the air.

Out of the smoke zooms a Japanese Kamikaze pilot. His plane bears down on Death from above. The ROAR of the plane's engine is overwhelming. Death looks skyward and throws his arms out as if to say "here I am!"

The Kamikaze spirit plane explodes in a ball of fire right on top of Death. Blue fire devours the beach. Everyone hides their faces from the destruction. Then comes a moment of silence.

Out of the inferno, walks Death, unscathed.

Death descends on SALESMAN/**SORROW**, beating him down, blow after blow, getting stronger, as SALESMAN/**SORROW** weakens.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** has wounded his arm, and drops his sword.
Death puts his sword to SALESMAN/**SORROW'S** neck.

Rage and Joy start forward.

DEATH

An agreement was made here.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** gestures for them to stay back.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Kneel for the ceremony of undoing.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** kneels.

Death draws a circle in the sand around SALESMAN/**SORROW** with the tip of his sword. He takes a handful of water from the sea and splashes it on SALESMAN/**SORROW** with a gesture.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Undoing is a song without music or melody. A taste of the endless silence that awaits you. The first note of Beethoven's Fifth is a rest. An absence. He did this in honor of me. And in return he lived a bit longer. Not happily, no, but he lived.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

If your song be silence, then let it come, and with it an end to your empty noise.

Vexed, Death continues his ritual.

We hear the Siren's song, as she walks up out of the sea.

Death stops her at the edge of the circle.

DEATH

If you enter herein, you will be undone, vanishing forever from past, present and future.

SIREN

Yet I will enter.

DEATH

It is for you to choose.

SIREN

If you think there is a choice, you
know nothing of our love.

She enters and holds SALESMAN/**SORROW**

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I'm sorry.

SIREN

We are together. It's all I ever
asked for.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I should have honored your request.

SIREN

The things you did, made you the
man I love. Your heart was broken
the moment it was made. And yet you
lived on to heal the wounded of
this world, but never yourself.
Lest you forget. Pain is the only
thing that can keep us awake. Sleep
now and dream. I will sing us away.

She sings as Death speaks.

DEATH

The veils between the worlds close
one by one. Taste her sweet lips
that trembled as she whispered "I
love you" the first time, when she
saved you from her own treacherous
song. Taste.

They kiss.

DEATH (CONT'D)

And taste no more.

He throws sand into the circle.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Smell her hair, anointed with
ancient oils from her own land.

He tosses sand.

DEATH (CONT'D)

And smell no more. Touch her face
and hold her hand one last time.

They do. He tosses sand.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Which would you lose last?
The sight or sound of her?

SORROW

It matters not. They will both live
in my memory forever.

DEATH

Understand. These are your last
moments. Memory is next. I hold you
both by a thread over the void.

RAGE

Why do you enjoy it so? This
torture?

DEATH

You above all should understand.

RAGE

I smell the stench of your malice.
Your hatred. What did our sad
brother ever do to you?

DEATH

He remembers. Forgetting is a
blessing, and he was too proud.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I know the well from which your
anger flows. You would forget. Your
beginning, your name. But you
cannot. And you hate me for
spurning the gift you desire.

DEATH

You speak your last words before
the gate of speech is slammed shut.
Sing her a last love song.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I know your name.

DEATH

Change course, or I will cut out
your tongue to silence it!

SALESMAN/SORROWS

You were introduced to the sword
 long before it entered the world of
 men. When you were the only one.
 The first. After you were cast out,
 you fought him forever, the one who
 bore the flaming sword. You fell
 again and again, cast down in
 bitter tears to the dust from which
 you were wrought.

DEATH

Are you finished?

SALESMAN/SORROW

It is right that my last words
 should be a song. I will sing the
 song I sang you in the desert
 outside Paradise.

DEATH

Do not. I have forgotten it. I have
 forgotten that place. I have
 forgotten her. Do not.

SALESMAN/SORROW

If you truly do not wish to hear,
 shut the gate on my voice.
 Otherwise,
 (singing)
 Don't look back at the fountain,
 It's now your fate to search. Turn
 and walk into the desert, this is
 called thirst.

Death weeps. He wipes away the circle surrounding
SALESMAN/SORROW and Siren.

SALESMAN/SORROW (CONT'D)

But I lost the battle?

DEATH

The pact was void because I lied.
 If you had won, I could not have
 returned the dog to life. I can
 only destroy, only undo. Only God
 can "make".

SALESMAN/SORROW

Then I will appeal to him. I will
 sing Clem's song until he hears.

DEATH

He won't hear you. He sleeps now.
As he dreams, the great choir sings
a lullaby to soothe his slumber.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I've come too far. I can't give up.

He moves down the beach and falls to his knees in prayer.

Clown speaks to Death.

CLOWN

So. You're Adam. I don't get it.

DEATH

After being expelled from Eden, I
asked our Father for something to
do. You see, I ate from the other
tree as well. No one comes for me.

CLOWN

Well. I guess life sucks and then
you're Death. Do you ever laugh?

DEATH

The other day, a man fell...

CLOWN

People falling down, that's funny.

DEATH

And broke his neck.

CLOWN

Hmm. Kind of a gallows humor.

Sorrow sings his melody.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

(singing)

I sing for all things that don't
want to die. The sparrow as he
falls still strives to fly. Never
ceases hoping he shall rise again.
Soaring before he hits the ground.
Flowers cut down... penance for
their beauty... stretch to feel the
sun. Memories of first kisses and I
love you's. Unmake the word
goodbye. Sparrow falls; flowers
wither too; the world is silent
again.

(MORE)

SALESMAN/SORROW (CONT'D)

All is as all must be, silenced
again! Don't take this little
soul...He knows his name, a heart
of gold. Don't take this little
soul...Though arms of angels, be
soft as snow. I won't let him
go...They are not and can never be
his... Let me take him home! (Sweet
soul, sweet soul) I won't let you
go!

Again and again he sings. The clouds fly fast, waves break
upon the shore. The light changes.

Finally his voice is spent and no sound comes forth.
He collapses onto the sand. Clown looks up at the sky.

CLOWN

They are not moved.

Silence. The Siren helps SALESMAN/**SORROW** to his feet.

JOY

You did everything you could, man
There is no shame.

RAGE

It's those Seventh level Sons of
God that should be ashamed! All in
love with the sound of their own
voices. And our brother has lost
his beautiful voice trying to be
heard. How many times did he sing
his song? I still hear it in my
mind.

JOY

As do I.

CLOWN

Wait. Listen.

A seed has been planted in Heaven. Under the eternal
"Hallelujah" of the choir is the whisper of
SALESMAN/**SORROWS'S** song.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

One amongst the throng is humming
your song. It's low, but in there.

RAGE

Two. Another has picked it up.

More and more angels take up the melody. We hear the sweet lament of his song and then another group of angel voices shouting out "let me take him home!" echoes SALESMAN/**SORROWS** more passionate plea.

JOY

More! More! It's catching.

He runs up and down the beach.

Voices of dissent counter the melody, trying to drown it out.

The clouds boil and churn above. There is a riot in Heaven. Factions of angels battle each other with their voices.

CLOWN

All the choir of Heaven sings your song! The mountains ring with it!

The chaos builds and builds. Suddenly the singing stops. There is the sound as of a multitude taking in breath. Then a deep, ominous silence.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

I think we broke the world. Hope there was a warranty.

The day turns to night. A massive canopy of stars is revealed above their heads and across the sea. The stars begin to gather in the center of the sky, swirling and spinning. They collapse into a giant ball of blinding light, twice the size of the sun. The light moves closer and closer.

RAGE

Uh oh. He has awoken.

CLOWN

Who he? Him? Oh boy.

There is the sound of a million wind chimes.

The light shrinks to the size of a golf ball and floats in front of them on the beach. The light is blinding white and intense.

It melts and changes into GOD. An old man dressed in white. He walks forward and takes SALESMAN/**SORROW** by the throat.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

Oh Lord, spare him!

GOD

Relax. I restore his voice, which
has pleased me these many years.

SALESMAN/**SORROW'S** voice returns. God looks down at his
clothes and body.

GOD (CONT'D)

Who's making me look like this?

He glares at Clown. Clown shrugs. God shakes his head and his
hair changes from white to brown. His face becomes young and
John Lennon type spectacles form themselves over his eyes. He
shakes his body and the white robe he appeared in fades away,
replaced by a purple, Nehru suit.

GOD (CONT'D)

Much more comfortable.
And what have we here?

He notices SALESMAN/**SORROW'S** wounded arm.

GOD (CONT'D)

A nasty scratch. Can't you boys
play nice?

He places a hand on SALESMAN/**SORROW'S** arm and heals it.

GOD (CONT'D)

That's better. Come, walk with me.

They head off down the beach.

God begins to hum a tune.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

That melody is familiar.

GOD

It's the lullaby I soothed you to
sleep with when you cried
inconsolably for the fate of man.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I remember.

CLOSE SHOT:

SALESMAN/**SORROW'S** eye. Within; there is a vision of all the
time in the world and everything that has ever been. The
explosion of the Big Bang, swirling star systems, the birth
of Earth, the falling of the first waters, the rising of
land, plants, animals, humans, nations, technology.

And then, blue sky, green grass, and a boy running... a dog licks his face.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** (CONT'D)

I remember everything.

They stop walking.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** (CONT'D)

And I know why it cannot be so. Yet still I ask that the dog Clem be returned to life and to his owner the boy.

God creates a sturdy oak chair out of the air, and sits. Another chair appears for SALESMAN/**SORROW**. God gestures for him to sit.

GOD

Your mind is your own domain.
A place apart.

God takes out a pipe and lights it. White smoke twists in the air, images form and dissipate as he speaks.

GOD (CONT'D)

Yet I know you as a father knows his son. I know you by what you have done. Since the beginning, you have carried the weight of sorrow so that the soul of man should not be crushed.

The white smoke shows a figure on a tall snow covered mountain. The long trail of his footsteps, stretches out behind him.

GOD (CONT'D)

You asked me once to take away your task, because you were overwhelmed by its burden.

The figure falls face forward in the snow.

Two angels descend and lift up the figure. Wings beating hypnotically, they carry him up, and up.

In the great halls of Heaven, the figure walks on flowers by the thousands thrown at his feet. A multitude of angels bow to him as he passes.

GOD (CONT'D)

And that is why your glory is so great in Heaven, because you choose the lessons of failure and despair in life. Because you never found peace while you were among them, you were truly one of them.

God gestures down the beach toward Death.

GOD (CONT'D)

Your brother Death is part of our family. Winter and Spring are both lovely, in their way. Why do you hate him?

SALESMAN/SORROW

It's not hate, not fear...It's just, from my human lives, I remember forgetting. That was the worst thing in life. There were faces dear to me, voices I knew, a name on the tip of my tongue. It is the disintegration of memory in the midst of life which saddens me. Her laughter, his smile, first kisses, last farewells, each and all forgotten. As if they had never been.

GOD

Do you remember the fall of the first sparrow, and how you grieved his passing with song?

SALESMAN/SORROW

I remember.

GOD

Do you remember the first time that same sparrow flew?

SORROW

How could I? I was not there.

GOD

Close your eyes.

SALESMAN/SORROW does so.

GOD (SINGING)
 Nothing is lost or forgotten,
 remember flying and fly.

Wings sprout from SALESMAN/**SORROW'S** back. God purses his lips and blows a powerful gust of wind. SALESMAN/**SORROW** flies UP!

God grows mighty wings and joins SALESMAN/**SORROW** in the air.

GOD (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 Did you ever meet Shakespeare, a
 wonderful child, right about many
 things? Yet the most important, he
 got wrong: Death is a sleep and a
 forgetting; it's just the opposite,
 death an awakening, a time of
 remembering the soul's journey on.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** looks down from on high and panics. He falls.

GOD (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 Remember flying and fly.

God flaps his wings fast, reminding SALESMAN/**SORROW**.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** follows suit, flapping madly. He SWOOPS up inches from the ocean waves and soars through the air, over forests and lakes and mountains. God catches up with him.

GOD (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 It will be a favorite moment of
 mine, to show you my greatest
 joy's. You who have only known
 Sorrows, I give you this

Many birds join the dance in the sky, zooming in intricate patterns above and through the clouds.

GOD (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 Remember flying and fly.

God takes SALESMAN/**SORROWS** hand and they dive into the ocean and disappear. A second later they WHOOSH! up from under the water and back into the sky.

GOD (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 Nothing is lost. Nothing is
 forgotten. Remember flying, and
 fly. Nothing is forgotten. Fly!

They land gracefully on the beach. God shakes water from his long hair and smiles.

GOD (SINGING) (CONT'D)

I owe you this. For this tale of my secret loneliness, alone in the eternal void, before the making of the world, it whispered into your child's ear, and made you what you are. The Singer of the saddest song, the Earth has ever known.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

Thank you. But, I betrayed that confidence, on the mountain when I used your own song against you.

GOD

It's all good. If you really desire it, I can bring the dog back to life. But in fairness I will have to bring back all the others.

He gestures up the beach. There stand the ranks of the dead that took part in SALESMAN/**SORROW'S** epic battle with Death.

GOD (CONT'D)

It's going to get awfully crowded. More than that. Everything here will change. Time is the water we swim in, time is the air creation breathes. Time makes the songs sweet, because like stories they have beginnings and endings. Without death, life would be as empty and endless as space. I've been there. I didn't like it. But, it's up to you.

Death sets the spirit of Clem down, and the dog runs to SALESMAN/**SORROW**, and accepts his petting hand on his head.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

Safe journey Clem.

Clem lifts his paw and "shakes" He turns and runs to Death's boat and jumps in. Standing at the front of the boat, he turns and barks.

Death holds a black bag. His minions fly into the bag, and he closes it up and ties it tight.

Death walks to his little boat. He sails away against the waves. Clem stands on the bow of the boat with the wind in his face, tail wagging.

GOD

What now for you? Back to work?

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

No. Respectfully I must resign. I'm retiring. I'm finished with living and dying. It will be all loving for me from now on.

Siren rises from the ocean in front of them.

GOD

Good luck to you my friend. Thank you for all your hard work.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

Don't mention it. Sorrow was my pleasure.

GOD

Your friends are waiting.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** turns his back on God and walks down the beach. God smiles and changes into a seagull and flies up into the sky.

Clown looks up into the air and waves.

CLOWN

See ya later big guy! You rock!

A big gob of seagull poop lands on Clown's face.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

What do you know? God has a sense of humor.

JOY

You're just realizing that?

SALESMAN/**SORROW** approaches them.

Rage and Joy shake hands with him, embrace.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

My friends.

JOY

We'll meet again.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

That is the good of parting.

RAGE

I enjoyed our battles.

CLOWN

Really going this time, huh? I can hardly believe it. Here, I got this for you.

He pulls out an old gold watch and hands it to SALESMAN/**SORROW**.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

It's a human tradition, for retirement. It doesn't work.

Sorrow looks down to see the watch hands are stopped at 4:20.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

It's always 4:20 somewhere!

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

Thank you. When will you come?

CLOWN

I don't know. I've got a lot of work to do here. Funny business. I'll see you when I see you. Hey, if there's no such thing as time, why do I have the feeling I'm really gonna miss you?

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

One more thing. My first memory of you was here by the sea. How could anyone forget such an ugly face?

SALESMAN/**SORROW** laughs. Clown jumps back, shocked.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** (CONT'D)

It was a joke.

CLOWN

Well, I'll be damned.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** smiles at him.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

Who are you? Who is this guy?

He looks back at the others.

SALESMAN/**SORROW**

I'm retiring. I can laugh now.
I can smile, if I wish.

CLOWN

How does it feel?

SORROW

Strange, but good.

He rubs his mouth.

Clown laughs. SALESMAN/**SORROW** slaps him on the back.

Siren stands in the waves, waiting.

SALESMAN/**SORROW** approaches her to speak. She places her finger over his mouth.

SIREN

Use your mouth to kiss or sing,
the rest is wasted.

He kisses her.

The two lovers walk into the sea, singing a wordless melody. The angels assembled on the beach watch them until they go completely under and disappear.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE: THREE DAYS LATER

EXT. GRAVEYARD. FUNERAL. - DAY- LIVE ACTION

A coffin is suspended over an open grave. Mourners with heads down listen to a priest. The mortician who witnessed **SALESMAN/SORROW'S** two resurrections, is hiding behind a tree loading a gun.

PRIEST

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, was
not spoken of the soul. For the
soul springs eternal...

The priest hears a KNOCKING coming from inside the coffin. Clown rushes up out of nowhere, grabs the lid of the coffin and pulls mightily.

The lid pops open and **SALESMAN/SORROW** sits up, breathing hard. He is back in his crappy salesman suit.

SALESMAN/SORROW

Whew. Stuffy in there.

The mourners scream, jump up, and run in all directions.

The mortician steps out, pointing his gun with shaking hands.

MORTICIAN

Stay dead you son of a bitch!

SALESMAN/SORROW, and Clown run away.

EXT. PARK - DAY - MOMENTS LATER- LIVE ACTION - MIXED MEDIUM

Clown and **SALESMAN/SORROW** stand in a park.

SALESMAN/SORROW

I think this is the place.

There is the sound of THUNDERING HOOVES. Rage rides toward them on the back of a huge, black, three headed dog.
(ANIMATION)

She jumps down off the beasts back and pats its flank.

CLOWN

Who or what is this monstrosity!?

RAGE

You don't recognize him? It's Clem!

SALESMAN/SORROW

What?

RAGE

His spirit has grown back to its natural state. The powers that be were impressed by his bravery fighting those wolves. Now he's my partner! We terrorize demons!

The dog nuzzles **SALESMAN/SORROW** with one of his giant slobbering heads. From his other end drops an enormous blue poop, which falls on Clown's shoulder with a SPLAT!

CLOWN

Why does everything poop on me?

JOY

Kharma.

They turn to see that Joy has arrived.

SALESMAN/SORROW

There you are. Now what was so important I had to break my promise and come back one more time?

Joy points across the park. Scotty, Clem's former master, is with his family and walking a new little dog on a leash.

JOY

The dog's name is Albert. He was running lost and I orchestrated a chance meeting.

SALESMAN/SORROW watches the boy playing happily with his dog.

SALESMAN/SORROWS

He's gotten over Clem that fast?

JOY

No. It's not that they forget the pain of losing someone they love. It's that they remember again how wonderful it is to find someone to love in the first place.

SALESMAN/SORROW shakes Joy's hand.

SALESMAN/SORROW

Well done. Thank you my friend.

SALESMAN/SORROW hears the Siren's Song calling him.

SALESMAN/SORROW (CONT'D)

Where's that fellow trying to shoot me got to? You never get used to drowning. It's very unpleasant.

CLOWN

There he is over there!

SALESMAN/SORROW waves his arms in the air.

SALESMAN/SORROW

Hey! Over here! Hello! Hello!

FADE TO BLACK

In the blackness we hear THE SOUND OF GUNSHOTS