

OPENING SCENE:

Credits role over the signature Shattered theme and introduction music. It is an original score

Black and White: we see an angel falling backwards into "the void" with glass wings. We see fear in her expression as she has nothing to grasp onto. As she lands all we see is her glass wings shatter into pieces. We catch a glimpse in one of the pieces from the broken wing. It reflects the heaven above from which she fell from.

HARD CUT

INT- OLD EGYPT DAY DEPICT HEAVEN

Camera zooms in at the feet from behind a woman wearing strappy sandals. She walks, in slow motion, with each step we sense dread. The camera begins to zoom out. We see two male guards, one on each side. The camera moves slowly up the backside of our three characters. The middle is an angel, shackled. In the distance we see her approaching a woman seated in a throne.

Our characters approach the throne, we hear a mob of angry protestors outside the courtroom in support of the angel being sentenced.

QUEEN

I hereby sentence you to purgatory

ANGEL

What?!? No! What crime have I committed to deserve such a harsh punishment?

QUEEN

Women are to be seen, not heard

ANGEL

Don't you hear the cries of the people? Thine message is to be heard and has been Divinely crafted for me to deliver

QUEEN

Oh dear, you and your silly visions. The people do not adore you. MY message is the only message to be revered, that is why I am queen and you are nothing but a forsaken angel. Don't confuse those cries for admiration. They do not know you like I do, for I am the one that birthed you. Only I can see you for what you really are: a fraud, a joke. You are nothing but a disgrace. You disappoint me. Your continual defiance has led to your seemingly harsh punishment. My dear, I should have done this a long time ago. The charade must come to an end. It is my duty as queen to protect the people from the mockery you have

made of this Kingdom.

(Pause)

Guards, strip her of her wings!

ANGEL

NOOOO! NOOOO!

Angel tries to fight off guards while being shackled. Guards drag her away into the crowd. The Queen slyly smiles, watching her daughter as she is being dragged away, happy to see her go

EXT: OUTSIDE- DAY- INTO MOB- CONTINUOUS ACTION

The guards publicly humiliate Angel by ripping off her wings. We see he Angel crying out in pain. She makes eye contact with some of the women in the mob. Her sprit broken. Angel looks back towards the "courthouse" and notices the queen watching as she gets dragged away.

Camera pans to queen, she seems to be enjoying the destruction of the angel. Angel is dragged away to a hole in the ground to be sent away to purgatory. The guards, with no emotion, no words, throw her into the hole.

Angel falls slowly into the void, nothing but a black tunnel as she falls backwards into the emptiness. She looks up to see the guards and the Queen looking down at her with pleasure to see her go.

CUT TO:

EXT: DAY- MODERN SOCIETY

Angel is laying unconscious on the ground, battered, bruised, wingless. Her clothes are tattered and torn (barely covering her skin). She slowly opens her eyes as she awakens from the trauma she had just experienced. She appears cold, afraid, and tired (sound is silent. We are focused solely on the angel. When she finally comes to we can hear the sounds of the business of daily life (street noise, cars honking, people on cell phones, passerby's etc.)

We sense her shock and fear as she experiences a world she has never seen before.

The angel struggles to get on her feet, knees and legs

tremble in weakness. A passerby bumps her back on the ground.

PASSERBY

Watch out!

FRIEND OF PASSERBY

Oh, my, god, what is she wearing?

(Both laugh and look back at the
angel in disgust)

Angel makes her way to her feet. As she walks down the street she notices people judge her, scowl, name call, gossip, laugh as she passes by. Our Angel is clearly in distress yet no one offers her any assistance. She struggles to cover herself up as she walks down the crowded and unforgiving street.

After some time, our angel catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She notices her bruised and battered body, tired eyes, and torn clothes. In that moment her spirit becomes broken. She now believes everything that was said to her. The writing of all the pain of life shows up clearly on her body. She runs to search for hiding.

CUT TO:

We see our angel in an alley hiding from the public, in tears, sitting up curled in a ball.

Another Angle- She is approached by a little girl (around the age of 7)

LITTLE GIRL

Are you an angel?

ANGEL

I used to be

LITTLE GIRL

What do you mean you used to be?

ANGEL

I have been forsaken

LITTLE GIRL

By Whom?

ANGEL

The Queen

LITTLE GIRL
What was your sin?

ANGEL
Being born I guess

LITTLE GIRL
Your Divinity is your birthright

ANGEL
As you can clearly see, I am NOT
Divine

LITTLE GIRL GIVES ANGEL A CONFUSED LOOK

ANGEL
They took away my wings, people laugh
at me, they judge me, they say
horrible things about me. Don't you
see my scars? My bruises? My blood? My
tears? My flaws?

LITTLE GIRL
I only see your beauty

ANGEL
(feeling frustrated and angry)
My beauty?!? I am hideous! They all
think so!
(she motions with her hand at
society)
I am hungry yet they offer me no food.

I am parched yet they offer me no
water

I am cold yet they offer me no shelter

I am not wanted. I don't matter. I am
nothing. Nothing but a fallen angel
that has had everything taken from
her. Including my Divinity. I am all
alone.

LITTLE GIRL:
I am here with you. How can you say
you are all alone? Do I not matter?

ANGEL:

Of course you matter. But you are a child. All children matter

LITTLE GIRL

A child birthed from a hurt queen. As were you? Do you not see my Divinity?

ANGEL

Of course I see your Divinity

LITTLE GIRL

You only see my Divinity because you recognize your own. You cannot lose something you simply forgot you had. You just misplaced it. Outside yourself perhaps? Do the opinions, judgements, and ideologies of other lost souls, in Truth, dictate your own Divinity?

CAMERA ANGLE SHOWS OUR ANGEL IN CONTEMPLATION

LITTLE GIRL

Why place something so sacred in the hands, words, and actions of another?

The little girl places her right index finger at the third eye of the Angel. The Angel's head goes back slightly. We see a flash of white light as our Angel comes into remembrance of who she is, a Divine Angel.

CUT TO:

Memory of the eye contact she made with the same little girl she made in heaven right before she was kicked into purgatory. She opens her eyes and looks up, the little girl has disappeared.

Our angel looks off to the right and sees a bucket of water and a cloth. She begins to wash away all the fallacies from her body with a smile on her face. She finishes and places the cloth in the bucket.

CUT TO: INT- DAY

We see a long line of happy excited people. The camera pans

slowly from back to front. We see a hand signing a signature and then closing a book. The cover says "Behind the Glass: Shattered, But Not Broken"

The camera shows our Angel as a well dressed, revered author. Scene ends as she looks up powerfully into the camera.

THE END