

THE WOMAN WITH THE TRANSLUCENT EYES

Written by

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EXT. OCEAN- DAY

A large YACHT docks in waters abutting a TROPICAL PORT CITY. A YOUNG WOMAN, wearing cut-off jeans and aviator sunglasses, steps out onto the bridge and looks dispassionately over to the land beyond.

In short time, a TAXI BOAT comes to meet them. She and her BODYGUARD board the boat.

TAXI DRIVER

Good morning, Ms. Sinclair. It is a pleasure to have you here with us.

BEBE does not speak.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to hear about your recent divorce. Any man would be lucky to have you... but I have said too much.

The THREE TRAVELERS spend the rest of the trip in abject silence.

When they arrive on land, she adjusts her top and sunglasses and steps onto dry land.

BEBE

(in passing)

Oscar, pay the man.

The BODYGUARD does as he is told.

EXT. PORT CITY- DAY

She wanders through gift shops and passed the food stands, buying a churro here and some gum there, but nothing substantial. A cloud of murmurs surround her as she goes.

TOURIST #1

She looks like...

TOURIST #2

It couldn't be.

TOURIST #3

Man, she's gotten old.

One such wanders up to her.

BOLD TOURIST

Excuse me, I don't mean to be rude, but, my friends and I were wondering... are you Bebe Sinclair?

BEBE

No, but I get that all the time.

BOLD TOURIST

Cuz you look just like her. Man, you must have had it made back in the day, when her show was really popular, you know? She was the cutest little kid... I hear she's divorced now. One of those shotgun misfire weddings. It's a shame really. I wonder what happened to her.

BEBE

I guess she grew up.

BEBE presses on. Her eyes shift aimless from vendor to vendor. Though they call out to her and implore her to stay, she wanders on, indifferent to them. That is, until she arrives at a homely tattoo parlor tucked in between one of a thousand identical looking buildings.

She stands before the parlor door for a moment, studying the nondescript sign nailed to it. QUALITY TATTOOS, NOW OPEN: four words. That is all the sign says. Still, she seems mesmerized by it. A rebellious smile comes upon her face as she turns to her BODYGUARD.

BEBE

Stay here, Oscar. I won't be long.

She walks through the door to the shop.

Inside, a YOUNG MAN apathetically organizes the magazines in the parlor's picayune waiting room. When she steps

through the door, he does not immediately look up.

YOUNG MAN

Hola

BEBE

Ho-la. Como estas?

The YOUNG MAN chuckles and turns to face her.

MAN

Very good,

BEBE

(twirling her hair)

Could I, like, get a tattoo here or something?

MAN

Sí
something in mind, or, if you
prefer, we have a wonderful
assortment of designs for you to
choose from?

BEBE

Well, I was looking for something to commemorate my trip by,
so yeah, I'll look at your little book.

MAN

(gesturing towards the nearby furniture)

Very well. Please, take a seat.

BEBE sits down upon one of the hard-backed chairs. The YOUNG
MAN takes the binder resting upon the table in front of her
and gently hands it over to her. She casually flips through
it, passing whole pages by without a second glance.

BEBE

(Continuing to browse)

These are nice, but do you have anything special?

MAN

Special?

BEBE

Yeah. I could get most of these back home. I want something
local. You know, wild and beautiful... like me.

MAN

Ah, a woman of exquisite tastes. Yes, I might have something.

The MAN retreats to his work station and pulls out a SINGLE
PRINT from the desk drawer there. Carefully, he brings it back
to her. With great pomp, he presents it to her, as if
displaying a Fabergé egg or precious diamond.

On the print is the face of a WOMAN, done in style, standing before a STAINED GLASS WINDOW.

BEBE's eyes light up as the MAN shows the print to her. She reaches for it. He draws it back. She pouts.

MAN

You must be very delicate with this. This, as you say, is very special.

BEBE

Wow. Yeah. That one. I want that one. de Muertos

(pointing over her left shoulder)

We could put it right here. Right here on my back. Don't you think that would look really cool?

MAN

Whatever you wish. I must ask though, how long will you be in port?

BEBE

Another day or so. Why?

MAN

A piece like this, it will take some time to complete. We can stretch it out over two days, if you wish, or do it all today.

BEBE

Well, they did talk about an epic party going on tomorrow down the street. I don't want to miss that. How long would it be if we did it all today?

MAN

Maybe four or hours.

BEBE

Hours? As in

MAN

(stepping away)

As you wish.

BEBE

Then again, it would give the girls back home something to talk about. And she is so pretty... Okay, fine, twist my arm. I'll do it!

The MAN nods.

BEBE

(grasping at the air)

Let me see it again, the design.

The MAN shows it to her.

BEBE

So, is this your own design?

MAN

A family design, yes, one that runs proudly through our family.

BEBE

(reaching out to touch the PRINT)

Beautiful. And does she have a name?

The MAN allows BEBE to trace the lines of the WOMAN'S FACE with her lengthy fingernail.

MAN

We call her, " Translúcidos

BEBE

Meaning?

MAN

"The Woman with the Translucent Eyes."

BEBE

Very nice. When can we start?

MAN

Now- that is, if the woman is willing.

BEBE

And how much will it cost?

MAN

Absolutely free.

BEBE crosses her arms over her chest.

BEBE

Nothing comes for free.

The MAN shrugs.

MAN

This is true. Let me be more specific: there is a story that goes along with her, if you will allow me to tell it, then I will give her to you for free.

BEBE

What's so important about the story that you would give your family secret away to some random stranger for it?

MAN

The story is what gives her life, what makes her special. She deserves it.

She taps her foot on the cement beneath her feet.

BEBE

All right, then. Let me grab another churro, and we can begin.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR- LATER

The MAN preps his gun for the project. BEBE lifts up her shirt, stripping down to her bathing suit, and lies down on the work table.

MAN

Your glasses: if you would be so kind as to remove them. That way they will not fall off halfway through.

She removes her glasses and sets them beside her, quickly exchanging them for the arm's reach. She takes one last glance at it, then hands it back to the MAN, who stores it safely back in his desk drawer.

BEBE

All right. So, how does the story start?

MAN

Oh, beginning is not important; but the end, that is what is so beautiful.

BEBE

(annoyed)

Wait. You're gonna tell me the ending before anything else? Major spoiler alert.

The MAN chuckles.

MAN

If all life is circular, what does it matter where we begin?

BEBE

Huh?

BEBE turns her head up and towards him. He eases it back down again.

MAN

Just relax. It will come together soon.

The MAN brings his tattoo up to her skin.

BEBE

I've never had a tattoo before. Will it hurt?

MAN

A little, but it will all be worth it-

BEBE

In the end?

MAN

Exactly.

EXT. TOWN- DAY

The TOWN SQUARE is sparsely populated with a lone wagon saunters into it. An OLD MAN, dressed in priest's clothing, looks over the dismal setting and sighs. The DRIVER of the WAGON looks upon the place with equal malaise.

DRIVER

You sure this is the place, Father? It looks almost abandoned.

PRIEST

It is the place. Thank you for your service.

DRIVER

Wouldn't catch me in a place like this, willingly at least.

PRIEST

You will find, my young friend, that it's not about where you want to or don't want to find yourself, but rather what you do once you're there... I have been many places in my time, and this simply another one.

DRIVER

But, why here? A man of your stature could surely afford better arrangements.

PRIEST

Because they need me. That is good enough.

The PRIEST pays the DRIVER handsomely.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

I trust this will be sufficient.

The DRIVER jingles the pouches in which his payment resides, then eagerly looks in. He becomes so excited over the feet that he nearly runs into a nearby building. Only within the span of inches, does he veer the wagon away.

The DRIVER, upon regaining his composure, pulls the wagon into the center of the square and reigns in the donkeys pulling the vehicle. Once they stop, the PRIEST gets out.

PRIEST

Go with God, my son.

DRIVER

The same to you, Father.

The PRIEST wanders through the SQUARE until being greeted by the MAYOR OF THE TOWN.

MAYOR

Welcome, Father. I'm glad so you've come.

PRIEST

Thank not the leaf, but the wind that carries it.

MAYOR

(with exaggerated hand gestures)

Come, let us show you to your parish.

INT. CHURCH- DAY

A heavy, wooden DOOR creaks open. CLOUDS OF DUST float in the intruding sunlight.

The building is divided into four parts: altogether forming the image the cross. The side of the building. The other. The the church, while the building's two rooms, give building its iconic cross shape.

The TWO MEN enter the bone-dry

The PRIEST studies his surroundings with dry and wearied eyes. He paces down the main aisle, brushing his fingers across the splintered wood of the pews.

MAYOR

As you can see, the facility is in need of some repair. We have been without a man of the cloth for some time, but let me assure

you, we are a most devout people.

The PRIEST makes his way into one of the building's semitranspts laden table found there.

PRIEST

Do you have a match?

MAYOR

I beg your pardon?

PRIEST

A light.

MAYOR

Well, I am prone to enjoy a fine cigar from time to time.

The PRIEST nods his head toward the table. The MAYOR catches on.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Oh, right. I see.

The MAYOR reaches into his vest pocket and retrieves a book of matches, which he hands to the PRIEST. The PRIEST takes one and returns the rest to his company. He strikes the match and cautiously guards the flame as he sets it down on a candle's wilted wick. The flame falters thereupon and threatens to go out, but eventually catches on and begins to burn.

PRIEST

Thank you.

The PRIEST continues up the aisle, towards the takes a step up onto the remains behind. The PRIEST looks up. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, bedecked in a blue robe, no halo, with tongues of fire pouring forth from her eyes, fills the stained glass rose window above him. He peers inquisitively at the WOMAN.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Who is this woman? I am not familiar with her.

MAYOR

A saint of some kind, I would suppose. Some say she was a local god carried over into canon when the Spanish invaded, but you know how reliable such rumors are. It's a shame, really, that your predecessor never bothered to clear things up, if he even knew at all. Then again, he was a very secretive soul.

PRIEST

What happened to him?

MAYOR

A defect of the heart, no doubt associated with severe old age. It would seem that the diocese takes pleasure in sending us priests already on their last legs... No offense.

PRIEST

None taken.

(turning to the MAYOR)

You may go now if you wish. You've been a most gracious host, and I'm sure you have other matters to attend to.

MAYOR

Listen, if I caused any hurt-

The PRIEST holds up his hand, and the MAYOR grows quiet.

PRIEST

I know my place. It will take me a few days to get adjusted, and begin to get this place back in order. The people are free to come by any time before then, of

course.

MAYOR

You are too kind. The rectory is just beyond the It's modest, but not any worse that a man of your humble stature would imagine. If you are in need of anything, please let me know and it will be speedily provided. Thank you again for coming, Father. It means the world to us.

PRIEST

Good day, my son. God be with you.

MAYOR

And also with you.

The MAYOR bows out.

The PRIEST looks over the church, then back at the WOMAN IN BLUE, then back at the church and drops to his knees and weeps.

INT. RECTORY- NIGHT

The PRIEST kneels beside his lumpy, thinly-covered bed, and prays.

PRIEST

Most Holy God, I am not a deserving man. I have lived an uninspiring life. I know the path that I have chosen and I accept all that you have given me along the way. Still, I pray that you would fill this frail heart of mine with strength, strength to be the man you need me to be for these people- for I am a lonely man, and prone to fall into despair. Let me your light and your hope to a dark and failing world. et Spiritūs Sancti.

A faint rustling SOUND reverberates over from the through the rectory's thinly-constructed walls. The PRIEST

jerks his head toward the sound. Suspiciously, he rises from his knees and heads for the door.

Ever so cautiously, he cracks the door open. At the back of the sign of the cross. He watches intently, doubting everything he sees. Finally, he cannot hold in his curiosity and so leans a bit more forward to catch a closer look of the figure. The tiny movement causes the hinges of the RECTORY DOOR to squeak ever so slightly. The PRIEST turns to glare at the betraying hinges.

When he turns back, the FIGURE is gone. He rushes to the back of the remains is a ruby, sapphire, and gold ROSARY left atop an aging pew. The PRIEST gathers up the ROSARY and stores it into his fraying robes.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE- DAY

The PRIEST enters into a large room, opulently decorated and overlooking the TOWN SQUARE. The MAYOR turns from the window and jumps upon seeing the PRIEST, as if startled.

MAYOR

Hello, Father, I hope you slept well.

PRIEST

Not as well as some. Tell me, did anyone report a rosary missing this morning?

MAYOR

Matters of possession are not traditionally under the scope of my responsibility, but I can inquire of our esteemed keeper of the peace about it.

The MAYOR rings a silver bell on his desk. A skittish ASSISTANT enters the room.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Would you be so kind as to get the Sheriff for us?

ASSISTANT

Right away, sir.

The ASSISTANT departs. In short time, a knock sounds on the OFFICE DOOR.

MAYOR

Enter.

The SHERIFF enters and salutes.

SHERIFF

Yes, sir?

MAYOR

Our distinguished Father is inquiring about a certain lost item. Would you perhaps be willing to help him out?

SHERIFF

(pulling out a small notepad and pen)

Of course. Happy to help. Tell me, Father, what precisely did you lose?

PRIEST

Well, it's not so much what I lost, as someone else may have misplaced. Last night, I found a rosary lying in one of the pews. I would very much like to return it to the owner, if possible. It is very ornate.

SHERIFF

(flipping through his notes)

Hmm. I see no claims of lost items anywhere in my registry. May I see the item?

PRIEST

Certainly.

The PRIEST reaches into his robes and pulls out... nothing. A perplexed look besets the PRIEST's face.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I must have dropped it on the way here.

SHERIFF

Sounds like a most elusive item indeed.

The PRIEST continues to search his person for the ROSARY, with no luck. The SHERIFF turns to his boss, the MAYOR.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Is there anything else you need me for, sir?

MAYOR

No, that will be all. Thank you.

The SHERIFF salutes again.

SHERIFF

The honor is all mine, sir.

The SHERIFF exits.

MAYOR

Must've been a hard night, eh Father?

PRIEST

Yes. Apparently, I am becoming senile in my old age.

MAYOR

There are worse fates..

(starts to exit himself)

If the ROSARY does surface again, please let us know. We'd hate for an item of such value to go without an owner.

PRIEST

You will be the first to know.

MAYOR

Most excellent! Have a good day, then, Father.

PRIEST

Yes, blessings. God be with you.

The TWO MEN part ways. The PRIEST pats down the folds of his robes once more, shakes his head, and leaves the OFFICE.

INT. CHURCH- LATER

The PRIEST busies himself with cleaning up the available space. He sweeps under the pews with a rugged broom and wipes down their seats with the corners of his robes. While he is doing this, he stops as something sparkling catches the corner of his eye. Upon closer inspection, he finds that it is the ROSARY. Right in plain view, at the dead center of the

The PRIEST wanders over to it, scratches his head, and hesitates before picking it up, at which point he shakes his head again and scoops up the ROSARY back into his possession.

INT. RECTORY- NIGHT

The PRIEST lies in bed. His eyelids droop and sag, but he does his best to keep them open. The ROSARY is tucked soundly in his hand.

Shortly before midnight, the rustling SOUND echoes through the walls of the church again. The PRIEST's weary eyes spring open.

He carefully rises out of bed and tiptoes to the door. He cracks it open and peeks through. The MYSTERIOUS FIGURE roams the aisles, ducking under pews and arching its neck in search of its lost property.

The PRIEST inches out of his rectory and out onto the chancel. The floorboards creak underfoot, startling the FIGURE. It makes a break for the door.

PRIEST

(holding up the ROSARY)

Wait!

The FIGURE glances back, sees its property in the PRIEST's possession, and pauses momentarily. The PRIEST tosses the ROSARY its way. The FIGURE glances back and forth between the ROSARY and the PRIEST, then bends over and collects the item. As the moonlight pours through the rose window, the PRIEST catches a glimpse of a BLUE FABRIC before the FIGURE disappears again.

INT. CHURCH- DAY

The PRIEST finishes his mass with a GREGORIAN CHANT. He finishes the chant then composes himself before his meager congregation.

PRIEST

Go with God, my children, and have a blessed week.

The TOWNSPEOPLE come up to congratulate him. They come and they go, seeking blessing and admonition. The PRIEST addresses every one of them with all due respect and honor, then dismisses them in the same style. The TOWNSPEOPLE depart, leaving the MAYOR behind.

MAYOR

An excellent service, Father. It's good to have a man of the cloth with us again.

PRIEST

Thank you. The honor is all mine.

MAYOR

Tell me, have you made any more headway concerning the lost rosary?

PRIEST

Not much. It's a shame, really. It must have been quite the precious family heirloom.

MAYOR

Indeed. Well, make sure to alert me if you make any progress, or if there is any other issue that ails you. I am here to help, you know? That is what I have been elected to do.

PRIEST

Yes, and you seem to do it quite well: a most admirable trait, especially for an elected official.

MAYOR

I know. Good day, Father.

PRIEST

Go with God, my son.

MAYOR

I always do.

The MAYOR storms out. The PRIEST exhales deeply once he is gone.

INT. CHURCH- NIGHT

The PRIEST perches upon the front door, waiting for it to open.

When it finally does, he anxiously leans forward. The MYSTERIOUS FIGURE steps into the back of the seeing the PRIEST, steps dead in its tracks. It turns to the door.

PRIEST

Please, don't go!

The FIGURE stops.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

I don't know who you are or where you come from, but if you have any decency left in you, you'll entertain the dying wish of an old man.

The MYSTERIOUS FIGURE speaks, in a simultaneously ominous and plaintive voice.

FIGURE

What do you wish?

PRIEST

Only to have your company. You can come and go as you wish. You don't even have to show your face. Just spend a couple hours with me each day, and I will die a happy man.

FIGURE

And what do you have to offer me in return?

PRIEST

Nothing of note. What does an old man have to give? Even my soul is used and threadbare.

FIGURE

I am not in the business of collecting souls, but I am not unlike you. A friend would be most excellent.

PRIEST

Then you'll stay?!

FIGURE

In a relative sense. It is not safe here during the day, but I will join you at night. Nights are the coldest and loneliest times anyway.

PRIEST

Thank you for humoring an old man.

FIGURE

An old soul. Something this modern world is in much need of.

The FIGURE steps into the MOONLIGHT. First to appear is her blue robes. The figure tucks back the hood of her robe to reveal a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, marred by an intricate array of tribal tattoos. The PUPILS of her eyes are so light that he can almost see right through them. The PRIEST takes in her form, then sheepishly averts his gaze.

WOMAN

Are you offended by my appearance?

PRIEST

No, it is just that it has been a very long time since I have been alone with a woman.

WOMAN

Take heart, good priest. I will be gentle.

The PRIEST blushes. The WOMAN looks around.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

It is good to be back in God's house again.

PRIEST

(softly)

I am Ignacio, Ignacio Soledades.

WOMAN

Those who know me call me Luz.

DIEGO

A pleasure, Luz.

LUZ

The pleasure is mine.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR- DAY

The YOUNG MAN continues his work. BEBE shakes her head.

BEBE

All right, all right. I've heard this story before. The priest and the woman fall in love and everyone lives happily ever after, right.

MAN

(facetiously)

Correct. Your Western logic sees right through my plebian tale. Why even continue? In fact, let's spend the rest of our time talking about the weather.

BEBE

Listen, there's no reason to get butt-hurt about this. It's just that I've heard this story a million billion times. I'm a Disney girl, a childhood sweetheart, for goodness' sake! I've spent my life inundated by love stories.

(calming down a bit)

Besides, we all know what this is about anyway.

MAN

Oh?

BEBE

You're obviously into me. I mean, why else would you do all this work for free?

MAN

If something is right, the cost doesn't matter. You've just got to do it.

BEBE

And you wanna do it. I don't blame you. You obviously know how to work this whole "mysterious foreigner" angle quite well. Frankly, I enjoyed it myself. Most guys

coming onto me just give me a wink, a drink, and a slap on the behind to let me know they like me.

MAN

I think you're reading so far into this, you're in a whole separate book.

BEBE

Yeah. Sure. Whatever. I get an epic tattoo. You get to see a little side-boob. Fair is fair... how's the tattoo coming along?

MAN

Fantastic. You wanna see?

The MAN tilts a nearby mirror at an angle from which can she can see her back.

BEBE

I'm assuming you're doing well. Looks all red and blotchy right now.

MAN

(trying to keep a straight face)

The skin is irritated. It doesn't like change.

BEBE

Who does?... What is your name by the way? If it's Ignacio, I'm going to slap you after all this is done.

The YOUNG MAN laughs.

MAN

It's Diego.

BEBE

Like the cartoon character?

DIEGO

(sarcastically)

Yes, like the cartoon character. Can I continue with my story now?

BEBE

Yeah. Go ahead. Now, I'm hoping Dora shows up a little later.

INT. CHURCH- NIGHT

IGNACIO and LUZ sit atop the the bejeweled beads of LUZ's rosary.

IGNACIO

This really is a beautiful rosary. Where did you get it?

LUZ

Flea market.

They laugh.

LUZ (CONT'D)

It's been in the family for some time, before memory itself existed perhaps.

IGNACIO

Before memory existed... funny, that's sometimes how long I feel I've been walking this earth.

LUZ

(taking his hand)

It is a long journey, indeed.

IGNACIO

Oh, what do you know? I must have walked laps around this planet before you even came into being.

LUZ

I would not be too sure about that.

IGNACIO

Oh, so what are you, then? An angel, or maybe perhaps a foreign god bent on leading me into temptation?

LUZ

For now, let it be sufficient to say that I am myself, and that I am here with you.

IGNACIO

Yes, but then again, are you even here with me? Perhaps I am sleeping, and you are just a dream. Then again, maybe I am awake and you are just the hallucinations of a crazy man.

LUZ

Surely, as a man of the cloth, you know that you could easily spend an entire lifetime in doubt- doubting your purpose, doubting your senses, doubting your very being. Alternatively, you could dare to believe and spend the rest of your life blessed to the full.

IGNACIO

But my life is almost over. Is it not already too late?

LUZ

Nothing is too late, when you believe.

INT. RECTORY- LATER

LUZ sleeps in IGNACIO's bed. IGNACIO sleeps on the floor. LUZ shoots upright, screaming. Startled, IGNACIO wakes.

IGNACIO

What is it? Is everything all right?

LUZ's chest heaves. A COLD SWEAT drips from her brow.

LUZ

I had a dream. A dream wherein you were strapped to the anchor of a boat tossed at sea. I kept calling and calling for the crew of the boat to free you, or to allow me to rescue you myself; but they had none of it. They said they knew just how to stop the storm, that it was the only way for everyone to survive. They tossed you into the waters, still tied to the anchor. You sank to the bottom, and I could not save you. I could only watch you drown.

IGNACIO rises from the floor and goes over to her.

IGNACIO

Shh. It was only a dream. I am still here. It is the darkness that is gone.

He heads for the RECTORY DOOR.

IGNACIO (CONT'D)

I'd imagine that it is almost sunrise. Come, let us go see.

LUZ, still in shock, shakes her head and remains still. IGNACIO opens the door. Indeed, the muted pastels of morning begin to flow through the rose window, down onto the floor of the

IGNACIO (CONT'D)

Yes. The darkness is gone, indeed! It's magnificent, wouldn't you-

He looks back. LUZ is gone.

IGNACIO (CONT'D)

Agree?

IGNACIO sighs and walks over to the bed. He looks above and below it, then promptly tucks in its sheets.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE- DAY

IGNACIO wanders passed the usual vendors and gossip-mongers, passing blessings and advice to those who wish it. The MAYOR approaches.

MAYOR

Good morning, Father.

IGNACIO

Good morning.

MAYOR

I don't suppose there's any headway made on the lost rosary, has there?

IGNACIO

Unfortunately, not.

MAYOR

I was afraid of that. Then, unfortunately, I think it is time you and I had a talk.

IGNACIO

Concerning what exactly?

MAYOR

Concerning this fine town, and more specifically, about your place in it.

IGNACIO

Do go on?

MAYOR

As you know, we have been without a priest for some time now.

IGNACIO

Yes.

MAYOR

Well, during the period in which we without the protection of a man of God, we

fear an evil spirit may have descended upon us.

IGNACIO clears his throat.

IGNACIO

What makes you say that?

MAYOR

There had been rumors that the sound of feet and voices was heard coming from your church while it was vacated. At first, I thought nothing of it, but the reports kept coming. I began to fear for the worst.

When I heard that the diocese had arranged to send another priest to us, you cannot imagine how greatly I was relieved.

Personally, I believe the noises to be nothing more than the work of some back alley, mischievous hoodlums; but, in the event that we did acquire an uninvited guest during our dark period, now we have priest to flush the demon out.

IGNACIO

A possession occurring in a church of places is no small matter, my son. Only the higher level demons would even dare do so ignoble a thing.

MAYOR

I know, but I believe that you, Father, with all your experience behind you, would be up to the task of keeping us out of harm's way.

IGNACIO

I will remain vigilant, my son, and make sure to flush out any ill spirit that might come upon you and your town. You have my word.

MAYOR

Vigilance will be the key for sure. Remember the warning that St. Matthew gave us concerning enemies in the spiritual realm: any demon flushed out of a place like this will not go without a fight, and will undoubtedly bring friends along should he decide to retake his territory.

IGNACIO

May God equip us both to take on so mighty a task.

MAYOR

Amen. I give you free license to do whatever you must to rid us of this damnable being. Even if one of its allies is one of our own townspeople, cast him out.

We cannot let this scourge grow.

IGNACIO nods and hastily speeds away.

INT. CHURCH- NIGHT

LUZ and IGNACIO light candles in one of the

IGNACIO

What are you?

LUZ

I beg your pardon.

IGNACIO

Today, in the town square, the mayor of this town warned me that this church might be haunted, possessed even. I'm afraid he means to find you out and destroy you. I want to protect you, to save you, but I don't know how to. I don't even know who, or what, you truly are.

LUZ

Never mind the threats of one little man.

He can do nothing to me. He is only flesh, after all.

IGNACIO

Are you then a spirit? A ghost? A phantasm?

LUZ

I am myself. That is all you need to know.

IGNACIO

(annoyed)

How can I be your friend and companion if I continue to know absolutely nothing about you?!

LUZ

The world in which you live is a complicated one, but mine is more so. I do not wish it on anyone, let alone my only friend in the worlds.

IGNACIO

Worlds?

LUZ

Yes, good priest, worlds. Worlds upon worlds upon worlds, not out there, somewhere in space, but in the heart and all around us.

IGNACIO

Show me. Let me share your burden. Please. Do me this favor, as my friend.

LUZ nods and takes his hands in hers.

LUZ

Look at me, and, whatever you do, don't let go.

IGNACIO gazes deeply into her eyes. More and more he sees

not their whites and pupils, but himself- multiple copies of himself, actually, replicating themselves infinitely. As more and more copies appear, his pupils flutter back and forth, trying to count all of them, but exhausting themselves in the process. Soon, there are so many copies of himself that he can no longer distinguish one copy from another. At that point, he passes out, and everything melts into light.

INT. MULTIVERSE- N/A

IGNACIO and LUZ float in the midst of a blank space. Their bodies are not with them, though their consciences are quite active.

IGNACIO (V.O.)

Where am I?

LUZ (V.O.)

Anywhere you want to be. We exist outside space and time. Anywhere you want to be, any when you want to be. That is where you are. The possibilities are endless.

IGNACIO (V.O.)

We are omnipresent?

LUZ (V.O.)

Yes.

IGNACIO (V.O.)

Take me back, omnipresence is for God alone.

LUZ (V.O.)

Yes, but don't we have the fingerprint of God in our very beings, do we not? We lack most of His divine attributes, but this one- this one we share with Him. That is what heaven is, isn't it? Being outside of space and time with Him. What you see now is simply a preview of things to come.

IGNACIO (V.O.)

But, since we are out of time, that time is now also here?

LUZ (V.O.)

Exactly! When I see your world, I do not just see the concrete details. I see light, and light exists in a spectrum. You see yourself and see and tired, old man. I see a baby, a dead man, and young lad all at the same time. Joy, fear, anger, exaltation, and despair: all these things are lined up within a hand's reach. All you have to do is reach out and grab them and they are yours.

IGNACIO (V.O.)

This is madness.

LUZ (V.O.)

In one reality, it most assuredly is. Then again, in other it may not be. The choice is yours.

IGNACIO (V.O.)

But all my life I have lived as a man of the cloth. I have stood by a strict set of rules, and defended them furiously. A life of no rules and infinite realities is not something for me.

LUZ (V.O.)

How could you not be? Your rules led you to a deserted town where age, vitality, and posterity have all betrayed you. What I offer you is the opportunity to escape all that into a whole new realm of possibilities... with me.

IGNACIO (V.O.)

I would like that very much, but this is something very hard to wrap my head

around, much less embrace.

LUZ (V.O.)

Luckily, you have all the time in world to do so.

IGNACIO (V.O.)

Yes. This is true. I would like to go back now, though, to my own time and my own little town. I need to consider what has been said here. Plus, it will be good to be able to see my feet again.

LUZ (V.O.)

Very well. Back we go, my friend, but remember that you can never un-know what I have just told you. You can now only disregard the truth.

The BRIGHT LIGHT dissolves back into darkness.

INT. CHURCH- NIGHT

IGNACIO finds himself back in the same before. Luz is gone.

INT. CHURCH- DAY

IGNACIO is filling the MAYOR enters. The MAYOR looks suspiciously around.

IGNACIO

How can I help you, my son?

MAYOR

Just checking in and saying, "hello."

IGNACIO

Well, you are free to do so. The church is available to all.

MAYOR

Hopefully not all. I remember us having a little conversation about a certain

unwanted guest.

IGNACIO

Yes. I remember. I am happy to report no paranormal activity since last we talked.

The MAYOR strolls passed the PRIEST and into the

MAYOR

Really. That's funny.

Our dear sheriff got a report in last night of sounds very similar to ones heard before your arrival emanating from this very building.

IGNACIO

Surely, you would not accuse me aligning myself with the devil.

MAYOR

Oh, no. I would never do that. Especially since the punishment for anyone found guilty of such an abomination would be a very sure and painful death.

IGNACIO

As well it should be. God does not look kindly upon sorceries and witchcraft.

MAYOR

I'm glad we are in agreement there. But, tell me Father, if you were a priest and you did align yourself with an evil spirit, why would you do it?

IGNACIO

I try not to think on such things.

MAYOR

No, no. Of course not. That is why this is strictly hypothetical, at best.

IGNACIO crosses his arms defiantly over his chest.

IGNACIO

Let us leave it as such.

MAYOR

(brushing a bit of dust off the pews)

If you wish.

The MAYOR reaches the end of the around.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Do you want to know why I would do it? I would do it for the power, and for the company. It must be rather lonely up here in this ivory tower.

IGNACIO

I fair just fine.

MAYOR

Your predecessor faired just fine too. That is, until he met his rather untimely end. It is unfortunate really. He had so much potential, but the heart is always so quick to betray.

IGNACIO

If we have no further business together, I beg your leave. I have clerical matters to attend to today.

The MAYOR shoves a defiant finger into the air.

MAYOR

I do have one last matter to address. It has been some time since I made my last confession and I would like to rectify that now.

IGNACIO

By all means.

MAYOR

Father, I confess to believing that you are hiding an unwanted spirit here within these walls, and that I will personally see to it that you are found out and punished. There will be rest for you until these things are accomplished.

The MAYOR spits on the floor.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Start making your prayers.

IGNACIO watches the man leave. LUZ appears beside him.

LUZ

Now will you go away with me?

IGNACIO

I always believed in the innate goodness of man, and the power of God to bring that goodness out.

LUZ

What do you believe now?

IGNACIO

I believe man has a choice. And I have made mine.

LUZ

Tomorrow, he will come and tear this place to the ground. I have seen it. Does that affect your decision any?

IGNACIO

Yes. Tremendously. Will you be there if I remain behind?

LUZ

Why would you? Don't you understand what I just said?

IGNACIO

Perfectly. But there is something here, something that needs my attention. I don't know what exactly, but it needs to be finished. These people need me, even if they say they do not.

LUZ

But there are other people, countless others, that could need you too. And you would not to give up anything for them.

IGNACIO

You know, if you eat from one plate, then switch everything over to another, it does not make the first one any less dirty. In fact, it leaves both marred.

LUZ

Closure.

IGNACIO

Exactly. Will you be with me while I have my closure? After that I will travel with you into the infinities and back.

LUZ

Yes. Though it pains me, I will be with you until the end.

EXT. CHURCH- NIGHT

A CROWD gathers with torches at hand outside the church. The MAYOR and SHERIFF are at the head of the group.

MAYOR

What we have here is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Father Soledades came into our flock with all manner of piety, but he has failed to live up to that high standard. In fact, we have it on good authority that this man is consorting with the Devil himself. Let us then take arms against

such a villain, erasing all memory of him from our midst.

The CROWD cheers.

INT. CHURCH- NIGHT

IGNACIO and LUZ kneel before the altar, praying intently before God.

LUZ

They are coming.

IGNACIO

Yes. Shall we go greet them?

The heavy FRONT DOOR crashes open.

LUZ

Too late.

IGNACIO

You of all people should know that it is never too late.

IGNACIO winks at LUZ, rises, and turns toward the crowd. Warmly, he stretches his arms out to them.

IGNACIO (CONT'D)

Greetings, friends.

MAYOR

(pointing to LUZ)

You dare call us friends while having union with this thing, even daring to desecrate the altar with its wicked presence?

IGNACIO

She is not a trespasser, but a guest, a fact which I cannot say is the same about you.

The MAYOR holds his torch towards the wooden door.

MAYOR

We should burn down this church now to clean it of your filth.

IGNACIO

Because burning down a church is the perfect way to prove that you are, in fact, the hero.

The MAYOR pulls his torch back from the door.

MAYOR

Come peacefully with us, so that none of us may be found guilty of actions we will later regret.

IGNACIO

And where will we go? On vacation?

MAYOR

To jail, and then to judgment.

IGNACIO

Judgment? Very well, judge me as you will. But know now that I could be anywhere by this time, but instead chose to be surrendered to you.

MAYOR

Words are cheap, but don't worry: they will earn their just reward. Now, let's not tarry any longer. To judgment.

IGNACIO

To judgment.

IGNACIO heads toward the crowd. The CROWD draws away from LUZ as she accompanies him. They walk up to the MAYOR. He spits a wet and heavy load into IGNACIO's eye.

MAYOR

Even to the last, he remains unrepentant,
bringing his demon with him to the gallows.

The MAYOR gestures him on. IGNACIO steps out the broken front door. The CROWD, in typical fashion, follows.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR- DAY

BEBE shudders as DIEGO continues to embed his ink into her skin.

BEBE

Wait? They arrested him?! Your romantic story totally blows.

DIEGO chuckles.

DIEGO

You're going to make me ruin my lines, then where will we be?

BEBE

But seriously, you can't end it like this. It just can't I'm not one of those "tragic love" type of girls.

DIEGO

I didn't say you were. I did say this story began at the end. Am I not just living up to my word?

BEBE

So, he dies too.

DIEGO

Yes.

BEBE pouts.

BEBE

I don't like you right now.

DIEGO

Because I am truthful?

BEBE

Because... just because, okay?

DIEGO

(sarcastically)

Okay. You don't like me. I am eternally despondent.

BEBE

You're such a jerk. I wish I'd never fallen in love with this stupid tattoo.

DIEGO

No, you aren't. It's a beautiful tattoo.

BEBE

But now it's also going to remind me of dead people.

DIEGO

(teasingly)

Imagine, of dead people.

BEBE

Would you stop!

DIEGO lifts his gun away from her skin.

DIEGO

Sorry, it was only meant in good fun.

BEBE

I know, and usually I can dish it and take it out as well as anyone else, but I went on this stupid cruise to get away from the banter, away from the bullshit. It just gets so tiring, you know? Always being on. Always being fun, always being popular, always being that person that will save

the world. It's fucking exhausting. And I just wanted to take a couple days, lay on my back, and not give a shit what anyone else thinks.

She starts to tear up.

DIEGO

I apologize, quite the burden to bear.

BEBE

(wiping the tear from her eyes)

It's not your fault, not anyone's fault exactly. If anything, it's my fault. Because I want to be everything for everyone always. I do. But I can't, I just can't.

DIEGO

We can finish the story another time, or not at all. It's okay.

DIEGO steps away from the table. BEBE reaches out towards him.

BEBE

No! No, finish your story. The tattoo's not done anyway, is it?

DIEGO

No. It is not. The two are connected.

She rests her head laxly against his work table.

BEBE

Then, tell on. I probably just smeared my mascara anyway. I can't go out in public with smeared mascara.

DIEGO

(sitting back down at his work table)

Very well. We will finish the story, and then we will see about cleaning you up.

He starts the machine back up, and raises the gun to her skin. The gun buzzes on.

INT. PRISON- EARLY MORNING

IGNACIO and LUZ sit in dank, dreary cell. Rats scurry about the cement.

LUZ

Here we are. The end of your life. Any regrets?

IGNACIO

In a realm of infinite realities, who has time for regrets?

The SHERIFF walks by their cell.

SHERIFF

Well, are you ready to meet your maker, sorcerer?

IGNACIO

I am ready for a great many things. I will tell him you said hello, though.

The SHERIFF opens their cell. IGNACIO steps forward.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE- NOON

A PYRE has been built in the center of the SQUARE. As IGNACIO approaches it, the TOWNSFOLK mock him, rebuke him, and beg him to repent. IGNACIO graciously declines to comment.

The MAYOR waits for him at the foot of the PYRE.

MAYOR

There is still time. Turn from your evil ways. Repent and cast out the demon that has bewitching you. We will receive you again with open arms.

IGNACIO

A closed fist, maybe. Since the first day, you always came to me wanting. Then, when I did not give enough, your unfulfilled wants turned quickly to resentment. It is the way of things, the way of man.

MAYOR

Then you prefer to remain in your folly?

IGNACIO

If my folly is being true, then yes, I remain in it. I lived most of my life imagining myself a man of the rules, of rigorous paths and encumbering moralism. I thought there was nothing more than this path, and it led me only to despair. But now I see I have a choice- a choice of life and freedom, not apart from God, but right in the fullness thereof. You too have this choice, if you wish it.

If I could stay here forever, and remind you simply again and again of this choice, this freedom, I would; but alas it looks like my time is up. I leave you now to find your path. My advice? Go with God.

IGNACIO steps forward into the PYRE and up to the stake at the center of it. He stops there and turns to face his expectant AUDIENCE.

The SHERIFF approaches and ties him down, then retreats back to the MAYOR's side. IGNACIO and the MAYOR make hard and fast eye contact.

IGNACIO (CONT'D)

Do what you must.

The MAYOR throws a match onto the PYRE and stokes the flame. The wood therein sparks, smokes, and begins to burn.

The flame rises higher and higher. IGNACIO breathes deeply while sweat begins to pour down his brow and fire gets closer to his person. Soon, the fire surrounds him. Still, IGNACIO's face remains peaceful. He looks out into the distance. He can see LUZ looking back at him, smiling.

IGNACIO (CONT'D)

I can see it, the light. It's so wonderful.

The fire rises again and IGNACIO is completely engulfed in flames.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE- LATER

The MAYOR looks down upon the TOWN SQUARE and the bonfire below has settled, leaving behind cinders, ash, and memories.

MAYOR

(under his breath)

They will not listen. They never do.

He is about to turn away when something catches his eye: a FIGURES stirring near the church. He draws closer to the WINDOW. He squints his eyes and glares at the FIGURE. He draws away from the window and closes the curtains.

I/E. CHURCH- LATER

LUZ looks over her shoulder and steps towards the FRONT DOOR of the church, which has now been nailed shut.

MAYOR

(off screen)

I had to do what I did. You understand that right? This world must have order or else everything falls by the wayside.

She turns. The MAYOR stands in the shadows lying against the church.

LUZ

You can't stop him, any more than you can stop me. We're beyond you now, as far as the eye can see.

A PLAINTIVE cry can be heard coming from the other side of the door.

MAYOR

What is that?

LUZ

It is the sound of rebirth.

She turns to leave.

MAYOR

Let me see.

She holds out her hand to him.

LUZ

Don't let go.

MAYOR

If you trick me, I will destroy you.

LUZ

Silly man, fearing his own demise.

She leads him through the barred doors and into the narthex the pews again. The CRY carries on. The MAYOR gasps. Below the altar lies a small CHILD.

They draw closer, until they are close enough for LUZ to draw the CHILD up in her arms. The CHILD coos. The MAYOR looks down upon him with abounding suspicion.

MAYOR

Is that...?

LUZ

Yes.

MAYOR

Impossible.

LUZ

Only for one such as yourself.

As she rocks the CHILD to sleep, SHE heads for the door.

MAYOR

Where are you going?

LUZ

Away. You could go too, if you want.

MAYOR

The world must have order.

LUZ

So be it. You will not see me again.

The WOMAN disappears. The MAYOR finds himself back in his OFFICE. He looks around, shakes himself off, and shudders.

MAYOR

Impossible.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR

DIEGO gun ceases to buzz. He pulls the gun away.

DIEGO

All right. We're done here.

BEBE

So, he died, but not really?

DIEGO

Yes.

BEBE

I thought you guys didn't believe in reincarnation.

DIEGO

It's simply a metaphor.

BEBE

For what?

DIEGO

For life. Like I said, we are all part of a great circle. We reach the end, we keep going. If we get lost, who cares? If we press on, we will find our way again. That is the secret of gift I give to you- much more than a tattoo, but a choice to live to the full.

DIEGO turns his mirror to her so she can see the tattoo.

BEBE

Well, thank you. I guess I kind of needed it.

DIEGO

It showed. People have a way of finding me when they need to, when their strength is wearing thin.

BEBE adjusts her top again.

BEBE

There is one thing I wish, though.

DIEGO

Oh?

BEBE

I wish I could see what he saw. Ignacio. I wish I could see all that light.

DIEGO

You can, if you wish to.

BEBE

Oh. Here it comes. And for a small donation of five easy payments, I could see it too, right?

DIEGO

No! No. This too is free, as it was to my grandfather, Ignacio, before me. There is only one stipulation...

(holding out his hand)

Just don't let go.

BEBE

(cupping her hands over her mouth)

Shoot! Speaking of going, I really should. My bodyguard has been waiting outside this entire time.

DIEGO

Can't he wait just a little longer? You won't want to miss this.

BEBE

Well, they do say, "time is relative."

DIEGO

Yes, so they say.

She inspects his face, looking for insincerity, but finds none. She smiles and takes his hand. Their eyes meet, and the worlds suddenly become enshrouded in light.