

TITLE CARD:

ONCE UPON THE END OF TIME..

Appears in Space, as, 'THE MIGHTY RIO GRANDE' by,
This Will Destroy You, begins at its: **10 Second Mark**

A Crystalic Voice Echoes:

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Father, help my Brother heal.

18 Sec Mark her voice shakes through the **TITLE CARD** changing its words to:

THE SPIRIT MOVED ACROSS OUR EARTH

Those written words are sent soaring into a Celestial Sea.
They morph into a Dove Shaped Wind, diving downward.

The Dove Wind dissipates in a Sky of Rushing Stars at the **48 Sec Mark**, as a,

TITLE CARD:

ITS RIVAL FOLLOWED

...appears, *blazing intently* across a new Galaxy.

So does the newer **TITLE CARD:**

SENT TO DESTROY

Followed by the Next Four, each *bursting* into alternate Solar Systems:

YOUR
the Y dissolves, leaving just: **OUR**

- **PSYCHE** -

- **HOME** -

- **STORY** -

The Dove-Wind reappears, **1:08 Mark** flying across the Dark Watered Seas.

TITLE CARD:**THE RIVAL WAS WINNING**FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Spirit...

A Circular Bright Light becomes visible in the Distant Sky.

TITLE CARD:**UNTIL...**FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Shine on him!BOOM! **1:18 Mark** the Dove SURGES across the water,
Straight into the center of the distant Circular Light.The Screen Flashes Bright White.
The Dove Becomes The Wind, Entering:

INT. CHAPLAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The Mighty Rio Grande continues.

1:18 Mark's Drums *Thunder* the Wind through the office, in a stunning yellow hue. It spots, then shines, onto, **CHAPLAIN** (*in an answer to the request of Female Voice.*)

After drilling him, the Wind becomes unified with the air, as if it were always there. Yet since its intent is on guiding Chaplain's face to see what it wants him to, Chaplain's mug is rarely & barely visible through the entire opening sequence.

He's unaware he's covered in a gliding mist, while standing at the room's far end, in front of a bookcase, holding and looking into, a photo of a Gorgeous Someone.

His hand feels the weight of her, he places the picture on the shelf. Yet turns her face away, pushing it to the wall, underneath a photo of a City's Walls Crumbling. (*Cool Rendition Of: Joshua's Battle Of Jericho ~ The City That Fell To The Sound Of Music.*)

CHAPLAIN

Father. Bring Purpose To This Pain.
And, make it quick this time, will Ya?

Letting go of a burden, gives the Wind a go-ahead to ignite around him, then guide him, two steps away, in sync with the music's two Drum Beats, at the **1:35 Mark**.

Chaplain stops, standing alone, realizing... he's not.

The Wind bristles past his face leading his view down to his laptop.

An Email **Highlights** to him:

Rob <Ast.Admin@CCHospice.org>
to: Chaplain <Chap@CCHospice.org>
re: Resident Self-Threat

Though not fully seeing Chaplain, we're visually **experiencing** what he is, and does. So as the song's 3 Cylinder Beats; **1:42 Mark** flow: *one, two, three*, down the screen, these three lines **Light Up** to him, in perfect rhythm:

*James, Hall 5 - Room 10.
Code 128: Suicide Threat.
Curtain Around The Neck.*

As the **1:45 Mark's** Strings go smoothly up, so goes Chaplain's gaze; Wind-led, from the laptop screen to a hanging photo of himself with **JAMES**, and James' daughter, **EMILY SWIFT**, on a patch of farmland, together under a Lemon Tree.

Gliding from the pic to the room's center, reveals: Chaplain's not there. The Wind gusting down, two Drum Beats, **1:52 Mark**, finds him taking a knee.

CHAPLAIN

Give me the peace I'm about to need,
To do what I'm about to do.

2:03 Mark Strings rising stronger, the Wind follows suit, sifting Chaplain up.

He steps to the door past a Lil' Fish Bowl with a Lil' Pet Shark: Bruce, under a set of three Hanging Ties. Yellow, Purple & White. He snags the one for Buryin'. Yellow. Chaplain wraps it on, one quick lasso, his face still covered mostly in the Wind.

He ties it while looking up to a sign above the door:
RESIDENT BIRTHDAYS TODAY: JAMES Hall 5 - Room 10

The Violin Strings really feel like they've got a somewhere for us to go, **2:20 Mark**, and so The Wind, forever guided by Music, obliges, leading Chaplain out the door.

On his way, his arm reaches right, right past a Double Framed Photo of:
Top - His Parents.

Father: *Confidently Peaceful.* **Ma:** *Red Hair & Might.*

Bottom - A Lion & Lamb

Drawn in Fluffy Cloud Form, Together in a Blue Sky.

Chap slaps a Small Portrait of, 'The Spirit Over The Waters' a'la an athlete hitting a Posted Team Emblem/Mantra, charging out to their Field of Play. Welcome to his:

INT. HOSPICE MAIN HALL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Bright Yellow dazzles past his eyes into this land of living made for the dying. A Crystal **White Orb** engulfs Chaplain's world, then is gone in a blink. An Eternal Curtain just opened, giving Chaplain a glimpse into the final show on earth.

Chaplain adjusts his sights like a newborn, seeing from the Rushing Wind's POV. Seeing a FIGURE walk gingerly to him, Chaplain gets his bearings on Dark vs Light.

The Figure takes shape. Chaplain's cool, grasping it's probably him alone seeing all things new. That, or he's lost his own grasp on reality. Either way, he handles it head on, as the head on the Figure takes form. It's a 'friendly'. Resident: **JERNARD**.

Bigger, Stronger (*despite all his dying*) than Chaplain, Jernard clasps Chaplain's arm, with a two beat twinge at the **2:42 Mark** a Dark Shadow takes a two beat bounce from Jernard into Chaplain, draining Chaplain's energy.

Jernard's moved kindly away by CNA: **BRIAN**. Chaplain studies a grinning Jernard wondering if he's aware of what transpired...or of the Shadow Mists hovering him.

-Every room is its own unique little world, reflecting the Resident residing in it.

-Each hall has a theme, this one formed for Manhattan. The Empire State Building is a section; a virtual trek in its Grand Lobby, ending up, up the overlook's Tourist Peak.

-Each & Every area a mini-wonderland designed for Memories Sparked. Some frame the 80's, 60's the 40's; a trip for kicks on Route 66 or an Ocean's Bed Floor to explore.

What Chaplain's seeing, is that all areas have a Wind. A *formerly* invisible presence. Some, Dark. Others Yellow(*ish*). White, seems to be reserved for something, Lofty.

Yellow zips by Chaplain, 3 Beats along the **2:50 Mark's** 3 beats to Resident: **OPAL**, in her own Golden Hue...passin' right on by, reaching up to straighten Chaplain's tie.

CHAPLAIN

Look what you did for me.

Both ignited in positive interaction. What Chap lost via Jernard is rekindled in Opal. The 'Clicking' sound of topnotch dress shoes, introduces the incoming: **ROB**.

Swooping Chaplain away, who's in mid-smile to Opal who's also doing both. She's in a forming grouping of Residents & Staff... moving, somewhere together.

In flow with the musical beats, **3:07 Mark**, is Rob & Chap's pace rounding away from moving traffic, to another Facility Section: a Casa-Hall of a Spectacular Spanish Villa.

ROB
You read it?

CHAPLAIN
On his way now.

ROB
Then allow me to cover you.

Rob swoops again, to the Nurse's Station, where MARTINEZ is perched...

CHAPLAIN
Good luck on that.

...she has an Eagle-Eye glaring at Chaplain, and begins to step down and out of the Station, but Rob intercepts the heat-seeking Martinez Missile, just as:

CLARA LOU snags/swirls the Good Chap away to the 2 Drum Thumps, **3:16 Mark**, with Martinez catching a sly, dimpled smirk from such an *innocent*, escaping Chap.

While in swirl mode, Chaplain zeroes in on the radiating face staring up at him: Clara Lou has a Purple Light about her smile, as her eyes see through him. He sees she's seeing the Other Side...she's *that* close to the end, & thrilled about it.

Chaplain follows her glistening eyes around the room, realizing he's getting a glimpse of what she's seeing; the Movement of the Spirit connecting light onto others, via a semi-visible Wind. This Wind itself, as always, guided by the Music.

As that music heightens in magnificence, he also realizes what's really occurring: Clara Lou, the Current Conduit is being willfully utilized to pull him **back** into traffic.

Chaplain stands out from the Crowd of Hospice Residents & Staff who move in one direction toward double doors, hall's end. He gets it, this is not a herd. It's a Flock. One of whom has wandered...

SHIRLEY, stands alone, staring into an offset room where a Piano sets untended. Chaplain moves from the flow to her, but is blocked gently by the Passing Wind.

He notes the same Dark Forms around her, that hovered Jernard.

At the **3:33 Mark** the Wind gusts his view to the song's 2 Beats, across the hall to:

WENDY, illuminating light. His View streams to her, following her glide as she moves like a Butterfly without even trying. Wendy Shines. And that Shine drops onto 3 **PEOPLE** she passes following the **3:40 Mark's** 3 Synchronizing Cymbals.

She takes in the same Yellow Haze he first encountered in his office, into a pitch black room. Resident: **SHAUN's** eyes openly stare out as daggers onto Chaplain.

Standing Hall Center, Chaplain studies inside, seeing: Shaun is a man in pain. The **3:50 Mark's** 2 Drum Beats sound haunting over Shaun's near Skeleton sight, as he glares at Chaplain from the Darkness of the room Wendy disappeared into.

DR. CHAMBERS exits the opposite side of Shaun's door that Wendy entered. Chaplain does not like this man. And he's got the heated glare to prove it. Chambers is absolutely covered in Dark Clouds that aren't just hovering...latched in.

Chaplain's flare fully fires seeing into a Black Mist entering past Dr. Chambers. The 3 Harsh Beats at the **3:57 Mark** follow the entrance of: **BAKER SNOW**.

Vicious Incarnate. Doing as Manipulators do; stays hidden behind another person. Yet a visible tension between Chaplain & Baker is realized in their opposing Winds.

Chaplain catches Baker's vile gaze lasering him in the **4:02 Mark's** Stinging String. Chap fires back bold, his eyes a force, connecting to the **4:04 Mark's** String upgrade.

Intensity drives their duel yet the Wind guides Chaplain's cool. He keeps it, stepping within **4:07 Mark's** 2 Beats over to the doorway of: *Room 5 - Hall 10*. **JAMES SWIFT**.

INT. JAMES' ROOM - DAY

The Room Is Virtual Reality: Cracking Campfire in a darkly designed Country Cabin. James, paralyzed in bed, squirms beneath pics of himself in the woods: A Hunter. **4:10 Mark** Chaplain's gaze matching the musical intensity surveys the room's dark, then glaring down at James who's trapped in a 'cozy' coffin. Chaplain's on the hunt.

James, a snake trying to get out of his own skin, coiled atop the covers, breathes a whisper as Chaplain's POV slides over to James'. Their POVs connect. Then meld.

Switching to then sending James' POV right back up to Chaplain standing outlined in dark in the door, follows the **4:14 Mark's** 3 Drum Beats in 3 waves with the Wind.

Whatever James' whispered prayer was, is delivered across Chaplain's cheek. Wind moves his tie again out of place, redirecting his gaze & face as Chap whispers back:

CHAPLAIN
I love you.

Slipping from the doorway silhouette back to the Main Hall, the Wind drills Chap's other cheek, intentionally, keeping him from clamping on again to Baker's purview.

This leading him away from the main entrance of wherever the Resident Flock is moving to, directly up to the side door. **4:24 Mark's** Full Crescendo; final 2 Beats, Chaplain sees his reflection in the double door pane. He adjusts his tie to Beat 1, and shoves open the doors to Beat 2, the final note. He's entered into...

INT. HOSPICE CHAPEL - DAY

4:26-4:52 Mark

The Music settles like an avalanche running out of mountain.

The tempo falls, a POV soars up: *The Wind...*

Behind Chaplain, rushing up'n over in a Mist of Crystal White engulfing this room. **WHOOSH** to his left... a sliver of a Wing zips past, and up, then ...to his right **WHOOSH**

They're lifting, and blanketing, a Spirit's Covering over the:
Resident/Staff-Flock, who move in tandem up an aisle, 2-by-2.

Wind POV reaches the ceiling, and reverses seamlessly. Swooping back, seeing clearly the peeps Chaplain loves but couldn't make out in the haze:

MUDBUG moving along in his motorized scooter, decked in full Naval Uniform.

WILMA with a walker, gingerly guided by Opal.

ELISE escorted in a wheelchair...her face, *as had been with Chaplain*, isn't revealed.

Each spotlighted among the rest, as all take a spot or seat along the aisles.

Wind's POV coming down past them offers the first full look on Chaplain. Standing offset the group, he's all smiles seeing his Crew gather, together. His sights adjusted to a new reality of catching glimpses of the Spiritual Side.

And this room, is pure. A Sanctuary. Not the place... the people.
All who've entered in are clean. Chaplain's poised and in his element.

The Wind flows by Chaplain's face, **4:53 Mark** sending his eyes back to see:
5:00 Mark, PARMENTER, the room's strong presence of love and leadership.
His look *alone* feeds Chaplain fortitude; their connection unbreakable in this Wind.

Standing in at his side is Martinez & Rob. Martinez still not thrilled, but they're on
Team Chaplain, and the moment is about support. Chap's grateful, and empowered.

To Parmenter's left enters **KENDRA**, in all her lovely corrupt; a shadow hovers her
shoulder. Chaplain sees the shadow scatter when getting too close to Parmenter.

Then from a Darkness, comes Baker. His Cloud is Firm. Active, yet Smooth.
As he did with the Dr., Baker stays concealed behind Kendra, away from Parmenter.

Chaplain glares again but instantly re-directs it to Parmenter.

FRUSTRATION -into- CONFUSION -into- REBELLION
'He'll destroy the room's purity' '**You** let this monster in?' 'Ok then, watch this...'

Chaplain's back on clock. He heads off straightaway to the end of the aisle his
Resident Friends just finished walking down. He stops, and turns.

MILDRED, a force, forces her presence, rolling in forward, halting Chaplain's ire.
The Wind rushes like torpedoes by each wheelchair wheel, propelling her his way.

Her mouth barely moves, yet her words heard succinct, traveling to him in their
connected Wind... a wireless earbud in sync with her phone (*not a created product*)
articulates her shaky voice clearly into Chaplain's also synched earbud.

Parkinson's onset has her head also shake, but her eyes lock in fierce to Chaplain's.

MILDRED

Whatever you're about to do, don't make it about you.

Chaplain's face says he appreciates her sage, but his gaze slides back to Baker.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

Sharpen your mind Chaplain. I'll take care of him.

Chaplain turns to see Mildred pointing to the aisles of People.

MILDRED (CONT'D)
You go care for them.

CHAPLAIN
Noggin's solid Mildred. Heart ain't.

MILDRED
Isn't. And hush, you're fine...

She aims her pointing finger up. Skyward. Chaplain, the same.

MILDRED (CONT'D)
He's got you. *Now go on, git!*

He smirks, Mildred doesn't; all business now.
Chaplain heads off. Entering the aisle reveals, up ahead, a Casket.
As Chaplain moves by his seated friends he's absorbing the energy of the crowd.

A tug at his arm: Wilma's warmth softens him.
Opal seated next to her, still gleaming, gives a smiling wave up to him.
Chaplain chuckles. Then the Wind brushes his face, left, where he sees:

Elise. Encapsulated by a grainy light, making her facial bruises hard to make out.
Her not fully-seen eyes look up, as Chaplain kneels next to her.

He's taken in by the uniqueness of her aura; Dark Mists attempt to snap into her growing light. Her exhale takes everything from her. Chaplain's seeing her breathe in strength, then sees it deflate, post breath. Curious. So much to discover, but...

He's pulled away... a tug back to the aisle's other side. He rises and smiles down to: **ETHEL**. Extreme sadness envelopes her. Chaplain sees a bubble of memories rise from her: *The Country Home*. *Her Family*. *Husband*. Appear perfect in her mind's eye, then vanish, revealing her alone, in her small hospice room. Staring at a wall.

She squeezes Chaplain's forearm. Her deep sadness draining him physically.

His eyes look into hers with convincing love, and strength, offering her a care she's too depressed to accept. Chaplain's other arm is taken hold of...

Mudbug. *Lieutenant*, Mudbug. His Billion Dollar Smile snaps Chap positively back. Mudbug knows what he's doing. He winks to Chap, and nods him on, Casket-ward.

Grateful, and now refueled, Chaplain slides into the end seat, Row 1. Right next to **FRAN & DAN**. 6:42 Mark.

CHAPLAIN

How ya holdin' up?

FRAN

My father's in a casket and our Chaplain's late for the eulogy.

DAN

Which part of that is a surprise?

CHAPLAIN

Exactly. Don't drain the tank on cars we knew would crash. Let's focus on our forward.

All three look forward to **HAROLD**, in his Casket.

FRAN

I know this has been coming for months, but you never... just, it's been a heavy day.

Chaplain looks subtly around the air, with a *'you ain't kiddin'* expression.

DAN

Yeah, thanks... *Harold*.

Brevity. All three laugh, together.

CHAPLAIN

So... how ya holdin' up?

Said at the **6:59 Mark**. Its music shift shifts the scene.

FRAN

Dad's life was his message.

I'll feel better once you put the exclamation point on it for us.

DAN

Yeah, get up there and earn your space!

Chaplain nods and heads on up.

Passing the Casket he sees Harold, but is unaware a cloud of YOUNGER HAROLD rises from it in **full joy**, morphing into a bright **White Orb**, before vanishing.

Chaplain takes the stage.

Gets his footing, looks down to Harold, then out to the seated crowd. **7:31 Mark**:

CHAPLAIN

Guess I'll get us started since,

7:33 Mark

I'm the one standin'.

7:35 Mark transitions the music intensely, reflected in Chaplain's igniting energy.

CHAPLAIN

When we heard Harold standing strong in these halls, saying "*The end is comin'*",

Guess a lot of us just thought he was talkin' about himself.

Chalain chuckles at his own joke. Crowd stays not fully seen, until *he* hits a groove.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

Clearly that was a, fairly accurate assessment, but I've got in on Good Authority,

Harold was discussin' something *far* cooler and *way* more substantial than *self*.

But why take his word for the Word? 'Cuz our Pal Harold, was a man of *prayer*.

8:08 Mark the Musical Thump creates a Wind Gust, Chap's suit jacket moves in it, revealing a Belt-Bible Holster. His hand clasps its top, his eyes lock on the Crowd.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

If we believe Prayer changes things on earth, how much more effective will those Petitions be when we're that much closer to the Real Deal, where Harold is now?

The Collective Group echoing his energy build as the room itself is... *swaying?*

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

If we believe Prayer works at **all**, that means we believe what Harold believes and practiced: Prayer don't require a ritual. No ceremony, building, church or temple to activate it. It's basic communication. This kinda conveyance simply involves breath.

And that's when it gets Majestic, 'cuz our breath, is connected to The Wind.

Boom! **8:43 Mark** Rocket Launched! It's all about the room. Chaplain's words are vital echoes that construct a fortress around the Crowd, **but** it's more than viewing it's **experiencing** the Crowd's healing & filling that makes each moment: **Interactive**.

Their energy fuels him, there's a living power in the presence of their connectivity. That dynamism turns The Wind into a full on Bull in this Spirit's shop.

-Home Audience experience of this Euphoria On Screen, is as if they're in the room.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

So why would any fear exist in you? It can't, not *in* you. Only *around* you. Ya believe in prayer's power but lasso in fear, why? 'Cuz lookin' at Harold, you think you see a mirror? That ain't truth. Harold ain't restin' in peace he's rockin' new digs.

Because he believed...in New Strength.

Chaplain sees Parmenter's Eagle Eyes dissecting his maneuvers.

Chaplain's not sure if Parmenter's seeing the Wind and Auras too.

Parmenter stands steadfast as Chaplain gives him a, '*brace yourself*' glance.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

New Strength's an earth thing too. Not just Eternal. Ignited by the prayer you say you believe in. But the Bible's a hot air balloon. If ya poke a pin in one part you don't particularly dig, 'cuz it don't suit you ... the whole thing crashes fast.

The Wind centers on Fran & Dan, **comforting**. Behind them Mudbug catches a drift, he's uplifted, and breathes it over to Ethel, who's still too heartbroken to take it in.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

We believe... each breath's connected to the Spirit. That means *we, me, you*, believe the Spirit's in you right now, *and* all around. Keeping out evil hovering us with fear, tryin' right now to get in. If we believe in His Spirit, we gotta believe in the 'others...'

But No Fear!

Chaplain's look to Mildred soars from him, onto her, *boom* **9:17 Mark** landing hard. In continual silent prayer, she Fires a hard prayer right at Baker.

Baker stares dark daggers at Chap, morphing to a missile of mist at the **9:20 Mark's** Crashing Cymbal, searing the air toward Chap ~ Mildred's prayer *drills* that, veering its course, **9:22 Mark**. Chaplain sees it curveball his waist as he leans into the **9:23 Mark's** Swinging Strings out of Baker's broken lasso & slinging him a victory smirk.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

New Strength! Not just for Harold *for now*. Ya believe in prayer? Prayer comes from the Word. Word says we've got Victory in Christ who loves us. That right there's our arsenal peoples! They come atcha, cast those evil freaks out; His name, that simple! One Breath! One Word. Saying the Name: '**Jesus**' is a nuke button! Clears the room!

The Room is Clear. The Wind is gone, but something, is building.
And it's starting near to, and coming from, Elise.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

Now you know what to do, *now* we never have to own *afraid*.
And all we're doing... is building a **MIGHTY** Army. Our time is now.

His hands outstretched over the Crowd, bringing them in. These physically fragile Spiritual Warriors, so close to the other side, are tapping into it on this one. Ready.

The Wind is heard in the music, a Vortex Rising.
Elise, still not fully seen is seeing a vibrating glow...one that's connected to them all.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

'Cuz every 20 Years, The Wind picks up across our fields & across this land.
And I've got it on Good Authority ... these, are the Final 20.

He sees Mildred's interest peak. Then he squares eyes with a ticked off Parmenter. The 'Final 20 Years' revelation was the result of Chap's initial, 'ok it's on' look to him.

10:26-30 Mark Mildred studies Parmenter, knowing he knows something of the '20.'

10:31-35 Mark:

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

Keep the Faith up. Keep that fear away.
And keep your eyes on The Wind.

TITLE CARD: T H E O F F I C I A N T

Follows him, **10:36-52 Mark** as he heads off stage.
Whispering in conversation with God; Refueling.

Circular **TITLE CARDS**, residue of The Wind, form and follow him, leaving a trail.

SEASON 1 Of 2

STORY 4 Of 60

Chaplain continues conversing, covering each section he passes, clearing their air. His prayers seen subtle in the distance, hitting the marks, uplifting/soothing people.

Fran and Dan in the foreground, being blanketed in comfort.

Parmenter far beyond, noting every Chaplain-step-and-breath. Baker's long gone.
Everything about Everyone is Peace.

10:53 Marks a transitioning into:

'OCEANS' (*Where My Feet May Fall*) by Hillsong.

Starting at its **7:44 Mark** blending briefly inside the end of MIGHTY RIO GRANDE.

Chaplain Heads Out. And Exits Entering:

INT. HOSPICE HALLWAY - DAY

7:59-8:16 Mark

Chaplain's seen, from behind, heading up the hallway to James' room.

He stops. Looking up, watching sporadic Dark Clouds forming.

The View now moving up to him, shows his expression: Actually a bit of concern. But a Mist-Missile breaking off, aimed at James' Door, switches Chap back on clock. Chaplain walks the walk of what he just taught, **whispering** his own rocket launcher:

CHAPLAIN

Name of Jesus, you're bound...

Following Chaplain's gaze, which follows The Mist to the door, he watches it bounce off and away ... leaving him staring right into the glass window, seeing his reflection.

The **8:17 Mark's** 'bump' in the tune jolts Chaplain, seeing both:

-The Yellow Tie around his neck.

-Vision of James: near paralyzed, trying in pain to wrap a curtain around his neck.

8:26 Mark's second 'bump', he pulls off and holds the tie out to his side, one swoop. His left hand extends to the door, not to reach the handle, to pray in that direction.

Chaplain points to the door, then lifts the finger up, firing it off into the sky. As Wendy is appearing from behind, the Yellow Haze tagging along with her.

8:33 Mark's 'bump' three hits the moment she gallops on by, swiping his yellow tie.

Chaplain watches her walk in wonder of why the Spirit's so brightly conjoined to hers; in the form of her glistening yellow haze...the same he first saw in his office.

Wendy's off, igniting more of the People she passes.

Chaplain turns, aligned with the tune, to James' door.

Revealing Mildred exiting the Eulogy Room door, giving him an eyeful.

She lifts her finger skyward. Chaplain, the same.

Their sky-aimed fingers meld to one, from a distant view.

Song's last sec ticks to a close as he opens a new scene's door: *Hall 5. Room 10.*
