

WILL IS FREE

By

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INT. DIVE BAR IN SANTA FE - AFTERNOON

LILITH, immortal but with the look of a 20 something, sits casually at the empty bar staring at the drink in her hand. She is slim and dangerously beautiful with dark hair, and a seductive air. She wears trendy black, the only color from the red of her lips.

She doesn't look up as the door chimes and GABRIEL walks in. Gabriel is tan and seems golden, from his hair to his eyes he is light. He is as close to beautiful perfection as is humanly possible, with kind eyes, and a graceful nature about him. His eyes zone in on Lilith and he walks across the room and takes the seat directly beside her.

He continues to stare at her, but directs his request to the BARTENDER. A ruggedly handsome 34 year-old with a 5 o'clock shadow and ancient-looking tattoos winding up his arms and neck.

GABRIEL

Goldschläger. On the rocks please.

The bartender begins to make the drink as Lilith finally turns her face up and smirks. Throughout the conversation, the FAIRY MESSENGERS of Good and Evil flit in and out, whispering sweet nothings to the bartender, or relaying messages to their masters.

LILITH

Glad to see some things never change, old friend.

GABRIEL

It's been ages, Lil.

LILITH

And yet an age is just a blip in forever.

GABRIEL

What about this wasteland possibly appealed to you, old friend?

LILITH

I think the better question, is what brings you here? I was the one banished to this desert, not you.

GABRIEL

Can't an old friend check in now and again?

LILITH  
 Jokes, Gabriel? It really has been  
 a long time.

The bartender returns with Gabriel's drink which he  
 immediately reaches for, taking a sip.

GABRIEL  
 What can I say, I've lightened up.

LILITH  
 Cut the crap Gabriel. We both know  
 why you're here. Have you seen the  
 child?

GABRIEL  
 Oh Lilith, I'm surprised you can  
 say the word. When was the last  
 time you tried for a -

Lilith slaps the drink out of his hand and it falls behind  
 the bar, breaking into hundreds of shards. The bartender  
 turns around from where he has been cleaning the other end of  
 the bar. Gabriel shrugs at him.

GABRIEL  
 Whoops! Always have been a klutz.

Lilith rolls her eyes as the bartender begins to clean up the  
 glass in a huff. We see an angelic messenger immediately fly  
 to his right ear and begin to whisper, as he continues the  
 bartender relaxes. Some stray piece of glass slips and cuts  
 his hand, he cringes as a demonic messenger rushes to take  
 over his left ear. Both messengers are whispering fiercely,  
 whereas the bartender just looks frustrated. He tosses the  
 glass in the trash, wraps his hand with a rag, and makes  
 Gabriel a new drink with a grimace.

LILITH  
 Think of that glass as a metaphor  
 for your hold on the girl.

The smile on Gabriel's face is immediately turned to a scowl.

GABRIEL  
 And what makes you think you'll  
 have any more of a chance than I  
 will?

LILITH  
 But isn't that always the way? I  
 only need to wave a hand and they  
 come to me.

GABRIEL

Being conniving, lying, cheating...  
it tends to give you an edge. Some  
of us must come by our conquests  
naturally.

LILITH

Cheating? Is that what you call  
being reasonable? Why would God  
give them free will, if they  
weren't supposed to learn from  
their mistakes?

GABRIEL

You dare speak his name in my  
presence?!

LILITH

He once held me as close as you  
Gabriel. If not closer.

Gabriel scoffs. The bartender sets down his new drink in  
front of them, eyeing them both suspiciously before returning  
to the other end of the bar.

GABRIEL

Yes, yes I've heard all of this  
before Lil.

LILITH

That's because nothing changes! One  
mistake in the eyes of you lot and  
I'm labeled a Fallen. What about  
regret? What about growth?

GABRIEL

You? I thought this was about the  
girl.

Lilith straightens up taller.

LILITH

Of course it's about her. By  
midnight tonight before she turns  
18, she will forever sway the  
balance to the Darkness.

Lilith giggles to herself.

GABRIEL

She's a good kid Lilith. What makes  
you think she'll pick you? Have you  
even been able to find her?

(MORE)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

All this time under your nose and  
you haven't lifted a finger.

The two are beginning to breathe heavily now. Gabriel  
bouncing his foot against the chair rail, as Lilith clenches  
her fist against her legs.

LILITH

The Sight only reveals itself the  
night before the 18th year. Come  
now, Gabriel. Have you forgotten?

GABRIEL

I've done no such thing. But  
apparently you have forgotten that  
you must know the woman before  
going about trying to sway her.

LILITH

I know how to talk to women  
Gabriel, although I can't say as  
much for you...

Gabriel looks as if he is about to stand up when one of his  
messengers, looking exceptionally excited, buzzes to his ear.  
Gabriel's expression switches for a second before becoming  
completely blank.

GABRIEL

Well, it's been a pleasure Lilith.  
I'm sure I'll be seeing you soon.

LILITH

You can count on it.

INT. STUDIO RECORDING BOOTH - AFTERNOON

CHARLIE, 18, with an innocent look about her, sits in the  
booth playing with mix levels of a track. She is a pretty  
girl, but the kind of pretty that doesn't know it's pretty  
yet.

Gabriel stands outside the door to the booth watching her  
before knocking and entering.

Charlie looks up surprised. Gabriel is disguised to look like  
one of the studio heads she's seen around the music and arts  
center.

CHARLIE

Crap. I'm so sorry, did I go over?  
I lose track of time when I'm in  
here.

GABRIEL

No, no child. I was just coming in to see what you were working on.

Charlie lights up at this. A little heavenly messenger slips through the crack in the door and flutters to Charlie, hovering over her right shoulder.

CHARLIE

Oh! Well it's this solo bit I've been working on with my DJ friend. We're hoping to get a mix on the radio by the end of the semester.

GABRIEL

How exciting! What happens once you get there?

Charlie's face drops slightly.

CHARLIE

Well, my mom wants me to help her out at the diner. She thinks after I get a couple years in, I'll be able to take over the place and give her little break.

GABRIEL

Sounds like you've got it all figured out.

Gabriel moves to sit next to Charlie.

CHARLIE

Well I really wanted to have a chance to perform.

GABRIEL

That would be wonderful, but your mom seems to have the practical idea. Earn money right off the bat!

CHARLIE

Right.

GABRIEL

And I mean, didn't I hear something about your father trying that whole performing thing?

CHARLIE

I mean, yes, but he went about it all the wrong way.

GABRIEL  
What's he doing now?

CHARLIE  
Trying to find a job, but -

GABRIEL  
How perfect that you're going to be working! You might really be able to help your family get back on its feet.

CHARLIE  
Everyone in my family has worked at the diner since I can remember. I think my applying to a music performance school anywhere would just blow their minds.

GABRIEL  
How lovely to have that sort of tradition in one's family. You are blessed, my dear.

CHARLIE  
I guess so. I just feel like I could be missing out on my chance to perform.

GABRIEL  
Making this kind of sacrifice for one's well being and family is such a good and selfless decision. I commend you.

CHARLIE  
Mhm. I guess.

The little heavenly messenger is whispering unheard ramblings in her ear as Charlie clearly struggles internally. When the messenger is finished he looks up at Gabriel and he smiles. Gabriel looks pleased with himself as he gets up and walks back to the door.

GABRIEL  
It was great talking with you, Charlie.

Charlie has reverted back into her own little world.

CHARLIE  
Huh? Oh, uh yeah. Yeah you too.

Gabriel leaves the studio smiling, his heavenly messenger close behind him.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SANTA FE - SUNSET

Lilith watches Charlie as she walks down the street and into a record store.

INT. RECORD STORE - SUNSET

The record store looks like as if it is from the '90s, and has a lot of character. You can tell that most of its customers are locals with an appreciation for music. All of the employees seem to have a knowledge for music beyond their years.

Charlie wanders along the aisles aimlessly, singing to herself.

Lilith enters the store through the back door looking like a record store employee.

LILITH

You've got a beautiful voice there,  
love.

CHARLIE

Huh? Oh! I was just messing around.

LILITH

That might be so, but I know a good  
vocal instinct when I hear it.

CHARLIE

Really? Have you worked here long?

Charlie tries to decipher what age Lilith could be and comes up with nothing. She has a timeless sort of beauty.

LILITH

You could say that. I've heard my  
fair share of voices, that's for  
sure.

CHARLIE

Have you ever worked in the  
business?

LILITH

As a matter of fact I was a manager  
for a group out in LA a few years  
back.



CHARLIE  
You're kidding!

Lilith chuckles to herself.

LILITH  
Swear to God. I hope you plan to  
use that voice of yours.

Charlie goes from hopeful to crestfallen in one beat.

CHARLIE  
Well I want to. But I'm expected to  
help out at my mom's diner. It's a  
family thing.

LILITH  
And waste a voice like that? You  
must love that place to abandon  
such talent.

CHARLIE  
I don't know, actually. I haven't  
told them, but I applied to the  
Berklee College of Music.

LILITH  
That's ambitious, child. Have you  
heard from them?

Charlie averts her eyes.

CHARLIE  
Well, no. I'm supposed to hear back  
from them later this week.

LILITH  
I wish you luck, my dear.

As Lilith turns to leave, she opens her fisted hand and a demonic messenger crawls out. It flies to Charlie's left shoulder and dangles on her ear, whispering unintelligibly. She continues out the door when Charlie's voice stops her.

CHARLIE  
Do you think that would make me  
selfish?

LILITH  
What, dear?

CHARLIE  
To pursue performing. Would it be a  
selfish decision?

LILITH

I think you're asking the wrong question.

CHARLIE

What do you mean?

LILITH

Performing might be a selfish decision, but whyever does that make it the wrong one?

Lilith smiles a kind smile and leaves, the doorbell ringing behind her.

Charlie's gaze follows her as she leaves, thoughtful.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

Charlie walks down the street lined with old houses, trailing behind her is the same little demonic messenger.

She approaches a short walkway that leads up to a wooden gated door. She grabs a stack of mail from the box outside, and then she slips inside the opening followed by the messenger. Inside is a courtyard with a tiered fountain as the central feature, surrounded by flower beds and a garden full of native plants. The path circles the fountain and leads up to a grandiose pueblo dwelling.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Charlie opens the door and walks through, putting the mail down on a table in the hallway. We see a packet in the pile with a Berklee logo sticking out, but she does not.

The inside of the house has tall ceilings, beautiful artwork, and musical decor throughout. Charlie walks through the halls to her room.

INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM - EVENING

Charlie's room is very neat and organized. She has a keyboard and guitar set up in an obvious "music corner". There are posters on the walls above and around her bed of jazz musicians and EDM DJs.

She goes to her desk and sits down, opening her laptop and logging on to her e-mail. She distractedly looks at her diner work schedule posted on the wall above her computer.

Lilith sits invisible on her bed, eyeing the open window beside her computer, where Gabriel stands unseen.

The demonic messenger flits around Charlie's room, going from bed to sofa and lying on the keyboard. She slides down one of the guitar strings before going to hover over Charlie's left shoulder.

Gabriel blows on his closed fist, opening it as his breath propels the newly made angelic messenger into the room. He heads straight for Charlie's right earlobe and clings on.

Charlie glances up at her inbox and freezes. She's looking at an e-mail with the subject line of "Berklee School of Music Admissions 2015-2016". She just stares at the screen for a while before stealing herself and clicking the e-mail. The e-mail begins with, "CONGRATULATIONS!" and we gather that she's been admitted as she reads through the letter.

The demonic messenger explodes skyward before zooming back down and doing a little jig on her shoulder. She's starting on the bachata when Charlie picks up her phone.

The angelic messenger zooms back to Gabriel looking very flustered. They converse before Gabriel pushes him back toward Charlie.

Lilith winks at Gabriel as he glares back at her.

We see Charlie call MOM.

MOM (O.S.)

Hello?

CHARLIE

Hey, mom!

MOM (O.S.)

Oh, Charlie, I'm so glad you called! I have great news!

CHARLIE

Me too! Or I think.

MOM (O.S.)

Okay, you go first.

CHARLIE

Um, how about you go ahead.

MOM (O.S.)

Alright, well you know how I've been going back and forth with that guy at T-Shirt World?

CHARLIE

Uh huh....

MOM (O.S.)

I finally got him to cut the price down!

CHARLIE

You're kidding! But you've been arguing with that guy for almost a week now!

MOM (O.S.)

I know! I decided to throw in some free sliders and a discount card, but I got names out of it.

CHARLIE

Names?

MOM (O.S.)

For the back of the baseball T's. Every employee gets a personalized one. Oh, Charlie, they're perfect. You're going to love them!

CHARLIE

I'm sure I will.

MOM (O.S.)

Now, they won't be in until the end of the summer, but that's alright. It'll be like clothes for a new school year.

CHARLIE

Right, I was thinking about that.

The demon pixie begins to whisper fiercely in Charlie's ear. She looks like a miniature coach pep-talking her player.

MOM (O.S.)

Thinking about what, honey?

CHARLIE

The end of the summer. There are a lot of things that I wanted to... to think about.

MOM (O.S.)  
 (distractedly)  
 I do know you've been thinking  
 about continuing your education  
 Charlie, and I think we can make it  
 happen.

CHARLIE  
 Really?! Mom, that's so great to  
 hear, I'd been hoping -

MOM (O.S.)  
 Santa Fe Community College has some  
 great business classes, and I know  
 one of the guys in admissions! He's  
 a weekday-morning regular.

The angelic messenger swings on Charlie's ear, smiling at  
 Gabriel who looks like the cat that ate the canary.

CHARLIE  
 Oh.

MOM (O.S.)  
 Yes, I was thinking I wouldn't even  
 need to persuade him to cut down  
 tuition. Sweetie, your grades have  
 been incredible. You're almost  
 guaranteed a scholarship, if not a  
 full-ride.

The demonic messenger looks crestfallen, and begins to pet  
 Charlie's earlobe. She continues to whisper, but this time it  
 looks like she's soothing Charlie.

CHARLIE  
 But, mom, what would you think if -

MOM (O.S.)  
 Gah! Something's burning! Do you  
 smell that? I'll talk to you when I  
 get off tonight, Charlie!

CHARLIE  
 Oh, okay, uh -

The call ends.

The demonic messenger droops down and wallows on Charlie's  
 shoulder.

Charlie sets the phone down on her desk. She continues to  
 stare at the screen. There is a button at the bottom that  
 says "Click Here to Commit".

Suddenly Charlie's hand is on the mouse. The demonic messenger stands back up on her shoulder and looks from Charlie's hand to her face, and back again. She tugs on Charlie's ear, and starts to whisper excitedly. The arrow hovers between the "Close" and "Commit" buttons.

Lilith beckons her messenger back to her side, whispering quickly.

The angelic messenger looks as if he is screaming into Charlie's ear, as she begins to sweat.

Her arrow settles over the "Close" button.

The demonic messenger flies to the desk and pushes a stray guitar pick into her lap.

She stares at it. Her mouse moves to "Commit" almost without her realizing it.

She clicks.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Gabriel sits at the bar drinking something red in a martini glass. He is obviously pouting. The angelic messenger that was with him in the recording studio slumps in the bottom of a recently emptied martini glass.

The door opens and Lilith enters, looking smug. She is followed by the same demonic messenger that was just with Charlie.

They join Gabriel at the bar. Lilith hollers at the bartender.

LILITH

A glass of champagne please!

BARTENDER

You got it. Are we celebrating?

LILITH

You bet we are.

Gabriel looks over at her miserably.

GABRIEL

Come to gloat, huh?

The bartender brings over two glasses of champagne. After he leaves, Lilith grabs the glass placed in front of Gabriel and sets it in front of her minion.

The fairy-like messenger flits to the top of glass and splashes the surface of the bubbly.

LILITH

I thought it was necessary, yes.  
How long has it been since one of  
these opportunities came along?

GABRIEL

How did you do it?

LILITH

Do what?

GABRIEL

Intoxicate her? She never seemed  
like one to do evil.

Lilith huffs, looking offended.

LILITH

What she did wasn't exactly evil,  
Gabriel.

GABRIEL

But it was self-centered.

LILITH

I just gave her permission to do  
what was best for her.

They both stare at their glasses, when Gabriel suddenly straightens up.

GABRIEL

Say that again.

LILITH

What she did wasn't evil?

GABRIEL

No, no, after that.

LILITH

I gave her permission to do what  
was best for her Gabriel. Not  
everything you consider to be  
selfish, is necessary bad or wrong.  
Although, we all know it's  
considered as such.

GABRIEL

If it was what was best for her...  
wasn't it good?

LILITH  
Well, I'll be damned! Again, that  
is.

GABRIEL  
Huh?

LILITH  
I've only been trying to tell you  
that for the past few centuries,  
brother.

GABRIEL  
But I still do not understand. Who  
wins?

Lilith stares at him for a second, before downing the rest of  
what is in her glass.

LILITH  
Depends on The Judge.

GABRIEL  
Well.

They both look at each other, ideas visibly dawning on both  
of them.

GABRIEL  
So, we might not be seeing each  
other for a while after tonight.

He looks up at the clock, it reads 11:58.

LILITH  
What exactly happens? If I win, is  
it always sex and sleaze and  
murder?

GABRIEL  
What about me?! Rainbows and  
butterflies for ever after?

Both look distraught as they stare at the clock, as it seems  
stuck on 11:59.

12:00.

They both suck in breaths. Waiting. Waiting. And... nothing.  
Nothing happens.

LILITH  
Um.



She looks to Gabriel for an answer.

GABRIEL

I suppose... that Charlie chose  
both an extensively good and  
extensively bad decision.

LILITH

Or made a decision that was neither  
good nor bad.

GABRIEL

Huh.

The bartender has been watching them, and delivers the rest of the bottle of champagne, along with an additional champagne flute to the bar top. He grins conspiratorially at the both of them, and winks at the messengers before leaving them.

He walks to the door, we assume to enter the kitchen, but there is an angelic light coming from behind it. It opens and there is a bright flash of light.

Lilith and Gabriel shield their eyes, but door is shut and the light is gone within seconds. They stare at the door, and then back at each other. As if reading the other's mind, they reach for their glasses, fill them to the top, and raise them to the other. They clink, and down the contents.

They reach to pour another glass.

FADE TO BLACK