

DORMANT ANGELS

"Loss of Voices" — *Screenplay Adaptation by Fred Oliver*

EXT. ST. PETER'S SQUARE – ROME – DAY

A reddish sun casts a ghostly hue across the cobblestones. Tourists linger quietly. A soft breeze stirs the Vatican flags. The storm has passed—but unease remains.

INT. SHARED APARTMENT – DAY

RABBI AKHTARINI and **IMAM MALIK** kneel side by side, murmuring ancient prayers in hushed tones. The air feels weighted, unnatural.

RABBI AKHTARINI

(straining)

Hey Malik... does your prayer feel... off?

IMAM MALIK

(confused)

Yes, Akiba. Powerful—but unfamiliar. Like it's... speaking back.

Suddenly, **Malik clutches his throat**, gasping. His face contorts in shock.

RABBI AKHTARINI follows suit, grabbing his own neck. They exchange panicked glances.

Muffled choking sounds.

They stumble toward the kitchenette, fumbling for water.

INT. PROFESSOR WHITFIELD'S APARTMENT – MOMENTS LATER

Frantic knocking.

JENNIFER opens the door. Her smile fades as she sees the two men—desperate, pointing to their throats.

JENNIFER

Oh my God—what happened?!

WHITFIELD rushes over.

Akhtarini scrawls a note: “We can't speak. Something's wrong.”

JENNIFER

(urgent)

Coffee! It might help.

INT. KITCHEN – CONTINUOUS

Steam rises from two mugs. **Malik** and **Akhtarini** sip slowly. A glimmer of relief... then despair. No change.

RABBI AKHTARINI

(whispering)

If we can't speak... the ritual fails.

JENNIFER'S eyes flash with an idea.

JENNIFER

The tablets. The Pope touched one—and he healed. What if...

WHITFIELD

...we borrow one. Let them try. A miracle?

INT. FATHER ROBLES' APARTMENT – MOMENTS LATER

FATHER ROBLES on the phone.

FATHER ROBLES

Cardinal? It's urgent. The Rabbi and Imam have lost their voices.

CARDINAL SALVATORE (V.O.)

This... could be the enemy's doing. I'll come. With the tablets.

INT. PROFESSOR'S APARTMENT – LATER

CARDINAL SALVATORE enters. He sees the silent anguish on their faces.

CARDINAL SALVATORE

Let us pray.

They bow their heads.

CARDINAL SALVATORE

Heavenly Father, restore your servants if it is Your will...

He produces a copper tablet and hands it to **IMAM MALIK**. A shimmer of energy passes through him. He gasps—but no sound.

AKHTARINI touches it next. Same reaction. Hope flickers.

Time passes. They try again. Still silence.

EXT. BALCONY – NIGHTFALL

The two holy men sit quietly, gazing at the Vatican dome. The copper tablet rests between them. A heavy silence cloaks the scene.

FADE OUT.
