

Angel

By

Javier Torregrosa

July 2010

jayrex@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

SUPER: The late 1990's

INT. BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

It's completely dark. Trees rustle outside. Thunder followed by lightening fill the night sky. Heavy rain thumps off the window.

The lightening fills the room, casting shadows from the trees outside along the walls.

MICHAEL, 30's, lies semi-conscious amongst the filth that stains his bare arms, that lie motionless on the carpet.

Used needles hang from his wrist. Bent spoons and other drug paraphernalia litter the unfurnished room.

His half-opened eyes stare towards the ceiling. Tears run from his red sore eyes. His mouth opens then closes slowly like an ailing fish gasping its last breath.

A SHADOW appears from amongst the darkness next to the curtain shy window.

It's appearance grows larger with intermittent lightening burst as it slowly walks towards Michael.

DARKNESS

Fills the room for a few moments, but the Shadow's footsteps creak and crunch with each step.

Michael's head twitches as his eyes slowly blink.

LIGHTENING

Reveals PHIL, 30's, his face not more than an inch from Michael's face.

THUNDER

Phil LAUGHS which compliments the thunder.

LIGHTENING

Strikes once more, highlighting Phil's freakishly mastered evil laugh.

PHIL
You freakin' out yet?

Michael moves his head from left to right.

MICHAEL
What...who... go away.

Phil picks up Michael's head and looks straight into his eyes.

PHIL
You need to cut this shit
out! Turn your life around and
stop the drugs.

Phil squints his eyes to gauge Michael's response.

MICHAEL
Leave...go...me alone...away.

Phil drops Michael's head which hits the carpet with a thud.

Phil stands over Michael, shakes his head then opens the folded wings hidden behind his back.

Michael looks up, his eyes widen, shakes his head, then falls asleep.

Phil folds his wings, kneels down, then begins to pick up all the drug paraphernalia.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Michael slowly sits up, then wipes the saliva built up around his mouth.

Long strands of saliva hang from his chin like loose spaghetti.

He checks the time on the DVD player.

MICHAEL
Its gone ten past seven.

He shakes his head.

MICHAEL
Never again.

He wraps an arm around his head.

MICHAEL

It feels like a vitners stamping on
my brain.

He lets out a loud GROAN.

Phil walks into the sparse bedroom.

PHIL

Talking to yourself? You know
that's one of the first signs of
loosing it.

A shocked Michael looks up.

MICHAEL

Jesus?

PHIL

Christ, d'you think I look like
that hack?

Michael's about to answer when Phil points at him.

PHIL

Don't answer that.

MICHAEL

Look, you're in my home, who are
you?

PHIL

I'm your guardian angel, so you're
going to feel like you're speaking
to the lord, only I make the
effort.

MICHAEL

Cool.

PHIL

It sure is.

MICHAEL

What's your name?

PHIL

My earth name or my name in heaven?

MICHAEL

Name in heaven?

Phil laughs to himself.

PHIL
I'm just joking kid. It's Phil.

MICHAEL
Why are you here?

Phil picks up his cellphone.

PHIL
I'm here to set you on the straight
n' narrow.

MICHAEL
Okaaay, what's that?

PHIL
For a start, you need to wipe the
slate clean.

Phil deletes Michael's drug dealer.

Michael lunges for his cell.

MICHAEL
Nooo.

PHIL
That's right, no more drugs.

Michael sits up and leans against the wall.

MICHAEL
What am I going to do now?

PHIL
Screenwriting. I can see your
future kid.

Michael laughs.

MICHAEL
Yeah, like I'll ever write a best
seller.

PHIL
You sure won't. But it'll keep you
focused and maybe just maybe you'll
make it. And make a livin' at
least. Who knows?

MICHAEL
You apparently.

PHIL
I can't reveal everything, or else
I'd remove your motivation. Now do
as you're told.

Michael bows his head for a moment to ponder.

He then looks up to find Phil has vanished.

INT. CHURCH - CONFESSION BOOTH - AFTERNOON

SUPER: A WEEK LATER

Michael sits fidgeting with the drawn curtain, flicking it
with his fingers.

Each limb acts like they've got a mind of their own,
constantly moving as if trying to find a comfortable spot to
rest.

The opposing booth's curtain draws closed. Michael suddenly
stops.

MICHAEL
Is that you, Priest Sheply?

PRIEST (O.S.)
What's on your mind my son?

MICHAEL
I'm lost.

PRIEST (O.S.)
You'll find directions at your
local tourist office outside and to
the left.

MICHAEL
Father? I've been going through
withdraw symptoms. I stopped
taking drugs last week.

PRIEST (O.S.)
You've got to fight it, focus the
mind. I've got a leaflet on how to
rid yourself of drugs forever. See
me after.

MICHAEL
Father? I'll be okay...I
think. You see father, I've been
wondering if what I saw is really
who he says he is.

PRIEST (O.S.)
If it's Jesus or the lord you're
fine but if it isn't, you're
hearing voices.

MICHAEL
It was my guardian angel.

PRIEST (O.S.)
I see. Visions. I have a leaflet
on that, see me after.

MICHAEL
I'm not crazy. He said I had to
cut out the drugs.

PRIEST (O.S.)
Always good advice.

MICHAEL
And focus on getting my life back
together.

PRIEST (O.S.)
You weren't seeing Father Ted down
the street while you were
crazy? He's been stealing my
parishioners for years and handing
out cowboy advice.

MICHAEL
I'm not crazy, it was the drugs.

PRIEST (O.S.)
You'd have to be high to hear
Father Teds second rate advice, I
tell you.

MICHAEL
My guardian angel said I should
take up screenwriting to help with
my recovery. What do you think?

PRIEST (O.S.)
Sounds like something Father Ted
would say. I'd say read the bible
but these new young trendy Priests
will say anything these days.

MICHAEL
Father?

PRIEST (O.S.)

Yes?

MICHAEL

What should I do?

PRIEST (O.S.)

Read the bible. Just don't ram it down everyone's throats. You can talk the bible up once or twice a year, no more.

MICHAEL

And the screenwriting?

PRIEST (O.S.)

It's harmless so why not? Do you have a hobby?

MICHAEL

I like to pick my nose and flick the boogers to see how far they'd go.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Stick to the bible and screenwriting. And stop picking your nose. Hygiene problems, I have a leaflet on that, see me after.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michael sits on the couch with a laptop on his lap.

A bunch of papers litter the couch and floor, much in keeping with the decor of the house.

A freshly brewed cup of coffee rests on a side table to his left.

The first page of the word document states:

ANGEL by MICHAEL H.

A pencil rests on his right ear while a notepad with a few scribbles lies on the couch to his right.

MONTAGE

Michael types FADE IN:

Sips his hot coffee.

Then types the slug line,

INT - BEDROOM - NIGHT TIME

Looks at the notepad and scores out the few lines of text.

The SUN slowly falls from the sky.

He highlights the first and only line of text,

We see the darken image of what looks like a MAN, creepily walks forth towards his drugged up VICTIM, in the cold dead of night.

He presses DELETE.

END MONTAGE

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: TEN YEARS LATER

Michael sits at his desk. Simplyscripts.com's on the PC and he's about to click on his script.

He composes himself.

MICHAEL

If that heathen Jeff rips my script
one more time I'm going to flip
out.

He gives a cursory look over to the bible, which is marked with a highlighter and underlined passages, touches it with his left hand then clicks his script.

He scans the five posts.

Words jump out at him, *okay, not bad, could be better.*

Then Jeff's mile long post jumps out.

He reads it out aloud.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry bud but unlike the
reviews above, I thought this was
the absolute worst script I have
ever read.

A slightly a gasped Michael sits back.

MICHAEL
You bastard.

He looks to the heavens.

MICHAEL
Excuse my language.

He returns to Jeff's comment.

MICHAEL
It's littered with like a thousand mistakes, bad grammar, poor sentence structure, a non-existent story. Just a complete waste of my time.

Michael shakes his head in disbelief.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
I can't believe what I'm reading.

He rests his left hand on the bible.

MICHAEL
I thought this was a site to help people, not criticize them for their effort.

INT. CHURCH - CONFESSION BOOTH - AFTERNOON

Michael sits in the booth awaiting for the PRIEST to turn up.

PRIEST (O.S.)
You're early...again.

MICHAEL
I've been waiting for like ten minutes.

PRIEST (O.S.)
What's the matter?

MICHAEL
My internet friends are upsetting me.

PRIEST (O.S.)
Again. What is it this time?

MICHAEL

There's this bastard Jeff.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Michael!

MICHAEL

Sorry father, it won't happen again. Jeff, he's another screenwriter and he ripped my script apart. And the worst thing is is that I really tried this time.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Does he have a point?

MICHAEL

Well, I suppose he does, but he doesn't have to be so rude about it. The man has no tact.

PRIEST (O.S.)

What do you're non-internet friends think?

MICHAEL

Not sure.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Family?

MICHAEL

I told them about my stories. But they thought I was still on drugs.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Maybe screenwriting isn't for you then. Why don't you try something else?

MICHAEL

Like what?

PRIEST

You always tell me you cry when you hear the disadvantage suffering in the world. Why don't you work for a charity or something?

MICHAEL

Father that's a great idea.

INT. CHURCH

Michael leaves the confession booth and walks down the aisle.

The Priest opens the curtain to the booth, then steps outside to reveal Phil.

He shakes his head.

PHIL

That's the tenth this year.

Phil tuts, shakes his head then reaches into his chest pocket.

PISCH

He opens a can of beer with one hand.

PHIL

I tell these people to become
screenwriters only to turn their
back on it.

He pulls out a scroll from within his robes.

PHIL

I've got to have a word with Jeff.

The scroll titled 'Screenwriters', unravels to the ground with a huge list of names, most of which are crossed out.

PHIL

My reputation as an angel is going
to take a huge dent if this keeps
up.

He crosses out Michael's name.

FADE OUT.

THE END.