

ANGELS

Written by

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Based on

The Angel in the Elevator  
Urban Legend

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

GRACE, a thirty year old in a modest business suit, tramps through the rush hour, urban chaos towards an "affordable" residential block. Its facade is peeling, the balconies have long since surrendered to rust.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING**

She nods to the portly, fifty something hotel proprietor, JOE FIELDS, who sits behind the reception desk.

GRACE

Evening, Joe. Still playing at being the concierge?

JOE

Times are tough.

Grace checks her mail in the row of metal mail boxes that adorn one wall. Some flyers, nothing important, or personal.

She steps to the elevator, calls it with the push of a button. It makes its laborious descent with creaks and groans. The doors judder open. She steps inside.

**INT. ELEVATOR**

Mirrors on all sides. Grace gazes uncomfortably at her reflection. The skin that's the wrong side of youthful, the slightly overweight body squeezed into inexpensive clothes.

She looks round the elevator, at the endless succession of images of herself reflected between the mirrors. An Infinity of Graces.

The lift grinds to a halt. The light flickers briefly. The mechanism creaks alarmingly, but the doors open.

**INT. CORRIDOR**

Grace steps out of the elevator, takes the short walk to her apartment door and slips the key in the lock.

**INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT**

She pushes the door to behind her, drops her keys on a table. Checks her appearance once more in the mirror attached to it. She notices something. A strange glow creeping under the door. She opens it.

**INT. CORRIDOR**

An immaculate man of forty, dressed in a radiant white suit gives off an unearthly glow as he strolls towards the elevator.

Grace gapes at him. His hair is perfect, his skin flawless. He turns slowly towards her. The whole of his eyes are black.

He turns away and continues into the elevator. The doors shut. Grace closes her own door.

**INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT**

Grace walks through her austere apartment shaking her head.

**INT. BATHROOM**

Water rushes from a metal shower head. Grace sweeps her hair back, luxuriates in the caress of the water.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Grace sits in her dressing gown bathed in the light of the television as she flicks through the channels. She turns it off.

**INT. BEDROOM**

She clambers into bed, turns off the bedside light. Moonlight streams through the window and rolls over her body.

The moon, framed by the window, glides gently across the sky and is replaced by the brilliant sunshine.

**INT. CORRIDOR - DAY**

Grace exits her apartment wearing the same suit as yesterday. She steps to the elevator, presses the button. Other residents appear around her, seven in total. Three women and four men of various ages.

The elevator arrives in a cacophony of creaks and groans. The doors grind open, even more slowly than usual. Grace steps forwards to enter but stops dead in her tracks.

Inside the elevator is the Man in White. The other residents step around Grace and enter the elevator.

An Asian man of twenty-eight addresses her.

ASIAN MAN

Are you getting in?

Grace looks at him, then back to the man in the white suit. She shakes her head.

The doors of the elevator begin to close, then shudder to a halt so just a fraction remains open.

A loud creaking noise. A CRACK. The elevator drops. The occupants scream. The elevator stops three feet below.

The group stare at Grace in combined horror, with the exception of the Man in White, who appears disinterested.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

Help! Help us!

Grace staggers forwards. Presses the button to try to open the door. Then tries to pry it open. It won't move.

A long, drawn out creak. The occupants of the lift gaze in horror at the ceiling. Another CRACK, and the elevator plummets.

The last thing Grace sees within the elevator are the black eyes of the Man in White staring through her as the elevator disappears from view.

There's an almighty crash from below as the elevator hits the floor. The sound echoes up the lift shaft and around the corridor. The echo subsides into an even worse silence.

Grace staggers backwards, ends up pinned against the white corridor wall.

The scenery around Grace changes...

#### **INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

...The white of the wall is replaced by the assorted accoutrements of a psychiatrist's office.

Grace sits in a chair in front of DOCTOR ANDREW CALDWELL, a trim fifty year old dressed in very professional attire.

CALDWELL

The man in the white suit is a construction of your subconscious. A false memory you've created after the trauma. You described creaking, your subconscious picked up on the fact the lift was decrepit. The man in white is a representation of your fears of the state of that elevator. Think about it. An Angel is a reassuring presence in Christian mythology, is it not?

Grace listens dutifully.

CALDWELL

And yet you reacted in fear. Why? That's the crux of the matter. What the Angel represents to you.

Was there something, other than the age of the elevator, that disturbed you?

**INT. ELEVATOR**

Grace is inside the elevator again. Watches herself reflected a million times in the mirrors. Forwards and backwards, left and right.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

Grace looks at Caldwell.

GRACE

The mirrors, I never liked the mirrors.

CALDWELL

Grace, you are suffering from guilt. You erroneously feel guilty that you survived the incident when no-one else did. Do you accept that Angels don't exist?

GRACE

I will admit the possibility that it is a delusion, of course. I will even admit it is the most likely explanation. If you will admit that there's a possibility, however remote, that what I saw was real. We don't know everything. We have barely gotten off this planet, let alone outside the Universe. You can't say for sure without lying.

CALDWELL

You are attributing false meaning to a random event, seeking to find a deeper meaning to a random tragedy.

GRACE

I saw that man, I am sure of it,  
and only seven bodes were found,  
not eight.

CALDWELL

Grace, Angels don't exist.

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Glass doors slide shut behind Grace as she leaves the building. She hugs herself, more out of vulnerability than against the cold, and gazes out on the bustling metropolis. The tall buildings, the traffic, the shoppers.

She walks down the street. Strangely isolated against the stark backdrop of humanity amongst which she finds herself.

**EXT. TOWN SQUARE**

She sips a coffee on a bench. Looks around. Her gaze falls on the large Church at the end of the square.

**INT. CHURCH**

Grace steps nervously into the nave of the Church. Takes in the religious iconography on the ceiling, walks towards the altar. An image of Christ on the Cross and an image of the Archangel Gabriel to his right tower over her.

She takes a seat in one of the pews near the front.

FATHER JAMES, a noble looking Priest in his fifties with a beard, notices her and makes his way towards her and sits next to her.

PRIEST

We don't get so many visitors these  
days. I'm Father James.

He holds out his hand. She takes it, then looks back towards the huge image of Gabriel.

GRACE

Do Angels exist?

FATHER JAMES

They show up from time to time.

GRACE

What are they?

FATHER JAMES

Essentially, messengers from God.

GRACE

I saw one. I mean, I think I saw one. In an elevator. Is that ridiculous? I was scared to go in. The lift broke. Seven people died. My doctor says it's a false memory, a delusion.

FATHER JAMES

Probably is.

Grace looks surprised.

FATHER JAMES

The mind plays tricks on us all. It's more likely that than that you've witnessed a supernatural miracle.

GRACE

Then I'm crazy?

FATHER JAMES

I didn't say that. And I'm not sure it matters either way.

GRACE

What do you mean?

FATHER JAMES

There are only two ways of looking at the world.

Either it is meaningless, just random chaos and what happened to you and those people has no meaning, or that everything is a miracle, that everything has a purpose and a meaning and that everything matters. Which do you believe?

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Grace walks across the reception area. Heads for a door that reads: PRIVATE. NO ENTRY. She knocks.

Joe Fields opens it. He looks considerably more dishevelled than when we saw him last. His eyes are dark and his stubble long. His eyes are glazed, he's been drinking.

GRACE

Hi Joe, can I have a word?

**INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Grace and Joe face each other over a small table. Joe lights a cigarette. His ashtray is already overflowing. A tumbler sits next to a half empty bottle of whiskey.

JOE

Well?

GRACE

I need to talk about the accident.  
I want to ask you some questions.

JOE

I've had months of this shit with the Police, the Insurance. I'm not talking about it anymore.

GRACE

I'm not here to judge, Joe. I saw them fall.

JOE

And I found the bodies.

He drinks his whiskey, pours some more.

JOE

I'm facing criminal prosecution,  
I'll probably be sued by the  
families. Insurance ain't gonna pay  
out.

GRACE

Like I said, I'm not here to judge.  
I need to understand.

JOE

Understand what?

GRACE

Why it happened. How it happened.

JOE

The metal broke. Metal that's  
supposed to last for twenty years.  
Why? Because they built it cheap,  
probably because they were broke or  
just greedy.

GRACE

Aren't you supposed to have it  
checked?

JOE

I was broke. New laws meant I had  
to build new fire exits. On top of  
taxes, heating bills, repairs,  
insurance. I didn't have nothing  
left. I skimmed a bit here and  
there, figured the worst that would  
happen is it might break down,  
people might have to walk for a  
couple of days.

It ain't my fault, you want to find someone to blame, blame the Government, blame the economy, blame the fucking petrol companies, the blood sucking insurance companies, blame the world we fucking live in. Whatever, get the fuck out.

Grace stands, but resists Joe pushing her out.

GRACE

I'm not here to blame anyone Joe. I was there. I could have stopped them going in. If I was stronger, I could have opened the door. I could hear it was broken, I could have asked you to fix it. I could have helped pay for it. I just need to know. We could have saved them, couldn't we?

JOE

Maybe. In a different world. But we didn't.

He closes the door on her.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Grace walks away from the Office door. Trots to the staircase, next to the lift, which is still out of order and taped up with warning signs.

She ascends.

**INT. CHURCH - DAY**

Grace is still next to Father James.

GRACE

I don't know what scares me more. The idea that nothing matters, or that everything does.

**INT. ELEVATOR**

Grace watches herself reflected an infinite number of times in the mirrors. Forwards and backwards, left and right. Thousands of Graces stretching out as far as the eye can see in every direction.

**INT. STAIRWAY**

Grace continues her ascent up the stairs.

**INT. CHURCH**

She stares into the eyes of the Priest.

GRACE

How do you live in a world where every thought, every action, every single thing you do matters?

**EXT. ROOF GARDEN - DAY**

Grace exits the stairway onto the roof of the apartment building. She strolls to the edge, looks over the City.

The sun shines from over the top of a skyscraper.

**INT. CHURCH**

Father James returns Grace's gaze.

FATHER JAMES

You pray.

**EXT. ROOF GARDEN - DAY**

Grace closes her eyes and lets the warmth of the sun wash over her.

**FADE OUT.**