

Blood and Feathers

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Obscured mostly in shadow, a brooding CREATURE watches from behind dark drapery. The only light hits its angular, bony face. Only muscle and bone, this creature. And grotesque.

Across the room, a tall, lanky NATHAN CARROLL, 35, carefully changes an IV bag. He turns on the drip which runs down clear tubing into STARLING CARROLL, 9, thin, in a pink bandana.

Nathan bends over. Pauses. Then dismissing this feeling, he kisses Starling's forehead and shuffles out.

The creature emerges from the darkness. Tall, at least seven feet, and with a set of feathered wings, hooves for feet, it walks to the bed, kneels down.

It leans over her sleeping body. Its breath blows her bandana back revealing her bald head.

She stirs. Sluggishly opens her eyes.

STARLING'S POV: A beautiful angelic figure. Shimmering skin. Sparkling white wings. An ANGEL.

STARLING

I've heard of guardian angels
before, but I've never seen one.

The Angel smiles down on Starling as she caresses its wing that covers her like a soft blanket.

The door swings open! BLAM! A shot rings out sending the Angel tumbling backward. Starling SCREAMS.

Nathan marches over, racks the shotgun. Points it at the Angel lying dead on the floor.

STARLING

You killed an angel!

Nathan pokes the Angel with the barrel of the shotgun.

STARLING

My guardian angel!!

Nathan grabs the Angel's hooves, drags it across the room.

NATHAN

I ain't letting him get you.

He drags the Angel out of the doorway leaving a trail of smeared blood and scattered feathers. Starling wraps her arms around her knees. Rocks in bed. Tears streak her pale face.

EXT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

A single flood light shines down from an old rustic barn.

A gunshot rings out!

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

The Angel drops on its knees. Wounded. Bleeding.

Nathan binds the Angel with rope, anchoring the creature to an old tractor.

Blood soaks its majestic feathers. It looks down at its gaping wounds. Its face different now. Rigid. Stoic.

Alerted by the sound of a chain saw. It struggles to set itself free.

Nathan guides the chain saw down slicing the right wing off the Angel's back. Blood spews like a fountain out of the bloody nub.

The Angel lets out a shrill sound not of this world that reaches beyond the barn.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Starling jolts up. Concern etched on her fragile visage. She scrambles out of bed. Jerks the IV port from her arm.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Nathan wildly slings the chain saw through the fallen wing. Dicing it into a zillion pieces. Feathers fill the air like dust in a blade of sunlight.

Nathan turns towards the Angel, the saw clattering in front of him.

The Angel crouches back until the rope is taught.

Nathan steps around, swings the saw blade attempting to slice the other wing from its body.

The Angel dodges the blade, spins around. Face to face with Nathan now. His voice raspy. Almost evil sounding.

ANGEL

You think you can butcher me up
like any old farmyard animal?

NATHAN

I think I'm going to try!

Nathan slings the chain saw again splitting the Angel's torso wide open. Guts spill out.

Nathan stares in shock as feathers instantaneously grow out of the bloody divide filling the fleshy gap.

ANGEL

Stop this foolishness and let me get on. That girl's living in a prison of her own ya know.

NATHAN

You will never take her!

ANGEL

I have a job to do.

NATHAN

Over my dead body!

The Angel's face morphs from hideous and grotesque into this beautiful, angelic being.

Nathan stares in shock. Blinks his eyes for clarity.

WHACK!

Nathan slumps lifeless to his knees then falls face first in a bed of hay and feathers.

Starling stands behind him holding a shovel. Her little face and bald head covered in blood spatter.

She stares in shock at the one-winged Angel.

The ropes miraculously fall to the ground.

The Angel steps forward.

Starling releases her grip on the shovel.

SLOW MOTION: SHOVEL FALLS TO THE HAY AND FEATHERS. OVER THE BLOOD COVERED SHOVEL, WE SEE NATHAN LYING MOTIONLESS.

Starling trembles. Her weak legs hardly supporting her.

The Angel wraps its wing around Starling.

Leads her away.

Nathan lifts his blood-soaked face.

He turns his head to see the Angel and Starling approaching the double barn doors.

He grapples for strength to pull himself up.

STARLING
Is my Daddy...

The Angel and Starling stop under the double barn doors. The floodlight shines down on them.

ANGEL
Your father will be fine.

Nathan crawls to his feet. Picks up the shovel.

STARLING
I'm so sorry. I've no clue why
Daddy would harm an angel,
especially my guardian angel.

Raising the shovel over his head, he stammers towards the double doors.

NATHAN
Starling!!

Starling turns towards her father's cry.

Blue light mysteriously illuminates the Angel and Starling.

STARLING
You *are* my guardian angel, *right*?

The Angel looks down. Their eyes meet.

AZRAEL
I am an angel, but I'm no guardian
angel. I am Azrael, the angel of
death. I've come to take you home,
sweet Starling.

A tear rolls down Starling's cheek.

White glistening feathers engulf her as Nathan runs up.
Swings the shovel with all of his strength.

But they are gone.

Nathan falls to his knees.

FADE TO BLACK.