

CHERUBS

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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INT. CHERUBS OFFICE - DAY

Decorated like a children's nursery, several large adult CHERUBS, with tiny wings on their backs, carrying harps and dressed only in what look like adult sized diapers hang out.

They're sitting around on beanbags, just chilling. Playing with toys obviously meant for babies.

GARY, 31, dressed in regular street clothes enters, looking around, nervous and confused.

The head cherub, identified by his GOLD coloured diaper, gets up from his beanbag, still holding onto his baby's toys and approaches Gary.

HEAD CHERUB

Welcome newbie. It's my great honor to welcome you into the convent of the cherubs. God's very own massagers and servants.

Gary is still confused.

GARY

Oh, wait. I think there's been a mistake. I was supposed to be signing up to become an angel. Like a grown up angel. I only died like an hour ago. There was this bright light and a big voice. Asked if I wanted to help those down on earth. Sounded like a sweet gig so I said yes. Yes to angel work. Like cool, sexy angel's. I'm not sure what you are supposed to be, but it's not for me.

The head cherub smiles at him

HEAD CHERUB

We are cherubs.

GARY

Yeah, I don't want that. I want to be an angel. So if you could just point me in the direction of the angel's that would be great. Thanks.

The Head cherub heads over to a small desk. He picks up a notepad and pen.

HEAD CHERUB

You are Gary Anderson. Age 31, died after being run over by a runaway horse?

GARY

Well, I'm not sure how I died, it happened all so fast.

HEAD CHERUB

No, you were definitely run over by a horse. We all watched it live.

GARY

Well OK, great.

HEAD CHERUB

And that was the voice of god.

GARY

Sweet.

HEAD CHERUB

And he has chosen you to become one of his mighty cherubs. An undefeated army of warriors. Feared in hell by the devil himself.

Gary takes a look around at the other cherubs, acting and playing pretty much like new-born babies.

GARY

An army huh?

HEAD CHERUB

Let me fetch your uniform.

The head cherub picks up a pair of tiny wings and an adult diaper. He holds it out to Gary.

GARY

Listen, thanks. But I'm not wearing that.

HEAD CHERUB

It is the sacred uniform of God's soldiers.

GARY

I was hoping for something a little cooler. You know. Something that covered more than just my ass? Like a leather jacket, or maybe some armor?

The head cherub shakes the diaper at him.

HEAD CHERUB

This is all the armor you'll ever need.

Gary slaps his hand away.

GARY

It's a diaper. Let's just get that straight. It's a diaper.

HEAD CHERUB

It is our battle uniform.

GARY

Look man, you're all laying around here looking like giant babies. That's not my thing. It shouldn't be anyone's thing.

HEAD CHERUB

Babies?

GARY

Giant babies.

The Head cherub pulls a face, looks like he's pushing. And pushing hard. His whole face turned red. Gary panics.

GARY (CONT'D)

Yo my man, what are you doing?

The head Cherub finally lets out a deep breath. Smiling once again.

HEAD CHERUB

Much better.

GARY

Did you just take a crap?

HEAD CHERUB

The power of the cherub is that he can go potty anywhere and anytime he likes.

GARY

So it's a diaper. And you've just crapped in yours. And now you're just going to leave it in there?

HEAD CHERUB

It is not changing time yet.

GARY

This is some bullshit. I wanted to be a cool crime fighting, soul saving angel.

HEAD CHERUB

A cherub you have been made.

GARY

I'm not wearing a diaper. I can promise you that.

The head cherub gives him a knowing smile.

HEAD CHERUB

Oh no?

GARY

No.

HEAD CHERUB

Splash, splash, splash, splosh.

These act as magical words. Suddenly Gary is indeed now wearing his adult diaper and tiny wings.

GARY

What the hell?

HEAD CHERUB

Don't forget your battle weapon.

The head cherub hands Gary a harp.

Gary snatches it from him.

GARY

And what the hell am I supposed to do with this?

HEAD CHERUB

Defeat your enemies of course.

Gary is stunned, and doesn't know what to say.

Suddenly an alarm goes off, turning the room a shade of red. The cherubs all break out into tears, crying like babies.

GARY

What now?

The head cherub pushes Gary towards the door.

HEAD CHERUB

You have a mission back down on earth. Someone's prayers are about to be answered. Go my little cherub go. Prove yourself to be a God warrior.

Gary is suddenly feeling a little upbeat.

GARY

Alright, some action. Let's go.

INT. OLD LADIES APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Gary in his cherubs uniform and harp stands beside a turned off television.

He stares at the elderly lady sitting in her armchair. She has her hands held together in prayer.

OLD LADY

Oh please god, fix my television.
Please god. Oh please. I pray.
Please god make it turn back on.

Gary can see her but she can't see him.

GARY

This is some BULL....SHIT.

He hits his harp against the side of the television and it turns back on.

The old lady does a little jump in her chair.

OLD LADY

Oh praise god, it worked. My prayers were answered. Oh praise god.

GARY

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Praise god. And kiss my ass.

He storms out of the room.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END