

"A DEATH OF NEW ANGELS"

Written by
Rennie Arundell

This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the author. © 2019 renniearundell@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY - DAY

ALAN, 38, curly black hair, black beard, brown jacket, jeans, button up shirt.

MARTY, 58, gray hair, glasses, jeans, white button up shirt.

ALAN
I didn't think being an angel was
going to be like this.

Marty rubs his shoulder under his shirt.

MARTY
I've got a sunburn.

Alan looks at a text on his phone.

ALAN
Ah, here it is. Meeting tonight
On the Day of Judgment. Seventy-
Nine Salem at five-thirty p.m.

Alan gazes out upon at the surrounding city blocks.

ALAN
It says it's by the bridge.

A tall bridge over water is in front of them.

MARTY
Maybe we should jump off it.

ALAN
Yeah, maybe you should. I've got
To take a leak.

MARTY
I'll go with you.

EXT. BRICK WALL - DAY

Alan and Marty stand side by side facing the wall. Alan stands legs apart, unzips. He urinates loudly against the wall. Letting out a sigh of relief. He stops, shakes.

ALAN
What?

MARTY
What?

ALAN
What are you looking at?

MARTY
Nothing.

ALAN
Yes you were. You were looking.

MARTY
I wasn't.

ALAN
Well, go on. Have a good look
Then.

MARTY
No.

Alan stares at Marty. After an uncomfortable beat, Marty glances over.

ALAN
Like a race horse, right? Go on
And touch it.

MARTY
No way.

ALAN
(whispers)
Go on.

Marty reaches his hand slowly. Alan pulls away.

ALAN
You were! You were going to touch
It!

MARTY
No I wasn't!

Alan zips up, laughing hard.

MARTY
I hate you.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Alan and Marty back at their old spot.

MARTY
I'm hungry.

ALAN
No, you're not. It's only in your
mind.

MARTY
I'm telling you how I feel.

ALAN
We're angels. We're not supposed
To feel hungry or tired.

MARTY
Well, I am, and this sunburn on
My back is making me angry.

He painfully rotates his shoulders.

ALAN
When did you get a sunburn?

MARTY
Yesterday, when we were at the
Beach.

ALAN
We weren't at the beach
yesterday.

MARTY
Don't start with me.

ALAN
Show me.

MARTY
I can't.

ALAN
Why not?

MARTY
Because I can't take off my
shirt.
(beat)
I don't even want to go to this
Judgment meeting.

ALAN
We have to. It will be found out
If we're not there.

MARTY
I doubt it.

ALAN
We have to show up.

Alan's phone dings with an incoming text message. He pulls it out
with anticipation. Reads.

ALAN
Oh, shit.

MARTY
What?

ALAN
It says due to client changes
meeting has been cancelled and
will be most likely rescheduled
for tomorrow.

MARTY
Good. I didn't want to go anyway.
If we jump off that bridge now,
We won't have to go tomorrow.
What?

ALAN
I've gotten this text before.

He scrolls through his messages.

ALAN

Every day I get the same text
saying the meeting has been
cancelled, come back tomorrow.

Marty snort-laughes. Alan looks at him.

ALAN
Hey, you took your shirt off.

Marty stands bare-chested. He's lean and in good shape. He stands
feet apart, slapping his shoulders and bare chest.

MARTY
Come on, let's wrestle.

ALAN
What, now? You're crazy. What
About your sunburn?

MARTY
It feels better.

Alan walks around back of him. Sees that his back definitely is
sunburnt.

ALAN
Put your shirt back on so that it
Doesn't get worse.

Marty looks at the discarded shirt with disdain.

MARTY
That old rag? That's not mine.
It's been lying there all day.
I'll get a skin infection if
I put that thing on. Shut up
And let's wrestle.

ALAN
Keep away from me.

Marty advances on him. Alan takes up the same stance. Feet apart,
arms wide.

Marty grabs hold of Alan and puts him in a hold. Alan tries to
resist. Marty pick him up over his shoulder and drops him back on
the concrete.

ALAN
Watch it.

Alan tries to get away but Marty tackles him again. He pulls his
hair.

ALAN
Knock it off, psychopath.

Marty bites his ear.

ALAN
Aahhhhhh!

Alan rakes his eyes.

MARTY

Aaaaahhhhhhhh!

ALAN
Fucker.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Marty stands shirtless squinting up at the sun.

MARTY
I'm blind.

Angle widens to show Alan sitting a ways from him. Another angle shows that they sit atop a

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

ALAN
You're not blind. You've been
Staring at the sun for over an
Hour. You did the same thing
Yesterday. That's how you got a
Sunburn. Not at the beach. We
Were never at the beach.

MARTY
If you're so sure, show me the
Text again.

ALAN
I can't find it. I keep looking
But I only see the one from
Today.

Marty struts in place, boastful.

MARTY
Now who's crazy?

ALAN
Shut up.

MARTY
You're upset because you couldn't
Beat me at wrestling.

ALAN
You cheated by hair pulling and
Biting.

MARTY
You went for the eyes.

ALAN
Self-defense.
(beat)
Hide and seek.

MARTY
A child's game.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

The building takes up one entire block on a hill. To walk around it one must go down and then come up a very steep incline on either side. Alan stands flush against the elevated side of the building. Marty, shirtless, hands clasped behind his back, bent forward at the waist, eyes squeezed shut, marches around the perimeter.

MARTY
One-one thousand, two-one
thousand. . .

Camera remains on Alan and only picks up Marty when he passes.

MARTY (V.O.)
Three one-thousand.

ALAN
Break. Find me yet?

MARTY (V.O.)
No. You've rigged this in your
favor.

ALAN
All's fair. Keep trying, old man.

EXT. CONCRETE STRUCTURE

The structure is surrounded by a concrete wall fortress. Alan stands atop the wall. The walls are roughly six feet high. They form a square and the ends extend further out. One side is connected to the structure and this is where Alan stands.

Marty marches along the tops of the concrete walls, like a self-assured tightrope walker. Still shirtless, bent at the waist, hands clasped behind him, eyes screwed into a squint.

ALAN
Marco.

MARTY
Polo.

Marty turns on his heel, marches along the side leading straight to Alan.

He is a few inches from Alan's face when

ALAN
Hey!

Marty opens his eyes. Startled, he lets out a scream and falls off.

Alan stands on the ground next to Marty's crumpled up body. He takes out his phone. Begins a text.

INSERT - TEXT MESSAGE

"Will there be a meeting tomorrow on Judgment Day?"

BACK TO SCENE

Alan waits for a reply. Ding.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN

"Yes"

BACK TO SCENE

Alan smiles, puts away his phone.

FADE OUT.