

ARMAGEDDON

Written by

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INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

The friendly, neighborhood watering hole. The bar is dominated by groups of MEN eyeing groups of WOMEN. TVs and background music.

TRACY, 20s, sexy, pretty, a woman searching for the answer, sips a glass of water at a table. She looks up as GABRIEL, 30, handsome and athletic, sits. He smiles.

GABRIEL

Hello.

TRACY

Do I know you?

GABRIEL

Not yet.

TRACY

Excuse me. I think you should leave.

GABRIEL

Don't you want to know why I'm here?

TRACY

Frankly--

GABRIEL

Perhaps, I've started on the wrong foot? I'm not used to this. Let me tell you something about yourself.

TRACY

Don't buy me a drink. Just go.

GABRIEL

Your name is Tracy. You're 27. You date Lance, 28, a software engineer who works insane hours. You're a nurse at St. Vincent where you work intensive care mostly, although you prefer pediatrics. Your parents live one state over and wonder when you're going to pop out a grandchild or two. You have a brother still in college and a sister about to go to the junior prom. Your cat is named Ginger. You call your car 'the blue bomb'.

(MORE)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

You're planning a vacation to Costa Rica in the Fall, and you're hoping Lance will propose while you're there.

TRACY

Who the hell are you?

GABRIEL

What do you want to drink? No, I know what you want to drink, and the waiter will deliver your Margarita in exactly three seconds.

She stares as the WAITRESS delivers a margarita.

TRACY

Wait.

GABRIEL

(to Waiter)

She wants a Margarita without salt. Take it back.

The Waitress takes away the drink.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I apologize. I distinctly said no sald.

TRACY

I don't know who you are, or why you're here, but I'm sure I want you to leave.

GABRIEL

You don't want me to leave.

TRACY

Yes, I do.

GABRIEL

No, you don't.

TRACY

Why not?

GABRIEL

Because I'm going to give you an opportunity to save the world.

(smiles)

By the way, my name is Gabriel.

TRACY
Who put you up to this?

GABRIEL
You wouldn't believe me if I told
you.

TRACY
Try me.

GABRIEL
You have been chosen because you
are a truly moral person. I don't
mean your honesty or loyalty. I'm
talking about your fairness and
charity. You're a good person.

TRACY
Pal-

GABRIEL
Gabriel.

TRACY
Pal, you're ten seconds from
violent eviction. Move on.

GABRIEL
The truth, the truth is I'm an
angel, an archangel actually. I've
been sent to give you the chance to
save mankind.

She laughs. She laughs long and hard.

TRACY
Oh, my, that is good. An
archangel. That makes you what,
angel first class.

GABRIEL
Just archangel, God's soldier.

She studies him, her mirth dying.

TRACY
You're serious.

GABRIEL
I'm an angel. And before you mock,
wings are disallowed on this
planet. Halos are invisible to
humans—unless we want them visible.
(MORE)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

No, I can't heal the sick or raise the dead. I'm God's soldier, not his doctor.

The Waiter delivers the margarita as they trade stares. Gabriel plays with the gold bracelet on his wrist.

TRACY

I don't for a moment believe you're an angel. But I'll play along for the moment. How can I save the world?

GABRIEL

You're waiting for Lance. He won't show, and you'll leave. He'll come to your apartment later and beg for forgiveness. You'll have makeup sex. Then, he'll dump you.

TRACY

You're crazy.

GABRIEL

That's when you'll write the blog.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

JASMINE, 30s, pretty, Indonesian, naked, wrists tied to the wall, is beaten with a strap by her HUSBAND. Each slash makes her scream.

GABRIEL (V.O.)

Your blog will go viral. Millions of hits. Women all over the world will read it and have hope.

INT. BIOTECH LAB - DAY

Jasmine, in level A hazmat suit, pipettes fluid into a hundred small vials.

GABRIEL (V.O.)

A woman in Indonesia will experience a moment of courage and take matters into her own hands. Unluckily, she works with deadly viruses.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jasmine's Husband snores in bed, dead to the world. Jasmine, in nightgown, smiles as she puts a syringe to his nostril and sprays toxin into his nose. She jerks back the needle even as he starts awake. She sits on the bed and rubs his arm, smiling.

GABRIEL (V.O.)

She plans to keep him home, tend to him, and watch him die.
Unfortunately, he has other plans.

INT. DELHI AIRPORT - DAY

Jasmine's Husband wades through a sea of Indians inside the airport. He sweats and pants, but no one notices.

GABRIEL (V.O.)

A five hour layover in Delhi, lots of body contact. No one knows he's contagious.

EXT. MECCA - DAY

Hundreds of thousands of Muslims march around the shrine, pilgrims doing the Hadj.

GABRIEL

On to the Hadj where he jostles with millions of pilgrims from all over the world. The virus will spread faster and faster than anyone can imagine.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Gabriel sips beer.

GABRIEL

The virus has an infection rate of 95 percent, a mortality rate of 85 percent. Billions will die. Civilization as you know it will collapse. It will make the dark ages seem as bright as the sun.

She smiles and then laughs.

TRACY

That's quite a scenario.
Armageddon by virus. Who are you
really?

GABRIEL

You have the chance to stop it.

TRACY

Oh? How do I do that? Fly to
Indonesia?

GABRIEL

No need. All you have to do is
have sex with me.

She laughs louder.

TRACY

Angels need sex? Yeah, right.

GABRIEL

You have sex with me, and you're
not bitter. You don't write your
blog. Your anger doesn't inspire a
woman in Indonesia. A lethal virus
stays contained.

TRACY

And a woman is still beaten.

GABRIEL

Billions won't die.

She shakes her head.

TRACY

Who put you up to this? Who thinks
I'm so fucking gullible that I'll
buy your load of crap. Archangel?
Soldier of God? Virus? Hadj? Who
thinks I'm as naive as a two year
old?

GABRIEL

I didn't want this assignment. I
mean, as far as I'm concerned this
planet is a total waste of effort.
But the Big Guy, the Big Guy wanted
to give humans one more chance.
Michael volunteered because he's
always had a soft spot for you
people. But the Big Guy, the Big
Guy picked me.

(MORE)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I think he wanted to change my attitude, wanted me to like you as much as Michael does. He shouldn't have bothered.

Gabriel finishes his beer and smiles.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Good night, Tracy. Michael would urge you to swallow your anger when Lance dumps you. Michael would tell you to keep all those babies in mind as your fingers hover over the keyboard. Michael is a fool.

He stands and turns away.

TRACY

Wait.

He turns back.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Lance isn't coming, is he?

Gabriel shakes his head.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Are angels any good in bed?

Gabriel smiles.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tracy, in thin robe, watches Gabriel put on his jacket.

TRACY

What are you going to tell the Big Guy?

GABRIEL

In a way, I like being human.

She laughs.

TRACY

You know, for a while I thought you and Lance were playing me, seeing if you could get me into bed.

GABRIEL

Would that be such a bad thing?

TRACY
I don't mind screwing an angel.
Sex with a manipulating asshole is
quite another thing.

He comes close and takes her chin in his hand.

GABRIEL
Screw an angel, save the world.

He kisses her and leaves. She smiles and twirls in a dance, happy. Then, she spots his gold bracelet. She grabs it, kisses it, and runs to the window. She looks out.

On the sidewalk below, Gabriel talks to another man—LANCE.

Fury twists her features. She opens the window and leans out.

TRACY
YOU SON OF A BITCH!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Gabriel and Lance look up at Tracy.

TRACY
BASTARDS!

She hurls the bracelet that lands at Gabriel's feet. She slams shut the window. Gabriel picks up the bracelet and puts it on.

LANCE
You were with her.

Gabriel smiles.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tracy turns from the window and marches directly to her laptop. She types like a woman possessed.

EXT. GOLF DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

MICHAEL, 30, hits a ball that clearly makes him unhappy. He's the only one on the range.

GABRIEL (O.S.)
Nice shot.

MICHAEL
It was a terrible shot. You know,
this is the worst game ever
invented.

Gabriel stops as Michael tees up another ball.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
How did it go?

GABRIEL
Mission accomplished.

MICHAEL
I'm sorry to hear that. And the
Big Guy?

GABRIEL
He gave them a chance.

Michael hits a beautiful shot.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
That's better.

Michael puts the club in the bag.

MICHAEL
All hands on deck?

GABRIEL
More souls than you can imagine.
He gave them a chance, Michael.

They walk away.

MICHAEL
Sometimes, I hate this job.

FADE OUT