

COCKED HALO

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EXT. MULTI STORY CAR PARK - NIGHT

LENNY, 44, career police officer, big, strong and always full of confidence is in full uniform. Holding onto his gun and radio. He's looking all around, out of breath and excited.

LENNY

Where the fuck did you go?

He spins around, notices a fire door to the multi story car park left ajar.

Lenny grabs hold of his radio as he sprints towards the open door.

LENNY (CONT'D)

I'm going in.

INT. MULTI STORY CAR PARK - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

A SKINNY KID, 16, bright blonde hair, seems like a pure hearted soul, innocent and sweet. Dressed in shorts, t-shirt and flip flops runs up the staircase, out of breath and terribly afraid.

He has a very clear 'crucifix' tattoo on the side of his neck, incredible detail.

INT. MULTI STORY CAR PARK - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Lenny bursts through another door, leading him to the bottom of the staircase. He looks up, listens. He can hear the skinny kid running.

Lenny smiles, he puts his radio away, now holding onto his gun with both hands. He continues to chase, sprinting up the staircase. His footsteps echo out much faster than that of the kids.

INT. MULTI STORY CAR PARK - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Now at the very top of the staircase the skinny kid looks down, breathing heavily, he tries to listen.

Lenny's footsteps echo out all around him.

The skinny kid stamps down his foot in frustration. Crying. He looks around, trying to think where he can go next.

Only one way, a fire escape up onto the roof. He goes. Exits onto the rooftop, slamming the fire door shut behind him.

INT. MULTI STORY CAR PARK - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Lenny now reaches the top of the staircase. He inspects the fire door, giving it a quick once over.

He gently pushes it open.

EXT. MULTI STORY CAR PARK - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Lenny rushes out onto the rooftop. Gun held out at the ready.

LENNY

Let me see your hands!

The skinny kid is hiding, Lenny has his back to him. The skinny kid throws himself against Lenny. Two clenched fists slamming into the back of Lenny's head.

Lenny is knocked down onto the rooftop, a heavy crash and his gun spills out of his hands.

The skinny kid is quickest to react, races over and picks up the gun for himself before Lenny has a chance to know what's happening.

The skinny kid takes aim, holding the gun in both hands.

Lenny slowly gets up to his knees, they both stare at each other, both breathing heavily.

SKINNY KID

I've not done anything wrong. I've not hurt anyone. I've not killed anyone. Nothing.

Lenny shakes his head, still with his hands up.

LENNY

I don't care.

Dismayed by this answer the skinny kid slowly moves to the edge of the rooftop.

Now with his back to Lenny, Lenny takes this opportunity to remove a second gun from the inside of his jacket.

The skinny kid stares down towards the city street below.

Lenny gets up onto his feet, moves right behind the skinny kid. Placing his second gun to the very back of his head.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Put the gun down. Put it down right
now.

The skinny kid flinches, scared. After a moments
contemplation he simply lets go of the gun and allows it to
fall. He's unarmed once more.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Hands up! High! Over your head.

The skinny kid breaks down crying. But he complies, doing as
Lenny orders him.

LENNY (CONT'D)
If you don't do everything I say,
you will get shot.

The skinny kid closes his eyes. Muttering to himself,
repeating some kind of Latin prayer over and over to himself.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Get down on your knees right now.

The skinny kid then leaps off the rooftop and falls to his
death onto the city street below.

Lenny is shocked. Can't believe he jumped.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Shit.

Lenny puts away his gun and takes out his radio.

LENNY (CONT'D)
He jumped. I almost had him, but he
jumped.
(deep breath)
Onto the next one I guess.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

FATHER JOHN. 26, thin, neat hair and looking like a bookworm
stands at the edge of a duck pond, a bag of seeds in hand, he
throws out handfuls into the water, feeding the ducks.

Lenny, now in civilian clothes approaches him.

LENNY
Are the ducks hungry today?

Father John doesn't take his eyes from the water.

FATHER JOHN
Please go away.

LENNY
I'm detective Lenny Davis. We spoke
yesterday.

Father John spins around to face him.

FATHER JOHN
Oh, I'm very sorry.

Father John holds out a hand, Lenny takes it and the two men
shake.

LENNY
It's alright. I should have told
you that I wouldn't be in uniform.

FATHER JOHN
Have you got a cigarette?

LENNY
No, sorry. Nasty habit.

FATHER JOHN
You're right.

They walk around the park together, keeping close.

FATHER JOHN (CONT'D)
So how does a police officer end up
taking such a keen interest in the
world of God?

Lenny smiles.

LENNY
It's the other way around. The
world of God seems to have taken a
great interest in me.

FATHER JOHN
You've got some friends in very
high places.

Lenny chuckles to himself.

LENNY
So do you. God himself, sitting up
there on top of his mountain. None
higher than that.

Father John now chuckles.

FATHER JOHN
I think you may have got my God
confused with Zeus.

The two laugh together.

A beat.

LENNY
What do you know about Angels?

FATHER JOHN
A little. I used to teach a class
on the subject.

LENNY
(smiling)
Then you're just the man for me.

FATHER JOHN
Oh? You want to know how to catch
an angel. In the flesh? That's it
isn't it? At least that's what I've
heard.

LENNY
Yes.

FATHER JOHN
Wow. Shouldn't you be out solving
crimes not chasing fairy tales?

LENNY
Angels are real. I just need help
bringing one in.

FATHER JOHN
I can't help you.

Lenny grabs a hold of Father John and pulls him to a stop.

LENNY
Forty seven. Forty seven angels in
the past six months have been
identified and found. But all are
dead. All took their own lives. At
least that's the official verdict.

FATHER JOHN
You're serious aren't you?

LENNY
Angels are real. I just want to
know why they're here on earth.

FATHER JOHN
And if they won't tell you?

LENNY
Oh, they will. I can be very
persuasive.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Lenny and Father John approach a rundown dirty looking liquor store.

LENNY
In here.

Father John can't help but laugh.

FATHER JOHN
Here?

LENNY
Just wait round the back. I'll
chase the angel out to you.

Again Father John laughs.

FATHER JOHN
You're not serious?

Lenny takes out his gun, holds it ready.

LENNY
As serious as a heart attack.

Father John's face changes to shock.

FATHER JOHN
What are you doing?

LENNY
Go and wait around the back.

Lenny jogs inside the store. Father John races around to the back.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

A young skinny kid, blonde hair, fresh face, innocent eyes bursts out the back of the liquor store.

He's dressed in a t-shirt, shorts and flip flops. And yet again has that detailed tattoo of a crucifix on his neck.

As he runs out the back he crashes into Father John. Both men falling to the ground.

Lenny is next to exit the back entrance. He takes aim at the skinny kid, putting a foot onto his chest, keeping him pinned to the ground.

Father John slowly gets back up onto his feet.

FATHER JOHN

Oh come on.

Lenny taps his gun against the back of the skinny kid's head.

LENNY

Give me your wallet.

The skinny kid is terrified, does as Lenny tells him. Removing his wallet he hands it over.

LENNY (CONT'D)

No I.D. No drivers license. Only a pathetic amount of cash.

Lenny throws the wallet away. Father John watches on in horror.

LENNY (CONT'D)

You're going to die right here by my gun unless you give me what I want.

The skinny kid sobs.

LENNY (CONT'D)

I want to see your wings.

FATHER JOHN

Oh come on. What is this?

SKINNY KID

What?

Lenny hits him again on the side of the head with his gun, this time a little harder.

LENNY

I said I want to see your wings. I brought an expert along with me this time to help me.

SKINNY KID

I don't know what you're talking about.

LENNY
What are you doing on earth?

SKINNY KID
I don't know man.

LENNY
You don't know a lot do you?

A beat. The skinny kid tries to think.

SKINNY KID
I don't know.

The skinny kid is now a sobbing emotional wreck.

LENNY
The question, Mr Angel, what are
you doing on earth?

The skinny kid falls silent.

Lenny puts his finger on the trigger.

LENNY (CONT'D)
That question needs an answer.

Still the skinny kid is silent. His eyes are searching,
thinking, but doesn't know what to say.

LENNY (CONT'D)
(shouting)
What are you doing on earth!

Lenny gets ready to fire.

FATHER JOHN
Answer him!

SKINNY KID
I was kicked out.

Lenny now relaxes, he turns to Father John and gives him a
knowing smile.

LENNY
Oh really. Why?

SKINNY KID
There was a civil war up there. We
had to leave.

FATHER JOHN
Up where?

SKINNY KID
Heaven. It's a mess. We came down
here to escape.

LENNY
And why do you people keep running?

Again the skinny kid returns to sobbing.

FATHER JOHN
This is crazy.

LENNY
(to Father John)
This is real.

FATHER JOHN
It doesn't make sense.

LENNY
(to the skinny kid)
You're going to work for us now. I
want to know why you're here and
how many there are of you on earth.

SKINNY KID
No. I can't. That's impossible.

LENNY
Would you rather die?

SKINNY KID
No.

LENNY
On your knees? By my hand.

SKINNY KID
No.

LENNY
Then you're going to work for me.

SKINNY KID
Please.

FATHER JOHN
(to Lenny)
Alright, put the gun away.

LENNY
(to Father John)
If I do that he's going to run.

FATHER JOHN
Look at him.

LENNY
I've just brought you into the world of a real life angel, I would have guessed that someone like you would be a little more grateful.

FATHER JOHN
This doesn't prove anything.

LENNY
Well, I'll get him to show you then.
(to the skinny kid)
Show him your wings.

The skinny kid just sobs.

FATHER JOHN
(to Lenny)
Put the gun away.

LENNY
(to Father John)
You're supposed to be helping me.

Father John reaches over and pushes Lenny's gun down. Forcing him to aim it down to the ground.

FATHER JOHN
I can't work around firearms. Put it away or I go home.

LENNY
Let go of my arm.

FATHER JOHN
No.

LENNY
Let go.

The two men now wrestle over the gun. Father John forces Lenny off of the kid and manages to move him backwards a little. The skinny kid leaps back up to his feet and sprints away from them. He rounds the corner. He's fast.

Lenny snaps his arm free, snarls at Father John.

LENNY (CONT'D)
You idiot, you let him get away.

Lenny gives chase. Father John watches him go, loudly calling out after him.

FATHER JOHN
I never agreed to any of this.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Father John jogs after them, coming back around to the front of the liquor store he sees Lenny standing over the skinny kid who now lays dead in the middle of the road.

Two large beautiful angel wings are outstretched on either side of the skinny kid.

Knocked down and killed by a car that's now parked up a few meters away with a cracked windscreen. The driver of the car exits, in a state of total shock.

DRIVER
(mumbling)
I didn't see him. I swear. He just ran out in front of me. There was nothing I could do. He ran straight at me.

Lenny kneels down beside the skinny kid, plucks one of the feathers from a wing.

Father John stands beside him.

Lenny hands him the plucked feather. Large, white.

LENNY
Tell me what you think?

Father John holds the feather, in awe of it.

FATHER JOHN
Angels are real.

Lenny stands up, he puts an arm around Father John.

LENNY
I'm going to be checking in on you.
I know where you live. If you don't bring me an angel within the next seven days. You will be dead.

Father John is in a state of shock.

Lenny now takes a step away from him. Slaps an open hand hard against the middle of the Father John's back.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Run home.

Father John breaks out into a fear filled all out sprint. Still holding onto the feather. Lenny watches him go. Smiling to himself.

Lenny then turns his attention back onto the young kid, still smiling to himself.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END