

I'M YOUR ANGEL

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. TRADING ROOM - DAY

Rows of cubicles, each with multiple monitors filled with data and charts, the stuff of major league traders. The BUZZ of people working phones matches the streaming ticker banner across the front of the room.

In his cubicle, JASON, 30, well dressed, handsome, a man on the move, squeezes a rubber ball and watches his monitors.

JASON
Come on. Come on.

Behind him, RON, 30, pudgy and ordinary in casual clothes, pauses.

RON
Got a date?

JASON
With destiny, Ron, with destiny.

Jason's phone CHIMES, and he grabs it. Ron hangs around, listening.

JASON
(on phone)
Yes, si, Carlos, what you got?
(beat)
Que? You're breaking up.
(beat)
Down? Down?

Jason kills the connection and dials a number.

RON
You got something?

Jason holds up one finger as he talks on the phone.

JASON
I want you short every Bolivar you
can get your hands on. That's
right, every one.

Jason hangs up and turns to Ron.

JASON
In fifteen minutes, they'll
announce a decline in oil
production.
(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

In thirty minutes, the Bolivar will drop twenty percent. I'll land the biggest whale since Moby Dick.

RON

Crap.

Ron scurries away.

JASON

In an hour, I'll be standing in the President's office.

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Ron stands before the big desk of the company PRESIDENT, in an office that befits his title. The President, 60, a florid, little man studies Jason a moment.

PRESIDENT

Just what did you think you were doing?

JASON

I got a tip.

PRESIDENT

And that tip cost us millions.

Jason can only stare.

PRESIDENT

Clear out your cube.

INT. CAR - DAY

Jason drives a very nice car, his cell phone to his ear.

JASON

(on phone)

It's me. Bad news. I made the wrong bet and got canned. I don't want to talk. I want to get drunk. I'll call later.

He kills the connection.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jason, a row of empty shot glasses in front of him, stares into a beer.

Over the back bar, a baseball game fills the TV. The BARTENDER, 50, blonde and skinny, arrives with her worn smile.

BARTENDER
Cash you out?

JASON
One more.

BARTENDER
Want me to call you cab?

JASON
Hard of hearing?

BARTENDER
Settle up and go home.

He nods, defeated.

JASON
Yeah, you're right.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jason drives, and he shouldn't. He fights to keep the car on this two-lane road.

Just ahead, a deer flashes across the road. He jerks the wheel hard right, fails to correct, and smashes into a tree.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Jason slides out of the car and walks unsteadily to the front to survey the damage. A JOGGER pads past, unnoticed by Jason.

JASON
Fucking deer.

Headlights from another vehicle outline him as he stands there--right before the red and blue bubble lights of a cruiser pop on.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Jason sits on the hard bed, holding his head to fight the hangover. He's the worse for wear and tear.

ANGEL (O.S.)
Don't you just hate vodka
sometimes?

He looks up at a very pretty policewoman, ANGEL, 20s, sexy
even in uniform.

JASON
You wouldn't have some aspirin,
would you?

ANGEL
Sorry.

JASON
Just my luck.

ANGEL
Bad day?

JASON
The worst day of my life. I can't
even reach my wife.

ANGEL
You shouldn't have shorted the
Bolivars.

JASON
What?

ANGEL
And the drinking, pretty cliche
don't you think?

JASON
Wait, how did you know it was
vodka.

ANGEL
I know everything. The garbled
phone call from Carlos, the deer
you didn't hit and the tree you
did.

JASON
Who are you?

ANGEL
I'm your angel.

He shakes his head as if he's seeing things.

ANGEL

I know how it sounds, but it's true. I'm your angel.

JASON

Angel? You look the part, but I don't believe in Angels.

ANGEL

No one does, which makes the job that much harder.

JASON

Yeah, well, unless you got a way of getting me out of here, you're not much use.

She taps the bars.

ANGEL

Come here.

He hesitates.

ANGEL

What have you got to lose?

He stands and comes to the bars. She reaches through and touches his temple with her long-nailed fingers.

ANGEL

Feel better?

He steps back, amazed.

JASON

How did you--

ANGEL

Parlor trick. Now, do you want help or not?

JASON

Yes, hell...I mean of course.

She smiles.

ANGEL

Since this was a very bad day, what if I reset it? Take you back 24 hours?

JASON

You can do that?

ANGEL

And much, much more. What do you say?

JASON

Let's do it.

INT. TRADING ROOM - DAY

The day recycles. Jason in his cubicle with his ball. Behind him, RON, pudgy in his casual clothes.

RON

Got a date?

JASON

With destiny, Ron, with destiny.

Jason's phone CHIMES, and he grabs it. Ron hangs around, listening.

JASON

(on phone)

Yes, si, Carlos, what you got?

(beat)

Que? You're breaking up.

Jason kills the connection and dials a number.

RON

You got something?

Jason holds up one finger as he talks on the phone.

JASON

I want you buy every Bolivar you can get your hands on. That's right, every one.

Jason hangs up and turns to Ron.

JASON

In fifteen minutes, they'll announce an increase in oil production. In thirty minutes, the Bolivar will rise ten percent.

RON

Crap.

Ron scurries away to his own cubicle.

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Ron stands before the big desk in an office that befits the title. The President studies Jason a moment.

PRESIDENT
Just what did you think you were doing?

JASON
I got a tip.

PRESIDENT
And that tip paid off in millions.

Jason grins.

PRESIDENT
Take the rest of the day.

INT. CAR - DAY

Jason drives, as happy as he can be. He slams the steering wheel.

JASON
My angel! Damn straight!

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Loosening his tie and grinning, Jason hustles through the kitchen.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - HALL - CONTINUOUS

Jason half dances down the hall and into the

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jason enters and comes to a halt. In the bed are his wife, KAREN, 30, and fetching, along with the POOL BOY, 20 and hunky. They huddle under the sheet.

JASON
What the hell.

KAREN
It's...it's exactly what you think.

JASON
The pool boy?

KAREN
He's not a boy.

JASON
No, he's a dick. Get the fuck out.

Pool Boy starts to slide out, but she stops him.

KAREN
We need to talk.

JASON
Talk?! Talk?! No, no talk. I
can't believe...

Jason whirls and marches out. In bed, Karen turns to Pool Boy.

KAREN
That was awkward. Now, you'll have
to start over.

Pool Boy smiles.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jason, a row of empty shot glasses in front of him, stares into a beer. Over the back bar, a baseball game fills the TV. The Bartender arrives with her worn smile.

BARTENDER
Cash you out?

JASON
You're going to no matter what I
say.

BARTENDER
Want me to call you cab?

JASON
No, I can handle it.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jason drives, and he fights to keep the car on this two-lane road. He slows.

Just ahead, a deer flashes across the road. He brakes but doesn't swerve, stopping in the road.

JASON
Yes! Fucking deer.

He hits the accelerator, and dead ahead in the lights is the Jogger. Jason swerves but clips the Jogger, sending him flying.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Jason walks unsteadily to the Jogger who lies in a crumpled heap.

JASON
Oh my god.

Headlights from another vehicle outline Jason--right before the red and blue bubble lights of a cruiser pop on.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Jason sits on the hard bed, holding his head.

ANGEL (O.S.)
We have to stop meeting like this.

He looks at Angel.

JASON
You wouldn't have some aspirin,
would you?

She taps the bars.

ANGEL
Come here.

He hesitates.

ANGEL
You know how this goes.

He comes to the bars. She reaches through and touches his temple with her long-nailed fingers.

ANGEL
Feel better?

He nods.

JASON
That's a great trick. I could make
you millions.

ANGEL
Not for sale. DUI and accident
with bodily harm? When will you
learn not to drink and drive?

JASON
Tomorrow? Today if you...

She smiles.

ANGEL
Take you back 24 hours?

JASON
You can do it.

ANGEL
What do you say?

JASON
Please?

INT. TRADING ROOM - DAY

Jason kills the connection and dials a number as Ron watches.

RON
You got something?

Jason holds up one finger as he talks on the phone.

JASON
I want you buy every Bolivar you
can get your hands on. That's
right, every one.

Jason hangs up and turns to Ron.

RON
You're sure about this?

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Jason stands before the big desk of the company President.

PRESIDENT
And that tip paid off in millions.

Jason grins.

PRESIDENT
Take the rest of the day.

INT. CAR - DAY

Jason drives, as happy as he can be. He slams the steering wheel.

JASON
My angel! Third time's the charm.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Loosening his tie, Jason hustles through the kitchen.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jason enters and skirts the bed where Karen and Pool Boy huddle under the sheet.

JASON
Don't mind me.

KAREN
Jason?

He disappears into the closet.

JASON (O.S.)
The pool boy is a little cliché
don't you think?

KAREN
He's not a boy.

JASON (O.S.)
No, he's a dick.

Pool Boy starts to slide out, but she stops him.

KAREN
We need to talk.

JASON (O.S.)
Talk?! Talk?! We're way past
talking.

Jason emerges from the closet with bag in hand. He heads for the door.

KAREN

Jason?

JASON

Hire a good attorney.

And Jason is gone. Karen turns to Pool Boy.

KAREN

That was awkward. Now, you'll have to start over.

Pool Boy smiles.

EXT. RESORT - DAY

The portico of an expensive resort, Jason's car pulls in, and a VALET rushes up to open the door. Jason climbs out, smiles, and walks inside.

INT. RESORT BAR - NIGHT

Jason sits at the bar of a luxurious resort. He smiles at the two empty shot glasses in front of him. Onto the stool next to him slides MARNIE, 40, pretty and well-kept, a woman from a very expensive world.

MARNIE

This seat taken?

JASON

It is now. What are you drinking?

MARNIE

Vodka.

JASON

My kind of lady.

Jason signals to the Bartender who nods.

MARNIE

I'm Marnie.

JASON

Nice to meet you, Marnie. I'm Jason.

MARNIE

And I'm a lady only in public.

Jason grins.

EXT. RESORT ROOM - BALCONY - NIGHT

Jason, wearing boxers, sips vodka and looks out over a gorgeous pool seven floors below. This place looks as peaceful and safe as Eden.

MARNIE (O.S.)

Jason.

He turns to find Marnie in as little lingerie as possible, as sexy as red lipstick. She smiles and beckons him.

INT. RESORT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jason crosses the room of this sumptuous suite. When he gets within arm reach, she SLAPS him quick and hard.

JASON

What the hell?

She slaps him again.

JASON

Stop!

She goes to slap him a third time, and he grabs her wrist. She winds up the other arm, and he drops his tumbler to grab that wrist.

JASON

STOP!

MARNIE

Hit me.

JASON

This is crazy.

MARNIE

Hit me!

JASON

No.

He pushes her away, and she attacks again, swinging at him. He grabs her wrists again.

MARNIE

Pussy. Hit me!

She leans forward and bites his shoulder. He YELPS and pushes her away. She grins, blood on her chin. She wipes the blood with a finger and sucks it.

JASON
I'm leaving.

Shoulder bleeding, he starts for his clothes, and she launches another attack. Instead of grabbing her wrists, he slaps her hard, rocking her. She backs up a step, rubbing her reddening cheek.

JASON
I don't want to hurt you.

MARNIE
But you're going to.

She attacks yet again, and this time, he grabs her arm, swings her, and spins her out of control.

She trips on his vodka tumbler and falls into the glass coffee table which breaks, slicing her thigh and creating a geyser of blood.

As the blood hits him, Jason rushes forward. He falls to his knees and tries to stop the bleeding. Blood leaking through his fingers, he looks around for help.

And SCREAMS.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Jason sits on the hard bed, dried blood on face and hair. He looks up as Angel walks to the bars.

ANGEL
Miss me?

He stands and comes to the bars.

JASON
You've got to help me. It's really serious this time.

ANGEL
Manslaughter always is.

JASON
I didn't kill anyone. You know that.

ANGEL
Me and you, Jason. Everyone else thinks something else.

JASON
Just send me back and I promise,
promise to stay out of trouble.

ANGEL
Do you really think you can do
that?

He stares.

ANGEL
Oh, I know you'll try, but you
tried the last two times, didn't
you?

JASON
What are you saying?

ANGEL
I think you like trouble, or
trouble likes you.

JASON
Bad luck, Angel, bad luck.

ANGEL
DUI. Bodily harm. Manslaughter.
What's next, murder?

He studies her, and his eyes narrow.

JASON
You...you can see the future?

She shrugs.

JASON
You knew what would happen, and you
sent me back?

ANGEL
You asked.

JASON
But guardian angels are supposed to
help.

ANGEL
Who said I was a goody-goody
guardian angel?

JASON
Wait, all angels are good.

ANGEL

Not the ones who got kicked out.

He gapes, and she smiles. Then, she reaches through the bars and jerks his face tight so she can kiss him. He struggles and eventually breaks free.

He rubs his lips as if he's tasted the worst thing ever.

ANGEL

Still want to go back?

She laughs and laughs and laughs.

FADE OUT.