

HEAVEN SENT

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. DR. MARTHA MCNALLY'S SUN ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bright sunlight streams in through the wall of windows. It's not just day, it's a gorgeous day.

There's a faint repetitive beep, beep, beep of medical equipment. It's connected to DR. MARTHA MCNALLY, 97, who is slowly losing her last grip on life.

We see her struggle, short, jagged breaths escape her paper thin lips. Her eyes are almost completely devoid of life as they stare blankly out the window.

We pan around the room to see a shrine to Martha's accomplishments. She has several degrees from prestigious universities.

There are pictures of her volunteering during The War. One in particular where she's unloading boxes of supplies from a jeep while men in uniforms look on.

Another picture shows Martha passing out shoes to impoverished children.

Yet another shows her first graduation, and then second, third, fourth...

We see certificates of excellence hanging on the walls in ornate oak frames.

Then colorful photos of Martha with her grandchildren and then great-grandchildren.

Martha's room is a testament to her incredible life.

We stop as we see a seemingly out of place bouquet of brightly colored balloons, streamers, and a "Welcome" sign.

Under these odd party decorations sits HALLIE, 40s, who's wearing a party hat and is ready with a noise maker.

Beep. Beep. Beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep. Martha flatlines. Hallie is perched excitedly on the edge of the wing back leather chair.

A NURSE rushes in followed closely by A SWEET LOOKING WOMAN. The Nurse doesn't acknowledge Hallie, but the woman does. They exchange calm, knowing glances.

Hallie picks up the basket beside her and readies herself, facing the chair's mate beside her.

Slowly, Martha materializes in the accompanying chair. She's healthy and looks strong.

Hallie is ecstatic. She can barely get the words out fast enough.

HALLIE

Hi Martha! I'm Hallie. I'm your guardian angel!

She wiggles in her chair like an excited child who knows she should probably be still.

Martha is disoriented and it takes her a moment.

MARTHA

Hi.

Hallie thrusts the gift basket toward her and blows the noise maker.

Martha looks through her gifts; "Welcome to Heaven: A Guide To Your Personal Afterlife," a party hat similar to Hallie's, mini muffins, and a pair of aloe infused fuzzy socks.

Hallie beams at her eagerly.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(calmly)

I'm dead?

HALLIE

Yes. I'm sorry I didn't have more decorations, but I've been hauling them back and forth for weeks while you fought off this pneumonia, and I just didn't have time to grab the whole package.

MARTHA

That's ok. Mini muffins?

She picks one up and turns it over in her hands like she isn't sure what to do with it.

HALLIE

You don't have to eat it! Literally, I mean. You never have to eat again. But, I thought, what do humans like in gift baskets and who doesn't love mini muffins?

She grabs the socks.

HALLIE (CONT'D)
And aloe infused fuzzy socks? I
mean, am I right?!

Martha smiles, placating Hallie.

EXT. THE PORCH OF A LUSH COTTAGE AT A SERENE LAKE - DAY

Hallie and Martha sit in large, comfortable Adirondack chairs on a meticulously manicured patio overlooking the gem stone colored waters of the lake in front of them.

Snow capped mountains frame the other edge of the lake, and wild herons swoop overhead catching fish.

It's a perfect day.

Hallie takes a final sip of her lavender lemonade and rises from her chair.

HALLIE
Martha, your imagination is
fantastic. This place is a true
paradise. I wish I could stay.

Martha sets her own lavender lemonade down and stands to meet Hallie.

MARTHA
You're leaving?

HALLIE
I have to. Being your guardian
angel has been wonderful. You're on
a long list of important,
accomplished women who I've been
given the privilege to guide to
their greatness. And now there's
another baby girl out there ready
to be born. And I just happen to be
free!

She nudges Martha who returns with a warmer smile than before.

HALLIE (CONT'D)
Oh, just for reference. Your
husband is here somewhere. Probably
on the lake fishing! Your parents
are just across that very inviting
path.

She gestures towards a sunny wooded area with a stone lined path running through it.

HALLIE (CONT'D)

And the miscarriage you had when you were 24? It's a girl! You can find her with your mom in the garden by her house.

Martha's eyes are shimmering with tears. Her family. She missed them.

Hallie comes in for a final hug.

HALLIE (CONT'D)

Have the greatest afterlife, Martha. It was wonderful being your angel. I'm going to miss you!

Martha hangs on the hug for another moment then waves "goodbye" to Hallie.

Her face is shining as she starts toward the path in the woods.

Hallie watches her like a proud mother.

END OF COLD OPEN

INT. GOD'S OFFICE - DAY

GOD 40s, sits behind her shining white desk which is stacked with white folders. There's a white marble nameplate on the desk that says "God." She's in a white pantsuit.

Behind her is an illuminated white bookcase that fills the entire wall. Some of the shelves contain books and some contain her "favorite things."

There's a miniature elephant that lives happily on one shelf, a lush rainforest on another, a slow loris captivated with a stick, the Pacific ocean, an original Nintendo console with Super Mario Bros. 3, some hand drawn artwork by kids, a sweater for a medium sized dog, and a Jar Jar Binks figurine.

An ANGEL enters and we see her white heels as they click across the white marble floor. She tosses another white folder onto God's desk.

GOD

No, no more. I'm busy enough.

ANGEL

We have a problem.

God shoots a "what kind of problem" look. The Angel gestures to the file she brought.

God opens the file and reads down a ways before...

GOD

Noooooooooo.

She grimaces.

ANGEL

What do you want me to do? She's outside.

God jumps up from behind her desk looking around the minimally decorated space for a place to hide. She considers the ficus.

GOD

Of my office?!

The ficus isn't tall enough. The Angel nods.

GOD (CONT'D)

Tell her we'll meet tomorrow.

ANGEL

Listen, I really want to, but we've been putting this off for decades and the longer you ignore her the more she bugs me.

God groans and slumps in her chair. She's thinking. How can she avoid this meeting?

GOD

Ok, what is there?

ANGEL

She has some suggestions.

GOD

Of course she does.

God takes a look around her peaceful office and frowns.

GOD (CONT'D)

Let her in.

INT. GOD'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

The waiting room is decorated to look like any place in Florida. Posters and giant leafy plants sit amidst wicker furniture. The tropical floral motif is reminiscent of the Golden Girls living room.

BETH 30s, sits anxiously on the edge of the wicker sofa.

There's a stack of Reader's Digests and a rerun of "The Golden Girls" playing on the TV, but Beth just stares at the door with an almost psychotic grin on her face.

The Angel opens the door, and Beth pops up.

ANGEL

Come on in. She'll see you now.

Beth straightens her sensible blazer and smooths her trousers. Everything about her is beige.

INT. GOD'S OFFICE - DAY

Beth strides confidently into God's office, straight up to the desk. Neither God nor the Angel look particularly thrilled, but Beth is almost jumping out of her skin.

BETH

Thank you for seeing me today.

God looks at the Angel, they're both stone faced.

GOD

Congratulations on the promotion,
Beth. You've been working hard.

Beth's face lights up. She **has** been working hard, and it's finally been noticed.

GOD (CONT'D)

Now, I hear you have an idea of
where you'd like to go.

Beth pulls a note pad from her blazer pocket.

BETH

Just a few.

She laughs as she flips through the pages. No one else is amused.

BETH (CONT'D)

Ok, so I see the department of Thoughts and Prayers **really** needs an overhaul. Nothing there is working.

God shakes her head.

BETH (CONT'D)

Oh, ok, well, there's also the Ministry of Miracles.

GOD

You know, we made an executive decision to pull back on miracles. They just aren't appreciated. That office is running efficiently.

Beth is disappointed. She'd had some ideas.

BETH

Right. So there's also the office of Soul Assignment.

God starts to say "no" but Beth cuts her off.

BETH (CONT'D)

Which, before you say 'no' I just want to remind you that I am very good with human personalities. I'm organized, efficient, pragmatic, and I can juggle multiple personalities simultaneously.

The Angel covers a laugh with a cough.

God looks at Beth thoughtfully. She is all of those things. Giving her a busy department would work out for her.

GOD

What about the Guardian Angel program?

The Angel's mouth drops.

ANGEL

My lord, um...

God raises a hand to stop her. This is a good idea.

Beth looks ecstatic.

BETH

Wow! Really?

GOD

Yeah. I mean, it'll utilize all your strengths, and it's been in need of a revamp for a good century or two. Yes. I'm going to promote you to head of the Guardian Angel Program.

Beth nearly launches across the desk to shake God's hand. This is a big deal. **Beth** is now a big deal.

God is less enthusiastic but shakes her hand all the same.

GOD (CONT'D)

You should head over there now. Get used to the place. I'll visit soon.

BETH

Thank you! I am so grateful for this opportunity! I won't let you down. It'll be a flagship program. All the other departments will aspire to rise to its greatness! You'll see.

The Angel ushers Beth out as God smiles and waves. That was easier than she thought.

The Angel closes the door on Beth and whips back around.

ANGEL

The GA program? Are you serious?

God waves it off.

GOD

It runs itself. All she's going to have to do is file paperwork and annoy everybody over there. It's far enough away from my office that we won't have to deal with her, and busy enough to keep her from knowing we're avoiding her!

A smile crosses the Angel's face.

ANGEL

That's smart.

GOD

Of course it is! That's why I get the nice pantsuit.

They both laugh.

INT. GUARDIAN ANGEL PROGRAM HEAD OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Hallie is giddy as she skips into the head office of the GA program. She doesn't even mind the mustard yellow walls or creaky filing cabinets.

An angel storms past her. That's odd. Everyone in the GA loves their job.

SY, 20s, a dainty angel with a high voice, is in the corner crying with his assignment folder in his hands.

HALLIE

Sy?

He looks up. His face is streaked with tears.

SY

Hi, Hallie.

He can barely speak as he sobs.

HALLIE

What is happening?

SY

It's so awful! Look at this!

She opens the folder and there's a picture of a couple smiling and holding assault rifles with two dead deer strapped to their truck behind them.

HALLIE

Not... your typical style... but
I'm sure you'll be just fine with
their baby.

Sy snuffles. He pulls a gold trimmed handkerchief from the pocket of his stylish mauve suit and dabs his eyes.

SY

You think?

Hallie reaffirms her positivity and smiles at Sy.

HALLIE

Sy, you are warm and caring. Your
charges turn into the kindest
people. Any baby would be lucky to
have you.

Sy's tears dry a little, and he smiles at her.

HALLIE (CONT'D)

And, I mean, who cares about the guns and camo and camping. You'll still be awesome.

Sy's smile fades.

SY

Camping? Omg, I didn't even **think** about that!

He gets up and runs out of the office sobbing.

Wow, that was rough. What the heck is even happening here? That's so not Sy's typical charge.

Hallie's watch buzzes. Crap. The baby is about to be born. She needs to grab her folder and...

Holy mother of sequoias is that Beth?!

She drops to the floor and creeps towards the desk. The files are all lined neatly in an organizer. Hallie can see her name. She'll just grab it and head out.

She reaches her hand up toward the folder. Slowly. So slowly as to not be seen...

BETH

Hallie?

Crap. She's caught.

BETH (CONT'D)

What are you doing down there?

Hallie pops up and holds her watch in her hand.

HALLIE

Here it is! Dropped this gem. Can't do anything without it, right?

The watch buzzes again. She's going to miss the baby's birth.

HALLIE (CONT'D)

Oops, looks like I'm running late! Gotta get to that birthing room!

She grabs her folder but Beth stops her.

BETH

I just have a couple of things I need to cover with you.

AN EXCITED ANGEL behind Beth waves furiously. He mouths the word "run" at Hallie and then mock hangs himself.

HALLIE

I'm sure it'll be ok. You know,
I've been doing this awhile. And
it's so bad if you're late for the
birth.

BETH

Oh, I know, it's a priority. But
there have been a few changes.

Hallie edges towards the door. She can do this. She can get away.

HALLIE

You know what? It's ok! We can talk
about them later. I just need to
make sure I'm there to meet my
little princess when she arrives
screaming straight from her
mother's vagina.

She's almost at the door. Beth is trying to follow her but the Excited Angel is trying to get Beth's attention.

EXCITED ANGEL

You cannot give me this mess. Beth!
Beth, are you listening?

It's Hallie's chance. She runs towards the door, and she's out before Beth can look up.

BETH

Well, she's in for a surprise.

EXCITED ANGEL

Beth! I'm serious here!

Beth rolls her eyes and focuses her attention back to the Excited Angel.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING

Hallie rushes through the doors. JOYCE HARRINGTON, 34, is on the table breathing rhythmically as her husband, OSCAR HARRINGTON, 37, matches her breathing. They're definitely hippies.

JOYCE'S ANGEL, 50s and kindly, is running her hands over Joyce's belly and humming while OSCAR'S ANGEL periodically reminds him to positively reinforce his wife.

OSCAR'S ANGEL
That's good, honey.

OSCAR
You're doing great!

Hallie smiles and looks at the SWEATY ANGEL guiding the DOCTOR'S hands.

SWEATY ANGEL
Look who decided to show up.

HALLIE
Have you been upstairs lately?

OSCAR'S ANGEL
What's happening?

JOYCE'S ANGEL
Hey, focus on the task here.

JOYCE
Oscar! Focus!

OSCAR
I am, sweetheart!

Joyce's Angel glares at Oscar's Angel and they resume their guidance. Joyce and Oscar fall back into their rhythmic breathing.

Hallie squats down near the Sweaty Angel.

HALLIE
This never gets old.

Her smile encompasses her entire face.

SWEATY ANGEL
You aren't elbows deep in it every day.

HALLIE
Oh, come on. This is what we're here for. The miracle of human life!

SWEATY ANGEL
(nodding toward the doctor)
I wanted her to be elbow's deep in the miracle of reshaping noses, but vaginas it is.

DOCTOR
Here it comes!

Everyone else is annoyed and exhausted, but Hallie is practically giddy.

HALLIE
C'mon, sweet girl! You can do it!
Where's Hallie's little princess?

Joyce lets out a few deep groans as she bears down and finishes pushing her baby into the world.

Hallie gets down face level with Joyce's vagina. All the other angels seem a bit put off.

HALLIE (CONT'D)
There she is! There's my sweet girl! Hello, prince...

DOCTOR
Congratulations Mr. & Mrs. Harrington, it's a boy!

HALLIE
What?!

INT. JACE'S OFFICE 37 YEARS LATER - DAY

It's a relatively normal Pittsburgh fall day. The sun is hiding firmly behind the clouds. Everything is tinged with a slight, dreary gray.

Hallie stares out the large, floor to ceiling window of a tall office building at the river below. The sunny yellow of the Fort Pitt bridge does nothing to brighten the haze surrounding it.

The gloomy weather matches perfectly to Hallie's gloomy mood. She looks up from the window to see JACE HARRINGTON, 37, a strikingly handsome and cocky man, running his fingers along the edge of his mahogany desk.

His eyes follow the smooth line his fingers trace along the desk where he's perched. Jace's voice matches the motion as he ensnares the woman on the other end of the call.

JACE
Of course, Mrs. Oswald-Neigan, I want you to be secure as well.

Hallie recognizes the name and trudges toward the desk. She's simultaneously exhausted and annoyed.

JACE (CONT'D)

Well, I'm sure we can do something
to make you feel... protected.

Hallie waves her hand in front of Jace's face and guides his gaze to the picture on his desk of his wife, Kyra.

His tone becomes slightly more professional.

JACE (CONT'D)

I look forward to that too. Ok,
we'll see you soon.

He hangs up the phone, Hallie still holding his gaze on Kyra's picture.

His gaze is broken, however, when his secretary, ALEXIS, 25 with an ass made for Instagram, saunters into his office.

Behind Alexis is NIGH, a nerdy nervous angel, holding a leather bound notebook.

NIGH

Hey, Hallie.

HALLIE

Hey, Nigh, you ok?

ALEXIS

Hello, Mr. Harrington.

NIGH

We... were up all night.

Nigh gives Hallie a look. Hallie gets it. Alexis had a sleep over.

JACE

Well, don't you look nice today?

Alexis slides the file across the desk to him, leaning down just enough for him to get a peek down her dress.

NIGH

I am so sorry, Hallie.

HALLIE

Not your fault!

ALEXIS

Thank you, Mr. Harrington.

Jace gets up and closes the door to his office. Nigh and Hallie take their attack stances.

Alexis pops herself up onto the desk where Jace was just sitting.

Hallie gets in front of Jace while Nigh blankets Alexis.

It's no use. Jace saunters back over to his desk. He's hovering over Alexis at this point. The Angels are squished between them, trying to keep any distance.

Alexis switches the legs she has crossed. The slit in her dress opens and reveals a muscled and tanned thigh. We follow Jace's gaze up her body where it settles on her exposed cleavage.

Her toned arms brace the rest of her on the desk so she can push her chest out as far as it can go. Jace reaches through her arms to retrieve the file she just gave him. He brushes her hip and thigh as he pulls it back through. She doesn't move.

JACE

Someone hit the gym hard this weekend.

ALEXIS

I got my cardio in.

Nigh rolls his eyes and tries to herd her out of the door. She complies. Slowly. Running her hands along her boss' desk as seductively as she can.

Hallie waves her hands frantically in front of an unaffected Jace, unable to grab his attention.

Nigh turns back before practically shoving Alexis out of the office.

NIGH

Sorry again, Hallie!

HALLIE

Not your fault!

She waves frantically again at Jace, finally getting his attention and drawing his focus to the folder in his hand. He's still smiling.

Collapsing to the floor in front of his desk, she groans.

HALLIE (CONT'D)

You're the worst!

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Jace grabs the nearly empty pot of coffee and pours himself a cup.

HALLIE
Finish the pot. Don't put just a
little back.

He leaves just a few drips in the pot and puts it back on the hot burner.

HALLIE (CONT'D)
C'mon! It's gonna burn and stink up
the place!

Jace smiles at the person who walks into the room as he's exiting, taking a sip of his coffee.

INT. MAIN OFFICE SPACE - DAY

Hallie tries to hurry Jace along as he eavesdrops on two employees talk about their personal lives.

EMPLOYEE 1 (V.O.)
Did you tell him?

EMPLOYEE 2 (V.O.)
Yeah. He was pissed.

EMPLOYEE 1 (V.O.)
It's totally curable with
antibiotics.

EMPLOYEE 2 (V.O.)
He still dumped me.

EMPLOYEE 1 (V.O.)
I'm so sorry!

One of the GUARDIAN ANGELS pops their head around the corner of the cubicle. Hallie mouths the words "I'm sorry" as the Angel glares at both her and Jace.

INT. JACE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jace is composing an email to all staff entitled "Health Watch - STDs; What's Reportable and What's Not."

The Guardian Angel from earlier glares at Hallie from the door of the office. Hallie looks defeated

She turns around and glares at Jace across the desk.

HALLIE

The. Worst.

INT. MAIN OFFICE SPACE - ELEVATORS - DAY

Jace smiles and shakes the hands of TWO MEN as they get into the elevators. THEIR ANGELS are trying to hurry them out, looking horrified.

JACE

Thank you, again. You'll have your first investment report soon. Alexis here will be happy to personally deliver it.

Alexis is standing beside Jace, smiling and batting her eyes.

Hallie and Nigh are both annoyed but too tired to try and stop it.

The men and angels enter the elevator and disappear as the doors close.

JACE (CONT'D)

They signed everything?

ALEXIS

Yes, Mr. Harrington.

JACE

Make sure you fudge the numbers just enough to look convincing.

ALEXIS

Always, Mr. Harrington.

Jace looks at Alexis' ample cleavage. He sucks in a breath and heads back to his office.

Nigh and Hallie exchange looks and groan.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

There's a WOMAN, 40s, balancing a briefcase, laptop case, bag of groceries, and a cup of coffee as she digs through her purse for her car keys.

Jace intentionally bumps into her. She drops everything and spills the coffee down her shirt.

WOMAN

Hey!

Jace walks away smiling.

Her ANGEL, 40s, pops out from around the front of her car.

WOMAN'S ANGEL

Hey!

HALLIE

I'm so sorry!

We see broken eggs oozing from the dropped bag of groceries.

INT. JACE'S CAR - DAY

Jace is driving down a tree lined street. A bunny runs out in front of him.

He sees it.

HALLIE

No! Please stop!

He hits it.

HALLIE (CONT'D)

Bunny.

INT. GAS STATION - EVENING

Jace walks up to the counter.

The CASHIER, 19, is pretty and definitely uninterested. He throws a couple packs of condoms on the counter.

Behind the Cashier, her ANGEL, shorter and in her 50s, glares at Hallie.

JACE

What time do you plan on getting
off later?

He winks at her. She's disgusted. The Angel is not amused.

HALLIE

So sorry.

The Cashier rings him out.

EXT. JACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jace closes the door of his gas guzzling SUV and saunters up to the front door of his house. Hallie trudges along behind him.

INT. JACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

KYRA, 35, stunning and classy in an understated way, greets her husband at the door.

KYRA
(kissing him)
Hey, baby. How was work?

Jace's facade melts away with his wife. He genuinely loves her.

JACE
Not the worst day I've had.

He wraps her in his arms and gives her another kiss. She returns it. They're actually sweet together.

Jace inhales deeply.

JACE (CONT'D)
Dinner? You cooked?

Kyra holds up bags from a Greek restaurant.

KYRA
I will heat this up like a pro.

He smacks his hands together and they both head toward the kitchen.

WENCE, 30s, Kyra's angel, casually cool and serene, appears around the corner. We watch his gaze move to focus on Hallie.

WENCE
Hey, buddy. Rough day?

Hallie pouts and whimpers.

WENCE (CONT'D)
Did he kick a baby? Punch an old lady? Throw a dog in the river?

HALLIE
He smooshed a bunny.

Wence gives her a hug.

Wence and Hallie make their way into the living room and watch Jace and Kyra as they unpack the food.

Kyra is giggling and feeding her husband from the take out containers. They look so normal and happy.

WENCE

How is he that bad? Look at how great they are together.

Hallie looks. Jace grabs a stuffed grape leaf and feeds his wife, looking at her like she's the only person in the world.

HALLIE

Crazy, right? Kyra deserves better.

WENCE

Yeah, I agree.

Hallie smacks him.

WENCE (CONT'D)

What? Kyra's awesome. One of the best I've ever guided. And Jace is...

HALLIE

Everyone's worst nightmare.

WENCE

(laughing)
Maybe not that bad.

Hallie shoots him a look and plops on the couch. At home is the only time she gets any rest. Jace doesn't need guidance here. He just needs Kyra.

INT. JACE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jace and Kyra are snuggled up in their pjs on the couch. The bright light from the TV illuminates their content faces.

Wence is rubbing Kyra's back as he sits next to her. Hallie is as far from Jace as she can be, arms crossed, glaring at her charge. He rubs a knot in his neck, but she does nothing to help.

INT. JACE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hallie and Wence are involved in an intense game of Boggle when Hallie's watch buzzes. It startles her.

Wence gives her a quizzical look.

HALLIE

Ugh. Beth.

Wence's eyes get wide, and he shakes his head. Better Hallie than him.

HALLIE (CONT'D)

Keep an eye on him and make sure he keeps breathing. I guess.

INT. JACE AND KYRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jace and Kyra are sound asleep.

INT. JACE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wence salutes Hallie.

WENCE

Good night and good luck.

She glares.

INT. GUARDIAN ANGEL PROGRAM HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

Hallie stares up the corridor from the doors of the GA office to where Beth sits behind her desk.

Beth looks up and motions for Hallie to come closer.

Hallie plops into one of the worn, half upholstered half metal 80s reject office chairs across from Beth.

Beth moves the papers and folders on her desk into neat piles before looking up at Hallie.

BETH

Hey, Hallie! I think we're a little over our scheduled check in. When was the last time we chatted?

FLASHBACK: 37 YEARS AGO

Hallie is leaning over Beth's desk obviously irate.

HALLIE
(yelling)
A boy?! I don't get boys!

BETH
Yeah, but I decided to spice things
up a little. Get the humans out of
their comfort zones.

HALLIE
What about my comfort zone?!

BETH
I mean, if this is really a
problem, I can always reassign you.

HALLIE
(calmer)
Yes! Reassign. That would be
perfect.

Beth grabs a folder on her desk and reads down a list.

BETH
Ah, here we are. There's an opening
in the flight department.

HALLIE
(surprised)
What?

BETH
You know how many extra angels are
needed on an airplane. We have an
angel here requesting a transfer.
You could take her position.

Hallie is angry all over again.

HALLIE
(raising her voice)
I don't want to leave the GA
program!

Beth's had enough. She's patient, but the yelling is getting
on her nerves.

BETH
You can't just give up your human,
Hallie.
(MORE)

BETH (CONT'D)

You don't want to be his GA? Fine. But you can't just move to another one. Do you know what that does to them? It's... well, it's not good. I was put in charge, and I have a system. So either go back to your human, or take a seat at 35,000 feet.

Beth realizes she rhymed and smiles.

BETH (CONT'D)

Ooh, that rhymed!

Hallie looks defeated.

END FLASHBACK

Hallie's is less than enthusiastic.

HALLIE

It's been awhile.

Beth gets up and walks around the desk, sitting in the chair next to Hallie and taking her hand. Hallie glares at the hand holding. Beth notices but pretends it doesn't matter.

BETH

Do you feel fulfilled, Hallie?

Hallie tries to read her face. What's this trick?

HALLIE

I hate Jace Harrington.

Beth feigns shock.

BETH

Hate is a strong word.

HALLIE

He's a terrible person, despite my efforts.

BETH

Your **best** efforts?

HALLIE

Yes.

Beth stands and goes back to her seat behind her grubby metal desk.

BETH

Here's the thing. This program has had some... hiccups, you might say, in the past few decades.

HALLIE

Ya think? Everyone's mismatched.

BETH

Did I "mismatch" them? Or did I challenge everyone to rise to a different level?

Hallie opens her mouth to speak, but Beth keeps going.

BETH (CONT'D)

When **God** herself appointed me to run this department, I expect she wanted an angel with vision. With gusto. Someone who isn't afraid to try new things. And not everyone's miserable.

Beth waves her hand and the old antenna TV comes on in the office.

We see Sy, the emotional angel from before, helping his BOY, 12, barricade the door. The Boy is dressed in camo cargo pants and a dirty t-shirt.

INT. DARK BASEMENT - DAY

Sy waves his hands over the door lock to make sure it sticks a little.

The boy switches on the TV and pops **The Little Mermaid** VHS tape into the VCR.

BOY

(singing along with the movie)

Look at this stuff. Isn't it neat?
Wouldn't you think my collection's complete?

Sy is conducting like it's a symphony.

BOY (CONT'D)

Wouldn't you think I'm the girl,
the girl who has everything!

BOY'S DAD (V.O.)
 Hey, git out here an help me gut
 this deer! Where the hell is that
 kid?

The boy lowers his head and ends the tape, hiding it back in
 a special spot.

He and Sy sadly trudge out the door.

INT. GUARDIAN ANGEL PROGRAM HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

Hallie's face is unwavering.

HALLIE
 Ok, but that example isn't fair. Sy
 is amazing wherever you put him.

BETH
 So, what you're saying is that it
 could be you?

HALLIE
 What?! Beth, you have to be
 kidding! Look at my track record.
 Look at the **women** I've guided. I
 have a variable who's who of
 feminist icons.

BETH
 Hallie, honestly, everyone else was
 just as shaken as you when they got
 out of character assignments, but
 you're the only one complaining.
 And complaining looks bad. On me.

Hallie opens her mouth to speak.

BETH (CONT'D)
 Jace Harrington is a terrible
 person.

HALLIE
 Like I said, I'm trying. He has a
 mind of his own.

BETH
 Well, you're going to have to do
 something. Because if he were to
 die tomorrow, well, he'd be
 going...

She points a finger down. He'd be going "down there."

HALLIE

No kidding.

BETH

So, let's work a little harder. And get that guy started on the up and up. You don't want this to be a blemish on your perfect record.

That strikes a nerve. She does have a perfect record. She begins to say something but Beth cuts her off.

BETH (CONT'D)

(looking at her watch)

Chop chop. Almost morning. Time to start a new day with a new Jace!

Hallie forces a smile and walks purposefully out of the office.

INT. JACE'S CAR - MORNING

Hallie's in the back of the car reading "GUARDIAN ANGEL: HOW TO BE THE LIGHT IN THEIR LIFE" and ignoring Jace. It's raining. Jace is agitated.

JACE

C'mon! People have to go to work!

He honks his horn at a group of elementary aged school children in uniforms who are crossing the street.

Hallie takes a deep breath and tries placing her hands near his shoulders.

HALLIE

Breathe. Feel the calm. Listen to the rain. Have patience. Aren't the children beautiful? Don't we want to nurture them?

Jace looks like, for a moment, he could be accepting Hallie's influence.

A chubby straggler child crosses in front of him.

He lays on the horn and screams out the window.

JACE

Eat less, move faster, you little dough ball!

Hallie slumps back in the seat.

Jace speeds ahead.

EXT. PITTSBURGH STREET - MORNING

A small, white car cuts Jace off, forcing him up onto a sidewalk where he smashes into a stop sign.

The car smashes into a hydrant.

THE DRIVER, 46, a frazzled, gaunt, angry looking man hops out.

Jace jumps out of his car.

Hallie trudges toward where they're yelling at each other.

JACE

I hope you have good insurance!

THE DRIVER

What kind of psycho accelerates in a school zone?

THE ANGEL, 70s, is a sweet, nervous looking lady. She approaches Hallie gingerly. She looks as exhausted as Hallie.

THE ANGEL

So sorry.

HALLIE

It was probably mine's fault anyway.

Jace is in The Driver's face.

JACE

I didn't accelerate. You ran a stop sign.

THE DRIVER

Listen, buddy, I saw you try to plow through those kids.

Jace and The Driver continue to argue.

THE ANGEL

I see yours is just as sweet as mine.

HALLIE

Oh, yeah. Not your usual type, I'm guessing?

THE ANGEL

No. It's been... an experience.

Hallie looks over. Jace is poking the man and yelling.

HALLIE

Same here.

THE ANGEL

You look tired.

HALLIE

Well...

She motions towards Jace, who's taking pictures of The Driver's car with his smartphone while The Driver yells at him to stop.

THE ANGEL

You know...

She hesitates. Maybe she shouldn't share this.

HALLIE

Huh?

THE ANGEL

At least it's not... forever.

HALLIE

Well, no, but it seems like it!

She tries to joke with The Angel, but that just makes The Angel more nervous.

THE ANGEL

Not all humans live as long as others.

She smiles a hesitant smile at Hallie. It's like a light bulb goes off over Hallie's head.

HALLIE

Oh, you can't though.

THE ANGEL

Oh, please don't say anything! I shouldn't have told you!

The Angel starts to back away.

HALLIE

Are you...?

THE ANGEL

No, no, of course not. There's punishment for something like that.

HALLIE

Right. Punishment.

Hallie looks over at Jace. The Driver is now taking pictures of the accident. Jace grabs his phone and throws it.

HALLIE (CONT'D)

What kind of punishment?

She's interested. The Angel looks her over. Can she trust Hallie?

THE ANGEL

At least a thousand years in The Office of Wasted Prayers. And that's if Beth is feeling generous.

HALLIE

Oh, that sounds awful. I've heard enough Cleveland Browns pleas to last me until the end of eternity.

THE ANGEL

And don't forget the road rage curses.

HALLIE

And the, "Jesus, let me make it through this level before the batteries in the controller die," calls.

They look at each other.

THE ANGEL

(simultaneously)
And the sex groans!

HALLIE

(simultaneously)
And the sex groans!

THE ANGEL

Imagine a thousand years of that.

HALLIE

The headphones in that office were just upgraded to the new Beats.

THE ANGEL

They pick up every little whine.

Hallie's lost all her energy. She was almost on board with this.

HALLIE

I guess it isn't really worth it.
What's a few more decades?

THE ANGEL

Right. Because the punishment is awful.

Hallie nods in agreement.

THE ANGEL (CONT'D)

If you get caught.

She smiles sheepishly at Hallie.

Hallie looks over at The Driver who's now being forcibly separated from Jace by a POLICE OFFICER, 30s.

The Driver's eyes are red rimmed and accompanied by dark circles, and his skin is pale and tinged with green and hangs on him like he's experienced a recent, dramatic weight loss.

The Driver's focused not just on Jace, but on everything around him. He's paranoid, and it's making him haggard.

THE ANGEL (CONT'D)

He used to be a college football coach.

HALLIE

Doesn't look in the best shape now.

THE ANGEL

Constantly looking over your shoulder will do that to you. I barely have to do anything any more. He's so nervous, he's either going to have a stroke or a terrible accident.

She smiles confidently for the first time. It's terrible and unsettling. Hallie backs away.

THE ANGEL (CONT'D)

And then I'll request somewhere nice and quiet for a few centuries. Maybe in Iceland. Everyone's happy in Iceland.

The Angel is completely lost in her own fantasy. She could be happy in Iceland.

Hallie looks over. Jace is being put in the back of the police car. The officer is rubbing his jaw while Jace shakes out his right hand.

He hit him. Jace punched a cop.

HALLIE

Thank you for all the information.
It's definitely something I'll
consider.

The Angel snaps back to reality.

THE ANGEL

Oh, yes, good luck dear.

HALLIE

You too!

The Angel climbs into the back of the car and gives Hallie a thumbs up.

The Driver gets back in his car and looks around nervously as he waits inside his vehicle.

The Angel begins poking him in the back of the neck. He's rubbing different spots like they're sore.

She turns back and smiles at Hallie. Hallie gives her a thumbs up.

Hallie trudges over and looks at Jace through the window of the police car.

The OFFICER'S ANGEL, 30s, very authoritative himself, approaches her.

OFFICER'S ANGEL

This one yours?

HALLIE

Yep. All mine.

OFFICER'S ANGEL

He seems like a real treat.

HALLIE

Oh, he is.

OFFICER'S ANGEL

Ever been down the station before?

HALLIE
Surprisingly, no.

OFFICER'S ANGEL
Eh, it's not a big deal if you don't go. If you need to go file a report with Beth or something, it's ok to abandon them in there for awhile.

HALLIE
Thanks.

OFFICER'S ANGEL
No problem. Sometimes we just need a break from these knuckleheads, huh?

HALLIE
Yeah.

OFFICER'S ANGEL
Eh, but we miss them when they're gone.

Hallie stops and looks at him. She smiles.

HALLIE
Thanks so much for your help.

He nods his head and walks back to his charge. She looks at Jace through the glass.

He's still angry. She's amazed. He's sitting in a police car after having punched a cop, and this jerk still thinks he's the one who's been wronged.

She looks back in the direction of the The Driver and his Angel. She's hissing in his ear.

Hallie looks back at Jace

HALLIE (CONT'D)
When they're gone.

We see the rain streaked image of Jace through the glass of the police car. It turns around and we see the same reflection in Hallie's eyes.

A flash crosses her eyes like lightning.

We travel down and see the beginnings of a smile curling up the side of her lips.

THE END.