

[Working Title] Hattie's short film

Characters

Faye

An angel of death that has existed since the beginning of earth. Having existed for so long, she has decided that she wants to consider whether she wants to continue her duty as an angel of death or if she wants to finish her work. She chooses to lose her memory, to see if she will keep on working or if she will die and be reincarnated like other souls.

Ingrid

Another angel of death, only about a thousand years old and Faye's subordinate/mentee. She also takes the form of a golden retriever/labrador when she guides souls, including when she guides Faye. The two have a quiet, unspoken bond and deep trust in eachother. She trusts Faye deeply, and helps Faye die at the end of the story.

Dying Boy

A young man that was murdered and had his soul guided by Faye. The reason for his death is never made clear, however it is shown indirectly that he was stabbed to death. He asks Faye (not overtly in the film) if angels of death can die, which is not an unusual question for her. However she considers how long she has been working as a result, and is inspired by the courage shown in his vulnerable state of mind and decides to consider ending her work.

DAY OF SHOOT:

Tues 3rd Oct (subject to change concerning weather)

LOCATION

- Beach - needs to be a quiet one

PROPS

- Beach fire
- Black coat (Alexander Wang)
- Knife
- Fake blood
- Marshmallows

Faye (not knowing her name just yet) woke suddenly, and found herself surrounded by a vast stretch of coarse, white sand. It scuffed against the fabric of her shirt, rustling around her. The rushing whoosh of the ocean flushed through her eardrums, and she was greeted by a stunning icy silver sea. It was cool, the wind skipping by her and sending goosebumps up her back.

That groggy, sleep-like feeling of amnesia clung to her.

Where am I? Where is this? She wondered

She looked at herself. She wore a white shirt, worn but clean, and had plain black trousers on. She had no shoes or socks on, and her toes were chilly. Next to her, lying in the sand, she found a black coat. She picked it up; it was a simple garment, a bit worn and mostly unimpressive.

She felt a strange connection to it however. It had this feeling, like it had seen so many places, and met so many people. There was a feeling of homesickness when she clung to it. She felt an enormous burden seeping out of the cloth, like so many souls had clung to it as well.

A small yelp of an animal sounded nearby. She snapped up her head. A golden dog was watching her. She didn't move. She barely breathed. It just stared at her. She pulled the coat around herself, like it might stop its fangs by a hair's breadth if it bit her. And yet, it didn't look malevolent. It looked quite friendly. It looked pleased with her. Pleased? Who is this dog? Why is it alone?

The dog turned and began to walk slowly away from her. Funny how it turned so certainly when I asked that.

She stood up, and pulled the coat on over her shoulders. As it settled, it shut the wind out, and she felt a familiar warmth and sturdiness reinforce her footing. A little comforted, she started to follow the dog down the beach.

After a few minutes of walking, she remembered she didn't know where she was. The dog paused in its tracks. It didn't really look at her, and she stood for a moment with it. The only sound around them was the push of water against sand.

She walked slowly, taking in her surroundings. The beach never seemed to end. As she turned, she got the fright of her life. Out of nowhere had appeared a young man, no older than 20. Blood dribbled down his chin. A scuffle. A guttural squishing thud sounded nearby. She spun around, terrified. But there was nobody there.

She choked, gagged on her own breath in shock and horror and stumbled back. He was gone. The young man. There had been a stream of red drooling down his lip. A red flower of thick blood blossomed from his chest.

Dropping to her knees, she grasped at the sand, hoping to uncover his body in the dunes. Her breathing sharpened. Whatever this hell was, it was terrifying. Looking up, she saw him. The young man stood before her, maybe 5 meters away. He wasn't looking at her though, he was looking at something else.

She saw herself, felt herself, as though in a dream, move towards the boy's dying body. It was like some surreal dream, the kind you aren't even sure happened when you wake up. A perfect mirror image. Please, his eyes cried out. She hushed him, placing a hand on his forehead.

She felt herself speak, but it was not in the present. This was a while ago.

FAYE 'I'm not here to hurt you. It's okay.' Her words calmed him. He stopped spasming, and looked calmer. He knew why she was here.

She passed her hand down his forehead, passing over his eyes, nose and mouth. He finally stilled, his last breath pushing out into the wind.

Here he is again. I've seen this man before. I've....helped him. I did something. She looked at the body. He could be sleeping. And then she realised, that the dog was still here.

She turned around slowly. The dog was gone. Instead, there was a young woman. She was wearing black trousers, a white shirt and a black blazer. The same as her.

FAYE 'Who are you?'

INGRID 'A friend.'

FAYE 'That doesn't really help me. What is this place?'

She was quiet for a moment. Then, like the smile on her lips, the memory of the girl blossomed in her head. The memory of half a millennia with this girl shadowing her. Half a millennia of guiding souls to the afterlife.

FAYE 'I know you.'

Ingrid smiled knowingly, a friendly smile.

INGRID 'Do you want to walk for a bit?'

FAYE 'I think that's a good idea.'

The two women walked side by side along the sand.

FAYE 'Why don't I remember anything?'

INGRID 'I don't know. You didn't say you'd forget anything.'

Faye was quiet. It was coming back to her. The boy dying in her hands, his soul glowing into the stars. She remembered she had built a fire by his body that night, a quiet crackling friend next to her. The boy stayed with her a while, and they spoke. The figure with the knife was after money. Money that the boy had owed.

BOY 'Are you going to give me a lecture now?'

FAYE 'I'm an angel of death, not your mother. You can do what you want with yourself.'

The boy was quiet.

BOY 'What happens now? Don't I go to heaven or hell or something?' Faye shook her head

FAYE 'For now you'll float around the world for a bit.'

BOY 'Like...a ghost?'

FAYE 'Something like that, but you can come back anytime.'

She could see he felt vulnerable. No matter how many times this happened, even the oldest souls were afraid in this moment.

FAYE 'It's going to be okay. Here we are, having a conversation around a fire. It could be worse.'

Faye reached into her coat, and produced a bag of fluffy marshmallows. The boy looked astonished, and gave a laugh as Faye began to roast one.

BOY 'You like marshmallows?'

FAYE 'I find them delightful. I keep them on me since people ask for them more than you'd expect.'

The boy smiled, and took a marshmallow.

BOY 'You're a lot nicer than I would have thought an angel of death would be.'
There was a quiet pause.

BOY 'Can I stay a bit longer?'

FAYE 'Of course.'

BOY 'Would you stay with me?'

FAYE 'I'll stay as long as you need.'

After a few minutes of quiet, the young man raised his head.

BOY 'What about you?'

Faye didn't look up. She'd heard this question a couple of times, but not often. Every now and again, someone was curious. But this time, something in his vulnerability struck her. He was bold.

INGRID 'Did you find what you were after, then?'

Ingrid looked mildly concerned; she was good at hiding her thoughts, but she let it seep out sometimes. Faye was quiet.

FAYE 'Yes, I guess so.'

INGRID 'What now then?'

Their eyes met. Faye's eyes were mournful already, fearing the loneliness. Cypress felt such pride for her student.

INGRID ‘This is it. Isn’t it?’

Faye smiled at Ingrid. She placed a hand comfortingly on her student’s shoulder.

FAYE ‘It’s going to be okay. You know I wouldn’t have left you if I didn’t trust you.’

Faye carefully pulled the coat off her shoulders. She felt the cloth in her fingers, and held it out for Ingrid, who gingerly took it. This girl was a thousand years old, and yet her hands were trembling.

Cypress released her hold on the coat, and felt a rush of cool clear energy. The warmth of the atmosphere was softer now, but no less gentle and sweet. She watched as Ingrid pulled the jacket on over her slender arms. Faye smiled deeply.

Ingrid stood and watched as her master turned towards the sea, and began to walk. The weight of the earth and the sky was heavy on this old soul. She could see it in the way she pulled her feet through the coarse sand, each step heavier than the last.

As she reached the ocean’s edge, she turned back one last time and smiled at Ingrid. She smiled back, and exhaled bitterly as Faye vanished into the foam. After a moment, she morphed into the dog again, and trotted back the way she had come.