

ANGELS OF DEATH

PILOT EPISODE - "THE REPLACEMENT"

Written by

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EXT. BEACH - DAY

A wave ripples across a woman's bare feet. The wet sand seeps through her toes.

BARBARA (O.S.)
I am going to miss this the most.

BARBARA (31), gazes out at the dark clouds over the ocean. Behind her, SAM (42), waits impatiently. They wear matching black suits and leather gloves. Are they cops? FBI? Hitmen?

BARBARA
Come on, Sam, kick off those banana
boats of yours and stick your toes
in the sand. With me. Just once.

Sam stoically stares off to the side.

BARBARA
Don't be like that. Say something
to me. Anything.

SAM
We still got a job to do.

Barbara sighs and joins Sam. She is about speak, reach out to him, but he walks off.

She follows, and in the sand only her footprints are visible. A THUNDER CLAP booms from above.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rain pounds the asphalt. An ominous, black town car rolls through and parks next to a modest, two-story suburban home.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

On the dashboard, a vintage Hawaiian, hula girl, bobble-head shakes its hips. Barbara and Sam stare at it.

BARBARA
This could very well be the last
dance. Sam? Samael? Aloha?

Barbara stops the bobble-head. Sam exits. She departs, too.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Barbara catches up with Sam.

BARBARA
Please, just talk to me.

SAM
What's there to talk about? Here.

Sam pulls a sheet of paper from his coat and hands it to her.

BARBARA
Really? On my last job?

SAM
You always said she had a wicked sense of humor.

A SCREAM comes from within the home, followed by a GUN BLAST. Muzzle fire can be seen in an upstairs window.

SAM
We're late.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam and Barbara enter. Another BLAST. He nods to a staircase.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Sam and Barbara gaze at a trail of blood on the carpet. The hallway splits into two different paths.

BARBARA
Sam, can you just --

SAM
I'll follow the blood. You go and see if anybody else is still alive.

Sam is off. Barbara heads the opposite way, shouting back:

BARBARA
Fine, if you don't want to talk, then listen, because I've got to get this off my chest.

Sam hears a CLATTER. He presses himself against the wall. The HUSBAND, holding a gun, drunkenly stumbles out of a bedroom. The Husband staggers past Sam like he's invisible.

HUSBAND
Why did you make me do it? Why?

BARBARA (O.S.)
You know, we've been partners for a
long time. A very long time, and
we've been through a lot together.

Sam is about to push open the door the Husband came from,
when a frantic WIFE bursts out and into his arms.

WIFE
He's going to kill me! Help me!

SAM
Ma'am, calm down. Ma'am.
(to Barbara)
I've got the wife!

GIRL'S BEDROOM

Barbara strolls up to the bed.

BARBARA
Let me finish, Sam.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Sam tries to restrain the Wife while the Husband rants
nonsensically from around the corner.

SAM
Ma'am, you're in shock. Relax.

WIFE
He's going -- my daughter?

GIRL'S BEDROOM

Barbara kneels down and sees, hiding under the bed, the ten-
year-old, DAUGHTER, doing her best to stifle her cries.

BARBARA
I just need for you to understand
why I accepted the promotion.

Barbara stares at the Daughter, terrified, alone, but the
Daughter doesn't seem to see Barbara at all.

SAM (O.S.)
Barbara, we'll talk later, just
focus on the job at hand.

Barbara rips a glove off and jolts up.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The Wife grows more hysterical.

WIFE

What job?! Do something!

GIRL'S BEDROOM

Barbara sees a ceramic lamp on a night stand. The Daughter's quaking is causing the lamp to quiver on the stand's edge.

Barbara puts her glove-less finger up against the lamp.

STAIRCASE

The Husband, distraught, disorientated, sits on a step.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The Wife slams her fist into Sam's chest.

WIFE

Help us!

GIRL'S BEDROOM

Barbara's finger trembles against the lamp.

SAM (O.S.)

Barbara. Stick to the plan.

STAIRCASE

The Husband mutters. He puts the gun under his chin.

GIRL'S BEDROOM

SAM (O.S.)

Always follow the plan!

Barbara looks repulsed, but nudges the lamp over the edge.

STAIRCASE

The Husband pulls on the trigger, about to blow his brains out, when CRASH. He peers over at a door.

GIRL'S BEDROOM

The Daughter's eyes narrow on the shattered lamp. She sees the door creak open and then her father's blood-stained feet.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

WIFE

Please, he's going to kill us!

SAM

We know. That's the plan.

Sam gestures at something behind the Wife. She turns and sees herself, her corpse, lying in a pool of blood.

Her daughter's SCREAM fills the air.

GIRL'S BEDROOM

The Daughter claws the floor as the Husband yanks her out.

DAUGHTER

No. Daddy. No. Mommy! Mommy!

Barbara can't bear to watch.

HALLWAY

The Wife gapes at Sam, still trying to comprehend it all.

DAUGHTER (O.S.)

Mommy! No. Help! Mommy!

WIFE

Who are -- but why?

SAM

It's our job, Ma'am.

A GUN BLAST.

HARD CUT TO:

ANGELS OF DEATH MAIN TITLE: A PAIR OF ANGEL WINGS MOLDED INTO A BADGE WITH THE LETTERS A.O.D. BRANDED INTO IT.

INT. STATION HOUSE - DAY

Past a crumbling, marble archway a loud, disruptive office bullpen buzzes with ANGELS dealing with their recently departed souls. Think, the old cop show: "Hill Street Blues."

SOPHIA (36), fiery, sits at a desk with a DUMB PARTY GIRL.

SOPHIA

For the millionth time, you are dead. Ceased to exist. Shed your mortal coil. Expired. D-E-A-D.

DUMB PARTY GIRL

So are we like going to be done by like noon then, cuz, I totally got this tanning sess?

Sophia seethes and jabs at the keys on her typewriter.

DONAHAN (34), large, barrel-chested, grips the arm of a YOUNG HIPSTER KID as he talks to some other Angels.

DONAHAN

So we are down on Ventura and this moron is texting on his phone --

YOUNG HIPSTER KID

I am right here, man.

DONAHAN

And then the shit-for-brains walks right in front of this bus, right? Whammo! We had to retrieve his soul a half a block down. It got knocked out of his body so damn hard.

ELIJAH (53), the drained boss, is hounded by ARIEL (28), tightly-wound, holding a stack of paper.

ARIEL

Do you even know it's the twenty-first century, and there are things like ipads and smartphones now? So why are we filling out paper forms in triplicate for just a simple suicide. This is absurd, Elijah.

ELIJAH

Preaching to the choir here, Ariel. I just hand out the orders from upstairs, okay? That's my job. And your job is, guess what, to fill the forms out in triplicate.

Sam and Barbara usher the dead FAMILY inside. Barbara puts a consoling arm around the still-stunned Daughter.

WIFE

You selfish bastard.

SAM

Just calm down. It's over. We'll get you processed and on your way.

HUSBAND

I'm sorry. I just couldn't stand the idea of us being apart.

All the other Angels turn their gaze to the group as they enter, contempt in most of the Angels' eyes.

WIFE

So you killed us? You killed your own daughter.

HUSBAND

I'm sorry, honey. Daddy wasn't thinking right. Please, forgive me?

Donahan sneers at Barbara as they pass him.

WIFE

You're pathetic. And you wonder why I was leaving you.

HUSBAND

That's why I did it, because you just kept pushing and pushing me for the divorce. So really, really it's all your fault.

The Wife pounces at the Husband. Sam tries to curb her.

WIFE

I'm going to -- you son of a --

SAM

Hey. Hey! Barbara, a little help.

Barbara is too busy glaring back at the other Angels. Sam yanks the Wife to the side and holds her at bay.

SAM

Stop. Stop! No sense fighting over what can't be undone. You're dead. Accept it.

(to the entire bullpen)

Get back to work!

The other Angels return to their own work.

SAM

Barbara?

An awkward beat of silence between everyone until:

DAUGHTER

I forgive you, Daddy.

INT. STATION HOUSE - JAIL - DAY

A cell door thunders open. A JAILER ANGEL motions for a couple of unsavory individuals to come out.

JAILER ANGEL

Move it. Your ride is here.

INT. STATION HOUSE - VESTIBULE - DAY

The jail activity happens behind TREVOR (40), hunchback, as he sits inside a drab glass booth, stamping some papers. A sign above the booth reads: PROCESSING WINDOW.

The Family, Sam and Barbara stand in front of the booth.

HUSBAND

Heaven is a DMV?

Trevor gives a creepy chuckle and mutters something.

BARBARA

This is not the afterlife. This place is basically a bridge from the mortal world, Earth, to all the spiritual realms.

HUSBAND

Thank goodness. Could you imagine spending eternity in this place.

Trevor gives a creepier chuckle as he slides off his stool.

TREVOR

So just the one, right?

SAM

Correct.

TREVOR

I got a shipment going down right now, but we got to hurry.

A steel door next to Trevor's window hisses open. Sam grabs the Husband by the arm and forces him forward.

HUSBAND

Wait. What's going on?

BARBARA

Sam, what if they send me up right away? We haven't spoken yet.

SAM

Send me a postcard.

DAUGHTER

Daddy?

Barbara puts a comforting hand on the Daughter's shoulder.

BARBARA

I know it's tough, but he doesn't deserve to go with you.

HUSBAND

Wait! My family.

The steel door slams shut on Sam and the struggling Husband.

At the end of the hall, another door opens; a bright white light emanates from the other side of it.

INT. STATION HOUSE - JAIL - DAY

Sam and Trevor propel the Husband past all the holding cells.

HUSBAND

You can't do this. Help...

TREVOR

So crazy thing about Barbara, eh?
Can you believe it, the first
promotion in forty years? The whole
station is on edge. Everyone is
wondering, why her and why now?

SAM

Don't know, don't care.

TREVOR

You're not the tiniest bit curious?

Off of Sam's look, Trevor gives his creepy chuckle.

TREVOR

The always unflappable, Samael.

HUSBAND

Don't I get a trial? I want to see a lawyer.

TREVOR

Don't fret. There's plenty of them where you're going.

INT. STATION HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

Bright florescent lights shine on a congregation of people milling around in an outdated, hospital-esque waiting room.

Bolted to the walls, old-tube television monitors play a prerecorded message. The FEMALE HOST feigns sincerity.

FEMALE HOST

Thank you for your patience as we prepare to move you on to the afterlife. We understand your death can be quite jarring, so if you have any concerns, issues, or questions, please feel free to stop one of our agents and discuss...

Barbara leads the Daughter and Wife inside.

WIFE

So we're going to Heaven, right?

BARBARA

If you have Judeo-Christian beliefs, then, in a manner of speaking, yes, you both have been processed to go to Heaven.

DAUGHTER

So then you're my guarding Angel.

Barbara stammers, not knowing what to say.

ELIJAH (O.S.)

Barbara!

Elijah pushes through the throng of people. Barbara motions the Wife and Daughter deeper into the lounge.

BARBARA

There's an orientation video and pamphlets that will go over everything you need to know about your ascent.

The Daughter hugs a surprised Barbara.

DAUGHTER

Thank you.

BARBARA

You're, you're welcome.

WIFE

Come on, let's go, baby.

The Wife pulls the Daughter away. Barbara waves good-bye.

ELIJAH

Made a new friend, I see.

BARBARA

A friend I ensured got murdered.

ELIJAH

Well, right now you can use all the friends you can get. This promotion business is getting out of hand. I've broken up three fights since the announcement yesterday; that's why the Creator is sending you up with this next batch of souls.

BARBARA

But I have to say goodbye to Samael first.

ELIJAH

Hey, those are the orders. You go now. And if you don't, then there might be a chance you don't get to go at all. The Creator's plan? Is that something you want to mess with?

Elijah holds his hand out. After a moment, Barbara slaps her leather gloves into his hand.

ELIJAH

I'll need your suit, too. Someone is getting their wings back.

INT. STATION HOUSE - UNDERWORLD PORTAL - DAY

A concrete airport hangar door slowly rolls shut on a group of screaming, scared people as several Jailer Angels use trident spears to push them back into the dark void within.

TREVOR

Hold up! We got one more!

Trevor and Sam wrestle the Husband down a torch-lit corridor towards the huge freight elevator to hell.

HUSBAND

Please. Please. No. I repent. I repent my sins. Oh, Lord, forgive me for my trespasses, as I, you know, the rest. Please?

SAM

You murdered your family. And you think because you say a couple prayers that all will be forgiven?

HUSBAND

Yes, because isn't that what God does? Forgive, the sinners?

A beat.

SAM

Not this sinner.

Sam shoves the Husband into the void, which causes a vacuum. The other condemned humans surge forward. The Jailer Angels, Trevor and Sam spring into action.

JAILER ANGEL

Stay back. Close the gate. Hurry!

They manage to get the humans back, and the door is about to shut when the SCREAMS from behind it become torturous.

HUSBAND (O.S.)

Oh, God. Help me! Aaaaah!

SAM

What is that?

Sam peers into the small opening, when a hand, black as night, with talon-like nails, vaults out and grabs his suit.

TREVOR

Emergency shut down. Stop the gate!

Sam braces himself, fighting the pull. In the darkness, he sees a pair of red eyes and a flare of fire coming from the DEMON's nostrils.

DEMON

Barbara.

Sam jerks back. His suit rips. He falls to the floor.

SAM

Close the gate.

The Jailer Angels slam the hangar door shut.

TREVOR

What in the Creator's name? The impure coming up the portal? Has that ever happened before?

SAM

Not that I know of.

TREVOR

Still not the tiniest bit curious?

INT. STATION HOUSE - BULLPEN - DAY

Sam bursts in and races through the maze of desks.

DONAHAN

Where's the fire, Chief? Or did you just finally realize your partner is a back-stabbing bitch?

ARIEL

Donahan, shut it.

SOPHIA

You shut it. He's just speaking the truth.

The bullpen breaks out into a melee of shouting matches. Sam doesn't pay them any mind and runs out.

DONAHAN

Give her a moist, sloppy kiss goodbye from me.

INT. STATION HOUSE - AFTERLIFE PORTAL - DAY

Amongst a herd of dressed people walks a naked Barbara. They all shuffle down a bland, concrete hallway towards an opening hangar door that features a faded, red UP ARROW on it.

INT. STATION HOUSE - DAY

Sam runs up a stairwell and then through a door with a sign on it that reads: UP, UP AND AWAY.

INT. STATION HOUSE - AFTERLIFE PORTAL - DAY

Barbara stands with everyone else as the hangar doors close.

Sam runs down the concrete hallway.

SAM
Hold the gate.

BARBARA
Samael?

Barbara steps forward, about to leave, but then a powerful, celestial light shines down on them. Everyone gasps.

SAM
Barbara, wait.

Barbara sinks back, bathing the warm light in.

Sam is almost at the door when Elijah and others tackle him.

SAM
Barbara. Barbara, don't go.

BARBARA
Aloha.

Barbara flashes Sam the most serene smile ever. She does a little hula dance, then THUD! The doors shut.

EXT. STATION HOUSE - DAY

A ray of sunlight shimmers on an old brick building.

EXT. STATION HOUSE - AFTERLIFE PORTAL - DAY

Sam breaks free. He slams his fist on the hangar door.

SAM
Why didn't you hold the gate?

ELIJAH
It was the Creator's orders.

SAM
Orders? What's the rush?

ELIJAH
You know better than anyone not to question the plan.

SAM
Well, I am starting to become very inquisitive.

There is a CLANG. The hangar doors reopen. A powerful beam of light shoots out. They all shield their eyes.

The light recedes and the blurry outline of a handsome, flawless, naked twenty-year-old man comes into focus. You can almost hear the trumpets of Heaven. This is NATHAN.

Sam inches forward while the other Angels kneel down in awe.

NATHAN
Hello, my name is --

Nathan steps forward, and when he does he looks like a baby giraffe trying to walk for the first time.

NATHAN
Whoa. Whoa.

Nathan stumbles out and falls into Sam's arms.

NATHAN
Sorry. Nathaniel. Nathaniel, is my name. I am Barbara's replacement.

Sam groans, holding the naked man.

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