

EXT. FUTURISTIC BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Wreckage, spaceships. Mecha Armor soldiers. A MAN (SARATHIEL) screams as he's run through with a bright orange laser blade.

PAHALIAH (O.S.)
Laser Swords? Seriously?

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - INDETERMINATE TIME

Three ANGELS, short-sleeve white shirts, black pants, ties. SARATHIEL (25), PAHALIAH (27, male), RAMIEL (24, non-binary).

PAHALIAH
Been lase-capped so many times,
can't even remember them all.

SARATHIEL
Let's hear about *your* best one.

EXT. ACTIVE VOLCANO - DAY

Pahaliah stands on the edge. He takes a deep breath, jumps.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY

RAMIEL
What was it like?

PAHALIAH
Hot.

The angels groan. Pahaliah puffs up like an affronted bird.

PAHALIAH (CONT'D)
You got something better?

EXT. FREEZING TUNDRA - DAY

Ramiel's teeth chatter as they roll in a clear plastic ball. They're completely naked.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY

Silence. Ramiel's embarrassed. Sarathiel pats their shoulder.

SARATHIEL
The hamster ball was a nice touch.

INT. PERFORMANCE REVIEW OFFICE

A small, windowless office.

RAGUEL (50), a gray-bearded Angel, sits at a desk. The walls feature art of Raguel's glory days, in armor, with a sword.

The sword is in a display case directly behind him.

Awkward NATHANEL (29) sits in a chair in front of the desk.

RAGUEL

By experiencing suffering and pain,
we understand Human experience.

NATHANEL

I already know plenty about Humans.

RAGUEL

For every ten Vacations a thousand
Angels go on, you take one.

NATHANEL

I like my job. I'm good at my job.

RAGUEL

That is true, Nathaniel.

NATHANEL

Nathanel.

RAGUEL

You have been faithful with a few
things. Management wants to put you
in charge of many things.

NATHANEL

Do you mean a promotion?

RAGUEL

Only if you make a greater effort
to understand Humans.

NATHANEL

And if I would... rather not?

RAGUEL

Then it's whatever the opposite of
promotion is. I'd have to go check
with Languages.

Nathanel sighs, his shoulders sagging.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - INDETERMINATE TIME

Back to the group of Angels comparing Vacation stories.

RAMIEL

No, no, no, remember the first
French Revolution?

PAHALIAH

The guillotine, my beloved.

SARATHIEL

Le rasior national.

Nathanel exits Raguel's office, frowns at the group.

NATHANEL

Shouldn't you be working?

RAMIEL

Great idea. We should --

SARATHIEL

How about you, Nathaniel?

NATHANEL

Nathanel.

SARATHIEL

(obviously not sorry)
Sorry. What's your best death?

PAHALIAH

Something better than laser swords?

SARATHIEL

Shut up.

NATHANEL

I don't usually take Vacation.

RAMIEL

Vacation's my favorite part of
being an angel.

SARATHIEL

Almost as much fun as fighting the
armies of darkness.

Pahaliah gives him a high five.

PAHALIAH

Word of Truth.

SARATHIEL
So, *Nathanel*. How do you usually
take yourself out?

NATHANEL
I don't see how this --

SARATHIEL
You don't want to tell us, fine.

RAMIEL
Just drop it, 'Gels. Maybe we
should get back to work.

NATHANEL
Drowning.

A beat.

SARATHIEL
Drowning.

NATHANEL
Earth's mostly ocean. Easy to find
a place. It only takes three
minutes, and there's zero mess.

RAMIEL
Wow. Thanks for um. Sharing.

PAHALIAH
(under his breath)
And I thought laser swords were
lame.

The three angels laugh, exit. Nathanel trudges on.

Thanks to an open stairwell, topped with a skylight, we can
see the full length of the building. Floor after floor of
Angels in uniform, walking down hallways, working in offices.

The doors Nathanel passes read STAR SYSTEMS, TERRAFORMING,
CREATURES, EARTH VISITATIONS.

A FEMALE ANGEL (28) waves at him. He raises his hand. She
waves even more cheerfully. He wiggles his hand a bit. She
shakes her head in disappointment. He sighs, keeps walking.

More doors. LANGUAGES, BIRTHS AND DEATHS, SOULMATES, VISIONS.

Nathanel takes a left, opens his door. RECORDS.

INT. NATHANEL'S OFFICE

A metal desk, ancient, pristine. A wire basket on top. Three folders inside. Nathanel grabs them without looking, and walks through the door on the opposite wall.

INT. RECORDS ROOM

A line of old-fashioned switches. Nathanel flicks them on.

Banks of huge overhead lamps light up. *Ka-thunk, ka-thunk.*

Endless rows of metal shelves, filled with manila files. Nathanel runs his free hand along the thick paper.

He walks to where his first folder belongs.

He opens it. A scene, like a three-dimensional pop-up book.

A LITTLE ROBOT GIRL (6) dances in a field of iridescent mechanical flowers, under a rainbow sky. It's magical.

Nathanel barely looks at it. He closes the folder, files it.

He walks to a new bank of shelves, opens the second folder.

A group of HOMO SAPIENS corner a WOOLY MAMMOTH on a cliff edge. It rears and charges. Nathanel closes the folder and files it. Were the ancient humans victorious? Who knows.

The third folder is a 1960s rocket launch, fire and smoke. The CROWD cheers. Nathanel closes the folder, files it.

Empty-handed, he returns to his office.

INT. NATHANEL'S OFFICE

JEGUDIEL (32) sits on Nathanel's desk. The wire basket contains four new folders. Jegudiel holds a fifth, open to a scene of a GRANDMOTHER reading to a YOUNG BOY by candlelight.

NATHANEL

What do you want?

JEGUDIEL

I can't come visit? I thought we were friends.

Nathanel takes the folder from his hands, shuts it.

NATHANEL

We're not friends.

JEGUDIEL
After the millennia we've worked
together? We're practically family.

NATHANEL
We're all children of God.

He picks up the new folders, sorts them tempo-spatially.

JEGUDIEL
Can't believe you never watch 'em.

NATHANEL
Uninterested in Human drama.

Jegudiel waves his hand over the Records Room.

JEGUDIEL
You never get wrapped up in one?
All the decisions Humans have made,
are making, and will make are right
here.

NATHANEL
Yeah. And it's super fun how they
constantly change their minds and
ruin all my hard work.

He motions to a new folder, just arrived in his inbox.

NATHANEL (CONT'D)
Humans are ninnyhammers.

JEGUDIEL
Sounds like job security to me.

Nathanel rolls his eyes, sorts the new folder into his stack.

JEGUDIEL (CONT'D)
You know why I'm here.

NATHANEL
Thought you were visiting.

JEGUDIEL
Management says it's time.

NATHANEL
We exist outside of time.

JEGUDIEL
You're due for Vacation.

NATHANEL
I have work.

Jegudiel takes Nathanel's files, puts them into the basket.

JEGUDIEL
They'll be waiting right here.

NATHANEL
But if I don't file them --

Jegudiel does an impression of Nathanel.

JEGUDIEL
"The threads of reality crack and
fray."

He's back to himself.

JEGUDIEL (CONT'D)
Like, explosions and stuff.

NATHANEL
More like Deja Vu, ghosts, UFOs. If
Humans see things they shouldn't--

JEGUDIEL
Then you gotta fill out the TL-95s.
I get it. Look. I heard you were
in line for upward trajectory.

NATHANEL
Who told you that? Personnel
discussions are confidential.

JEGUDIEL
Don't clip your own wings,
Nathanel. Take a Vacation.

Nathanel looks like he'd rather eat glass.

INT. EARTH VISITATIONS

Nathanel stands in a circle of light, his arms folded.

Jegudiel takes his place behind a futuristic console, with
strings of light he manipulates like a knitter weaving yarn.

JEGUDIEL
Any requests?

NATHANEL
The usual.

JEGUDIEL

Tzaphkiel just Vacationed in the
21st century. Says Humans invented
something called the "internet."
You should check it out.

NATHANEL

I'll be back in three minutes.

JEGUDIEL

Have fun drowning!

Nathanel's turned into an iridescent beam that travels
through multicolored dimensions, down to Earth.

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

The moon is full. Waves lap peacefully at large rocks.

Nathanel lands, catches his balance. He's wearing a fluffy
orange bathrobe. He looks at it in disgust.

He walks to the waterline, dips a bare foot into the water.

VOICE (O.S.)

It's cold, ain't it?

ADAM KIM (30) slumps against a rock, holds an empty bottle.

Nathanel takes another step.

ADAM

Hey. Hey. Don't go out there.

Adam struggles to stand. Nathanel grits his teeth, turns.

NATHANEL

Do not be afraid.

ADAM

M'not afraid. Just sad.

NATHANEL

Get over it.

ADAM

You serious?

NATHANEL

Only two choices. Get over it or
die. And there's no point in dying.
Not for you. Not today.

ADAM
What are you doing, then?

Nathanel stomps over to him, waves his hand over Adam's face.

NATHANEL
Sleep.

Nathanel catches Adam, tosses him over his shoulder as if he were weightless. He goes to put him back against his rock.

It starts to rain.

NATHANEL (CONT'D)
Of course.

An old, beat up car sits at the top of some wooden stairs. Nathanel carries Adam there, pats his pocket, finds keys.

Nathanel unlocks the car, opens the back door. Empty soft drink bottles and fast food trash fall out.

NATHANEL (CONT'D)
Disgusting.

Nathanel scoops the garbage off the seat, lays Adam down.

Adam curls up in his sleep, starts to shiver.

Nathanel hesitates. He takes his bathrobe and drapes it over the Human. Adam smiles in his sleep, snuggles the blanket.

Nathanel stares at him for a beat.

He closes the car door, heads toward the ocean.

INT. CAR - THE NEXT MORNING

Harsh, bright sunlight. Adam blearily blinks himself awake.

He sits up. He's immediately sick to his stomach. He opens the door, vomits off camera, collapses back into his seat.

His phone rings. Adam paws for his phone in his pants.

ADAM
Wh -- the hell -- Hello?

We hear Adam's best friend and coworker, MATT RAMIREZ (28).

MATT (O.C.)
Dude, where's my car?

ADAM
I'm... yeah. I still got it.

MATT (O.C.)
Good thing I'm off work today. It's noon, bro.

ADAM
Shit, already?

MATT (O.C.)
Man, you left me like, three voice mails while I was asleep.

ADAM
I did?

MATT (O.C.)
You were crying. About Gina?

EXT. GINA'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK TO THE DAY BEFORE

Adam, in a nice button-up, holding flowers, walks past a motorcycle out front.

He knocks at the apartment door. He hears sexy noises. He frowns, tries the knob. It opens.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

The sexy noises get louder as he walks to Gina's bedroom.

INT. GINA'S BEDROOM

Gorgeous GINA (28) is underneath BIKER DUDE (34), long hair and tattoos. She realizes Adam is watching, screams in panic.

GINA
What the fuck?! Get out!

Adam blinks.

GINA (CONT'D)
Adam! Get out!

Adam shakes off his stupor, walks out.

INT. GINA'S LIVING ROOM

Adam sits on the couch. He pulls a box out of his pocket, stares at the engagement ring within.

The sexy sounds start again. He gets up, leaves the flowers.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Adam stumbles along, swigging his bottle of whiskey. Tears stream down his face as he takes out the ring again.

It falls into the water, immediately swept away by a wave.

ADAM

No, no, no, no --

He tries to catch it before it's taken out to sea. He fails.

He sinks to his knees on the wet sand and has a breakdown.

INT. CAR - BACK TO PRESENT

MATT

Damn. Dumped *and* homeless?

ADAM

Wait, what?

MATT

That's her apartment, right?

ADAM

Where the fuck am I gonna live?

MATT

You can crash at mine if you want.

Adam looks around at the mess of the back seat.

ADAM

It's okay. I'll stay at Julie's until I find a place.

MATT

You're gonna be okay, dude.

ADAM

Yeah. Thanks, man.

Adam hangs up, wipes his eyes with a corner of the bathrobe. He looks at it in surprise.