

BLACK ANGELS

by
Josh Christofferson

Josh Christofferson
LucidRoad Films
8745 Delgany Ave #203
Playa del Rey, CA 90293
310-578-1125
310-429-0981
josh@lucidroad.com
www.LucidRoad.com

FADE IN:

EXT. STREETS - DAWN

A small city wakes up for another work day.

Not very many cars on the streets. A few joggers.

Mostly work trucks and blue-collar folks making their way to work.

A depressed industrial city that had its boon 50 years ago.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

NANCY CARVER (45) does her hair and gets ready for work. She's an energetic woman with few signs of age.

Grabs some toast.

Puts on her shoes.

Grabs her coat.

Out the door.

EXT. BRUNETEX FACTORY - SAME

A WHISTLE BLOWS

Workers, men and women, walk through the security gates on to the factory grounds.

The entrance sign reads: BRUNETEX CONSTRUCTION SUPPLY AND MANUFACTURING - SINCE 1953

INT. BRUNETEX FACTORY - DAY

VARIOUS FACTORY SECTIONS

Men stamp and grind out metal shapes of all sizes.

Women load up plastic moldings.

Women pile up pallets of boxes. Men haul them off to the docks.

IN THE CHEMICAL ROOM

Workers in protective gear monitor huge vats of steaming chemicals. Pipes line the walls.

ONE DISCHARGE-PIPE SWELLS WITH HEAT AS THE DISCHARGE PASSES THROUGH IT.

IN A SMALLER ROOM

THE PIPE PASSES THROUGH AN UNSEEN CORNER OF THE ROOM. A JOINT IN THE PIPE FRACTURES. A THIN WISP OF GAS LEAKS SILENTLY INTO THE ROOM.

Nancy Carver happily chats with a handful of other women of various ages. They assemble smaller metal and plastic items as they work -- totally unaware of the gas filling the room.

INT. DYLAN'S APARTMENT - SAME

The place is sparse with mismatched furniture: a starving student's apartment.

Still in his sleep-wear, DYLAN (24) - lean, scruffy college guy sits in front of the TV flipping around. He munches on a bowl of cereal. Tired eyes. Messy hair.

MEGAN (21) comes out of the bedroom. She's pretty with a sweet face. She looks even less glamorous than he does this morning.

She tussles his hair as she walks past.

MEGAN
Morning babe.

Dylan GRUNTS a response in between bites.

She goes to kitchen for some food.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
What classes do you have on
Tuesdays this semester?

DYLAN
 (focused on TV)
 Uh, my industrial design, form
 development, and ergonomics.

MEGAN
 You be done by dinner time?

DYLAN
 Maybe, why?

MEGAN
 Jim and Kathy want to have dinner
 with us.

DYLAN
 We have dinner with my mother on
 Tuesdays, remember?

MEGAN
 I know, but can't we do something
 different tonight?

DYLAN
 We'll have dinner with them on the
 weekend. My mom gets lonely. She
 looks forward to our dinners.

Dylan goes back to his eating.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 Besides, I don't like Jim and
 Kathy.

MEGAN
 What? They're nice.

DYLAN
 Nice to you. They look down at me.

MEGAN
 What? No they don't. Come on. Why
 would they look down at you?

Dylan motions to the starving student apartment around him.

DYLAN
 I'm no Rockefeller like they are.

MEGAN
 Stop exaggerating. So, they come
 from good families, big deal.

Dylan takes the last bite then goes to the sink.

DYLAN
Good has nothing to do with it.
They're rich, just say it.

MEGAN
They grew up in the same
neighborhood I did. They're not
rich.

DYLAN
It's all perspective.

He gives her a kiss on the forehead.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(playfully)
Face it honey, you're rich too.

Dylan goes to the bedroom.

MEGAN
(annoyed)
Are you going to keep this up the
rest of our lives? Because I'm not
going to put up with this after
we're married.

He comes out with his shoes.

DYLAN
Sorry, honey. Don't worry. I'll be
rich someday too, so we won't have
to talk about it anymore. Then
people can turn us down for dinner.

She rolls her eyes and keeps making her breakfast.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

A mass of students walk to their next classes.

Dylan has his nose in a book somehow navigating the stream.

MATT (24) sneaks up behind him.

MATT
Dude, you are a serious nerd, man.

Dylan looks up from his book for a second.

DYLAN

Hey Matt. Get the grades. Get the money. Get the girl, right?

MATT

Yeah, but you've already got the girl and I came home Saturday night alone...again.

DYLAN

(sheepish grin)

Guess life isn't fair, Matty-boy.

An ACTIVIST STUDENT (22) is handing out flyers to passersby. He hands a GREEN one to Dylan and Matt.

ACTIVIST STUDENT

Stop corporate deforestation.

MATT

Get a life, dude.

Matt trashes his.

Dylan shoves his in the books without thinking. Keeps reading as they walk.

MATT (CONT'D)

Fucking tree-huggers.

(beat)

So how about it? Me and you.

McHenry's. Tonight. Beer's on me.

DYLAN

I can't. Gotta study after dinner.

Matt stops Dylan and closes his book. He grabs him by the shoulders and faces him at the crowd of students.

MATT

Dylan, Dylan. You gotta get out of this, this thing you're in. There's a whole world of possibilities out there.

Some hot girls walk by. Matt is dumbstruck.

DYLAN

Give it up. Meg and me are set.

Quit trying to break us up.

MATT

I'm not trying to break you up. I'm shocked and appalled you would think I could stoop to that level. I'm just saying, you're young, you've got a bright future, and most importantly, girls like to talk to you.

DYLAN

I'm not your bait anymore.

MATT

Come on, help a brotha out. Just tonight. I gotta get some action or I'm seriously gonna burst.

DYLAN

Good God, Matt, get a grip.

A cute Freshman girl walks by looking lost and confused.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Miss? We're with Campus Orientation. It sure looks like you could use some help finding your classes.

FRESHMAN GIRL

Oh? Yeah...I guess so.

Dylan pulls Matt over. He's all grins.

DYLAN

This is Matt Von Dutch. He's our East-end liaison. I'm sure he can help you with any needs you...or he might have.

Matt takes over as he guides the poor girl down the walkway.

FRESHMAN GIRL

Von Dutch? Like the clothes?

MATT

I don't really like to talk about it much...but yes.

Matt looks back to Dylan and mouths "Thank you."

MATT (CONT'D)
(back to the girl)
You see, my great grandfather Rory
Von Dutch...

Dylan opens his book back up and walks on.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Dylan lets himself in.

The place is neat, but simple. Homey decor with lots of green house plants.

At the stove, Nancy cooks like a whiz.

NANCY
Hi Dylan.

Dylan gives her a peck on the cheek while she cooks.

DYLAN
Hi mom.

NANCY
Where's Megan?

DYLAN
It's a long story, but she couldn't
make it. It's just you and me
tonight.

Nancy COUGHS a bit.

NANCY
(disappointed)
Oh, that's too bad. I made extra
spaghetti. Oh well, you can take
some home with you.

She keeps cooking.

Dylan sets the small table.

NANCY
Tell me how your classes went --

COUGHING FIT

DYLAN
You ok?

NANCY
Yeah, it's just a --

Another COUGHING FIT. Bigger and louder this time.

Dylan goes to her.

DYLAN
You sure you're ok, mom?

She nods, but she can't stop COUGHING.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(worried)
Sit down, mom.

He helps her sit. She manages a few breathes in between COUGHS.

Dylan gets her a glass of water.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Drink this.

She takes a sip, but immediately COUGHS UP some BLACK SLIME back into the cup.

They both stare at it in disgust.

DYLAN
I think we should take you to a doctor.

She waves him away.

NANCY
I'm fine honey. I just need to --

She nearly collapses in another violent COUGHING FIT.

Dylan struggles to keep her up.

DYLAN
We're going to the emergency room right now!

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Dylan helps his weakened mother through the doors.

Dylan looks on in horror at the scene before him: the place is packed with other women and their families - all sick and COUGHING.

Nurses rush around tending to people. Dylan sits his mother down next to MR. LARSON (50) - a cross between a biker and a trucker - and his wife, BETTY (45).

BETTY

Not you too, Nancy.

NANCY

I just suddenly feel so sick. Like I can't breathe right.

BETTY

Join the club.

Mr. Larson motions for Dylan to get up with him. He pulls him aside.

DYLAN

Mr. Larson? What's going on here?

MR. LARSON

It's everybody from Betty and your mom's section at the plant. I've been here over an hour, but Jim and Smitty brought their wives in even earlier than that. All got the same symptoms.

DYLAN

What is it? What are the doctors saying?

MR. LARSON

Doctors don't know yet. They're pulling people in one at a time. Whatever it is, it don't look good.

Betty hacks up more BLACK SLIME onto the ground. Mr. Larson turns back to her.

MR. LARSON (CONT'D)

(to Dylan)

Go put your name on the list, son and just hang tight.

Dylan is shocked at the scene around him.