

AN ANGEL IN DISGUISE.

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2 page script.

AN ANGEL IN DISGUISE

FADE IN:

INT. SPANISH PRISON CELL - EVENING.

Looking through the cell window at the falling snow, CHANCER, a lone Englishman, watches it wispily settle on the coils of razor wire mounted on the high walls of the prison.

The evening light fades to darkness with the coming storm.

CHANCER

Hey, God, you must be pissed with  
us tonight. Just look at that sky!

Crashing thunder shakes the window and lightning illuminates the dank cell like a disco strobe light.

Chancer turns to the calender hanging on the wall and puts a black cross on 14th February.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Oh, bloody hell! It's Saint  
Valentine's Night. My missus'll be  
heart broken, I didn't send her a  
Valentine. Ohh, Christ almighty!

Chancer undresses and gets into bed.

A large cockroach crawls across the cell floor to scratch around under the bed... Seemingly unafraid of Chancer.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Hello, Herbie, we must have upset  
His Nibs today. Look at the storm.  
We won't sleep tonight mate.

Mesmerized by the swirling snow in the yellow haze of the sodium lights shining down outside the cell window, Chancer listens to the muffled sounds of screaming madmen, barely audible through the thick walls, but they are there; the storm taking its toll on fellow prisoners.

With eyelids drooping, Chancer curls into a foetal position as he takes his last look at the falling snow.

The condensation on the glass fogs his view through the bars of the cell window. The pale glow of the sodium lights shine through the rivulets of melting snow on the cracked glass creating a ghostly shimmer.

Two shimmering points of light appear outside the window.

They slowly change colour to that of red glowing coals.

Pinpointed in the centre of each red glow is a glittering diamond, which form the eyes of Satan.

He is here, hovering over the prison, sinister and evil.

EXT. SPANISH PRISON - NIGHT.

Satan's murky features take shape and form with the movement of storm clouds and the upward glow of the prison lights.

*El Diablo* is here, spreading his evil over the prison.

INT. SPANISH PRISON CELL - NIGHT.

Chancer stares in paralysing fear as Satan looms near.

In the silence of the moment Chancer chokes on the scream that doesn't come out as the terrifying emotions of fear and panic rush through him... Lightning flashes.

Sweat streams down his face as the Devil's eyes burn into his own... inches away. Thunder crashes, shaking the cell.

CHANCER

My God and His son Jesus Christ are  
in my heart, so get ye behind me  
Satan.

The monster's face descends a fraction of an inch to kiss the lips of Chancer who uncontrollably *speaks in tongues*.

A brilliant white light dazzles Chancer as GABRIEL, the Duty Prison Officer, shines his torch into Chancer's face.

GABRIEL

Recuento, Christopher. The storm  
has gone. Buenos noches and sleep  
well, Englishman.

Gabriel walks out of the cell, slams the big steel door and noisily crashes the massive bolt home.

Chancer, on his elbow, looks down on Herbie, the cockroach.

CHANCER

That was Gabriel, an angel in  
disguise... Who might you be?

FADE OUT.

THE END