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GOD'S DECREE

[TECH: BEGIN WITH LIGHTS DOWN.]

NARRATOR

We bring you, dear audience, to the  
fields of heaven, where the angels  
mill about, with little notion that  
this is no ordinary day.

[TECH: LIGHTS UP.]

Angels mill about. Jeff sits off to the side.

God (Paul) never appears; speaks as voiceover.

GOD

Angels? Angels?

CEEJ

Jeff. Hey Jeff!

Jeff looks up.

GOD

I need to send you on a mission.

Angels respond happily.

PETER

Do we get to adjust Planck's  
Constant?

JEFF

Can we color some nebulas?

Ceej crosses his fingers.

CEEJ

Meteor shower. Meteor shower.  
Meteor shower.

ASHLEY

Space kittens!

GOD

You're going down to Earth.

Everyone moans.

GOD

To convince the humans --

Everyone moans louder.

GOD  
That they've got to make peace on  
Earth.

Everyone moans louder.

GOD  
And goodwill to men.

PETER  
(sotto voce)  
Motherfuckers.

GOD  
SO I HAVE SPOKEN.

Long pause.

ASHLEY  
They kill kittens down there.

Everyone ad libs complaints for a while.

GOD  
Oh yeah, two other things.

Everyone moans.

GOD  
First: this really should be no  
big whoop.

Everyone mutters complaints.

GOD  
So... secondly, this doesn't work,  
I'm really gonna have to move  
forward with... the Apocalypse this  
time.

ASHLEY  
Yay!

CEEJ  
No. Bad thing.

GOD  
SO I HAVE SPOKEN. PERIOD.

CEEJ  
We'd better make an effort this  
time. Don't want an Apocalypse.

ASHLEY

Apocalypse! Like a party with fire dancing!

CEEJ

It's people on fire. They're not dancing --

ASHLEY

C'mon guys. What could possibly go wrong?

FOX NEWS FEAR ROOM

CEEJ

"The angels come to visit us and we only know them when they are gone." George Eliot was French when she wrote that. And the French are Socialists. And that's Communism my friends. So are we to look to Godless Communism for wisdom on the better angels of our nature.

(turns)

Abraham Lincoln said that.

(beat)

Joining us today on Fox News Fear Room is an angel sent down from heaven to...to do what exactly?

ASHLEY

Well, to bring peace on earth. He's actually sending all of us down. This is god's final--

CEEJ

Look, I know my bible. And the only angel ever sent down to earth by God was Satan. You all must be an army of devils.

ASHLEY

Now, hold on--

CEEJ

Just like George Eliot, Marie Antoinette was French...and she said, "Let them eat cake." Well, sir, I am an American and I've earned my cake.

ASHLEY

This doesn't have anything to with nationalities--

CEEJ

I don't see Jesus. I don't see God. Sounds more like God and Jesus DON'T want you around. And that scares me, my good man.

ASHLEY

Why does God have to be here to prove we're his angels? Look at us. We got halos and wings and--

CEEJ

--And Hitler had a mustache.

Ashley continues to mouth words, but her mic is cut off.

CEEJ

Look folks, the final word in the Fox News Fear Room is this: there are angels among us. Nobody's arguing that. But what is their true purpose? Doesn't it make sense that a God who loves us would tell us that he's sending his angels down from Heaven to help us. I don't see a burning bush. No seas have parted. This is the work of Satan my friends. And it is the duty of all us good Christian soldiers to destroy every last angel on earth. Coming up next on FOX -- the five ethnic groups that are secretly helping the angels undermine America.

**FUCKIN' MAC AND CHEESE**

Jeff sits on a bench.

Peter wanders around the room.

PETER

So that was the whole thing -- a  
real-live angel, on the news. I  
mean it wasn't any PETERny Fox, but  
it was alright.

Jeff makes agreeable noises.

PETER

I mean, I wouldn't watch it  
religiously -- ha! -- but it's nice  
to see something breaking on that  
network, and -- hey, we've got some  
extra mac and cheese. Do you want  
some?

At the mention of "mac and cheese", Jeff's smile slowly  
changes to a combination of fury and disgust.

Peter continues talking away about Fox news (ad lib).

Peter leaves the stage, still talking (and still audible).

Jeff very deliberately drums his fingers on the bench.

Peter returns -- not noticing Jeff's mood -- and puts a bowl  
of mac and cheese in front of Jeff.

Jeff almost bangs his fist on the bench, but stops himself at  
the last minute.

Peter keeps talking, wandering around the room.

PETER

Oh wow -- 6pm. Got a lab to get  
to. Bye Jeff!

Peter exits as Jeff stands up, quaking with rage.

JEFF

Fuckin' mac and cheese!

**MAC AND CHEESE COMMERCIAL**

[TECH: LIGHTS DOWN]

[TECH: PLAY THE COMMERCIAL ON THE DVD PROVIDED.]

[TECH: LIGHTS UP]



**BUSINESS SANDWICH**

Jeff gives a business presentation to various seated underlings (Peter, Ashley, Ceej, Paul).

JEFF  
 << ad libbed speech about  
 profitability >>

Ashley enters and hands Jeff a sandwich.

JEFF  
 << continues ad libbed speech >>

Jeff notices the sandwich is really good.

JEFF  
 Bottom line is, we've got goals for  
 the third quarter.

Jeff looks at the sandwich.

JEFF  
 If these goals could be as good as  
 this sandwich. Somebody taste this  
 sandwich.

UNDERLING #1  
 What?

Jeff waves the sandwich in the face of one of his underlings.

JEFF  
 Here! Here! Taste our third-  
 quarter earnings!

UNDERLING #2  
 I just don't get how it's a  
 sandwich.

JEFF  
 It's simple: our earnings should  
 be as good as this sandwich!

UNDERLING #1  
 I'm an MBA, I didn't go to culinary  
 school!

JEFF  
 No, I'm talking about how fucking  
 good this sandwich is.

At this point, Jeff is practically forcing the sandwich down people's throats.

UNDERLING #2

Are the pimentos a metaphor for our Milwaukee office?

JEFF

No, Harvard, it's not a metaphor.

UNDERLING #1

I actually brought a sandwich of my own for lunch; should I go and get it.

JEFF

What the fuck? No!

UNDERLING #2

Should we sell sandwiches?!

Jeff smacks the underling, hard.

JEFF

Jesus Christ!

UNDERLING #1

I'm getting out of here!

The underlings skeedaddle.

Jeff sits down and devours the last of the sandwich.

JEFF

Mmmm! Mmmm! Mmmm! Mmmm!

ACTIVISTS OR ZOMBIES?

[TECH: LIGHTS DOWN]

[TECH: MAKE SURE THE MICS, IF AVAILABLE, ARE ON]

CEEJ

For more information we go to our  
FOX reporter in the field, Peter  
Rogers. Peter, what do you see?

[TECH: PLAY "PROTEST" AUDIO (ON PROVIDED CD)]

PETER

Mike, I'm looking at several  
hundred people who have gathered  
together here in Washington D. C.  
to make their pro-angels message  
heard.

CEEJ

This is an angel rally?

PETER

Yes, Mike.

(beat)

It's either that, or the first  
major manifestation of a zombie  
outbreak. Details are not 100%  
certain as of yet. They are either  
marching or lurching down  
Pennsylvania Avenue, and they are  
shouting things that could be short  
pithy slogans, or could just be the  
single word "Brains", moaned  
repeatedly.

CEEJ

So it's an angel rally, or --

PETER

-- or a zombie attack. We can't be  
sure. I can tell you definitively  
that these activists are carrying  
protest signs.

(beat)

Or, they are crude battering  
weapons, designed to crush our  
skulls, exposing our tasty,  
delicious brains. Again, we just  
can't know.

CEEJ

That sounds terrifying --

PETER

Terrifying or mildly interesting, Mike. I can tell you that as they walk or shuffle past, the air redolent of patchouli or perhaps rotting flesh, other citizens are joining their cause. Whether that cause is the defense of angels as forces for good, or the ceaseless hunger to feed on the living, is not known to me at this time.

CEEJ

Well, sounds --

PETER

Hold on! Hold on Ceej. There's been a confrontation with police officers!

CEEJ

Oh my.

PETER

Yes, they're -- there's been some altercation at the front of the formation, and police are dispersing the crowd with rubber bullets.

(beat)

Or, of course, they're desperately unloading live ammunition into the oncoming horde, but foolishly failing to destroy the brain or remove the head. One of those is definitely happening.

CEEJ

Where are you now, Peter?

PETER

I am currently hiding, Mike, because I am terrified, as any sensible human being would be.

CEEJ

Any advice for our viewers?

PETER

Yes, Ceej: this is a time to consider how we can peacefully but forcefully make ourselves heard in representative government.

CEEJ

Wise words. That was Peter --

PETER

Or, we should take this as a clear sign that we should lay hands on our most powerful firearms and take to the streets en masse. Shoot on sight, Ceej, because you can't be too careful.

CEEJ

Peter Rogers, in Washington D. C. And next up: activists? Who's going to volunteer to keep them from ruining America?

[TECH: LIGHTS UP]

HOW DO YOU KILL AN ANGEL?

Peter, Ceej, Ashley, and Jeff sit in the living room. General boredom, though Peter seems a bit perturbed.

CEEJ

I wonder if Mac and Cheese really could survive Armageddon.

Beat.

ASHLEY

I guess that old fallout shelter would come in handy.

Beat.

PETER

Fuck this! We're fighting back! I want to know how to kill an angel!

This energizes the room.

ASHLEY

Yeah!

CEEJ

Hell yeah!

In this sketch, Jeff speaks with an Indian accent.

JEFF

Fuck to the yes.

PETER

They're infiltrating! They're coming! How are we gonna defend ourselves?

CEEJ

Guns!

PETER

Guns don't do anything. They'd just stop the bullets, like Hugo Weaving in *The Matrix*.

JEFF

And then the angel would laugh at you, and then rape your dog.

ASHLEY

Mr. Collie-Pants?

JEFF

The angel would not even care that Mr. Collie-Pants was not human.

CEEJ

Okay, what about a knife?

PETER

Nooooo...

JEFF

The angel would then seize your knife hand and then use it to force the knife repeatedly into your own ball-sack, while asking you, "Why do you stab yourself? Why do you stab yourself in the scrotal area?"

PETER

We've gotta think bigger.

CEEJ

Wooden stake!

PETER

Vampires.

ASHLEY

Okay, what abou--

PETER

Wolfman.

ASHLEY

How did you even --

CEEJ

Okay, we trick him into saying his own name backwards.

Beat.

Ashley checks something on a laptop computer.

JEFF

I believe that is how you banish Mr. Miks-yez-pit-lik into his home dimension in the DC Comics universe.

CEEJ

That doesn't mean it wouldn't work!

ASHLEY  
Guys, I've got a web page called  
"To Kill an Angel."

PETER  
Perfect!

ASHLEY  
We have to locate an autistic child  
named "Skip" before trained ninja  
assassins can --

JEFF  
That is a *Charlie's Angels* episode.

ASHLEY  
Dammit!

Ceej sees something downstage.

CEEJ  
Wait on the TV -- that's...

Peter leaves the stage and grabs a guitar.

ASHLEY  
It's Johnny Fox!

JEFF  
Fox's favorite folk singer for six  
years running!



**SONG: HERE'S HOW YOU KILL AN ANGEL!**

[TECH: LIGHTING CHANGE, IF POSSIBLE]

Peter comes onstage with a guitar.

PETER

How do you kill an angel?  
You don't ...  
You don't ...  
You don't ... [rhyme]

Burn their lungs so they can't sing  
Burn their wings so they can't fly  
That's how you make an angel die  
That's how you make an angel die

When do you kill an angel?  
When ...  
When ...  
When ...

Burn their lungs so they can't sing  
Burn their wings so they can't fly  
That's how you make an angel die  
That's how you make an angel die

**MASS ANGEL GENOCIDE**

During the song, four angels (Jeff, Ceej, Paul) enter.

They wear orange and red streamers.

They mime being immolated in slow motion.

The song ends, and Peter continues playing chords.

JEFF

I just wanted to paint a nebula!

CEEJ

I just wanted to make a meteor  
shower!

PAUL

I just wanted a businessman to have  
a delicious sandwich!

Immolation continues.

Ashley enters.

ASHLEY

Hey! It's a fire-dance party!

CEEJ

No! We're burning!

She runs offstage, grabs a boombox, comes back on stage, hits  
"Play."

"Everybody Dance Now" plays.

Ashley dances around.

The other angels continue burning.

[TECH: SLOW FADE DOWN ON THE LIGHTS.]

**END OF SHOW**