

Danny' s Found Jesus.

A Short Screenplay Written By Benjamin Blaine.

charlie productions ltd.

brook house studios.

blue bridge road, brookmans park,
hertfordshire, england, al9 7sx.

telephone/facsimile (+44) 01707 656531

email ben@charlieproductions.co.uk

web site <http://www.charlieproductions.co.uk>

FADE IN.

EXT. EARLY EVENING - STREET.

KEITH stands outside the shop where he works. He is smallish with dark hair.

Traffic ROARS past him in the darkening street as he gets out his mobile phone, dials his voice mail and holds it two his ear.

BLACK.

VOICE MAIL
You have - 2 - messages.

SUPER IMP. - OPENING TITLE.

BACK TO SCENE.

Keith starts to weave his way down the street.

TONY (v.o.)
Alright Keith mate? It's er, Tony. Er,
Danny's back from the states.

Keith smiles - a hand to his free ear, to hear better.

TONY (v.o.)
And we're going to be in the Monk
tonight if you're interested. All the
best mate.

The phone BLEEPs.

Keith nods and keeps walking. He does not look where he is going, however everyone else steps aside - letting him pass.

The second message starts but it is indecipherable. A hollow sounding MUFFLED VOICE is saying something distantly and there are the faint sounds of MUSIC and occasional BANGS and CRASHES. It is all shot through with STATIC and interference.

Keith looks confused, and not a little unsettled by the sound.

He stares at the phone.

In his black leather jacket Keith stares up, past the towering lengths of shops and office blocks, and into the darkening swirl of the sky.

Break lights dance in the glass of a phone box filled with cards for prostitutes.

Standing by the phone box is a very tall, very old, man in a long beige coat made by the Crombie company. He also wears a dark trilby hat, which is pulled down shadowing his eyes and holds a large brown Doctors bag.

CROMBIE watches Keith.

INT. NIGHT - PUB.

DANNY wears a chunky grey jumper and has straight dark hair.

TONY puts a glass of orange juice in front Danny, who looks up and smiles as Keith walks into the room.

Tony sits down at the table. He has stylish brown hair and fashionable clothes.

KEITH

DANNY! You're back! How are you? How was America?

They shake hands and Keith sits down.

DANNY

It was fantastic mate. Fantastic. The most amazing thing happened!

Tony gets rapidly to his feet.

TONY

Do you want a drink Keith?

KEITH

Yeah go on, but I'll pay.

Keith is jolly but Tony looks serious.

TONY

Come on, I'm sure I owe you...

KEITH

Oh right...

Taking the hint but slightly embarrassed, Keith follows him.

The bar glows with yellow light and neon beer pumps in the comparative darkness of the rest of the room. The pub is packed with laughter and smoke.

Tony leans on the crowded bar trying to get the attention of the bar staff. Keith stands by him.

KEITH

You alright Tony? You seem...

TONY

Yeah. No it's...I don't want to make a big thing about it yeah? It's perfectly cool as far as I'm concerned but I just thought I should warn you.

He stares at Keith seriously, Keith stares seriously back.

TONY

Danny's found Jesus.

Danny drinks orange juice, looking weirdly content with nothing - back lit angelically by burred headlamps through the window.

EXT. NIGHT - STREET.

Crombie is reading a map by the light of a street lamp. He stands statue-esque and bathed in orange neon.

He looks up, nods his head, folds the map away, picks up his bag and marches on down the street.

His face is a mask of shadows.

INT. NIGHT - PUB.

Tony and Keith sit back down with Danny.

He smiles at them, and they smile back.

Tony drinks beer.

Danny drinks orange juice and smiles.

Keith drums on the table with his fingers.

A thought strikes him. He takes the phone out and dials the voice mail.

KEITH

Got this weird message on my voice mail.

TONY

That was me.

KEITH

No after you, listen.

Keith hands Tony the phone and his eyes widen in surprise.

TONY

Weird!

Keith is about to speak, Tony shushes him with his hand, listening intently to the message.

TONY

I can hear a choir!

He hands the phone to Danny who also listens.

KEITH

Well, there's music certainly.

DANNY

It's quite spooky really.

Danny hands the phone back.

KEITH

That's all I need.

Danny keeps smiling.

TONY
Work going bad?

KEITH
Oh you know. I just don't seem to have
any faith in myself.

DANNY
You know why that is don't you?

Danny's eyes are alight with a new passion.

EXT. NIGHT - STREET.

Crombie seems to be sniffing the air.

A SMOKER in a brown jacket approaches him.

SMOKER
'Scuse me mate, got a light?

Crombie stares at him from the darkness under his hat. The
smoker pales, swallows hard and starts to back away.

SMOKER
Oh, er, doesn't, doesn't matter.

Crombie keeps staring, the smoker turns on his heel and
walks very fast away.

Crombie watches him go, turns and walks in the opposite
direction.

INT. NIGHT - PUB.

Tony is trying to hide in his chair. Danny is smiling.

DANNY
It's amazing Keith, it really is, now
I've let Jesus into my life I feel -
complete at last.

Keith shakes his head and drowns a derisive laugh with beer.

Danny smiles at him.

DANNY

It's alright Keith - I didn't expect you to understand.

TONY

So, Keith...

KEITH

(angry)

Oh I understand Danny! I understand! Don't you and Jesus sit there and patronise me!

Tony tries to hide behind his pint.

KEITH

Just because you've got a new imaginary friend don't kid yourself that makes you - what? More aware? More advanced? I'm still cleverer than you *and* I've got a better dress sense!

Danny swallows hard but keeps smiling.

DANNY

Keith, you don't have to believe me, but I found Jesus in America.

KEITH

Doing what? Counting votes for George W? It's a lie Danny! Jesus is a lie!

EXT. NIGHT - THE PUB.

Crombie stands on the front step.

A cat walks over his shoes, winding between his feet. He steps past it and goes inside.

INT. NIGHT - THE PUB.

Keith bangs a fist on the table making Tony's beer spill.

KEITH

You know what's worse? At least you were fun when you were taking drugs!

DANNY

Jesus has given my life a new purpose!

KEITH

He's given you a crap hair cut! And where did you get that jumper Danny? Why do all Christians wear jumpers?

Keith waves his hand around searching for the words.

DANNY

Don't you ever feel, hollow Keith? Feel like your life lacks - a meaning?

Crombie stands by the door, his eyes search the busy room. The jukebox casts erie light across his aged features.

Keith rocks on the back legs of his chair.

KEITH

No. I know my meaning! I was born to shake idiots like you by the shoulders and shout wake up Danny!

Danny shakes his head disappointed.

KEITH

Pay attention to life on Earth! There is no God! And nothing will convince me otherwise!

Crombie stands behind them. He clears his throat.

TONY

Alright mate?

CROMBIE

I'm looking for - Keith.

He has a deep voice and speaks slowly, as if words are new.

KEITH

That's me.

CROMBIE

Keith - Ma-lin?

KEITH

Yeah, who are you?

CROMBIE

I left you a message. Voice - Mail.

Keith gets to his feet getting cross,

KEITH

Who are you? What's going on?

Crombie takes off his hat.

He has a handsome elderly face and pale blue eyes. Heavenly light pours from nowhere behind him.

CROMBIE

I am the Angel Gabriel.

Keith swallows hard.

Tony's eyes are wide with panic.

Danny smiles.

CROMBIE

You are the Second Coming. Keith Malin -
you are the Son of God.

Danny stops smiling.

Keith opens his mouth to say something. His face falls.

KEITH

Arse.

CUT TO BLACK.