

Duck Hunter Shoots Angel (a scene cutting from a play by Mitch Albom)

Lights up on DUANE and DUWELL, entering with guns high, moving in slow motion as if hunting. Both seem completely inept, firing wildly, looking to sky as they tumble and fire some more. Finally they snap out of it into real time motion.

DUANE: Duwell, I think we hit something!

DUWELL: We put enough ammo up there!

DUANE: Whoo-ee! We finally got us a mallard!

They dance around each other.

DUWELL: YESS! YESS!

DUANE: They ain't gonna laugh at us no more now, Duwell!

DUWELL: YESS! YESS!

DUANE: OUR FIRST DUCK! I'm gonna fry it! No, I'm gonna *deep* fry it!

DUWELL: *(hands shielding eyes)* Duane...

DUANE: *(does the same)* What the hell?

DUWELL: It's beautiful.

DUANE: It's huge!

DUWELL: No wonder we didn't miss it.

DUANE: It's coming down slow.

DUWELL: It'd be hard to miss THAT.

DUANE: Duwell?

DUWELL: Duane?...that ain't a duck is it?

Sounds of angel's plaintive voice.

DUANE: I DON'T BELIEVE SO, Duwell.

Both drop their rifles in total shock.

DUANE: Holy Mother Mary!

DUWELL: RUN!

DUANE: HOLY MOTHER MARY AND JESUS!

DUANE: *(running away)* What did we hit?

The sounds of something falling then a loud thump and splash. DUANE and DUWELL fall to their knees.

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DUANE: Hello? Anybody out there?

DUWELL: Maybe it disappeared.

DUANE: Maybe we imagined the whole thing.

DUWELL: You saw it fall, same as me, Duane.

DUANE: don't tell me what I saw, Duwell. I ain't been drinking as long as you have.

DUWELL: I can refresh your memory. Long, white, blond hair, some big old wings.

DUANE: *(glumly)* You forgot the glowing part.

DUWELL: Yeah. And she glowed.

DUANE: Oooh, we really stepped in it this time, Duwell. It's Hell and damnation.

DUWELL: Hell and damnation?

DUANE: Hell and damnation.

DUWELL: Maybe she's the forgiving type.

DUANE: Oh, sure. You're an angel, and you're floating over the earth, minding your own business, thinking about what song you gonna play on the harp tonight – and then boom! Somebody blows a 12-gauge through your belly! I'm sure forgiveness is the first thing on your mind!

DUWELL: Maybe she drown-ded.

Duane: Don't be an idiot.

DUWELL: Why am I an idiot?

DUANE: I been wondering that for years.

DUWELL: She coulda drown-ded.

DUANE: She couldn't have 'drown-ded', Duwell. She's an angel. Angels don't drown.

DUWELL: They don't get shot, neither.

DUANE: Well that was your doin', not mine.

DUWELL: Look. Out there. Ain't that about where she came down? Mudder's Lake?

DUANE: I don't see no light.

DUWELL: *(despairingly)* Me neither. No light. NO glow. No sign of life.

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Pause. DUWELL then circles around DUANE nervously.

DUANE: Just relax. Just relax.

DUWELL: *(almost hyperventilating)* How can we relax? First we shot an angel, then it drown-ded, now it's a missing person.

DUANE: *(raising hand)* Ooh! Ooh! I got an idea! We call Sheriff Otis down at the fish and game office. We tell him, we tell him, we think-we-think-we-think-we-think we saw hunters shootin' out of season – yeah! Shootin' out of season – and he ought to check it out.

DUWELL: What'll we say they was shootin'?

DUANE: Anything besides ducks. A deer. An elk. A Democrat. As long as it'll get him to come out.

DUWELL: But if he comes out, then he might find the angel.

DUANE: Exactly. He'll find it, and we'll be long gone.

DUWELL: Then what?

DUANE: Then who cares? It's the fish and game's problem.

DUWELL: What if it tells?

DUANE: What if it tells?

DUWELL: The angel? What if it tells on us?

DUANE: (*mocking*) 'What if it tells on us?' Who's it gonna tell? The teacher? Besides, how's it know it was us?

DUWELL: An angel knows everything.

DUANE: It didn't know enough to get outta the way of your bullet.

DUWELL: It wasn't *my* bullet!

DUANE: Well, it sure as hell wasn't mine!

DUWELL: Stop saying hell!

DUANE: Go make the damn phone call, will ya?

DUWELL: Why do I gotta make the call?

DUANE: Cause Otis knows me. He'll recognize my voice. Now just call and tell him someone was huntin' out of season and they took down something big. Then hang up. You get it? Don't say nothing about the angel? You get it?