

Kiss the Angel--50 Kisses Competition Entry

by
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EXT. LIGHT HOUSE DECK - NIGHT

GLENN, 17-year old, red-haired male whose shiny gray tuxedo wraps a bundle of nervous energy with a forlorn gait.

Glenn paces and drags three successive puffs and burns the petals of a bouquet of Sterling roses with his rolled-up cigarette.

A lady in a flowing dress appears around the dark corner.

STELLA, 30s, a siren whose elegance, poise, and air suggest a regular star of the community pages.

STELLA

Never much cared for bouquets
myself.

GLENN

(startled)
You're not some ghost are you?

STELLA

Feeling haunted?

GLENN

That'll be the day. Someone has to
care first, to haunt you.

Stella chugs from a tall Champagne bottle.

GLENN

There's no age limit for being
stood up I guess.

STELLA

Some people say the ocean has
limits. I think it reaches as far
as it wants.

GLENN

You're being deep or something,
right?

Stella laughs.

STELLA

I like you.

GLENN

That makes one of you.

STELLA

Want to trade?

Stella hands the bottle out.

STELLA (cont'd)
Vodka with fresh lime.

Stella and Glenn exchange the bottle and cigarette and taste their new treats.

GLENN
The bottle fooled me.

STELLA
It always does.

A whistle from below alerts them. Footsteps race up the stairs.

STELLA
Time to go.

GLENN
Cop's got the stairs. I'm not jumping. Face it. We're busted. We don't have a choice.

STELLA
You're only limited by your choices.

Stella reaches below and brings out a parachute. She stands on the railing. Footsteps reach closer up the stairs.

GLENN
Got room for one more.

Glenn stands up on the railing.

STELLA
You must kiss the angel before flight.

Stella shows her left cheek, but Glenn holds her face and kisses her full on the lips.

STELLA
On the cheek would have been fine.

GLENN
You're only limited by your choices.

Stella and Glenn fly away from the deck.