

WHEN DEATH MET CUPID

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT. DAY

Valentines decor is adorned all around. A few couples eat lunch. CUPID, female, blonde hair and cute, showing a lot of flesh in her white dress, sits alone at a table with a small bow and arrow set placed at the edge. She checks her watch.

DEATH, female, dark hair, wearing all black with a hoodie over her head, walks to the table. Cupid greets her apprehensively. Death sits opposite and places her own bow and arrow set, identical to Cupids, onto the table.

CUPID

This blind date wasn't my idea.

Ouch. Death fidgets nervously.

DEATH

Isn't today...like...your busiest?

CUPID

I've got a job in the ladies. Some sad sap in love with her boss. Be back in a sec.

Cupid leaves and takes the wrong bow and arrow set with her. Death watches her enter the ladies. Hasn't noticed the swap.

EXT. RESTAURANT. DAY.

Cupid makes her great escape via a toilet window.

INT. RESTAURANT. DAY.

Death looks around. People stare at her. She twigs Cupid's left the building. Takes the bow and arrow set. Leaves.

EXT. PARK. DAY.

Cupid skips giddily in the grass, bow and arrow in hand. She spots an ELDERLY WOMAN reading a book at a bench and dives into a nearby bush.

Cupid sees an ELDERLY MAN walking towards the woman. Perfect match. She takes an arrow, aims and fires at the woman (we don't have to see it hit her depending on resources). She slumps over with the arrow sticking out of her chest.

Horrified, Cupid looks questionably at the bow. Passers by, including the elderly man, rush to help but she's as dead as a dodo. Cupid sprints off in the opposite direction.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

From afar, Death watches TWO YOUTHS in each others faces. The blade of a knife gleams in the dark. A click as the other flips out his own knife.

We focus on Death as she aims and fires. She takes a second arrow and fires again.

The youths throw the arrows and knives to the ground. They look at each other a beat. One breaks out in street dance. The other joins in. Not a battle, just a moment of union.

Death looks at the bow and grins.

EXT. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

Under the moonlight, Death stares down at the calm water of a river. A few couples walk by holding hands.

Cupid touches her shoulder. Death turns and hands over her bow and arrows. Cupid exchanges hers. Cupid kisses her returned bow, ecstatic.

CUPID

I don't envy your job in the bloody slightest!

DEATH

You shouldn't judge a book by it's cover. Shame you left earlier.

Cupid is slightly startled as Death pecks her on the cheek. Death puts a hood over her head, turns and walks away.

Cupid looks down to the water below, guilty. She looks back at Death. Her face lights up suddenly like an excited child at Christmas. She takes an arrow and positions it in the bow.

With absolute conviction, she aims at Death's back.

FADE OUT.

THE END.