

ANGELS ALWAYS FALL

Written by

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Based on a Short Story

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INT. THE CHAMBER OF RESONANCES - CELESTIAL PLANE

A space defined by shadows and light that shouldn't exist. The floor is a sprawling MOSAIC of "COOLING STARS"—dark, obsidian-like circles that pulse with a faint, dying violet light.

In the center: THE QUICKSILVER BASIN. A massive, floating ring of white stone holding a pool of liquid chrome.

GENERAL MALTUS (Angelically ageless) stands over the basin. He is a mountain of a being. His wings aren't feathers; they are plates of burnished IRON that scrape against the mosaic floor with a heavy, metallic RING. His eyes are the color of HAMMERED GOLD.

He stares into the quicksilver.

Heavy FOOTSTEPS approach. A second pair of wings—these ones smaller, gray, and shedding light like dust—unfold behind:

KAELEN (Ageless younger). He looks like a soldier who has fought a war for a thousand years and lost every friend he ever had. He wears a breastplate etched with prayer-runes, now scarred by demonic bile.

KAELEN

The border at the Second Gate is
holding. Barely. You summoned me,
General?

Maltus doesn't look up. He waves a hand over the basin. The quicksilver ripples form a three-dimensional image.

EXT. ST. JUDE'S BRIDGE - EARTH - NIGHT

RAIN lashes a suspension bridge. Tail lights stretch in a red ribbon. The structure GROANS. A support cable SNAPS with the sound of a gunshot.

INT. THE CHAMBER OF RESONANCES - CONTINUOUS

A reflection of the St. Jude's Bridge scene projected in the basin.

MALTUS

St. Jude's Crossing. In four
minutes, the structural resonance
fails. Twelve spirits are marked
for transition.

KAELEN

(Cynical)

A bridge collapse. Always tragic.
Why am I looking at a routine
harvest ascension?

MALTUS

Because the Abyss has committed
three Legions of Skulkers to the
riverbank.

Kaelen stiffens. His hand instinctively moves to the hilt of
a sword that isn't there.

KAELEN

Three Legions for twelve souls?
That's not a harvest. That's an
invasion. They're over-committing.

MALTUS

Precisely. They want us to see
them. They want us to drop a
Battalion of Virtues to protect
those twelve mortals. They are
inviting a skirmish.

Kaelen leans over the basin, his golden eyes narrowing. The
quicksilver shows shadowy forms—demons—coiling like smoke
beneath the bridge.

KAELEN

They're baiting the line. They want
a brawl so they can drag a few of
us down into the mud. Another
Glorious Sacrifice.

Kaelen spits the words. He looks at his own scarred knuckles.

KAELEN (CONT'D)

Why is it always us, Maltus? The
"Architecture of Duty." We fly
down, we save a bus full of
children, and three of my brothers
end up in the pits of the Maw,
screaming for an eternity. Why do
Angels always fall?

Maltus finally looks up. His gold eyes are cold, analytical.

MALTUS

Do you truly want to know why the
enemy targets us with such singular
focus, Kaelen?

KAELEN
Because they envy our light.

MALTUS
No! Remember, sentimentality is for
the mortals.

Maltus stands upright, a sense of all-knowing expressed.

MALTUS (CONT'D)
They target us... Because we are
the heavy cannons on the
battlefield.

Maltus walks around the basin, his iron wings clanking.

MALTUS (CONT'D)
In any tactical engagement, you
silence the heavy artillery first.
And so... Since we are the most
powerful beings in existence, we
are primary targets.

Maltus stops. His gold eyes burst into retinal flames.

MALTUS (CONT'D)
Destroy the cannons to gain ground
on the battlefield. A textbook
tactical advantage. Absolute
warfare.

Maltus's eyes return to cold, analytical. He taps the
quicksilver.

The image zooms in on a single car—a rusted sedan. Inside, a
WOMAN (30s) grips the steering wheel. She looks ordinary.
Tired.

KAELEN
Who is she? One of the twelve?

MALTUS
She is the Anomaly.

KAELEN
She doesn't look like one of us. I
can't get a read on her energy.

MALTUS
She isn't. Not yet. But her soul
has a resonance that could tip the
frequency of the entire Universe
and bring forth a "Grace" for the
next fifty years.

Kaelen leans in, looks at the woman in the basin—a keen eye.

MALTUS (CONT'D)

The Abyss doesn't want the twelve.
They want her. She's the chosen
one. The other eleven are the bait.
Their Legions are just a
distraction.

EXT. ST. JUDE'S BRIDGE - EARTH - NIGHT

A TRUCK hydroplanes. It slams into the rusted sedan. The
bridge SHUDDERS. A SECOND CABLE SNAPS.

INT. THE CHAMBER OF RESONANCES - CONTINUOUS

Kaelen's wings flare, sending sparks across the obsidian
floor.

KAELEN

Send our battalion. Call in the
Seraphim.

MALTUS

They're too clever for such a
response. If I send our battalion,
the demons will trigger a "Gravity
Well" and sacrifice a thousand
Skulkers just to pull one of our
Archangels into the Abyss.

Maltus looks into the basin.

MALTUS (CONT'D)

Too risky. The cost is too high.

KAELEN

(Bitter)

So we let her go? We let the
Anomaly slide into the dark abyss
because the cost of losing our
"Heavy Cannons" is too expensive to
fire?

Maltus steps close. He is a head taller than Kaelen. The
ethereal atmosphere intensifies.

MALTUS

Math weighs heavily, Kaelen. Try to
see the architecture. Tonight, we
subvert the fall.

KAELEN

How?

MALTUS

The enemy expects our battalion.
They are prepared for a siege, but
not for a Tether.

Maltus reaches into his robes and pulls out a GLOWING
FILAMENT—a thread of pure, blinding white light that hums
with the sound of a thousand choirs.

KAELEN

A Soul-Tether? That's forbidden.
That links the angel to the mortal.
If she dies, you will go with her.

MALTUS

Not me. You.

Kaelen stares at the filament. He realizes the weight of the
request.

MALTUS (CONT'D)

I'm sending you ahead of the
collapse. You will tether her soul
to your own essence before the
bridge breaks.

KAELEN

The demons will surely feel the
surge. They'll swarm me.

MALTUS

Let them. By the time they realize
you aren't there to fight, you'll
be gone. You aren't going to save
the bridge, Kaelen. You aren't even
going to save the other eleven.

Kaelen looks at the basin. The bridge is tilting. People are
screaming.

KAELEN

A sacrifice. That's... dark shadow-
work, Maltus. Even for you.

MALTUS

Agreed... But war is tactical. The
eleven will eventually transition,
but the Anomaly must ascend. A fall
we can not afford. The risk... our
duty.

Maltus hands the filament to Kaelen. Their fingers touch—a spark of celestial energy arcs between them.

MALTUS (CONT'D)

For eons, newborn Angels have
fallen because of the light we
carry. Tonight, we intercept that
fate and snatch the prize. Tonight,
a first newborn shall rise...
untouched.

Kaelen grips the filament. His weary face hardens. The cynicism fades, replaced by the sharp, terrifying focus of an elite commander.

MALTUS (CONT'D)

Go with honor.

Kaelen nods and backs away toward the edge of the mosaic floor. The "cooling stars" begin to glow beneath his feet.

KAELEN

And if I shall be dragged down to
the very abyss, General... tell the
Choir I went out fighting.

Maltus stares at Kaelen, a flicker of something like hope in his hammered gold eyes.

MALTUS

(chuckles confidently)

You won't. I've measured the weight
of the architectural mathematics.

Kaelen's iron-gray wings snap open, filling the chamber. He steps off the edge of the mosaic into a void of white light.

EXT. ST. JUDE'S BRIDGE - EARTH - NIGHT

The bridge DISINTEGRATES. The rusted sedan slides toward the black water. A BOLT OF WHITE LIGHT hits the roof of the car just as it tips.

Time seems to SLOW.

Shadowy, monstrous shapes—DEMONS—erupt from the water, claws reaching for the vehicle, their mouths open in silent, hungry roars. But the car doesn't fall. It JUMPS.

A flash of silver wings, a blur of motion, and the car is suddenly on the stable asphalt of the far bank.

The demons shriek, lunging at the space where the car was.
They find nothing. No angel to drag down. No soul to harvest.

High above the wreckage, a single gray feather drifts through
the rain. It glows with a faint, defiant light before
dissolving into mist.

FADE TO BLACK.

[THE END]