

THE LONG CON

Written by

Lexie Shamir



7700 Garden Oaks Drive
8062903260

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

The campus is empty, dark. The light of the moon bounces off a singular figure that roams freely, aimlessly, around with a bottle of alcohol.

FREYA, a college-aged looking woman with dark hair and strong features, lazily sits herself down upon a fountain in the center of the campus lawn.

She lays back on it with a mischievous glint in her eyes and a small grin. She takes a swig.

She stares up at the night sky. The sound fountain fades.

FREYA (V.O.)
I HATE life.

Freya places her fingertips in the fountain water.

FREYA (V.O.)
Well, *hated*, life.

Her thick, grunge boots disrespectfully signal she's made herself at home as she places her feet on the edge of the fountain where she lies, moving one foot to some beat.

Her smile grows, and a blackness flashes over her eyes for seconds. She splashes the water with her hands before getting up with pep in her step.

FREYA (V.O.)
After I died, life became fun.

Freya, the demon, skips away from the fountain out of frame.

INT. COLLEGE DORM - NIGHT

The camera dollies over college bulletin boards and dorm doors. It pauses over one door.

FREYA (V.O.)
Before I died, one of my stupid human "dreams" was that I always wanted to go to college.

Freya sneaks out of the room, hair messy, clothes wrinkled.

FREYA (V.O.)
Education... excited me!

Her attempt to sneak out is interrupted when a COLLEGE BOY (19) opens the door wider from behind her with a smug grin, and grabs her hand in an attempt pull her back in.

Freya removes her hand from the boy and grabs his chin forcefully, squishing his cheeks. Her eyes are black again, brows furrowed.

His eyes turn black for a moment as well before reverting to normal after seconds. With a robotic, straight face, he steps back and closes the door.

Freya waves sarcastically before walking away off frame.

Another student passes her in a white tee heading the opposite way.

FREYA (V.O.)
But... women didn't really go to
college in the fifties.

INT. DORM BATHROOM - NIGHT

Freya, at the last sink, washes her face and glances up to the mirror.

FREYA (V.O.)
When you have the power to do...
pretty much whatever you want, you
can go to college pretty much
everywhere. Party every night.
Compel every A+. Graduate every
time.
(beat)
And that's what I've done. Nearly
seventeen times since I kicked the
bucket.

Her features look serious. Unhappy. A straight face.

FREYA (V.O.)
And I'm happy. I have a mission to
do. The long con.

Freya is interrupted when a group of three girls enter the bathroom, drunk and loud, discussing nonsense.

Her jaw tightens as she looks at them, and her chest heaves. She approaches the girls who fade into silence as they look at her with naive smiles.

Her eyes darken to black.

FREYA (V.O.)
I take my mission seriously, but I
can't help but have a little fun.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LECTURE ROOM - DAY

A large blend of diverse students listens to a lecture. Focusing on one YOUNG WOMAN (19), this student doodles absentmindedly on a notebook. The lecture fades to silence.

FREYA (V.O.)
The long con is always the best
con.

This student pauses and peers up at the PROFESSOR (80s), and older looking man with kind eyes that lectures about physics. Scanning over the desk of the young woman, we see she is doodling again. Her eyes are focused on the drawing again.

FREYA (V.O.)
It's not that I don't have a plan.
Obviously, with over thirty college
degrees, I can make a plan.

Her drawing, revealed, is an animated sketch of a dead stick figure with an "x" for eyes, and another figure with dark, colored in circles for eyes. The young woman sets down her pen.

She pulls out a compact, opening it to the mirror revealing Freya's face as she looks at herself and smiles mischievously.

This young woman appearance is a façade.

She closes the compact quickly and returns to her drawing.

FREYA (V.O.)
Okay, maybe I haven't gotten an art
degree yet, but I still know how to
make a plan. And it's a good one.

Freya, concealed in this body, stares up to the front of the class again.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Freya, in her own skin again, stomps throughout the nearly empty library in her boots, her notebook clutched to her chest as she focuses ahead of her.

FREYA (V.O.)
It's been years in the making. And
nothing was getting in my way.

A NERD (18) runs into her accidentally, taking her out of her
headspace momentarily.

Her eyes black, she meets the nerd's eyes.

FREYA (CONT'D)
Out of the damn way!

The nerd speedily walks off and Freya continues walking with
a smirk.

After a few steps, she stops, her face serious, wide eyes.

Her arm has goosebumps.

FREYA (V.O.)
Nothing was getting in my way until
he did.

Her eyes narrow onto the back of a YOUNG MAN in a white
collared polo.

Freya looks around, thinking for a moment, before approaching
the young man with quick steps.

FREYA (V.O.)
I had to be sure.

She places her hand on the man shoulder, staring into his
eyes. Hers are black.

She smiles with sarcasm and power.

FREYA
Get out of this seat, it's mine.

The young man smiles with the most bright and sweet smile.

YOUNG MAN
Sorry, I didn't see your name on
it. The one next to me is open if
you'd like to join me? My name is
Gabe.

Her black eyes widen and she lifts Gabe by his shirt,
catching him off guard. They transport to...

The TOP OF A PARKING GARAGE.

The drop is a long drop.

Gabe, terrified, peers down from his fate to her.

FREYA
Who are you? Who sent you? What do
you want?

GABE
(grunting and scared)
I want to be put down!

A smile creeps onto Freya's face and she shrugs and lets go,
watching below her.

GABE (CONT'D)
(sarcastic)
Ouch.

Freya jumps in fright and finds Gabe behind her. She vanishes
to...

THE FLOOR BELOW IN THE PARKING GARAGE.

Gabe joins her.

She begins to walk away, but turns around for a moment.

FREYA
Stop following me!

Gabe approaches her.

GABE
(chuckling)
Then stay put! I just want to talk.

Freya crosses her arms and begins to walk off even faster.

FREYA
Well, I'd love to stay and chat,
honestly, but I have business to
attend to.

GABE
Like your "plan?"

Freya halts, turning to find Gabe leaning on the open half
wall of the garage, looking out onto the campus, then back to
her.

She approaches him in a few large steps with clenched fists.

FREYA
What do you--

GABE
I've been here a while.

FREYA
Stalking me?

GABE
Keeping an eye on you.
(shrugging)
And trying your method of getting a
degree for the fun of it.

Freya leans back on the half concrete wall, rolling her eyes.

FREYA
Lemme guess, theology degree? I
tried that in the seventies, but
they were so negative, my self-
confidence took a hit.

Gabe, the angel, smiles again and laughs.

Freya isn't enjoying this at all, however.

FREYA (CONT'D)
Why haven't I sensed your presence?

Gabe sighs, crossing his arms.

GABE
You've been so caught up in your
"long con," and you finally snapped
out of it I guess.

Freya snaps her head at him.

FREYA
Angels can read minds?
(to herself)
I want that.

BEEP BEEP.

The unlocking of a car across them interrupts the moment. The old Professor from earlier enters the area they are in, on his phone.

Before he sees them, Gabe grabs onto a panicked, wide-eyed Freya.

FREYA (CONT'D)
(disgust)
Ew-- don't touch me!

They both observe as the Professor passes by them and enters his car, oblivious to their presence.

GABE
(quiet)
He can't see us.

Freya appears in her own world again, eyes trained on the Professor's vehicle.

She begins to approach his car, and Gabe trails behind her.

She peers in from the passenger window.

FREYA
(quiet, determined)
I have to do it.

She and Gabe meet eyes. She peers back into the car at him.

There's an old photo of Freya on his sun visor.

FREYA (CONT'D)
Sure, I loved him. But I didn't
want the life he forced me into. I
wasn't meant to be a housewife. But
everyone, especially him, sentenced
me to that miserable existence.

Her eyes threaten to water.

FREYA (CONT'D)
If he loved me, he would've let me
go. Go to learn, to live.

She narrows her glance to Gabriel.

FREYA (CONT'D)
He led me here.

She looks back at the Professor in anguish.

Gabe is quiet, but listening and understanding with a nod.

GABE
I understand.

Freya shoots him a teary, heated look.

FREYA
"Understand?" Try being a woman in
the fifties who wants to defy the
only thing she's born to do.

GABE

Try loving the same gender in the 20s. You and I, we're both misfits. The only difference is that you chose put yourself in this position of an afterlife of vengeance.

(somber)

Someone decided for me that I did not deserve the life I wanted, and they ended it.

Freya cannot look at Gabe. She returns her gaze to the Professor in the car as he talks on the phone.

She looks at him somberly.

FREYA

Sometimes, I regret it.

She looks to Gabe.

FREYA (CONT'D)

Ending it.

She then looks back to the Professor.

FREYA (CONT'D)

But then I remember how stupid it is to be a human, to have a dream. It's a pointless existence moving goal to goal, especially if you can't do what you really want. I'm... better off.

GABE

(shaking his head)

Dreams are not pointless. They're bigger goals that require one to take action. Sure, goals keep people going, but both make humans do so many amazing things. Doesn't sound so pointless to me. I had dreams I wish I could've achieved.

Beat. Freya is off in thought for a moment before looking to the angel.

FREYA

Do you really think I could've achieved it?

He tilts his head at her.

GABE
Don't you?

Beat. The Professor backs out in his car, driving away. His back light glaze the two in a red glow.

FREYA
(quietly)
Sometimes.
(beat)
You didn't seek revenge for what happened to you?

GABE
I... understood that it was my time, that it was supposed to be that way. Eventually, the person reached their time.
(gesturing to the distant car)
He's allowed so many students to become successful, and at every single lecture, he thinks of you. He blames himself. He knows you were unhappy. But it's not his time. Not yet.

Freya, quiet and thoughtful, takes a deep breath and looks from the asphalt to Gabe.

FREYA
(accusatory)
Are you going to tell me what to do?

GABE
Nope. Not my place.

FREYA
And was this whole conversation just some angelic mind game to make me talk?

GABE
(amused)
Course not. It's called, "listening." You should try it.

Gabe, in a gentlemanly manner, extends his elbow for her to link up with. She wrinkles her nose in disgust as she obliges and sticks her arm in like she's playing a game of Operation.

They begin to walk towards the exit. Together.

FREYA

So... since you're getting a degree. I assume I have to put up with your presence?

GABE

Just... live with the fact that I'm sticking around.

FREYA

Good thing I'm already dead.

Both laugh.

GABE

Then we shall learn to coexist!

FREYA

(fake gasp)

What would the Big Man say?

INT. LECTURE ROOM - DAY

Students begin to leave the lecture room, all rising to leave but Freya in her disguised appearance.

She watches the Professor wipe the white board.

Disguised Freya, now packed up, her hands full with her textbook and notebook, stares with determination as she approaches the Professor from behind.

DISGUISED FREYA

Professor?

The older man turns around and smiles kindly at his pupil.

PROFESSOR

Yes, can I help you? I know today's lecture was challenging.

Disguised Freya starts to breathe a little heavy and tries to smile.

DISGUISED FREYA

Uhm, w-well...

She nervously loses her footing a bit and drops her notebook and textbook.

PROFESSOR

Oh! Let me help you with that.

DISGUISED FREYA
No, I got it, sir.

As both bend down, Disguised Freya notices her open notebook on one of her many violent-looking drawings concerning her and the Professor. Before the Professor can peek at it, she uses her powers to tip over his podium and seize his attention.

PROFESSOR
Oh dear!

Disguised Freya quickly grabs her books and stands back up as the Professor attempts to pick up his podium. Disguised Freya then assists his effort.

DISGUISED FREYA
Um... There you go.

PROFESSOR
Thanks... I didn't catch your name.

DISGUISED FREYA
Oh! It's... well... people call me:
Freya.

The Professors smile wanes with a small frown of sorrow.

PROFESSOR
Freya... that was my late wife's
name. Haven't heard that one in a
while.

DISGUISED FREYA
Yeah... um... I'm sorry, about your
wife.

The Professor scratches at his head. His voice is a bit strained.

PROFESSOR
Thank you. She was a woman of
ambition.
(clears throat)
J-Just like you and any kid bravely
taking on molecular physics! Did
you have a question for me?

Disguised Freya peers into his eyes.

She can't. It isn't his time.

DISGUISED FREYA
(nervously)
Y'know, it just slipped my mind.

PROFESSOR
Happens to the best of us! Just
reach out if you remember it.

Disguised Freya backs out toward the door quickly.

DISGUISED FREYA
Will do, thanks, Professor.

PROFESSOR
Anytime, Freya. Take care now.

Disguised Freya exits the lecture room into the...

HALLWAY.

She allows the closed door to carry the weight of her back and takes in a deep breath with closed eyes. When she opens her eyes, she sees Gabe waiting with a huge, knowing grin.

She's returned to her true form.

FREYA
Shut up, altar boy.

Gabe laughs and the two walk down the hall together.

Coexisting.