

EXT. DEEP SPACE -

A barrage of hundreds of meteors tumbles along in space. Some of the smaller meteors bounce off one huge meteor. It looks like a small moon slowly spinning and with it's size and momentum calls up one word - INEVITABLE

BOOM!

Until a planet-sized alien BOMB, a thousand times bigger than the meteor, knocks the meteor shower off course like bowling pins. Not only is this thing huge, it's spikey and black and filled with lava. A celestial DEMON HEART. And its moving fast.

EXT. NUEVA YORK - MAGIC HOUR

Two fingers frame the lowering sun.

We see a crystal blue eye wincing between the fingers staring at the sun.

VOICE (V.O.)
I think I can see it.

We look again directly at the sun and we can faintly see silhouettes of hover cars zipping across the horizon. The fingers drop and from the persons POV we can see we are 50 stories above a bustling metropolis. The sky above is on fire in a glorious sunset.

TYLER, a young black man looks over the balcony awash in the golden light.

PLOP

VOICE 2 (V.O.)
What are you looking at Townie!

Tyler's face is covered in white milk shake. His eyes are in shock. An air car just inches from the balcony veers away from the vehicle and a young Dredd Punk hangs from the window and mouths FUCK YOU to Tyler as the driver flies away.

VOICE 3 (V.O.)
Woo Hoo Hoo I didn't need to see
that to FEEL it. Those punks circle
the building looking for their
opportunities.

Tyler turns to MR BALOO. An older, blacker man with white hair, gaunt cheeks, and cataracts so milky it looks like he doesn't have irises. Mr Baloo and Tyler stand on very small individual balconies, packed close together.

Despite the majestic view from the balcony, we realize that the building itself is in disrepair. This is low income housing of the future.

MR BALOO

Had one of those punks shit on my balcony a couple weeks ago. The gawd damn nerve. Knew I wouldn't see it too. Stepped in it then dragged it all over the gawd damn house trying to find the smell. Poor Miss Jenkins said it looked like a monster truck did doughnuts in the mud on my living room floor.

Tyler laughs while he wipes the milk shake out of his eyes with his t-shirt.

TYLER

Thank god
(pauses then glances
toward his apartment)
Miss Jenkins could help you Mr Baloo. You still hitting that?

Mr Baloo grimaces.

MR BALOO

You nasty pervert. Mind your own business.

TYLER

Pervert? It was a rhetorical question. You two howling like god damn wolves all night.

MR BALOO

Shut yer mouth, boy!

Tyler howls into the setting sun.

AHHHHWHOOO! AHHHHWHOOO!!!!
Sounds like a competition in there.

MR BALOO (CONT'D)

Shut your damn mouth!

Mr Baloo smiles conspiratorially.

MR BALOO (CONT'D)

(whispers)

You know she can hear you right?
These damn ghetto units got paper
thin walls. Don't mess with my jam,
young man. Especially these days,
not too many left. Amirite?

Mr Baloo walks slowly over with a big ole grin for a fist bump. Tyler thinks about it for a second then wipes some of the milk shake onto the old man's face.

Mr Baloo mouths WTF?!? Tyler laughs.

TYLER

You know you deserve that right?

MR BALOO

Son of a...

(Wipes the cream and
smells it)

This better not have come out of
your little pecker.

Mr Baloo takes a little lick and we can see it's not half bad.

MR BALOO (CONT'D)

Gimme more.

Tyler pushes away the old man's probing hands and laughs.

INT. TYLER'S STUDIO -

Tyler's studio apartment is humble at best. One room with a kitchenette on the side. Parquet floors. One old school antenna'd tv in front of a worn faux leather couch. In the back corner is a small table fit for a child. Sad fluorescent lighting in the center of the room.

Next to the couch, on his hands and knees, is GOD. He's dusting under the couch. We can't really see his face but he's wearing a white but worn tunic with a simple leather belt around his waist. His leather sandals are struggling to stay on his feet as he reaches far under the couch.

We hear the balcony door rattle. Tyler is trying to get back in but the glass door is jammed. It struggles then POPS and gets back on track.

TYLER
 (struggling to push the
 door)
 Pain. In. My. Ass!

Once inside, Tyler takes off his shirt and wipes his face and plops down on the couch and reaches for the remote. With a huff he puts his feet on the worn ottoman.

He's instantly doom surfing the television. The black and white set flickers through violent images. Mostly of the demon heart hurtling through space. In different languages we can see various count downs overlayed on top of the footage.

BILUMBU 40, BANGUNGA 13, MINUTA 2

40 DNI 13 UR 2 MINUTI

40日13時間2分

40 JORNA 13 URI 2 MINUTI

IMPACT COUNTDOWN: 40 days 13 hours 2 minutes

Tyler's eyes glaze over. He could be watching infomercials. He could be watching the credits of a long movie.

VOICE (V.O.)
 Ahem.

Tyler looks up and we see GOD. He looks like an Asian Jesus, except with a really patchy beard. God is looking down at his wayword son and looks perturbed.

Tyler shrugs in confusion.

God raises an eye brow.

Tyler mutters oh and raises his feet off the ottoman. He leans back on the chair and keeps his feet in the air.

God gets on his knees and moves the ottoman out the way and sweeps underneath. Tyler continues to look at the tv with his feet in the air. He's struggling a little bit to keep them up but determined to do it. God finishes up and puts the ottoman back and Tyler assumes his previous position with an exhale, nodding his thanks to the Almighty.

Tyler continues to stare at the screen. Humanity is going ape shit. With each click of the remote we are seeing images of society unhinged.

Women dangling off the Eiffel tower firing AK-47s into the city streets below.

Japanese students riding go carts through the halls of university.

Security footage of a group of hospital nurses trying unsuccessfully to hold an old man back as he pulls the plugs off the comatose patients at the hospital.

At the foot of the Lincoln Memorial two men kiss in the middle of the Reflective Pool

A journalist interviews a young man sitting criss cross apple sauce with his back against a tree. The young man is distracted, staring at the same sunset Tyler was looking at earlier. Two shih tzus sit adorably on his lap.

REPORTER

Isn't there something else you'd rather be doing?

The dog lover gives it some thought and nods to mostly to himself - no.

GOD (V.O.)

Why don't you ask for my help?

Tyler is startled. GOD is sitting shoulder to shoulder next to him. GOD stares right at him. Tyler tries to scootch so they are not touching.

TYLER

Space, please. Boundaries.

GOD

No.

GOD ensures they maintain in contact.

TYLER

Don't be mental. If I wanted your help I would have asked for it.

GOD

I am right here.

Tyler motions silently that he knows and gets up quickly. God gets up too.

TYLER

What do you want me to say. Your here right? I AM WITH YOU.

Tyler grabs another shirt and puts it on quickly.

TYLER (CONT'D)
God knows you won't leave.

GOD
Funny.

TYLER
Didn't meant it like that.

GOD
Of course not.
(beat)
You know better.

Tyler takes a deep breath and chooses not to say anything.

GOD (CONT'D)
What? What were you going to say?

TYLER
You know anyway don't you?

GOD
You doubt me?

TYLER
No!

GOD
You doubt me!

Tyler needs to get out of here. He heads for the balcony but the door is stuck again.

TYLER
Damn it!

GOD
Don't you mean...

TYLER
Don't say it!

MR BALOO (V.O.)
Shut the fuck up over there!
(barely audible)
I got company coming over.

GOD is pissed. Tyler is already on the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

GOD enters the balcony. The sun has set and the red moon fills the skyline. GOD struggles to close the door behind him. He uses all his strength but can't get good grip with his cheap sandals. He curses to himself and waves a hand and the door slams shut.

TYLER
Don't break it.

Tyler looks over the balcony 50 stories below. The city below is electric with ugly yellow fluorescent bulbs and the blue and green lights of the hover cars.

TYLER (CONT'D)
You keep saying that. That you can help.

GOD
I can. And I will.

Tyler looks at him with a sneer.

TYLER
Then why don't you.

GOD
What?

TYLER
Help?

GOD
Because I don't want to.

Tyler smacks himself in the head with every word.

TYLER
What. Does. That. Even. Mean!

GOD
It means what I mean, Tyler.

TYLER
Don't do that. You have a Black Belt in beating around the bush.

GOD
How can I be more clear? I don't want to. I. don't. want. to.

God takes a breath. Feels this is getting out of hand. He opens his arms and GOD moves a step closer.

GOD (CONT'D)
I'm here for you.

TYLER
Who said I wanted you here.

GOD
That doesn't matter. Never did.

Tyler stands speechless. That hurt.

GOD (CONT'D)
(delicately)
I'm here for you.

Tyler takes a step back.

GOD (CONT'D)
What do I need to do?

GOD looks down, tries to think of something then raises his hand to the sky.

The entire world goes black.

The two are now standing in the shadow of a Monolith-Class starship. The triangular shape is so vast it has blocked out the moonlight. We see it's three immense thrusters attempting to wrench it from whatever force has it in it's grasp. The starship is going nowhere.

TYLER
(looking up)
Is that U.S.S. C. Roan?

GOD
The one and only. Pulled from a
thousand light years away.
(beat)
Just for you.

Tyler doesn't know what to say. GOD has a weird look on his face.

GOD (CONT'D)
I might be oversharing here but
there are currently 18,272 people
on that starship. And each one is
shitting themselves right now
(motioning to Tyler)
just so I can prove a point.

Tyler is horrified. With his other hand GOD scratches his head.

GOD (CONT'D)

I mean literally. It's a lot. How
did I not see that coming?

GOD shrugs nonchalantly. Doesn't matter.

TYLER

Let them go!

GOD lowers his hands and with a whoosh the starship
disappear. Tyler exhales deeply.

GOD

Again, why don't you ask for help?
Why won't you let me help you.

TYLER

Whatever.

GOD closes his eyes. He rubs the bridge of his nose.

PLOP!

GOD's face is covered in milk shake. Tyler's jaw drops. The
same hover vehicle speeds away. Same guy sticking his head
out the window, motioning to his crotch.

DREDD PUNK

Suck it!!!

GOD continues to rub the bridge of his nose with his eyes
closed. Then a glimpse of light streams from his face as he
slowly opens his eyes. GOD is frowning. Tyler has to put his
hand in front of his face like he's staring at the sun.

GOD's voice rumbles like a volcano.

GOD

One moment please.

In a blur of light GOD is upon the delinquent.

We see in Tyler's face the violence. What he's seeing must
be... extreme. Horrified Tyler can't take his eyes off the
spectacle. We hear GOD's roar and high pitched screams and
the sound of metal and meat ripping and eventually bones
cracking. Tyler can't believe his eyes.

GOD (CONT'D)

So where were we?

Tyler realizes the voice is behind him. He turns around quickly and sees GOD there leaning against the balcony railing. GOD looks godly. Clean as a whistle with a slightly mischievous grin. Tyler tries to comprehend what he just saw.

GOD (CONT'D)

What?

(brushing dirt off his
shoulder)

I never hid I was a vengeful God,
did I? You should see what I'm
doing to his family and all his
friends.

TYLER

Right now?

GOD

Right now. A thing of beauty.

GOD gives a chefs kiss to the night sky.

TYLER

Why didn't you see that coming?

GOD

That? I did. I knew he was coming.

None of this computes for Tyler

TYLER

Then why...

(clarity)

You wanted me to see that.

GOD shrugs approval. Tyler swallows.

TYLER (CONT'D)

But I don't want to.

With the kindest eyes and a voice of warm bourbon.

GOD

Help me. Help you.

TYLER

I'm afraid.

GOD puts his hands on Tyler's shoulder and looks deep into his eyes.

GOD

Help me. Help you, Tyler.

Tyler bites his lip. Throws up over balcony.

GOD (CONT'D)
Are you ready?

Tyler nods unsure, wipes the bile from his lips.

He notices on his feet are plain leather sandals. GOD stands shoulder to shoulder to Tyler and puts his arm around him guiding him inside the house. The two look at each other. It's a nice moment.

MR BALOO (V.O.)
AHHHWHOOO!

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(louder)
AHHHWHOOO!!!

MR BALOO (V.O.)
(louder still)
God damn! AHHWHOOOO!!!

The two can't believe their luck. The rutting continues. They look each other in the eyes and say at the same time.

TOGETHER
God damn.

#End

ARTIST STATEMENT

This story was inspired by a lyric from Ethel Cain's song *American Teenager*:

A life full of whiskey but I always deliver

Jesus, if You're listening, let me handle my liquor

And Jesus, if You're there

Why do I feel alone in this room with You?

These lines made me reflect on the concepts of space and place from our Week 2 learnings. I wanted to set the narrative in a futuristic world on the brink of destruction but ground it in the intimate, confined setting of a studio apartment in public housing.

Thematically, I was drawn to explore *Death of God* theology—capturing its essence through the perspective of a young, cynical protagonist. For me, nothing symbolizes the diminishing power of God more than an all-powerful deity on His hands and knees, dusting under a couch.

It's a stark image of a God who has lost His influence in the life of a young man, even as the world faces imminent doom. Yet, God is still present, supporting in the only ways He knows how.

I also wanted to incorporate *affect theory*, using Tyler's journey to explore a range of emotional responses — embarrassment, laughter, shock, fear, and eventually clarity. I threw these affects at him in various ways: a literal milkshake to the face, crude humor to destabilize him, and moments of grandeur, like a starship pulled from the sky, to highlight the tension between the mundane and the extraordinary. Through these interactions, I sought to show how Tyler processes the implications of a vengeful God and what that means for him.

This was an enjoyable story to write. While it contains some foul language, I hope it also brought a few laughs.