

Our Father Prose Descriptions

Page One

It's 1964. Blair opens the doors of a small church. Her body casts a long shadow across the center aisle.

In ancient times, Wulfhild's sister walks down the aisle at her wedding. Her family stands up to greet her at the end.

In heaven, Blair, Wulfhild, and Martin peek into the grand hall. It's bingo night. The angels have set up simple tables and a buffet.

Blair spots God standing next to an angel with a bingo cage at the end of the room. "There he is," says Blair.

"Where?" asks Martin, trying to get a better look but too scared to really put his head out.

"By the bingo spinner," replies Wulfhild.

"I'm tired," God says.

The angel next to him can't even be bothered to look up, "Go lay down in your room, Dad." "The stairs hurt."

"Go find someone to help you, then.

Or maybe try the buffet," says the angel. The bingo caller is a coveted position.

Page Two

Wulfhild's sister smiles widely. This is one of the days you wait your whole life for.

In heaven, Blair and Wulfhild argue in the hallway.

"It's so simple. We lure him out, kill him, and proclaim my rightful place as leader,"
Wulfhild says matter-of-factly.

"You want to end up eternally suffering up here? We just need to talk to him. He clearly
doesn't know what's going on. I mean, the angels run this place.

Wulfhild's sister stops smiling. Her face contracts in pain and horror.

"Coward," Wulfhild says to Blair. "You think the angels remember how to fight? They
just know how to lock the doors and hide. They are the people you conquer."

"Excuse me," says a voice.

In ancient times, Wulfhild rises from his chair at the end of the aisle. His mother and the
groom step back, wide-eyed. Blood smatters their clothing.

"Can you help me to my room?" asks God. "I know the way, but I just need a bit of
help."

The trio freezes.

"I've got you," Martin grabs God's arm and begins guiding him down the hall. Wulfhild
stays behind.

"Come on. It's a miracle we haven't gotten caught yet," says Blair.

Wulfhild stares off, "There's just one more thing I have to do."

He rushes into the grand hall. “Angels! Bow to me!” he yells.

Page Three

Wulfhild's sister has been speared through the chest. Flowers from her bouquet float to the ground.

In the hall, Blair is pissed. Martin is annoyed, but strangely not surprised.

"Can we go to my room now?" God asks.

Wulfhild jumps onto a table, scattering bingo boards. The angels crowd around him.

"For too long you have sat here in luxury. You are not just complacent with the suffering of the world below; you've cut it off entirely. You have failed your people. You've failed all people. And so, since you are so busy sitting up here already, it is time for a rightful ruler to take your place."

In ancient times, Wulfhild's sister falls to the ground. Roman soldiers pan out around the room.

In 1964, Blair crawls down the aisle, blood gushing from her open back wounds.

Page Four

Blair, Martin, and God run up the stairs. Martin and God lead the way. Blair looks behind them, waiting to be attacked.

“I’m sure it’s this way,” God says. He is frail and slow.

They make it into the bedroom, and Blair slams the door behind them.

Martin sees his chance, “I understand you’re very important, but I think there are some things going on you don’t know about.”

“You too,” says God.

In 1964, Blair climbs up a small flight of stairs. There is an obscured object surrounded by candles above her.

In heaven, God puts his hands on the side of Martin's face. Martin can see his past.

Page Five

Martin's mother grabs his shoulders, "Martin."

"Mom," he is weak.

"Do you want to tell me what you are?"

"I don't feel- "

"Martin."

"I'm a warrior," he says.

"So why aren't you out there?"

"It hurts."

He thinks back to just minutes before. Vomiting uncontrollably. His coach stands behind him, "Babe, I'm getting kind of worried about him."

His mom isn't worried, though.

"What does a warrior do when he gets hurt?" she asks.

Martin sees himself at the line of scrimmage, looking around as he begins to bend down.

"Mom- "

She cuts him off, "What does he do.

"He keeps fighting." Martin is in the middle of the game now, catching a ball.

"What are you, Martin?"

Martin throws the ball. His form is perfect, despite the pain he's in. It's a shining moment.

"I'm a warrior," he says.

"And what do you do?"

Martin clutches his chest. His limbs contort. His heart begins to stop.

"I keep fighting."

Page Seven

Martin sits down on the field. Her words play over the top of him like a song.

“Good,” she says. “Now go out there and make me proud.”

In heaven, Wulfhild is a dot in a sea of angels, “And now that we’ve kidnapped God, you will-“

“We?” one of the angels asks.

“Who’s we?” asks another.

“They got Dad?” says a third.

“THEY GOT DAD?” One realizes.

In ancient times, Wulfhild sits on his throne, staring glassy-eyed into the crowd. A battle still wages around him. His sister’s blood is still on his face.

He looks up, and a Roman soldier jumps toward him with a spear. He does not move.

Page Eight

Wulfhild's screams can be heard upstairs in God's bedroom. Martin stands, shell-shocked, still processing the events of his death.

Blair leads God away from Martin and towards a window.

In Martin's past, he is covered in sweat, his eyes are tired and he gasps for air. His helmet is becoming his tomb.

"Blair, stop," God puts a hand on her shoulder. She's locked in, scanning the surrounding area.

"Do you know another way out?" she asks.

"All is how it should be," he replies.

The angels run down hallways, slamming open and closed doors. They all call out for their father.

Martin looks out his helmet on the football field. The other kids stare at him. "Is he okay?" one asks.

Blair looks God dead in the eye and grabs a pillow on the bed, "Don't you dare say that to me.

On the football field, Martin looks up at the side. His coach rushes to help him. His mom stands with her hands on her hips, "Come on. No one even hit you."

Page Nine

In heaven, Blair pushes God down onto the bed and smothers him with a pillow.

In ancient times, Wulfhild's corpse lay pinned to his throne. The spear has gone through his central eye and into his brain.

In 1964, Blair reaches out to God, but he is nowhere to be found. She dies at the foot of a cross, just inches out of reach.

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In heaven, God stops struggling. Blair picks up the pillow and tries to process what she's done.

On the football field, Martin's coach starts CPR. "Why isn't he getting up?" She asks. She clutches her chest, unable to accept what is already done.