

Word of God

J. McGhee

EXT.CITY STREET - DAY

CARD: He who has ears to hear, let him hear.

Quick shots with deep male VOICEOVER:

VOICEOVER

In the last days, the earth will be
full of greed...

Office - a BUSINESSMAN counts his money.

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

Debauchery...

Strip Club - STRIPPERS spin while MEN make it rain dollar
bills.

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

Sloth...

Dorm Room - a STUDENT lounges in his bed. The NETFLIX logo
fills his laptop screen.

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

And sickening evil.

Convenience store - a little OLD LADY looks both ways, then
sneaks a candy bar into her bra.

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

Millennium after millennium, God
has warned the sinful people...

Throne in the clouds - GOD sits stoically, glaring at the
camera like Kanye West after an award's show. Thunder
rumbles in the distance. The camera zooms in slowly.

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

Now, the end is near.

City streets - Ominous black clouds gather overhead, casting
the streets in shadow. ONLOOKERS stop what they are doing
and look up at the sky.

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

And God will reach out to them one
last time...the only way they will
listen.

With a great BOOM, the clouds part, lightning flashes, and
hundreds of black SQUARE OBJECTS drop from the sky. The
onlookers scream as the objects pelt them.

They run for cover. Hiding beneath an umbrella, the little old lady, quaking in fear, picks up one of the objects:

It's a CD.

INT. GOD'S THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GOD
I'm dropping my
mixtape. Literally.

He's holding a microphone, stretches out his hand, and drops it.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

A GIANT MICROPHONE crashes down--debris sprays everywhere. The onlookers shriek and spring in every direction.

Cue HEAVY RAP BEAT in the background.

VOICEOVER
With hits like... Thou Shalt Not Flex, Crip Walking through the Valley of Shadow and Death, and Cocaine and Abel... This is sure to be a *smashing hit*.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

Dead silence.

A MUSIC EXECUTIVE sits across a long table from God, who sports a backwards baseball cap and gold chains. The executive steeples his hands, unamused.

MUSIC EXECUTIVE
No.

GOD
Wait, hear me out. We could also press a bonus CD to come with the first CD--Walmart-exclusive deal. There's mad money in that.

The executive sighs and shakes his head.

GOD (CONT'D)

What? Is it my flow? Is it my
hook? Because I've been writing
raps since before I conceived you
in the womb, son.

(raps)

Asher yomerucha li'mzima nasu
la'shav arecha--

MUSIC EXECUTIVE

(holding up a hand to stop
him)

[finishes the line] Yeah, yeah, I
know. I had a bar mitzvah. Look,
God, I'm sorry, there's just not a
market for that.

GOD (CONT'D)

I make the market. That's the
whole point. The people have to
listen.

MUSIC EXECUTIVE

You sound like U2.

God folds his arms indignantly.

MUSIC EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

Times have changed. People want
heavy bass and easy pop. They
don't want Tupac in the pulpit.

(pause)

You got anything else to pitch, or
are you done?

There's a long pause. Then God concedes and leans forward.

GOD

All right, yeah, that was just a
trial run. But my next mixtape
though--trust me, it's fire.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Onlookers scream in holy terror as FLAMING CDs rain down
from the sky.

END.