

Hope

By

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FADE IN:

INT. ATTIC - DAY

The attic is dusty and barren. A shaft of sunlight from a lone window illuminates a corner. In the corner rests a large trunk.

The trunk vibrates. A strange glow envelopes it.

On the floor, gazing at the trunk from the shadows, sits GOD. A deep frown on his face.

His eyes are transfixed. A fire within them, desperate to get out.

He closes his eyes.

BLACK

SERIES OF SHOTS:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A STREET GANG surrounds a body on the ground. They kick and stamp on it.

The LEADER(20s) sends out one final kick and a gob of spit to the face. His eyes unrepentant.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

In the corner, a BOY(7) cowers. Tears flow from his eyes.

He watches his DAD backhand his MOM in the face. She falls, facing the child. A humble apology written all over her face.

EXT. ANTARCTICA - DAY

A polar bear rests on a shrunken iceberg. Large eyes that plead for help and search for reason. The ice around him melts as his balance is tested.

Gravity takes over. His desperate cling to the ice fails. He slides into the icy water.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. ATTIC - DAY

God's eyes open. A single teardrop falls.

He stands and walks to the trunk. Slow, deliberate steps. Almost hypnotized by the glow.

MOCKING VOICES echo around him on his journey. They are in an unknown language, but the tone is unmistakable.

God stops, looks around with defiance.

GOD

That shall not be the case here my  
Brothers. That shall not be the  
case here!

God smiles and walks on.

He kneels in front of the trunk, laying his hand on the lid.

WHITE

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A MOTHER'S SCREAMING, sweaty face.

The CRIES of a BABY(O.S).

A MIDWIFE hands the baby to his Mother. She holds him tenderly to her breast. An exhausted but proud smile down to him.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

God's head hangs down. He raises his eyes, face darkened.

He talks in a low, deep voice. A suggestion that he is protecting something by not raising it. There's a power hidden within the tone.

GOD

You were supposed to be perfect.  
You were supposed to be an  
extension of me...my legacy.

SHARP CHANGE OF ANGLE:

A deep fear on God's ashen face. An unrecognizable VOICE comes from his lips.

VOICE

They are perfect you fool, just  
like we created them.

BACK TO SCENE

God shakes his head. Sadness and sorrow in his eyes.

GOD

You were never a part of this. This  
is all my own doing.

He lowers his head again. As his face falls into shadow a  
grin appears for a second. He raises his head and the  
sadness is back.

He lays another hand on the lid of the trunk.

WHITE

FADE IN:

INT. BRIGHT WHITE ROOM

Nothingness and so SILENT. The silence screams out.

A blinding light shoots down.

The roof is open. God looks down from above, into this void  
space.

A piercing RING as God talks. He tries to comfort but his  
words are unheard. A heart-breaking love, clear in his eyes.  
The RINGING grows louder. Ears would bleed. We want out. We  
want the...

INT. ATTIC - DAY

...SILENCE back.

God sits silhouetted in front of the trunk. The light  
surrounds him now.

He turns his head to the window. The beam of sunlight still  
on the trunk.

He nods, closing his eyes.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A hooded figure walks slowly down the deserted, rain swept path.

He sits on the ground, resting his back against a wall.

God removes his hood and throws a cap to the ground.

He hugs himself against the cold. Every breath sends out fresh, white smoke.

He looks left and right. Expectation -- no, hope in his eyes.

He raises his face to the heavens.

The black, cloudless sky seems to be endless. On and on it goes.

EXT. SPACE

Pushing further and further on. Desperate. Faster.

A white light above. It's so inviting. Faster still.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Sunlight pours in through the open window.

Brightly illuminated in the corner, the trunk rests in silence and is still. At peace.

FADE OUT.