

Elliot Madden-Khan

INT. JOB'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We centre on Job's window at the end of his room. Solitary, peering down to the streets below. It stands as a break in the flames, contorting the background around it, beckoning him towards the edge. He steps towards it. The room seems to shift and contort towards the window as Job gets closer and closer, wiping char from his shirt and tears from his eyes. We zoom out to Job's apartment building - his unit alone is up in flames. Nobody else pays notice to his plight. Finally, he arrives at the edge, teetering on the brink. Job peers down to the streets far below. A long pause as Job thinks over what he's about to do. Finally--

JOB
Hey!

A pause, before...

JOB (CONT'D)
What the hell?!

Job yells up to the sky as rain pours and fire burns. His call echoes throughout the world. Beat.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTHOR'S ROOM - EVENING

Silence. A pair of glasses perched on someone's nose. They look straight down at us.

Slowly, we pan over to reveal a quiet lonely room with a single, lonely writer.

Dusty, empty bookshelves cramp down around him as he sits puzzled at his desk. An unmoving, solitary light hangs over him.

This is THE AUTHOR -- Same age as Job, quite weak and rather isolated. Hardly the benevolent voice of authority to which Job called out.

We follow his eyes as he looks down at his laptop. Words of dialogue take the centre of the screen:

JOB

What the hell?!

A film script is being written on his laptop. Sitting at the top is a title: **JOB - DRAFT 1**

A stunned beat from the Author.

GOING BACK:

EXT. JOB'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The fire no longer grows. It flickers in place as if on

standby. It peels away at Job's walls, now falling with a CRASH on the streets below. The wall now far gone, Job's apartment resembles an amphitheatre - a stage touching the sky.

JOB

You know, to be frank, I wouldn't even call you 'God' at this point.

Nothing.

JOB (CONT'D)

Author! Got anything for me?

No response.

JOB (CONT'D)

I want to know w

--But he's cut off.

IN THE AUTHORS ROOM:

The delete button. The Author's hand presses away at it, REMOVING this new piece of dialogue straight from the script. A beat and a sigh from the Author. Though it doesn't last long before--

BACK ON JOB:

JOB (CONT'D)

...Oh this is rich...

The Author sits back, takes off his glasses, wipes his eyes. Job's words appear bold on the screen. Author breathes in, then a big sigh of preparation for what he's about to get into.