

EVERYTHING MUST GO

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EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

A small yard sale outside a nondescript home. Folks look over the random items and trinkets laid out on the folding tables.

GABRIEL (48) walks about, glancing at the goods for sale.

He sees a Magic 8-Ball laying amongst a pile of old toys. He picks it up. Looks it over. Nothing about it seems special.

MARTHA (O.S.)

Interested?

Gabriel looks up. MARTHA (55) is standing there, wearing a fanny pack, clearly in charge of the yard sale.

GABRIEL

Maybe. Haven't seen one of these since I was a kid.

MARTHA

It belonged to my grandfather. He recently passed away. Most of this stuff was his and we don't have room for it. Everything must go.

GABRIEL

How much do you want for it?

MARTHA

Hard to say. It's just a toy, but it was clearly special to him. He kept it locked away and never let us play with it.

GABRIEL

Why?

MARTHA

You got me. I'm not even sure if it works.

GABRIEL

Only one way to find out.

Gabriel shakes the Magic 8-Ball, then turns it over. The blue dice within starts to float into view.

He raises an eyebrow. Puzzled.

MARTHA

What does it say?

GABRIEL
"Apocalypse".

The sky suddenly darkens. Gabriel and Martha look up. The moon slowly passes in front of the sun and comes to a stops.

BWWWWWWAAAAAARRRRRRR! The sound of ROARING TRUMPETS suddenly fill the air, as if they were coming from the heavens.

The ground starts shaking violently. Windows SHATTER. Car alarms BLARE.

A flash of fire is seen in the sky as airplane explodes and falls towards the Earth.

Everyone starts running away. Panicked. Terrified. A passing truck suddenly veers off the road and CRASHES into the house.

Gabriel looks at the Magic 8-Ball. Eyes wide. Realizing.

INT. HEAVEN - GOD'S OFFICE - ETERNITY

GOD is at his desk. Head in his hands. JESUS is seated across from him, looking guilty.

GOD
Son, what have I said about leaving
your toys out?

THE END