



No God's, only him

written by

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SCENE 1

EXT. URBAN ALLEY - NIGHT

The alley is a canvas of forgotten graffiti and overflowing dumpsters. The air hangs heavy with the scent of stale food and damp concrete. ISAIAH (12), small for his age, clutches a worn backpack strap.

His eyes dart nervously. MARCUS (14), lean and coiled with nervous energy, grins, revealing a chipped front tooth. DAMON (13), a shadow of Marcus, bounces on the balls of his feet, eager.

MARCUS (LOW, GRAVELLY)
Alright, Isaiah. You ready to earn
your stripes?

Isaiah swallows, his gaze fixed on a flickering streetlamp at the alley's mouth.

ISAIAH
I'm ready.

Damon snorts, nudging Marcus.

DAMON
He looks like he's about to piss
himself.

MARCUS
Don't front, Damon. Everyone got
the jitters on their first one.

Marcus pulls a tattered, dark bandana from his pocket, tying it loosely around his wrist.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Remember the rules. Quick. Clean.
And no witnesses. Especially not
Him.

He gestures vaguely upwards. The unspoken name hangs in the air: The Good Samaritan. Everyone knows who "Him" is. Everyone fears Him.

SCENE 2

EXT. QUIET RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

They creep along the cracked pavement of a dimly lit street. Old, worn houses stand silently, their windows dark like unseeing eyes. Isaiah's heart thumps a frantic rhythm against his ribs. Up ahead, an ELDERLY WOMAN (70s), small and slow, shuffles out of a corner store, a canvas grocery bag clutched in her frail hand. Her back is slightly hunched, and she uses a cane. Marcus points.

MARCUS

THERE. EASY TARGET.

He glances at Isaiah.

MARCUS

You first, Isaiah. Punch her. Hard.
Then grab the bag.

Isaiah's eyes widen. He looks at the woman, then at Marcus, then back at the woman. Her steps are so small, so deliberate. He imagines his fist connecting with her jaw, the sound of it, the way she'd fall. A cold knot tightens in his stomach.

ISAIAH

I... I can't.

Marcus's face darkens.

MARCUS

What?

ISAIAH

I cant hit her. Shes... shes
old.

DAMON

(SCOFFS)

Dont be a punk, Isaiah. Just do
it!

Marcus steps forward, grabbing Isaiah's arm.

MARCUS

This ain't a suggestion, little
man. You back out now, you're dead
to us. Worse than dead.

The woman is closer now, her silhouette growing larger under the faint glow of a distant streetlamp. Isaiah can see the silver glint of her hair, the careful way she places her feet. He pulls his arm free from Marcus's grip.

ISAIAH
No. I'm not doing it.

A beat of stunned silence. Marcus's eyes narrow, then flash with anger.

MARCUS
Fine. Your loss. Damon! You're up.
Show him how it's done.

Damon's eyes light up with a mix of fear and excitement. He adjusts his stance, cracking his knuckles.

<DAMON
Gladly.

He takes a step towards the woman. Isaiah watches, frozen, his breath caught in his throat.

SCENE 3

EXT. QUIET RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Damon rushes forward, a blur of youthful aggression. The elderly woman, startled by the sudden movement, looks up, her eyes wide with fear.

<ELDERLY WOMAN
Oh! (Whispering, eyes squeezed shut) Oh Good Samaritan up in the sky, hear my cry...

Damon raises his fist, aiming for her face. Marcus watches, a predatory grin spreading across his lips.

Suddenly, a WHIPPING SOUND, like a sonic boom compressed into a split second. A flash of BLUE.

Isaiah blinks. He swears he sees a streak of deep blue fabric—a cape?—and the briefest glimpse of a blue boot. It's gone as fast as it appeared.

Damon, mid-swing, is yanked upwards with impossible speed. His feet leave the ground, his arms flail uselessly. A muffled cry escapes his lips as he becomes a rapidly shrinking speck against the night sky.

Marcus, who was just laughing, freezes. His mouth hangs open. His eyes are wide, reflecting the empty space where Damon was just a second ago.

Silence. Heavy, suffocating silence. Isaiah stares at the sky, then back at the elderly woman, who is now trembling, her cane clattering to the ground. Her grocery bag has fallen, spilling an orange and a carton of milk onto the pavement.

Marcus lets out a choked sound, a mix of fear and disbelief. He looks at Isaiah, then back at the sky, then down the empty street. His bravado has completely evaporated, replaced by raw terror.

MARCUS
He... He got him.

He stumbles backward, tripping over his own feet.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
We gotta go! NOW!

Marcus turns to run, pure panic propelling him. He sprints down the street, not looking back. Isaiah stands rooted to the spot, watching him go. He glances at the trembling woman, who is slowly trying to stoop and pick up her spilled groceries.

Then, another WHIP. Another flash of BLUE. Faster this time.

Marcus, mid-stride, is instantly gone. Just a momentary blue blur above the rooftops, then nothing. No scream, no sound. Just an echoing emptiness.

Isaiah stands alone on the street with the old woman, the spilled groceries, and the terrifying, vast silence. He looks up at the infinite, starless sky. The Good Samaritan. Everywhere and nowhere. Always watching. Always there.

SCENE 4

EXT. BUSY INTERSECTION - DAY

The sun glares off the chrome of idling cars. Horns blare impatiently. A sleek, late-model sedan is stopped at a red light. Inside, a YOUNG MOTHER (30s) is humming softly, looking into the rearview mirror at her sleeping BABY in a car seat.

Suddenly, the driver's side door is yanked open. A THUG (20s, menacing, with a bandana over his face) shoves a handgun into the car.

THUG
Get out! Now!

The Mother's eyes go wide with terror. She instinctively clutches the steering wheel.

YOUNG
MOTHER My baby! Please, don't hurt him!

THUG
I said, OUT!

He yanks her arm, trying to pull her from the car. The Baby in the backseat stirs, beginning to whimper.

YOUNG MOTHER (TEARS STREAMING DOWN HER FACE)
Oh, Good Samaritan up in the sky,
hear my cry! My baby! He's just a baby!

The Thug laughs, a cruel, guttural sound. He's almost got her out of the car. He glances briefly into the back seat at the wailing infant.

THUG
Shut that thing up!

SCENE 5

EXT. BUSY INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

Just as the Thug is about to fully extract the Mother, a sudden, powerful GUST OF WIND whips through the intersection, rustling leaves and making loose papers dance.

Another WHIPPING SOUND, impossibly fast. A flash of BLUE, so quick it's barely registered. It seems to originate from above, then darts down into the car.

The Thug, mid-pull, suddenly stiffens. His eyes roll back in his head, and he goes utterly limp. His hand, still gripping the Mother's arm, slides away. He crumples to the pavement like a ragdoll.

The Mother stares, bewildered, at the unconscious Thug on the ground. She looks into the backseat. The Baby is now quiet, gazing with wide, curious eyes at the space above the car where the blue flash had been.

She slowly looks up at the sky, a mixture of awe and profound relief washing over her face. She clutches her chest, still trembling, but a faint, grateful smile begins to form.

SCENE 6

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rain streaks down a grimy windowpane. A YOUNG WOMAN (20s), emaciated and shivering, huddles on a bare mattress on the floor. Her breath comes in ragged gasps. She clutches a small, framed photo of a child. A bottle of pills lies open beside her.

YOUNG WOMAN
(Weakly, in Spanish) "Oh Buen
Samaritano en el cielo, escucha mi
llanto..." (Oh Good Samaritan up in
the sky, hear my cry...)

A faint, almost imperceptible WHISPER OF WIND stirs the tattered curtains. A ripple of blue light, quick as a thought, flashes across the room, gone before it can be truly seen. The bottle of pills clatters to the floor, rolling harmlessly under the bed. The woman closes her eyes, a peaceful expression slowly replacing her despair.

SCENE 7

EXT. DUSTY VILLAGE ROAD - DAY

The blistering sun beats down on a lone FIGURE (50s, male), collapsed beside a rickety wooden cart. His face is etched with exhaustion and thirst. A small, empty water skin lies by his hand. Bandits with crude weapons approach from a distance, their shadows long and menacing.

FIGURE (HOARSELY, IN ARABIC)
"Ayyuhal-Samariy al-Salih fis-
sama', isma' nidā'ī..." (Oh Good
Samaritan up in the sky, hear my
cry...)

A sudden, intense SHIMMER in the air directly above the bandits. It's like heat haze, but sharper, brighter, with a hint of deep blue. The bandits, one by one, inexplicably trip and fall, their weapons scattering. They lie there, dazed and disoriented, as if hit by an invisible force. The Figure, revived, slowly rises, looking around in wonder.

SCENE 8

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - SUNSET

A CHILD (8, female) has slipped and is dangling precariously from a crumbling cliff edge, her small fingers losing their grip. Her mother, frantic, reaches desperately for her, but is too far away.

MOTHER (SCREAMING, IN GERMAN)

"Oh, guter Samariter im Himmel,
höre meinen Schrei!" (Oh Good
Samaritan up in the sky, hear my
cry!

A BLUR of intense blue, swift as a peregrine falcon, dives from the sky. It's a precise, almost surgical movement. The child is instantly, gently,

lifted and deposited onto the solid ground beside her weeping mother. The blue flash is gone before the mother can even fully comprehend what happened, leaving only the sound of her relieved sobs and the distant echo of a faint sonic boom.

SCENE 9

EXT. CRIME-RIDDEN ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The alley is narrow and oppressive, lined with overflowing dumpsters and shadowed doorways. The air is thick with the scent of decay and fear. A WEALTHY COUPLE, ARTHUR (40s, distinguished, wearing an expensive suit) and ELEANOR (40s, elegant, adorned with a pearl necklace), walk quickly, pulling their YOUNG SON, LEO (7), between them. Leo clutches a worn, stuffed rabbit.

Suddenly, two MASKED THUGS, JOE (30s, burly) and JACK (20s, wiry, holding a glinting handgun), emerge from the shadows, blocking their path.

JOE

Wallets out, hands up! Now!

Arthur raises his hands slowly, fear etched on his face. Eleanor gasps, pulling Leo closer.

ARTHUR

Take it, just don't hurt us.

Arthur fumbles for his wallet, his hands trembling. Jack keeps the gun pointed steadily at Eleanor.

JOE

And that necklace, lady.

Joe lunges, his gloved hand yanking the pearl necklace from Eleanor's throat. The pearls scatter, some bouncing on the grimy concrete.

< ELEANOR

(Screams) No!

Leo, terrified, buries his face in Eleanor's leg.

LEO

(Whispering, tears streaming) Oh
Good Samaritan up in the sky, hear
my cry!

Jack's eyes, visible through the mask, narrow. He raises his gun, aiming at the screaming Eleanor.

JACK

Shut her up!

He pulls the trigger.

TWO GUNSHOTS RING OUT, deafening in the confined space.

A chilling silence descends. Leo, still clinging to his mother's leg, is now fully cowering, sobbing uncontrollably. Arthur and Eleanor are frozen, their eyes wide with terror, bracing for impact.

A moment passes. The air crackles with unspoken dread.

Leo peeks out, his little face streaked with tears, expecting to see something horrific. He sees the pearls, glistening faintly on the dark ground, falling, falling...

Then, a blur. A flash of DEEP BLUE.

Into frame, from the lower left, comes a HAND. It's strong, gloved in dark blue, and impossibly fast. It catches both bullets, one in the palm, the other between two fingers, just before they can reach Eleanor. The bullets simply stop, inert, embedded in the gloved hand.

Joe and Jack, startled, look at the hand, then up. Their eyes widen in pure, unadulterated terror.

WHIPPING SOUNDS. Two rapid flashes of BLUE. Joe and Jack are instantly, violently, yanked upwards, their bodies becoming rapidly shrinking specks against the murky sky, disappearing as quickly as they appeared. No screams, just a whoosh of displaced air.

Arthur and Eleanor stare, bewildered and utterly relieved. They look at the empty space where the thugs were, then down at their trembling son.

Arthur immediately drops to his knees, pulling Leo into a fierce embrace. Eleanor collapses beside them, weeping tears of gratitude, clutching her son and husband tightly. The three of them hold each other, shaking, safe.

Leo looks up at the sky, his tears still flowing, but now mixed with wonder and a newfound understanding.

[FADE TO BLACK]