

TIM'S TRIP

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FADE IN:

INT. TIM'S LEAVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Tim sits in his living room on his old couch. He looks down at his LSD tabs on the coffee table. He grabs one and puts it on his tongue.

He looks back at the television.

PASSAGE OF TIME

MONTAGE: FLURRY OF VISCERAL IMAGES FLASHES. A VISION OF THE APOCALYPSE.

SFX: DOORBELL

Tim startled back to reality by the bell gets up from his seat. He walks to the front door.

He is greeted by a man. A pastor named EZEKIEL.

Tim has a confused look on his face, but still opens the door halfway.

Tim peers through the small gap of the open door.

TIM
Can I help you?

EZEKIEL
Do you want to be saved?

TIM
What...

EZEKIEL
In the coming days the world will
be coming to an end. I've seen it.
I wanted to give as many people an
option to save their soul.

Tim looks down shocked. Then back up to the Pastor.

TIM
I had the same vision. Apocalypse.

EZEKIEL
Really...so you saw that God wants
you to help him convert the
non-believers?

TIM

Uhhh...no. I was thinking that this might mean I'm supposed to save the world. Or maybe we can together? I think you should come inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF TIM'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The pastor walks in to Tim's house and the door is shut behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. TIM'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Tim and Ezekiel sit in the living room across from each other.

They look at one another intently.

EZEKIEL

I'm gathering that you aren't a Christian, but as I said it's not too late. I can help save you. You don't have to be damned.

TIM

Look. I'm trying to connect with you. We are the only people who know what's going on out there.

Ezekiel laughs quietly.

EZEKIEL

How could you possibly be some sort of savior if you yourself aren't even on the right path?

TIM

Shut up we don't have time to worry about your hokey religion.

EZEKIEL

Now Tim, there's no need for insults. You're but a simple man and it is my duty to spread the word.

TIM
(whispers to himself)
How do you know my name?
(to Ezekiel)
Christianity has never benefitted
me and clearly isn't stopping the
end of days.

Ezekiel stands up abruptly. Fixes his clothes and starts walking towards Tim.

Tim notices Ezekiel moving towards him and scrambles to his feet.

TIM
What the fuck are you doing?

EZEKIEL
Calm down, Tim. I'm only trying to help. Whether you want me to or not, I'm going to make sure you aren't the reason we will all be doomed.

Ezekiel continues slowly meandering his way towards Tim.

CUT TO:

INT. TIM'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Tim stumbles backwards into the kitchen.

TIM
Please stop.

EZEKIEL
I can't Tim. You gave me no other choice.

Ezekiel reaches into his pocket and pulls out a cross and points it towards Tim.

Tim looks at the cross, but then freaks out because he mistakes it for a knife due to his acid trip.

TIM
You're trying to sacrifice me. I knew all you Christians were just cultists.

EZEKIEL

No Tim. I'm doing a prayer for you. I did the same for your neighbors and most of them were far more receptive.

TIM

This does not look like a prayer.

Tim sprints towards the Pastor, pushing past him, and runs Outside.

Ezekiel stands there stunned.

He then walks back over to the living room and sees Tim's tabs of acid and weed on the table.

Ezekiel sighs deeply and walks towards the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF TIM'S HOUSE BY A BENCH - AFTERNOON

Tim continues running with the pastor right behind him.

He reaches a small open area where a bench is nearby.

EZEKIEL

What are you planning to do now?
We're out in the open. Are you
going to keep running forever?

TIM

I've been running from people like
you my whole life.

Ezekiel comes closer to Tim.

TIM

Stay away.

EZEKIEL

Tim, I know you are on drugs. I
know you've been smoking dope.

TIM

I'm telling you man, don't come
any closer.

Ezekiel gets closer and Tim tries to push him away, but the Pastor grabs his arms. They continue to struggle with one another. Mumbling things towards each other.

The conflict becomes a small scuffle. Until they tire each other out and let go.

TIM

We are fighting when the world is about to end. And you're worried about my drug use? We have bigger issues to deal with.

Tim and Ezekiel stand in front of one another, breathing deeply.

Tim walks over to the bench and takes a seat. He then pulls a joint out of his pocket and lights it.

TIM

This has been the only thing getting me through everything. Maybe life treated you a bit better.

Ezekiel takes a seat next to Tim.

Ezekiel holds the bible out to Tim. Tim looks at him.

He pauses for a moment.

Then hands the pastor the joint.

Tim opens the bible and Ezekiel takes a drag from the joint.

They both sit next to each other as they await an impending apocalypse that will never come.