

JUDGMENT DAY

Written by

Ernestia Fraser

FADE IN:

INT. CLARA'S HOUSE - EVENING - BASEMENT

SOUND OF METAL CLANKING, a LOUD STRIKE -- then soon ANOTHER. A RED HAZE coming from a single LIGHT BULB hanging from the ceiling.

A SHORT FIGURE, dressed in BLACK OVERALLS and a WELDING HELMET, holds a WELDING TORCH, applying the SPARKLING fire on a LARGE CONICAL-shaped GRAY METAL. The figure torches the metal in a straight line, welding the bottom part of what appears to be a door --

The figure steps back -- soon taking off the mask -- revealing CLARA BROWN (70, black). Her face is rigid and crude, her hair silver.

INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - MORNING

A REVEREND (55, black, burly, wears glasses, sporting a goatee) stands at the pulpit raising his bible, soon pacing back and forth. He stares at his CONGREGATION, who sit quietly in the pews.

PREACHER

What will happen on the day of
judgment?

A MARRIED COUPLE (40's, black) begin to reach for the other's hand. Clara sits among the congregation -- a HUGE, opened Bible is in her lap.

INSERT - Book of Revelation

REVEREND (O.S.)

And who of you will escape the
wrath of God? For if God did not
spare angels when they sinned, how
will he spare the unrighteous?!
Hearken to me now and understand
that the present heavens and earth
are reserved for fire, being kept
for the day of judgment and
destruction of the ungodly!

Clara looks down at her bible and then averts her eyes to the Reverend.

REVEREND (CONT'D)
 Judgment Day shall come and when it
 comes, will you survive or will you
 be destroyed?

INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - SAME - FOYER

The Reverend stands by the door greeting people as they exit
 the sanctuary. He smiles while shaking the hand of the Couple
 (from earlier).

REVEREND
 So good of you to join in today's
 service, Mr. And Mrs. Wilkes. I
 expect to see you both for the
 annual cookout.

The couple nod in unison while Clara shuffles towards door,
 soon greeting the Reverend.

CLARA
 (coldly)
 Another great sermon, Reverend
 Bethel.

REVEREND
 I appreciate you saying, Miss
 Clara. I hope I was able to answer
 some your questions.

CLARA
 I expect you answered a few.

The two shakes hands.

REVEREND
 Okay. Sounds good -- Guess I'll be
 seeing you soon.

CLARA
 I guess you will.

Reverend watch as Clara exits the large church doors.

INT. CLARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - BASEMENT

Clara stands in front of her conical contraption - a home-
 made SPACESHIP. Her face is dirty and there is a large mallet
 HAMMER in her hand.

Clara walks over to the small spaceship and raises her
 hammer, soon POUNDING a LARGE SCREW into the metal.

CLARA
 (to the spaceship)
 You can escape fire, can't you? I
 hope so.

EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH - MORNING

Sitting on a hill, the church is magnanimous.

Clara, dressed in a flowery dress and straw hat, walks over to the side of the building. She holds a large purse.

INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - SAME - FRONT OFFICE

The Secretary, EMMA (25, fashionable) sits behind a cubicle, talking on the phone.

EMMA
 (in the phone)
 Yes, that's right... So seven o'
 clock?

Emma notices Clara, who approaches.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 (in the phone)
 Yes, sounds good. Have a great day.

Hanging up the phone:

EMMA (CONT'D)
 Misses Clara... wow, good to see
 you again.

CLARA
 Is the Reverend in?

EMMA
 (slightly anxious)
 Yes... is he expecting you?

CLARA
 I guess he isn't, but he ought to.

Emma feigns laughter but Clara has a straight face, causing Emma to conscientiously zip it. There's something unnerving about Clara, slightly frightening to others.

Picking up the phone: