

BLAMELESS

Written by

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Inspired by The Book of Job

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FADE IN:

Cheesy retro-type music plays similar to the theme song of the show "Dallas."

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- The sun rises over a proud Texas flag swaying in the breeze.
- Skyline of a big city.
- The Cross, Groom, Texas.
- Cowboys on horseback ride through the plains.
- Oil rigs drum up and down.
- Miles of rotating blades of solar windmills.
- The Alamo.
- Cowboys competing at a rodeo.
- Farm machinery plow fields.
- Big Texas longhorns graze in a pasture.
- Sports stadium aerial.
- Cars buzz down a four lane highway, pass a sign: "Up to \$2000.00 fine for littering. DON'T MESS WITH TEXAS."

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

MAIN TITLE: BLAMELESS

EXT. GRASSY PLAINS - DAY

SUPER: Uz, Texas

Idyllic grasslands sway under the blazing Texas sun.

A cloud of dust. Thunder of pounding hooves.

Massive herd of cattle run.

Two FARMHANDS open a big wrought iron gate. Above it, an ornate sign "JOHNSTON RANCH."

Bandanas cover the faces of COWBOYS on horseback who direct cattle into a corral.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
(voice deep, melodic)
There was a man in the land of Uz
whose name was Job.

JOB JOHNSTON (50s) rugged, Marlboro-type, a near perfect man in all ways, watches the cowboys across the way as he rides his steed near the herd.

He stops, pulls the bandana down, removes his Stetson, waves it to the others.

They acknowledge.

Job looks towards the heavens.

JOB
I pray my children did nothing to
offend You. I thank You for our
safe return and for all your
blessings.

He rejoins the group.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Job was blameless and upright. He
respected God and turned away from
evil.

EXT. JOHNSTON RANCH - DAY

The herd of cattle spill in the corral.

Riding the herd, AARON JOHNSON (20s) chiseled jaw-line and handsome like his father, but could use a little growing up.

RACHEL JOHNSON(20s) fierce, beautiful, hair tucked under her Stetson, can outride the best of them, ushers cattle forward.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Job was a loving father of two. He
was blessed with two children, a
son, Aaron, and a daughter, Rachel.

Job sits in the saddle, watches the cattle enter the fenced area. Aaron and Rachel ride up.

JOB
I think that was record time.

The farmhands shut the gate, enclosing the bawling cattle.

Job gives them a thumbs-up.

JOB (CONT'D)

We got 'em home. As always, I
couldn't have done it without you.

AARON

Thanks, Pa. I was just trying to
keep up with Rachel.

Rachel smirks.

RACHEL

You almost succeeded, A-A-Ron.

Job laughs.

JOB

My daughter. Always the humble one.

RACHEL

Someone has to keep him straight.

Aaron laughs.

JOB

Come on, let's get cleaned up,
children.

Aaron grins sheepishly. Rachel rolls her eyes.

Job notices.

JOB (CONT'D)

What?

RACHEL

We're not children anymore.

AARON

Haven't been for a long time.

JOB

You'll always be my children. No
matter how old you are.

Aaron's stare lingers on Job. Rachel punches him in the
shoulder.

RACHEL

Let's go, ding dong.

The threesome ride toward a beautiful mansion and other well-
cared buildings set on a hilltop and surrounded by lush,
manicured landscaping.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Why are you lying to dad, anyway.

AARON
What are you talking about?

RACHEL
I seen you playing with your toy car.

AARON
Not a toy. A model. A feet of engineering. Helps me relax.

RACHEL
Is it made of plastic?

AARON
Yeah?

RACHEL
Has little dolls you put inside?

AARON
Not dolls, little people, but yeah.

RACHEL
Did I hear you go Vroom, Vroom with it?

AARON
Shut up, Rachel.

INT. MEGA CHURCH - DAY

A contemporary Christian song resonates throughout.

Enthusiastic, EVERYONE sings, praises the Creator.

Job in the front pew, claps and sings.

DINAH (40s) a vainglorious but loving wife with curly long blonde hair, decked out in precious stones and a Versace outfit, beside Job.

She clutches a diamond studded necklace, smiles at Job, sings.

Aaron and Rachel down the pew, sing.

Across the way, BILLY (50s) a black man built like a linebacker and ZO (30s) a Vaquero with lots of bling beside him.

The song comes to an end. They look over at Job and smile.
Job returns the greeting.

PASTOR ELI (O.S.)
No one said life would be easy.
Jesus never said that.

PASTOR ELI (60s) short in stature but not in character, scans
the crowd.

PASTOR ELI (CONT'D)
My heart was set on joining the
N.B.A.

The crowd laughs.

PASTOR ELI (CONT'D)
It wasn't that funny.

He laughs at himself.

PASTOR ELI (CONT'D)
But God had other plans. Better
plans. I'll leave you today with
this. From one Peter five, verses
six through eight. Humble
yourselves, therefore, under God's
mighty hand that he may lift you up
in due time. Cast all your anxiety
on Him because He cares for you.
But be alert and of sober mind.

He pauses for just a moment, eyes seem to focus on Job.

PASTOR ELI (CONT'D)
Your enemy, the devil, prowls
around like a roaring lion looking
for someone to devour.

EXT. MEGA CHURCH - DAY

Job and his family shake hands, greet PARISHIONERS as they
exit the doors.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Job was a great man amongst his
people. Respected by all.

BILLY
Thank you, Job. Our contract went
through with Dynamic Solutions.

JOB

It was my pleasure, Billy. I know you'll do a good job for them.

Dinah puts her arm around Job.

ZO

Congrats, Dinah.

BILLY

What's the occasion?

Job grins at Dinah.

JOB

Dinah's managed to put up with me for twenty years.

Zo and Billy laughs.

BILLY

Congrats to both of you!

JOB

You coming over for lunch?

BILLY

Absolutely.

INT. HEAVEN - GOD'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

White, austere, pristine.

Archangel MICHAEL (30s) a stalwart warrior, in white formal attire, stares out a massive window overlooking Earth. A tinge of restlessness about him.

He straightens his tie.

LUCIFER (30s) exceedingly handsome face, his eyes a supernatural bright blue. Sly. Cunning. Too big for his own britches. Wears black leather jacket, "Hell's Angels" inscribed on the back.

He sneaks past Michael toward massive golden gilded doors at the front of the room.

Michael turns, spots him.

MICHAEL

Lucifer!

Taken aback at the sight a moment.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

Lucifer waves his hand, blasé.

LUCIFER
(British accent)
Oh, ya know...

MICHAEL
No, I don't. That's why I asked.

LUCIFER
Am I not still a son of God?

MICHAEL
Don't try your tricks on me. You've never been a son of God.

LUCIFER
Well, I was a favorite of His at one time.

MICHAEL
How did you get in here?

Lucifer shrugs.

LUCIFER
I, uh...

Michael motions him away.

MICHAEL
I don't have time for your foolish banter. Now leave!

Michael points toward the entry door.

LUCIFER
Oh, don't be so dense. I'm not here to squabble with ya, yeah. I'm here to see... Him.

He looks toward the gilded doors.

MICHAEL
You mean God?

LUCIFER
I used a capital "H." Is that not good enough for you?

Michael's face reddens. He clinches his fists.

MICHAEL

Why you!

A booming, deep, powerful voice...

GOD (O.S.)

Michael!

Michael immediately unclenches his fist and lowers his head.

Lucifer grins slyly.

The gilded doors open revealing a room enshrouded in brilliant light. Pristine white shoes emerge from the light.

They both turn their attention to - GOD (60s) a black man with grey wool-like hair in a magnificent white suit.

GOD (CONT'D)

I was expecting him after all.

Michael bows.

MICHAEL

Yes, yes, of course.

Lucifer pats Michael on the cheek.

LUCIFER

Such a good little boy.

Michael grimaces, grits his teeth.

GOD

Come now, Lucifer. Michael's patience is waning.

Lucifer winks at Michael, follows God into the room.

Michael trails behind.

INT. GOD'S OFFICE - DAY

Much like the waiting room, austere, pristine, and bright white.

God stands in front of a large window. Clouds open to reveal the Earth below.

LUCIFER

So? How are you?

GOD
Do you really care?

LUCIFER
No, of course not. I'm trying to
make small talk.

GOD
Where have you been?

LUCIFER
Oh, you know, going to and fro.

Lucifer makes a walking gesture with his fingers over the
Earth.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
Walking up and down Earth. Up and
down. Up and down.

GOD
I see.

God ponders.

LUCIFER
Something bothering you? What is
it?

GOD
Have you considered my servant,
Job?

LUCIFER
Ah, Job. The cattle magnate. The
monkey from Texas.

GOD
There's no one like him on earth.

Lucifer cackles.

LUCIFER
Have you seen the ridiculous boots
he wears? Texans. You really did a
number when you created them.
(Southern drawl)
Yeehaw! Don't mess with Texas!

Lucifer makes his hands like pistols and play shoots Michael.

God shakes his head.

GOD
I see you still have the attention
span of a gnat.

LUCIFER
Yeah, yeah, Job. Sorry.

GOD
Job's a blameless and upright man.

LUCIFER
Hah.

GOD
He's obedient. He fears me, and
turns away from evil.

A wicked smile on his face, Lucifer shakes his head.

LUCIFER
But... Does Job really fear you for
no reason? I mean really?

GOD
Where are you going with this?

LUCIFER
You've protected his body from
illness. Not even a little sniffle.
You've protected his family from
harm. And, you've protected his
possessions from destruction. Well,
it's clear to see you've put a
hedge around him.

GOD
So?

LUCIFER
Under those circumstances, who
wouldn't worship you?