

EVERYTHING MUST GO

**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, passively glancing at the goods for sale.

He sees a dust-covered 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. Most of this junk was his. Everything must go.

GABRIEL

How much do you want for it?

MARTHA

Hard to say. It's just a toy, but it was special to him. He always kept it locked away and refused to 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 floats into view. It reads: "APOCALYPSE".

He raises an eyebrow. Puzzled.

MARTHA

What'd 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 violently shaking. Nearby windows SHATTER. Car alarms BLARE.

Flashes of fire are seen in the sky. Airplanes explode and start falling towards the Earth.

A passing truck suddenly veers off the road and CRASHES into the house.

Everyone starts running away. Screaming. Panicked. Terrified.

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