

The End of the World  
By John Cospers

*Ext. House*

*Steve walks up to a very nice house or apartment and knocks on the door.*

STEVE: Hi, Vicki.

VICKI: Steve! What are you doing here?

STEVE: Well, you didn't show up for our date, and I knew that could only mean one thing.

VICKI: Steve, I'm so sorry. I should have told you—

STEVE: Told me? That you forgot our date? How could you tell me you forgot when, haha, you forgot?

VICKI: Forgot?

STEVE: Please, don't beat yourself up. I'm here now, so we can—

ROGER: *(inside)* Vicki, are we ready to—

*Roger appears at the door. He's bigger and much more handsome than Steve.*

STEVE: Vicki, is this your brother?

VICKI: No, Steve. This is my ex-boyfriend, Roger.

ROGER: She means boyfriend. Vicki and I are back together. Steve, is it?

*Long shot on Steve, very sad, as he walks away.*

ROGER: Should you go talk to him?

VICKI: Heck, no. He's too geeky. Let's go.

*Ext. Church*

*Steve walks up to the church and looks at it.*

STEVE: Hey! Yoo hoo. Listen, I know you're a busy guy, fighting wars and sin and stuff. But I got problems of my own. I'm 23 and I've never had a girlfriend. Not even so much as a second date. I thought you made us all to couple up. Ya know? Someone out there for everyone. Wasn't that the idea? Well where's mine, God? Huh? Where's mine? Look, if you're still working on her, that's cool. Just give me some sign that you care. And how much longer I have to wait.

*Steve hears coughing behind him. He turns and sees John.*

JOHN: Woo, I'll never get used to that. Traveling by cloud, that's for Him, not me.

STEVE: Who are you?

JOHN: Don't you recognize me? I'm John.

STEVE: John who?

JOHN: John, as in First John, Second John, Third John, the Gospel According to...

STEVE: Yeah, right.

JOHN: It's true. I've got the third degree burn scars from being boiled in oil to prove it.

STEVE: If you're the apostle John, what are you doing here?

JOHN: Responding, on behalf of our Lord Himself, to your plea. You wanted a sign that God cares. Here I am.

STEVE: You?

JOHN: Yes.

STEVE: Bummer.

JOHN: Well, that's gratitude for you. Kids today.

STEVE: I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I am grateful someone came. It's just I was expecting someone... younger. Blonder. Femaler.

JOHN: I think I understand. You want to know that you'll find someone special to enjoy in this life.

STEVE: Yes! Will she be pretty? Smart? Pretty?

JOHN: That's not for me to say, young man. The Lord didn't fill me in on those details.

STEVE: Then what are you doing here?

JOHN: I'm here to tell you that, as bad as things seem, it could be worse. You're acting like being single is the end of the world, when in reality... it's nothing like the end of the world. Not even close. I mean if you had seen half the things I've seen...

JOHN: You read my book?

STEVE: No, but I saw *Left Behind*.

JOHN: Wow. Talk about suffering.

STEVE: Yeah. It was horrifying. And not just the acting, or the writing. The end of times is going to be brutal.

JOHN: Yes. It really is.

STEVE: But even so, it would be so nice to have someone to share my life with. Ya know? Someone to hold, someone to kiss. Someone to register for China with at Bed, Bath, and Beyond.

JOHN: Well no one will ever say your standards were too high.

STEVE: No, they're really not. I'll tell ya, John, all I want in this life is for one day to hear a man stand up and church and say, "Ladies and gentlemen, for the first time ever, I present to you Mr. and Mrs. Steven Ray McMillan."

JOHN: STEVEN RAY MCMILLAN???

STEVE: Yeah, not quite that loud, but yeah.

JOHN: I don't believe it. Steven Ray McMillan. Well no wonder!

STEVE: No wonder what?

*John pauses, smiles.*

JOHN: Nothing. It's nothing.

STEVE: There's something you're not telling me.

JOHN: No there's not.

STEVE: Yes there is.

JOHN: I already said it. Wrote it down, in my book.

STEVE: Wrote what down?

JOHN: Nothing!

STEVE: Is it about me?  
JOHN: I'm not saying.  
STEVE: C'mon, give me a little hope here. At least tell me I get kissed.  
JOHN: Oh, you get kissed all right.  
STEVE: Thank God!  
JOHN: It's just...  
STEVE: It's just what?  
JOHN: When you get kissed? That's the first sign.  
STEVE: First sign of what?  
JOHN: The end.  
STEVE: The end of what?  
JOHN: The end of everything.  
STEVE: Everything?  
JOHN: I've already said too much.  
STEVE: You mean to tell me my getting kissed means the end of the world?  
JOHN: No, no, not the end-end. It's just the first sign. There will be others.  
STEVE: Such as?  
JOHN: Well, the day you get engaged, the seven bowls of wrath begin.  
STEVE: What?  
JOHN: The day you get married, the Beast takes power.  
STEVE: On my wedding day?  
JOHN: And the grand finale... is when your first child is born.  
STEVE: My having a child means the end of the world?  
JOHN: Oh don't act all surprised. Just a moment ago you were talking like you knew already.  
STEVE: Everyone used to say that to me. I always thought they were joking.  
JOHN: Haha, seeing but not perceiving. Same old story.  
STEVE: So that's how it's gonna be. I have nothing to live for.  
JOHN: Oh, now, don't take that attitude. There's a lot of life for you to live between now and then.  
STEVE: There is?  
JOHN: Sure! God's got big plans in store for you.  
STEVE: Besides being the catalyst for the final judgment?  
JOHN: Much more besides.  
STEVE: Really?  
JOHN: Really really!  
STEVE: Man, what am I doing worrying over getting married? I've got some work to do!  
Thank you, Mr. John.  
JOHN: Please, it's just John.  
STEVE: Thank you, John. I'll never forget you.  
JOHN: Ditto.

*Steve starts to walk away.*

JOHN: See you soon?  
STEVE: What??

JOHN: Just playing.

STEVE: Oh, okay then.

*Steve walks away. John watches him go, then turns to the camera and shrugs.*

JOHN: So I made it up. At least now he can quit whining and get a life.

*John walks off and vanishes. Fade to black.*