

**sound key**  
✓ ok  
**1 minor problem, ok for now**  
**2 very bad, must fix**  
**picture/cut key**

**visual key**  
✓ ok  
**1 minor, ok for now**  
**2 big bad**

## PREFACE

### RADIO VOICE

intense storms seem to be abating, earthquakes and wildfires are less frequently reported. with the collapse of consumer civilization, nature seems to be calming down. coincidence? the healing has yet to begin, however. the oceans are pocked with vast dead zones, undocumented diseases are wiping out beleaguered settlements, deserts are expanding and submerged industrial centers having toxified most ocean coastlines. the earth is a mess, and will be for generations to come. but it wasn't your fault dear listener. no, you were a good citizen, you paid your taxes, you didn't rock the boat. well unless you have a boat, the chances of soaking in a hot tub again in this lifetime are slim.

**1 what's happening here visually? the titles are ok, we want the focus on the spoken words coming from the darkness**

## MONTAGE AND FUDIP

**1 it's definitely industrial, there's not much reference to modern times... is there something else in the water? what about wreckage hanging from the smokestack? a helicopter? graff on the art church, references modern references, rekked by the People of Wisconsin**

**1 christina walking past the buildings - broken windows**

## DOG ACT I

### INT. CHRISTINA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Christina is sitting on her couch alone in her apartment when her phone rings. She answers.

CHRISTINA

✓ Hello?

CALLER

1 Christina?

**1 need a more staticky line, certainly more processed and compression in the jpeg sense**

CHRISTINA

✓ Yes?

CALLER

✓ This is your Uncle Joe.

CHRISTINA looks down at her caller ID. It reads "UNCLE JOE"

CHRISTINA

(playing along, poker face)

✓ OK, Uncle Joe, but uh, your dead.

UNCLE JOE

(calm, the EMT voice at an accident)

✓ Look Christi, this isn't a joke. OK? I don't want to scare you. I am at your front door, and I want to talk to you. I know this seems strange, but believe me, it's important.

CHRISTINA

(a little unsteady)

1 Uncle Joe, or whoever... this is kind of weird, but you really do sound like Uncle Joe...

**slight hissy room tone**

**2 replace whoever - "or whoever"**

UNCLE JOE

(encouragingly)

✓ Christi, just relax and open the door.

CHRISTINA

✓ OK, here I come.

**1 - slight hissy room tone**

She crosses from the couch to the front door and starts to open it.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

✓ I am opening the door.

At the door stands an older man, looking fresh and full of vigor.

**1 from hall color correction on water!**

**1 to hall - he's hot!**

**(is the hall reddish)**

**✓ as the door opens there's a slight hiccup  
in the ship noise**

CHRISTINA

(surprised and relieved)

**1** Wow shit, um... you look great Uncle Joe!

You look like you did before the cancer.

UNCLE JOE

(apologetic)

✓ Actually Christi, I am not your Uncle Joe, my name is Melchior. I just assumed the appearance of your Uncle Joe because you two had such a solid connection. I do need to talk to you, can I come in?

**2 - need sound of laughter giggle or snort  
from christina, perhaps from watching the  
gerry show**

CHRISTINA

**1** Yes Uncle-uh, Melchior! Are you an angel or what?

**slight buzzy room tone**

**1 map the scratches in the window**

Melchior enters.

MELCHIOR

(slightly cynical)

**1** Sure that's what I am, an angel from heaven Christi and well, (seriously) there's a little emergency - that's why I am here.

**slight hushy room tone**

CHRISTINA

(a little manic, it's hitting her hard)

Wow, that's amazing - Shit! Sorry... Shit! Sorry!

**slight hissy room tone**

MELCHIOR

(sternly, but with compassion)

✓ Christi, calm down. This is all happening fast

I know, but I wouldn't be here if it wasn't vitally important.

CHRISTINA

(managing a shuddery deep breath)

1 Ok, I am ok. What's the deal?  
**slight hissy room tone**

MELCHIOR

(sales pitch)

1 Well you know about Jesus right, the Son of God? He was born the usual way, his mother was Mary. Well... You are going to give birth to the Daughter of God.  
**slight buzzy room tone**

CHRISTINA

1 Really?  
**slight buzzy room tone**

MELCHIOR

✓ Yep.

CHRISTINA

1 That's amazing. ✓ Is it because I am a lesbian?

MELCHIOR

(indulgently)

✓ No actually, and technically you're bisexual, but physiology and politics...

CHRISTINA

(cutting in)

1 Was Mary a lesbian too?  
**slight buzzy room tone**

MELCHIOR

(exasperated trying to be reasonable)

1 Listen Christina, there isn't time right now, we've got to move this scenario forward!

CHRISTINA

(enthusiastic but preoccupied)

1 OK, so super, I am all over this. Uh, did God already, you know, already do the cosmic squirt or does that come later?  
**slight buzzy room tone**

MELCHIOR

✓ God has decided to create a daughter in the usual way, one man one woman. When you give birth to the Daughter of God, people everywhere will realize that they too carry divinity within them.

It'll be **1** twice the miracle.

**slight buzzy room tone**

CHRISTINA

(too enthusiastic)

**1** Wow, cool! But wait, that means I've got to find **2** a boyfriend?

**noisy!**

Men kind of bother me.

**slight hushy room tone**

MELCHIOR

Christi, we've got this handled. Here, check it out...

MELCHIOR sticks a tape into the VCR and turns on the TV

MELCHIOR (CONT'D)

✓ That's him.

THE TV SHOWS A MAN SITTING ON A COUCH READING A BOOK. HE LOOKS THIN AND POORLY MAINTAINED.

CHRISTINA

**1** Yikes, is he OK or what? Couldn't you find more appealing moment to show me?

**slight hushy room tone**

**2 she stumbles on more appealing moment**

MELCHIOR

✓ Christi, this is a live feed.

CHRISTINA

(skeptically)

**1** You stuck a \*cd\* in.

**hushy room tone**

**2 better version of "cd in"**

MELCHIOR

✓ I know - it's just a metaphor to jive with your mortal milieu, trust me, it's a live feed.

CHRISTINA

✓ Hey, it's the guy down the hall.

MELCHIOR

1 That's right Christi,

**hushy room tone**

✓ and you've got to seduce him.

CHRISTINA

1 What if he isn't attracted to me?

**2 interference - new performance?**

MELCHIOR

✓ Look, he's got to have an unprotected orgasm inside you - that's the short version. He's a quirky awkward recluse with a heart of gold and a soaring intellect.

2 Your a woman, make it happen.

**needs blending**

CHRISTINA

2 The daughter of God, really?

**hushy room tone**

**interference**

MELCHIOR

1 Really. Do him.

**hushy room tone**

CHRISTINA

✓ Now?

MELCHIOR

✓ Right now, immediately.

**2 she needs to keep chewing**

CHRISTINA

2 Ok. (pause then, gushing...) Great!

**needs "great!" slamming of can**

MELCHIOR

(business-like)

✓ Once you've made this happen, I'll be back to talk with both of you. He's not to resentful of women in general and he likes you. He's a rabbit and your a dog, good energy for each other. Now go!

1 be great if popcorn continued loudly until  
that's him - the silence is deafening  
2 popcorn has noisy room tone.  
2 rustling of bra in hands, the sound of  
ropes through cleats  
\*\*\*  
checks levels again whispers are quieter  
fix 2s

## UNCLE JOE ACT II

Christina is outside the door of the apartment down the hall. She has lipstick and a dress on. She knocks. There's a shuffling inside, The sound of something metallic crashing to the floor, then something else, glassware. Silence.

JERRY

(in a tone of awe, almost reverent)

Fuck!

CHRISTINA

Biting her lip, scared but at the same time excited. Shifting from foot to foot.

The door opens and JERRY is standing there, tucking his shirt in.

JERRY

Nothing major, I'm fine, Hi.

MELCHIOR (cont'd)

CHRISTINA

(suddenly very very shy)

Hi.

JERRY

(feigning at not remembering her name)

Chris..tina, right?

CHRISTINA

I've been sent by God to fuck you.

JERRY

(stepping back)

C'mon in.

CHRISTINA

(enters)

Thanks.

JERRY  
years ago that would have been my line.

CHRISTINA  
I'm 23.

JERRY  
Wow.

CHRISTINA  
Rabbit

JERRY  
What?

CHRISTINA  
You're a rabbit.

JERRY  
A rabbit?

CHRISTINA  
I'm a dog!

JERRY  
Hardly.

CHRISTINA  
Chinese animal signs, the year you were born.

JERRY  
Your move so quick I hardly have time to feel awkward and foolish.

CHRISTINA  
Great!

JERRY  
(too logically)  
Getting back to the "fucking" thing, I am not sure I can. The quality of my erections is rather... It hasn't always been this way.

CHRISTINA  
(a little sarcastic)  
That's not much of a sales pitch.

JERRY  
(miffed)

Well, I am tired of pretending I am king of the earth - I am at the end of my rope. If you can't make it fake it, but what if you can't fake it? Thanks anyway...

CHRISTINA

(pragmatically)

We have to make love, somehow.

JERRY

(sullen)

And I don't have any protection...

CHRISTINA

(thinking quickly)

Um, I'm on the pill!

JERRY

(staring at her)

You're serious... right? Wow. (aside) This hasn't happened in a long time. I don't know what to do.

CHRISTINA

(energetically)

I know what to do!

JERRY

I am starting to feel awkward and foolish.

CHRISTINA

I just want to fuck. YOU.

JERRY

This is surreal.

CHRISTINA

Please.

JERRY

Why? Why me?

CHRISTINA

You're... mysterious.

JERRY

(unconvinced)

Hmm.

CHRISTINA

You're... you remind me of someone.

JERRY

(disgusted)

Ugh.

CHRISTINA

(decisive)

Look, we have to.

CHRISTINA glances at the bookshelves and sees science fiction titles.

CHRISTINA

It's God.

JERRY

Como?

CHRISTINA

We are going to have God's child...

JERRY

(conversationally)

Phil Dick, Divine Invasion, or Valis. You like him?

CHRISTINA

(thoughtful)

My Uncle did.

JERRY

(cordial, changing the subject)

Want something to drink? Tea?

CHRISTINA

(epiphany, almost whispering)

I... I could love you too.

JERRY

(appreciative, laughing)

I really like your style! Let's have some tea and see what happens ok?

CHRISTINA

(back from reverie)

Sure.

JERRY

(teasing)

Can I take a shower? Is there time?

CHRISTINA  
(totally serious)  
I think so.

Turning from putting the water on the stove, JERRY is silent, looking at CHRISTINA. Catching the gravity in her reply, He seems to see her for the first time, there in his apartment. He pauses, taking it in. JERRY turns and heads for the bathroom. Quietly closes the door. There's a clattering crash. CHRISTINA is startled.

JERRY  
(confidently)  
I'm OK!

END