

THE RIDDLE OF GOD

Written by

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First Draft  
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EARTH - IN THE DISTANT FUTURE

From our POV: The Earth from space--Tranquil, beautiful, quiet. We hold this moment.

As we close on the planet, something's going wrong. Light, flora and fauna seem to be fading. As we PAN around the globe--section by section--the light, green and the serene becomes dark, cold, frozen, and barren.

INT. EARTH

BIRD'S EYE VIEW - ICE COVERED MOUNTAINS; glaciers interwoven with crevasses, snow--desolate--unforgiving.

INT. EARTH - LAND VIEW -- BLIZZARD

The full moon lights up this unforgiving lifeless moment--

Visible through the moonlight: A blizzard. As we move through the horizontal snow, we see MOUNTAINS dominate the skyline of an open area--

As it comes into view: a nightmare emerges--

A. Flames continue to burn on the surface of snow mixed with water and ice. Hints of war are everywhere.

B. Shredded torn trees off in the distance--entire sections decimated.

C. Body's: shattered, burning spread throughout the soiled snow/ice. We can't be sure, but some appear to be alien; some are obviously human.

D. Gigantic chunks are removed from the mountains--obviously the work of some type of high powered weaponry.

E. Spots of blood - some large, some small throughout this landscape - several spots are accompanied by bodies, others are not...

One unaccompanied blood stain catches our eye--it's the only one with a trail leading out of this horror.

The wind howls as we slowly follow the blood trail into the snow blown darkness...wind fades as the scene does.

DAWN - A SELF MADE TRAIL IN THE FLAT ICELAND OBLIVION

Some time has passed. We pick up the blood trail--now just small specs of semi-coagulating, drying blood.

As we follow the blood to its source: Shadows dance in the last of the moonlight--they're moving quickly as they reflect off the snow covered ground.

CLOSING ON the blood's source, we can now make out the outline of a sled dog team.

OUR POV slowly moves from the front of the team to its back--

The sled dog's group rhythm mesmerizes; their breath pants combine with the frozen air to make small clouds; as we move passed them toward the sled, their faces are in view--covered in frozen saliva, blood, snow and ice. They've been running for sometime--days?

As the POV comes upon the sled, a startling fact emerges: there's no dog-driver.

LIGHT BREAKING DAWN: The driverless sled and dog-team are now in complete view--the only audible comes as the dog's pants alternate with the sound of their paws crunching through the snow--

A MOAN OS! Another, then another...human?

Following the sound of the moans, we are lead to the basket of the sled.

IN THE BASKET--

Barely visible, the outline of a human silhouette--the silhouette is camouflaged by the tightly packed equipment, blankets, bags and gear--are they hiding from someone/something?

A trail of dried blood leads from the front of the sled up to the covered face of the silhouette--this confirms that there is indeed someone wounded in the basket; the moans tell us they are alive--but for how long?

The dogs continue to run toward a snow covered oblivion.