

FADE IN:

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

A modest work-from-home office.

A laptop. A headset. A notebook. A stack of pens sits beside a dim lamp, casting a warm glow across the room. Artwork from the Middle Ages, Ancient Egypt, and Basquiat hangs throughout the office.

ORYAN (40s) prepares for the start of his evening shift.

He begins with his daily ritual.

He lights sage, cleansing his workspace while reciting Psalms 91, 110, 67, and 98.

He closes his eyes.

ORYAN
(softly)
Whoever dwells in the shelter of
the Most High

will rest in the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, "He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in whom I trust."

Silence.

Then—

A voice.

Soft.

Powerful.

Clear.

MOST HIGH (V.O.)
Oryan, my son...

Your prayers do not fall on deaf ears.

I have a task for you. Oryan exhales. He quietly ends his ritual, settles into his chair, places on his headset, and closes his eyes.

ORYAN
Hallelujah to the Most High...

Yahuah.

The phone RINGS. He answers before the second ring.

ORYAN (CONT'D)
Crisis Support.

I'm here with you.

Only heavy breathing answers.

Then...

Soft sobbing.

JUSTICE (V.O.)
I don't want to be here anymore.

ORYAN
I'm glad you called.

What's your name?

JUSTICE (V.O.)
Justice.

ORYAN
Justice...

Wow.

That's a beautiful name mine's Oryan.

It's nice to meet you.

Justice's sobbing intensifies. The pain in his voice is unmistakable.

JUSTICE (V.O.)
Hi, Oryan.

That's a cool name too, like the constellation?

ORYAN
(chuckles)
Yeah.

Exactly like the constellation.

Oryan pauses. Carefully searching for the right words.

ORYAN (CONT'D)

What's on your heart, Justice?

How can I help, buddy? this is a safe space.

JUSTICE (V.O.)

I prayed.

I begged. I tried to stop feeling this way.

His voice cracks as he tries to keep himself together.

JUSTICE (V.O.)

And He still hates me.

CLICK.

The call disconnects. Oryan stares at the screen, confused.

ORYAN

Hello?

Justice? Buddy? You there?

Realizing the call dropped, he opens the team chat.

"If Justice calls back, route him directly to me. Priority."

* CO-WORKER MESSAGE*

Got him Sending him over..

The phone rings. Oryan answers immediately.

ORYAN

Hello?

JUSTICE (V.O.)

(quietly)

I'm sorry.

My parents heard me talking. I don't want them to overhear and find out.

ORYAN

I understand.

What is it you don't want them to know?

JUSTICE (V.O.)
That I'm a fifteen-year-old gay
Christian.

And I'm afraid God won't love me. I asked the Father to take
it away... but He didn't. And I hate feeling this way. I want
it to end.

Oryan closes his eyes leans back in his chair and closes his
eyes.

ORYAN
Can I ask...

what brought you to that conclusion?

JUSTICE (V.O.)
Everything.

Church. Scripture. My own head.

ORYAN
Okay.

I understand. Do you read Scripture often?

JUSTICE (V.O.)
No.

ORYAN
That's okay.

Do you have a Bible?

Silence.

JUSTICE (V.O.)
Yes.

ORYAN
John 4:18 teaches us this—

Real love doesn't make you afraid. It makes you feel safe.
Fear comes from expecting punishment, not from being truly
loved.

Justice crying slows.

Silence.

Then A quiet, almost sarcastic laugh.

JUSTICE (V.O.)
You don't really believe that...

do you?

ORYAN
Wholeheartedly.

In fact... when I talk to God as a gay man, I remind myself of the very same thing.

Justice... listen to me carefully. God loves you. Your worth isn't measured by your fear. It's measured by your heart. Love yourself. Love God. Love your community. Walk in your truth when you're ready—not because fear tells you to, but because love gives you permission to.

JUSTICE (V.O.)
Then why does it hurt this much?

ORYAN
Because...

just like any child, you don't want to disappoint your Father. That's normal. That's why you called I'm sure. God knows the burdens we place on ourselves.

Justice begins crying again. This time...with relief.

JUSTICE (V.O.)
(through tears)
I don't want to die.

I just don't want to be rejected.

ORYAN
You're not.

Not by Him. And not by me. Talk to God. He listens. I promise. And if you need more answers call me I'll be here.

Justice exhales. For the first time his breathing is calm.

JUSTICE (V.O.)
Thank you.

I feel so much better. Tonight I'll pray and ask the Lord for His grace. Thank you again, Oryan.

The line disconnects.

Gently.

Oryan removes his headset.

He places it carefully on the desk, takes one deep breath.
Straightens his desk as he prepares for the next call.

FADE OUT.