

AMC's 'Preacher' Ends Season 1 in a Firestorm of Marxism

Sunday night, the season finale of AMC's incredibly violent, lewd and gory series *Preacher* decided to answer the age-old question of whether or not God exists. In an episode titled 'Call and Response,' the Preacher calls on God to appear before the assembled congregation by activating a mechanism that uses the severed hand of an angel. If God had not appeared, then he would have had to denounce God in front of the town.

Easy enough to understand? Got it? Good:

God: I am the Alpha and the Omega. The bright morning star. I am the Lord, your God. My children, why have you called me?

Preacher: Um ... God, forgive us. We ... I called you 'cause we all have questions.

God: Questions ... for me?

Preacher: Respectfully ... We would like to know –

God: How dare you question your God! How dare you!

Tulip: No! How dare you! You can't shout at us like that! We're the ones should be screaming, you sick, stuck-up ...

Preacher: Tulip! And you made a baby cry. I told you he was a white guy.

God: "I am," is the only answer you need!

Preacher: No, that is not good enough! Look at us down here. Hearts full of greed, hate and doubt. Sin is winning and you're losing! So, if we are your children, why don't you act like a father? Take some time out of your busy schedule and

answer some (expletive) questions.

God: (expletive). Very well. What are your questions?

Girl: Why do bad things happen to good people?

God: Ah, yes. You see, when I created humanity, I wanted you to have everything. Joy, hope, love, but also pain ... Everything that makes you a person. Do you understand?

Girl: Yeah.

God: Good.

Girl: But why?

Crowd: "You had your turn!" "My turn!" "Sit down!" "What did you do to the dinosaurs?" "What's heaven like?"

Man: You know, one time, I took quite a bit of angel dust and then I drank an eight-pack of Red Bull and went to a Bieber concert. Honestly, this is crazier than that.

Quincannon: Hey! Hey, you! My family, my baby girl, my little Lucy Loo!

God: What about her?

Quincannon: Is she there ... With you?

God: Yes. She is here. What about you, Preacher? You must have a question.

Preacher: I guess I got lots of 'em. But if I had just one ... I've been wondering for a long time now ... What's your plan for me?

God: To be a shepherd to your flock. To tend to them and the church.

Preacher: But I failed at that. So why did you give me this power if ... If I can't use it to save them?

God: You have not failed, my son. You brought them to me and so they are saved.

Preacher: Really? Even Eugene?

God: Yes. Even him. You are all saved!

Tulip: It's amazing, Jesse. You did it.

Preacher: But I sent him to hell!

God: And ... how did you do that, my son?

Preacher: With the power. With Genesis.

God: Uhh ... uhh ... Oh. Oh, yes. Yes, yes, yes. Of course. And who else has a question?

Man: Can I get my (expletive) back on?!

Preacher: Excuse me. I have one last question. You're not God, are you?

God: I am the Alpha and the Omega.

Preacher: No, you're not.

God: I am the bright morning star.

Preacher: I just saw you picking your nose.

God: No, my son, I was scratching it.

Preacher: You're an imposter.

God: I am the Lord, your God!

Preacher: You're not God.

God: Yes, I am! Jesus.

Preacher: Where is God?

God: I am the Resurrection! I am the way and the truth!

Preacher: Where is God?!

God: I ... Uh, oh. I don't know.

Preacher: Where is he?

God: I don't know. None of us do. He's ... He's missing. God is missing! Do you know where He is? He's ... Maybe He's down there. We don't know. Guys? Guys? I – I – He made – he made me say – he made me say that. The – that – that preacher, he made me do it. Guys! Guys?! He can't – He's missing! God is gone!

Preacher: Let's go.

Quincannon: Denounce him, Preacher. Denounce him, Preacher! Denounce him, Jesse Custer! Denounce him!

Man: Padre, where we going?

Preacher: Tulip wants French fries.

So, there you have it. God is revealed to be a hoax, the faux God hauled away by heavenly psych-ward orderlies.

Next, Preacher shows the effects a “Post-God” world have on the tiny Texas town:

And just like that, the entire town, built on the lie of God, is swept away in a holocaust of a methane/manure combustion. But not before we get to see the town folk, free of their religious illusions, basically raising hell. Reminding viewers that all along, religion was merely the townspeople's “opiate,” serving to give them hope and keep them in line, but only masking and preventing them from dealing with their true reality.

Who would have guessed that a Seth Rogen-produced series would

end with a Marxist twist? Right now, I'm making my shocked face. I know you are too. {eoa}

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