

Oh God

By

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BLACK SCREEN.

A text notification sounds. Then another. Then another. The sounds join and crescendo UNTIL-

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

We see SAM QUINT (mid 20s) our everyman hero as the source of the noise standing in line. He fumbles for his phone under the weight of the different bags he's carrying.

He grabs his phone and sees the text: WHERE. ARE. YOU?! He looks up with panicked breath.

Sam is now at the front of the line. A depressed CASHIER (20s) stares back.

SAM

I will have a grande mocha frapp, 2 iced lattes. One with milk. One with soy. And a tall iced caramel macchiato plus a bottle of water.

CASHIER

That'll be-

Sam's phone chimes in with a text notification.

SAM

Actually scratch the latte with soy milk and replace it with a grande nonfat latte with no foam. Sorry.

The cashier stares at Sam with hatred in her eyes.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Sam fits all of the bags into his car when another text comes through: Smoothie?

INT. PHOTO SHOOT STUDIO - DAY

Sam puts everything down on a table. He is immediately approached by a COORDINATOR (20s) with a clipboard.

COORDINATOR

Hi. Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Sam Quint. I'm David Thorton's assistant.

Sam points over to DAVID THORTON (30s) one of the biggest movie stars in Hollywood, getting his picture taken. He looks like a cross of Johnny Depp and Brad Pitt.

COORDINATOR

You okay? You sorta look like you got hit by a bus...

DAVID O.S.

SAM! Finally! You're here!

David walks over leaving the photographer mid shoot. His swagger is off the charts. Sam snaps into work mode.

SAM

Hey David. I got you the clothes and shoes you wanted for the trip, some different books on meditation, the coffees, annnd your smoothie.

DAVID

I didn't ask for a smoothie. But that's okay! You're my guy, Sam! Did you meet with the landscaper?

SAM

Yeah and-

DAVID

The solar panels?

SAM

Currently being installed.

DAVID

You're my guy Sam! You're my guy!

David walks back to the photo-shoot completely engulfed by publicity people and journalists.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - NIGHT

A beaten down Sam sits across from his older sister ALYSSA (mid 20s), a millennial Hillary Clinton, and her husband MICHAEL (mid 20s) prototype: Donald Glover.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

-Why can't you leave?

ALYSSA

You know you could become a public servant like your big sister...

SAM

You're *running* for city council, Alyssa.

ALYSSA

And killing it.

Sam's phone buzzes. He quickly texts back.

MICHAEL

What happened to social work?

SAM

I never really felt like I made a difference doing that.

Sam's phone buzzes. He texts back. Alyssa rolls her eyes.

ALYSSA

Stop being such a baby bird!

SAM

I'm a baby bird?

MICHAEL

I think she's trying to say you're too comfortable.

ALYSSA

Thank you, Michael! Maybe it's time to spread your wings a bit more. Honey, we should record this.

Michael records her on his phone. Alyssa straightens up and motions towards Sam like a true politician.

ALYSSA

Now is the time for independence!
Independence breeds...prosperity!
So spread your wings and fly!

Michael looks at her with awe.

MICHAEL

That was incredible.

ALYSSA
See? I seized the moment!

MICHAEL
Why don't you help on the campaign?

ALYSSA
We need help tomorrow. Trent Wylock is throwing a fundraiser directly across the street from ours.

MICHAEL
It's crap. He knew we'd be there.

ALYSSA
Will you help us??

SAM
I don't know if David needs me-

A text notification pops up on Sam's phone. His breath quickens. He's panicking again.

ALYSSA
Is that him?

Sam looks down. It's from David. It says: "Actually, you know what? I will take a smoothie! Can you get me one?"

SAM
I'll be there tomorrow.

ALYSSA
YES! I CAN EFFECT CHANGE!

MICHAEL
Rip the band aid off, Sam!

SAM
I'm gonna quit!

ALYSSA
YES!!!

Sam gets up from the table and steps into the street.

SAM
I feel good about this! This is it!
This is the start of my new li-

Sam is immediately hit by a bus. Alyssa looks on in shock.

INT. GOD'S OFFICE - DAY

Sam flinches and lets out a scream before he realizes that he's sitting in a beautiful yet unorganized office that looks like it could be part space station part library.

V.O.

You okay? You got hit by a bus.

SAM

Who are you?

Sam is revealed to be sitting across from GOD (30s), confident, energetic, and effervescent. He's the biggest celebrity in the universe. Prototype: Steven Yeun.

GOD

Well, I have a lot of names but most people call me...God.

SAM

...what?

A phone rings. God looks at the pile of papers in front of him. He thrusts his hand down and pulls out a phone.

GOD

Hi? Yeah? Okay, yeah I can meet tomorrow. 6pm? Sushi? Great.

He hangs up the phone.

GOD

Sam! Nice to meet you.

Sam throws up on the ground in front of him.

GOD

Gross. Don't worry about that. Let's get you a change of clothes.

God as he gets up from behind his desk.

GOD

And a cookie! Everyone likes cookies! It's okay! Come on!

Sam stares, mouth open, as God motions him to follow.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

God walks through a beautiful outdoor garden. It looks like a celestial version of NYC's High Line. Sam cautiously follows in a white linen jumpsuit while holding a gigantic chocolate chip cookie.

GOD

This is what you call...Heaven.

SAM

It sort of looks like Disneyland.

GOD

You would be shocked by how much input Walt Disney has had.

God claps his hand and a rainbow springs forth and ascends into the sky. Sam watches in awe.

GOD

Much better. Here. Take a seat!

God motions his hand and a chair comes up under Sam surprising him. God leans down and inspects some **blue-ish** looking grass.

GOD

Fig, what do you think?

FIG (unknown age), a humanoid/very flowery tree, lumbers from behind Sam. Sam stares mouth agape.

FIG

I don't think they're there yet.

God stands up and falls backwards. Instead of hitting the ground, he briefly floats before falling to the ground.

FIG

It keeps cutting out.

GOD

I really want to make floaty grass a thing...Sam, this is Fig! Fig runs the agricultural wing. He was on the original burning bush team.

Fig reaches a branch arm out.

SAM

(in awe)

Fig...like a fig tree?

(CONTINUED)

FIG

Ironically, I'm actually a lemon tree. My parents are hippies. what brings you up here?

GOD

We accidentally killed him.

SAM

It was an accident?!

FIG

Happens more often than you think.

GOD

Yeah, remember the cavemen? And the princess, the slug creatures, a space warlord, Keith Richards.

FIG

(reminiscing)

That was a fun weekend.

SAM

But Keith Richards is alive!

GOD

Well, we fixed the mistake.

SAM

God can't make mistakes...

GOD

About that. Common misconception about the whole *God* thing. I'm not the omnipotent force that everyone makes me out to be. For instance, I couldn't make a rock that was too heavy for me to lift, right? If I couldn't lift it then I'm not omnipotent. If I could lift it, then I couldn't make a rock that was too hard to lift. See?

Sam is at a loss for words.

FIG

G, I gotta head back to work but I'd love to talk more about the grass tomorrow if you have time?

(CONTINUED)

GOD
Sure! Let's do it.

FIG
How about dinner around 6?

SAM
He can't.

God and Fig turn to Sam.

SAM
On the phone a second ago you
agreed to sushi tomorrow at six.

A moment.

GOD
You're right! Fig, Can we schedule
for another day? Zoe?

ZOE (20s), an overworked angel and God's personal assistant,
bursts out of a colorful cloud. Sam jumps.

GOD
Would you mind adding drinks with
Fig this weekend to my calendar?

Zoe whips out a phone and enters in God's plans.

ZOE
(noticing Sam)
Who's he?

GOD
Sam! We accidentally killed him!

SAM
Are you an angel?

ZOE
Angel is kind of a gendered term so
I tend to shy away from it.

GOD
Zoe, that is a killer point. Angel
is very late 90s AD...

ZOE
Before I go, there's a tear in the
new prototype Universe we're
working on.

GOD
I thought we fixed that?

ZOE
Did you not get that email I sent?

SAM
(quietly)
You guys use email?

GOD
Crap! Excuse me for one second.
Want another cookie?

He holds up the absurdly large cookie.

GOD
Right. Okay. I'll be right back.

God is off leaving Sam and Zoe alone. After a moment...

ZOE
...How'd you die?

SAM
I got hit by a bus. I was about to
leave my job as an assistant...

ZOE
No fucking way, really?! Small
existence, man. Small existence.

SAM
...You can say fuck?

ZOE
Fuck, shit, damn, piss. Anything
you want. It's very lax here.

Zoe notices that Sam is still freaking out.

ZOE
Just breathe. It's okay.

Sam takes a deep breath and relaxes a bit.

ZOE
Feels better, right? This place is
really overwhelming. I get it.

SAM
Are you God's assistant?

ZOE

One more week! Then my promotion.

SAM

What's *that* like?

Before she can answer-

GOD

Whew sorry about that. Forgot to add the big bang! I was like "why isn't this universe starting up?" Alright! I think I have a press conference coming up?

ZOE

In 3 minutes.

GOD

Shit! Sam! Let's make this quick.

God whisks Sam into-

INT. HEAVEN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Sam follows God down a hallway that looks like it could be the inside of the Capitol building in DC. Beings from across the galaxy casually walk by Sam and God.

God walks up to the entrance of a room where there are reporters waiting and cameras clicking inside.

GOD

Okay! This is sort of "the end". Not like, THE EEEEENNNNDD but, rather, the end of the tour.

SAM

I get to live again?

GOD

You're already alive! Spread your wings baby bird!

God pushes Sam slightly off balance and he falls backwards into a light tunnel. He screams as he watches the very fibers of the universe flash past him.