

MIRACLE WORKERS

Written by

Simon Rich

Based on the novel "What in God's Name" by Simon Rich

Second Draft

Allagash Industries  
12 Warren Place  
Brooklyn, NY 11201

COLD OPEN

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

SAM and LAURA, two shy 25-year-olds, leave a bar together. They are slightly drunk and very nervous.

LAURA  
Well hey, it was cool meeting you!

SAM  
Yeah! Yeah.

They stare awkwardly at each other.

Eventually, Sam moves in for a kiss. But at the last second, he panics and transitions into a clumsy embrace.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Later, alligator!

LAURA  
Haha yeah! Okay.

Sam sighs with shame as Laura walks away.

SAM  
Damn it.

He sits on a stoop and closes his eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(under his breath)  
Please...if you're listening...I  
really like this girl...please make  
this happen. *Please.*

CUT TO:

INT. MAIL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A PRINTER spits out SAM'S PRAYER on an 8.5 by 11 sheet of paper.

The document features a picture of Sam's face, a map of his location, and a date-stamped transcript of his request: "I really like this girl, please make this happen, please."

SAM'S PRAYER flutters out of the printer and lands in an overflowing MAIL CART, amidst THOUSANDS of OTHER PRAYERS.

As a MAIL WORKER pushes the heavy MAIL CART across the room, we WIDEN to reveal HUNDREDS OF MAIL CARTS, carrying billions of desperate pleas from all mankind.

TITLE CARD:

MIRACLE WORKERS

INT. OFFICE - DAY

We follow BENJI, a laid-back manager, as he glides through the open-plan office on a MonoRover. \*

He smiles and waves at his chilled out coworkers. It's a start-up type of vibe and everyone is taking it easy, playing ping pong, kicking a hackey-sack, goofing off. \*

As Benji heads to the far corner of the office, though, we reveal one employee who stands out from the crowd: CRAIG, an introverted CODER in his 30s. \*

He works at a STAND-UP DESK lined with MULTIPLE COMPUTER MONITORS. And in protest of the office's "open-plan", he has erected a MAKE-SHIFT CUBICLE out of STACKS of MANUALS and FILE BOXES. He wears a STAINED OXFORD SHIRT, KHAKI PANTS and a bulky pair of NOISE-CANCELLING HEADPHONES. \*

Benji PULLS off Craig's headphones, startling him. \*

BENJI  
Hey bud! \*

CRAIG  
(icy)  
Hello, Benji. \*

BENJI  
Whatcha grooving to? \*

CRAIG  
It's white noise. \*

BENJI  
I don't know them. You got a sec to vibe? \*

CRAIG  
I'm actually working on something extremely urgent. \*

BENJI  
(robot voice)  
*Working, urgent, bleep-blorp bleep-  
blorp...*

He LAUGHS. Craig does not.

BENJI (CONT'D)  
Listen, I'm sorry to interrupt, but  
I couldn't help but notice you were  
about to commit a big-time Benji no-  
no. We don't eat lunch at our  
desks!

He gestures at Craig's half-eaten PEANUT BUTTER and JELLY  
SANDWICH.

BENJI (CONT'D)  
Look, I know you're busy. We all  
are! But the bean bag cluster is  
set up for a reason. To foster a  
spirit of creative social play.

CRAIG  
Like I said, my work is urgent.

BENJI  
How urgent can it be?

Craig puts his headphones back on.

As Benji MonoRoves away in disgust, the camera catches  
Craig's overflowing INBOX: it is labeled "HUMAN PRAYERS."

On the bottom of the pile, we see SAM'S PRAYER.

INT. HEAVEN INC. OFFICES - THE NEXT MORNING

Craig has pulled an all-nighter and is finally up to SAM'S  
PRAYER.

He's about to reach for it, when the WHITE NOISE on his  
headphones CUTS OUT.

He looks up and sees with annoyance that a young woman has  
TRIPPED over his POWER CORD.

She is holding a MAP of the HEAVEN INC. OFFICES.

CRAIG  
You must be lost.

She checks her map.

ELIZA  
I don't think so.

CRAIG  
Interns are down on three.

ELIZA  
I'm actually a coder.

Craig is surprised.

CRAIG  
Which department? Snowflake Design?

She shakes her head, a little insulted.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Rainbow Placement? Department of  
Clouds That Look Like Things?

ELIZA  
Department of Human Prayers.

She shows him her PHOTO ID CARD: ELIZA HUNTER, ANGEL,  
DEPARTMENT OF HUMAN PRAYERS. It's emblazoned with a pair of  
GOLDEN WINGS.

Craig is horrified.

CRAIG  
One moment.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Craig tries to keep up with Benji, who glides through the  
office on his MonoRover.

CRAIG  
Why wasn't I told about this?

BENJI  
I announced it yesterday. Guess you  
had your headphones on.

CRAIG  
I don't need any help.

BENJI  
You told me you were busy. All I'm  
trying to do is make things easier  
for you.

CRAIG

This actually makes things much harder, because now I'll have to train an amateur, and from the looks of her that could take years.

BENJI

Eliza comes highly recommended from the mail room.

CRAIG

Sorting prayers is a lot different than answering them.

BENJI

Craig, relax. She's just gonna take some of your workload. You'll barely even notice that she's there.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Craig walks back to his make-shift cubicle.

He is dismayed to see that Eliza is taking down one of the "walls" of his make-shift cubicle.

CRAIG

What are you doing?

ELIZA

Just trying to study up.

He burns with anger as she takes various MANUALS out of the stack and tosses them onto her empty desk.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

I gotta say, I'm surprised this department isn't bigger.

CRAIG

It requires a lot of specific expertise.

ELIZA

There's over 15 billion prayers a day. How are two angels supposed to answer them all?

CRAIG  
Answering them all is not a  
realistic goal.

ELIZA  
What is?

CRAIG  
I'm typically able to process about  
half...

ELIZA  
That's not bad.

CRAIG  
...of one millionth percent.

ELIZA  
Oh. Well, don't worry. From now on,  
you've got help!

She PULLS a MANUAL out of the center of Craig's STACK,  
causing the "wall" to crumble down.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Eliza takes a prayer out of her INBOX and reads it out loud.

ELIZA  
"Please let me sink one for once in  
my damn life."

She flips in vain through a MANUAL. Every page is an  
INDECIPHERABLE JUMBLE of DENSE CODES and CHARTS.

ELIZA (CONT'D)  
Hey, Craig?

Craig, white noise blaring through his headphones, types  
rapidly on his computer.

ELIZA (CONT'D)  
Craig? Craig!

Craig reluctantly takes off his headphones.

CRAIG  
Yes?

ELIZA  
(re: prayer)  
How would you approach this one?

Craig grabs the prayer. \*

CRAIG  
Standard wind code. \*

ELIZA  
And how does that work exactly? \*

CRAIG  
(exasperated)  
It'll be faster if I just do it for  
you. \*

He feeds the prayer into a SCANNER-like machine on his desk. \*

On his COMPUTER SCREEN, we see an AMATEUR GOLFER lining up a  
LONG PUTT.

Craig CRACKS his KNUCKLES and positions them over his  
keyboard.

The golfer putts the ball. It starts to veer wide, but as  
Craig types, the ball RIGHTS ITSELF and SWERVES into the  
hole!

The golfer celebrates with a series of PELVIC THRUSTS.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Processed.

ELIZA  
What did you type in?

CRAIG  
Southwesterly gust, 17 miles per  
hour. It's all in chapter two. \*

She flips her MANUAL to chapter two, revealing a COMPLEX  
TABLE marked GUSTS AND BREEZES. \*

ELIZA  
Why couldn't you just zap the ball  
into the hole?

CRAIG  
We're not allowed to break the laws  
of physics. It's against company  
policy.

ELIZA  
So we can't make people fly, or  
resurrect the dead.



CRAIG  
Of course not.

\*

ELIZA  
Must make it hard to answer  
prayers.

CRAIG  
Not if you know what you're doing.

\*

He double-clicks his mouse and plays her some of his recent work.

CUT TO:

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A 4th grader flips nervously through some flash cards.

CRAIG (O.C.)  
This unintelligent boy human prayed  
for extra time to study Spanish.

Behind him, we see snow falling through a window.

CRAIG (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
So I gave him a snow day.

CUT TO:

INT. DRIVEWAY - MORNING

A BUSINESSWOMAN, running-late, looks frantically around her SNOW-COVERED DRIVEWAY.

CRAIG (O.S.)  
Then the next morning I did some  
strategic melt-work, to help out  
this absentminded female.

A RAY OF SUN has melted a CIRCULAR DRY SPOT in the middle of the driveway, revealing the woman's CAR KEYS.

BUSINESSWOMAN  
Oh, thank God.

She SWIPES them up.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Eliza squints at the next prayer in her inbox.

ELIZA

What do you do if you can't crack  
one?

CLOSE UP on her prayer. It reads: "PLEASE FIX EVERYTHING."

CRAIG

Unanswerables go in here.

He gestures at a RED BIN full of PRAYERS.

ELIZA

Where does it go?

Craig points up.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

You mean...

Craig nods.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Whoa.

\*

CRAIG

Yes, it's a bit more pressure up  
here than in the mail room.

\*

\*

She bristles.

\*

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(twisting the knife)

How long did it take you to get  
promoted?

\*

\*

\*

\*

ELIZA

(a little embarrassed)

Five-hundred years.

\*

\*

She carefully places the "please fix everything" prayer into  
the RED BIN.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

It was worth it.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE WING - HALLWAY - LATER

A MAIL WORKER carries the RED BIN (with the "please fix everything" prayer on top) down a wood-panelled hallway, lined with leather couches and framed oil paintings.

He walks past a series of PROGRESSIVELY ANCIENT ANIMAL HEADS: a DEER, a WOOLLY MAMMOTH, a DINOSAUR.

Eventually, he comes to a pair of LARGE BRASS DOORS.

Alice, the CEO's beautiful, English RECEPTIONIST, smiles at him from her desk.

ALICE

You can just leave those with me.

He dumps the prayers onto her desk and then lingers for a bit, eyeing the brass doors.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Thank you so much.

The worker sighs, picks up the empty red bin and walks back down the hall.

Alice waits until he's out of sight, then picks up a phone.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Sir, some more prayers came for you? Yes, all human. Will do.

She hangs up the phone and starts feeding the prayers into a SHREDDER.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - THE NEXT MORNING

Eliza grabs a prayer from her inbox.

ELIZA

(reading)

"Please just let us catch one measly fish."

She feeds the prayer into the scanner on her desk. \*

On her computer screen, we see a FATHER and his YOUNG SON casting rods into a river.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I'm on it.

She cracks open a DIET COKE and confidently gets to work.

CUT TO:

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - ABOUT AN HOUR LATER

Eliza, now on to her THIRD DIET COKE, flips through her manual with frustration.

On her screen we see the father and son, still fish-less, looking bored and miserable.

SCIENTISTS (O.S.)  
Hooray!/Hallelujah!

Eliza looks over at Craig. On his screen, a group of SCIENTISTS CHEER as their ROCKET successfully LAUNCHES.

CRAIG  
Processed.

\*

He grabs another prayer from his inbox.

Eliza, looking a little competitive, turns back to her work.

CUT TO:

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - ABOUT AN HOUR LATER

Eliza's frustration mounts. Her humans still haven't caught a fish.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)  
Bingo!

Eliza peeks at Craig's screen. An old woman is celebrating her bingo victory with a wild dance.

CRAIG  
Processed.

Eliza, annoyed, turns back to her screen.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - NIGHT

Eliza carefully types in a code.

On her screen, the young boy appears to catch something. But when he yanks his rod out of the river, it's just a clump of seaweed.

Eliza curses under her breath.

FARMER (O.S.)  
It's a miracle!

Eliza looks over at Craig's screen. A middle-aged farmer and his wife celebrate as OIL spurts out of their land.

FARMER'S WIFE  
The farm is saved!

FARMER  
Praise heaven!

CRAIG  
Processed.

He walks over to Eliza's desk, a smug look on his face. \*

CRAIG (CONT'D) \*  
Is that the same prayer you were \*  
working on this morning? \*

ELIZA \*  
(defensive) \*  
I've almost got it. \*

CRAIG \*  
Doesn't look that way. \*

ELIZA \*  
I know what I'm doing. \*

CRAIG \*  
Let me just process it for you. \*

He PULLS the PRAYER out of her scanner. \*

CRAIG (CONT'D) \*  
This will take me thirty seconds. \*

ELIZA \*  
I said I know what I'm doing! \*

She YANKS BACK her prayer. \*

CRAIG \*  
Fine. \*

He walks away. \*

Eliza CRACKS OPEN another Diet Coke and stares at the FISH PRAYER with newfound determination. \*

CUT TO: \*

INT. EXECUTIVE WING - AFTERNOON

Alice is SHREDDING the last of the human prayers when SANJAY, a slick executive in his 30s, strides up to her desk. \*

SANJAY  
How is he today?

ALICE  
Not great.

She presses her INTERCOM.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
God? I have Sanjay here for your weekly briefing?

The BRASS DOORS SWING OPEN.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
If he asks about Bill Maher, pretend you didn't watch.

Sanjay nods and nervously enters God's office.

INT. GOD'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

God sits in a swivel chair, his back to Sanjay (and us.)

SANJAY  
...and so, to sum up, we've got six wars in progress, seventeen famines and a genocide.

GOD, a weary CEO in his 60s, swivels into view, scotch glass in hand.

GOD  
Did you watch last night?

SANJAY  
(playing dumb)  
Watch what?

GOD  
Bill Maher.

SANJAY  
Who's Bill Maher again?

GOD  
Cut the horse shit, Sanjay.

SANJAY  
Yeah, I watched.

GOD  
He just kept twisting the knife.  
Pointed out bible inconsistencies.  
Brought up World War II. He's in my  
head, Sanjay. He's right in my  
head.

SANJAY  
I could do what we discussed.

GOD  
Even if we kill him, it won't  
improve my numbers. Worship rates  
are down across the board. And the  
things people are saying about me  
online...

SANJAY  
I told you not to read that stuff.

GOD  
I can't help it!

God downs his scotch and pours himself a refill.

GOD (CONT'D)  
It used to be so easy. A little sun  
and some fruit and they were happy.  
Now they curse me out when their  
internet is slow. Do you know how  
long it's been since anyone  
sacrificed a ram to me?

SANJAY  
What about those voodoo guys? In  
the Carribean?

GOD  
It's all chickens. Sometimes a  
goat. That's, like, best-case.

He gets a far off look in his eyes.

GOD (CONT'D)

Sometimes I wonder if I should just pack it in. Pursue my other interests. Finally give painting a real shot.

SANJAY

Let's give it a beat. Things could improve.

GOD

(ominous)  
They better.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - NIGHT

The office is deserted except for Eliza, who continues to toil at her desk, amid a dozen empty Diet Cokes.

On her screen, the father and son set up their CAMPING TENT.

YOUNG BOY

You promised we'd catch a fish, Daddy.

FATHER

I know, son. I know.

He GLARES up at the heavens with CONTEMPT.

ELIZA

(to screen)  
Give me a break! It's my first day!

She closes the manual she's been using (BASIC ANGELIC INFLUENCE) and flips through the other books heaped on her desk. We see their TITLES:

-DREAM PROGRAMMING (BETA)

-HEAVEN ACCEPTANCE RATES 1900-2000

-OFFICIAL SEXUAL HARASSMENT POLICY

-ADVANCED ANGELIC INFLUENCE

She grabs "ADVANCED ANGELIC INFLUENCE" and flips through the pages.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Let's try...this one...

She carefully types in a code and presses ENTER.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*



A line of text pops onto the screen: "Current Activated."

\*

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Yes!

She swivels around ecstatically in her chair.

Her smile fades, though, as her computer starts to BEEP.

An ERROR WINDOW on the screen reads: "CODE BLACK: TSUNAMI TRIGGERED."

ELIZA (CONT'D)

No! No!

INT. OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Craig enters holding a cup of coffee. He finds Eliza at her desk, frantically typing in codes.

CRAIG

Did you stay here all night?  
Working on that one little fishing  
prayer?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ELIZA

Of course not.  
(then)  
Hey, out of curiosity, how do you  
reverse a Code Black?

\*  
\*

CRAIG

You can't.

He sits down at his desk and takes a new prayer out of his INBOX.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

"Please stop this horrible  
tsunami." Not much I can do about  
that.

\*  
\*

He TOSSES IT into the RED BIN.

\*

ELIZA

How often does that red bin go  
upstairs?

CRAIG

Every other Tuesday.

ELIZA  
(panicking)  
That's it?

CRAIG  
He's the CEO. He's probably  
incredibly busy.

\*  
\*

ELIZA  
That tsunami's halfway across the  
Pacific. If it hits Malaysia, it  
could kill a million people.

\*

Craig shrugs.

\*

CRAIG  
Some things are out of our hands.

\*

Eliza GRABS the Red Bin and takes off.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

Eliza points UP.

Craig's eyes widen with fear as she hurries toward the  
elevators.

CUT TO:

INT. GOD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

God, scotch glass in hand, watches Bill Maher give a  
monologue.

BILL MAHER (V.O.)  
...and then it all comes out of a  
hole in our butts? If you ask me,  
that's *un-intelligent* design!

SFX: LAUGHTER, APPLAUSE

GOD  
(imitating Maher)  
"that's un-intelligent design..."

He downs his scotch and reaches for the decanter.

It's empty.

GOD (CONT'D)  
Damn it.

EXT. EXECUTIVE WING - MOMENTS LATER

Eliza plops the RED BIN on Alice's desk.

ALICE  
(big smile)  
I'll see to it that he gets them.

ELIZA  
He needs to read them now. Please.  
I've got a life-or-death emergency.

God swings open his brass doors.

GOD  
Ditto!

He hands Alice his empty scotch decanter. She goes to refill it. \*  
\*

GOD (CONT'D)  
(to Eliza)  
Who are you?

Eliza is intimidated, but barrels ahead anyway.

ELIZA  
I'm Eliza. Department of Human  
Prayers? I just got promoted from  
the mail room?

God stares at her blankly.

ELIZA (CONT'D)  
It doesn't matter. Listen, there's  
a tsunami heading towards Malaysia  
and many human lives are at stake.

GOD  
Sanjay?

Sanjay hurries over. \*

GOD (CONT'D)  
Grab a pad, this is important.

Eliza sighs with relief.

GOD (CONT'D)  
I've decided to kill Bill Maher.

Eliza looks confused.

GOD (CONT'D)

I wasn't going to, but now, I'm just like, "I need to kill him. I need for him to be dead."

SANJAY

(taking notes)

Any particular method?

GOD

Is it too crazy to explode his penis? Is that too crazy? Be honest with me.

SANJAY

(evasive)

I mean...it's not a normal thing that happens to humans. But that doesn't mean we can't do it.

ELIZA

What about the tsunami?

GOD

That's not bad. So Maher's, like, filming his show or whatever and then a giant wave just crashes through and takes him. And he's, like, "whoa!"

He LAUGHS.

GOD (CONT'D)

(thinking)

I gotta say, though, I keep coming back to exploding his penis. I mean, I'm not saying it has to be that, but I do think that's the pitch to beat.

ELIZA

So you're not going to stop the tsunami?

GOD

I'm pretty swamped today. But I'll tell you what, I'll put Pablo on the case.

ELIZA

Who's Pablo?

GOD

My prophet.

He turns on a FLAT SCREEN TV.

\*

On it, PABLO, a HOMELESS MAN dressed in ALUMINUM FOIL, is screaming at a FAMILY in a PARKING LOT.

PABLO  
HEED MY WORDS! THE LORD IS REAL!  
(speaking in tongues)  
KALA-BAKA-SHABAKA-TASHAKA-KA...

Pablo notices God and waves, like someone who just got a Skype call.

PABLO (CONT'D)  
Hey God.

GOD  
Hey Pablo. How'd it go today? Win any followers?

PABLO  
I'm striking out.

GOD  
You make the sign?

PABLO  
Just like you said.

He holds up a cardboard sign; it is covered in WILD SCRAWLS.

GOD  
What about the crazy "Kala-baka-shabaka" stuff. Did that get anyone's attention?

PABLO  
Not really.

GOD  
Huh. Maybe try being more aggressive. You know, really get in people's faces and stuff. Go right up to their cars.

PABLO  
Can do.

ELIZA  
Your prophet is a homeless person?

GOD

It's not his fault. Ever since I started zapping visions into his brain, people have been calling him crazy.

ELIZA

Why is he wearing all that tin foil?

GOD

Well, I want him to stand out. I mean, I don't just want him to look like everybody else.

(he turns to the screen)

Pablo, listen, it sounds like there's a tsunami cooking in Montana.

ELIZA

Malaysia.

GOD

Malaysia. Would you do me a solid and warn the folks down there?

PABLO

(re: sign)

Real estate's kinda tight. I could make a new sign?

GOD

Nah, that's okay. Just try to squeeze it in on the bottom. If you can't, you can't.

ELIZA

That's all you're going to do? What if no one listens to him?

GOD

Look, I've been giving Pablo the straight dope since he was 19. If the humans don't want to pay attention, that's on them.

Eliza, looking shell-shocked, starts to make her way back to the elevators.

As she staggers down the hall, she overhears an exchange.

ALICE (O.S.)

What should I do with these?

GOD (O.S.)  
Eh, the usual.

SFX: SHRED

Eliza turns around and watches in horror as Alice feeds the PRAYERS into her SHREDDER.

ELIZA  
You just shred them?

GOD  
Ugh, not this "paper-free office" stuff again.

ELIZA  
Don't you think you should at least read them first?

GOD  
I don't want to sound cynical here, but what's the point?

ELIZA  
(rapid)  
Look, I know running the earth is probably really hard, but if you're not going to even try to fix things, if you're just going to ignore all the problems, it's like, honestly, why even keep the planet open at all?

She swallows, shocked by her own outburst.

Sanjay and Alice stare at the floor, terrified of how God will react.

God glares at Eliza for a beat -- but then his expression softens.

GOD  
You want to know something? You've got a point.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Craig shakes his head in amazement.

CRAIG  
I can't believe you went into his office. That's completely insane.

\*  
\*

Eliza smiles proudly.

ELIZA

You gotta be bold if you want to  
change the world.

SFX: BING

ELIZA (CONT'D)

What was that?

CRAIG

Company-wide message from the CEO.

He opens the window and they watch God's video address.

GOD

Hello, Heaven Inc employees. After  
much consideration I've decided to  
destroy the earth. I want to give a  
special thanks to Eliza from the  
Department of Human Prayers, who  
encouraged me to make this great  
decision.

Craig turns to Eliza with horror. She blinks back tears.

GOD (CONT'D)

The earth will be destroyed in 30  
days, by either fire or ice.  
Haven't decided. That's all.

Eliza staggers over to her desk and collapses in her seat.

On her SCREEN, the father and son are celebrating.

They've caught a fish.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - THE NEXT DAY

Craig is hunched over his computer, eating a peanut butter  
and jelly sandwich, typing rapidly.

On his screen, a nervous, unathletic 6-YEAR-OLD GIRL steps up  
to the plate in a game of KICKBALL.

Her parents cheer from the bleachers, filming her every move.

The girl MURMURS a desperate plea to heaven as her COUNSELOR  
rolls the red ball towards her.

Craig is about to type in a code, when Benji MonoRoves over  
to his desk.



BENJI

Craig, I thought we vibed about this. We don't eat lunch at our desks.

\*

CRAIG

I'm sorry. It's just, mankind is about to be destroyed, and I want to improve their final days--

BENJI

(robot voice)  
*Mankind, bleep-blorp bleep-blorp--*  
(regular voice)  
Craig, it's over. You're gonna have to move on.

\*

He MonoRoves away.

Craig eyes the screen just in time to see the 6-year-old girl miss the ball.

COUNSELOR (O.S.)

Strike three!

Craig BANGS his fist against his desk.

\*

CRAIG

Damn it.

INT. EXECUTIVE WING - DAY

Sanjay watches as Alice unwraps a bunch of ART SUPPLIES.

SANJAY

(worried)  
Is that paint?

ALICE

It's all he's been doing since the announcement.

SANJAY

It's not the still lifes again, is it? With the wooden bowls of cherries?

\*

\*

Alice holds up a WOODEN BOWL OF CHERRIES.

SANJAY (CONT'D)

Shit.

Eliza emerges from the elevator.

ELIZA

Do you have a second to talk?

SANJAY

Actually, thanks to you, I'm pretty much free from now on.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE WING - MOMENTS LATER

Eliza sits beside Sanjay, who drinks a BRANDY while getting a SHOE SHINE.

SANJAY

(condescending)

You know, I actually started out in Human Prayers.

ELIZA

Why'd you quit?

SANJAY

I didn't quit. I got promoted. Nobody stays down there unless there's something wrong with them. Even Benji moved up and I think he might actually be illiterate. That's not a joke. I don't think that guy knows how to read.

\*

ELIZA

Don't you miss making a difference?

SANJAY

(sarcastic)

You mean like you've been doing?

Eliza burns with shame.

SANJAY (CONT'D)

Look, I get it! If I were personally responsible for seven billion deaths, I'd feel guilty too. But you've gotta have perspective.

ELIZA

Perspective?

SANJAY

Mankind is a tiny species in a tiny solar system in a very tiny galaxy.

(MORE)

SANJAY (CONT'D)  
It's not like God created the  
universe for us.

ELIZA  
Then why *did* he create it?

SANJAY  
To manufacture chromium.

Beat.

ELIZA  
I'm sorry, what?

SANJAY  
Chromium. It's, like, a type of  
gas.

ELIZA  
So God is a chromium manufacturer?

SANJAY  
One of the biggest ones around.

ELIZA  
And human beings serve no purpose  
whatsoever.

SANJAY  
I wouldn't say that. Sometimes,  
when we exhale, we release a trace  
amount of chromium. But yeah, we're  
not exactly keeping the lights on,  
if you know what I mean.

ELIZA  
So why did he make us?

SANJAY  
I think he was bored. And maybe a  
bit lonely. He's sort of a  
complicated guy.

God emerges from his office, with an air of forced  
nonchalance.

He is dressed in a tee shirt and carpenter pants, which are  
both smeared with subtle paint stains.

GOD  
Hey guys, how's it going? Would you  
mind stepping into my office for a  
sec? I'd love to get your opinion  
on something, no big deal.

Sanjay sighs. He knows where this is going.

SANJAY

Come on.

\*  
\*

Eliza, looking confused, follows him into God's office.

INT. GOD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

God gestures at an amateurish painting of a bowl of cherries.

GOD

(stagey)

So, Alice just picked up this painting for me from an art gallery. It's by some local artist. I'm not sure who. I guess I was just wondering...like...what do you guys think of it?

Sanjay forces a smile.

SANJAY

I think it's great.

GOD

Really?

SANJAY

Yep. Definitely professional quality.

God turns to Eliza.

GOD

What do you think, Eliza?

Sanjay and Alice shoot her urgent looks.

ELIZA

(forced)

It's...good.

\*

GOD

On a scale of one to ten, where would you put it?

ELIZA

I don't know. Uh...maybe a sev...

Sanajy and Alice glare at her.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Ten. Definitely a ten.

God is so excited he can barely contain himself.

GOD

Alice? Would you mind telling  
Sanjay and Eliza who painted this  
particular work of art?

\*

ALICE

It was God.

Sanjay and Eliza feign shock.

SANJAY

What? No. Really?

ELIZA

Wow! That's amazing. Great.

God BOWS as everyone CLAPS.

GOD

Thank you. Who wants some absinthe?

He holds up a HUGE GLASS of absinthe.

ELIZA

(a little shocked)

What time is it?

GOD

You know what's crazy? I don't even  
know. When I pick up the brush the  
hours just fly by. I have no idea  
how long this painting took me.  
Could have been eight hours, could  
have been fourteen. Alice, how long  
was I working for?

ALICE

About an hour.

GOD

See, I have no idea.

He drinks his absinthe and marvels at his painting.

GOD (CONT'D)

I think it's the best thing I've  
ever done.

ELIZA

(trying)

What about the earth?

GOD  
(waving his hand)  
Juvenilia.

ELIZA  
I think you're being too hard on  
yourself. Earth is a really good  
planet.

GOD  
Have you seen Africa lately? Two  
words: hachi-machi. Sometimes, I  
make myself look at it, for like  
ten seconds, just to see if I can  
do it. But usually after five, I'm  
like, "check please."

He takes out his RED BIN.

GOD (CONT'D)  
After you left yesterday, I went  
through the whole bin. Made myself  
sit down and read them, for the  
first time in years. It was a  
bummer with a capital B. Look at  
these...

(flipping through stack)  
Sickness, poverty, Africa, Africa,  
hurricane, Africa, Africa, Africa.  
They're all completely hopeless!

ELIZA  
They can't all be hopeless.

GOD  
You think I'm exaggerating?

ELIZA  
Maybe a little.

GOD  
(losing patience)  
All right, I'll tell you what, I'll  
make you a deal. If you can answer  
even one of these doozies, I'll  
keep the earth open.

Vince and Alice turn to each other with shock.

ELIZA  
What? Seriously?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GOD

Yeah, take your pick! It can be the easiest prayer in the whole bin! If you can crack it before Pablo gets to zero, I'll cancel the fire ball.

(to Sanjay)

I decided to go fire.

Sanjay makes a note of it.

God hands Eliza the RED BIN full of PRAYERS.

She looks down nervously at the daunting pile.

ELIZA

Is it cool if I work with a partner?

CUT TO:

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Eliza shows the RED BIN to Craig, who shakes his head pessimistically.

\*  
\*

CRAIG

I sent those upstairs for a reason. They're unanswerable.

\*  
\*

ELIZA

There's got to be one in here we can process.

CRAIG

Trust me, I tried.

ELIZA

Yeah, but it'll be different this time.

CRAIG

Why?

ELIZA

You'll have my help.

\*

CRAIG

You've helped enough!

\*  
\*

Eliza takes a step back, startled by his outburst.

\*

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Before you got here, I was doing a good job! I had everything under control!

ELIZA

I know I screwed up. But it's not too late to fix things. We can put everything back exactly the way it was. But it's going to take specific expertise. And someone who really knows what he's doing.

She holds out the RED BIN.

Craig takes it.

CUT TO:

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Eliza and Craig sit side-by-side, sorting through the STACK OF PRAYERS.

ELIZA

...Africa, Africa, Africa...what about this one?

She slides a prayer into the SCANNER.

On her computer screen, we see a KNICKS FAN praying in front of the TV SCREEN.

KNICKS FAN

Please let the Knicks be good this year.

CRAIG

Unanswerable.

ELIZA

Really?

CRAIG

I looked into it. You'd have to go against the laws of physics.

A LINK pops onto the screen.

ELIZA

What's that?



CRAIG

Identical prayers are cross-referenced.

He clicks on the LINK and the PRAYING KNICKS FAN dissolves into a GRID of 32 KNICKS FANS, all on their knees, praying for the same impossible miracle.

ELIZA

Sorry guys.

\*  
\*

She PULLS the prayer out of the scanner and the knicks fans disappear.

\*

Eliza flips through the remaining prayers.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

World peace?

CRAIG

Unanswerable.

ELIZA

Equality?

CRAIG

Impossible.

ELIZA

How about this one?

She feeds a prayer into the scanner. It's SAM'S PRAYER.

The angels watch as the human murmurs his plea.

SAM

I really like this girl...please  
make this happen...please...

CRAIG

(rolling eyes)  
No way.

ELIZA

What? Why?

CRAIG

Love prayers never work. There are  
too many variables. That girl he  
likes could be married or in love  
with someone else...

ELIZA

Yeah, I guess you're right.

A LINK pops onto the screen.

CRAIG  
Huh. That's new.

ELIZA  
Guess someone else wants Sam to get  
the girl.

Craig CLICKS on the link.

On the screen, we see LAURA, in her bedroom, closing her eyes  
in prayer.

LAURA  
...I really like this guy...if  
you're listening...please make this  
happen. Please.

Eliza and Craig turn to each other with excitement.

CRAIG  
This could work.

INT. EXECUTIVE WING - DAY

Eliza pulls Craig down the hall.

CRAIG  
We're not supposed to be on this  
floor.

ELIZA  
These are special circumstances.

CRAIG  
We don't have clearance.

ELIZA  
It's fine.

CRAIG  
I'll just wait here.

He CROUCHES behind a plant. She tries to pull him along, but  
he won't budge.

Eliza sighs and walks on to God's office without him.

INT. GOD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Eliza waits patiently while God reads Sam's prayer.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

\*

GOD

The wording's a little vague. I mean, "make this happen?" What does that mean exactly?

ELIZA

I don't think it's vague. It just means these two humans want to become a couple.

GOD

Well, yeah. But at what point do two humans "become a couple?"

ELIZA

I don't know. What do you think?

GOD

Intercourse?

\*

Eliza swallows.

ELIZA

That's a lot to arrange in a month. How about this: we'll say the prayer's been answered if they go out on three dates.

Beat.

GOD

I think it's gotta be intercourse.

ELIZA

How about a kiss?

GOD

What kind of kiss? We talking tongue?

ELIZA

Let's say on the lips.

GOD

But with some tongue action, right?

ELIZA

(reluctant)  
Okay, fine. With some tongue action.

GOD

Okay. Deal.

He extends his hand. Eliza shakes it.

GOD (CONT'D)  
(laughing)  
Good luck.

ELIZA  
What's so funny?

GOD  
You picked the hardest one in the bin!

ELIZA  
How hard can it be? They already like each other. They just have to go for it.

GOD  
"Going for it" isn't exactly mankind's strong suit. You know how long it was before a human worked up the guts to try berries? Literally, like, fifty thousand years. They're total cowards.

ELIZA  
I think that's a little bit harsh.

CUT TO: \*

INT. EXECUTIVE WING - SAME

Craig is still HIDING behind the plant.

Sanjay spots him and strides over, a condescending grin on his face.

SANJAY  
Hi, Craig!

CRAIG  
(averting eye contact)  
Hello, Sanjay.

SANJAY  
It's been a while! Where are they keeping you these days?

CRAIG  
Department of Human Prayers.

SANJAY

Wow, still! That must be some kind of record! Unless Benji's still down there.

\*

CRAIG

He got promoted.

SANJAY

Benji got promoted? Wow! Good for him!

\*

Craig glares at Sanjay.

\*

Sanjay grins and continues to twist the knife.

SANJAY (CONT'D)

I gotta say, I envy you. When you're down in Human Prayers, no one cares if you screw up. Because it's, like, literally nobody is watching. But when you're an archangel, reporting straight to God, it's like, all of a sudden, your work counts.

\*

Alice hurries over to Sanjay.

\*

ALICE

Have you exploded Bill Maher's dick yet?

SANJAY

(ashamed)

Not yet.

ALICE

Please hurry. God wants it done by Friday at the latest. Balls, too.

Craig smiles as Sanjay hurries off.

\*

A moment later, Eliza bounds out of God's office.

\*

CRAIG

How'd it go?

ELIZA

We've got work to do.

She grabs his wrist and leads him toward the elevators.

\*

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Craig types some keywords into a youtube-style "SEARCH BOX" on his computer.

CRAIG

Okay, here's Sam and Laura's first encounter. Saturday night, 8:22 pm EST.

He presses "Play."

INT. BAR - EVENING

Laura sits alone at a table, typing on a laptop.

Sam sits alone at a nearby table, drinking a beer and trying not to stare at her.

She looks in his direction and he shyly shifts his gaze back to his own laptop.

CRAIG (O.C.)

I'll skip ahead.

We watch the scene unfold in FAST FORWARD. Glasses pile up on Sam's table. He's on his third beer when he finally works up the courage to talk to Laura. The clip returns to normal speed.

SAM

Working late, huh?

LAURA

What?

SAM

Working late!

LAURA

Oh! Yeah.

They smile awkwardly at each other and turn back to their computers.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Craig fast-forwards.

CRAIG

After that there's another forty minutes of silence.

ELIZA  
What's wrong with them?

CRAIG  
Apparently they're shy.

\*

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Sam finishes his third beer and nervously clears his throat.

SAM  
What...are...you working on?

LAURA  
Oh, just designing a flyer!

She shows him the GREEN FLYER she's mocking up on her computer.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
I work for the Wildlife Federation.  
We're trying to save the Red-Tailed  
Chimpanzee.

SAM  
Wow, they're so cool-looking.

LAURA  
I know, right? We don't know why  
they're dying out.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - DAY

Craig types in a search.

CRAIG  
Airborne Ebola.

ELIZA  
Holy shit.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Laura explains her work.

LAURA  
We're raising money to send doctors  
to the animals, to study them up  
close. You know, really work  
amongst them in a hands-on kind of  
way.

SAM

That's such a great cause.

LAURA

Thank you! What about you, what are you working on?

SAM

It's my dissertation. I'm trying to build a fuel cell that can neutralize carbon dioxide in the atmosphere.

LAURA

(amazed)

Would that stop global warming?

\*

\*

SAM

Hopefully! I mean, assuming my hypothesis is correct!

\*

INT. OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

Craig types in a quick search.

CRAIG

Incorrect.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A waitress comes over.

WAITRESS

Another round?

SAM

I don't know, it's getting kind of late.

LAURA

Sure, I'll have one.

SAM

Yeah! Me too.

They humans smile at each other -- and finally close their laptops.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Eliza and Craig inch closer to the screen.

ELIZA

These losers are pretty perfect for each other, huh?



CRAIG  
I ran a Compatibility Check.

He opens an EXCEL SPREADSHEET.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
They scored extremely high.

ELIZA  
(reading spreadsheet)  
Complementary sleeping positions.  
Matching pollen allergies. What's  
Life Saver-Consonance?

CRAIG  
She likes the reds and oranges and  
he likes the yellows and greens. So  
if they buy a roll they can split  
the candies without fear of  
resentment.

ELIZA  
(intrigued)  
Skip to the end.

Craig skips to the humans' awkward goodbye (**the moment we saw  
at the beginning of this episode.**)

Eliza watches the clip with disgust.

SAM (O.S.)  
Well hey, it was cool meeting you!

LAURA (O.S.)  
Yeah! Yeah.

SAM (O.S.)  
Later, alligator!

ELIZA  
"Later, alligator?" What the hell  
is that?

CRAIG  
It's a popular children's  
expression. I think he was trying  
to be playful.

ELIZA  
That was harder to watch than the  
tsunami.

CRAIG

She gave him her phone number earlier in the night. But it's been five days and he still hasn't contacted her.

\*

ELIZA

Did he at least send a text or something?

CRAIG

He's written several drafts.

\*

He PULLS THEM UP on his computer screen.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Hey there." "Hi there." "Hey you."  
"Hi you." "Howdy." "Hey." "Hello."  
"Hi."

ELIZA

How do we push this thing along?

Craig clicks his mouse and the humans appear on his monitor in SPLIT SCREEN.

On the LEFT SIDE, Laura hands out her GREEN FLYERS on the street.

On the RIGHT SIDE, Sam toils away at a chalkboard.

Craig gets an idea.

CRAIG

Have you seen that gust chart?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Laura tries in vain to get people to take one of the GREEN FLYERS she showed Sam at the bar.

LAURA

Excuse me, sir, do you have a moment for endangered animals?

As she holds out a flyer, a GUST OF WIND blows it out of her hands.

She tries to grab it, but it WHOOSHES out of sight.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Eliza watches excitedly as Craig types in more wind codes.

EXT. STREET - SAME

The wind shifts direction, causing the green flyer to flit around a corner.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - HOURS LATER

Craig types in a string of increasingly complex codes.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

We see the bright green flyer weave its way across the city, dodging cars and pedestrians.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - NIGHT

Craig types with increasing confidence.

His desk is piled high with empty coffee cups and candy bar wrappers.

He finishes a complicated code and proudly lowers his index finger onto the "ENTER" button.

INT. NYU CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

The GREEN FLYER has BLOWN all the way to the WINDOW of Sam's office!

The window is open a crack; the flyer can't quite get through.

It starts to slip down the window.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Eliza reaches for the keyboard.

CRAIG  
What are you doing?

ELIZA  
We should up the levels.

CRAIG  
It could start a tornado.

\*

ELIZA  
It's slipping! Come on, don't you  
trust me?

CRAIG  
Not even a tiny bit.

\*

She GRABS the KEYBOARD and starts to TYPE.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Careful!

INT. NYU CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT - SAME

A HUGE GUST of WIND blows the flyer through the crack in the  
window!

It FLIES across the room and SMACKS into the chalkboard right  
in front of Sam's face!

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Eliza shoots Craig an "I told you so" look.

INT. NYU CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT - SAME

Sam picks up Laura's flyer and stares at it.

SAM  
Huh.

He crumples it up, tosses it into a recycling bin and gets  
back to work.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Craig massages his temples.

CRAIG  
Well that was a giant waste of  
time.

ELIZA  
Why didn't it work?

CRAIG  
Signs are rarely effective.

ELIZA

But it was so obvious. We blew  
Laura's flyer right into his face!

CRAIG

Humans are dense. Look at Lincoln.  
On the morning of his  
assassination, we sent him a dozen  
omens. Nothing worked.

\*

\*

He pulls up the clip.

INT. LINCOLN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abraham Lincoln is getting dressed for the theater when a  
BLACK CROW lands on his windowsill and CAWS in his face.

As he walks toward it, a gust of wind EXTINGUISHES the CANDLE  
on his desk.

MARY LINCOLN (O.S.)

Play's about to start!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (O.S.)

(cheerful)

On my way!

He steps over a BLACK CAT and walks out the door, whistling.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Eliza shakes her head in disbelief.

ELIZA

How much time do we have?

Craig types in a search and Pablo pops onto the screen.

PABLO

THE WORLD WILL END IN 27 DAYS!!!

ELIZA

Why does that suddenly seem like  
not a lot of time?

INT. NYU CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT - MORNING

Sam's advisor, PROFESSOR BORIS SHLOM, enters. He stares at  
Sam's chalkboard, which is covered in dense equations.

SAM

What do you think?

PROFESSOR SHLOM

I think you should take break.

SAM

I can't. I'm really far behind.

PROFESSOR SHLOM

What is the hurry? When I was 22, I had accomplished nothing.

SAM

I'm 25.

PROFESSOR SHLOM

By that age I had done some major work, but that is not the point. If I was young with working penis I would be out courting women.

SAM

I know, you say that a lot. But this project is really important to me. It's my chance to save the world.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

His chalk breaks.

\*

SAM (CONT'D)

Damn it.

PROFESSOR SHLOM

(taking pity)

Here, take mine.

He hands Sam his chalk.

SAM

Thanks Professor.

CUT TO:

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - SAME

Laura carefully redesigns her "SAVE THE CHIMPS" flyer.

Her phone RINGS.

It's an UNKNOWN NUMBER.

She picks it up with excitement.

LAURA

Hello?

(she fearfully covers the  
mouthpiece)

Shit.

Her roommate, MARA, a confident pothead, enters the room.

MARA

Collectors?

Laura nods fearfully.

MARA (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I got it.

Laura, relieved, hands Mara her phone.

MARA (CONT'D)

Hello, this is Laura.

She winks at Laura who gives her a thumbs-up.

MARA (CONT'D)

Yes, I'm aware the payment is late.  
Yes I'm aware I've used all my  
deferrals. Are you aware that the  
student loan system is a predatory  
scam?

Laura starts to get worried. She motions for Mara to give her  
back the phone.

MARA (CONT'D)

Oooh, a ten-thousand dollar  
penalty? I'm quaking in my boots.  
I'm already down 60 large, you  
think I give a shit about ten G's?  
This is Laura freaking Gerstein  
you're talking to!

Laura tries to grab the phone, but Mara evades her.

MARA (CONT'D)

I'm glad you're recording this  
call! Great, tell your supervisor!  
Tell them all!

She hangs up.

MARA (CONT'D)

I think you should change your  
phone number.

LAURA

I can't.

MARA

Why not?

LAURA

I'm kind of expecting a call.

MARA

(excited)

From who? PHD guy? \*

LAURA

(forced laughter)

No! Come on, he would have called by now. If he was going to.

MARA

Then what are you waiting for?

LAURA

I don't know! Maybe the next call will be something great, like a crazy prize, or a freak inheritance, or some other amazing thing that will change my life forever.

MARA

Like a miracle?

LAURA

Sure! Miracles happen. Sometimes. I think.

CUT TO:

INT. HEAVEN INC OFFICES - MEETING ROOM -- NIGHT

Craig and Eliza work in a meeting room, surrounded by CHARTS, \*  
GRAPHS, MANUALS and PILES OF RESEARCH on SAM and LAURA. \*

ELIZA

Is there some code we can type in \*  
to make this guy less of a coward? \*

CRAIG

He's got free will. Unfortunately. \*

ELIZA

What if we increased his \*  
testosterone? By, like, 5,000%?



CRAIG

We've been over this. It would damage his testicles and turn him into a kind of beast.

ELIZA

We have to do something. He's never going to make a move.

CRAIG

Then we'll have to make it for him.

\*

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Craig pulls up a MAP of the LOWER EAST SIDE.

CRAIG

It's extremely difficult, but with proper preparation, it is technically possible to force a chance encounter.

ELIZA

How hard can it be? They're only twelve blocks from each other.

CRAIG

In New York, that's like twelve light years. Take a look.

He ZOOMS IN on the twelve blocks that separate Sam and Laura.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

They're separated by hundreds of walls and thousands of people. And we have to get them to the exact same spot at the exact same time.

ELIZA

What if we burst their appendixes?

CRAIG

What?

ELIZA

If we pop 'em at the same time, they're sure to cross paths in the ER. It's fool proof!

CRAIG

It's a little messy.

\*

ELIZA

Who cares? The world's at stake!

CRAIG

I think I've got a more elegant  
solution.

\*

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

Laura stands outside an Apple store with her clipboard,  
approaching customers as they exit.

CRAIG (O.S.) (CONT'D)

She's going to be in front of that  
Apple Store until 5pm.

CUT TO:

INT. NYU CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT - DAY

Sam is on his laptop, googling "Laura Gerstein."

CRAIG (O.S.)

All we have to do is destroy Sam's  
computer. He'll go to get it fixed  
and there she'll be.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Eliza and Craig sit down at a computer.

\*

CRAIG

Nice and tidy.

\*

He CRACKS HIS KNUCKLES and gets to work.

INT. NYU CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Sam types on his keyboard.

Behind him, we see a student lighting a BUNSEN BURNER.

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Craig types in a code.

INT. NYU CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT - SAME

The GAS PRESSURE abruptly INCREASES on the BUNSEN BURNER, causing the FLAME to TRIPLE IN SIZE.

STUDENT

Shit!

The student turns off the gas, but it's too late.

The SPRINKLER SYSTEM GOES OFF, drenching everything, including Sam's LAPTOP.

SAM

Goddamnit!!

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Craig and Eliza look hopeful.

CRAIG

So far so good.

INT. NYU LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Sam, soaking laptop in hand, hurries down the hall.

He's almost out the door when he passes a group of fellow graduate students in a lounge area, huddled around a TV.

SAM

What's going on?

STUDENT

Bill Maher died.

SAM

The comedian? Geez.

Sam sits down with the students and watches the news broadcast.

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Craig nervously checks his watch.

CRAIG

We don't have time for this.  
Laura's shift ends in an hour.

ELIZA

It's okay, he won't watch for long.  
It's not that interesting a story.

INT. NYU STUDENT LOUNGE - ABOUT THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Sam watches the news, rapt.

SAM

This is the craziest story I've  
ever seen. He just exploded?

STUDENT

That's what they're saying.

A NEWS ANCHOR reports the story.

NEWS ANCHOR

Maher's family has announced that  
the funeral will definitely be  
closed casket. They are asking for  
privacy during this, quote, "sad  
and confusing time."

SAM

Do you guys want to order a pizza?

The other students nod.

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Craig looks worried.

CRAIG

Thirty minutes left.

Eliza reaches for the keyboard.

He pulls it out of her reach.

ELIZA

Come on, don't you trust me?

CRAIG

Not even a tiny, little--

ELIZA

Please.

CRAIG

(after a beat)  
Okay.

\*  
\*  
\*

He hands her the keyboard.

\*

ELIZA

Where are those lightning codes?

\*

Craig looks worried.

EXT. POWER PLANT - MOMENTS LATER

Rain starts to fall on a power plant in industrial New Jersey.

We can see the SKYLINE of NEW YORK in the distance.

SFX: THUNDER

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Eliza types in some complex codes while Craig peeks through his fingers at the screen.

She checks her work and presses ENTER.

EXT. POWER PLANT - SAME

A STREAK of LIGHTNING hits a POWER GRID.

Sparks FLY everywhere.

INT. NYU STUDENT LOUNGE - SAME

Sam is watching the news when the TV GOES BLACK.

SAM/STUDENTS

Shit!/Nooooo!

They try to turn it back on, but there's been a BLACKOUT.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Craig is impressed, in spite of himself.

\*

CRAIG

Not bad.

\*

ELIZA

Thanks. How much time?

CRAIG  
Twenty minutes.

ELIZA  
Should be fine, he's only seven  
blocks away.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - SAME

Sam is walking briskly down the sidewalk when he passes a  
BREAK DANCING TROUPE, performing for a crowd of tourists.

BREAK DANCER  
Y'all ready to see a show!

The crowd cheers.

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Craig shakes his head.

CRAIG  
Oh no.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - SAME

Sam claps along with the crowd.

BREAK DANCER  
When I say hey, you say ho! Hey!

SAM/CROWD  
Ho!

BREAK DANCER  
Hey!

SAM/CROWD  
Ho!

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Eliza watches as Craig types in a code.

ELIZA  
What are you doing?

On the screen, a window pops up: BURST APPENDIX?

Craig hesitates, his finger hovering over the "ENTER" button.

CRAIG

Screw it.

He JABS the button.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - SAME

Sam watches with horror as one of the dancers COLLAPSES.

He WRITHES around on the ground, clutching his midsection.

DANCER

AAAAAAGGGGH!

A second break dancer comforts his fallen friend.

SECOND BREAK DANCER

Give him some air!

SFX: AMBULANCE

The crowd disperses.

Sam, looking a bit shaken, keeps walking down the street.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Eliza and Craig HIGH-FIVE.

EXT. APPLE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Laura looks at her watch: it's 4:59pm.

Sam is walking towards her, but her back is turned.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Eliza watches, worried, as Sam heads for the entrance of the Apple store.

ELIZA

He's going to walk right by her!

Craig types in a code.

EXT. APPLE STORE - SAME

A LARGE PINE TREE sheds hundreds of NEEDLES into the air.

LAURA and SAM begin to SNEEZE.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Eliza nods, impressed.

ELIZA  
Matching pollen allergies.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

The humans continue to SNEEZE WILDLY, getting LOUDER and LOUDER.

Eventually, they notice each other.

SAM  
Laura?

LAURA  
Sam!

The humans are excited, but also overcome with anxiety.

SAM  
What a coincidence!

LAURA  
Yeah! I know!

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Eliza PUMPS HER FIST.

ELIZA  
(proudly)  
Processed!

She and Craig SHAKE HANDS.

EXT. APPLE STORE - SAME

Sam and Laura converse shyly.

LAURA  
So, what are you doing...



INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Eliza talks impatiently at the screen.

ELIZA  
Tonight, what are you doing  
tonight.

EXT. APPLE STORE - SAME

Laura chickens out.

LAURA  
What are you doing at the Apple  
Store?

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Eliza starts to look worried.

ELIZA  
Uh-oh.

EXT. APPLE STORE - SAME

Sam holds up his computer.

SAM  
My computer broke.

LAURA  
Oh! Bummer.

SAM  
Yeah.

Beat.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Well hey...it was nice running into  
you!

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Craig and Eliza shake their heads in disbelief.

CRAIG  
Oh no.

ELIZA

Shit.

LAURA (O.S.)

Nice running into you, too!

EXT. APPLE STORE - SAME

Laura and Sam say goodbye.

SAM

Well...later alligator!

LAURA

Haha yeah! Okay.

Sam sighs with shame as Laura walks away.

SAM

Damn it.

INT. CRAIG'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Craig and Eliza stare at the screen with dismay.

ELIZA

What happened?

CRAIG

They blew it.

CUT TO:

INT. GOD'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Eliza slides a prayer across God's desk.

GOD

(reading)

"Please let the Knicks be good this year."

ELIZA

I've done some research. If we crash a plane into the All Star Game, and paralyze everyone but Carmelo Anthony...

GOD

It's too late to switch. You already called your shot.

ELIZA

It's not my fault! Those humans are  
hopeless!

GOD

That's what I've been trying to  
tell you.

He walks over to an easel and starts a new painting.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Benji MonoRoves over to Craig and Eliza. \*

BENJI \*

Hey guys, good news. You're both  
getting promoted.

ELIZA

To where?

BENJI \*

Eliza, once the earth is destroyed, \*  
you'll be helping with chromium \*  
distribution. And Craig, we're \*  
shifting you over to chromium waste  
management.

Craig and Eliza hang their heads. \*

BENJI (CONT'D) \*

Here are your training manuals. \*  
Start jamming on 'em! \*

He hands them each a MANUAL and MonoRoves away.

ELIZA

(re: manuals)  
I think he switched these up.

CRAIG

(nodding)  
He might not know how to read.

They switch manuals, sit at their desks and crack them open,  
trying their best to concentrate.

COUNSELOR (O.S.)

Strike one!

Craig looks up from his manual.

On his screen, the unathletic 6-YEAR-OLD GIRL is striking out again at kickball.

CRAIG

Sorry, left a window open. \*

He about to turn his computer off, when the girl whiffs again.

COUNSELOR (O.S.)

Strike two!

The girl murmurs more pleas to heaven, while her parents aim their cameras at her.

ELIZA \*

Why does she suck so much at  
kickball? \*

CRAIG \*

She keeps closing her eyes. \*

ELIZA \*

It's the sun. \*

Craig turns to Eliza.

CRAIG

One more?

ELIZA

One more.

They rapidly get to work, whispering so that Benji doesn't notice. \*

CRAIG \*

We've got to somehow block it from  
her eyes. \*

ELIZA \*

Can we cloud up the sky? \*

CRAIG

If we shift the atmospheric  
pressure. \*

ELIZA \*

Chapter 8? \*

CRAIG \*

Chapter 8. \*

She opens the BASIC ANGELIC INFLUENCE manual and passes it to him. \*

He TYPES in a code. \*

On the screen, the sky becomes overcast.

The girl OPENS HER EYES as the RED BALL rolls toward her.

She BOOTS IT with her TOE and it FLIES INTO THE AIR!

Craig and Eliza SMILE. \*

The ball is EASILY CAUGHT by the shortstop.

COUNSELOR

Out.

6-YEAR-OLD GIRL

Shit!

COUNSELOR

Language, Madison!

6-YEAR-OLD GIRL

Fuck you!

The girl's parents run onto the field and drag the girl away, while she kicks, screams and bites at them.

6-YEAR-OLD GIRL (CONT'D)

FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU!!

Craig closes the window.

ELIZA

That went badly.

CRAIG

Yeah.

Beat.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

One more?

Eliza nods.

ELIZA

One more.

They shove aside their chromium manuals and rifle through their INBOXES, looking for more prayers to answer. \*

INT. NYU CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Sam returns to the chemistry department, holding a new computer.

Shlom is staring at his blackboard, which is now covered in yellow chalk equations.

SAM

What do you think?

PROFESSOR SHLOM

I think, after so many years, you are finally onto something.

SAM

Really?

PROFESSOR SHLOM

No, that was prank!

He LAUGHS. Sam does not.

PROFESSOR SHLOM (CONT'D)

I plan that all day and it went great. Sam, it is Friday night. What are you doing inside classroom?

SAM

Listen, I've had a pretty rough day. I don't really feel like talking.

PROFESSOR SHLOM

You should be outside courting woman.

SAM

Thanks for the advice.

PROFESSOR SHLOM

When is the last time you even spoke to woman?

SAM

(defensive)

Just now, actually.

PROFESSOR SHLOM

The person who sold you computer?

\*

SAM

No, it was a girl I know.

PROFESSOR SHLOM  
(wild excitement)  
Who?

SAM  
(reluctant)  
Her name is Laura. We met at a bar  
last weekend. And then I just ran  
into her again.

PROFESSOR SHLOM  
When will you see her next?

SAM  
I don't know, we kind of left it  
open-ended.

PROFESSOR SHLOM  
You must call her right now.

SAM  
That would be kinda weird. I mean,  
just calling her out of the blue,  
at night? Isn't that creepy?

Shlom takes out an ERASER and HOLDS IT UP TO SAM'S WORK.

SAM (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

PROFESSOR SHLOM  
Call her or I will erase.

SAM  
That's not funny.

Shlom starts to ERASE a line!

SAM (CONT'D)  
Stop! Hey!

PROFESSOR SHLOM  
I will erase whole thing!

Sam GASPS and holds up his palms, terrified.

SAM  
Okay, fine, I'll call her! I'll  
call her.

He reluctantly takes out his phone.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Eliza goes through her inbox, looking for an answerable prayer.

ELIZA  
Africa, Africa, Africa...

CRAIG  
Look!

He gestures at his screen: Sam is calling Laura.

ELIZA  
(amazed)  
What did you do?

CRAIG  
Nothing. Pull up the female. \*

Eliza types in a search for Laura and a window pops up on her screen.

ELIZA  
Oh shit.

CUT TO:

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - SAME

Laura talks to a SALESMAN.

SALEMAN  
Okay...you've officially got a new number. \*

LAURA  
It's all set?

SALEMAN  
Yep. You just have to press this button here to activate it. \*

She about to press the button when her PHONE RINGS. \*

It's an UNKNOWN NUMBER. \*

INT. NYU CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT - SAME

Shlom paces while Sam waits for an answer.



PROFESSOR SHLOM  
What is happening?

SAM  
It's ringing.

PROFESSOR SHLOM  
Now?

SAM  
Still ringing.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - SAME

Laura stares at her ringing phone.

SALESMAN  
Do you need to get that?

LAURA  
No. It's probably nothing.

Other customers start to eye her, annoying by the phone's annoying ring tone.

SALESMAN  
You can just hit "ignore" to silence--

LAURA  
Yeah, sorry.

She reaches slowly for her phone.

INT. NYU CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT - SAME

Shlom watches on anxiously as Sam waits for Laura to pick up.

INT. HEAVEN OFFICES - SAME

Eliza and Craig stare at the screen as Laura grabs her phone. \*

INT. GOD'S OFFICE - SAME \*

God is trying to concentrate on his painting, but he can't take his eyes off his TV screen.

He's watching Laura, too.

Her index finger hovers over the "Ignore" button.

BLACK OUT

Beat.

                    Hello?                    LAURA (O.S.)

(OUT)

\*