

GOD DOES NOT PLAY DICE

by Won Nut

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FADE IN:

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - RECREATION ROOM - DAY

GIUSEPPE MONCALVO (88), weathered and weary, supports himself with a walker.

He stares at an AIDE standing above a jump rope, while TWO RESIDENTS lacklusterly hold their respective ends.

NURSE (O.S.)

Are you ready, Your Eminence?

Giuseppe looks over his shoulder... and nods yes.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Giuseppe deliberately makes his way up the main aisle.

He stares at the ornate, regal altar. He genuflects as much as his frail body will allow.

PASTOR JIM MURPHY (46), jolly, with a beaming smile, emerges from the sacristy. He bounds past the altar.

The Pastor extends his hand warmly. Giuseppe latches on.

PASTOR MURPHY

Cardinal Guiseppe Moncalvo. It's been too long.

Giuseppe nods. He allows a smile to creep across his face.

PASTOR MURPHY (CONT'D)

I was delighted to get your call
Your Eminence. What was so urgent?

Giuseppe reaches into his pants pocket. He produces a pair of weather-beaten stone dice.

Giuseppe presses them into Murphy's hand. The Pastor closes them in his palm. His smile turns quizzical.

PASTOR MURPHY (CONT'D)

I don't understand?

CARDINAL MONCALVO

Jim. You do good work here. You do God's work. I love you as a Pastor. And as a friend.

PASTOR MURPHY

I love you too, Your Eminence. But I don't follow?

CARDINAL MONCALVO

"When they had crucified him, they divided up his clothes by casting lots."

PASTOR MURPHY

Matthew, twenty-seven, thirty-five.

The Cardinal nods. Murphy unfurls his fingers..

CARDINAL MONCALVO

I did a terrible thing when I was in Rome. But I needed to know.

A look of informed horror crosses Murphy's face.

PASTOR MURPHY

Your Eminence, are these...?

The cardinal nods.

CARDINAL MONCALVO

They were gathering dust in the Vatican. And I needed to know.

Murphy stares down at his hand in awe.

PASTOR MURPHY

The Roman soldiers... touched these?

The Cardinal nods... almost in disgust.

PASTOR MURPHY (CONT'D)

But what did you need to know?

CARDINAL MONCALVO

Twelve. Twelve means it will definitely happen. One means no chance. Man has free will, but... I've tested these over the years. They are accurate. You'll know.

Murphy closes his hand.

PASTOR MURPHY

Why me?

CARDINAL MONCALVO

You are the one, Jim.

Murphy goes from lost... to exuberant.

PASTOR MURPHY

Your Eminence! Do you know what this means? We can prevent... we can alter the course of... can't we?

The Cardinal shakes his head no.

CARDINAL MONCALVO
Man has free will. But you will
know. Knowing is better than not.

INT. CHURCH SACRISTY - DAY

Murphy cradles the dice. Gives them a tiny shake.

PASTOR MURPHY
I am a woman.

He rolls them onto his desk. Two. He gingerly collects them.

PASTOR MURPHY (CONT'D)
There are many blue elephants.

Two. He scoops up the dice up with vigor.

PASTOR MURPHY (CONT'D)
I am a Pastor.

Twelve. Murphy smiles as he gathers the dice.

PASTOR MURPHY (CONT'D)
My mother's name is Iris.

Twelve. Murphy nods his approval. Readies for another throw.

PASTOR MURPHY (CONT'D)
Patriots will win the Super Bowl.

Twelve. Murphy emits a slight groan. Scoops up the bones.

Murphy pauses... he stares at his hand for a few seconds...

PASTOR MURPHY (CONT'D)
Steve Bannon will become President.

Twelve.

PASTOR MURPHY (CONT'D)
My dear sweet Jesus.

INT. CARDINAL MONCALVO'S ROOM - DAY

An open closet door.

One end of a jump rope tied to the clothes bar.

Cardinal Giuseppe Moncalvo dangles, lifeless, at the other.

FADE OUT