

RESET

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INT. HEAVEN

A NEW GOD (female, 40-ish, dressed in Buddhist robes covered with a coat) walks into heaven and takes off her coat. The OLD GOD (elderly, Rabbi, stooped posture but with wise bright eyes, male) is packing his things up.

NEW GOD

I am your relief. Where is the log book?

OLD GOD

Finally. I thought you'd never get here.

Old God points to a table in the corner area. New God puts her belongings down and begins paging through a large dusty book.

NEW GOD

Well, for one thing, I am in no mood to be worshipped. So. No religion. I think that's a good place to start.

OLD GOD

I didn't invent it. But I'm telling you, getting rid of it? Bad idea. It just doesn't work.

(pause)

You think I cared about being worshipped? Truth is, these people need something to keep them occupied. That's the thing.

NEW GOD

Well, that could be because you gave them free will.

OLD GOD

Meh. Says you. And besides, if you really think I gave them free will, you're gonna have a hell of a time in this job.

NEW GOD

You know, speaking of hell. I think I'll do away with that too.

New God flips the pages of the book as if turning to the section about hell. Marks up the page and draws a line through something on the page.

(CONTINUED)

## NEW GOD CONTD

It really is a ridiculous concept, you know. You lost a lot of credibility with that.

## OLD GOD

Whatever. Take it up with Lucifer over brunch. I can't be bothered. What was I supposed to do? The people like to be afraid. Who knew? Ach. It doesn't matter. Take my word for it.

New God flips through more pages of the large dusty tome and stops to notice a large stack of boxes in another corner, overrun with papers. She picks up one smaller box and carries it over toward where the Old God is.

## NEW GOD

What is this?

## OLD GOD

Prayers. All day. All night. It's all I get.

(pause)

You know something? A fly. Lives for two weeks. Never once asks for a single thing, you know that?

(pause)

Not these. They have no idea all the things I do. Never satisfied, I tell you.

An uncomfortable silence falls.

## NEW GOD

Do you at least...look at them?

## OLD GOD

For what? Everybody asks for the same thing: money and to live forever. What am I supposed to do?

(pause)

Listen, do yourself a favor. Ignore it. If you treat one person better than the other, it makes problems. It's more trouble than it's worth. Eventually they all hate you anyway because their aunt or brother or somebody else died. Save yourself the disappointment. Just...ignore it.

(CONTINUED)

New God puts the box down reluctantly and walks back over to the desk with the dusty book on it and sits down. She starts flipping through it again.

NEW GOD

Languages. Gotta go. Too many of them. What in the world were you thinking, anyway?

OLD GOD

Yeah. I started with one language too. Trust me, the less they talk to each other, the better. Just...trust me on this.

Old God shakes his head ruefully and puts on his hat, coat and scarf. He walks over to New God and puts his hand on her shoulder.

OLD GOD

You remind me so much of myself when I first came on the job. You're making a lot of the same mistakes I made. Unfortunately for me, some schmucks wrote everything down in a book for all the world to see.

(pauses contemplatively,  
sighs)

Good luck. Sounds like you're gonna need it.

Old God exits. New God stands up and walks around exploring the room in more detail. She opens a door that reveals another room that houses a large control panel system. She enters the room and walks over to a 'Earth Master Control' console.

NEW GOD

Okay now. Let's see...How in the world do you reset this thing?

FADE OUT