

IN SEARCH OF HYSTERICAL JESUS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. UPPER CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Neatly manicured lawns with colorful landscaping.

Shade trees so perfectly groomed it looks if they were manufactured rather than grown.

Shiny, upscale cars in every driveway.

A POSTAL CARRIER whistles "A Beautiful Day in The Neighborhood" as he strolls through the cul-de-sac.

Blue, sunny skies and chirping birds - so pleasant. That is until the Postal Carrier reaches --

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

It sticks out like a sore thumb. The overgrown lawn is peppered with tall weeds.

Dirty windows and chipped, faded paint highlight the exterior. Oil stains blot the driveway.

The Postal Carrier's whistling stops as he reaches the door.

He tries to squeeze in his delivery into a mailbox already stuffed with a week's worth of mail - no luck.

The Carrier drops the mail at the base of the front door.

POSTAL CARRIER

Pig.

The Carrier resumes his whistling as he strolls away.

EXT. BARRY'S BACK YARD - MORNING

Equally unkempt as the front yard.

BARRY SMART (40), unshaven, clad in a tattered bathrobe, slumps back in a plastic chair in the center of the yard.

A lit smoke dangles from his mouth. He holds a beer bottle in his left hand. A gardening glove covers his right hand.

A T-SHIRT CANNON is propped up between his knees.

Barry gulps down the remainder of his beer, tosses the bottle on the ground. It lands near several other empties.

BOOKER, a large German Shepard, nears, nuzzles his nose in Barry's armpit, pleading for attention. Barry obliges, pets Booker's head.

Barry reaches with his gloved hand to the right. His focus --
A MOUND of dried dog shit.

BARRY
(at Booker)
Nice work, mate.

Barry scoops up a pile and loads it into the barrel of the T-shirt cannon. He raises the cannon and points.

BARRY'S POV

A row of tall CYPRESS TREES, densely packed, on the neighbor side of Barry's cinder block wall rise twenty feet in the air - a green fortress.

BACK TO SCENE

BARRY
Ready?

Booker's tail wags in anticipation.

Barry squeezes the trigger of the T-shirt Cannon.

WHOOSH - the dog shit soars over the tip of the trees.

A second later - SPLASH.

Barry loads another round - WHOOSH and then SPLASH.

Then another - WHOOSH and then SPLASH.

INT. SHARON'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING

SHARON JACKSON (38), fit as a fiddle, wearing black yoga pants and a work-out tank top, wipes sweat from her brow as she removes a bottle of water from the refrigerator.

She gulps it back - thirsty from a morning workout.

Sharon removes the scrunchie holding her long auburn hair in a ponytail, peers out the kitchen window towards her pool.

SPLASH - a dog shit projectile lands in the pool.

SHARON
What the...?

Sharon exits through the sliding glass doors. Heads out to --

EXT. SHARON'S BACKYARD/POOL - MORNING

Just in time to see another projectile zooming over the cypress trees into the pool. It joins the dozen other clumps now floating on the pool surface.

SHARON

Barry!

Sharon bolts off.

EXT. BARRY'S BACK YARD - MORNING

Barry, still in the plastic chair, lights a smoke.

The sound of the side gate opening and SLAMMING shut.

SHARON (O.S.)

I'll kill you!

Sharon appears from the corner of the house, fit to be tied.

A guttural protective growl from Booker as she nears.

Sharon stops, bares her perfect teeth - growls right back.

Booker whimpers in fear, sneaks away - tail tucked.

BARRY

Interesting fact. Dogs can smell evil. I read it on --

SHARON

There's crap in my pool.

BARRY

Check the weather report.

(taking a drag)

Probably just a shit storm.

Sharon points at the T-shirt cannon between Barry's knees.

SHARON

Don't you dare shoot another one.

Barry reaches to the side of the chair, scoops up a pile.

SHARON

I'll call the police.

Barry loads the pile into the cannon barrel.

BARRY

Uh-huh.

SHARON
You're insane!

Barry takes dead aim at Sharon.

BARRY
Yep.

Sharon turns - dashes away.

SHARON (O.S.)
I warned you!

The gate SLAMS shut.

Barry aims the cannon at the cypress trees - pulls the trigger - WHOOSH. Seconds later - SPLASH.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Barry, still in his bathrobe, faces the hood of a POLICE CRUISER, hands behind his back.

MEL THE COP, middle-aged, bald, applies the cuffs.

An attractive FEMALE COP stands on the other side of the cruiser. Barry gives her a flirty wink.

A disgusting eye roll from the FEMALE COP.

MEL THE COP
Third time in two months, Barry.
I forget, what was it last time?

BARRY
I wrote whore in their front lawn
with Round-Up.

MEL THE COP
Ah, yeah. Now I remember.

Mel The Cop looks towards Sharon's front lawn. Pristine and green. No sign of the Round-Up damage.

MEL THE COP
Looks like they re-sodded.

BARRY
They did.

MEL THE COP
It came out nice.
(closing the cuff)
Well, I hope it's worth it.

Barry tilts his head, thinks for a moment.

BARRY
You know, it really is.

Meanwhile back at --

SHARON'S BACKYARD/POOL

A clearly aggravated Sharon scoops dog crap out of the water with a pool skimmer. Just as at --

SHARON'S FRONT YARD/DRIVEWAY

A shiny, silver MERCEDES speeds into the driveway and jerks to a stop.

The door swings open. An angry REVEREND JAMES JACKSON (45), nice suit, dark, slicked-back hair, emerges from the car.

He looks to his left. His jaw clenches - controlled rage.

BARRY'S DRIVEWAY

Mel the Cop escorts a handcuffed Barry to the back of the cruiser.

REVEREND JACKSON (O.S.)
I'm going to sue you for damages.

Barry turns, manages to get both middle fingers of his cuffed hands in a one-finger salute position.

SHARON'S DRIVEWAY

Reverend Jackson makes the sign of the cross, finishing with his finger pointed directly at Barry.

REVEREND JACKSON
I pray for the losers!

An insincere smile before the Reverend turns and heads toward his front door.

BARRY'S DRIVEWAY

The Female Cop makes her way towards the passenger seat.

Mel the Cop holds his hand against the back of Barry's head as Barry slips into the back seat.

BARRY
Hey, you want tickets for tonight's
show, Mel?

MEL THE COP
Yeah. That'd be great. Can I get
two? You know - for the wife?

BARRY
(to the Female Cop)
What about you?

FEMALE COP
It's a hard pass.

INT. JAIL/HOLDING CELL - DAY

A potpourri of folks sitting on metal seats in a large cage -
DRUNK DRIVERS, PICK POCKETS and JOHNS.

Barry, still in his bathrobe, stands in the center.

BARRY
So she says anything you say can be
held against you....So I say...
(opening his arms)
Tits.

Scattered chuckles from Barry's cellmates.

DRUNK CELLMATE
I think I've heard that one before.
Some comic on TV.

Barry waves him off.

BARRY
Okay, here's another one. A guy
gets pulled over --

DRUNK CELLMATE
Was it Chris Rock?

BARRY
No. Anyway, the cop asks for his
license and --

DRUNK CELLMATE
Jim Jefferson?

BARRY
Fuck off, mate.

A CLATTERING as the cell gate is opened.

GUARD (O.S.)
Smart - Barry.

Barry turns, spots a GUARD holding the cell door open.

GUARD
Bond's posted. Let's go.

INT. JAIL CHECK OUT COUNTER - DAY

Barry at the counter. The DESK SERGEANT behind the counter slides a set of house keys and a smartphone towards Barry.

Barry drops them in his robe pocket.

DESK SERGEANT
(points at a clipboard)
Sign here.

Barry grabs a pen, scribbles his signature.

BARRY
I know the drill, sergeant.

The Sergeant is not amused.

BARRY
Nothing?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Let's go. I got non-criminal
clients to tend to.

The voice belongs to DAVID LOWENSTEIN (40), dark Armani suit, perfectly sculptured hair. He taps the face of his Rolex.

DAVID
Tick tock.

INT/EXT. LUXURY SEDAN - NEIGHBORHOOD (TRAVELLING) - DUSK

Lowenstein at the wheel. Barry in the passenger seat smartphone to his ear.

BARRY
(into phone)
No, it's a surprise. Got to be done
when they're not home. Wait, can
you do it Sunday? They'll be at
Church all day.
(listening)
Great. Thanks.

Barry ends the call.

LOWENSTEIN
Who was that?

BARRY
Landscape.

LOWENSTEIN

For...?

BARRY

Going to have the cypress trees
trimmed. Kind of a make-up gift for
Sharon.

Lowenstein eyes Barry suspiciously as Barry taps on his
smartphone.

LOWENSTEIN

Now what are you doing?

BARRY

Posting a tweet for my fans. *Free*
at last. Free at last, Thank God
almighty I'm --

LOWENSTEIN

Don't post that!

BARRY

Too late.

Barry pockets the phone in his bathrobe.

LOWENSTEIN

Idiot.

BARRY

Hey, thanks for posting bail.

LOWENSTEIN

I didn't really have a choice.

Lowenstein pulls into Barry's driveway. He puts the car in
park, then presses the trunk release button.

LOWENSTEIN

Your suit's in the trunk. You go on
at nine - sharp. You've already
spent the money HBO gave you. So
don't screw this up. Don't be
drunk. Don't be late. Don't --

BARRY

Yeah, yeah - got it.

LOWENSTEIN

Be you.

Barry grabs the door handle. Lowenstein places his hand on
Barry's shoulder, keeping him from exiting.

LOWENSTEIN
Barry...

BARRY
Yeah?

Lowenstein motions his head towards Sharon's house.

LOWENSTEIN
It's been two years, man. You've got to let this go.

BARRY
I don't really have a choice.

LOWENSTEIN
Of course you do.

BARRY
I don't.
(exiting the car)
I still love her.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Barry, dressed in black slacks, black sports coat and a dark blue T-shirt sits on the corner of the bed.

He has his phone to his ear with one hand, pets Booker on top of the head with the other.

BARRY
(into phone)
I really don't want to do that.
(listening)
How much does it pay?
(listening)
I really want to do that.

INT. SHARON'S HOUSE/DEN - NIGHT

Reverend Jackson sits at a desk, eyes focused on a computer screen.

He stretches his arms, then picks up a framed photograph from the desk corner, leans back in his chair as he studies it.

INSERT PHOTO

Taken at an evangelical revival - the Reverend Jackson center stage. He wears a black clergy robe and a red velvet stole with embroidered gold crosses around his neck.

Behind him, a full CHOIR, all adorned in red robes. Sharon, front and center in the choir.

BACK TO SCENE

Sharon approaches from behind, lovingly places her hands on the Reverend's shoulders.

SHARON

I thought you were going to be working on your sermon.

REVEREND JACKSON

I am.

The Reverend places the photo back on the desk.

REVEREND JACKSON

We're going to have to get a restraining order.

SHARON

Or we could just move.

REVEREND JACKSON

This is our home. I won't be chased from it.

SHARON

He doesn't want you to leave your home. He wants you to leave your wife.

DING - DING - the doorbell chimes. Sharon kisses the Reverend on the cheek.

SHARON

I'll get it. Work on your sermon.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Sharon opens the door revealing Barry, holding an obviously empty DOG FOOD BAG. Sharon shakes her head in disbelief.

BARRY

George Lopez is sick.

SHARON

What?

BARRY

The comedian. He's sick. They just called me. I have to fly to Vegas right after my show tonight. They want me to stand in for him next week.

SHARON

And...?

BARRY

I need you to feed Booker while I'm gone.

Sharon points at the empty bag.

SHARON

With air?

BARRY

Oh - yeah. I need you to go to the store and get some dog food too. This is the brand he likes.

SHARON

No.

Sharon starts to close the door.

BARRY

He was your dog too...You know, he still talks about you.

SHARON

Your dog talks!?

BARRY

Our dog.

SHARON

No! I'm allergic to dogs. You bought him anyway.

BARRY

I thought that you'd get use to it. You know - exposure and all.

SHARON

It didn't work for you. Why would it work for a dog? Oh, wait - one in the same.

BARRY

C'mon. I really need --

SLAM - the door closes.

BARRY

Help.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Booker pants in anticipation next to an empty DOG DISH.

Barry stares at the contents inside the kitchen pantry cabinet - tuna cans, beans, cereal and the like.

He checks his watch.

BARRY

Fuck me...

Barry reaches into the pantry, removes a couple of granola bars from a box - unwraps them.

He bends down, tosses the bars in Booker's dog dish.

BARRY

Sorry, Booker, that's the best I
can do. Just pretend like their dog
biscuits or something.

Barry stands. Booker engulfs one of the granola bars whole.

BARRY

Hmm. Should have given them to you
all along. Okay, I really gotta go.
David will stop by with some food
later. Be a good boy.

Booker pays him no mind, starts gulping down the other granola bar as Barry scurries off.

The SLAM of the front door signals he's out of the house.

Booker licks his chops, looks towards the open pantry.

INT. THE COMEDY STORE/MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

At capacity. Nearly five-hundred PATRONS, including three HBO CAMERAMEN.

Mel The Cop and his WIFE in the front row.

David Lowenstein watches from the side of the stage. The focus of everyone's attention is --

Barry, microphone in hand, on a half-circle stage basked in red-tinted lights. A drink is on a bar stool next to him.

The famous COMEDY STORE LOGO hangs center stage in the background behind him.

BARRY

Anyone here engaged?

Mel the Cop starts to raise his hand.

BARRY

Engaged.

Mel sheepishly lowers his hand just as a cheery YOUNG WOMAN in the front row raises her. The YOUNG MAN next to her slumps in his chair. Barry approaches.

BARRY

When's the wedding?

Barry tilts the mic towards the couple.

YOUNG WOMAN

In three months!

BARRY

(at the Young Man)

You poor, poor, fuck. You do know what marriage is, don't you?

The Young Man shakes his head.

BARRY

It's a ten-year process of finding out what kind of man your wife would have preferred.

LAUGHTER from the audience. Barry returns to the center of the stage.

BARRY

People say don't get married until you can afford it. I say get married whenever the fuck you want.

Barry takes a drink - pause for effect.

BARRY

But you sure as shit better wait to get divorced until you can afford it.

LAUGHTER from the audience.

BARRY

Alimony? Fuck - more like all the money.

CHUCKLES from the audience.

BARRY

So now I pay out the ass. Well, not literally.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Although I think I would prefer it
that way.
(feigns wiping)
The worst part is...
(feigning heartache)
She left me.

AHHH from the audience.

BARRY
I know, I know...
(re: himself)
What's not to love?

Barry starts to pace back and forth.

BARRY
I take it back, that wasn't the
worst part. The worst part is that
she left me for the dude next door.
For legal reasons, I'm not allowed
to mention his name.

BARRY
(points mic at Young Man)
But you can.

Barry goes back to the Young Man, hunches down near the end
of the stage, whispers something to him.

LOWENSTEIN
(under his breath)
Don't do it...

Barry puts the mic right in front of the Young Man

BARRY
Go ahead.

YOUNG MAN
Reverend James Jackson.

LOWENSTEIN
Ah, Christ.

BARRY
Well, I guess the cat's out of the
bag now.

CHUCKLES from the audience. Barry goes back to center stage.

BARRY
So there I am, all fat and happy
without a clue that my wife is
fucking the preacher next door....

BARRY (CONT'D)

Isn't he's supposed to be spreading
the word rather than her legs?

(a little angry)

I was raised Catholic! Say what you
will, but at least Priests had the
common decency not to dally with
our wives...

(takes another drink)

Of course, you had to keep a close
eye on your children.

Oops - over the line. An uncomfortable silence in the
audience. They shift uncomfortably in their seats.

BARRY

Too soon? Sorry, I'm just not a
believer. And I got to tell ya, the
preacher filling my wife with the
Holy Spirit didn't help in that
cause.

(raises hands - looks up)

If there is a God, let him strike
me down now!

A moment passes - nothing.

BARRY

See what did I tell --

Panic in Barry's eyes. He clutches his chest.

BARRY

Fuck...

Barry falls to his knees.

BARRY

Me.

Barry falls forward flat on his face.

LAUGHTER from the audience. Growing at first, then fading as
Barry lies motionless.

Lowenstein rushes the stage, feels for a pulse - nothing.

LOWENSTEIN

God damn it, Barry.

Lowenstein frantically starts chest compressions as Barry's
face turns purple.

LOWENSTEIN

Someone call 9-1-1!

The lights slowly dim until we --

FADE TO BLACK.

HEAVEN

Misty clouds, thick as marshmallows, is all we see. Then --

They slowly part revealing BARRY, with Booker at his side, approaching the PEARLY GATES. They're closed.

SAINT PETER, white robe, looks like a thin Santa Claus, materializes at the entrance of the gate just as Barry and Booker arrive.

He has a TABLET in his hand - not the stone kind, the electronic kind. Saint Peter swipes the screen.

SAINT PETER

Barry Smart?

Barry offers a meek, confused nod.

SAINT PETER

We've been expecting you.

Barry, confused, scans the area - nothing but clouds. He pinches his cheek. Looks at the Gate.

BARRY

Am I dead?

SAINT PETER

Indeed.

BARRY

How...?

SAINT PETER

You challenged God. He accepted.
Remember?

BARRY

Ah, yeah...

SAINT PETER

It was a killer joke.

Barry looks down at Booker.

BARRY

Wait, if I'm dead, then why is he
with me?

SAINT PETER

He died the same night you did.

(checks his tablet)

Looks like he had an allergic reaction to chocolate... from granola bars.

(looks up)

You know anything about that?

BARRY

(at Booker)

Dude, sorry. My bad.

Saint Peter bends over, scratches behind Booker's ear. Booker's tail wags a mile a minute.

SAINT PETER

Who's a good boy? Who's a good boy?

That's right - you are.

Saint Peter opens the Gate just enough to let Booker slip through. Barry instinctively follows.

SAINT PETER

Not you. You're not a good boy.

Barry watches as Booker fades into the heavenly clouds behind the gate.

BARRY

It's not like I murdered anyone.

SAINT PETER

You mean aside from your dog?

BARRY

You know what I mean.

SAINT PETER

You can't enter the gates because you denied God's existence.

BARRY

How was I to know?

SAINT PETER

Seriously?

BARRY

Yeah. What's it called again..? Oh, yeah - the miracle of faith. God never gave it to me.

SAINT PETER

God offered. You failed to receive.

Saint Peter taps the Tablet screen, turns it towards Barry.

MONTAGE OF BARRY'S RELIGIOUS LIFE ON TABLET SCREEN

-- In a Catechism class. Barry as a TEN-YEAR OLD BOY reads a COMIC BOOK concealed in his bible as a YOUNG PRIEST teaches.

-- Barry as a TEENAGER in church, scribbling on a note-pad page labeled "JOKES" as an OLD PRIEST delivers a sermon.

-- Barry at a Catholic Wedding ogling an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN in the pew across from him.

-- BARRY, at a Catholic funeral - last pew, nodded off.

BACK TO SCENE

Saint Peter turns the tablet back around.

SAINT PETER

You had many chances. Do you need
to see more?

Barry, nervous and confused, fumbles in his shirt pocket for his cigarettes. He's relieved to find his pack still there.

BARRY

Do you have a smoking area?

Peter points at the clouds at his feet and draws an imaginary circle with his finger. As he does, an opening appears. At the bottom of that opening, nothing but demonic flames.

SAINT PETER

Down there. Everyone smokes.

Barry shoves the pack back in his pocket.

BARRY

I was going to quit anyway.

Saint Peter extends his hand toward Barry.

SAINT PETER

Give them up.

BARRY

Yeah.. Right. Probably for the
best.

Barry hands the pack over.

BARRY

So what's next?

SAINT PETER

Follow me.

Saint Peter turns, walks into the clouds. Barry follows.

WALKING IN THE CLOUDS

Saint Peter and Barry stroll side by side. In the distance an enormous WHITE BUILDING - like a huge warehouse.

BARRY

Where are we going?

SAINT PETER

The DMV.

BARRY

Say what now?

Saint Peter points at the building in the distance.

SAINT PETER

The Department of Moral Validation.
You'll be tested there.

BARRY

Seriously, you call it the DMV?

Saint Peter stops, turns towards Barry.

SAINT PETER

We thought familiar terms and
places would provide a certain
calmness to those who enter.

BARRY

Well you missed the mark on that
one, friend - and by a wide margin.
People hate the DMV.

SAINT PETER

I'll take it up with God.

BARRY

Really?

SAINT PETER

Of course not.

Saint Peter continues towards the building. Barry follows.

BARRY

And what happens after I'm tested?

SAINT PETER

If you pass the test, you'll move
on to the Inspirational Religious
Sermons center.

BARRY

The IRS - are you serious, dude?

Saint Peter stops and looks Barry dead in the eyes.

SAINT PETER

As serious as a heart attack.

BARRY

That's a little below the belt.

Saint Peter moves on. Barry follows.

THE DEPARTMENT OF MORAL VALIDATION (DMV)

Saint Peter and Barry enter.

Everything in white. White chairs, walls, floors, counters -
all blend into each other.

On the far wall a sign: *WELCOME TO THE DMV*

An enormous, white, circular counter is in the center of the
building. Every twelve feet a DMV workstation with an unique
sign: "CATHOLIC, LUTHERAN, BAPTIST, METHODIST, PRESBYTERIAN, -
all the major branches of Christianity.

One sign reads: "ATHEISTS, AGNOSTICS AND MISCELLANEOUS."

Each work station is manned by a SAINT PETER. It's as if he
is in all places at the same time.

DMV LOBBY AREA

Barry waits with hundreds of other PATRONS, all genders,
races and ages, each holding an electronic restaurant PAGER.

Twenty of the Pagers light up and buzz. The Patrons holding
them head towards the "Baptist" workstation. Their departure
opens up a space between Barry and HELEN (35), pretty farm
girl type. Her face is buried in a Bible.

BARRY

I'm Barry Smart.

HELEN

Yes, I know. I've seen you on TV.
(off Barry's proud smile)
Not really a fan.

Helen goes back to studying the Bible.

BARRY
Which one are you?

Helen, irritated, looks towards Barry.

HELEN
What?

Barry points toward the workstations.

HELEN
Agnostic.

Helen gets up and moves to an empty seat further away. She resumes her Bible study. Barry taps his feet - waits.

BARRY
Couldn't quite commit to atheism?
(re: the sign)
Atheists, Agnostics and
Miscellaneous. What do you think
Miscellaneous means?

No answer from Helen, engrossed in the Bible.

BARRY
I'm thinking Scientology. Maybe
Mormons.

HELEN
I don't care.

BARRY
You know, I think I accidentally
killed my dog.

HELEN
Do you ever shut up?

Barry and Helen's electronic pagers light up and buzz.

HELEN
Thank God.

DMV - TEST ROOM

Twenty Patrons sitting at white desks answering test questions with a number two pencil.

Saint Peter, at the head of the room, monitors the proceedings.

Barry sits at a desk behind Helen, craning his head to try to get a glance at her answers.

SAINT PETER
You all have different questions,
so cheating will not yield fruit.

A grimace from Barry as he taps his pencil on the desktop.

DMV - ATHEISTS, AGNOSTICS AND MISC. WORKSTATION - LATER

A line of twenty patrons at the station. Barry last in line.

At the front of the line, Saint Peter reviews Helen's test.

SAINT PETER
Congratulations. Perfect score.
Welcome to heaven.

Saint Peter stamps the test with a big blue stamp: "PASS".

Helen walks away. The next Patron walks up.

SAINT PETER
Congratulations. Ninety percent.
Welcome to heaven. Next.

Saint Peter stamps the test with a big blue stamp: "PASS".

The Patron walks away. The next Patron walks up.

The process is repeated until finally Barry reaches the front of the line. Peter reviews his test.

BARRY
I think you gave me the most
difficult one.

SAINT PETER
(not looking up)
Uh-huh.

Moments pass. Barry whistles nervously. Saint Peter removes a big red stamp. Stamps Barry's test: "FAILED."

BARRY
Really? How could that be? Could
you double check?

Saint Peter looks down at Barry's test.

SAINT PETER
The question was who was Mary
Magdalen.

SAINT PETER (CONT'D)

(looks up)

You answered James Carville's wife.

BARRY

That was wrong?

SAINT PETER

James Carville's wife is Mary Matalin.

BARRY

So close.

Saint Peter shakes his head.

SAINT PETER

The question was what is Deuteronomy. You wrote the removal of the small intestine.

BARRY

That's not right?

SAINT PETER

Deuteronomy is the fifth book of the old testament. The small intestine is the duodenum.

BARRY

Shit.

SAINT PETER

Language please.

(looks down at test)

The question was why did God create man before woman. You answered because he didn't want any advice on how to do it. We fancy ourselves a comedian, don't we?

BARRY

I was just making a joke.

SAINT PETER

The question was when did Cain slay his brother. You answered as soon as he was Abel.

BARRY

I got to get a half point for that.

SAINT PETER

Agreed. That brings your total score to a half point. Fail.

BARRY
C'mon. Let me take the test again.
I can do better.

SAINT PETER
Sums up your life, doesn't it?

BARRY
Please --

A phone RINGS. Saint Peter picks up the receiver, listens for a moment, then turns his back to Barry.

SAINT PETER
(into phone - hushed)
I really don't think he's a good
candidate. He's certainly not
deserving of --
(listening)
Yes. I understand. I'll make the
arrangements.

Saint Peter hangs up the phone. Turns around.

SAINT PETER
He wants to see you.

BARRY
He?

SAINT PETER
God.

BARRY
Jesus...

SAINT PETER
No. God.

BARRY
Oh, I know, I didn't mean Jesus,
like, you know - the Savior. I
meant Jesus, like wow, really?

Saint Peter just glares at Barry - if looks could kill.

DMV - WAITING ROOM - LATER

Barry sits on a wooden stool in the center of an enormous white room, the size of a football field. He taps his fingers on his thighs - impatient.

BARRY
Hello?

Hello, Hello Hello echoes in the empty room.

BARRY
Anyone there?

There, There, There echoes in the empty room.

GOD (V.O.)
I am.

Barry scans the room, not sure of the source of the voice.

BARRY
Where are you?

GOD (V.O.)
I am everywhere. Anywhere. Here.

Barry moves off the stool, looks around - contemplates.

GOD (V.O.)
Are you confused?

BARRY
This is not at all what I expected.

GOD (V.O.)
You literally expected nothing.

BARRY
Huh?

GOD (V.O.)
You're an atheist.

BARRY
Fair point...sort of.

GOD (V.O.)
Explain.

BARRY
Even though I don't believe in
Santa Claus, I kind of had a
preconception of what the North
Pole would be like. You know,
elves, reindeers --

GOD (V.O.)
I'm familiar with the story.

BARRY
Right. This isn't what I imagined.
Certainly not a DMV building, this
room - a smart arse Saint Peter.

GOD (V.O.)
Everything is tailored towards the
soul that is being greeted.

BARRY
I don't understand.

GOD (V.O.)
Your Saint Peter is one that you
could specifically relate to.
Sarcastic, acerbic. Basically you
without the narcissism, self-
indulgence, reckless --

BARRY
Got it.

GOD (V.O.)
Let's address the elephant in the
room.

Barry looks around the room.

GOD (V.O.)
There's no elephant. I was speaking
metaphorically.

BARRY
Oh, yeah - of course.

GOD (V.O.)
You don't believe in me.

BARRY
Well, I do now.

GOD (V.O.)
Why did you have to die to see? Why
did you turn a blind eye to the
Bible? It was all there for you.

BARRY
Not to be critical, but you have to
admit, the Bible's a bit of a thick
read. All those doths, thees and
thous. It can put you to sleep. No
offense.

GOD (V.O.)
Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move. Doubt
truth to be a liar, But never doubt
I love.

BARRY
That's from the Bible?

GOD (V.O.)
Shakespeare. The most widely read
human writer. Yet you think the
Bible too dense?

BARRY
Tell ya the truth, I ain't much of
a Shakespeare man either.

GOD (V.O.)
And what would have drawn you to my
word, Barry?

A long pause as Barry reflects.

BARRY
Humor maybe.

GOD (V.O.)
Eternal salvation was insufficient
motivation?

BARRY
Just saying a little humor couldn't
have hurt. Wait! Let me help. You
know, I am a comedian. I could add
humor to the Bible - freshen the
thing up a bit. You'd get more
followers.

GOD (V.O.)
Demonstrate.

BARRY
You mean like right now? This
second?

GOD (V.O.)
I do.

BARRY
(stalling)
Well, I would need a stage.

In a flash, the Comedy store stage appears beneath Barry's
stool. A mic stand by his side. The seats are empty.

BARRY
And an audience. I mean, you'll
want to know if they laugh or not.

In a flash, a very stoic looking Saint Peter sits in the center seat, front row.

BARRY

Oh, C'mon! One person?

In a flash, five hundred Saint Peters, all with the same stoic look, fill all of the seats. Barry feigns tugging his tie ala Rodney Dangerfield.

BARRY

Tough crowd, tough crowd.

(looks up)

Where do I start?

An opened BIBLE appears on the stool next to Barry.

GOD (V.O.)

The Gospel of Matthew, Two. The visit of the Wise Men.

Barry picks up the opened Bible.

BARRY

(reading)

There came three wise men from the east to Jerusalem, blah, blah, blah....and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east...blah, blah, blah....and they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense and myrrh.

Barry closes the Bible back down on the stool, thinks.

GOD (V.O.)

Well?

BARRY

I got nothing...Wait! Funny names, like the Three Stooges. How's about you name them Larry, Moe and Curly.

BARRY'S IMAGINATION - THREE WISE MEN IN THE DESERT - NIGHT

The THREE WISE MEN, dressed in traditional garb, but looking like the STOOGES, stand by their CAMELS.

MOE THE WISE MAN

Did you bring the Myrrh?

LARRY THE WISE MAN

I thought you did.

MOE THE WISE MAN
 Wiseman, eh?

Moe swings a BAG OF GOLD at Larry's head. Larry ducks just in time. Moe whacks Curly the Wiseman on the noggin in the follow through.

CURLY THE WISE MAN
 (rubbing his head)
 Heh! That hoits!

MOE THE WISE MAN
 Why I outta...

Moe swings a BAG OF GOLD at Curly's head. He ducks. The follow through catches Larry on the head.

CURLY THE WISE MAN
 Yuk, yuk, yuk.

BACK TO SCENE

Barry facing five-hundred expressionless Saint Peters.

BARRY
 Yuk - yuk - yuk...
 (dead silence)
 Really? Nothing?

GOD (V.O.)
 Peter, were you amused?

The Saint Peter front and center in the audience rises and approaches Barry.

He removes his big red stamp from his robe pocket. Stamps Barry's forehead: "FAILED."

SAINT PETER
 Time for a smoke.

Peter puts his fingers up against his head - makes little devil horns.

BARRY
 (looking skyward)
 I could make it funnier. I swear to...

GOD (V.O.)
 God?

Barry gets on his knees. This yields an instant eye roll from Saint Peter.

BARRY

Please, all I'm asking for is a chance.

GOD (V.O.)

A second chance to be precise.

BARRY

Yeah, sure - right. I'll read the Bible - you know, really, really study it. Then I can give you a few humorous suggestions. If don't like them, then okay - I'll suffer my fate. But if you do like them, I get a pass in.

A moment passes.

GOD (V.O.)

I accept your proposition.

BARRY

(with a fist pump)
Yes!

GOD (V.O.)

But you are not going to read the Bible. You're going to live it.

BARRY

Say what now?

GOD (V.O.)

You are going to walk with Jesus.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF NAZARETH - DAY

A very confused Barry, now clad in sandals and traditional biblical garb, stands in the Israeli wilderness.

The outline of the village of Nazareth is on the horizon behind him.

GOD (V.O.)

You will find him there. Seek your humor, but do not mock me or him.
Do you understand?

Barry looks skyward - nods.

BARRY

What if I have questions of you?
You know, just to make sure I'm not
stepping on any toes or -

GOD (V.O.)

Ask for me and you shall be
returned.

BARRY

Can I say beam me up, Scotty?

GOD (V.O.)

You may not.

BARRY

Cause I think beam me up would be a
funny way too --

A FLASH and a CRACK! A lightening bolt strikes a few yards
from Barry's feet.

BARRY

(shaking)
Phasers on stun...

EXT. VILLAGE OF NAZARETH - DAY

Barry meanders through the center of the village.

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN go about their daily chores.

GOATS, SHEEP and CATTLE weave in and out of the crowd.

Barry stops, looks around - takes in the small shops.

BARRY

No bar.

THUD, THUD, THUD - The sound of a mallet striking wood
emanates from behind a STONE STRUCTURE. It garners Barry's
attention.

Barry walks towards the Structure, turns the corner to find,
JESUS (30), with a mallet in his hand, driving a wooden dowel
into a plow.

BARRY

Jesus! I mean - Jesus?

Jesus stops, turns towards Barry.

JESUS

I am he. Who are you, my brother?

BARRY

Barry.
(points at mallet)
What ya working on?

JESUS

Fashioning a plow for Jonah. His hands are crippled. He can no longer craft one himself.

BARRY

Ah, that's right. You're a carpenter.

JESUS

As is my father.

BARRY

I don't think he's a ...
(off Jesus' look)
Oh, you meant the other one.

Jesus stares at this odd little man before him.

JESUS

Can I be of some help?

Barry hops up on a large stone, takes a seat.

BARRY

No. I'm just here to watch, listen and learn.

JESUS

You have an interest in carpentry?

BARRY

Sure. Why not?

JESUS

Then grab yourself a mallet and I will teach you.

BARRY

I meant I have an interest in watching other people do carpentry. I'm all thumbs myself.

Jesus closely looks at Barry's hand, somewhat confused as to why Barry is lying about the state of his fingers.

BARRY

It's just a saying. Means I'm clumsy.

Barry points towards the plow.

BARRY
Please, don't let me interrupt.

LATER

Barry, sitting on the nearby rock, watches Jesus put the finishing touches to the plow with his mallet.

BARRY
(singing, tapping feet)
*...I'd hammer in the evening. All
over this land. I'd hammer out love
between, my brothers and my sisters
- all over this land...*

Jesus stands, wipes sweat from his brow.

JESUS
Kind thoughts.

BARRY
It's who I am.

JESUS
Is it?

Barry sheepishly drags his foot in the ground, like a little child that's been caught in a lie.

BARRY
No, not really.

Jesus goes to a nearby bucket of water. He cups the water in his hand, splashes it on his face.

BARRY
So, what's next? More plows? Maybe
a little yoke? Hah, a little yoke -
funny. Get it?

JESUS
Are there not yokes of all sizes
from where you hail, brother Barry?

BARRY
It was a pun. You know - little
yoke, little joke. Never mind...
(points skyward)
I've been in the sun too long.

Jesus sits on a rock adjacent to Barry.

BARRY

So, what do we got tomorrow? More
plows?

Jesus shakes his head.

JESUS

Tomorrow I go to the river Jordan.
To seek John the Baptist.

EXT. ON THE ROAD TO THE RIVER JORDAN - DAY

Jesus with an animal skin water bladder strapped over one
shoulder and a sack of fruit strapped over the other makes a
quick pace in the desert heat.

Stumbling behind Jesus - a huffing and puffing out of shape
Barry, struggling to keep pace.

BARRY

(gasping)

Hey, Jesus -- how bout a break?

Jesus turns. Barry reaches him, bends over and places his
hands on his knees - huffing and puffing.

He uprights himself and checks his neck pulse.

BARRY

Whew. Heart's beating a mile a
minute. Sorry, I'm not in great
shape. Been on the road too long.

JESUS

If you've been on the road long,
would not your body be abler?

BARRY

Different kind of road.

Barry points towards a rock formation peppered with desert
trees in the distance.

BARRY

Let me rest. Just a few minutes.

AT THE ROCK FORMATION - UNDER THE SHADE OF A TREE

Jesus and Barry resting.

JESUS

Are you sure you don't want to
return to Nazareth, brother Barry?
My journey is a long one.

BARRY

I kind of don't have a choice.

Jesus points towards the path they were walking.

JESUS

It leads both ways.

BARRY

Not what I meant. Doesn't matter. I just need a sec to catch my breath.

JESUS

As you wish.

BARRY

Let me ask you something. Do you ever laugh? You know, find things funny?

JESUS

An odd question.

BARRY

In my line of work...

(off Jesus' confusion)

Um, vocation.

(Jesus nods)

I entertain people.

Jesus looks confused - hasn't heard of this job before.

BARRY

I make people laugh.

JESUS

How does one force laughter upon another?

BARRY

Jokes. I tell jokes. Let me think...

(snaps his fingers)

Okay, here's one. How do Romans cut their cloth?

Jesus shakes his head.

BARRY

With a pair of Cesars.

Jesus stares at Barry, hasn't a clue what he's talking about.

BARRY

You know - like scissors.

Barry makes a scissor cutting motion with his fingers. Jesus doesn't get it. Barry looks skyward.

BARRY
This is impossible.

A cloud of dust appears in the distance. Soon, the silhouettes of TWO ROMAN SENTRY'S on horseback take shape.

BARRY
(nervous)
Friend or foe?

JESUS
I have no foes.

The horseback Sentries arrive, both muscular. Both in military garb with spears slung over their shoulders.

SENTRY ONE dismounts, points his spear at Jesus.

SENTRY ONE
Who are you?

JESUS
I am Jesus of Nazareth.

BARRY
Seems like overkill.

Confusion from Jesus and the Sentry.

JESUS
I don't understand your meaning.

BARRY
You got one of those one-word names. Just use it. You don't need the...
(makes air quotes)
of Nazareth part.
It's like saying I'm Hitler of Germany or I'm Elvis of Memphis.

SENTRY ONE
Who is this Elvis?

BARRY
(still thinking)
Or Cher of...actually I don't know where she's from. Or Britney of --

In a flash, the tip of Sentry One's spear is pressed on Barry's neck.

BARRY
(meekly)
Spears.

SENTRY ONE
Silence!

Barry clenches his eyes shut, ready to piss his robe.

SENTRY ONE
Who are you?

BARRY
Um, Barry, of - uh, Los Angeles.

SENTRY ONE
(pressing the spear)
I've heard not of this place.

BARRY
Well, - yeah. It's far away. In the
Northern part of - uh, Chlamydia.

Sentry lowers the spear, points it at Jesus' water bladder.

SENTRY ONE
We'll be stealing that.

JESUS
Do you thirst?

The Sentry gives a suspicious nod.

JESUS
Then you cannot steal what I am
willing to give.

Jesus removes the water bladder strapped over his shoulder
and offers it to Sentry One.

Sentry One drinks greedily before tossing it to Sentry Two on
the horse. Sentry Two gulps away.

Jesus extends the sack of fruit towards the Sentry. He takes
it, then spits on the ground by Jesus' feet.

SENTRY ONE
Foolish Nazarene.

Sentry One remounts his horse. He and Sentry Two gallop off.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

A million stars dot the sky.

Barry warms his hand by a small fire. Jesus appears from the distance, fruit and a full water bladder in his hands.

He hands some fruit and the water bladder to Barry.

BARRY

Ah, great. You're the best.

Barry sets his choppers on the fruit, takes some huge bites.

BARRY

(mouth full)

Still don't know why you let those guys steal from you.

JESUS

And what would you have done?

BARRY

I dunno. I certainly would have put them in their place. You know, show them who's really the boss.

JESUS

Those who exalt themselves will be humbled. And those who humble themselves will be exalted. Humility will serve you well, brother. It serves God well. Learn to practice it.

BARRY

Yeah, I suppose. But didn't you want to...what's the word? Smite - that's it! Didn't you want to smite those Roman bastards?

JESUS

I had no desire to harm them. That is not the way. It leaves one nowhere in the end.

BARRY

It leaves one with food and water.

JESUS

Do we not have food and water?

BARRY

Fair point.

(takes another bite)

Why did the spear dude spit at you?

JESUS

Because I am a Nazarene.

BARRY

And...?

JESUS

Nazarenes are considered to be of lowly birth, despised and rejected. Nazareth is considered undesirable by many.

BARRY

Kind of like Cleveland.

JESUS

I am not aware of this land.

BARRY

You're not missing anything. It's the Nazareth of where I'm from.

An awkward pause - confusion everywhere.

BARRY

So, those Roman guys, do they believe in God?

JESUS

Their earthly empire forbids it. They worship Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Mars and others.

BARRY

So you might call them a non Prophet organization.

JESUS

I don't take your meaning.

BARRY

It was a joke. Nonprofit - Non prophet. Get it?

JESUS

Is this the entertainment you spoke of earlier?

BARRY

Yeah - exactly.

JESUS

And you are paid for this...entertainment?

BARRY

Yeah. Hard to believe, I know.

JESUS
It's not hard to believe, brother
Barry.

Barry takes a breath - exhales.

BARRY
Yeah, so I've been told.

EXT. THE RIVER JORDAN - THE NEXT DAY

Several MEN and WOMEN are gathered around the bank. A cloudy, gray sky casts an odd shadow upon them.

In the river, JOHN THE BAPTIST, dark skin, black hair and a scraggly beard cradles the shoulders of a YOUNG MAN. He gently dips him backwards into the river.

After a moment, John pulls the Young Man back up.

JOHN THE BAPTIST
As you are cleansed, so all of
Israel will be cleansed.

The Young Man, eyes tearing, kisses John on the cheek.

JOHN THE BAPTIST
Who will be next to join his
kingdom?

JESUS (V.O.)
I will.

John turns, spots Jesus wading towards him. John's face overcome with joy and awe - he knows who this is.

Jesus wades into the water towards John.

JOHN THE BAPTIST
It is I who needs to be baptized by
you, and yet you come to me?

Jesus places his hand on John's shoulder.

JESUS
It is God's will. We are all
righteous in his eyes.

SPLASHING heard as a clumsy and unsteady Barry wades towards them, holding up the corners of his garment to keep it dry.

John extends both hands towards Barry.

JOHN THE BAPTIST
John the Baptist.

Barry just grasps one hand - handshake style.

BARRY
Barry the Comic.

John - confused - releases Barry's hand.

JOHN THE BAPTIST
(at Jesus)
To be baptized?

BARRY
Oh - yeah, got it. No. You guys go
on. I'll wait on shore.

Barry turns, clumsily wades back towards the river bank. He nestles in among the gathered crowd.

BARRY
They should have asked me to be the
Godfather.
(mimicking Brando)
*God's making you an offer you can't
refuse.*

John cradles the shoulders of Jesus, dips him back into the river water. A moment passes. He brings him back up.

The gray clouds part. A ray sunshine falls upon Jesus, casting him in a glow.

Barry looks skyward.

BARRY
I got a question.

DISSOLVE TO:

DMV - WAITING ROOM

Barry, still wearing his biblical garb, sits on a wooden stool in the center of the enormous white room.

A stern looking Saint Peter, hands folded, stands nearby.

BARRY
You're sure he's coming?

SAINT PETER
For the last time - yes.

Barry drums his fingers against the side of the stool.

BARRY
You think he liked the Godfather
line?

SAINT PETER
I do not.

BARRY
Not a Coppola fan I guess.

SAINT PETER
Puzo.

BARRY
Say again.

SAINT PETER
Coppola directed the Godfather.
Mario Puzo wrote the words.

BARRY
I think you might be wrong there.

An eye roll from Saint Peter.

BARRY
Why don't you like me?

SAINT PETER
God has given you a once in a
lifetime opportunity. You're
wasting it.

BARRY
Not to be a stickler, but
technically, it's really a once in
a death-time opportunity. You know,
cause I'm dead and all.

SAINT PETER
Physically and spiritually.

BARRY
That's harsh.

SAINT PETER
As truth often is.

GOD (V.O.)
You had a question?

Barry looks skyward.

BARRY
About baptism.

GOD (V.O.)

Go on.

BARRY

So, I was watching Jesus get
baptized and all and it got me to
thinking.

SAINT PETER

A miracle indeed.

Barry sneers at Saint Peter.

BARRY

(back skyward)

I was baptized too - you know, as a
baby.

GOD (V.O.)

Yes.

BARRY

Well, isn't baptism kind of like my
get out of jail free card? You
know, this heaven thing - aren't I
already a member?

GOD (V.O.)

No.

BARRY

Cause I thought Baptism was like
some sort of spiritual vaccine. You
know, like the measles shot or
something - but for sins.

GOD (V.O.)

Baptism welcomes my children to the
word of God. Baptism erases
original sin. It does not inoculate
one from sins in life.

SAINT PETER

Or their consequences.

BARRY

(at God)

Okay - okay. I thought it was worth
a shot.

(beat)

How am I doing so far?

GOD (V.O.)

I have not been amused.

SAINT PETER

You seem to confuse sarcasm with comedy.

BARRY

Really, dude? Look, I'm trying. There ain't a lot to work with.

SAINT PETER

(re: Barry)

God could say the same.

Barry grimaces - the truth hurts.

GOD (V.O.)

Any more questions?

Barry shakes his head.

GOD (V.O.)

Then I will return you.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE JUDEA DESERT VALLEY - DUSK

Barry finds himself in the desert wilderness surrounded by rocky hills. Small clusters of desert trees here and there.

Barry looks towards a range of rocky hills. Atop the highest hill, he spots Jesus' silhouette looking out over the valley.

BARRY

(looks skyward)

Wouldn't it been easier for everyone if you just placed me up there in the first place?

No response.

BARRY

Fine!

SIDE OF THE ROCKY HILL - LATER

Barry, huffing, puffing and stumbling makes his way up the rock formation.

Exhausted, Barry pulls himself over the top of one last rock.

He shakes the dust of his garb, turns right and spots Jesus looking out into the valley below.

Jesus appears thin and drawn - spent.

BARRY
Jesus, you look terrible.

Barry approaches, squats down next to Jesus.

Jesus keeps his focus on the valley below.

BARRY
What happened to you?

JESUS
I have been fasting.

BARRY
Looks to me like you did more than
skip a meal, buddy.

JESUS
For forty days and forty nights.

BARRY
So, one of those mega-cleanse
things. I don't really advise it. I
tried it once. I was dating this
health nut. Had the runs for a
week. It's really not good for you.
The body needs nourishment.

JESUS
As does the soul.

BARRY
Hmm.

JESUS
What do you do to nourish your
soul, Barry?

BARRY
I gotta go with nothing.

Barry looks off, suddenly reflective.

BARRY
You know, it wasn't until real
recently that I believed I even had
one. Hmm. I may be worthless.

JESUS
You are worthy in my eyes.

BARRY
Why?

JESUS
All God's children are.

A moment passes as Barry and Jesus gaze out into the valley.

BARRY
So, you've just been sitting here
then?

JESUS
I have been praying. I have been
communing with God.

BARRY
Yeah, me too.

JESUS
You've communed with God?

BARRY
We've chatted.

A nearby desert bush erupts in FLAMES. Barry jerks back.

BARRY
Holy crap!

Barry slowly scoots away a few feet on his butt. Jesus stays
focused on the flaming bush.

VOICE FROM FIERY BUSH
(demonic)
If you are the Son of God, command
the stones to become loaves of
bread.

JESUS
I am already fed by every word that
comes from the mouth of God.

VOICE FROM FIERY BUSH
(demonic)
End thy hunger. Feed thyself.

JESUS
I shall not yield. Man does not
live by bread alone.

The flaming bush fades. Jesus bows his head. Barry slowly
scoots forward.

BARRY
Was that who I think it was?

JESUS
How could I know what you think,
brother Barry?

BARRY
That was Satan - right?

Jesus, nods. Barry smiles as though he saw a celebrity.

BARRY
Wow. Satan.

No response from Jesus, his gaze focused on the valley below.

BARRY
So, why not make the bread?

JESUS
If I cannot resist temptation, how
could I claim to guide God's
children to resist?

BARRY
Maybe just a loaf.
(pats his stomach)
I certainly could have used a bite.

JESUS
One's spirit must be stronger than
one's physical needs.

BARRY
Does it? Does it really? I mean, I
guess I get the you can't have your
bread and eat it too part...Wait -
that's cake. Forget it - doesn't
matter. The point being we were
made to need things - to enjoy
things. Is that so bad?

JESUS
Have you yielded to temptation,
brother Barry?

Barry sucks in his lower lip - contemplates.

INSERT FLASHBACK MONTAGE

- Barry snorting a line of coke.
- Barry, cigarette in hand, finding a hundred dollar bill on the sidewalk. He looks around then pockets it for himself.
- An obviously drunk Barry ordering another round at a bar.

- Barry going to town on a voluptuous blonde in a hotel room.

BACK TO SCENE

BARRY

Once or twice. But it's kind of
God's fault to isn't it?

The ominous RUMBLE of thunder from above.

BARRY

(looking skywards)
Just saying.

JESUS

You would blame God for your
transgressions?

BARRY

Well, yeah. It wasn't me that
created the senses. He did.

JESUS

True. But God does not allow man to
be tempted beyond his strength.

BARRY

I don't know...

Barry makes the hourglass motion with his hands.

BARRY

You should have seen her.

JESUS

Did you confess your sin?

BARRY

No. But I sure paid for it.
(suddenly somber)
Lost the love of my life.

JESUS

God should be the love of your
life, brother Barry. It is to he
you must confess.

BARRY

Well, it's a little late for that.

Jesus stands - looks out towards the valley.

JESUS

It never is.

Barry looks skyward.

BARRY
How bout it?

DISSOLVE TO:

DMV - WAITING ROOM

Barry back on the stool in the large white room.

GOD (V.O.)
You wish to confess your sins?

BARRY
I do. Jesus said it wasn't too late.

Barry shifts uncomfortably on the stool.

BARRY
Isn't there supposed to be some confessional or something?

GOD (V.O.)
As you wish.

CUT TO:

BARRY IN A CONFESSIONAL

Darkened. Barry kneeling on a bench. The small window slides open revealing the shadow of Saint Peter on the other side.

SAINT PETER
Hello, Barry.

Startled, Barry jerks back.

BARRY
Never mind. I'd rather deal directly with the boss.

CUT TO:

DMV - WAITING ROOM

Barry back on the stool in the large white room.

BARRY
Do I need to confess all my sins?

GOD (V.O.)
Why wouldn't you?

BARRY
Cause we could be here forever.

GOD (V.O.)
Start with the one that burdens you
the most.

BARRY
(feigning humility)
I doth layeth with another woman.

The RUMBLE of thunder.

GOD (V.O.)
Do not mock me.

BARRY
Okay - okay. I cheated on my wife -
well, now my ex-wife. A lot.

GOD (V.O.)
I know. As did she.

BARRY
No. She never found out.

GOD (V.O.)
She did.

BARRY
No way.

GOD (V.O.)
Sins are not so easily concealed as
you imagine.

BARRY
She would have said something.

GOD (V.O.)
Or did something.

BARRY
Pardon?

GOD (V.O.)
She left you, even though she loved
you. The fate you curse was brought
on by your choosing.

BARRY
Yeah, well - I didn't choose to
have her end up living next door.

GOD (V.O.)

But you did.

(a beat)

And you pity yourself when she is
the one who truly suffered. You
shattered her.

BARRY

How do you know?

GOD (V.O.)

She prays. Every day.

Barry takes this in.

BARRY

Hmm.

GOD (V.O.)

Hmm, indeed.

BARRY

So, now that I've confessed, does
that get me in? You know, through
the gates?

GOD (V.O.)

You were to find humor in the Bible
in exchange for redemption. When
you made the bargain, you were to
return only if you needed answers
to aid you in that quest.

BARRY

Yeah...?

GOD (V.O.)

But instead, you have only returned
to bargain again.

BARRY

Say what now?

GOD (V.O.)

Once to see if your baptism would
allow you in. Once to see if your
confession would.

Saint Peter enters the room yielding a grimace from Barry.

BARRY

I know, I know. It's just a lot
harder than I thought it would be.

GOD (V.O.)
You thought it would be easy?

A meek shoulder shrug from Barry as Saint Peter nears.

SAINT PETER
Of course he did.

BARRY
Well, there's not really a lot to
work with. No one gets my
references. Not to mention I'm
totally out of my element.

SAINT PETER
I agree.
(points downward)
I think he should be put in his
element.

BARRY
Thanks, pal.

SAINT PETER
(skyward)
Shall I make the arrangements?

GOD (V.O.)
No. I am returning him.

Disappointment on Saint Peter's face.

BARRY
Thanks.....?

GOD (V.O.)
I will not abide any more
bargaining. Return only when you
have questions of faith.

BARRY
Promise.

GOD (V.O.)
And expect some familiar faces. I
will add them to help you with your
journey.

BARRY
Who...?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE VILLAGE OF CANA - DAY

A bustling, biblical village. MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN and ANIMALS in the street. Barry's there with them.

The sounds of LAUGHTER and CHEERS in the distance. Barry turns his head both ways - seeking the source of the sounds.

BARRY

Party?

PETER (O.S.)

A wedding.

Barry turns around and comes nose to nose with the APOSTLE PETER (a much younger version of our earlier Saint Peter). He cradles a long WALKING STICK in one hand.

Barry doesn't recognize him at first.

BARRY

Can't be. Everyone sounds happy.

(off Peter's non-reaction)

I kid the...

(studying Peter's face)

Do I know you...?

PETER

I am Peter.

(points stick skyward)

From up there.

BARRY

No, that was an old ugly dude. Real peace of --

PETER

Careful...

BARRY

And you're a relatively handsome man.

PETER

I'm to help you on your journey.

BARRY

How can I be sure it's you?

PETER

Look into my eyes. You will see the same soul you saw in heaven.

Barry takes a deep, focused glance into Peter's eyes.

BARRY
Nope - I got nothing. You got anything else?

PETER
I know you killed your dog.

BARRY
(somber)
Poor Booker. How's he doing?

Peter puts his fingers between his teeth - WHISTLES. Booker, tail wagging, bounds toward them.

BARRY
Booker!

Barry bends over, scratches Booker's ear, hugs him. Receives licks and kisses in return.

PETER
A gift from God. He thought it might help lighten your spirit. Provide a spark for your humor.

Barry's still distracted by his reunion with Booker.

BARRY
Good boy, good boy.

PETER
Come. Jesus is expecting us.

CANA VILLAGE SQUARE

A large wedding party is underway.

Tables are filled with MEN and WOMEN eating food, drinking wine - laughing and talking.

A young BRIDE and GROOM sit in two large ceremonial chairs in the center of the area.

Peter, Barry, with Booker in tow, enter the area.

Booker scampers off looking for scraps of food.

Peter spots Jesus, back to him, with several other men at a table. Peter motions for Barry to follow him.

AT THE TABLE

PETER
My lord.

Jesus turns, smiles at the presence of Peter and Barry.

JESUS

Peter. Brother Barry. Join us.

Barry eyes the other men - all familiar looking.

One looks like Mel The Cop. One looks like his agent, David Lowenstein, one like Reverend James Jackson, one like the Desk Sergeant, the rest look like Barry's cellmates.

JESUS

This is James.

The APOSTLE JAMES (MEL THE COP) stands, extends his hand. Barry takes it.

BARRY

Polícia.

PETER

(under his breath)
Careful.

JESUS

This is Brother John.

The APOSTLE JOHN (THE DESK SERGEANT) stands, extends his hand. Barry takes it.

BARRY

Frère Jacques.

PETER

(under his breath)
Moron.

The man who looks like REVEREND JACKSON stands - extends his hand.

JESUS

This is --

BARRY

I'm going to say Judas.

Barry does not take Judas' hand - leaves it hanging.

JESUS

You've met?

BARRY

Lucky guess.

The APOSTLE LEVI (DAVID LOWENSTEIN) stands - extends his hand.

JESUS
This is brother Levi. He arranges
our gatherings.

BARRY
But of course he does.

Barry looks at the APOSTLE ANDREW - a spitting image of the drunk from the jail cell.

BARRY
You got out.

Peter puts his hand on Barry's shoulder - squeezes hard.
Barry grimaces.

PETER
Excuse me, my Lord. I need a word.

Peter pulls Barry away.

FAR CORNER OF THE CEREMONY - MOMENTS LATER

Barry leans up against a stone wall as Peter lectures him.

BARRY
But I know all those guys.

PETER
You do not. God said to expect
familiar faces. Not familiar
people. Do you understand?

BARRY
Nope.

PETER
(exhales in frustration)
You said you were out of your
element. The apostles appear as
people you know to make your task
easier. But they are not actually
people you know.

BARRY
Ah, kind of like Oz.

PETER
Exactly. In which case you would be
the Scarecrow.

BARRY

Why?

PETER

Think about it...

Barry's eyes widen as he spots something over Peter's shoulder.

BACK AT THE TABLE

MARY MAGDALENE approaches. She looks exactly like SHARON JACKSON. Jesus extends his hands towards her.

Mary cups Jesus' hands, bows her head and then gives Jesus a reverent kiss on the cheek.

BACK AT THE CORNER

BARRY

Sharon...?

Peter turns, see what's got Barry's attention.

PETER

No - no. Mary of Magdala.

BARRY

How did Sharon get here?

Peter looks skyward as Barry stares at Mary.

PETER

May I strike him?

(a moment passes)

Are you sure?

Barry's eyes still frozen on Mary. Booker returns, weaves in and out between Barry's legs. Barry pays him no mind.

Peter snaps his fingers - like a hypnotist bringing someone out of a trance.

PETER

Hey!

Finally getting Barry's attention.

PETER

You do not know her.

AT THE TABLE - LATER

Barry is nestled in between Jesus and Peter. Peter's walking stick propped up between him and Barry - almost as a barrier.

The other Apostles fill the rest of the table. Ceramic wine cups and the remnants of a meal on the table in front of each of them.

Barry, looking a bit drunk, gulps back the last of his wine staring off at --

A smiling Mary Magdalene talking to the Bride and Groom.

BARRY
She's even prettier in biblical times.

Peter looks skyward.

PETER
Forgive me, Father.

UNDERNEATH THE TABLE

The tip of Peter's walking stick sharply raps Barry's sandal-clad foot.

AT THE TABLE

Barry jolts back in pain.

BARRY
Ow!

Barry's angry eyes on Peter.

PETER
You forced my hand.

JESUS
Brother, Barry - are you alright?

BARRY
(clenched teeth)
Just a cramp.

A middle-aged WOMAN with a look of worry on her face approaches. Two SERVANTS behind her.

Jesus stands, extends his hands towards her. She takes them.

JESUS
Mother.

BARRY
Wow! The Vir -- Ow!!!

Barry jerks back, grimaces in pain again. An evil wink from Peter. The Woman we now know as MARY moves closer to Jesus.

MARY
They have no more wine.

Barry leans over to Peter.

BARRY
(in a whisper)
Looks like someone shouldn't have
had an open bar.

Mary walks away, leaving the Two Servants with Jesus.

JESUS
(at the Servants)
Come with me.

EXT. WATER WELL - DAY

Jesus and the Two Servants by a water well. Near them, a half-dozen large, empty stone WATER JARS with water.

Jesus points toward the water jars.

JESUS
Fill those with water.

SERVANT ONE
But they require wine.

JESUS
As they shall receive.

Meanwhile back at the --

WEDDING PARTY

Barry, having had more than his share of the wine, stumbles towards Mary Magdalene. Her back is to him as she speaks to other wedding GUESTS.

Barry taps her on the shoulder. Mary turns.

Barry takes a moment - captivated by her face.

BARRY
I just wanted to say I'm sorry.

MARY MAGDALENE
I am unaware of any offense.

BARRY
You really don't recognize me?

Mary studies Barry for a moment - looks him up and down.

MARY MAGDALENE
I do not. You are...?

BARRY
An idiot. I never should have --

Peter's firm hand on Barry's shoulder stops the conversation.

PETER
There you are.
(at Mary)
Please, excuse us. Barry is needed
back at the table.

MARY MAGDALENE
Of course.

Peter tugs Barry away just as Jesus returns with the Two
Servants carrying ceramic WINE VASES.

Jesus goes to his Mother, whispers in her ear.

BACK AT THE TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Peter and Barry sit with the other Apostles.

One of the Servants approaches, fills each of the cups on the
table with wine.

The Apostles grab their cups, bring them to their lips.

BARRY
Wait.

Barry holds up his wine cup, twirls the contents and sniffs
the aroma like the snobbiest of wine critics.

BARRY
I detect just a hint of Galilean
oak. I want to say from the river
bank.

Barry takes a sip, swirls it in his mouth - swallows.

BARRY
Ahhh....Saviory taste. Overall -
divine.

The other Apostles hold their cups mid-air, not sure whether
to drink or not.

AT ANOTHER TABLE

An OVERWEIGHT MALE GUEST stands, wine cup in hand. He raises
it in a toast towards the Bride and Groom.

OVERWEIGHT GUEST

You have departed from the custom
of serving the best wine first by
serving it last.

BACK AT BARRY'S TABLE

Barry takes another gulp of wine, leans towards Peter.

BARRY

(re: Overweight Guest)
Always some drunk making a toast at
a wedding.

PETER

I believe the drunk sits by me.

BARRY

(ignoring Peter)
I wonder why no one ever came out
with that label. You know - Jesus'
Wine. I mean you already got the ad
tagline - "*when you need to save
the best for last.*" Although people
would probably just think it's
Mexican wine - you know - *Heysus*.
Couldn't blame them. Who'd think
anyone would have the balls to call
something Jesus' Wine.

(takes another gulp)
Mary Magdalene is quite pretty
don't you think?

Peter stands.

PETER

God should not have wasted his time
on you. I'm not sure anyone should.

Peter walks away. Barry turns towards James - looks at his
filled wine cup.

BARRY

You going to be finishing that?

EXT. THE SEA OF GALILEE - MORNING

Booker barks as he scampers back and forth on the shoreline.
The focus of his attention -

TWO FISHING BOATS BOBBING ON THE SEA

One boat filled with four Apostles reeling in an empty
fishing net.

The other boat captained by Peter. Judas, John and James work together to cast a large net into the sea.

Barry cradled against the rail of the boat, green-faced and vomiting into the sea.

JUDAS

Looks like someone had too much wine at the wedding.

JOHN

Sour grapes perhaps.

This yields a sneer from Barry. Then quickly, another hurl into the water.

Barry wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

BARRY

(at Peter)

How much longer?

PETER

Till we gather our food. Our nets have yielded nothing as yet.

JESUS (O.S.)

Cast the net on the right side of the boat and you will find your bounty.

The occupants of both boats turn their focus to the shore. Jesus stands there. The Apostles from both boats cast their nets into the sea to the right side of their boats.

Barry stands in a feeble attempt to help. He wobbles, then falls backwards into the water.

Barry flails about as he struggles to get back in the boat.

PETER

Leave him. He'll manage.

ON THE SHORE - LATER

Both boats docked. Some Apostles busy themselves stacking and binding the bountiful catch of fish. Jesus watches.

Several feet away, Peter tends to fish cooking on a fire. Barry sits on a nearby rock petting Booker.

PETER

Did you learn anything today?

Barry thinks for a moment.

BARRY

Give a man a fish and you feed him
for a day. Teach him how to fish
and you feed him for a lifetime.

(proudly)

I believe that is the correct
biblical quote.

PETER

That's not from the Bible.

BARRY

It so totally is.

PETER

It's from the Chinese philosopher
Lao Tzu - founder of Taoism.

BARRY

How do you know he didn't steal it
from the Bible?

PETER

Ah, you mean like you do with much
of your material.

BARRY

Say what now?

PETER

Plagiarism is foremost among your
many sins. You steal work from
others. Did you not think God was
watching?

BARRY

Based on my ratings - no.

No response from Peter - he just tends to the fish.

BARRY

Alright, alright. I stole a little
material.

PETER

Uh-huh.

BARRY

(pointing to his head)

I was running out. My creative
juices dried up. I was desperate.
What was I supposed to do?

PETER

Pray?

Just then Jesus and the other Apostles approach the fire, ready to eat. Jesus retrieves a sack of bread from the ground and offers a piece to each Apostle as they grab a fish.

JESUS

(at John)

John, do you love me more than thy own nourishment.

JOHN

Yes, Lord.

JESUS

Then you shall shepherd my sheep.

JESUS

(at James)

James, do you love me more than thy own nourishment.

JAMES

Yes, Lord.

JESUS

Then you shall shepherd my sheep.

Jesus turns, spots a dejected Barry, still stinging from Peter's accusation.

JESUS

Barry, do you --

BARRY

Not sure I'd be much of a shepherd.

(re: Booker)

Couldn't even keep my dog alive.

Barry stands, shuffles off into the distance.

EXT. MOUNT OF BEATITUDES - NIGHT

Moonless. A million stars in the sky.

A mountain plateau overlooking a valley. Granite rock formations on top of the plateau create natural shelves.

Barry warms his hands by a small fire. Jesus approaches.

JESUS

You find the night too cold?

BARRY

It's freezing.

Barry scans the area - realizes that they are alone.

BARRY

What happened to the Apostles?

JESUS

They've gone to the village to gather God's people. There will be a large gathering here tomorrow. A thousand will come. In turn, they will spread the word to a thousand more.

BARRY

So you got a show?

Jesus looks at Barry - confused.

JESUS

A sermon.

BARRY

You got a warm-up act? Cause, where I'm from all of the big celebs have a warm-up act. You know, to get the crowd pumped. At a bare minimum, you need a hype man.

JESUS

Hype man?

BARRY

You know, the dude that gets the folks going.

Jesus shakes his head - not getting it.

BARRY

Here let me show you. Let's see... Okay, you hide behind a rock or something before coming out - the crowds all there, ready to be moved. Then I pop up.

Barry moves to a nearby rock - stands on it. Starts making a rap beatbox sound - BUH, BUH, BUH, BA - BUH, BUH, BUH, BA, as he waves his right arm in the air.

BARRY

(exuberant - hip)

And - yo - yo.

Everybody - hand in the air.

Put your hand in the air.

For J to the E to the S-U-S!

My Lord!

My Lord!

PETER (O.S.)
What is the meaning of this?

A narrowed-eyed Peter stares Barry down.

BARRY
Rap...ture?

Peter shakes his head.

JESUS
His words are indeed odd, Peter.
But I believe his intent is good.

Barry gives Peter a self-satisfied smirk.

PETER
(at Jesus)
They'll be here in the morning, my
Lord.

EXT. MOUNT OF BEATITUDES - MORNING

Jesus sits on the highest granite rock. PEOPLE, as far as the eye can see, fill the plateau - all with their eyes fixed on Jesus.

Barry stands next to Peter off to the side. Barry's eyes are fixed on Mary Magdalene, front and center in the crowd.

JESUS
(to the gathering)
Blessings to those who obey God and
maintain a loving attitude pleasing
to him.

Barry taps Peter on the shoulder.

BARRY
(hushed tone)
You think God could turn Mary into
Sharon - just for a bit.

JESUS
Blessed are the poor in spirit, for
theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

PETER
No.

JESUS
Blessed are those who mourn, for
they shall be comforted.

BARRY
 (hushed tone)
 Cause I really need to talk to her.

JESUS
 Blessed are the meek, for they
 shall inherit the earth.

Jesus stands, folds his hands in prayer.

PETER
 (at Barry)
 Go away. Listen to his words.

Peter points at a nearby rock formation.

BARRY
 I just need a few minutes with her.
 Get this guilt off my chest.

An angry Peter points adamantly at the rock formation. Barry rolls his eyes - walks away.

AT THE ROCK FORMATION

An all alone and sulking Barry draws in the sand with the tip of his sandal. Out of sight, but still within earshot.

JESUS (O.S.)
 Blessed are the merciful: for they
 shall obtain mercy.

BARRY
 (muttering)
 Should have done it like Jeopardy.
 (mimicking a contestant)
*Yes, Lord, I'll take inheritances
 for four-hundred.*
 (mimicking Jesus)
*The answer is: they shall inherit
 the earth.*
 (mimicking a contestant)
Who are the meek?

JESUS (O.S.)
 Blessed are the pure in heart: for
 they shall see God.

BARRY
 (muttering)
 Might see him even if you ain't.

JESUS (O.S.)
Blessed are the peacemakers: for
they shall be called the children
of God.

EXT. MOUNT OF BEATITUDES - LATER

Jesus, Mary Magdalene by his side, the Apostles and a crowd
of WORSHIPPERS weave their way down the Mountain.

Peter, walking stick in hand, and Barry, along with a tail
wagging Booker, trail behind.

PETER
What did you think? Did his words
resonant with you?

BARRY
How could they not? Dude knows that
he's doing.

PETER
And any humor to be derived from
them?
(off Barry's head shake)
I didn't think so.

BARRY
Look, it's a lot tougher task than
you think. Humor is the most
difficult of the art forms. Anyone
can write drama. Trust me.

PETER
You could write spiritual passages?

BARRY
Yeah, why not?

PETER
Like the one you just heard?

BARRY
Yeah.

PETER
Let's hear it.

BARRY
Now? While we're walking?

PETER
I was not the one that claimed it
easy.

BARRY

Fine!

Barry sucks in his lip - thinks.

BARRY

(solemnly)

My sweet Lord.

(closing eyes)

Mm, my Lord.

(really selling it)

I really want to see you.

PETER

George Harrison.

BARRY

How would you know?

PETER

I've met him.

BARRY

Ah, yeah - right. Okay - okay. My bad. Give me a minute to think...Hmm...

(solemnly)

When I die and they lay me to rest.

(a beat)

I'm gonna go to the place that's the best.

PETER

Really?

BARRY

When I lay me down to die...
Going up to the spirit in the sky.

PETER

Just stop.

BARRY

Prepare yourself you know it's a must. I've got a friend in Jesus.

PETER

Those are not your words.

BARRY

I'm pretty sure they are.

PETER

Spirit in the Sky - by Norman
Greenbaum.

BARRY
I think I did it first.

PETER
He wrote it in ninety sixty-nine.
Before you were born.

BARRY
Perhaps I was born before that and
now I'm born again. You ever think
of that?

Peter gives Barry a rap on the head with the end of his
walking stick.

BARRY
Ouch!

CUE SONG: SPIRIT IN THE SKY - START MONTAGE OF MIRACLES

1) JESUS FEEDS FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE.

A desert landscape - a lake in the distant background.

Jesus, Barry, Mary Magdalene and the Apostles are surrounded
by thousands of WORSHIPPERS - all looking hungry and thirsty.

Jesus holds a basket of bread in one hand and a basket of
bread in the other. He closes his eyes - prays. Then --

Hundreds of baskets brimming with fish and bread appear on
the ground. The Apostles pick them up, start to pass them out
to the crowd.

Barry does it Baseball Vendor style.

BARRY
Get your fresh fish here! Bread and
fish!

2) JESUS WALKS ON WATER

The Sea of Galilee at night - rough waters.

Barry and the Apostles cling to the sides of the boat trying
not to get thrown overboard.

Suddenly, the seas calm. Jesus appears walking on water
towards the boat.

Barry reaches over the side of the boat - taps the water to
make sure it's not solid.

3) JESUS CURES TWO BLIND BEGGARS

On the outskirts of Jericho at dusk

Jesus, Barry, Mary Magdalene and the Apostles walk down a well-trodden path. It's warm and dusty.

A gathering of the poor and wretched are assembled on the side of the path to watch as Jesus passes by.

Two PEASANTS, with white, milky pupils cry out for help.

Barry walks over - they say something to them. Barry waves his hand right in front of their faces as if to confirm they were not faking their blindness. He nods, waves Jesus over.

Jesus places his hands on the Peasants' eyes. They weep as they see for the first time in years.

4) JESUS CURES A LEPER

Jesus, Barry, Mary Magdalene and the Apostles coming down a mountainside. A large CROWD follows behind them.

A LEPER, tattered clothes, skin burnt by sun and rotting from disease appears and falls at the feet of Jesus.

Everyone except Jesus takes a few steps back. Some cover their noses with their hands. Barry pinches his nose shut - grimaces from the odor of the Leper.

Jesus places his hand atop the Leper's head.

SONG FADES OUT - END MONTAGE

EXT. THE VILLAGE OF BETHANY - NIGHT

Barry, petting Booker, and Mary Magdalene, eating scraps of fish, sit across from each other warmed by a fire.

Several feet away, Jesus stands with Peter looking out into the night sky.

BARRY

Quite a few days - eh?

MARY MAGDALENE

We live in miraculous times.

BARRY

Ah, yeah - that's what I meant.

(struggling for words)

Although, I got to admit I felt a bit embarrassed.

Booker leaves Barry, heads towards Mary. His tail wags as he whimpers for a scrap of food. Mary obliges, tossing a morsel on the ground.

MARY MAGDALENE
Embarrassed? How so?

BARRY
All these years...I thought he
cured a leopard.

Confusion consumes Mary's face - she hasn't a clue of what Barry is talking about. She strokes Booker's fur.

BARRY
(re: Booker)
I thought you were allergic.

MARY MAGDALENE
Allergic...? Is that a sect?

BARRY
No - I meant to dogs.
(points at Booker)
Thought they bothered you.

MARY MAGDALENE
No. I love all God's creatures.

BARRY
What about Judas - you love him?

MARY MAGDALENE
Of course. As I do Peter. As I do
Luke. As I do --

BARRY
The dirty dozen.

A raised eyebrow from Mary.

BARRY
The Apostles. That's what I call
them.

MARY MAGDALENE
I fear that is not appropriate.

Barry shifts uncomfortably. He watches the fire glow off of Mary's face as she pets Booker.

BARRY
I am so sorry...

MARY MAGDALENE

You did not offend me. Your atonement should be towards the Apostles.

BARRY

No, not for that. For - well, for everything I did to you. For everything I didn't do for you.

MARY MAGDALENE

You have not harmed me, brother Barry. I fear you confuse me with someone else.

Barry stands, drags his foot in the dirt like a young child.

MARY MAGDALENE

Your heart is heavy?

Barry taps his chest.

BARRY

Stopped working altogether.
(looks skyward)
Who could be responsible for that?

Barry takes a long look at Mary - he still sees Sharon.

BARRY

I wish I could find the words to tell you how I really feel.

MARY MAGDALENE

Pray and you shall.

Barry closes his eyes, interlocks his fingers - feigns deep concentration.

Peter approaches.

BARRY

(eyes closed - to Mary)
When you're weary...feeling
small...When tears are in your
eyes, I'll dry --

Peter's strong grip lands on Barry's shoulder.

PETER

Beautiful words. Are they yours?

BARRY

Yes...?

Peter squeezes Barry's shoulder. Barry grimaces.

BARRY

Maybe not. I believe they were
first spoken by brothers Paul and
Simon.

Peter releases his grip. Barry rubs his shoulder as he takes
a seat.

BARRY

That hurt, you know.

Jesus approaches, joins the group. They all stay in silence
for a moment.

Booker sniffs the ground for food. They all watch as he
trails off into the distant.

BARRY

You guys want to hear a joke?

A confused Mary looks toward Peter, then toward Jesus. None
of them understand.

BARRY

So, a woman dies and is greeted by
God at the gates of heaven. And God
said, *woman, you have lived a hard
life. Your husband was a sinner. A
drunkard and he layeth with other
women. You are deserving of heaven.
But before entering heaven, every
soul must spell a word.*

PETER

Why would God require such?

BARRY

It's a joke, dude. Not bible study.
(shaking his head)
Moving on...so the woman asks God,
what word? God replies, *any word
that you would like.* She says, *then
I shall spell love. L-O-V-E.* God
smiles and tells her that she would
be allowed into heaven.

MARY MAGDALENE

A lovely story, Barry.

BARRY

Not done. So, God tells the woman, *before you enter into heaven, you must first guard the gates by yourself.* The woman asked, *but what do I do if someone comes?* God replied, *tell them that they must spell a word.*

PETER

It makes no sense.

BARRY

I'm not done! Geez, you're worse than a heckler. Anyway, so God leaves and the woman stands at the gate all by herself when suddenly her husband comes into view. She asks, *what are you doing here?* He answers that he drank himself to death at her funeral. He starts to go through the gates and she stops him and says, *you have to spell a word before you can enter.* What word, he asked. The woman looks at her husband for a moment and then says: *Mesopotamia.*

Jesus, Mary and Peter stare at Barry.

BARRY

Really, you don't get it? She didn't want him in heaven so...?

Nothing but crickets.

JESUS

The greater one's sins, the more difficult the atonement.

MARY MAGDALENE

Ah...

BARRY

(frustrated)
Yeah, that was it.

Jesus stands.

JESUS

We should all rest.

EXT. THE VILLAGE OF BETHANY - MORNING

Houses made of sun-dried mud bricks form the perimeter of the village. Jesus emerges from one of them.

He spots Barry, on the ground, back up against a tree tossing pebbles in the dirt. Jesus walks toward him.

AT THE TREE

Barry still tossing pebbles.

JESUS (O.S.)
Did you sleep well?

BARRY
Not a wink.

Jesus slides down next to Barry.

JESUS
Are you troubled?

BARRY
More like I am trouble. I realized something last night.

JESUS
And what is that?

BARRY
That I'm the man who would be asked to spell Mesopotamia.

JESUS
Ah, your story.

BARRY
The joke...nevermind. The point being, I've lived a bad life.
(looks off - thinks)
Maybe one beyond redemption.

JESUS
All can be redeemed. You are part my flock. I will not forsake you.

BARRY
Why wouldn't you?

JESUS

If a man owns a hundred sheep, and one of them wanders away, he will leave the ninety-nine on the hills and go to look for the one that wandered off. Will he not?

BARRY

I suppose.

Jesus places his hand on Barry's shoulder and looks him dead in the eyes.

JESUS

And the man will be happier about the one sheep he found than about the ninety-nine that did not wander off.

Barry sucks in his lip - a rare since moment.

BARRY

Really...?

Jesus nods.

The VOICES of a small crowd approaching from outside the village garners the attention of Jesus and Barry. They stand.

MARTHA (30), dressed in black mourning garb emerges from the center of the small CROWD - approaches.

MARTHA

Lord, Lazarus has died.

Martha wraps her arms around Jesus - sobs. Jesus wraps his arms around her to comfort her.

MARTHA

If you had been with him, he would have not died.

BARRY

(under his breath)
Talk about a guilt trip.

JESUS

Take me to him.

AT LAZARUS' TOMB - LATER

A stone structure with a stone door built into the side of a sandy hill - a biblical tomb.

Martha and Jesus at the front of the tomb. Hundreds of VILLAGERS along with Barry, Booker and Peter surround them.

Jesus looks towards two MALE VILLAGERS.

JESUS
Take away the stone.

MARTHA
He's been dead four days, Master.
His body's already been decaying.

BARRY
Ewww.

JESUS
(at the Male Villagers)
Take away the stone.

The Two Male Villagers slide the stone door away from the front of the tomb.

Booker emits a weary growl.

BARRY
Easy, boy.

Jesus approaches the opening to the tomb - falls to his knees. All eyes fixed on him.

JESUS
Father, I thank you for hearing my
prayer. Raise Lazarus so that those
who stand around me may believe
that I am the resurrection and the
life. And that those that believe
in me, shall never die.

Jesus stands, extends his arms towards the sky.

JESUS
Lazarus, come forth.

Silence as seconds pass. Then --

Lazarus, in a white shroud emerges from the darkened tomb.

The Villagers gasp as they fall to their knees. Some weeping with joy and astonishment.

BARRY
Wait a God darn minute...

Barry looks skyward.

BARRY
We need to talk!

Barry looks toward Peter.

BARRY
Alone!

DMV - WAITING ROOM

Barry back in the large white room. This time he's not sitting on the stool. He's pacing - angry and perplexed.

GOD (V.O.)
You have a question?

BARRY
It's not fair. This whole thing.
It' rigged.

GOD (V.O.)
That sounds like a conclusion
rather than a question.

BARRY
So Jesus raises this dude from the
dead - from the friggin dead - and
dead four days at that. Why? So
that people will believe in him.

GOD (V.O.)
His exact words were so that those
who stand around me may believe
that I am the resurrection and the
life.

BARRY
Close enough.

GOD (V.O.)
Your point?

BARRY
You condemn me because I didn't
believe. But all I got was church
and a few sprinkles of catechism.
They got a zombie!

GOD (V.O.)
And...?

BARRY

And - if you were making zombies while I was on earth, I'm pretty damn sure I would have believed in you. It isn't fair.

GOD (V.O.)

Ah, I see your confusion. You believe you are destined for hell because you're an atheist.

BARRY

Isn't that the case?

GOD (V.O.)

No.

BARRY

Then why?

GOD (V.O.)

Because you were a crappy person.

BARRY

That's a bit harsh.

GOD (V.O.)

You lacked kindness, empathy and were self-indulgent. Better?

Barry shuffles his feet - like a reprimanded child.

BARRY

You still didn't have to say crappy.

GOD (V.O.)

And once again, you have violated the terms of our agreement. You were only to come back here for questions of faith. Instead, you once again have returned to bargain.

BARRY

I got questions.

GOD (V.O.)

Then ask one.

Barry slides onto the stool.

BARRY

Okay - okay. You want people to believe in you.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I saw Jesus heal the blind, cure disease, feed the starving - and the zombie thing. If you really want believers, why did you stop doing that stuff?

GOD (V.O.)

I did not.

BARRY

Oh C'mon!

GOD (V.O.)

There were three-hundred million people living in the time when my son walked the earth. Were they all cured of disease?

BARRY

No...

GOD (V.O.)

Were they all spared of starvation?
Were they all raised from the dead?

BARRY

No, of course --

GOD (V.O.)

But they all must have at least witnessed the miraculous events that you did?

BARRY

No...

GOD (V.O.)

And yet they became believers as did the billions that followed.

BARRY

But why stop? We need to see the tricks too.

GOD (V.O.)

I did not stop. There are miracles today. There will be miracles tomorrow. Their existence or non-existence is not dependent upon you personally witnessing them.

(a beat)

And you should have spent your life seeking a Savior rather than a magician.

Barry sucks in his lower lip - thinks.

GOD (V.O.)
On a positive note, it was a good question.

A self-satisfied smile crosses Barry's face.

GOD (V.O.)
Don't be too prideful. So far you have not met the challenge.

BARRY
I've done some funny things. Told some jokes.

GOD (V.O.)
Did they yield laughter?

BARRY
No...

GOD (V.O.)
Finish the journey.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STONE TEMPLE - MORNING

The morning sun peeks in between the pillars of the temple creating a spiritual aura.

Jesus sits on the stone floor - legs crossed.

A group of WORSHIPPERS sit around Jesus in a semi-circle, hanging on every word that comes from his lips.

Standing behind Jesus, Barry and Peter.

JESUS
(to the gathering)
You have heard that it was said,
eye for eye, and tooth for tooth.
But I tell you, if anyone slaps you
on the right cheek, turn to them
the other cheek also.

Barry cranes his neck - peeks at his ass cheek. Peter taps Barry's face cheek.

PETER
The one on your face.
(muttering)
Idiot.

BARRY

Ah...

JESUS

(to the gathering)

And if anyone wants to sue you and
take your shirt, hand over your
coat as well.

BARRY

(at Peter)

Hey, is that where the phrase
losing your shirt comes from?

An older FAT MAN drags HELENA, looks exactly like Helen, the
woman Barry met at the heavenly DMV, into the temple.

A group of MEN - a biblical lynch mob, animated and angry,
follow closely behind.

Barry and Peter turn towards the commotion.

BARRY

I know her...Helen?

PETER

No. Remember, just familiar faces.

The Fat Man, with the crowd in tow, tugs Helena closer. This
garners Jesus' attention.

The Fat Man releases his hold on Helena. She falls to her
knees.

FAT MAN

Master, this woman was taken in
adultery, in the very act. Now
Moses in the law commanded us, that
such should be stoned.

Jesus approaches, kneels on the ground in front of Helena.

FAT MAN

What sayest thou?

No response from Jesus as he draws something with his finger
in the dust. MURMURS from the crowd - waiting for an answer.

PETER

(to Barry)

Go ahead. Give it your best shot,
funny man.

Barry points his finger at his chest.

BARRY
(silently mouthing)
Me...?

Peter nods. Barry thinks.

BARRY
Well, um...

PETER
It's not so easy, is it?

Barry straightens his spine - clears his throat.

BARRY
(at Helena)
They'll stone you when you're
trying to be so good...

Barry glances towards Peter, ready to be hammered. Nothing - Peter seems oblivious to the reference.

BARRY
They'll stone you just like they
said they would.

Helena looks up towards Barry - confused as hell. Barry kneels down beside her - takes her hand.

BARRY
But I would not feel so all alone.
(proud of himself)
Nobody should be stoned.

Barry rises, proud of himself as he stares the crowd down. An eerie calm. Then --

VOICES FROM THE MOB
Stone her! Stone her! Stone her!

They start to gather rocks.

PETER
Nice job.

BARRY
Jesus!

Jesus rises. The mob freezes - waiting for his guidance.

JESUS
He that is without sin among you,
let him first cast a stone at her.

The Mob mumbles their disappointment as they shuffle away, letting their stones fall to the ground.

Jesus kneels down next to Helena.

JESUS

I do not condemn thee. Go and sin
no more.

Barry and Peter watch as a grateful Helena embraces Jesus.

BARRY

Is there really a hell?

PETER

Why would you ask that?

Barry points towards Jesus and Helena.

BARRY

It's not about punishment.

Barry motions to Jesus still embracing a weeping Helena.

BARRY

It's about redemption.

PETER

Did Dylan write that too?

A sheepish look from Barry - busted.

PETER

Come, it's a long way to Jerusalem.

EXT. THE ROAD TO JERUSALEM - NIGHT

In the Judean desert. Arid landscape peppered with desert trees here and there.

The outline of hills in the distance.

Jesus, Mary Magdalene and the rest of the Apostles trudge down a beaten path.

Peter, Barry and Booker trail a few feet behind. Barry has a serious look on his face - obviously consumed by thought.

PETER

You've been unusually quiet.

BARRY

Just thinking is all.

PETER

About?

BARRY

You wouldn't understand.

PETER

Perhaps you underestimate me.

BARRY

Fair enough. There's just a lot to take in - all this new knowledge I have. Remember, I lived my life as an atheist.

PETER

More like a narcissist.

BARRY

And you wonder why I don't share.

PETER

Sorry. You're right. What is it that troubles you?

BARRY

Easter eggs.

PETER

Pardon?

BARRY

And the bunny too for that matter.

PETER

You are walking on the path to Jerusalem with the Lord Jesus. You have the ear of God at your disposal. And yet your thoughts focus on the Easter bunny?

BARRY

Well, yeah - it sounds bad when you put it that way. But there's a point.

PETER

Being?

BARRY

For my entire childhood - that's all Easter meant. Easter Eggs and the Easter bunny. I'm trying to figure out why. And why doesn't the Bible give me the answer?

PETER

If only there was something magical out there that would allow someone to research these deep questions.

BARRY

Yeah - exactly.

PETER

Like a Google or something.

BARRY

Ah - you were being sarcastic.

PETER

Christians believed that eggs were a symbol of rebirth and regeneration - the resurrection. They stained them with red coloring in memory of the blood of Christ. i.e., Easter eggs.

BARRY

No way!

PETER

Way.

BARRY

Wow. What about the bunny?

PETER

That was a German tradition. Started in the seventeen-hundreds as I recall.

BARRY

No Christ connection?

Peter shakes his head.

BARRY

Hmm. Interesting. See I'm learning.

PETER

Yes, practically a scholar.

Peter and Barry continue to walk.

BARRY

Can I ask you another question?

PETER

Only if it's not about Santa.

BARRY
Never mind.

EXT. ENCAMPMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

A make-shift encampment off the beaten path. The Apostles sleep in groups around a small fire.

Mary Magdalene, sits on a rock a few yards away, petting Booker.

ROCKS SEVERAL YARDS AWAY

Jesus sits on a rock gazing at the stars. Barry stands - his focus on Mary in the distance.

Barry walks over - takes a seat next to Jesus.

BARRY
I had a wife. Looked exactly like..
(points towards Mary)
Her. And I lost her.

JESUS
She passed into God's kingdom?

BARRY
Oh, no. She moved next door.

JESUS
Why?

BARRY
I betrayed her. I slept with
another. And another. And then
another. And then --

JESUS
You did not lose her.

BARRY
What?

JESUS
You discarded her. There's a
difference.

BARRY
Yeah...there is, isn't there?

Jesus nods.

BARRY

My life got out of control. I hated the man that took her. I would do anything to make him --

JESUS

That's really not it, is it?

Big exhale from Barry.

BARRY

No. It's not because I couldn't stop hating him. It's because I couldn't stop loving her.

JESUS

As well you shouldn't.

BARRY

Say what now?

JESUS

If you only love those who love you, what reward have you? Love all, brother Barry. But do not wallow when love is not returned.

BARRY

Easier said than done. I just wish I could talk to her one last time. Tell her I'm sorry. I never really did that.

JESUS

And that would provide healing?

Barry stands, paces a bit.

BARRY

It doesn't matter. It's too late.

Jesus stands and embraces Barry - brother to brother. He then breaks the embrace, places his hands on Barry's shoulders.

JESUS

It's only too late when one's heart does not ache for those they damaged. Your heart is big, brother Barry. Stop telling yourself otherwise.

Barry's a little emotional - wipes a tear from his eye.

BARRY

Man, I wish I would have known you earlier.

JESUS

You know me now.

Jesus points towards a large TEMPLE in the distance.

JESUS

Come, they wait for me.

BARRY

Who?

JESUS

Those who would trap me.

EXT. JERUSALEM/RELIGIOUS TEMPLE - DAY

Dozens of PEOPLE gathered amongst the columns at the exterior of the temple. They're listening to a JEWISH ELDER (60).

Everyone goes quiet as Jesus and Barry join the crowd.

JEWISH ELDER

Master, we were speaking of Roman taxes. Perhaps you could help. We know that thou art true. That thou teachest the way of God and truth.

The Jewish Elder holds up a single ROMAN COIN.

JEWISH ELDER

Is it lawful to pay taxes to Cesar? To give him tribute?

Jesus looks at the Elder Jew suspiciously - senses that this is a trap. He, with Barry in tow, approaches the Elder.

JESUS

Why put me to this test?

Barry cups his hand over his mouth, leans towards Jesus.

BARRY

That's exactly what I asked Peter.
(off Jesus look)
At the DMV.

JEWISH ELDER

(holding up the coin)
Is it lawful or not? To pay Cesar taxes?

JESUS

Let me see the coin.

The Jewish Elder tosses the coin toward Jesus. It's intercepted mid-air by Barry.

BARRY

I'll settle this.

Barry perches the coin between the top of his thumb and his forefinger.

BARRY

Heads you win. Tails you lose.

Barry flips the coin. It spins in the air. He grabs it with his hand, slaps it down on the top of his wrist.

He slowly removes his hand revealing the HEAD OF CESAR.

BARRY

Heads.

JEWISH ELDER

Meaning?

BARRY

You get to decide whether you want to kick-off or receive.

JEWISH ELDER

Receive what?

BARRY

The Holy Spirit.

Barry chuckles - quite pleased with himself. No one else is. They just think he's nuts.

BARRY

(at Jesus)

It was supposed to be funny.

JESUS

Brother Barry, give me the coin.

Barry hands Jesus the coin. Jesus holds it up towards the Jewish Elder.

JESUS

Whose image and subscription is this?

JEWISH ELDER

It is Cesar's.

JESUS

Then render to Cesar the things
that are Cesar's, and to God the
things that are God's.

Jesus places the coin in the palm of the Jewish Elder.

EXT. JERUSALEM VILLAGE - DAY

The Temple grows smaller in the background as Jesus and Barry
walk away.

BARRY

Which one was trying to trap you?

JESUS

The Elder.

BARRY

With a coin?

JESUS

If I instructed them not to pay
their taxes, then I would have been
charged with treason against Rome.

BARRY

Okay...?

JESUS

And if I honored the coin, The
Elder would have cast me as a
sinner by violating the second
commandment which forbids idolatry
since the coin contained the face
of Cesar and a subscription
labeling him as divine.

BARRY

Ah, a catch 22.
(off Jesus look)
A lose-lose situation.

JESUS

Perhaps a win-win. Cesar has a
right to mint coins with his image
and demand the return of those
coins. God has minted the human
soul. Cesar has no claim on that.
Offer your soul to God. Offer every
part of yourself to him as an
instrument of righteousness.

BARRY

I wish I would have had the willpower to do that. Turns out I was more of a Cesar guy.

JESUS

You have the strength. Perhaps you have not called on it.

BARRY

Huh?

Jesus stops. Looks Barry dead in the eyes.

JESUS

Brother Barry, if you bring forth what is within you, I know what you bring forth will save you. If you do not bring forth what is within you, what you do not bring forth will destroy you. Do you understand?

BARRY

Yeah, I think I do.

Jesus pats Barry's shoulder.

JESUS

Very well. Now, quicken the pace. We still have a way to go.

BARRY

Where are we headed anyway?

JESUS

To share a last meal with my followers.

Jesus starts to walk - quick pace. Barry follows.

BARRY

No - no! It's that time already? It can't be. I just got here.

JESUS

You've always been here, brother Barry. Your eyes were just not open.

INT. STONE ROOM/MOUNT ZION - NIGHT

A large stone room with a high arch lit by candles.

Jesus in the center of the table at the center of the room. To his right Peter. To his left, Barry. The Apostles in the rest of the seats.

SUPER: THE LAST SUPPER

Food and wine goblets are in front of everyone. The meal is near complete. Apostles wipe their chins and cheeks with cloth napkins.

Everyone is finishing the last of their meal in complete silence. Then --

JESUS

Someone will betray me tonight.

The Apostles began to look at one another, perplexed as to which of them he meant.

BARRY

Ahem...ahem.

Barry tips his head several times toward Judas on his left.

THE APOSTLE PAUL

No, my Lord.

JESUS

I tell you the truth.

BARRY

(in a whisper)

It's Judas...

Mary Magdalene enters carrying a loaf of bread covered in cloth. She places it in front of Jesus.

JESUS

Someone at this table.

Barry gets up, walks to the other side of the room as the Apostles talk among themselves - who is the traitor.

Barry paces back and forth - nervous and agitated.

PETER

Brother Barry, sit with us.

BARRY

How can you just let this happen!?

Barry holds his hand up.

BARRY
(to himself)
I can't do this anymore.

Jesus removes the cloth from the bread. Breaks off a piece for himself and hands one half of the remainder to Peter on his left and Paul on his right. He nods for them to take a piece for themselves and hand it down.

Jesus raises his piece of bread.

JESUS
Take this and eat. This is my body
which is given up to you.

ON BARRY: Lower lip quivering like a baby.

AT THE TABLE: Mary Magdalene fills everyone's cup with wine.

Jesus raises his cup.

JESUS
Take this and drink. This is the
blood of the new covenant. Which is
given to you and to many for the
forgiveness of sins.

Jesus looks directly at Barry.

JESUS
There is no greater love than for a
man to lay down his life for his
friends.

ON BARRY: Tears now welling up in his eyes.

JESUS
My commandment to you after I am
gone is this. Love one another. As
I have loved you.

ON BARRY: Now blubbering.

AT THE TABLE:

JESUS
You know that I am in the way, the
truth and the life.

Barry bolts from the room.

EXT. STONE BUILDING - NIGHT

Barry bursts out, falls to his knees.

Booker emerges from the darkness, licks Barry's face. Barry wraps his arms around Booker's torso and looks skyward.

BARRY

You win. I can't do this anymore.

DISSOLVE TO:

DMV - WAITING ROOM

Barry, looking a bit frantic, in the center of the room.

BARRY

(looking skyward)

I can't watch him die. That's next - right? You think there's humor joke there anywhere - huh!?

GOD (V.O.)

I never did. You did.

BARRY

Don't make him die. Please. Just send me to hell and we'll call it even.

GOD (V.O.)

You would suffer eternal damnation to spare my son?

BARRY

Yes...

(a beat)

But does it really have to be eternal...? Maybe like I could get a three-year term with a chance of parole...?

GOD (V.O.)

Eternal.

BARRY

Then just do it.

GOD (V.O.)

The concept of self-sacrifice is a big step for you. Concern for the well being of others. I am impressed.

BARRY

Please, get it over with before I change my --

GOD (V.O.)
Your journey is not yet done.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JERUSALEM - GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE - NIGHT

Jesus walks alone illuminated only by the moon.

Barry appears - he looks around - confused.

BARRY
Jesus?

Jesus turns, smiles warmly as he sees Barry.

BARRY
Thank God. You're still alive.

JESUS
It is not yet time. But soon.

BARRY
But I still have so many questions.

JESUS
Brother Barry, ask less questions.
Seek more answers. Everyone who
seeks, finds. And to everyone who
knocks, the door will be opened.
Stop standing at the door and
denying its existence. Just open
it.

Barry takes this in.

JESUS
And know that, like all God's
children, I love you as well,
brother Barry.

BARRY
I know you do.
(a beat)
You just don't have a funny way of
showing it.

Jesus chuckles.

JESUS
Clever.

BARRY
Eureka. I did it.

JESUS

Did?

BARRY

Doesn't matter anymore.

JESUS

I've spoken with my father.

BARRY

Which one?

(feigning a hammer)

That one...?

(points skyward)

Or that one...?

JESUS

I have asked him to grant me a miracle. For you.

Barry raises his eyebrows.

Peter, with Mary Magdalene by his side, enters the garden. They approach.

JESUS

(re: Mary)

Make your amends.

Jesus and Peter take several steps away. Mary steps in front of Barry, face to face. Something different about her.

BARRY

Sharon?

MARY NOW SHARON

You wanted to say something.

Barry wipes his brow, swallows hard.

BARRY

I'm sorry. It was all my fault. I cheated on you. I didn't know you found out.

MARY NOW SHARON

More than once.

Barry nods, shame on his face.

BARRY

I didn't know about the pain you endured.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I wasted years partying, drinking,
doing everything other than being
married. I cursed you for my sins.

MARY NOW SHARON

And I forgive you. But you must
move on. Find someone else.

Barry nods - a bit reluctantly.

MARY NOW SHARON

And to move on, you must move away.
You know that - right?

BARRY

Yeah. I do.

Mary/Sharon leans in and gives Barry a kiss on the cheek.

MARY NOW SHARON

Thank you, Barry.

Mary/Sharon walks away. Jesus and Peter approach.

BARRY

Thank you, Jesus.

Jesus nods.

BARRY

(at Peter)

So what now?

SAINT PETER

Time to return.

BARRY

(somber)

My watch has ended.

PETER

Jon Snow - Game of Thrones. Does it
ever end with you?

BARRY

You know, I think I'm going to miss
you most of all.

PETER

Wizard of Oz. Dorothy - the
scarecrow.

A commotion at the entrance to the Garden. It's Judas with
several ROMAN SOLDIERS behind him. Their focus - Jesus.

BARRY
No! No! No!.....

BLACK SCREEN

GOD (V.O.)
Can you hear me?

BARRY (V.O.)
Yes.
(a beat)
Am I going to hell now?

GOD (V.O.)
No. You never were. Nor was your
real mission to find humor in the
bible. I have already spoken to
that.

BARRY (V.O.)
When?

GOD (V.O.)
Ecclesiastes, three point four:
*there is a time to cry and a time
to laugh.* Your failure has been in
knowing the difference between the
two.

BARRY (V.O.)
Then why --?

GOD (V.O.)
I wanted you to walk with Jesus to
determine if you could lead a
better life. If once you knew him,
would you become redeemable. It is
a chance that I offer all lost
souls that come to the doors of my
kingdom.

BARRY (V.O.)
And...?

The BEEP - BEEP - BEEP of medical monitors.

DOCTOR'S VOICE (V.O.)
Mr. Smart, can you hear me?
(after a moment)
Barry?

BARRY'S POV - BLURRED

Alternating between dark and light - the fluttering of
eyelids from a man awakening.

The fuzzy outline of a DOCTOR clad in a white coat. Our focus eventually settles on the Doctor's name tag: "DR. LAZARUS."

BARRY (V.O.)
(groggy)
You got to be kidding me.

Slowly the image of DOCTOR LAZARUS (50) takes shape. We can see him clearly now.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - DAY

Barry in a hospital bed. Every type of medical device connected to him. Doctor Lazarus is bedside.

DOCTOR LAZARUS
You gave us quite the scare.

BARRY
Where am I?

DOCTOR LAZARUS
You're at the memorial medical center.
(off Barry's look)
You don't remember anything?

BARRY
The last thing I remember, I was with Jesus.

DOCTOR LAZARUS
Not quite, but close. You were actually dead for nearly two minutes. We thought we lost you.

A NURSE enters the room. It's Helen. She starts replacing Barry's IV bag.

BARRY
Helen?

HELEN
You know me?

BARRY
You were with me - in heaven. Well at the DMV - taking the test. But after that you were a whore.

HELEN
Pardon?

DOCTOR LAZARUS
He's still a bit groggy.

Helen finishes the bag replacement - leaves.

DOCTOR LAZARUS

Some people have been waiting to
see you. You think you're up for
it?

Barry nods.

LATER

David Lowenstein, Mel the Cop, and Sharon surround Barry's
hospital bed.

BARRY

I literally swear to God. I was
there. It was real.

(points at Lowenstein)

And you were there...

(points at Mel the Cop)

And you were there...

(looks at Sharon)

And you - most of all.

DAVID

Everyone you knew?

BARRY

Not everyone - most I guess. Even
the Reverend Jackson was there.

(at Sharon - in a whisper)

He was Judas.

An eye roll from Sharon.

A crackle over Mel The Cop's police radio.

MEL THE COP

Thank God. I got to go.

(at Barry)

Keep out of trouble - okay?

Barry nods. Mel gives an "eeesh look" to the others before
leaving. David checks his watch.

DAVID

Yeah, I should be heading off
myself. I'll come see you tomorrow -
okay?

BARRY

No need. I'll be fine.

DAVID
 (as he exits)
 Yeah - yeah. Like always.

Sharon lingers behind.

SHARON
 They said you need to stay a few
 more days. I'll keep Booker until
 then.

BARRY
 Booker's alive!?

SHARON
 Based on the piles of crap in my
 yard - yeah.

Barry looks off - confused. Was it all a dream?

SHARON
 And you owe me and James three
 thousand, four-hundred dollars.
 (off Barry's look)
 For the cypress trees. You ordered
 them trimmed. On the day of your
 last show.

FLASHBACK - BARRY IN LOWENSTEIN'S CAR

Lowenstein at the wheel. Barry in the passenger seat
 smartphone to his ear.

Barry ends the call.

LOWENSTEIN
 Who was that?

BARRY
 Landscaper.

LOWENSTEIN
 For...?

BARRY
 Going to have the cypress trees
 trimmed. Kind of a make-up gift for
 Sharon.

FLASHBACK - BARRY'S BACKYARD

A LANDSCAPER, chain-saw in hand, looks up at his handiwork on
 Sharon's cypress trees from Barry's side of the fence.

They have been cut into the shape of a giant MIDDLE FINGER.

LANDSCAPER

Crazy fuck.

The Landscaper walks away.

BACK TO SCENE

SHARON

That's what it will cost us to replace the trees.

BARRY

Sorry. I forgot all about that.

There's an uncomfortable, awkward silence.

BARRY

I was really there, Sharon. There is a God. Jesus existed. I was all wrong. About everything. I'm going to change that.

Barry nods towards the door.

BARRY

I don't think they believed me.

SHARON

No.

BARRY

Do you?

SHARON

Did you apologize to me? When you were there?

BARRY

I did.

SHARON

And say that you'd be moving on?

BARRY

Yes! You heard!

Sharon approaches the bedside.

SHARON

I did. I thought it was a dream.

Sharon leans over, kisses Barry on the cheek.

SHARON

Thank you.

Barry starts to say something. Sharon presses her finger against his lips.

SHARON

And goodbye.

Sharon smiles. Barry returns it as he nods his head. Sharon turns and exits.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - WEEKS LATER - DAY

A moving van in the driveway.

Two MOVERS bring the last of the boxes from Barry's house, place them in the back of the van - close the door.

Barry comes from the house. Booker trails behind him.

Barry hands one of the Movers a piece of paper.

BARRY

That's the address. I'll be there shortly.

The Movers enter the van - back it out of the driveway.

Barry looks towards Sharon's house. She's at the window.

Barry shoots her a smile and a small wave goodbye. Sharon returns the favor before closing the curtains.

Moments pass then --

A luxury sedan pulls in the driveway.

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - DRIVEWAY - DAY

David at the wheel.

Booker scrambles into the back seat - a grimace from David.

DAVID

Don't scratch the... crap.
You couldn't find a different way
to get him there.

BARRY

(entering)
Nope. He's my best friend. Oh - I
meant that you are. You know - it's
just the saying a dog's a man's --

DAVID

Yeah, I get it.

David puts the car in gear.

BARRY

Thanks for letting me stay with you
for a few days. Hey, before I
forget, can I borrow your car
tonight?

DAVID

Why?

BARRY

I got a date.

DAVID

Date? With who?

BARRY

Helen. You know. The nurse at the
hospital.

DAVID

Wow. Good job there, mate. Moving
on. Where are you taking her?

David starts to back-up the car.

BARRY

Dinner later. Church service first.

David brakes.

DAVID

What?

BARRY

She's a bit of the religious sort.
You know - born again.

DAVID

You know you still got to pay the
bills. Your fans are going to
expect the old Barry.

BARRY

I got a new act.

DAVID

Let's hope it's funnier than the
old one.

David backs up the car, leaves the driveway.

UPPER-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD

Barry smiles as he takes in the neatly manicured lawns.

He catches the eye of the Postal Carrier - gives him a wave through the window as he passes by.

CUE UP: "A Beautiful Day in The Neighborhood"

Shade trees so perfectly groomed it looks if they were manufactured rather than grown.

Blue, sunny skies and chirping birds - so pleasant.

FADE OUT.