THE RETURN

By

Curtis James Lofgren
FADE IN

INT. COMMuter TRAIN- MORNING

MOLLY PARKER, 35, an attractive redhead with a slight overbite, is sitting alone on BART a few miles outside San Francisco. As she opens the Chronicle, a MAN appears next to her out of the blue.

MOLLY
(aghast)
Who are you? You weren’t there a minute ago. Bart police? Bart-

The MAN is dressed in a simple one-piece caftan. His hair is long, stringy and a bit greasy. He is wearing sandals. His robe is tattered. He smells a bit, but has minty-fresh breath.

MAN
-Where am I? Who are you?

Molly tries to be friendly.

MOLLY
My name is Molly. Molly Parker. (laughing) Where did you come from, Walnut Creek?

HE is confused.

MAN
Where are the donkeys that pull this carriage?

The MAN looks out the windows. The area is not known to him.

MOLLY
This is Bart. Where did you come from?

MAN
Above.

He looks around the train. PEOPLE are staring.

MOLLY
You just appeared out of nowhere?
MAN
I have returned. What is this language I’m speaking? It is an odd mix of northern Roman and gibberish.

MOLLY
Oy vey! Seriously, are you from Berkeley or something? You must be a professor at UC. They like to do this sort of thing to strangers, then write about it in their thesis. Theses? Thesi?

The MAN continues to look around the train, at the people, the advertising, the outdoors.

MAN
(proudly)
I am the way.

MOLLY
The way from where? We haven’t made any stops since you got on.

MAN
My name is Jesus. I am the way.

Molly tries to squeeze in close to the window. She becomes one with the glass.

JESUS
Do not be afraid, my child.

He touches her gently. Molly turns away.

MOLLY
(squirming in her seat)
Don’t take this the wrong way, but you could use a bath. You stink!

The man sniffs his clothes and himself.

JESUS
I’ve never smelled like fish before. What is that, pollock?

MOLLY
Are you a Jesus freak?

Molly looks to her fellow PASSENGERS for help.
JESUS
I am Jesus. I am the way and the light everlasting.

MOLLY
I’m Molly. You have kind eyes at least.

JESUS
I am the Son of God. What would you expect?

The train continues.

MOLLY
I’m a securities consultant. Boring work, but it keeps me employed.

The man looks out the window.

JESUS
What is employed?

MOLLY
I don’t lose my home if I go to work everyday. Just barely.

JESUS
My home is up there.

He points upward.

MOLLY
Mt. Diablo?

A nearby PASSENGER laughs. Molly nods her head, taking credit for the joke.

JESUS
I do not understand.

Molly shakes her head.

MOLLY
It was a joke. You know, laughter?

JESUS
What is a joke?

MOLLY
This, right here. You, me. Us here, that’s a joke.
Jesus stands and beckons Molly to stand also.

JESUS
Come with me now. I am the light.

MOLLY
I can’t. Work, remember?

JESUS
Your place is with me, the son of God. Come.

Jesus has a gentle hold on Molly and pulls her closer to the exit.

MOLLY
I have to watch for my stop.

JESUS
The next stop is with me. You’re getting off now.

MOLLY
Now just a minute......

Molly gets angry. She tries to get up and move. Three passengers get up, ready to fight. Both Molly and Jesus DISAPPEAR under the Trans Bay Tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN—IOWA—MID MORNING SAME DAY

JOSEPH CARTEL, 27, a tall, lean man, is sitting on a stool in his barn in Waterloo, Iowa, milking his cow, BESSIE. He is softly singing a John Denver song.

JOSEPH
Sunshine, on my shoulder, makes me happy...

A MAN appears before him, startling Bessie for a moment.

MAN
I am the son of God. I am Jesus.

JOSEPH
You’re who? Jesus?

Jesus stares at the cow and Joseph pulling on her teats.
JESUS
That cow is huge. Bigger than the ones I milked as a child.

JOSEPH
Then you know milking is important.

JESUS
Come. Leave Bessie and the milking.

Joseph is getting angry with Jesus.

JOSEPH
I’ve got chores, son, chores.

JESUS
You’re my chore right now. Let’s go.

JOSEPH
May I bring Bessie?

JESUS
The animals will get their chance later. But for now, I am only interested in you.

JOSEPH
I feel so special. Okay, let me just get changed......

A crack of THUNDER fills the air. The two DISAPPEAR. Bessie moos.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESCARPMENT IN AFRICA—SAME DAY

A lean, young white JUNGLE MAN, age unknown, hidden from humans for many years, swings from tree to tree, yelling as he goes about his daily activities.

JUNGLE MAN
Aaaahhhhaaa—yeeaaaa—aaaa!

Huge, magnificent ELEPHANTS sway their trunks, reacting to his yell. LIONS roar and MONKEYS play in the tree tops. The jungle man is startled by Jesus who floats down from above the trees. He takes the jungle man’s arm.

JESUS
Ungowa simba ungi marinda!
JUNGLE MAN
Simba! Simba! Ungowa!

JESUS
Ungi Marillo! Ungowa! Simba!

Jesus gently holds the jungle man. They swing through the trees for a time, then both float away.

JUNGLE MAN
Simba!

JESUS
Ungowa! Simba! Ungowa.

The jungle man shrugs, puts his hands to his mouth, and lets loose with one last scream.

JUNGLE MAN
Aaaahhhhaaa-yeaaa-aaaa!

JESUS
Aaahhhhaa (coughing) Hey, ho, let’s go!

CUT TO:

EXT. AMSTERDAM—SAME DAY

A young, pretty blonde DUTCH GIRL, 18, has been carefully and painstakingly holding her finger in the small but growing leak in the town’s DIKE. The water pushing against the other side, ready to gush into the village, will not hold for long. She begins to scream.

DUTCH GIRL
Help! Help!

Jesus floats down from above and surveys the situation. His assessment of the situation isn’t exactly what the TOWNSPEOPLE hoped for.

JESUS
Fear not, little girl. I am the way. Who shall believe in me will live forever.

The girl is startled but warns the STRANGER that the leak will soon get worse.
DUTCH GIRL
I cannot stop the water. Soon it will fill the streets. Help me, oh, help me!

JESUS
Give me your hand, little one and we will start your journey with me.

Jesus is oblivious to his immediate surroundings. The water is breaking through. The village is doomed.

DUTCH GIRL
You don’t understand. The flooding will drown the village.

Jesus ignores the words of the Dutch girl. As they ascend, gushing water explodes from the dike.

TOWNSPERSON
Who was that guy?

They rise together.

DUTCH GIRL
I’m floating....

ANOTHER TOWNSPERSON
This guy knows his stuff! Here comes the wa-

YET ANOTHER TOWNSPERSON
-Another Dutch government experiment gone awry...... Help!

The streets are flooded in minutes. The townspeople shake their heads. In an instant, Jesus and the Dutch girl disappear.

CUT TO:

INT. AL’S BOWLING EMPORIUM—AUSTIN—SAME DAY

GARY LARSON, 36, a tall, good looking oil rigger and devoted husband with brown curly hair, has arrived at the bowling alley an hour before he is to compete in the championship tournament. His wife, KATHY, a stay at home mom and former beauty queen, is due shortly. He reaches for a ball on the Wall of Fame when JESUS appears.

JESUS
Gary, I need you. Follow me.
Gary stares at Jesus for a moment or two. Then, he begins laughing hysterically.

GARY
Murray, is that you in those sandals? I swear, if you don’t stop drinking before they all arrive, you’ll be no good to anyone at the tournament. My wife’s coming soon, and she hates it when you show up drunk.

The MAN before him is serious and staid.

JESUS
I am the way. Follow me into the gardens of heaven.

Gary picks up a bowling ball for protection.

GARY
Come on, Mur, let’s go. Get out of the dumb caftan. They’ll start talking about you pretty soon. (Waving the air with his hands) Boy, you stink!

JESUS
Leave this place of the rolling balls now. I am the Lord. Only I may roll your balls.

Gary takes a little closer look at the MAN. His stringy, smelly hair proves it’s not the bald Murray Gary knows and loves.

GARY
You’re not Murray, are you?

JESUS
Come with me. I am the way.

Both MEN float toward the ceiling. The bowling alley OWNER is worried about the two men cracking the ceiling. He yells out to Gary.

OWNER
Gary? Break that ceiling and you’ll hear from my lawyer.

Gary holds two bowling balls as they rise.
GARY
Hey, what can I do? This guy literally has me by the balls.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOCCER FIELD-SAME DAY

A young pretty brunette with dimples and skinny legs named JANE LOWE, 16, is practicing with her team, the BOBCATS. They are kicking the soccer ball, having fun and gossiping about their boyfriends.

JANE
You should see what Jackie texted me earlier. I’ll send it to you now.

Jane begins her texting and is interrupted by a MAN who appears in the middle of the soccer field. It is Jesus. The kids stop what they’re doing and look at Him. He is floating a few inches above the playing field.

JESUS
Jane Lowe, I need you. Come with me.

Everyone is startled and shocked at the appearance of Jesus.

COACH
(yelling)
Hey, leave the kids alone before I call the police. I am certified as a black belt.

Jesus turns to the coach.

JESUS
I am certified Son of God. I win.
I am here for Jane.

COACH
(yelling)
I don’t care who you are mister, but I’ll get you....

Both Jesus and Jane are gone in a flash of light. The soccer ball is hovering three feet off the ground. A FOOT appears from the skies and kicks it into the net.
EXT. FACTORY—HONG KONG—SAME DAY

YAN CAN, 19, a strong, short flat-nosed factory worker, has stopped work for the day at his strenuous job in a Hong Kong bicycle shop. Smog is everywhere. He is bicycling down a very busy street. The bike breaks down. Yan looks at his flat tire. The sweat rolls down his face.

YAN
Puk gai!

Jesus floats down and inspects the tire.

JESUS
Those words? Are they Cantonese?

Yan laughs at Jesus.

YAN
Who are you, a fighting monk?

He positions himself in a less-than-masculine pose.

YAN (CONT’D)
My lightning fast Squatting Duck will out fox your Standing Chicken. Get ready.

Yan’s fingers curl like a KUNG FU MASTER.

JESUS
I am the light everlasting. Are you a Christian, my son?

Yan kicks the tire and mumbles more Cantonese curse words. Jesus replaces the bike with a new one. A 2013 red Schwinn Point Beach.

YAN
What did you say your name was?

Yan throws down his tire wrench.

JESUS
I am the way and the light everlasting.
YAN
I’m always ready to listen to new ideas.

Yan bounces the bike up and down. He examines the tires, the seat, everything about it.

JESUS
Come with me, son. We will explore God’s world together.

Yan expresses his apprehension.

YAN
You’re not some kind of cult leader, are you? A Moonie?

JESUS
I am the way.

Jesus and Yan float away. The bicycle disappears from view. They ascend very rapidly.

YAN
I can see the Bruce Lee Tower from up here.

JESUS
It gets better. Believe me, it gets better.

Birds fly by. A cloud or two passes through Yan and he tries to eat them, like cotton candy.

YAN
The view?

JESUS
Your everlasting life... and the view.

YAN
Yan can fly? How?

JESUS
It is my will, young man. Now come and we will discover the mysteries of life.

Looking down from the sky at his brand new bike.
YAN
Okay, Yan can fly, but Yan can’t cook, so don’t even ask.

CUT TO:

INT. ABC NIGHTLY NEWS-LATER SAME DAY

DIANE SAWYER is reading the news broadcast for this evening, December 20, 2012.

DIANE SAWYER
Good evening. Reports from all around the globe begin our broadcast tonight. Thousands, perhaps even millions, of people have been taken from their homes by a man claiming to be Jesus.

VIDEOTAPE of several ABDUCTIONS are televised. Diane is upset.

DIANE SAWYER (CONT’D)
These reports of abductions have been verified by our government. In some cases, only a member of a family has been taken. In some cases, the entire family has been abducted, but a lone brother-in-law or visiting sister from a neighboring town has been left out. It is a baffling occurrence, one that has left our religious and scientific communities worried about the future of mankind.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO-CONTINUOUS

FILM of several ABDUCTIONS is shown. DIANE is OFF-CAMERA, reading a book, “Fifty Shades of Sawyer”.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO-CONTINUOUS

The STUDIO CAMERA pulls in tight. Diane sheds a tear.
DIANE SAWYER
In my own family, my beloved husband has been taken, but his stage partner, Elaine May, has not. Now personally, I can understand that. But, that’s me, I know her. And, of course, I am here, in the studio. I will not leave you, America. I’m right here, as one of the left-behinds. Damn!

CUT TO:

INT. LARSON HOME—NIGHT

The news broadcast has been drowned out in the LARSON kitchen. KATHY LARSON’S concern for her missing husband, Gary, has her worried. She is with a POLICEMAN, filling out a missing person’s report.

KATHY
Twenty-four hours? Really?

The policeman gets up from Kathy’s couch. He puts down the coffee Kathy has made for him.

POLICEMAN
Yes, ma'am. That’s the law. He must remain missing for a full twenty-four hours. You wouldn’t believe how many calls we’ve gotten today.

Kathy wrings her hands in despair.

KATHY
Gary’s never been late on bowling league night. I was supposed to meet him, but when I got there, no Gary.

Kathy offers more coffee to the policeman. He declines.

POLICEMAN
You call us tomorrow if he’s still missing. We should know more by then.

KATHY
Thank you, officer.

POLICEMAN
For what?
KATHY
For taking the time to help me.
Would you like to pray with us?
Praying never hurts.

POLICEMAN
It never hurts to pray with this baby, either.

The policeman lifts his gun slightly out of its holster. He looks at himself in the living room mirror, standing tall and overly confident. He fast draws his gun, tries spinning it, and drops the huge .357 on the floor.

KATHY
Nice move, Lone Ranger.

Kathy picks up a few bullets which dropped also.

POLICEMAN
 embarrassed
Well, good night.

Kathy almost slams the front door in his face. She cries out for Gary as the policeman walks away.

KATHY
Who is this Jesus? And why didn’t He take me? I went to church more often than my husband.

The policeman yells through the door.

POLICEMAN
There’s no logic to it. I was left behind. How do ya like that?

KATHY
(whispering)
Who’d have guessed?

CUT TO:

EXT. EQUATOR—NIGHT
Jesus has brought all the missing people to one place, the EQUATOR. He has gathered them together. 27,326,438 total. He speaks to them as easily as He would address an individual. The sea of HUMANITY stretches as far as the human eye can see. All sorts of PEOPLE rise to hear the Lord.
JESUS
Hear me, for I am the way. I have returned to fight for you. For those of you who believe in me, you will live forever.

A LONE VOICE speaks out.

LONE VOICE
Just who are you? What gives? You don’t look like Jeffery Hunter. Or Willem Dafoe, for that matter.

This LONE VOICE is triumphant in his observation, and receives several hundred thousand “HARUMMPFS” from the crowd.

JESUS
I am Jesus. I have returned to strengthen you for your return to heaven.

MOANS and GROANS come from the crowd, some scream, some cry. Then, SILENCE.

LONE VOICE
You’re really Jesus? The one and only?

JESUS
I am the light everlasting.

ANOTHER VOICE
This is the biggest thing that ever happened to me. Except for once, when I was picked by Publisher’s Clearing House. I won five grand.

LONE VOICE
This is the most awesome thing any of us have ever experienced, right?

Rumblings of AFFIRMATIVE RESPONSES come from the crowd.

ANOTHER VOICE
I was mistaken for a robber once.

ANOTHER VOICE (CONT’D)
I was mistaken for Cher. That was cool for about thirty seconds.

Jesus addresses the millions of people.
JESUS
I cannot allow you to come with me until you have mentally and physically prepared yourselves for the journey.

The GROUP begins to whine. That same guy speaks up. He has now become one of the LEADERS of the crowd.

LONE VOICE
Is it a long trip? Do we have enough underwear? I know I didn’t pack any. And socks? I’ve only got these here.

Another LEADER speaks up.

ANOTHER VOICE
When do we get there? Are we going by bus? Train? Or are you going to fly us there?

Molly Parker, the first to be taken, speaks.

MOLLY
Hold on, everyone. Jesus needs to organize His thoughts.

Jesus turns to Molly, patting her on her head.

JESUS
Thank you, Molly. Leading millions of people is not like leading around twelve disciples.

One MAN raises his hand. It’s Gary, from Austin.

GARY
Hey, Jesus, my name is Gary, from Austin. You know, the bowling alley? I’m gonna have to pay for that ceiling by the way. So, where’s God?

LONE VOICE
Yeah, where is that guy? Or gal?

A FEW THOUSAND laugh. The LONE VOICE takes a small bow.

JESUS
I am the Way. Follow me and you will live forever in the house of God.
LONE VOICE
Couple of quick questions while
I’ve got you here.... why is the
sky blue? If God made everyone,
who made God? Why aren’t you
bleeding from your hands-

Jesus looks at his bloodless limbs.

JESUS
-That’s enough for right now.
Questions will be answered during
the Q/A period right after the
ascension.

Molly tries to reach the group.

MOLLY
It’s been a long day and a long
trip. Let’s not argue with Jesus.
I’m sure after He’s had a long, hot
bath, He’ll explain. A bath?

Molly sniffs a few times, enough for Jesus to get the hint. He
places His nose under His arms, His torso, other places
which smell like pollock. He nods to Molly.

JESUS
You will all get to heaven when my
Father tells me it is time. While
we wait, we shall review the Ten
Commandments.

Jesus prepares His bath.

LONE VOICE
The Commandments? Oh, yeah,
sure... the Commandments. Were we
suppose to memorize them?

The whole CROWD mumbles. No one can recall even one.

JESUS
(stepping into a steaming
tub)
This is disappointing.

More affirmative rumblings come from the people. Another
DIFFERENT VOICE stands and speaks.

DIFFERENT VOICE
Oh, uh, yes, Jesus, we repeat those
nine-
LONE VOICE

-Ten

DIFFERENT VOICE

-Ten commandments every day, twice on Sunday. Right, everyone?

MILLIONS grumble in the affirmative.

LONE VOICE

Uh, sure. Yep. All ten. Everyday.

Most of the 27,326,438 respond in kind.

JESUS

The truth shall set you free.

All 27,326,438 heads are nodding positively.

GARY

I know that I recite at least three before I bowl a game.

JESUS

We shall eat first. I find myself in need of nourishment.

He pats his tummy. The CROWD pats theirs.

LONE VOICE

We are, too. And my cell doesn’t work here.

Mumbles from millions of people come straight to Jesus’ ears.

ANOTHER VOICE

Oh, you won’t get any reception here, I’ve tried. We’ve all tried.

One despondent MAN throws down his cell phone, then quickly, thousands throw their phones away also.

JESUS

We are wrapped around the middle of the earth. You may know it as the Equator.

LONE VOICE

The equator? You mean that line that wraps around the middle of a globe?

Jesus is rubbing His back with soap and a Luffa Sponge.
JESUS
That is correct. Now, where do we find food?

JOSEPH
Uh, hello? You remember me? You came for me yesterday? You’re asking us to provide food?

JANE
I’m the soccer player? I was hungry, too. We were all going to Subway. And now I’m starving.

Jesus hears them all.

LONE VOICE
You’re asking us where the food is?

YAN
Lord, it’s Yan, remember me? I love fish in the morning. It’s all we eat, along with seaweed.

Thousands respond with negative rumblings.

JESUS
Fish. I will turn the rocks into fish. Rockfish... get it?

Jesus gets up and 27,326,438 PEOPLE turn away.

ANOTHER VOICE
I don’t really care for fish at breakfast.

JESUS
I remember the waiter at my last supper. He had trouble taking twelve orders at once. Give me a break. I’ve got 27 million breakfasts to make.

Millions of fish appear, but turbot is the only kind of fish available. Jesus looks down at the wiggling fish.

ANOTHER VOICE
I hate turbot.

Jesus steps into his clothing. Molly gives a “thumbs up”.

YET ANOTHER VOICE
I hate it, too. It’s too smelly.
LONE VOICE
Who’s got a scaler? We’re gonna have to scale like, what, a million turbot? Is it turbots or turbot?

ANOTHER VOICE
Turboi. Are we supposed to cook these ourselves.

Many other people yell out their distaste for turbot. Jesus puts his hands over his ears.

JESUS
Salmon? You okay with salmon?

Suddenly, the hills are alive with fresh salmon, flipping and flopping, their mouths gasping for air.

ANOTHER VOICE
What do we do with these?

Jesus looks down to see all the hungry people, but nary a one has even touched a fish.

JESUS
Well, come on. Eat!

Most of the 27,326,438 stand around and gossip with each other.

ANOTHER VOICE
You’re not going to get us to eat this. Sorry.

MARY JANE
I’m afraid I’m allergic to salmon.

GARY
Yeah, and those tiny bones suck. Where’s the beef? Sorry, but it kind of fits here.

Thousands of people applaud Gary.

JESUS
Well, what will you eat?

LONE VOICE
Have you any McDonald’s here?

JESUS
What?
LONE VOICE
A McDonald’s. You know, fast food?

JESUS
That is forbidden.

LONE VOICE
Wendy’s? Burger King?

JESUS
God has designed *animals* to feed us, not frozen patties of pink slime.

A FEMALE VEGETARIAN speaks up.

FEMALE VEGETARIAN
I’m okay with fish, but the flesh of a cow? Or a pig? No way, Jose.

JESUS
My name is Jesus.

MOLLY
She means that a lot of us have different nutritional wants and needs.

ANOTHER VOICE
And I’m a Type One Diabetic. My sugars will go through the roof with this turbot.

Others discuss the problems confronting Jesus.

LONE VOICE
Turbot’s not a fish, it’s a poor excuse for a swimming rodent.

Laughter is HEARD everywhere.

ANOTHER VOICE
Where’s the fish? Who’s got some bottled water?

JESUS
They bottle water now? Why not just drink from a stream?

MOLLY
I think no, Jesus. It’s bound to be polluted.
GARY
Salmon has those tiny pin bones. I always use a pair of pliers to pull them out. Jesus, do you have any pliers?

Jesus ponders his actions for a moment.

JESUS
Maybe I got confused. Maybe the 27,326,438 are supposed to go to that other place! You know? Down there?

Jesus points downward.

LONE VOICE
(frightened)
Jesus didn’t create turbot, he just saw the oceans had plenty. What a great guy!

People smile and yell for joy.

GARY
Give Jesus a chance.

MOLLY
Yes, he is just trying to do his best. So you don’t care for turbot, so what? I like salmon. I’ll eat salmon. If you don’t like it raw, then I never want to see any of you in a sushi place again.

JESUS
Thank you, kind woman. I know why I chose you first.

Molly blushes. Jesus sits down. Gary joins him. He offers Jesus a piece of beef jerky he had in his back pocket.

MOLLY
(embarrassed)
Awe, Jesus, don’t tell me I was first?

Jesus pays her no mind. He chews on the grisly stick of beef.

JESUS
I need order. Pray with me.

Heaven responds with lightning and thunder.
ANOTHER VOICE
Hey, who’s not to say Jesus isn’t doing the best He can!

JESUS
I am the voice of God. I am the son of God. But I am not God.
Don’t confuse the issue.

LONE VOICE
He’s the son of God?

ANOTHER VOICE
I’ll buy that. But, you know, I was so close to being laid off last week, and now, I’m not even there....

LONE VOICE
What about our families? Where are they?

One man, Gary Larson, speaks passionately.

GARY
My wife and kids are in Austin. And they’re probably wondering where I am. I missed bowling last night. I’m positive they’re looking for me right now. And that hole in the ceiling? Geez.....

Gary bows his head and looks to Molly, who, in turn, gives him a great big smile.

LONE VOICE
My old lady is pissed right now.

THOUSANDS respond in the same complaining manner.

GARY
And Kathy, my wife, she’s probably heartsick. Why did you do that?

MOLLY
There, there Gary. I’m sure Jesus knows what He’s doing.

Jesus looks back and waves his right hand forward. The FLOCK begins to move.

JESUS
I am the way. Follow me.
Gary stops, which in turn stops Molly, which in turn stops FRED, which in turn stops BILL, which in turn......

GARY
Well, gosh darn it, where to? I mean, for crying out loud, I’ve done everything I’m supposed to so I can go to heaven. But so has my Kathy. Why isn’t she here with me? Maybe you chose the wrong people.

BILL stops, and then the ONE in front of Bill, until a few thousand PEOPLE bump into each others’ backs. A lot of angry RABBLE-ROUSERS are shouting, yelling at Jesus.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE—LATER SAME DAY

The PRESIDENT, 44, a tall, distinguished looking man with gray hair and a tanned face, is concerned for the country. He is talking with his CHIEF OF STAFF.

PRESIDENT

CHIEF OF STAFF
My name isn’t Ed.

PRESIDENT
Right. My turn, Bill?

CHIEF OF STAFF
It’s Frank. Yes, your turn, sir.

PRESIDENT
You’re more an Ed than a Frank.

CHIEF OF STAFF
I think the missing persons will work in our favor. Let’s see what happens.

PRESIDENT
Anybody you know disappear?

CHIEF OF STAFF
No. Oh, my gardener.
PRESIDENT
You'll have to cut your grass
yourself. Your move.

The two men resume their Yahtzee game.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAC COMMAND STATION-ONE HOUR LATER

The entire station is on alert. All maps, television screens and monitors are focused on the Equator. Millions of people, led by Jesus, are amazed at the scenery. Jesus leads them through a waterfall. This is seen on every monitor in the room. Four star GENERAL AZINOFF, 61, a gray haired, marble-faced, trim and fit life time soldier, is at the helm.

GENERAL AZINOFF
Bring us to Def-Con Two. Now!

A lower echelon MINION approaches the General.

MINION
Sir, what about drones?

Activity throughout the complex is bustling with anticipation of what is to come.

GENERAL AZINOFF
Too risky. If it’s the real thing, we’re all screwed.

MINION
Yes sir. The real thing?

The General inspects the feed coming from the many satellites up in space.

GENERAL AZINOFF
If this is the actions of our Lord in Heaven, then we’re screwed. Gotta be vigilant yet weary of this Jesus guy. All this technology, and I can’t even see Jesus’ face.

The General winces to see better.

MINION
He has brown hair. This we know.

GENERAL AZINOFF
Do you have a name soldier?
MINION
Yes, I do. It’s Newton, sir.

GENERAL AZINOFF
You’d better begin praying, Newton.
And pray with everything you’ve got.

NEWTON
Yes sir!

GENERAL AZINOFF
And Newton? Take that yamaka off.
It sends the wrong message.

A few of the TV monitors are broadcasting ELLEN. Newton sits down to watch.

CUT TO:

EXT. EQUATOR—MOMENTS LATER

27,36,438 people are getting hungrier by the minute. Jesus is sitting by a lake He just created. Gary has brought over a friend to talk with Jesus.

GARY
This guy says he’s Muslim.

MUSLIM
What am I doing here? Has there been a mix up? Where are my seventy-two virgins?

Jesus seems to be lost in his thoughts.

JESUS
Muslim, eh? (laughs) How’s Allah?

MUSLIM
That was just plain rude. He’s fine, by the way.

JESUS
Good to hear. Hope He’s listening.

GARY
What about the food?

Jesus is off in a fog.
JESUS
Sorry. I was just retracing the origin of the Big Mac. Two-all-beef-patties-special-sauce-onions-pickles-on-a-seaseme-bun. I’m trying to remember why God said no to fast food.

GARY
Well, it’s not exactly food, is it?

JESUS
If they took a little bit ore time on the portions, then maybe....

A MAN walks over to Jesus with a problem.

MAN
I’m a Buddhist. Why am I here?

Another MAN asks a similar question.

NEXT MAN
I’m an Agnostic. Why did you take me?

Another MAN, another problem....

NEXT MAN AFTER HIM
I’m an atheist. But since I’m here, why is the sky blue?

AGNOSTIC
Yeah, and why is the grass green?

JESUS
Give me a minute. I’m thinking.

The atheist is conversing with the agnostic.

ATHEIST
You’d never see Carl Sagan pull a blunder like this. Science doesn’t screw around.

JESUS
I am the way. Follow me. But not literally. Until I get a few things straightened out, just stay here.

Complaints come fast and furious. The CROWD grows impatient with Jesus.
VOICE
We’re hungry and thirsty. What about turning some water into wine.

JESUS
That shall happen. Watch my hands as they bring you wine from water.

Jesus waves his arms around the 27,326,438. Suddenly, it is raining wine. Many of the people hold up Styrofoam cups Jesus also has just provided.

BAY AREA FOLLOWER
Styrofoam? Are you kidding me? Styrofoam has been outlawed by many green cities and states, and for good reason. It never disintegrates.

The man puts his cup down and opens his mouth wide. Millions are getting drunk. But, again, there are complaints.

VOICE
This is a Merlot. We’d like a Pinot Grigio. And this bread is stale. Come on, would it kill you for some Burger King?

MOLLY
Let’s remember Jesus as we did when we were children.

MANY begin to tell their stories.

VOICE
I was a gold star winner in Sunday School. I even knew the name of the donkey that carried Jesus.

ANOTHER VOICE
What was the name?

GARY
Stanley. But my Sunday School teacher could have been fooling with me. He liked to jest.

MOLLY
I knew what God had told Jesus in the garden at Gethsemane.

GARY
What? (sheepishly) We’re Lutheran.
MOLLY
One of your disciples will betray you.

GARY
That was at the Last Supper.

MOLLY
Don’t take any wooden nickels?

Gary laughs.

GARY
You’re cute.

Molly smiles. The crowd has lost interest in reminiscing. Jesus is facing a lake, glancing at the waves.

MOLLY
Think he’s gonna walk on it? Glide?

GARY
A bit dramatic, don’t you think? Then again, He needs a big, dramatic push to get things going.

Their conversation is interrupted.

VOICE
Where are the portable toilets?

ANOTHER VOICE
Some of us really have to go.

VOICE
(almost whispering)
Some of us have been going under the waterfalls... it’s getting pretty nasty in there.

With a wave of His hand, the waterfalls are cleaned and a SIGN posted discouraging bathing.

CUT TO:

EXT. A WISCONSIN WALMART—LATER SAME DAY

The greeter for this particular WalMart, JUNIOR PINEHURST, 46, is an overweight IDIOT. He’s taking his lunch outside the store, in a break area. His meal consists of a meatloaf sandwich on white, with sour cream and pickles. He talks to the SQUIRRELS as he eats.
JUNIOR
Millie forgot to refrigerate the meatloaf again. I’ll probably get sick just as I’m gettin’ off of work. Hey, how ‘bout that Jesus fella coming back to the world? Who knew, huh? I guess I wasn’t chosen.

Just then, the sky opens up and Jesus floats down from the billowy white cloud above Junior.

JESUS
Hello, Junior.

JUNIOR
Jesus? That you, boy?

JESUS
Where am I?

JUNIOR
Why, you’re at a WalMart. Waukesha, Wisconsin.

JESUS
I am not where I want to be. Excuse me, my son. Enjoy your meal. May I taste what you are eating?

JUNIOR
Sure. It’s just Millie’s meatloaf sandwich, with sour cream and pickles.

Jesus enjoys a bite of the sandwich. He looks up to Heaven.

JESUS
Father, feed those souls with this food, I ask you in My name.

The skies open and sandwiches fall from the sky.

JESUS (CONT’D)
Not here, God. The equator.

JUNIOR
(looking upward)
I asked for some lemonade. Can I do that?
JESUS
I don’t take culinary requests.

CUT TO:

EXT. EQUATOR—MOMENTS LATER

There is a loud CRACK of THUNDER. The 27,326,438 at the Equator are now eating meatloaf sandwiches with sour cream and pickles.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAUKESHA WALMART—CONTINUOUS

Jesus takes a few bites of the sandwich. The meatloaf has a particularly odd taste. The pickle is quite sour and Jesus’ face turns white.

JESUS
My fellow man, what kind of meat is this... meatloaf?

JUNIOR
My mother makes it. Sometimes, she makes it at night, but forgets to place it in the fridge. It gets a little warm around noon.

Jesus throws up.

JESUS
Oh, Father, please, I beg you, provide a million or so small Pepto-Bismal bottles to my flock.

Junior look a little embarrassed.

JUNIOR
Sorry, Jesus. I thought everyone in the world ate room temperature meatloaf sandwiches. My bad.

Jesus throws up again.

JESUS
Go son.... go now, away from here. Far, far away.

CUT TO:
EXT. EQUATOR—TWO HOURS LATER

27,326,438 people are reeling from the effects of food poisoning. Regurgitation is rampant. Headaches, diarrhea and all kinds of mishaps are beginning to take their toll as Jesus watches from above, unable to stop the effects of improperly refrigerated meatloaf.

JESUS
Father, I pray unto you.... Port-A-Potties now!

Port-A-Potties rise up every five feet.

LONE VOICE
A class in food hygiene wouldn’t be bad, either.

ANOTHER VOICE
Yeah, and more Pepto!

Thousands of Serve-Safe Pamphlets drop from the sky.

JESUS
(reading)
“Never allow cooked meatloaf to be stored in the danger zone of 41 degrees or above.” Now I know.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE—CONTINUOUS

The President is alone in his rocking chair, reading the latest issue of the NEW YORKER. He turns the magazine around and opens it, as though it contained a fold-out, and twelve advertisements for that particular issue fall to the floor.

PRESIDENT
(to himself)
Why don’t they ever give new humor writers a chance? It seems to be the same old east coast comedy staff writers for Shouts and Murmurs. What would Woody Allen do if he were a new writer in 2013?

The CHIEF OF STAFF enters.

CHIEF OF STAFF
Yes, sir?
PRESIDENT
Ed, we’ve got to make changes around here. An emergency like the one going on at the Equator shows how inefficient we are.

CHIEF OF STAFF
Mister President?

PRESIDENT
Yes, Ed?

CHIEF OF STAFF
My name is Frank. Not Ed. Ed left yesterday. He’s believed to be on the Equator. There, or a strip club in Alexandria.

PRESIDENT
I’m appalled. And a little jealous.

FRANK
I’m sorry, sir, but I’m the only one they could find in such short notice.

He bows his head in shame. The President consoles him by placing him in a headlock, and throwing him to the floor in an opening wrestling maneuver. Frank is stunned.

PRESIDENT
(performing a noogie)
I didn’t know Alexandria had strip clubs.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRISON KEILLOR’S DRESSING ROOM—EVENING

GARRISON is tuning his banjo. It is five minutes before he goes on stage with a live show. He is pacing the floor, tuning the banjo and calming his nerves with a glass of milk and Chivas. He shares his thoughts with a STAGEHAND.

STAGEHAND
All those people gone in an instant. Half the production team.
GARRISON
Why wasn’t I taken? All those blasted summer nights in this mosquito capital of the world, and yet, I remain here. I read Deepak Chopra. I jokingly refer to Lutherans and Methodists as the chosen few. Jesus should love me. What happened?

Garrison stares blankly at the stage hand. The man offers some information.

STAGEHAND
Nobody fed my grandma’s cat last night. I guess she’s gone.

GARRISON
Do I know you?

STAGEHAND
No, we haven’t met yet, I’m Nordquist. Nordquist Svensen.

The MAN offers his hand to Garrison to shake. He scoffs at the stagehand and walks away.

GARRISON
I’m Garrison Keillor, and union or no union, I want employees that have worked for Barbra Streisand. They know how to handle celebrity clients. Avert your eyes, bucko.

CUT TO:

EXT. EQUATOR—MOMENTS LATER

Jesus has decided to turn the water into light beer. Millions of socially inept FOLLOWERS become plain drunk.

LONE VOICE
(bathing in beer)
I love this guy. I’ve always loved this guy.

Glasses are raised in cheer.

MALE FOLLOWER
This is a guy who knows his light beers. Whoa, hold on to me, Jesus, I’m about to puke.
FEMALE FOLLOWER
Hold my hair over the Port-a-Potty
hole, Jesus. Please?

Jesus doesn’t understand the power of beer.

JESUS
Perhaps I should taste this.

Jesus takes a sip. He enjoys the taste.

ANOTHER VOICE
Oh, oh, spaghettios!

Jesus consumes another glass of beer.

JESUS
The taste is of hops and barley, of
the earth, the sun and the moon. A
little yeast, stir, and viola!

Some of the MILLIONS around the equator scurry to see what
He’s doing.

MALE FOLLOWER
Oh, yeah, you’ve got it now.
Better find a nice place to sleep
it off, Jesus.

Jesus looks at His empty glass.

JESUS
Fill her up, barkeep. And be quick
about it.

His glass is quickly re-filled.

MOLLY
Jesus, you’re going at this a
little too fast.

JESUS
I forgot. I am the barkeep.

LONE VOICE
You better take it slow and easy,
Jesus.

Jesus kicks back another beer. He HEARS behind him the
words, “Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug”. Brew is spilled on his
caftan. His sandals are drenched in lukewarm beer.
JESUS  
(having another glass)  
Water into beer. I knew I had it in me. Viola! (pronounced VIOLA)

CUT TO:

INT. SAC COMMAND— LATER

General Azinoff has decided to increase the security level. He is on the phone with the President.

GENERAL AZINOFF  
Mister President, we don’t know a thing about this character. He could be a Russian spy. I suggest we go to Def-Con One, then afterward, Wendy’s.

The General hangs up the phone and proceeds with the President’s orders.

MINION  
What did he say, general?

GENERAL AZINOFF  
He told me to raise our status to Def Con One. And that he didn’t care for Wendy’s. He’s a Burger King kind of guy.

MINION  
I’m a McDonald’s guy myself.

The General addresses his SOLDIERS.

GENERAL AZINOFF  
Gentlemen, you are to proceed to Def-Con One. Drones will be deployed forthwith to the Equator. And someone get this man out of my sight. McDonald’s?

Newton is crushed, but continues his duties.

NEWTON  
Sir... your wife is among the missing believed to be on the Equator.

The General smirks. He places his hand over his mouth to prevent him from laughing out loud.
GENERAL AZINOFF
Fire all drones at the Equator.

Buttons are pushed and telephones are activated by all the SOLDIERS. Many of them are crying for what they are about to do to their own relatives. Confusion takes over.

CUT TO:

INT. SAC COMMAND-CONTINUOUS

Confusion is continuing to hamper the orders from the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

NEWTON
General, all drones are deployed. God help us if one of our enemies starts a war now.

GENERAL AZINOFF
Hell, son, since 2004, we’re in trouble if Showtime picks a fight with HBO.

As the huge map of the world shows the drones heading for the Equator, one by one, they begin falling into the OCEAN, unpopulated areas of ASIA, and the outskirts of CLEVELAND. After thirty minutes, they’re all gone.

NEWTON
I can’t believe it.

GENERAL AZINOFF
Newton, get me the President.

NEWTON
Were these the Radio Shack drones? Leftover from Obama’s first inauguration?

Newton giggles a bit. The General frowns, then breaks into a full GUFFAW.

CUT TO:

INT. BATON ROUGE CONVENIENCE STORE-LATER SAME DAY

MILES is a cashier at a 24 hour convenience store. Three GUNMEN walk in to rob the place. Miles is afraid and cowers as the gunmen threaten his life. The store is empty but for them. They take whatever they want and tip over valuable in-store marketing props.
GUNMAN ONE
Give us all your money or we’ll blast your ass into tomorrow.

Number TWO tries to out threaten number ONE.

GUNMAN TWO
We’ll throw you into the walk-in.
Then we’ll lock it.

Number ONE tries upping his fellow crook.

GUNMAN ONE
Nobody’s gonna find your ass in there. You’ll freeze to death along with the confections.

Number TWO looks at his accomplice.

GUNMAN TWO
Confections? Who are you, Bobby Flay?

Jesus floats into the store. The CRIMINALS are astonished.

JESUS
Put your weapons down and follow me. What are these?

Jesus points to the beef jerky at the checkout stand.

MILES
That’s beef jerky. Those there are BBQ Pineapple.

The gunmen’s hands are shaking now, but still aimed at Jesus.

JESUS
My sons, why do you rob this storekeeper?

MILES
Because they need the bread. They need the dough. Forgive them, Lord.

JESUS
The bread is over there.

Jesus points to all kinds of inexpensive bread.

GUNMAN ONE
We need cash. My friend here needs an operation. It’s personal.
Jesus melts the guns with a wave of His hands. The gunmen run out of the Qwik-Stop.

    JESUS
    (looking upward)
    And people of the equator shall eat
    beef jerky and it shall be good.

Jesus floats up toward the ceiling. Miles is left alone, watching Jesus rise.

    MILES
    You know, they’re $5.99 a box. You
can’t just take-

The entire gross of jerky, all flavors, vanish.

    JESUS
    -I do not take anything. I give.

    MILES
    Now I’ve got to look for a new job.
    Who’s going believe that Jesus took
    a gross of jerky?

Jesus floats away. He tries one. He cannot eat it.

    JESUS
    My teeth cannot break through these
    strips of flesh.

    MILES
    Next time, try El Pollo Loco.
    Great chicken, great tortillas.

    CUT TO:

EXT. EQUATOR—MOMENTS LATER

From the clouds, thousand and thousands of beef jerky strips drop from the sky like raindrops.

    LONE VOICE
    Beef jerky? What’s next, Slurpees?

Large 32 ounce cups full of SLURPEES fall from above.

    ANOTHER VOICE
    Again, the intention is good, but
    who likes plain jerky? Where’s the
teriyaki?

Teriyaki beef jerky drop.
LONE VOICE
No tofu? I thought Jesus was and had always been a vegetarian.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK OF AMERICA—NEW YORK CITY—SAME DAY

AMOS BURKE has finally reached his turn in line at the bank. The teller, ANNIE, greets him with a smile.

AMOS
Hi, I’m here to withdraw everything. All my money. Today.

Amos scratches his arm, a nervous disorder.

ANNIE
Savings or checking or both.

AMOS

He scratches the left arm. His scratch marks are red on both arms.

ANNIE
Please, tell me.

AMOS
We’re all going to hell in a hand basket. I’m getting my money and going to Atlantic City this evening.

Annie is a happy person and smiles at Amos nonstop.

ANNIE
Wow! Look at you, big time gambler. What about tomorrow?

AMOS
We’re all doomed to die. This Jesus guy is an imposter. He does the same trick as Criss Angel. He levitates. It’s all an act.

Jesus floats down from above and into Annie’s tiny cubicle. Amos and Annie are startled.
ANNIE
Holy cow! How did you get through
the ceiling?

JESUS
Where am I? Why are there so many
bars?

ANNIE
Bank of America, New York City, the
finest city in the country.

Amos scratches both arms, one after the other. A slight
trickle of blood appears.

AMOS
Is that really you? Jesus?

Jesus brushes himself off and looks around the bank.

JESUS
It is me. I am the way. Follow me
and you will receive life ever
lasting.

His delivery is getting to be a drone monotone.

AMOS
Blah, blah, blah, huh?

ANNIE
I have major medical here. I can’t
leave. I also have a 401 K, such
as it is. And I’m up for a
promotion.

She shrugs her shoulders.

AMOS
(proudly)
And I’m going to Atlantic City
tonight to blow my wad.

Amos looks around to see CUSTOMERS staring at them.

JESUS
What is all this green paper? I
see a pyramid on one.

AMOS
It’s money. It’s what makes the
world go ’round.
The scratching is becoming unbearable. Jesus touches Amos’ arm and all the redness, the scratching and the pain disappear. Amos is ecstatic.

JESUS
God makes the world go around.
This is colored paper. It is worthless.

AMOS
Tell me about it. I had a 401K in 2008, boy, did I take a bath!
(looking at Annie) Your 401 ain’t worth anything by now.

JESUS
Take a bath or wash in the stream, it matters not. Follow me and I will lead you all into the kingdom of paradise.

Amos and Annie look at each other. They both rolls their eyes.

AMOS
Paradise is expensive these days.
I know Sandals, for example, was once a nice place for couples.
Sandals is over three hundred a day. And that’s without booze.

JESUS
I am the light.

Amos leaves his cash in the cage. Annie grabs her purse.

AMOS
I missed the whole est thing in the seventies, so this might just be for me. Screw AC.

ANNIE
I might as well go with him also.
I’m sick of this bank. It’s run by thieves. Derivatives, my ass.

The THREESOME rise above the teller’s window and out of the building. The next CUSTOMER in line is now without a teller. Customers stop and stare at the activity. A FEW join them, happy to abandon the rigorous life. The man waiting for the teller is pissed.
CUSTOMER
I just wanted a roll of quarters
for the washing machine.

CUT TO:

INT. CRISS ANGEL’S DRESSING ROOM—LAS VEGAS—NIGHT

Entertainer CRISS ANGEL, who has practiced every sort of
magic on the planet, is getting ready for his midnight show.
Jesus floats into the private green room.

CRISS ANGEL
How did you get in here?

Jesus hovers. (He loves to hover.)

JESUS
I am the way. The light everlasting shines through me.

Criss examines Jesus for any wires or hidden devices.

CRISS ANGEL
I’ve seen the secrets to most all tricks in the world. How do you
float in and out of rooms?

Jesus continues to hover. He then begins to fly around
Criss, and it blows Angel’s mind.

JESUS
I just do. I will it. And now,
I’m afraid I need you with me,
exploring the great light everlasting.

CRISS ANGEL
Good line.

Criss floats up to the ceiling. Midway, he stops and hides
behind a chandelier.

JESUS
(looking around)
My son, where did you go? How did
you do that?

Jesus finds him and grabs his collar as Criss clings to the
chandelier.
CRISS ANGEL
I’m no slouch either, Jesus. I have my secrets, too.

JESUS
Will you come with me, Criss Angel? Will you come to heaven with me?

Angel strokes his chin.

CRISS ANGEL
If you can show me more, yes, I will come.

JESUS
I will show you the way. But a magician I am not. I am the light everlasting. I am the Lord Jesus Christ, the son of God. I am not an entertainer.

CRISS ANGEL
Your words, not mine. But I’ve got to get someone to fill in for me tonight. Can you tell me if David Copperfield is available?

JESUS
I do not know. I visited his home, but I could not get past the five hundred mirrors. Or the giant posters of himself.

CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI BEACH MCDONALD’S—LATER SAME DAY

Jesus has floated into a McDonald’s in Miami Beach, Florida. He is appalled.

JESUS
The money changers in my temple were nothing compared to this horrid place. Cast out this food and replace it with the word of God! (thunder! lightning!) His word is food for the soul.

Jesus cuts in front of the line.

CUSTOMER
Get in line, pal. No cuts.
JESUS
I cut, therefore, I am.

He looks to Heaven.

CUSTOMER
Can you believe this? I hope he
doesn’t go for the dollar menu,
we’ll be here all day!

JESUS
Father, why are these people
gorging themselves on this
disgusting garbage?

A young BOY walks up to Jesus. He is eating a fish sandwich.

LITTLE BOY
Hey, mister, why are you wearing a
one piece outfit, like my grandpa
at the retirement home?

Jesus smiles at the little boy.

JESUS
My son, I am the way. He who
believes in me will find life
everlasting.

LITTLE BOY
Mommy! This man is weird. He
speaks funny and he’s wearing
sandals with no socks.

The MOTHER of the little boy is nervous and pulls him away.
Jesus inspects her fish sandwich.

JESUS
Ah, the misunderstood pollock.
Gently place between two golden
buns, and decorated with the sauce
of tartar.

Jesus takes a bit, then tries to give it back to the boy’s
mother.

LITTLE BOY’S MOTHER
Nice try, Jesus, but I’m not fool.
Get your own fish sandwich, or
better yet, try a Big Mac.

Jesus hums the music from the Big Mac commercial.

CUT TO:
INT. VATICAN CITY, ITALY-CONTINUOUS

The POPE is cutting his toenails in his private bathroom, a huge, glorious marbled room. As he clips, he is whistling the theme from OKLAHOMA. Jesus floats in and introduces himself. The Pope speaks in Italian, with English subtitles. Jesus speaks in English.

JESUS
I am Jesus. Son of God.

POPE
Woah! What, who are you? How did you enter my private bathroom?

JESUS
I enter all God’s rooms and sit with Him daily.

POPE
Mama Mia!

The SUBTITLE says: WOW!

JESUS
I am the Way. Go with me and together we will find peace.

POPE
Just a minute, mister.

The Pope hip-hops over to his intercom and calls for his GUARDS. Soon, ten heavily-armed men rush into the Pope’s bathroom.

JESUS
What are you doing?

The Pope directs his orders to the guards.

POPE
There is an intruder in my bath chamber. Get rid of him.

The Pope gives Jesus a menacing look.

JESUS
I’d put on some pants if I were you.

The Pope looks down and sees he’s wearing nothing but a towel. Jesus smiles.
POPE
That’ll be the end of you, sir.

The Pope motions to the guards.

JESUS
How can you threaten me if I am the son of God?

POPE
I’m the Pope. I own Vatican City.

The guards are gently batted away by Jesus.

JESUS
I wish you no harm, no violence. But you must tell the world about me. You carry such power.

POPE
Uh, well, yes I do.

JESUS
You shall do this today. And he who worships me shall live forever.

Jesus raises the guards two feet off the ground.

POPE
Are you really Jesus?

Jesus sits on the cold stone toilet seat cover.

JESUS
Are there woods around here somewhere?

POPE
Why, yes.....

JESUS
And do you not go to these woods from time to time?

POPE
Uh, yes....

JESUS
And do you not get the urge to defecate in the woods at times? Well?
The Pope puts the old saying together in his head as Jesus floats up toward the ceiling. The ceiling is so high that it takes a full minute for Jesus to finally make it to the top.

CUT TO:

INT. UNITED NATIONS-ONE HOUR LATER

There is considerably more commotion than usual today at the United Nations. The circular table at which all HEADS of STATE sit is a mess of papers and diagrams, of cables and television monitors, of empty coffee cups and half-filled plastic water bottles. Jesus has floated in from the ceiling and gently landed in the empty chair of the Swedish DELEGATE. The Swedish DELEGATE arrives late and asks Jesus for his seat back. They trade good natured barbs in Swedish. Both share a laugh. Jesus then addresses the full United Nation delegation.

SWEDISH DELEGATE
(to a delegate)
He told me I was making my Kohldohmer incorrectly. He’s a genius. No one knows stuffed cabbage like Jesus. Cardamon? Who would have guessed?

JESUS
It is just a thought I had. My mother told me I had a knack for cooking. But I never pursued it.

The SECRETARY GENERAL prepares to speak to all.

SECRETARY GENERAL
Jesus, welcome. We’ve heard of your arrival.

JESUS
The 27,326,438 people that I have escorted to the equator are safe.

Cheers and applause erupt as the delegates listen.

SOUTH KOREAN DELEGATE
That is good news. I was afraid we would be asked to donate a million tons of kimchee to the equator.

Fellow delegates HUSH the South Korean man.
JESUS
I shall ascend to heaven with them and be with God.

SWEDISH DELEGATE
What about the rest of us?

JESUS
This question was put before me earlier.

NIGERIAN DELEGATE
Well? I’ve been a church going Christian all my life.

JESUS
Whom ever believes in me will live for eternity. This I know to be true.

Hundreds of television REPORTERS are falling over each other to get better coverage of Jesus.

CANADIAN DELEGATE
It’s not fair. I’ve never been to the equator. Nor a tropical country. Not even Hawaii.

IRELAND DELEGATE
It cannot be any prettier than my small but wonderful country.

Things get rough. A delegate gets angry.

BRITISH DELEGATE
If anyone deserves to go, it is me. Is it not true that we protect the entire world? If the sky falls, then we fall. Care to try that out for size, Jesus? Only one man can protect our little nation.

DANIEL CRAIG stands in the audience, with a Walther PPK aimed at the Secretary General. It turns out to be a SQUIRT gun. Jesus nods at Daniel, who nods back.

JESUS
I will keep the 27,326,438 people at the equator fed and housed for a time. Then, we shall leave this earth for heaven.

People voice their displeasure. The DELEGATE from Khazashtizastan, a devout Christian, is asking a question.
KHAZASHTIZASTAN DELEGATE
Why am I not with them? What did I do wrong?

JESUS
If I have chosen you, your family shall weep not. I know that heaven awaits you. God knows that heaven awaits you.

KHAZASHTIZASTAN DELEGATE
God only loves Americans. This is wrong!

The GALLERY of delegates voice their disgust. But there a few bright moments.

NIGERIAN DELEGATE
My sister went with Jesus. She is missing and witnesses saw them float away together. What Jesus says is true.

POLISH DELEGATE
My father-in-law has gone to the equator also. Can’t say I miss him, but he’s there. Jesus has taken him.

JESUS
Nigerian one, I remember your sister. Her smile lights up the equator.

NIGERIAN DELEGATE
She had good dental work when she was a child. That’s the key.

Confusion and disruption occur for hours. Jesus sees no resolution. He ascends upward, to the clouds, to find inspiration. As he travels, He sees a young EAGLE soaring high in the sky. The magnificent bird flies through the air with the greatest of ease. He marvels at its beauty. The eagle flies straight into a 747, which kills it instantly.

CUT TO:

INT. LARSON BEDROOM-LATER

Kathy is in a state of shock and desperate loneliness. Her children cry constantly and she has not slept since his disappearance. She sits, brushing her child’s hair, in the child’s bedroom.
KATHY
I will find out why Jesus has forsaken us.

One of her children enters the bedroom.

CHILD
Mommy, why are you talking to yourself? And who is that man standing behind you?

Jesus has floated down from the ceiling and into the Larson bedroom. Kathy is startled but begins a conversation with Jesus. She strikes Him over and over, but her hand moves right through the body. She cries at her misguided actions.

KATHY
I am angry with you. I’m lost without Gary.

Jesus pats Kathy on her head.

JESUS
He is your husband, but I am the way to everlasting love.

She turns to Jesus and motions for Him to remove his garment, offering Him a towel to wear while she washes his clothes.

KATHY
(shaking the caftan)
I went to church every Sunday. Gary was always late. Sometimes he skipped to watch the Cowboys.

Jesus steps out of His sandals. Kathy gathers the articles and combines them with a few of her daughters slacks.

CUT TO:

INT. LARSON HALLWAY-CONTINUOUS

Kathy dumps the load into the washer in the hallway, adds some Tide, thinks again, adds some more, and turns on the machine. Jesus watches in amazement. She stops the machine midway, adds some bleach, and starts it again. Jesus sits in a nearby chair, reading a magazine called GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

JESUS
Who are the Cowboys?

She adds the softener. Three boxes.
KATHY
Boy, it must be quiet in heaven.  
Don’t you know your football teams?

JESUS
There are many things I know  
nothing about.

Kathy looks dazed and confused.

KATHY
We speak of you always. Most of  
us. Sometimes, your name is spoken  
in profanity.

Jesus reads the words on the red box of detergent.

JESUS
Profanity is wrong. It depresses  
me. What is Tide?

Kathy ignores the question.

KATHY
I try and teach my children it is  
wrong. We need you, Jesus.

JESUS
That is why I am here. I am the  
way.

KATHY
You are the way and I have no  
husband.

Jesus calms Kathy. The small load is finished. Kathy  
removes the damp clothes and throws them into the dryer.

JESUS
Your husband is with Me. I am the  
light everlasting.

KATHY
(angrily)  
Jesus, son of God. Or you say you  
are.

JESUS
I am the son of God.

The children watch in the hallway as Jesus drops the towel.  
There is nothing but bright, blinding LIGHT where His  
genitals would be. Kathy hands Him his clean caftan and  
sandals.
KATHY
Now, onto the shampoo. Ugh, that hair. And I’m sure mister Jesus wouldn’t mind a little clip here and there to shape up that do. Kids, hand me my shears.

CUT TO:

INT. LARSON UPSTAIRS BATHROOM-CONTINUOUS

Kathy brings Jesus to the bathroom, where she lowers His head backward, gently into the sink, so she can start washing His hair.

KATHY
Man, if you’re the King of Kings, someone forgot to teach you how to wash your hair, not to mention shave your whiskers.

Kathy’s daughter comes into the bathroom.

DAUGHTER
Mommy, why is Jesus here? Where is daddy?

KATHY
They want to know, Jesus. The whole world wants to know.

Jesus tries to speak while Kathy is working on His hair. He yawns.

DAUGHTER
Look mommy, Jesus is yawning. He’s sleepy.

KATHY
Are you tired, Jesus?

Jesus sits up and towels off his wet hair.

JESUS
I do feel my body slowing down a bit.

Kathy goes to work on his hair, snipping here, snipping there.
KATHY
I used to work part time at
Supercuts. I think a layer cut
would look nice. But no mullet!

JESUS
I am tired. My eyes are closing...

Kathy’s daughter gets excited.

DAUGHTER
You can stay in my room, Jesus. I
have plenty of room. Please, mom,
oh please?

Kathy puts away her hair cutting tools. She admires her
work.

KATHY
Get a good night’s sleep. We’ll
talk more in the morning.

JESUS
What is sleep?

DAUGHTER
It’s when we close our eyes and
pray to you.

Jesus loses His balance a little. He looks into the bathroom
mirror. He is gorgeous.

JESUS
I look like my good friend Jeffery
Hunter. We play Canasta every
Friday.

DAUGHTER
Come on, Mister Jesus, whatever
your problem is, a good night’s
sleep will help.

Kathy’s daughter holds on to her little doll.

KATHY
And maybe she’ll give you Mister
Biggs to hold while you sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. DAUGHTER’S BEDROOM-CONTINUOUS

Jesus falls into bed.
JESUS
Who is this mister Biggs?

Kathy’s daughter shows it to Jesus.

KATHY
It’s her doll. Mister Biggs is a character on television.

JESUS
Thou shall bear no false witness...

KATHY
Cam down, she’s only a child. Just lay down there, Jesus. I’ll stretch out on the couch.

Jesus lies on the bed. He bounces up and down on it.

JESUS
That feels good. It’s soft.

Kathy tucks Him in.

KATHY
Nighty night, Jesus.

JESUS
Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray to me my soul to keep.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE—NEXT DAY

The President is playing with a new TOY, the latest APPLE invention. His new Chief of Staff is desperately trying to get his attention.

PRESIDENT
Hey, this thing is pretty cool. I like the colored buttons.

CHIEF OF STAFF
Mister President, we have to respond to the people’s wishes. They want to know what’s happened to their sons and daughters, wives and sons....

The President isn’t listening. He’s playing with his toy.
PRESIDENT
You see this thing? What does it do?

CHIEF OF STAFF
Yes, Apple sent it over. It can destroy a mid-size city and make popcorn at the same time. They call it POP GOES THE CITY.

PRESIDENT
That reminds me, Otto, my wife is missing. Break out the champagne!

CHIEF OF STAFF
My name’s not Otto.

PRESIDENT
Neither is hers. It’s First Lady. Sometimes she goes by The First Lady.

CHIEF OF STAFF
Mister President, we have a global disaster on our hands.

The President fidgets with the new Apple invention.

PRESIDENT
Call me when it gets really bad, like when George Clooney goes missing. That will be a disaster.

CUT TO:

INT. HELL—MOMENTS LATER

HELL is a sordid place. It’s hot, humid, and musty. There is no sign of the DEVIL at this moment, but we see plenty evidence of his existence. Through the eyes of the latest poor schmuck to arrive, ALBERT JENSEN, a retired restaurant manager, there is a plethora of sin for his benefit. Albert greets a beautiful, well-built VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN who is hot to trot.

ALBERT
Hello. You’re not connected to the grizzly bear who ate me a few minutes ago are you?

He circles her. She’s gorgeous, stacked and ready for sex.
VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
No. You’re not the old man I pushed out of a window in Oakland, are you?

She circles him.

ALBERT
No. I’m Albert Jensen.

Both are weary but attracted to each other. Albert tries to go for her right away, but she just teases him a bit.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
I’m not ready to give you my name yet. Privacy clauses and all that.

ALBERT
Even down here? Who’s going to sue?

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
I’m prepared to suck, lick, pump, fondle.....

She titillates Albert by rubbing his torso.

ALBERT
That’s fine. I’m down with that.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
I’m ready for anything. Man, it’s hot down here.

Albert wipes the sweat off his brow.

ALBERT
What did you do to deserve this rotting resting place?

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
I was a hit woman for the mob. I killed twenty six men, three women and a parrot. I’m really sorry about the parrot.

She looks down in shame.

ALBERT
So, wanna screw?

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
I will do anything you wish. Are you Lucifer?
ALBERT
Heck no. I’m a retired restaurant manager from California. I used to manage this really cool restaurant in Van Nuys.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
I just thought with that tail and all, you’d have been a creepier kind of man, like an IRS agent.

Albert looks behind him and sees a huge tail attached to his ass. It wiggles as he moves. It’s long, like a RAT’S tail, but completely white.

ALBERT
A tail? Does it make my ass look big?

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
It gives it a Je Ne Sais Quoi!

CUT TO:

EXT. EQUATOR—MOMENTS LATER

27,326,438 people are having their way with the beer, the jerky and, now, thousands of McDonald’s filet o’ fish sandwiches.

JESUS
I know nothing, my father. Have I made a mistake? Have I led this flock down the wrong path?

Thousands of negative responses grow LOUD.

LONE VOICE
We have no tartar sauce. No napkins. Come on, Jesus. Be a good host.

JESUS
These people shall be my flock I take unto You. Are You ready for them, Oh Lord?

Thunder and lightning fill the skies.

LONE VOICE
I need a shower.

More bickering is starting up again.
ANOTHER VOICE
Oh, you should talk. You smell like the animals in the barn Jesus was born in.

LONE VOICE
Oh yeah? I bet that when we leave, you’ll be the one to ask to go to the bathroom right before take-off. Am I right on the take-off part? Is it like a rocket ship?

JESUS
Do not speak against one another. I am the Light. Follow me.

GARY LARSON
We’re tryin’, Lord... we’re trying.

MOLLY
I must say He looks better now. His hair is coiffed. And the clothes look clean.

GARY LARSON
Looks like the way Molly cuts hair. I wonder....

Jesus is troubled. He speaks to GOD.

JESUS
God, why do they question my words?

GOD responds in the gentle swaying of tree branches, the cool, soft air, and the serenity of the wind.

STRONG BARITONE VOICE
Son, this is one heck of a mess!

JESUS
I am the Light, am I not?

GOD responds, but this time, birds chirp, fish jump in the streams and the sun shines with a golden hue. GOD’S lecture to Jesus has provided sustenance to the crowd. They APPLAUD HIM, yet GOD continues to lecture Jesus about His mistakes.

GOD’S VOICE
I send you back down two thousand years later and this is what happens?

JESUS
God, I am your only son.
GOD’S VOICE
Now I know why I stopped at one.

JESUS
McDonald’s was a bad idea, was it not?

Thunder crackles throughout the Equator. The followers have never seen such a display of colors in the skies.

GOD’S VOICE
Duh?

JESUS
Trust in Me, Father, for I will not fault in my chores again.

Birds chirp again in beautiful song.

GOD’S VOICE
No more beer, huh?

Jesus nods His head.

JESUS
I promise. Hand over heart.

GOD’S VOICE
I wish I could believe that. But you’ve got the taste now. Pray, my son, pray.

CUT TO:

INT. HELL-MOMENTS LATER

Albert is having sex with the voluptuous woman. Even in Hell, he’s having trouble in that department.

ALBERT
I wish you had larger breasts. And a firmer ass.

She slaps him hard. They change positions frequently.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
We all get old, Albert. You’re no prize, believe me.

Albert tries out some moves he thinks would excite her.
ALBERT
Let’s try a position I made up when
I was a teenager.

Albert seemingly attacks the woman. She recoils.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
Ouch! Move, will ya?

ALBERT
Man, if I could remember half the stuff I did as a teen, I’d have you screaming for joy.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
Sure, Albert, sure. What landed you here?

ALBERT
I embezzled fifty grand. And killed my landlady.

Albert tires of the position he’s in with her. He lifts her legs over his head.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
(grunting)
I’m out of practice.

Albert pushes her thighs up and up.

ALBERT
We’re in hell. Exercise is not an option.

The woman looks down at his penis.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
What if I bite it off?

ALBERT
I dare you. Double dare. It can’t hurt.

She bites his penis.

ALBERT (CONT’D)
Yeeeoowwwwiiieee!

The woman spits it out.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
Much to my chagrin, the male penis does not taste like chicken.
ALBERT
Jesus Christ, that hurt.

Huge flames erupt around Albert and the woman.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
Who do you know down here?

ALBERT
Sorry, won’t happen again, Lucifer.

Albert looks down at his groin and discovers he has grown another penis. This one is bigger and thicker, with a smiley face. Albert is laughing at it, as is the voluptuous woman.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
Well I’ll be damned. Oh, I am, aren’t I?

ALBERT
That was a close one.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
Now, you were saying...

They continue to have sex. Albert is happy with his new penis. The voluptuous woman wiggles Albert’s tail.

ALBERT
Oh, wiggle it, wiggle it.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
Your tail is cool.

He looks down at his groin. He pretends to be a TV ANNOUNCER.

ALBERT
The 2013 model has all the most up-to-date features. Cruise control, Bose speakers, back up mirrors. And, at 55 miles to the gallon, it will turn heads at every filling station in America.

CUT TO:

INT. HELL-CONTINUOUS

Jesus floats into Hell. He wants to finish his business here as quickly as possible.
JESUS
What is going on here?

Albert and the voluptuous woman are startled. They stop fornicating.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
Why are you here? I thought you were barred from here?

ALBERT
Aren’t there rules concerning your existence down here? You’re not even sweating.

Jesus tears down obscene photographs of ELEANOR ROOSEVELT and HILARY CLINTON. He draws a huge, funny mustache on the painting of RUSH LIMBAUGH. The NRA logo gets a big, red “X”. Rows of condoms are punctured with a tiny pin Jesus had in his back pocket.

JESUS
Hell is not down there or up here. It is a state of mind. Come, I will bring you into the Kingdom of God.

Albert places his lady friend behind him, as if he’s protecting her from Jesus.

ALBERT
May I stay with this lovely lady? She’s hot.

JESUS
I will teach you God’s plan for the both of you.

Albert kisses his girlfriend.

ALBERT
We can get to know each other a little better if we stay here longer.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
Stop staring at my boobs. Somehow, I now feel the need to be clothed.

JESUS
We must travel quickly. I do not belong here.

He gathers the couple together in His arms.
VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
I’m so thrilled you came here for us.

ALBERT
Jesus, you’re good. Righteous.

JESUS
I am the way.

ALBERT
The wrong way.

Albert turns into LUCIFER.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARSON HOME—MOMENTS LATER

Kathy Larson is having a double gin and tonic on her backyard porch. She is with her friend, MARY JANE PRITZ, a perfect Austin Soccer Mom. Mary Jane is urging Kathy to move on.

MARY JANE
You know what I’d do if this were my problem?

Mary Jane clinks the ice cubes in her glass.

KATHY
Yes, Mary Jane?

She sashays around, as if she were Oprah.

MARY JANE
I’d move on. Forget Gary. He’s either drunk at some whore house down in San Antonio, or he’s sleeping off one huge hangover. Either way, he has broken the marriage vows, Kathleen.

KATHY
And how many has Mickey broken? By the way, only my mother gets to call me Kathleen.

Mary Jane gets angry and downs her drink in one gulp. She rises from her seat to leave. She grabs her purse.

MARY JANE
What my Mickey does is none of your fucking business.

(MORE)
MARY JANE (CONT'D)
And another thing, where do you get off letting some bum sleep over in your daughter's bedroom? Yes, I heard about it. My Mary told me. I think that's disgusting.

KATHY
(solemnly)
It was Jesus. He is our Saviour.
He was tired.

MARY JANE
(angrily)
That's the most blasphemous thing I've ever heard. Jesus will be back one day, but this freak isn't him. He's a fake. And if he took Gary, then I don't want to go to Heaven. I wanna go to Hell.

Kathy stands and grabs the two glasses and starts into the house.

KATHY
Okay, Mary Jane, go straight to hell. And say hello to your relatives when you get there.

An exasperated Mary Jane stomps her foot but it unexpectedly lands on Kathy's dog's excrement.

CUT TO:

INT. SAC BATHROOM-LATER SAME DAY

General Azinoff is on the toilet, reading a copy of the NEW YORKER.

GENERAL AZINOFF
(laughing)
You know, I love these cartoons. Especially Gahan Wilson. He cracks me up.

Newton knocks on the stall. He is holding his nose, the odor being unbearable. Newton's voice sounds like PORKY PIG.

NEWTON
General, late reports from the Equator show that the millions of people there have dropped off radar.

(MORE)
NEWTON (CONT'D)
We no longer can get a read on them. Can you light a match?

GENERAL AZINOFF
Give me a minute. I’m all thumbs.

The General pulls up his pants. It is quite an arduous task to get back into full General’s dress from that position in a hurry.

NEWTON
It seems they are now invisible to the naked eye.

GENERAL AZINOFF
Who?

NEWTON
The missing millions. That’s kind of a tag I gave them. The Missing Millions.

The General hurriedly opens the stall door, hitting Newton in the face. There is toilet paper stuck to his shoe.

GENERAL AZINOFF
Go to Def-Con One. And Newton? They’re not missing if someone can see them, right?

Newton nods.

NEWTON
Sir, we already are at Def-Con One. We can’t go up any further.

GENERAL AZINOFF
Get me the President, and make it snappy. Newton, don’t ask your superior to light a match in his own stall. It’s disrespectful.

NEWTON
That’s, uh, that’s uh, that’s, that’s all folks.

CUT TO:

INT. SEEDY BAR-ATLANTA-SAME NIGHT

Jesus has floated into a bar on the bad side of Atlanta. He is trying to experience SIN. An old MUDDY WATERS tune is playing on the jukebox.
BARTENDER
What’ll it be, pal?

The song plays on. Muddy sings about the SEVENTH SON.

JESUS
I will drink what my friend next to me is drinking.

Next to Jesus sits a DROOLING DRUNK who is barely conscious. He is drinking Bourbon Deluxe, a less than five star bourbon.

BARTENDER
Coming up.

The bartender pours the drink. He sings along with the song, HOOCHIE-COOCHIE MAN.

JESUS
On the seventh hour, on the seventh day....

Both the bartender and the drunk look at each other in amazement. Jesus throws it back and nearly gags.

BARTENDER
Too much for you?

JESUS
(singing with Muddy)
I was born for good luck and that you see...

Jesus releases an incredible belch.

BARTENDER
Good voice. Sing much?

JESUS
I have never sung, but this song, this singer.... he is too much!

BARTENDER
It’s Muddy. He’s the king of the blues.

JESUS
I am the King of Kings.

The bartender shrugs.

BARTENDER
Muddy Waters was the man. Another?
JESUS
Keep them coming. I like this.

CUT TO:

EXT. EQUATOR AREA—MOMENTS LATER

Molly Parker and Gary Larson have found happiness with each other. While munching on beef jerky and beer, they share their stories of early loves, of family and of what they think might happen to them.

MOLLY
I was just sitting in the Bart train, minding my own business. He says that I was his first.

She bats her eyes.

GARY
He took me at the bowling alley. I thought he was my friend Jesse, drunk as a skunk, in sandals and a robe.

He returns the flirting. His eyes follow her every move.

MOLLY
I noticed you as you floated in with the other batch. How many? A few million?

GARY
He says I was in batch three, which had 7,452,549 in the group.

MOLLY
And I noticed you. That’s not bad.

He inches his way closer to Molly.

GARY
No, it’s not. I noticed you, too. You had your hair up.

Molly giggles like a school girl.

MOLLY
Do you like it up or down?

Molly quickly tries to fix her hair.
GARY
No, no, just keep it the way you have it. You’re pretty. I haven’t had these feelings since I was in high school.

Molly sits close to Gary.

MOLLY
I got divorced in ‘92, left Los Angeles and moved to Walnut Creek. What’s Austin like?

GARY
Beautiful. You travel through the entire state of dirt, scrub brush and tumbleweeds. You get to Austin and beauty awaits. It’s breathtaking.

MOLLY
(laughing)
George junior is from Texas, right?

Gary tries to scan millions of PEOPLE at once.

GARY
I guess. Never was a fan of his. Oh, gosh, guess what? Look around. Bush didn’t make it. Ha! What do you know?

MOLLY
He didn’t, did he? That’s funny. Mister born again. Yeah, right.

GARY
Are you a born again Christian?

MOLLY
Yes. But that was a long time ago. I had some set backs. My divorce, and there was my addiction to pain killers. Those two things wouldn’t preclude one from entering heaven I hope. And I cheated big time on my taxes.

GARY
I fudged on my taxes, too. Most everyone has at one time or another. Who else has done bad things?
They look around for religious icons, dignitaries and right-wing politicians whose religious beliefs got them into office.

MOLLY
I don’t see anyone. Wait a minute, there’s Sarah Palin. No, it’s Tina Fey. None of those religious right-wingers got through. Tells you something, doesn’t it?

Gary moves closer to Molly and places his arm around her.

GARY
I skipped church like ten times during football season. If Dallas was playing a home game, forget it.

MOLLY
Well, what are we doing here?

GARY
I dunno. I’m thinking that He got it wrong. You know, like in Superman Two, when Superman went into the chamber and reversed the effects of his super powers? He came out with his powers and the bad guys got theirs taken away?

MOLLY
Oh, my God. What if that’s the case? And I was first? What does that say about me?

Gary grabs Molly and brings her close to him.

GARY
Kiss me. Hurry, before I change my mind. My conscience might kick in.

MOLLY
Here? In front of 27,326,438 people?

GARY
Why not? Nobody cares. Everyone’s been doing it.

Molly and Gary kiss.

MOLLY
I don’t think I’ve ever felt like this about a guy.
GARY
Molly, I’m married. I have a family.

She shakes her head.

MOLLY
Why is it I get all the married ones?

She moves away from Gary. He tries to hold her hand.

GARY
I guess I’m a true blue, but that doesn’t mean we can’t be friends.

MOLLY
I guess.

GARY
I’m a happily married man, but if I were going to stray....

MOLLY
Sure, sure, it would be with me. Well, at least I beat out twenty-some million others, huh? Lucky me.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE-NEXT DAY-CHRISTMAS EVE

The President is reading his morning briefing with the help of his VICE-PRESIDENT. They two of them make quite a pair, politically speaking.

PRESIDENT
Hey, it says here that tomorrow is Christmas. What did you get me?

VICE-PRESIDENT
A toaster, Mister President. It browns both sides of the bread at once. When it’s done, you can spread butter, or jelly, or jam, or any kind of polyunsaturated, fake, congealing-gooey-crap on it.

PRESIDENT
What will they think of next? Gooey crap, eh?
The President ponders an idea for a moment.

VICE-PRESIDENT
I recognize that look in your eye. Don’t do it, I warn you. Even though it’s Christmas time.

PRESIDENT
I’m the President! Let’s scare everybody again.

VICE-PRESIDENT
It was fun when we did it last week, but one of the agents was shot, remember?

PRESIDENT
Nonsense, it was just a flesh wound.

The President and the Vice-President both hide in the Oval Office. The President hides under his desk and the Vice-President becomes a living STATUE, trying his best to hold still by the window. The President then hits his panic button. Ten SECRET SERVICE AGENTS come running into the Oval Office with guns drawn. The agents, having gone through this ridiculous game before, put away their guns as soon as they see the Vice-President standing like a DEER caught in the headlights.

AGENT
Come on, mister Vice-President. Fun’s over.

The Vice-President stomps his foot.

VICE-PRESIDENT
He made me do it. He ordered me to.

The agent bends over and sees the President under his desk.

AGENT
Wanna come out of there, Mister President? Little Carolyn Kennedy played down there when she was only six. Not forty-four.

PRESIDENT
Just looking for my pen, agent. Hey, I found it!

The President gets up and reluctantly hands over the panic button to an agent. The Vice-President laughs hysterically. The Secret Service agents leave the Oval Office.
VICE-PRESIDENT
Good one, sir. Merry Christmas.

PRESIDENT
Merry Christmas. Say hello to your wife, Harry.

The Vice-President covers the President’s ears.

VICE-PRESIDENT
That’s still a secret. We may visit one of the legal states next month and marry. But until then, his name is Helen.

The President scowls.

PRESIDENT
That’s a shame. But the American public can only take so much change in one term. The Fart In Public Act, or FIBA, was pushing the gastric envelope as far as it would go. Well, say hello anyway for me, okay?

He nods and adds a tidbit of his own.

VICE-PRESIDENT
FIBA was a hard piece of legislature, but we did it. Had it not been for your own farting in public, most Americans would have disagreed with it. But, once again, you led the nation. By the way, where’s the First Lady?

PRESIDENT
She’s still over at the Equator. She’s probably pounding back martinis. Whatever poor schmuck has got her is in for a real treat. Talk, talk, talk. And that’s just at breakfast. LOL, LOL.

The Vice-President looks at his leader strangely.

VICE-PRESIDENT
Mister President, don’t just say LOL. Actually laugh out loud if you want. It’s allowed.
PRESIDENT
(laughing)
Hey, pretty cool.

CUT TO:

EXT. EQUATOR—LATER SAME DAY

The FIRST LADY, an attractive middle aged woman named MILDRED, has tried and tried to speak to Jesus but has no luck. She is squeezed in between a FARMER and a USED CAR SALESMAN. She rants on and on about everything and nothing.

MILDRED
I am trying to get this man Jesus to realize that I’m the First Lady of the United States. I should be having foie gras, not pollock.

The farmer gnaws on a blade of grass.

FARMER
I see you on television. Your husband’s a jackass. You’re both jackasses.

MILDRED
He could do a little bit more for the common folk, I agree. But come on, passing the Fart In Public Act? Excuse me? That’s pretty amazing stuff.

A sense of pride overtakes her. The used car salesman and the farmer shakes their heads and sip some beer.

FARMER
I’m just a farmer. I believe that a President even as dumb as your husband could turn this country around if he wanted to. The fart in public act? Come on.

MILDRED
He can be a real pain in the ass, that I know. Where are we?

FARMER
The equator. That’s the circle that goes around the planet, you know?
MILDRED
Well then, what’s longitude and latitude?

USED CAR SALESMAN
A comedy team that used to be on Ed Sullivan.

MILDRED
I’m getting another filet o’ fish sandwich with extra tartar sauce, if you two don’t mind.

As she rises, she farts. Her companions laugh.

FIRST LADY
Had I farted before my husband passed the bill, I would have been arrested and jailed.

FARMER
I’ll get the fish sandwiches. I don’t want anymore passing of gas in our sector.

USED CAR SALESMAN
Get me a used one. Get it?

The First Lady straightens up her hair.

MILDRED
You see that Jesus walking around, you tell Him I’m looking for him. And I’m gassy.

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE AT THE EQUATOR—DECEMBER 24

Jesus has found a small MAN-CAVE for Himself and a few selected followers. Jane Lowe, the soccer player from New York, has decorated the cave with flowers.

JANE
Jesus, I know we’re not going to be here long, but I love flowers and green things, so I hope you don’t mind....

The flowers cause Jesus to sneeze.
He who cultivates the land will
cultivate God in his heart and upon
his soul. Ha-choooo.

Gesuntheit!

Thank you.

Jane suggestively twirls her hair for Jesus.

Oh, how sweet. You really can come
up with some dillies. Are you
single?

Jesus shakes His head. She winks at Him.

We will ascend tomorrow. I remain
celibate.

The crowd reacts favorably.

You mean we’re getting outta here
tomorrow?

I don’t think He means we’re going
back to our homes. I think He
means we’re going, you know.....

Molly points up to the sky.

Oh, geez, I don’t want to float
again. I almost upchucked.

I wasn’t crazy about it, either.

Jesus watches a small BOY pack a few things, such as
dandelions, flowers and twigs.

Boy, do not collect things of this
earth. We shall need nothing but
our spirits to enter my Kingdom.
CHILD
Can’t I even take my Boy Scout knife?

The child shows Jesus the knife. Jesus accidentally cuts Himself on the sharp blade.

JESUS
Is that what “ouch” means?

There is no blood. Gary grabs the knife from the little boy.

GARY
I suggest you go find your daddy.

CHILD
I floated here with Jesus.

Gary gives the toddler a little shove to move him away from Jesus

GARY
Sorry about that, Jesus. He’s just a boy.

JESUS
I was just twelve when I threw the moneylenders out of the temples. Boy, was I brash!

MOLLY
Twelve? I thought you were older.

JESUS
And a stone plus three in weight.

GARY
Sounds like you were a skinny kid? I know that feeling. Makes you want to hit the first guy who makes fun of you.

JESUS
I am the light everlasting. My body is my temple.

GARY
I know, Jesus, I know. Light everlasting, yada, yada, yada.

CUT TO:
INT. WHITE HOUSE—DECEMBER 24—2P.M.—E.S.T.

The President has got thousands of telegrams and e-mails concerning the missing 27,326,438 people. He is discussing the political ramifications with a lone STAFFER.

PRESIDENT
Now, out of the 27,326,438, how many are American?

He looks down at his hand held device.

STAFFER
It’s estimated to be less than half, say ten million, are Americans.

PRESIDENT
And how many are eligible voters?

STAFFER
We estimate around three million.

The President paces around the Oval Office. He pretend-flies with his hands outstretched like an airplane.

PRESIDENT
And just how many of those are registered __________?

A buzzer goes off when the President asks about political affiliations.

STAFFER
We like to say around half a million or so, sir.

PRESIDENT
So, let me see if I’ve got this straight. I am the President and I need voters to re-elect me next year, correct?

STAFFER
That seems to be the case.

He stops flying around the room and stops at his big oak desk.

PRESIDENT
And the military, with all their drones and toy boats out there, can’t find them or touch them, correct?
STAFFER
Yes sir.

The President walks around his big desk. He suddenly stops and sits down in his chair, as if he were playing a children’s game.

PRESIDENT
I won!

STAFFER
Congratulations, sir.

The President spins around in his big chair.

PRESIDENT
And I’m running for?

STAFFER
That would be the office of the Presidency, sir. The big chair.

He spins around in his Big Chair.

PRESIDENT
Unless they all come back, I need half a million new votes.

STAFFER
Half million sounds good.

The President leans back in his chair, except he isn’t in a chair. He falls to the floor.

PRESIDENT
How many people populate Puerto Rico?

The STAFFER checks his hand held device.

STAFFER
That would be over three million. Not all of them voters, though. I’d say a good million could vote.

PRESIDENT
Then we declare Puerto Rico a state of the union. And we get it passed way before the first primary. Okeydokey?

STAFFER
PRESIDENT
Okay, alright, enough ass kissing.
Well, maybe not.

STAFFER
Incredible. Outstanding.
Terrific.

He waves the staffer away

PRESIDENT
So, how many states will that make? Fifty-six?

STAFFER
I believe Puerto Rico would be the fifty-first state.

PRESIDENT
Really? Start scheduling me for random trips there. Where is it, anyway, next to Cuba? Invite Jennifer Lopez to the White House. She’ll love Lincoln’s bed. And double check the whole number of states thing. I could have sworn Utah was still a territory.

STAFFER
And they call you slow.

PRESIDENT
Who does? Is my mother here again?

He runs around the desk like an airplane.

STAFFER
I’ll Google her and see if she is.

PRESIDENT
Good Lord, son, that’s my mommy you’re talking about.

The staffer is embarrassed.

STAFFER
Sir, Google is a search engine.

PRESIDENT
I love engines. Choo-choo!

The President runs around the room as a five year old would.
STAFFER
Sir, isn’t the First Lady part Puerto Rican?

PRESIDENT
She’s part Asian, part Native American, part Insane, why not part Puerto Rican?

The Staffer hatches an idea for the Lopez visit.

STAFFER
Should I install Magic Fingers in the Lincoln bedroom mattress before Ms. Lopez gets here? To get her in the mood? Huh? Huh?

The two men confer with each other.

PRESIDENT
Get the one with the on/off button, not the coin operated device. After all, we don’t want to charge Ms. Lopez for the experience now do we? Although plenty of gals have paid for the experience......

STAFFER
Yes sir. And sir?

PRESIDENT
What is it? Speak up.

STAFFER
May I ask you now that we’re alone, what did you buy me for Christmas?

The President walks over to the huge, beautiful Christmas tree in the corner of the Oval.

PRESIDENT
I like to unwrap some gifts the day before, some the day of and I always keep a few for the day after. You have to think ahead at Christmas time.

STAFFER
Yes sir. Of course, sir.
PRESIDENT
Go find my slinky. Oops, I forgot, that was your present.

CUT TO:

EXT. EQUATOR-CHRISTMAS EVE-LATE

MARY MAGDALENE has floated down to the equator. She is a beautiful woman, very simple in her style and grace. As she walks around the millions of people, she receives many compliments, all from men. Jesus spots her from afar and rushes to her side.

JESUS
(hugging her)
Mary? My Mary? Thank you for coming. I-I’m speechless.

LONE VOICE
That’s a novelty.

They hug, but not romantically. Mary gives Jesus a peck on His cheek.

MARY MAGDALENE
Jesus, how good it is to see you again. I’ve missed you so. Tell me, what is the purpose of these people?

Jesus neglects the millions around him.

JESUS
(kissing her hands)
Oh, Mary, Mary, I have needed you so. God has given me the ultimate task of salvation.

MARY MAGDALENE
How can I help you, Lord?

She sits next to Him, like the DISCIPLE she was two thousand years ago.

JESUS
For now, child, be with me, for I am the way.

MARY MAGDALENE
Yes, I know that. I’ve known that since the day you went away.
She kisses His hands once more. His blue eyes captivate her.

    JESUS
    I’ve missed you so.

CUT TO:

EXT. EQUATOR-CONTINUOUS

Jesus and Mary walk together through the beautiful land around the equator. Even among the 27,326,438, they feel alone with each other. And most of the folks keep away from them. Most of the people do, however.....

    MILDRED
    (pointing her finger)
    Jesus? Jesus? I just need a word
    or two with you. My husband is the
    President of the United States.

Jesus cannot hear or chooses not to hear her strained voice.

    MARY MAGDALENE
    Who is the woman who breaks the
    silence?

    JESUS
    She is... Mildred. First of the
    Ladies. I know not what that
    means.

Mary puts her fingers in her ears.

    MARY MAGDALENE
    Forgive her, Lord, for she knows
    not why she yells.

Jesus and Mary walk through the rain forest, together and happy. Mildred catches up.

    MILDRED
    Jesus, I must speak with you. I’m
    going insane here. Where are the
    magazines? And who ever heard of
    going through a day without HGTV or
    Bravo TV? Where’s my dog Foo-Foo?

Mary has an idea.

    MARY MAGDALENE
    Perhaps a sauna would help you
    relax?
JESUS
The steam will sweat out those
Bravo demons you speak of inside
you.

MILDRED
Oh, sure, a sauna would pick me
right up.

Jesus transports her to the steam room in New York city,
frequented by the MAFIA.

CUT TO:

INT. STEAM ROOM—CONTINUOUS

The Mafia henchmen, smoking big, fat cigars and fully armed,
sit in the steam bath, almost naked, chewing on their stogies
and telling stories when Mildred pops in.

DON VITO
And there I was, face to face with
Al Capone. Boy, he had wrinkled
skin.

The other MAFIOSO nod when Mildred appears, almost naked
herself, complaining instantly about her dilemma.

MILDRED
Oh, my God! Jesus, why have you
forsaken me?

HENRY HILL chimes in.

HENRY HILL
From the moment I could fart in
public, I knew I wanted to be a
gangster.

The MUSIC from GOODFELLAS swells. Mildred screams.

MILDRED
Okay, Jesus, I deserve this. But
I’m not staying here unless one of
these gentlemen buys me dinner.

One of the MEN nods.

MARLON BRANDO
I could go for a nice Peter Luger
steak. Care to join me?
Mildred is shocked. She graciously accepts his hand, both of them dripping in sweat.

CUT TO:

EXT. EQUATOR–MOMENTS LATER

Jesus and Mary laugh and laugh about the naughty trip they’ve sent Mildred on.

MARY MAGDALENE
Jesus, I always knew deep down you were a bad boy. What a trick you played! Bad boy, bad boy!

She scolds Him with her index finger. Jesus laughs.

JESUS
Follow me, for I am the wiseacre!

CUT TO:

INT. SEEDY BAR IN ATLANTA–LATER SAME DAY

Jesus has gone back to the bar. He’s drunk, depressed and feels like He has embarrassed Himself in front of Mary. Other DRUNKS do not recognize Him.

JESUS
(slurring)
Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream.... Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a series of ever repeating lives that one lives over and over again. Oops, now I’ve done it, I’ve spilled the beans.

The BARTENDER looks over at the drunk SAVIOUR.

BARTENDER
I’m afraid I have to cut you off.

JESUS
Hey, exactly who worships me nowadays? Do I have many fans?

Jesus picks up some darts and throws them at the dart board. Almost every one hits the bulls-eye. One lone dart pierces a BARBACK’S cheek. He puts down his ice bin.
BARBACK
Hey, that hurt.

JESUS
(laughing)
Oops. Sorry.

The bartender removes Jesus’ glass from the bar.

BARTENDER
That’s it, kid. Time for a cab.

JESUS
Oh, no, I floated in on my own power, so I’m floating out on my own power, capeesh?

Jesus floats upward, a little bit wobbly on the take-off, but manages to make it through the ceiling.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE-MOMENTS LATER-DECEMBER 24-8 P.M. E.S.T.

The President is bouncing the slinky up and down in his hands. He has his secretary on the line.

PRESIDENT
Vicky, did you make that call to Jennifer Lopez yet? Well, get on it! Oh? What is it? Okay, Sally, I’m sorry. Thank you Sally.

The President hangs up the phone. Jesus floats into the Oval Office just as the President turns around.

JESUS
Hello, mister President.

PRESIDENT
(startled)
Jesus!

Jesus turns around suddenly.

JESUS
Yes? May I help you?

The President is startled and drops his Slinky.

PRESIDENT
You don’t sneak up on the most powerful man on earth like that.
JESUS
The power of the holy spirit is mine.

PRESIDENT
That’s a debateable point. Hey, what a great idea. We could debate. Pick a neutral place, say, somewhere in my home state of-

JESUS
The Kingdom of God is not to be debated.

PRESIDENT
Scared I’ll win? I’m not surprised. I’m a great debater.

JESUS
I fear no man. I am the Son of God.

PRESIDENT
I am the son of hard working parents who never gave me much. I had to go out on my own, summon the will of the people to vote for me. I won my first campaign by handing out little buttons made of peyote. That was California, 1979. I was nine. The Eagles financed my run.

JESUS
The will of the people see the Lord through eyes of tranquility.

PRESIDENT
Who’s writing your speeches? I need fresh faces around here if I’m going to win in Puerto Rico. Ssshhh! That’s a secret. Why did you drop in on me?

Jesus sits in the Big Chair.

JESUS
I am here to tell you about tomorrow. I will ascend tomorrow and all 27,326,438 people will join me.

The President walks around Jesus, trying to get a feel for the guy.
PRESIDENT
You have my wife there. Isn’t she a pistol?

The President inspects Jesus up and down.

JESUS
I have met one who calls herself a First Lady. She is a handful. I sent her away, to stop her talking.

Jesus likes the Big Chair.

PRESIDENT
We’re suppose to travel to Iowa next week. See the farms, touch a cow, you know, the usual. But now, if she’s not going, neither am I.

JESUS
You may pick her up in New York city, in a steam bath at a place called Al’s.

PRESIDENT
What did you do to her?

The President cocks his right arm back, as though he was going to throw a punch at Jesus.

JESUS
Mary and I couldn’t bear witness with her around. She never stops yakking.

The President relaxes his right arm. Jesus shows no sign of being afraid.

PRESIDENT
I know how you feel. Okay, New York it is. How ‘bout a demonstration of your power. You know, I’ll show you mine if you show me yours?

The President feels the shaking ground under his feet. It is quite dramatic.

JESUS
I am the way.

Items rattle, the floor buckles, and the ceiling cracks.
PRESIDENT
Of course you are. Did Mildred leave any messages for me?

JESUS
Like I said, she is talkative. She thinks you are cheating on her.
Are you forsaking your wedding vows?

Jesus stuns the President by performing what only could be called “THE MOE HOWARD”, slapping the President’s face, moving his right hand up and down, so the President follows with his eyes, etc.

PRESIDENT
Boy, she could talk the tarter sauce off the bun on a filet o’ fish.

Jesus gets up from the Big Chair, changes the decor in the Oval Office to a Western theme, and ascends upward.

JESUS
Good bye, mister President. I’ll be gone tomorrow.

The President hops on his new automated Bucking Bronco.

PRESIDENT
I’ll leak it to Chris Mathews.

JESUS
May I suggest Fox News? I need O’Reilly’s support.

PRESIDENT
We’ll split it down the middle and call Anderson Cooper, if he’s not in South America for some cha-cha-cha thing.

CUT TO:

EXT. EQUATOR–CHRISTMAS DAY–DAY OF THE ACENSION

Jesus and Mary have awakened from their sleep. Jesus has His robe securely fastened, but His sandals are missing.

MARY MAGDALENE
Jesus, where are your sandals?
JESUS
I have forsaken my sandals for my flesh.

MARY MAGDALENE
We have a long road to walk.

JESUS
My flesh is the flesh of God.

Out of the crowd, a VOICE speaks.

LONE VOICE
My feet ache after a couple a minutes if I’ve got the wrong shoes on. Better you get your sandals, Jesus.

ANOTHER VOICE
Mine, too, Jesus. Your bare feet won’t handle the stress of the journey.

MARY MAGDALENE
I will help you find the sandals.

A few million people look around for His sandals. Soon, Gary, who is still with Molly, lifts up a pair of weathered footwear.

GARY
I found them! Now you’re cooking.

MOLLY
My Gary found Jesus’ sandals.

JESUS
Your eyes have saved my feet. I am the way and the light everlasting.

MARY MAGDALENE
Look at you, with your sandals and everything, you King of Kings!

Jesus looks embarrassed at Mary’s statement.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE-MOMENTS LATER-CHRISTMAS DAY

The President is sitting cross legged on the Oval Office carpet, opening presents.
He opens one from his Chief of Staff who is standing next to him. There are staffers and PRESS.

PRESIDENT
Awe, Ed, it’s a tie. A blue tie. How original. Thank you.

CHIEF OF STAFF
Again, Mister President, my name’s not Ed.

The President is too excited and is not listening.

PRESIDENT
Open mine, open mine first.

CHIEF OF STAFF
You didn’t have to get me anything, Mister President.

He opens his gift.

PRESIDENT
Hurry, hurry.

The President’s enthusiasm is catching on and soon, everyone in the room is opening presents.

CHIEF OF STAFF
A red tie. How nice. Mister President, I think we had better address the disappearance of 27,326,438 people in the Equator.

PRESIDENT
(whispering)
I thought we had that under control. You know, Puerto Rico?

The President plays with his Etch-A-Sketch.

CHIEF OF STAFF
But the families of these people are outraged that their president has done nothing so far.

PRESIDENT
Well, what am I supposed to do? How do I feel? My Mildred has been missing for days now. I’m just heartsick.

The design he has sketched is one of himself.
CHIEF OF STAFF
No, Mister President, she was
dropped off here late last night.
She wandered into the Lincoln
bedroom, found Jennifer Lopez there
and screamed bloody murder.

PRESIDENT
She’s home? He didn’t tell me He
was going to deliver her.

CHIEF OF STAFF
What?

The President puts down his Etch-A-Sketch. An impeccable
portrait drawn of himself sits on the floor.

PRESIDENT
Did she like the Magic Fingers?

CHIEF OF STAFF
She loved it. Mildred thought it
used quarters, though. There’s
about two-fifty in change laying on
the floor next to the bed.

The President whispers to his aide.

PRESIDENT
Where did you put you-know-who?

CHIEF OF STAFF
She’s in the Monica Lewinsky room.
It used to be a closet, but now
it’s the official Puerto Rican
Embassy.

The President is proud of the action taken by his staff.

PRESIDENT
Fine. If the First Lady wants me,
I’ll be detained. And thank you
again for the tie.

CHIEF OF STAFF
No, thank you.

PRESIDENT
Oh, alright, thank me.

Staffers and members of the press look on in amusement. The
President runs around his desk again like a five year old.

CUT TO:
EXT. EQUATOR—CHRISTMAS DAY

Jesus and Mary Magdalene have noticed that the 27,326,438 people are now ready to move. They have resigned themselves to either going to Heaven. Since the First Lady left, they are calm and reassured of their future. Jesus and Mary stand at the top of a mountain.

JESUS
My flock is calm. We are ready.

MARY MAGDALENE
Jesus, you know I will travel with thee forever, do you not?

JESUS
Yes, I do. You are my special angel.

LONE VOICE
That’s a golden oldie.

Another (a MUSICIAN) questions the financial aims of Jesus.

ANOTHER VOICE
Just because you can conjure up any old song you want doesn’t mean you own the royalties. Don’t get all Paul Simon on us. That’s $46.75.

Jesus doesn’t understand.

MARY MAGDALENE
What the people are saying is that they have kept with you, Jesus. It is now time to tell us where we are going. These folks are getting a bit agitated.

JESUS
I thought the answer was there in front of us all. We shall go....

A crack of thunder comes out of nowhere and Jesus cowers. He walks to the side of a mountain that is dark to confer with GOD.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNT ON HIGH—CONTINUOUS

Mary and the millions are waiting for Jesus to confer with God. It happens to be on a small hill.
MARY MAGDALENE
Please, all of you, wait. Wait for the ruling from on high.

LONE VOICE
What ruling? And this is just a hill. Not even an escarpment. Don’t read stuff into this, Mar.

ANOTHER VOICE
Yeah, my kids are starting to cry.

MARY MAGDALENE
Jesus will get back to you.

After a fair amount of time, Jesus comes out of the darkness and into the light.

JESUS
My family, my friends. Hear me now, for I am the true word of God.

LONE VOICE
Finally, let’s go!

JESUS
We are staying.

People are wandering around, in a state of shock from His words.

MARY MAGDALENE
What? Are you kidding me? Jesus? What gives?

LONE VOICE
Are you even Jesus? What’s going on?

The crowd is unhappy.

ANOTHER VOICE
Maybe you’re really Piers Morgan and this is some kind of a new TV program on religion.

LONE VOICE
You’re Rachel Maddow. You just want to keep all things democratic.

The crowd loses their love for Jesus real quickly.

JESUS
I am Jesus. I am the way.
MARY MAGDALENE
Jesus, what has happened?

JESUS
I spoke to my Father. Come here, Mary Magdalene.

Jesus pulls Mary aside, to the dark side of the hill, away from the people.

MARY MAGDALENE
What is it?

JESUS
These people, this flock. These are not the people.

MARY MAGDALENE
(incredulously)
What? What do you mean?

Jesus sits on a tree trunk. He shakes His head.

JESUS
God has chosen me to save these people, but not in the manner they think.

MARY MAGDALENE
But what are you to do?

JESUS
A group of sermons. At least ten times ten, God said.

Mary rolls her eyes.

MARY MAGDALENE
(incredulously)
You mean, no one here is to go to heaven? We just sit and listen to one hundred sermons?

JESUS
That seems to be the gist of it.

MARY MAGDALENE
Jesus, I’m afraid you’ve made a mess of the whole situation.

Jesus walks in circles. He is worrying Mary Magdalene.
JESUS
This may be true. Mary, I’m really sorry.

MARY MAGDALENE
Why didn’t God tell you earlier?

JESUS
He showed me signs. I did not adhere to the signs. I have always had trouble with signs. Remember the years I spent alone in the wilderness?

MARY MAGDALENE
Yes. Three dark, lonely years where you battled Lucifer.

Mary comforts Jesus. Jesus walks in more circles.

JESUS
I actually didn’t really battle him. He and I conversed. One might say we bantered. But I can’t read signs well. I could have gone home after six weeks, but I got lost.

Jesus continues to walk in circles.

MARY MAGDALENE
Oh dear.

He stops pacing.

JESUS
Yeah, tell me about it. The thirst. The embarrassment when I finally got home. All those disciples laughing at me.

MARY MAGDALENE
You are my Lord Saviour. And I will follow you forever.

Jesus drops his head in shame. Mary lifts his head and strokes his hair.

JESUS
Mary, what have I done?

MARY MAGDALENE
We need to get these folks back home.
JESUS
Yes, we do. I do. Oh, Mary....

MARY MAGDALENE
There, there. Jesus. It could happen to anyone. Well, maybe not anyone....

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNT ON HIGH-CONTINUOUS

Jesus and Mary Magdalene reluctantly walk back to address the 27,326,438. Some stones are cast at Jesus. Actually, they’re rocks.

LONE VOICE
Have you news, Jesus?

MARY MAGDALENE
Hear Him out before you cast stones.

He avoids several rocks almost hitting His head.

JESUS
Mary, don’t get them started.

ANOTHER VOICE
What is going on, you two?

JESUS
We are not going to heaven. I repeat, not going to heaven.

Profanities are shouted at Jesus. More rocks are thrown. Signs dug up from earth are hurled at Jesus. One of them says: GORE FOR PRESIDENT-1988.

VOICE
What a sham.

JESUS
Let me speak. Oh, hear me now.

MARY MAGDALENE
Quiet everyone.

JESUS
We are not going to heaven now. God wants you to go back to your lives, to go back to your families.

(MORE)
JESUS (CONT'D)
But first.... I have one hundred sermons to preach to you.

The crowd moans for what seems to be ten minutes.

LONE VOICE
You gotta be kidding. Your speaking voice makes Joe Lieberman sound like Wink Martindale!

Mary tries her best.

MARY MAGDALENE
Silence. Jesus speaks to you for your own good. He is the enlightened one. He will eventually get you all to the Kingdom of God. Do you not wish this?

Again, thousands of profanities are heard. This has become a tough crowd.

GARY
Hey, we owe Him this time to listen. He has been fair and we need the sermons. I for one am a sinner. Tell me here who is not a sinner.

Thousands of profanities are thrown about.

MARY MAGDALENE
We will eat. And we will rest. And then, Jesus will begin a series of sermons from the escarpment.

Millions lament, then agree to follow Mary’s orders.

LONE VOICE
Escarpmment? You mean this hill here?

GARY
I knew at some point, I’d be going to church.

MOLLY
It’ll do us good. The Outside Church of the Lonely, Lost Flock. Whew! Try writing that on the side of a building.

CUT TO:
INT. WHITE HOUSE—MOMENTS LATER

The President and the First Lady are having Christmas dinner in the White House dining room with JENNIFER LOPEZ.

PRESIDENT
Jen, could you pass the corn fritters?

FIRST LADY
It’s Jen? You call her Jen? Why not Jenny-from-the-block? What happened here when I was gone?

PRESIDENT
(winking at Jen)
Not as much as I would have liked.

Jennifer giggles and kicks the President under the table. The President returns the kick, but has mistakenly hit his wife’s knee. She yells out in pain.

FIRST LADY
Ouch! You two should get a room.

CUT TO:

EXT. EQUATOR—HOURS LATER

JESUS
....and so I say unto you, the love of God will be inside of you and will you will go forth and spread His word.

The crowd relaxes as Jesus finishes the last sermon.

GARY
(to Molly)
Kind of a Star Trek Two theme. The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few.

MOLLY
I think so. Unless Jesus is going to get on us about texting while driving.

GARY
As well He should.

Albert and the voluptuous woman are listening to Jesus but one of them is getting bored.
VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
I now know what He means by salvation.

Albert looks about at several other WOMEN.

ALBERT
Awe, this stuff is for the birds. Let’s go over to that boulder and fool around.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
Stop it, Albert! I want to listen to what Jesus has to say.

One particularly attractive GAL walks by.

ALBERT
Here’s some fresh meat.

The Voluptuous woman tries to show Albert what Jesus is talking about.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
Albert, I understand what hell is now. We can be saved.

Albert gets up and begins to walk away.

ALBERT
I’ve had it with Jesus and his mighty sayings.

He turns back into LUCIFER.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN
I’m sticking with Jesus. He’s a real man.

27,326,438 people are getting up, shifting their clothing and searching for a Port-a-Potty.

MOLLY
I really need to stretch my legs.

GARY
I need to use the facilities. Those filet o’ fish sandwiches go right through you.

Gary wanders off and gets in the bathroom Line. A very attractive middle-aged MAN, BURT, 45, handsome, tall and broad-shouldered, walks over to Molly.
MOLLY
Exciting times.

Burt stops and sizes up Molly.

BURT
Oh, yeah. I haven’t felt this good since I failed est. Remember that? In the seventies?

MOLLY
I remember, it’s where you sat in a banquet room and no one could leave until you “got” it? And that’s after you paid a thousand dollars for the privilege? That est?

BURT
That’s the one. But I didn’t get it. My failure made me feel great. I knew after a bit that it was all bull.

Burt offers her a mint and she accepts.

MOLLY
What do you do?

BURT
I’m in construction.

MOLLY
I work in the city.

BURT
Where are you from?

Molly bobs her hair.

MOLLY
Walnut Creek.

BURT
You’re kidding me. I live in Clayton.

MOLLY
No. What church do you belong to?

BURT
I’m done with churches. But that doesn’t mean I can’t be persuaded to look into one someone recommends.
MOLLY
(excitedly)
Perhaps I’ll take you to mine.
It’s in Concord.

BURT
Cool. Be seeing you.

He starts his journey to the men’s room.

MOLLY
Be seeing you, too. One question, though.

BURT
What’s that?

MOLLY
Are you married or involved?

BURT
Nope. Free as a bird.

Molly smiles brightly as Gary comes back. Jesus walks down from the hill (nee, escarpment) with many followers around Him. Mary Magdalene is by his side. He is smiling.

MARY MAGDALENE
Kind of like the old days?

JESUS
I am reborn. The strength of many outweighs the strength of the few.

LONE VOICE
Are you sure Gene Roddenberry’s not around here somewhere?

She looks around for the WRITER.

JESUS
I am the way. I am the light everlasting.

MARY MAGDALENE
Of course, hon. Now, let’s get these nice folks back home.

Mary is saying good bye to people passing by.

JESUS
Mary, once again, you are correct.
MARY MAGDALENE
I am the almost-way!

Jesus laughs. 27,326,438 people laugh along with Him. It produces a shock wave felt throughout the world.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE—MOMENTS LATER
The President is in the Lincoln bedroom with Mildred.

PRESIDENT
Did you feel that?

MILDRED
Oh, honey, that’s not all you’re gonna feel in a few minutes.

Mildred settles in with the President in the Lincoln bed. She cuddles up to him.

PRESIDENT
Let’s go, baby girl. I was so wrong about J Lo!

Mildred flips through her notebook to pursue the items she had neglected while she was away.

MILDRED
Okay, now honey, here’s my list. First, why don’t we make the Equator the fifty-first state?

The President rolls over and looks under the bed.

PRESIDENT
Where’s my slinky?

CUT TO:

EXT. LARSON HOME—LATE
Kathy and the children are in the backyard. A child looks up and sees Gary floating down to earth with Jesus.

KATHY
Oh, Gary, you’re home. I love you so. I’ve missed you so.

Gary lands and hugs his wife and his children.
GARY
Kathy, I’m home. And I have so many things to tell you.

CHILD
Daddy, daddy! Welcome home.

The children all gather around him. Jesus is smiling.

GARY
Jesus, it was a gas! Let’s do it again in say, fifty years?

JESUS
Go my son. Love one another.

KATHY
Good bye Jesus. Come again any old time. I cook a mean pot roast.

One of Kathy’s children hugs Jesus.

CHILD
You can sleep in my bedroom again if you want.

GARY
I’ll take ya to the McDonald’s here in Austin. We have several of them to choose from.

KATHY
(excitedly)
They broke ground on a new one while you were away, Gary!

GARY
Thanks again, Jesus. I love you.

JESUS
I am the way, the light everlasting.

Kathy’s friend and neighbor, Mary Jane, looks over the fence and snickers.

MARY JANE
White trash. Who floats nowadays anyhow?

She begins to float, but without any direction and destination. Jesus looks over her fence.
JESUS
Be careful who you call white trash, Mary Jane.

Mary Jane rises.

MARY JANE
Help, I’m floating away. Shit.

JESUS
See you around the escarpment.

She continues upward, then away from her house, floating miles away from Austin.

MARY JANE
(screaming)
I’m floating! Get me down from here! Hey! Jesus! I said now! Get me down!

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY’S HOME-NIGHT

Jesus has taken all 27,326,437 people home. Molly is the last one.

MOLLY
Well, Jesus, it look like I’m number 27,326,438, correct?

JESUS
You were my first. You are my last. But I am always with you.

Mary looks around her home.

MOLLY
What a trip! Oh, my plants... and the dust.....

JESUS
I will miss you, Molly.

MOLLY
Next time I see a scruffy looking guy sitting next to me on Bart, I’ll be a little bit more understanding. And this guy I met?

JESUS
Yes, Molly?
Jesus waves His hand over a wilted fern and it turns bright green and full of life.

MOLLY
He looks like a keeper. Turns out he lives right down the road, in a little village called Clayton. We may go to dinner next week.

Jesus waves His hand again and the home is vacuumed, dusted and all of Molly’s laundry is done and folded.

JESUS
Trust in your Lord.

Molly smiles.

MOLLY
Could you come twice a week? I’m kidding. Good bye. I love you, Jesus.

JESUS
And I you, Molly. Here.

HE hands her a BART ticket, good for ETERNITY.

CUT TO:

INT. HELL—MOMENTS LATER

Albert Jensen is toiling away in Hell, breaking rocks with his head and hating every minute of it. He is talking with a TROLL who’s having sex with a gorgeous WOMAN.

ALBERT
So why did she go for you?

TROLL
My tail is longer.

Albert compares his tail to the troll’s tail.

ALBERT
What were you in the previous life?

TROLL
A high school science teacher who doubled as the football coach.

The troll is screwing like mad, trying to break a new Hell sex record.
ALBERT
What were your hellish sins?

The troll lowers his eyes at Albert, as if to say, “Isn’t that enough?”

TROLL
I lived in west Texas and we lost all our games, every one of them, for ten years. There were three years alone that we didn’t even score. And, of course, teaching science there meant there was no science. What about you?

ALBERT
It was all good until I started selling T-shirts, “I SAW JESUS KISSING MARY AT THE EQUATOR” Jesus got mad. But the straw which broke the camel’s back, so to speak, was that I hit on Mary Magdalene.

TROLL
Genius. Pure genius.

ALBERT
Next thing I knew, I was down here, breaking rocks.

The troll stops screwing.

TROLL
I also did a dumb thing later in my life.

ALBERT
What was that?

TROLL
I became a bartender. I gave Jesus his first drink. He couldn’t stop.

CUT TO:

INT. SEEDY ATLANTA BAR—NIGHT

Jesus is slurring His words. The BARTENDER shakes his head.

JESUS
How do I float again? What do I do? Do I flap my arms? It’s all pretty fuzzy.....
Mary Magdalene floats into the bar. The bartender nods, having seen Mary a few times before. He cordially sets her up with a club soda, smiles and points to Jesus.

BARTENDER
There he is, like usual. Sloppy drunk.

Mary puts her arm around Jesus and helps Him stand.

MARY MAGDALENE
Come on, big guy, let’s go. You missed a meeting last week and we can’t do those kind of things. We’re in a program, remember?

Jesus pounds the BAR DICE onto the oak bar.

JESUS
I’ll get stronger. I’ll be the Way again.

MARY MAGDALENE
My darling, you never stopped being the Way.

JESUS
(drunkenly sobbing)
I’ve failed.

The bartender shakes the dice and pounds them onto the bar. Jesus laughs as He changes the outcome of the game. The bartender throws the dice back at Jesus.

MARY MAGDALENE
No, Jesus, you’ve just prepared them for the future. You taught them many wonderful lessons.

Mary helps Jesus float.

JESUS
(singing)
Row, row, my boat, gently diwn the, diwn the? Where we going? Why must I row?

Mary and Jesus begin to rise.

MARY MAGDALENE
Put it on our tab, alright?

The bartender nods. A COCKTAIL WAITRESS winks at Jesus.
JESUS
I am the way. Wanna follow me?

Mary gives the waitress a terrifying stare.

MARY MAGDALENE
There, there, Jesus, there, there.....

Mary strokes His hair as they rise.

JESUS
Are we... is this elevator going up?

Jesus BARFS on Mary’s beautiful white dress, with fancy lace borders all around the neckline.

MARY MAGDALENE
Oh, for Your sake! At least try and be a gentleman.

Jesus farts. Mary is exasperated with his actions. Jesus winks at the waitress.

JESUS
Hey, didn’t I order a fish filet sandwich from the kitchen?

MARY MAGDALENE
Enough. Let’s go.

CUT TO:

I/E. BAR/NIGHT AIR-CONTINUOUS

Both rise out of the bar, into the night. Jesus clutches onto Mary. He sings in the cool night air.

JESUS
"Are you ready for some football, Dallas Cowboys? Who wants to party? All my rowdy apostles are coming over tonight!"

FADE OUT

THE END

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