FADE IN:

1 EXTERIOR. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

MARGARET sits across from us at a table. She’s a perky, fun-lovin’ girl, and sweet as a box of kittens.

She talks directly to camera.

MARGARET
I’ve always had a strong relationship with God. I know a lot of people say that, but it’s true.

A phone RINGS.

2 INTERIOR. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Margaret’s roommate GAVIN answers the phone.

GAVIN
Hello?

Margaret looks over -- they were watching TV. A little bitchy, Gavin hands her the phone...

GAVIN (cont’d)
It’s for you. It’s God.

MARGARET
(to phone)
Are you watching this? I know, Montana is such a bitch. They’re going to fire her ass.
(beat)
How do I know? It’s a repeat! You’re not the only one who’s all-knowing.

Gavin scrunches down, annoyed by her chatter.

MARGARET (cont’d)
(to phone)
No, what? Tell me. Tell me!
(beat)
Get out!

Gavin looks over, curious.

MARGARET [V.O.]
The thing is, about God, he has the best gossip.
Margaret SQUEALS, grossed out.

GAVIN
What? What is it?

MARGARET
(covers phone)
I can’t tell you.

Gavin looks away, a little pissy.

INT. MARGARET’S BEDROOM – DAY
Margaret chats with God on the cordless while folding clothes.

MARGARET [V.O.]
We talk every day, usually three or four times. Honestly, we keep it kinda lite, because running the universe is a huge ordeal.

INT. JUICE BAR – DAY
Margaret is on the phone in back.

MARGARET [V.O.]
I’m an assistant manager at Jamba Juice, which is its own drama, let me tell you.

An EMPLOYEE comes up to her.

EMPLOYEE
We’re out of bananas.

MARGARET
Do I look like a monkey?

Rolling her eyes, she goes back to talking with God.

MARGARET (cont’d)
(on phone)
Nothing.

INT. KITCHEN – DAY
Margaret washes dishes, phone tucked under her ear.

MARGARET [V.O.]
Mostly we keep each other’s spirits up, because each day is like a little war, y’know?
The phone slips, falling into the sink. She quickly grabs it out of the water.

MARGARET
Hi? Sorry.

MARGARET [V.O.]
He’s really easy to talk to, and way more tolerant than people would guess.

6 EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE – DAY

MARGARET
(to camera)
Like the whole gay thing. Adam, Eve -- he made the parts to go a certain way, but it’s your Lego. Make your own fun.

She takes a sip from her mochaccino.

MARGARET (cont’d)
(beat, realizing)
Although he’s surprisingly hard-core about pork. Go figure!

7 INT. MARGARET’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Margaret is curled up in bed, talking and laughing on the phone.

MARGARET [V.O.]
Long story short, we’re best friends. Or at least we were. Like every relationship, you hit your rough patches.

8 INT. APARTMENT / FRONT DOOR – [A DIFFERENT] NIGHT

Margaret and Gavin topple in, both drunk and merry.

While Gavin slinks towards the couch, Margaret fights with her jacket, finally getting it off. She steadies herself to check the answering machine.

DIGITAL VOICE
You have 44 messages. Message one.

A CLICK, then DIAL TONE.
DIGITAL VOICE (cont’d)

Message two.

CLICK. DIAL TONE. Et cetera.

The phone RINGS. Margaret answers, concerned.

MARGARET

Hello?

(it’s God)

Hi. Did you call 44 times? Uh-huh.

She squats to the floor, PLOPPING down to take off her shoes.

MARGARET (cont’d)

I was at a party. With Gavin. A party with actual physical people who can see each other and not just talk on the phone.

She starts to get up, but realizes she’s only taken off one shoe.

MARGARET (cont’d)

No, I know I said I’d call you later. But it’s three a.m. Uh-huh.

(beat)

It’s not like you didn’t know where I was. Jesus, you’re like a stalker with superpowers.

Gavin looks over. It’s escalating.

MARGARET (cont’d)

Don’t give me that “in vain” crap. Jesus-jesus-jesus-jesus! No, I will not apologize. What is your problem?

She stands up, a little dizzy. By her reaction, God is giving her an earful.

MARGARET (cont’d)

Bullshit. You are not the master of me!

Listening for another two beats, she hangs up the phone defiantly. We hold on the phone, then slowly TILT UP to her face.

MARGARET [V.O.]

Has this ever happened to you? You just did the dumbest-ass thing, but you’re so angry, you’re glad you did it anyway?
INT. MARGARET’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A slash of light falls across her as she looks up, not sleeping.

MARGARET [V.O.]
I mean, God, Schmod, a girl needs her space. It’s not my problem the saints were giving him grief.
(rolls over)
Besides, it’s not like either one of us was that upset. By tomorrow it would all blow over.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

We PUSH IN on the toaster as two charred monoliths pop up.

Gavin looks to Margaret, who waves it away, nothing. Setting aside the cereal box, she opens the milk carton to pour. The milk comes out in a giant, smelly clump.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

In the mirror, Margaret fixes her hair. No matter how much she wets and sprays, it keeps getting worse -- bigger and stringier.

EXT. STREET NEAR MELROSE - DAY

Wearing a baseball cap, Margaret locks her car door, walks away.

EXT. MELROSE - DAY

Margaret walks towards us, minding her own business. She suddenly stumbles, tripped by an unseen force.

INT. JAMBA JUICE - DAY

Margaret stands in back, thinking.

MARGARET [V.O.]
The thing is, you forget God can get really petty. I mean, Lot’s wife? He turned her into a pillar of salt.

She licks her wrist, just to check.
Her beleaguered Employee approaches with the cash drawer. Nervously...

EMPLOYEE
   There’s a problem with the money.

MARGARET  
  (snapping)
   What?

He pulls some out of the drawer. It’s pink and blue and green -- Monopoly money.

15  EXT. STREET NEAR MELROSE - DAY
Margaret returns to find her car where she parked it, only now it’s
FLIPPED OVER
on its back. The wheels spin ever so slightly. As she looks up to the sky, we CRANE UP to look down on her.
THUNDER rumbles.

16  INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT
Margaret sits on the toilet. Outside, we hear it STORMING.

MARGARET [V.O.]
   I was determined to ride it out. I mean what, did he think he could bully me into apologizing? Hello dysfunctional agenda.

A strange look crosses Margaret’s face. A beat, then she suddenly jumps up, moving away from the toilet.
A SWARM OF LOCUSTS
erupts from the bowl, hopping and crawling over everything. Margaret SCREAMS, grossed out beyond belief.

17  INT. APARTMENT FOYER - [THE SAME] NIGHT
Still heebie-jeebie over the locusts, Margaret settles by the phone.

MARGARET [V.O.]
   It was clear I had to take action. But first, I needed an ally.
CLOSE-UP on the speakerphone: She dials 6 - 6 - 6.

We hear it RINGING. A CLICK.

    FEMALE OPERATOR
    Good evening, Hell.

    MARGARET
    The Devil, please. It’s Margaret O’Reilly.

    FEMALE OPERATOR
    One moment.

A CLICK, then we hear HOLD MUSIC. It’s that Leann Rimes song.

INT. LIVING ROOM  - [THE SAME] NIGHT

Margaret lies back on the couch, talking with Satan on the cordless.

    MARGARET [V.O.]
    Now, first off, the Devil has some serious rage issues and I can’t condone most of what he’s done. But the more we talked, it turned out we shared a common place of anger.

    TIME CUT:

Margaret eats cereal out of the box, listening to the Devil’s tale.

    MARGARET [V.O.] (cont’d)
    Like, he and God used to be total buds, but one day Lucifer asks for just a little more equity and Wham! -- he’s thrown out of Heaven ass-first.

    TIME CUT:

Margaret scribbles notes on a yellow pad, nodding.

    MARGARET [V.O.] (cont’d)
    Anyway, he said God was dicking with me because he felt betrayed by someone he loved. The trick was to get him to stop caring. I had to make myself unredeemable.
MARGARET [V.O.]
The Devil had lots of good ideas. I mean, it’s his job. We started with the basics, the Ten Commandments:

MARGARET [V.O.]
Stealing...

MARGARET [V.O.]
Coveting...

The guy looks at her, a little creeped.

MARGARET [V.O.]
Worshipping false idols.

Chanting, she RINGS a bell.

MARGARET [V.O.] (cont’d)
I decided to forge into new territory. Things that weren’t written down, but were just clearly wrong.

Margaret licks a parking meter.
INT. MARGARET BEDROOM - DAY

Gavin sits up on the edge of the bed, shirtless and shaken. Smoking a cigarette, Margaret scratches another item off her list.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Margaret paces while she talks on the cordless.

MARGARET [V.O.]
The Devil was really pushing for murder, and he had a point.

Margaret takes a knife out of the block, practicing stabs.

MARGARET [V.O.] (cont’d)
I know in general it’s wrong to kill somebody, but what if it’s somebody who really deserves to die, like that Serbian general, or the Unabomber, or my stepfather?

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

A weirdly empty beat.

MARGARET
That’s more of a side issue.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Margaret looks at the knife, an idea coming.

MARGARET [V.O.]
But then it came to me. The perfect solution.

THE KNIFE
stabs into the plastic wrapping on a pair of raw pork chops.

CUT TO:

PORK CHOPS
sizzle in the frying pan. Margaret pushes them around.

CUT TO:
Margaret sits down at the kitchen table, the cooked pork chop on her plate. She cuts into, slicing off a hunk. Skewers it with her fork.

She brings it to her mouth. Bites in.

 Starts chewing.

MARGARET [V.O.] (cont’d)
It’s weird. As angry as I was, suddenly, all I could think of was the good times.
The kicks and giggles.

She looks down at the pork chop on her plate.

MARGARET [V.O.] (cont’d)
Was it possible, even after what he’d done, I actually missed Him?

She starts to tear up, still chewing. She looks at the telephone.

A beat, then she suddenly spits out the half-chewed pork. She wipes off her tongue with her napkin.

The phone RINGS.

She answers, very tentative...

MARGARET
Hello?
(no answer)
Hello?
(still nothing)
Are you there, God? It’s me, Margaret.

We see visible relief on Margaret’s face as God starts talking. She wipes away her tears.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY
Margaret lies on the couch with the phone, various positions.

MARGARET (V.O.)
We talked for like four hours, and we both admitted we made mistakes. Well, he didn’t really admit any, but then there’s that whole infallibility thing, so you let that slide.
EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

On the phone, Margaret looks up at the sky -- and evidently, the clouds.

MARGARET
No, I don’t...That looks nothing like a horse.
(beat)
Well, now it does.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

MARGARET
So that’s basically the story.

Margaret’s cell phone RINGS. Motioning for us to wait a moment, she answers.

MARGARET (cont’d)
(to phone)
Heidi-hi!

She points to the phone. It’s God.

MARGARET (cont’d)
(to phone)

She hangs up.

MARGARET (cont’d)
Sorry, gotta motor.
(dead serious)
I have to kill the President.

She gets up and clears frame.

A beat later, she leans back in.

MARGARET (cont’d)
I’m kidding!

THE END