

BRUCE ALMIGHTY



Jim Carrey

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by

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&
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Rewrite by

Steve Oedekerk

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Shady Acres Entertainment

INT. KOWOLSKI'S BAKERY - KITCHEN - DAY

A news crew shuttles around a GIGANTIC COOKIE. Standing by are the KOWOLSKI BROTHERS, GUSTOV and VOL, two SHORT, STOCKY, MEN, along with MOTHER KOWOLSKI and other bakery family employees. A "30 YEAR ANNIVERSARY" sign hangs in the background.

BRUCE NOLAN looks into a make-up mirror, desperately trying to place a large segment of wayward hair.

BRUCE

Oh, God, no! The hair's wrong.
This is a bad sign.

(calling out)

We really need to get a make-up person?!

The segment producer, ALLY LOMAN, steps over.

ALLY

Not in the budget. And not to worry, you're going to look great in this.

*
*

She holds out a HAIR NET.

BRUCE

A hair net? I'm not wearing a hair net. I just did the hair.

ALLY

(matter of fact)

Health code. In the kitchen or around the cookie, you gotta have it.

BRUCE

(to crew: re hair net)

You guy's should tell me this before hand, this is like a huge waste of...moose.

Bruce spreads the hair net, bends down out of frame, comes up looking ridiculous and very disgruntled.

BRUCE

Remind me to swing by an elementary school after this and serve lunch.

*

Ally laughs.

ALLY

You're a thing of beauty. In
three, two, one. . .

Bruce SNAPS from pissed to instant charismatic TV newsman.

(Note: Whenever Bruce speaks on camera he speaks in his "REPORTER'S VOICE" - that recognizable, too-smooth delivery that all news reporters seem to have. In mathematical terms: Bruce's version is to the 7th power.)

BRUCE

For three decades the Kowolski Family Bakery has been a mainstay in downtown Buffalo. Known for their sinfully rich, cream filled, deep fried polski pierogis. And the occasional sugar induced coma that follows. Today, in honor of their 30 year anniversary, Momma Kowolski and her sons Gustov and Vol, decided to do something, a little bit different. Tell me guys, how did this idea come about?

GUSTOV

Well, Vol said to me, 'Gustov, why don't we make the biggest chocolate chip cookie in Buffalo?' And I said, 'Yeah, sure.'

BRUCE

Wow. Fascinating.

Bruce steps up to the HUGE COOKIE.

BRUCE

The previous Buffalo cookie record was 3 feet, 17 inches baked by Gladys Pelsnick. But this behemoth cookie clearly proving that Gustov and Vol have much more free time.

The Kowolski brothers and all celebrate in the background, toasting with big mugs of milk. Bruce steps forward, looks dramatically at camera, slow zoom in as he speaks.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

As we witness the ceremonial toasting with milk it makes one pause and think. What are we really looking at here?

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Is it just a big cookie or does this cookie represent the pride of Buffalo? Our dedicated and hard working citizens the key ingredient, with a few nuts thrown in.

(motions his eyes to the Kowolski twins)

And finally, the love of our families which provides the warm chewy center making our beloved Buffalo the sweetest place to live.

Camera is in CLOSE as Bruce signs-off.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

And that's the way the cookie crumbles. I'm Bruce Nolan, Eyewitness News.

Bruce's hair net SLIPS UP, PUFFING HIS HAIR INTO A BUN ON THE TOP OF HIS HEAD. The Kowolskis and bystanders all laugh.

The frame FREEZES.

We PULL BACK from the TV and find Bruce holding the remote, watching the recorded spot on TV. We are now...

INT. BRUCE AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bruce is with his longtime girlfriend, GRACE. She has a box of photos on the coffee table in front of her organizing them into a photo album.

BRUCE

So, what do you think?

GRACE

It's good.

BRUCE

It sucks. It's a story about a cookie. People with eating disorders will be riveted, (goes into huge pathetic fan character)
Dear Bruce, love the bakery piece. I can't wait to vomit so I can make room for more cookies.

GRACE

I thought it was funny. I love the hair net. How'd you get it to do that?

BRUCE

What? I'm cutting that. They made me wear that stupid thing. I don't even look like myself. The hair is one of the most important parts of an on camera persona. Right out of the gate, I lost the hair advantage.

Grace looks at a photo,

GRACE

Oh, my gosh, look at this one. My sister is so drunk.

She places it in the album.

BRUCE

Grace. Try to stay focused here. I need your help.

GRACE

Aren't you taking this a little too seriously?

BRUCE

It's sweeps Grace. It is serious. There's an anchor job open. This is important. This is our future!

Bruce points to the TV as he says "future," not realizing he's pointing at the ridiculous image of himself with the hair net bun. Grace can't help but giggle.

GRACE

I'm sorry.

Bruce collapses into Grace's arms like a child. He clearly has a fragile temperament.

BRUCE

(sighs)

I'm never going to get anchor doing these kind of assignments. I want my work to matter.

GRACE

It does matter. You're funny. You make people smile. Come on, take a break, help me put this album together.

BRUCE
(reluctant)
Alright.

Grace holds up a photo.

GRACE
Oh look at this. It's the first
day we moved in together.

It's the two of them, younger, laughing.

BRUCE
(down)
Yeah, so full of hopes and dreams.

GRACE
Oh, here's me at my sister's
wedding. I caught the bouquet.

It's a picture of Grace overpowering the other bridesmaids
for the bouquet.

BRUCE
You look pretty intense, hun.

GRACE
Well, I was thinking about you.

Grace cuddles into Bruce.

BRUCE
So, you're attracted to me in some
way, is that what you're trying to
say?

Grace rolls over onto Bruce.

GRACE
You have no idea.

BRUCE
I was saving myself for the wedding
night, but if you keep this up, I
may lose my resolve.

Grace stands, pulling Bruce up.

GRACE
Well, that's the way the cookie
crumbles.

They kiss, stumbling toward the bedroom.

BRUCE

Hey, that's a good line, but you need more resonance. From the diaphragm.

(newscaster voice)

That's the way the cookie crumbles.

GRACE

Oh, say it again.

BRUCE

(bigger)

That's the way the cookie crumbles.

GRACE

(sweet, southern groupie)

Oh, I just love on-air personalities.

BRUCE

(newscaster voice)

Well then, let me take these clothes off and slip into my hair net.

Grace laughs, Bruce joins in as they disappear into the bedroom.

CUT TO:

A TELEVISION SCREEN

We see the INTRO FOR SIXTY MINUTES:

NEWS CLIP

I'm Ed Bradley, I'm Merely Safer,
and I'm—

LESLIE STAHL is HIT IN THE NECK WITH A TRANQUILIZER DART. Her head wavers, then DROPS on the desk. The camera PANS to BRUCE, who lowers a bamboo blow gun, coolly addresses camera.

BRUCE

...Bruce Nolan. And this is Sixty
Minutes.

THE SIXTY MINUTES TICKING CLOCK

DISSOLVE TO:

BRUCE'S ALARM CLOCK - IT RINGS

We are in. . .

INT. BRUCE AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Bruce lies next to Grace with a big smile on his face. Grace hits the alarm, rolls over snuggling close to Bruce.

GRACE

Sweetie, time to get up...

She kisses Bruce, gets up.

BRUCE

No, I'm having a great dream.

The covers are RIPPED OUT OF FRAME. Bruce throws a mock hissy fit.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Bruce watches TV as he buttons his shirt.

SPORTSCASTER

...and the Sabers lost another close one last night. Four to three to the Toronto Maple Leafs.

BRUCE

Of course they lost, they're my team.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Bruce checks his hair in the mirror practicing his new sign-off.

BRUCE

"And that's the way the cookie crumbles."

(calls to Grace)

You know, I think there might be something to that cookie line. Everything great anchor has his own signature sign-off.

(as Walter Cronkite)

"And that's the way the cookie crumbles."

ANGLE - SAM

Peeing in the corner on the carpet.

BRUCE
Oh no! Grace, the dog!

GRACE (O.S.)
I'm in the shower!

BRUCE
Ah!

INT. APARTMENT STAIRCASE

Bruce runs along carrying the peeing Sam with extended arms dodges a man ascending the stairs, who gets sprinkled.

BRUCE
Whoops, sorry.

EXT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Bruce makes it outside, sets Sam down on the grass. Sam looks up innocently at Bruce, finished.

BRUCE
Oh, you're all done, huh?
B-e-a-utiful.

EXT. SMALL WONDERS DAY CARE - MORNING

Bruce pulls up in his Ford Taurus to a cluster of cars unloading kids. A 2003 MERCEDES SRL passes by.

GRACE
Wow, nice car, huh?

BRUCE
Yeah, if you want to rub your
success in people's faces.

Then Bruce notices a big medical van in front of the school with a BLOOD DRIVE SIGN.

BRUCE
What's with the hubbub?

GRACE
We're having a blood drive.

BRUCE
Creepy. Needles, yech...

GRACE
Oh, that's a nice response.

BRUCE
I mean, it's just so...

GRACE
Helpful and life saving?

BRUCE
C'mon, that's your...blood. It's in your body and I don't think it's supposed to come out. Besides, they stockpile that stuff. They have an endless supply frozen in a warehouse somewhere then tell everyone there's a shortage.

GRACE
They do not. Now stop it. I'm giving. I have a very rare blood type, AB positive. *

BRUCE
Well, I'm IB positive. IB positive they aint touchin' me with no needle. *

Grace sighs in exasperation, starts out when...

GRACE
(suddenly remembers something)
Oh...

She places a STRING OF PRAYER BEADS on the rearview mirror.

BRUCE
What's that?

GRACE
Prayer beads. The kids made 'em. Keep you safe.

BRUCE
Well, I hope they work, cause it's going take a miracle to get me to work on time.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Bruce is stuck in bumper to bumper traffic. He stares at the prayer beads with a "thanks alot" look.

A big accident ahead. Bruce looks at his watch, he's screwed. A person is CARRIED BY ON A STRETCHER, Bruce is oblivious.

BRUCE
This is just my luck.

Bruce's BEEPER sounds. He checks it.

BRUCE.
The meeting's starting, perfect...
(thinks)
Screw it.

He looks to the right of the car in front of him, then peels off onto the shoulder, passing tons of cars.

BRUCE
(laughs)
Catch you later, lemmings! It's
kill or be killed, only the strong
survive, no guts, no glory!

SFX: SIREN

Bruce pulls over, fumes.

BRUCE
(looking heavenward)
Thank you.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Bruce screeches into a space, races out of the car, bumping over a trash can, goes back to pick it up, sees a HOMELESS MAN who sits peacefully next to a paint bucket and sign boards. The various "warnings" change daily. Today's SIGN reads:

R EWE BLIND?

Bruce looks at the sign quizzically for a beat, then continues on.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

Bruce rushes through the newsroom, rounds a corner and runs right into BOBBY, the endlessly yammering PASTRY CART GUY.

BOBBY

Bruce the goose! Morning, Buddy.
Don't even move, I got somethin'
special today. My mom made it just
for you.

BRUCE

Well, that's- Bobby, I gotta go-
I'm late...

BOBBY

(bending down)
You like Quiche?

He comes back up, proudly presents a slice of quiche.

BOBBY

You know, contrary to popular
belief the quiche was actually
invented by the Mayans, then stolen
by the French. They shoulda said,
"Hey, that quiche ain't yours, it's
Mayan!"

Bobby belts out a laugh.

BRUCE

Bobby, I can't, I-

BOBBY

Just taste it, taste it...

Bobby shoves a bite into Bruce's mouth. Bruce feigns liking
it with exasperation.

BRUCE

Mmm, delicious, I really gotta go.

BOBBY

That's a buck seventy-five.

BRUCE

Can you get Kelly- Ahh...

Bruce tosses the thought, digs into his pocket, fishing for
cash.

BOBBY

(excited)
Oh, two o'clock, two o'clock, two-o-
five, two-ten...

Bruce glances over, annoyed but freezes at the sight of sex anchorwoman, SUSAN ORTEGA across the room.

BOBBY
Way out of our league, huh?

Bruce offers his money to Bobby.

BOBBY
You know, I saw them editing your cookie piece.

BRUCE
Really?

BOBBY
They must have gotten high or something, cause they was orderin' everything, I had. Hey, how long have you been interested in pastry? 'Cause I've got an aunt who makes baklava twenty layers deep.

BRUCE
(holding money out)
Bobby.

BOBBY
(gets a brilliant idea)
Maybe you could do a story on her!

Bruce tosses the money on the cart, heads off.

BRUCE
Keep the change.

BOBBY
(calling after)
I'll give her a call, we'll talk about it later!

INT. STAFF MEETING ROOM - DAY

ON THE MONITOR:

EVAN
Is something killing your kids?
Find out tonight at eleven.

Bruce looks at the sign quizzically for a beat, then continues on.

IN THE ROOM

The morning meeting is well in progress. Leading the group is the station manager and Bruce's boss, JACK KELLER, 50's, a constant furrow in his brow.

Also in the room: Bruce's fellow field reporter and rival EVAN BAXTER, 30's, a walking statement. Impeccable posture, perfect speech, perfect everything and he knows it.

FRED DONOHUE, the ever jovial sports reporter; always tanned, vain weatherman, DALLAS COLEMAN and segment producer Ally Loman.

JACK

Okay, promos are approved, let's-

ALLY

Ah, isn't that last one a little misleading? I mean, the story's about flu shots. Do we have to scare people to death?

EVAN

No, just into watching. Or I could change it to: "Slow news day, come yawn with us. At eleven."

FRED

Sniffles at eleven is nice.

DALLAS

Attack of the killer sniffles?

ALLY

(to Dallas)

The tanning booth is starting to zap your brain, you know that?

DALLAS

I don't use a tanning booth.

A beat and they all crack up.

FRED

Come on. You're turning orange.

EVAN

He looks Florida ripe to me. .

More laughs.

*
*
*
*
*

JACK

I would have sworn I already said
this, but promos are approved. Now
can we move on? *

ALLY

Jack, shouldn't the promos be
focusing on Pete's retirement.
This is his last week. *

EVAN

(leading)

Yeah, yeah. Any word on the open
anchor position, Jack?

JACK

Evan, you'll know something when I
know something.

Bruce bursts into the room. The meeting stops. Jack doesn't
need to say anything, he just looks at his watch.

BRUCE

Sorry, Jack. It wasn't my fault.
The traffic was - You guys already
played the spots?

JACK

Nice story, Bruce, but we're going
with Evan's piece on the sex
scandal at the mayor's office for
sweeps.

This hits Bruce hard. A beat of silence.

EVAN

And that's the way the cookie
crumbles.

The others chuckle. Only Ally remains sympathetic.

EVAN

I'm just messin' with you, Bruce.
See you've got to remember that the
news room is like a cookie...

More laughs.

BRUCE

(re: Evan's perfect
posture)

That's great Evan.

(MORE)

BRUCE (cont'd)
Is you're posture naturally that
good, or do you have to shove a
stick up there?

JACK
Okay, knock it off... Bruce we're
holding your story in reserve.
Now, can we get back to the board
so we have something to air today?

Jack continues with assignments. Evan sits smugly, as Bruce
slides down into his chair, deflated.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack is at Bobby's cart, paying for a sandwich. Bruce
catches up .to him.

BRUCE
Jack, Jack, hey. Can I talk to you
for a second?

JACK
Sure, Bruce. What do you need?

BRUCE
Sweeps.

Jack takes his sandwich and leaves. Bobby leans to Bruce.

BOBBY
Don't worry about it. I called my
aunt, we're on.

Bruce looks at Bobby, continues after and catches Jack.

BRUCE
Look, Jack. Hear me out, I'm
getting desperate man, I am pushing
forty and what have I got to show
for it? The point is, I've hit
some kind of a ceiling here. Some
kind of anti-Bruce barrier. And
Evan is just lovin' it, by the way.
He gets the good stories, he gets
on sweeps. Maybe I have to be more
like Evan.

JACK
You don't want to be like Evan.
Evan's an asshole.

BRUCE
I can be an asshole.

JACK
No, Bruce. You can't.

Bruce thinks, then flips Jack's sandwich plate over. It scatters on the floor. Jack and Bruce stare at each other for a beat.

JACK
Are you going to pick that up?

BRUCE
Yeah, I'm sorry.

Bruce bends down, starts picking up Jack's food.

BRUCE
It's just- this anchor position looming, it's gotten me nuts...

He hands the plate to Jack, as sexy anchorwoman SUSAN ORTEGA saunters by.

JACK
Hi, Susan.

BRUCE
Hi, Susan.

SUSAN ORTEGA
Hi, Jack.

Bruce blanches at this obvious snubbing.

JACK
Look, Bruce. You're a good reporter. You make people laugh. God knows today we can use it.

Bruce slumps, he's heard this a thousand times before.

JACK
(beat)
Alright, tell you what. It's the 23rd anniversary of the Maid of the Mist. I want you at Niagara Falls in an hour.

BRUCE
Maid of the Mist. That's always live.

JACK
Yep.

BRUCE
Evan gets the live feeds.

JACK

Well now you and Evan get the live feeds.

BRUCE

I'm going live. In sweeps.

JACK

Yes, but watch yourself, Bruce. I've seen your outtakes.

Bruce hugs Jack, pressing the sandwich against his chest.

BRUCE

Yes 1 You will not regret this, Jack.

(releases Jack)

I will not forget you when I go national.

Bruce takes off, Jack looks down, peels the sandwich off his chest. We hear children's joyous SHRIEKS...

INT. SMALL WONDERS DAY CARE - DAY

A COUPLE DOZEN KIDS playing at Grace's self-starter business, a one room day care center filled with children and toys.

Grace turns, reacts.

GRACE

Martin, are you eating the glitter again?

ON MARTIN - AN ADORABLE HISPANIC BOY

He shakes his head "no."

GRACE

Martin. Open your mouth. Abra su boca.

He does. His tongue sparkles with glitter.

GRACE

Oh, you're not huh? Well, then you've got a bad case of Liberace.

Grace's sister, Debbie, enters. She's wearing a nurse's outfit. Her youngest, ZOE, 3, runs over to greet her.

ZOE

Mommy!

GRACE
They didn't teach you Spanish in
nursing school, did they?

DEBBIE
Well, it seemed like they were
speaking a foreign language
sometimes, but no. Problemo?

GRACE
Martin has decided to explore new
food groups.
(back to Martin)
Martin, this is for art. Like this.

She spreads paste on the paper, sprinkles glitter.

DEBBIE
Is it so wrong to tie them up?

GRACE
Deb- Martin!

Martin is busted with the paste spreader stuck in his mouth.
Grace snatches it.

GRACE
Okay, go rinse your mouth with
water. Lave su boca. Go.
(to Debbie)
I swear that kid is going to poop
an ornament.

DEBBIE
(laughs)
You're good with them, you know.
You should have some of your own.

GRACE
Don't start...

DEBBIE
Free milk cow.

GRACE
Debbie, don't call me that.

DEBBIE
If the moo fits.

The phone RINGS.

GRACE
 Saved by the bell. Grab that for
 me, will you?

Debbie does.

DEBBIE
 Small Wonders Day Care.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

Bruce is on his cell phone, while the NEWS CREW races around,
 setting up for the report. The FALLS ROAR behind him and the
 Mate of the Mist sightseeing boat is in the b.g.

BRUCE
 Grace?

INTERCUT DAY CARE AND FALLS

DEBBIE
 (cheery)
 No, it's Debbie. The sister who's
 life you're not wasting.

GRACE
 Hey.

Grace GRABS THE PHONE.

DEBBIE
 (feigns innocent)
 What?

GRACE
 Sorry, honey. My sister seems to
 think she's my mother. Where are
 you?

BRUCE
 (flying high)
 Oh, A little place called the
 winners circle. I'm at the Falls
 doing a "live" report.

GRACE
 Live? That's great!

BRUCE
 Yep, it's happenin', hun. I got
 sweeps and I'm live. You know what
 that means?

(MORE)

BRUCE (cont'd)

They're seeing if I can think on my feet, like you might have to do in a live news anchor situation.

GRACE

Oh, my gosh.

BRUCE

This is happening for us, Grace. What we've always talked about. Jack practically came out and told me.

Grace quickly switches gears. She experienced the premature-celebration before.

GRACE

Wait, what do you mean practically?

BRUCE

Well, he didn't spell it out, but this is exactly what happened to Susan Ortega right before she was bumped up to the desk.

GRACE

(being cautious)

I just want to make sure we're not getting too ahead of ourselves.

BRUCE

I totally agree, but in the mean time you should start thinking about what coast you want to live on.

Ally interrupts, indicating the time.

BRUCE

Oh, they're calling me, I gotta go.

GRACE

Good luck, honey. I love you. *

BRUCE *

I love you. *

(hangs up) *

Debbie turns to Grace. *

DEBBIE *

Moooo *

GRACE

Stop it.

*
*

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - MAID OF THE MIST BOAT - DAY

Ally hustles Bruce toward the bow of the boat, as he places his ear piece.

ALLY

They want you close to the falls.

BRUCE

What for? I'll get soaked.

ALLY

That's the point. They want you to hold up this.

She hands Bruce a very stupid looking, blue "falls" shaped UMBRELLA with the MAID OF THE MIST INSIGNIA.

ALLY

Part of the condition of us getting the exclusive.

Bruce takes the umbrella.

BRUCE

Lovely. Glad I wore my tap shoes.

ALLY

Remember, this is their 23rd anniversary. Capacity is 59. They cater to tourists, honeymooners. . .

BRUCE

And people who are insanely thirsty, I get it.

' *
*

ALLY

And you'll be interviewing Irene Dansfeild...

She positions A VERY, VERY OLD WOMAN next to Bruce.

ALLY

...She rode on the maiden voyage with her late husband. Okay, 90 seconds.

*

Bruce looks upward at the ridiculous umbrella. Mutters encouragement to himself.

BRUCE
90 seconds, going live. Think
anchor, think dignity,
(glances up toward
umbrella)
Ignore umbrella. Just have fun.

CUT TO:

THE LIVE FEED IN THE CAMERA TRUCK AT THE FALLS

Some of the CREW MEMBERS watch the feed.

ON TV

Pete Fineman is reporting.

PETE FINEMAN
...but because of the fast response
by our local fire fighters, the
toxic chemicals were cleaned up
without incident. Susan.

The female co-anchor, SUSAN ORTEGA:

SUSAN
Bruce Nolan is standing by at
Niagara Falls with a report on the
Maid of the Mist sightseeing boat,
but before we go live to Bruce, we
have an announcement to make. As
everyone knows, after 33 years, our
beloved Pete Fineman is retiring.

Pete smiles a proud, heart-felt smile.

SUSAN
Pete's shoes are virtually
impossible to fill, but the show
must go on. And we could think of
no one better than our very own
Evan Baxter.

ON BRUCE

Listening to the feed. His FACE GOES WHITE. He stands in
shock.

Evan is seated next to Susan.

SUSAN

Congratulations, Evan. Looks like we'll be sitting side by side from now on.

EVAN

Thanks, Susan. I'm thrilled and honored. Like you said, no one can replace the great Pete Fineman, but I'll do my best. I have to say I am so proud to be a part of our local community. Of Buffalo. I think a great city is a lot like a great recipe really. Put in some hard working citizens, add some care givers, maybe a few nuts...

The other news anchors and Evan himself chuckle at "his" joke. Bruce listens on the feed, beyond stunned.

EVAN (CONT'D)

All sprinkled with the strength and love of our good families, that ultimately creates a sweet place to live. Thank you.

SUSAN

(touched)

Wow. That was amazing. And now let's go live to wacky Bruce Nolan out at Niagara Falls.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - CONTINUOUS

Bruce stands like a deer in headlights, drenched, holding the ridiculous umbrella. Ally signals Bruce he's on. He stares into camera, numb.

INT. SMALL WONDER DAY CARE - SAME TIME

The kids are gone. Grace watches the TV with a few other teachers. She's concerned.

GRACE

Talk honey, talk.

INT. STUDIO CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack rushes in, looking at Bruce on the monitor.

JACK

What's going on?

DIRECTOR
We've got a Walt Disney.

CONSOLE OPERATOR
Frozen solid.

JACK
He may not have audio. Check his
feed, have Susan cover.

INT. STUDIO CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan reacts to the message in her ear piece.

SUSAN
We may be having a bit of technical
difficulty...

Evan smiles in the background, clearly enjoying himself.

INT. STUDIO CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CONSOLE OPERATOR
Feed's good, Jack.

JACK
Come on, Bruce, talk damn-it...
Okay, get ready to pull the plug.

INT. SMALL WONDERS CARE - DAY

GRACE
Please baby, say something...

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - CONTINUOUS

Like popping out of a coma, Bruce surges in. Surprisingly,
seems very up and fine.

BRUCE
Thank you, Susan I Bruce Nolan here
aboard the Maid of the Mist at
Niagara falls.

INT. SMALL WONDERS DAY CARE - CONTINUOUS

GRACE
Thank you, God.

INT. STUDIO CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JACK
(sighs relief)
Thank God.

Jack pats the Director's shoulder, heads out of the room.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - CONTINUOUS

BRUCE
First off, "I want to add another
congratulations to Evan Baxter.
It's good to see what someone with
real talent can accomplish when
great opportunities are given to
him instead of me.
(still smiling)
Anyway, I'm here, I believe with
Katherine Hepburn's mom. Tell me,
why did you toss the blue "heart of
the ocean" jewel over the railing
of Titanic?

The Old Woman doesn't know what to say.

BRUCE
Did you feel guilty at all letting
Leonardo Decaprio freeze, while you
were safe floating on the big door?
Do you think he would have survived
if you had taken turns, or were you
too afraid to freeze your big fat
ass off?

INT. STUDIO CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack rockets back into the room.

JACK
Did I just hear..?

BRUCE
Well, I guess that's the way life
works, isn't it? Some people are
drenched, freezing to death, on a
stupid boat, with a stupid
umbrella...
(heaves the umbrella)
while others who aren't fit to kiss
my willy, are sitting in a nice,
comfy news room, sucking up all the
glorylll

INT. SMALL .WONDERS DAY CARE - CONTINUOUS

GRACE
This isn't happening. This isn't
happening...

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - CONTINUOUS

Bruce takes off walking, the camera follows.

BRUCE
Now, lets speak to the owner. Come
on in here, Bill.

Bill shakes his head "NO" as Bruce pulls him into frame.

BRUCE
Bill, you.'ve been running the Maid
of the Mist for 23 years. Tell me,
why do you think I didn't get the
anchor job?

BILL
Hey, man, I don't want any-

BRUCE
Do you think it's my hair?
(Bruce messes his hair
like crazy)
Maybe my teeth aren't white enough?
Or like the great falls, is the
bedrock of my life slowly erroding
underneath me.
(moving closer to camera,
to an inch away)
Erroding. Errrooding.
Errodiiiing...

INT. NEWS ROOM - DAY

All work has stopped. Stunned staffers stare at the monitor.

INT. STUDIO CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack stands with his jaw dropped, snaps out of it.

JACK
Alright, cut the feed! Cut to
black if you have to.

CONTROL BOOTH OPERATOR
I'm on it.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - CONTINUOUS

Bruce is now licking the camera lens. He steps back and signs-off. Smooth as silk.

BRUCE
I'm Bruce Nolan for Eyewitness
news. Back to you fuckers 1

INT. STUDIO CONTROL ROOM - .CONTINUOUS

Susan Ortega stares frozen blankly into camera.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Bruce is TOSSED OUT THE FRONT DOORS, his box of possessions spilling on the ground. Bruce FLAILS at the building.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Bruce carries his box to his car, when he HEARS A NOISE.

A street GANG is hassling the HOMELESS SIGN GUY. Pushing him around, breaking and painting over his signs.

Instinctively, Bruce walks over.

BRUCE
Hey, come on guys. What are you
doin'? Just leave him alone.

They turn, look at Bruce, laugh and head off. Bruce helps the Sign Guy up, looks after the Gang.

BRUCE
Yeah, you'd better keep walkin'.

They stop cold, turn back to Bruce and CHARGE AT HIM. Bruce attempts to run, but they leap on him in a big dog pile, swinging and kicking.

Bruce is left with a bloody lip, lying beside his car. We hear the sound of smashing glass and scratching metal and the gang running off. Bruce slowly gets up.

Reveal Bruce's car, WINDOW'S SMASHED, PAINT SCRAPED and the word "HERO" KEY SCRATCHED ON THE DOOR.

BRUCE
B-e-a-utiful.
(looks up)
(MORE)

BRUCE (cont'd)

Just what you get for trying to help someone.

Bruce gets in, pulls out of the parking lot passing the Homeless Man who sits beaten up holding a scrawled out sign

"LIFE IS. JUST"

BRUCE

Get a clue, buddy.

INT. BRUCE AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bruce is pacing, holding an ICE PACK to his swollen lip.

GRACE

Thank God you're alright.

BRUCE

God, yeah. Let's thank God. Thanks for everything, Lord. I am so honored that my horrible demise is a part of your loving and mysterious plan.

GRACE

Bruce, don't talk like that.

BRUCE

Oh, don't worry, he's not listening. If he is he doesn't care. Have you seen the news lately? We got gangs, we got drugs, we got corruption. What kind of God lets that happen? Every time we cure a disease he comes up with a new one!

(goes into God character)

Yeah, is this the lab? Yeah, it's God. They've just come up with a treatment for syphilis down there. I think it's time to release the tainted monkey. Oh, and there's a guy in Ohio who's praying for strength and wisdom, blind him and cut off his legs.

GRACE

So God is torturing us?

BRUCE

Think about it, Grace. God is all-powerful. He could fix everything in five minutes if he wanted to.

(MORE)

BRUCE (cont'd)

But he doesn't want to. He doesn't like me.

Sam starts PEEING ON THE RUG.

BRUCE

Oh, Perfect!

(to the dog)

But you're aim isn't so good, I'm over herel

GRACE

Bruce, please. This isn't his fault.

BRUCE

Of course not.

(hushed tone)

It's part of the mysterious plan.

Grace puts Sam outside. Returns, trying to calm Bruce.

GRACE

Honey, you're mad right now. It's understandable. And what Evan did was slimy and wrong. But your job doesn't matter to me. You matter to me. You could've really been hurt. I'm just glad you're okay.

BRUCE

Okay? News flash: I'm not okay! And I'm not okay with the fact that you think everything is okay. I'm not okay with a mediocre job. I'm not okay with a mediocre apartment. I'm not okay with a mediocre LIFE!

Bruce angrily swipes at the table knocking the photos and the photo albums to floor.

GRACE

Is that what you have, Bruce? A mediocre life? Well, I'm sorry for being a piece in your mediocre puzzle.

BRUCE

Terrific. I'm drowning and you throw me a brick!

Grace starts to cry.

BRUCE
 Perfect! I'll have the worst day
 of my life with a side order of
 guilt, please. I- I don't need
 this.

Bruce grabs his keys and heads out.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

It's RAINING now. Bruce drives, going nowhere in particular.
 His frustration is turning to desperation.

BRUCE
 Okay, God. You want me to talk to
 you? Then talk back. Tell me
 what's going on? What should I
 do? Give me a sign...

Bruce passes a BLINKING YELLOW CAUTION LIGHT, doesn't
 notice. . .

BRUCE
 I'm right here. Speak to me.

A PEDESTRIAN stepping into the crosswalk, steps back out of
 the way.

PEDESTRIAN
 SLOW DOWN, ASSHOLE!

Bruce is oblivious.

BRUCE
 All I need is some guidance.
 Please send me a signal.

A TRUCK TRANSPORTING VARIOUS ROAD SIGNS pulls in front of
 Bruce. Four ways, blinking. The varied signs read: Yield,
 Wrong Way, Dead End, Do Not Enter, Stop.

BRUCE
 Oh well, I guess you don't care.

Bruce spots the PRAYER BEADS hanging on the rearview mirror.

BRUCE
 Okay, we'll do it your way.
 (pulls the beads from the
 mirror)
 Lord, I need a miracle. Please
 help me.

He hits a bump and the BEADS DROP TO THE FLOOR. Bruce reaches down, fishes for the beads...

BRUCE
Come on, where'd you go?
(holds them up in triumph)
Ah ha! AHHH!

And BAM!! BRUCE'S CAR SLAMS INTO A LIGHT POST.

EXT. STREET - LAKE EERIE - CONTINUOUS

Bruce stumbles out, surveys his demolished car, then looks at the beads in his hands. He begins to laugh maniacally.

He spots the lake, starts running toward it like a madman, HEAVES THE PRAYER BEADS INTO THE LAKE. He looks heavenward, challenging the Infinite.

BRUCE
Okay, if that's the way you want it. The gloves are off, pal! Let me see a little wrath! Smite me oh mighty smiteri What, no pestilence no boils? Come on, you got me on the ropes, don't you want to finish me off?! You're the one who should be fired! The only one around here not doing his job is YOU! What are we, you're little pet project? A hobby you tinker with now and again? Answer me. ANSWER ME!!!

A beat of silence then Bruce's BEEPER GOES OFF. He cynically chuckles at the timing, checks it, sees 772-5623.

BRUCE
Sorry, don't know you, wouldn't call you if I did.

Bruce walks off toward his wrecked car, it BEEPS AGAIN.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - AN ALARM CLOCK

The BEEPING continues. We are in. . .

INT. BRUCE AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Bruce wakes, slaps at the alarm clock, groggy, reaches for the phone, finally realizes it's the beeper. He gets up, begrudgingly, checks it. The same number.

BRUCE
Well, hello again 772-5623, don't
hold your breath.

Bruce tosses the pager on the bed, heads for the bathroom.

The beeper BEEPS. Bruce stops in his tracks, turns, opens the window, grabs the beeper and FIRES IT OUT. It SHATTERS against a telephone pole. He calmly continues to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

A note is stuck in the bathroom mirror, with an old picture of he and Grace in happier times. The note simply says:

"I LOVE YOU. WE NEED TO TALK.

Grace"

Peering over top of the note, Bruce sees Sam circling on the rug.

BRUCE
Oh, no.

EXT. STAIR WELL - CONTINUOUS

Bruce runs down the stairs carrying the trickling, Sam.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Bruce sets Sam on the grass. Sam looks up, finished.

BRUCE
What's the point?

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP...

Bruce walks over to the shattered beeper. He picks up a small piece of it containing the LED read out: 772-5623

ON BRUCE - AMAZED

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A PHONE - BRUCE DIALS THE NUMBER

A PRERECORDED VOICE ANSWERS

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Denied that promotion at work? *Is*
 life unfair? Everywhere you turn
 is there someone less talented than
 you reaping all the benefits ? Is
 your name Bruce? Then do we have
 the job for you. We're located at
 77256 23rd Street...

Bruce reaches for a pen, begins jotting down the address.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

So come on down, or we'll just keep
 beepin' ya.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

An old building on the outskirts of town. A faded sign
 painted on the wall reads, OMNI PRESENTS.

Bruce's demolished car enters frame. He studies the area and
 building suspiciously.

Bruce cautiously moves towards the structure and then, STEPS
 IN A PUDDLE. He SINKS UP TO HIS KNEE.

BRUCE

Perfect.

He gets out, shakes off his sopping leg, and heads inside.

INT. OMNI PRESENTS - DAY

Bruce enters and checks the BUILDING DIRECTORY. It reads:

OMNI PRESENTS UNLTD.

Personnel Rm. 7

Accounting Rm. 7

Security Rm. 7

Creative Rm. 7

VOICE (O.S.)

You're looking for room 7.

Bruce turns to see a JANITOR mopping the floor. He looks at
 Bruce's wet leg, offers the mop.

JANITOR

Want me to even those up for you?

BRUCE
 (feigns a smile)
 How would I get to room 7?

JANITOR
 That'd be on the seventh floor.
 Stairs are right over there.

BRUCE
 What about the elevator?

He points to an elevator bank a couple of steps away.

JANITOR
 Out of order.

Bruce heads for the stairs.

JANITOR
 You mind giving me a hand with this
 floor?

BRUCE
 What? Yeah, I mind.

He continues on.

SEVENTH FLOOR

The stairwell door opens up to a LARGE ROOM with a SINGLE
 DESK at the end of an otherwise empty space.

Bruce hears someone tinkering atop a tall ladder extending
 into a hole in the ceiling.

BRUCE
 Excuse me. Hello. I'm, ah,
 looking for whoever runs this
 joint...

MAN (O.S.)
 Be right with y.a, just fixin' a
 light. Tell me if it's working?

CLICK and an INSANELY BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT ILLUMINATES, shining
 down blinding Bruce.

BRUCE
 Yep, seems to be.
 (wiping his eyes)
 Kinda bright, though.

An electrician, silhouetted in the bright light, descends the ladder.

MAN (O.S.)

Yeah, it is for most people. They spend their lives in the dark...

As he talks he steps down next to Bruce and we see that it is the SAME JANITOR.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

. . . thinkin' they can hide from me.

The two stand, angelically illuminated. Bruce tries to put everything together.

BRUCE

Oh, the elevator's broken, huh?

JANITOR

Yeah, but I'll get around to it.

The Janitor CLAPS HIS HANDS TWICE and the light goes off.

BRUCE

You installed a clapper?

JANITOR

Nope. Catchy jingle, though.

(sings)

CLAP ON. CLAP OFF. CLAP ON, CLAP OFF. THE CLAPPER.

(claps twice)

You can't get it out of your head.

BRUCE

I gotta go.

JANITOR

Okay, but the boss'll be right out.

The Janitor unzips his uniform, revealing a very nice suit. He extends his hand to Bruce.

JANITOR

You must be Bruce. I've been expecting you.

BRUCE

Oh, this is hilarious. So you're the boss and the electrician and the janitor.

JANITOR
 Nothin' wrong with rollin' up your sleeves, son. People underestimate the benefits of good 'ol manual labor. There's freedom in it. Happiest people in the world stink like hell at the end of the day.

He strolls down the room, takes a seat behind the big desk.

JANITOR
 Your father knew that. He was a damn good welder.

Bruce approaches the desk.

BRUCE
 How do you know my father? And how did you get my pager number?

JANITOR
 Oh, I know a lot about you Bruce. Pretty much everything there is to know. Everything you've ever said, done or thought about doin', is right there in that file cabinet.

He points out a single drawer file cabinet.

BRUCE
 (sarcastic)
 Wow, a whole drawer. Just for me? Mind if I take a look?

JANITOR
 It's your life.

Bruce pulls the drawer and it FLIES OPEN, DRAGGING HIM THE FULL LENGTH OF THE ROOM —

The Janitor casually pulls a file.

JANITOR
 Now this last entry was a little disturbing.

He thumps the file cabinet with his fist and the drawer dramatically sucks closed, DRAGGING BRUCE BACK. The Janitor reads from the file.

JANITOR
 (reads, scanning)
 Thanks for everything, Lord.
 (MORE)

JANITOR (cont'd)

I am so honored that my horrible demise is a part of your loving and mysterious plan.. The gloves are off, pal.. Smite me oh mighty smiter.

(aside)

I'm not much for blaspheming but that one made me laugh. Oh, and let's not forget "What kind of a God would let this happen? I mean, have you seen then news lately?"

Bruce stands, dazed. •

BRUCE

Who are you?

JANITOR

I'm the creator of the heavens and the earth. I'm the alpha & omega. The first and the last.

BRUCE

Sorry, it's not ringing a bell.

JANITOR/GOD

I'm God, Bruce.

BRUCE

Oh, you're God. Well that explains everything! That's how you know everything about me. That's how you got up to the seventh floor so quickly.

(placating)

Well, it's really nice to meet you. Thanks for the Grand Canyon and, ah, good luck with the apocalypse.

Bruce turns to leave, BUT FINDS HIMSELF WALKING RIGHT TOWARD GOD AND HIS DESK. He tries again, and again.

BRUCE

Okay, I don't know how you're doing that, but I really gotta go. This place is obviously rigged in some way. We're on some freaky hidden camera show.

(playing to the "cameras")

...for which I will not sign a release, by the way! But you know what, I'd be a little more impressed if you didn't use the cheesy file cabinet illusion.

(MORE)

BRUCE (cont'd)
 Everyone with a brain in their head
 would know that the drawer is being
 fed through the wall from behind—

Bruce pulls the file cabinet from the wall, sees it has a
 normal back.

BRUCE
 Okay. That's good. That's a good
 one.

Bruce quickly puts his hands behind his back.

BRUCE
 Okay, God. How many fingers am I
 holding out?

Bruce extends three fingers.

GOD
 Three.

He quickly pulls one finger in.

GOD
 Two.

Bruce begins switching fingers rapidly. God doesn't miss a
 beat.

GOD
 Four. Nine. Six. Eight. One...

One final attempt, Bruce holds seven fingers.

BRUCE
 Okay, how about now.

He quickly pulls in two fingers.

GOD
 Seven.

.BRUCE
 AH HAL

Bruce proudly presents his single hand of five extended
 fingers to God, then immediately notices he has SEVEN FINGERS
 ON HIS ONE HAND.

BRUCE
 AAAHHH1

He shakes his fingers wildly and the two extra fingers disappear. God approaches Bruce.

GOD

You've been doing a lot of complaining about me, Bruce. And quite frankly, I'm tired of it...

Bruce backs away from God.

BRUCE

You stay away from me! I don't know what your doing. But whatever you're doing is probably actionable!

GOD

Well, that's not very neighborly. I brought you here to offer you a job.

BRUCE

Job? What job?

GOD

My job. You think you can do it better, so here's your chance. When you leave this building you will be endowed with all my powers.

BRUCE

Sure, whatever you say, Pal.

He turns to go but GOD STANDS BEFORE HIM in the Janitor uniform, holding the mop.

GOD

All the power of God.

Bruce glances back at the empty desk, turns back again and God the Janitor has also vanished. A beat, then Bruce sprints out of the room.

EXT. OMNI PRESENTS - DAY

Bruce barrels out of the building -

BRUCE

Okay, that did not happen.

He races to his car stepping in the SAME PUDDLE, but this time his foot doesn't sink, he WALKS RIGHT ACROSS IT. He pauses for a beat -

BRUCE

No.

He races on.

INT. BRUCE'S CAR

Bruce jumps in, turns the key, the car turns over but doesn't start.

BRUCE

I'm having a breakdown. That's what it is. Just a normal, everyday psychotic episode, brought on by tumor or brain lesion...

We hear the car wind down to nothing. Bruce releases the key, pounds the steering wheel in frustration.

BRUCE

(to the car)

Come on, start!

The car INSTANTLY starts.

BRUCE

(denial)

Well, that was lucky.

Bruce backs up, peels out.

MUSIC UP: "HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS"

EXT. CITY STREETS

Bruce drives, whistling the tune, catches himself, immediately stops whistling.

BRUCE

Okay, just relax here. I did not meet God and I do not have his powers.

(laughs)

If that was God, then I'm Mario Andretti.

Instantly, Bruce's car PEELS OUT, races through traffic, dodging and passing cars right and left.

BRUCE

AAAHHHHHHHHH!J!

Suddenly there is a GUY IN A RED PIT CREW SUIT standing before Bruce waving a red flag. Bruce swerves to avoid the man and SCREECHES into a pit stop. Several other red-suited Italian men engulf the car. Bruce watches in amazement as the professional racing team jacks up his car, slaps on HUGE MAG TIRES, gases him up, etc. PAUL NEWMAN leans into the driver's window.

PAUL NEWMAN

Hey Mario, did you get that box of dressing I sent you?

Bruce responds against his will IN PERFECT ITALIAN -

BRUCE

(in perfect Italian)
Si, dovete venire sopra per il pranzo un certo tempo.

(SUBTITLES: Yes, you must come over for dinner some time.)

Bruce reacts shocked. The crew backs off and urges him on in Italian.

PIT CREW

Vetel Vetel

Bruce's car peels out on it's own, he struggles to control the wheel, finally pulling over to a curb. His car door won't open so he has to crawl out of the driver's window.

He rushes onto the sidewalk, backing away from his normal looking Taurus. Not knowing what to do, he slips into a diner.

INT. DINER - DAY

Bruce quickly walks to a back corner booth. The only other patron is an OLD MAN seated at the counter.

BRUCE

It isn't real, it isn't real, it isn't real...

An older. Sally Kirkland-type WAITRESS, order pad in hand, stands listening to Bruce with a raised eyebrow.

BRUCE

Oh hi, ah, coffee please.

The waitress pours him a cup.

WAITRESS
We've got a special on soup today.

BRUCE
No, that's okay.

WAITRESS
It's tomato.

BRUCE
Alright, okay.

She heads off. Bruce sits thinking. Could it be real?

He looks at the SUGAR down at the end of the table, holds out his hand and the SUGAR SLIDES ACROSS THE TABLE RIGHT INTO HIS HAND. The CREAMER slides into his other hand.

Bruce is half scared, half thrilled. He pours some cream and sugar into his cup, looks around the table.

BRUCE
Excuse me I need a spooooo...

Bruce chokes up a spoon into his hands, wipes it off with his napkin.

BRUCE
That's alright, I found one.

The Old Man eyes Bruce suspiciously, gets up and moves further down the counter.

The Waitress sets down the soup, heads off, then turns back.

WAITRESS
I lie to my sister.

BRUCE
What?

WAITRESS
(becoming emotional)
And I'm sleeping with my best friend's husband. I know he's just using me but.. I'm just so tired of being alone. I don't know why I'm telling you all this. Just seems like you'd understand.

BRUCE
Okay.

WAITRESS

(sets the check down)

Take care of that whenever you're ready.

Bruce looks at the soup. His look grows intense. He slowly raises his hands over the soup bowl....

MUSIC UP: THE TEN COMMANDMENTS THEME

The front door blows open, as A WIND SWIRLS through the dine and with all the flourish of Moses at the Red Sea, BRUCE PARTS HIS RED SOUP.

A little cockroach scurries across the table, climbs up the edge of the bowl and walks through to the other side.

GOD (O.S.)

Havin' fun?

Bruce is startled and the soup splashes back to normal collapsing on the cockroach. He looks up at God standing beside the booth. Bruce is now awestruck.

BRUCE

You- He- Thy...

GOD

Let's take a walk.

EXT. LAKE ERIE - DAY

God leans down, lets the little soup covered cockroach go. God and Bruce then walk along the lake shore.

GOD

(re: the cockroach)

Most people want to kill these guys. I'm quite fond of em'. Very streamlined design. Like little armored tanks. Y'know, they can hold their breath for forty minutes and their cells divide only once per molting cycle creating a cytoskeleton with cell adhesion that...

(catching himself)

Oh, this is a bit over your head, isn't it?

Off Bruce's look.

GOD
Okay, let me explain the rules.

BRUCE
Rules ?

GOD
Yeah, you left in such a rush I
didn't get a chance to explain.

BRUCE
Well the two extra fingers freaked
me out a little bit.

GOD
(laughs)
I figured that would get your
attention.. I did the same thing to
Ghandi, he couldn't eat for three
weeks. Now, here's the deal. You
have all my power. Use it any way
you choose. There are only two
rules. You can't tell anyone
you're God. Believe me you don't
want that kind of attention. And
you can't mess with free will.

BRUCE
Uh huh. Can I-ask why?

GOD
(excited)
Yes you can. That's the beauty it.

Suddenly a LARGE SAILBOAT SAIL PASSES RIGHT BY THEM. Bruce
looks to the sail, oddly, then...

WIDE ANGLE - REVEAL God and Bruce are now walking ON THE LAKE
about 100 feet from the shore. They watch the sailboat pass.
Bruce is awestruck.

BRUCE
This is amazing.

GOD
Oh, speaking of amazing...

God dips his hand in the Lake and pulls out THE PRAYER BEADS.
He pockets them as he talks.

GOD

Since you're finished with these, I think I'll hang to 'em. Might come in handy someday.

WIDE MASTER - BUFFALO CITY-SCAPE

God and Bruce are tiny figures on the river, as God begins to walk away.

GOD

I'll be seein' ya.

BRUCE

Where are you going?

GOD

I'm taking a vacation.

BRUCE

God can't take a vacation. Can he? Can you?

GOD

Ever hear of the Dark Ages? Besides, I'm covered. You can fix everything in five minutes if you want to, right?

ON BRUCE

BRUCE

...Right.

Left alone, Bruce begins to carefully tip toe back to shore, progresses to a full sprint.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Grace and Debbie stand at the check-out stand. Grace flips through a celeb magazine, as Debbie places the last few items from the cart to the conveyor belt.

In the background, throughout, Debbie's daughter, Zoe is grabbing random items off the shelves and placing them on the belt.

GRACE

(re: magazine)

Gosh, this girl is so talented and all they ever talk about is her hair.

DEBBIE
Yeah, she should marry somebody
famous, take the focus off.

Grace checks her cell phone screen.

DEBBIE
We would have heard it ring.

GRACE
I know. It's just that he usually
calls during the day.

DEBBIE
He just needs to blow off some
steam, he'll be fine.

GRACE
I hope so. I've never seen him
that mad. And I lashed back-

*
*

DEBBIE
Wow, you lashed? You never lash.
I'm impressed.

GRACE
I feel bad for him. He's wanted
anchor for so long.

Zoe begins pulling groups of items onto the belt.

DEBBIE
Well, I've been praying to win the
lottery for fifteen years, but it's
not going to happen. You know,
it's not all about money.

The CLERK finishes ringing the last item.

CLERK
That'll be four hundred and twenty-
seven, eighty.-

DEBBIE
What?!

Debbie looks in a bag, pulls out a handful of various counter
items. Zoe giggles and proudly holds up one of the hundred
or so Tic-Tac mint containers.

DEBBIE
Zoe.
(to Clerk)
(MORE)

DEBBIE (cont'd)
 Hang on, I might need you to un-
 check a few things.

The people in line hem and haw, exasperated.

GUY IN LINE
 Come on, lady.

DEBBIE
 (snaps)
 Hey, everybody back-off i

Zoe laughs, enjoying the commotion.

GRACE
 Listen, I better get back. I want
 to be there for him.

DEBBIE
 You're a saint, Grace.

GRACE
 What can I say, I love him. And if
 I know Bruce, he's out there
 wandering around with the weight of
 the world on his shoulders.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DUSK

Bruce struts down the street the embodiment of confidence.

He turns shooting a finger at a fire hydrant, it BLASTS
 WATER. KIDS run off their front steps, start playing.

A PRETTY GIRL IN A DRESS, comes' walking toward him. As she
 passes he BLOWS A LITTLE AIR OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS MOUTH
 and turns to watch her SKIRT FLY UP.

BRUCE
 And he saw that it was good.

He spots a mannequin in a store window display, wearing a
 cool, casual outfit. He closes his eyes. When he opens
 them, HE'S WEARING THE COOL NEW OUTFIT and the mannequin is
 dressed in his clothes. He checks his reflection. . . better.

Bruce rounds the corner, sees the SAME GANG that beat him up
 hanging out in the alley.

BRUCE
 B-e-a-utifull

EXT. ALLEY

Bruce approaches the gang.

BRUCE
Hey guys, remember me?

The gang members turn to Bruce.

HOOD #1
Oh look, it's the hero.

HOOD #2
Hungry for another can of whoop-
ass?

HOOD #3
Your stereo sounds great in my car,
man.

He and a couple other gang members laugh and high-five.

BRUCE
Look, I don't want to fight you
guys. So as soon as you apologize,
I'll be on my way.

A beat, then the Hoods BURST OUT LAUGHING. A few circle
behind, surrounding Bruce.

HOOD #1
Oh, yeah. I'll apologize... The
day a monkey climbs out of my butt.

BRUCE
What a coincidence. That's today.

The Hood gets a PAINED LOOK, starts gyrating around, then a
MONKEY comes climbing out the back of his baggy pants.

The Big Guy looks at Hood #1.

BIG GUY
Did that come out of your butt,
man?

Hood #1 faints from shock.

BRUCE
Now I'm going to have to teach the
rest of you guys a lesson.

HOOD #2
Yeah, you and whose army?

BRUCE
Just me... and me...

ANOTHER BRUCE steps out from behind a stack of crates.

BRUCE
And me, and me, and me, me, me, me,
me and me and me.

As Bruce talks, DUPLICATE BRUCE'S begin popping out from various spots, a doorway, hanging down from a fire escape, a dumpster pops open, six Bruce's jump out.

BRUCE
PILE ON THE RABBIT1

THE BRUGES CONVERGE ON THE GANG -

Hood #2 is instantly tackled by THREE BRUGES -

ONE BRUCE kneels down behind a hood, ANOTHER BRUCE pushes him down over his back. The two Bruce's high-five -

A Hood climbs a fire escape. ONE BRUCE gives a hand up to ANOTHER BRUCE, who takes pursuit. ANOTHER BRUCE leans out of a window SMASHES a potted plant over his head -

ON THE MONKEY - SCREECHING, ENJOYING THE EXCITEMENT

Our Bruce stands in the middle of the action, happily watching the mayhem.

HOOD #2
Let's get out of here, man!

Hood #2 takes off running, the gang members follow.

BRUCE
Okay guys, Kum Ba Yal

The Bruce's jog over, leaping and diving into Bruce's body.

BRUCE
I'll take it from here.

Bruce takes a deep breath, OPENS HIS MOUTH WIDE, RELEASING A SWARM OF LOCUSTS --

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The gang streams out of the alley screaming, COVERED IN LOCUSTS.

Bruce exits the alley, the monkey at his side. He looks down to the monkey.

BRUCE
Back home for you, little one.

The monkey takes off back into the alley, as we see HOOD #1 stumbling to his feet.

HOOD #1
NoI NOOOO01

He takes off running, the monkey in hot pursuit.

ON BRUCE

He belches and one last locust flies out. He reacts to the unpleasant aftertaste and walks off.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - BRUCE

We widen to an UP ANGLE of him standing on the top of Buffalo's tallest SKYSCRAPER. Clouds swirl behind him. He looks out over the vast city lights, opens his arms and proclaims to the world.

BRUCE
I AM THE LORD THY BRUCE ALMIGHTY.
MY WILL BE DONE I

Bruce poses in dramatic god-like form, lightning crashes behind him. He is an awesome god.

INT. BRUCE AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Grace sits on the floor next to the coffee table with a box of photos working on the album. She takes a sip of wine, sets down the glass. Sam walks over and laps up the wine.

GRACE
(to Sam)
Well, at least I have someone to
drink with.

Grace hears Bruce coming up the stairs, singing.

BRUCE

What if God was one of us. . .
 Just a slob like one of us...
 Just a stranger on a bus...
 Trying to make his way. . .

Grace reacts a bit surprised by Bruce's happy tone, she gets up, opens the door and there stands BRUCE, beaming smile, holding a very unique BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

BRUCE

(finishing song)
 ...home.

GRACE

(re: the flowers)
 Oh, my God.

BRUCE

You can call me Bruce.

GRACE

Where have you been? You're
 so...happy.

BRUCE

Who wouldn't be on a night like
 this?
 (holding out the flowers)
 For you.

Grace takes the flowers, gives Bruce a kiss, still sizing up his mood.

GRACE

These are amazing. What are they?

BRUCE

It's a totally new breed. A cross
 pollination between tulips and
 Daisies. I call them Todayzees.

GRACE

Todayzees? Okay...

Grace goes to put them in water.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

GRACE

Bruce, is there something you're
 not telling me?

BRUCE
Nothing of this world. Why?

GRACE
What do you mean, why? Last night
you weren't exactly happy with
life.

BRUCE
Last night, I was only human.

Bruce backs out of the kitchen seductively.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bruce breezes through, casually instructs the stereo as he passes.

BRUCE
CD 4, Track 7.

The Stereo illuminates and Barry White music plays.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Bruce opens the doors, steps onto the balcony. He surveys the cloudy sky, reaches up with his hand and ERASES THE CLOUDS, LIKE ON A CHALKBOARD.

Still not completely satisfied he reaches up toward the moon and makes a LASSOING MOTION, THEN BEGINS TO PULL.

CUT TO:

OUTER SPACE - BEHIND THE MOON

Earth far off in the distance - And with a THUNDEROUS RUMBLE the MOON starts MOVING CLOSER TO EARTH.

BACK TO SCENE

Bruce adds a finishing touch by adding several stars with points of his finger.

Grace joins Bruce on the balcony and is taken aback by the perfectly orchestrated sky.

GRACE
Wow, it really cleared up. I've
never seen the moon that big.

Bruce puts his arms around Grace from behind.

BRUCE
We shouldn't waste it.

Bruce starts kissing her neck. Grace turns, they kiss and a METEOR SHOWER lights the sky behind them. The kiss ends.

BRUCE
Bedroom.

GRACE
Five minutes.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grace grabs a neglige from the drawer, heads into the bathroom. Bruce enters, adjusts the ambience of the room, BLOWS THE LIGHTS OUT with a quick *puff of air*, LIGHTS CANDLES with a gesture. His clothes magically fall away.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grace slips her neglige on, begins brushing her hair.

GRACE
I'll be out in a minute.

BRUCE (O.S.) *
Don't rush yourself. Sometimes *
anticipation can heighten the *
pleasure. *

Grace SHUDDERS a bit at the word "pleasure", quickly finishes brushing, picks up her lipstick. *

BRUCE (O.S.) *
It's a funny thing about, pleasure. *

GRACE'S KNEES BUCKLE, causing the lipstick to smear across her face. She sits down on the toilet seat to get a hold of herself. *

BRUCE (O.S.) *
It can be extremely pleasurable. *

Grace has a very POWERFUL ORGASM and slides off the toilet out of frame to the ground. *

GRACE *
(out of control) *
Oh, oh. Oh my... *

CUT TO: *

BRUCE

Standing at the door with both arms extended toward the bathroom like an WARLOCK CASTING A SPELL. Suddenly the light hits him from the open bathroom door and he quickly strikes a casual pose.

Grace stands in the open doorway, panting like an animal. She dives on Bruce, attacking him.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

ON TV - THE MORNING NEWS

MORNING REPORTER

In international news, Japanese relief workers are staging a desperate effort to rescue hundreds of people stranded by a freak tidal wave that hit Kitamoto City...

We see remote footage of Japanese families being airlifted from root tops.

MORNING REPORTER

Scientists say the tsunami may have been caused by what they're describing as "unusual lunar activity." More on this, as it develops...

Grace half watches the newscast as she finishes breakfast.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Bruce lies blissfully asleep. Big smile, life is good. Then, we hear WHISPERING - Like distant voices MURMURING all at once. Bruce wakes with a start. He looks around puzzled, sticks his finger in his ear checking his hearing as the voices fade away.

ANGLE - SAM

Circling, getting ready to go on the carpet. Bruce casually warns.

BRUCE

Sam. Uh uh uh.

Sam looks at Bruce for a beat, then walks into bathroom, raises the toilet seat with his nose, and STANDS UP ON HIS TWO HIND LEGS, HOLDING HIS SNAUSAGE WITH HIS FRONT PAWS (NO, WE DON'T SEE IT) AND STARTS TO GO. He looks proudly back at Bruce.

BRUCE

Good boy.

INT. KITCHEN

Grace places breakfast on the table. Bruce comes out, fully dressed with a spring in his step.

BRUCE

Good morning.

GRACE

(gushy-lovey, sing songy)
Good morning. Cooked you grilled cheese.

BRUCE

Oo, my favey.

Bruce sits, Grace sets down his plate, leans close.

GRACE

Last night was just...

BRUCE

Heavenly?

GRACE

Mmm hmm.

Bruce enjoys his grilled cheese.

GRACE

It's funny, but when I woke up this morning, it felt like my boobs were bigger.

Bruce looks away, guilty, trying to be nonchalant.

GRACE

(holding them up)
Do they look bigger to you?

BRUCE

Huh? Ah, no, they, ah, look the same to me.

They aren't. They are clearly bigger. She holds them.

GRACE
They're definitely bigger. They
feel huge to me.

Bruce throws up his hands.

BRUCE
You got me. Probably just a
hormonal thing.
(takes a quick final bite)
Well, enjoy your breakfast, I've
gotta run.

GRACE
Where are you going?

He stops, turns. A new confident Bruce.

BRUCE
To get my job back.

MUSIC UP:

EXT. BRUCE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bruce heads for his severely beat-up junker car whistling
"What if God were One of Us."

INT. BRUCE'S CAR

CLOSE ON - BRUCE

He gets in, fastens his seat belt, as two teenagers cruise by
on skateboards, stop outside Bruce's window.

TEENAGER
(sincerely impressed)
Wow, nice car man.

BRUCE
Well, it gets me from A to B.

MASTER - STREET

Reveal Bruce's car is now a brand new MERCEDES 2003 VISION
SLR. He starts and revs THE POWERFUL NEW ENGINE and peels
out.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Bruce turns the corner into bumper to bumper traffic. No problem, the traffic magically opens up for him, cars instantly swerving right and left clearing a path for Bruce. He waves as he passes.

BRUCE

And the last shall be first.

EXT. POLICE TRAINING CENTER - DAY

A POLICE DOG, HANK, performs some standard TAKE DOWNS by "attacking" a "criminal" (trainer) on the run. PHIL, a reporter from a rival station is wrapping up his story.

PHIL

I certainly wouldn't want to be a fugitive on the run with Hank, Buffalo's number one police dog, on the job. This is Phil Sidleman reporting from The Police Canine Training center.

(beat)

And cut it. Let's go, guys.

The crew start to wrap up.

ANGLE - BRUCE

Watching the action from the side, holding his own home video camera. Phil spots him.

PHIL

Hey, channel seven, right? You're the guy that went crazy.

BRUCE

Yeah, I had a bad day. But things are lookin' up.

PHIL

What are you doin' here?

BRUCE

Just lookin' for a story.

PHIL

(waving the video tape)
Well, this pond's fished out.
Pretty standard stuff anyway.

BRUCE

I don't know. My instinct tells me there's something more.

PHIL

Well, go with that. It's served you well in the past, right?

Phil and a couple of his crew laugh, as they load the last of their equipment into the van and shut the doors.

TRAINER (O.S.)

Hey, Hank found something!

Phil turns back, Bruce and he exchange a glance.

Hank is DIGGING FURIOUSLY, making a BIG HOLE. The Policeman jogs over, joins the trainer. They watch as TWO DRESS SHOES ARE UNCOVERED IN THE DIRT. Hank BARKS.

POLICEMAN

We got a body!

PHIL

(to his crew)

Shit. Get the camera, now!

EXTREME CLOSE ON - THE VAN'S DOOR LOCK

It LOCKS AUTOMATICALLY. The CAMERAMAN yanks at the door.

CAMERAMAN

It's locked and the keys are inside!

Bruce casually turns his camera on, gives Phil a "tough break" look, heads for the scene, as Phil and his crew scramble around the van.

CUT TO:

ON A TV

•

DAN RATHER

The body of Jimmy Hoffa was uncovered in a field today outside of a canine training center in Buffalo New York. Local Buffalo freelance field reporter Bruce Nolan was the first on the scene...

We cut to the pre-taped story. Bruce stands with Hank and his trainer before camera, the body being exhumed from the ground behind him.

BRUCE

Since the disappearance of Teamster president Jimmy Hoffa in the nineteen sixties, his whereabouts have remained one of this country's great unsolved mysteries. That is until just moments ago, when during a routine training session, a police dog named Hank sniffed his way right into the history books. As you can see behind us, the body is being carefully exhumed and will be transported to a hospital facility where DNA testing will confirm the identity. That, of course, only a formality as in a bizarre twist, the body was found buried with a birth certificate and complete set of dental records.

(rubs Hank's neck)

Sort of a two-in-one for Hank today, as moments later, he busted a local news camera crew with four kilo's of marijuana.

We see footage of PHIL AND HIS NEWS CREW, being cuffed on the ground, as large stacks of marijuana plants are being pulled from the van.

PHIL

I've never seen it before, I swear I

EXT. NEWS STATION - DAY

As Bruce pulls up in front of the building the NO PARKING SIGN flies back into the bushes and the RED CURB TRANSFORMS TO GREEN as though being sloppily painted with invisible brushes.

Bruce exits the car and smooths past the Homeless Sign Guy, who sits in his usual spot. His sign reads:

"HEAVEN IS AT HAND. LEGGO YOUR EGGO."

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

Bruce cruises through the office, fielding greetings.

VARIOUS OFFICE STAFF
 Nice Job, Bruce...Way to go,
 buddy...go get 'em, Bruce, etc.

Susan Ortega smooths up to Bruce.

SUSAN ORTEGA
 Hi, Bruce.

BRUCE
 (surprised)
 Oh, Susan.. Hi.

SUSAN ORTEGA
 Good work, I'm impressed.

She give's Bruce a "look" and continues on. Bruce is a bit
 inflated by the encounter.

Bobby the pastry cart guy wheels his cart up along side.

BOBBY
 Hey, Bruce. Nice job, man. Wasn't
 the same without you around here,
 pal.
 (leading)
 I hear Jack wants to see you.

BRUCE
 That's the word.

BOBBY
 You're going to need your energy in
 there. Can I interest you in a
 donut?

BRUCE
 No, thank you, I'm not hungry.

BOBBY
 Coffee?

BRUCE
 No.

BOBBY
 Fiber grain bar with bee pollen and
 Spirulina?

BRUCE
 I'm really not interested.

BOBBY
Yeah, I don't blame 'ya, they taste
like grass.

Bobby CUTS BRUCE OFF WITH HIS CART. Bruce is forced to stop.

BOBBY
Tell you what? I wasn't going to
break it open until lunch time, but
I made a batch of rhubarb that you
have got to try.

BRUCE
Bobby, I-

BOBBY
Come on, it's my mother's recipe
she's practically cripple...

Bobby forces a ladle of rhubarb out at Bruce.

BRUCE
No, I really- no...

BOBBY
Open up, that's it, here comes the
news chopper...
(makes sound of Chopper)

BRUCE
No, Bobby.. Bobby NO! I said I
didn't want anything.
(turns, heading off)
Damn you...

Bruce continues off, as Bobby stops cold, adopts an odd
expression, then his EYES ROLL UP IN THEIR SOCKETS, SPIN ALL
THE WAR AROUND, THEN GLOW RED. LITTLE HORN BUMPS PUSH UP
FROM HIS SKULL. He turns instantly demonic.

An overly PERKY FEMALE OFFICE WORKER approaches Bobby from
behind.

FEMALE OFFICE WORKER
Hi, Bobby. Is there any of that
split pea soup left?

She is instantly hit in the chest with a stream of green
vomit. A beat and Bobby offers out a plastic spoon.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

ON JACK

He sees Bruce enter, immediately perks up. *

JACK *
 (big laugh) *
 There he is! Hoffal Hai What are *
 the odds of that? *

BRUCE *
 (laughing along with him) *
 Ha! What are the odds? *

JACK
 Look, I'll be straight. We want
 you back, Bruce. I want to tell
 you, it wasn't my decision to let
 you go. When the big guy gives the
 order, I gotta...

BRUCE
 No harm no foul, Jack. I needed
 some time off to reassess my goals
 and get in touch with my true self.

JACK
 You did that in a day?

BRUCE
 Imagine what I can do with seven.

Jack pauses for an awkward beat. His face grows serious.

JACK
 I haven't been the best father in
 the world.

BRUCE
 What's that?

JACK
 I curse a lot. I cheat on my
 taxes. My wife used to make my
 kids call me, when she was alive...
 (breaking down)
 ...Now, I go to strip clubs, and
 drink all night. But at least
 their open until four. What are
 you doing tonight?

BRUCE
 Oh, I'm busy doing...things.

Jack recovers, rejuvenated.

JACK
Yeah, I gotcha. It feels good to
get that out. Thank you.

Jack gives Bruce a big hug.

JACK
Look, it's not in my power to give
you anchor, but as far as field
reporting goes, if you're looking
for a bump.

BRUCE
Jack, don't worry about that. Just
give me a camera and a crew and
I'll give you the news.

Bruce exits. Jack likes the new Bruce.

INT. NEWSROOM

Bruce heads out as The Eyewitness News opening plays on
several monitors. Susan Ortega opens.

SUSAN
Good evening and welcome to
Eyewitness News at six. I'm Susan
Ortega.

EVAN
And I'm Evan Baxter. And here's
what's making news...

This stops Bruce. He watches Evan on a newsroom monitor. A
devilish smile forms on Bruce's face.

EVAN
A potential scandal with the
Buffalo P.D. surfaced today when...

Evan's voice suddenly becomes HIGH PITCHED, like a girls.

EVAN
(falsetto)
...the mayor demanded that the
Chief of Police issue...
(clears his throat)
...Uh-hum, that the Chief of
Police...

Evan tries to clear his throat again, but his voice remains
HIGH PITCHED.

EVAN
 (falsetto)
 ...the Chief of Police issue a
 response over allegations made
 by...

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

JACK
 What the hell is that?

Evan is starting to visibly sweat.

EVAN
 (falsetto)
 I'm sorry. There seems to be
 something.

Evan shoots Susan a look to cover for him. Susan tries to
 cover with a joke.

SUSAN
 Looks like my new co-anchor may
 need a glass of water.

/.""""N LAUGH that makes it even worse. He sips the water and his
 VJ voice returns.

EVAN
 Ah, there we go. Sorry about that.
 The Prime Minister of Sweden
 visited Washington today as my
 little tiny nipples moved to France-
 Evan stops cold, staring at the teleprompter.

INT. TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The Director in the booth reacts.

DIRECTOR
 What did he just say? Check the
 prompter.

The Console Operator checks the text being fed to Evan.

CONSOLE OPERATOR
 It's fine.

DIRECTOR
 Well, signal for him to keep going.

-^
/
The Stage Manager motions to Evan, he reluctantly continues reading.

INTERCUT TV STUDIO AND NEWSROOM MONITOR

EVAN

The White House reception committee
greeted the Prime Rib Roast
Minister and I do the cha cha like
a sissy girl...

(urged to keep going, so
continues slowly)

I lika do da cha cha...

In desperation, Evan shifts from the prompter to the paper script on his desk.

EVAN

Sorry, we're having a few technical
difficulties, here...

(reading)

In other n-n-n-n....n-n-n-n...

*
*

Evan's NOSE STARTS BLEEDING. A sudden stream out of one nostril. Susan reacts. So does Jack. Bruce smiles.

-,
/ Evan sees the blood, tries to stop it but it only streams faster. He keeps talking, but the stream increases. Susan gets up, tries to help.

SUSAN

Somebody get some napkins. Dallas,
help me.

DALLAS

I'm not touching hinu
(realizing he's on camera)
I mean, I'm not really qualified.

Evan's hair IGNITES.

SUSAN

His hair's on fire!

Dallas runs off.

BRUCE

(casual to an amazed news
staffer)

You know, he does have a certain
pizazz about him.

Susan reaches for a water pitcher, as a crew man steps in and BLASTS Evan's head with a fire extinguisher. Evan is in shock, his face now white.

The screen cuts to a "PLEASE STAND-BY" title card, then cuts to an episode of "Dragnet."

ON BRUCE - It's fun to be God.

MUSIC UP/MONTAGE UP

EXT. FAIR GROUNDS - DAY

Bruce is bored off his ass, interviewing some BLUE HAIRED OLD LADIES at the Mark Twain chili cook off.

BLUE HAIRED LADY
 (talks so slow you want to
 kill yourself)
 My secret is I let the jalapeno's
 marinade in a spicy sauce for over
 24 hours before I-

We see Bruce's pained face, realizing what horrible news this is, when he gets an idea and SCHWWWWWAAAAAAM!! AN ASTEROID CRASHES to earth behind them.

BRUCE
 Hold that thought, Hazel!
 (Bruce walks back toward
 the explosion)
 It seems some type of meteor or
 asteroid has, by chance, hit the
 earth right behind the Mark Twain
 Chili Cook Off. . .

EXT. SKY - DAY

Bruce is free-falling in full sky diving uniform.

BRUCE
 . . . So remember, it's sky diving
 season at Old Pete's airfield.
 (grabs the ripcord)
 This is Bruce Nolan..
 (gives it a tug, doesn't
 budge)
 My rip cord appears to be a bit
 stuck.

Bruce yanks again harder, nothing, then again and the cord rips free from the suit.

BRUCE

This is a very unfortunate turn of events. I'm heading toward the earth at a very precarious speed...

The cameraman pops his shoot and we see Bruce continue to stream toward the ground below. He falls into a wooded area.

A CAMERA ON THE GROUND picks up the coverage, runs through the brush with other BYSTANDERS to find Bruce laying on top of a BIG, HAIRY CREATURE.

BYSTANDERS (O.S.)

He's okay...What's that?...It's Bigfoot!...Bigfoot broke his fall!...

Bruce stands groggy, points to a dazed Bigfoot.

BRUCE

Ah ha! You are real!

INT. BRUCE AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bruce sits watching a hockey game on TV. He follows the puck intently with his eyes, as though controlling it's path. GOAL, SABERS! THE CROWD ROARS!

CUT TO:

GOAL, SABERS! THE CROWD ROARS!

CUT TO:

Grace sits aside him, working on the photo album.

GRACE

Do you believe how they're playing?
(beat)
Oh, honey, would you hand me the scissors?

Bruce diverts his attention, when the Sabers screw up and the crowd GROANS. Bruce immediately turns, looks intently at the puck and GOAL, SABERS! THE CROWD ROARS!

INT. BRUCE AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON - BRA CLASP

Grace's BOOBS ARE EVEN BIGGER. Bruce is trying to help her fasten her bra, but it's a good three inches from touching. Bruce shrugs "got me."

EXT. BUFFALO ZOO - DAY

Bruce is doing a report just outside the Pandas' enclosure.

BRUCE

In the past, zoo officials have been unable to get these Panda's to mate, but that doesn't seem to be a problem today.

REVEAL A MALE PANDA wholeheartedly humping another PANDA.

BRUCE

And the mood seems to be catching
a...

WIDE SHOT of the enclosure - PANDA'S are coupled off, and humping everywhere. Mothers are frantically covering children's eyes, ushering them away from the exhibit.

QUICK CUTS OF DIFFERENT NEWSCASTERS ON TV

NEWSCASTER

His stories are all over town...

NEWSCASTER #2

...from unearthing Jimmy Hoffa...

NEWSCASTER #3

...to an asteroid crashing to earth. Bruce Nolan is rapidly becoming known as. . .

EXT. BUFFALO - DAY

A BILLBOARD being put up with a big smiling Bruce with arms extended. It reads: "Mr. Exclusive".

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - NIGHT

*

A close up of Bruce on the Jumbotron.

*

ANNOUNCER

*

Ladies and Gentlemen, please
welcome Mr. Exclusive, Buffalo's
own, Bruce Nolan.

*

*

*

Bruce starts SINGING THE MOST AMAZING GOSPEL SINGER/JAZZ VERSION OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM ANYONE HAS EVER HEARD.

*

BRUCE

*

Oh, say can you
seeEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...
seeEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...

*

*

*

BRUCE & CHILI CONTESTANTS
 (in unison)
 And that's the way the cookie
 crumbles!

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - DAY

The words FLASH on the jumbotron and the entire crowd chants:

CROWD
 And that's the way the cookie
 crumbles!

MUSIC OUT/MONTAGE OUT

INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

Grace lies in full body wrap, while Debbie is in the process of being wrapped by MARGARITA, a rather ruff Spanish Salon attendant.

DEBBIE
 So this is what success buys you.

GRACE
 I guess.
 (wiggling around)
 I feel like a human taquito.

DEBBIE
 Well, thank Mr. Exclusive for me.
 He's on a quite a roll. What'd he
 do make a deal with the devil?

GRACE
 And he's taking me out tonight to
 dinner at Chez L'Amour.

DEBBIE
 Well, la-ti-da. Mike's idea of a
 romantic evening is Chez Sizzler.

Margarita pulls the wrap tightly around Debbie.

DEBBIE
 (to Margarita)
 What does this do again?

MARGARITA
 EstS para su grasa.

DEBBIE
 Grasa? Doesn't that mean fat?

GRACE

Afraid so.

Debbie eyes Margarita.

GRACE

(gushing)

So, Bruce said and I quote:
"Prepare yourself for an amazing
evening that will change our lives
forever."

Margarita reaches Debbie's waist and YANKS tightly.

DEBBIE

Good - you wouldn't want to leave
any spare oxygen in there.

(back to Grace)

Wait a second, you don't think he's
going to propose, do you?

GRACE

I don't think anything.

DEBBIE

You do. You think he's going to
propose.

GRACE

Well, he's always said when he gets
his career together, you know...
And his career is more than
together. I mean, come on, Chez
L'Amour. Change our lives...

DEBBIE

I don't know, hun. I mean, I like
Bruce but that man's priority list
is him, him, him, then him some
more and then you.

GRACE

Well, he just might surprise you.

DEBBIE

That's what I'm worried about.

(re: Margarita)

Careful, you missed a spot of free
flowing circulation.

Margarita senses the attitude and pulls tighter. Debbie
reacts.

DEBBIE

That'd do it.

Margarita motions for Debbie to lay down and leaves. Debbie struggles to lay down.

DEBBIE

Let's see, how do I-

Debbie slides to the ground, Grace cracks up, gets up to help, but also in mummy wrap, topples on top of her. They both laugh and struggling to get up.

Hearing the ruckus, Margarita enters and gasps.

MARGARITA

Lesbianas!

Grace and Debbie crack up harder.

DEBBIE

Hey, I'll take that over fat...

Margarita tries to pull them up, but falls too.

MARGARITA

No sexo, no sexol

Grace and Debbie can't stop laughing.

INT. CHEZ L'AMOUR - NIGHT

A waiter pours the first trickle of wine into Bruce's glass. Bruce whiffs it, tastes it.

BRUCE

Very good. If you run out just bring me some water, I'll take it from there.

Grace looks over the menu as Bruce notices people at various tables eyeing him. He glances up to a ceiling light and REDIRECTS IT with his mind, so it SPOTLIGHTS HIM in golden light.

TWO CUTE GIRLS with dates SMILE and wave. He waves back.

GRACE

Should we ask for a more private table?

BRUCE
 Huh? Oh, no this is fine right
 here.

Bruce looks at Grace lovingly. He takes her hand

BRUCE
 I was going to wait until after the
 meal, but I think it's going to
 just bust out of me if I don't do
 it now.

Grace beams, looks at Bruce with total love.

BRUCE
 You ready?

GRACE
 (nervous)
 I think so.

BRUCE
 I got anchor.

Grace's face falls. She does her best to cover.

BRUCE
 Evidently, they're having problems
 with Evan. He's finishing up the
 week and I go live Monday.

GRACE
 That's great, honey.
 Congratulations. Wow. So that's
 what's tonight is about?

BRUCE
 Well, yeah. Grace, I got anchor.
We got anchor!

She's having a hard time covering her let down.

BRUCE
 (noticing her flat
 reaction)
 What's the matter?

GRACE
 Well, to be honest, I thought that
 maybe tonight, you-

The TWO CUTE GIRLS interrupt, approach Bruce.

CUTE GIRL #1
I'm sorry, but we had to come over.
We just think you're amazing and...

CUTE GIRL #2
Well, we can't believe it's you!

They both laugh, Bruce enjoys the attention.

BRUCE
(laughing along)
Yep, it's me.

CUTE GIRL #1
Can we get a picture with you?

BRUCE
Well, sure.
(glances to Grace)
Just one second, hun.
(leans to Grace)
Fans. We better get used to this,
huh?

Grace sits watching the two girls take turns sitting on Bruce's lap, taking pictures. Sees Bruce relishing in the attention. One girl gives Bruce a peck on the cheek and they leave. Grace is clearly upset.

GRACE
You have lipstick on your face.

BRUCE
Oh, thanks...

GRACE
Bruce, we need to talk. I thought
we had an understanding-

Suddenly, the WHISPERS start again. Bruce looks around, figures it's coming from the restaurant patrons.

BRUCE
Wow. It's kind of loud in here.

Grace looks around the quiet romantic setting.

GRACE
What are you talking about? It's
not loud.

The WHISPERS GROW IN VOLUME.

BRUCE

Geez...

(shouts to the restaurant)

----- - COULD YOU ~KEEP TT DOWN!--- - -

GRACE

Bruce, this isn't funny.

BRUCE

(talking loud .over the
"racket")

WHAT? WOULD YOU EXCUSE ME FOR A
SECOND?

He gets up and darts off.

INT. CHEZ L'AMOUR KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bruce races through the restaurant kitchen holding his ears -

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

He BURSTS out the kitchen exit into the alley. Unclasps his ears, but no relief. The whispers are now loud voices. We start to make out fragments of words "Please," "Help me," etc.

Overwhelmed and scared, he slides down the alley wall, covering his face, then TOTAL SILENCE -

Bruce lowers his hands and finds himself SITTING ATOP A HIGH MOUNTAIN PEAK.

GOD (O.S.)

Really something isn't it?

God sits down next to Bruce.

BRUCE

Is this heaven?

God laughs at this one.

GOD

It's Everest. You should try flipping on the Discovery Channel every now and then. Well, I guess you can't now, being dead and all.

BRUCE

I'm dead?I

God laughs.

GOD

No, I'm just messing with you.

BRUCE

Those voices...

GOD

They're prayers, Bruce. You keep ignoring them and they're going to build up on you like that. You didn't think being God was going to be all fun and games did you?

BRUCE

Prayers? Those are prayers? Why can't I understand them?

God forms a snowball in his hands as he talks.

GOD

You aren't listening, son. Let's see, you've had my powers for over a week now and how many people have you helped?

BRUCE

Okay, so maybe I've righted a couple of the wrongs in my own life. I was going to get around to others. I can do both. I can help the world.

GOD

The world? That wasn't the world, Bruce. That was just Buffalo, between Commonwealth and 57th. Didn't want to start you out with more than you can handle. Now how you doing otherwise? Personal life in good shape?

BRUCE

Yeah. Everything is great.

A DOORWAY OPENS like a crack in space. Grace steps out, sees Bruce.

GRACE

Bruce? What are you doing out here?

With that, the terrain TRANSFORMS back into the alley where Grace has been standing all along. She can not see .God.

BRUCE

Oh, ah,

(to God)

She can't...

(God shakes his head, back
to Grace)

I just, ah, needed a little fresh
air.

Bruce fakes a couple big breaths.

GRACE

Bruce, what is going on? The
second I want to talk about us you
run out on me.

GOD

(to Bruce)

Everything's great, huh?

BRUCE

I wasn't running out on you...

GRACE

You know, I actually had the crazy
idea that you were going to ask me
to marry you tonight.

GOD

Now it's heating up.

BRUCE

(to God)

You are not helping.

(back to Grace)

...me at all here, Grace.

GOD

(sarcastic)

Nice recovery.

Bruce looks to God to shut up.

GRACE

Not helping you what?

BRUCE

(to Grace)

Look hun, I want to talk about
this. This just isn't a good time.
Okay?

GRACE

When is it a good time? It's never
a good time.

GOD

She's got a point.

BRUCE

(to God)
Stay out of this.

Grace looks at him like he's nuts.

GRACE

Who are you talking to?!

Just then, the WHISPERS start in again. Bruce reacts.

BRUCE

Oh, not now.

Bruce puts his hands to his ears. Grace takes this as him
not wanting to listen to her.

GOD

You're going to have to answer
those things, y'know.

GRACE

Fine. You know what? I'm going to
go home and if by some miracle it
suddenly becomes a 'good time', you
know where to find me.

(starts out, then)
And speaking of time, you're
running out of it.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Grace heads back into the restaurant. Bruce stands
completely frustrated.

BRUCE

(to God)
Thank you.

GOD

You want some friendly advice?

BRUCE

No.

God smiles.

GOD
 You wanted the job, Bruce. I
 suggest you get to it.

INT. BRUCE AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Grace is asleep in the bedroom while Bruce paces in the
 living room.

BRUCE
 Okay...Prayers.

He concentrates for a second and in an instant, the WHISPERS
 start in.

BRUCE
 Okay, first off, this creepy
 whisper thing has got to go.
 (paces)
 Organization and management. I
 need a system. Something
 concrete...

(an idea)
 Prayer files 1
 (commands)
 Let all prayers be organized into
 files.

Bruce WAVES HIS HAND---

Instantly, the room is JAMMED FULL OF FILE. CABINETS.

BRUCE
 Too bulky. Ah! Prayer post-its!

Instantly, the files are gone and millions of POST-IT'S, EACH
 WITH A PERSON'S PRAYER REQUEST begin slapping down attaching
 themselves to everything in the room.

Bruce himself becomes a big post-it mummy. He pulls the one
 covering his mouth.

BRUCE
 Sloppy.
 (an idea)
 Ah!

CUT TO:

Bruce sits before a High Tech computer sitting on a desktop.
 We HEAR the famous "You've Got Mail" sound bite

BRUCE

Welcome to the information super highway. No mess, full bless.

A COMPUTER PROGRESS BAR titled "Downloading Prayers" appears on screen, there's a long, long way to go.

Bruce watches and waits, bored - looks at his watch. *

DISSOLVE TO: *

BRUCE - MORNING *

He's fallen asleep by the computer. As he wakes he sees: *

"1,567,432 unread messages" *

BRUCE *

Whoa. *

Suddenly, Grace bounds out of the bathroom. *

GRACE

Okay, this is getting ridiculous I

Grace's boobs are enormous! A healthy D-cup.

GRACE

I have to see a doctor. There's definitely something wrong with me.

Bruce jumps up from the computer, hides what he's doing...

BRUCE

No. You look great.

GRACE

I look like a hooker I My whole body is changing.

She turns profile, her back sways causing her ass to stick out.

GRACE

My back didn't used to arch like this.

Bruce gets up, walks to Grace.

BRUCE

I think you look amazing. *

GRACE
Bruce, I feel like our relationship
is becoming all about sex.

BRUCE
No it's not. Come on, give me a
hug. *

GRACE
No, Bruce. Come on. *

She breaks away and sees the computer is on. *

GRACE
What's that? What are you doing? *

Bruce tries to cover. *

BRUCE
Oh, ah. Nothing. Surfing the
internet...for stories... *

GRACE
Is this why you didn't come to bed? *

BRUCE
No, ah...Honey, you're going to be
late. *

GRACE
No, I'm not.

Bruce looks over Grace's shoulder and ADJUSTS THE CLOCK FORTY
MINUTES FORWARD. Grace turns and is surprised.

GRACE
Oh my gosh! How did I sleep this
late? I've got to run. Are you
giving me a ride?

BRUCE
Don't need to.

Bruce motions to the window. Grace walks over, looks out and
sees. . .

A NEW SPORTY RED CONVERTIBLE wrapped in a WHITE BOW.

BRUCE
Happy two months and four days
before your birthday.

GRACE
 (gasps)
 you're crazy. Can we afford that?

BRUCE
 I'll work it out. Just trust me.

Bruce dangles the keys in front of her eyes. *

GRACE
 If you're trying to buy your way
 out of the hot water you're in,
 it's not working. . .
 (looks at the car)
 Well, it's working a little... *

Bruce smiles. *

CUT TO:

GRACE DRIVES OFF IN HER NEW CAR

Bruce turns away from the window, gets back to the computer.

BRUCE
 Okay. Let's start with something
 easy.
 (typing)
 Find: Sports...Sabers.
 (reading)
 Please make the Sabers win the
 playoffs, good. Please, please let
 the Red Wings beat the Sabers. *

Bruce puzzles over the two prayers. Starts typing. *

BRUCE
 Yes to you, loyal Sabers fan. And
 no to you.
 (typing)
 And your goalie has turrets.

Bruce smiles, this is fun.

MUSIC UP: MIC JAGGER "GOD GIVE ME EVERYTHING I WANT"

MONTAGE - BRUCE ANSWERS PRAYERS

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Emails scroll, stop at:

Filbert Davidson RE: GYM CLASS

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - ROPE CLIMBING DRILL - DAY

A BULLY taunts a FAT KID WITH HORN RIMMED GLASSES.

ANGLE BRUCE - WATCHING FROM THE BLEACHERS.

The FAT KID nervously grabs the rope and much to his surprise, he CLIMBS IT LIKE STALLONE IN CLIFF HANGER. *

Bruce is in the stands, pleased. He flicks his finger upward and the BULLY'S gym shorts SHOOT UP HIS BUTT CRACK - a supernatural wedgy.

Filbert flexes his flabby arm, amazed.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - COMPUTER SCREEN E-MAIL

Ester Maha RE: BANKRUPTCY

INT. BANK OFFICE - DAY

Bruce looks in the bank window and sees a very stressed, ESTER sitting in the loan officer's office, tears in her eyes. As she opens her purse for a tissue, IT IS FULL OF CASH. She registers shock and joy.

BRUCE *

Ask and ye shall receive. *

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - COMPUTER SCREEN E-MAIL

Bella Winters. RE - PARKING.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Close on a middle-aged woman driving a car in a parking lot.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

Please let. me find a space.

She drives right by Bruce who smiles. . . *

BRUCE *

Knock, and the door shall be
open. . . *

Bruce makes a KNOCKING MOTION and... *

ANGLE - HANDICAPPED SPACES

All the signs fall off their post. The painted wheelchair symbols on the pavement animate WHEELING THEMSELVES OFF THE SPACES. She pulls into the now open spaces.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Bruce watches a stickball game in progress. One PRISONER chases a batted ball to the prison wall revealing a HUGE HOLE to freedom.

PRISONER
(looks heavenward)
Thank you, God.

EXT. BEASLEY CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Construction workers stand staring down in awe as woman after woman on the sidewalk below, STOP, RAISE THEIR TOPS AND FLASH THEM.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
Thank you, God.

INT. SMALL WONDERS DAY CARE - DAY

Grace bends over to help with a craft, revealing ample cleavage.

ANGLE - MARTIN AND THE OTHER BOYS STARING AT HER, EYES WIDE.

MARTIN
Gracias, dios.
(Subtitles read: Thank
you, God.)

He shovels a scoop of paste in his mouth.

CLOSE ON: COMPUTER KEYBOARD

Bruce's hands typing responses. His fingers move faster and faster.

FRAGMENT MONTAGE OF OVERLAPPING IMAGERY - TEXT AND VISUALS:

"I want to be bigger" text and dissolve to a young man growing six inches. He smiles wide -

Close up computer text snippets dissolve over one another:
"Please help my stock go up" "...my stock..." "...make a killing in the market..."

Then another "I want to be bigger" this time dissolve to a grown man, peeks down his pants, smiles wide -

EXT. BUFFALO CITY STREETS - DAY

Bruce walks along head high, FULL OF HIMSELF. He audibly hears snippets of prayers, snapping off responses.

VARIOUS PEDESTRIANS

I've got to find a better
job...Come on light, turn...God, I
wish I were thinner...

BRUCE

Promotion with 15% raise...It's
green. . . Donuts are now healthy...

INT. BRUCE AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bruce sits at the computer, looks at the total prayer requests, his jaw drops. 3 MILLION and growing.

BRUCE

Oh, come on. What a bunch of
whiners. This is going to suck up
my whole life.

Bruce gets an idea, pulls down a menu on the computer, highlights "ANSWER ALL" types in the word "YES" and hits enter.

The computer takes over, ANSWERING EACH EMAIL AUTOMATICALLY
Bruce smiles and gets up.

CLOSE ON - THE COMPUTER SCREEN

We see the list scroll by, everything from "LOST CAT" to
"MORE MONEY" "MAKE ME SMARTER" "MAKE ME THINNER," ETC.

"YES" "SEND", "YES" "SEND" and on and on.

MUSIC OUT/END MONTAGE

INT. EYEWITNESS NEWS STATION - JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

ON JACK

Very uncomfortable, struggles for the right words as he's firing somebody.

JACK

Look this isn't easy for me. We're
starting to get some complaints
and... Well, Bobby, things just
aren't working out.

JACK'S POV

Bobby's demon-looking head, slowly ROTATES 360 DEGREES ON HI NECK.

JACK
(scared)
An, you can keep the cart if you like.

We can SEE BOBBY'S BREATH NOW.

BOBBY
(deep demonic voice)
Thanks. I've grown kind of attached to it.

EXT. SMALL WONDERS DAY CARE - DAY

Bruce pulls up, Grace, her BODY BACK TO NORMAL, walks up and hops in, happy.

GRACE
Look! I'm back to normal. It was the wildest thing, I was worried, so I said a prayer and the next thing I know, I was completely healed. It was like a miracle.

BRUCE
(fakes happy)
That's great.

GRACE
So, you're taking me to lunch?
This is rare-
(catches herself)
But wonderful.

BRUCE
Oh, I've got something better than lunch.

Bruce pulls out. They drive off.

GRACE (O.S.)
Oh, you'll never believe it.
Debbie won the lottery!

BRUCE (O.S.)
Really?

GRACE (O.S.)
 But get this, there were like 433
 thousand other winners, so it only
 paid out 17 dollars. Can you
 believe the odds of that?

EXT., UPSCALE HOME - DAY

Bruce leads her out of the car.

BRUCE
 Keep 'em closed...

GRACE
 (laughing)
 What is this?

EXT. UPSCALE HOME - DAY

Bruce leads Grace through the gates.

BRUCE
 Okay...open your eyes.

Grace does and sees A STAGGERING MANSION.

GRACE
 Wow. This is a bit overwhelming.

BRUCE
 I know, it's incredible. Come on
 in, look.

INT. MANSION

As amazing as it is, it's interior design is way over the top
 ritzy. Painted ceilings, gold trim everywhere.

GRACE
 (laughing)
 This place is hilarious. Are you
 doing a story here?

BRUCE
 (coy)
 No. Guess again?

Grace turns to Bruce confused.

BRUCE
 It's mine...ours.

GRACE

What?

BRUCE

(beaming)

This is our new home. Come on...

Bruce pulls Grace up the stairs.

GRACE

This had to cost- I can't even imagine how much this had to cost.

BRUCE

7 million. That was the asking, but I got a deal.

GRACE

Wh-What am I missing here? You can't afford this. You're a reporter. Buying cars is one thing, but this-

Bruce grabs a hold of Grace.

BRUCE

We'll have the money. Listen to me closely. I'm getting anchor. Then, I'm going to get spotted, offers will come flooding in to go national, and then you and I are moving to New York City to a place that will put this to shame. This has been my exact dream my whole life and it's finally going to happen. Every step just how I pictured it.

Grace just stares at Bruce.

GRACE

There's only one problem.

BRUCE

What?

GRACE

I hate it.

Bruce is surprised.

GRACE

What were you thinking? Why didn't you talk to me about this?

*
*

BRUCE

I wanted to surprise you.

*
*

GRACE

Mission accomplished.

*
*

BRUCE

Honestly, I thought you'd be a little more appreciative.

GRACE

Appreciative of what? The fact that you didn't include me on a major life decision or that we now live in the Sultan of Bernai's house?

*
*

BRUCE

(under his breath)
Like pearls to swine.

GRACE

What is that supposed to mean?

BRUCE

Let those with ears hear.

GRACE

What is happening to you? You're changing.

BRUCE

Exactly. For the better. I'm not poor and struggling. And maybe that threatens you. I'm telling you, there are plenty of women who would love this place.

GRACE

Yeah, and so would their pimps.

*

BRUCE

I can't believe this. I did all this for us.

*
*
*

GRACE

Us? What us? You always said when your career takes off we'd get married. What happened to that us?

*
*
*
*

BRUCE

I want that.

GRACE

'That'. You can't even say the word.

*
*
*

BRUCE

Marriage, I want marriage, okay. It's just not a great time right now.

*
*

GRACE

Not a great time. What is that, your mantra? This is never going to change. . .

Grace heads down the stairs.

*

BRUCE

Come on Grace, lighten up. Tomorrow's Saturday. The office is throwing me a party here, for getting anchor. Let's enjoy the ride for a while. We're just starting to have some fun.

*
*

GRACE

No, you're just starting to have fun.

Suddenly, the TOILET FLUSHES off camera. Grace sees Sam in the bathroom spraying some deodorizer before he exits.

GRACE

And what in God's name is going on with that dog?

Grace pulls her cell phone out of her purse, heads for the door.

GRACE

I'm going to have Debbie pick me up.

BRUCE

Grace.

GRACE

I'm sorry, but I won't be attending your little party tomorrow. And if you would like to see me after I will be at our home.

*
*

She starts out.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Oh, and that poor, struggling guy
you talked about? I miss him.

ON BRUCE - BUMMED

PARTY MUSIC UP:

INT. UPSCALE HOME - NIGHT

The PARTY OF PARTIES is in order. The place is jam packed with co-workers, fellow reporters, and various news contacts

Everyone is in an ecstatic mood, many prayers having been recently answered. We MOVE THROUGH THE PARTY and hear snippets of various conversations.

BUSINESSMAN
I'll drink to that! My tech stocks
tripled in five days.

They clink glasses.

WOMAN
You seem taller.

JOE
I am!

FATHER TYPE
My son pitched a no hitter!

HEAVYISH WOMAN
I lost 47 lbs on the Krispy Kreme
diet.

ON SAM

Walking on his hind legs, delivers a cold beer to Bruce.

ON BRUCE

Well on his way to plastered, takes a swig, then glances at the beer.

BRUCE
(to Sam)
Hello...
(pointing to bottle)
Corona. Lime next time?

Sam walks away, his tail between his legs.

Bruce maneuvers down the hall dancing, high-fiving, drunkenly accepting the praise coming at him from all sides. * *

PARTIERS

There he is. . . The man!.. All
hail our new anchor! I

BRUCE

Bless you. Bless you.

PARTYING SPORTS GUY

Hey Bruce, who do you like in the
game tonight?

BRUCE

Put your money on the Sabers.
Coach prays a lot.

A FRENCH WAITER approaches Bruce.

FRENCH WAITER

Ah, Mr. Nolan, we're running out of
hors doerves. I'm afraid we under-
ordered, sir. And the people are
hungry.

BRUCE

What do you have left?

The Waiter holds up a small basket.

FRENCH WAITER

Only three chips and two shrimp.

BRUCE

(confident)
Just take it around.

The Waiter gets a confused look.

CUT TO:

CHIPS OVERFLOWING, SHRIMP SPILLING OUT OF BASKETS, HANDS
REACHING GLUTTONOUSLY FOR THE BOUNTY.

The Waiter walks along amazed as handfuls of shrimp and chips
are pulled from the small basket.

Partiers crowd around Bruce, start to chant.

CROWD
Speech! Speech!! Speech!

Bruce takes center stage, quiets the crowd.

BRUCE
I'd thank you all for coming, but
the liquor is free so maybe you
should THANK ME!

Everyone laughs.

BRUCE
And now let me tell you a story.
There was a man who had two sons.
The younger son took his
inheritance and squandered his
money on a life of lust and
debauchery. I LOVE THAT GUY!!

Everyone throws their hands up and continues to party.

Bruce's big smile fades. He looks around the room, hoping to spot Grace. He grabs a phone, walks out to the balcony, dials -

He gets their answering machine, hears their outgoing message together from happier times. He hangs up.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Hey there.

Bruce turns, sees SUSAN ORTEGA, completely stunning in a sexy dress.

SUSAN
Hi Bruce. What are you doing out here all alone?

BRUCE
Oh, ah, I was calling Grace.

SUSAN
Yeah, I didn't see her in there. I love the new place, by the way. So how are you and Grace doing?

BRUCE
I don't know, we had a fight earlier. Ever since I.. Well, things are different now and...

SUSAN
You're on fire Bruce. Some women
can't handle fire. Some can.

Susan smooths close to Bruce.

SUSAN
You know, I always had an instinct
about you. I knew you were going
to make something of yourself.

BRUCE
Really?

SUSAN
There's something special about you
Bruce. I like special...

BRUCE
Look Susan, I don't know, I-

Susan grabs Bruce, kisses him passionately. Bruce doesn't
join in, but doesn't fight it either.

ANGLE - THE FRONT DOOR

Grace and Debbie enter.

DEBBIE
So this is your new place, huh?

GRACE
Cozy, don't you think? Come on
help me find him.

They head into the room.

DEBBIE
You sure you want to do this?

GRACE
I don't know. It's his big night.
I don't want to spoil it. I know
how much this means to him.

DEBBIE
So much for lashing back...

Grace stops dead in her tracks. Her face drops.

GRACE'S POV - BRUCE, still lip-locked with Susan Ortega.

*
*
*
*
*

DEBBIE
Oh, boy.

Bruce turns and sees Grace.

BRUCE
 Grace, I...

GRACE
 . (fighting back tears)
 Get the car, Deb.

DEBBIE
 Right.

BRUCE
 Grace, wait.

Grace follows Debbie out.

EXT. UPSCALE HOME - NIGHT

Bruce follows Grace outside.

BRUCE
 Grace, come on.

Grace stops, opens her purse, tosses the keys to her new car in Bruce's chest.

GRACE
 Here. I don't want your car. I don't want your things. . . I don't want you.

BRUCE
 Come on, don't say that. *I* was just calling you-

GRACE
 And you thought Susan's mouth was the phone?

BRUCE
 I didn't think you were coming- I mean, I . . . I screwed up, okay. Let me make it up to you.

GRACE
 How about a boat, Bruce?

BRUCE
 If that's what you want.

GRACE

Yeah, a big boat and oh, maybe two bags of cash, you know, the ones with the big cartoon dollar signs on the front. Then I'll be happy. Because I'm just hollow inside. Debbie's been right. All this time. I defended you, told her there was good in you. Another side to you. Well, I just saw that other side and I don't want anything to do with it.

Debbie pulls up, Grace storms off to the car. Bruce follows,

BRUCE

Grace, come on, don't do this.

GRACE

Go back to your little co-anchor.
Or is that ho-anchor?

(tearing)

I came back here to apologize. How stupid am I?

Grace turns and heads to the car.

BRUCE

You're the one that didn't like the new place!

Grace gets in, slams the door.

BRUCE

You can't walk out on me! I'm the alpha, lady! I'm the Omega!

Debbie peels out.

BRUCE

(desperate last attempt)

I could make you stay!

Bruce is left alone in the middle of the street.

BRUCE

Fine! I don't need you! I have everything I need. Did you hear that?!

(yelling)

I have EVERYTHING!

INT. UPSCALE HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce walks in, Susan is waiting for him.

SUSAN

I was right. She couldn't handle
the fire.

Bruce looks at Susan with disgust, then glances to a FIRE
ALARM on the wall, mentally TRIGGERS IT. The sprinklers turn
on, as well. People scream, rush toward the exit.

Bruce sits down on the sofa, being rained on by the
sprinklers, alone. He finally plops back and God is sitting
next to him.

GOD

Enjoying your party? Yeah, nothing
like spending time with some real
friends. Any shrimp left?

BRUCE

Grace left me.

GOD

I know.

BRUCE

(certain)
She'll take me back.
(uncertain)
Will she take me back?

GOD

Would you take you back?

Bruce mulls this over,- then...

BRUCE

How do you make someone love you
when you can't effect free will?

GOD

Welcome to my world, son. You come
up with an answer to that one, you
let me know.

Off of Bruce thinking...

CUT TO:

INT. DEBBIE AND MIKE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Grace's alarm goes off. The radio comes on and it plays a John Cougar Mellencamp song. But the lyrics are different.

JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP
 Here's a little ditty,
 about Grace and her man Bruce,
 two Americans growing up,
 needing to make a truce.

Grace's eyes pop open. Is she dreaming?

EXT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE

Bruce hides behind a hedge, watches Grace jog past.

ON GRACE

notices something CARVED IN THE TREE it reads: "GRACE + BRUCE". Carved in the next tree, "A COUPLE FOR THE AGES". Carved in the next tree, "COME ON ALREADY, GIVE HIM ANOTHER CHANCE". She does a double take, continues on.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Grace reaches in her purse to pay for her coffee and a bunch of PICTURES FALL OUT. They are all of Bruce and Grace. She thinks, definitely didn't -put them there.

INT. SMALL WONDER'S DAY CARE - DAY

Grace is helping one of the kids, when she notices something outside the window. It's a cloud formation that strangely looks like BRUCE (in profile) HOLDING HANDS WITH GRACE. She reacts as the imagery melts away into a very faint "FORGIVE HIM."

EXT. SMALL WONDERS DAY CARE - LATER

Grace is talking with one of the other teachers. The kids, playing dodgeball in the background, laugh and scream louder and louder. Grace turns and sees...

Bruce getting pelted by multiple balls.

BRUCE
 Okay, surrender, surrender.

He walks over to Grace.

BRUCE
 Hi.

GRACE

Hi..

BRUCE

I, ah, have my first anchor
tonight.

GRACE

That's great. I hope it goes well
for you.

He's hit in the head by a ball. Grace can't help but smile.
Bruce leaps at the opportunity.

BRUCE

I miss you.
(off her silence)
I just took the first step, shot
myself out on the ledge, awaiting
vulnerably your response.

GRACE

...I don't know what to say.

BRUCE

How about you love me and you'll
take me back.

GRACE

No, Bruce.

BRUCE

Come on, what about all the signs?

GRACE

What? How do you know about that?
Did you talk to Debbie?

BRUCE

(beat)
Would it help if I told you I acted
like an ass?

Martin is standing nearby.

MARTIN

Hey, you said ass.

BRUCE

It's okay as long as you mean a
donkey. I didn't add "hole." It's
only bad when you say "ass-ho-

GRACE
 Alright, inside, Martin.
 (to the others)
 Okay everyone, inside.

The kids race in. Grace starts to follow.

BRUCE
 Grace, please. None of this seems
 right without you. *
 (off her reaction) *
 Is that a glimmer of hope I see? *

GRACE
 I have to go... *

She starts off. . .

BRUCE
 Wait.

Bruce DRAMATICALLY RAISES A HAND TOWARD GRACE, like putting a
 love spell on her.

BRUCE
 Now how do you feel?

She looks at him, oddly.

GRACE
 ...Are you out of your mind? Have
 you been drinking?

BRUCE
 Drinking? Sure. I'm drunk with
POWER.

Bruce RAISES BOTH HANDS IN FULL HEXING FASHION...

BRUCE
 ...LOVE ME!!

GRACE
 (a beat)
 You need help.

She heads back inside. Bruce throws his hands in the air,
 frustrated.

EXT. SMALL WONDER'S PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce heads for his car as he sees a two guys in PRISON SUITS
 (from the prison yard) drive off with it.

BRUCE
Heyll That's my car!!

INT. BRUCE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS
The PRISONERS drive off laughing.

PRISONER #1
Ha, nice wheels, huh?

BRUCE sits up in the back seat.

BRUCE
Thou shalt not steal.

The prisoners JUMP.

BRUCE
Car, show them the way out.

Instantly, the car doors fly open and the seats tilt sideways, dumping the prisoners.

BRUCE
What is wrong with the world?

INT. EYEWITNESS NEWS STATION - TV STUDIO

ON A TV MONITOR

NEWS ANCHOR #1
The Dow skyrocketed again today and with a new influx of paper millionaires, analysts are warning of a potential run on banks...

We see a stock graph superimposed on the screen with a ludicrous jump straight up off the charts.

CHANNEL CHANGES TO:

NEWSANCHOR #2
The scene nearly turned violent when hundreds of disgruntled Buffalo residents protested the results of lasts weeks fluke lottery results...

CHANNEL CHANGES TO:

NEWS ANCHOR #3

...another 37 arrests today at the
Beasley Construction Site for
indecent exposure. . .

We see women getting pulled away one by one into police vans,
after they flash their tops. In the background, a "Girl's
Gone Wild" van is there rolling tape of each flashing.

ON JACK

JACK

The world's gone mad.

Jack clicks off the monitor. Bruce hustles in from make-up.
An air of forced confidence about him. Nothing and no one is
going to ruin his big moment.

JACK

Oh, there you are. Your big debut.
How you feeling?

BRUCE

You know what? I'm good. The show
must go on.

Bruce sits in the anchor desk, breathes in the reality.

SUSAN

(whispers)

Bruce, if I had any idea Grace was
going to be there last night...

BRUCE

Susan, you didn't do anything
wrong. In fact, I found the
moment rather pleasurable.

*
*
*

Susan shudders, tries to compose himself.

SUSAN

(flustered)

Oh, really. . . that's nice.

JACK

Okay, the Sabers just won the
Stanley Cup. It's getting pretty
crazy out there. We're going to
kick live to Fred at the stadium.
Oh, and Bruce, you won the pool
again. Exact score, dead on.
Twenty-three to one, who would have
thought.

STAGE MANAGER

In five, four...

JACK

This is it, you good?

Bruce nods, straightens in his chair, prepares for his dream
ON THE MONITOR

The Eyewitness News opening plays, then fades away to Bruce
and Susan.

SUSAN

I'm Susan Ortega.

BRUCE

I'm Bruce Nolan and here's what's
making news—

And the screen goes to STATIC. Lights dim in the studio.

JACK

What happened? What the hell
happened?

The Stage Manager listens to his wire.

STAGE MANAGER

We lost the signal. It's another
power surge.

JACK

Aw, geez. Ever since that damn
asteroid hit.

The power comes back up.

STAGE MANAGER

We're **back**.

SUSAN

We apologize for the interruption,
and now back to the news. Bruce...

BRUCE

Thank you, Susan—

Susan gets a feed in her earpiece.

SUSAN
I'm sorry, we're going live to Rupp arena where the Buffalo Sabers have won the Stanley cup. Fred...

Bruce is noticeably bothered.

CUT TO:

INT. SABERS LOCKERROOM.

Fred is with the coach. The team is celebrating, champagne rains down.

FRED
Thank's Susan. I'm here with coach Tucker who has lead the Sabers to their first championship in 22 years...

ON BRUCE'S mounting frustration. He gives a look.

FRED
Tell me coach...

Fred's face registers A PAINED LOOK. He tries to keep it together. A beat of silence...

FRED '
(quickly)
I have to use the restroom.

He drops the mic and runs out. Off the coach's puzzled look...

INT. NEWS STATION

JACK
What the hell?

Bruce covers.

BRUCE
We'll get back to the Saber victory in just a moment. In other news-

Again, STATIC... Jack tosses his headset.

JACK
Oh, for the love of God! What is it now?

The Stage Manager again listens to his wire.

STAGE MANAGER

The whole booth is down.

CRASH! A BRICK flies through a front window. Bruce turns to see...

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

A FULL ON RIOT in progress. College students, city dwellers going crazy. Cars are burning, people are out of control.

Escaped convicts are running in and out of stores looting right alongside ordinary citizens.

The Kowolski brothers and Momma Kowolski are helpless against the onslaught as pillagers run out of the bakery carrying cakes, pies, bread - whatever they can get their hands on.

Bruce stumbles through the mayhem, confused.

BRUCE

What's going on?

COLLEGE KIDS

Partying, man. Wooooll!! Sabers I!

They continue to trash the area.

BRUCE

But your team won!

Cars are being rolled over. A lone POLICE OFFICER protects himself with his shield as he's pelted with various debris. The Officer PULLS BRUCE down behind a car.

POLICE OFFICE

Stay down.

BRUCE

Where are the other officers?

POLICE OFFICE

What other officers? Half the force just retired. Said their "ship came in." You better get home pal. It's dangerous out here.

The Officer heads out. Bruce stands, then quickly DUCKS, as a bottle is tossed through a window that has a lotto sticker on it.

RIOTER

The lottery sucks! I only won 17
bucks i

BACK TO SCENE

Bruce looks up at a burning building with a flaming "Mr. Exclusive" billboard above - it comes CRASHING DOWN. Bruce looks out over the rioters.

ON BRUCE

We see the anger build in his face, like Moses looking down on the Israelites. He RAISES HIS ARMS. DARK CLOUDS SWIRL IN THE SKY. WIND BLOWS. LIGHTENING CRACKS.

BRUCE

Hear, O' Buffalo, you have awakened
my wrath. Vengeance is mine!

A BOLT OF LIGHTENING shoots right into the middle of the rioters, scattering them. People flee in every direction as THUNDER CRASHES and lightning bolts continue to strike.

Bruce stands alone in the street, surveys the smoldering mayhem, then reaches into his pocket and pulls out the key God gave him. He grips it tightly and...

INT. OMNI PRESENTS - NIGHT

*

Bruce stands there, sees God as he originally found him, mopping. God looks up at Bruce, not surprised to see him.

BRUCE

They're all out of control. I
don't know what to do.

GOD

You mind giving me a hand with this
floor first?

Off Bruce's look. . .

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Bruce's sleeves rolled up, mopping next to God.

GOD

"Poor man wanna be rich, rich man
wanna be king, king's dissatisfied
'cause he rules everything..."

(MORE)

*
*
*
*

GOD (cont'd)

(to Bruce)

Springsteen. I like a little Boss
in my head while I'm workin'...

*
*
*

They finish up. God looks back at the sparkling floor,
satisfied.

GOD

There we go. Wonderful thing. No
matter how filthy something gets,
it can always be cleaned right up.

God collects Bruce's mop.

BRUCE

What happened? I gave everyone
what they wanted.

God sets the mops down.

GOD

Since when does anyone have a clue
about what they want?

God holds up a REMOTE AND CLICKS, changing the room into the
DINER where Bruce first parted his soup. (NOTE: Whenever the
room "changes" we're actually still in the room, but seeing a
full projection of an environment on the walls and columns)

The older waitress, Ginnie, clears some dishes...

GOD

Remember Ginnie?

Ginnie bends down behind the counter and when she comes back
up she is a hot 21 YEAR OLD.

GOD

Ginnie thought she lost her beauty
when she got older. I'm trying to
convince her otherwise.

Ginnie bends down again, and when she comes back up, she is
HER OLDER SELF again.

God clicks the remote, changing the environment into a SCHOOL
YARD. We see the grade school where Filbert Davis, the boy
Bruce helped up the rope, is in a fight.

GOD

Ah yes, Filbert. Brilliant young
man. He was going to be a great
poet.

(MORE)

GOD (cont'd)

The soul of his work would have
been built out of his hardships.
He would have touched millions.

(feigns cheery)

But now he's headed for a career as
a professional wrestler.

God clicks, changing the environment into a CONDO. We see a
lonely woman (who found the cash in her purse) sitting
depressed, rocking in a chair.

GOD

Ester Maha. I love Ester. Ester
was bankrupt. She was going to
have to eat her pride and call her
sister. Would've got the two of
them together again. Instead, she
bought a condo in Florida.

God clicks the remote again...

GOD

(recalling Bruce's own
words)

And have you seen the news lately?

We see footage of the ARCTIC SEA and NORTH AND SOUTH POLES...

NEWSCASTER #1

Scientists believe last weeks
asteroid may have knocked the earth
off it's axis resulting in the
rapid acceleration of the melting
of the polar caps. . .

Click. More footage of FLOODWATERS and RISING TIDES...

NEWSCASTER #2

And more tidal wave activity
reported and resulting in
devastating floods all tied to last
weeks abnormal lunar activity...

Click. We see footage of DECIMATED CROPS.

NEWSCASTER #2

That swarm of locusts spotted in
Buffalo has multiplied, wreaking
havoc on local agricultural crops.
Food and produce prices are
expected to skyrocket.

GOD
 (to Bruce, again using
 Bruce's words)
 Now what kind of a God let's that
 happen?

*
*
*
*
*

God clicks the images off.

*

GOD
 Not as easy as it looks, is it?
 This God business.

*
*
*

BRUCE
 So what do I do?

*
*

God smiles, asks him again what he asked him in the alley...

*

GOD
 You want some advice?

*
*

BRUCE
 Yes.

*
*

God smiles, starts to walk away...

*

GOD
 Everybody wants a miracle, Bruce.
 Want me to do everything for 'em.
 But what they don't understand is,
 they're the one's holding the
 power.

*
*

God claps the bright ceiling light on, walks over to the
 latter.

BRUCE
 Wait. Where are you going?

GOD
 This is good-bye, Bruce. You've
 learned a lot. I think you should
 be able to handle things now.

God climbs, ascending into the light.

BRUCE
 What if I have a question? What if
 I need you?

God stops, looks down to Bruce.

GOD

See Bruce, that's your problem.
That's everybody's problem. You
keep looking up. . .

He smiles and disappears into the light, leaves Bruce thinking.

INT. BRUCE AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bruce stands in the apartment, Sam at his side. No signs of Grace. The bed is made. Empty.

Then, he notices the BOX OF PHOTOS, the incomplete albums. He picks up a photo of he and Grace in an even tinier apartment, Sam is a puppy, they have little money, and despite it all look very happy. Bruce smiles at the memory. Reaches for a stack of photos...

EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING

Bruce sits in bumper to bumper traffic. A man's car is broken down in the middle of the street causing the bottleneck.

Bruce sees THE SIGN GUY by the side of the road. His sign reads: ALL FOR WON.

Bruce looks out at the other drivers honking and shouting at the frustrated man.

CUT TO - the stalled car is now rolling to the shoulder and we REVEAL that Bruce is doing the pushing.

INT. BRUCE AND GRACE'S APARTMENT

THE COMPUTER

The auto-function is answering "YES" to the prayer emails. Bruce clicks cancel, turns off the computer.

INT. SCHOOL YARD

Filbert Davis is beating up another kid. Bruce watches at a distance.

BRUCE

Bruce giveth and Bruce taketh away.

Suddenly, Filbert goes to throw a punch but his punch has no sting. The bigger boy looks down and grins.

CLOSE ON FILBERT - SUDDEN FEAR IN HIS EYES

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM

The teacher stands before the class, reading a student's paper.

TEACHER

"Pain". By Filbert Davis.

As she reads the poem, PAN TO Filbert Davis seated in class with a ripe BLACK EYE.

EXT. BRUCE AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Bruce is waiting for Sam to pee.

BRUCE

Come on, Sam. Let's do this the right way... Oh, alright...

Bruce pulls out a SWATCH OF CARPET, lays it on the grass. Sam happily goes. They walk off together.

BRUCE

That's not normal you know.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Bobby places three blue home address number tiles on the counter - all number 6.

BOBBY

(demonic voice)

Do you have these in red?

Bruce walks up behind Bobby.

BRUCE

Okay Bobby, it's time to come back.

Bobby HISSES at Bruce, turns INSANELY DEMONIC.

BOBBY

LEAVE ME HOLY MAN OR I WILL FEED ON YOUR SOUL!It

BRUCE

(casual)

Un-damn you, Bobby.

Bobby instantly transforms to normal.

BOBBY
 Hey thanks, Bruce.
 (holds out a cookie)
 Biscotti?

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

Evan is packing his things at his desk, still looking much worse for the wear. Bruce walks up to him.

EVAN
 You're probably here to gloat over the anchor position. Go ahead, I'm sure I deserve it.

BRUCE
 You know, Evan. I've been a real prick.

Evan stops, looks up at Bruce, confused.

BRUCE
 You were born to anchor. I'm not taking the position. Oh, and I never really congratulated you on getting the job in the first place. Congratulations, Evan.

Bruce offers his hand, Evan takes it. When their hands meet there is a kind of ELECTRICAL CHARGE that passes between them. Bruce walks off, Evan is confused when he catches his reflection in the mirror. HE'S BACK TO NORMAL!

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - LATER

ON TV

Evan is manning the anchor desk and looking good doing it. Jack is relieved.

EVAN BAXTER
 In the financial world, things are settling back to normal in what analysts are calling a fluke market fluctuation...

Bruce enters.

BRUCE
 You made the right choice, Jack.

JACK

So what about you? What will you do?

BRUCE

With your permission, I think I'll go out there and make the people laugh. To quote a friend, "God knows we could use it."

Jack smiles.

JACK

Permission granted.

Bruce turns to go, then turns back.

BRUCE

Oh, are you hungry? I know a place that makes a mean tomato soup.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bruce walks along side Jack. Jack talks and talks, happy to have the company. Bruce opens a door for Jack, leading to..

INT. DINER

Bruce and Jack take a seat at the counter.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

Coffee, gentlemen?

Jack and the waitress lock eyes - there's an instant attraction. Bruce smiles.

BRUCE

Jack. This is a friend of mine, Cindy. Cindy this is Jack.

JACK

(smitten)

Hi.

CINDY

(smitten)

Hi.

EXT. EYEWITNESS NEWS STATION - DAY

ON THE HOMELESS SIGN GUY

His sign reads:

"GOD BEE GOOD HONEY"

PULL BACK to reveal BRUCE, sitting next to him with his own sign reading:

"WHATEVER f1£ SAID"

With a little arrow pointing to the Homeless Sign Guy.

EXT. BRUCE AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Bruce paces, waiting for Sam.

BRUCE

You can do it, Sam. Without the carpet. Come on.

Sam does. Bruce celebrates, does a happy dance and is surprised to see Debbie standing there.

DEBBIE

(re: the peeing dog)
Looks like your rain dance worked.

BRUCE

Debbie. Hey. You know, I never got to apologize for-

DEBBIE

I didn't really come to chat, I came for Grace's things.

INT. BRUCE AND GRACE'S APARTMENT

Debbie is packing items into a box. She sees the photo albums on the coffee table. She flips through, surprised.

DEBBIE

They're full... You did all this?

Bruce nods. Debbie looks at Bruce, sizing him up.

DEBBIE

You really hurt her, you know.

BRUCE

I know.

Debbie starts to go, but turns back.

DEBBIE

You know what I do before I go to sleep every night? I tuck my kids in bed, I eat a scoop of ice cream and watch Conan.

(MORE)

DEBBIE (cont'd)

You know what Grace does? She prays. Most of the time for you.

This not only touches Bruce, but it gives him an idea.

INT. BRUCE AND GRACE' S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bruce sits anxiously at the computer with Sam, checks the e-mails and types in GRACE CONNELLY. He hits "search". 1,273 entries appear.

BRUCE

The woman does pray a lot.

He types in "Grace and Bruce" and eagerly awaits. There are 335 matches. He checks a few...

"Dear God, please help Bruce to find himself, find contentment, find You."

"Dear God, please help Bruce. He's struggling to find meaning."

"Dear God, help Bruce to be happy. He can't seem to find his way..."

Over and over, he finds the same prayer, the same entry every morning and night for months on end.

Bruce is touched.

BRUCE

She still loves me, Buddy.

He KISSES SAM and races out.

EXT. DEBBIE HOUSE - NIGHT

Bruce stands in front of the house with flowers, another special creation. He looks at the lavish bouquet, then sets them down, picks a single, normal Daisy from the garden. Better.

He heads for the door when he hears crying. It's Grace. He looks up, sees a light on in the upstairs guest room.

He climbs the fire escape and looks in the window.

GRACE is sitting on the bed crying. As Bruce watches her cry, feeling her emotion, it starts to LIGHTLY RAIN.

GRACE

Please God. Please...

Through her tears she is praying. Bruce looks at her with total love.

GRACE

Please God. I still love him...

Bruce smiles, thankful.

GRACE

...but I don't want to love him anymore. Please God. Help me to forget.

(cries)

I don't want to hurt anymore. I want to forget.

Bruce just stands there, stunned. He gets it. He raises a hand, and with a simple wave, he performs an excruciatingly selfless act. He lets Grace go.

ON GRACE

Her face changes. She wipes her eyes. The pain is lifted.

And it is Bruce now who feels that pain. He looks at Grace. A sad smile.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Rain droplets splash on the river where Bruce first raged at God. He stands in the middle of the street, looks up heavenward, weakly. Humble.

BRUCE

You win. I'm done. Please. I don't want to do this anymore. I don't want to be God.

(sighs)

Please, help me.

And with that, the rain stops. The dark clouds slowly open as beams of light cut through, shining down upon Bruce, birds begin to chirp, adding to this magical moment as...

HONK1 HONKI

A MAC TRUCK SLAMS THROUGH FRAME, MOWS BRUCE DOWN. His spirit remains in the same spot, looking confused, then STREAKS UP heavenward.

FLYING POV

SHOOTING HEAVENWARD like a missile, THROUGH THE CLOUDS,
THROUGH THE SKY to...

A HUGE WHITE ROOM - No walls, just white as far as the eye
can see. The flooring is the whitest of white puffy clouds.

Bruce finds himself standing there. He looks around and when
he turns behind him, he sees GOD. Floating on nothing, as
though sitting in the most royal throne.

BRUCE

Am I...?

GOD

You can't expect to kneel down in
the middle of a highway and live to
talk about it.

BRUCE

But why? Why now?

GOD

I work in mysterious ways, son.

A beat as Bruce takes everything in.

BRUCE

You knew it all along. You knew if
I got everything I wanted, I would
ruin my life.

God doesn't respond, just listens.

BRUCE

So I'm dead... Okay. If this is
what you want. Okay, okay...

God holds up the PRAYER BEADS, tosses them to Bruce. Bruce
looks at the beads, then up at God, puzzled.

GOD

Go ahead, use 'em.

BRUCE

Alright... I've learned that I
don't know as much I thought I
did...

GOD

Boy, you can say that again.

BRUCE

Hey, I'm praying here.

GOD

Sorry, go.

BRUCE

If I could have just one thing in the world. It would be for Grace to live a happy, joyful life. And that she finds someone...

(getting emotional as he realizes what he's saying)

...that she finds someone that will treat her with the love and respect that she so deserves.

God smiles the most satisfied of smiles.

GOD

Now that is a prayer.

(beat)

Well, I better get on that one.

See ya, Bruce.

Off Bruce's puzzled reaction he DROPS THROUGH THE CLOUDS -

FALLING POV - BACK DOWN TOWARDS EARTH, back THROUGH THE CLOUDS, and right INTO ANOTHER WHITE ROOM where...

BRUCE EYES OPEN and he GASPS FOR BREATH. The PRAYER BEADS still clutched tightly in his hand.

TWO DOCTORS stop giving Bruce CPR, see that his vitals have returned. . .

NURSE

He's back!

INTERN

BP 40 over 110 and rising.

DOCTOR #1

(to Bruce) -

Bruce? Can you hear me?

(Bruce nods)

We almost lost you there.

WIDER ANGLE - The WHITE ROOM is a HOSPITAL ROOM - Bruce is heavily bruised and bandaged.

DOCTOR #1

You lost a lot of blood. It wasn't easy to find a match - you're a very rare blood type.

Bruce looks to the blood bag, sees "A/B Positive" written on the side.

CLOSE ON BRUCE - THINKING, HIS MIND RACING

BRUCE
(groggy whisper)
A/B Positive...

DOCTOR #2 (O.S.)
You should thank God for donors.
We don't have a lot of that type on hand.

NURSE
There's your angel now.

Bruce turns toward the hospital door and sees...

GRACE

A cotton swab taped to her arm. Now he remembers where he heard of that blood type.

GRACE
(re: her swab)
I hear that all of this winds up in a warehouse somewhere. But you know me, I'm a sucker for this stuff.

The doctors give Grace the nod to enter as they go, leaving the two of them alone. Grace tentatively approaches.

GRACE
I don't even know what I'm doing here. But... When I heard that you'd been in an accident and that you might not make it...

She starts to cry.

BRUCE
Hey, I'm okay.

GRACE
Does it hurt?

BRUCE
Only when I talk., and smile... and y'know, exist in general.

Grace laughs. That's one thing Bruce could always do, is make her laugh. Grace spots the prayer beads in Bruce's hand, raises his arm.

GRACE

Oh my gosh, you still have those?

Bruce looks at the prayer beads, then looks at Grace. He remembers his prayer to God and the emotion wells within him

GRACE

What is it?

BRUCE

Nothing. It's just really nice to see you.

She goes to him, Bruce sits up a bit and they embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

A BIG BLOOD DRIVE in progress. Everyone is there, Grace, Sam, Debbie and Zoe, Ginnie and Jack, the Kowolski brothers, Momma Kowolski, Evan, Susan, Dallas, Fred. Bobby serves various food items from his cart.

BOBBY

You know, French Toast was invented by tavern owner, Joseph French, who had a poor knowledge of grammar, and did not know how to use the possessive apostrophe, so he called it French Toast instead of French's Toast...

Pull back to reveal BRUCE, crutch under one arm, cast on his leg, mic in hand, reporting. He's now talking in his OWN VOICE, much more himself.

BRUCE

This is Bruce Nolan at Buffalo's first annual "Be the Miracle" blood drive. Remember, the life you save may be mine, so hurry down. I had a close call and, well, can you imagine what life would have been like without me?

Laughs in the background, from the people that know Bruce. Bruce walks over to the Kowolski Brothers.

BRUCE

In honor of this event, the
Kowolski brothers have baked a one-
of-a-kind, creation.

The brothers proudly unveil the special cookie and we see
that it's a HUGE SYRINGE SHAPED CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIE.

BRUCE

Sure, a little creepy and a
shameless plug, but we love 'em.
(Bruce breaks off a little
piece, takes a bite)
Mmm, good needle. Remember, that's
Kowolski's bakery. The bakery that
gets more air time than a high
speed chase.

Everyone laughs. The Kowolski brothers beam.

Bruce takes a seat as a VOLUNTEER NURSE pulls up his sleeve,
revealing the prayer beads worn around his wrist. She ties
off his arm, starts to probe for a vein.

BRUCE

To be honest, I've never been a big
fan of shots. . .

The volunteer now is swabbing Bruce's arm and Bruce is
starting to sweat.

BRUCE

(nervous)
Okay, we're good to go...They just
stick it into my arm. Breaking
through the skin, of course...

The volunteer pulls out the needle and Bruce PASSES OUT COLD.
Gasps, the Nurse leans close, total silence, then:

BRUCE

BLLLA AAA!

Bruce jolts awake making the Nurse and several people jump.
They all laugh.

BRUCE

Had you going, didn't I I I I I I I

He reacts to the nurse POKING the needle in. Everyone laughs
more.

BRUCE

No, this is nothing. In fact, this is the second time I've given blood this week. For those of you who haven't heard, I'd like you to meet the soon to be Mrs. Exclusive.

He throws a look to Grace who smiles in return. The crowd applauds.

BRUCE

This is Bruce Nolan reporting for Eyewitness News.

The camera cuts. Bruce lowers his mic, turns to Grace.

BRUCE

So, what'd you think?

GRACE

I don't know, I thought it was very pleasurable.

*
*
*

Bruce smiles, they kiss...

As the blood drive continues, we push through the crowd, heading somewhere. Bodies clear frame and we see the HOMELESS MAN sitting on a park bench. His sign reads:

THEE END

The Homeless Man smiles into camera. We continue forward and in a slow, mysterious, subtle fashion his face slowly transforms into the very pleased, FACE OF GOD, who winks and we...

CUT TO BLACK:

ROLL CREDITS

BRUCE ASKS GOD 20 QUESTIONS