

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY 1

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

She talks directly to camera.

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

A phone RINGS.

2 INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY 2

Margaret's roommate GAVIN answers the phone.

GAVIN  
Hello?

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

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

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

Gavin scrunches down, annoyed by her chatter.

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

Gavin looks over, curious.

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

Margaret SQUEALS, grossed out.

GAVIN  
What? What is it?

MARGARET  
(covering phone)  
I can't tell you.

Gavin looks away, a little pissy.

3 INT. MARGARET'S BEDROOM - DAY 3

Margaret chats with God on the cordless while folding clothes.

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

4 INT. JUICE BAR - DAY 4

Margaret is on the phone in back.

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

An EMPLOYEE comes up to her.

EMPLOYEE  
We're out of bananas.

MARGARET  
Do I look like a monkey?

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

MARGARET (cont'd)  
(on phone)  
Nothing.

5 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 5

Margaret washes dishes, phone tucked under her ear.

MARGARET [V.O.]  
Mostly we keep each other's spirits up, because  
each day is like a little war, y'know?

The phone slips, falling into the sink. She quickly grabs it out of the water.

MARGARET  
Hi? Sorry.

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

6 EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY 6

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

She takes a sip from her mochaccino.

MARGARET (cont'd)  
Or adultery. Bad idea. Mortal sin? Not so much.  
(beat, realizing)  
Although he's surprisingly hard-core about pork. Go figure!

7 INT. MARGARET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 7

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

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

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

Margaret and Gavin topple in, both drunk and merry.

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

DIGITAL VOICE  
You have 44 messages. Message one.

A CLICK, then DIAL TONE.

DIGITAL VOICE (cont'd)  
 Message two.

CLICK. DIAL TONE. Et cetera.

The phone RINGS. Margaret answers, concerned.

MARGARET  
 Hello?  
     (it's God)  
 Hi. Did you call 44 times? Uh-huh.

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

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

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

MARGARET (cont'd)  
 No, I know I said I'd call you later.  
 But it's three a.m. Uh-huh.  
     (beat)  
 It's not like you didn't know where I  
 was. Jesus, you're like a stalker with  
 superpowers.

Gavin looks over. It's escalating.

MARGARET (cont'd)  
 Don't give me that "in vain" crap. Jesus-  
 jesus-jesus-jesus! No, I will not  
 apologize. What is your problem?

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

MARGARET (cont'd)  
 Bullshit. You are not the master of me!

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

MARGARET [V.O.]  
 Has this ever happened to you? You just  
 did the dumbest-ass thing, but you're so  
 angry, you're glad you did it anyway?

9 INT. MARGARET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 9

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

MARGARET [V.O.]

I mean, God, Schmod, a girl needs her space. It's not my problem the saints were giving him grief.

(rolls over)

Besides, it's not like either one of us was that upset. By tomorrow it would all blow over.

10 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 10

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

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

11 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 11

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

12 EXT. STREET NEAR MELROSE - DAY 12

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

13 EXT. MELROSE - DAY 13

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

14 INT. JAMBA JUICE - DAY 14

Margaret stands in back, thinking.

MARGARET [V.O.]

The thing is, you forget God can get really petty. I mean, Lot's wife? He turned her into a pillar of salt.

She licks her wrist, just to check.

Her beleaguered Employee approaches with the cash drawer.  
Nervously...

EMPLOYEE  
There's a problem with the money.

MARGARET  
(snapping)  
What?

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

15 EXT. STREET NEAR MELROSE - DAY 15

Margaret returns to find her car where she parked it, only now  
it's

FLIPPED OVER

on its back. The wheels spin ever so slightly. As she looks  
up to the sky, we CRANE UP to look down on her.

THUNDER rumbles.

16 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 16

Margaret sits on the toilet. Outside, we hear it STORMING.

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

A strange look crosses Margaret's face. A beat, then she  
suddenly jumps up, moving away from the toilet.

A SWARM OF LOCUSTS

erupts from the bowl, hopping and crawling over everything.  
Margaret SCREAMS, grossed out beyond belief.

17 INT. APARTMENT FOYER - [THE SAME] NIGHT 17

Still heebie-jeebie over the locusts, Margaret settles by the  
phone.

MARGARET [V.O.]  
It was clear I had to take action. But  
first, I needed an ally.

CLOSE-UP on the speakerphone: She dials 6 - 6 - 6.

We hear it RINGING. A CLICK.

FEMALE OPERATOR  
Good evening, Hell.

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

FEMALE OPERATOR  
One moment.

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

18 INT. LIVING ROOM - [THE SAME] NIGHT

18

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

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

TIME CUT:

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

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

TIME CUT:

Margaret scribbles notes on a yellow pad, nodding.

MARGARET [V.O.] (cont'd)  
Anyway, he said God was dicking with me because he felt betrayed by someone he loved. The trick was to get him to stop caring. I had to make myself unredeemable.

- 19 EXT. MELROSE - DAY 19  
Margaret walks down the sidewalk, a determined agenda.
- MARGARET [V.O.]  
The Devil had lots of good ideas. I mean, it's his job. We started with the basics, the Ten Commandments:
- 20 EXT. A SHOP - DAY 20  
Margaret walks out, something bulky under her sweater.
- MARGARET [V.O.]  
Stealing...
- 21 EXT. FRONT OF APARTMENT - DAY 21  
Margaret stares at her HANDSOME NEIGHBOR as he unlocks his car.
- MARGARET [V.O.]  
Coveting...
- The guy looks at her, a little creeped.
- 22 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 22  
Candles flickering, Margaret kneels before a bizarre shrine to a naked doll.
- MARGARET [V.O.]  
Worshipping false idols.
- Chanting, she RINGS a bell.
- MARGARET [V.O.] (cont'd)  
I decided to forge into new territory. Things that weren't written down, but were just clearly wrong.
- 23 EXT. MELROSE - DAY 23  
Margaret licks a parking meter.



24 INT. MARGARET BEDROOM - DAY 24

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

25 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 25

Margaret paces while she talks on the cordless.

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

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

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

26 EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY 26

A weirdly empty beat.

MARGARET  
That's more of a side issue.

27 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 27

Margaret looks at the knife, an idea coming.

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

THE KNIFE

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

CUT TO:

PORK CHOPS

sizzle in the frying pan. Margaret pushes them around.

CUT TO:

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

She brings it to her mouth. Bites in.

Starts chewing.

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

She looks down at the pork chop on her plate.

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

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

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

The phone RINGS.

She answers, very tentative...

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

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

28 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

28

Margaret lies on the couch with the phone, various positions.

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

29 EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

29

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

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

30 EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

30

MARGARET  
So that's basically the story.

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

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

She points to the phone. It's God.

MARGARET (cont'd)  
(to phone)  
Uh-huh. Great! Okay. Bye.

She hangs up.

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

She gets up and clears frame.

A beat later, she leans back in.

MARGARET (cont'd)  
I'm kidding!

THE END