

GOD SAYS HI

Written by

Nick Grills

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

MIKE CRAWFORD (early forties) is walking down a quiet urban street, there is no one else around. His face and posture show his sadness, as if life has beaten him down. He talks on his mobile as he walks and we hear his conversation.

RECORDED FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Hi, and welcome to Wits End, the  
confidential listening service.  
Please listen carefully to the  
following options. If you're  
unhappy please press one.

Mike presses one, we hear a beep.

RECORDED FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry to hear that... If you're  
unhappy because of a bereavement  
press one, for a divorce press two.

Mike presses two, we hear a beep then a ringing sound.

WITS END FEMALE (O.S.)  
Hello.

Mike talks quickly in a desperate, agitated voice.

MIKE  
Yes hello. My wife's recently left  
me, my new job fell through so I  
have to go back to the one I've  
hated every day for fifteen years,  
this morning a tree fell on my car.  
I'm... I just feel like I'm fated,  
or... being punished for something.  
I don't know what the point is  
anymore and I'm scared I'm going to  
do something really really drastic.

WITS END FEMALE (O.S.)  
(thick Indian accent)  
Yes Sir, your tree fell on your  
wife? Sorry this is divorce line, I  
can put you through to home  
incidence.

Mike's heart sinks. He tries to talk as clearly as possible.

MIKE  
No my wife left me. A tree fell on  
my car.

WITS END FEMALE (O.S.)  
OK Sir, I understand. One moment.

The line goes silent. Mike keeps walking.

WITS END MALE (O.S.)  
(thick Indian accent)  
Hello? You have tree on car? We  
have discount tree removers in your  
area Sir.

Mike angrily throws his phone into a hedge. He sighs and keeps on walking.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Mike is leaning over the edge of a bridge. Below is a great drop. He is clearly thinking about jumping. He climbs onto the bottom rung of the railing and leans further over.

He turns his eyes to the sky and sighs deeply. He begins to lift a leg over the railing.

From above comes something drifting down. Mike notices it whilst his leg is half over the railing. As the object gets nearer it turns out to be a piece of paper; a small leaflet. It lands near Mike. Curious, he lowers his leg and walks over to investigate.

The leaflet says in big capital letters "GOD CARES" and underneath there is a picture of the Earth with some text and a phone number. Mike is quietly astounded as he examines the leaflet. He turns it over, it's blank on the other side.

He looks at the sky for any sign of where the leaflet came from but all is quiet. Mike puts the leaflet in his pocket, wipes his eyes and walks back the way he came.

INT. MIKE'S HOME - NIGHT

Mike enters his house, hangs up his coat and goes over to a phone. With the leaflet in hand he calls the number. A friendly male voice answers.

PHONE MAN (O.S.)  
Yes?

MIKE  
Hi... I've just found a leaflet  
with this number on it.

PHONE MAN (O.S.)  
Oh wonderful, that was quick. Now I  
just need to take a few details  
first. Can I have your name please.

Mike looks unsure about giving his details.

MIKE  
Mike Crawford.

PHONE MAN (O.S.)  
And your address please Mister  
Crawford.

MIKE  
What's this about? Why do you need  
to know where I live?

PHONE MAN (O.S.)  
Well... I don't really, it just  
makes my sudden arrival less of a  
shock that's all.

There is a knock on the door. Mike jumps, drops the phone and  
stares at the door. He picks up the phone again anxiously.

MIKE  
Are you at my house?

The phone is silent. Mike hangs up and walks cautiously to  
his front door. He looks through the spyhole and sees a MAN  
in his mid-forties in a grey suit and wearing a satchel. The  
Man is sniffing a flower, he grimaces and throws it away.

Mike shouts nervously through the door.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

MAN (O.S.)  
We just spoke on the phone Mister  
Crawford. I told you you should  
have given me your address.

MIKE  
OK... What are you?

MAN (O.S.)  
An agent.

Mike looks delighted and throws opens the door.

MIKE  
An angel!

MAN  
No, I said an agent.

The Man boldly enters Mike's house and looks around while  
Mike stands stunned by the door.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Have you got anywhere to sit down,  
a kind of table thingy? Oh perfect.

The Man walks further inside leaving Mike at the door.

INT. MIKE'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Man is seated at a kitchen table removing papers from his satchel. Mike nervously appears in the doorway, still holding the leaflet. He and the Man stare at each other for a moment.

MAN

There's really nothing to worry about Mister Crawford. I'll only be here a few minutes.

Mike remains cautiously stood in the doorway.

MIKE

OK.  
(beat)  
Do you want some tea?

MAN

What's tea?

MIKE

Crushed leaves in water.

MAN

Sounds ghastly. No thank you. Now come and sit down.

Mike slowly moves to sit down. The Man waits patiently until Mike is properly seated, he then starts reading directly from his paperwork.

MAN (CONT'D)

Firstly, thank you for inviting me into your home today.

Mike frowns.

MAN (CONT'D)

Please don't be alarmed by my presence, I'm just an agent of God the creator, here to carry out a census of the Earth. But let me assure you that your answers will be kept in strictest confidence, although this conversation may be recorded for training purposes.

Mike looks confused and anxious. The Man looks up at Mike.

MAN (CONT'D)

But it's not *actually* being recorded so no need to look so worried. Question one-

MIKE

I'm sorry... what's going on?

MAN

You're helping me to carry out a census of the Earth. God likes to check on all his planets once in a while you see.

Mike holds up the leaflet.

MIKE

So... that's what this was about then, a census?

MAN

That's right, Earth came up in my list as it's been over five hundred thousand years since the last one.

MIKE

Once in a while is half a million years!

MAN

Well what do you expect? There's three billion intelligent species in the universe, you know. Far too many if you ask me, but at least he admits he got carried away. But anyway, Question one-

MIKE

This census must be quite thorough then. How many people do you ask?

MAN

Just one intelligent life-form per planet. And today, that's you.

The Man smiles patronisingly.

MAN (CONT'D)

And as a thank you for your time you'll receive this free pen.

The Man holds up his pen, a normal black Biro.

Mike lets out a long deep sigh. He lays his arms on the table and rests his head on them. The Man stares at him confused.

MIKE

I thought this was a sign, from God to me to say...

He trails off. The Man looks awkward, not good with humans. Mike sits back up and holds out the leaflet again.

MIKE (CONT'D)

When this fell out the sky I was... I was about to take my own life.

The Man speaks softly, trying to be sensitive.

MAN

Well... I'm sorry to have interrupted your plans. I'll let you get back to that as soon as we're finished.

The Man tries to smile comfortingly. Mike looks angrily at him, stands up and walks out the back door.

EXT. MIKE'S HOME - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Mike is staring at the sky. The Man sheepishly joins him. They stand side by side looking at the sky for a moment.

MAN

I seem to have upset you Mister Crawford and I'm sorry. I'm not used to humans, I still can't get over how many of these you've got.

The Man wiggles his fingers.

MAN (CONT'D)

I mean there's...

The Man starts counting them in his head. Mike intercedes.

MIKE

Ten.

MAN

Exactly, so many!

A moment of silence passes between them.

MIKE

Well mister agent from God, let me tell you what being human is like for me. I spent my childhood in five different foster homes, I struggled to get any proper education, I was unlucky in love, bad with money and then when things seemed to be getting better for me, my wife left me a few weeks ago and a tree fell on my car this morning.

MAN

And is that a bad-

MIKE

Yes a tree on a car is a bad thing.  
(beat)

So you see I was looking for some sign that my life had any meaning.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

I thought this was finally going to be it. But now... I know I'm utterly insignificant. Just part of one species amongst three billion others. Whose creator hasn't even bothered to look in on us since we evolved.

MAN

He's busy.

Mike turns to look at the Man, unimpressed.

MIKE

He's busy.

MAN

I mean incredibly, astronomically, profoundly busy.

MIKE

Isn't he supposed to be infinite.

MAN

Oh he's pretty infinite yes, but not *that* infinite. Can you imagine looking after every single organism, it'd be infinitely dull.

MIKE

That's such a cold answer.

MAN

Oh but it's not! All your hardships are down to your own species or the random chaotic nature of the universe. You think he's cursed you, or forgotten you, but that's not true. You are just as insignificant as everyone else. Can't you take some comfort from that?

Mike frowns.

MIKE

Not really.

MAN

The truth is that no one knows why he started all this, maybe it was vanity or boredom but what meaning you can find in it all is... up to you.

MIKE

Got any ideas?



The Man looks around and points to a shed in the garden.

MAN  
What's that?

MIKE  
A shed.

MAN  
It looks unhappy.

Mike sighs at this overdue task.

MIKE  
Yeah... I need to felt the roof  
again, and varnish the wood.

MAN  
There you are then, that can be the  
meaning of your life. To fix the  
sheed.

MIKE  
That's it!

MAN  
Well, put it off until you find  
another meaning first.  
(beat)  
But as far as how God feels about  
you, you are significant... just  
not very much.

The Man smiles, trying to be comforting. Mike frowns.

MIKE  
Let's do your census.

They head back inside.

INT. MIKE'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Man is seated at the table as before, though looking  
curiously at Mike who is pouring water into two cups of tea.  
Mike brings them over to the table and gives one to the Man,  
who sniffs it sceptically and puts it down.

MAN  
Right then. Here we go.

The Man reads from his paperwork.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Question one. How would you rate  
the condition of planet Earth from  
one to five.  
(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

One being very bad, two bad, three  
neither good nor bad, four good and  
five very good.

MIKE

You want me to judge the *whole*  
planet?

MAN

From one to five, yes.

Mike thinks for a moment, then shrugs.

MIKE

Three.

The Man makes a note of this. Mike picks up his mug of tea  
and starts to blow on it.

MAN

Question two. How would you  
estimate the likely survival of  
your species? From one to five.

MIKE

Definitely a five.

The Man makes a note and flicks through his paperwork.

MAN

Excellent now I'll just see if  
there's any additional items. Ah  
yes, have you seen this around?

The Man shows Mike a picture of grass.

MIKE

Grass? Yeah, there's lots of it.

MAN

Perfect. Apparently he'd got  
himself into a mess with this  
planet, nothing worked until he'd  
invented this stuff.

The Man makes a note while Mike looks puzzled.

MAN (CONT'D)

And... that's it, we're done.

MIKE

That's all! Two questions?

MAN

And the additional items.

Mike sighs and shakes his head.

MIKE

Try the tea.

The Man cautiously drinks from his cup. He smiles.

MAN

That's rather nice. May I take it  
for my journey?

MIKE

I suppose.

Both of them sip their tea.

INT. MIKE'S HOME - NIGHT

The front door is being held open by Mike. The Man, with his  
mug of tea, walks through the door and stops on the doorstep.

MAN

Thank you for your time Mister  
Crawford. And... I do feel that you  
should persevere with your  
existence.

MIKE

That's kind of you. I mean not  
overwhelmingly kind, but... I  
appreciate it.

MAN (CON

Farewell then.

MIKE

Bye bye.

Mike watches the Man walk down his path and notice the grass.

MAN

Oh it's everywhere, how marvellous.

Mike smiles and closes the door.

EXT. MIKE'S HOME - FRONT GARDEN - MORNING

Mike, wearing a suit and backpack carries a bicycle out of  
his front door. He locks the door and pushes his bike along  
the path. He stops to look at something on the grass. He  
bends down to pick it up; the mug he gave the Man, with a  
black Biro inside and a small piece of paper around the pen.

Mike unfolds the paper, written within is, "God says hi."  
Mike shakes his head and laughs slightly. He puts the mug in  
his backpack and cycles off down the road.

THE END