

BRUCE ALMIGHTY

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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

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\*

school after this and serve lunch.  
Ally laughs.

2.

**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.

6.

**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. . .

7.

**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.

8.

**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.

9.

**BRUCE**

I mean, it's just s o . . .

**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.

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**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)

O. . .

h

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.

10.



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 1 It's  
kill or be killed, only the strong  
survive, no guts, no glory1

**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.

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**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...

12.

Bruce glances over, annoyed but freezes at the sight of sexy 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.

13.

**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.

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14.

**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.

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**BRUCE**  
(re: Evan's perfect  
posture)  
That's great Evan.  
**(MORE)**

15.

**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 barrierI 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.

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**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!

18.

**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**

Debb -- 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.

19.

**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)**

20.

**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.

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21.

**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.

22,

**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. shock.

He stands in

Evan is seated next to Susan.

23.

**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 sig nals 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?

24.

**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 1 Bruce Nolan here  
aboard the Maid of the Mist at  
Niagara falls.

**INT. SMALL WONDERS DAY CARE - CONTINUOUS**

**GRACE**

Thank you, God.

25,

**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

26.

**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 eroding underneath me.

(moving closer to camera, to an inch away)

Erroding. Errooding.

Errodiing...

**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.

27.

**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)**

28.

**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)**

29.

**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 here!

**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.

30.

**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.

31.

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!!11 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.

32.

**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**

33.

**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.**

Pers onnel	Rm. 7
Ac coun ting	Rm. 7
Security	Rm . 7
Creativ e	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?

34.

**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.

35.

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.

36.

**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)**

37.

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)**

38.

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

39,

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? Wh at 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 --

40.

**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**

**AAAHHHHHHHH! J!**

41.

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**

Vete l Ve tel

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.

42.

**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.

43.

**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 diner 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.

44.

**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.

45.

**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.

46.

**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)**

47.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Hang on, I might need you to uncheck 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

48.

**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.

49.

**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**

**T HE B RUGES CONV ERGE ON TH E GA NG --**

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 --**

50.

**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.

51.

**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?

52.

**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.

53.

**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 negligee 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 negligee 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:**

54.

**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.

55.

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.

58.

**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 DIRECT. 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 I

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...

59.

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.

60.

**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, Br uce . N ice job , m an. Wa sn' 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  
Spiralina?

**BRUCE**

I'm really not interested.

61.

**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 N01 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**

6 2.

He sees Bruce enter, immediately perks up.

**JACK**

(big laugh)

The re he i sl Ho ff al H a i W h a t a r e  
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 cur se a lo t. I c hea t on my  
ta xe s. My w ife u se d t o mak e my  
kids call me, when she was alive...

(breaking down)

...Now, I go to strip clubs, and  
dri nk a ll nig ht. Bu t at le ast  
their open unt il four. W hat 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 a nchor, 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**.

64,

-^  
(j .  
1^

**EVAN**

(falsetto)  
...the Chief of Police issue a

response over allegations made  
b. . .

y

**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.

She laughs, Evan laughs in a RIDICULOUS HIGH

PITCHED GIRLY

L A U G H t h a t m a k e s i t e v e n w o r s e . H e s i p s t h e w  
a t e r a n d h i s

/ . " " " N

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.

65.

-^ 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.

66.

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 HAIREED OLD LADIES at the Mark Twain chili cook off.

**BLUE HAIREED 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.

67.

**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:**

**G O A L , S A B E R S ! T H E C R O W D R O A R S !**

**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."

**68.**

**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

o. . .

n

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...

\*  
\*  
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\*

69.

**ON GRACE - IN THE STANDS**

Debbie turns to her, she shrugs.

**GRACE**

I didn't even know he could sing.

**INT. BRUCE AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY**

Grace opens the bathroom door, revealing SAM, SITTING ON THE TOILET SEAT WITH A NEWSPAPER UNDER HIS FRONT PAWS. Sam BARKS and Grace quickly closes the door.

**INT. HOCKEY ARENA - NIGHT**

Bruce sings, still on the same word.

**BRUCE**

...eeeeEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE... . .

**INT. BRUCE AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY**

Bruce finishes running a bath, gets into the tub but SLIPS as is UNABLE TO SINK and ends up sliding around ON THE WATER like on a sheet of glass. He tries to break through, can't. Then, he concentrates and finally LOWERS INTO THE WATER.

**INT. HOCKEY ARENA - NIGHT**

Bruce dramatically finishes the national anthem.

**BRUCE**

...of the

\*  
\*  
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\*

BraaaaaaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE i . \*  
He hits an impossibly high note and the rink glass SHATTERS I \*  
Bruce is projected on the ARENA JUMBOTRON. He shoots his \*  
arms up, the crowd goes nuts! "Mr. Exclusive" flashes on the \*  
screen. \*

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

A Mob of photographers flash photos like crazy, as Bruce stands casually with his arm around BIGFOOT.

**BRUCE**

...and that's the way the cookie crumbles.

**EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - DAY**

Bruce surrounded by Hazel and other chili cook off contestants shouts up from the bottom of the crater hole:

70.

**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?

71.

**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.

72.

**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 sex!  
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?

73,

**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.

74.

**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  
r"sS!w^w!s

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.

75.

**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.

76.

**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.

77,

**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?

78.

**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.  
not wanting to listen to her.

Grace takes this as him

**GOD**

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

**GRACE**

Fin e. Yo u kn ow wh at? I 'm go in g t o  
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.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

79.

**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.

\*

8 0.

**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.

\*

81.

**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...  
e.

A NEW SPORTY RED CONVERTIBLE wrapped in a WHITE BOW.

**BRUCE**

Happy two months and four days before your birthday.

82.

**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

83.

**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**

84.

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 --

85.

**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 HIS 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**

L ook! I'm back to no rmal. 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?

Th is i s ra re --

(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 lotteryI

**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.

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**GRACE**

Wow. This is a bit overwhelming.

\*

**BRUCE**

\*

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

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**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?

\*

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**BRUCE**

\*

(coy)

\*

No. Guess again?

\*

Grace turns to Bruce confused.

**BRUCE**

It's mine...ours.

88.

**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.

89.

**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.

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**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?

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90.

**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

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with that dogI?  
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.

\*

\*

91.

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 Ibs 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?

92.

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.

93.

**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,  
di al s --

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 Br uce. What are you d oing 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...

94 .

**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.

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95.

**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 do n'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.

96.

**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!

97.

**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:**

**98.**

**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 smiles  
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**

Drin kin g? Sur e. I'm dru nk wit h

**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.

101.

**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 last weeks fluke  
lottery results...

**CHANNEL CHANGES TO:**

102.

**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.

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\*

**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.

103.

bXA

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  
m a k i n g n e w s --

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.

104.



**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.

**105.**

**STAGE MANAGER**

The whole booth is down.

CRASH! A BRICK flies through a front window. see...

Bruce turns to

**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. I t'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.

106.

**RIOTE R**

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)**

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107.

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 partied 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...

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**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)**

108.

**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...

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**NEWSCASTER #1**

Scientists believe last weeks asteroid may have knocked the earth off it's axis resulting in the rapid acceleration of the melting

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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. \*

109.

**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.

110.

**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**

11  
1.

**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.

112.

**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.

113.

**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**

**CINDY**

(sm itte n)

(smit ten)

Hi.

Hi.

**EXT. EYEWITNESS NEWS STATION - DAY  
ON THE HOMELESS SIGN GUY**

His sign reads:

"GOD BEE GOOD HONEY"

114.

PULL BACK to reveal BRUCE, sitting next to him with his own sign reading:

"WHATEVER fl£ 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**

117.

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.

118.

**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.

119.

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.

120.

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.

121.

**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**

**BLLLAAAA!**

Bruce jolts awake making the Nurse and several people jump.  
They all laugh.

**BRUCE**

Had you going, didn't IIIIIII1

He reacts to the nurse POKING the needle in. Everyone laughs  
more.

122.

**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 w. . .

e

**CUT TO BLACK:**

**ROLL CREDITS**

**BRUCE ASKS GOD 20 QUESTIONS**

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\*  
\*