

**GOD FRIENDED ME**

"Pilot"

by  
Steven Lilien & Bryan Wynbrandt

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. HIMALAYAN MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

CHYRON: **SOUTH FACE OF ANNAPURNA I. A FEW YEARS FROM NOW.**

A WIDE SHOT of the mountain range. 10,000 feet above sea level. Fucking majestic. WE see a MAN climbing.

MILES (V.O.)

See that guy right there sucking wind? That's me. About a million miles away from where I thought my life would take me.

PUNCH IN on MILES FINER, late 20's, African-American, bearded, determined. The SUMMIT not far from him now.

MILES (V.O.)

My name is Miles Finer. You may've heard of me. Not trying to brag, but these days most people have. That's because what happened to me kinda changed the world. Articles have been written about it. Books. Spielberg even wanted to make a movie. I hear Michael B. Jordan was attached. But the truth is, there's more to the story than anyone knows.

Under this, Miles reaches the peak. Stops. Takes in the breathtaking view. His eyes full of wisdom. Hope. The morning sun bathes him in a golden, almost ethereal light. He looks to the sky and in that moment a profound understanding washes over him, as if he's just received the answers to all of life's greatest mysteries. His face widens into a knowing smile and then --

MILES (V.O.)

Everything that's happened to me has led to this moment. But to understand how I got here, we have to go back to the beginning. The day my life changed forever.

And off Miles, a truly enlightened human being, we CUT TO:

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - DAY

Miles. Clean shaven. Eyes full of skepticism. Hubris. Like a different person than we just saw. He wears HEADPHONES and is

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

speaking into an EXTERNAL MIC. Recording his PODCAST.

MILES

There is no proof of God anywhere  
in the universe.

CHYRON READS: **NEW YORK CITY, PRESENT DAY**

MILES (CONT'D)

We'll debate that and more on  
today's episode of the Millennial  
Prophet. I'm your host Miles Finer,  
reminding you there is no God and  
that's okay. My guest is an old NYU  
pal, one of my favorite people,  
Rabbi Zoe Kleinman. Thanks for  
coming on the podcast, Rabbi.

WIDEN TO SEE RABBI ZOE KLEINMAN, late 20's, also wearing  
headphones, sitting next to Miles. A quick look around and we  
SEE a bookshelf lined with Hitchens, Dawkins, Harris, an  
AARON JUDGE Yankees bobble head and a terrarium home to his  
pet turtle named "Neil DeGrasse Turtle."

RABBI ZOE

(playful)

Thanks for having me, Miles. But  
per usual, you're misinformed.  
There is proof of God in the Torah.  
The miracles of Sinai for instance.

MILES

Really? What about the miracles in  
the King James Bible? Or the  
Quaran? Do they also prove to you  
God exists?

She smiles, clearly these two have battled wits before.

RABBI ZOE

What they prove to me is human  
beings crave a relationship with  
God. You grew up in the Church, you  
know that better than anyone.

MILES

It's true. My father's a Reverend.  
We've got the whole Luke, Vader  
dynamic going on.

RABBI ZOE

You're Vader in this metaphor,  
right?

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MILES

No way. But whether it's Luke Skywalker or Jesus Christ, it's the same movie, just a different poster. Be honest, if I told you God sent me a message in the form of a burning bush, you'd think I was insane.

RABBI ZOE

Not necessarily.

MILES

Oh, come on, Zoe. I know it's comforting to believe there's someone watching over us. But there is no external force that's going to reach out and solve our problems. That's the danger with God, he gives people false hope.

And the way he says it, tells us there's emotional scar tissue here.

RABBI ZOE

What happened to you, Miles?

MILES

Why do people assume something happened to an Atheist? I just want to help people take responsibility for their own lives. I think we'd all be better off if we did.

RABBI ZOE

The irony is that's a very religious pursuit. But you're not going to change anyone's life sitting behind your computer.

MILES

(smiles)

I don't know. I think you underestimate how good I am at this.

She smiles, charmed by his confidence. We begin to HEAR *I'm Different by '2 Chainz'* play over --

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - MORNING - MOS

Miles exits his building. Sees his DOORMAN. Has an elaborate handshake with him.

INT. NYC SUBWAY CAR - MOVING - MORNING - MOS

Miles scrolls through his Facebook feed. Across from him, a MOM takes away her DAUGHTER'S Moana doll. The kid goes nuts. The mom's only recourse is to give it back. The child smiles. Miles has a thought. Opens his Twitter feed. His BIO reads: *Pesky Atheist who makes you think*. He has 5k followers. He composes a tweet --

*Want an unbiased demonstration of faith? Ask your six-year-old to choose between God and Disney #millennialprophet*

Miles sends it out to the Twitterverse with a smile.

INT. STARBUCKS - MORNING

Miles waits on line. Talking on his cell --

MILES/INTO THE PHONE

Hey, Eric. Miles Finer here.  
Millennial Prophet podcast. Just checking in again to see if Sam had a chance to listen to the show for his new channel. I really want to get my voice out to a larger audience and I think Sam's the one who can make it happen. You have my cell and my email. So... Ok.

Miles hangs up. Just then -- **Bzz-Bzz**. He SEES a PUSH NOTIFICATION from Facebook. Slides it OPEN to REVEAL --

A Friend Request from GOD.

God's PROFILE PIC is an almost-too-perfect PUFFY WHITE CLOUD set against a clear BLUE SKY. They have no mutual friends. Miles LAUGHS. *Declines it*. A friendly BARISTA calls out --

BARISTA

Miles! Grande Americano  
(as he hands it to Miles)  
'Checked out your podcast. It's dope! You making a living doing that?

MILES

(clearly covering)  
Oh, yeah. I got tons of listeners. Advertising dollars are rolling in. I'm really making a difference.

Off Miles, selling a confident smile, we HARD CUT TO:

INT. LIFELOCK - MORNING

Miles sitting in a cubicle, wearing a headset and blue polo with a nametag that reads: Miles, LifeLock Customer Service Rep. *Clearly he's not making much of a difference.*

MILES

And where did you last see your  
Visa VentureOne card, Mrs. Johnson?  
Okay. Well, no, I'm not capable of  
tracking it unless they use it.  
Yes, the card does have a chip.  
What am I good for? That's a good  
question. I've been asking myself  
that a lot lately. Hello? Hello?

Miles takes off his headset. Shakes his head, over this --

RAKESH (O.S.)

Do you know how many people are on  
the planet, Miles?

Miles turns to see RAKESH SEHGAL, mid 20's, first-generation Indian-American, good-natured, and Miles' co-worker and pal. He stands in the cubicle next to Miles.

RAKESH (CONT'D)

Roughly 7 billion. Do you know what  
the odds are of finding the one  
right person for you?

MILES

Lemme guess -- your mom set you up  
on another date?

RAKESH

She's obsessed with trying to find  
me a soulmate. And I'm like, hello,  
there's no such thing. But she  
doesn't care.

(imitating her)

You have a karmic destiny, Rakesh.  
You have to marry an Indian girl.

MILES

You could take the honesty route.  
Tell her you don't believe in any  
of that. That no one should dictate  
who we love or how we love them.  
And the most important quality for  
you finding a partner is that she  
likes Call of Duty.

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RAKESH

(smiles)

You know me so well.

Just then, Miles gets an EMAIL ALERT on his computer from his personal GMAIL ACCOUNT. He SEES the subject line -- **Re: Sam Harris Podcast Channel Submission**. His eyes light up with excitement.

MILES

Holy crap... Sam Harris's office just emailed me.

RAKESH

Awesome. Who's Sam Harris again?

MILES

Only my hero and the most important voice in Atheism in America. I told you about him. He's starting a channel on Sirius called Revolutionary Thinking and he's looking for shows. A few weeks ago I submitted the Millennial Prophet.

RAKESH

Sorry. Sometimes I glaze over.

MILES

I thought it was a pass. This email says Sam listened to the podcast and dug it. He wants me to submit a deck by Friday to show him where it's headed.

RAKESH

That's incredible. You're about to blow up. You think you'll get to meet Stern?

MILES

Probably not. But this is the break I've been waiting for. I get my show on the channel, I can finally quit this place and work full time on my podcast. It's my dream.

RAKESH

Not to mention you'll be able to stuff it to your old man. Take that Reverend Finer. People do care what you have to say.

(off Miles)

Too far?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MILES

Little bit. But I love your  
enthusiasm.

Off Miles, feeling like his life's about to change --

EXT. NYC STREETS - DAY

Miles walks up to the front of TRINITY CHURCH. A large Gothic cathedral home to an inclusive Episcopal Parish. Miles stares at the NOTICE BOARD. A message reads: *Sunday Mass to celebrate Reverend Arthur Finer's 25 years of leadership.* Next to the message is a photo of REVEREND ARTHUR FINER. This is Miles' dad. Miles stares at the photo. It's clear his dad is on his mind after what Rakesh said. A wistful look in his eyes, but then after a beat they sour. Miles gives one last look to his dad's photo and heads off.

INT. FEDERAL BAR - DAY

ON A TV: we SEE a CNN REPORTER interviewing MATTHEW JAMES, 28, handsome, vain. The SCROLL on the TV READS: TECH BILLIONAIRE MATTHEW JAMES TALKS SCIENCE & FAITH.

MATTHEW JAMES

I've surfed with Aboriginal  
Priests. Broke bread with  
scientists at CERN. And the one  
constant. The one truth that  
connected us all was our faith.

ANGLE ON Miles sitting at the bar watching the TV. Behind the bar is Miles' younger sister ALICIA, goes by Ali, (25), bright, compassionate, never afraid to speak her mind. These two are super close and always honest with each other.

ALI

Look who it is, your old BFF.

MILES

We weren't BFFs. We went to Holy  
Prep for two years. And he's such a  
fraud. He didn't surf with  
Aborigines, his dad got him lessons  
at the Four Seasons in Sydney.

Ali laughs, finishes pouring him a beer. Hands it to him --

ALI

Congrats on the podcast, big bro. I  
know how much this means to you.

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MILES

Thanks, Al. I know you don't necessarily agree with the message but your support means everything.

ALI

Good. Cause I want you to do me a favor.

MILES

Of course. Anything.

ALI

I want you to go to Dad's 25th at the Church this Sunday.

MILES

Ali --

ALI

Miles, you and Dad haven't spoken in months. This is the perfect opportunity for you guys to start talking again.

MILES

(throws her a look)

How much longer until you get your PhD? I think you need actual patients.

ALI

Another year 'til clinicals. So you'll have to do for now.

MILES

Why do I have to take the first step? He's the one who can't get over the fact I'm not on Team God.

ALI

See it from his side. He's one of the most respected Reverend's in the city and his son has a podcast which flies in the face of everything he represents.

MILES

I'm not doing this to make Dad look bad.

ALI

No. You're doing this because you're trying to prove him wrong.

(MORE)

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ALI (CONT'D)

Because you blame God for what happened.

Miles holds her look. This mystery of what happened strikes at the core of what made Miles an Atheist.

MILES

I don't blame God. There is no God.  
And if Dad wanted me there, he  
would've invited me.

ALI

Of course he wants you there. You  
know every Sunday after mass he  
goes to Washington Square Park.

MILES

So? He goes there to play chess.

ALI

He goes there because that's where  
the two of you used to play. What's  
it gonna take to bring the two of  
you back together?

MILES

I don't know. But I gotta get home  
to work on this presentation.  
Thanks again for the beer, sis.

Ali nods, moves off to help a CUSTOMER. When -- **Bzz-Bzz**.  
Miles looks to his phone. SEES another Friend Request from GOD. The profile pic with the PUFFY WHITE CLOUD. Miles stares at it -- *this guy again?*

MILES (CONT'D)

Really?

He declines the request.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Miles steps out of the bar and into a sunkissed afternoon. The air is warm. The city teeming with life. The sky a clear blue. Except for one cloud. An almost-too-perfect PUFFY WHITE CLOUD that looks exactly like the one from the God Account. *Weird*.

**Bzz-Bzz**. Miles checks his phone. SEES another Friend Request from God. His eyes tic back up to the PUFFY WHITE CLOUD. He holds his phone up to the sky. The cloud in God's profile pic is IDENTICAL. *Really fucking weird*. He declines it.

**Bzz-Bzz**. It pops up again. Declines it.

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**Bzz-Bzz.** It pops up again. *Seriously?*

Annoyed, Miles is about to decline it when he HEARS an odd CRACKLING sound. Miles turns to it and SEES --

A BUSH in front of a bodega is literally engulfed in FLAMES!

MILES  
(eyes wide)  
Holy Sh--

*SHHHHH!!!* The OWNER of the bodega sprays the bush with a fire extinguisher. He yells at two kids who run past Miles --

BODEGA OWNER  
Come around here again, I'll call  
the police.

ON Miles. Exhales. Laughs. *Of course there's an explanation.*

But then he looks at his phone -- the Friend Request from God -- and at this point even an Atheist like Miles' curiosity is piqued so HE ACCEPTS IT. And instantly --

**Bzz-Bzz.** God sends Miles a FRIEND SUGGESTION for JOHN DOVE. Dove's profile pic shows him posed next to the Leaning Tower of Pisa, his hand keeping it from falling.

MILES  
Who's John Dove?

Just then, a woman, STACIE, late 20's, wearing a waitress uniform, brushes past Miles.

MAN  
Stacie, wait. Please.

He accidentally BUMPS into Miles. Miles drops his phone. The man quickly bends down, hands the phone to Miles and he sees it's -- JOHN DOVE. Miles stares at him, gobsmacked.

JOHN DOVE  
Sorry.

Miles nods, speechless, trying to make sense of what's happening. Dove continues after Stacie. She turns around.

STACIE  
You've changed, John. You're not  
the same man I fell in love with.  
I'm sorry. I have to go to work.

She enters a restaurant. Dove stands there, broken. After a beat, he heads down the steps of a nearby subway.

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ON Miles watching this play out like sidewalk theatre. *Is this a prank?* He has to know. So he follows Dove. UPCUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Miles searches the crowd. Finally spots Dove. Calls out --

MILES

Hey! John Dove!

But the station is too loud. Dove can't hear him.

ON Dove making his way through the crowd. His eyes empty, distant. He stops at the YELLOW LINE on the platform. Contemplative. He looks to the end of a tunnel, sees a light.

ON MILES watching Dove. Taking in his body language, the look in his eyes. *Something isn't right here.* A train screams out of the tunnel. Miles looks from it to Dove.

DOVE looks from the train to the tracks. We see him step over the yellow line. Right to the edge. *Fuck! He's gonna jump.*

MILES (CONT'D)

Hey! Somebody stop that guy!

But this is New York. No one's paying attention. Miles pushes through a herd of commuters to get to Dove. But there's too much ground to cover -- Dove's about to jump -- when -- Miles grabs him just in time! Heroically pulls him back just as -- *WHOOSHH! WHOOSHH! WHOOSHH!* The train rips by.

MILES (CONT'D)

What the hell, man?! Are you okay?

ON Dove, the gravity of the moment landing --

JOHN DOVE

Yeah... I-I think you just saved my life.

(off Miles)

Thank you.

After an awkward beat, Dove gets on the train. The doors close. He locks eyes with Miles through the glass as the train pulls away.

ON Miles. ALONE on the platform. The reality of what just happened slowly sinking in. He looks to his phone. The God Account staring back at him as if smiling. And off Miles, wondering what the fuck is going on, we --

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Moments later. Miles on the platform still a bit shocked, looking at the spot Dove almost leaped from. He eyes it --

MILES

Ok, Miles. No way that guy was really gonna jump. This is all just an elaborate hoax.

He looks around the station. A few people wait for the next train. But none of them seem aware of Miles. Off Miles, suspicious. Trying to make sense of what just happened.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

FIND Miles on his COMPUTER looking at John Dove's Facebook page. There are NO POSTS. They have NO MUTUAL FRIENDS. Tucked under Miles' ear is his CELL PHONE --

MILES/INTO THE PHONE

Rakesh. I know you're at your weekly Magic the Gathering game, but something really strange just happened. Call me ASAP.

He hangs up. CLICKS OVER to the GOD account PAGE. Shakes his head. TYPES a COMMENT on God's wall --

MILES

(as he types)

Nice try, asshat.

He closes his Facebook page. Looks to his turtle --

MILES (CONT'D)

Alright, Neil DeGrasse Turtle, time to refocus. Gotta get this deck ready for Sam Harris.

**BZZ.BZZ.** Miles looks to his phone. SEES a PUSH NOTIFICATION from Facebook -- *GOD HAS SENT YOU A FRIEND SUGGESTION.*

MILES (CONT'D)

Oh, come on...

He SLIDES IT OPEN and SEES the PROFILE PIC of CARA WEISS, late 20's, standing in front of the Richard Rodgers Theatre holding a playbill for Hamilton, a huge smile on her face.

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MILES (CONT'D)

Who the hell is Cara Weiss?

INT. NYPD - DRUNK TANK - MORNING

CLOSE ON CARA WEISS, sitting on a COT, hanging her head in shame. She looks up to the proverbial heavens, mascara runny. Eyes remorseful.

CARA

God, if you're listening, I will  
never have another drop of tequila  
so long as I live. Just let me  
outta here.

WIDEN TO REVEAL she's in the DRUNK TANK. A few other rando women sleep off hangovers. KA-CHUNCK! The DOOR opens. An OFFICER steps inside --

OFFICER

Cara Weiss?

She hears her name. Sighs with relief. Looks God-ward.

CARA

Thank you.

EXT. NYPD PRECINCT - MORNING

Cara and her best friend, PARKER, 26, Chinese-American, chic beauty blogger with a quick wit, exit the station --

CARA

Thank you so much for bailing me  
out, Parker.

PARKER

Of course. But I'm gonna need you  
to Venmo me. I got rent due.

They stop at the bottom of the precinct steps. Cara's head is throbbing.

CARA

Last night is such a blur. I  
remember there were shots. And I  
think I requested the bartender  
play Abba.

PARKER

You made a lot of song requests.  
They don't even play music at that  
bar.

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Face palm.

CARA

I got arrested for that?

PARKER

No. You got arrested for this.

Parker takes out her iPhone. Pulls up a VIDEO. Presses play. On it we SEE Cara being escorted out of the bar by two OFFICERS. She's kicking and screaming the whole time --

CARA

(on the video)

I am not causing a disturbance.  
That stupid bartender is.

(then, to the bartender)

Why won't you play Dancing Queen?!

Parker stops the video.

CARA (CONT'D)

Please tell me you didn't Insta-story that.

PARKER

Cara, you know I love you. But you've been going HAM these last few weeks. Now the drunk tank? What the hell is going on with you? Should I be worried?

CARA

No. I'm fine. I've just been really stressed at work and needed to blow off some steam.

(then, realizing)

Oh, crap. Work. I am so late.  
Thanks again, P.

INT. SLATE ONLINE MAGAZINE - MORNING

ON THE CUT we Find Cara, now put together, wearing the fall's best trends, moving down the hall. She's trying to be stealthy passing her boss's office when --

NATALIE (O.S.)

Cara. In my office, now.

Busted. She enters --

INT. SLATE ONLINE MAGAZINE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

NATALIE (40's, Hispanic) demanding, intense, brilliant, sits behind her desk with an annoyed look on her face.

NATALIE

Where have you been?

CARA

I was... Uh...

NATALIE

Yeah. I don't care. Where's my story?

CARA

Working on it.

NATALIE

Do you see the hot board?

She indicates a FLAT SCREEN MONITOR on her wall with a list of the most viral articles currently on Slate's website.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

You used to have the top trending stories on our site every week.

CARA

I know. And I'll get back there. I promise.

NATALIE

I don't want promises. I want articles. You haven't written one in six weeks.

CARA

I'm working through a rough patch. You know it took Hemingway ten years to publish his second novel?

NATALIE

Is that true?

CARA

I think?

NATALIE

Look, you're one of my best writers. But I can't cut you any more slack. I want a story by the end of the week.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



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NATALIE (CONT'D)

And it goes without saying, this is one of those or else situations.

Off Cara, stressed AF --

INT. LIFELOCK - MORNING

CLOSE ON Rakesh --

RAKESH

Let me get this straight. You're being catfished by someone calling themselves God on Facebook.

WIDEN TO Miles standing in his cubicle opposite Rakesh.

MILES

Yes. And I need you to use your hacker skills to get me their IP address.

RAKESH

(looks around)

Keep your voice down. How many times do I have to tell you I'm not a hacker? I'm a video game enthusiast. Besides, you said it yourself. It's a prank. Just focus on your Sam Harris presentation.

MILES

I will, but first I need to figure out who's behind this.

RAKESH

Why? So they're messing with you. It's not like it's screwing with your life. Let it go.

MILES

Everything I believe in is built upon the idea there is no God. That everything can be explained. Now there's someone out there going through a lot of trouble to prove me wrong. I can't just let that go.

RAKESH

You really think someone paid this Dove guy to pretend to jump in front of that train?

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MILES

What other explanation is there?  
It's like 'The Game'.

RAKESH

Great flick. Early Fincher.

MILES

I looked into Dove. His Facebook account's a ghost town. I ran him through LifeLock's database, but there are over 50 John Dove's in Manhattan alone. My only lead is Cara Weiss.

RAKESH

What do you know about her?

MILES

See for yourself. She went to Ohio State, writes for Slate, runs marathons --

Miles pulls up Cara's Facebook page. Rakesh sees her PROFILE PICTURE.

RAKESH

Cute and accomplished. Why can't I ever match with someone like her?

MILES

This isn't Tinder, Rakesh.

RAKESH

You mean Bumble. No one uses Tinder anymore.

Miles SEES ON Cara's Facebook page she CHECKED IN to SoulCycle, Bryant Park. Makes a decision --

MILES

Look. She just checked into SoulCycle. I'm going to go down there and get to the bottom of this.

A determined Miles grabs his stuff and heads out.

RAKESH

That's a bad idea, Miles. What are you gonna tell her? God sent you?

Off Miles, heading out, we --

INT. SOULCYCLE - DAY

Class is mid-session. Find Cara on a bike, sweat pouring off her, peddling as fast as she can. Working through all the stress and anxiety in her life. And the tequila, too. The INSTRUCTOR, 20's, way too positive, shouts encouragement --

INSTRUCTOR

There is no change in life without  
challenge. Now tap it back and  
climb that mountain.

Off Cara, pushing through the workout --

EXT. SOULCYCLE - DAY

Miles waits outside. Pacing. Behind him on the front window of SoulCycle we SEE a NEON SIGN that reads "**Find Your Soul**".

Cara exits the building. At first glance he's struck by her beauty. She starts to walk off in the opposite direction of him. He heads after her --

MILES

Cara.

She stops and turns to him. Clearly has no idea who Miles is.

CARA

Yeah?

MILES

Miles Finer.

(off her blank stare)

Don't pretend you don't know who I  
am.

CARA

I don't. So have a nice day.

She starts to leave --

MILES

Are you God? I mean, not *the* God,  
there is no God.

(off her confused look)

I want to know who's behind the God  
Account.

CARA

The God Account? What are you  
talking about?

(CONTINUED)

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MILES

Wow. You're committed. Did you study with Stella Adler?

CARA

Look, pal. I don't know what you're on but I carry Mace. Follow me and I will use it.

As she walks off, Miles calls after her --

MILES

And I work at Lifelock. So you tell whoever's behind this if they continue down this path, I will destroy their credit.

Miles watches her go. He turns and SEES an OLD MAN staring at him, gobsmailed --

MILES (CONT'D)

Be grateful you didn't grow up with social media.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Miles is on his Facebook page. He DECLINES Cara's and John Dove's FRIEND SUGGESTIONS and DE-FRIENDS the God Account. Thinking this is over he opens a Power Point. Starts a FILE titled: SAM HARRIS PRESENTATION.

We BEGIN A MONTAGE. Miles putting together a slide show for the Millennial Prophet. He's in good spirits. He types out a mission statement. "How I plan to change the world." We SEE a SLIDE with ZEUS ON A THRONE and the TITLE: THE INCONVENIENT ZEUS underneath it. Finally, Miles saves the file, exhausted, barely able to keep his eyes open.

MILES

(tells himself)

I'll finish it in the morning.

He saves the file to his desktop -- Heads off to bed.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Miles fast asleep. A sweet smile on his face. When... Imagine Dragons "Believer" BLASTS from his PHONE, SOUNDBAR, and COMPUTER. Miles shoots awake! Face covered in sweat. He suddenly becomes aware his apartment's a thousand degrees.

MILES

What the --

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He jumps out of bed. Checks the NEST THERMOSTAT. It's at 99 degrees. Lowers it. Rushes over to his computer. Turns off the music. He SEES the SAM HARRIS PRESENTATION file. Gets a bad feeling. Clicks on it. A CLIP of Joel Osteen addressing his Congregation POPS UP.

JOEL OSTEEN/ON THE COMPUTER

You want to believe in the Heavenly  
Father. Deep down I know you do.  
But you're afraid to admit it.

Miles' eyes go wide. *What the fuck?*

Then a CLIP of Charlton Heston as Moses in the Ten Commandments pops up. Heston parts the Red Sea.

HESTON/ON THE COMPUTER

Behold his mighty hand!

MILES

My presentation!

Just then, his cell phone BUZZES. A push notification from Facebook. He picks it up and SEES --

A FRIEND SUGGESTION for CARA WEISS sent from the God Account.  
*WTF?!*

Somehow he's still friends with the God Account even though he deleted their friendship. His phone BUZZES again. And again. AND AGAIN! All friend suggestions for Cara Weiss.

MILES (CONT'D)

No. No. NO!

And off Miles, the God Account now seriously screwing with his life, we --

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SLATE ONLINE MAGAZINE - LOBBY - DAY

OPEN ON Miles entering a hip reception area. White lacquer, built-in FLAT SCREENS, a wall of refrigerators stocked with every flavor of La Croix. Miles crosses over to the RECEPTIONIST (20's), smiles at her, lies through his teeth --

MILES

Hi. I'm a friend of Cara Weiss's. She asked me to come by. Where's her office again?

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry. Who are you?

MILES

Miles. We went to Ohio State together. Go Buckeyes.

RECEPTIONIST

Ok, Miles, have a seat and I'll let her know you're here.

MILES

No. You can't do that.  
(off her look, recovers)  
Ok. Full disclosure. She doesn't know I'm coming. It's a surprise. So I'd really love it if you could just point me her way.

RECEPTIONIST

Wait a minute. Are you the friend from Ohio who ran the Park Slope 10k with her?

MILES

Yes. That's me. What a run. Still recovering.

RECEPTIONIST

It was three months ago.

MILES

I mean mentally.

RECEPTIONIST

I feel the same. I've been working my way up to the New York, but I don't think it's meant to be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILES

Nothing is meant to be. That's a  
lie you've been told.

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me?

MILES

You either make things happen or  
you don't. You're gonna train hard.  
You're gonna run that race. And not  
because fate says so. But because  
you want to.

We see this land on her -- buoyed by Miles words --

RECEPTIONIST

Yeah. You know what? You're right.  
(then, with a warm smile)  
Cara's down the hall to the left.

INT. SLATE ONLINE MAGAZINE - CARA'S OFFICE - DAY

Find Cara at her standing desk Googling HOW DO YOU CURE  
WRITER'S BLOCK? Hears a knock at the door. Doesn't look up --

CARA

Yeah.

MILES (O.S.)

Cara --

On Cara. *That voice? It can't be.* She looks up and sees that  
it is Miles. Which is cause for alarm.

CARA

What the hell are you doing here?

MILES

This has gone too far. Hacking my  
computer, my presentation, my  
thermostat. Who is the God account?

CARA

Listen -- I don't know anything  
about a God Account or the  
temperature of your apartment. How  
did you get back here anyway?

MILES

Are they paying you? Is this for a  
story you're writing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARA

A story? I'm staring at a blank page. My career's hanging in the balance. So I'd say 'no.' Now if you don't leave, I'm calling the cops.

And the way she says this -- for the first time Miles starts to wonder... *maybe I got this wrong.*

MILES

You're telling the truth. You're not in on this?

CARA

I don't even know what 'this' is.

Miles takes a seat in a chair, thrown. Cara sees the vulnerable look on his face, can't help but feel for him.

CARA (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

MILES

It doesn't make any sense. Why would they send me your name?

CARA

What do you mean send you my name?

MILES

Here, look --

Miles hands her his phone. ON IT: she sees Miles' Facebook Account with the Friend Suggestion for Cara sent by God.

CARA

Someone calling themselves God sent you a friend suggestion for me?

MILES

It goes way beyond that, but yes.

As Cara absorbs this, intrigued, Natalie enters --

NATALIE

Cara. Where's my story?

Cara looks to Natalie, caught off guard --

CARA

Working on it. Making progress.

Natalie looks at Cara and Miles, sensing something's up --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

NATALIE

Who's this?

CARA

He's... someone I'm interviewing...  
for my story.

NATALIE

Really. What's it about?

Cara looks to Miles' cell still in her hand. Runs with it --

CARA

It's a think piece. About the  
intersection of faith and science  
through the prism of social media.

She pulled that off well. Natalie remains stoic, then --

NATALIE

I like it. I want a thousand words  
tomorrow.

Natalie exits. Cara exhales, relieved.

MILES

Hey, I didn't say you could write a  
story about this.

CARA

It's not just about you, remember?  
They sent you my name too.

(off Miles)

You want to know who's screwing  
with you? I'm a journalist. I know  
how to find people. And I will. But  
only if I get the story. Deal?

MILES

You find them, we'll talk.

CARA

Good enough. I assume you've looked  
into this God Account. What do you  
know?

MILES

Not much. I tried to get my friend  
Rakesh to track down the IP but he  
wouldn't do it for me.

As he says this, he gets an idea, smiles --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MILES (CONT'D)

But he might do it for you.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE BROWNSTONE - MORNING

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. The door opens revealing Rakesh, wearing sweats and a t-shirt. He's immediately taken aback by seeing Cara standing next to Miles.

MILES

Rakesh. Cara. Cara. Rakesh.

CARA

Hey.

RAKESH

Hi...

(low to Miles)

What is she doing here?

MILES

She can hear you. And she's not involved. I told her everything. She's going to help me figure out who's doing this. But we need a favor from you first.

Rakesh stares at Cara. Suddenly he's self-conscious. Smooths his hair. Straightens his spine.

RAKESH

This is my workout attire. I do 60 crunches every morning.

The smirk on Miles' face tells us this was the reaction he was hoping for --

MILES

Look, I know you're not a hacker but if there was any way you could get us the IP address --

RAKESH

No. I'm a hacker. A badass hacker.

He smiles at Cara, clearly trying to impress her --

INT. RAKESH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A hacker's paradise. Two HD monitors connected to a private server. Encrypted Wifi. Framed movie poster of "Live Free Or Die Hard". Underrated movie... Rakesh sits at his desk typing away. Miles and Cara stand behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON "A" MONITOR: Black screen. Green text. Lines of code.

ON "B" MONITOR: Mile's Facebook page open to the God account.

CARA

Nice setup. RazorBlade Pro.  
Barracuda Server.

RAKESH

You know your stuff.

CARA

I did a story on the guys who  
hacked Playstation last year.

An ALERT from the computer pops up. Rakesh knits his brow --

RAKESH

Wait. This can't be right. The God  
account is being protected by a  
firewall I've never seen before.

MILES

Don't mess with me.

RAKESH

I'm not. The code is very elegant.  
There's only a small pool of people  
on the planet who could write  
something like this.

CARA

So there's no way to track the IP?

RAKESH

I said a small pool. Lucky for us  
I'm swimming in it. But if what I'm  
seeing here is right, I think  
there's a good chance that Dove guy  
really was going to jump.

MILES

Explain.

RAKESH

The closest thing I've seen to code  
like this is from Cambridge  
Analytica. They're a data mining  
company that uses predictive  
analytics to determine the outcome  
of events. Someone using that  
technology theoretically could have  
known Dove was depressed and  
suicidal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MILES

Even if it were possible, there's no way they could've known I would step in and save him.

RAKESH

Unless that's the point of all this. To see if you would.

MILES

No way. That would mean...

Miles and Rakesh look to Cara --

CARA

Slow your roll, fellas. I'm not gonna jump in front of a train. I don't need any help. What we need to do is find Dove. My money says he's in on it.

MILES

I already tried. Our best lead is the IP address. Rakesh, how long will it take to crack it?

RAKESH

I don't know. I'll keep working on it, but I have a date in a few hours.

(looks to Cara)

Don't worry, she's not my girlfriend. I'm totally single, my mom's making me go.

MILES

Girlfriend... Rakesh, that's it. I know how to find Dove.

EXT. STREET/RESTAURANT - DAY

Miles and Cara stand in front of La Dolce Vita Ristorante --

MILES

After Dove's girlfriend broke up with him she went inside. That's her.

He points through the WINDOW where they see Stacie (Dove's ex-girlfriend) in her waitress uniform.

CARA

When in doubt. Always find the ex. Alright. I'll be right back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILES

Hold up -- I'm gonna talk to her.

CARA

Miles, I've seen your approach. You come off a little crazy.

Before Miles can respond, she heads inside. WE STAY WITH Miles as he watches Cara enter the restaurant. Behind Miles we NOTICE a BUS pull up on the street. An AD on the side promotes: **A Night at Lincoln Center with Matthew James. A discussion of Faith, Science and Technology.** Miles is oblivious to it. As it pulls away --

ALI (O.S.)

Miles? What are you doing here?

MILES

(turns to her, surprised)

Al. Hey. I'm waiting for a friend. What are you doing?

ALI

Heading to work. At the bar.

MILES

Right. Of course.

ALI

I tried calling you last night, but it kept going to voicemail. How's the presentation coming?

MILES

I got a little sidetracked. Technical issues.

Under this, Miles' eyes tic back to the restaurant where he SEES Cara and Stacie having an ANIMATED CONVERSATION. Stacie looks pissed. WTF? His eyes betray his concern and Ali asks --

ALI

Miles, what are you up to?

MILES

Nothing.

Just then Cara exits the restaurant --

CARA

Well, that back-fired. But the break-up was definitely real.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MILES

What do you mean backfired?

Stacie storms out of the restaurant, yells at Cara --

STACIE

Bitch!

She walks off. Miles is stunned. Cara casually turns to Ali --

CARA

Hi, I'm Cara.

ALI

Ali. Miles' sister.

MILES

What the hell happened in there?

CARA

I had to gauge if her relationship with Dove was real so I used a tried-and-true method to illicit an emotional response. I told her I slept with him.

MILES

And you were worried about my approach? Did you get any info on Dove? Where he lives? Works?

CARA

It's irrelevant. He's not involved. Which means I guess you really did save him. Good work.

ALI

Save who? Miles, what is she talking about?

EXT. FEDERAL BAR - DAY

Miles and Cara sit at the bar. Ali across from them. She's been fully downloaded on the God account.

MILES

I have to redo my presentation for Sam Harris by tomorrow and this thing is spiraling.

CARA

(to Ali)

Was he always this dramatic?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALI

You should see him at a Yankees game.

MILES

Ali, you swear this isn't one of your psych experiments? Right before God friended me you were trying to convince me to go see Dad.

ALI

Miles, I'm not behind this. You know I detest social media.

CARA

What happened with you and your Dad?

Miles and Ali share a look --

MILES

Nothing.

ALI

Our Dad's a Reverend. Miles is an Atheist. Do the math.

CARA

That explains a lot.

MILES

Wait a minute. You don't think Dad's behind this?

ALI

He can't even use Netflix.

(then)

You know, what's happening to you, it's kind of like the Prodigal Son. Only God's using Facebook to bring you and Dad back together.

MILES

(to Cara)

You see what growing up in house of religion does to the mind?

CARA

She makes an interesting point.

MILES

You can't be serious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARA

I'm just saying as a journalist I have to consider all options.

MILES

So you believe in God?

CARA

I wouldn't call myself religious, but I am spiritual.

ALI

Oh, boy. Here we go.

MILES

Spiritual? You mean the biggest cop out in all of religion? You can't have one foot in the eternal plane and the other in the "I'm cool" category. It doesn't work like that. You either believe or you don't.

CARA

Or you recognize that there is something else at work here. That there is a grand plan connecting us all. Otherwise life seems kinda pointless.

MILES

The absence of God doesn't make life pointless. In fact, it's the opposite. It means the world is of our own making. Not governed by the whims of some being in the sky.

ALI

(to Cara)

He's really fun at parties.

Just then, Miles gets a FaceTime from Rakesh. He answers --

MILES

Rakesh, tell me you got something --

RAKESH

Miles! I did it! I found God. He's in Jersey.

Off Miles, Cara and Ali sharing a look, we --

END ACT TWO



ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW JERSEY HOUSE - EVENING

A LYFT PULLS UP in front of a classic East Coast colonial. Picket fence. Hanging bench on a roomy porch. Miles and Cara get out. Immediately clock a FOR SALE sign out front. No lights on in the house.

CARA  
'Doesn't look like anyone lives here. You sure this is the right place?

MILES  
(checks his phone)  
25 Blackstone Drive.

Cara sees the address matches. As they head toward the porch--

CARA  
So tell me something, Miles. How does a preacher's son lose his faith in God?

MILES  
Pretty easily.

CARA  
Lemme guess, you felt religion was forced down your throat so you rebelled. Got your hands on Hitchens and Dawkins, never looked back. Sound about right?

MILES  
Yeah -- something like that.

Under this, they land at the front door -- Miles peers through the window. Sees no furniture. Cara does the same.

CARA  
Maybe God moved?

Miles pounds on the door --

MILES  
Hello! Open up. Hello!

No answer. No movement inside. Miles keeps pounding on the door. Cara walks to the end of the porch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Looks around the side of the house -- SEES a LIGHT glowing in an UPSTAIRS WINDOW.

CARA

There's a light on. Look.

Miles walks over, sees the light. Moves back to the front door. KNOCKS again. Still no answer.

MILES

Open up! I know you're in there!  
You're messing with the wrong guy.

CARA

Step aside.

MILES

Why?

CARA

Because whoever's inside is  
obviously not going to answer.

She reaches into her bag, pulls out a TWEEZER and a HAIR PIN.

CARA (CONT'D)

Gimme some light?

He takes out his iPHONE, turns the flashlight on, points it at the door as Cara jimmies the lock. In the light he notices she's quite beautiful. She looks up, catches him.

CARA (CONT'D)

What?

MILES

Nothing. Just admiring your skills.  
What'd you write an article about  
picking locks or something?

CARA

It was more of a PSA on how easy it  
is to break in your house. Went  
viral in 15 minutes.

CLICK! The lock turns open. She flashes him a smile.

MILES

Impressive.

INT. NEW JERSEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Miles uses his phone to light the way as they head for the staircase -- his phone rings -- he sees the number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILES

Crap. It's Sam Harris' office. I have to take this.

CARA

You're kidding right?

MILES

(answers, upbeat)

Eric. Hey. Yes, you'll have the deck tomorrow as promised. No, it's coming along great. No issues whatsoever. Ok. Thanks.

CARA

You done? Cause I'm guessing whoever's up there doesn't want to be found and might not be friendly.

MILES

I know that. I've got a plan.

We FOLLOW THEM up the steps to the second floor.

INT. HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

They head down a long hallway where they SEE a BRIGHT LIGHT streaming out from under the frame of a closed door like the light of God. Tension mounting. Miles calls out --

MILES

Hey! This is Miles Finer. I know you're in there. Come out now.

Dead silence. They share a look.

CARA

Good plan.

Miles moves to the door. Listens. Doesn't hear anyone inside. He slowly turns the doorknob and they enter, REVEALING --

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

An empty room. A battery operated WORK LIGHT left on by painters. A few empty paint buckets and some used rollers.

CARA

Maybe this was a bogus lead.

MILES

Maybe not. Look at this.

He points to a faded MURAL of an ANGEL painted on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARA

Yeah. It's Jersey. They're tacky.

MILES

Or they knew I'd end up here  
chasing my tail. That angel might  
as well be giving me the middle  
finger.

CARA

It's a baby's room. They're  
painting over it because they're  
selling the house.

MILES

They're toying with me.

CARA

You know what I think? I think deep  
down you're afraid this could be  
God and that freaks you out.

On Miles, the truth hitting a little too close to home.

MILES

No. What freaks me out is someone  
with a super computer has intimate  
knowledge of me and you and John  
Dove and they're moving me around  
like some chess piece on a board.

CARA

Ok. There is that.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Rakesh sits across from JAYA, mid 20's, adorable, soft  
spoken. Both look bored out of their fucking minds --

JAYA

The food is really good.

RAKESH

Yeah. It is.

His phone BUZZES with a TEXT from Miles. It READS: *Good work.  
Looks like God was here but we were too late.*

JAYA

Important message?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAKESH

(looks up)

It's a friend of mine. He's in Jersey looking for God.

She laughs thinking he's making a joke. It breaks the ice.

JAYA

You're funny. Most of the guys my parents set me up with are total bores.

RAKESH

Why do they do this to us? We are perfectly capable of making our own decisions on who we want to fall in love with. I mean don't get me wrong, you're gorgeous, but I'm sure there are plenty of other guys you'd rather be on a date with.

She smiles at Rakesh, charmed.

JAYA

Actually, I'm enjoying myself. And I think you're pretty cute.

He blushes. She leans forward --

JAYA (CONT'D)

You know what I like to do to get back at my parents?

RAKESH

What?

JAYA

Things they wouldn't approve of.

Jaya runs her foot up Rakesh's leg. Raises an eyebrow. Rakesh did NOT see this coming. He smiles.

RAKESH

I also like to do those things.

JAYA

Too bad we both live at home.

RAKESH

I know somewhere else we can go.

EXT. NEW JERSEY HOUSE - NIGHT

Miles and Cara stand on the front porch --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILES

Lyft's 4 minutes away. Tina. Ford  
Fusion.

He looks over to see Cara by the HANGING BENCH. She stares at  
it a beat. Lost in thought.

MILES (CONT'D)

What?

CARA

It's weird. I had the same exact  
bench on my front porch growing up.

**EXT. CARA'S CHILDHOOD HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

*An 8-year-old Cara sits on the porch bench, rocking back and  
forth. We hear her FATHER'S voice --*

**FATHER (O.S.)**

*It's time to come in, sweetheart.*

**YOUNG CARA**

*Five more minutes, Daddy.*

*Her eyes scan the distance longingly.*

**EXT. NEW JERSEY HOUSE - NIGHT**

Back on Cara, still in the memory --

CARA

Every night I'd sit there waiting  
for --

She catches herself. Looks at Miles, self-conscious --

MILES

For what?

CARA

Nothing.

Miles reads her eyes -- can see she's hiding something.

MILES

Doesn't look like nothing.

(off her look)

I've been thinking about why I was  
sent your name. I saved Dove. Maybe  
there's something they want me to  
do for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARA

You're reaching, Miles. I'm fine.

Miles doesn't quite believe her. His CELL rings. SEES it's --

MILES

Rakesh. What's up?

RAKESH

(through the phone)

You need to get back to your apartment right now. I think Mr. Robot hacked your computer again.

MILES

Why are you at my apartment?

RAKESH

(through the phone)

Not important. Stay focused. Your iPhoto library is on loop and the same song is playing over and over. I can't make it stop.

MILES

What song?

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - INTERCUT

ON Rakesh. And now we HEAR Imagine Dragons "Believer" blasting from the speakers --

RAKESH

Believer by Imagine Dragons.

ON Miles as that lands --

MILES

It's the God account.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - LATER

Miles, Cara, Rakesh and Jaya stand in front the computer. The iPhoto slideshow's on loop. The music still blasting. Jaya looks to Miles. They speak over the music --

JAYA

(slightly embarrassed)

Your pictures are really great.

Miles stares at her. She has bedhead.

MILES

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks to Rakesh who has a guilty look on his face. Cara stifles a laugh. Miles tries to FORCE QUIT the slide show.

RAKESH

I already tried that. My guess is they used a smurf attack. How many times have I told you your wif needs to be on WPA-2?

CARA

Just pull the plug.

MILES

No. There has to be a reason they're doing this.

The music STOPS. The slideshow FREEZES on a single PHOTO: *An 8-year-old Miles embraces his MOTHER in a hospital room. She wears a pink wig. Arthur and a NURSE flank them on either side.*

RAKESH

(to Miles, re: computer)  
How'd you get it to stop?

MILES

I didn't.

ON Cara looking at the photo. Her face ashen.

CARA

Where did you get that photo?

MILES

What do you mean? That's me and my parents after my mom's chemo. Why?

CARA

Never mind. I... have to leave.  
(off their looks)  
I just remembered. I'm on deadline.

She quickly turns to leave -- her behavior notably off --

MILES

Cara -- wait. What's wrong?

CARA

Nothing. I just have to go.

She exits abruptly, leaving them all confused.

RAKESH

What was that all about?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

MILES

I don't know. She got all weird  
when she saw the photo.

Miles and Rakesh look at the picture --

RAKESH

Why would that picture upset her?  
It's just you and your parents.

MILES

And my mom's nurse.

RAKESH

Do you remember her?

MILES

No. I was eight.

RAKESH

Well, she clearly means something  
to Cara.

MILES

(conflicted)

There is one person who may know  
who she is.

Off Miles, we PRELAP --

ARTHUR (V.O.)

*God is always testing us.*

INT. TRINITY CHURCH - CHAPEL - NIGHT

Open on REVEREND ARTHUR FINER (50's intelligent, sturdy man  
of faith) standing behind the PULPIT --

ARTHUR

And we know this from the Book of  
James, Chapter One, Verse 12.  
'Blessed is the man who remains  
steadfast under trial, for when he  
has stood the test, he will receive  
the crown of life.'

WIDEN TO REVEAL -- the chapel is empty. Arthur makes a few  
notes on a legal pad in preparation for his coming sermon.

MILES (O.S.)

Getting ready for Sunday?

He looks up surprised to SEE Miles entering from the side  
entrance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

Miles?

MILES

When I was a kid, I loved to listen to your sermons. I would sneak in the back of the Chapel and watch you practice. Until Mom caught me and made me do my homework.

It's a bittersweet memory for the both of them.

ARTHUR

I remember.

An awkward beat of silence, then --

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

MILES

I need your help with something.

Miles takes out his cell, shows Arthur the PHOTO in question.

MILES (CONT'D)

Do you remember this nurse?

Arthur looks at the picture. The sight of his wife stirs a wave of emotion. He looks up to Miles, confused --

ARTHUR

What's this about?

Oh, y'know, God friended him on Facebook and now he's trying to figure out how this girl Cara fits into all this. NBD.

MILES

I just need her name.

Arthur holds his look -- he's been hoping to see Miles and now that he's here he doesn't want to push --

ARTHUR

Sure, son. Her name is Nicole Albright. Always stuck with me because Madeline Albright was Secretary of State at the same time.

MILES

Great. Thank you.

Miles turns to leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTHUR

Miles. Wait --

ON Miles, his back to Arthur. He was hoping to avoid this.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Please don't leave.

Miles can hear the pain in his father's voice. Turns around.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I've been meaning to reach out to you about Sunday. I'd like you to be there.

MILES

Good thing I showed up so you could ask.

ARTHUR

I deserve that. I should have called. I guess I was afraid you'd say no.

MILES

Or maybe you were afraid of being judged by everyone for having a son who doesn't believe in God.

ARTHUR

How am I supposed to feel about that, Miles? I've devoted my life to God. And you're spreading the notion he doesn't exist. I know you think you're helping people, but you're not.

MILES

That's not true.

ARTHUR

Name one person whose life you've changed?

MILES

It's called a podcast, Dad. I don't have to see the person to know I'm making a difference.

ARTHUR

You're taking away people's hope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MILES

And you're lying to them. You say  
God's watching over us but you know  
better than anyone that's not true.

ARTHUR

What I know is that you're angry.  
You don't think what happened made  
me question my faith? But we can't  
keep having this argument.

MILES

Yeah. You're right about that. I  
gotta go, Dad. See you around.

Miles heads off. Arthur watches him go, torn.

INT. RAKESH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rakesh at the computer. Miles behind him, still stewing from  
his conversation with his Dad.

RAKESH

You want to talk about it?

MILES

Not really.

Rakesh doesn't push. Pulls up a CHANGE OF NAME document  
issued by New York to Nicole Albright.

RAKESH

Hey, look at this. Nicole Albright  
moved to New York twenty years ago  
from Ohio and changed her name.

MILES

What was it before?

Rakesh scrolls down the document landing on --

RAKESH

Nicole Weiss.

MILES

(holy shit...)  
She's Cara's mom.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a SNOW GLOBE of a MOUNTAIN CHAIN (hello, Easter egg) resting on an end table. KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK. PAN OFF the snow globe to the FRONT DOOR. Cara comes into frame. Opens it revealing Miles.

MILES

Hi. Can I come in?

She nods. He enters.

CARA

Sorry I bolted like that. I'm just stressed about work.

MILES

I know the nurse in the photo is your mom.

Cara's caught off guard by this.

MILES (CONT'D)

She left home when you were a kid, didn't she? That's who you were waiting for on the bench.

CARA

I don't want to talk about this. Go home, Miles. Finish your Sam Harris presentation. Forget about the God Account.

MILES

I can't. Your mom was in a picture with my mom. What are the odds? This has to be the reason they sent me your name. They want me to help you find her.

CARA

Miles, you're wrong.

MILES

How can you say that?

CARA

Because I already found her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILES  
(taken aback)  
When?

CARA  
Six weeks ago. I was on the subway.

**POP FLASH to Cara on the subway, sitting across from her mom, NICOLE (50's).**

CARA (CONT'D)  
And there she was. Just sitting  
across from me.  
(then)  
You were right. She left home when  
I was seven. 'Few months later she  
came back. Told my dad she got  
sober. A few months after that she  
took off for good. All I knew was  
she moved to New York. So after  
college I came here looking for  
her. But nothing came of it. Until  
I saw her that day.

MILES  
What did you say to her?

CARA  
Nothing. I froze. When she got off  
the train, I followed her to St.  
Vincent's park.

**POP FLASH to Cara watching her mom across the park. Nicole sits alone on a bench.**

CARA (CONT'D)  
I guess I was thinking I'd work up  
the courage to say something. But I  
couldn't.

**POP FLASH to Cara walking off.**

CARA (CONT'D)  
I've gone back almost every day  
since. She's always there at the  
same time. I watch her for a few  
minutes, but then lose my nerve.  
Ever since I saw her, I can't  
write. Can't sleep. Drink way too  
much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MILES

Don't you see. You have to go talk to her. Things won't get better unless you do.

CARA

Why do you care anyway? You just want to find out who's behind this.

MILES

That's not true.

(a beat, then --)

You asked me why I don't believe in God. When I was eight my mom had breast cancer. The doctors told us she had six months to live. I asked my father what I could do to help and he told me to pray. That God would hear my words. So that's what I did. Every day I asked for a miracle. And then it happened. She went into full remission. Doctors couldn't explain it.

CARA

I don't understand. If God answered your prayers, why don't you believe?

MILES

Because on the way home from the hospital, she died in a car accident.

ON Cara as that lands. She sees the pain his eyes. How this wound has never healed.

CARA

Oh, Miles. I'm so sorry.

MILES

The only way I could make sense of it was that there was no God. Because if there was, that would mean he's cruel. And I don't want to live in a world governed by someone like that.

(then)

I don't know who's behind this. Or why they've chosen me. But I know your mom is out there. And you can still have a relationship with her. I'd give anything to say the same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Off Miles' words landing on Cara, we --

EXT. ST. VINCENT'S PARK - DAY

OPEN ON Miles and Cara standing in the park. Kids play on the playground. Her mom sits on the bench. Cara exhales a nervous breath. Miles reads the tension in her face.

CARA

That's her. Dark hair.

MILES

You can do this. I'll be right here. Unless I get hungry. Then I'll be across the street getting a churro.

Cara laughs, appreciates Miles' attempt to ease her nerves. Cara summons the courage. We FOLLOW her as she makes her way over to Nicole. Sits down next to her. After a beat --

CARA

Hi.

Nicole is friendly, but casual in her acknowledgement.

NICOLE

Hello.

They hold each other's look. Cara's heart races. Nicole's expression changes as it slowly dawns on her. She's sitting across from her daughter --

NICOLE (CONT'D)

(in disbelief)

Cara?

Hearing her mother say her name causes her eyes to well. The emotion spilling over.

CARA

Hi, Mom.

NICOLE

How...?

CARA

It's a long story. I heard you became a nurse. That's good.

NICOLE

Cara --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CARA

Why didn't you come home?

Hearing Cara say this breaks Nicole's heart.

NICOLE

I tried. But I couldn't.

Not good enough. Cara's emotions pour out, raw.

CARA

Then you should've tried harder. I grew up thinking you hated me. I spent years in therapy trying to figure out what I did wrong. I deserve a better answer than, "I tried."

Before Nicole can respond we hear --

GIRL (O.S.)

Mom?

Cara turns to find a GIRL (11), wearing a backpack. Cara goes still.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Is everything okay?

Off Cara, realizing this girl is her SISTER, we ANGLE ON --

Miles, watching this. The body language of everyone tells him the story. He led Cara into this situation thinking it would work out and now it's imploding right before his eyes.

MILES

Oh, no --

BACK ON Cara. This gut-wrenching discovery -- that her mom clearly remarried and has a family of her own -- is like a second betrayal to her. Composes herself enough to say --

CARA

Guess that answers that.

She gets up and storms off. Nicole calling after her.

NICOLE

Cara, wait --

But Cara doesn't stop. Just takes off running. Crosses out of the park --

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sprints down one of those empty cobblestone streets quietly tucked away in the Village. There's barely any foot traffic. CLOSE ON CARA -- running as fast as she can. Trying to escape the anger and pain.

***POP FLASH to a 16-year-old Cara running track. The same expression on her face. She pulls away from the field.***

Back on Cara. Miles gives chase behind her --

MILES

Cara! Hold on!

She doesn't stop. But turns her head to tell Miles --

CARA

Leave me alone.

Sees a couple waiting on the corner for the light to turn. But in her haste she doesn't realize that's what they're doing. Pushes past them --

CARA (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

And the moment her foot hits the street -- HONNNNNKKK!!!!

A car fucking hits her!

She hits the pavement. Unconscious. Miles races to her side. She's motionless. *Shit!*

MILES

Cara!

No response. The DRIVER gets out, in shock --

DRIVER

She came outta nowhere --

MILES

-- Call 911!

The Driver nods. Miles checks her pulse -- doesn't feel one.

MILES (CONT'D)

Oh, no... she's not breathing...

He looks back to Driver --

MILES (CONT'D)

What the hell's taking so long?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRIVER

I'm on hold.

And that's when it happens. A YELLOW CAB pulls up behind the car that hit Cara. The backseat passenger door opens. Miles looks up just as the PASSENGER steps out REVEALING --

John Dove. *The man Miles saved in the teaser. WTF?! They lock eyes. Both are in shock seeing the other.*

MILES

John Dove?

JOHN DOVE

You're the guy from the subway.

His eyes tic to Cara, he rushes over to her --

JOHN DOVE (CONT'D)

What happened?

MILES

She got hit. She needs a doctor.

As Dove kneels next to her, starts to check on her, he says --

JOHN DOVE

I am a doctor.

*Holy. Fucking. Shit.* Miles is stunned. Speechless.

JOHN DOVE (CONT'D)

Move.

Miles snaps out of it, backs off as Dove begin to perform CPR. Tension mounting. Miles watches as Dove checks her pulse. Nothing. The seconds feel like minutes. And then Dove feels it -- the faint beat of her heart under his fingertips.

JOHN DOVE (CONT'D)

I've got a pulse.

Miles exhales, relieved. Dove looks at him. They share a long look in awe of the fact their lives have intersected one more time. In the background we begin to HEAR the sound of SIRENS fast approaching. And off this --

INT. LENNOX HILL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Pick up with Miles walking and talking with John Dove. (Note: Dove doesn't work at this hospital)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN DOVE

I spoke with the attending. Cara's resting. It wasn't pretty. Punctured lung. A couple bruised ribs. But she'll be just fine.

MILES

That's great news.

Then Miles eyes Dove suspiciously --

MILES (CONT'D)

So you just happened to be driving by at that very moment. No one put you up to it?

JOHN DOVE

Put me up to what? What are you talking about?

MILES

Nothing. It's just a helluva coincidence, you being a doctor.

JOHN DOVE

Well, technically, I'm not anymore.

(off Miles)

After what happened on the subway, I decided to take a leave. I had just lost a patient on the table. My girlfriend broke up with me. It was like an avalanche. But when you pulled me back, I realized I didn't want to die.

MILES

That's good. And for what it's worth, you seem like a pretty good doctor to me.

JOHN DOVE

Thank you, Miles.

MILES

By the way, you weren't thinking about patching things up with your girlfriend, were you?

Off Dove --

INT. LENNOX HILL HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Cara lies in a hospital bed hooked up to an IV. Miles sits next to her. A window looks out to the night sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILES

How are you feeling?

CARA

Like I got hit by a car. Really hard.

MILES

I thought I lost you there.

CARA

I'm still here -- thanks to you.  
(off his look)  
You saved John Dove and he saved me. You know what'd I call that?

MILES

A wild coincidence.

CARA

A grand design.

Miles gives her a look --

MILES

The only reason you got hit by that car is because I got involved in your life in the first place.

Just then Cara realizes -- it's dark out --

CARA

Miles. What time is it?

MILES

After midnight.

CARA

Your deadline. You didn't send in your presentation, did you?

MILES

I couldn't leave until I knew you were okay. Besides, it's just a podcast.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. Cara looks to Miles --

MILES (CONT'D)

Oh. There's someone else here to see you...

Just then Nicole steps through the door, holding flowers --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICOLE

Hi.

CARA

(to Miles)

You called her?

MILES

(nods)

I'll wait outside.

CARA

No. You stay.

(then to her mom)

What do you want?

NICOLE

I know you hate me. You have every right to. But you asked me why I never came home. I did.

(off Cara)

You were in 8th grade. I came to one of your track meets. You were running the 400. That was my race in high school. You won and I saw you hugging your father. You looked so happy. I knew your heart had finally healed. I was afraid if I came back and things didn't work out, it would shatter you forever. And I couldn't take that chance. So I walked away.

They're both crying now. Hell, everyone better be.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I've thought about that moment every day since. I know I screwed up. I'm so sorry. But when you're ready, I just want you to know, I want to be a part of your life.

Cara's eyes begin to well.

CARA

I'd like that.

Cara holds out her hand. Nicole takes it. Off Miles, watching this emotional reunion with a sense of pride knowing he helped make it possible, we --

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY - MOS

"Mercury" by Sufjan Stevens begins to play as we soar over the city. SHOTS of PEOPLE ON THE STREET. Having lunch with friends at sidewalk cafes. Lovers taking a walk through the park. Parents dropping their kids off at school. Etc. This should feel like a celebration of humanity. Simple moments we can all relate to. Over this --

*MILES (V.O.)  
People say that God has a plan for  
all of us. That we're all part of a  
grand design.*

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - DAY - MOS

Miles sits at his desk recording another episode of his podcast. He talks into the microphone --

*MILES  
I never believed that to be true.  
But then God friended me on  
Facebook and it sort of turned my  
life upside down -- not that I  
think it's God. But in these topsy-  
turvy times we live in, we owe it  
to ourselves to ask the tough  
questions. And open our minds to a  
new way of seeing the world.*

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY - MOS

Cara knocks on the front door. It opens REVEALING her mother, Nicole, and Cara's half-sister, LIV.

*MILES (V.O.)  
Where old wounds can heal and new  
relationships can begin.*

Nicole smiles at Cara. Cara looks to Liv, unsure how her sister is going to react to her.

*NICOLE  
Liv, this is your sister, Cara.*

*CARA  
Hi, Liv. It's nice to meet you.*

Liv hugs her tight. Off Cara, relieved. Her heart full.

INT. SLATE ONLINE MAGAZINE - NATALIE'S OFFICE - DAY - MOS

Cara looks up at the HOT BOARD. Sees her name atop of the charts. Headline of her article reads: *When Getting Hit By A Car Is The Best Thing That Ever Happened To You.*

*MILES (V.O.)  
A place where we can find our voice  
again.*

Her boss Natalie steps beside her.

NATALIE  
Impressive work. Don't make me wait  
six weeks for the next one.

She walks off. Cara watches her go, a smile of accomplishment across her face.

EXT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY - MOS

John Dove wears O.R. scrubs. He meets a FAMILY in the waiting room. Delivers them good news.

*MILES (V.O.)  
Where we finally understand our  
purpose.*

The tearful mother hugs Dove. Off Dove, feeling fulfilled --

EXT. LA DOLCE VITA RISTORANTE - STREET - DAY - MOS

Miles and Cara talk with Stacie (John Dove's ex), explaining Cara definitely did NOT sleep with Dove. Stacie gives Cara a hug. That's when John Dove walks up. She crosses over to him.

*MILES (V.O.)  
And rediscover love.*

JOHN DOVE  
I miss you.

STACIE  
I miss you, too.

Miles and Cara watch as she kisses him.

INT. TRINITY CHURCH - CHAPEL - DAY - MOS

Arthur stands at the pulpit, giving his sermon at his 25th Anniversary celebration. He looks to the front row. Sees Ali. But not Miles. She gives him an encouraging smile.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

*MILES (V.O.)  
It's not going to be easy. Change  
never is.*

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY - MOS

A picture perfect Sunday afternoon. Arthur sets up his chessboard.

*MILES (V.O.)  
We just need to have the courage to  
take the first step.*

Someone sits down across from Arthur. He looks up and sees --

Miles. Arthur's at a loss for words. Miles simply hits the button on the chess clock. And makes the first move. No words are spoken. They just play. A first step in a long road to reconciliation. And off this emotional moment, we --

FADE TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - BOW BRIDGE - DAY

Miles and Cara walk and talk --

*MILES  
I read your story about finding  
your sister. It was really  
touching.*

*CARA  
Thank you.*

*MILES  
'Appreciate you not mentioning the  
God account.*

*CARA  
It was never my story to tell.  
Besides, I like how you talked  
about it on your podcast.*

*MILES  
You're not the only one.  
(off her look)  
Apparently, Sam Harris listened to  
it and loved it. There's still an  
opening on his channel and he wants  
to meet.*

*CARA  
Miles. That's amazing. I'm really  
happy for you.  
(MORE)*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARA (CONT'D)

(then)

Actually, I have some news about your podcast too.

MILES

Oh, yeah? What's that?

CARA

It occurred to me the person behind the God account could be one of your listeners. So I got a list from Apple. Cross-referenced all your subscribers with me and Dove.

MILES

You found a connection?

CARA

Yes. But not to us. To you.

As that lands, she shows him her phone and he SEES a photo of Matthew James, the guy from the CNN report.

MILES

Matthew James. You gotta be kidding me. We went to high school together. I just saw him on TV. But we haven't spoken in years.

CARA

Well he's listened to every one of your podcasts. And that's not all. I reached out to a tech blogger in the Bay Area, turns out he's working on a top secret project called the Faith Initiative. He's billing it as AI with a soul.

*Holy shit...*

MILES

You think he's using me as some sort of a test subject.

CARA

That's what we're gonna find out.

MILES

We?

CARA

I told you I would help you get to the bottom of this. And I will.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARA (CONT'D)

Besides, maybe we'll do some good in the process. Actually make a difference in some people's lives.

MILES

That wouldn't be so bad.

Cara Checks her watch.

CARA

I gotta go. My sister has a soccer game. Crazy, right? The moment you hear from the God Account, text me.

Miles smiles. As Cara walks off, he calls out --

MILES

Look both ways before you cross the street.

She turns and laughs. Miles watches her go. For the first moment it dawns on him -- *he likes her.*

As she disappears out of the park, Miles turns to go the other way, when --

**Bzz-Bzz.** He stops.

Miles checks his phone and sees a push notification from Facebook. A NEW FRIEND SUGGESTION from the God account.

He looks up but Cara's gone. But his face breaks into a smile knowing she'll be a part of his life.

And off Miles, the CAMERA slowly PANS UP to the SKY. Perfect blue. Except for one familiar puffy white cloud...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. HIMALAYAN MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

The same PUFFY WHITE CLOUD. Camera TILTS DOWN to find a bearded Miles staring up at it. A knowing smile across his face. We're back at our FLASH FORWARD from the opening. Just where we left Miles. Suddenly he HEARS --

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Miles.

He turns to find a YOUNG BOY, 10, Tibetan, head shaved, wearing a RED ROBE. He stands alone. Pensive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOY

Follow me. She's been waiting for  
you.

Miles nods. *And we can't help but wonder -- who "she" is?*

MILES (V.O.)

Oh, you thought this was the end of  
the story? Well, it's not. You see,  
this part of my journey is just  
beginning.

And off Miles, following the boy across the peak and into the  
valley below, we --

END PILOT