

JESUS CHRISTY

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COLD OPEN

EXT. JONESVILLE PARK - DAY

A gorgeous day. The sun shines. Birds sing. It's annoying.

CHRISTY LEE, 33, a thin veneer of bitterness over hope, walks into frame. She's used to having her ass handed to her by life, but needs a moment to steel her nerves-- this is a lie back and think of England moment.

CHRISTY

(speaking to camera)

I'm Christy Lee, and I need your help. I have 200,000 dollars of student loan debt. How do I have so much debt? Like any good Asian, I believed in education: I went to grad school. I wanted to make the world a better place, so I got a great job at a non-profit. But it pays \$14.63 an hour. That's barely above minimum wage.

(the kicker)

I can't afford even the interest on my loans anymore.

Christy sighs. This sucks.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I get it. If I saw this video, I'd be annoyed by me, too. I'm not some kid with cancer or a dog with one foot. I knowingly put myself in this situation. But I had a dream of what I wanted my life to be. I worked hard to achieve that dream, and instead, got a much shittier life.

A COMMOTION behind Christy. She turns to look before turning back to camera.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Keep that rolling, in case.

Christy walks towards a black woman, mid-20's, wearing a hoodie, lying facedown on the ground. This is NKOSAZANA.

Two POLICE OFFICERS stand over her, one with his foot on Nkosazana's back, as she writhes and SCREAMS.

POLICE OFFICER 1  
 (into walkie)  
 Dispatch, we have a suspect  
 matching the description.  
 Black male, teens, wearing a  
 hoodie.

NKOSAZANA  
 Get off of me! I'm not a  
 man! You stopped me because  
 I'm black!

CHRISTY  
 What are you doing?

Police Officer 2 walks towards Christy, hand out.

POLICE OFFICER 2  
 Ma'am, stand back.

CHRISTY  
 I'm recording this.

POLICE OFFICER 1  
 Stop resisting or I will use  
 force!

NKOSAZANA  
 I need my asthma inhaler. I  
 can't breathe.

Police Officer 1 goes for his METAL TASER, holding it over  
 his head like a threat.

CHRISTY  
STOP! Or I'll swear to God--

CRACK! A bolt of lightning soars horizontally across the  
 sky, hitting the TASER in a crackle of electricity.

For a split second, we see Christy, arms outstretched like a  
 cross, illuminated by lightning arcing behind her, like an  
 Asian Christ the Redeemer.

But then, Police Officer 1 SLAMS onto the ground, knocked out  
 cold. Police Officer 2 runs towards his partner.

Nkosazana sits up, hyperventilating into an INHALER.

NKOSAZANA  
 (marveling)  
 Jesus, what was that?

CHRISTY  
 I don't know.

Nkosazana takes off sprinting. Christy turns back to the  
 camera. What the fuck just happened?

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONEOVER BLACK

TYPED in big pay-attention-to-this-shit block letters.

"THE FIRST COMMANDMENT: I AM THE LORD, YOUR GOD, AND YOU SHALL HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME."

EXT. EQUALITY FOR EVERYONE - DAY

PROTESTERS stand behind STANTIONS, creating a WALKWAY towards the door. They hold signs like "HOMOSEXUALS BURN IN HELL."

Christy walks towards the building, but stops when she notices KYLE, 15, cowering from the Protestors.

CHRISTY

Hey Kyle. Aren't you going in?

KYLE

I don't know if I can handle them making fun of me today. I'm a blue-purple on the feelings wheel.

CHRISTY

Come on. Let's do this together.

Christy, arm linked with Kyle's, marches towards the door.

ROBBIE DRAIN, 50's, the charismatic leader of Jonesville United Church, wearing a "God Hates Fags" t-shirt, stands in their way, waving a BIBLE at Kyle.

ROBBIE

Read the words of Jesus Christ.

CHRISTY

Stop it. You church people are scaring him. And me.

Christy and Kyle sidestep Robbie. He moves to block their path. Christy's temper flares.

ROBBIE

Repent and bask in Jesus's love.

CHRISTY

Why don't you suck Jesus's dick?  
(off Robbie's fury)  
Why not? Don't you love Jesus?

Kyle gapes at Christy, stunned, as they walk away. The Bible comes FLYING at Christy's head, but MISSES.

ROBBIE

You'll burn in hell, harlot!

Christy flips Robbie off with her free hand as they walk in.

INT. EQUALITY CENTER FOR EVERYONE - LOBBY - DAY

An office that was pretty shitty in the '70s when it was new. This non-profit is one bad fundraiser away from bankruptcy.

KYLE

Thanks for walking with me. That was nice of you.

Christy beams. She loves being considered a good person.

CHRISTY

See you at the fair. You gonna perform?

KYLE

Don't know if I'm good enough.

CHRISTY

Think about it. It's a good cause.

With a wave, Christy walks away.

INT. EQUALITY FOR EVERYONE - CHRISTY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Christy is at her cubicle, typing on her computer.

ON SCREEN: An eBeggars Page (think GoFundMe). "Help Pay My Student Loans." She clicks "PUBLISH PAGE".

On Christy, conflicted. She picks up her PHONE.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LEILA'S OFFICE - DAY - INTERCUT

LEILA, early 30's, loud clothes, louder mouth, but it works with her British accent. Leila is a British-Indian transplant and oozes cool. As she picks up her PHONE, she continues working on an ad in Photoshop on her COMPUTER.

CHRISTY

I published an eBeggars page for my student loans. I feel terrible.

LEILA

Why? It's free money.

CHRISTY

It's not free. I'm begging over the internet. So embarrassing.

LEILA

Pride is a luxury. And you can't afford it.

CHRISTY

What if someone I know sees it?

LEILA

Christy, you're my dear friend, but nobody cares. You're not Ariana Grande. People only care about themselves. Or Ariana Grande.

CHRISTY

I have a meeting with my boss today. If I get that promotion, I'll take it down.

LEILA

Sure. One victory then it's extra avocado with everything.

CHRISTY

Did you mean to wish me good luck?

LEILA

Isn't that what I said?

Christy and Leila hang up.

Christy takes an unopened ENVELOPE, pinned to a CORK BOARD. It's marked FEDLOAN. She opens it slowly, hands trembling.

She reads the paper, and blanches...

CHRISTY

What the holy fuck!

Christy jumps up-- KNOCKING OVER her COFFEE, which spills onto her WHITE BLOUSE. Christy frantically dabs KLEENEX on her chest.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

No no no no.

From behind her, a voice interrupts her panic.

MADISON (O.S.)

Christy? Sarah's ready for you.

Christy looks up to see MADISON, early 20's, chirpy, headset permanently attached to her head.

Madison looks at Christy's blouse, both stained and see-through. Christy crosses her arms, trying to cover up.

CHRISTY

Is it noticeable?

MADISON

Yeah. Like a lot. Your bra is pretty. But like super inappropriate for the office.

CHRISTY

(please stop)  
Thanks, Madison.

MADISON

(oblivious)  
You're welcome!

Madison walks away. Christy crumbles.

Christy turns to a FRAMED PHOTO OF CHRIS PRATT on her desk.

CHRISTY

White male privilege. Chris Pratt confidence.

(in a white male voice)  
I invest in Canadian weed stock.

Christy follows Madison, puffing her chest out in a power stance.

INT. EQUALITY FOR EVERYONE - SARAH'S OFFICE - DAY

SARAH, early 40s, immaculately groomed, privileged enough to actually believe she worked for her fortune. She's a staunch feminist, but only when it's convenient. She sits at an imposing desk. Christy sits across, feeling very small.

CHRISTY

I'd like to be considered for the Manager position.

(MORE)

CHRISTY (CONT'D)  
 I've learned a lot in the past four  
 years and get the needs of the  
 Equality Center. With the Fair  
 coming up--

Sarah eyes Christy's stained blouse. Christy crosses her arm  
 over it, self-conscious.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)  
 I spilled some... never mind.  
 (under her breath)  
 Chris Pratt.

SARAH  
 Didn't Madison tell you what the  
 meeting was about?  
 (off Christy)  
 All right... Your name was brought  
 up for the Manager job.

Christy's heart soars. Hard work pays off!

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 But we're closing the entire  
 department. Budget cuts. This  
 will be your last week.

The world crashes down around Christy. She tries not to cry.

CHRISTY  
 What about the Equality Fair? It's  
 in two weeks.

SARAH  
 It's cancelled. Heartbreaking, I  
 know, but we can't pay for it.

Sarah hands Christy a box of TISSUES off her desk.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 I've been there, too. I had to  
 live off of my husband and stop  
 seeing my snail serum facialist.  
 It was horrible.  
 (yelling at the door)  
 MADISON!

Madison runs in. She nods her head towards the door: get  
 out. Christy leaves, feeling numb.

INT. EQUALITY FOR EVERYONE – CHRISTY’S CUBICLE – DAY

Christy sits at her cubicle, the coffee-stained student loan BILL still on her desk.

Christy looks at her computer. She has an ALERT. Already?

ON SCREEN: Her eBeggars Page comments section. “Go fuck yourself, you lazy entitled millennial.”

Christy nods. Yep, that sounds about right.

JOB INTERVIEW MONTAGE

QUICK CUTS OF:

JOB INTERVIEWER 1, non-ironic bowtie, looks through oversized glasses across at CHRISTY, wearing a black blazer.

JOB INTERVIEWER 1

Why do you want to work for Housing  
for the Homeless?

CHRISTY

I’ve always been passionate about  
working with the underprivileged.

JOB INTERVIEWER 2, mom on a mission.

CHRISTY (CONT’D)

I believe it’s really important to  
keep gluten out of schools.

JOB INTERVIEWER 3, does too much yoga.

CHRISTY (CONT’D)

I really care about spreading snail  
serum face mask awareness.

It’s bullshit, and Christy can’t quite hide it.

JOB INTERVIEWER 1

We’re hiring someone internally.

Christy takes it on the chin.

JOB INTERVIEWER 2

You’re overqualified for the job.

Christy nods. What does that mean?

JOB INTERVIEWER 3

What is your availability to start?

Christy perks up. This is promising.

CHRISTY  
Um, right away.

Job Interviewer 3 consults her paper.

JOB INTERVIEWER 3  
Just so you know, we don't actually  
save the snails. We never  
advertise that because most our  
clients are vegans.

Christy blanches in horror.

JOB INTERVIEWER 3 (CONT'D)  
We all gotta make sacrifices for  
money, right? You're that girl,  
with the eBeggars account?  
(off Christy)  
We googled you.

Christy turns red and tries her best to melt into the floor.

INT. LEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stylish, but in a designer furniture from Craigslist way.

Christy types on Leila's COMPUTER while Leila rifles through  
TAKEOUT BAGS.

CHRISTY  
I'm taking the eBeggars account  
down. Though I don't know how I'm  
going to make these student loan  
payments without a job.

LEILA  
Just take the snail job.

CHRISTY  
And let people think I'm a snail  
murderer?

Leila's phone CHIMES. She GASPS as she checks it.

LEILA  
Have you checked Twitter?

CHRISTY  
Not since 2012. Why, does someone  
new hate me?

LEILA

Chrissy Teigen retweeted you.

Christy immediately looks it up on her phone.

CHRISTY

(that's amazing)

Chrissy Teigen knows who I am?

(that's horrible)

Chrissy Teigen knows who I am. As a famous beggar, and not as Ariana Grande's bestie.

LEILA

Calm down. You went viral; you're not famous. Famous people are talented.

CHRISTY

How is that better?

LEILA

Because viral means people will forget you exist as soon as some pop star goes to rehab.

Christy looks at Chrissy's Tweet.

CHRISTY

She's retweeting someone who called me the Messiah. Why would anyone--

ON a still from the video: Christy with her arms outstretched, illuminated by lightning in the sky behind her.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I thought you edited out the lightning.

Christy looks over at a guilty-looking Leila.

CUT TO:

INT. LEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Leila at her COMPUTER. On her screen, the VIDEO from the Cold Open in editing software.

She takes a huge pull from a VAPE PEN. COUGHING hard, she places the Pen back on the table.

Leila starts working on her Computer. After a moment, she suddenly notices her Vape Pen like she's just now noticing it for the first time. She takes another huge pull, and dissolves into another COUGHING FIT.

ON SCREEN: The end of Christy's eBeggars video. Christy, with her arms outstretched, the lightning arcing behind her. Typed across it: "FOUND CHRIST."

BACK TO:

INT. LEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Back with Leila and Christy. Leila shrugs between mouthfuls of takeout.

LEILA

I obviously meant "Fund Christy."  
In my defense, I was super high.

Christy turns back to Leila's computer.

CHRISTY

I gotta delete it before anyone  
else sees--

Christy pulls up her eBeggars page. She jumps up, her face a mask of pure shock.

LEILA

What?

Leila looks over Christy's shoulder.

ON SCREEN: Christy's eBeggars Page - \$10,984 raised.

LEILA (CONT'D)

Chrissy Teigen taketh, and Chrissy  
Teigen giveth. Don't delete it  
now...

Christy pauses, wheels turning.

CHRISTY

No. I'm keeping the money. People  
donated so I could pay my student  
loans. That's what I'll do.

LEILA

I thought you were embarrassed.



Nkosazana is bubbly with a zest for life that instantly puts people at ease. But in this moment, she's bracing for impact, her hands up to shield herself.

CHRISTY

It's you! You okay?

Nkosazana breathes heavily, sucking on her INHALER.

NKOSAZANA

I thought you were going to attack me. But then I realized: you're not the cops.

(re: Christy's "mace")

Is that a dead hamster?

CHRISTY

It's a makeup bag. Why are you following me?

NKOSAZANA

I asked God for a sign. He sent me to you. You're the burning bush.

Christy stares, not knowing what to make of Nkosazana.

CHRISTY

Is that a new STD?

NKOSAZANA

Chlamydia isn't new. There's a pill for that. Or do you leave it because even bacteria are God's creations?

CHRISTY

I don't have a burning bush.

NKOSAZANA

No judgement, girl. I meant you're the burning bush, Moses style.

CHRISTY

What?

NKOSAZANA

God told me you're Jesus, the second coming of the Messiah. I'm Nkosazana. I'm here to follow you as your disciple.

Off Christy, flabbergasted.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. STREET - DAY

DPU on Christy's incredulous face. Nkosazana smiles back at her, serene.

NKOSAZANA (V.O.)

Ever since I was little, I knew I was going to be famous one day. People were going to know my name.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

A TEACHER takes roll in a class of FIRST GRADERS, including YOUNG NKOSAZANA, 6. The First Graders raise their hands as their name is called.

TEACHER

George? Jenny?... N-- En--?

YOUNG NKOSAZANA

Nkosazana. N-koh-sah-ZAH-nah.

TEACHER

There's no way I can pronounce that. Why don't I call you Nicki?

YOUNG NKOSAZANA

But my name is Nkosazana.

The Teacher has already moved on. Young Nkosazana stews.

NKOSAZANA (V.O.)

She didn't even try! I was Nicki until I got to college, because my name is so impossible to pronounce. But somehow we can all pronounce "real world," "onomatopoeia," and every single Harry Potter spell.

INT. NKOSAZANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Nkosazana paces furiously, as she talks to her mother, AMAHLE, on the phone.

NKOSAZANA

(into phone)

We've been almost dating for six weeks!

(MORE)

NKOSAZANA (CONT'D)

And my name is still in that phone  
as Nicki Tarzana. Nobody ever says  
my name right. It's bullshit.

AMAHLE (O.S.)

You must have patience and faith.

NKOSAZANA

How can I have faith in people when  
they suck?

AMAHLE (O.S.)

Who said anything about people?  
Put your faith in Jesus. Jesus  
will give you a sign.

Nkosazana hangs up. What did she expect from her mother?

INT. CHURCH - DAY - FLASHBACK

Nkosazana prays alone. The church is almost empty.

NKOSAZANA

Jesus, I'm trying. But I don't  
know what to do. You need to send  
me a sign because this shit's hard.

ELDERLY WOMAN (O.S.)

Shhhh!

Nkosazana turns around. An Elderly Woman a few pews behind  
her shakes her head disapprovingly.

Chastened, Nkosazana leaves.

EXT. JONESVILLE PARK - DAY - FLASHBACK

Nkosazana walks through the park, wearing HEADPHONES. At the  
bottom of a hill, she veers into the ROAD, deep in thought.

A HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE barrels down the hill. Nkosazana  
doesn't hear anything through her headphones.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

Hey! Lady! Lady!

The Carriage is going too fast. The Carriage Driver PULLS on  
the reins. The HORSE WHINNIES as it REARS up.

Nkosazana looks up, barely in time to DIVE out of the way--

On the ground, she seeing HOOVES hovering over her--

STOMPING DOWN, barely missing trampling her to death.

CARRIAGE DRIVER (CONT'D)  
 (calling back)  
 Sorry! Watch where you're going!

Nkosazana looks up at the sky. Her heart skipping several beats. Angst pours out of her soul as she takes out her Headphones.

NKOSAZANA  
 Alright, Jesus. Was that your sign? What does that mean?

Behind Nkosazana, A JOGGING WOMAN STARES at Nkosazana on the ground as she passes. She runs over to the TWO COPS from the Cold Open, pointing Nkosazana out to them.

Nkosazana gets up to her knees, oblivious to what's coming.

NKOSAZANA (CONT'D)  
 Send me a sign. A clear one,  
 because you're being confusing.

The Cops approach. Nkosazana looks over-- is this her sign?

Hell no! She TAKES OFF running, full sprint. The Cops give chase, TACKLING HER.

In the background, we can see Leila videotaping Christy.

INT. NKOSAZANA'S APARTMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Nkosazana is balled into a corner, sobbing, shaken from her encounter with the Cops.

FLASHES FROM NKOSAZANA'S POV:

- The Cops, chasing her down.
- On the ground, unable to breathe.
- Christy, arms out, lightning arcing behind her.

Her PHONE CHIMES. A TEXT BUBBLE appears by her head.

TEXT BUBBLE: "Is this you?"

Nkosazana opens the link.

ON SCREEN: Christy's eBeggars video.

On Nkosazana. It's hard to relive what happened. But at the end, she sees the words-- "Found Christ."

NKOSAZANA

Okay Jesus. You can stop now. I heard you. Loud and clear.

Nkosazana immediately tweets out the video.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Christy listens to Nkosazana recount her story, mentally assessing if it's a prank. But Nkosazana is dead serious.

NKOSAZANA

I always thought when people said to find Jesus, it was metaphorically. But here you are!

Christy stares at Nkosazana, an idea forming in her head.

CHRISTY

You're saying you'll help me? Because I'm Jesus?

NKOSAZANA

Yeah. I know God saved me so I can be your disciple.

CHRISTY

I'm honestly flattered, I guess.

Tears of joy well in Nkosazana's eyes.

NKOSAZANA

That's a yes? Can I hug you?

Before Christy can answer, Nkosazana bear hugs Christy.

NKOSAZANA (CONT'D)

I will follow you to the ends of the earth, my Lord.

On Christy, full-on scheming, thinking about her loans.

INT. CHRISTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Christy lies on her couch inside a nest of BLANKETS, her LAPTOP balanced on her stomach.

KNOCKING at the door interrupts the reverie. Christy opens it to find Leila, who eyes Christy's nest.

LEILA

When was the last time you left  
this apartment?

CHRISTY

I'm an unemployed Jesus.

Christy shows Leila her eBeggars Page: \$14,325.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

It's starting to slow down. How  
can I get people to donate more?  
How does Scientology do it? Do I  
need a Tom Cruise or something?

LEILA

You're the Tom Cruise. People are  
paying you to be Jesus. Go out and  
be Jesus-y.

CHRISTY

I don't want to deal with people.  
They have all these thoughts and  
feelings. It's too much.

LEILA

You're a true Jesus of the people.

CHRISTY

I thought the point of eBeggars was  
that I didn't have to do anything.

LEILA

Why not do the whole sermon thing?  
It's quick and very on brand.

CHRISTY

I don't like crowds. Especially  
crowds of church people.

Off Christy...

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Young Christy, 11, in the audience of a play with her friend,  
KATIE, 11. She watches, terrified and entranced.

ON STAGE a BOY, 11, and his FATHER drive in a PROP CAR.

BOY

Is it okay that we left church  
early to watch the football game?

FATHER

It's only this once, son.

Lights cut out. SCREEEECH! The sound of metal crunching.

RED LIGHT surrounds the Boy and a red costumed DEVIL appears.

BOY

Where am I? Where's my dad?

DEVIL

You're dead! Your father is in  
hell for skipping church! You'll  
join him in eternal damnation!

The Boy SCREAMS as PAPER FLAMES engulf him.

Red Light reflects the flames across Young Christy's scared  
face. This is much too intense for an 11-year-old.

The LIGHTS come back on, and a PASTOR appears.

PASTOR

Who here would like to repent?

Young Christy looks at her friend, Katie. What is this?  
Katie stands up, assured, and points to Young Christy.

KATIE

Her!

The entire AUDIENCE turns to face Young Christy, as she  
freezes, terrified and unsure what to do.

Katie pushes Young Christy towards the stage.

BACK TO:

INT. CHRISTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Back with Christy and Leila. Christy rolls a JOINT.

LEILA

That explains why you punched that  
Halloween devil and screamed "I  
repent." I thought you took  
mushrooms or something.

CHRISTY

He was way too scary. It's also why I don't like crowds. Growing up in the South kinda messed me up.

LEILA

You've never offered me sweet tea. It's an abomination, but still.

Christy thinks hard, an idea brewing in her head.

CHRISTY

What about a Jesus pop-up? A one time meet-and-greet with our Lord and Savior?

LEILA

Seems like a lot of work for just the two of us.

CHRISTY

My disciple could help.

LEILA

You have a disciple?

CHRISTY

I'm a very convincing Jesus.

Christy finishes rolling her JOINT and LIGHTS it.

LEILA

I think I learned Jesus did that in Bible study.

CHRISTY

Weren't you raised Buddhist?

Christy passes the joint over to Leila. Leila inhales.

LEILA

Yeah. But it's not like you were raised as the son of God, either.

Leila exhales a cloud of SMOKE.

INT. CHRISTY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Christy and Leila lay on the couch, still stoned, on their phone. A KNOCK interrupts them.

Christy opens the door to find Nkosazana with a NOTEBOOK.

Nkosazana beelines to Leila.

NKOSAZANA

Hi! I'm Nkosazana, that's pronounced n-koh-sah-ZAH-nah. Disciple to Jesus Christy, the second coming of our Lord and Savior.

Leila is unsure what to do with this bundle of energy.

LEILA

Leila. Friend. Namaste?

Leila puts her hands in prayer as Nkosazana looks around.

NKOSAZANA

Oh no no. It smells like a stank queef in here.

(backtracking)

Not that anything is wrong with that. Everything's his creation.

Nkosazana sits next to Leila and opens her Notebook.

NKOSAZANA (CONT'D)

I'm so excited about our first Team JC meeting. How are we gonna change the world?

CHRISTY

We're going to have a Jesus pop-up. People can make appointments with me for one-hundred...

(catching Leila's "go higher" signal)

Two hundred... And fifty dollars.

Nkosazana looks up from writing in her notebook, confused.

NKOSAZANA

Shouldn't the word of Jesus Christ be for everyone, even if they can't afford it?

CHRISTY

Yeah, but if it's meant to be, God will provide.

NKOSAZANA

God does work in mysterious ways.

CHRISTY

One day, cash only. It'll be fun.

LEILA  
 (to Christy)  
 But first, you need to shower. No  
 one wants to breathe in Jesus funk.

Christy smells her shirt.

CHRISTY  
 Yeah... that's not great.

EXT. TALK TO JESUS POP-UP - DAY

A huge LINE OF PEOPLE around the block. Leila films it on  
 her PHONE as she heads inside...

INT. TALK TO JESUS POP-UP - HALLWAY - DAY

A HALLWAY, filled with a LINE that leads to a SIGN-IN TABLE,  
 manned by Nkosazana. A SIGN above her reads, "7 Minutes in  
 Heaven with Jesus."

Leila sits down at the table next to Nkosazana, who is  
 writing in her Notebook.

LEILA  
 What are you writing?

NKOSAZANA  
 The gospel of Nkosazana. I bet  
 people will finally try to say my  
 name if it's a gospel.

LEILA  
 Why don't they try and say it now?

NKOSAZANA  
 I don't know. So rude, right?

LEILA  
 You know 7 Minutes in Heaven is a  
 middle school make-out game?

NKOSAZANA  
 It is if I score with some fine-ass  
 faithful.  
 (off Leila's look)  
 I'm a disciple, not a saint.

Nkosazana winks at a HOT GUY in line.

INT. TALK TO JESUS POP-UP - OFFICE - DAY

The door opens and GABRIELA pushes her frail daughter, MARISSA, 9, in a WHEELCHAIR with an OXYGEN TANK. Seeing Christy, Marissa lights up.

Christy's heart plummets. She was not expecting this.

GABRIELA kneels in front of Christy.

GABRIELA  
Lord, please heal my little girl.

MARISSA  
Jesus, will you give me a new lung?  
I pray every single day.

Christy looks at Marissa, uneasy.

CHRISTY  
I don't have a miracle for you.  
That's original Jesus. I'm more...  
like the remixed version.

GABRIELA  
What is this, then?

CHRISTY  
I thought I'd do other Jesus-y  
stuff. Like give advice?

GABRIELA  
(in disbelief)  
Advice? What is your advice to  
heal Marissa?

Christy racks her brain for answers. She has jack shit.

CHRISTY  
I don't know. Go to a hospital?

Gabriela's jaw hits the floor. Marissa looks at Christy, heartbroken. Christy's calm facade drops.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)  
(small voice)  
Goddamit.

On Christy, trapped in this prison of her own making.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. JONESVILLE UNITED CHURCH - DAY

From a PULPIT, Robbie Drain preaches to a CONGREGATION.

ROBBIE

This fake messiah hides behind  
videos and the internet. Our Lord  
Shepherd was a man of the people.  
I ask you, what kind of shepherd is  
afraid of his flock?

PULL OUT TO REVEAL:

INT. CHRISTY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Christy and Leila watching this on Leila's PHONE.

LEILA

It's Jonesville United Church.  
They're super Christian, but the  
type that hates everyone.

CHRISTY

I know them. They protested at my  
old job.

LEILA

You should confront them. It's  
what people want, according to my  
Instagram poll.

CHRISTY

Why bother? They're just gonna  
leave mean comments, either way.  
The pop-up was a disaster.

LEILA

People only talk to God when they  
want something. What did you  
expect?

CHRISTY

I thought there'd be fun Jesus  
stuff. Talking about fishing,  
giving advice on carpentry, getting  
people to stop slut shaming a girl  
named Mary Magdalene.

LEILA

You've never done any of those things.

CHRISTY

Because I don't know a slutty Mary!

Christy sighs. This is taking a bigger toll on her than she thought.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

It's hard being a disappointment. I can't perform a miracle every time I walk out the door.

LEILA

You didn't perform any miracles. Global warming made the weather weird. You took credit for it.

CHRISTY

Taking credit is an American art.

LEILA

Stop caring so much about what people think. And do something else. Like charity work.

CHRISTY

I'm supposed to be the charity. What about my student loans? I still have \$120,000 to go.

LEILA

When you started working at the Equality Center, you said you wanted to make a difference.

CHRISTY

Yeah. I was young and stupid.

LEILA

But now you can make a real difference. Plenty of people are listening to you. And if you can convince even one person to be less of an asshole, you should try.

Christy is still doubtful.

CHRISTY

Why are they listening to me?

LEILA

Cause Chrissy Teigen told them to.

On Christy, considering Leila's words.

INT. COPY SHOP - DAY

Christy is waiting for a large BANNER to finish printing. Nkosazana writes in her notebook. Christy peeks over.

CHRISTY

What are you writing?

NKOSAZANA

It's a gospel. As your disciple, I'm recording your teachings, and will spread the good word after your crucifixion.

Christy stops. She forgot about that part of being Jesus.

NKOSAZANA (CONT'D)

(covering quickly)

That happened only that one time. I'm sure it won't happen again.

CHRISTY

Let's stay out of Texas, in case.

NKOSAZANA

I'm writing about your lesson on faith. You didn't perform a miracle at the Jesus pop-up because people came in with an expectation of receiving. But faith is about believing, even without proof. That's what makes it different than science.

Chrissy marvels at Nkosazana's wisdom.

CHRISTY

That's really, really smart.

(then genuinely)

I'm glad that you're here to explain things. In your gospel.

As Christy's banner finishes printing, Christy considers telling Nkosazana the truth. But instead she shows her the banner.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I took the money from the Jesus pop-up and donated it. If people want a miracle so badly, let's give them a different kind of miracle.

ON THE BANNER: "EQUALITY FOR EVERYONE FUNDRAISING FAIR."

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

We're going to need a lot of help.

NKOSAZANA

I could ask my church.

CHRISTY

Churches kind of scare me.

Nkosazana thinks it over. What is the sign she's missing?

NKOSAZANA

Are you saying that organized religion went away from your principles of love and compassion?

CHRISTY

Something like that.

NKOSAZANA

Not all churches are like that. And not all Christians. A church is a community that brings people together. Some of those people suck. But some don't. You'll see.

On Christy, Nkosazana's words spinning in her brain.

EXT. JONESVILLE PARK - DAY

A makeshift STAGE being built by VOLUNTEERS in matching PURPLE SHIRTS. VOLUNTEERS directs FOOD TRUCKS into neat rows and erect TENTS. Nkosazana directs from a WALKIE TALKIE.

Christy, holding the BANNER, surveys the fair amazed. She walks over to Nkosazana.

CHRISTY

How did you do all this?

NKOSAZANA

I asked my church for help. And they came through.

Kyle, holding a CAT EAR HEADBAND, runs up to Christy and hugs her. He's standing a little taller than before.

KYLE  
Hey Christy.

CHRISTY  
You look different. In a good way.

KYLE  
After you came out as Jesus, I decided that I also no longer care what people think of me anymore. I'm gonna sing on stage later.

Kyle puts the Cat Ear Headband on.

KYLE (CONT'D (CONT'D)  
Guess who I am?

CHRISTY  
A cat!

KYLE  
(how dare you!)  
I'm Ariana Grande! How did you not get that?

Madison, wearing a purple volunteer shirt, comes up to them. Madison is Kyle's sister.

MADISON  
Because nobody gets that.

Kyle rolls his eyes dramatically at Madison.

KYLE  
So supportive, Madison.

MADISON  
I tried. Not that hard. But I still tried.  
(to Christy)  
Since he found confidence or whatever, he never shuts up. And I blame you. Thanks for saving the fair, though.

Christy smiles. Yeah, that does feel pretty good.

MADISON (CONT'D)  
I was so surprised that you, of all people, pulled it off.

CHRISTY

Thanks Madison. But it was  
Nkosazana. She's a miracle worker.  
You should learn that name.  
Everyone is going to know it soon.

Christy shares a smile with Nkosazana.

EXT. JONESVILLE PARK - LATER

Christy's "Equality For Everyone Fundraiser Fair" BANNER,  
ridiculously too small, hangs over a TABLE where VOLUNTEERS  
sell TICKETS.

The Stage is occupied by Kyle, belting Ariana Grande's "God  
is a Woman" with precise choreography. He's killing it.

Christy watches from the table. Leila comes over.

LEILA

This is insane. How did Nkosazana  
pull this off?

CHRISTY

I helped. I printed this banner.

LEILA

Back breaking work.

CHRISTY

I think we raised enough money to  
pay off the rest of my loans and  
make a sizable donation to the  
Equality Center.

LEILA

I thought this was all for the  
benefit of the Equality Center.

CHRISTY

I get an appearance fee. People  
are here because of me. I'm the  
Tom Cruise.

LEILA

I don't think Scientology pays Tom  
Cruise. He pays them.

Angry SHOUTS interrupt them. Christy and Leila turn to see--

ON STAGE

Kyle, besieged by PROTESTORS from Jonesville United Church.  
Robbie Drain walks up the steps of the stage.

ROBBIE

You sinners will all be punished by  
the wrath of God.

Kyle stands his ground, no longer afraid of Robbie.

KYLE

Who are you to judge anyone here?  
Didn't Jesus say to take the log  
out of your own eye? Surprise,  
bitch. I read the Bible, too.

ROBBIE

What of your Lady Jesus? We've  
come for that false prophet.

Upon realizing they're talking about her, Christy grimaces.

CHRISTY

I have to talk to them, don't I?

LEILA

Deliver the clapback of a lifetime.

CHRISTY

Just like Chrissy Teigen taught us.  
(then)  
Doing the right thing sucks.

In the crowd, Nkosazana spots them.

NKOSAZANA

Jesus! Spread the good word!

Robbie's attention turns to Christy.

ROBBIE

There she is. Our false Messiah.

The CROWD of Fundraisers and Protesters turn, staring at her.

Christy walks towards the stage, each thudding footstep  
falling heavier than the last. She tries to psych herself  
up.

CHRISTY

(under her breath)  
Come on, Christ Pratt confidence.

Kyle hands Christy her microphone.

KYLE

Drag his ass.

Christy looks out at the crowd. Eyes boring into her.  
PHONES out recording. This is a nightmare come to life.

CHRISTY

I want to talk to you about your  
stance on the LGBTQ Community. I  
think God would want you to treat  
everyone with tolerance and love.

ROBBIE

Isn't having true love the courage  
to tell people what the Bible says?  
While they're still on this Earth  
and have the chance to repent?

CHRISTY

But that's judgement. The Bible  
doesn't say to be judgey.

ROBBIE

Leviticus 18:22. Man shall not lie  
with man. Psalms 5:6. The Lord  
abhoreth the bloody and deceitful  
man. Isaiah 58:1. Cry aloud, do  
not hold back, and raise thy voice  
up like a trumpet! God commands  
that we punish the wicked!

The PROTESTORS CHEER. Christy waffles. She can't quote the  
Bible.

CHRISTY

I'm not here to play scripture  
trivia with you. It's simple:  
love one another. Don't be a dick.

Robbie's eyes narrow, full of suspicion. This Lady Jesus is  
against scripture?

ROBBIE

You are preaching against the  
Bible! You expect us to believe  
you over the words of God himself?

She looks out into the crowd. Too late to make a run for it.  
A sermon is the last thing she wants, but here goes nothing.

CHRISTY

God doesn't want you to hate people  
and use religion to persecute  
others.

(MORE)

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

People are gonna be different sometimes. But that doesn't mean they're evil. Listen to what they have to say and you'll find we're more alike than different. In the end, we're all God's creatures, so we should love one another. And let's leave all the judging to God. Okay?

The Crowd murmurs. Christy is starting to make sense.

Robbie notices he's losing the Crowd, and doubles down.

ROBBIE

How do we know you're not the Devil in disguise, intent on leading us astray from God's light? Prove you're really Jesus! Show us a miracle.

Christy looks to the sky. Where's the freakish weather when she needs it? Nothing happens.

CHRISTY

I don't need to prove anything. This is faith. If I needed proof, it'd be called science.

Disappointed GRUMBLES from the crowd below. Christy spots Nkosazana in the crowd, and finds courage to continue.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I don't like crowds or public speaking. But I wanted to tell you to be good people.

(to Robbie)

Don't use Bible verses to be a dick.

(to crowd)

Believe what you want. Jesus out.

Christy hands Kyle her microphone and descends the stairs. She beelines to Nkosazana, standing in the back.

ROBBIE

You see! She's a false prophet.

KYLE

She just said it's a test of faith.

The argument renews on stage.

Nkosazana watches, Kyle's words ringing in her ears. Is this all a test of faith?

Christy reaches Nkosazana, struggling under the weight of the charade.

CHRISTY

I have to tell you something. I'm not really Jesus. That lightning that day was a fluke. And the "Found Christ" in the video was a typo. It's supposed to say "Fund Christy." But then donations started coming in, and I wanted to pay off my student loans.

Tears well in Nkosazana's eyes. Her darkest doubts surface. Panic sets in as she pulls out her INHALER out of her bag.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

You okay?

NKOSAZANA

No! Do I seem okay to you?

CHRISTY

I thought telling you was the right thing to do. I'm sorry.

Disappointed, Nkosazana walks away.

Christy watches Nkosazana go. Despite the sinking pit in her stomach, she feels relieved.

Christy beelines towards Leila in the back.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Let's go.

LEILA

What about your appearance fee?

CHRISTY

The Equality Center should have it. They need it. I'll get a job and pay off my loans in... 40 years?

(then)

They'll eventually forget about me, right? If a pop star goes to rehab? Isn't that what you said?

Leila shrugs.

LEILA

What makes you think I know what  
I'm talking about?

ON STAGE, Madison walks out from the crowd and up the stairs. Kyle hands her the microphone.

MADISON

That's Millennial Jesus. Maybe  
she's legit, maybe she's not.  
We'll fight it out on Twitter. But  
her message is for us to stop being  
dicks. And fuck student loans!

The CROWD CHEERS. Christy doesn't turn back.

EXT. CHRISTY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Christy opens the door to find NKOSAZANA, wearing all white.

CHRISTY

Why are you dressed like that?

NKOSAZANA

Girl, all squads rep a look.

She points to the landing behind her. Madison and Kyle, also clad in white.

NKOSAZANA (CONT'D)

They're your new disciples.

CHRISTY

What about our talk in the park?

NKOSAZANA

I was upset, until I figured it  
out! God's Abrahamming me: it's  
all a test of faith. I wanted a  
miracle from you. But then I  
realized you were trying to teach  
me to create my own miracles. I'm  
supposed to be the miracle worker.  
God needs me to help you become the  
Jesus we need.

Christy thinks about it. Huh. Could Nkosazana be right?

NKOSAZANA (CONT'D)

God sent me to you for a reason.  
And I'm going to let everyone know  
through the Gospel of Nkosazana.

(MORE)

NKOSAZANA (CONT'D)

God really does work in mysterious ways.

Christy rolls with it. She descends the stairs. Madison and Kyle wait, excited to hear sage wisdom. Christy blurts out the only thing she can think of.

CHRISTY

The all white is... very cultish. Maybe wear normal clothes.

MADISON

When you do your next miracle, could you give me a heads up? I wanna boomerang it.

Christy looks to Nkosazana, exasperated.

CHRISTY

Jesus fucking Christ, always, with the miracles.

KYLE

Did you take your own name in vain? Isn't that the second commandment? Or are you allowed, cause it's you?

An idea comes to Christy. She lights up.

CHRISTY

I have an idea.

Off Christy's scheming smile.

INT. CHRISTY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Leila, Nkosazana, Madison, and Kyle wait expectantly. Leila doodles in Nkosazana's notebook.

Christy enters with an Ariana Grande JOKE PRAYER CANDLE, but with a PHOTO of her FACE taped on it.

CHRISTY

Welcome to Team JC. We're creating a Jesus F. Christ Brand.

KYLE

So we are taking your name in vain.

CHRISTY

Let's be real: everyone does it.

MADISON

So the brand is... sloppy candles?

CHRISTY

The brand's more of a feeling.  
When you say Jesus fucking Christ,  
it's because something is amazing.  
Or terrible. Or frustrating.

MADISON

Isn't that all the feelings?

CHRISTY

(under her breath)  
Come on, Chris Pratt confidence.  
(then)  
We're gonna figure it out together.  
We have the name and the most  
incredible team.

LEILA

And there's a logo!

Leila holds up the Notebook, with Jesus F. Christ written to resemble the shape of a cross.

KYLE

Iconic.

Leila hands the Notebook back to Nkosazana, who starts writing in the Notebook.

NKOSAZANA

We're gonna need a miracle.

CHRISTY

I think I'm okay with miracles.  
(noticing Nkosazana)  
What did you just write? You're  
making me self-conscious. But  
don't write that I said that.

NKOSAZANA

(reading)  
Thus, Jesus Christy decided to  
climb that hill. Not a physical  
hill, but a metaphorical one. The  
metaphor is a test of faith. Isn't  
it always? From the Gospel of  
Nkosazana.

Christy smiles at Team JC, up for the challenge.

END OF SHOW.