

SIGHT

DE08-W44

A fantasizing man grudgingly learns to see as God sees.

FADE IN:

EXT. CORPORATE PARKING LOT - DAY

BOB, fortyish and wearing a suit, drives an aging, rattling sports car into the parking lot.

He steps out and puts on a dignified air. He tightens his tie and grabs his briefcase, then struts to the building entrance, nodding confidently to a person standing by the entrance.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

As Bob enters the lobby, a MOTHER tugs her CHILD's hand. The child resists. In her other hand the child holds a clear plastic canister of marbles.

MOTHER
We're going!

CHILD
I don't wanna go!

The mother yanks the child's hand, and the marbles spill across the lobby floor just as Bob walks by. Bob slips on them and falls flat on his back. He lies stunned, and the mother and child are horrified.

GOD, appearing sixtyish and dignified, saunters up dressed as a security guard and waves off the mother and child. They run out the door.

Bob lets out a long groan. God sits down on his stomach and stares at him. Bob doesn't flinch.

GOD
(casually)
Fractured skull, C3 and C4
vertebrae broken, and a spinal
cord injury... Hold on.

God touches his hand to the back of Bob's neck and head. Bob's eyes brighten.

BOB
What?
(moves his head)
I don't hurt anymore.

GOD
Bob, I wanted you to see the world
from a different perspective.

BOB
Are you new?

GOD
Depends on whom you ask.

BOB
You --

GOD
Never mind me... Now look up.

Bob looks at the ceiling design and all around.

GOD (CONT'D)
Even the light seems to shine
differently from this point of
view. You'll get used to it.

BOB
What?

He looks to God, but God has disappeared. Bob sits up,
bewildered.

He rises to his feet, rubs his neck curiously, walks
zombie-like to the elevator, then jabs a button.

INT. OFFICE AREA - CONTINUOUS

He shuffles out of the elevator and toward his office.

BOB
(to himself)
That did not happen.

A frustrated secretary sorts through a pile of papers.

SECRETARY
Good morning.

BOB
G-- Uh.
(closes eyes and takes a
breath)
Good morning. Anything new?

She melodramatically drops her jaw, droops her eyes, and
gestures at the pile.

BOB (CONT'D)
When you sort it out, let me know.

INT. BOB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He shuffles into his office behind her desk, closes the door, leans against it and takes a deep breath.

The room has plaques on one wall, windows on another, with one window standing open and crooked, in need of repair. On a third wall hangs an array of toilet seats.

BOB
I feel fine. I couldn't have
fallen. Must've been something
Freudian.

He sets his briefcase on the desk and picks up a contract lying on his desktop.

BOB (CONT'D)
Today's the day.
(pauses)
A toilet seat the whole family
will adore. How could anyone say
no?

He paces the room.

BOB (CONT'D)
God! I know you're there. Are you
listening? I... I respectfully
beseech Thee... The company needs
this sale, and so do I.

He stops and forcefully points at the contract.

BOB (CONT'D)
I believe! That contract is mine!

A KNOCK sounds at the door. Bob lowers his arm and takes a breath.

GOD walks in, dressed as a maintenance man and carrying a toolbox.

BOB (CONT'D)
Wha-? You?

GOD
To answer your previous question,
I am listening. So let's talk.

Bob is flummoxed as God walks to the window, pulls out tools, and starts to work.

GOD (CONT'D)

And fix your window... No one seems very practical around here.

BOB

Who are you to just barge in?

GOD

Bob, we both know this is what you imagine yourself doing.

Bob sits at his desk with the secretary leaning over and handing him a contract.

BOB

Fortune 500, here I come!

SECRETARY

Oh, Bob, the whole world needs to know about you.

BOB

I know. Give it time.

With flair he signs the contract and flips it back to her. Bowing, she deferentially receives it with both hands and backs away.

BOB (CONT'D)

(to God)

Do you really work here? Maybe we could arrange some kind of partnership.

God pauses his work.

GOD

With someone like this?

The secretary is gone, and Bob sits on the floor in baby clothes. Spread around Bob is a baby blanket with a toy car and toy house. Bob whines and thrusts his hands up and down in a tantrum. He still speaks in his natural adult voice.

BOB

I don't like that old car!

He grabs the toy car and throws it across the room.

BOB (CONT'D)

I want a new one!

God smiles as he watches Bob. Bob snatches the toy house and throws it.

BOB (CONT'D)
And I want my house to be paid
for! I'm tired of financial
pressure.

GOD
I understand. I've got a world of
issues.

BOB
I'm not a kid!

God looks him over as if to check.

BOB (CONT'D)
I'm an adult!

GOD
That's what most of them think.

Bob glares at God, who continues to fix the window.

Bob is standing and back to his normal state. He looks down at his clothes.

BOB
Thank you.

GOD
You look better in a suit anyway.

Bob sits at his desk and shuffles papers.

BOB (V.O.)
None of this is really happening.
It's just... Just...

GOD
It's just what, Bob?

Bob is startled that God knew his thought.

BOB
So you really are...

GOD
Yes. Get over it.

Bob looks uncertain.

God turns to him and puts the tools down.

GOD (CONT'D)
Let's get out of the office for a
bit.

EXT. POOLSIDE OF A POSH RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Bob wears regal robes and sits poolside on a throne-like
chair.

God, dressed in working clothes, cleans the pool walls with
a suction cleaner.

BOB
Hey, my dream life!

GOD
And you're not even sleeping.

A BUTLER in a tuxedo approaches and offers him hors
d'oeuvres on a silver platter then stands dutifully beside
him. Bob indulges in one hors d'oeuvre after another.

BOB
(with his mouth full)
Is this place mine now? Is it...
paid for? Maybe you could make me
a CEO. Any company's okay.

God shakes his head.

BOB (CONT'D)
I could get used to his... The
butler's included, right?

Bob smiles as he lifts an hors d'oeuvre to his mouth. Just
as he bites...

EXT. GARBAGE-STREWN ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

...he gags and recoils at the dirty piece of a hot dog he
suddenly finds between his teeth. He thrusts it away.

Bob is dressed in ragged, filthy clothes, sits on grimy
asphalt, and leans against a wall. He looks around,
horrified at his fallen state.

BOB
What's this?!

God, dressed as a policeman, casually walks up.

BOB (CONT'D)

What -- what about God loving me
and blessing me? Where's the love?

GOD

Let me clarify. This...

(gestures at Bob)

...is how you look apart from me.
And it's good for you to remember
once in a while. Helping you see
is one way I express my love.

BOB

Well, you can stop loving me any
time now.

God cocks his head and folds his arms.

GOD

I think I'll write you up for
vagrancy and trespassing.

He smiles and pulls out a pencil and citation booklet.

BOB

God, what are you doing?!

GOD

Shhh! People might think you're
crazy. Not good for business if
that gets around town.

Bob softly moans and looks around with a pained expression.
God lowers the citation booklet.

GOD (CONT'D)

It's kind of hot here, don't you
think?

Bob nods.

BOB

Can we go now?

GOD

I love the ocean, don't you?

BOB

Love it? I live for it. I've always
dreamed of owning...

EXT. YACHT MOORED IN A HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

BOB
...a yacht.

Dressed in expensive casual attire, Bob sits on deck in a folding arm chair. He gasps with joy as he gazes around at the yacht and harbor. God sits, similarly dressed, across from him. Between them is a small table with two glasses.

BOB (CONT'D)
God, how did you know?

God sighs and rolls his eyes.

BOB (CONT'D)
You know how you dream of something all your life? And then when you finally get it, life is sweet?

God stares blankly at him.

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh. Maybe you don't... Or maybe you do.

Bob grabs a glass and raises it for a toast. God dutifully raises the other glass.

BOB (CONT'D)
To... To me! And to happiness for achieving my dream.

Bob drinks while God stares at him and still holds out the glass. Bob, eyes closed in bliss, smacks his lips and exhales...

EXT. PICNIC TABLE IN A CITY PARK - CONTINUOUS

...Then Bob opens his eyes.

BOB
Ahhh!

A YOUNG BOY sits next to him at the picnic table, crying and sniffing. Bob recoils from the boy.

God appears in a backwards baseball cap and baggy teen clothes, sitting on top of the table.

BOB (CONT'D)
Where's my yacht?

GOD

Bob.

Bob looks away in distress. God snaps his fingers twice.

GOD (CONT'D)

Bob!

Bob turns to him.

GOD (CONT'D)

The kid is crying... His parents
just had a violent fight, and
someone stole his bike.

Bob is bewildered. He stares at the boy.

God holds his hand to his forehead in frustration.

God points forcefully at Bob then gestures for him to give
the boy a hug. Very awkwardly Bob does so.

The boy seizes Bob in a big, tight hug. Bob looks at God
with wide-eyed amazement. God gives him a knowing look.

Bob isn't sure how to respond. Then he tightens his hug on
the boy.

As Bob and the boy hold each other in a long embrace, Bob
looks up at God and smiles.

FADE.

SOUND OVER of a CELL PHONE RINGING

INT. BOB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bob looks around and sighs, relieved to be back in his
office. He picks the phone off his desk.

CLIENT (V.O.)

Hey, Bob.

BOB

Heyyy!

CLIENT

Ummm... I...

BOB

The contract fell through, didn't
it.

CLIENT
Yeah. Sorry.

BOB
(long sigh)
I'll be okay.

CLIENT
Huh? I was expecting you to --

BOB
-- I know.

Bob smiles. Transition to...

EXT./INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY -DAY

...Bob's smile as enters the building. Inside, he pauses thoughtfully. He walks toward a row of potted plants, checks that no one's looking, then lies down behind the plants.

He gazes at the ceiling and at the light shining through the window.

GOD
When you get used to it --

Bob gasps and flinches with surprise to see God lying next to him in the security guard's uniform.

GOD (CONT'D)
-- Everything else seems upside
down.

Bob smiles again as the two gaze upward together.

INT. OFFICE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Bob walks alone out of the elevator and toward his office as a landline PHONE RINGS. Papers and folders are piled on the secretary's desk. He looks around, but she's not there.

INT. BOB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bob enters the office and closes the door behind him. He stops.

The window is fixed, and God sits in a chair, dressed in a suit.

BOB
Do you do this to other people too
or just me?

With no expression, God hands him a contract. Bob's eyes brighten. Then Bob hesitates.

BOB (CONT'D)
You're testing me.

GOD
It won't blow up or disappear.

BOB
Thanks, but... I'd rather work in
partnership with you... If I
could.

God smiles.

A sharp knock comes at the door. The secretary bursts in, visibly agitated.

Bob looks at her then back to God.

GOD
Here we go.

Bob turns to the secretary, who now wears baby clothing and sits on the same baby blanket. She whines and thrusts her hands up and down in a tantrum.

SECRETARY
I want to be company president
with my own private office!

BOB
Ahhh!

FAST FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

