

THE SEARCH FOR GOD

Draft 3

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INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Cramped and dirty. Covered in post-drug extracting paraphenalia: pots, razor blades, jugs of chemicals, etc.. Determined and over-confident neo-hippie bro JAKE (20) and his psychonaught sidekick DAN (21) hold a Pyrex containing a strange yellow powder and place it on the counter. They carefully eye the powder with excitement.

JAKE

Behold, my dude; half a gram of perfectly distilled DMT.

DAN

Whoa. It's so beautiful! And no kitchen fire this time!

Dan tears up.

DAN (CONT'D)

Are you sure you did everything right, though? This color is pretty weird.

JAKE

Dan, relax, I got it! This is my destiny, man. I'm the fucking DMT GOD!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The decor is very psychadelic and eastern-influenced. There is a couch and television. A baseball bat and a bunch of old Taco Bell bags and containers sit on the rug. Dan and Jake sit criss-cross-apple-sauce on the floor. Jake holds the bowl and a lighter, ready to light up.

DAN

Should I have an epi-pen or something?

JAKE

Dude, relax! All you gotta do is make sure I don't roll over the balcony or something. Chill out, watch a movie or something.

DAN

Sorry, you just don't always completely think things through.

JAKE

Is this about my fucking tat again,
because if so, you can shove your
AP Chinese right up your ass!

Insert of a tattoo of Chinese characters. It is subtitled
"Dumbass White Guy."

DAN

Did you follow the dietary
guidelines on Erowid?

JAKE

(clearly lying)
Yeah, sure.

Dan sighs and gives up.

DAN

Do you have any idea in mind of
what you want out of the trip? Gain
wisdom about yourself, understand
the secrets of the universe? **Lessen
your ego?**

JAKE

Find God. And ask him a question.
We've got some unfinished business.

He picks up a piece of crumpled paper from the floor.

DAN

Huh? What kind of question?

JAKE

It's personal. It is not for you to
know. But trust me, it is of the
utmost importance.

DAN

Fine then, touchy. What've you got
that baseball bat for, anyway?

JAKE

For protection, bro. Last time I
tripped some monkeys get real mean.
Alright, enough fucking around, I'm
going in.

Jake takes 3 rapid fire hits. He is visibly gagging, but determined to get through it. This is his destiny, man. He puts down the pipe, grabs the bat, and closes his eyes.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND DOMED PAVILION - DAY

The world is black. All that can be heard is a faint, alien humming, like cellophane being torn apart, growing to a roar.

The world suddenly bursts into view, a wild collage of colors and shapes around him, forming a strange psychedelic palace. The humming separates into an infinite number of alien voices, speaking an unintelligible language.

Jake looks around. He is still clutching the paper and baseball bat. He spies something, and his jaw drops, mumbling unintelligibly. A MACHINE ELF- an unimaginably tall, multicolored fractal being with a booming voice, humanoid yet certainly not human. It is wearing an elf hat and ears.

MACHINE ELF

Welcome. We've been waiting for you.

JAKE

Hell yeah man, bring it up top!

Jake raises his hand into a high-five. The Machine Elf slowly raises its own hand to match.

JAKE (CONT'D)

So, bro, are you like, in the know about what's going on in this place?

He bro-hugs the Machine Elf.

MACHINE ELF

I am infinite. There is no knowledge I am unable to access. I am a thread in the fabric of reality.

JAKE

Yeah, yeah, that's great, buddy. So, do you think you could point me in the direction of God? We've got an issue that we need to resolve.

MACHINE ELF
 Alright, I'll get you in line.

The Machine Elf exits the dome. Jake follows.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

The Machine Elf leads Jake through a winding, seemingly infinite stairwell.

MACHINE ELF
 How did you arrive in this place?

JAKE
 Wait, I thought you knew everything? You tricked me, you lying bastard! Where are you bringing me, some cosmic pedo van?

The Machine Elf sighs.

MACHINE ELF
 You have no faith, mortal.
 Patience. Your desire for answers is threatening your inner balance.
 (aside)
 They usually like it when I ask them questions.

JAKE
 Damn right it is! I have been burned like an Irish guy in the sun, and I need an explanation!

The Machine Elf looks up.

MACHINE ELF
 We're almost there.

INT. HEAVEN TSA - DAY

They climb until they bump into a mess of people near the exit. They are mostly moaning, grumbling, and checking their now-defunct watches. This is HEAVEN TSA.

The mass of people trudge toward a TSA WORKER, waiving a metal detector over them. There are two doors beyond the people, guarded by more machine elves. Signs above the doors denote that one door is for "Dead People" and one is for "Drugs." Lines form in front of them.

JAKE

Goddmanit- is this the fucking
TSA?! In fucking HEAVEN?!

MACHINE ELF

After 9/11, the US government took
a *really* comprehensive approach to
terrorism prevention.

JAKE

Is that even possible?

The Machine Elf leaves.

CUT TO:

Jake is next in line.

TSA AGENT

Next!

JAKE

Oh thank god!

The agent dispassionately waves him over with the wand. She
pauses for a moment when she sees the baseball bat, but gives
up and waves him on.

Jake moves on into the "Drugs" line. It is filled with a
potent mixture of unwashed hippies, college students, and
South American shamans. A few of them are passing the time by
playing blackjack off to the side.

He sneaks through the line, quickly reaching the front. A
hippie comes out with stars in his eyes and shakes Jake's
shoulders.

HIPPIE

Whoa. Get ready dude!

A Machine Elf opens the door. A bright light shines from the
inside. He enters, and the door shuts behind him.

INT. GOD'S CHAMBERS - DAY

The room is decorated like a mall Santa exhibit. In the
middle of the room is a big chair, in which a vague figure
wearing a Santa hat, GOD, sits.

INSERT CUT:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dan is chilling on the couch, smoking weed and eating chips, watching RUDOLPH THE RED-NOSED REINDEER.

BACK TO SCENE.

JAKE

God?

GOD

Ho ho ho, welcome my child. Come, sit on Daddy's lap, don't be afraid.

JAKE

I can't believe it, I did it! Fuck you Dan, I knew I could do it.

GOD

How're you doing, son? What can I do for you?

JAKE

You can goddamn explain yourself, that's what!

GOD

What's the matter, child?

JAKE

THIS!

He raises reads the paper in this fist.

JAKE (CONT'D)

On July 10th, Taco Bell discontinued its cult classic snack, the Doritos Locos Taco." What the fuck, man! That taco was my reason to live! My midnight snack has never been the same, bro.

GOD

Really? That's it? Jesus Christ, son, calm down. The reason is really quite simple. An undercover operation by the FDA discovered that the tacos' secret ingredient was in fact a calculated mixture of human thigh meat and anthrax, and threatened to shut them down if they did not remove the item from the menu.

(MORE)

GOD (CONT'D)

It was really a good thing, my beloved child, that taco was killing you.

JAKE

It's worth it though, goddamnit! Stupid fascist FDA.

GOD

Goodbye now, my son.

JAKE

(getting impatient)

Come on, is that all you got? Why can't you fix it and bring it back?!

GOD

I'm sorry, I could but I am choosing not to. To want the taco to be brought back is selfish and weak, the large-scale suffering it would bring would be astronomical and-

Time for Plan B. Jake violently beats God with the baseball bat. The light surrounding him flickers, then goes out.

GOD (CONT'D)

Ahhhhh! Dude, what the fuck?!

JAKE

I'll show you who's weak!

GOD

What the hell is wrong with you! Jesus Christ I fucked up on this one. Ok, ok! I'll bring it back, just stop hitting me!

Jake stops, smirking. The removal of the light reveals a small man wearing a cheap mall Santa getup. He tries to put himself back together, muttering angrily.

JAKE

I'm waiting.

God gestures to him to hold on a damn second.

GOD

Alright, Jesus.

God snaps his fingers.

GOD (CONT'D)

All is well now. The taco is not only back, but now it never left in the first place. I went back and wiped out the whole goddamn FDA too, are you happy now?

JAKE

Very. Just peachy.

Jake pats God's head. The room begins to fade into darkness.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ok, well, I guess I'm going back now. Bye bye, *God!*

GOD

Well, at least that one was new. Most people just ask for the meaning of life.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jake bolts up, sweating and wild-eyed.

DAN

Oh my god, dude! What happened!

JAKE

Victory. My question has been answered, and my world is back in balance.

FADE OUT