

A Comedy Adapted by Steve Wohl,
METNY Based on a Novel by
Avery Corman

CHARACTERS:

- Writer
- G-d
- Narrator(s)
- Priest

NARRATOR: How I ever qualified to get involved in the first place is up for speculation. I'd like to think it was because I had demonstrated a writing and reporting talent. As a free lance writer, money never seemed to come my way. So, I tried to pick up a little bread doing interviews with show business personalities and selling them to worthwhile magazines like the Sunday Times and the Ladies Home Journal.

Then, I did a piece on the Rolling Stones' Bress Conference. It was the typical ridiculous question and corny answer type of interview with cameras flashing and the whole works. I'm not sure why, but everyone thought that my coverage of the conference was known in press circles as "the man who did the piece on the Stones' Conference."

One fine day, I started to go through my mail. There among the bills was an envelope addressed to me with no return address. Inside was a note on plain white paper. It was typed neatly on an electric typewriter and it said:

"G-D GRANTS YOU AN INTERVIEW. GO TO 600
MADISON AVENUE, ROOM # 3700, MONDAY AT 11:00
A.M.

At first, I didn't know what to think. Could this really be G-d the hero of all those Bible comics of my Hebrew School days? Or maybe it was written by some nut who gets you up there and undresses. I decided to go anyway because there might be a story or a good publicity stunt involved, but in the back of my mind, I was scared. Suppose it was G-d? What could I say How could I explain the fact that I was almost expelled from Hebrew School? Anyway, I took the elevator to the 37th floor of 600 Madison and I followed an arrow that pointed to Room 3700. There was no name on the door, just the numerals "3700". Slowly, I opened the door, The office was empty except for a chair, a desk and an intercom. Then, the intercom

came a voice. It was HIS voice! HIMSELF!! the voice wasn't booming or spectacular, It was just a little voice ; a little weary, a little whiny. I'll never forget that moment when G-d's first words to me were...

G-D: Listen , I like that piece you did on the Rolling Stones.

WRITER: Who are you?.. What is this?

G-D: I'm G-d

Writer: This is crazy

G-D: Be nice.

Writer: You're G-d?

G-D: I am.

Writer: How can you be G-d? You're just a voice on an intercom.

G-D: Well, you're not allowed to see me...

Writer: Why not?

G-D: Because

Writer: It's just not possible.

G-D: It's possible.

Writer: Prove it. Prove that you're G-d.

G-D: I don't do proof

Writer: Well, I'm getting out of here

G-D: Wait. Where are you?

Writer: Room 3700, 600 Madison Avenue

G-D: So you know what? In this building there's no room 3700.

NARRATOR: Well, I got out of there fast!! A person can take just so much. I took the elevator down to the lobby and looked around. The sign on the elevator said 12-26. I was sure that when I first came in, the sign said "floors 12-37". I asked the elevator operator how to get to the 37th floor. He said that there was no 37th floor and I nearly fainted.

I was tempted to leave, but I couldn't. I went back in the elevator, pushed the button for 26 and when the elevator stopped, I was facing a sign that said "37th floor". I walked down the hall, opened the door 3700 and the voice on the intercom said:

G-D: So, stop this riding up and down already. Don't be scared. I went through a lot of trouble so you wouldn't be.

Writer: What is this?

G-D: What this is, is an interview. I'm G-d and you are you, and I'm granting you an exclusive.

Writer: You can't be G-d!

G-D: You know this for a fact?

Writer: G-d wouldn't do this, He wouldn't invite someone to a strange room like this

G-d: You know what your trouble is?

Writer: I'm hallucinating, that's my trouble.

G-d: Your trouble is... you've been reading too many Bible comics

Writer: If you're G-d... (to audience) Imagine me saying this to G-d, (to intercom) If you're G-d, then why all this? Why didn't you just appear over my bed?

G-D: Because you'd probably get frightened. You'd probably jump out a window.

Writer: If you're G-d, how come you've got such a little voice? If you're G-d, how come you talk a little whiny like my Uncle Simon?

G-D: Empathy

Writer: What?

G-D: What I'm doing. I'm talking to you in a way you can accept. I'm relating.

Writer: Relating

G-D: Well, I don't want to brag, but if I appeared to you just as G-d, your mind couldn't grasp it.

Writer: (To audience) My mind isn't doing such a good job as is. (To G-D) and this Meeting?

G-D: To bring you along gradually so you can cope.

Writer: Well, I don't believe any of this.

G-D: That's the whole problem too many non-believers... Come on, be a good reporter. This is the biggest story of your life.

Writer: Maybe you should talk to Geraldo Rivera.

G-D: No, you're my fella. That piece on the Stones, I liked it alot...

Writer: But why?

G-D: I'll tellyou why I'm doing this... They've been going around saying that I'm dead or worse

Writer: What's worse?

G-D: That I never was or what I was was a gas or shmutz

Writer: Shmutz?

G-D: You know, particles. With the big bang theories and the little bang theories, when you're G-D, it's insulting!

(PAUSE)

Writer: Let's stop right here. I really think you should be talking to some one higher up... the Pope maybe.

G-D: No, I looked into this and you're my fella.

Writer: (To audience) I'm His fella. What if I don't ask the right questions? What if I misquote Him?? A misquote here could have cosmic significance!!
(To G-D) Excuse me, What do I call You?

G-D: Call Me? Call Me "G-d"

Writer: G-D, I think I should have a tape recorder

G-D: Forget it, it wouldn't work

Writer: Why?

Writer: I don't think I understand

G-D: I can't go into it. It's really complex. What would you understand? Ghosts... You know how they used to say that a ghost is not supposed to cast a shadow, well its like that...you can't record G-d's voice.

Writer: I really don't understand

G-D: Oy, Oy.Oy, Because it's not my real voice. I'm just making this up for you so that you can hear me. I mean, I'm G-d over everybody, but I'm not speaking Chinese, am I?

Writer: Actually, you sound a little Jewish...

G-D: What then? You're a little Jewish aren't you?

Writer: (Shakes Head) Yes

G-D: So like I'm telling you.. I'm doing this for you. By the way, I was at your Bar Mitzvah, it didn't knock me out

Writer: You were there?

G-D: I'm there for everything! Prayers, weddings, Bar-Mitzvahs, funerals, baptisms.. you name it. The Pledge of Allegiance with that under G-d thing in it, I'm there. Kate Smith sings G-d Bless America, I'm there, a fella stubs his toe and says "G-d damn it," I'm there.

Writer: For everything...everywhere on earth, anytime someone invokes the name of G-d?

G-D: I'm there. I've got a lot of territory to cover in my work.

Writer: That's an incredible concept. That's something Man has wanted to know for centuries. Are prayers heard? Does G-d listen?

G-D: Who says I listen? I only said I'm there. After a while who can listen?

Writer: Then G-d doesn't care.

G-D: I care. I care plenty. But what can I do?

Writer: But you're G-d!

G-D: Only for the big Picture.

Writer: What?

G-D: I don't get into details.

Writer: Why?

G-D: It's better that I shouldn't meddle. What am I going to do? Play favorites? So I come up with concepts, the big ideas---the details can take care of themselves.

Writer: Then the way things happen on earth...

G-D: They happen. Don't look at me.

Writer: And there's no plan. No scheme that controls our destinies?

G-D: It's a lot of luck. Luck and who you know. Looking back, of course, I made a few mistakes. Giraffes. It was a good thought, but it didn't really work out. Avocodos.. on that I made the pit too big. Then there are things that worked out pretty good. Photosynthesis is a big favorite of mine. Spring is nice. Tomatoes are cute. Also racoons...

Writer: But what about Man? What about his future? The future of the planet?

G-D: It's a good question.

Writer: And?

G-D: I couldn't tell you.

Writer: Don't you know?

G-D: Well, like I said, I don't get into that. Of course I hope you make it. I mean, I'm a real fan. But it's like a ball game, if you're in the stands, you can root, but that's about all.

Writer: But You're G-D! You can protect our future, alleviate suffering, work miracles!

G-D: I don't do miracles. They're too flashy and upset the natural balance. Oh, maybe I'll do a miracle now and then, just for fun, if it's not too important. Let's see. The last miracle I did was the 1969 METS and before that the 1914 Boston Braves, and before that, I think you have to go back to the Red Sea.

Writer: But as G-d you have the power to intervene, to help us in emergencies !

G-D: So, where do I draw the line? Say a fella is going to eat a hamberger that's not 100% kosher. What do I do? Knock it out of his hands? How would you like to live in a world with Divine hands popping out of the sky all the time? It would drive people crazy!

Writer: But I'm talking about wars and poverty and health. That's not on the level of hambergers.

G-D: That depends on where you sit.

Writer: So you've decided to let us stumble along, and never do a thing to help us?

G-D: You've got to understand. I went through my manipulative controlling stage. You know what I mean from manipulative? It was back in the Ten Commandment Days. Now I had it in mind that there should be about 5,000 commandments, to cover every eventuality. Things like: THOU SHALT FICK UP THE TRASH FROM THE PICNIC AREA, THOU SHALT HELP OLD LADIES ACROSS THE STREE (unless you are an old lady, in which case, you should watch GOOD. Things like that. Then I did a re-write and got it down to about 800 commandments, But even that was a little cumbersome. So I re^wrote again, and got it down to a hundred. Then, all the way down to 15. Only Moses told me "They'll never sit still for 15 Commandments, make it 8. And I said 12. And he said, 9. And I said 10. And he said, "SOLD". But he was wrong, they don't even sit still for 10.

Writer: Well you may think that we've disappointed you, but you've dissappointed us. How can you permit all the suffering that goes on in this world?

G-D: I don't , you do.

Writer: You're not involved?

G-D: Listen---I keep up. I know what's going on. Of course, I don't read enough. I mean, non-fiction I never read because after all, I know everything. Fiction, I could read more of. But mostly, I prefer television.

Writer: You watch television?

G-D: The news I don't watch because nothing on the news is new to me. Flip Wilson I like.

Writer: I'm having a lot of trouble focusing on what it is that you do.

G-D: That's just it. Most of what I do, I did. I created the world, which is something. Six days, that's pretty fast. But now I just sort of watch over it. I guess you can say that I'm retired.

Writer: RIGHT! Exactly what a lot of people feel today-- G-D is retired, absent, dead. The same thing!

G-D: No it's not. Retired means I'm around. I'm only not as active. Look at it this way. In the old days, I had a lot more to do, setting things up. That's why I put in so many more appearances back then. Now I sit, I watch, I take a walk...

Writer: You take a walk?

G-D: In a metaphysical sense. Don't try to understand it. But I see everything. I listen to everything. Even the new music. I can't get no-o satisfaction.

Writer: Well, it seems to me, if you're not as active as you once were, maybe that's why people are losing faith.

G-D: So that's why I'm here. I'm a little worried. People today, they'll worship who knows what. G-D today is the 1973 Lincoln Continental Mark III. Or G-D is now an experience like flying first class to Hawaii, eating a steak and watching a movie. That could be a G-d-thing.

Writer: Yes, but looking at it from our standpoint, frankly, how much more are you offering?

G-D: Listen to him--I got myself a real ipsey-pipsey here.

Writer: What I mean is G-D finally reveals himself in our times, and what's His message? I'm not too active, so stumble along and I hope you make it.

G-D: Such a smart fella and you missed the point. Now write this down word for word so nobody else should. The thing is--to use the expression--G-D Lives!

This is important. If G-d was dead or never was, then you should be plenty worried because you wouldn't know if what you got can ever work. But G-d is here and He's giving you a guarantee. I'm telling you that I set all this up for you and made it so it can work. Only the deal is you have to work at it and you shouldn't look to me to do it for you. So? That's not hopeful?

Writer: Possibly.

G-D: Possibly he gives me. Go. Tell them what I said. G-D says they got everything they need... it's all built in and on that I give my word.. And make sure the story gets placed good so that a lot of people will read it!

Narrator: I decided to take my story to LIFE Magazine. I knew that they had a very wide circulation and that would inevitably give me the boost that I needed on my Holy Mission. Three days later, I had received a letter in the mail from the magazine. Imagine--Life Magazine had rejected G-d.

Well, I wasn't going to let Life Magazine stop the message of G-d. So, I made a press release to all the media concerning the press conference that I decided to hold at the Hilton Hotel. Unfortunately, only a few members bothered to show up. There was a Newsweek reporter, an Eyewitness News reporter, a N.Y. News photographer, and a hippy from an underground ecology newspaper called "The Good Earth". After the first minute and a half of the conference, only the hippy from Good Earth was still there. He was convinced that I was an acid trip. Anyway, he took the story only because the Establishment didn't. Good Earth only had a circulation of 100,000 but it was a start. That evening, Roger Grimsby of the Eyewitness News Team made mention of the article before signing off the show. His little side joke brought thousands of curious people to the offices of Good Earth. The kids went back to press and ran off another 25 thousand copies which sold out as fast as they were printed. Suddenly, I was in the headlines! Billy Graham mentioned me in one of his crusades. I was discussed at Kinnusim and College G-D-Ins.

One evening, I was straightening up my basement when I suddenly began to hear the hot water heater talk! It was G-D again!!! In my own basement!! He asked me to check and make sure that my wife was asleep. I did and she was. When I returned downstairs G-D Himself was

standing there!!! Yes, G-D Himself! How do you picture G-d? A tall man with a long beard? A robed Monarch? Well, I'm telling you that G-D was a little, Jewish-looking man. He had a poor posture. He was losing his hair. And he was wearing a funny suit.

Writer: You're G-D?

G-D: Better Satan?

Writer: But you look like a little Jewish man with poor posture.

G-D: Like I keep telling you, its for empathy. Better I should look like someone from your background.

Writer: Your're G-D?...Your clothes!! Your suit!!

G-D: I thought it looked peppy.

Writer: This is too much for me

G-D: I know. And in your own basement yet. It's a pretty nifty miracle!

Writer: And this is what you look like...

G-D: This is what I look like for you For somebody else, I would look different. And I'll tell you something but don't make any funny remarks. I can also be a lady...I can be any color. I can do any face or any voice you name. I'm a regular David Frye!

Writer: I have seen G-d...

G-D: Look, don't get carried away, I want to have a nice discussion.

Writer: You're a person..Even down to the cologne.

G-d: I thought as long as I was getting dressed up... Anyway we got mere important things, like how is it going?

Writer: I think it's going very well.

G-D: Well, those kids wnet back to press a couple of times. That's good

Writer: And, the big press conference...

G-D: Well, the press conference was OK, The yelling at the end, I could have lived without.

Writer: And we made page one of the Times

G-D: That I would expect

Writer: And Time. A cover story in Time

G-D: I saw. So what about Newsweek?

Writer: Huh?

G-d: U.S. News, McCalls... You're going to stop with Time? It should be the cover of every magazine, everywhere you look. Like Ali McGraw when she was hot.

Writer: But I thought...

G-D: What? G-d should make conversation with a person and you shouldn't see it everywhere you look? G-d who made the heaven and the earth and the doggies and the fishes?

Writer: Interest is growing.

G-d: And how come no Johnny Carson?

Writer: That was my decision. I think I should maintain a certain dignity in this.

G-d: DIGNITY? Listen to ipsey-pipsey him! Readership, listenership is what counts.

Writer: I just figured that in the long run...

G-d: You could go on the Flip Wilson Show.

Writer: Flip Wilson? That's a variety show!

G-d: So? You could stand up in the audience and wave.

Writer: Well, if you really think so...

G-D: Listen, I'm not telling you what to do. It's just a suggestion. Of course, I could make appearances myself, but we'd only have people dropping dead from hysterics. No, you're my fella for better or for worse and it's not bad, but it could be better.

Writer: I'll try my best.

G-D: That s all I ask.

Writer: Yes Sir.

G-d: Sir? What am I, a British knight? You can just call me G-d.

Writer: Yes, G-d.

G-d: So listen. Good-bye for now. It's been good seeing you.

NARRATOR: A few days later, I was invited to Washington D.C. to be the guest of honor at the Georgetown University Theological Conference. All of the theologians there, were very shrewd, had P.H.D's and were unconvinced that I had spoken to G-d. They sat around and asked me almost ever conceivable question. They questioned me about my Bar Mitzvah, my USY years, my home life, and my sanity. At the end, they said that they couldn't be convinced of my meeting with G-d until I returned with the answers to a set of questions that they had prepared for G-d. There were 50 questions in all.

I returned to my hotel room, sat down on the bed, and let out a sigh. I knew that I was really in trouble. How was I going to reach G-d? I mean, He didn't even leave me a forwarding address. Well, I decided that it was time for some good-old-fashioned chutzpah!!! So, at the top of my lungs, I shouted; "Hello, G-d?" Well, I tell you, I sounded pretty foolish, especially when there was a knock on the door and I realized that somebody was out there and overheard me.

G-d: (Hidden) Room Service?

(Writer opens the door and in walks G-d in a bell hop outfit.) Hello Cutie....So let me in. Someday this will go down in history as the Miracle of the Tea and Cookies.

Writer: You Came!!! I summoned G-d!!

G-d: So, I came. Don't make such a big deal. Here oatmeal cookies, your favorite.

They gave you some grilling, didn't they

Writer: That's their job. After all, G-d is their profession

G-d: So why are you fooling around with them? TV, I keep telling you. That's what's got the impact.

Writer: I decided that you have to touch all the bases

G-D: By me, you're stranded at second base

Writer: But you came. Does that mean you'll help?

G-d: Why I came is to tell you, enough of this. Every night I watch Johnny Carson and no you.

Writer: I'm sorry

G-D: Don't be sorry. Just do it. Nu, let me see those questions. Oy-yo-yoy such a tsimmes!!

Writer: What is it?

G-D: What this is, is so you shouldn't make up a story. Its fifty questions alright. They're written in Aramic. And I know you don't know Aramic because you didn't even do so hot with Hebrew...To tell you the truth, my Aramic is a little rusty...Are you sure you really want this?

Writer: If it's not too much trouble.

G-D: Let's see... what was man created... What is the origin of the universe... Establish the day and year of Creation What is this a history final?

Writer: I'm sure that the answers will really impress them

G-D: Impress them? They'd plotz!! OK, I'll give you a quick run-through. But, use a typewriter. Your handwriting is nothing to yell about.

NARRATOR: The next day, I presented the answers to the Georgetown ministers. I'm not sure that they believed me; but the next thing I knew, I was being hauled off by police while confined in a straight jacket. Were it not for a very shrewd friend, who also happened to be a lawyer, I might still be in Ward C" listening to a man who claimed that he could fly through the air.

As luck would have it, the trial that centered around sanity got me a guest spot on the Tonight Show with Johnny Carson. On the Show, Peggy Lee was plugging her latest song, Jim Bouton was plugging his latest book, Raquel Welch was plugging her latest movie, and I was going to plug G-d. I wasn't brought out til the last portion of the Show. As I began to tell of my meeting with G-d, a lady from the audience began

to shout "G-d is in living color" !..! As the ushers began to remove her she shouted "G-d lives on NBC!! Naturally that was cut from the show. I later suggested to Johnny that he could use that film as an advertisement for the new TV season.. Then I began to describe how I saw G-d. The audience began to murmur. The out-bursts started. It was at that point that the Show ended. A few people were upset that I didn't have enough time to speak. But most were upset that Peggy Lee didn't have time to sing another song.

After the show was aired on television, the phone calls began to flood my house. The tally went something like 12 Jew Bastards, 8 Drop-dead Jews, 5 Commie Kikes, and 2 obsecene breathers who slipped in somewhere. After a while I decided to hire a secretary to handle the mess. I remember her sitting at the desk, answering the phone and saying: "Yes, sir. Tell him that he's a commie-bastard. Yes, sir, thank you!" I don't even want to tell you about the letters. I was called a faggid, a fakkot, a feggor, and some that couldn't even get Commie right either.

However, the tumult of the Carson Show produced such a reaction among the normally passive Americans, religious leaders decided that something had to be done. So, clergymen of all faiths gathered in New York to decide that a miracle has taken place via the Hand of G-d or that I was a lunatic and that such a thing could not have taken place, They called the conference ALLFAITH. Since I wasn't admitted, I disguised myself as an Arab journalist and slipped quietly into the proceedings. You'll never believe how boring it is to hear minister after minister after priest speak and speak and speak,, After the conference was adjourned for the day, I went to the street corner to buy an ice-cream.. There was a little Good-Humor Man standing in the sun with his cart. I took a good look at him. Would you believe that THAT Good-Humor Man was our Lord?

Writer: Good G-d'!!

G-D: No, Good Humor!!

Writer: What are you doing here?

G-D: Selling the flavor of the week

Writer: That outfit!!

G-d: You look pretty nifty yourself.

Writer: I didn't want to attract any unnecessary attention.

G-d: It's some getup. THIS is my representative on earth?

Writer: I wanted to stay out of the headlines after the Johnny Carson Show.

G-d: Yes I was dissapointed, Peggy Lee didn't have time to sjng another song.

Writer: You're not mad at me, are you?

G-d: G-d should hold personal grudges? Don't worry. This conference is terrific . What a lot of religion-niks.

Writer: Doesn't it bother you--the way they're sitting in judgement?

G-d: So that's what they need to do. I think it's all kinda interesting.

Even this ice-cream job. A person comes, buys an ice cream, talks to another on how its going and I listen to how its going. Not just any Good Humor man could do this. I mean, ya gotta know every language.

Writer: By the way, what IS going to happen here?

G-d: You're asking me?

Writer: Don't you know?

G-d: How could I know?

Writer: You're G-d. YOU know everything.

G-d: I know everything from before, I know everything from now. I don't know anything from what's going to be.

Writer: You really don't know?

G-d: The future? Not a prayer.

Writer: Not even what's going to happen tomorrow?

G-d: Not even what's going to happen for dinner.

Writer: That's astounding.

G-d: Why? I know what is. How can I know what isn't?

Writer: I didn't realize you had any limitations.

G-d: So write a paper on it. Be a big philosopher.

Writer: But, if you don't know, who does?

G-d: Nobody I know.

Writer: When I first interviewed you, and asked you about the future, you said that you didn't get into that...

G-d: I don't.

Writer: But it never occurred to me that you really didn't know.

G-d: Don't think that I'm not interested.

Writer: But why did you come to us NOW? This must be a warning. You must know something.

G-d: I know everything. But not that.

Writer: But is the world in a crisis? Is anything imminent?

G-d: Sure you're in a crisis! Everything's imminent. YOU mean you don't know that?

Writer: I know that?

G-d: So?

(Priest walks up and asks for a strawberry Good Humor)

G-d: We're out of strawberry. How about chocolate chip?

Priest: Fine.

G-d: How is it in there?

Priest: Very argumentative.

G-d: Could I ask what you think? Was there really a miracle? Was G-d actually here? ...

Priest: Impossible!! G-d would never appear like that,

imagine G-d actually appearing as a MAN!!

G-d: Well, I wouldn't know. After all, I'm just the Good Humor man.

(Priest exists; writer spins toward G-d)

Writer: Wait a minute! Just wait a minute. How did he see you? How did he talk to you? You said you appear for me. If that's so, how did HE see you?

G-d: He doesn't know that I'm G-d.

Writer: But he SAW you.

G-d: That's right.

Writer(frustrated): Do you do this a lot?

G-d: What?

Writer: Just show up.

G-d: Now and then. But nobody knows who I am.

Writer: Were you at the Whalers Festival??

G-d: So I happen to like beer and clams.

Writer: Anyway, something has to be done. I've got to..

G-d: Take it easy. I gave you the word, and you worked it up all the way to this fancy-schmantzy high class meeting. You did good. We both did good. We're covered!..Here have an ice cream pop, and go home. Watch some T.V.. You want chocolate chip, cherry jubilee, or toasted almond?... It's on the house. Don't say I never did nothing for you! Oh, and be careful that you don't drip on your veil.

(G-d starts to moan)

Writer: What's the matter?

G-d: Ten-year-olds in Indianapolis singing G-d Bless America.

Narrator: Well, the conferences was coming rapidly to a close. Meanwhile, my name was still headlines everywhere. President Nixon had no comment.

Spiro Agnew called me a "goddless bufoon" and nine thousand Seventh Day Adventists held a candlelight vigil in Central Park. Finally, the ALL FAITH conference decided to call the miracle to a vote. The final tabulation was: YES: 332 NO: 1,459 ABSTENTIONS: 211 The no's had it. The miracle had not taken place!! Imagine the religious leaders of the world had voted against Him. I saw HIM outside by the ice cream cart. He just shrugged His shoulders. He was a disappointed lonely old man. After that day, things began to resume in their normal state. Sales of my book plummeted and I was once again. Interviewing the wierd and off beat personalities that started my career. One day, I was passing a phonebooth on 5th Ave.. It rang and I picked it up.

G-d: Hello, It's me, G-d!

Writer: Hello, where are you?

G-d: In the next booth.

Writer: Too many people around. It would be suspicious if somebody recognised you. They'd notice you first.

G-d: Well, I'm going on a little trip, to spend some time with the animals.

Writer: Are you alright? I was worried about you.

G-d: You don't think G-d could take care of Himself.

Writer: I was wondering where you were.

G-d: I don't have to account. The fact is, I was making up my mind.

Writer: And what do I do next?

G-d: Nothing.

Writer: What do you mean?

G-d: I mean there's nothing to do, I came to say goodbye.

Writer: Goodbye? Are you going just for now?

G-d: For now and for later.

Writer: You're not coming back?

G-d: No. That's what I decided. I did what I came to do. It didn't work out as good as I expected. But those who want to believe, so they'll believe--the others, so they won't. I got a few people to think about things, that's pretty good...So take care bubeleh, I'll be watching.

Writer: But you can't go.

G-d: It's time already.

Writer: But there are things I should be asking you...

G-d: We did all that.

Writer: And there must be things you want me to...

G-d: No.

Writer: It's too soon.

G-d: I think we got some pretty good business done.

Writer: Not only that. I mean, I was just getting to know you, Our relationship was just starting

G-d: These days, relationships are difficult

Writer: Sometimes, now and then, Couldn't we just talk?

G-d: I'll tell you what...YOU talk, I'LL Listen
(G-d throws a small kiss and exits)

NARRATOR: I've thought a lot since then about the whole experience and I thought it would be great if I could sum it up in one profound or magical paragraph that says it all. I tried SO many times, that I lost count. All that I can say is:

I WISH WE COULD HAVE GOTTEN CLOSER.

THE END