

"But Not Forgotten"

by  
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1 INT. PAULA'S STUDY - AFTERNOON

1

PAULA, a pretty 30-ish woman, sits typing at her desktop computer. We see that she is typing on a blog. We hear her voice as she types.

PAULA (V.O.)

My name is Paula Hunt. I've started this blog because something unusual has been happening lately. . . and I seem to be the only one who's noticed.

(beat)

For instance, early this week, I stopped by my local supermarket to pick up a few things. . .

FADE OUT.

2 INT. STANTON'S SUPERMARKET - MORNING

2

It is a fairly busy morning at the large market. Light Muzak plays as Paula pushes her carriage through the fruit section. She stops and looks about, confused.

She spots a young CLERK unloading bananas and approaches him.

PAULA

Excuse me?

CLERK

Yes?

PAULA

Can you tell me where you keep your apples? They were here last week but -

CLERK

*What* are you're looking for?

PAULA

Apples.

CLERK

(beat)

I'm afraid I don't know what that is.

PAULA

You don't know what an apple is?

(CONTINUED)

CLERK

Is it some kind of vegetable?

PAULA

It's a *fruit*. You've sold them  
here for *years*!

MR. STANTON, the middle-aged store manager, approaches.

CLERK

I'm sorry, ma'am, but I've never  
heard. . . Oh, Mr. Stanton?

STANTON

Yes?

CLERK

This lady is looking for a certain  
product that we don't seem to have  
in stock.

Stanton is surprised.

STANTON

Really? I'm terribly sorry. Rest  
assured that we here at Stanton's  
Supermarket will track the item  
down for you. You shall soon have  
it.

PAULA

(sighs)  
Thank you.

STANTON

Now, what are you looking for?

PAULA

Apples.

STANTON

And what are they?

CLERK

That's what *I* asked.

Paula is growing exasperated.

PAULA

They're a fruit. They're red and  
green, but mostly red.

(CONTINUED)

STANTON

I don't believe I've ever heard of them.

PAULA

Cortland, Red Delicious, Granny Smith. . .

STANTON

Are those *types* of apples?

PAULA

Yes.

STANTON

Are these apples only available from overseas?

PAULA

No. *Lots* of them are grown right here in the U.S.

(beat)

On trees.

STANTON

*Apple* trees?

PAULA

Yes.

STANTON

What do you do with these apples?

PAULA

Anything you want. You can wash them and eat them. Some people bake them into pies.

STANTON

Oh *pies*! We have *many* varieties of pies in our bakery: strawberry, lemon meringue, rhubarb -

PAULA

But no apple.

STANTON

I'm afraid not. If you'd like, I can check with our suppliers. Perhaps they've heard of these . . . *apples* and can get you some.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

PAULA  
Don't bother.

FADE OUT.

3 INT. PAULA'S STUDY - LATER

3

Paula is typing again.

PAULA (V.O.)  
How could a *huge* supermarket like  
Stanton's never have heard of  
apples? I've bought them there  
*dozens* of times.

Just to make sure I wasn't losing  
it, I went online and Googled  
"apple." *Nothing*. I even looked up  
some of the most famous incidents  
involving apples I could think of.  
According to various online  
sources, Adam and Eve were thrown  
out of the Garden of Eden for  
eating a *pomegranate*, William Tell  
shot a *banana* off his son's head,  
and Sir Isaac Newton developed the  
theory of gravity after a *mango*  
fell on his noggin - even though  
mangoes grew *far* away from him.

(beat)  
A few days later, I was in the  
park.

FADE OUT.

4 EXT. PARK - DAYS LATER

4

Some people are milling about on a bright, sunny day.  
Paula notices MRS. SUMMERS, an elderly neighbor,  
approaching.

PAULA  
Hello, Mrs. Summers.

They pause to chat.

MRS. SUMMERS  
Hello, dear. How's the family?

PAULA  
Fine, thank you. Yours?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. SUMMERS

Never better.

Paula looks about quizzically.

PAULA

Where's Boscoe?

MRS. SUMMERS

(beat)  
Who?

PAULA

Boscoe.

MRS. SUMMERS

(beat)  
I'm sorry, but I don't know who  
that is.

PAULA

Your *dog*.

MRS. SUMMERS

My *what*?

PAULA

Dog.

MRS. SUMMERS

D-o-g?

Paula is growing exasperated.

PAULA

Yes.

MRS. SUMMERS

What's that?

PAULA

(beat)  
What's a dog?

MRS. SUMMERS

I asked you first.

PAULA

It's an animal. Four legs and fur.  
They're cute. They bark.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. SUMMERS

An animal?  
(beat)  
Like at the zoo?

PAULA

No. Dogs are domesticated. *Pets*.

MRS. SUMMERS

I know people who keep *cats* as  
pets, but I've never heard of a -  
what did you call it? - a dog.

FADE OUT.

INT. PAULA'S DEN - LATER

She is typing again.

PAULA (V.O.)

I didn't bother with Google this  
time. I knew there would be no  
references to Snoopy, Scooby-Doo,  
Benji, or any of the dogs I've  
ever heard of. What the hell was  
going on?

FADE OUT.

INT. PAULA'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Paula is waiting for her microwave meal to be done. As  
the microwave timer beeps, she hears a man's voice - GOD.

GOD

Hello.

She gasps and turns to see a white-bearded man in a long  
robe standing in the threshold. She is shocked.

PAULA

Who are you?

GOD

We need to talk.

PAULA

*Who are you?*

(CONTINUED)

GOD

(beat)  
God.

PAULA

(chuckles)  
*Sure* you are.

GOD

Don't I look like you've always  
imagined me?

PAULA

Well. . .

GOD

I took this form so you would  
believe what I have to say. If I  
had appeared as a giant kumquat,  
you wouldn't listen to me, would  
you?

PAULA

Could you do that?

GOD

Yes, but *please* don't ask me to.  
It's been a rough day.

Paula is still unsure of her guest's claim.

PAULA

I'm sorry to hear that.

(beat)  
What kind of proof can you offer?

GOD

*Proof?* Who are you - Thomas?

PAULA

The Tank Engine?

GOD

*Doubting* Thomas. The disciple.

(beat)  
You haven't read your Bible?

PAULA

Not. . . *all* of it.

God sighs heavily.

(CONTINUED)



GOD

I want to talk with you about the  
apples, the dogs. . .

PAULA

You *remember* them?

GOD

Of course. I created them.

PAULA

Where'd they go?

GOD

I took them.

(beat)

I giveth, and I taketh away.

(beat)

I also took the slintaka.

PAULA

What's that?

GOD

It's a small, very colorful fish  
found in the waters off of Africa.

PAULA

Never heard of it. I'll have to  
Google it later.

GOD

Don't bother. You will find no  
evidence it ever existed.

PAULA

Just like the apples.

GOD

Exactly.

PAULA

Why are you taking these things?

GOD

I need them.

PAULA

For what?

GOD

For Argonzi.

(CONTINUED)

PAULA

Who's that?

GOD

It's not a who, it's a *what* - a planet I'm making.

PAULA

You're giving them some of our stuff?

GOD

The things I'm taking were never really *yours*.

(beat)

I've not had the time to create Argonzi that I did with Earth. Ah, to have *six whole days*!

PAULA

Will we ever get the dogs and the apples back?

GOD

I doubt it.

PAULA

Why do *I* remember what's missing?

GOD

Because I picked you.

PAULA

(beat)

I'm flattered.

GOD

Don't be. I looked down, and there you were.

Paula is disappointed.

PAULA

So I'm *not* special?

GOD

You are *all* special.

(beat)

To the point of my visit: I need some advice.

PAULA

From *me*?

(CONTINUED)

GOD

Yes.

(beat)

I need to take some more things to Argonzi. What would you suggest?

PAULA

You want *me* to pick what's to go away forever?

GOD

Correct.

(beat)

What wouldn't you - what wouldn't *people* - miss?

PAULA

(beat)

Brussels sprouts?

GOD

Consider them gone. What else?

PAULA

Snakes. I've *never* liked snakes.

GOD

Well, they *do* serve a purpose, but I guess I can work around that.

(beat)

How about one more thing?

PAULA

Lady Gaga?

GOD

(chuckles)

Oh no. I wouldn't subject a new planet to her!

(beat)

And, before you ask, I can't take reality TV or Justin Bieber either.

PAULA

*Darn!*

GOD

Do you have a third choice?

PAULA

(beat)

Can I think about it?

(CONTINUED)

GOD

Not for long. I'm on a deadline.

PAULA

How many people are on this new world?

GOD

Right now: none.

PAULA

You took all the dogs for nobody?

GOD

That will change.

(beat)

I was thinking of *two*.

PAULA

A whole planet for *two* people?

GOD

It worked out rather well with Earth, didn't it?

God vanishes.

FADE OUT.

She is typing again.

PAULA (V.O.)

So, that's my problem: I don't know what Earth thing to suggest should make the trip to the new world, but I need to have an answer soon. God isn't going to wait.

FADE OUT.

Paula is sitting at the kitchen table when God suddenly appears, startling her.

GOD

Well?

(CONTINUED)

PAULA

You *startled* me.

GOD

Sorry.

(beat)

Have you decided?

PAULA

Not yet.

(beat)

I even put up a poll on my blog.

GOD

I saw. Some of the suggestions are very silly.

PAULA

That's because people think *I'm* silly.

GOD

Do they?

PAULA

(sighs)

Yeah. I've never really had a serious. . . That's it!

GOD

What's it?

PAULA

The third thing from Earth to go to the new planet.

(beat)

*Me.*

GOD

You?

PAULA

I'm all alone. No family. Rotten job. No one would miss me.

(beat)

Could I survive on Argonzi?

GOD

Certainly. It will have an atmosphere just like Earth's.

(CONTINUED)

PAULA

Would you consider me to be. . .  
the new Eve?

GOD

Are you sure you're up to the  
challenge?

PAULA

I *am*.

GOD

You're just as prepared as the  
first Eve was - more so.

(beat)

Very well. Delete that blog, and  
I'll be back shortly to get you.

PAULA

What should I pack?

GOD

Nothing. I'll provide everything  
you and the new Adam need to get  
started.

PAULA

Who will the new Adam be?

GOD

I haven't created him yet.

(beat)

One thing?

PAULA

Yes?

GOD

When you get to Argonzi, *please*  
stay away from the apples. I may  
not have the time to create a *new*  
temptation.

(beat)

Rush, rush, rush!

FADE TO BLACK.