

God Mic

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Note: I sigh, but this is for Zoom. Also, run the VO audio through a pre-amp with some effects, to give it the classic booming, reverb'd out God Mic *je-ne-sais-quois*.

INT. APARTMENT - ALEX'S ROOM - EVENING

ALEX, 20s/30s, sits at their laptop, just doing whatever the hell. (Make a day of it.)

They caress their computer monitor.

ALEX
(chuckles)
Maybe one day, Donald Sutherland.

They get up for a glass of water. Take a few steps. But -

GOD (VO)
(booming)
ALEX.

Alex freezes. Looks up.

ALEX
Donald Sutherland?
(quickly)
I'll never think of you
in that way again.

GOD (VO)
Close. I'm God.

Alex: **Extremely exaggerated expression of shock**

ALEX
Oh my God! Ok. What now?

GOD (VO)
Turn around.

Alex turns around.

GOD (VO)
Sit back down at your
computer.

Alex sits back down at their computer.

GOD (VO)
Ok, now open Chrome.

ALEX
I don't have chrome.

GOD (VO)
Firefox?

Alex shakes their head.

GOD (VO)
Fine, Safari will do.

ALEX
I actually use Opera.

GOD (VO)
Who the hell uses Opera?
(scoffs)
You know what, fine.
Go to Instagram.com.

Alex types it in.

GOD (CONT'D)
Type in 'Big_Poppa_989'.
[Alternates: *BossManOnTop,*
MessiahMaker, Rowdy_Funcle,
The_DosEquisGuy, ItsYourDa]

ALEX
Ok, done.

GOD (VO)
Now follow me on Instagram.

ALEX
That's you?

GOD (VO)
Yeah.

ALEX
But it's just a picture of space.

GOD (VO)
I'm everything. That's a toenail.

ALEX

Oh yeah. True.

Alex's finger hovers over the mouse button, but does not click.

GOD (VO)

Why are you hesitating?
Do it.

ALEX

Well, it just seems a bit needy.

GOD (VO)

Look, I created *everything*,
including this account, but
not until like a week ago.
I really wanted to see if I
could get by without one.
I don't fuck with social media.
But it turns out that literally
nobody pays attention to you
without an online presence
and it's a new decade and I'm
the motherfucking boss man, ok?
I need to get my cred up, and
it's gotta be legitimate.

Alex clicks the subscribe button.

ALEX

Will you follow me back?

GOD (VO)

No.

Alex can't hide their disappointment.

GOD (VO)

(insincere)

Well done, my child.

Alex brightens, deaf to the the subtext.

GOD (VO)

Give yourself a hug.

Alex does it.

GOD (VO)

Excellent, now I'm about to
beam a vision into your head.
Are you ready for some *shit*?

ALEX

Just like Moses! When -

Before Alex can finish their thought, they're overtaken by a
crazy prophetic vision fit.

SFX CUE: Choir + Thunder & Lightning

The fit subsides. A slack-jawed Alex is a little worse for wear.

GOD (VO)

Excellent. Now type in the link
I just sent you, aaaaaaand....

Alex types it in.

GOD (CONT'D, VO)

Subscribe to my OnlyFans.

ALEX

(stunned)

What?

GOD (VO)

What a bargain, more like.
24 dollars a month? Talk about
a steal.

ALEX

I - I don't know what I feel.

GOD (VO)

Feel good about exclusive snapchats,
three dirty TikToks a month, and
used panties with shipping to
Europe and the United States.
Plus, it supports me by giving
me the freedom to do what I love.

ALEX

Porn is what you love? Are you sure
you're the same God all the religions

are always talking about?

GOD (VO)

Woah, hey, woah. It's not *porn*. Just boudoir photos and a little racy cosplay sometimes.

Filled with morbid curiosity, Alex scrolls down the page.

ALEX

(mortified)

Is that you dressed as your son?!

GOD (VO)

I mean, people pay for *whatever*, and -

ALEX

I... This is too much. I don't think I *could* do this, even if I wanted to.

Alex takes their head in their hands.

GOD (VO)

Not even a little bit?

Alex covers their ears, clearly really uncomfortable.

A moment of silence.

GOD (VO)

YOU HAVE ANGERED YOUR GOD.

Alex is practically shocked out of their seat.

GOD (CONT'D)

THINK ABOUT WHAT THAT MEANS.

ALEX

(realizing)

No!

GOD (VO)

MAYBE LOCUSTS, IF I'M FEELING GENEROUS. MAYBE -

ALEX

- No, please! Please, God,

I'll do anything.

GOD (VO)
No, I don't think so.

ALEX
Please! Have Mercy!

GOD (VO)
Nope, I think maybe I'll -

ALEX
I'LL DO ANYTHING!

The statement rings in the air.

Anything?

GOD (VO)
Do a mukbang.

Alex isn't sure they heard that correctly.

GOD (VO)
A mukbang. It's a Korean thing where you eat a ton of food and hang out with peeps. Chill a little, munch up a bit, you know. Oh, and bonus points if you can make it ASMR. That's huge for some reason.

ALEX
I'm not doing that. I wouldn't even know where to start.

GOD (VO)
If you want to get into heaven, you need to eat as much bread and Asian food as you can, and do it on camera in front of all the fans.

Alex sighs.

ALEX
...How?

GOD (VO)

The Twitch account's all set up,
the information's in you already,
and there's food in your desk
drawer because I just said so.

Alex opens the desk drawer. Pulls out food item after food item.

GOD (VO)
Mic's on the table.

There is indeed a Blue Yeti microphone on the table.

GOD (CONT'D)
Go for it, it's already rolling.

Alex reluctantly begins eating and whispering into the
microphone.

ALEX
[IMPROV THIS BIT]

Alex does something impressive - chokes a bit, burps super loud,
swallows a whole banana, etc. [IMPROV THIS BIT]

GOD (VO)
(focused on stream)
Oh shit, that's like forty-five
people watching. Nice, all-time
high.

Alex stops. *Wait, what did he just say? Forty-five? Wait, am I
doing this...*

It all becomes clear to Alex. *...For views? JUST views?*

Alex shoots up, sending food flying everywhere.

ALEX
(furious)
Alright, what the hell? Huh?
Voice in the sky shows up,
I get all excited. You say
you're God, I get all excited.
But you know something that
does not get me all excited?
You, just - you just *using me
to fluff your numbers!* Because

you SUCK at making content!

Alex stands there, fists shaking, covered in chow mein.

GOD (VO)

Hey, don't be a dick. I could kill you right now.

ALEX

Am I wrong?

GOD (VO)

I'm serious. I could make it like you never existed, and all your family never existed, and -

ALEX

AM. I. WRONG.

The lack of an answer is telling, to say the least.

Alex turns around, crossing their arms.

ALEX

I don't believe in you any more.

GOD (VO)

(nervous)

The heeeeeeck? *Wow*. Well, it's not like that even does anything, so -

ALEX

So you don't care if I message everyone on the internet and tell them you're a dick.

Alex whips out their phone, types something super quick, and puts it back in their pocket.

GOD (VO)

(panicked)

Don't -

ALEX

Too late.

We hear a bunch of little *Pings!* - Notification noises. Lots of them.

GOD (VO)
THAT'S IT. YOU'RE -

Pop. Silence in the room.

God is gone.

ALEX
Yeah, that's right. You
didn't even know that I'm a
children's unboxing VTuber
with over five million
subscribers, did you?
Did you, bitch?

Alex savours the moment.

ALEX
That bread was pretty good,
though.

Alex sits back down at the table and continues eating.

THE END