

Power Cut

By

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

FRANK, 40's, the manager, looks older beyond his years with grey white hair wrapped around the bald spot that has long deserted him.

He sits behind a cluttered desk amongst an otherwise tidied office.

He's on the phone engaged when his STAFF begin to enter the closet sized room. He points to them to line the edges of the room.

FRANK

Yes...I...it won't hap-

He pads his furrowed forehead with a handkerchief, then holds his chest as his head cowers, not making any eye contact with his staff.

FRANK

I'm-

The phone's dead RING TONE reverberates around the hushed office. An awkward silence proceeds for a few moments.

KEN, 24, a supervisor, thick glasses, white overcoat and a pen set attached to his chest pocket. Holds a clipboard with both hands.

His colleagues look to him to break the silence and steps forward.

KEN

Sir. Why have you called us all in
for?

Frank raises his head.

FRANK

I have just been told someone's
head's on the choppin' block for
this disaster.

Ken gulps. His Adam's apple protrudes to the extent that his scare around his neck makes it look like it's speaking for him.

KEN

I can honestly say that none of my men have made a mistake, where no blame can fall on them.

Frank nods.

FRANK

You're right, you can't. We're all new to this, right?

Ken and everyone nods.

FRANK

So...I place all blame firmly on you.

Ken drops the clipboard and gestures like an over-the-top Italian man.

KEN

What?! You can't blame me?!

Frank starts to tidy his desk and ignores Ken's body language.

FRANK

Say what you want, I've made up my mind and it's final.

KEN

But I didn't mess up, it was Steve.

STEVE, late teens, raises a handless arm, looks at Ken then Frank then his stump.

STEVE

Eh, disabled! Like it's my fault?

FRANK

You can't pick on Steve.

The Staff agree in unison.

STAFF

Yeah.

A smug Frank shakes his head.

FRANK

I guess I was correct with my estimation.

Ken throws his arms in the air and starts to stamp around the room.

KEN

What?! Stop acting smug you bastard.

FRANK

Just as I thought, you're out of control. It's lucky there haven't been anymore incidents and I've caught you early.

KEN

I quit.

Ken turns to leave and tries to negate his ex-colleagues who stand still in his path.

FRANK

No Ken, you're fired.

KEN

Whatever.

Ken EXITS the room.

SUPER: A few moments later

GOD, the high almighty, wears a tidy suit, pushes the door open so hard it bounces back off the wall into Ken's face, who follows a few feet behind.

The door SMACKS right on his nose and wipes the cheesy grin that had stretched from ear to ear.

Everyone who stood in front of Frank's desk quickly retreat to edge of the office.

Frank sits flummoxed by God's angry body language.

God points at Frank, wavering his finger an inch from his face.

GOD

Do you know how embarrassed I was today?

Frank leans back in his chair. His wondering hands cease from tidying the desk.

FRANK
Er...hmmm...N-

GOD
You haven't a clue.

INT. HEAVEN, ENTRANCE - FLASHBACK

God wears a ceremonial white robe, stands around with everyone POPE that previously passed away.

He looks over at a CLERK next to the entrance who sits at gold desk with a brown leather guest book.

The Clerk buries his face into the guest book, traces his finger, checks his watch, then shrugs his shoulders.

God shakes his head.

GOD
Should of been here five minutes ago. What's keeping Joe?

He looks over at JOHN PAUL II.

GOD
Hey Karol.

He then points at his watch.

John Paul II shrugs his shoulders.

KAROL
I can provide no answers.

God returns to stare out through the entrance.

GOD
Could of guessed.

Suddenly he spots a figure appearing through the white clouds.

GOD
Get ready everyone, he's here.

God brings out a party popper.

EXT. HEAVEN, ENTRANCE

POPE BENEDICT XVI slowly walks towards Heaven and stops to look down upon the welcome mat that greets him.

He shakes his head.

JOSEPH

Tacky.

He steps onto the mat which automatically opens the electronic doors just an inch apart.

INT. HEAVEN, ENTRANCE

God and the rest of his party appear shocked and bemused, as everyone pulls their party poppers whilst balloons and confetti fall from above.

He looks to the Clerk for help.

GOD

Whats happened?

The Clerk leaves his seat and approaches a panel next to the doors and flips open a lid.

CLERK

I think it's the fuse.

God shakes his head, then throws a thumb over his shoulder which prompts the Clerk to leave and get help.

GOD

That's just great. I try to modernise Heaven's ancient gates and look what happens.

He approaches the entrance to speak through the gap.

A bewildered Pope Benedict XVI peers back.

GOD

Don't worry, we're going just going to override the door's mechanical fault. You're definitely in.

END FLASHBACK

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

God rests both hands on Frank's desk, leans in and knocks over a pencil stand.

GOD

Do you know what he said to me?

Silence.

GOD

He said...

INT. HEAVEN, ENTRANCE - FLASHBACK

The doors have been pried open by two CLERKS either side of the entrance.

Pope Benedict XVI looks up to God.

JOSEPH

If it isn't broke, why fix it?

END FLASHBACK

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

God sweeps Frank's desk with his left forearm.

GOD

Do you realise now? There are no excuses and so, I now have to make someone accountable.

Frank gestures towards Ken, and coyly smiles.

FRANK

No need boss, I've already sorted that situation out.

GOD

Well Frank, if that's the case, why are you still here?

Frank's bottom lip starts to quiver.

FRANK

Here?

GOD

Yes, you. The buck stops with
you. It's your job to make sure
you run a smooth operation and
you've let me down.

Frank's let speechless, looks to his ex-colleagues for support.

God turns around to Ken.

GOD

Ken, you've got your job back.

He walks over to the door.

GOD

That leaves one more position to be
filled.

He grips the doors handle and slowly turns it.

GOD

Gentlemen, meet your new boss.

The door swings open and in walks Pope Benedict XVI.

Ken gasps.

KEN

Pope Benedict.

Pope Benedict XVI raises his hands as if conducting a sermon.

JOSEPH

Please, just call me Joe.

FADE OUT.