

Pearly Gates - Steve Jobs

Sam Bowers

Registered with WGA West

samdonaldbowers@gmail.com
408 761 6786

EXT. PEARLY GATES OF HEAVEN - DAY

CU of STEVE JOBS, wearing his trademark circular glasses and black turtleneck, standing talking head-style with clouds behind him.

STEVE JOBS
Hello, God! My name is Steve Jobs.
I'm looking forward to finally
meeting someone of equal status.

SFX: Polaroid camera

A camera flash transitions to Steve Job's "Diers License" and paperwork that reads:

NAME: Steve Jobs - LEGACY: Creator of personal computer -
DATE OF DEATH: October 5th, 2011

Pearly Gates Title Card + music

EXT. Gates of Heaven - Day

SAINT PETER sits behind his desk atop a cloud in front of the golden, glowing gates of Heaven. Stretching infinitely beyond the desk is a line of people awaiting judgement.

SAINT PETER
Next!

STEVE JOBS steps to the front of the line.

SAINT PETER
(overly rehearsed, hardly
making eye contact as he
shuffles papers)
Hello and welcome to the pearly
gates of heaven. You have legally
died and your time on Earth has
been officially terminated. The
following interview and
corresponding documents will be the
sole factors in determining your
admittance to the holy promise land
of heaven or eternal damnation to
hell. Please state your name.

STEVE JOBS
Steve Jobs.

SAINT PETER
Mr. Jobs, in your own words would
you please list your single
greatest contribution to humanity.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE JOBS

My *single* greatest contribution?
It's so hard to boil all that I did
for mankind to just one
accomplishment.

SAINT PETER

While we're young, Mr. Jobs. I've
got a lot of souls to judge before
the end of time.

STEVE JOBS

Well I suppose the greatest thing I
ever did was employ and improve the
lives of hundreds of thousands of
people.

SAINT PETER

"Employ" is an interesting word. My
records indicate you are one of the
largest propagators of slave,
child, and other forms of forced
labor?

STEVE JOBS

Well, I don't have the power to
control who all of my contractors
hire.

St. Peter moves some pieces around on an abacus.

SAINT PETER

Mr. Jobs, it says here that at the
end of your time on Earth you had a
net worth of 10.2 billion dollars.
It seems to me that a man with that
much money would have some
influence. Would you like to file
yourself as powerless?

STEVE JOBS

Powerless? I'm Steve Jobs! I
invented Apple Computers! Surely
you must be familiar with my
legacy. Aren't you using my
computers in Heaven?

St. Peter turns and adjusts a boxy computer monitor,
smacking it on the side.

SAINT PETER

We use Dell. I'm going to write
down that you ended life with

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAINT PETER (cont'd)
extensively unused power. Let's
move on to relationships. Tell me
about your family, Mr. Jobs.

STEVE JOBS
Well, I was actually adopted at an
early age...

SAINT PETER
Oh a rough upbringing, that helps.

STEVE JOBS
...which then resulted in a tenuous
relationship between my first
daughter and her mother where I
neglected to parent my child and
withheld the money needed to do so.

SAINT PETER
And that hurts.

STEVE JOBS
But the iPod!

SAINT PETER
Not helping you here, Mr. Jobs

STEVE JOBS
The iPod Shuffle!

SAINT PETER
I'm afraid not.

STEVE JOBS
GarageBand?

SAINT PETER
Well I'm afraid the outlook isn't
very good here, Mr. Jobs. With your
human rights record and lack of
meaningful relationships I'm afraid
I'm going to have to... oh wait a
minute, what's this?

SAINT PETER finds a post-it scroll attached to the back of
Steve Jobs' folder.

SAINT PETER
It appears we may have room in
Heaven for you after all, Mr. Jobs.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE JOBS

What changed your mind? The iPhone?
iPhod Mini? TextEdit?

SAINT PETER

Heaven's Wifi is down. You fix it,
you're in.

STEVE JOBS

It's just that simple?

SAINT PETER

Yeah we're running out of data.
Edison has been a great IT guy so
far but-

STEVE JOBS

-he doesn't know how to use
computers?

SAINT PETER

No he's just a Mac guy and we're
all PC up here. I'll need you to
agree to the terms and conditions
of the deal.

SAINT PETER pulls out a massive contract. STEVE JOBS begins
to read it for a few beats.

STEVE JOBS

I'm sure it's fine.

STEVE JOBS skips to the end of the contract and signs it.

SAINT PETER

Welcome to Heaven, Mr. Jobs.

ECU of Saint Peter stamping "access granted" onto Steve's
application.

SAINT PETER

Next!

THE END

Pearly Gates - Amelia Earhart

Sam Bowers

Registered with WGA West

samdonaldbowers@gmail.com
408 761 6786

EXT. PEARLY GATES OF HEAVEN - DAY

CU of Amelia Earhart, wearing old fashioned pilot garb, standing talking head-style with clouds behind her.

AMELIA EARHART
Hello, God! My name is Amelia
Earhart, and I think I arrived here
by accident.

SFX: Polaroid camera

A camera flash transitions to Amelia Earhart's "Diers License", featuring a headshot and paperwork that reads:

NAME: Amelia Earhart - LEGACY: First female pilot to cross the Atlantic - DATE OF DEATH: TBD

Pearly Gates Title Card + music

EXT. SAINT PETER'S DESK - DAY

SAINT PETER sits behind his desk watering a burning bush. A sign on the desk reads "Out to lunch, back at:" and then an hourglass with sand pouring through. Stretching infinitely beyond the desk is a line of people awaiting judgement. Amelia Earhart approaches the desk curiously.

AMELIA EARHART
Excuse me, can you tell me where I
am?

SAINT PETER
(sarcastically)
We're in a Starbucks, lady. What's
it look like?

AMELIA EARHART
A what?

SAINT PETER
You're at my desk and it's my lunch
break. I'll be back in...

Saint Peter leans over his desk to look at the hour glass.

SAINT PETER
... 3000 grains. Now if you'll
excuse me, I need to shop for a new
pair of wings.

Saint Peter reclines in his ornate, heavenly chair and opens a "Wing Trader" magazine.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA EARHART

Perhaps I could help! I know a thing or two about flying. Maybe I'll help you if you tell me where I am?

SAINT PETER

(very annoyed)

Good God-

BOOMING VOICE OF GOD

Yes?

SAINT PETER

Sorry, not you.

BOOMING VOICE OF GOD

Okay.

SAINT PETER

You've died and arrived at Heaven. I'm Saint Peter, keeper of the keys to the golden gates. Did you not read the pamphlets we sent down?

Saint Peter presses a button on his phone and talks into the speaker.

SAINT PETER

Janine, can we print some more Bibles and send them to Earth with a prophet, like yesterday?

JANINE

(through speaker)

I'll send them down with Jesus as soon as he's up from his nap.

SAINT PETER

Thank you, Janine. Let me know when he's ready to rise again.

(to Amelia)

Okay, square one. Do you remember dying?

AMELIA EARHART

No, not at all. Actually I was attempting to fly around the world and was low on fuel. Fortunately I spotted this cloud and was able to come down softly.

(CONTINUED)

SAINT PETER
You *landed* here?

AMELIA EARHART
Well yes. My co pilot, Noonan, and
the plane are right over there.

Amelia Earhart points to her plane off in the distance.
NOONAN is standing at its side waving.

NOONAN
(quietly from afar)
Hello.

Saint Peter stands up and walks over to a poster on the back
wall featuring a bright light.

SAINT PETER
Ms. Earhart I'm going to have you
perform a vision test to see if you
qualify for heaven.

Saint Peter points to the bright poster.

SAINT PETER
Ms. Earhart, can you see the light?

AMELIA EARHART
You mean the blue poster on the
wall? Looks blue to me.

SAINT PETER
You can't see the light?

AMELIA EARHART
I don't see the light.

SAINT PETER
Dammit, you're alive.

AMELIA EARHART
(to Noonan)
You hear that Noonan, we're alive!

NOONAN
(from very far away)
Hooray!

Saint Peter is agitated and begins rifling through a massive
file cabinet.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA EARHART

What's the problem? May we get some gasoline?

SAINT PETER

I have to file an "Accidental After Life Exposure" report. Where did I put that thing? I haven't had to do one of these in 2,000 years.

AMELIA EARHART

This has happened before?

SAINT PETER

A man named Moses once climbed a mountain as we were floating by and stole the

SAINT PETER

10 Commandments.

AMELIA EARHART

10 Commandments.

SAINT PETER

So you did read the pamphlets!

AMELIA EARHART

Am I going to be able to go home anytime soon?

Saint Peter pulls out a massive packet.

SAINT PETER

Ah-ha! There you are. I'm afraid not, Ms. Earhart. We're going to be here a while. Fill this out and come back.

AMELIA EARHART

There are thousands of pages here. This is going to take me forever!

SAINT PETER

Probably. There's a place to sit and coffee in the waiting area.

Saint Peter points off screen. Amelia looks over and sees a depressing waiting area labeled "Purgatory". She slowly shuffles away from the desk. Saint Peter sighs and sits back in his chair, opening his Wing Trader magazine.

SAINT PETER

Finally, now, I think I'm going to order the Tallon 4000 model-

(CONTINUED)

The last grain of sand falls through the hourglass on his Lunch sign. A frown grows over his face.

SAINT PETER

God dammit.

BOOMING VOICE OF GOD

Yes?

Saint Peter sighs and lowers his head.

THE END

Pearly Gates - Wilt Chamberlain

Sam Bowers

Registered with WGA West

samdonaldbowers@gmail.com
408 761 6786

EXT. PEARLY GATES OF HEAVEN - DAY

CU of WILT CHAMBERLAIN, wearing his Los Angeles Lakers jersey, standing talking head-style with clouds behind him.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN
Hello, God! My name is Wilt
Chamberlain. I'm looking forward to
turning my 72 virgins into 72
mothers.

SFX: Polaroid camera

A camera flash transitions to Wilt Chamberlain's "Diers License" and paperwork that reads:

NAME: Wilt Chamberlain - LEGACY: Basketball star - CDATE OF
DEATH: October 12th, 1999

Pearly Gates Title Card + music

EXT. SAINT PETER'S DESK - DAY

SAINT PETER stands facing away behind his desk, attempting to balance a painting of "The Last Supper" on the wall. He breaths air on the plate on the bottom of the frame and wipes it smooth, reading "Boys Weekend, 33 A.D."

SAINT PETER
Next!

WILT CHAMBERLAIN steps to the front of the line.

SAINT PETER
State your name.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN
Wilt Chamberlain.

SAINT PETER
Welcome to the afterlife, Mr.
Chamberlain. Can you please state
your single greatest contribution
to man kind.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN
Well, I guess I'm known for being a
hall of fame basketball player.

SAINT PETER
Ah, an athlete. Do you hold any
records or outstanding athletic
achievements?

(CONTINUED)

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

I once scored 100 points in a single game. I also won 2 NBA championships and was named MVP 4 times.

SAINT PETER

A real entertainer that brought joy to millions, that's very good. What did you do after your basketball career?

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

I increased my wealth through a countless number of corporate sponsorships and commercial appearances. I then reinvested that money into real estate and business development. When I died I had a net worth around 10 million dollars.

SAINT PETER

Wow! A smart business man and on camera talent. Very impressive, Mr. Chamberlain. Let's talk about love. Were you ever in love and was anyone ever in love with you?

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

(sneering)

Well, I was a bit of a lady's man during my life I'd say.

SAINT PETER

I see. How many sexual partners are we talking? 30? 40?

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

About 20,000.

Saint Peter's quill snaps in half.

SAINT PETER

20,000?! Individual women?

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

Yeah, man, I like to have a good time.

Saint Peter begins unsuccessfully searching for a replacement writing utensil, shuffling tablets off his desk.

(CONTINUED)

SAINT PETER

Wait a minute. You're telling me that you were blessed with incredible physical gifts, an intelligent business acumen, and you had sex with 20,000 different people?

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

Yeah, I lived a pretty good life.

SAINT PETER

(suspicious)

Too good.

Saint Peter turns to his old, boxy computer and begins typing furiously.

SAINT PETER

Uh oh. This is bad.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

Can't be that bad, man. Nothing goes wrong for Wilt!

SAINT PETER

Mr. Chamberlain, it appears that there has been a mistake. According to my records it seems you were granted 63 years of Heaven... during your time on Earth.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

What? But I was alive.

SAINT PETER

That's the mistake. The experience you had in life was supposed to be reserved for you in death, were you granted access to the holy land. This happens every now and then when our records get screwed up with kings, rock stars, or straight white men.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

What does this mean? Do I have to go to hell?

SAINT PETER

No not at all, Mr. Chamberlain. While you did live an extraordinarily privileged life you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAINT PETER (cont'd)
didn't do anything worth damning
you for so you will be granted
access to Heaven after all.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN
Excellent! Slam dunks and orgies,
here I come!

SAINT PETER
Unfortunately because you received
your Heaven experience for 63 years
on Earth, you'll now have to endure
your Earth experience for 63 years
in Heaven.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN
What does that mean?

Wilt begins to shape shift, going from being a tall,
handsome man to a short, fat one. His basketball uniform
stays the same size, becoming frumpy and oversized.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN
What the hell is going on?!

SAINT PETER
Mr. Chamberlain, this is the body
you were supposed to be given on
Earth. For the next 63 years you
will be known as Wilton. You are
5'7 and 240 pounds. You suffer from
chronic hangnails and low t.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN
(worried, gesturing to his
crotch)
Low t? Doesn't that mean...

SAINT PETER
Welcome to heaven, Mr. Chamberlain.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN
Nooooo!

ECU of Wilt's file as Saint Peter stamps it with "access
granted".

SAINT PETER
Next!

THE END