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Conversations with God

By Eric DelaBarre

Have you had enough yet?
Have you had enough yet?
Are you ready now?
Thank you.
And every single
free choice you make...
arises from either a thought of love
or a thought of fear.
There is no other choice.
And if I had one thing to say
about what we're trying...
to understand here tonight,
it would be- it would be this:
That feeling inside of you...
that love inside of you-
that's God...
expressing through you as you.
Yes?
My name is Daisy...
- and I just wanted to
say I loved your book.
- Thank you, Daisy.
And I'm-I'm feeling like I
finally understand what it means
to be awake in my own life.
- Feels good, doesn't it?
- It's totally amazing!
- Mm-hmm.
- I walk around feeling like
I've been given a secret.
Well...
the secret is out!
The problem I've been having...
is that some of my friends,
even my family-
If I say anything remotely spiritual,
they get this glazed look on their face.
- Ah.
- And I know that look...
because it's the same look I've had,
or used to have, every day of my life.
I know exactly what that feels like.
And the good news is,
you're not crazy.

- Good.

- 'Cause we're both crazy.
And if that's the case...
we're in very good company.
Instead of worrying about
what people think about you...
concentrate on
what you think about you.
That's important.
Any regrets?

- Many.

- Care to name a few?
You're not a lawyer, are you?
I wish that I could have come to
this point in my life without hurting-
Wish I'd come to this point
in my life without...
hurting so many people-
especially the people I've loved.
But without them...
I might not have come
to this point in my life.
See, it's important
for all of us to remember...
that the universe
is conspiring in our favor-
always, and in all ways...
despite circumstances
and appearances...
or most importantly,
our perception of them.

- You've got a lot of nerve!

- I'm sorry?

- You're a hypocrite.

- It's all right. It's all right.
It's all right.
Standing up there preaching
about God and love.
You've been married
and divorced a lot.
If you talk to God, how come you can't
keep a commitment with a woman?
I can't tell you how many times
I've asked myself that same question.

The women in my life...
are all wonderful.
They treated me a whole lot
better than I treated them.
I betrayed them.
I let them down.
I let my kids down too.
I admit that.
More than that I cannot say
without invading their privacy...
and that I am not gonna do.
What I can do is love
as much as I can from where I am.
To make every gesture and action
sponsored by love.
Sounds to me like you've
written a book of lies.
If what you're asking me is, did I make
all of this stuff up, the answer is no.
I've wondered what you're wondering.
"Will anyone believe me,
believe what I'm saying...
believe where this came from?"
And I guess that
that's up to you-
to each of you.
I only hope that you don't
disqualify or marginalize the message...
because it's coming through
such a fallible messenger.
My name is Kay,
and I just wanted to thank you...
for admitting your mistakes.
Well, thank you, Kay-
um, and all of you.
But the truth of it is, I'm still making
those mistakes to this day.
That's why these conversations with God
are such a miracle for me.
They-They came out of a need-
a desperate personal need-
for me to change my life.
And, um, you know, uh...
if I've been successful

at it in the way I'd like-
I don't know,
but-but it's the way it happened...
and it's the way it's-
it's still happening.
My question is...
if God has one message-
his most important
message to all of us-
and you could put it in one paragraph,
what would it be?
Well, I could fit it
into five words.
"You've got me all wrong. "
Thank you.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Good night.
Neale! Neale! Neale!
Neale! Neale! Neale!
Neale! Neale! Neale!
Here's your plane ticket.
You're on the 10:00.
Thanks for everything,
and I'll see you in New York.
- Still nothing, huh?
- I'm trying, honey.
You could have fooled me. Look,
I don't get this. I've got experience-
Your experience has nothing to do
with anything. And we've
been over this, Neale.
As long as that bow
tie's around your neck...
nobody's going to take
a chance on hiring you.
Really?
So, what is it exactly...
that you people do around here?
Mostly we hand out checks to people
who blame us for their problems.
Sorry.

What did the hospital say?
Well, they said I should start
feeling better in a few days...
but, uh, it's been
almost a month now.
Wow. They seem
to have missed something.
- What?
- Neale...
you have a broken neck.
Mr. Walsch, it's Michael.
Come on, Mr. Walsch.
I know you're in there.
No, I'm not.
You're three months behind on your rent.
I told you. I lost my-
- Your job.
- Job, yeah.
Yes, I know. And I'm sorry
about your accident, Neale.
But I'm not gonna lose my job
because you lost yours.
Come on. I'm out there.
Every day, I am.
I'm trying.
Isn't there someone you can call?
No. Those calls were made
a long time ago.
I mean, I got-
I got nowhere to go.

5:

Okay, who's ready for bed?
I'm coming in there.
I hope you got your RJ. 's on.
Brush your teeth?
Yes? How about you?
Did you brush your teeth?
Oh, looks to me like
somebody had an extra cookie.
Am I gonna have to tickle you
to get you to go upstairs?
I'm gonna get you
Hurry up.

- Come on.
- You're doing it wrong!
It's the way I did it
on the other side!
Nope.
That don't go there.
You're doing it wrong.
Let me show you how to do it.
- That's not what the instructions say.
- Nope. That don't go there.
Let me show you how to do it.
Tie the line to the tree.
Make it high enough...
so you don't kill yourself
in the middle of the night.
I kind of wish I had
one of those old canvas jobs...
that you pitch from the inside!
I take it this isn't
your first time pitching a...
tent.
Please, God...
don't let me die here.
To God,
there is no separation...
between financial abundance
and spirituality.
In fact, they go hand in hand.
Don't you find it odd
that we live...
in a society that devalues
our most important jobs?
- What do you mean by that?
- I mean, we have no problem...
giving a football coach
five million a season...
or-or an actor
10 million per movie...
but somehow we've got it wired...
where people involved
with spirituality...
should be penniless,
celibate and-and abstinent.
And preferably all three, you know?

- Yeah. Right.
- I mean, I don't know about you...
but I-I don't- I don't remember
voting for any of that.
- No.
- So imagine a world...
where money was given
to people who give us the biggest gifts.
- Teachers.
- Oh, yes.
- Artists.
- Yes.
- Nurses.
- Yes.
Uh, firemen.
You know, policemen.
Writers.
And mothers!
Mothers. That's right.
Yes.
People who connect us,
not disconnect...
or-or-or distract us, you know.
Imagine that world.
And we can have it,
because, people...
we're the ones.
We've always been the ones
that we've been waiting for.
We are. We are.
Yeah
You awake in there?
I said, are you awake in there?
Just a minute.
- Morning.
- Uh, good morning.
Name is Oscar. How about you
step out of that tent for a minute?
Uh, what for?
I know you got in late,
but I run things around here...
- and you should be aware of the rules.
- Uh, rules?
Yeah.

I'll walk you through them.

How about you come a little bit closer so I don't have to yell?

- Okay.

- Okay.

Rent is \$25 per week.

Over there

you've got your bathrooms.

Now, our maid quit

about a month ago...

so we'd appreciate it

if you would clean up after yourself.

- Okay.

- Those cabins back there-

- freight on them: 75 per week.

- Right.

Now, down by the water

you've got another picnic area.

Those are reserved for real campers and real campers only.

Uh, real campers?

They usually arrive by automobile.

They tend to stick around

a couple of days, then move on.

Guy like yourself-

comes up in the rain...

with a tent and a bedroll-

we call them professional campers around here.

- Yeah?

- You professionals have

a way of lingering on-

kind of like those guys over there.

I should be back

on my feet in a few days...

as soon as I, uh, find a job.

Because you got in late,

last night's on the house.

But collection for the week

starts on Friday at 3:00 p. m.

If you're here, I expect payment on time.

There's no exceptions.

Okay.

If not, you're out.

We understand each other?

Uh, yes. Yes, we do.

Well, good morning to you then.

And by the way?

- Yeah?

- If I were you, I would put that cover...

- on top of your tent.

- What's it for?

It's for the rain.

I see you have lots of experience.

Radio.

That says a lot.

Uh, why don't you have a rsum?

Doesn't matter.

How about you tell me...

why Osborne and Associates

should hire someone like you?

We have over 20 applicants.

Why you?

Well, uh, despite

outward appearances...

I've held supervising positions

for three companies.

Which makes me wonder

about your work ethic.

Or maybe you're on some type

of desultory path.

- It means "lack of purpose. "

- Uh-huh.

Yeah, well, the truth of it

is I was laid off...

when the stations were

bought out and consolidated.

I mean,

everything's corporate now...

and I'm nearing 50

and so overqualified...

that you're probably

not going to hire me, are you?

Well, the thing of it is, most applicants

carry a master's degree. You don't.

No, I don't, but I still think I can do

a good job for Osborne and Associates.

Well, around here, we demand excellence,

Mr. Walsch, not good.

I'm sorry.

Okay, listen. I-I-I-

I really need this job.

You're... overqualified.

Next.

Next.

Chef, let's go.

Hey, don't let them get to you.

Outsiders make them

a little bit jumpy. That's all.

So I'm guessing you're gonna be sticking around for the week?

- There we go.

- Thanks, Daddy.

- I'm sorry?

- It's harder than you thought, isn't it?

Look, there's

a convenience store on the corner.

They've got a recycling center.

That's how these guys pay their rent.

You get yourself a bag of aluminum cans, you're halfway to making the week.

Bag a day, you get your food, you get your drink.

No, I-I don't drink.

Thanks.

Yeah? Stick around here long enough, you will.

- God. You scared me.

- What the hell do you think you're doing?

- Well-

- These are mine.

This is my area.

I'm sorry. I didn't know.

Well, now you do.

Okay.

I see you met Oakley.

- I didn't know there were territories.

- Well, we call them areas.

Yeah, well, he could've just told me.

I'd have- thanks-

given him the damned cans.

Yeah, when a man relies on threats to communicate, it usually indicates a weak cause.

- Hey, don't let it bother you.

- Okay.

- Sure is pretty, isn't she?

- Who is she?

- That's Sunny.

- Yeah, I wouldn't mind... changing her tire, if you know what I mean.

How long you been saying that?

Dreams don't have deadlines.

I got a better chance than you do, you old fart.

- I beg to differ.

- Then you keep on begging.

- Hey, thanks.

- You okay?

Well, compared to what?

That's a-

That's a hell of a point.

Here.

What happened to your neck?

Oh, that's a... bull-riding accident.

Wasn't pretty.

Well, then I'd say today's a better day.

It ain't Irish, but it's effective.

No, thanks. I don't drink.

Something wrong with you?

- I just never got around to it, really.

- Huh. Hell of a thing.

Yeah.

Here you go.

No, you, uh-you keep 'em.

I'll help you get going.

All right, what's the catch? Yesterday you looked at me like I ran over your dog.

I don't have a dog.

Something you'll soon figure out-

People on the street?

Hardest friends to make.

Even tougher ones to lose.
Does that mean we're friends?
Not yet.
Give me those pallets
right nowI Come onI Let's goI
Catching up on your reading?
Oh, it's, uh, padding
for under my sleeping bag.
Neale, come on in here.
Come on. I'm not gonna bite you.
Come on in here.
- All right.
- You boys hungry?
- Neale?
- You sure you have enough?
Son, the right Dumpster
always has enough.
A man's just gotta know
where to look. That's what it is.
- Any guacamole?
- Sometimes I wonder.
I'm not in the mood, Chef.
I'm really not.
- Monday-now that's gonna be
your slow day. - Here we go.
Tuesday and Wednesday things are
gonna pick up, but only just a little.
Now,your fast food,
you're gonna see that on Thursday...
mostly 'cause folks
racing around like a bunch...
of crazy rats trying to make it
through the work week.
Why?
Because Friday's payday.
Now,you take Saturday night,
your date night-
that's when folks
pay the most for their food...
which is why you'll see
the guacamole on Saturday.
Why,you ask?
It's because of the-
Help me out here, Fitch.

- Discretionary.

- Income. Exactly.

This is almost done.

And Sunday's gonna be your slow day because most folk eat at home.

Okay, boys, get your plates.

- Neale?

- Come and get it.

Uh, no.

Uh, but thanks.

- Boy's still wet behind his ears.

- Ah, let him go.

You'll be back.

Yo. Do you need something, buddy?

- Yeah, the bathroom.

- Yeah, we-we got two bathrooms.

- Thank you.

- Where you think you're going?

- Uh, to the bathroom.

- Oh, you need to use the head?

- Mm-hmm.

- Right. Tell you what.

You see across the alley?

- That tree over there? You see it?

- Yes.

Good. Then go lift your leg up on that with the rest of the dogs.

You people make me sick.

Why can't you get a job like everybody else?

- What's the problem?

- He thinks he's coming inside to use the bathroom.

- In and out, okay?

- Thank you.

Excuse me?

Hi.

Oh. Hello.

Uh-

I'm Neale, and, uh,

I think I'm a little-

Harry. Yeah. I'm the, uh-

Uh, I'm the janitor.

- Hi, Harry.

- Hi.

Um- Harry, how do-
how did you like the book?
Oh, oh. It's-It's- It's wonderful.
I've been waiting
for this day ever since...
your name came
on the schedule months ago.
Oh, well, here. Um, let me, uh-
let me show you to the- to the greenroom.
Yeah. Um-
Listen, Harry, um-
Uh-What did you like
about the book?
Oh, I-I don't want to bother you.
Oh, not bothering me at all.
I'm, uh- I'm interested.
I spent a lifetime in anger-
toward my father.
I'm not gonna stand here
and drop sugar all over this...
'cause my old man
was a mean old cuss.
I hated him.
Strong words, I know, but true.
And this book-
your book-
helped me finally, after 20 years
of that anger, that-that hatred, to-
well, to forgive my father.
What I was feeling about my father was
really what I was feeling about myself.
And I had to forgive myself
for the feelings I had- the anger I had-
toward my father.
That's the first time
I think I've ever said that out loud.
Well, here, here.
Page three.
I know your book.
Sure do.
"My most common
form of communication...
"is through feeling.
"Feeling is

the language of the soul.

"If you want to know what's true
for you about something...
look to how you're feeling
about it. "

Fitch?

Fitch. Fitch?

- Can you hear me, Fitch?

- Jesus. I'm drunk, not deaf.

Why are you doing this?

I'm not doing anything.

That damn pancreas has got
a mind of its own.

I'm just playing the hand I'm dealt.

Don't start with me.

- You're killing yourself. You know that?

- Don't ask me to stop drinking.

I can't do that.

You're gonna be a real
pain in the ass, aren't you?

All right.

Cleanup in aisle three.

Cleanup in aisle three, please.

Um-

Thank you.

Good morning.

Ho, ho, ho! Merry-

Hi, Santa

I'm not gonna die in that park.

Good morning. Rrogramming.

- Yes. I'm calling about the ad.

- Come again?

Excuse me.

Um, could I speak with
the program director, please?

He's on air at the moment.

What can I help you with?

Well, I'm calling about the ad, uh,
for the weekend radio deejay.

Hello?

That ad wasn't supposed
to run until next week.

Well, I'm holding the paper
in my hand.

Which paper?
The Ashland Daily Tidings.
I'm sorry.
What is the date today?
Today?
November 7.
Hello?
No- Uh, no.
I'm-I'm still here.
Sorry. Um-
Is there a position available?
Yeah. It's been a revolving door
around here for the last six months.
Tell you what. How 'bout I take
your name and number...
and I'll make sure Roy
gives you a call.
Is there any chance I could
converse with Roy today?
He's extremely
preoccupied at the moment...
but I'll see what I can facilitate.
At what number can he reach you?
Uh, yes, y-yes.
He-He can reach me at, um-
He can reach me at 555-7507.
And my name is Neale.
Hello, Neale. I'm Leora.
Nice chatting with you.
Yes, well, it's been nice chatting
with you too, Leora. Thank you. And bye-bye.
And look forward to the call.
Hey-
Excuse me
Excuse me!
Excuse me!
Uh- Do you know how long
this is going to be?
I'm-I'm, uh-
I'm expecting a phone call.
- It's- It's sort of important.
- What the hell now?
I don't know. It just died.
Figure it out. We got two more stops

before quitting time. You, come here.

- Hello?

- Neale?

- Scrap that there.

- Uh, h-hello.

Hi. It's Leora.

- Hi, Leora.

- Did I catch you at a bad time?

No, no, no, no. It's perfect.

Perfect. I'm good.

- How are you?

- Good. Listen.

I told Roy about you.

He'd like to have you come in...

- tomorrow, say around 9:00?

- What's happening there, Dennis?

Uh, tomorrow would be great.

Yeah, sure.

- Just bleed the line!

- That would be good.

Okay. Uh, you know where we are?

- K.Y.O.L.

- I'm sure I can find you, Leora.

- Okay. Then we'll see you tomorrow.

- Right. Okay.

Bye-bye.

Thank you!

So let me get this straight.

What you're saying...

is that we're all having

a conversation with God all of the time.

- Of course.

- Can you give me an example
of what you mean by that?

Sure. Um, do you ever pick up
the phone to call someone, and
they're already on the line?

Or, uh, do you ever drive down
the road feeling as though...
nothing makes sense of your life...

and the next song on the radio
speaks directly to you?

It's as if the lyrics
were written specifically for you...

and suddenly everything
falls into perspective.
Or, um- Or what about
when someone enters your life...
seemingly from nowhere,
and you wonder why they are there...
and then one day
it all makes sense...
and you wonder how you ever
got along without them?
Of course.
We've all had those moments.
That is God.
Well, it happened to him.
It can happen to you.
- Is happening to you- and you.
- I stand corrected.
We'll be right back
with Neale Donald Walsch...
and his book Conversations With God.
I knew I had something
back there that would work.
Great.
And, uh, thanks for- thanks for
cleaning up- the shirt as well.
I'm gonna look employable.
It's only fear.
That's easy for you to say.
You're not the one going back out there.
What if it doesn't work?
What if it does?
Neale, you're afraid...
to give up the very thing in yourself
that brought you here in the first place.
Give up?
I'm running on empty.
And that's why you're here.
Uh, well, no. I'm here because-
because I lost my job.
You're here
because you lost yourself.
Well, right now I just want
to get this job.
You will.

You're ready for that now.
This is your opportunity
to experience real love.
What did you have in mind?
For you to be a man.
A real man, Neale.
Not a predator.
How many women is it going to take?
How far do you need to fall
before you realize that your behavior...
is an attempt to destroy yourself?
Heal that...
and you'll be free.
Come here, Neale.
Let's have a look at you.
Come here.
Didn't I tell you
she was some miracle worker?
So how'd it go?
I don't know.
Son, we've been trying to get a look
inside her trailer for years.
How is it?
- It's good.
- She make your head spin?
She made his head spin.
- How we doing on time? Fitch, you with us?
- Yeah. Yeah.
Neale.
We know, uh,
what a big deal this is for you.
Help you with the bus fare.
And you got enough time
to get a hot breakfast too.
Maybe some bacon, eggs,
pancakes with syrup.
And toast. Don't forget the toast.
And some jelly.
Grape if they have it. And some biscuits.
Maybe some biscuits with-
You eating this breakfast, or is he?
- Guys? Thanks.
- Go on now.
Yeah, go on, Neale.

- My man is stepping up.

- Yeah.

Funny, huh?

What's the big deal if someone wants to look at your watch, right?

Hey, have we met before?

Uh, uh- No, I don't think so.

- I'm Carly.

- Hi.

Uh, "You come here often?"

- Name's Neale.

- Neale.

I'm kidding, of course, because if you had, I would have seen you, right?

I'm like a fixture on this bus.

Whew. That's me.

You'd think one of these days

I would buy a car.

Nope.

I love people too much.

I'm a receptionist. I work for a construction company up in Medford.

We are getting

crazy busy lately. Yeah.

No. 'Cause the thought of sitting in a car by myself all day long? Not for me.

I love people.

- Wait. I said that already, didn't I?

- Yeah.

Yeah, well, it's true.

Call me crazy.

It's nice meeting you.

- Oh, are you getting off?

- Uh, you know, I-I think so.

Shoot. God, isn't that just how life is?

I mean, people just moving in and moving out, and you never know why...

or if you're ever even

gonna see them again.

- I never thought about it that way.

- Makes you think, doesn't it?

- Well, good-bye.

- Oh, no, no, no, no.

You don't get to say "good-bye. "

"See you later. " "Till we meet again. "

Anything but "good-bye. "

I mean, "good-bye"

is something that you say...

when you walk out on a bad job

or you leave a bad lover.

- Yeah. Yeah.

- Yeah.

Well, um, see you later.

Later.

Hey. Now that's

what I'm talking about.

We're talking to

dead people, folks. Spooky stuff.

You've been listening to

Fat Friday Morning Freak-out Show.

Bob and Jane will be here

with me on Monday.

They got a new book called

Breaking Up With Mommy-

or Daddy or Your Cousin

or whatever the damn name is.

And they're gonna be

doing a book signing...

at Medford Regasus Bookstore

starting at 7.:

On Monday, I will be talking

to an angry deli worker.

He's mad at you idiots who go

and order sliced turkey breast...

and then at the last minute

change it over to sliced ham.

And then for coming in

at 8:

- Good morning.

- You must be Neale.

- Yes.

- Leora.

- We spoke on the phone.

- I'm Rockin' Roy, the Morning Boy-

- Of course. Thanks for getting me in.

- You're not in yet.

- Stay young. Stay cool.
- You still have to meet Roy.
He's a handful.
You tell Jainey I wanna talk to her.
I don't remember approving this, uh,
drunk Russian guy for tomorrow's show.
Nobody cares about this. I mean,
so what if he drank too much vodka...
and fell out of a six-story building
and lived to tell about it?
That-That's actually pretty funny.
Okay, yeah, we go
with the drunk Russian guy...
but just get me a list of backups
in case he turns out to be a dud.
And make sure that he is not drunk,
because I-Who the hell is this?

This is your 9:

For the weekend slot.
Oh. Yeah, yeah.
Okay. Hi. Hi.
- Hi.
- Uh, just head in. I'll be right in.
- You got it.
- Okay?
Listen, next time I'm talking about
my personal affairs...
it would be nice if you'd let me know
there's someone standing right there.
If you'd take a breath once in a while,
I would be happy to.
Just get me the files, all right?
Cancel this lunch.
Oh, man. I am sorry
about all these delays.
I have had
just a crazy month. Uh-
So, how are you, uh, Nick?
- Uh, Neale.
- Neale. Right. Okay.
Uh, Leora is very
impressed with you.
- She says that you have

some good experience?

- Mmm.

Well, um-Well, I was on the air
for a while in Baltimore...

and then down south

for a few years after that.

I've always been around radio
in my career-

You know what? Listen.

I can make people enjoy the sound
of leaves falling on the radio.

How do you do that?

You're gonna have to hire me
to find out.

What are your Saturday
afternoons like?

Saturday afternoon would be okay.

It's a four-hour slot.

Is that gonna fit in your schedule?

- Yeah, that'd be good.

- Yeah?

Mm-hmm.

Yeah.

Okay, good.

You're hired.

- Great.

- I'll see ya on Saturday.

Yeah.

And shut the door.

Thank you.

Oh.

So I'm gonna call you, um, about the-
about the new mix.

I think that sounds great.

And your ideas were perfect.

Hey-

See ya.

And my ideas were perfect.

And my ideas

were perfect.

And my ideas were perfect.

My ideas were-

Perfect.

Man, hot, fresh pizza

tastes a heck of a lot better...
coming out the box
than it does the Dumpster.
- Neale, you want another piece?
- Yeah. Yeah, I want another piece of pizza.
I brought it, didn't I?
So anyway...
I look out the window,
and she's got this guy, you know.
And I think, well, maybe
that's not such a bad thing.
- Right.
- So, you know, that's where I am right now.
You know what? I'm with
great friends right now and I-
- That's what I'm happy about, so cheers.
- Yeah
- To great friends.
- Gettin'the best cabin in the park.
That's right.
Gettin' the best cabin in the park.
Bon apptit.
Good morning.
Good morning to you too.
Hello, Neale.
Hey, uh, Leora.
What are you doin' here?
- Well, nice to see you too.
- I'm sorry.
I thought you lived in Medford
for some reason.
Born and raised right here in Ashland.
And you? Do you live around here?
Neale, ol'boy.
How ya doin; buddy?
- Look at you. Mr. Big Time now.
- Yeah.
Neale, you gonna introduce me
to your utterly gorgeous lady friend?
Um, uh, Leora, this is Fitch.
Fitch, this is Leora.
Nice to meet you.
Nice to meet you too.
Aren't you easy on the eyes?

Uh, Fitch, can we
talk later, do you think?
Oh, don't be silly.
I'll join you for a drink.
Oh, don't worry. Even though you're
the only friend I know with a job...
- I brought my own.
- Fitch-
Unless you'll be moving this little
gathering back to your new cabin?
- Fitch.
- You sly ol'dog.
I see how you operate.
My friend here's- has got a nice cabin.
You really must see it.
It comes with a nice cot.
Probably fit the two of you in a pinch.
- Oh! Geez.
- I'm sorry.
- So sorry.
- It's okay.
- I'm sorry. Here- Here, let me-
- It's okay!
- I'm an idiot. I'm- I'm sorry.
- Please stop!
And down he goes.
- I should go.
- I'm- I'm sorry.
Sorry.
Rent, \$25 per week.
Over there you've got your bathroom.
Now, our maid quit
about a month ago...
so we'd appreciate it
if you would clean up after yourself.
Thought I should come by,
see if you needed any help.
- Is that it?
- Yep.
Strange to think everything I own
fits in a duffel bag.
There's nothing wrong
with traveling light.
We should probably

talk about the other day.

- No, it's not necessary.

- It is.

From what I remember, it is.

Sunny seems to think it happened

because I wasn't prepared...

for you to get

out of here before me.

And since I've never known the woman

to blow smoke- Amazing, huh?

Make it all the way

to 60 years old-

one moment I'm back

to being a jealous kid.

Stupid.

Must feel good to be gettin' out.

It's like you said- friends on the street,

hardest ones to make...

tougher ones to lose.

Does that mean we're friends?

Not yet.

Hmm.

Leora!

Roy!

Anybody, it's Neale!

Hello!

Hey. What are you doing

sleeping on a bench?

Looking for you.

God, that's a trip.

Everyone was gone?

Yeah. Just when things

were getting better.

What do you mean?

Well, I mean- I mean, look at you.

Wow. I don't think I've ever seen you

out of work clothes.

Yeah, don't I look good?

Oh, yeah. You look great.

It's a- It's a great look on you.

Yeah, I'm headin' over to the Black Sheep

for happy hour with the girlfriends.

- Oh.

- They have killer drink specials.

Jimmy the bartender-
makes the best
Long Island iced teas in town.
Oh, God, I look like hell.
I think you look beautiful.
All right, Neale, what's up?
- Nothing. Why?
- Come on.
First you tell me I look nice.
Now I look beautiful? Spill.
I don't know.
I just-
I've just been, you know,
thinking about...
you, us... a lot.
- Neale-
- When I'm with you...
I feel like things just-
things just fit.
I mean, I like myself, and it's
like you're a- you know,
you're a best friend.
- You gotta feel that too, right?
- Neale-
Okay, fine. You're in your 20s,
I'm in my 40s. What's the big deal?
Are you nuts?
That's a driver's license and a nine
year old. Don't get weird on me.
You okay?
Yeah. Just out of sorts.
I'm gonna-
Just gonna sit here and think for
a little bit. I'll take the next bus.
Good-bye, Neale.
Right.
Hi, Neale.
It's Leora.
Thought I'd try you again.
I've been thinking about you,
wondering if you need anything.
Things are good with me.
I got a new job.
Nothin' fancy. Office manager

for a medical practice up in Medford.
And I moved in with Tommy. He just bought
a really cute fixer-upper in town...
and it needs a woman's touch.
Anyway, give a call when you can.
Miss talking with you.
Have you had enough yet?
Have you had enough yet?
Are you ready now?
Do you really want to know the answers
to the questions you're asking?
Are you going to answer me?
You've asked a lot of questions.
You're angry.
And now I ask you, do you really
want to know the answers...
to the questions you're asking...
- or are you just venting?
- This is crazy.
I know what you're thinking.
And I talk to everyone...
all the time in their own voice.
The question is, who listens?
From the highest mountain
it has been shouted.
In the lowest place,
its whisper has been heard.
And through the corridors
of all human experience...
this truth has been echoed.
Love is the answer.
You have projected
the role of parent onto God...
and have thus come up with a god
who judges and rewards or punishes.
You have created a fear-based
reality around love.
And this fear-based love reality dominates
your experience of love.
Indeed, it actually creates it.
Is it fear that you need
in order to be, do and have...
what is intrinsically right?
Must you be threatened

in order to be good?
And what is being good?
Who gets the final say about that?
I tell you this.
You are your own rule-maker.
You set the guidelines.
Love is all there is.
Yes, you've heard it before.
In fact, I've even put it on
a bumper sticker for you.
But in times of trouble, in
times of worry, doubt or fear...
you choose to forget.
What you should do is answer
the simple question-
what would love do now?
To live your life
without expectation...
without the need
for specific results...
that is freedom.
Remember. You are constantly
in the act of creating yourself.
You are, in every moment,
deciding who and what you are.
You decide this largely through
the choices you make...
regarding who and what
you feel passionate about.
Gotta tell ya, I'm a little worried
about what people might say...
when I tell 'em I'm having
a conversation with you.
Worry is the activity of a mind...
that does not understand
its connection with me.
- Hmm. - Do you remember the
question- what would love do now?
- Of course.
- Answer that question, Neale...
and I will be there,
always, in all ways.
Suffering has
nothing to do with events...

but with one's reaction to them.

What's happening is

merely what's happening.

- How we feel about it is another matter.

- I just want my life back.

- You can't have anything you want.

- I'm sorry?

Well, what are you sorry for?

- You said I can't have anything I want.

- That's right.

- What?

- You can't have anything you want.

- I can't have anything I want?

- Correct.

- Well, that doesn't make sense.

- Sure, it does.

Your very request is one of lack...

and you saying you want a thing only works

to produce that precise experience-

- wanting-in your reality.

- Yeah.

Should I therefore punish you...

for making a choice that I myself

have laid before you?

This is a question

you must ask yourself...

before you would assign me

the role of a condemning god.

Unendingly have you

beseached me, show myself.

Explain myself.

Reveal myself.

I am doing so here

in terms so plain...

you cannot misunderstand.

I am here.

Right here.

Right now.

Now is the time to go to

your god space, more than ever.

It will bring you

great peace of mind.

And from a peaceful mind

do great ideas flow...

ideas which could be solutions...
to the biggest problems
you imagine yourself to have.
Do you imagine
this is too big a problem for me to solve?
Is getting out of this jam
too big a miracle for me to handle?
I understand that you may think
it's too big for you to handle...
even with all the tools
I've given you.
But do you really think
it's too big for me?
Sometimes you frustrate
the hell out of me.
I would think that would be a good thing.
Is this supposed to be funny?
Well, who do you think
invented humor?
Bless you.
I just-
- I don't know what you want from me.
- Neale.
- Mm-hmm?
- You've got me all wrong.
And you've got you all wrong too.
I don't want anything from you
other than for you to be happy.
But you think you are below me,
when in truth we are all one.
There is no separation.
I want for you what you want for you-
nothing more, nothing less.
I am not concerned about
your worldly success.
Only you are.
You are not to worry
about making a living.
True masters are those who have chosen
to make a life rather than a living.
Go ahead. Do whatever
you really love.
Do nothing else.
You have so little time.

How can you think
of wasting a moment...
doing something for a living
that you don't like to do?
That is not a living.
That is a dying.
Neale?
Neale.
What are you having me type?
Oh.
I'm still trying to figure that out.
What time is it?
Neale...
- it's amazing.
- What's-What's amazing?
- This stuff is distracting me
while I'm at work.
- Oh-
And I love it.
I don't care if this
is gonna sound weird...
or what people might think about me
for saying something like this, but-
I've been asleep...
stuck in this perpetuating
nightmare of a life...
primarily built on fear and doubt.
Do you really want to know
how much time I've spent in my life...
worrying about
how I was gonna make a living...
worried about making ends meet?
I don't want to spend my life
making a living, Neale.
I want to spend my life...
making a life.
A life that makes a difference.
A life built on love and compassion.
And this stuff-
Neale, I'm even rereading
things I've already finished.
Do you hear what I'm saying to you?
I do. I do. Listen,
I gotta tell you, it's-

It's like I'm just standing by.
I'm just taking dictation.
- I- I can't stop.
- Why would you?
Leora, this is gonna be a book.
Not just one book.
This should complete Book One.
I've already got, uh, six more
filled with material for Book Two.
Well- I better get busy.
Thank you.
Uh, listen, I know
I'm not paying you.
- Stop.
- I don't expect you to work for free.
Neale, we're friends.
Besides, just think of all the money
I'll be saving on therapy.
Okay.
I want to make a deal.
If something does
happen from this...
uh, I want to share some
of the profits with you.
If you want to create
abundance for yourself...
create it for someone else.
Did I write that?
My friend, you got yourself a deal.
Doesn't fit into your line of books.
Well, that's the point.
It's not supposed to fit into
anybody's line of books.
Okay, Bob.
Let's see...
if you actually read your own mail.
- Hello.
- Neale Walsch?
- Yeah, used to be.
- Bob Friedman, Hampton Roads Publishing.
Hi, Bob.
You took the dare.
Yes.
And I like your style, Neale.

Don't get what you want,
go right to the top.
Exactly what I would do
if I was a man in your position.
What-What exactly is my position?
You're about to become
a published author, Neale.
- You're-You're kidding.
- I never kid about money.
We're gonna start out
with 5,000 copies.
Okay, what happens after my family
gets done reading it, Bob?
Optimism. I like that.
- I believe in the book.
- So do I.
Which is why we're putting this
on the fast track.
- Okay.
- My office will call your people.
- They'll work out the details.
- Okay. Well, um, um, ju-
Uh, Bob, I am my people.
Not anymore, Neale.
Now you've got yourself a partner.
I'll be in touch.
Yes!
The woman's name is Sharon Parker.
She's a pro. Trust me, Neale.
It shows. Just let me do the talking.
Okay. What about Warner Books?
We still gonna meet with them?
Well, I'll circle back next week
if I have to, but Putnam-
Putnam is the future.
Remember, don't react to
anything Sharon says.
This game is won without emotion.
- Yeah.
- All right? Okay?
Now, let's go have some fun.
I'm sure you're very aware
that we've had numerous inquiries...
from other majors

about Neale's book.

- Any offers?

- Aren't there always, Sharon?

Well, that's what makes life interesting.

Don't you think, Bob?

Did you have an offer

in mind, Sharon?

Well, before

we get to that-

I've been in this business

for over half my life.

And with the exception of four years

at one of the giant firms...

I've been with Putnam,

and I think even Bob will agree...

that that is pretty rare

in our business.

People have no loyalty.

Truth is...

the world we live in

is getting tougher.

Times are changing.

- How much, Sharon?

- Now, you probably wonder why

I am telling you all of this.

- How much, Sharon?

- I am telling you all of this because...

there is at Putnam, I believe,

a soul behind the company.

Yes, we have a lot of titles.

But we also have the ability to maintain

the soul of a small press like Bob's.

And when I heard that Hampton

had your title, I was pleased.

Sharon, how much?

We are prepared to offer you

one million dollars...

for the worldwide rights

to Conversations With God.

Thank you

for the nice words.

I really appreciate them,

as I'm sure Neale does.

And I agree with you.

Rutnam does have a soul.

They also have

buying power.

And unfortunately at that number,

Hampton Roads will have to pass.

Thank you for coming out.

- Neale? Shall we?

- Mm-hmm.

You know, I thought we were coming here

with a very generous offer today, Bob.

So did I.

This guy is booked back-to-back solid

for the next two months, Sharon.

I can't print the book fast enough.

And I think we can both agree,

this is merely the tip of

a very big iceberg.

Come on, Sharon.

- I thought you said you liked the book.

- I do like the book, Bob.

And I'm prepared to give you

one million reasons why I like it.

- We can do a million on our own.

- Oh.

In fact, we'll send you

a postcard when we do.

- Neale.

- Mmm.

Time to go.

Uh, thank you.

Thank you.

What, are you crazy?

- Wait for it.

- That's a lot of money.

- I said-

- Bob!

Wait for it.

One-five. Take it or leave it.

So, why do you want the book?

Well, you might think this is

a little old-fashioned...

but I think your book

could change the world.

- It's-

- Yours.

It's hers, Bob.

- It's mine.

- Of course.

- At 1.5 million.

- Yes, Bob.

At 1.5 million.

Neale, why don't you pick up
the check for us?

I'm gonna walk Sharon out,
tie up a few loose ends.

- I'll be back in a few minutes.

- Okay.

Bob, thank you.

Thank you, Sharon.

Congratulations, Neale.

Michael.

- Okay, now, listen-

- Nicely done.

I'm so glad you think so.

The book cover, we're keeping that.

I have some very
definite ideas about it.

I've got the artwork
already laid out.

I think you just need
to take a look at it.

Uh, could I have the check, please?

- Sorry about that.

- Not at all.

- What're you reading?

- Economics.

- I have a test in 45 minutes,
and I'm dreading it.

- Oh.

- You in university?

- Twelve credits to go, and I'm done.

Just in time for summer, I guess.

Well, maybe by next summer
if I'm lucky.

I have a son. Between day care
and my other job and class...

things, uh- they move

a little slower in my life.

Well, good luck on the test.

Thank you.

More coffee?

No, I'm, uh- I'm so very good.

- Thanks.

- All right.

Thank you.

- Oh, my God!

- My God too.

This is a small percentage?

It was a really big check.

Neale, forgive me.

I don't wanna seem ungrateful.

But this is a lot of money.

I thought you could use it for the-
for the remodeling.

- You know, you could do it up right.

- Neale, I can't take this.

Leora, I want you to have this.

Also, by the way, we did make a deal, right?

Hmm?

Tommy, Neale's here!

- Tell him to come in.

- You're staying for breakfast.

- We need to celebrate.

- Okay.

What are you having?

Come on, Neale. It'll add one,
maybe two days in Russia.

- That's all they're asking.

- Well, I don't care what they're asking.

I'm not gonna do it.

I haven't been home in two weeks.

- I'm tired.

- Just think about it.

"Just think about it. "

Whose side are you on anyway?

God's.

You know, I wish I-I wish I knew.

Um, maybe it's because

I've screwed up so much of my life.

I don't know. What I do know

is that this is not about me.

It's- It's about Leora, I think.

- Um, what-
- I've been to your lectures, Mr. Walsch.
And I read your book...
about how God is this friendly god
and the universe is a friendly place.
And you don't-
you don't believe that.
I believe your god
is a vengeful god.
I adopted my son
when he was six months old...
because I was told I could
never have children.
And we never told Jimmy
that he was adopted until, um...
he was old enough to
understand what that meant.
And at 14, we decided it was time.
His grades fell off.
His whole attitude changed.
I mean, he got
in trouble at school. It was-
It was a big mess. And he was angry
at his mother for giving him up.
He was angry at us for-
for telling him.
And he was angry at
everything in his life.
The only way to calm him down...
was to promise that
when he turned 18...
we would find his mother.
No matter the cost, no matter
how long it took, we promised him...
that he would
get to meet his mother.
And...
did his attitude change?
Marginally, but, um...
the son we once knew,
the son we loved so dearly was, um-
was gone.
And he never
called me "Mother" again.

And on Jimmy's 18th birthday...
he was killed on a motorcycle.
A drunk driver killed myJimmy.
So please enlighten me on your definition
of a friendly god, Mr. Walsch...
because I don't see a friendly god
putting parents who-
who love their son unconditionally
through something like this.
What does your god
say now, Mr. Walsch?
Um-
I'm sorry, baby.
You'll never love anyone.
What is your name?
Georgia.
Georgia.
Um-
Your son...
died so that you could
keep your promise to him.
His mother...
died a few years ago.
His passing was the only way
that he could be with her.
See?
So, where did that come from?
- Neale- - Honestly, Leora, I don't
know what just happened in there.
What if I made all that stuff up?
Did you?
I don't know.
I don't know where
any of that came from.
Yes, you do.
- Neale-
- Yeah?
Okay, go ahead.
Book the extra days in Russia.
I already did.
You were right about me, Mom.
But I am learning.
Here's your plane ticket.
You're on the 10:00.

Thanks for everything,
and I'll see you in New York.
Just a minute.
Do not feel abandoned,
for I am always with you.
I will not leave you.
I cannot leave you, for you are
my creation and my product.
My daughter, my son,
my purpose and myself.
Call on me, therefore-
wherever and whenever you are separate...
from the peace that I am.
I will be there.
Do you have a book for me to sign?
No, I don't. But I wanted to
thank you for writing it.
Reading it didn't convince me
that you're having conversations with God.
It convinced me that I am too.
- Thank you.
- Oh, no.
No, thank you.