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God of Love

By Luke Matheny

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You can't control who you love.
You can't control who loves you.
You can't control how it happens, or
when it happens, or why it happens.
You can't control any of that stuff.
Dear God, whose name I do not know,
I pray to you in time of personal crisis.
As you know, I've been praying
for your assistance...
in winning the affections
of one Kelly Morand,
which I may consistently
declare as the only thing
I have really prayed for, at all.
Thus I remained surprised and
confused that last month
you solved it to have Kelly fall in
love with my best friend, Fozzie,
who I assure you, is not interested.
So please if you could just find some way
to have Kelly see me in
a new, desirable light
preferably before Valentine's
Day, I'd really appreciate it.
I hope this prayer finds you well.
Thank you once again
for my successful darts career
and my pleasant singing voice.
This is Raymond Goodfellow.
Brooklyn, originally from
Bloomington, Delaware.
And now please welcome to the stage,
my great my crooner who melts
hearts while he throws darts.
Ladies and gentlemen, my best
friend, Raymond Goodfellow.
All by myself in the morning.
All by myself in the night.
I sit alone with a table and a chair.
So unhappy there, playing solitaire.
All by myself, I get lonely.
Watching the clock on a show.
I'd love to rest my head

on somebody's shoulder.

I hate to grow older all by myself.

Thanks.

That just came for you.

It just sort of appeared.

Weird. Thanks.

So they are like Cupid's arrows?

Not exactly. Look at part 4.

Any subject punctured by the Love Dart 3000 enters a phase of susceptibility lasting exactly 6 hours.

During this time, the subject has a significantly higher chance of developing a permanent romantic attachment to the love object.

A permanent romantic attachment.

You know this is fake, right?

It's a prank or something.

No, look. If I stab Kelly with one of these,

I'll have 6 hours to make her fall in love with me.

You can't stab Kelly.

I knew it. You do like her. She likes you and you like her.

Ray, once and for all,

I will never accept or return the affections of Kelly Morand.

You are my best friend. Your friendship means everything to me.

-Then what's the problem?

-You can't just stab people!

You're right. Maybe I should test it first.

-Wanna be in my book club?

-No.

-Wanna come over?

-No.

-Can I come over?

-Kelly, please.

OK, bye.

Hey, Frank, go tap that girl on the shoulder. Just do it.

-What are you doing?

-Is that Barack Obama?

Where?

Wait a second, hold on.

Yeah?

You are interfering with
another person's fate.

Love is a cosmic collision of two souls.

It's a matter of destiny.

You can't control that.

This is wrong and weird.

It's unfair for Frank. And
it's unfair for that girl.

Come on. That girl's having a great time.

So the phase of susceptibility
is almost finished.

T minus 15.

What are you waiting for?

This is madness.

No, it's destiny.

I prayed every night for almost a year
and then God delivered these darts to me.

It was my destiny to test them on Frank
and now I'm obviously supposed
to use them on Kelly.

I need to plan the six most
romantic hours imaginable.

I'm gonna need your help
with the execution, okay?

Just come over tomorrow
to me and bring Frank.

So I've included all the
ingredients right here.

You've a copy in your binder as well.

Basically you wanna layer the
dough, the chicken, the celery
and repeat the process.

What's this dish?

It's chicken pot pie in
Pennsylvanian Dutch style.

Doesn't she like seafood?

Then you'll serve everything
in the living room,

which I want you to decorate
like a candle-lit Amish barn.

You know, like Witness.

Alright, so you've got a lot to work with there. You've got a broom, you've got a rake, a butter turner and whatever that is. It's a mallet.

-Was that a goat?

-Yes.

How is this, Ray?

-This is great. Thank you.

-No problem.

Wow, you're a lucky man, Frank.

What's your secret?

It was meant to be.

There you go.

Well I'm gonna go change and wish me luck.

-Good luck.

-Thanks.

-Hey Kelly, how are you?

-Good.

Good. Thanks. So I was in the neighborhood and I was practicing this trick. And I was wondering can you give me your hand and close your eyes at the same time?

No.

I'll tell you something that Fozzie told me about you.

Really?

-Yeah.

-O, okay.

Ouh! Ray! What the...

Do you wanna hear a poem I wrote for you? It's nine pages. And It's in Portuguese. But, I can translate.

Sounds great.

-What happened to the chicken pot pie?

-I'm sorry. I took some liberties.

Oh my God, I love the seafood.

You having a nice time?

The best.

I mean...

Who knew, right?

Right. Who knew?

And what was I thinking?

What was that about?

What an idiot.

Just because someone is handsome and smarter and talented and generous.

I'm so happy with you.

Really?

Yeah

I can't see how it could get any better.

Well, that is where you're wrong.

I told you to make chicken pot pie.

I just... I don't think

that was the problem.

Maybe I should've taken her to a different ballet or something.

Swan Lake isn't her favorite. Romeo and Juliet was playing in the public.

-Why didn't you tell me that?

-I thought you knew.

-No.

-Anyway, forget it. It's too late.

Here's what I think.

I think there are literally millions of single women in the city.

I think you should use the love darts and go out to find the one that's right for you.

What about all that stuff about interfering another people's destinies?

I take it back. It's more important to me that you're happy.

Dome?

I don't know. I love her so much but I think I said the wrong things.

I read her the stupid poem.

I'm like a bumbling fool.

We can help you with Kelly.

That's nice. But are you guys kind of in love with me?

Isn't that like a conflict of interest or something?

That's why we love you. We love you and we want you to be happy.

Right, girls?

And... Trevor?

Definitely.

Dear God, whose name I do not know,
That strategy was obviously misguided.
I think what I'm gonna do is
tomorrow night after the show
I'm gonna prick Kelly again.
And then I'm just gonna keep
doing it until it works.
Obviously I rather not prick her every
6 hours in the rest of our lives.

But what can you do? It's
like being diabetic.

Maybe I could trick her into
thinking that she's diabetic.

Anyway, thanks again. This
is Raymond Goodfellow,
Brooklyn, originally from
Bloomington, Delaware.

-Do you wanna be in my movie club?

-No.

-Do you wanna come over?

-No.

-Can I come over?

-No.

Never.

All by myself in the morning.

All by myself in the night.

I sit alone with a table and a chair.

So unhappy there, playing solitaire.

All by myself, I get lonely.

Watching the clock on a show.

I'd love to rest my weary
head on somebody's shoulder.

I'm growing older all by myself.

You can't control who you love.

You can't control who loves you.

You can't control how it happens, or
when it happens, or why it happens.

You can't control any of that stuff.

But I can.

Look, I'm just a guy. I have good aim.

That's it.

If you've seen me I'm basically an idiot.

I guess that's why love doesn't

make as much sense as it should.

Because, well...

I'm the god of love.