

EXT. STREET - DAY

Isaac walks unsteadily to his Camry, inserts the key with some effort and climbs in.

INT. FRONT SEAT OF CAMRY - DAY

Isaac sits in the driver's seat, closes the car door. He looks upwards, puts his hands together.

ISAAC

Oh, Lord. So sorry to bother you again. I'm just really, really curious whether this truly is the path you intend for me. I follow all the restrictions. I don't drink coffee or tea, I don't lie, gamble or fornicate, I don't smoke, I don't drink alcohol and I don't do drugs. But you speak to this man and not to me.

In a moment he is slumped over the steering wheel snoring. He awakes with a start at the sound of a muffled voice. Isaac looks around in confusion. He hears the sound again. He sticks his finger in his ear.

ISAAC

Hello? If that's you, God, you're not coming in very well.

He hears a tapping sound. A moment later, again. He looks in the direction of the glove compartment. The tapping sound happens yet again. Isaac opens the glove compartment to the sight of a miniature Toby holding a metal cross and throwing it forward. The cross tumbles to the floor.

ISAAC

T-T-Toby?

TOBY

(miniature voice)

Can you get me out of here? It's like a damn oven in here.

ISAAC

Get you out... What are you doing in there? I thought you were dead!

TOBY

I am! I was. To be absolutely frank, I'm not sure of my current status. At any rate, I've come back to help you.

ISAAC

Oh my God. I've finally lost it.

TOBY

Oh brilliant! If it was God speaking to you, you'd be Moses on the mountain. But it's only little old me and presto, you're having a psychotic break. Just lift me out of here.

Isaac takes a moment to process the request, then tentatively lays out his hand, which Toby steps on. Isaac lifts him to the dashboard. Toby strides back and forth as they speak.

ISAAC

I'm really confused. Are you a...an angel?

TOBY

(laughs)

An angel? Me? Hardly. More of a ghost. Sorry about the unorthodox entrance and my diminutive size. I haven't quite gotten the hang of the whole afterlife thing. Now tell me what's the matter.

ISAAC

The matter? What makes you think something's the matter?

TOBY

I'm here, aren't I? Clearly something's not right in the state of Denmark.

ISAAC

You mean besides the fact that I'm talking to a bite-sized ghost that's pacing back and forth on my dashboard? Okay. I might as well tell you. I really love the car, but it was too old to drive Uber, so my roommate got me a delivery job instead.

TOBY

Delivery job. Brilliant. I'm proud of

you, my boy.

ISAAC

Please don't say that! You don't know what I'm delivering. It's...cannabis.

TOBY

Cannabis as in marijuana?

ISAAC

It's legal. Now. I know it's prohibited by the church, but service is a big part of our mission in this world and you know how much I love to serve people. Of course I would never...

TOBY

No, you wouldn't, would you? The rules are important, son, but it's the spirit behind them that matters the most.

ISAAC

(smirks)

That's the kind of talk that got you kicked out of the church.

TOBY

We're not in the church anymore, Isaac. Oh dear.

(checks watch)

Must be off for now. I'm only permitted a minute of interaction at a time. Not sure why but I suspect it has to do with the short attention span of our target audience.

ISAAC

But you will come back?

(when Toby smiles and nods)

Do you want me to put you back in the glove compartment?

TOBY

(scrambles as Isaac reaches for him)

No! No. Too hot in there. Anyhow, I need to practice my fading in and out.

(concentrates, then--)

I'm still here, aren't I?

Isaac nods, then puts out his hand. Toby climbs on and Isaac puts him back in the glove compartment. When Isaac starts to close the glove compartment door--

TOBY

Leave the door open, for Christ's
sake!

Isaac complies, starts the car and pulls into the street.
Toby holds on for dear life.