

ZOE THE FRIENDLY HUMAN

Pilot

"Newly Self-Diagnosed Schizophrenia"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

A hunched-over, uncomfortable, ZOE FEINSTEIN (21), pokes at her neck over and over from a tiny kid's chair. She watches CHILDREN (7-8) run around in circles, throw legos at each other, and poke at fish in a little aquarium.

Beside her, CHARLOTTE FEINSTEIN (62, Zoe's Mom), rubs ANTI-AGING CREAM all over the exposed parts of her body.

On her other side, RHYS FEINSTEIN (66, Zoe's Dad) adjusts his TOUPEE to no end.

ZOE

Guys, I'm a senior in college. You don't have to keep coming to the doctor with me.

CHARLOTTE

Until you have to switch to an adult doctor, we'll always join you Honey.

RHYS

I love seeing kids runnin' around. Reminds me of the good ol' days before we started teaching. Not that we're in the bad days now.

(thinks)

Plus, Dr. Gilda complimented my hair last time.

Charlotte whips out a gross green smoothie and hands it to Zoe.

CHARLOTTE

Here drink this before you go in. It's got every vitamin, superfood, and mineral known to man.

ZOE

Mom, this thing makes me see things.

RHYS

Oh please, we have it all the time.

CHARLOTTE

Also, have you tried the new creams I got you?

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

They're samples I stole from the
mall that I think will really
rejuvenate your pores--

NURSE (O.S.)

Zoe Feinstein!

As if she was awaiting the gunshot at the starting line of a track race, Zoe rushes past the NURSE through the open door.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Surrounded by paintings of laughing children, Zoe remains hunched over, gazes at the floor, and pokes her neck on the patient bed.

She spots a ghost decoration by the window.

DR. GILDA (55) comes in. Her stethoscope has stuffed animals around it. She peers down at her clipboard.

DR. GILDA

Hi, how ya doin'?

ZOE

Good, good.

DR. GILDA

Really?

ZOE

Uh...I guess more so-so.

Dr. Gilda shakes her head. Silence.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Quick question--why do you still
have a ghost decoration in here?

DR. GILDA

Leftover from Halloween.

ZOE

(chuckles)

Halloween was like, months ago.

DR. GILDA

And it will return...so it appears
you never supplied a urine sample
at your last physical. Did you
bring that?

ZOE

Oh no, I totally left that in my fridge. I can never pee here so I take it home. I can go grab it.

DR. GILDA

Not necessary. We'll provide a new one. What brings you in this week?

ZOE

Well, I've got this lump on my neck.

Zoe points to it. Dr. Gilda approaches and feels it.

ZOE (CONT'D)

And I know you're not supposed to check WebMD because it says everything's cancer, but it felt better knowing I had cancer.

Dr. Gilda backs away and writes on her notepad.

DR. GILDA

You're fine.

ZOE

Wait, what?

DR. GILDA

It's a little swollen lymph node, usually from a recent infection. Were you sick?

ZOE

I guess a couple weeks ago.

DR. GILDA

That's it. It'll go away.

ZOE

So...there are okay lumps? They don't automatically mean death?

DR. GILDA

Short answer: yes. You have nothing to worry about.

ZOE

Well can I at least get a blood test? My dad's a diabetic so--

DR. GILDA

Zoe.

ZOE

And do you have any advice for the
nights in the shower where I get
anxious thinking about impending
nothingness and my head gets--

DR. GILDA

I need you to relax. Breathe.

Zoe takes a breath.

DR. GILDA (CONT'D)

If I write you a lab slip, will you
stop coming here every week?

Awkward silence between the two.

ZOE

What kind of business doesn't want
regulars?

Dr. Gilda glares at Zoe and leaves the room. Zoe smiles.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT I

INT. COLLEGE DINING HALL - DAY

Tables crowded with STUDENTS and gross food. Zoe eats a sandwich alone in the corner by a window. She pokes her neck in between bites. The great multitask.

Mysterious hipsters, BARB (22) and DEXTER (22), hold hands as they sneak up behind Zoe.

BARB

Boo!

Zoe jumps from her seat and her sandwich goes flying into the air. It SMACKS against the window and plops back onto Zoe's plate.

Barb and Dexter laugh as they sit across from her.

BARB (CONT'D)

Did we scare you?

ZOE

Well, my heart's racing, all my extremities have gone numb, and I want to throw up.

BARB

Awesome. Dexter and I are making a horror film for our thesis class and we're seeing how scary we are. Oh, Zoe, this is Dexter. Dexter, my roommate, Zoe.

Zoe shakes Dexter's hand.

BARB (CONT'D)

She's gonna psychologize old people.

ZOE

(to Dexter)

I'm hoping to be a geriatric psychologist. Still waiting to hear back from grad schools.

DEXTER

Oh man, that's sick! How'd you get into that? I wanna make a film about my gramps one day.

ZOE
I don't know, I've always been
interested in that age group.

DEXTER
Rad, rad...so how's Barb as a
roommate?

ZOE
Oh I love Barb, but sometimes I get
the feeling she thinks she's cooler
than me.

Dexter laughs. Barb rolls her eyes. Zoe pokes her neck again.

BARB
(re: Zoe's neck)
What's goin' on there?

ZOE
Apparently a perfectly normal lump,
but based on every article on the
Internet, I will be dead within the
next three months.

DEXTER
Are you afraid to die?
(to Barb)
Maybe our film should be about
death.

ZOE
I mean, I'm fine with death, like
as a concept.

Dexter leans in and whispers in Barb's ear. Zoe sees Dexter's
hand rub Barb's leg under the table. Barb giggles and her
hand rubs Dexter's leg.

ZOE (CONT'D)
So the film sounds great...

Zoe grabs her backpack and tray and rushes off for an escape.

DEXTER
Oh, bye Chloe!

BARB
It's Zoe.

Barb and Dexter keep on keepin' on.

EXT. ZOE'S CAR, FREEWAY - LATER

Zoe, in her 1999 Honda Accord, stuck in traffic. She crawls past a sign that reads "San Fernando Valley City Limits".

INT. ZOE'S CAR

All cars come to an absolute stand-still. She flips on the radio.

RADIO HOST VOICE
And I'll say it again, that's
right, the leading cause of death
in Southern California is now
driving on the freeway.

She immediately flips it off.

She rolls her window down. As in, physically. It's one of those cars. She peaks her head out.

With no car movement still, an ADJACENT DRIVER gets out of their car. Zoe watches them.

In the middle of the freeway, they reach up to the sky, and SCREAM at the top of their lungs.

She rolls her window back up and pretends this person does not exist. They continue to scream.

EXT. DREAMERS SENIOR LIVING - AFTERNOON

A small, beat-up facility with a faded sign that reads:

"Dreamers Senior Living: Live The Dream Before You Dream For Eternity".

INT. MAIN HALL, DREAMERS SENIOR LIVING HOME

OLD PEOPLE surround the out-dated room. Some watch TV. Some gathered in a circle with books in hands. Some play chess.

Zoe, who wears a "Volunteer" shirt, wanders through the doors.

She bumps into MICHELLE (40s), who balances an incredible amount of towels with one hand, and holds a walker in the other.

ZOE
Here. Sorry I'm late.

Zoe grabs the towels. They walk towards the towel shelf at the other end.

MICHELLE

Ugh, thank you. It's okay. I may need you to stay longer. Ramon called in.

ZOE

I'm all yours.

MICHELLE

Perfect. And I'm gonna need you to help Mrs. Cafferty this week. Room 118. I think she's upset with Mr. Gulbrandson? She looks like she saw a ghost or something.

ZOE

I'm here for you Michelle. Don't worry.

MICHELLE

You're the best.

ZOE

These towels smell like someone bathed in Brussels sprouts and added a dash of prunes for some reason.

Zoe sets the towels down on top of a shelf.

MICHELLE

One of our signature cocktails...just lemme know if you have any problems later, okay?

ZOE

Of course.

Michelle marches past Zoe with the walker. Zoe takes one more whiff of the towels.

EXT. MRS. CAFFERTY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Zoe makes her way to Room 118. She finds the "118" room number on the ground in front of the door. She looks around the empty hall. She re-attaches it to a hook on the wall. She knocks and waits. Nothing. She cracks the door open.

MRS. CAFFERTY (87) stands frozen like a statue as she looks out the window.

Zoe tiptoes in and closes the door.

INT. MRS. CAFFERTY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small TV illuminates the room. It shows static. A single painting of clouds in the sky rests on the wall with the name "Dreamers" on it.

ZOE
Mrs. Cafferty?

No response.

ZOE (CONT'D)
(shivers)
It's chilly in here.

Nothing.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Is everything alright?

Still nothing.

ZOE (CONT'D)
I can wait.

Zoe plops on the bed and watches Mrs. Cafferty for a moment. Neither budge.

INT. KITCHEN, DREAMERS SENIOR LIVING - LATER

Zoe carries a mop on her shoulder and a water bucket past the open doorway. She disappears down to the end of the hall.

A cabinet door CRACKS open ever so slightly.

A WHITE GHOSTLY HEAD with bushy eyebrows, bags under his eyes, and five o' clock shadow takes a peek of the empty room.

CLAY (75, ghost), who looks like if Casper became old, jaded and wrinkly, floats to the microwave. He sets it to 5 minutes.

He floats THROUGH the microwave doors and lays just above the spinning turntable. He closes his eyes and smiles.

INT. HALLWAY, DREAMERS SENIOR LIVING - SAME TIME

Zoe, now with gloves on, scrubs a gross stained wall with a sponge.

The microwave sounds beckon. She takes her gloves off. She grabs the mop and tiptoes towards the kitchen.

A BUZZ sound emerges. Zoe pulls out her phone and sees a call.

ON PHONE SCREEN

MOM

She slides it back in her pocket.

She SLIPS on some mop water, drops the mop, and SLAMS against the wall.

She recoils and rubs her forehead. She grabs the mop from the floor.

ZOE

I am the smoothest person alive.

She continues down the hall. The microwave sounds get louder. She stops before the door. She grips the mop tight and looks up to the sky.

She bulldozes through the open doorway and raises the mop in the air.

ZOE (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Please stop! This is a peaceful
place for the elderly! I have a mop
and I'm very afraid to use it!

She surveys the room and sees no one. The microwave DINGS. She tiptoes towards the microwave and points the mop straight out like a sword.

Clay sighs. He goes through the front door of the microwave.

CLAY

Alright kid, relax.

Zoe SHRIEKS. Her eyes bulge out of her head. Jaw drops. Speechless.

CLAY (CONT'D)

A pleasure. I'm Clay.

Zoe drops the mop.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Sorry, boo?

She FALLS backwards and passes out.

INT. KITCHEN, DREAMERS SENIOR LIVING - LATER

SUPER: ONE HOUR LATER

Clay stabs his face with a knife over and over. It goes through him each time.

Zoe groggily picks her head up.

ZOE'S POV: Clay's ghostly shape twists and turns in a psychedelic drug trip kinda way before he becomes whole.

ZOE
I guess I'm one of those people who
gets schizophrenia in their
twenties.

CLAY
You don't have schizophrenia.

ZOE
I'm a psych major, I think I would
know.
(pauses)
Can you put that knife down?!

Clay throws the knife. It sticks to a cupboard.

CLAY
Sorry, you wanna be a psychologist?

ZOE
Yes...wait, what were you doing
with that?

CLAY
Nothing, I've just been trying to
kill myself for awhile now. That's
all.

ZOE
Oh, right. Just your average
everyday suicidal ghost.

CLAY

Well, I don't like to put myself in
a box, as the kids say.

ZOE

And you can...go through
stuff...but also hold stuff...

CLAY

I suppose the gig has its perks.

ZOE

This is a dream, Zoe. The single
most lucid dream of all-time.
(thinks)
Or you're dead.

Zoe feels the back of her head and rubs it.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Wish I could've at least joined The
27 Club.

Zoe approaches Clay at a slow pace and they lock eyes. She
pokes her finger through his face.

CLAY

What're you doing?

ZOE

Cold.

Zoe steps back and grabs the mop.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Now I feel safe.

She rushes away with the mop in hand. Clay shakes his head.

INT. BATHROOM, DREAMERS SENIOR LIVING - CONTINUOUS

Zoe splashes her face with water over and over. She slaps
herself a few times. She stops and looks at herself in the
mirror.

ZOE

Deep breaths.

Zoe breathes in and out.

ZOE (CONT'D)

You are in control.

She breathes in and out again.

ZOE (CONT'D)
You are in control.

Clay pops up out of nowhere.

CLAY
Hey, kid--

She falls to the bathroom floor. She gets up, stumbles into a stall and slams it shut.

Clay holds his forehead.

Zoe curls up like a ball on top of the toilet.

ZOE
In my abnormal psych class, we
learned that suicide is a permanent
solution to a temporary problem.

CLAY
Why are you telling me this?

ZOE
I think I'm dead, but if I'm not,
I'm concerned for you.

CLAY
Okay, Ms. Psychologist, well, what
if the problem is permanent, huh?

ZOE
(thinks)
I tried...please get out of the
girls' bathroom.

CLAY
Think this is one of those all-
gender bathrooms.

ZOE
Great, I meet a woke ghost.

Clay goes through the stall door.

Zoe tears up. She covers her face in her legs. Clay

CLAY
You're alive, okay. When you die,
you won't even know you're dead.

ZOE

...Can ghosts not hear themselves?

He smiles and peers over at her. Her head remains down.

Clay floats through the stall door and away. He pulls out a note from his ghost-pocket and leaves it on the bathroom counter.

He floats out the door.

Zoe perks her head up from within her legs. She checks her phone again.

ON PHONE SCREEN

(3) MISSED CALLS - DAD

ZOE

She facepalms.

She comes out of the stall and finds the note. She picks it up. It reads:

"Congratulations. You've found my suicide note. Assuming I'm still alive, please return at your earliest convenience. Yours, Clay".

ZOE (CONT'D)

Jeez, have a little faith in yourself.

EXT. HALLWAY, DREAMERS SENIOR LIVING - CONTINUOUS

Zoe bursts through the bathroom door and looks down the hall for Clay. Nowhere to be found.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The moon shines down on a large wooden structure in the middle of nowhere.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - LATER

Clay's white ghost hands place a record on a record player. Upbeat, funky music plays.

He grabs two gasoline tanks and dances around as he pours gas all over the wooden building.

He chucks the tanks. He pulls out a matchbox and lights a match. He SWALLOWS the now-lit match. It falls straight through his body onto the gas-covered floor.

He dances to the music more.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Music can still be heard. A small part of the building catches fire. It spreads. And spreads.

Until it EXPLODES. The music cuts short.

The building collapses. Clay emerges from the flames and shakes his head.

He turns and watches the flames against the night sky.

INT. ZOE'S DORM ROOM - SAME TIME

Zoe, still in shock, opens the door ever so slightly to this closet-sized space with two bunk beds.

Zoe's side is clean as a whistle. She showcases psychology posters: a portrait of Freud, a portrait of Carl Jung, Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs, and Erik Erikson's Stages of Development.

Barb's side features a messy bed, papers and towels scattered across the floor, and posters for the films: Fish Tank, Stranger Than Paradise, and Before Sunrise.

Barb lines up a series of shot glasses at her desk. 1960's rock music blasts from her laptop. She rocks out and pours vodka into them.

Zoe places her messenger bag down and thousand-yard-stares at the floor.

Barb notices her and lowers her headphones.

BARB
You're home late.

Zoe doesn't answer.

BARB (CONT'D)
By the way, you still got that piss
cup in the fridge. I almost drank
it.

Still no response. Barb waves a hand over Zoe's face.

BARB (CONT'D)
Hello? Zo-Bo?

Zoe comes to and looks at Barb.

BARB (CONT'D)
You look like you've seen a--

Barb coughs.

ZOE
(gasps)
Don't!

BARB
Sorry...a food documentary.

Zoe exhales. She slides into her bottom bunk and lays down.

ZOE
I'm good. I'm good.
How...uhm...have you been?

BARB
Tonight's been kinda--

ZOE
I'm sorry, I had a weird night. I'm
here. I am present. I am with you
right now.

BARB
Did you really just interrupt me?

ZOE
Well, the world revolves around me,
so...

BARB
Oh, how could I forget?

ZOE
Glad we cleared that up.

Barb shoves a shot in her hand. Zoe pushes it away.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Can't, sorry. I have to fast.

BARB
What now?

ZOE
I'm like seventy-six percent sure I
have Type 2 Diabetes.

BARB
You are addicted to this stuff.

ZOE
Forget me okay, go.

BARB
Solid band. Anyways, so, Dexter's
ghosting me.

Barb downs hers and Zoe's shot.

ZOE
(double-takes)
He's...what?

BARB
Ghosting me.

ZOE
Right...but you were lovingly
rubbing him earlier?

BARB
That was like six hours ago.

ZOE
He's probably busy...talkin'
about...sports...

BARB
No he's definitely with this girl
Layla. That David Lynch-loving,
Eric Clapton-song bitch.

ZOE
Maybe just be glad he chose you to
be one of his muses or whatever.

BARB
I'm not a muse, Zo.

ZOE
I know, I know.

Zoe holds up air-quotes.

BARB
I'm the second-coming of
Andrea Arnold.

ZOE (CONT'D)
(here-we-go-again)
You're the second-coming of
Andrea Arnold.

BARB (CONT'D)
Aw, you do listen to me rant.

ZOE
Barb, I will always listen to you
rant.

BARB
Now take the rest of these with me
because I know something happened
to you today that justifies
drinking.

ZOE
You know, I recently came to the
realization that most of adulthood
is rationalizing alcoholism.

BARB
Cheers to realizations!

Barb holds up her glass and holds one out to Zoe. Zoe grabs a
water bottle and a fresh shot glass. She pours the water in
it.

They clink their glasses together.

EXT. CLAY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

An ancient apartment building with cracked windows, broken
doors, and a faded brown color.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CLAY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

It's a small one-bedroom place. Not a "ghostly" translucent apartment. A real one. With real furniture and everything. Imagine your first apartment moving to a big city when you were 24, except condemned.

Dust on the floorboards. Webs in every corner. Cockroaches crawl on the carpet. A skeleton leans against the wall.

Clay lays back on a couch, ghost-spreading as a scene from an old movie plays on a tiny old glowing TV across from him.

He grabs a picture frame from a nearby table and holds it in his lap. He blows dust off of it that flies into the air. The frame contains a black-and-white photo of a young stage actor in a theatrical costume beside his WIFE (30s).

He admires it, then tosses it aside. He gets up, scratches his butt, and floats through the wall.

INT. ZOE'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Zoe and Barb lay on the floor. Barb rockin' that late-night, on-the-brink-of-sobriety feeling. Zoe rockin' that designated-driver feeling.

BARB

Honestly, how did we get stuck in the dorms for our last year?

ZOE

It was either this or live in a house with those ex-sorority girls who ate a fish from the Koi pond.

BARB

Oh yeah you knew 'em from psych class...

ZOE

Dude everyone in psych claims they wanna spend ten years in school to become a psychologist but ninety percent of them are gonna work at a digital marketing agency.

BARB

Well, everyone in film claims they're gonna be a director but one-hundred percent of them are gonna be homeless.

They both laugh way too hard at themselves and catch their breaths.

BARB (CONT'D)
I wish I could feel like this all the time.

ZOE
Yeah.

Silence. Zoe notices a book under Barb's bed that reads: "How To Kill Ghosts".

ZOE (CONT'D)
Do you...do you think ghosts are real?

BARB
Oh definitely. When I was a kid, I was sleeping in my parents bedroom and I woke up and saw this white floating figure.

ZOE
So you don't think that was just a coincidence. Maybe moonlight reflecting off a window or something?

BARB
No way.

They each take a sip of their drinks.

BARB (CONT'D)
So what was goin' on earlier?

ZOE
Oh uh...I think my anxiety might be manifesting itself in new ways.

BARB
You say that all the time. Please just share something. You never do, with anyone I feel like. Please.

ZOE
Fine! I...met someone alright.

BARB
Oh my god, you hooked up with someone?!

ZOE

Goodnight.

BARB

Manic pixie dream girl or depressed
demon nightmare boy?

ZOE

Goodnight.

Zoe climbs off the floor and plops on her bed face-first.

BARB

Fine. Details later Zoey 1-0-1.
Night.

Barb saunters over to the light switch with a burp along the way. She flips it off.

INT. CLAY'S ROOM, CLAY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Clay picks up a partially broken mirror off the ground. He examines wrinkled ghostly skin. The bags still under his eyes from all the lack of sleep he got as a human.

He tosses it back down on the floor. Some glass flies in there. Doesn't matter.

A KNOCK at the door. He looks up. WILLIS (83, ghost), his surprisingly more-spry roommate stands at the door.

WILLIS

You alright there, old sport?

CLAY

Willis, go to bed.

WILLIS

I just wanted to tell you, someone
saw me today, and they weren't
frightened at all. Maybe people
aren't all that bad.

CLAY

Goodnight.

WILLIS

I love our intimate talks.

Willis leaves.

Clay lays just above his bed and reads a book entitled,
"Choosing Therapy" By Ilyana Romanovsky.

He forces himself to keep his eyes open, but he can't. He dozes off and drops the book on himself. Fast asleep.

INT. MAIN HALL, DREAMERS SENIOR LIVING - MORNING

Zoe scans every corner of the room. She tiptoes through with sunglasses and chugs a bottle of Pedialyte. She reaches an open door and knocks.

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Zoe watches Michelle ever-so-carefully adjust a painting of a tree on a wall. Absolutely maddening.

Zoe knocks. Michelle smacks the painting right off the wall.

MICHELLE

Zoe! You scared me! Wait, did you come here hungover?

ZOE

No, I'm sorry, I wanted to see if I felt cool doing the hangover look but I don't.

Zoe immediately removes the sunglasses and tosses the Pedialyte bottle behind her. Michelle glares at her.

Zoe turns around and picks the bottle up.

MICHELLE

What do you need from me you weirdo.

ZOE

I need you to take me to a blood test.

MICHELLE

Zoe, I can't. I'm swamped here. You're a big girl though. I think you can handle it.

ZOE

Yeah...alright...

MICHELLE

Wait, hang on.

Michelle forages for something on her desk. Michelle tosses a granola bar to Zoe.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Just eat that when you're done.

ZOE
Thanks.

Zoe winks at Michelle.

MICHELLE
Don't wink at me.

Zoe leaves with her new granola friend in hand. Michelle returns to adjusting the painting.

On the opposite side of the wall with the painting, Clay leans his ear against it.

INT. BLOOD TEST LAB ROOM - LATER

Zoe sits upright in the chair with her left arm out. She checks her phone with the right.

ON PHONE SCREEN

MOM & DAD (17) TEXT MESSAGES

ZOE

She puts it away quick. She takes a deep breath. A PHLEBOTOMIST (30s, male) approaches her with a needle.

PHLEBOTOMIST
Just relax. It'll be over before you know it.

Zoe turns her head away from her left arm as far as humanly possible as the Phlebotomist administers the needle. He fills up a few tubes of blood as they chat.

PHLEBOTOMIST (CONT'D)
Got a favorite board game?

ZOE
I don't know, there's too many.

PHLEBOTOMIST
Mine's Settlers of Catan. Really into strategy.

ZOE
I guess I like...Life.

PHLEBOTOMIST

(chuckles)

The most boring game on the planet.

There's nowhere to go from here. They sit in silence.

The Phlebotomist finishes the last tube. He grabs a piece of paper and pen and hands them to her.

PHLEBOTOMIST (CONT'D)

Sooo just sign this guy and you're good to go. See how easy that was?

He wanders away to clean up his station. Zoe grabs the pen and looks down at the paper.

ZOE'S POV:

Dizziness sets in as she signs her name. Everything starts to get blurry and disorienting, but she finishes. Her name looks wonky, but it works.

ZOE

(fast)

Bye thank you.

She speed-walks out of the room.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Zoe stumbles out to a tree. She takes out the granola bar from her pockets and shoves it in her mouth. She leans against it. She falls to the ground, barely holds herself up. Pieces of granola dribble down her face. She hyperventilates.

Clay SWOOPS in and lays her down. He zips through the blood test lab walls. Loud SHRIEKS are heard from all the WORKERS inside. He returns fast with a water bottle.

CLAY

Drink this and lift your legs up.

Zoe takes the bottle. She lifts her legs up in the air with her feet off the ground. She spits out the granola bar and sips the water. This is a little gross, not gonna lie. Like when you watch something where an actor makes the bold choice to have snot from their nose hangin' out.

CLAY (CONT'D)

No! Like you're doing a sit-up!

Zoe gives him a look that communicates she hasn't done a sit-up since middle school P.E..

Subtitle: *I haven't done a sit-up since middle school P.E..*

CLAY (CONT'D)

These kids today, I swear.

Clay pushes her legs down and adjusts them himself. She takes more sips. She lays there for a second.

CLAY (CONT'D)

You love passing out, don't you?

Zoe laughs.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Which college do you go to. I'll take you back.

ZOE

No...uhm...2711 Clearquartz Avenue.

Clay lightly picks her up with both hands and carries her up slow. He soars up into the clouds.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Clay carries Zoe through the clouds. It's breath-taking. Zoe admires it all. She's never felt so calm in her life. Pure zen. She closes her eyes, takes a little nap. Clay notices her and smiles.

EXT. FEINSTEIN HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Clay gently drops her down on the street. He looks both ways. He floats away.

Zoe awakens.

ZOE

That was amazing.

A car HONKS at her. She moves to the sidewalk and they drive by. She looks for Clay. Gone. She heads for her front door.

INT. FEINSTEIN HOUSE

Birthday decorations everywhere. She's confused. She wanders to the backyard.

INT. FEINSTEIN HOUSE BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

PARTY GUESTS surround Charlotte and Rhys. A cake lies before them. Zoe slides in next to Barb.

PARTY GUESTS
Haaaaappy Birthdaaaaaay toooooo
yooouuuu!

They all clap.

BARB
Dude where have you been?

ZOE
Long story. Remind me--whose
birthday is it?

BARB
Are you kidding?

ZOE
No, they do this every month to
defy social constructs.

CHARLOTTE
Oh, our baby girl is here! Yay!

Charlotte and Rhys hug her.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
We were worried sick Honey Bunches
of Oats. Here have a smoothie.

Charlotte shoves another green smoothie in her face.

ZOE
I'm actually off the sauce, Mom.

RHYS
Now I want you to know--I did
remind your mother about our little
agreement that you won't respond
for 72 hours.

ZOE
Let's forget it ever happened,
Happy Birthday.

Zoe hugs her Dad. His toupee moves. He fixes it quickly.

RHYS

Oh thank you my sweet. You should hug your mother though, she's the one turning thirty-nine again.

ZOE

...I know...I just...love you both so much.

Zoe hugs her Mom. Barb shakes her head. Rhys takes their picture with his camera.

EXT. FEINSTEIN HOUSE BACKYARD - LATER

Party guests mingle. Rhys gives Charlotte a gift. She opens it. It's a crystal container of anti-aging cream with "La Crème" written on it.

CHARLOTTE

O-M-G! You got me La Crème?!

Rhys and Charlotte make out intensely.

RANDOM PARTY GUESTS (O.S.)

(yells)

Get a room you two!/I'll join!

Zoe and Barb face the opposite direction as they fill plates with food from two trays on a table. One full of cooked noodles. The other full of cottage cheese.

BARB

Two questions: what are we eating?

ZOE

Noodles with cottage cheese. Jewish slash Eastern European thing.

BARB

Gross. And what's La Crème?

ZOE

Are you kidding? It's only the best anti-aging cream in the world. Everyone knows that.

BARB

Stop projecting.

ZOE

Should've never had you help me study.

BARB

Last one...are they done?

Zoe slurps the noodles with cottage cheese. She turns around and sees her parents are still embracing. Clay pokes his head out from behind them. She spits out the noodles. They make eye contact. She gestures her head towards the street.

BARB (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a no.

ZOE

Sorry, just dealing with newly self-diagnosed schizophrenia.

Zoe sets the plate down and runs out with her phone to her hear as if she's on a call.

Charlotte and Rhys go up to Barb.

RHYS

Where's she going?

CHARLOTTE

She's so busy lately.

BARB

...I think it's a boy.

CHARLOTTE

WHAT?!

RHYS

WHAT?!

Charlotte SLAPS Rhys in the face with excitement.

EXT. FEINSTEIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Zoe walks down the sidewalk. Clay meets her.

ZOE

You can't be in public like this. Everyone already thinks I'm a freak...or they don't think about me at all. Not really sure.

CLAY

Thank you so much Clay, you really saved me back there.

ZOE

Yes, I don't know how you found me but...thank you. Oh, and I have your note.

Zoe hands Clay the suicide note.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Are these supposed to be like the feathers from Assassin's Creed II?

CLAY

English.

ZOE

Collectibles! Like if I find them all, do I get something?

CLAY

No Zoe, there's no prizes. This is reality.

ZOE

...You know you can choose to be positive, just like you're choosing to be negative, right?

CLAY

This is actually why I'm here. I want you to be my therapist.

ZOE

...What.

CLAY

You seem smart, most humans can't bear to look at me, why not?

ZOE

(thinks)

I can't with this right now. Please just go.

Zoe leaves. Clay watches her go and looks off in thought about what she said. He turns towards the street. He waits, then floats forward into the street. A car going way too fast HONKS and SWERVES through his body.

EXT. FEINSTEIN HOUSE BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Zoe strolls back in. Charlotte and Rhys raise their glasses and DING them. All the guests gather 'round.

CHARLOTTE

Hey everyone, thank you for coming again. We just wanted to give a quick toast to our daughter Zoe.

RHYS

We've been informed she finally
lost her virginity and couldn't be
more proud.

Guests snicker and murmur to one another. The eye Zoe. Zoe
can't move. Barb's jaw drops. Zoe immediately looks to her.
Barb mouths "I'm sorry".

CHARLOTTE

And we also heard he's a creative
type, so maybe you'll return to
writing poetry.

RHYS

We always wondered what it'd be
like if she used the life we gave
her to take up a meaningless
creative endeavor.

ZOE

No, this is not okay! How would you
feel if I told everyone you know
when you lost your virginities?

CHARLOTTE

I'd be absolutely flattered.

RHYS

Nothing would bring me more
joy.

Zoe storms out. Charlotte and Rhys watch concerned. Charlotte
takes out La Creme, pours some cream on her arm and rubs it
in. Rhys helps her rub.

INT./EXT. ZOE'S CAR, SIDE OF FREEWAY - NIGHT

Zoe in the front seat. The driver's side light shines on her.
She pokes the side of her neck like before. And reads a
chapter in her textbook entitled "SUICIDE PREVENTION".

ZOE

(whispers)

What am I doing?

A phone notification sound RINGS. She picks up her phone.

ON PHONE SCREEN

She scrolls on an e-mail. It reads:

**THANK YOU FOR APPLYING TO UCLA. WE'VE REVIEWED YOUR
APPLICATION AND REGRET--**

She throws her phone against the floor. She gets up and SMACKS her head on the car door.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

EXT. MRS. CAFFERTY'S ROOM - LATER

Zoe approaches Room 118. She barges in.

INT. MRS. CAFFERTY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Cafferty remains a statue and still gazes out the window. Zoe sits down behind her on the bed.

ZOE

Mrs. Cafferty, please speak to me.
Did you and Mr. Gulbrandson have a
falling out?

MRS. CAFFERTY

Yes.

ZOE

(pauses)
Oh. I'm sorry.

MRS. CAFFERTY

We had a good time together. I
think it was for the best.

Mrs. Cafferty finally moves and lays on her bed. Zoe lays
beside Mrs. Cafferty.

ZOE

How come you didn't answer me
before?

MRS. CAFFERTY

Just tired of being asked if
everything's alright.

Silence.

MRS. CAFFERTY (CONT'D)

Have you ever had a lover, Zoe?

ZOE

I don't think anyone uses "lover"
anymore, Mrs. Cafferty.

MRS. CAFFERTY

Well maybe "lover" can be the new
"vinyl".

ZOE

I'll get to work on that for you.

MRS. CAFFERTY

Zoe, c'mon, I'll be dead in a week, you can tell me anything.

ZOE

Please don't say that. And I would, but we're supposed to avoid forming any true emotional attachments.

MRS. CAFFERTY

That's ridiculous. What are we on this planet for then?

ZOE

Michelle and the volunteers refer to the rule as "The Holden Caulfield Amendment".

MRS. CAFFERTY

Why would you name it after him?

ZOE

At the end of *Catcher in the Rye*, he says something about never talking to anyone to avoid feeling anything towards them.

MRS. CAFFERTY

A role model for young men.

ZOE

I think it's so we don't get depressed.

MRS. CAFFERTY

Let me rephrase it then. Is there anyone you share or have shared a deep connection with?

ZOE

Mrs. Cafferty.

MRS. CAFFERTY

Please, for me.

Zoe fidgets and looks down at her feet. She pauses for a moment and takes a deep breath.

ZOE

I don't know. My roommate and I are just close because of proximity.

(MORE)

ZOE (CONT'D)

No one's come up to me or anything, and I haven't gone up to them either. So, I guess, nobody likes me? No one was really attracted to me in high school. I always thought of myself as someone who was more marriage material, you know what I mean? Like, wait 'til you see me in ten years and then you'll fall in love with me...I guess you could say I'm not looking for love or anything, just that connection you're talking about. I'm fine with it. I don't know. Yeah. Did that answer your question?

Zoe turns to Mrs. Cafferty and discovers her fast asleep.

Zoe tiptoes to the door and squeaks it open. She rests her finger on the light switch, looks at Mrs. Cafferty, and flips the switch. She closes the door delicately.

INT. BINGO ROOM, DREAMERS SENIOR LIVING - MOMENTS LATER

Zoe goes around each table, collects bingo cards and throws them in a big plastic bin.

Clay floats in from the nearby wall to Zoe. Zoe jumps for a second and then snatches a bingo card.

ZOE

I'll never get used to that.

CLAY

No one does.

(pauses)

But I want you to know, I was wrong to come earlier. Sometimes I forget who I am.

ZOE

Honestly, don't worry about it. Everyone I know just betrayed me so, you're a welcome sight.

CLAY

...We're okay then?

ZOE

Yeah...can I ask, what did you used to do, like, when you were alive?

CLAY

Oh...I was a professor. An actor.
On stage. I was a stage actor.

ZOE

A tortured artist with a life is
meaningless worldview. That's a
little hack.

CLAY

Artists steal from who they love.

ZOE

You don't realize you're living the
dream right now, do you?

CLAY

Being trapped for eternity as a
person who led a life full of
regret?

ZOE

Well, I wish I could live forever.

CLAY

Coming from someone who works
around people who just want you to
pull the plug.

ZOE

You'd be surprised. Mr. Rosenberg
is 104 and goin' strong.

CLAY

I'm sure that guy wanted the pain
to stop a long time ago. But your
pals want to prolong his life
because morality says it's "the
right thing to do."

ZOE

Maybe he did, but now he just
enjoys every day he has left. Don't
you like just being able to go like
this--?

Zoe makes a POP sound with her mouth.

ZOE (CONT'D)

It's crazy. We're put on this planet to just do as we please and you, well, I...get so worked up about jobs, money, school, whatever, and we can just stop and go--

Zoe makes the POP sound with her mouth again.

ZOE (CONT'D)

It's one of my favorite things.

Clay moves his lips but fails to make the pop sound. He laughs.

CLAY

I can't do it.

Clay laughs even more. Zoe laughs too as she wanders away carrying bins of bingo cards.

ZOE

So, about the being your therapist thing...I just got rejected from grad school and I think you need a professional.

CLAY

...I don't know if you noticed, but, I'm terrifying. Not a lotta people willing to talk to me. I can tell you're good. Please. You can use me as grad school.

Clay extends his ghostly hand. She looks at it. She goes with it. They mimic a handshake as her hand goes through his.

ZOE

Just an F-Y-I, your new therapist will be working at a Build-A-Bear Workshop in a few months.

CLAY

Expectations are low.

BARB (O.S.)

(yells)

Zoe?

ZOE

Crap. I'll see you later.

CLAY	ZOE (CONT'D)
(whispers)	(whispers)
Maybe she'll--	Not now!

Clay floats straight up into the ceiling.

ZOE (CONT'D)
 (to the ceiling)
 Also, my name's Zoe by the way.
 Never introduced myself.

Zoe rushes out of the room.

INT. MAIN HALL, DREAMERS SENIOR LIVING HOME - CONTINUOUS

Barb, along with Zoe's parents, Charlotte and Rhys, run up to Zoe. Charlotte has a green, rejuvenating face-mask on and Rhys holds his toupee in place.

ZOE
 For future reference, you have to
 check in with Michelle.

BARB
 (catches her breath)
 Zo, Zo-bo, I'm so glad I found you.
 (to Charlotte and Rhys)
 I knew she'd be here.

ZOE
 How'd you know I wouldn't be out
 partying?

Barb, Charlotte, and Rhys all stop and shoot looks at each other. They laugh hysterically together. They wipe tears away. Zoe closes her eyes and waits it out.

CHARLOTTE
 Barb explained to us where we may
 have gone wrong.

RHYS
 Sometimes, we get a little carried
 away. Not often, but sometimes. And
 we're sorry.

CHARLOTTE
 We love you Honey.

ZOE
 (reluctantly)
 Love you too.

Charlotte and Rhys turn to Barb. Then to Zoe. No one moves.

CHARLOTTE

I think we'll leave you for a moment.

RHYS

We've been waiting to tour this place. You know, just to admire where the ancient reside.

Charlotte and Rhys stroll behind them.

BARB

They are really something.

ZOE

Barb, I'm sorry.

BARB

No, stop, I'm sorry. You mentioned this guy, it sort of slipped out, I'm not a good liar, I'm so sorry. Please make me shut up.

Zoe hugs Barb. She laughs. Her laugh grows.

BARB (CONT'D)

(nervous chuckle)

Wha--What's so funny?

ZOE

I don't care. None of it's true anyways. I'm still a virgin.

BARB

Aw, what? Really?

ZOE

Yeah, I just...I got rejected by UCLA.

BARB

Oh...well, you don't need them.

ZOE

Yeah...but why did you tell my parents this fake guy was a creative type?

Barb pulls away from the hug and holds onto Zoe's shoulders.

BARB

I pictured a guy in a beanie with glasses and, as you know, every guy in a beanie with glasses is a creative type.

ZOE

That statement could not be more true.

Barb hugs Zoe again.

BARB

You scared me. Don't do that again, bitch.

ZOE

I won't.

BARB

Mkay, let's get back and discuss how we're gonna get you laid.

Barb and Zoe head for the door. Charlotte and Rhys catch up to Barb and Zoe.

RHYS

Not to be nosy, but I was noticing your hairlines girls, and you may need to see a dermatologist.

BARB

Thank you Mr. Feinstein.

ZOE

Thank you Dad.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Mom, where's your new cream?

CHARLOTTE

I only have to reapply every forty-five minutes.

ZOE

Right, right.

They walk out the doors.

EXT. DREAMERS SENIOR LIVING HOME - CONTINUOUS

Zoe follows Barb and her parents from behind.

ZOE

Just gonna lock up!

Barb and Zoe's parents continue on. Zoe locks the door.

She looks up and spots Clay who peaks his head out from the roof. Clay waves at her and smiles. She smiles back at Clay, who floats back into the building.

Zoe catches up with Barb. She comes to a halt. Barb stops too.

BARB

You okay?

ZOE

I forgot to bring my pee to the doctor again.

BARB

(pauses)

I'm not even gonna ask.

Zoe and Barb stroll on down the street behind Zoe's parents.

INT. MRS. CAFFERTY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A VHS sleeve of the 1995 movie, "Casper", lays on the floor.

The scene when Casper the Friendly Ghost and Christina Ricci first meet plays on the little TV screen.

Clay slumps over on the bed beside a sound-asleep Mrs. Cafferty in darkness. Only lit by the light of the TV.

Clay watches Casper.

CLAY

Totally unrealistic...a ghost
wouldn't be this full of joy.
Right, Jules?

He turns and looks over at Mrs. Cafferty. He watches her sleep for a moment.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Still wearin' this, huh...

He feels the WEDDING RING on her finger. He kisses her on the cheek.

He grabs the remote and switches the TV off.

END OF SHOW