dead people

pilot by tom kapinos
FROM THE BLACK

A needle drops onto vinyl in mid-riff -- the Gaslight Anthem’s cover of “Baba O’Riley.” And then, just as abruptly, as if someone suddenly remembers to turn on the camera at the last minute, we are:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- DAY

Where a beat-to-shit CAB tears ass through a nasty snarl of downtown traffic.

INSIDE THE CAB

Behind the wheel, FLOYD HALE (27), our hero.

So to speak.

Floyd’s been kicked in the ass by life, taken a few sucker punches to the soul, but he still greets the day with a wink and a pirate’s smile.

He’s sipping a Big Gulp and singing along to the radio as he weaves in and out of traffic.

In the back, WALL STREET GUY spews douchey jargon into his phone, making faces as he’s thrown about the cab.

    WALL STREET
    Good god, man, take it easy!

    FLOYD
    Sorry, pal, just trying to be expedient. You strike me as a man of great import. Wouldn’t want you to be late for anything.

    WALL STREET
    Can you turn the music down?

    FLOYD
    Sure, but you know what they say...

    WALL STREET
    No, what do they say?

    FLOYD
    If it’s too loud, you’re too old.
WALL STREET
Very clever.
(on the phone)
Sorry, turns out my cab driver is a poet and a philosopher...

Floyd registers the rudeness, arrives at the destination, screeches to a stop.

FLOYD
Here you go, master of the universe. Just in time to make shit happen.

Guy throws a crumpled bill up front. Floyd fishes it off the floor and unfolds a twenty. He looks at the meter -- $19.85.

FLOYD (CONT’D)
Really, dude?

Wall Street smiles, clearly a dick.

WALL STREET
I’m sorry... dude... were you expecting a gratuity? Wait, let me see what I have...
(looks through wallet)
Oh, here you go, here’s a tip -- get a real job. Loser.

Floyd chuckles, roots around on the messy passenger seat.

FLOYD
Let’s settle this like men, shall we?

He produces a plastic water pistol and points it at the guy.

FLOYD (CONT’D)
Get out of my cab.

WALL STREET
You wouldn’t dare.

FLOYD
You’re right. I wouldn’t. I shouldn’t. Super childish of me. I should get a real job. Or... I could shoot you in the dick!

Floyd opens fire on Wall Street’s crotch, quickly driving him out of the cab. Pleased with himself, he fires a couple of shots into his own mouth before pulling away.
He turns a corner and parks. Flips on the “Off-Duty” sign and pulls down his visor, revealing A FADED PICTURE OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN. Mid-twenties. Luminous. This is PEARL. He kisses his fingers, presses them to the picture.

FLOYD (CONT’D)

He produces a joint from behind his ear. Lights up. Takes a deep hit. Relaxes. He pops open a cooler on the floor, pulls out a bottle of vodka. Pours a generous amount into a martini shaker. Adds some ice and a splash of vermouth. Shake-shake-shakes to the rhythm of the radio. He’s got this shit down to a science. Finally, he pours the makeshift martini into his ice-filled Big Gulp cup. Throws in a handful of olives. Takes a sip. Perfection achieved.

He leans back, closes his eyes and drifts away...

Next thing he knows, the back door is yanked open and a YOUNG HIPSTER COUPLE kisses their way into the cab.

FLOYD (CONT’D)
Whoa! Not so fast, good-timers! Off-duty!

HIPSTER GUY
Come on, man -- can’t you just take us to the Ace?

HIPSTER GIRL
Please?! We’re big tippers!

These two are clearly in need of a room. Floyd softens.

FLOYD
Sure, anything for love. And a big tip.

He drives off. Guy and girl start to suck face. They’re practically devouring each other back there. Floyd watches them in the rearview. He smiles, wistful.

FLOYD (CONT’D)
That sure looks familiar. Once upon a time, I was just like you guys. Footloose. Fancy-free. Not a care in the world. Then I fell in love. Absolutely destroyed me. Emotional napalm. Scorched heart.

(MORE)
SO ENJOY IT WHILE IT LASTS, FRIENDS. USE PROTECTION. CONDOMS, DENTAL DAMS... MOMMY DESERVES TO GET HERS TOO, YOU KNOW...

They continue to kiss, oblivious to his monologue. Floyd arrives at the hotel. Jerks to a stop. Guy and girl quickly hand him a scattered pile of bills and scurry out. Floyd counts it all up. Rolls down his window and yells:

FLOYD (CONT’D)
YOU CALL THIS A BIG TIP?!

Disgusted, he pulls out into traffic. Continues to smoke his joint. He needs to relight. Does so. Burns his fingers in the process. Drops the joint. Fucksness.

He fumbles around for it, spilling his Big Gulpotini...

One hand on the wheel, one bloodshot eye on the road, he reaches down to find the joint. Feels around. Finds it.

CAR HORNS BLARE --

Floyd looks up just in time to RUN A RED LIGHT...

And T-BONE A POLICE CAR in the process --

It’s bad.

As Floyd goes FLYING out the window, everything goes WHITE...

EXT. BEACH -- SUNSET

Floyd wakes up on the sand in front of a luxurious oceanfront home. He gets up and walks...

INT. OCEANFRONT HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Curtains billowing. Candles everywhere. Turns out the afterlife looks a lot like a Malibu beach house. Floyd finds PEARL (the girl from the picture) in bed, tangled up in the silky white sheets. She smiles, beckons him over, a hit of pure sin-shine. As he falls into bed with her...

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Floyd rejoins the land of the living with a huge sucking gasp of air. Thanks to an EMT and his massive adrenaline needle.
EMT
Hey there, sleeping beauty! Talk to me! How ya feeling?

Floyd looks around, dazed and confused, trying to get his bearings.

FLOYD
Wait... so I’m alive...?

EMT
You are now. We lost ya for a minute there. A couple, actually.

Floyd sighs, disgusted. He feels like a kid waking up to dream about Christmas in the middle of July.

FLOYD
Makes sense. Things were actually looking up for a minute there.

A COP approaches. The one whose car he T-boned.

COP
How’s he doing?

EMT
He’s okay. Lucky to be alive.

COP
So glad to hear it.

That said, the cop slaps some CUFFS on him --

FLOYD
(sighs)
Yep. That’s me. One lucky bastard...

As they load him into an ambulance, Floyd nods off...

INT. A BEDROOM SOMEWHERE -- DAY

...and when he wakes up, Floyd is in a comfy cozy bed. There’s an air horn on the night stand. He blasts it. Again. His long-suffering girlfriend MISSY enters in a huff. If Missy seems like a stripper, well, that’s because she’s a stripper. And she’s all gussied-up for work.

MISSY
What now, Floyd?
FLOYD
What are you thinking for lunch?
I’m feeling a bit peckish.

MISSY
I have to work.

FLOYD
Can’t you just stay home and dance
for me? I need your help
convalescing.

MISSY
Floyd, you’re fine. The doctor
said to rest up for a couple weeks.
It’s been three.

FLOYD
I had a near-death experience,
Missy. I was dead for two minutes!
Two whole minutes! I saw the
light. I saw Pearl! I got into
bed with her! We were about to do
it!

A moment. Missy boils over.

MISSY
Okay, that’s it! We’re done!

FLOYD
No we’re not!

MISSY
Yes we are! I’m breaking up with
you, Floyd!

FLOYD
I’m sorry, I don’t accept your
breakup.

MISSY
Accept it! This is over!

FLOYD
But why?!

MISSY
We haven’t evolved.

FLOYD
(scoffs)
Please. Evolution is highly
overrated.

(MORE)
Some of my favorite bands have never evolved. AC/DC has put out the same album for over forty years and I love them for it. Don’t go changin’ for the sake of change. I’ll miss you, Missy.

MISSY
You’ll miss my boobs, maybe.

FLOYD
You say that like it’s no big deal. Your boobs are magnificent. Best boobs ever. Seriously.

MISSY
I’m more than my boobs, Floyd.

FLOYD
Of course you are. All of your parts are incredible. Your body truly is a wonderland. John Mayer. Respect.

MISSY
You know, I can live with the fact that you drive a cab... that you’re wasting your God-given talent...

FLOYD
What talent is that?

MISSY
You’re a genius musician, Floyd!

FLOYD
Aww, such sweet hyperbole...

MISSY
But I’m sick and tired of playing second fiddle to a dead woman.

FLOYD
That’s not true at all...

MISSY
Floyd, you had a wife, and she died. Which is, like, so, so sad. But it happens to a lot of people in the world. And these people, they mourn and move on with their lives. Just like I’m doing with mine. Good-bye, Floyd.
She hugs him. He lingers.

FLOYD  
Hey, what if...? Could I...  
maybe... just see them...? One  
last time...?

Missy sighs, disgusted, but she quickly flashes him.

MISSY  
There, ya happy?

Floyd smiles, happy.

MISSY (CONT’D)  
(as she goes)  
Now please be out of here by the  
time I get home.

Floyd frowns, unhappy.

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

Massive and sprawling. Folks are dying to get in here.

Floyd pulls up in his battered cab. Gets out. Looks a  
little hungover. He’s holding flowers and a six-pack. He  
finds Pearl’s grave. Gently arranges the flowers. Opens a  
beer. Pours some on the ground.

FLOYD  
Cheers, my love...  
(them)  
Sorry I haven’t visited in awhile,  
but I got into this nasty car  
accident. Yeah, so that happened.  
I guess you could say these are the  
first days of the rest of my life  
and I should probably begin the  
Herculean task of moving on. It’s  
just been so hard without you...

PEARL (O.S.)  
Oh, baby, I know...

Floyd turns. Pearl is there. In the flesh.

For the record, Pearl appears completely real and natural.  
There is nothing spectral about her. The only thing odd is  
how she dresses, which is somewhat anachronistic. Very  
funky, bohemian, rock ‘n’ roll.
PEARL (CONT’D)

Don’t be freaked.

FLOYD
Easy for you to say...

She smiles, moves closer to him.

Freaked, Floyd backs away from her and trips on the wet headstone. He SLIPS -- FALLS DOWN. Scrambles to get up, RUNS. Slips again. FALLS. Someone GRABS him. He SCREAMS -- And looks up to see an IRATE OLD WOMAN looming over him...

OLD WOMAN
Hey, get off my husband’s grave!
Get up, you bum!

Floyd climbs to his feet. He looks around, disoriented. No sign of Pearl. None at all. He starts to head towards his cab. Thinks twice and comes back for the remains of his abandoned six-pack. The old woman shoots him a dirty look.

He offers her a beer in a make-nice gesture. She scowls.

FLOYD
Sorry about all that. Thought I saw a dead person.

That said, he gets in his cab and drives off --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

INT. GRUNGY-COOL DIVE BAR -- NIGHT

Floyd self-medicates in a crowded bar. He keeps looking at the front door. Like he’s waiting for someone. He catches a glimpse of a PRETTY GIRL across the room. A girl who looks like Pearl. She’s feeding the jukebox. She looks up, smiles at him. The resemblance is unnerving.

He’s about to get up and go over to her when his best friend DOUG arrives. Doug is a successful attorney -- a young Harold Ramis to Floyd’s misanthropic Bill Murray. Floyd looks for Pearl again, but she’s gone. He shakes it off.

FLOYD
Dude! What took you so long?!

DOUG
I do have a job, you know.

FLOYD
I know. It’s probably the least attractive thing about you. My best friend in the whole wide world -- a common suit.

DOUG
Enough about me and my deep uncool. Tell me your troubles, pal.

FLOYD
I saw her, Dougie.

DOUG
Who?

FLOYD
Pearl.

DOUG
In your dreams? That’s totally normal. Perfectly understandable.

FLOYD
At the cemetery. By her grave.

DOUG
Okay, less normal. (off his look) Come on, buddy, don’t do this.
FLOYD
Don’t do what?! We talked!

DOUG
Oh, you talked! Excellent! What’d you guys chat about?

FLOYD
Well, she pretty much just told me not to be freaked.

DOUG
That was nice of her. Very considerate. Then what?

FLOYD
She tried to kiss me, but I got all freaked out and I slipped on her headstone. I had poured some beer out -- you know, like in honor of a fallen homie -- but when I was backing up, I slipped --

DOUG
-- Aha! Suddenly everything snaps into sharp focus!

FLOYD
Oh, so you think I’m imagining things.

DOUG
No, I think you’re being visited by your dead wife.

FLOYD
Thank you. I knew there was a reason we were still friends.

DOUG
Of course I think you’re imagining things! And why wouldn’t you? You almost died last month!

FLOYD
I did die! For two minutes! For 120 seconds I was between this world and the next!

DOUG
Right! So why are you even out of the house right now?! You should go back to Missy’s right now and rest up. I’ll get the check.
FLOYD
Of course you will. But I can’t. She broke up with me.

DOUG
Really?
(off his nod)
God, I’m gonna miss those boobs.

Floyd nods, grim. A moment of silent reverie. They clink glasses. Floyd downs his drink in one fell gulp. Thinks.

FLOYD
You know what else I’m going to miss about Missy?

DOUG
What’s that?

FLOYD
Her apartment.

Floyd fixes a wary Doug with a meaningful look.

DOUG
Why don’t you just go home? It might be good for you. Closure.

FLOYD
Nope. Not gonna do it. You can’t make me.

DOUG
(sighs)
How long?

FLOYD
Hard to say, really. Until I get super smelly and annoying and your wife wants to have me killed?

A song comes on. Floyd reacts. Immediately wants to go.

DOUG
Of course, buddy. Mi casa, su casa. Until Georgie has me killed. Then you’re on your own.

FLOYD
Can we go?

DOUG
Can I finish my drink?
FLOYD
No, they’re playing our song.

DOUG
We have a song?

FLOYD
Not our song, dummy. The one I wrote for Pearl. Or maybe she’s playing it for me. Maybe this is a sign.

Floyd hustles out of there. Doug sighs, throws some cash down and follows.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE -- NIGHT

Floyd and Doug approach Doug’s townhouse -- a warm, glowing example of the life well-lived...

DOUG
They’re playing a bunch of nights at the Beacon, by the way.

FLOYD
So?

DOUG
You should go. Say hello. Be the bigger man.

FLOYD
Okay then, tomorrow’s another day! My boy needs his beauty sleep!

DOUG
What I need, Douglas, is a nightcap.

DOUG
Sorry, buddy, we’re dry during the week.

FLOYD
Dry? What the hell does that mean? I’m familiar with the word -- I recognize it as English -- but I don’t understand how you’re using it in this context.
DOUG
Georgie doesn’t appreciate me drinking during the week, so we don’t keep any booze in the house.

FLOYD
What the hell has happened to you?

DOUG
This from the guy who’s about to crash on my couch because his stripper girlfriend dumped his cab-driving ass.

FLOYD
That sounds way cooler.

DOUG
Whatever. Happy wife, happy life.

FLOYD
Interesting. I prefer “dead wife, crappy life,” but I guess that doesn’t have the same ring to it.

DOUG
No, it really doesn’t. Kinda morbid, actually.

FLOYD
Damn, you know how much I like a nightcap.

DOUG
Almost as much as a daycap.

FLOYD
Come on now — don’t be getting on me about my day-drinking.

DOUG
Who’s getting on you? Go get yourself a nightcap. There’s a liquor store on the corner. I’ll go sweet-talk my wife and get the kids ready for Uncle Floyd.

FLOYD
Cool. I’ve missed those midgets.
(then)
Hey, can I borrow a few bucks? I’m a little light.
EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Floyd exits the liquor store, pleased as punch.

Big commotion up the street. An accident of some kind. Traffic backed up. A CITY BUS is stopped. LOOKY-LOOS everywhere. PARAMEDICS working on a BODY.

But Floyd isn’t paying much attention because he’s just realized that he’s across the street from...

THE BEACON THEATRE

Where his old band, SOULSHINE, is doing a string of dates. RABID FANS waiting in line. Floyd watches from across the street. Seems like a lifetime ago. He can’t believe how far he’s fallen. A VOICE interrupts his reverie:

GUY’S VOICE
You like those guys?

Floyd looks. A schlubby, baby-faced 25-year-old tech nerd in a hoodie is standing next to him. This is ANDREW LUCKEY.

FLOYD
It’s complicated. You?

ANDREW
Yeah, they’re pretty cool. Last album was kinda lame, but the old stuff is killer.

FLOYD
Copy that.

(then)
I used to be in that band.

ANDREW
Yeah, right.

FLOYD
I’m serious. I was the original guitar player. Co-wrote all that early killer stuff.

ANDREW
Really? You’re kidding! What happened?
FLOYD
Well, I fell in love with the singer’s girlfriend, which, as you might imagine, created some problems. I either stormed off or got sacked. Depends who you ask and how high they are at the time.

ANDREW
Is there any money in music anymore?

FLOYD
If you get where they are, sure. But no one even wants to be a rock star anymore. They just want to create apps.

ANDREW
Yeah, that’s how I made all my money. The tech world. I was worth an estimated $200 million.

FLOYD
Past tense? What happened?

ANDREW
I just got hit by a bus.

FLOYD
(this guy’s crazy)
Oh yeah? You wear it well...

ANDREW
It’s so weird. All the b.s. just melts away. I was so rich and now it doesn’t matter in the slightest. I totally wasted my life.

Floyd is starting to get weirded-out.

FLOYD
Hey, do you need me to call someone for you?

ANDREW
They tried to help me, but it was too late.

FLOYD
You’re not making any sense.

ANDREW
I got hit by a bus.
ANDREW (CONT’D)
I tried talking to people on the street, but they couldn’t see me. How come you can?

FLOYD
Whatever, dude... I gotta go.

Floyd starts to walk off. Andrew calls out to him.

ANDREW
Hey, I need your help!

FLOYD
Yeah, you need help all right!

Floyd walks briskly past the scene of the accident. Sees a body being put into the back of an ambulance. Notices a sneaker sticking out. Looks back at Andrew. Looks like the same sneaker. Andrew lifts his leg in the air.

ANDREW (calls out)
See?!! What’d I tell you?!

Floyd chalks it up to coincidence and keeps going.

EXT. DOUG’S PLACE -- NIGHT

Floyd hustles up the steps, eager to put this day behind him and start drinking to forget. Then:

A GIRL’S VOICE (O.S.)
Floyd!

Which chills him to the bone. Because he knows that voice all too well. It belongs to...
PEARL

Who is standing across the street. Floyd closes his eyes. Counts to ten. Fast.

FLOYD
This isn’t happening...

He opens them again. She’s still there.

And walking towards him now...

Floyd turns and scrambles up the steps. Slips. Falls. Hits his head. Boom.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. DOUG’S PLACE - MORNING

Floyd is passed out on the couch with a bottle of red wine, bruised and battered from last night’s fall.

A woman’s hand gently wakes him. Floyd opens his eyes. Looks up. Sees Pearl in a hazy glow of morning light. He smiles, reaches up, pulls her into a deep kiss.

Strangely, though, Pearl resists and shoves him off. That’s because it’s not Pearl at all. It’s Doug’s wife, GEORGIE. Very smart, pretty, no-nonsense. And currently quite pissed.

GEORGIE
Floyd! What are you doing?!

FLOYD
Georgie! I’m so sorry! I thought you were Pearl!

GEORGIE
Points for passion, Floyd, but you should really brush your teeth before you go to bed at night.

FLOYD
Sorry! For what it’s worth, you have really soft lips!

Georgie walks out, gagging, crossing paths with Doug, who’s getting dressed for work. He quickly reads the room.

DOUG
What happened? What’d you do?

FLOYD
I kissed your wife.

DOUG
Was there tongue?

FLOYD
I’m afraid so.

DOUG
Why, Floyd? Why?!

FLOYD
I thought she was Pearl.

Doug looks closer, notices the bruising.
DOUG
Jesus, what happened to your face?

FLOYD
I fell again! I told you, I’m like an old person!

DOUG
(sighs)
I’m really worried about you, man. Honestly, I haven’t been this worried about you since the last time I said I was this worried about you. And that was a lot worried.

FLOYD
I know it sounds crazy, but I saw her again.

DOUG
Maybe you need an MRI.

FLOYD
I saw someone else, too.

DOUG
Who?

FLOYD
This guy who may or may not have been hit by a bus.
(then)
I’m seeing dead people, Dougie! It’s freaking me out!

DOUG
You’re not seeing dead people, Floyd.

FLOYD
I’m not?

DOUG
No, you’re just going through a tough time. You lost your wife, your career, the accident... this is just your brain’s way of screwing with you.

FLOYD
You’re totally right about what a mess I am right now, but I still think I’m seeing dead people.
INT. FLOYD’S CAB -- DRIVING -- DAY

Floyd is driving. He keeps checking the rearview, half-expecting to see Pearl sitting in the back seat. Someone’s hailing a cab. Floyd slows to a stop. Guy gets in.

ANDREW
Why is it you can see me?

Floyd looks -- Andrew Luckey is sitting in the back seat.

FLOYD
Jesus! You again?!

ANDREW
You’re not a very empathetic person, you know that?

FLOYD
I can’t see you, okay? Watch.

Floyd closes his eyes. Opens them. Now Andrew is up front, next to him on the passenger side. Floyd jumps, startled.

FLOYD (CONT’D)
I’m so sick of this. I just wanna close my eyes and never wake up.

ANDREW
Hey, you should be ashamed of yourself. You’re lucky to be alive.

FLOYD
Don’t talk to me about luck. You don’t know anything about me.

ANDREW
I need your help.

FLOYD
No. Absolutely not.

ANDREW
My wife’s in trouble.

FLOYD
Oh yeah? My wife’s dead. That trumps trouble.

ANDREW
She’s a supermodel and she’s been having an affair with her yoga instructor. Such a cliche, I know.
FLOYD
Hey, cliches are cliches for a reason. Because they work. Like old blues riffs.

ANDREW
I hired someone to kill her.

FLOYD
What? Well, that’s a little extreme, don’t you think?

ANDREW
I thought about doing it myself, but I knew I didn’t have the stomach for it. So I hired this crazy tweaker to do it for me.

Floyd starts to beat his head against the steering wheel.

ANDREW (CONT’D)
I worked all the time. I couldn’t keep up with her. Please help me. I love her so much. I realize that now. I just want her to be happy. You gotta help me stop what I set in motion. Someone’s going to kill her!

FLOYD
Please get out of my cab. I can’t help you. I can’t even help myself right now.

Andrew doesn’t budge.

FLOYD (CONT’D)
Okay, if you’re not going. I’m going. Enjoy the movie.

Floyd closes his eyes. When he opens them, Andrew is gone.

INT. DOUG’S PLACE -- DAY

Floyd is once again passed out on the couch with a bottle when something wakes him. A giggle. A female giggle. He looks around. Nothing. Then:

PEARL (O.S.)
Boo!

Which scares the shit out of him. He turns, sees Pearl standing behind the couch.
PEARL (CONT’D)
Hello again.

FLOYD
I thought I imagined you...

She comes over and sits on his lap.

PEARL
Does it feel like you’re imagining this?

FLOYD
No. Why is this happening...?

PEARL
Are you going to let me kiss you this time?

FLOYD
I guess it would be rude of me not to.

PEARL
Totally rude. Classless. (kisses him)
Does that feel like a dream?

FLOYD
Best dream ever.

She takes off her shirt...

FLOYD (CONT’D)
Getting better all the time.

He takes off his shirt...

FLOYD (CONT’D)
God, I’ve missed you...

They start to make out. Floyd gets so into it that he fails to hear Georgie and the twins -- DUSTY and SAM -- enter the house. They walk into the living room. Dusty is playing with her iPod Touch.

THEIR POV

A shirtless Floyd is making out and groping an invisible partner. It looks very odd. Very odd indeed.

DUSTY
Mommy, what is Uncle Floyd doing?
SAM
I think he’s kissing and touching boobies.

GEORGIE
(clears her throat)
Floyd!

Floyd turns, sees Georgie and the kids staring at him. Dusty is filming it with her iPod Touch.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Floyd rings a buzzer. Missy comes to the door. Frowns.

MISSY
What do you want, Floyd?

FLOYD
Can I crash?

MISSY
What about Doug?

FLOYD
It would appear that I’ve obliterated my welcome over there. Please? Pretty please? I just need a decent night’s sleep.

MISSY
No funny business.

FLOYD
No funny business. I promise. That’s so not what I’m into right now.

(off her look)
I mean, I’d be down if you were, but I know you’re not that warm for my form right now, so I’m trying to respect your wishes.

MISSY
Thank you. And it’s not that I’m not attracted to you -- it’s just that I don’t see a future for us. So no funny business.

FLOYD
No funny business. Scout’s honor.
MISSY
Some scout.

But she lets him in.

INT. MISSY’S PLACE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Floyd is wide awake next to a sleeping Missy. He’s staring up at the ceiling. Missy flips over. Her boobs practically land on his head and her hand falls in the general vicinity of his nether regions. Half-asleep, she starts to rub up against him. Floyd tries to move away, but she persists.

FLOYD
Yeah, hey, not that I’m complaining necessarily, but I think this probably qualifies as funny business.

MISSY
(sleepy)
Sleepy sex doesn’t count...

FLOYD
I like the way you think...

She kisses him. They start to get into it. At some point, Floyd looks and sees Pearl standing at the foot of the bed, arms crossed, none too happy.

PEARL
I can’t believe you’re going to do this after you were intimate with me today.

FLOYD
What are you talking about?!

MISSY
I didn’t say anything.

PEARL
You’re visited by the dead love of your life and you’re already in bed with someone else?

FLOYD
Do you have a place I can stay?

PEARL
What about our home?
FLOYD
I can’t go back there! Too many memories!

MISSY
Back where? There? Is this dirty talk?

FLOYD
Sorry, I wasn’t talking to you.

PEARL
You can do way better, Floyd.

FLOYD
Hey, she’s been very good to me.

MISSY
Who?

FLOYD
You!

MISSY
I know I’ve been good to you. Too good.

PEARL
She can’t even spell “good.”

FLOYD
Stop it. She can spell good. Real good.

MISSY
Who are you talking to?!

Floyd looks -- Pearl is gone.

FLOYD
Look, I know this is gonna sound all kinds of strange, but sometimes I have these conversations in my head.

MISSY
With who?
(off his look)
Her?

FLOYD
Yes, her. Pearl.
MISSY
While you’re intimate with me?!

FLOYD
Not typically.

MISSY
This is exactly what I’m talking about, Floyd! I will always come second to that woman! Get out! Get the hell out!

Floyd gets up and goes.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE -- NIGHT
We zero in on Floyd’s cab crossing...

INT. FLOYD’S CAB -- DRIVING -- SAME
Floyd is miserable. He looks like he’s losing his mind.

PEARL (O.S.)
I always loved the bridge at night...

He looks -- Pearl is sitting in the back seat.

PEARL (CONT’D)
Sorry for making a scene back there.

FLOYD
Did I die? Am I in a coma? Is this some crazy fever dream?

PEARL
That would make way more sense, right?

FLOYD
Totally. I’ve had a rough time of it lately. Maybe I’m still in the hospital...

PEARL
Or you could be having a dream about having a dream.

FLOYD
Right! Because...
PEARL
“Dreams are weird, dude.” That’s what you’d say every time --

FLOYD
-- You’d wake me up and tell me about a bad dream. Which was, like, a lot.

PEARL
(smiles)
You remembered.

FLOYD
I remember everything.

A moment as Pearl smiles.

FLOYD (CONT'D)
So what are you? A ghost? I’m seeing ghosts now?

PEARL
Think about it, honey. They brought you back from the dead. You were gone. You remember seeing me, right?

FLOYD
Yes! It was like that place we stayed in Malibu that time. And I was so happy. Then that pesky EMT had to go and harsh all over my buzz.

PEARL
(smiles)
I miss your sense of humor.

FLOYD
Where are you exactly?

PEARL
(shrugs)
I’m just... around.

FLOYD
So what’s the deal?

PEARL
What do you mean?
FLOYD
What do you mean what do I mean?!
You know... Heaven, Hell... what’s
the deal? How does it all work?

PEARL
Oh, you want to know the rules?
Well, I can go anywhere I want. I
can check in on you, I can go see
what my parents are up to. It’s
like lurking on Facebook, but way
cooler. You can’t summon me or
anything. It doesn’t work that
way. I get the sense I’m supposed
to go somewhere. Eventually. But
some of us just sort of stick
around. The ones with unfinished
business...

FLOYD
Hey, I have an idea.

PEARL
What’s that?

FLOYD
Why don’t I just join you?

PEARL
Don’t talk like that, Floyd.

FLOYD
I’m serious. Given the choice
between seeing dead people all the
time and spending eternity with
you, I know which way I’m going.

Floyd stops the cab in the middle of the bridge. Car horns
start to honk. He gets out...

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS
...strides toward the railing. Pearl appears next to him.

PEARL
Don’t you dare!

FLOYD
Why not? I can’t spend the rest
of my life doing this!
PEARL
Hey, there’s no guarantee we get to spend eternity together!

FLOYD
I’ll take my chances.

An UNMARKED POLICE CAR headed in the opposite direction pulls over. Bubble lights flashing. A WOMAN gets out. A beautiful woman. Her name is CHARLY CAIN (late-20s). She’s tough, no-nonsense, sexy as hell -- and she hates traffic.

CHARLY
Hey!

FLOYD
Go away!

CHARLY
Can I talk to you for a second?

FLOYD
I’d prefer not to talk right now.

CHARLY
Look, I love this bridge, and I hate it when jumpers give it a bad name.

FLOYD
Sorry, I’ll be quick about it.

CHARLY
I’m just getting off work and I’m on my way to a blind date. You’re really screwing with my plans.

PEARL
Someone’s a little bitchy.

FLOYD
(smiles)
You said it.

CHARLY
Said what?

FLOYD
Nothing, sorry.

CHARLY
How do I look?
FLOYD
How do you look?

CHARLY
For my blind date.

FLOYD
You look... pretty hot, actually. Why are you going on blind dates? How are you single? You must be hugely damaged.

PEARL
Hey, quit flirting.

FLOYD
I’m not flirting. And she’s just trying to take my mind off jumping.

CHARLY
(confused)
I didn’t say you were flirting.

FLOYD
Sorry.

PEARL
And while we’re on the subject, I can’t believe you told that skanky stripper she had the best boobs ever. You used to tell me that.

FLOYD
Hey, I just wanted to make the poor girl feel good. Because I obviously made her feel not-so-good over the course of our time together. Because I was so hung up on you. So in a way it’s all a huge compliment to you and your incredible boobs.

CHARLY
Excuse me?

FLOYD

CHARLY
You said something about my boobs.

FLOYD
No I didn’t.
CHARLY
You said “your incredible boobs.”

FLOYD
My incredible boobs? Thank you! Yours are lovely as well.

At this point, Charly has moved closer. She smiles.

CHARLY
You’re a real charmer, you know that?

FLOYD
I have heard that before.

CHARLY
So what do you say we get you the hell out of here...?

FLOYD
I’ll think about it.

CHARLY
Cool, you think about it --

Charly quickly PUNCHES Floyd in the face, stunning him.

FLOYD
Ow! That hurts! Why’d you do that?!

CHARLY
Couldn’t risk letting you jump and creating a huge traffic jam. I hate traffic jams.

Next thing he knows, he’s handcuffed. He looks at Pearl.

PEARL
I like her.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Floyd sits opposite Charly and an OLDER MALE HOMICIDE DETECTIVE, a real tough old school bulldog of a cop.

CHARLY
So you recently had a near-death experience and now you keep seeing your dead wife?

FLOYD
Yes. And another guy. And I am fully aware of just how bonkers that sounds. But it’s the truth. I said it, I meant it, I’m here to represent it.

(then)
And I’m very sorry I screwed up your blind date.

CHARLY
Never apologize for giving a girl an excuse to bail on a blind date.

Floyd looks at the old guy, whose stare is unnerving.

FLOYD
Is he ever going to say anything? Or is this some kind of weird, creepy Hot Cop/Silent Cop routine you guys are working on?

A beat. Charly looks next to her, shakes her head. She gets up and walks out, leaving Floyd alone with the old guy, who fixes him with a look and says in a gruff voice:

OLD DETECTIVE
You can see me?

FLOYD
Here we go... 

OLD DETECTIVE
I’m dead.

FLOYD
Stop it. 

(then)
Ya know what, hold on a second...
Floyd takes his phone out and attempts to take a picture of the old guy, but he sees nothing through the viewfinder.

FLOYD (CONT’D)
Whoa. That’s trippy...

OLD DETECTIVE
That’s my little girl. She’s a firecracker, huh?

FLOYD
One way to put it.

OLD DETECTIVE
Stubborn, too. We were busy not talking to each other when I had a massive coronary event.

FLOYD
Hate it when that happens. Sorry.

OLD DETECTIVE
I treated my body like a garbage can. Paid the price. Watch what you eat, kid.

FLOYD
Will do, thanks.

OLD DETECTIVE
She’s had a tough year. Beating herself up for us being estranged. Never got to say goodbye. Never got to tell her how proud I was. Am. She followed in my footsteps. She’s doing a damn fine job. I wrote her this letter once. Never mailed it. I need her to read it. It’s full of all the stuff I could never say out loud. You gotta tell her where I hid it. It’s in my study, behind the picture of her graduating from the academy. Just tell her, okay?

FLOYD
I think she might hit me.

OLD DETECTIVE
Yeah, she’s a tough cookie. A little too tough maybe. All work, no fun. Doesn’t let anyone in. Pretty much gave up her twenties to get where she is today.

(MORE)
OLD DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Wish I could tell her it’s about
the journey, not the destination.
’Cause she’s missing out.

Charly comes back in.

CHARLY
Your lawyer’s here. He bailed you out.

FLOYD
Great, groovy, thank you.

Floyd looks at the Old Guy, who mouths, “Tell her.”

FLOYD (CONT’D)
No, I’m not gonna tell her.

CHARLY
Tell me what?

FLOYD
Hey, so this is going to sound pretty nuts...

CHARLY
As opposed to everything else you’ve been saying? This I gotta hear.

FLOYD
(mumbles)
He wrote you a letter.

CHARLY
What?

FLOYD
He wrote you a letter.

CHARLY
Who...?

FLOYD
(winces)
Your old man.

Charly’s eyes narrow. She’s getting pissed.

FLOYD (CONT’D)
You’re gonna hit me, aren’t you?

CHARLY
Definitely thinking about it...
FLOYD
Don’t hit the messenger. Not yet. He wants you to read it. Apparently it’s full of all the stuff he could never say out loud. It’s in his study, behind the picture of you graduating from the academy.

CHARLY
How could you possibly know that?

FLOYD
What do you want me to say? Sometimes the simplest answer is the craziest one.

CHARLY
If you’re messing with me...

FLOYD
Then I truly am bananas. And you can feel free to kick my ass all over the five boroughs. But if it’s there, what am I then...?

Off Charly...

EXT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

Floyd walks out to find Doug waiting for him. He’s got his acoustic guitar with him.

FLOYD
Kinda makes you wonder.

DOUG
What?

FLOYD
How many times a guy can say thank you and I’m sorry and still mean it.

DOUG
I don’t know. But I have a feeling we’re going to find out.

FLOYD
But I do mean it, you know. Thank you. And I’m sorry.
DOUG
I’m just worried about you, buddy.

FLOYD
Hey, I’m worried about me, buddy.
(then)
How’s Georgie and the kids? Did I damage them for all eternity?

DOUG
Are you kidding? The kids loved it. It’s all they’re talking about right now.

FLOYD
That’s awesome.

DOUG
It’s not awesome, Floyd. You need help. I got you a hotel room for tonight and we’ll get you to the doctor tomorrow. Take my guitar, keep yourself out of trouble.

FLOYD
You don’t understand, Dougie. It felt so real.

Doug takes out his iPhone and shows Floyd the video Dusty shot -- shirtless Floyd on the couch, making out with an imaginary friend.

FLOYD (CONT’D)
That looks really weird.

DOUG
Yes, and it’s definitely conduct unbecoming a house guest.

FLOYD
Oh, definitely. I concur.

DOUG
Well, in the pro column, I really don’t think I’m going to have much trouble mounting a successful insanity defense...

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Floyd is walking, carrying Doug’s guitar, when he once again realizes that he’s in the vicinity of the Beacon Theatre, where another HUGE GROUP of SOULSHINE FANS are congregating.
Floyd watches from a distance. Thinks about what about Doug said. Maybe he should pay them a visit. But then, once again, he’s interrupted by:

ANDREW
Hey, are you going to help me or not?

Floyd turns and sees Andrew.

FLOYD
No, leave me alone.

ANDREW
Come on, please, time’s running out! He’s supposed to do it tonight! She’ll be dead by midnight!

FLOYD
What is it you want me to do exactly?

ANDREW
Tell the police.

FLOYD
I’m not exactly on great terms with the NYPD at the moment.

ANDREW
I’m rich! I’ll pay you!

FLOYD
In what? Spirit dollars?

ANDREW
There’s gotta be a way...

FLOYD
I don’t want your money. Look where it got you. And I’m not here to clean up your mess. I’ve got my own stuff to deal with.

Floyd turns his back on Andrew and walks off.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Floyd sits on the bed, drinking and strumming Doug’s guitar. He starts playing a cover of Springsteen’s “Atlantic City.” He hits the chorus and hears someone singing along with him. Looks up. It’s Pearl. She’s there in the room.
“Everthing dies, baby, that’s a fact/Maybe everything that dies someday comes back/Put your makeup on/fix your hair up pretty/and meet me tonight in Atlantic City...”

FLOYD
You’re back.

PEARL
I’m back.

FLOYD
Where do you go?

PEARL
It’s no use asking, my dear, because you wouldn’t understand. But I’m always close.

FLOYD
Like a guardian angel?

PEARL
Hardly. If I could protect you, my heart wouldn’t ache so much from seeing you so sad all the time.

FLOYD
What do you expect? I just miss the hell out of you.

PEARL
I know.

FLOYD
Why does it feel so real?

PEARL
It’s real, but it’s not. It’s my spirit. For lack of a better word.

FLOYD
What’s wrong with spirit? That’s a good word. A great word. And it’s not just your spirit. I can touch you... smell you... kiss you...

PEARL
(smiles)
Your memory fills in the blanks.

FLOYD
So here’s the million-dollar question...
PEARL
Drum roll please...

FLOYD
What’s your unfinished business?

PEARL
Isn’t it obvious?
(off his look)
It’s you.

FLOYD
Me?

PEARL
How can I rest in peace when the man I love is in so much pain?

FLOYD
How can I be happy without you?

PEARL
Look, I’m not a big fan of the stripper, but she’s right about one thing. Everyone experiences loss. You have to move on with your life. Just not with strippers.

FLOYD
It’s not that simple.

PEARL
You need to make peace with the past. You’re still so angry. I love you, Floyd, but you storm away from everything.

FLOYD
I didn’t storm away from you.

PEARL
No, but maybe you could’ve had me and your career. Instead of crossing a bridge, you just torch the damn thing.

FLOYD
But that’s so much more fun!
(then)
Besides, this is all your fault. You made me fall in love with you.

PEARL
Sorry about that...
FLOYD
You should be. Worst thing that ever happened to me.

PEARL
Gee, thanks.

FLOYD
You know what I mean.

PEARL
Hey, it’s not my fault that I died.

FLOYD
I know.

PEARL
There’s another way to look at all of this, you know.

FLOYD
How’s that?

PEARL
It’s an opportunity to help people. Maybe this is your true calling.

FLOYD
Do I look like the kind of guy who wants to help people? I can barely help myself. If I wanted to help people, I’d join the Peace Corps.

PEARL
But maybe that’s how I move on. If you help someone...

A KNOCK on the door.

Floyd gets up and opens it to a fuming Charly. She just stares at him for a moment, doesn’t know what to say. Floyd gives her a shit-eating grin.

FLOYD
So was I right or was I right?

She hauls off and PUNCHES him in the face. Again.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Right where we left off. Charly shakes her stinging fist.

FLOYD
Ya gotta stop punching me, lady!
(then)
I take it the letter wasn’t there.

Charly pulls the letter out of her pocket. Floyd looks around for Pearl, but she’s gone.

CHARLY
Can you explain this to me?

FLOYD
Can you explain why you just punched me in the face? Again?

CHARLY
Because this is insane! I’m a homicide detective. I deal in facts, not science fiction. You expect me to believe that you somehow talked to my dead father?

FLOYD
No, I don’t expect you to believe it, but I did in fact have a brief conversation with the man.

CHARLY
This is so nuts.

FLOYD
How do you think I feel?! Look, your father is... was...? Is very proud of you? Yes, is! He wanted you to know it. Case closed.

CHARLY
How do I possibly close this case?

FLOYD
Do you have to?

CHARLY
It’s what I do. And thank you. I guess. It means a lot.
FLOYD
Good, I’m glad. He seemed like a cool guy.

CHARLY
He was. The best. Never really got the chance to tell him.

FLOYD
He knows. Trust me, he knows.

A moment. Charly looks around.

CHARLY
Is he here now?

FLOYD
No. Not that I’m aware of.

CHARLY
Good. Because that would be creepy.

FLOYD
Yeah, I couldn’t really tell you what’s creepy anymore.

CHARLY
Look, if you ever need my help with anything...

FLOYD
That’s nice, thank you.

CHARLY
Absolutely. Anytime.

FLOYD
Cool.

(then)
Well, I’ve got some drinking to do...

CHARLY
Don’t let me keep you.

Floyd starts to usher Charly out the door, but he finds himself thinking about what Pearl said, about how this whole thing is an opportunity to help people. He checks the clock.

FLOYD
Hey, what about right now...

Off Charly’s look of understandable trepidation...
EXT. SOHO -- NIGHT
Charly’s car pulls up in front of an absurdly expensive loft building.

INT. CHARLY’S CAR -- SAME

CHARLY
Why didn’t you report this sooner?

FLOYD
Because I didn’t want to deal with it, okay? And as a law enforcement professional, how might you have responded if some scruffy, good-looking charmer walked in and claimed that a dead guy got in the back of his cab and asked for help.

CHARLY
Guess we’ll never know, will we? And that’s not the point. It’s your civic duty. And you’re not that good-looking. Or charming.

They get out of the car...

EXT. SOHO -- CONTINUOUS

...and head for the building. Charly checks her notes.

CHARLY
Andrew Luckey. Young tech millionaire. Created an app called “Feeling Luckey?” Some stupid dating thing.

(whistles)
Worth roughly half a billion dollars...

FLOYD
He said $200 million. Press always lies.

CHARLY
I don’t get it. You’re that rich and you get that pissed if your model wife cheats on you? Just get a new model.
FLOYD
The heart is a strange and funky beast.

CHARLY
Yeah, I wouldn’t know.

FLOYD
What, you’ve never been so in love that you felt a little crazy and out of control?

CHARLY
Nope, never.

FLOYD
I’m sorry to hear it.

CHARLY
Don’t pity me. Maybe I’m just not wired that way.

FLOYD
Maybe you just haven’t met the right guy.

CHARLY
Shut up.

FLOYD
Touchy.
   (then)
So what’s the move?

CHARLY
The move?

FLOYD
Yeah, how do you wanna handle this?

CHARLY
Exactly. I’ll handle it. You shut up and look pretty.

FLOYD
Yes! I knew you were attracted to me!

Charly rolls her eyes, rings the doorbell.
INT. KILLER SOHO LOFT -- NIGHT

Floyd and Charly sit in with KATE LUCKEY (23), a stunning beauty who spends all of her time and considerable funds on her own personal health and beauty concerns.

KATE
I’m happy to answer your questions, but Andrew was hit by a bus. It was a freak accident.

CHARLY
I know, but we have reason to believe that you might be in danger.

KATE
(laughs)
In danger? Why would you think that? In danger of what?

FLOYD
You were cheating on your husband!

KATE
Excuse me?!

FLOYD
You heard me, lady!

CHARLY
(to Floyd)
Hey, I told you to keep quiet.

FLOYD
No, you told me to shut up and look pretty. You can’t put baby in a corner like that.

KATE
I’m sorry, who is he again?

CHARLY
He’s an associate.

KATE
Is he a police officer?

CHARLY
Not exactly, no.
FLOYD
Not at all, actually. I’m Floyd. Floyd Hale. I used to play guitar in a little band called Soulshine.

KATE
Oh, wow, I hooked up with Atticus once.

FLOYD
I’m sorry to hear that. You should have yourself checked. For a lot of stuff. Anyway, now I drive a cab.

KATE
How nice for you.

CHARLY
Were you having an affair, Mrs. Luckey?

KATE
I really don’t see how that’s any business of yours.

ANDREW (O.S.)
Oh, just answer the question already!

Floyd looks -- Andrew is in the room now. Only Floyd can see and hear him, of course.

ANDREW (CONT’D)
(to Floyd)
Do you see the life I provided for this woman?

FLOYD
It’s a killer home, dude.

KATE
(confused)
Thank you.

ANDREW
(to Floyd)
Thanks for coming, by the way. I knew I could count on you.

FLOYD
How?
ANDREW
You just seem like a good soul.

FLOYD
You probably shouldn’t be here for this.

ANDREW
Are you kidding?! I wouldn’t miss this for the world!

Charly and Kate look at Floyd.

KATE
(to Charly)
Who is he talking to?

CHARLY
Never mind him --

FLOYD
(to Andrew)
-- Hey, what was the guy’s name?

ANDREW
Bhakti! Can you believe that? My wife was screwing a guy named Bhakti!

FLOYD
Bhakti?!

Kate reacts to the mention of the name.

CHARLY
Who’s Bhakti?

FLOYD
Bhakti is your yoga instructor, is he not?

KATE
How do you know that? Who are you talking to?

FLOYD
Look, I’m tired of this, cards on the table --

CHARLY
-- No! No cards on the table! Just keep your mouth shut!
FLOYD
Your husband knew you were cheating on him!

ANDREW
Tell her I’m sorry I neglected her.

FLOYD
He’s sorry he neglected you. He just wants you to be happy.

KATE
Are you like a medium or something?

FLOYD
I don’t know. Maybe? I never really believed in that kind of stuff. I thought it was all a big scam.

KATE
Oh, I totally believe in that stuff.

FLOYD
Okay, right on, that makes things a lot easier then!

ANDREW
You wouldn’t believe the amount of money she spent on that stuff. Psychics, tarot card readings... not exactly the brightest bulb.

KATE
Is Andrew here right now?

FLOYD
Yes, as a matter of fact, he is. Is there something you want to tell him?

KATE
Just that I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt him. He was just so unavailable. And Bhakti was so... attentive.

CHARLY
Oh, I bet he was.
KATE (CONT'D)
Even though we had all these problems in the bedroom...

ANDREW
Come on! We don’t need to go there. I was very stressed!

FLOYD
-- He loved you too. Marrying you was the smartest thing he ever did. And if he had it to do all over again, he would’ve retired and spent every waking moment with you.

ANDREW
I’m not sure that’s entirely true, but it sounds pretty good.

FLOYD
(to Andrew)
Is there anything else you want me to say?

ANDREW
Just give her a kiss for me.

FLOYD
Really?

ANDREW
Yes.

FLOYD
(turns to Kate)
He wants me to give you a kiss for him.

CHARLY
No kissing! Not on my watch!

FLOYD
(to Kate)
Is that okay?

KATE
(shrugs)
I guess so...

Floyd leans in and gives her a chaste kiss that eventually becomes fiery. Kate is one horny young housewife. The lights in the house start to flicker on and off. A nearby bulb or two explodes. They break.
ANDREW
Okay, enough already, Jesus!

FLOYD
Hey, it wasn’t me, it was her!

KATE
God, it really felt like he was kissing me through you!

All of a sudden, Charly is up and on her feet, gun drawn.

CHARLY
Hands up! Where I can see ‘em!

Floyd looks, sees the sketchy, meth-addled TWEAKER who has wandered into the living room through a back door. He puts his hands up.

KATE
What’s this?

FLOYD
Well, that’s the other thing.
    (then)
Your husband paid to have you killed.
    (off her look)
But he changed his mind. That’s what counts. Right?
    (to all)
Am I right or am I right?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

MUSIC OVER as Floyd pulls up his cab. Gets out. Goes to Pearl’s grave. Looks around for her. Waits. But she never appears. Finally he gives up and goes.

EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Floyd waits outside. Charly comes out.

FLOYD
Sorry, didn’t want to come in. Police stations make me nervous.

CHARLY
Understandable. Especially now that I’m familiar with your record. What can I do for you, Floyd?

FLOYD
I just wanted to apologize for hijacking your investigation last night.

CHARLY
No worries. It’s one less dead wife to wipe up off the floor.

FLOYD
That’s all that matters then.

CHARLY
You did good. You did the right thing.

FLOYD
Okay, best be on my way. Don’t want to keep you from any big blind dates.

CHARLY
So kind of you.

FLOYD
Still don’t get why you’re single.

CHARLY
Who would have me? I’m married to the job.
FLOYD
Ugh. Jobs.

CHARLY
Besides, when you see how in love
some people are, kinda makes you
not so keen on settling. Know what
I mean?

FLOYD
I do know you what mean. No
settling. Words to live by.
(then)
Oh, one more thing...

CHARLY
Yeah?

FLOYD
I got into this scrape a few weeks
ago. Kinda accidentally T-boned a
cop car...

CHARLY
Yeah, saw that -- it’s on your
record.

FLOYD
Right. Makes sense. I was
wondering if maybe --

CHARLY
-- Already took care of it. Never
happened.

FLOYD
Boo-ya! You’re pretty awesome for
a pig.

CHARLY
Thanks! You’re pretty cool for a
deadbeat.
(then)
Listen, would you mind if I gave
you a call sometime...

FLOYD
Oh, really, officer? Do you think
that’s appropriate?

CHARLY
Yeah, I’m talking about if and when
your... particular brand of
“help”... might come in handy.
FLOYD
Oh, you got me excited there for a second. Of course. Please do. Always nice to be needed.

CHARLY
Take it easy, Floyd.

FLOYD
You too, Charly.

CHARLY
I’m serious. Go easy on yourself. You’ve been through a lot.

FLOYD
Thanks.

Charly walks back into the station. Floyd walks off.

INT. YOGA STUDIO -- DAY

Where an annoyingly fit and handsome yoga instructor named BHAKTI has just finished a class. Women are hugging him on the way out. Floyd walks in and up to Bhakti.

FLOYD
Hey, are you Bhakti?

BHAKTI
(big smile)
Namaste, my friend! How can I help you?

FLOYD
This is from Andrew.

Floyd slugs Bhakti in the gut. Bhakti doubles over in pain.

FLOYD (CONT’D)
Namaste away from married women. Ya hear?

That said, Floyd walks out...

EXT. YOGA STUDIO -- CONTINUOUS

...and up to Andrew, who smiles, delighted.

ANDREW
Thank you. That was awesome.
FLOYD
(shakes his stinging fist)
My pleasure. What now?

Andrew looks up. Floyd follows his gaze. The sky opens up. Shafts of BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT pour down and slowly envelop Andrew until he’s gone.

FLOYD (CONT’D)
Whoa. That was trippy.

INT. LAW FIRM -- DAY

Floyd paces, looking very out of place in the sleek, modern reception area of this high-end law firm. Doug emerges from the inner sanctum.

DOUG
I’m scared.

FLOYD
Don’t be. I feel good. For the first time in a pretty long while, I feel pretty damn good.

DOUG
Yeah, you look pretty damn good. Still scuzzy, of course, but there’s a healthy glow under there somewhere.

FLOYD
Yeah, it’s a weird feeling, but I think I’m slightly sanguine.

DOUG
So you’re not seeing dead people?

FLOYD
At the moment? No. I am not.

DOUG
Good, that’s great, progress!
(then)
Well, I gotta get back to work. You know, being a suit and all.

FLOYD
I’m sorry I said that. You’ve got a great life, Dougie. It’s something to aspire to -- not something to make fun of.
(MORE)
FLOYD (CONT’D)
Even though you used to rock the bass pretty hard and it’s a damn shame you gave up on your dream to work for the Man.

DOUG

FLOYD
It’s what I do.

They both smile. Recognizing the value of this friendship.

FLOYD (CONT’D)
Okay, I’m off.

DOUG
Where ya going? Do you have a place to crash?

FLOYD
I’m going home.

DOUG
Seriously?

FLOYD
Yep. It’s time.

DOUG
(smiles)
Good for you, Floyd. Good for you...

Doug pulls Floyd into a fierce, smothering hug.

DOUG (CONT’D)
I love you, buddy.

FLOYD

That said, Floyd walks off.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE BROWNSTONE -- NIGHT

Funky and homey. Floyd walks up. He seems nervous. He walks up the steps. Fishes in a flower pot. Comes up with a key. Unlocks the door. Takes a breath. And walks into...
INT. BROWNSTONE -- CONTINUOUS

...the home he shared with Pearl.


Floyd walks around the place. It’s a dusty time capsule. He hasn’t been back here in a long time.

PEARL (O.S.)
Welcome home...

He looks -- Pearl is sprawled on the couch, looking very much at home. Floyd smiles, happy.

FLOYD
I thought I lost you. I thought maybe you’d been transported to some special hybrid of Heaven and Hell reserved for good girls who do very naughty things.

PEARL
Not quite yet, I guess. Maybe you’re a work in progress. Maybe I can’t move on until you move on...

Floyd looks around, sighs...

FLOYD
I haven’t been back since...

PEARL
Clearly. It’s a good thing I’m dead. The dust would kill me.

FLOYD
God, we had such a great life.

PEARL
We did. You can still have a great life, you know. There’s plenty of time.

FLOYD
Not without you.

PEARL
Well, obviously it won’t be as kick-ass as the one you’d have with me riding shotgun. But who knows?

(MORE)
PEARL (CONT'D)
Could be fun. Something worth shootin’ for. I’m just sayin’...

FLOYD
I don’t even know where to start...

PEARL
One step at a time, baby. Using the very same feet that brought you home.

FLOYD
Tomorrow’s another day...

Floyd walks over to the wall of vinyl and selects one. He unsheathes the record and puts it on a dusty turntable. The warm crackle of needle hitting vinyl. Followed by a song. Their song. The one from the bar. The one he wrote for her.

He walks over to Pearl, extends a hand. She takes it. He pulls her up and close. They dance. Slowly. Happily. And then --

There’s a knock at the door. Floyd looks at Pearl.

PEARL
(smiles)
When opportunity knocks...

FLOYD
...ya better be careful. Because sometimes it knocks you right upside the head.

PEARL
Open the door, Floyd.

He walks over and opens the door to... Charly.

CHARLY
Hey, so I got a couple of stiffs getting cold uptown. Looks like a murder-suicide, but something smells funky to me. Thought maybe you could come check it out. See if maybe you see something — or someone — I don’t. Worse case, I’ll buy you a cup of coffee. Or a slice. Whatta ya say?

Floyd turns and looks at Pearl.

PEARL
Go...
FLOYD
(whispers)
What if you’re not here when I get back?

PEARL
It’s a risk worth taking. Go do some good. I love you.

FLOYD
(still whispering)
I love you too...

Charly watches Floyd, confused.

CHARLY
Sorry, am I interrupting something...?

As Floyd grabs his jacket and heads out...

FLOYD
Nope. I’m game. But maybe we can stop and get some pizza first? I’m feeling a bit peckish...

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT