

POST HUMOROUS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT.SAMMIE'S COMEDY CLUB - SEATTLE.LATE SHOW

A dim light from the bar casts a glow over a sea of mostly empty tables. The quality of the patrons, a direct reflection of the poor state of the club itself. The evenings MC, HECTOR (20's) brings the final comedian of the night to the stage.

HECTOR

Alright, thanks for sticking around. The busses have stopped running which means you're either planning on driving drunk, or you lost track of time and I've just induced a panic attack.

The few people in the crowd chuckle.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Speaking of D.U.I's, our final comic of the night probably has one. Put your hands together for the very funny, Mr. Danny Sloane.

Lackluster applause. The late night crowd is fading.

DANNY SLOANE (40's) saunters on to the stage. He shakes Hector's hand without making eye contact, grabs the microphone and moves the stand to the side. He rolls up the sleeves of his old, stretched out shirt and runs his fingers through his matted, greying hair. The audience stares.

DANNY

I'm going to try approaching life with more gratitude. Apparently the easiest way is to start your day by writing down three things that you're grateful for. My friend told me to try this. He's often full of shit, but he does also appear happy most of the time.

The audience stares.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Now, I just started this practice today, but I'd like to share with you what I wrote... I woke up with an erection, so that was an easy tick first thing you know? Some people don't get them, and I do. For this, I am grateful.

Still no laughter.

DANNY (CONT'D)

The second thing I was grateful for this morning was that I did not remember the previous night as it was likely sad and very, very deprived.

Crickets.

DANNY (CONT'D)

And the third thing...

A group of drunk women talk full volume at a nearby table.

Danny pauses and takes notice.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Excuse me ladies? Do you fucking mind? I'm trying to work up here.

The most inebriated of the group (30's) stands up and makes her way to the front of the stage. The DRUNK WOMAN stares up at Danny.

DRUNK WOMAN

(scoffs)

You call this work? Make me laugh and I'll shut up.

Danny smirks.

DANNY

Gosh, I love ultimatums. I imagine this is how your second husband must have felt. Okay, let me think of a good one... I know. A guaranteed winner. It's an old Irish diddy. Here we go.

The woman rolls her eyes. Danny turns around and grabs his beer off the stool. He takes a sip and lifts the mic to his lips.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(with cadence)

There once was a fisherman, proud as can be. He made an honest living, hard work out at sea. Waves at his side, and the sun on his cheek. The same blue horizon, week after week.

Danny walks to the front of the stage, beer in hand.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 Yes he lived for the moment. Not
 the day, nor the month... There was
 just one thing missing.

He drops the mic to his side and drenches the woman with his
 beer. She clenches and gasps.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 (raises the mic)
 A nice wet cunt.

Danny looks down and smirks.

The woman's friends rush the stage. Danny calmly rests the
 mic down on the stool and retreats off stage. The clubs
 BOUNCER intercepts the angry women.

INT.BACKSTAGE

A loosely hinged door swings open. SAM (late 60's,
 overweight, Club Owner) approaches Danny as he sits in a make
 shift back stage area by the kitchen. Danny lights a
 cigarette.

SAM
 What the fuck was that?

Danny closes his eyes and takes a drag.

DANNY
 Late show Sam, just working out
 some new stuff.

Sam grabs the cigarette out of Danny's hand and shoves him
 off the chair he's sitting on. He falls to the ground.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 Jesus christ, what the fuck?

SAM
 I told you, no smoking back here.
 Last thing I need is a fucking
 health code violation.

Danny picks himself up. Sam locks eyes with him.

SAM (CONT'D)
 You're lucky she was wasted. Bitch
 barely remembered what happened.
 (MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

I told them I'd take care of their tab if they didn't press charges.

DANNY

That's why you've been in business for so long Sam. You're a problem solver.

SAM

Yea, well you're my main fuckin problem. And I'm not going to be in business much longer if you and the rest of these clowns don't start filling those fucking seats.

DANNY

Fuck you.

SAM

Fuck me? Fuck you! You think you're doing me a favor or something by getting up there high and telling dick jokes?

DANNY

These late night shows are bullshit, Sam. That's not my crowd.

SAM

You don't have a fucking crowd! There were more people in the mens room getting jerked off than there were watching your set.

Danny laughs.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm not fucking joking Danny, you need to cut the shit. You're not a name anymore. Get that through your fucking head.

Danny lights another smoke.

DANNY

You're right. I'm sorry. I need to get it together.

SAM

And you're paying that bitches tab.

DANNY

(nods)

Of course. Hey, Sam... Can I ask you something?

SAM

(sighs)

What?

DANNY

Are they still giving out hand jobs in the mens room?

Sam smacks the smoke out of Danny's hand. He shakes his head and mutters as he turns to walk away.

Danny picks up the smoke and sits back down. He looks over to a WAITRESS (20's) pretending not to have witnessed the altercation. She makes eyes at Danny. Danny takes a drag and smiles as he stares back.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT.SAMMIE'S COMEDY CLUB.BACKSTAGE - FLASHBACK

A young, and more energetic Danny walks backstage after his set. He lights a cigarette and smiles as the crowd continues to erupt with residual laughter. He sits in a chair against the wall. A strikingly beautiful WAITRESS (MIA, 20's) glances over from the server station.

MIA

Great set.

Danny raises his hand and salutes as smoke trails off his cigarette.

MIA (CONT'D)

What I saw of it anyways. You've been going up a lot lately hey?

DANNY

(takes a drag)

Getting ready to go on tour. Got three months booked.

MIA

That's exciting.

Danny nods. Mia just smiles.

A beat.

MIA (CONT'D)
I'm Mia... by the way.

DANNY
I'm -

MIA
Danny Sloane. I know. They
introduce you every night.

DANNY
I was going to say hungry. Would
you want to get out of here and
grab some food?

MIA
I'm not off for a bit. Why don't
you just get something to eat here?

DANNY
Because I'm not suicidal.

Mia laughs and continues to roll up place settings.

DANNY (CONT'D)
What time are you off?

MIA
Late. I don't even think any
restaurants will be open.

DANNY
I guess we can skip the food and go
straight to sex?

Mia scoffs. Danny takes a drag off his cigarette. A beat.

MIA
You're buying breakfast.

Danny nods.

BACK TO:

INT.DANNYS CAR.PARKING LOT - PRESENT

Danny sits in the drivers seat. Smoke from his cigarette
dances off the glow from a nearby street light. Stone faced,
he stares straight ahead.

A beat.

WAITRESS (O.S.)
Can you drive me home?

PAN TO WAITRESS SITTING IN THE PASSENGER SEAT.

She pulls down the visor and fixes her hair in the mirror. She wipes the corners of her mouth. Danny looks over at her. His face doesn't change.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
(smiles)
You can come over and spend the night if you want.

Danny starts the car.

DANNY
I'll drop you off. I should get home.

The waitress looks shocked.

WAITRESS
You sure? I have some blow.

Danny pulls a baggy out of his coat pocket and gives it a flick.

DANNY
I'm good.

She sits back in her seat, annoyed. She buckles her seat belt and glares out the window, then back at Danny. He doesn't break his stare.

They pull out of the parking lot.

FADE TO:

INT.DANNYS LIVING ROOM. - THE NEXT MORNING

Still in his clothes from the night before; Danny's body hangs off an old, tattered sofa. A DVD main menu sequence loops on the television. Drug paraphernalia, scribbled notebooks, and empty takeout containers litter the coffee table. He slowly rolls over, falling off the sofa, waking himself up.

DANNY
(groans)
Fuck.

He picks himself up and stumbles to the washroom.

Labored peeing. No flush.

Danny walks back into the room and sits down. He runs his fingers through his hair, breathes deeply, and tries to avoid vomiting. He grabs a half smoked joint off and a lighter off the table, takes a hit, and closes his eyes. His shoulders drop as he exhales. The DVD main menu continues to loop.

INT.DANNYS KITCHEN - 2 HOURS LATER

Danny sloppily pours himself a cup of coffee from a half empty, cold pot. He sticks the cup in the microwave and turns it on, checking his phone while the coffee spins.

The microwave beeps.

Danny pulls out the mug and takes a sip of nuked coffee. He winces and throws the mug into the sink. It shatters, sending coffee everywhere, adding to the already stained tiled backsplash.

DANNY

Fucker!

Danny grabs a dirty dish towel and gives the counter a half assed wipe while cursing to himself. His phone buzzes. He wipes it off and opens the TEXT FROM KIRK - Still good to meet up today?

Danny glances at the broken mug. He texts back - Somewhere with coffee. You pick. 30 minutes?

INT.COFFEE SHOP - AN HOUR AND A HALF LATER

Danny's best friend KIRK MORRISON(40's, professional) sits at a table alone sipping a coffee and picking at a muffin. Danny walks in. Kirk tosses his hands up and shakes his head.

KIRK

You said 30 minutes.

Danny approaches, looking completely disheveled. He sits down, grabs a piece of Kirks muffin, and tosses it in his mouth.

DANNY

(chewing)

That's just an expression.

Kirk smiles.

KIRK
Yea, please, help yourself.

Danny winks.

KIRK (CONT'D)
Grab a coffee. You should try their
new dark roast. It's so good.

DANNY
Ah, I burnt the hell out of my
tongue. Everything just tastes like
sand. I'll just get whatever's
already brewed.

Danny takes another bite of Kirks muffin. Kirk stares at his
friend with concern.

KIRK
Rough night?

DANNY
At Sammie's? It's always a rough
night there.

KIRK
Not what I meant... I don't know
why you're still hanging around at
Sam's.

DANNY
(shrugs)
Something to do.

KIRK
You should move back to LA.

DANNY
LA is a shit hole.

KIRK
Maybe. But you got work there.

DANNY
Yea, until I didn't.

KIRK
You moved back here what? Three
years ago now? You and Mia gave it
another try and it didn't work.

DANNY
Not why I moved back.

KIRK

Regardless, it's no reason to stay.
No point letting your career die
too.

DANNY

My careers been on it's death bed
for a while now. It's currently in
hospice... way to ease into the
conversation by the way. Any other
low points in my life you'd like to
bring up before we finish
breakfast?

Kirk sips his coffee and shakes his head.

KIRK

Sorry... What's new with you?

Danny ponders.

DANNY

Oh, I fucked a waitress yesterday.

Kirk rolls his eyes.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Well, no, that's a lie. We made out
and then she blew me and then I
drove her home. But I hope to fuck
her soon.

KIRK

She sounds special.

DANNY

She's a waitress.

KIRK

Mia was a waitress.

Danny looks annoyed.

KIRK (CONT'D)

You know she got a book deal hey? I
talked to her last week.

He ignores Kirks comment and empties a few sugar packets on
to the table for no reason.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Are you okay, man?

DANNY

What? Yea, I'm fine. I don't think she had anything contagious.

KIRK

(frustrated)

Not what I meant... Can we not have a real conversation?

Danny grabs Kirks coffee and sits back in his chair. He stares at Kirk and takes a sip.

DANNY

You're right. Let's start over... This coffee tastes terrible by the way. What brew is this?

KIRK

It's sand.

Danny laughs.

DANNY

Still quick. You should put together a few minutes and come out one of these nights. I know Sam would let you go up.

KIRK

Ah, I don't think so. Late nights and early mornings don't really mesh. Plus, Annie's due date is coming up quick. I gotta make sure I'm around.

Kirk grabs his coffee back. He goes to take a sip but stops himself.

KIRK (CONT'D)

You said you were with one of Sam's waitresses last night?

Danny nods. Kirk slides the coffee over to Danny.

KIRK (CONT'D)

All yours.

Danny takes another sip and tips the cup to cheers his friend.

KIRK (CONT'D)

You still haven't really answered me.

DANNY

What?

KIRK

Are you okay?... Haven't heard from you much lately... You look like shit.

DANNY

Thanks.

KIRK

Have you had any luck finding another agent?

DANNY

Haven't really been looking. But I'm fine. I am.

KIRK

Okay... Good.

Kirk sits back. Danny shovels the rest of the muffin into his mouth.

KIRK (CONT'D)

You know it wouldn't kill you to go for a run or something.

DANNY

Is that how you fit into those skinny jeans?

KIRK

A run might help you clear your head. Always helped me write. I got you those shoes.

Danny shrugs.

DANNY

Yea, weird gift by the way. I hate running. I'll just find someone to have sex with.

KIRK

Annie got them on sale and they didn't fit. Couldn't return them. Seriously, give running a try. I'm sure your dick could use a night off.

DANNY

As could your mother.

Kirk takes a deep breathe, leans over, and blows Danny's sugar pile all over him.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(brushing himself off)
Ah, fuck!

Kirk laughs.

INT.DANNYS APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

Danny sits, slouched over on his sofa, pen in hand. The blinds are shut, blocking out the mid day sun. A dim, yellowed lamp provides the only light in the room. An oscillating fan stands in the corner, recirculating the rooms warm, humid, smoky air. He chews on the end of the pen and squints, trying to conjure up a joke. His eyes widen. He perks up for a quick moment, before losing the idea and sinking back into the couch.

Danny tosses the pen down on the coffee table and grabs a pack of cigarettes. He lights one and walks over to a stack of bankers boxes in the corner of the living room, full of old notebooks, pictures and career memorabilia. He kneels down and starts poking through the boxes, stumbling across a stack of old photos.

They show a younger, more vibrant Danny. He flips to a group of pictures featuring him and Mia. Danny stares. Smoke trails upward past his eye. He squints and sets his smoke on a nearby ashtray. Danny looks back at the picture.

CLOSE UP OF A POLAROID OF DANNY AND MIA SMILING BACKSTAGE - MIA HOLDS UP HER HAND, SHOWING OFF A RING TO THE CAMERA.

Danny drops the photos back into the box. He stands up, grabs his smoke and gives it a flick. The ash misses the tray entirely. He sits back down on the sofa, takes a drag, and pulls out a baggy. Danny clears a space and sets up a line on the coffee table. He snorts it and picks up the pen, waiting for inspiration to strike. The pen taps against the table as he stares blankly at his notebook. A beat.

DANNY
Fuck!

Danny tosses the pen back down and sits back, agitated. His eyes scan the room, locking in on a pair of virtually unused running shoes sitting on the shoe rack by the front door. His eyes PAN back to the box of memories, then back to the shoes.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT.CITY SIDEWALK.AFTERNOON

Danny jogs along a busy sidewalk. Drenched in sweat, wearing his new shoes and outdated, ill fitting fitness apparel. He curses and groans but keeps a steady enough stride with his eyes focused straight ahead. Onlookers cringe as he pants, and stomps past them.

Danny gets to the end of the street and grabs his knees, panting while waiting for the light to change. He lifts his head, dripping with sweat, and zones in on a park across the street with what looks to be a BBQ taking place. There's a group of people setting up a table full of snacks and drinks. He lets out a labored sigh of relief that causes a slight coughing fit. Danny spits. Pedestrians waiting at the light look over at him with concern and disgust.

The light changes and the pedestrians quickly cross. Danny forces himself upright and makes his way toward the park.

EXT.CITY PARK.CONTINUOUS

The small, city park buzzes with people. At the back of the crowd, a group of ATTENDEES, dressed in all white, set up folding tables with snacks and rows upon rows of red solo cups. Several FAMILIES mingle and chat as the children run around and play. Every single attendee is dressed in white from head to toe.

Danny struggles to catch his breath as he saunters into the crowd. His dark, sweat stained clothing stands out like a sore thumb amongst the sea of immaculate white summer outfits. He takes pause and looks around. The sun reflects off the beaded sweat clinging to Danny's forehead.

Danny fakes a smile as he passes people on his way to the snack tables. He's met with equally fake smiles from the attendees. He stops at the snack table and shakes while reaching for a cup. He's approached by a tall, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (40's) in a white summer dress.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Oh, I'm sorry! Not until after
Stefan addresses everyone.

Danny turns to the woman. He rubs his arm and coughs while looking her over, wiping sweat from his brow.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I don't think I
recognize you.

DANNY

Oh, I'm fairly new to the... this.

The woman smirks at Danny. She tilts her head, trying to suss him out.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Well, Stefan should be speaking soon so maybe get changed and hurry back.

DANNY

Yea no, he didn't mention that we were supposed to dress like a Smurf. I was under the impression that this was more of a drop in thing. Make an appearance, have a drink, and home by dinner you know?

She strains to get the joke, doesn't, then manufactures a laugh.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

You are home, silly.

Danny fakes another smile and wipes the sweat from his forehead. It instantly reappears.

DANNY

So where is Stefan anyway?

The Woman turns her focus to the front. She smiles and raises her hands as speakers begin to play UPLIFTING MUSIC. The audience throws their hands to the sky in unison and begin to cheer.

CLOSE UP ON THE STAGE.

STEFAN (40's, granola) strokes his long white beard as he slowly shuffles on to the stage; Shirtless, barefoot, and wearing only a pair of BRIGHT RED PANTS. He pulls a red toque from his pant pocket and slips it on before approaching the microphone; eyes closed.

BACK TO DANNY

DANNY (CONT'D)

(snickers)

Oh, you've got to be fucking kidding me.

Danny looks around at the crowd, his amusement fades as he becomes unsettled by the cultish tone.

Stefan OPENS HIS EYES. The crowd silences.

STEFAN

(sincere)

Brothers and Sisters! Today is a day of celebration. One of awakening and new beginnings. We've been on this journey together for some time now and today marks our passing into a new era. One of enlightenment. One of growth. A moment where we no longer look to the future because the future is now. You're all here because you've found your soul's connectivity to your purpose.

The crowd hangs on Stefan's every word. Danny uses the opportunity to sneak a drink. He quickly downs it, crushes the cup, and lets out a burp.

A woman glares back at Danny and shushes him.

Still sweating profusely, Danny grabs another drink while helping himself to the snack table. He struggles to catch his breath between bites; Burping and grunting. A few members of the group take notice of the sweaty mess of a man interrupting their gathering. They whisper amongst themselves.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(to friend)

I'm not sure. I think he might be homeless.

CLOSE ON STEFAN

STEFAN

With this drink we return to something we've been yearning for. With this drink we return to where we belong. Home.

THE CROWD ROARS WITH EXCITEMENT.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

(closes his eyes)

My family... Welcome home!

PAN TO CROWD

Everyone rushes the tables to grab a drink. They cheers and hug before downing them. Their eyes close. They begin an out of sync group prayer.

Danny glances around, trying to make sense of what he's stumbled into. His level of concern visibly grows. A beat followed by a SHARP PAIN, followed by a loud STOMACH GURGLE.

DANNY
(winces)
Ah, fuck me.

He lets out a loud burp.

Another sharp pain. He pushes himself back from the table, knocking it over. Attendees are broken from their trance. They gasp and move out of the way.

POV DANNY - The sound of the crowd slowly turns to ringing as his vision begins to blur. He struggles to focus, stumbling around. Faces begin to blur and the light intensifies.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(slurred)
What the fuck... what's happening?

Danny makes eye contact with THE DELWINS (cookie cutter family of four) standing by the table that Danny toppled. The BROTHER AND SISTER (Teens) stare directly at him, smiling. He stares back, scared and fading quickly. The ringing crescendos.

Danny collapses.

TO BLACK

INT.MIAS KITCHEN.EVENING

MIA, dressed in sweat pants and a paint covered top, preps dinner. Her living room TV is tuned to the evening news and visible from the kitchen. PAULA STANSBERG (30's, Journalist) reports breaking news.

PAULA (O.S.)
Some sad news to report today. A mass suicide took place this afternoon at one of our cities public parks.

Mia turns up the volume. CLOSE IN ON TV.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Members of an underground doomsday cult calling themselves the Southern Ministry of United Roman Futurists, took part in a ritualistic suicide known as a coming home ceremony. While there were a few survivors, the bodies of over fifty members, some children, were discovered at the scene.

CLOSE IN ON MIA

MIA

Oh my god.

PAULA (O.S.)

Most of the members have been identified. One of which, a local writer and comedian, Daniel Sloane.

Mia stops. She drops the knife and brings her hand to her mouth. Her eyes well up and she begins to shake. Tears start streaming down her face. The news story continues and fades as she falls deeper into a state of shock.

Mia drops to her knees, alone on the kitchen floor, bawling.

FADE TO:

INT.KIRKS HOUSE.DINNER

Kirk sits at the kitchen table with his WIFE (Annie, 30's) and DAUGHTER (two, adorable), eating dinner. He jokes and makes faces at his daughter. She laughs and spits out some food. Kirk smiles.

ANNIE

Stop that! She needs to learn to keep the food in her mouth.

KIRK

Sorry babe, she's just such a good audience.

Kirk makes another face. His daughter laughs. Annie gives him a look. He shrugs playfully.

Kirks phone buzzes just as he takes a bite of his dinner.

ANNIE

(annoyed)

We said no work calls at the table.

KIRK
Sorry! I told them not in the
evenings. One sec.

Kirk gets up from the table, walks into the other room and
answers.

KIRK (CONT'D)
Hello?

Kirk looks confused.

KIRK (CONT'D)
Yes, this is he.

A beat.

Kirk's face drops.

KIRK (CONT'D)
(stuttering)
An accident? Are you sure it was
him, I mean I just saw him... I...

Kirk chokes up. Annie walks in to check on him.

KIRK (CONT'D)
Of course. I'll come by first thing
tomorrow. Right. Okay. Thank you
for calling.

Kirk hangs up and stares straight ahead. He trembles.

ANNIE
Honey? What is it? What's wrong?

Kirk turns to his wife.

KIRK
(voice shaking)
Umm... It's Danny.

ANNIE
Is he alright?

Kirk struggles to find the words.

KIRK
He's dead.

Kirk sits, in complete shock. His wife embraces him. He
breaks down.

FADE TO:

EXT.CITY PARK.LATE NIGHT

OVERVIEW - RAIN FALLS OVER A TAPED OFF CRIME SCENE. SLOWLY ZOOM IN AND FREEZE ON DANNY'S LIFELESS BODY.

His eyes shoot open. He sits up, dry, groggy, and confused. Looking around at the empty park as his vision adjusts. Two POLICE CARS sit parked outside the taped off perimeter. Flowers, and hand written signs litter a near by fence. Danny looks past the fence to a small group of people; Sobbing and holding candles struggling to stay lit in the rain.

Danny stands up. He cautiously trudges through the wet field and ducks under the police tape. The somber energy of the crowd pulses through the air. Danny approaches nervously and pauses beside an ELDERLY MAN (Drenched), holding a candle and a picture of two young children. He sobs and stares into the park, oblivious of Danny's presence.

DANNY

I'm sorry, I don't mean to interrupt... but what happened here?

The man pays no mind to Danny. He cries and stare straight ahead.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hello? Are you alright? Can you hear me?

The elderly man remains oblivious.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(confused)
Old timer? Hello!!

Nothing.

Frightened, Danny paces through the crowd. No one so much as glances at him.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(yelling)
Hey!! Heeeeey!

Danny runs his hand through his hair and notices it's dry. Greasy as usual, but dry. He blinks, trying to make sense of it. His breathing quickens.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

He rushes back to the old man. Staring straight into his eyes.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 You can fucking see me! I know you
 can see me! Answer me!

Nothing.

He walks toward the fence to examine the pictures that lay peppered in amongst the flowers. He recognizes the faces from earlier in the day. Danny's eyes widen.

He backs away from the fence and trips over himself, falling backward, directly *through* the old man. He lands on the grass staring up at the crowd through the rain as it intensifies. Panicked, he stumbles to his feet and unknowingly runs, into the empty road, eyes darting around frantically. A car whizzes past him.

PAN OUT

Mist dances in the glow of the street lights. Danny's silhouette fades as he runs into the night.

FADE TO:

EXT. DANNY'S APARTMENT

Danny approaches the front door of his apartment complex. He reaches into his pocket for his keys but they aren't there.

DANNY
 Shit.

A COUPLE (Male 30's, Female 30's) return home from a night out. They laugh and kiss as they walk toward the front doors.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 Hey, would you two mind letting me
 in? Can't find my keys.

The couple, oblivious, walk right past Danny and let themselves in. Danny rushes to reach for the door but his hand passes through the handle. It closes behind the couple, Danny still outside.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 (looks down at his hand,
 nervous laughter)
 This isn't happening.

Danny stares at the door. He slowly puts his hand through the pane, pulling it back quickly. His eyes widen.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Oh, that is not good... Fuck.

Danny stares curiously at the door. He stands back and takes a deep breathe, readying himself to walk through. A beat.

Just as Danny is about to step forward, a cab pulls up. A GROUP OF DUDES (20's, drunk) pour out. The DRUNKEST of the bunch falls flat on his face. The group laughs and pick him up. Danny rolls his eyes. He moves out of the way as the drunken group stumble toward the entrance.

The one with alcohol poisoning THROWS UP all over the glass front door before falling again to the pavement.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(jumps back)

Jesus Christ.

They once again laugh and pick up their friend, and make their way inside. The barf covered door closes, FRAMING DANNY.

Danny curls his face in disgust, holds his breath, and closes his eyes as he walks forward, through the closed door into the lobby. He opens his eyes, lets out a breath, and looks down to inspect his clothing. Vomit free; He lets out a sigh of relief.

CLOSE ON THE FRONT DOOR AS DANNY WALKS OUT OF FRAME.

INT. DANNYS APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Danny walks through the closed door of his suite. The amber glow of a lamp he left on exposes the utter mess of an apartment.

He makes his way over to the sofa, pausing before sitting down. Danny closes his eyes and braces for a potential fall, but is caught by the cushions.

DANNY

(opens eyes)

Oh, thank god.

He stares down at the TV remote on his coffee table. He reaches for it. It shocks him as his hand passes through it, sending him flying back into the couch cushions.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Ow, fuck.

He slowly reaches again, hovering his hand over the remote. STATIC snaps back and forth. Danny squints and focuses on the energy. A spark spontaneously IGNITES, and the TV turns on. Smoke rises from the remote.

He looks down at his hand.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Okay... good. I'll watch something, get some sleep, wake up, and everything will be normal. You're probably asleep now, and this is a dream... which is why you're talking your yourself like a jackass.

Danny looks up at the TV. The late night news replays Paula's report from earlier.

PAULA (O.S.)

A Jonestown style massacre hits our city. Several people were found dead following a mass suicide yesterday afternoon. A notable name amongst the victims, local comedian and actor Danny Sloane.

DANNY

(shakes his head)

No, no, no, no... I'm definitely dreaming.

Danny's picture pops up on the screen. He tries to change the channel but it won't work.

Danny runs his hand through his hair. His eyes well up as he begins to shake.

PAULA (O.S.)

A truly tragic event, one that is sure to rock the very foundation of our city. Several memorial services for the victims are planned to take place over the coming days, including Mr. Sloane's, which will be held at St. Margarets memorial tomorrow at 1pm.

Danny closes his eyes as hard as he can. The news report continues. Paula's voice fades; Replaced by a high pitch ringing that continues to build.

DANNY

(nervous whispers)

You're definitely dreaming. This is a fucking nightmare. That's what it is. This isn't real. This isn't real. Wake up...

The energy crescendos. He clenches and shakes harder as he buries his face in his hands.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Wake up, wake up... fucking WAKE UP!

A wave of energy bursts from Danny. The lamp's bulb EXPLODES. The TV shorts and shuts off. The room goes black.

EXT. GRAVEYARD.MORNING - FLASHBACK

Danny, Mia, and Kirk sit in the front row of DANNY'S MOTHERS FUNERAL. A well attended formal ceremony. Mia, tears in her eyes, places her hand on Danny's thigh and glances over at him as the PREIST GIVES A EULOGY. Danny attempts to look stoic. Mia leans into his shoulder. He grabs Mia's hand.

He scans the room slowly, processing the moment, then turns his attention back to the priest. Kirk nudges Danny. Danny turns to look at his friend.

KIRK

(wipes away a tear)

You okay, man?

Danny nods.

DANNY

(out of it)

Is that the same priest from Dad's funeral?

KIRK

(whispers)

I don't think so. Different race and gender.

DANNY

Oh, yea... Same robe though?

KIRK

(nods)

Mhmm same robe.

MIA

You think he's wearing anything underneath that robe?

Danny snorts.

KIRK

Twenty dollars says he's a tighty whitey guy.

MIA

No, he's free ball'n for sure. I saw some swing when he walked down the aisle.

The priest reaches behind him mid sentence and adjusts his briefs through his robe. Danny, Kirk, and Mia struggle to contain their laughter. Mia reaches into her purse and hands Kirk a twenty. Guests seated near them look over with disgust.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT.GRAVEYARD.MORNING - PRESENT

Kirk, Annie, and Mia sit front row at Danny's POORLY ATTENDED funeral service. Annie puts her arm around Mia to comfort her as she cries. A few LOCAL COMEDIANS, SAM, and some JOURNALISTS are also in attendance.

PRIEST

The bible says we are to give God our love, for he has given us the gift of life. But that gift is also an investment in us, his children... Like all of us, God expects a return on his investment. For him, this compounds by way of a life lived to the fullest... Daniel made good on the lords investment. He lived, some say a little too fully at times. He brought so much laughter to this world in his short time here. With that laughter, he brought joy and happiness... A service to the world that pays dividends to those in his presence. Because of that, his stock has now risen to heaven.

Kirk shakes his head and leans in to his wife.

KIRK

Everyone's in finance these days, I swear.

She shushes him. Mia laughs and wipes away a tear.

FADE TO:

EXT.GRAVEYARD - AFTER THE CEREMONY

Mia stands alone, staring at a picture of Danny. Kirk and Annie approach. Kirk taps her on the shoulder. She turns around.

KIRK

You okay?

MIA

(wipes a tear)

Yea, I'm fine. How are you guys?

KIRK

We're okay. I still just can't believe it.

ANNIE

I'm sorry you two, I need to find a restroom. This baby rings out my bladder like a wet towel every thirty minutes.

MIA

I just got a really funny visual.

ANNIE

(squirming)

It's probably pretty accurate. Anyway, I'll let you two catch up. If there's anything you need Mia, feel free to stop by or give us a call okay?

MIA

I will. Thank's Annie.

Annie waddles off.

MIA (CONT'D)

I love her.

KIRK

Me too.

Mia takes a deep breath. Kirk sighs and looks around.

MIA

Thanks for putting this together so quick.

KIRK

(nods)

I wish I could say I'm surprised more people didn't show... but that was actually like two more than expected.

MIA

Yea, those god damn dick bag reporters. Just here for a story.

KIRK

I don't know what they think they're going to find. Wrong place at the wrong time... story of Danny's life.

MIA

Yea, I guess so hey?

A beat.

KIRK

What's a dick bag?

Mia shrugs.

KIRK (CONT'D)

So, I heard Sam's having a thing at the club tomorrow if you want to go?

MIA

We'll see... I haven't been back to the club in a while. I don't know if I really want to -

KIRK

Totally get it. No pressure.

MIA

I'll think about it. Are you going to Danny's place to clean it out?

KIRK

Yea, tomorrow morning sometime. You can come with.

(MORE)

KIRK (CONT'D)

I know he probably had some stuff
you want to hang on to.

MIA

(chokes up)

Yea... no, for sure.

Kirk pulls Mia in for a hug.

KIRK

Hey, it's okay. It's okay, Mia.

MIA

I just wish I could say goodbye you
know? (She cries) I didn't get to
say goodbye.

Kirk looks at the picture of Danny. A tear rolls down his
cheek.

KIRK

I know.

He comforts Mia.

KIRK (CONT'D)

I'll come by in the morning?

Mia snuffles and composes herself.

MIA

Okay.

Kirk stands back, wipes a tear, and forces a grin.

KIRK

I should go find my wife and make
sure she hasn't given birth in a
toilet.

Mia cracks a smile. He gives her shoulder a rub and walks
away.

She returns her attention to the picture of Danny. Smiling
like an idiot, wearing a pair of AVIATORS.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT.MIAS CAR.MORNING - THREE YEARS EARLIER

Mia cruises down the highway. Danny sits in the passenger
seat looking hung over and depressed, staring through a pair
of AVIATORS. A duffle bag sits in the back seat.

He leans on his arm, staring blankly out the window. Mia glances over from the wheel. Danny doesn't acknowledge her. She takes a deep breath and refocuses on the road.

MIA
You're welcome for picking you up
by the way.

DANNY
(glances over)
You didn't have to.

MIA
Well you called so -

DANNY
So?

A beat.

MIA
Are you alright? I'm sorry about
your agent.

Danny rolls the window down a crack. He pulls out a cigarette and lights it. Mia looks over, unimpressed. Danny shrugs.

DANNY
You want one?

MIA
You know I quit.

Danny takes a drag and rolls the window down further. He closes his eyes and exhales as the wind hits his face.

Mia flicks the wiper blades on. The washer fluid sprays off the side of the windshield into Danny's open window. Danny jumps, burning himself with his cigarette. Mia laughs.

DANNY
Fuck! You bitch.

Danny quickly collects himself. He shakes his head and sneaks a quick smile.

MIA
Put that out. No smoking in my car.

Danny tosses the smoke out the window.

DANNY
Is that a new rule?

MIA
It's a new car.

DANNY
I guess you're doing well then hey?

Mia rolls her eyes.

DANNY (CONT'D)
You think you could set up a
meeting for me?

Mia scoffs.

MIA
They're a literary agency. They
don't deal with performers.

DANNY
I can write.

MIA
You can write jokes. Sort of... You
would never finish a book Danny.

DANNY
That's bullshit. I wrote scripts.

MIA
It's just different. I just signed
with them. My first deal. I'm not
going to risk that by -

DANNY
By what? Introducing your washed up
ex?

MIA
You're not washed up. You're just
out of work at the moment.

DANNY
Yea well, she's gone so I don't
really have anyone in my corner
anymore.

MIA
Your agent died Danny. The building
didn't burn down. They have other
agents that work there, what makes
you think one of them won't just
pick you up?

DANNY
Because I already got dropped...
Fuckers told me at the service.

Mia's frustration turns to empathy.

MIA
Fuck.

DANNY
Yea.

He lights another smoke. Mia lets it slide.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(exhales)
Fuck.

MIA
So what are you gonna do?

Danny shrugs.

DANNY
I don't know. Got this weekend at
Sam's and then nothing.

MIA
You going to head back to LA after?

DANNY
Not sure. I don't want to. It's
just like... fucking why? You know?

MIA
Well, you could set up some
meetings. It's not like people
don't know who you are.

Danny takes another drag. He chuckles.

DANNY
Yea maybe that's the problem.

Mia smiles.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Man, it's never not weird coming
home. I always feel like this city
doesn't want me back, you know?

MIA
That's just you... It's just a
city.

DANNY
Do you like it?

MIA
Like what?

DANNY
Living here again. Do you like it?

A beat.

MIA
Yea, it's been fine.

DANNY
Really? It doesn't feel like you're
moving backwards a bit?

MIA
I'm still moving forward Danny. I
can write here and it's cheaper to
live than New York or LA. Last time
I checked, only one of us in this
car has representation.

Danny glares at Mia.

DANNY
Too soon.

She feels a little bad.

MIA
I don't miss LA... If that's what
you're asking.

DANNY
Three hundred and twenty sunny days
a year. Ocean, palm trees, sex,
drugs, money... god damn estates so
big that you need golf carts to get
around, and they still vacation
four months out of the year.

Another drag.

DANNY (CONT'D)
No one fucking misses LA.

Mia stares at Danny, then straight ahead. She holds out two
fingers. Danny slides the lit cigarette between them. She
cracks her window and takes a drag.

BACK TO:

EXT.GRAVEYARD

Mia sits alone on a bench in the middle of the empty graveyard after everyone has left.

Danny, late for his own funeral, saunters over the hill behind her. He notices Mia sitting on the bench and stops. A look of guilt washes over his face. A beat.

He walks up behind her, reaches down, and places his hand on her shoulder.

DANNY

I'm so sorry.

Mia stops. She straightens up. Still looking straight ahead. Danny removes his hand. A line of STATIC follows.

MIA

(whispers)

Danny?

Danny takes a step back. Mia turns around and stares right at him. Her eyes widen as she's paralyzed with fear. Danny smirks and waves playfully.

Mia screams and falls off the bench. She closes her eyes and shakes her head. Danny walks to the other side of the bench, concerned. He leans down.

DANNY

It's okay. Let me help you up.

He reaches out his hand. She opens her eyes and slowly looks up to see her dead ex staring back at her, hand outreached.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Give me your hand.

Mia panics, grabs a hand full of dirt, and tosses it in Danny's face. He lunges backward as it passes through him. She stumbles to her feet, screams and frantically runs away.

Her screaming gets the attention of A NEAR BY FAMILY visiting a gravestone. They watch with concern and pull their children in close.

Mia runs toward her car, parked on the side street. She gets in, starts it, and grips the wheel, trying to catch her breath.

Danny stomps toward the car with his hands in the air. She screams again and peels away. Danny stops and looks around, slightly embarrassed.

INT.DANNYS APARTMENT.EVENING

Danny passes through the front door, returning from his funeral. The blinds drawn, blocking out the setting sun. A crack of light passes right through Danny and shines on the door behind him. He takes notice to his lack of physical existence. He looks around. A sense of hopelessness settles in. A new kind of hopelessness.

PAN OUT TO THE DARK, MESS OF AN APARTMENT.

INT.MIAS HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

Mia nervously paces around her living room having not slept a wink. She sips coffee from a mug and mutters to herself.

MIA

He's gone, you're grieving, you're seeing things. you just need to sleep... He's gone... he's gone.

She stops herself.

MIA (CONT'D)

He's gone.

She stares over to an old picture of the two of them on the mantel. A beat.

A *KNOCK on the door* breaks her focus. She jumps and drops the mug. It *SHATTERS*.

MIA (CONT'D)

Shit! Be right there.

Mia tosses a tea towel over top of the broken mug and answers the door.

KIRK

(looks up)
Morning.

Mia looks frazzled. She motions for Kirk to come inside. He looks around curiously.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Everything alright?

MIA

What? Oh, yea... I just dropped my coffee.

Mia goes into the kitchen and grabs a garbage bag.

KIRK

Sorry, I called before heading over but it went straight to your voicemail.

Mia shakes and struggles to clean the mess.

MIA

I must have forgot to plug my phone in. It's fine. I um... What's up?

Kirk walks over and helps Mia pick up the broken pieces.

KIRK

I'm just heading over to the apartment. You said you wanted to come.

MIA

Right... Sorry. I just didn't really get much sleep last night. Give me a a few minutes to get ready?

KIRK

Sure. Yea, no problem.

Mia stands up and walks over to the counter. She starts fumbling and banging around.

Kirk takes notice of the old pictures on the mantel. He picks one up.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Oh man. A lifetime ago hey?

Mia looks over at Kirk.

MIA

What?

KIRK

Just this picture... that would have been like twelve years ago now. Man, look how young we all look.

Mia stops. Kirk looks down lovingly at the picture. He smiles.

KIRK (CONT'D)
Well... shall we see what kind of
mess he left us with?

Mia grabs a sweater off the back of a chair and nervously looks around. Kirk watches with concern.

MIA
Okay, ready.

Kirk heads to the door. Mia follows, glancing around the dark corners of her home nervously.

KIRK
You sure you're okay?

MIA
Mhmm... Fine. Let's just go.

Kirk steps outside. Mia gives the place one more scan before flicking off the light and closing the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT.NEWS STUDIO.MORNING

A NEWS TEAM sits around a table discussing the days stories. PAULA STANSBERG (Late 20's, Reporter, eager) flips through her notes. GREG HAMMET (60's, Editor in Chief), points to Paula.

GREG
Alright, Jonestown 2.0. Stansberg,
what do you have for me?
Developments?

PAULA
(nervous)
I've been looking into Danny
Sloane.

GREG
Who?

PAULA
The comedian that was found at the
scene. I attended his funeral
yesterday.

GREG

The clown?

The rest of the news crew stare at Paula.

PAULA

I guess I'm just trying to figure out why he was there. Apparently one of the leaders, Stefan Lafetti; He mentioned to police that Danny was the master mind behind it all, but as far as I can tell he didn't have any ties to the organization.

GREG

(laughs)

Who cares if he did? Failed comedian heads doomsday cult. Sounds like a headline to me. Run with it.

PAULA

I just think we should confirm that before we -

Greg walks up to Paula. He leans on the table and makes eye contact.

GREG

Look, we don't have much time to get ahead of this thing. Doomsday shit is hot right now, and every single media outlet in the country is going to be running pieces on these idiots. We need to look like we have our finger on the pulse. The real story. You don't have to be right. You just have to be first. Understand?

Paula nods her head. Greg smirks and makes his way back to the front of the room.

GREG (CONT'D)

Legal, have we secured an interview with Lafetti?

LEGAL

No, we haven't gained access yet but we have a call in with one of the detectives later today.

GREG

Good... in the mean time, let's find out everything we can about this Sloane character. He was a comedian, so he no doubt has some skeletons in his closet... Maybe literally. Let's see if we can get access to his home. Make it happen people.

The group nods in agreement. Greg winks at Paula.

INT.DANNYS APARTMENT.AFTERNOON

Kirk and Mia set down their coats and take a somber look around their dead friends apartment. Both looking some what disgusted with the state of the place.

Mia walks into the living room. She tries to switch on the light to no avail. She rips open the blinds and lets in the daylight. Dust dances in the air, falling to her feet and drawing her attention to a couple bankers boxes full of memorabilia. She kneels down and begins to rummage.

PAN TO KIRK IN THE KITCHEN

Kirk pokes through the contents of the kitchen. He picks up a half full take out container and gives it a sniff. He gags and tosses it back down on the counter.

PAN TO HALLWAY

Danny hears movement and emerges from the bedroom down the hall. He cautiously creeps down the hallway, stopping when he notices Kirk and Mia. He springs back, hiding in the darkness.

BACK TO KIRK AND MIA

KIRK

(rummaging)

He had more shit in this little apartment that I have in my entire house.

MIA

He always did have a hard time getting rid of things... except me of course.

DANNY (O.S.)
You left me.

Mia's ears perk up. She springs to her feet and turns around.

MIA
Did you hear that?

KIRK
Hear what?

MIA
Nothing... I just... nothing.

Mia turns her attention back to the boxes. Danny pokes his head out from the hallway and stares directly at Kirk.

Kirk glances past Mia, down the hallway directly at Danny. Danny panics and jumps backward but Kirk sees nothing.

KIRK
I guess we should start boxing some
of this stuff up.

Mia picks up a blank DVD case and opens it. The DVD reads "Unreleased 2012". She smiles.

MIA
This must be the special he
recorded in Chicago.

Kirk joins her.

KIRK
Seriously? He wouldn't even let me
watch that one.

MIA
He didn't want anyone to watch it
until it got picked up.

KIRK
So no one ever saw it?

MIA
No one I know.

They look over at the TV, then back to each other.

KIRK
We've earned a break I'd say. Put
it on. I'll see if he has anything
to drink.

Mia walks over to the TV and pops in the DVD.

Kirk walks to the fridge and examines it's contents.

Danny sneaks another look at his friends.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Okay, looks like your choices are half a bottle of brown liquid or half a bottle of... Oh never mind. That's closer to a solid than a liquid.

Mia looks over in disgust.

MIA

Water's fine.

Kirk swings the refrigerator door closed.

KIRK

Good call.

Kirk and Mia plop down on the sofa to watch the special. Mia grabs a half smoked joint off the coffee table.

MIA

Looks like he left us something after all.

KIRK

It's been a while. I don't want to get paranoid.

MIA

Think of it as a tribute to Danny. I won't tell your wife, I promise.

Kirk shrugs.

KIRK

Sure, why not. Light it up.

Mia takes a drag, closes her eyes, and leans back into the sofa. She hands the joint to Kirk.

KIRK (CONT'D)

(salutes)

To Danny.

Kirk takes a puff and coughs profusely. Mia laughs.

Danny sits in the darkness of the hallway and watches with a smile on his face.

Kirk struggles to catch his breath.

DANNY/MIA
(in unison)
Pussy.

Kirk smiles.

KIRK
You sound like Danny.

Mia looks around the room.

MIA
Yea... I heard it too.

Kirk looks confused.

KIRK
What?

He takes another puff and coughs again. Mia pats him on the back and smiles.

MIA
K, maybe that's enough for you.

Kirk nods and puts down the joint. The comedy special fades in.

DANNY WALKS ON STAGE TO ROARING APPLAUSE.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT.GREENROOM - FLASHBACK

Danny ignores the KNOCKING at the greenroom door while he enthusiastically fucks an attractive GROUPIE from behind. She grips the craft services table and moans while a sweat covered Danny grunts and thrusts. Food and drink fall to the floor.

The KNOCKING continues. The SHOW RUNNER yells from the other side of the door.

SHOW RUNNER (O.S.)
(yelling)
Mr. Sloane! We need to get you to
stage! Mr. Sloane!

Danny tenses as he finishes. The woman lets out a loud moan. Danny pulls up his pants and gives her ass a slap.

She grabs one of the nearby water bottles that fell to the ground, cracks it, and takes a sip.

Danny plops down in a nearby chair and grabs a cigarette off the side table. He lights it and takes a drag.

The KNOCKING continues.

SHOW RUNNER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mr. Sloane!!

Danny shakes his head angrily. He throws an ASHTRAY at the door.

DANNY
Two fucking minutes!!

The knocking stops. Danny takes another drag off his cigarette and leans back. The woman laughs as she fixes herself. She leans into the table.

GROUPIE
That was fun.

Danny doesn't acknowledge her. She smiles at him anyway.

GROUPIE (CONT'D)
I'll leave my number so we can meet
up later.

Danny's phone buzzes. He glances over at a text from Mia. "Good luck with the taping. Call me later. Love you." Danny looks up at the groupie. He takes a drag off his smoke and puts it out.

DANNY
I have a whole pre-show ritual I
need to do so you should probably
go.

GROUPIE
(winks)
I thought I was your pre-show
ritual?

He walks to the door and motions for her to leave. She scoffs, shakes her head, and grabs her things. Danny opens the door. She pushes her way past the SHOW RUNNER (40's, male, stressed). The Show Runner looks up at Danny.

SHOW RUNNER
Oh, good. We need to go like, now.

Danny looks down at the Show Runner and smiles.

DANNY
 (slowly closing the door)
 For sure. Just two more minutes.

SHOW RUNNER
 (panicking)
 Mr Sloane! Please!

Danny slams the door shut and sits back down in the chair. He pulls out a baggy and cuts a line on the side table next to his phone. The phone buzzes again, revealing the text from Mia. He pauses for a second, grabs the phone, and slides it into a nearby bag. Danny snorts the line of cocaine, stands up, and walks to the door. He opens it and confidently stares down at the frazzled Show Runner.

DANNY
 See, I told you. Two more minutes.

The Show Runner shakes his head and motions Danny toward the stage.

SHOW RUNNER
 (into radio)
 We're headed to the stage. Cue
 intro.

FOLLOW THEM TO THE STAGE

CLOSE ON Danny, eyes glazed over. A cocky, crooked smile materializes. Time slows for a moment.

Loud Punk Rock blares over the speakers. The roar of the audience begins to crescendo. The ANNOUNCER begins Danny's intro.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 Are you ready Chicago! Put your
 hands together for Mr. Danny
 Sloane!!!

CLOSE ON DANNY AS HE APPROACHES THE CURTAIN.

BACK TO:

INT.DANNYS APARTMENT - PRESENT

Kirk and Mia sink into the couch watching Danny's forgotten comedy special. Kirk succumbs to the weed and struggles to stay alert. Mia watches intently.

CLOSE ON TV SCREEN

Danny effortlessly rolls into a joke. The sold out theatre is locked in.

DANNY

(performing)

Maybe I'm just not meant to be a Father, you know? Not because I couldn't handle the pressure or whatever. I'm used to pressure. I thrive under pressure. No, I just don't think I have much wisdom to impart on anyone. My Dad wasn't absent but he was always kind of busy doing his own thing, you know? He didn't teach me much outside of the things he liked which was music, movies, and mind altering substances. He did teach me to drive... and how to roll a joint one handed at a stop light, stick it in your mouth, and light it before the light turned green. Which is a good party trick, but hard to do if you've been drinking as well. (Laughter) And most of the important stuff I taught myself, but I couldn't begin to think of how to teach others. My brain isn't wired to teach. Even simple stuff, my answer is usually "I don't know, figure it out." But I can't just say that to my child... So I'd have to make some shit up. (Laughter) Like teaching him how to shave... He'd be like, "Dad teach me the proper technique so as not to slit my fucking throat." Kids got a mouth on him, that's for sure.

Danny cracks and laughs along with the audience.

DANNY (CONT'D)

And I'd have to be like "Son, you're just going to have to come close enough to slitting your throat a number of times, and from there, hopefully the fear of death will guide your hand safely." Which worked for me, but there's no real lesson in there. Where I'd shine I suppose, is the how to do shady shit and not get caught category.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

Applicable if he follows in the family footsteps and chooses a life of debauchery and petty crime. Not so much if he wants to be a normal person like an electrician or something. Unless he's an electrician moonlighting in debauchery and petty crime.

He lets them laugh while taking a sip of his beer.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I can see it now. My son. A spitting image of me... Little pieces of toilet paper stuck to his face where he cut himself shaving. He risks his life every day because his beard never did really fill in. I failed to mention our weak genetics for facial hair growth. But that doesn't matter because he's the towns most trusted electrician. A man of integrity, a master of his trade, an entrepreneur, a family man... and dealer of premium narcotics. A trade he learned from his old man. I'm such a bad teacher though, I'd probably forget to mention the important details. Like the how not to get caught bit. And it's hard to run from the police when your getaway vehicle is an electricians van with a big picture of yourself slapped on the side. Just cursing my name, trying to get away... Rolling himself a quick joint at the stop light.

The audience roars with laughter.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(Laughing at himself)

Stupid son of a bitch stops at the light. (One handed rolling the microphone) I hate you Dad!!

The room vibrates with laughter.

BACK TO MIA

Mia smiles as the tears roll down her cheek. She sniffles and wipes them away.

DANNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(performing)
That's going to be it for me
everyone! Thank you so fucking much
for coming! Goodnight!

Applause blares from the TV.

Mia reaches over and grabs the remote. She quickly shuts it off and leans back, looking over at Kirk. He's dead asleep. She shakes her head, stands up from the sofa and glances around the apartment.

MIA
God damnit Danny...

DANNY
(walks into the light)
I should have probably used the
footage from the second show.

Mia's eyes widen. She turns around slowly to see Danny standing there. He smiles at her. A beat.

Mia screams and throws an ashtray. Danny ducks. It slams into the wall and falls to the ground. Kirk's eyes fly open. He stands up frantically.

KIRK
What is it? What's wrong!?

Mia continues screaming and pointing. Danny looks around nervously.

DANNY
It's okay! Mia! It's okay! It's me!

She cries and points toward Danny. Kirk looks but sees nothing.

KIRK
Mia, what is going on!?

Mia stares at Kirk.

MIA
It's Danny! He's here! Look!

Kirk stares directly at Danny but sees nothing. Danny waves. Mia screams again.

DANNY
He can't see me. Mia, calm down!

Mia tries to get a hold of her breathing.

MIA
You can't see him? He's right
there.

Kirk throws his hands up.

KIRK
I don't see anything. How much did
you smoke?

Danny steps closer. Mia steps back. Danny stops right behind Kirk.

MIA
He's RIGHT behind you.

KIRK
He's what?

Kirk pauses and stares at Mia. Mia pauses and stares past Kirk, making eye contact with Danny. Danny smirks and air humps Kirk from behind. Mia laughs nervously. Kirk shakes his head with confusion.

DANNY
It's okay.

MIA
(calming down)
It's okay.

KIRK
Yea. It's okay. You're okay. It's
just your mind playing tricks on
you.

Mia walks past Kirk and stands face to face with Danny. Kirk turns around, bewildered.

KIRK (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Mia locks eyes with Danny.

DANNY
Hey beautiful. Nice to see you
again.

Mia starts to cry.

MIA
It really is you.

Kirk watches in extreme confusion as Mia seemingly talks to herself. He runs his fingers through his hair.

KIRK

Okay, this is getting weird. Let's get you home. You need some sleep... and maybe a doctor.

Mia turns around.

MIA

Kirk, shut up. He's here. Danny's here.

Kirk stares at Mia, at a loss.

DANNY

He has the same look on his face as when Tracy Moranis flashed us her tits in grade nine.

Mia laughs.

MIA

He says it looks like you're seeing Tracy Moranis's tits for the first time.

Kirk starts to clue in. A beat.

KIRK

How do you about that? That's not cool Mia. Don't fuck with me like that.

Mia shakes her head and smiles.

DANNY

He was so into her. He stole this lace bra of hers from this party we went to at her house so he could jerk off into it. Which I thought was fucking weird by the way.

Mia glances over at Kirk with disgust.

KIRK

What?

DANNY

He got so paranoid she was going to find out that he ditched it at my house. I still have it.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

It's in the bedroom dresser in the bottom drawer.

Mia laughs and runs past Danny to the bedroom.

KIRK

Mia enough okay. Let's go. We both need some fresh air. We'll come back some other time.

Mia emerges from the bedroom holding a white lace bra. She smiles and tosses it to Kirk. He catches it.

MIA

Look familiar?

KIRK

Tracy's tata container... He kept it?

DANNY

Kept it, may have tested it out once or twice. I was right, it's weird.

Mia smiles.

KIRK

Wait... How did you? What's going on?

Mia grabs Kirk by the shoulders. His eyes widen as he looks up from the bra. A beat.

He walks past Mia and stops right in front of Danny. He glances around the apartment, still not seeing anything.

Danny turns his head and steps back to avoid Kirk breathing directly into his face.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Holy shit. He is here isn't he?

DANNY

It always takes him so long to figure shit out.

MIA

Danny says hurry up with the epiphany.

Kirk looks at Mia, tears trickling down his cheek. Mia smiles and nods.

MIA (CONT'D)
Is there anything you want to say
to him?

A beat.

KIRK
(emotional)
I always knew you'd die owing me
money.

Danny laughs.

MIA
He liked that one.

Kirk is overcome with emotion.

KIRK
I miss you so much already man. I -

Kirk is interrupted by his *phone buzzing*. He quickly pulls it
out of his pocket to check.

DANNY
Well that's fucking rude.

MIA
Is it Annie?

KIRK
No, I thought it might be.

He puts the phone away.

KIRK (CONT'D)
(wipes a tear)
It was just a reminder for that
thing at Sam's tonight. Does uh...
Does he want to go?

Mia looks over at Danny. He shrugs.

MIA
That might be weird no?

KIRK
Yea, I guess. Like attending his
own funeral.

DANNY
Already did that.

Mia scoffs.

MIA
You were late.

KIRK
He was there? Wait, how did he get here? Ask him if he can fly.

DANNY
Tell Kirk to shut up.

MIA
Shut up.

Kirk nods and takes a deep breath.

MIA (CONT'D)
So, should we go to Sam's?

Mia looks to Danny for approval. He agrees.

MIA (CONT'D)
He says okay.

Kirk looks towards what he thinks is Danny but is actually nothing.

KIRK
I think it's going to be a nice little get together. Everyone was really sad to hear you... You know.

Mia taps Kirk on the shoulder. Kirk turns his head.

MIA
He's over here.

Kirk turns. Danny moves with Kirk, staying at his side, smirking. Mia laughs.

MIA (CONT'D)
Let's just get going.

Kirk and Mia collect their things and put on their coats.

DANNY
Meet you guys downstairs.

Danny walks to the front door and vanishes through it. Mia watches with slightly terrified wonderment.

KIRK
Alright, here we go. To Sam's... with our dead friend.

MIA

Let's maybe keep that part to ourselves for now.

FADE TO:

INT.SLOANE FAMILY APARTMENT.LATE NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A nine year old Danny lounges on the living room couch with his Father (PETER SLOANE, 40's) watching Monty Python. Danny mimics his Dad's laughter, noting the cadence of the jokes while not really understanding the content. Stacks of numbered VHS tapes sit on the coffee table next to an ashtray with a half smoked joint balanced on the edge. Danny sits up and reads through the home made labels stuck to the side.

DANNY

What's Porky's?

PETER laughs.

PETER

I think your Mom might have my head if I show you that one. Maybe next year.

DANNY

What about Spinal Tap?

PETER

(proud)

Good choice. Christopher Guest is a genius. Great tunes too.

DANNY

It's a musical?

PETER

Sort of. But not in a bad way like most musicals, you know?

DANNY

(shrugs)

Should we put it on?

PETER

When this one is over. That's the thing about comedies, you have to make it to the end. A good comedy saves the best for last.

Peter and his son exchange a smile. They quickly fall back into their movie.

Danny's MOTHER (JANN, 30's) walks into the room, looking as though she'd been woken up.

JANN
(unimpressed)
Seriously Peter?

Peter turns around. He attempts to slide the stack of tapes in front of the ashtray. Danny notices his Mother and stops laughing.

PETER
Hey hon. Sorry did we wake you up?

JANN
He needs to go to bed, it's late.
And were you doing that in front of
him?

PETER
No, I went outside. It's fine we're
just watching movies. He doesn't
even know what it is.

DANNY
What, what is?

PETER
See.

Jann shakes her head.

JANN
Come on Danny, time for bed.

Danny groans.

DANNY
But we were going to watch Spinal
Tap!

JANN
(stern)
Bed! Now!

Danny rolls his eyes and pushes himself off the sofa. He walks out of the room.

Jann stays and glares at Peter. Peter lowers his head with guilt and doesn't say a word. He pauses the tape, grabs the rest of his joint and heads outside through the sliding glass door.

INT.SAMMIE'S COMEDY CLUB - PRESENT

Mia, Kirk, and Danny walk into the comedy club. It's PACKED from wall to wall. They stand in the entrance, puzzled by the eclectic group of people gathered in attendance. For the first time in a decade, Sam's club is busy. A large picture of Danny sits above the bar. A massive donation jar below it reads "Relief Fund". Everyone that approaches the bar tosses some cash inside. The MC, Hector takes the stage.

KIRK

Holy crap it's bump'n in here.

MIA

Yea, I didn't know Sams' got this busy.

KIRK

It doesn't.

Danny looks around at the crowd, shocked. He notices his tribute at the bar.

DANNY

Well this is uncomfortable.

The Waitress from the other night walks by them, talking to her COWORKER.

WAITRESS

(sobbing)

I was probably the last person to see him alive. We just had such a connection, you know?

COWORKER

Oh babe you must just be heartbroken. I'm so sorry!

Kirk smirks. Mia turns to Danny.

MIA

Who is that?

Danny shrugs.

DANNY

I literally have no idea. Let's go see if we can find Sam.

Mia tugs on Kirks jacket.

MIA

Let's go find Sam.

Kirk nods. Still looking around in shock. Kirk and Mia awkwardly make their way through the crowd. Danny casually walks through everyone.

INT.SAM'S BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kirk knocks on the door, interrupting a boisterous conversation happening inside. Sam's big booming laugh turns to a loud groan.

SAM (O.S.)
Ah, come in!

Kirk, Mia, and Danny walk inside. Sam recognizes Kirk and Mia. He smiles and waves them over. PAULA (Reporter) sits at the desk with Sam, taking notes.

SAM (CONT'D)
Well look who it is! I was wondering if you two were going to stop by.

KIRK
Hey Sam. Quite the turn out.

MIA
Hey Sam.

SAM
Mia, still beautiful as ever. Kurt, still gay I see.

Mia and Danny laugh. Kirk shakes his head.

KIRK
It's Kirk. I know you know that. And sorry we didn't mean to interrupt.

Sam winks at Paula. Paula smiles awkwardly.

SAM
Notice how he didn't deny the gay thing.

KIRK
I'm actually married to a woman and expecting my second child any day now. I'm not trying to sound defensive or homophobic, I'm just attempting to neutralize your incredibly insensitive comment.

Danny scoffs.

DANNY

Mia, tell captain woke to lighten up.

SAM

You've neutralized my attention by being boring and gay.

Mia and Danny crack up.

PAULA

I can go. We can finish the interview later.

SAM

No, no, this is perfect. Kirk and Mia knew Danny well. Maybe a little too well.

Paula's eyes widen.

PAULA

Mia? As in his ex?

Mia looks annoyed. Danny looks concerned.

MIA

Who are you?

Paula gets up and walks over to shake Mia's hand.

PAULA

Sorry, I'm Paula, I'm a reporter for channel thirteen. I'm covering the... event. I just came by to learn a bit more about your friend. I'm very sorry for your loss by the way. Tragic.

Mia shakes her hand. Eyeing her up. Kirk just nods.

PAULA (CONT'D)

He lived quite the life, your friend. Sam was giving me the insider scoop. We should sit down and chat. I would love to learn more from someone who was so close to him.

DANNY

Well that's not good.

Mia looks over at Danny with concern. Kirk notices her expression and his eyes follow, bouncing between Mia and the blank space (Danny) in front of her.

SAM

The fuck are you two looking at?

Kirk and Mia snap to.

MIA

Sorry, just still in shock I guess.
It's nice to meet you but I don't
think that will be happening.

PAULA

Fair enough. Well, I'll let you all
catch up. It was nice to meet you
and again, so sorry for your loss.

Paula takes her leave. Sam creepily watches her as she walks away.

KIRK

I don't trust her.

MIA

Me either.

SAM

You said you wouldn't fuck her?

KIRK

What? No Sam, I said I don't TRUST
her.

SAM

Oh. I just thought cause you're
gay...

Danny and Mia laugh.

Danny walks over to Sam's desk, stands right in front of him and just stares. Sam stares right past him, completely unaware.

DANNY

How is it that he can't see or hear
me but I can still smell him?

Mia laughs.

SAM

Sounds like they've started out
there. Let's get you two a table.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

I'll buy you each a drink. You going up fancy pants?

Kirk rolls his eyes.

KIRK

Naw, Sam I'm okay. Thanks.

SAM

Good. I want the crowd to actually stick around.

Sam laughs and wheezes. Mia looks up at Kirk empathetically. He shrugs it off.

DANNY

He's got him there.

MIA

Let's get that table.

INT.SAMMIE'S COMEDY CLUB - FLASHBACK

Danny and Kirk stand backstage, going over notes while they wait to go up. We hear the crowd laughing. The COMIC on stage closes out his set.

KIRK

I just don't know if it's ready. It's a little dark for my set anyway. Might throw people off. Definitely can't open with it.

DANNY

So close with it. Save the best for last. It's a banger.

KIRK

We'll see. I'll play it by ear.

DANNY

I heard there's some agents out there tonight. From LA.

KIRK

Really? What are they doing here?

DANNY

Who knows. Probably just scouting for hacks to be on some new sketch comedy show that'll last three episodes.

KIRK
Maybe I'll just play it safe
tonight. I don't want to be working
out in front of them.

Danny shrugs.

DANNY
Fuck em.

KIRK
Ahhhh.

DANNY
Come on, at least let me do it
then. See if it works. I don't give
a shit what they think.

KIRK
I don't know.

The comic on stage finishes his set and starts to bring Danny
up on stage.

COMIC
That's my time, you folks have been
awesome. Let's keep it going for
the next comic. A local boy. The
very funny Danny Sloane!

The audience cheers. Danny gives Kirk a wink and walks on
stage.

EXT.MIA'S DRIVEWAY.NIGHT - PRESENT

Kirk drops Mia off at her house after their time at Sam's
Comedy Club. Danny sits in the back seat.

MIA
Thanks for the ride.

KIRK
Yea, no problem. Is it wrong if I
say that was fun?

DANNY
A little bit.

Kirk wears an oblivious smile.

MIA

I thought that was great. The sets were good and it was nice to see Sam... Sort of.

DANNY

Fuck that asshole. Treats me like shit when I'm alive, then he goes and cashes in on my popularity when I'm dead?

Mia rolls her eyes. Kirk tries to figure it out.

KIRK

What is it?

KIRK (CONT'D)

Is he mad Sam made money off his suicide?

MIA

(laughs)

Little bit. He also thinks he's popular.

Kirk snorts.

DANNY

Fuck you. And I didn't kill myself!

MIA

You kind of did.

DANNY

Not on purpose. I have a list of ways I'd do it and that wasn't on it.

MIA

Jesus.

KIRK

He tell you about the list?

Mia nods.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Yea, he's always had a list. See Danny, man I told you it was fucked up. Did he tell you how he wanted his ashes spread? A t-shirt cannon.

Danny and Kirk, in unison, mimic a t-shirt cannon noise.

MIA

Normal people don't plan the details of their death Danny.

Danny shrugs.

MIA (CONT'D)

I'm going inside. Today was... weird.

KIRK

Don't worry. I'll take captain suicide home.

DANNY

That's not even clever, and I don't want to go home. Not by myself. It's uncomfortable enough being dead. I don't need to be dead and at my creepy apartment. No, tell Kirk I'll stay at his.

MIA

Danny says he wants to go home with you because he's scared.

DANNY

Not scared... uncomfortable.

MIA

Scared and lonely.

KIRK

Oh, I uh... I don't know if Annie would be okay with that.

DANNY

What the fuck? She can't see me you stupid asshole.

MIA

He's groveling now.

Danny shakes his head. Kirk laughs.

DANNY

Mia, let me stay here. I'll stay on the couch. I seem to be able to interact physically with most furniture.

MIA

No, I don't think so. Just go back to your place and we'll meet up tomorrow.

DANNY

How the fuck are we supposed to coordinate that? I can't exactly use a phone.

KIRK

How's he going to coordinate that though, he can't use a phone probably... right?

DANNY

See even captain dip shit gets it.

MIA

Jesus, you two.

KIRK

Look, we're at the point with sitting here where I need to either leave, or turn off the engine. I don't like to idle.

A beat.

MIA

Danny, just go home. I'll come over in the morning. I promise.

DANNY

(scoffs)
Fine.

KIRK

All good buddy. Just sit tight. I'll get ya home.

MIA

Thanks Kirk.

Mia gets out of the car and starts walking towards her home. Danny sneaks his head down and steps right through the car door on to Mia's driveway. He stands up, looking proud of himself.

Kirk puts the car in reverse and starts playfully chatting to an empty back seat.

Danny waves to his oblivious friend as he drives away.

EXT/INT.MIA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Danny casually crosses the driveway towards Mia's front door. She's already inside. He smiles to himself and prepares to ghost his way through the door.

The neighbors DOG starts barking at Danny aggressively, startling him. He pauses. The door opens and frames an annoyed looking Mia.

MIA
Hello Daniel.

DANNY
That dog never did like me.

MIA
Just come inside.

Danny smirks and walks inside. Mia closes the door behind him.

MIA (CONT'D)
That's always how I knew you were home from the club.

DANNY
Bet no one misses that at 3am.

Mia's frustration melts away. She stares at Danny. A tear forms.

MIA
Sometimes I do.

Danny looks inward for a second before awkwardly breaking the silence.

DANNY
So, you've changed lots up in here too. I like the furniture it -

MIA
Matches?

DANNY
I was going to say it looks German.

MIA
How does furniture look German?

DANNY
The same way a person looks German.
Remember my old roommate Johan?
(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

You know... symmetrical and like...
German.

Mia turns and walks to the kitchen, leaving Danny at the entrance.

MIA

Does everything have to be a bit?
Always have to find the fucking
punchline?

DANNY

Oh come on. I'm just... The
furniture looks good. It looks nice
in here.

A beat.

MIA

Thanks.

DANNY

Just trying to lighten the mood.

MIA

Sorry... I guess I could cut you
some slack.

DANNY

It's too bad I didn't hang myself.
That would have been a really good
pun.

Mia shakes her head and smiles. She grabs a beer out of the fridge.

MIA

I don't know if ghosts are able to
eat or drink but if so, help
yourself. I'm going to jump in the
shower.

Danny plops himself down on Mia's couch.

DANNY

Okay. I'll just sit here I guess.
Unless you want some company.

Mia glares at Danny.

MIA

I'm fine, thanks.

DANNY
Nothing I haven't seen before.

MIA
Nothing you'll ever see again. Stay
out here or I'll -

DANNY
You'll what?

MIA
It's really hard to deal with you
when the threat of death is
removed.

DANNY
I would imagine. Enjoy your shower.

Mia turns to leave.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Hey wait! Can you turn on the TV?
I'm less likely to sneak in on you
if I have something to watch.

Mia rolls her eyes, walks to the living room and turns the TV
to ENews. She smiles sarcastically and turns to head to the
bathroom.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(frustrated)
Seriously?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT.KIRKS HOUSE.EVENING

Kirk sits curled up with his very pregnant wife on their very
large, cozy sofa watching TV. Kirk flips to the Entertainment
News channel. Something catches Annie's attention.

ANNIE
Hey that's Danny!

Kirk sits up.

ENEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
Comedian and actor Danny Sloane
killed in a group suicide
orchestrated by SMURFS. The
doomsday cult who some surviving
members are saying Danny was an
important player in.

KIRK
What!? What the hell are they
talking about?

ANNIE
Oh my god. Is that true?

KIRK
Of course it's not true! Danny is a
lot of things but a leader is not
one of them.

Kirk pulls out his phone and starts scrolling.

KIRK (CONT'D)
It's already all over Twitter.

Annie looks concerned.

KIRK (CONT'D)
You know that is impressive that
someone was able to edit and upload
it that quickly, what was that like
forty seconds?

ANNIE
Babe, you have to do something.

The TV interrupts.

ENEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
Comedy fans and fellow doomsdayer's
seem to have found common ground
with Mr. Sloane as his comedy album
sales are currently sending him to
#2 on the charts. Talks of bidding
wars over unreleased material and
even an unreleased pilot episode
dating back to 2008 have the
industry buzzing about Danny
Sloane. Is this another case of
greatness realized to late? More as
the story develops.

Kirk throws himself back into the couch.

KIRK
Are you kidding me? Wait till he
hears about this.

Annie looks confused.

ANNIE

Honey, I know you're hurting. But it's a little petty to be jealous of your dead friends success.

Kirk looks over at his wife.

KIRK

You're right sweetie.

ANNIE

And look on the bright side... Now you don't have to hear him gloat non stop.

Kirks eyes widen. He pulls his wife in closer. He lifts the remote.

KIRK

Yea, I'm sure he wouldn't shut up about it. Let's watch something else.

ANNIE

Oh, how about Vampire Diaries.

Kirk sighs quietly.

KIRK

Sure.

INT.MIAS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mia lathers her hair as steam from the shower rises around her. A TV mounted to the nearby wall plays an episode of Vampire Diaries. Mia closes her eyes as she lets the warm water pour over her forehead, rinsing the soap from her hair.

Danny casually walks through the bathroom door into the steamy room. He squints as he tries to peak through the glass shower door.

DANNY

This fucking frosted glass, can't see shit.

Mia SCREAMS and flails around, knocking soap bottles to the shower floor.

MIA

What the fuck!!

She turns off the shower and reaches out for a towel. Danny instinctively grabs the towel and hands it to her. It works. She grabs the towel and closes the shower door. Danny looks down at his hands curiously.

DANNY

I don't get these rules.

Mia exits the shower wrapped in her towel.

DANNY (CONT'D)

TV in the bathroom eh? Classy.

MIA

I told you to wait in the living room.

DANNY

Are you watching Vampire Diaries? Hasn't that show been done for years.

MIA

Yes... It was written for 14 year olds and 30 year olds, and I wasn't either age when it first came out. There are entire generations that were robbed of enjoying Vampire Diaries.

DANNY

That one guy looks exactly like Charlie Sheen.

MIA

His name is Damon Salvator and he's dreamy.

DANNY

So was a young Charlie Sheen. Look at that stare... uncanny.

Mia pauses her show and points towards the door.

MIA

Out.

DANNY

You used to ask me to hang out with you while you showered.

MIA

Yea well, now I have a TV. Get out.

DANNY

What? No, let's finish the episode.
I want to see how Mr. Tigers blood
gets himself out of this one.

Mia groans and walks past Danny, out of the bathroom.

INT.MIAS KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mia stomps to the fridge, opens it, and grabs a bottle of
beer. She looks up to see Danny standing in front of her.

MIA

Did you figure out if you can drink
one of these?

DANNY

I handed you the towel and I can
sit on things. So maybe? I don't
know. Beer me.

Mia tosses a bottle to Danny. He confidently lifts his hand
but the bottle passes straight through it, smashing on the
wall behind him. Mia takes a deep breath.

MIA

I feel like that was partially my
fault.

Danny nods. Mia starts to clean up the mess. A beat.

DANNY

They did a story on me on Enews. My
albums are selling like crazy
apparently. Can you believe that?

MIA

The early ones? No I can't, they
were terrible.

DANNY

Well, not the last two. Just the
first four... Either way. Turns out
all I had to do to get really
famous was die.

MIA

That's kind of sick don't you
think? What about all those other
people that died?

DANNY

Hey, they wanted to be there. I was the only victim, if you really think about it.

Mia looks annoyed.

MIA

Well, I'm very happy for your success.

A beat. Danny brushes off Mia's sarcasm.

DANNY

I noticed you kept the porch swing. We smoked a lot of weed on that porch swing.

MIA

Sure did.

DANNY

Sorry I can't help you clean up.

MIA

It's fine. I'll finish this up quick but then I think I might call it a night.

DANNY

Yea, get some sleep. I think I'll sit outside for a bit if that's alright. Nice night. Not really tired.

MIA

Oh, yea. Feel free to... you know, make yourself at home.

DANNY

Thanks.

MIA

Can you even?

DANNY

Can I what?

MIA

Sleep? I don't know how this ghost thing works.

Danny shakes his head.

DANNY

No. And I don't really know either.
It feels like I'm stuck in that
moment right between dreaming and
waking up.

Danny rubs his neck and takes a deep breath.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Makes for a long day... longer
night.

A beat.

MIA

How is this real? I mean it feels
real... that's the problem. It's
like we're just hanging out but
you're fucking dead, Danny.

Danny's neurosis kicks in. His eyes shift. He nods nervously.

MIA (CONT'D)

Like what happens now? Do you cross
over at some point? Is there
something you need to do? How do we
even help you?

DANNY

I don't know! Mia... I don't know.
Okay? You think I took a fucking
masterclass on dying before I... I
was out for a fucking jog!

MIA

I'm sorry... I didn't mean to -

DANNY

I want to figure this out. I do. I
just don't want to figure this out
alone... Don't make me figure this
out alone, okay?

Mia pauses. She walks over to Danny and places her hand on
his shoulder.

MIA

You don't have to.

A glow of energy. Sparks fly between Mia's hand and Danny's
shoulder.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT.DANNY AND MIAS KITCHEN.LA - SIX YEARS EARLIER

An expensive looking electric glass kettle begins to boil. Danny prepares a cup of tea. Mia sits at the kitchen table sobbing.

DANNY
You want honey?

Mia stays silent, not looking up from the table.

DANNY (CONT'D)
It's going to be okay you know? We can try again.

The water finishes boiling. Danny shakes as he reaches for the Kettle. He starts to pour the boiling water into the cup. It splashes and burns his hand. He jumps back and drops the kettle. It shatters.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Danny steps back, cursing. Mia pauses her tears and rushes to help him. She starts picking up the shards of glass. Danny turns on the cold water and sticks his hand under the tap. Tears fill his eyes.

Mia stands up and turns him to face him. He hides a tear and looks away.

MIA
Try again? Look at me. Neither of us have to pretend this is okay. We're allowed to be broken right now.

Danny shakes his head. Holding back tears.

MIA (CONT'D)
Danny you have to feel this with me! Danny you have to feel!

Danny takes a breath. He give Mia a quick glance before he turns to shut off the sink.

DANNY
I'll just run out and get you a tea. I could use some air anyways.

Danny wipes a tear from his eye. He steps over the mess and heads towards the front door, stopping to pull cash from a jacket pocket before leaving without looking back. Mia stands over the mess. Tears fill her eyes again.

BACK TO:

INT.MIAS KITCHEN - PRESENT

Danny stares into Mia's eyes as the light grows. It sparks and Mia feels a shock.

She jumps back and removes her hand.

MIA

Shit! Ow!

DANNY

Fuck. Yea, I keep doing that.
Sorry... Are you okay?

MIA

(confused)

I'm fine... I think I'm going to head upstairs. It's been a day you know?

DANNY

Right... yea, get some sleep. We can figure something out tomorrow.

A beat.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Goodnight.

MIA

Goodnight, Danny.

Mia heads up the stairs. Danny watches her leave. He sighs and walks outside on to the deck.

EXT.MIAS DECK - CONTINUOUS

Danny sits down on the porch swing. His energy causes it to start to swing as he stares into the clear night sky.

EXT.NEIGHBOURS BACK DECK - CONTINUOUS

The NEIGHBOUR (50's, overweight) sits out back enjoying a late night drink in his bath robe.

He takes a sip followed by a final drag of his cigarette. He puts out his smoke and stands up to walk inside. As his eyes cross the fence line he notices Mias PORCH SWING, swinging on it's own, with no one sitting in it. He refocuses his eyes as it comes to a stop. He gives his head a shake and brushes it off.

It starts to swing again. His eyes widen and he nervously rushes inside.

CUT TO:

INT.SAMMIE'S COMEDY CLUB

Local COMEDIANS (HECTOR 30's, ROBBIE 20's & BRIDGET 30's) sit at the bar having a drink after the club has closed. Sam putzes around behind the bar, smoking and counting cash.

ROBBIE

That shit can't be true right? He wasn't that bad was he?

HECTOR

Man, he was the fucking worst. Doomsday cult? I don't know... But dude was off the fucking rails.

BRIDGET

Sloane was a dick. Funny, but a total fucking dick. I'm sorry, he was.

ROBBIE

I didn't really know him.

HECTOR

Didn't he bump you like five times?

BRIDGET

He once asked me to give him a hand job in exchange for his set the night of the last showcase.

HECTOR

Had you done it, you might be famous right now and not sitting here with us waiting for Sam to pay you fifteen dollars.

Hector bangs the table playfully.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Hey Sam! You done counting yet?
What is it like 300 dollars total?

SAM
(scoffs and flips through
cash)
A bit more than that. And you can
thank your dead friend the dick.

BRIDGET
Fucking, go figure. Drives them
away when he's here and they flock
for him when he's gone.

HECTOR
Fucked what happened with those
people though.

ROBBIE
Whatever, I'll take it. I mean not
the... You know. I just mean the
crowds are nice.

Sam takes a big drag off his cigarette and salutes Robbie.

SAM
Amen kid. Silver linings and all
that shit.

Hector lifts his beer for a cheers. Bridget rolls her eyes
and takes a sip of her drink. They continue chatting.

Sam looks over to the picture of Danny. He flashes a handful
of cash and salutes. His smile slowly fades as he stares at
the picture.

FADE TO:

INT.FANS BEDROOM.LATE NIGHT

A YOUNG FAN (20's) of Danny's sits alone in his bedroom. The
walls adorned with posters of his favorite comedians and
scantily clad woman. He clicks play on a playlist titled
"Danny Sloane". Clips from Danny's comedy albums begin to
play through.

We focus on the Fan's blank stare as he slowly raises a cup
full of blue liquid to his lips. He cracks a half smile and
downs the drink as the speakers belt out punchlines and
laughter. He smiles.

The audio gets fuzzy. The Fan's eyes begin to roll backward. His neck begins to sway, followed by his shoulders. He starts to convulse and falls to the ground, out of frame.

The audio continues and the crowd laughter slowly fades back in. All we see is an empty chair and the wall behind it.

FADE TO:

EXT.MIA'S DRIVEWAY - THE NEXT MORNING

Kirk arrives at Mia's bright and early. He pulls into the driveway just as Mia and Danny step out of the house. Mia locks the door while Danny waits at the bottom of the steps. They both smile as they walk down the driveway together.

Kirk rolls down the passenger side window.

KIRK

He stayed here didn't he?

MIA

(pointing)

Yea, he's right here.

KIRK

I knew it. God damn, talked to myself like the whole way home yesterday... I'm judging by your smiles, you haven't heard the news.

Mia's smile fades. Danny looks concerned.

MIA

What news?

DANNY

What, you mean that I'm famous?

KIRK

Get in. This isn't really a stand in the middle of the front lawn kind of conversation.

Kirk reaches across the seat and opens the car door for Mia. He reaches behind him and opens the back door for Danny. Mia gets in.

Danny glides through the closed back door and into the back seat, leaving the other door wide open.

INT.KIRKS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kirk pulls out his phone and starts typing.

DANNY

Tell him to stop being so dramatic.
What happened?

MIA

Kirk, what's going on?

Kirk pulls up a video on his phone and show's it to Mia.
Danny leans in to watch. It shows the faces of three YOUNG
MEN

PAULA (O.S.)

Copycat Suicides following Popular
Comedian/Cult Leaders public
massacre have been occurring across
the country. Fellow comedians have
been coming forward with shocking
testimonies of what can only be
described as a truly tortured soul.
Debauchery, drug abuse, and
possible connections to other
organizations, one of which being a
known sex cult, currently under
investigation.

Kirk closes the video.

DANNY

(freaks out)
Sex cult? I tried to join one of
those in LA and they said no!

MIA

Jesus... Well, I mean this
obviously isn't true.

Kirk shakes his head.

KIRK

I know that but it's out there and
truth is kind of an after thought
these days.

MIA

Look who's reporting it. That bitch
that was interviewing Sam. Paula.

DANNY

This is fucked! I bet Sam made this
shit up.

MIA

Relax. We'll get this sorted.

KIRK

Maybe my office can get in touch with her editor. They can't just release something like this without confirming anything.

Kirk sends a text. Mia pulls out her phone and begins to scroll. Mia shakes her head in disbelief as she stares down at the pictures of the deceased young men. Her eyes well up.

DANNY

That's fucking slander! Do you have any idea what something like this does to sales? My image? This shit could ruin me.

Mia glares at Danny.

MIA

Ruin you? What about the parents who just lost their children?

Kirk shakes his head with disappointment. Danny scoffs.

MIA (CONT'D)

You are unbelievable.

Kirk interjects.

KIRK

Got a text back. I know where her office is. We'll go and talk to her. Tell him it's going to be okay.

DANNY

I can fucking hear you dumbass. Does he seriously not know how this works yet?

Mia shakes her head.

MIA

Fine. Let's go.

Kirk backs out of the driveway. The open passenger door bounces and aggressively shuts itself as the car pulls away.

FADE TO:

INT.PAULAS OFFICE - RECEPTION

An uncomfortably attractive young RECEPTIONIST (Female, 20's) stands behind a transparent glass desk, revealing a skin tight short skirt clinging to her hourglass hips.

RECEPTIONIST

(perky)

Hi there! What I can do for you?

Danny walks up to the reception desk. He smiles and crosses his arms, watching Kirk and the Receptionist intently. Mia hangs back.

DANNY

Holy shit that's a hot receptionist. I'm not even TRYING to objectify her, it's just happening.

Mia rolls her eyes.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Watch how nervous he's going to get.

KIRK

(trying not to stare)

Hi. Hello. Good morning... Wow, this is a nice office. Everything is so modern.

Kirk laughs awkwardly.

RECEPTIONIST

(confused)

Umm, hi! Yes, it's uh, it's a good office. Do you have an appointment with someone?

Kirk looks bewildered. Danny laughs hysterically. Mia cracks a smile.

KIRK

Sorry! Yes, I mean no. Well, maybe. Is Paula in?

RECEPTIONIST

Is she expecting you?

KIRK

Ummm, I'm not sure... no. I mean probably not but... Wow, is this desk made entirely of glass?

He puts his hand down on the desk to feel it, leaving a greasy handprint. He uses his sleeve to try and wipe it away.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry?

DANNY

Mia, you need to step in here. This is getting hard to watch.

Mia sighs. She joins Kirk at the desk.

MIA

Hi, I'm Mia. I was engaged to the dead comedian Paula's been lying about.

RECEPTIONIST

(flustered)

Oh of course! The cult leader. Oh my god, such a crazy story right?

MIA

Tell me about it.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh my gosh, I mean... I'm so sorry... For your loss. I didn't mean to -

MIA

It's fine. Is Paula in?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, sorry! I'll go grab her right now.

Mia manufactures a smile.

The Receptionist walks down the hall. Kirk and Danny stare.

MIA

What the hell is wrong with you two?

KIRK

What?

MIA

You're making her uncomfortable.

DANNY

Me? She can't even see me, and to be fair, Kirk looks a lot more uncomfortable than her.

KIRK

I'm willing to bet I'm more uncomfortable than she is.

Mia sighs.

The receptionist returns with Paula. She reaches to shake their hands.

PAULA

Kirk, Mia, nice to see you both again. Please, follow me.

The receptionist waves goodbye. Kirk smiles and attempts to avoid looking back.

INT.PAULAS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kirk and Mia take a seat. Danny stands behind them, staring at Paula.

KIRK

Sorry for just showing up like this.

PAULA

It's fine. What can I do for you two?

MIA

We need to have a talk about Danny. I think you've got some bad sources.

PAULA

(smirks)

I'm not sure I follow.

Danny stares angrily at Paula.

DANNY

Don't play dumb you slimy bitch.

PAULA

I'll admit, I didn't think there was much there at first. But now with his past coming out, a failed career, the copy cat suicides...

(MORE)

PAULA (CONT'D)

I'm a journalist Mia, I just follow the story.

KIRK

Yea, but you're following the wrong story. None of it's true.

Danny starts pacing.

DANNY

Or how about interview the leader of that shit? Fucking french Canadian prick is still alive!

MIA

Yea, I'm sorry but you've got it wrong. Danny wasn't the leader. He wasn't even a member. It was that Father Stefan guy. No one confirms seeing Danny before that day.

DANNY

Fucking French Canadians man. Perverted, freaks. Tell her we're going to sue her if she doesn't pull the story!

Mia tries her best to ignore Danny's ranting.

MIA

Danny had a dark side sure, but not a doomsday, cult member kind of way.

KIRK

Yea more of a porn in the afternoon, smoking inside kinda dark side.

DANNY

I'll show her a fucking dark side. I'm not having my entire career ruined by this cunt.

Mia cringes.

KIRK

If you want to know about Danny, talk to us. No one knew him better.

PAULA

Look, I'm not a monster. We met at Sammie's and I could tell you weren't ready to talk.

MIA

You're going to destroy him you know? His entire career.

PAULA

Look, my sources are good. They all know you, and have nothing but positive things to say by the way. Trust me, I have hours of testimony. True accounts of run ins with Mr. Sloane from several people who were close to him. Maybe you don't know your friend as well as you think you do.

Mia and Kirk are taken aback. Kirk looks angry.

KIRK

No one knew him better than us. You're out of line.

MIA

Look, if you don't pull the story, we're going to have to get a lawyer.

PAULA

A lawyer? You'd spend money on what would no doubt be a year, maybe two year court battle for someone who cheated on you Mia? Right after you miscarried?

Mia sits back and glares at Paula, in shock.

PAULA (CONT'D)

What about you, Kirk? You'd really go out of your way for someone who stole your material, and basically your career?

Kirk and Mia fall silent.

DANNY

It was one fucking joke!

Danny is fuming. Pacing, ranting and raving. Mia starts to tense up; The soul sounding board for Danny's rage.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Tell her! Mia tell her! Tell her!!!

The energy around them builds and Mia struggles to ignore it. She closes her eyes. A tear rolls down her cheek.

As Danny's rage crescendos, a SCHOCK WAVE hits the room. The lights flicker, startling Paula. Danny glares, breathing heavily.

The energy settles.

Kirk looks sternly at Paula.

KIRK
You'll be hearing from my lawyer.

Kirk stands up and motions for Mia to do the same. They leave the room. Paula shakes it off and jumps back into her work.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT.KIRKS CAR - PRESENT

Kirk drives down the freeway with Mia in the passenger seat and Danny in the back. Rain pelts the windshield. Danny is still fuming from their meeting with Paula. Mia stares straight ahead. Everyone looks defeated.

DANNY
You have to get god damn lawyer. I want a cease and fucking desist on that bitch right now. She can't just fucking lie and get away with it... My entire fucking career! Gone! Worthless!

Kirk turns to Mia as Danny rants. He smiles lovingly.

KIRK
(softly)
You alright? We tried, right?

Mia tries to tune out Danny's back seat freak out to focus on Kirks voice. Kirk continues, unaware.

KIRK (CONT'D)
She shouldn't have brought any of that stuff up. That's just... She doesn't know what actually happened.

Danny continues in the background. Mia struggles to focus on Kirks voice.

DANNY
She had to get this shit from somewhere.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

I already know Sam sold me out,
that fat fucking desperate old
fuck!

Mia squints as she stares straight ahead. The noise builds.

KIRK

(talking obliviously over
the noise)

And don't worry. I'll set you up
with my lawyer. We won't let them
release anything defamatory about
you. You'd have to consent to be
used in their story anyways. You
should probably call your publisher
and just make them aware though.

Mia closes her eyes tightly. The noise from Danny's ranting
is deafening.

DANNY

And now I'm fucking responsible for
these basement dwelling virgins
killing themselves!?

MIA

(screams)

Fuck!

A flash of light throws Danny back in his seat.

Kirk jumps, turning the wheel and swerving to the side of the
road, SCREECHING TO A STOP. He looks at Mia wide eyed. Mia
throws the door open and gets out.

She walks through the rain, down into the ditch. She sits
down.

Kirk stares out the open passenger door concerned. Danny
picks himself up and looks out towards Mia.

KIRK

Danny... I know that was your
fault. She doesn't deserve whatever
it is you said. Go make this right,
man. Please.

EXT.DITCH - CONTINUOUS

Mia buries her face into her hands, crying with frustration.
Danny walks up behind her.

DANNY

Hey... why don't we get off the side of the road alright? We don't need both of us dead.

Mia slowly stands up and turns around. She glares at Danny.

Kirk watches from the car. The passenger door still wide open. Hazard lights reflecting off the rain soaked road.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's get out of the rain.

MIA

That's it? Let's get out of the rain?

DANNY

What?

MIA

Have you ever apologized for anything in your entire life?

DANNY

What are you talking about?

MIA

Do you care about anyone but yourself?

A beat.

DANNY

She's trying to ruin my name... Everything I worked towards. And I can't do a god damn thing about it! Do you have any idea what it's like to be invisible!?

She stomps toward Danny. Staring directly into his eyes.

MIA

I was fucking engaged to you! I was a ghost for years, Danny!

Danny stops.

MIA (CONT'D)

It was always about you. Your issues. Your career. And when ever anything went to shit, it became all about how fucked up and unfair YOUR life was.

DANNY

None of that shit was my fault! It was -

MIA

The industry? Danny? No, it wasn't. It was you... not understanding that you have to keep showing up for life if you want it to keep showing up for you.

Danny stares at Mia, a FLASH lands him in the moment. Finally aware. The raining actually penetrating his aura, soaking him.

Cars continue to whiz by.

MIA (CONT'D)

Your best friend is sitting over there confused and sad and thinking of ways to help you and he can't even see you! He's doing it out of pure faith. Faith in you, in some fucked up fantasy that you're maybe grateful or appreciative even a little bit. Can you honestly say you would show up for him like that?

Danny looks back at Kirk. He drops his stare to the pavement. Rain pours down his face.

MIA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry that you're stuck here Danny, I am. I wish there was something I could do.

DANNY

I didn't mean... I just don't know how to fix this, how to fix any of this... You're the only person I can talk to, Mia please just help me. Okay? I'm sorry. Is that what you want? I'm fucking sorry okay?

MIA

I'm sorry too... But I think you're going to have to face this one on your own, Danny.

DANNY

Mia -

MIA
I'm leaving.

Danny looks up.

DANNY
What?

MIA
Next week. My publisher wants me in
New York... and I'm going. I'm
sorry. I hope you figure this out,
truly... (a tear) But I have to let
you go for good this time.

Danny sinks into himself. He stares at Mia. A beat.

Mia walks past Danny and gets back into the car.

INT.KIRKS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mia wipes the rain from her face, buckles up, and stares
ahead.

Kirk glances into the back seat. Danny gets in, staring
straight ahead. Kirk looks back at Mia.

KIRK
Is he in here?

MIA
(nods)
Can you please take me home?

Kirk switches off the hazards and puts the car in gear.

FADE TO:

EXT.MIA'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kirk pulls into Mia's driveway. He parks and puts his hand on
Mia's shoulder.

KIRK
Just call if you need anything
okay?

Mia turns to Kirk and smiles. She avoids looking at Danny.

MIA
Thanks. Tell Annie to text me.

KIRK
I will... Are you going to say
goodbye to him?

MIA
I already did.

Danny takes a deep breath. He looks at Mia, she doesn't look back.

Mia gets out and closes the door. Kirk looks in the rearview mirror.

KIRK
She doesn't deserve it you know.
All the shit you've put her
through.

A beat.

KIRK (CONT'D)
(shakes his head)
God damnit dude. This is all so
fucked... I don't even know if
you're in here. I'm probably just
talking to myself again.

Danny leans forward and places his hand on Kirks shoulder.

Kirk feels a tingle. He looks back at an empty back seat and smiles, knowing his friend is there.

KIRK (CONT'D)
I'll take you home.

Danny sits back. Kirk backs out of the driveway.

INT.MIAS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mia pulls a suitcase down from her bedroom closet. She tosses it on the bed and unzips it. The empty suitcase stares back at her.

Her phone rings, breaking her stare. She answers.

MIA
Hey. Sorry I hadn't texted you
back, I've just been tying up some
loose ends.

Mia returns to the closet. She holds the phone to her ear with her shoulder while she flips through her wardrobe; Pulling clothes and tossing them on to the floor behind her.

MIA (CONT'D)
I'll leave this weekend.

Mia pauses. She grabs hold of the phone. She cracks a faint, but hopeful smile.

MIA (CONT'D)
I'm excited too. And thank you. I
know I hadn't said that yet...
Thank you.

Mia hangs up. She takes a deep breath and continues packing.

FADE TO:

EXT.GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Kirk pulls up to the GAS PUMP, Danny still in the back seat. Kirk swings the door open and gets out in a hurry. He leans back in and looks toward the back passenger side seat.

KIRK
Sorry man. I just gotta run in and
take a piss. Think you could pump?

Kirk chuckles.

Danny sits in the drivers side back seat staring at his oblivious friend. He shakes his head.

KIRK (CONT'D)
Man remember stopping here for
taquito's on the way home from
Sammie's? Then you'd basically shit
your pants the whole way home.

Kirk laughs again. Danny smirks.

POV - The CUSTOMER at the pump in front of them gives a concerned glare to Kirk as he seemingly talks to no one and laughs to himself.

Kirk gets out, closes the door, and speed walks inside.

INT.KIRKS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Danny looks around the busy gas station and groans. He glances up and notices the sun poking through the clouds. Danny smiles and goes to exit the car, ghost style but the door stops him. He looks down at his body, confused. He tries again but slams into the door. He groans and reaches for the handle but his hand fades right through it.

DANNY
What the fuck is going on?

Danny begins to panic.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Let me the fuck out.

He bangs against the door. The energy around him starts to build. His panic grows as he slams into the door, again and again. The force begins to rock the car.

EXT.GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The CUSTOMER in front of Kirks Car notices the car rocking on it's own. His concerned look grows and he glances over to the gas station looking for Kirk. Then back to the car which is now ROCKING VIOLENTLY. An ORB OF LIGHT swells in the back seat. The customer looks to the pump as if to will it to fill faster.

INT.KIRKS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Danny is in full panic mode, kicking at the door as the claustrophobia sets in. The energy around him oscillates and intensifies.

DANNY
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Let me out!

Danny sits all the way back in the seat and body checks the door one last time. The ORB OF LIGHT flashes and he's launched from the vehicle, on to the concrete.

EXT.GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The bright FLASH OF LIGHT startles and blinds the customer. The violent rocking of the car comes to a halt. The customer panics. He pulls the pump out from his car, runs to the drivers side and peels away without closing his gas cap.

Danny rolls over and sits himself up against the pump. He closes his eyes, his panic turns to a sad frustration. As he opens his eyes the sun once again disappears behind the clouds. He sits and catches his breath. Danny stares blankly ahead.

INT.GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Kirk walks out of the gas station washroom and dries his hands on his pants. He grabs a drink from the cooler and approaches the counter, smiling at the cashier. He plops his drink down.

KIRK

I'll just prepay fifty. Regular. Oh and two of the buffalo chicken taquitos too please. Thank you.

The CASHIER smiles back as she grabs his taquitos from the roller and rings him in. She cues up the card reader. Just as Kirk pulls out his wallet, his phone rings. He answer as he fumbles with his credit card.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Hey babe. Just dropped Mia off. Had to get some gas on the way home -

He pauses. His eyes widen.

KIRK (CONT'D)

(frantic)

Like right now? Okay! Okay! I'm on my way. Stay right there!

Kirk hangs up. He looks at the Cashier and smiles ear to ear.

KIRK (CONT'D)

I have to go!

He abandons the food and runs out of the gas station, leaving the Cashier confused.

EXT.GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Kirk bursts out of the gas station doors and runs toward his car. Danny snaps to and notices his friend.

Kirk hops in, starts the engine and peels away, leaving Danny sitting alone. Danny barely reacts. He drops his head and runs his hands through his hair. It starts to rain.

Danny slowly picks himself up and begins to walk.

INT.SAMMIE'S COMEDY CLUB - FLASHBACK

Danny sits with Sam at the bar after the club has closed for the night. Danny leans over the bar, reaching for the tap to fill up his beer. Sam smacks him.

SAM
Fuck off with that!

Danny laughs and sips his beer as he sits back in his seat.

SAM (CONT'D)
No wonder I'm going fucking broke.

DANNY
You're going broke because there's
never anyone here.

Sam shrugs and takes a drink.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Has it been this slow for a while?

SAM
I guess it's been a while since
you've been back.

DANNY
Couple years. But when I left
things seemed alright.

Sam lights a cigarette and offers one to Danny.

SAM
Ah, this shit goes in waves. It's
the way it's always been. A spot
gets hot for a minute and then that
energy moves on. Can't take it
personal.

Danny takes a drag.

DANNY
I watched these fucking kids
tonight man... They're shit. Not
one of them took a risk. Just basic
bullshit, still trying to get a
fucking half hour Comedy Central
special like that matters anymore.
I remember thinking the same way as
they do. Look where that got me.

SAM
And what are you chasing these
days?

Danny laughs.

DANNY
Running from is more like it.

SAM

Bullshit. If you're running from something, you run away. You ran your ass straight home.

Danny takes another drag. A beat.

SAM (CONT'D)

Why don't you start stopping by more often? Maybe teach these kids a thing or two.

Danny smirks.

DANNY

You going to pay me this time?

Sam laughs.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You know I've done some stuff now. I don't work for beer anymore.

Sam gets up and puts his hand on Danny's shoulder. He looks him in the eyes and smiles.

SAM

(calmly)

You did some stuff. Then you fucked it up. Now you're here. Enjoy your free beer.

Danny slams the rest of his beer. He burps.

SAM (CONT'D)

Now you owe me fifteen minutes cocksucker.

Sam pats Danny on the back and walks away.

SAM (CONT'D)

Lock up would ya? Keys are in the... ah fuck, you know where they are.

Danny watches as Sam walks to his back office. He leans over the bar and fills his beer.

He sits back and admires the empty comedy club. The calming nostalgia overtakes his depression for a moment.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT.SAMMIE'S COMEDY CLUB - PRESENT

Danny saunters up to the front doors of the club. The rain bounces off the lights of the marquee. The club appears dead. The lights are on, but there's no one inside.

Hector and Bridget exit the club to share a joint. They shield themselves under the awning of the building. Danny stares at them.

BRIDGET

(takes a hit)

I'm just sick of it. There's other clubs. It's a Friday night and a stacked lineup and there's no one here.

HECTOR

He's a fucking drunk. He shouldn't be running a business.

BRIDGET

I don't know, maybe I should just make the move to New York.

Danny scoffs.

DANNY

Just what New York needs. This generations Paula Poundstone.

Bridget hands the joint to Hector. He takes a hit.

HECTOR

Did he ever pay you for that bullshit Sloane tribute show?

Bridget laughs.

BRIDGET

The fuck do you think? No, I'm pretty sure most of that money ended up paying off a loan shark.

She takes another hit and coughs.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Tribute show... tribute to what? A washed up asshole? I'm glad that prick's getting torn apart in the press.

HECTOR

At least they're talking about him.

BRIDGET
Whatever. Just glad I got paid for
that interview.

DANNY
Oh you shifty bitch.

HECTOR
(shakes his head)
They paid you? I didn't get shit.

Bridget laughs.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
How is it that he's dead and
somehow still fucking me over.

DANNY
(shrugs)
Maybe you're just shit and nobody
likes you.

Hector hears Danny's comment. It freaks him out. He looks
around but see's no one. Bridget looks confused.

BRIDGET
Jesus, you alright?

HECTOR
Did you hear that?

BRIDGET
What?

DANNY
Oh fuck, please don't tell me this
is the only other asshole I can
talk to. I'll kill myself again.

Hector's head swivels and his eyes widen. He still see's no
one. He tosses the joint to the ground.

BRIDGET
Man, that's my weed!

HECTOR
Let's go inside.

Hector and Bridget enter the club. Hector looks behind his
shoulder, scared.

DANNY
(smiles and waves)
Fuck you Hector.

Hector rushes inside.

Danny smirks and walks towards the doors. He tries to enter but a forcefield like flash of energy throws him backward. He clutches his chest as he hits the pavement.

Danny picks himself up and shakes it off. He stares at the entrance. The marquee lights flicker.

Danny stands alone in the rain, confused by the ever changing rules of his afterlife.

EXT.KIRKS DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kirk bursts out the front door of his home with an overpacked overnight bag draped around his shoulder. He hold's Annie's hand as he guides her down the front steps. She groans and pants as she tries to contain the contractions.

ANNIE

Go, put the bags in the car. I'll catch up.

KIRK

You sure?

Annie nods and takes a pause as she works through a contraction. Kirk runs to the car.

Kirk opens the back door and tosses the bag in. He catches himself and winces, thinking Danny is still back there.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Oh shit. Sorry dude!

Annie catches up and gives Kirk a look of concern.

ANNIE

Who are you talking to?

Kirk clues in.

KIRK

Uh, no one. Here babe, I'll get the door.

Kirk gets the passenger door for his wife and helps her in. She stares up at him.

Kirk smiles. He closes her door and runs around to the drivers side.

INT.KIRKS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kirk takes a deep breath and starts the engine. He looks to his wife, then in the rear view mirror. He smiles.

KIRK

Alright. You guys ready? Let's do this!

ANNIE

(frustrated)

You guys? Who the hell are you talking to? Are you feeling okay? Do I need to drive?

KIRK

I'm fine! Just talking to you... and the baby.

He leans down to Annie's belly.

KIRK (CONT'D)

You ready?

Annie contains her frustration. Kirk picks his head up and smiles awkwardly.

Another contraction kicks in.

ANNIE

(wincing in pain)

Drive!

Kirk snaps to. He nods and puts the car into gear.

EXT.CITY PARK.EVENING

Danny walks up to the grassy park. Still roped off with yellow police tape. Memorials lay scattered around the fencing. He pauses and stares into the empty green space for a moment before walking through the tape and towards the picnic benches that once held the red solo death cups.

A moon creates a SPOTLIGHT that shines down on the front bench. It flickers. Danny walks towards it.

A dark, empty park frames Danny as he approaches the spotlit bench. The light pulses harder and grows brighter.

Danny climbs on top of the picnic bench and stares directly into the light. It continues to get brighter until it fills his vision. The light flashes and suddenly goes out.

Danny squints and turns around to face the park again, struggling to see. His vision slowly refocuses.

The spotlight kicks back in, illuminating Danny and the park. Rows upon rows of DEAD PEOPLE dressed all in white, stare blankly back at Danny.

He freezes. They don't seem to notice him. Danny's eyes bounce from person to person. Lifeless eyes glare back. He continues to bounce from person to person until he locks in on one DEAD GUY (mid 40's, overweight) with an extra dumb look on his face. The man's ill fitting white linen suit is roughed up and his poorly color matched toupee lay flopped to the wrong side. He notices Danny. They lock eyes.

A chuckle forces it's way through Danny's paralyzing fear.

DANNY

Jesus, look at you. I totally get why you killed yourself.

A beat. The audience of DEAD PEOPLE chuckle. A few break their dead stare and look up at Danny. He notices.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'm just surprised you chose this as your way out. I would have pegged you as an auto erotic asphyxiation kind of guy.

More DEAD PEOPLE break their stare and smile. The light pulsates and intensifies with their laughter.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I guess we'll consider this death dignified then, yea?

The crowd laughs louder. The light grows brighter.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I do find everyone's attire a little strange for a doomsday cult. You know? Maybe something dark and more cloaky would have been fitting? You all look like you're attending one of those year end parties for top performers at a network marketing scheme. This region's top sellers of non FDA approved face serum.

A well to do looking DEAD WOMAN in a grass stained white summer dress and heels looks down at her outfit, then up at Danny. She laughs.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(smiles and points)

This lady knows what I'm talking about. How many bored housewives did you sign up this year Sandra? Enough to get the free Lexus?

The crowd erupts into laughter. The light around Danny grows to a near blinding level again. The laughter echo's as Danny becomes surrounded by light and energy. He looks around curiously. The crowd continues to laugh.

Danny takes a breath. The crowd suddenly goes silent.

A FLASH OF LIGHT throws Danny from the picnic table, on to the grass below. His vision blurs and his ears ring. He winces in pain and grabs his chest. The laughter starts again and breaks through the ringing. The light pulses as he tries to pick himself up.

Another flash throws him backward again, this time pinning him to the ground. Laughter swirls amongst the pulsing energy and ringing. Danny looks straight up toward the moonlit sky. He tries to catch his breath but is hit with another flash and wave of energy, knocking him further into the ground. He closes his eyes.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT.MIA'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mia exits her house with a packed suitcase. An UBER waits outside. She locks the door and turns around to wave to the driver. She takes a deep breath, pulls up the handle of her suitcase, and makes her way to the waiting vehicle. The driver helps her with her bag.

Mia gives one last look at her home and smiles. She gets into the car and closes the door.

FADE TO:

INT.HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kirk holds Annie's hand. The DOCTOR sets up for the final push.

DOCTOR

Alright Annie, this should be the one. Deep breath and a big push okay?

Annie grips Kirks hand tightly. He winces. She takes a deep breath and gives one big push. The lights in the room grow brighter and the energy buzzes. Annie lets out a scream as she pushes with everything she has. The light intensifies.

KIRK

You're doing so good! Here she comes babe!

The light filling the room begins to pulsate quicker and quicker.

BACK TO:

EXT.CITY PARK - CONTINUOUS

A giant BLAST OF LIGHT flashes. Danny's eyes fly open and he gasps for air.

Danny looks up to see a PARAMEDIC (Female, 30's) holding a defibrillator, frantically working to save his life. Danny locks eyes with her. The paramedic gives a sigh of relief and smiles down at Danny.

PARAMEDIC

We've got him! He's back.

Danny panics and struggles to catch his breath.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)

Easy! Easy guy. Take it slow. Don't worry. We'll get you to the hospital. You're going to be alright. Just breathe. Slowly.

Danny's vision focuses and his breathing calms.

PAN OUT showing a group of onlookers, dressed all in white. Everyone with a concerned look on their faces. Some holding their crying children tightly.

DANNY

I'm alive?

PARAMEDIC

Just barely. You had a heart attack.

DANNY

A heart attack? What about all the others?

Danny looks around at a perfectly healthy crowd of corporate shills dressed all in white. A banner reads "Stefan May Cosmetics - Annual All White Party".

DANNY (CONT'D)
All white party? He's not French?

PARAMEDIC
I know, I thought it was an odd choice of wording too.

Danny gives the Paramedic a look of confusion.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)
Let's get you out of here alright?

Danny takes a second, and catches his breath. He closes his eyes and cracks a smile of relief.

FADE TO:

INT.HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danny lays in a hospital bed hooked up to heart monitors. He flips through the channels on the TV mounted to the wall.

DANNY
Drew Carey hosting The Price Is Right. Who'd have thought.

There's a knock at the door. Kirk pokes his head in. Danny looks over and smiles.

KIRK
Hey man.

Kirk gets a good look at Danny. He tears up.

KIRK (CONT'D)
Ah, shit dude. They've got you hooked up to all kinds of stuff hey?

DANNY
I get the ones attached to my chest but I don't know why they think I can't pee on my own.

Kirk laughs and makes his way over to the bed. Kirk leans down to give Danny a hug. Danny reluctantly embraces him.

KIRK
Heart attack hey? What happened?

DANNY

I tried the shoes you gave me.

Kirk glares at Danny.

KIRK

Yea I forgot to tell you not to use them under the influence of cocaine.

DANNY

Would have been good to know.

KIRK

Yea no uppers of any kind really.

DANNY

Noted.

A beat. Kirks eyes well up. He gives them a wipe.

KIRK

Glad you're okay, man.

Danny nods.

DANNY

So wait, did someone call you? How did you know I was here.

KIRK

Well, actually you still had Mia listed as your emergency contact but she's out of town for work so she called me.

DANNY

Oh...

KIRK

Yea, and luckily I was already here.

DANNY

Already here? Like for work? Are they installing new IT at the hospital?

KIRK

What?

DANNY

Man I'm going to be honest, I have no idea what you do for a living.

Kirk laughs.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(guilty)

I guess I don't know much about
what's going on with you at all...
Sorry about that.

Kirk is taken aback.

KIRK

Hey, Danny, man, it's alright.
Don't stress right? Gotta keep the
ol' heart rate down.

Danny smiles and nods.

KIRK (CONT'D)

On that note, maybe we should turn
this off. The showcase showdown is
coming up and the anticipation of
that giant wheel hitting a dollar
has been known to drop an old timer
or two.

Kirk turns off the TV.

DANNY

So wait, why were you at the
hospital already?

KIRK

Annie just gave birth to a
beautiful baby girl.

Danny sits up and smiles.

DANNY

(sincere)

Wow man! Congratulations.
Seriously, that's amazing.

KIRK

We named her Danny.

A beat. Danny tears up.

DANNY

Seriously? Ah shit man... I'm
honored... wow.

Kirk starts laughing.

KIRK

I'm fucking with you. No, we named her Isabelle after Annie's Mom.

Danny turns the TV back on.

DANNY

Fuck you. You don't do that to a man who's just had a heart attack.

KIRK

Sorry, I couldn't help it. But listen, I should probably get back to Annie.

DANNY

Of course.

KIRK

I'm really glad you're okay. Don't really want to picture a world without you in it.

DANNY

Go see your wife and baby... I can't wait to meet her.

Kirk smiles.

KIRK

Me too man.

Kirk leaves the room. Danny wipes a tear from his eye and turns his attention back to the TV.

The CONTESTANT spins the wheel. It spins around and around, slowly clocking in on the \$1.00 mark. Danny sits up in his bed. His heart monitor beeps.

DANNY

Oh shit, he wasn't kidding.

Danny switches the channels and stops when it lands on an episode of Vampire Diaries.

FADE TO:

EXT.MIA'S DRIVEWAY - ONE WEEK LATER

Danny gets out of an Uber in front of Mia's house. He walks up to the front door, adjusts his shirt, and rings the doorbell. Mia's sister SARAH (late 20's) answers the door.

SARAH

Hey Danny. Haven't seen you in a while.

DANNY

Oh, hey Sarah. Yea nice to see you too.

SARAH

I didn't say it was nice to see you.

DANNY

Right. Still kind of a bitch I see.

Sarah shrugs.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Is Mia home?

SARAH

She's in New York.

DANNY

Oh, for work?

SARAH

I guess? She lives there now. She moved to be close to her publisher.

DANNY

Oh... I didn't know.

SARAH

Mhmm, so like you didn't think to call her or?

DANNY

No, I did. A few times. I just never heard back.

SARAH

Right, so you took that as a sign to drop by unannounced?

Danny stares at Sarah.

DANNY

You've become emboldened in your bitchiness as you've aged.

SARAH

What can I say? I've blossomed.

DANNY

Proud of you. Okay, well if you talk to her can you please tell her I say hi and that I'm sorry. Like, really sorry... for everything.

SARAH

(slightly empathetic)
I'll tell her you said hi. You can tell her the rest.

Danny nods.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Bye. Be good.

DANNY

You too.

Sarah smiles, then closes the door somewhat aggressively in Danny's face.

INT.SAMMIE'S COMEDY CLUB

Danny walks into an empty club. Only half of the lights are switched on. The chairs still stacked on the tables from the clean up the night before. Danny wanders through the club looking for Sam.

DANNY

Sam?

A beat.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Sammie! Where are you? You left the front doors unlocked you fucking dope.

Danny looks concerned as he approaches Sam's office. He pushes open the door.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Sam?

Sam's lifeless body leans hunched over his desk on a pile of unpaid bills. An empty bottle of liquor sits next to a spilled over bottle of pills.

Danny stops.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck... Shit.

Danny runs his hand through his hair. He stares at Sam's body and sighs. He takes a seat in a chair, pulls out his phone, and calls 911.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Sammie's Comedy Club... No need to
hurry. He's already gone.

Danny nods along to the operator on the other side of the phone. He hangs up, leans back in the chair and stares at Sam.

FADE TO:

INT.KIRKS HOUSE.EVENING - ONE YEAR LATER

Kirk and Annie rush around their home getting ready for a night out. KIRK'S MOTHER is over to babysit the kids.

KIRK
Alright Mom you're sure you're
good? There's lots of food in the
fridge if you get hungry. You have
both our numbers. There's wine.

Annie nudges Kirk.

KIRK (CONT'D)
But maybe don't... I mean we've
been saving that so...

Kirks Mother glares at him.

KIRKS MOTHER
I beg your pardon?

ANNIE
Okay, thank you again for watching
them! We'll try not to be too late.

Kirks Mother smiles at Annie.

KIRKS MOTHER
They're already asleep. It's going
to be fine. Please, just go have
fun. You two deserve a night out.

KIRK
Thanks Mom.

KIRKS MOTHER
Where's Mia?

ANNIE

Oh, she was running a bit late so she said she'd just meet us there.

KIRKS MOTHER

Oh, that's too bad. I was looking forward to seeing her. Well, tell her I say hi.

KIRK

Will do! Alright babe, we should get going.

They grab their coats.

ANNIE

Okay bye! Call us if you need anything!

Kirk and Annie leave. Kirks Mother rolls her eyes.

KIRKS MOTHER

Jesus Christ.

She makes her way to the kitchen and opens a bottle of wine.

EXT.SAMMIES COMEDY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Mia stands alone in front of Sammie's Comedy Club waiting for Kirk and Annie. The cleaned up Marquee shines bright and a coat of new paint has the club looking brand new.

An Uber pulls up and out get Kirk and Annie. They smile and wave at Mia. She waves back excitedly.

ANNIE

Hey girl! Oh my god, you look amazing!

Mia smiles.

MIA

Hey guys! Ah, it's so good to see you. How are you? How's the baby?

Kirk swiftly pulls out his phone and starts scrolling through pictures.

KIRK

She's a genius. Like her Mother.

MIA

Aww, she's adorable. Also like her Mother. What exactly did she get from you?

ANNIE

She makes this awful shrieking noise when she's hungry... Sounds just like him.

Kirk agrees.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Should we go get a table? It looks busy!

MIA

Yea, I'm kind of in shock. It looks great.

KIRK

Wait till you see the inside!

INT.SAMMIE'S COMEDY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Mia looks around in awe of the new and improved comedy club. The place is packed. Business is good. She glances over at the refurbished old bar. Above it sits a framed PICTURE OF SAM.

KIRK

Mia, over here. He reserved us a table.

Mia walks over to a front row table and sits next to Kirk and Annie. The rest of the crowd begins to settle in for the show. WAITERS and WAITRESSES make their way around the tables taking drink orders.

MIA

Front row? Kirk, you know what that means.

ANNIE

We're gonna get roasted!

Kirk and Mia laugh.

The lights dim and the stage spotlight kicks on. The MC walks out on stage. He takes the microphone out of the stand.

MC

Alright, alright! Wow, big crowd tonight! Good to see. Good to see so many parents abandoning their responsibilities on a weekday night. That's the America I remember.

The audience laughs.

MC (CONT'D)

Thank you all for coming to the official reopening of Sammie's Comedy Club.

The audience applauds.

MC (CONT'D)

We've been open for about a month but we've found that if you market every night as an official reopening, it really draws in a crowd.

A WAITRESS drops off a round of drinks. Annie downs hers immediately and signals for another round.

MC (CONT'D)

Yes, we play up on your self important and desperate need to be a part of something special. You're welcome.

The audience laughs.

MC (CONT'D)

But in all honesty, there is one guy who made this all possible. Someone who put his money where his mouth... and other body parts have been. Someone who resurrected this place from the dead, sunk his life savings and a bank loan he lied to obtain into it... and then like an idiot, booked himself as the opener. Beautiful comedy patrons, put your hands together for the very funny, Mr Danny Sloane!

The AUDIENCE erupts with applause. Danny walks on stage, shakes the MC's hand and pulls him in for a hug. The crowd stands, Danny smiles and waves. He moves a stool and approaches the microphone. He pulls it out of the stand.

DANNY

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you for coming.

The audience sits down and the applause fades. Danny takes a deep breath. A beat.

DANNY (CONT'D)

That's great, I didn't even have to ask you to stop clapping.

The audience chuckles.

DANNY (CONT'D)

No, see now you've gone and fucked it up. Let's try this again. One, two -

Danny motions to "zip it". Everyone pipes down, playing along. Kirk and Mia smile and look up at Danny.

Danny see's Mia. They share a moment. He gives her a nod before returning his attention to his audience.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You're going to want to be quiet and pay attention for this story cause it's a little hard to follow.

Danny sits on the stool.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Have any of you ever accidentally wandered into a ritualistic mass suicide that turned out to just be a company picnic?

The audience laughs.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Let me explain.

FADE OUT.