

ALIVE & KICKING

Written by  
Zoela Renee Summerfield

The fates of a mostly-together woman and an animated corpse collide when she discovers him buried inside her kitchen wall.

INT/EXT-MOVING VAN-MORNING

A SMALL MOVING VAN makes its way down a tree-lined street in Los Angeles as "And She Was" by Talking Heads plays. LUCY DENTON (29) nervously helms the wheel. Lucy is smart and fairly confident and *just* on this side of having her shit together. She slows in front of house but accidentally knocks over a TRASH CAN as she parks. Trash spills everywhere.

LUCY

Shit!

A NEIGHBOR (30s) looks over from where he's loading things into his car.

NEIGHBOR

Dude.

Lucy rolls down the window.

LUCY

I'm so sorry! I'll clean that up.

NEIGHBOR

I should hope so.

He returns to his task.

LUCY

(under her breath) You'd be cute if you weren't such a dick.

Her window's still down.

NEIGHBOR

What?

LUCY

I said...I'll clean that up real quick!

The neighbor glares at her and she smiles back. He gets into his car and drives away.

EXT. LUCY'S STREET-DAY

Lucy climbs down from the van and starts scooping the trash back into its bin. She won't let this spoil her mood! She straightens and smiles as she looks at her new place.

LUCY

Home sweet home!

She does a little clap of excitement then rolls open the back of the truck. The inside is crammed with boxes, furniture, a BIKE.

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE-DAY

Lucy enters her new rental home, struggling with a box and the keys. She fumbles the box to the floor as her PHONE RINGS in her pocket.

It's GLORIA (65), her mom, calling on FaceTime. Gloria is loving and affable, super proud of her "baby girl."

LUCY

Hey mom!

GLORIA

Let me see! Let me see!

Lucy sets the phone on the mantel, then steps back and does a little spin.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

It's so beautiful! Look at that incredible light!

LUCY

I think I'll put the couch here, and my books here maybe, I'm not sure yet...

GLORIA

I'll help you arrange when I come out. Girls' trip to Bed Bath & Beyond!

LUCY

Ha ha! Okay.

GLORIA

Oh honey, I'm so proud of you! A new apartment, a new job. You really are making strides. (pause) The only thing left is to find yourself a nice young man.

LUCY

Ugh. Mom.

GLORIA

It's true, honey. You know, love is the spice of life!

LUCY

Yeah, well. I gotta weed through all the deadbeats first.

GLORIA

Well, there is that. (pause) Okay, anyway, show me around.

Lucy takes the phone off the mantel and takes Gloria on a tour. We follow Lucy from room to room.

LUCY

Here's my bedroom...and the bathroom...it's small but it's cute...and then through here is the kitchen.

INT. LUCY'S KITCHEN—CONTINUOUS

Lucy takes Gloria on a FaceTime tour of the kitchen.

GLORIA

Oh, I love that backsplash. Very classy. But what's that panel there?

Just then a call comes in from RYAN.

LUCY

Shit, mom, I gotta go. Call you later.

GLORIA

Okay but that panel is—

Lucy hangs up and takes Ryan's call.

LUCY

Hey handsome! You on your way?

RYAN O.S.

(shouting)  
Lucy! Baby, I'm so sorry. I know I said I'd help you move but I'm really sick.

Lucy squints. There's an awful lot of BACKGROUND NOISE on his end.

LUCY

What? Where are you?

RYAN O.S.

I'm at home. ("coughs") I think I need to stay in. I'm sorry babe.

LUCY

Are you...in a club right now?

She holds her phone out and glances at the time. It's 11:27 in the morning. The BASS IS BUMPIN' on Ryan's end.

RYAN O.S.

A club? What? No.

Ryan's voice gets muffled for a moment and then he's back.

RYAN O.S. (CONT'D)

Babe, I gotta go, I'm really sick!

He hangs up. Lucy tosses the phone on the counter.

LUCY

What a fucking idiot.

She gathers the keys and leaves for more boxes. A quick beat as we stay on a WALL PANEL after she goes. It's a kind of small, sealed cabinet fit into the wall. Its edges emit a VERY FAINT BLUE GLOW.

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

That night, Lucy lays sprawled across an AIR MATTRESS in her new bedroom. There's half-open boxes everywhere. She's completely passed out, listening to a SELF-HELP PODCAST on her phone.

PODCAST

...and what many of us don't or can't or won't believe is that we accept the love we think we deserve. Let me say that one more time: *We accept the love we think we deserve.*

Lucy twitches in her sleep, snores.

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM-DAY

Lucy's ALARM blares and she jolts awake. She blinks and seems to remember where she is. She stretches and smiles as "How Will I Know" by Whitney Houston begins to play.

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM-DAY

Lucy picks out a nice, business casual outfit.

INT. LUCY'S BATHROOM-DAY

Lucy stands in the bathroom wrapped in a towel, blow-drying her hair.

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM-DAY

Lucy gathers up her bag and turns to smile at her new living room, as if to say *Off I go!*

EXT. LUCY'S DRIVEWAY-DAY

Lucy gets into her car and waves at the neighbor, a little friendly but also a little *Hey remember me, fuck you*. The neighbor glares.

EST. HAPPEE LYFE INDUSTRIES-DAY

Lucy pulls up to the gate of HAPPEE LYFE INDUSTRIES and proudly shows the guard her pass. He waves her in: *Yeah yeah, who cares*.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

The MUSIC fades as Lucy opens the door of Happee Lyfe, a hip, colorful startup. It's hard to know exactly what they do, but they're definitely colorful and they're definitely hip. Lucy smiles nervously and glances around. The room murmurs with the sound of happy engineers hard at work.

Suddenly CHAD (35) emerges from his office. Chad is Lucy's new boss, and boy is he happy! He sees Lucy and claps his hands together, beaming.

CHAD

There she is! Our new ace of development!

He turns and yells over his shoulder to the room.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Hey everyone! Lucy's here!

At his announcement, a bunch of heads pop up from behind their cubicle walls.

CHAD (CONT'D)  
 She's gonna help us breathe new  
 lyfe into Happee Lyfe!

Everyone smiles and claps and cheers, then dives back into  
 their work.

CHAD (CONT'D)  
 We're so thrilled you're here!

LUCY  
 Thank you, yes, me too.

CHAD  
 Come, come! Let me show you your  
 office!

Chad leads her past the cubicles, where everyone is happily  
 working away. They pass the office of MAYA (30), Lucy's good  
 friend, confidante, and now co-worker. The two smile at one  
 another: *Eee!*

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY'S KITCHEN-DAY

Back in Lucy's kitchen, we slowly go CLOSE ON the wall panel.  
 The blue light glows a little brighter now.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

Lucy's in her new office, setting up her things. Suddenly, a  
 KNOCK on the doorframe from Maya.

MAYA  
 Heyyyy!

Lucy brightens.

LUCY  
 Buddy!

They do their *Eee!* faces again and Maya shuts the door.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Dude! I can't believe I'm here.

MAYA  
 This is gonna be so rad.

LUCY

I can't even thank you enough. I know thanked you before, but this is...I just...

MAYA

I know. You owe me.

LUCY

I owe you like ten.

MAYA

Just buy me coffee sometime, it's cool. (looks around) So how's it going? You all set up?

LUCY

I'm so nervous.

MAYA

(scoffs) C'mon. You're like the most brilliant, capable person I know. You'll be fine.

Lucy nods and looks around, getting her bearings.

MAYA (CONT'D)

You're just gonna let me call you capable and brilliant and not even say thank you?

LUCY

(laughs) Thank you, Maya. You are also incredibly capable and brilliant, and we are going to take Happee Lyfe by fucking storm.

MAYA

Yeah we are.

They do a dorky high-five.

LUCY

All right, let me get to work. I've got good impressions to make.

MAYA

Good luck!

Maya exits with a smile, and Lucy opens her LAPTOP.

INT. LUCY'S OFFICE-LATE AFTERNOON

Hours later and Lucy's working hard. Well, "working." She leans close to her computer. CLOSE ON the screen: "Ideas for Apps"...and nothing else.

Maya knocks on the doorframe again.

MAYA

Closing time. You wanna grab a drink?

LUCY

I think I'll stay a little longer. First impressions and all that.

MAYA

You're not careful your ass will make an impression on that seat.

LUCY

Will it?

MAYA

Yes, dude, it will.

They both smirk at this stupid joke.

MAYA (CONT'D)

All right. Love you. Don't stay too late.

LUCY

Love you too.

Maya gives a little wave and leaves, and Lucy turns back to her work.

INT. LUCY'S OFFICE-NIGHT

It's fully night now and Lucy is *still* at it. She's taken off her blazer and her hair's a bit of a mess. Food wrappers and coffee cups are scattered around her desk. CLOSE ON the screen again: "Ideas for Apps... How to make life better? Easier? Happeeier?"

A JANITOR peeks his head in the door.

JANITOR

Miss? You want me to empty your trash?

Lucy looks up and blinks. *What time is it?*

LUCY  
Oh man. I should go.

She hands him her wastebasket and rubs her face. He returns the basket and she starts to pack up.

INT. LUCY'S KITCHEN-NIGHT

A little while later, Lucy comes into the kitchen carrying a bag of GROCERIES.

She takes off her coat, rummages in a box for a glass, pours herself some wine. She puts her podcast on some SPEAKERS and starts to unload the food. She's exhausted but happy.

PODCAST  
...and the question remains: Where  
are you showing up for yourself?  
How are you loving yourself?

Lucy opens a packet of stir-fry and heats some oil in a pan.

PODCAST (CONT'D)  
...Because the ways we love  
ourselves are indicative of the  
ways that we love others.

Lucy makes a face: this podcast is a \*bit\* much. She stirs the vegetables and sips her wine. She glances around the kitchen, waiting for the food to cook.

S catches sight of the wall panel and squints. She slowly steps towards it.

LUCY  
What the fuck?

She reaches out and touches the panel, quickly, as if it might be hot. It's not. She lays her palm on the panel, then runs a finger around the edges, tracing the glow. She puts her ear to the wall. Nothing.

PODCAST  
If you wait for someone else to  
take care of you, you'll find that  
you're waiting for a long, long  
time.

Lucy takes a step back, tilts her head. She starts rummaging through boxes, finds a METAL SPATULA, goes back to the wall.

As the podcast drones on, Lucy starts to loosen the panel.

PODCAST (CONT'D)  
 ...because you're not just stranded  
 on an island, you're stranded on  
 the island of your *life*.

A beat as Lucy works her way around the panel's edges. *Crck, crck, crck!* The panel loosens and she carefully pries it off.

**Holy! Fucking! Shit!** There's a DEAD BODY (30) in the wall!  
 It's totally dead and gives off a blue glow!

LUCY  
 Ahhhhhh!

Lucy throws the spatula at the body, trips on her own feet,  
 tumbles to the floor, continues to scream.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Ahhhhhh!

The body starts to slump forward, but Lucy's screams jolt it  
 awake. Now the body's screaming too.

DEAD BODY  
 Ahhhhhh!

LUCY  
 Ahhhhhh!

The body trips on *his* own feet, and now *he's* sprawled on the  
 floor. Lucy kicks at him and he puts his hands up, both of  
 them flailing and screaming. The stir fry starts to burn.

DEAD BODY  
 Ahhhhhhhh!

LUCY  
 Ahhhhhhhh!

PODCAST  
 ...the only way to ensure that  
 these needs are met is to *meet them*  
*yourself*.

LUCY  
 Ahhhhhhhh!

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Lucy sits on one end of the couch and the dead body sits on the other. Lucy holds a pack of FROZEN PEAS to her face. Each of them stares straight ahead, in a state of complete shock.

**TITLE CARD: ALIVE & KICKING.**

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM-CONTINUOUS

Lucy and the dead body are still seated on the couch. We gather they've been there for some time. Finally, Lucy clears her throat.

LUCY

So...it would appear that you  
are...

DEAD BODY

Tom.

Lucy tries again, searching for words.

LUCY

No. I mean, yes, okay, hello Tom.  
What I intend to say is that...it  
appears that you are...

She looks at him, waiting for him to finish her sentence. He doesn't quite get it.

TOM

Tom Anderson.

LUCY

Ugh. No. Tom, I think you're dead!  
I think you're a dead guy.

TOM

Oh. (looks himself over) I guess I  
am.

Lucy nods, takes a breath.

LUCY

Okay, Tom, so the question is...

She's really trying, but this is completely out of her wheelhouse.

LUCY (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing in my  
wall?

TOM

I...I honestly don't know what I'm doing in your wall. I really don't.

LUCY

Well, how long have you been in there?

TOM

Jeez, I don't know. (looks around)  
What year is this?

LUCY

2023.

TOM

What?!

LUCY

Yeah, Tom. It's 2023. When did you die?

TOM

I don't know. I don't know.

Tom is clearly distressed. The podcast is still going in the other room.

PODCAST O.S.

...time to face the music, so you may  
as well strike up the band.

LUCY

Hold on a sec.

Lucy goes into the other room. We hear the podcast go quiet, hear Lucy rummaging around, hear the faucet. She comes back with a GLASS OF WATER and hands it to Tom.

TOM

Thanks.

He gulps as though he hasn't had water in years. Lucy watches, mesmerized. He hands her the empty glass.

LUCY

More?

TOM

Yes, please. That'd be great.

Lucy goes for more water, and Tom leans his head back on the couch. She returns and he drinks this water down too. Lucy sits back down.

LUCY  
Okay. So Tom, how old are you?

He pats himself down.

TOM  
I don't know. How old do I look?

LUCY  
I mean, you *look* dead, Tom. You look fucking dead.

TOM  
Oh, that's real nice. Thanks.

LUCY  
Sorry.

Tom stands and goes to look in the MIRROR over the mantle. He runs a hand along his face.

TOM  
I *do* look dead.

A pause while this sinks in. He stretches his face muscles and a TOOTH falls out. He picks it up, regards it, shoves it back in. Lucy looks disgusted but softens a bit.

LUCY  
When do you *think* you died?

TOM  
I honestly don't know.

Lucy nods.

LUCY  
Okay. Well, do you know *how* you died?

TOM  
I have no idea.

Tom sits again, clearly upset. Lucy awkwardly reaches out to pat his knee, then glances down at her hand. *Did I just touch a dead guy?*

TOM (CONT'D)  
I can't remember very much.  
It's...like being asleep, I think.

LUCY  
What's like being asleep?

TOM  
It's like I was asleep in there or something. It's strange.

He rubs at his face again. Lucy nods, listening.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Honestly, the only thing I really remember is Claire.

LUCY  
Claire?

Tom reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a PHOTOGRAPH OF CLAIRE. She's beautiful and young but the photo is clearly very old. Lucy accepts the photo and looks it over.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
She's lovely. (pause) Okay, so you remember Claire.

TOM  
And my dad.

He glances around as if expecting his dad to show up.

LUCY  
Well, maybe we can find them. I don't know.

TOM  
Do you have a phone book?

A look of genuine pity passes over Lucy's face.

LUCY  
Oh Tom. A lot has changed since you...died.

She pulls out her phone as though to explain, but sees the time. It's almost 3 a.m.

TOM  
(pointing at her phone) What is *that*?

She doesn't hear him.

LUCY  
Oh my god, it's so late. I really need to go to bed.

TOM  
Well, I don't need to sleep. I've  
been asleep for years.

She gives him a withering look.

TOM (CONT'D)  
But yeah, okay. You probably have  
to work in the morning. Can I sleep  
here?

He means the couch.

LUCY  
I'll get some blankets.

She starts to go but Tom stops her.

TOM  
Wait. What's *your* name?

LUCY  
Oh. I'm Lucy.

TOM  
Thank you, Lucy.

She nods—*No prob*—and goes to find some bedding.

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

It's now very very late, but Lucy can't sleep. She lays in bed staring at the ceiling, like *What the actual literal fuck*.

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT-CONTINUOUS

Tom can't sleep either. He holds the blanket to his chin, looking lost and scared. But then he looks at his photo of Claire and seems calmed.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

The next morning, Lucy emerges from her room ready for work. Tom is snoring on the couch.

She hesitates, then nudges him awake.

TOM  
Gah! (wakes) What time is it?

LUCY  
Does it matter?

They look at one another.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I have to go to work. Make yourself  
at home I guess, just don't...do  
anything weird.

TOM  
You mean like wake suddenly from  
death?

She gives him a look: *Too soon.*

TOM (CONT'D)  
I won't do anything weird. (off her  
look) I promise!

LUCY  
Just chill out. Stay inside.

TOM  
(disappointed) Why do I have to  
stay inside?

LUCY  
Because, Tom, you look dead, and we  
have to figure out how to make you  
look less dead before you just  
start cruising around.

TOM  
That makes sense.

LUCY  
When I get home we can figure out  
what's next.

TOM  
Sounds like a plan, Stan.

LUCY  
There's coffee, there's TV. Just  
chill.

TOM  
You got it!

He cocks a finger gun at her and winks. She rolls her eyes  
then goes out the door.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

Lucy enters a big conference room at Happee Lyfe, bag on her shoulder, coffee in hand. She's under-slept and looks it.

Lucy's new COLLEAGUES are settling in for a meeting. Chad's at the front of the room, helming this happee ship. Maya gives Lucy a look: *You okay?* Lucy pretends not to notice.

CHAD

Good morning, everyone! Welcome to our weekly check in sesh!

Everyone claps and cheers. Earnest, a tad cult-like. Happee!

CHAD (CONT'D)

Let's start with our Happee Quotient. Can I get a volunteer to start us off?

A hand shoots up. Chad winks and points.

COLLEAGUE 1

I'm super Happee that the sun is shining and I'm here to live this day!

Everyone claps and cheers. Someone else pipes up.

COLLEAGUE 2

I'm super Happee because my partner and I got a new dog!

Everyone claps and cheers. PHOTOS of the dog come out. Oohs, aahs. Someone else pipes up.

COLLEAGUE 3

I'm super Happee because that thing on my leg isn't cancer after all!

They lift their pant leg and show off a disgusting-but-not-cancerous mole. Everyone claps and cheers.

CHAD

Wow! Fantastic! So much to be Happee about!

More cheering, clapping one another on the back, a few grateful tears. Lucy blinks, takes it all in.

CHAD (CONT'D)

You want to know what I'm Happee about today?

(MORE)

CHAD (CONT'D)  
(dramatic pause) I'm super Happee  
to officially welcome Lucy Denton,  
our new programmer extraordinaire!

Everyone claps and cheers. Lucy gives a sheepish little wave.

CHAD (CONT'D)  
As some of you may know, Lucy is  
the mastermind behind Grackle.

Excited whispers. Whatever this is it's a very big deal.

CHAD (CONT'D)  
Lucy is full of big ideas! Lucy,  
why don't you tell us some of your  
big ideas?

LUCY  
My...?

CHAD  
Your big big ideas. We love big  
ideas!

COLLEAGUE 1  
What's the big idea?

Everyone laughs and claps and cheers. Maya gives Lucy an  
encouraging look.

LUCY  
Well, I guess my first big idea  
is...uh...you know, ideation.

Silence.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
You know, like, coming up with  
ideas. Ideas for ideas.

Maya looks at her again. Oh boy.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Ideas! Big ideas!

Giant silence. Maya gives her another look: *Stop, dude,  
you're making it worse.* Chad nods.

CHAD  
Okay. Ideas. Great. (pause) Let's  
give it up for Lucy then.

Scattered, pathetic applause. Lucy sips her coffee and sinks  
into her chair. The meeting goes on.

INT. LUCY'S OFFICE-DAY

Lucy sits at her desk, shell-shocked after that terribly awkward meeting. Maya comes in carrying two COFFEES, sets one on Lucy's desk.

MAYA

You okay?

LUCY

Oh yeah, I'm great, thank you.

MAYA

Cause that was...

LUCY

No, I know, it's fine. It's fine, right?

MAYA

It's fine, dude. You're fine. You're just nervous. Channel your calm or whatever. Breathe.

Lucy nods and takes a deep breath. She glances around the room, tries to play it cool.

LUCY

I have a question for you. Completely unrelated.

MAYA

What's up?

LUCY

Well, last night I was watching this movie—

MAYA

What movie?

LUCY

It doesn't, I mean, it doesn't matter. (bullshitting) This like, um, Danish film.

MAYA

You hate foreign films.

LUCY

I don't *hate* foreign films. I love foreign films.

MAYA

No you don't. You refuse to watch them.

LUCY

That is not...I just don't like subtitles, is all.

MAYA

Subtitles are kind of a defining feature of foreign films.

LUCY

ANYWAY. I was watching this movie, and this lady, uh, she like lives in this house...

Lucy stalls out, searching for words.

MAYA

As ladies are wont to do.

LUCY

Ha. Yes. Anyway, she's like living in this house, and it's like fine, it's whatever, but then one day she finds a guy in the wall. Like, sorry, like a dead guy in the wall.

MAYA

Like a ghost?

LUCY

No. Just like a dead guy.

MAYA

Oh. Like a corpse.

LUCY

No. I mean, yeah, but also he's alive.

MAYA

An alive corpse?

LUCY

Yes. An alive corpse.

MAYA

So, a zombie.

LUCY

I mean, no, but sure.

MAYA  
Okay. Did she kill the guy?

LUCY  
*What?* No. Why would she have killed  
the guy?

MAYA  
I don't know dude. I'm just trying  
to follow along here.

LUCY  
No no no. She definitely did not  
kill the guy.

MAYA  
Okay...

A beat while Maya waits for Lucy to continue. The  
conversation has gotten weird.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
So then...what's your question?

LUCY  
Oh, ha ha! Yeah my question.  
Yes...um, just wondering. What  
would you do if you were that lady?  
Just hypothetically?

MAYA  
What would I do if I was that lady?

LUCY  
Yeah. What would you do?

MAYA  
If I found an alive corpse in the  
wall? I don't know. Probably move.

LUCY  
Okay, but let's say you couldn't  
move. Say you lived there and now  
this is the situation. Would you  
help the guy? If that was the  
situation?

MAYA  
Help him with what?

LUCY  
Like help him figure out his life.

MAYA

His life? I thought you said he was dead.

LUCY

He is dead. Like alive dead.

Maya stares at her.

MAYA

Uh huh. Well, I don't know what I would do in that situation, but I know what I would do in this one.

LUCY

What?

MAYA

I would, if I were you, set this question down for a bit and maybe focus on your work.

LUCY

What? It's just a movie.

MAYA

Dude. You're being fucking weird.

She stands and picks up Lucy's coffee.

MAYA (CONT'D)

I'll take this with me because you've clearly had too much caffeine. Come by my desk if you have a real question. Like a work question.

She gives Lucy a big-sister kind of look then leaves.

LUCY

(calling after her) I was just wondering!

MAYA O.S.

Focus, dude!

LUCY

(to herself) Focus, focus.

She turns to her computer and sighs.

INT. LUCY'S KITCHEN-DAY

Back at the house, Tom is figuring out what the fuck is going on. It's 2023 and shit is weird.

He looks at the TV, then down at the PLETHORA OF REMOTES on the coffee table. He picks one up, tries it without success, picks up another...and so on.

Suddenly, the ROOMBA springs to life and moves towards him. He shrieks and pulls his feet up onto the couch.

INT. LUCY'S KITCHEN-DAY

Tom escapes into the kitchen and looks around. He stands in front of the KEURIG, staring at it uncomprehending.

He checks his VELCRO WALLET. There's a few DOLLARS inside.

EXT. LUCY'S BACKYARD-DAY

Tom leaves Lucy's house through the backdoor then goes out front through the gate. He sees the neighbor in his driveway and waves.

TOM

Good morning! Do you know if  
there's a coffee shop around here  
anywhere?

A beat while the neighbor peers at him with a look of disgust and dismay.

NEIGHBOR

There's a Starbucks two blocks that  
way.

TOM

A Starbucks...?

NEIGHBOR

Yeah. A Starbucks. (off Tom's look)  
They have coffee there?

*Hello?* Tom nods his thanks and makes his way down the block. The neighbor watches him go.

EXT. LUCY'S STREET-DAY

Tom walks to Starbucks, an increasing pep in his step. So nice to be outside after all these years of death!

He waves to people on the street. They all look back, horrified and confused. He is dead, after all.

A WOMAN passes with her dog and the dog growls.

TOM  
Hey there, little fella!

WOMAN  
My god.

She hurries along, totally freaked out. Tom doesn't seem to notice.

INT. STARBUCKS-DAY

Tom enters the Starbucks, all smiles. The BARISTA, a young goth dude, nods approvingly as Tom approaches the counter.

BARISTA  
Hey man. How you doing?

TOM  
I'm fantastic. How are you?

BARISTA  
I'm good man. I dig your vibe.

Tom pats his jacket.

TOM  
Oh, thank you. I got it at Sears.

The barista nods more. This dude is all right.

BARISTA  
What can I get you, man?

TOM  
Just a coffee for me.

BARISTA  
Cool. You want short, tall, grande...?

TOM  
Oh, just a black coffee is fine.

The barista smiles again, as if he's in on some kind of elaborate performance.

BARISTA  
Cool man. Cool. That'll be \$3.95.

TOM  
Wow! Pricey.

Tom opens his wallet and hands the barista a VERY OLD FIVE DOLLAR BILL. The barista takes the cash, amazed.

BARISTA  
Woah. (a beat as he stares) All right, man. What's your name?

TOM  
Tom.

BARISTA  
Cool. I'll call you when it's ready.

Tom steps off to the side. He looks around and marvels while he waits. The future! A PATRON next to him is scrolling on their phone.

TOM  
Pardon me. What is that?

The patron is distracted and doesn't seem to notice that Tom is dead.

PATRON  
This is the 18 X.

TOM  
The 18 X. Huh. (glances around)  
Everybody's got an 18 X.

PATRON  
I doubt it. These things go for like three grand.

The barista calls a name and the patron grabs their drink, leaves.

BARISTA  
Tom!

Tom steps forward for his drink. Smiles at the design on the cup, the little stir stick. The future is so nice!

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE-DAY

Lucy comes home from work to find Tom sprawled on the couch. He's figured out how to get the TV working. He looks at her over the top of the couch.

TOM  
There's like three MTVs!

LUCY  
I know.

TOM  
And none of them have videos! It's  
all prank shows and cartoons.

Lucy smiles. She's tired but charmed. She sets her stuff  
down.

LUCY  
All right. Turn it off for now and  
let's talk.

Tom turns the TV off and Lucy sits on the couch. She notices  
the STARBUCKS CUP.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
You went to Starbucks?!

TOM  
It's so great. You've been?

LUCY  
Tom! You can't leave the house like  
this.

She means like this, dead.

TOM  
(crestfallen) I wanted coffee.

LUCY  
There's coffee here!

TOM  
I couldn't get it to work!

Lucy puts her hands over her eyes, breathes. A beat.

LUCY  
Okay. We need to do one thing at a  
time. Okay?

Tom nods. This is serious.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
First of all, we've got to get you  
sorted out. You look like you died  
in the 80s.

TOM  
I think I did die in the 80s.

LUCY  
That's exactly my point. You can't  
walk around looking like this.

He looks offended but takes it in stride.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Once we do that we can start  
looking for your dad and Claire.

TOM  
(beaming now) That sounds great.

LUCY  
But Tom...

He looks at her.

TOM  
Yeah?

A beat while she carefully chooses her words.

LUCY  
You have to keep in mind that a lot  
of time has passed. Things are  
different now.

He nods at the TV and sips from his Starbucks.

TOM  
Tell me about it!

He's not catching her drift. She watches him for a moment but  
lets it go.

LUCY  
Okay. Then let me get out of my  
work clothes and we'll go to the  
mall.

TOM  
I love the mall!

LUCY  
Everybody loves the mall, Tom.

TOM  
(winks) See? Not everything has  
changed.

She shakes her head and goes into the other room.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(sings) I want my MTV!

INT/EXT. LUCY'S CAR-NIGHT

Lucy and Tom are on their way to the mall. Tom points out the window as they drive.

TOM  
There's another Starbucks! (pause)  
And another! I think that one used  
to be a gas station.

He looks over to Lucy for confirmation. She's not really listening.

LUCY  
Okay, let's think this through  
here. When exactly do you think you  
died?

TOM  
(thinking) Well, let's see. I moved  
into that house in 19...uh...84, I  
think. It's kind of hard to  
remember.

LUCY  
Let's work backwards then. What's  
the last thing you remember?

TOM  
Let me think...I remember the power  
went out...there was a wind  
storm...Dad was going to come over  
because it was the Super Bowl.

LUCY  
The Super Bowl! We can work with  
that. Do you remember who was  
playing?

TOM  
Well, definitely the 49ers cause  
that was Dad's team and I  
think...the Dolphins, maybe. If I  
recall.

Lucy fishes her phone out of her pocket.

LUCY  
Hey Siri.

SIRI  
Uh huh?

LUCY  
What year did the 49ers play the  
Dolphins in the Super Bowl?

SIRI  
The 49ers did not play the Dolphins  
this season. The two played on  
January 20th, 1985, with the 49ers  
winning definitively 38 to 16.

Tom's jaw hangs open at this modern technological display.

LUCY  
So there we go! You probably died  
in 1985. (looks over at him) Which  
seems about right considering your  
outfit. (off his look) What?

TOM  
What is happening?

LUCY  
I know. It's a lot.

TOM  
You just asked an 18X a question  
and she answered like she's right  
here in the car and *that's* how we  
know when I died?

LUCY  
Well. It's not an 18X but...yeah.  
It's called the Internet. I'll  
teach you all about it.

Tom takes a deep breath, centering himself.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
It's all right, buddy. One thing at  
a time.

A beat. He points at her phone.

TOM  
Is that computer lady gonna help me  
find Claire and my dad?

LUCY  
That's the idea.

He nods, thinking, catching up.

TOM  
Okay.

A beat while they drive. Tom points out the window again.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Hey, another one!

Another Starbucks slides past.

INT. MACY'S-NIGHT

Tom sits on a high stool at the Macy's makeup counter, Lucy at his side, as they wait for the beautician.

LUCY  
(quietly) Let me do the talking.

Tom winks.

TOM  
You got it. (pause) But just for the record, I wouldn't normally wear makeup or do any of this stuff. I understand that these are extenuating circumstances so I'm okay with it for now.

LUCY  
Tom. It's 2023. Chill out.

A BEAUTICIAN (20s, male, super friendly) rounds the corner.

BEAUTICIAN  
Good evening, everyone! How are we?

LUCY  
Oh we're great, thank you so much.

BEAUTICIAN  
Fantastic! (looks at Tom) And is this handsome gentleman our patient this evening?

Tom smiles awkwardly, keeps quiet.

LUCY  
 Sure is. As you can see, he's had a  
 little too much...sun.

The beautician considers Tom's complexion.

BEAUTICIAN  
 Mm-hmm.

LUCY  
 We're trying to get him fixed up  
 for, like a, family thing.

BEAUTICIAN  
 Oh? Are you siblings?

Tom opens his mouth to speak but Lucy cuts him off.

LUCY  
 Yep! This is my brother.

BEAUTICIAN  
 So good looks run in the family!

LUCY  
 Ha! Sure.

The beautician takes Tom's chin in his hand and gently turns his face this way and that.

BEAUTICIAN  
 Well, we're definitely under-  
 hydrated. And we've got a little  
 blueness to us. But nothing a great  
 serum can't fix!

He claps his hands together, beams.

BEAUTICIAN (CONT'D)  
 Let me gather my tools and we'll  
 pretty you right up!

He turns to go and Tom looks at Lucy, skeptical.

LUCY  
 Shh. It's gonna be great.

The beautician rounds the corner again loaded with SUPPLIES.

BEAUTICIAN  
 Time to make magic!

He sets to work.

INT. MACY'S-NIGHT

CLOSE ON Tom's face as the beautician swivels him towards a MIRROR. Tom looks completely different. Still dead, but a lot less dead. He's kind of handsome, in fact.

TOM

Wow.

BEAUTICIAN

Pretty good, huh? (to Lucy) We'll get all this packaged up and I'll put together a regimen sheet. (to Tom) And you, sir: you need to drink more water! Take your vitamins and stay hydrated!

Tom nods. He's staring at himself in the mirror, transfixed and amazed.

BEAUTICIAN (CONT'D)

Excellent!

The beautician turns to get the regimen together, but Tom reaches out and stops him.

TOM

(stunned, moved) I...thank you.

The beautician leans close.

BEAUTICIAN

You're welcome, sweetie. Have fun at your family event.

He straightens and smiles at Lucy, then turns to go.

INT. MACY'S-MOMENTS LATER

"Money for Nothing" by Dire Straits starts up as we go into a quick **montage**. Lucy sits in the dressing room waiting area as Tom tries on different clothes.

Tom steps out in a COLORFUL ROBE. Lucy shakes her head no.

Tom steps out in a kind of FUNKY JUMPSUIT. Lucy shakes her head no.

Tom steps out in a GIANT PUFFY JACKET. No.

Tom steps out in RIPPED JEANS and a MESH MUSCLE TEE. Definitely no.

As Tom goes in for a new outfit, Lucy gets a NOTIFICATION on her phone. It's a text from Ryan.

RYAN IN TEXT

Hey babe! Feeling better. Wanna hang?

She rolls her eyes and ignores the text. ANOTHER NOTIFICATION shows a call from Maya. She ignores this too.

Tom comes out in a SIMPLE SHIRT and NICE JEANS. He looks fantastic. Lucy claps her hands together: Yes!

INT. MALL FOOD COURT-NIGHT

Lucy and Tom now sit in the food court, a veritable feast spread before them. Tom looks great in his new clothes, though he digs into the food like a caveman.

LUCY

You're hungry!

TOM

(mouth full) I haven't eaten.

LUCY

...in (does the math) almost forty years.

He looks at her, shocked. Forty years!

LUCY (CONT'D)

So you don't want brains or anything? Just regular food?

TOM

(chews, swallows) I'm not a zombie, Lucy. I'm just a dead guy.

She glances around. There's not really anyone nearby.

LUCY

Do you think you have superhuman strength? Like how fast do you think you can run?

He gives her a look.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Would I turn into a zombie if you bit me? I don't want you to bite me, I'm just wondering.

TOM  
(laughs) Why do you know so much  
about zombies?

LUCY  
Ugh. I don't know. I dated this  
guy...

She trails off.

TOM  
He was a zombie?

LUCY  
No. He was loser. Same diff?

Tom laughs, wipes his mouth with a napkin. Lucy waits for him  
to finish then pulls out her phone.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Okay, so the Internet is kind of  
like an online library. Except  
instead of relying on a card  
catalogue or a librarian to help  
you, you just look things up  
yourself.

Tom nods, looking at the phone.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
So, for example. Let's say you want  
to know about... (glances around)  
cinnamon rolls.

She types in "cinnamon rolls."

LUCY (CONT'D)  
So here's a bunch of information  
about cinnamon rolls. There's  
recipes, there's places to buy  
cinnamon rolls, this tab here will  
show you pictures of cinnamon  
rolls. You can find anything, and  
it's all based on math and  
algorithms. Math determines your  
results.

She stops herself, waves a hand: *Anyway*. She hands him her  
phone.

TOM  
How come you know so much about all  
of this?

LUCY  
What do you mean? The Internet?

TOM  
Yeah, computers and stuff.

LUCY  
You mean because I'm a girl?

Tom makes face: oops.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
That is incredibly sexist, Tom.

TOM  
Sorry.

LUCY  
It's what I do. (off his look) I  
develop apps. (off his look again)  
They're basically little programs  
that help you navigate life.

TOM  
Or death.

LUCY  
Yeah. Or death.

Tom digests all this, looking at the phone.

TOM  
So I'm gonna use the Internet to  
find Claire.

LUCY  
Exactly. I'll set you up with my  
iPad so you can search while I'm at  
work.

TOM  
I have no idea what that is.

LUCY  
It's like a bigger...18X.

Tom nods and Lucy regards him. She speaks softer now.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Tom.

TOM  
Yeah?

LUCY  
Just...about Claire. You know, a  
lot of time has passed. She  
might...

She trails off. Tom gives her a look.

TOM  
What? Be old? That's pretty...age  
prejudiced, don't you think?

LUCY  
Ageist.

TOM  
There you go. Ageist.

He looks at Lucy. She looks back.

TOM (CONT'D)  
The thing about love, Lucy, is that  
it doesn't age or decay. Love  
doesn't die.

He slides the phone back to her across the table.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I'm surprised you don't know that.

He means what with the Internet and all.

LUCY  
You're right. I'm sorry.

A beat. He uncaps a WATER and hands it to her, opens one  
himself.

TOM  
Drink up, stay hydrated. Keep that  
skin looking youthful and fresh!

She smiles and they both chug.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(pointing) Hey, should we do that  
photo booth over there?!

LUCY  
Oh my god, totally.

They rise and gather their things.

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE-MORNING

Lucy comes into the living room the next morning, ready for work, holding an IPAD. She rouses Tom awake.

LUCY  
Here you go.

She hands him the iPad, leans over the couch and points at the messaging app.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I don't have a landline so just text me if something comes up. (off his look) A text is like a small email. (off his look again) It's like a digital note.

He types in the words "digital note" and her phone DINGS. She holds it out for him.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
See?

TOM  
Wow! The future is so cool.

LUCY  
You have no idea.

She goes to the door.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Text me if you have any questions. (on second thought) And absolutely NO porn!

TOM  
(shocked) What?!

LUCY  
I'm just sayin'.

TOM  
(blushing) Lucy!

She shrugs.

LUCY  
All right, good luck>

Tom waves and she goes. He taps tentatively at the iPad.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-MORNING

Lucy's at her desk, staring at her computer. A KNOCK on the doorframe—it's Maya, holding a cup of COFFEE in each hand.

MAYA

Good morning, worker bee!

She approaches Lucy's desk with the coffee but stops short.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Wait. How many of these have you had today?

LUCY

None.

MAYA

Okay then. (sets coffee down) Cause yesterday you were acting a little whack-a-doo.

LUCY

Whack-a-doo?

MAYA

Yep. Whack-a-doo.

Lucy smiles, sips coffee, taps at the keyboard.

MAYA (CONT'D)

So where were you last night? I tried to call.

LUCY

Oh yeah, sorry. I was in bed.

MAYA

You were in bed?

LUCY

Yep! Super exhausted from work.

Lucy is not a good liar, but Maya lets it slide.

MAYA

I thought maybe you were with Ryan.

LUCY

Ugh. No.

MAYA

Why, what happened?

LUCY  
I didn't tell you? He totally  
bailed on moving day.

MAYA  
What? He was supposed to help you!

Lucy rolls her eyes.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Why didn't you call me? I would've  
helped.

Lucy doesn't really answer. Maya makes a face.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Well, we all know what happens  
next.

LUCY  
What's that?

MAYA  
You let him back in after like...  
(feigns looking at a watch) two  
days. Four, tops.

LUCY  
That is offensive.

MAYA  
But true.

LUCY  
(sighs, resigned) He's really sexy.

As if this is an excuse. It's clear they've gone over this,  
with many men, many times.

MAYA  
Yeah, well, so are you.

LUCY  
Thanks, buddy.

MAYA  
No prob. And hey, if worse comes to  
worse, you've always got that  
podcast.

LUCY  
Don't make fun of my podcast.

MAYA

Your podcast makes fun of itself.

Lucy makes a face and Maya stands to go. She stops in the doorway, remembering something.

MAYA (CONT'D)

You coming to the mixer tonight?

LUCY

The mixer?

MAYA

Happee Lyfe mixer once a month. You gotta come.

LUCY

I have to?

MAYA

You don't have to come every time, but you definitely have to come tonight. (off her look) I know, I know. But people get weird if you don't show. It's a team-building thing.

She glances over her shoulder to see if anyone's listening.

MAYA (CONT'D)

(shrugs) What're you gonna do?

LUCY

Ugh. Fine.

MAYA

Atta girl!

She tips her cup in Lucy's direction and leaves.

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE-DAY

Tom sits at the kitchen table, a NOTEBOOK before him. CLOSE ON his notes: "Claire Summers..." He's been at this a while. He leans close to the iPad, taps, toggles, writes something down. Sighs. Types in "Gary Anderson, Los Angeles." The results are overwhelming.

He sighs again. Leans back, pops his neck, then gets an idea.

He makes a face, shamefully glances around, then leans close and types "PORN."

Just then a TEXT FROM LUCY appears.

LUCY IN TEXT  
How's it goin'?

Tom panics, closes Google, texts back.

TOM IN TEXT  
Doing great!

She sends a HEART EMOJI. He sends a HEART back. Then a DINOSAUR. Then a SALAD. Then a CLOWN. Emojis are fun!

LUCY IN TEXT  
Lol. (new text) Good luck. Be home in a bit.

He sends a ZOMBIE. She sends a ZOMBIE back.

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE-EVENING

Hours later and Tom's on the couch, watching MTV.

LUCY  
How'd it go?

He hands her his notebook over the back of the couch, makes a face. She flips through several pages.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Ah shoot. I should've shown you how to narrow results.

Her phone DINGS. A message from Maya.

MAYA IN TEXT  
No need to dress up! It's a casual thing.

Lucy groans.

LUCY  
I'm so sorry, Tom. I have to go to this work thing.

TOM  
You just got home.

LUCY  
I know. It's like a fucking mixer thing. (off his look) It's like a stupid party. Like a small, stupid party.

Tom jumps up and lunges towards her over the edge of the couch.

TOM  
Can I come?

LUCY  
God, no!

TOM  
Please! I've been stuck in the house all day! And before that I was stuck in the wall!

LUCY  
Tom...

TOM  
I was in the wall for years! Please?

A beat while he pleads.

LUCY  
Ugh. Fine. But you CANNOT do anything weird.

TOM  
I promise I won't do anything weird! I'll be so normal. You won't even know I'm there. Or that I'm dead.

LUCY  
See, you can't say shit like that. If you're gonna come with me, you gotta chill. You gotta be cool.

He zips his lips.

TOM  
Promise.

Lucy rolls her eyes.

LUCY  
This is such a bad idea.

She turns to go down the hall.

TOM  
No, it's a good idea! (calling after her) We'll have fun!

LUCY O.S.  
(flatly) Sure we will.

Tom jumps off the couch and does a little dance.

INT/EXT-LYFT RIDE-NIGHT

Lucy and Tom take a Lyft to the mixer. Lucy is visibly nervous and stressed.

TOM  
So what is this, like a taxi?

DRIVER  
Your own private taxi.

TOM  
That's so cool.

The driver hands Tom a complimentary BOTTLE OF WATER. Tom is thrilled at this little perk.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-NIGHT

Lucy and Tom arrive at the mixer. It is bumpin'! There's snacks, a bar, a DJ. Lucy looks around, surprised.

LUCY  
Woah.

TOM  
Wow! Mixers are cool.

LUCY  
C'mon. Let's get a drink.

They head towards the bar.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-NIGHT

Lucy and Tom step to the bar and Lucy orders DRINKS. Tom glances around, smiling like a goof. Lucy hands him his drink, downs her own, orders another. Maya makes her way towards them through the crowd.

MAYA  
Hey girl!

LUCY  
Hey!

Lucy drinks, nervous. Maya looks from Lucy to Tom then back, waiting for an introduction.

TOM  
Hi there! Tom Anderson.

LUCY  
Sorry. This is Tom.

Maya and Tom shake hands.

MAYA  
Nice to meet you, Tom. Maya.

TOM  
Nice to meet you!

Maya glances over at Lucy.

MAYA  
I've not heard of you before.  
(backtracks) Not to be rude.

TOM  
Not rude at all. (leans in) You  
know how Lucy overlooks things.

He winks and the two laugh. Lucy makes a face.

LUCY  
All right, Barnum & Bailey.

Just then, Chad starts waving from across the room. Lucy glances behind her, then realizes he's waving to call her over.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Shit. I gotta go.

MAYA  
Good luck.

Lucy downs the last of her drink. She subtly gives Tom a look—*Don't be weird!*—then makes her way towards Chad.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
(to Tom) That's our boss.

Tom nods and the two cheers.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-NIGHT

Lucy joins Chad at the other end of the room. He's standing next to JACKIE (40s), a beautiful, commanding woman in a power-suit.

CHAD

Lucy, I'd like you to meet Jackie.

Lucy shakes Jackie's hand, a ball of nerves.

LUCY

Nice to meet you.

JACKIE

A pleasure.

Lucy keeps shaking, barely able to look Jackie in the eye. So awkward. Chad doesn't seem to notice.

CHAD

Jackie is one of our key investors.  
And Lucy...well, she's Lucy!

JACKIE

You're quite the programmer, I've heard.

LUCY

I don't know about all that.

JACKIE

(sternly) Don't you diminish your work. Others will do that for you.

Lucy nods, cowed by this impressive woman.

CHAD

Wise words.

Lucy nods and sips while Jackie stares her down.

CUT TO:

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-CONTINUOUS

Maya and Tom chat on the other side of the room.

MAYA

How did you say you and Lucy know each another?

TOM

We went to college together.

Maya pauses, gives him a look.

MAYA

Lucy and I went to college together. (pause) At a girls' school.

Tom thinks quick.

TOM

Oh yeah. I was part of the experimental co-ed semester.

MAYA

The experimental co-ed semester?

TOM

You don't remember?

MAYA

No. I do not recall an experimental co-ed semester.

A beat. Maya regards Tom, entirely skeptical.

TOM

It didn't go so well.

MAYA

I feel like I would remember something like that.

TOM

Well, you know. We're getting older. Maybe you could look it up on the Internet later. (pause, sips) What about you? What are your interests and hobbies?

MAYA

My interests and hobbies? I like to read, I guess.

TOM

Oh, that's great! Reading is so great!

Tom reaches up as if to high-five her, but accidentally knocks the side of the table. His FINGER comes off and drops to the floor.

MAYA

Dude!

Tom scrambles for his finger, jams it back into place.

TOM

Oh, don't worry. It happens all the time. (off her look) I have a condition.

MAYA

You have a condition where your fingers fall off?!

Tom glances around.

TOM

It's a sensitive subject.

MAYA

I would imagine.

Tom tries to recover.

TOM

So you said you like to read?

Maya looks at him, blinks. Who the fuck is this guy?

CUT TO:

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-CONTINUOUS

Back on the other side of the room, Lucy's kinda drunk now. She's trying to pitch Jackie and Chad on her non-existent idea.

LUCY

...and it's like, what is an app, you know? Like when you think about it.

JACKIE

Well, it's an application, no?

LUCY

Yeah, but like what does that mean? (drunk pause) In the abstract.

Chad clears his throat, chuckles.

CHAD

Well, some of the best ideas come from abstraction.

LUCY  
Exactly! See, you get it.

She raises her glass for an awkward cheers. Jackie excuses herself to the other side of the room.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
This is a great mixer, Chad!

Chad smiles tightly, glances around, does a kind of "Oh look it's someone else" wave. He leaves and Lucy sways, sipping her drink.

INT/EXT-LYFT RIDE-NIGHT

Lucy and Tom ride in a Lyft, both of them very drunk.

TOM  
That was so fun!

LUCY  
Go mixer!

TOM  
(a little quieter) Maya might be  
onto me though.

Lucy doesn't hear him. "In Between Days" by The Cure comes on the radio.

LUCY  
Ooh! Turn it up!

The driver does as he's told.

TOM  
Great song!

They start to sing along. The driver bops his head.

TOM & LUCY  
(singing) Yesterday I got so old I  
felt like I could die!

They look at each other and laugh. The driver turns the radio up more. They all sing.

ESTABLISHING-LUCY'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Lucy and Tom tumble out of the Lyft, still singing, the SONG drifting behind them in the night.

LUCY

Go on, go on, just walk away!

She crashes into the neighbor's TRASHCAN. It wobbles but doesn't spill. A LIGHT in his window comes on.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

She grabs Tom's elbow, laughing.

LUCY (CONT'D)

That guy hates me!

They stumble towards the house, giggling.

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Lucy and Tom come into the house and collapse on the couch, laughing and singing. They're pretty trashed. And very cute.

LUCY

Oh my god, I'm so drunk.

TOM

You are very drunk.

She laughs and wriggles out of her jacket. He picks up the iPad.

LUCY

Okay, let's narrow our search terms. Type in her name and...d'you know her high school?

TOM

Her high school...(thinks) Water something. Ocean something. Water View, something like that.

LUCY

Where was it?

TOM

San Diego. I remember that.

LUCY

So type all that in. Ocean View...high school...her name...San Diego...

TOM

Okay, yeah.

He starts typing, slowly. Lucy starts to nod off, singing under her breath.

LUCY  
Without you...

A long beat, then Tom jolts.

TOM  
Lucy! Lucy, wake up! I found her!

Lucy sits up.

LUCY  
You found her?

He holds out the iPad for her to see. CLOSE ON Claire's Facebook page. It's her all right. She looks just like the woman in the photo, only older.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, dude. You found her.

TOM  
I found her.

Lucy looks up at him.

LUCY  
You fucking found her!

She stands and claps. She's so drunk.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
He found her everybody! He found her!

She lurches down the hall, still shouting.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
He found her! He found Claire!  
Ocean View Claire!

TOM  
(to screen) I found you.

Tom stares at the iPad, sobered now.

INT. LUCY'S BATHROOM-DAY

"Don't Come Around Here No More" by Tom Petty starts up as we see Tom standing in front of the bathroom mirror the next morning, carefully doing his makeup.

The song continues as...

INT/EXT-LUCY'S CAR-DAY

Lucy takes a Lyft to work, EARBUDS in. We can faintly hear the podcast going and the driver making small talk, though she's not really listening to either.

PODCAST

...and so what is it, then, that  
keeps us so removed from our own  
lives?

She smiles a little to herself when a Starbucks slides past.

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE-DAY

Tom stands in front of the mantle mirror, in nice jeans and a blazer, adjusting his tie. He looks at himself critically, pops a VITAMIN, drinks some water.

EXT. HAPPEE LYFE PARKING LOT-DAY

The Lyft drops Lucy off in front of the Happee Lyfe gates. She shows her badge to the guard, who waves her in.

EXT. LUCY'S HOUSE-DAY

Out in the backyard, Tom carefully gets onto Lucy's bike.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

Lucy passes Maya's office, waves but doesn't stop. Goes into her own office, shuts the door. A NOTIFICATION from Ryan pops up on her phone.

RYAN IN TEXT

Did you get my text? Lunch?

Lucy sighs and starts to write back.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE-DAY

Tom descends the bike in front of a house, checks a SCRAP OF PAPER for an address. He now has a small bushel of FLOWERS in his hand. He stands at the end of the walkway, nervous as hell.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

Lucy sits at her desk, scratching at a pad of paper. It seems like she's working but we go CLOSE and see that she's just doodling random circles and squares.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE-DAY

CLAIRE (65) comes out of her front door, her grandson Leo (9) close behind. She grapples with Leo's SCOOTER and some bags and then glances up.

She sees Tom standing on the walkway. A beat as she computes, stares.

Tom Petty **cuts out** and all is silent as Claire blinks, once, and then faints.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE-DAY

Tom sits in a chair in Claire's living room, where she's laid out on the couch. She holds a bag of FROZEN PEAS to her head. Big silence.

Suddenly Leo rounds the corner, eating CHIPS. He crunches and stares. A beat.

LEO  
 Gramma, who is this freak?

CLAIRE  
 God dammit, Leo. Go play outside.

LEO  
 Can I bring the iPad?

Claire sighs, totally exasperated.

CLAIRE  
 Yes. That's fine.

Leo runs out and Claire closes her eyes.

TOM  
 Gramma?

CLAIRE  
 Time's a real bitch, ain't it.

She sits up and sets the peas on the table.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Look, Tom, I'm glad you're here. I really am. But...what are you *doing* here?

TOM

I came to see you.

CLAIRE

No, I mean how are you here? Am I going crazy or what?

TOM

No, no. You're not going crazy. I was in the wall.

CLAIRE

You were in what wall?

TOM

The wall at my house. Lucy found me. (off her look) The woman who lives there now.

Claire looks around, tries to take this information in. Finally she looks right at him.

CLAIRE

You know this makes no god-damned sense, right? That you're dead?

She's annoyed. Tom sits quietly. A beat.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I need a smoke.

She stands and opens the screen door. Tom stays put. She looks at him—*Hello?*—and he stands to follow her.

EXT. CLAIRE'S PORCH-DAY

Tom and Claire are on her porch. Leo rides his scooter up and down the street, an iPad propped on its handlebar. A long silence as Claire smokes and Tom sits quietly in his chair.

TOM

Where's his mom?

CLAIRE

Pfft. No idea. His dad's in jail. (off Tom's look) My pride and joy.

She makes a face like *Go figure* and stubs out her cigarette.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Look, Tom, I gotta get the kid to school.

She's trying to shoo him out, but he brightens.

TOM

Can I come?

Claire sighs and rubs her face.

CLAIRE

(relenting) Sure.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT-CLAIRE'S CAR-DAY

Claire, Tom, and Leo all ride in Claire's car on the way to school. No one says anything. Tom smiles cheerfully in the middle backseat.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

Maya is at her desk. She glances up and looks towards Lucy's office, watches for a beat, squints. She opens Google and types "medical condition where your fingers fall off," scrolls. Nothing promising. She frowns and closes out the tab.

INT. HAPPY LYFE-CONTINUOUS

Maya knocks at Lucy's office door.

MAYA

Hey girl!

Lucy barely looks up from her notepad.

LUCY

Hey.

MAYA

You good?

LUCY

Oh yeah. I'm just...tired. From the mixer, I guess.

MAYA  
Yeah, "tired."

She chuckles at her own joke. Lucy is quiet, distracted.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
So...Tom seems nice.

LUCY  
Tom's great, yeah.

A beat. Maya is looking at Lucy but Lucy's in her own world.

MAYA  
You know, it's weird. I don't  
remember an experimental co-ed  
semester.

A look comes over Lucy's face, panic maybe.

LUCY  
Oh, you know. Um, that was the  
semester your uncle was sick. You  
had a lot going on.

MAYA  
I did have a lot going on. But I  
don't know. Seems like something I  
would remember.

Lucy shrugs. A beat.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Well, I'll let you get to work. You  
seem busy.

She doesn't seem busy at all. Maya goes to leave but stops at  
the door.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Oh, you know, the weirdest thing  
happened.

Lucy finally looks up.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Tom and I were talking, and his  
finger just like...came off. Like  
totally snapped off. He said he has  
a condition or something?

Lucy looks horrified but recovers, bullshits.

LUCY

Oh yeah, his condition. It's getting better, I think. He's taking vitamins for it.

MAYA

(not buying it) Uh huh. Well, anyway, I'd never heard of it before.

LUCY

Never heard of what before?

MAYA

A condition where your fingers fall off.

LUCY

It's...pretty rare.

MAYA

I bet.

She stares Lucy down but Lucy won't crack. Maya finally leaves and Lucy buries her head in her hands.

EXT. CAFE-DAY

Lucy arrives at an outdoor café, looks around for Ryan. She spots him at a table and makes her way over. He's a handsome guy, late 20s, put-together, cool. He's doing something on his PHONE.

RYAN

Hey babe.

He doesn't look up from his phone. A beat. Lucy glances around: *Is this guy for real?*

RYAN (CONT'D)

So sorry. Work email.

He stands and embraces her. She lets herself be hugged. He pulls out a chair and she sits.

RYAN (CONT'D)

How'd the moving go? Sorry I wasn't around.

LUCY

What happened?

RYAN

Ugh. I don't know. Food poisoning  
or something.

LUCY

But you were coughing.

RYAN

I know, right? Crazy.

He waves the waitress over.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Bloody Mary for me. (to Lucy) You  
want a Bloody Mary? Bring her a  
Bloody Mary.

The waitress leaves.

LUCY

I hate Bloody Mary's.

RYAN

You'll like this one.

Lucy makes a face but he doesn't notice. He's flipping  
through the MENU.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I think I want an omelet. That  
sounds good. A ham omelet.

LUCY

I started my new job.

RYAN

Oh yeah, how'd that go?

Lucy pauses to gauge his actual interest. She doesn't have to  
wait for long.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Aw, shit, I meant to tell her to  
make it spicy.

He waves towards the waitress, does a gesture for hot  
sauce/spicy. This guy is such an ass.

Lucy looks around, debating her exit. She's just about to say  
something when Ryan reaches out and puts his hand on her  
knee.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You want yours spicy too?

He winks at her and she looks down at his hand. Dammit.

LUCY  
I do like it spicy.

He winks again, gives her knee a squeeze.

INT/EXT. LUCY'S CAR-DAY

A few hours later. Lucy pulls into her driveway and parks the car, sits for a minute. She's got total sex hair. She pulls her phone out and sends a text to Ryan.

LUCY IN TEXT  
That was fun. Had to come up with  
an excuse why I didn't go back to  
work! (wink emoji)

GREY BUBBLES show that Ryan is writing back...but then the bubbles disappear. A beat. Nothing.

Lucy sighs and goes inside.

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM-DAY

Lucy comes in the house to find Tom watching MTV on the couch. She plops down next to him.

LUCY  
How was your time with Claire??

TOM  
Oh my gosh, she hasn't changed one  
bit. I mean, she has but also,  
she's like the same Claire..you  
know?

LUCY  
Did she freak out?

TOM  
A little. It was a little jarring  
for her to see me.

Lucy makes a face: I bet!

TOM (CONT'D)  
But it's okay because we're gonna  
see each other again-

Lucy's phone DINGS. She glances down to see a text from her mom.

GLORIA IN TEXT  
Boarding now! Can't wait to see  
you!

LUCY  
Shit! Shit shit shit!

TOM  
What is it?

LUCY  
My mom is coming! I totally forgot!

She stands, starts pacing, frantically spins around.

TOM  
I get to meet your mom!

LUCY  
What?! We can't...she can't!

Tom watches her pace then stands and grabs her shoulders.

TOM  
Lucy. This is fine. It will be  
fine.

She bugs her eyes. How could this possibly be fine?

INT/EXT. LUCY'S CAR-NIGHT

Lucy, Tom, and Gloria are in the car, leaving LAX. Lucy grips the steering wheel, while Gloria smiles awkwardly in the passenger seat. Tom sits in the middle back, beaming between them.

INT. BED, BATH & BEYOND-NIGHT

The trio now strolls the aisles of Bed, Bath & Beyond. Lucy, visibly tense, pushes a CART.

GLORIA  
So, Tom, you said you and Lucy met  
in college, is that right?

TOM  
Yes, ma'am! Class of...

He trails off and Lucy picks it up.

LUCY  
'16!

TOM  
Class of '16! Go...

LUCY  
Mounties!

TOM  
Go Mounties!

Gloria looks from one to the other.

GLORIA  
But Mount Saint Mary's is a girls'  
college.

Lucy grabs at something, quick.

LUCY  
Hey, look, As Seen On TV! I need  
this, right? Don't I need this,  
mom?

TOM  
(recovering for Lucy) That's true,  
Gloria. It is a girls' college. But  
they had an experimental semester  
where they went co-ed, and I was  
part of the experiment. Lucy and I  
were in the same English class,  
though English was not my major.

Lucy looks at Tom, impressed by his improvisational skills.  
Gloria's eating it up.

GLORIA  
Oh, that's fantastic! What was your  
major, Tom?

TOM  
Veterinary studies.

GLORIA  
Oh, wonderful.

LUCY  
Really?

TOM  
Yep. I've always loved animals.

GLORIA  
So is that what you do now?

TOM  
 Unfortunately that dream got  
 waylaid. (shrugs) Life.

He walks ahead of them, idly browsing. He picks up a  
 STARBUCKS-BRANDED MUG.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Hey look! Starbucks!

Gloria smiles, charmed by this young man. Lucy quietly  
 regards Tom. He puts the mug in the cart and they move on.

INT. LUCY'S KITCHEN-DAY

The next morning, Lucy comes into the kitchen ready for work.  
 Gloria and Tom are at the table, drinking coffee and doing a  
 crossword. Lucy pauses, concerned.

LUCY  
 All right, you two. I gotta go to  
 work.

GLORIA  
 Have a great day, honey!

TOM  
 Go get 'em, Mountie.

Gloria smiles at his joke. Lucy nods.

LUCY  
 Tom, would you walk me out? I have  
 a question for you about my car.

TOM  
 I don't really know much about  
 cars. I mean, bikes, sure, I could  
 make my way around a bike...(off  
 her look) But sure, you got it.

He stands and follows her out.

EXT. LUCY'S DRIVEWAY-DAY

Lucy and Tom are in the driveway near her car.

LUCY  
 Listen, this is profoundly weird  
 and I need your help.

Tom regards the car.

TOM

Nothing looks weird. I mean, it's a little dirty but nothing a car wash can't fix.

LUCY

Not the car, Tom! The situation. The whole situation!

TOM

You mean with your mom? What's wrong with your mom? She's nice.

LUCY

No shit, Tom. I know my mom is nice. I'm not worried about my mom.

TOM

What are you worried about? Me?

She realizes how insulting this is. She calms herself, breathes.

LUCY

I don't want her to think we're dating, and I don't want her to know you're dead.

Tom is taken aback.

TOM

Luce, you gotta mellow out. I'm not gonna be weird.

She looks at him, long and quiet. A beat.

LUCY

Okay. All right. (pause) You promise?

TOM

I promise.

He lifts his pinky for a pinky swear. She links hers to his and they shake. His FINGER snaps off mid-shake. Ah! Lucy's totally grossed out but she hands it back. Tom plugs his finger into place and she leaves for work.

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM-DAY

Tom comes back in the house to find Gloria arranging the living room.

GLORIA

Here, sweetie. Help me with this  
would you?

Tom steps over to help her move a bookshelf.

TOM

So, Gloria...may I call you Gloria?  
(off her look) Tell me a little  
about yourself. What do you do for  
fun?

GLORIA

Fun? Well at my age, there's not  
much of that.

As they chat, they adjust paintings, move things around,  
arrange books and trinkets, etc. A silent seamless teamwork.

TOM

You must enjoy something!

GLORIA

I do enjoy a nice bingo game every  
now and then.

TOM

Bingo! That's fantastic. How's your  
game?

Gloria laughs. A beat as they unroll an AREA RUG.

GLORIA

(after a pause) And what about you,  
Tom? Do you...have a girlfriend?

Her face says it all—maybe he's a match for Lucy!—though Tom  
doesn't catch her drift.

TOM

Well, I was seeing someone, but we  
took a little break. We've reunited  
and are trying to figure it out.

Gloria nods, a little disappointed.

GLORIA

Well, she's a very lucky girl.

Tom looks up at her.

TOM

Thank you, Gloria. That means a  
lot.

He helps her put the coffee table into place.

INT/EXT. LUCY'S CAR-NIGHT

Later that night, Lucy drives Gloria to the airport.

GLORIA  
A lovely and short little visit.

LUCY  
You can stay longer next time.

GLORIA  
Well, I'll be honest with you. I wanted to stay for a few days, but I pushed the wrong button on the travel site.

LUCY  
Let me help you with that stuff!

GLORIA  
I thought I could do it on my own. That'll teach me.

Lucy smiles, changes lanes.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
(after a pause) Tom seems nice.

She means "Why don't you date him?" Lucy catches her drift.

LUCY  
Mom.

GLORIA  
What? He does!

LUCY  
Tom *is* nice, but we're just friends.

GLORIA  
Well, you know, your father and I were just friends. And then we were...a lot more than friends.

Gloria winks. Lucy makes a face.

LUCY  
Let's have you figure out booking travel first.

(MORE)



TOM  
 You don't need a dog to enjoy the  
 dog park!

He sets his sandwich down and starts to point.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 See that little guy there? He's a  
 Boston Terrier. All bark but no  
 bite. And that one? That's an  
 Alaskan husky. Great hunting dogs,  
 if you ever want to hunt.

Claire's looking at him now, maybe a bit charmed.

CLAIRE  
 I forgot. (off his look) How much  
 you love dogs.

TOM  
 Always have.

CLAIRE  
 But you never got one.

TOM  
 I was planning on it. But then...

CLAIRE  
 You died.

TOM  
 Exactly. I died.

A beat. Claire is softening, her life-earned hardness sliding  
 away a bit.

CLAIRE  
 I was sad. (pause) When you did.

TOM  
 You were?

CLAIRE  
 Devastated. You were the—

She stops herself. It's too much to say "the love of my  
 life."

TOM  
 I know. Me too.

A long beat while they regard one another.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You want to do this again? Get  
together like this?

Claire nods. Tom takes up a sandwich, pulls out the HAM, passes the sandwich to Claire. She smiles, touched. Tom feeds the ham to a nearby pug.

EXT. LUCY'S HOUSE-DAY

Tom pulls into Lucy's driveway on her bike, fresh from his date. A RIDICULOUS SPORTS CAR screeches up and parks. Ryan steps out and makes his way towards Tom.

RYAN  
Hey, man. Is Lucy home?

TOM  
She's at work. Can I tell her who  
stopped by?

A beat while Ryan sizes him up.

RYAN  
Who are you?

TOM  
I'm Tom.

He reaches out his hand for a shake but Ryan ignores the gesture, glances around.

RYAN  
And you're like her roommate or  
what?

TOM  
Just a friend.

Ryan nods. Real macho nodding.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I didn't catch your  
name.

RYAN  
Ryan.

TOM  
Nice to meet you!

Ryan gives a nod, looks around.

RYAN

All right, well anyway. I just came by to drop these off.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a PAIR OF PANTIES. Tom accepts the panties, shocked.

TOM

Wha-uh-these-are hers?

RYAN

Yeah, man. She left them at my place. Thought she might want 'em back.

TOM

But this is a thing...people do?

Ryan gives him a look: *What the fuck are you talking about?*

TOM (CONT'D)

Just...drop off..uh, deliver panties?

RYAN

I mean, it's a thing I do.

The neighbor comes out of his house. Ryan looks over and gives a nod.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Hey man, how's it going?

The neighbor nods back, then gets into his car and leaves.

TOM

You know him?

RYAN

We used to play rugby together. Anyway, tell Lucy to call me. You take care.

He gives Tom a rather hard arm-punch then goes to his car and peels off. Tom looks at the panties then shoves them in his pocket. He hurries inside.

INT. LUCY'S KITCHEN-NIGHT

Tom is in the kitchen cooking dinner. He's got 80s music playing and there's a SMALL BROWN BAG on the counter. Lucy comes in from work.

LUCY

Wow, you're cooking.

She sets her bag down and Tom hands her a GLASS OF WINE. She sits at a barstool.

TOM

How was your day?

LUCY

(dripping with sarcasm) Oh great, just great. I'm absolutely killing it at work.

TOM

Killing what?

LUCY

(waves it off) Never mind.

TOM

You're still working on your app?

LUCY

Ugh. I can't figure it out.

TOM

You feel stuck.

LUCY

I feel very stuck.

TOM

I know the feeling.

Off her look, he nods towards the wall panel. Lucy stands and goes to it, opens it, looks inside.

LUCY

It's not very spacious.

TOM

No, it's not.

LUCY

I wonder why you didn't come out before. (off his look) Like why wait so long? Other people lived here before me.

TOM

You're the only one who opened it.

A meaningful pause as they let this fact settle in. Lucy goes back to the stool, sees the bag.

LUCY  
What's this?

TOM  
Ryan stopped by. He dropped that  
off.

Lucy opens the bag and peers inside, quickly clamps it shut.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(feigning ignorance) What is it? A  
gift?

Lucy is horrified but he pretends not to notice.

LUCY  
It's nothing.

She pours herself more wine, tries to recover. Tom stirs the food. A beat.

TOM  
Look, it's none of my business  
but...

LUCY  
What?

TOM  
Just...don't waste your time with  
dumb guys, Luce. You're a catch.

LUCY  
You're right. It is none of your  
business.

She stands and goes out of the room. Tom calls after her.

TOM  
You're not gonna eat?

LUCY O.S.  
I'm not hungry!

TOM  
What about the part where I called  
you a catch?

LUCY O.S.  
I am a catch, you dumb fuck!

TOM

I know! That's why I said it!

We hear Lucy go into her room and shut the door.

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Lucy sits on her bed and lets the paper bag fall to the floor. She takes her phone out and calls Ryan. We CUT BETWEEN Lucy in her room and Ryan at the gym.

RYAN

Hey babe. What's goin' on?

LUCY

Dude. What the fuck.

RYAN

What?

LUCY

What were you thinking? Dropping my underwear off like that?

RYAN

I figured you'd want 'em back.

LUCY

You couldn't wait until I came over?

RYAN

Babe. Chill.

LUCY

It's really fucking awkward that you gave my underwear to Tom.

RYAN

Oh come on. That guy was thrilled.

LUCY

What's that supposed to mean?

RYAN

He's never held a pair of panties in his life. I did him a favor.

LUCY

Jesus.

RYAN

All right. Don't get your panties  
in a twist.

He laughs at his own joke.

LUCY

I gotta go.

RYAN

Get it? Panties in a twist?

LUCY

I'm hanging up now.

RYAN

Okay, bye.

Lucy hangs up the phone and tosses it on the bed. She kicks  
the bag across the room in disgust.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

The next morning, Lucy's at her desk. She's got her  
headphones in and she's tapping at her mouse.

PODCAST

...and so we end up spending time  
on fruitless endeavors,  
relationships that dissatisfy and  
go nowhere.

CLOSE ON her screen as we realize she's not working at all.  
She's playing CANDY CRUSH SAGA.

Someone passes by the open door. Lucy quickly takes out her  
headphones and closes the game, embarrassed.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE-DAY

Tom rides up to Claire's house on the bike. He's dressed nice  
and carries FLOWERS and a SMALL GIFT. As he approaches, the  
door bangs open and Leo comes blasting out, screaming and  
spraying SILLY STRING.

TOM

Hey Leo. How you doin'?

Leo ignores him, tears through the yard spraying Silly  
String, yelling like a banshee.

CLAIRE O.S.  
God dammit! I said not in the  
fucking house!

Claire comes to the door, her hair covered in Silly String.  
She realizes Tom is there.

CLAIRE  
God damn neighbor gave him Silly  
String.

She starts pulling at her hair, opens the door wider.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Come in, I guess.

Tom follows her into the house.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE-DAY

Tom is all smiles as he follows Claire inside, though her  
mood is clearly foul.

CLAIRE  
I forgot we were doing this today.  
You, uh, want something to drink?

TOM  
Whatever you're having!

Claire leaves and comes back with two BEERS. She and Tom sit  
on the couch. Tom hands her the gift.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I got you a little something.

Claire smiles, but barely. She's exhausted.

CLAIRE  
You didn't have to do that.

She opens the gift. It's a SMALL CERAMIC FROG. She's clearly  
confused.

TOM  
(off her look) You collect them.

CLAIRE  
I do? Oh yeah, I guess I did. I  
forgot.

She sets the frog on a side table. A beat. We can hear Leo screaming outside. Finally, Tom reaches out and takes her hand.

TOM  
Claire, I just want to say-

But she cuts him off.

CLAIRE  
Look, Tom. I've been thinking.

TOM  
I've been thinking too! Non-stop!  
I'm so glad I found you and that-

CLAIRE  
No, Tom, not like that. (pause) Not  
like that.

Another beat as this settles in. He's not an idiot: she's dumping him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I just...look I'm sorry. I can't.  
(pause) Too much time has passed. I  
thought you were dead.

TOM  
I was dead. I am dead.

CLAIRE  
I know. It's weird.

TOM  
But we can make it work! I know we  
can! I've been hydrating and taking  
vitamins...

CLAIRE  
Tom.

TOM  
I came for you, Claire. I came back  
for you. I just needed to find you  
and find my dad and everything  
will-

A look of grave pity comes over Claire's face.

CLAIRE  
Tom. I thought you knew.

TOM  
Knew what? You thought I knew what?

Tears come to Claire's eyes as she braces herself to give him some news.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETARY-DAY

Tom stands over a GRAVESTONE in a cemetery marked with the name of his dad: "Gary Anderson: 1935-2005." Behind him, Claire and Leo wait in her car.

Tom wipes at tears and places the flowers he brought for Claire on his dad's grave. A beat. He makes his way back to the car. Through an open window, Leo sprays him with Silly String.

CLAIRE  
God dammit! Give me that, you little shit!

EXT. LUCY'S HOUSE-DAY

Tom sits at the table in Lucy's backyard. The sun is beginning to set and it's clear he's been there awhile.

The screen door opens and Lucy comes out. She's in her work clothes.

LUCY  
Hey. What're you doing out here?

She realizes something is wrong, starts down the steps.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Tom...?

Tom doesn't respond. Lucy sits across from him.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Tom? You okay?

TOM  
She...I...

Lucy pieces it together.

LUCY  
Yeah.

He looks at her. There are tears in his eyes.

TOM

She said too much time had passed,  
and then she told me—

He's overcome and stops for a moment, then goes on.

TOM (CONT'D)

She told me my dad died. (looks up  
at her) My dad died, Luce.

LUCY

Oh no. Tom.

She reaches out to touch his arm. A moment as he cries.

TOM

And she's right. Too much time has  
passed. Everything's changed.  
(pause) I just—I feel I'm lost at  
sea or something. Like I'm stranded  
in time. Like I'm a castaway or  
something.

LUCY

Like Tom Hanks.

He looks up at her.

TOM

Bosom Buddies?

A lot of time *has* passed. Lucy shakes her head.

LUCY

No, I'm sorry. This other thing.  
Never mind.

TOM

He dies?

LUCY

No he's—(waves it off, a beat) You  
know, my dad died too. When I was  
ten. It sucks.

TOM

It does suck.

She pulls her chair close. Tom leans in for a hug.

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE-DAY

"Every Time You Go Away" by Paul Young plays. Tom is on the couch in a 49ER'S JERSEY, despondently hugging a PILLOW to his chest, a THROW BLANKET over him as he watches a game. He reaches for his Starbucks mug and one of his fingers falls off. He sighs.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

The music continues as Lucy sits in a BEANBAG CHAIR in a "brainstorm room" at Happee Lyfe. She bounces a RUBBER BALL off the wall.

INT. STARBUCKS-DAY

Tom waits in line at the Starbucks, the blanket wrapped around his shoulders, slippers on his feet. A customer turns and sees him and gets a freaked out look on her face.

EXT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

Lucy and Maya sit in the courtyard at Happee Lyfe, eating lunch. Maya chats away, Lucy picks at her food. It's clear she's not paying attention at all.

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE-DAY

Tom is back on the couch, watching "Castaway." The screen plays the Wilson-at-sea scene.

TOM HANKS (ON SCREEN)  
Wilson! Wilson! I'm sorry, Wilson!

Tom wipes at his face with a TISSUE, weeps.

EXT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

Maya's still chatting away when a text appears on Lucy's phone.

TOM IN TEXT  
Tom Hanks is a national treasure.

Lucy smiles to herself, writes back.

LUCY IN TEXT  
He really truly is.

The **music cuts out** as Maya speaks, snapping Lucy out of it.

MAYA

Dude. (off her look) What are you doing?

LUCY

I was just sending a text.

MAYA

I was literally in the middle of a story. What the hell.

LUCY

Sorry.

MAYA

I don't know what's gotten into you lately. (off her look) You're all over the place.

LUCY

I'm not all over the place!

MAYA

I got you this job because I believe in you, Lucy, but you're just like frittering away your time. Texting and giggling like a schoolgirl.

LUCY

Frittering?

She says the word like it's a profound insult.

MAYA

Yes, frittering. Wasting time. Isn't your presentation tomorrow? Do you even have anything to present?

Lucy glares at her then stands.

LUCY

Pardon me. I have to go back to work.

MAYA

Back to work? Or back to texting Tom?

But Lucy's already walking away.

INT. LUCY'S OFFICE-DAY

Lucy comes storming into her office. She takes off her jacket, throws it on a chair, stomps around.

LUCY  
Frittering? I'll show you  
frittering, you frittering...

She stops herself from saying "bitch."

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Wasting time. You're wasting time.  
Wasting *my* time.

Lucy freezes, eyes wide. Holy shit: an idea.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Oh my god! That's it!

She runs to her desk, searches for a Post-it through the mess.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I got it! I got it!

She writes real big: WASTING TIME. She peels the post-it off and holds it in her hand, the holy grail.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Wasting time.

She sits and pops open her computer, sets to work.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

Maya is in her office the next morning. She looks up as Lucy rushes in, her arms loaded with materials: laptop, papers. Lucy goes towards the brainstorm room and Maya watches, glares.

MAYA  
(sarcastic, sotto voce) Oh, you  
have an idea now? You going to the  
brainstorm room?

She scoffs.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Ooh, look at the big brains on you.  
(rolls her eyes) Experimental co-ed  
semester my ass.

She opens Google and types "Tom Anderson."

Too many results. She types "Loyola Marymount experimental coded program." Nothing.

Maya is stumped. She swivels in her chair, thinking. But then she stops, freezes, eyes wide with a stunning realization. She grabs her PHONE and KEYS and hurries out.

EXT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

Maya rushes out of Happee Lyfe, phone to ear, hurrying to her car.

MAYA

Uncle Joe! It's Maya. How are you?

CUT TO:

EXT. TENNIS COURT-DAY

UNCLE JOE (late 70s), Maya's uncle, plays tennis, the phone to his ear. His game is impressive, given that he's older and has a phone to his ear. We CUT BETWEEN Joe on the court and Maya sitting in her car.

JOE

Maya! My favorite niece.

MAYA

Ha ha, I'm your only niece. (all business) Hey listen, I have a question. Remember when I was in college and you, uh, you know...

JOE

Oh I remember! Worst night of my life.

Joe laughs at his own joke, knocks a tennis ball.

MAYA

How did you find the guy who...brought you back?

JOE

Marty Dent! His name is Marty Dent. Great guy.

MAYA

Is he still around?

JOE  
You betcha! He'll be around awhile.  
Takes his own medicine, ha.

MAYA  
Could I get his number?

Joe stops short, alarmed.

JOE  
Why, are you—?

MAYA  
No, no. It's for a friend.

JOE  
Okay, sure. I'll send it over.

MAYA  
Thanks, Uncle Joe. Give Betty my  
love.

JOE  
(calling across the court) Maya  
says hello!

BETTY O.S.  
Hello, dear!

JOE  
All right, you take care, sweetie.

MAYA  
Sorry, one more question. When you  
were, you know...did your fingers  
ever fall off? I know that's a  
weird—

JOE  
All the time! Ruined my game.

Joe laughs at his joke, knocks another ball.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Good luck with your friend, Maya.

Maya hangs up. A NOTIFICATION from Joe comes through with Marty Dent's contact. Maya peers up at Happee Lyfe through her windshield, thinking. She throws open her door and marches back inside.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

Lucy's in the brainstorm room, in full brainstorm mode. Papers everywhere, crazed notes all over the whiteboard. She's onto something big. Maya comes bursting in, pissed.

MAYA

Hey genius. I figured out your little...

She stalls out, looking for a word.

MAYA (CONT'D)

..."thing."

But Lucy's consumed. She scribbles at the board.

LUCY

Hey, you ever used SHA3-512 on older phones? I know it's slower, but it couldn't really impact performance *that* much, right?

MAYA

I'm not helping you until you come clean.

Lucy turns to her.

LUCY

Come clean?

MAYA

I figured it out, Lucy.

LUCY

Figured what out? What are you talking about?

MAYA

He's fucking dead.

Lucy freezes, plays dumb.

LUCY

Who's dead?

MAYA

Oh stop. "Experimental co-ed semester." What a load of horseshit.

LUCY

It's real. You were...

God, she's a terrible liar. Maya stalks her around the conference table.

MAYA  
No, Lucy! It's bullshit. He's  
fucking dead and you know it.

Lucy makes a face: *Keep your voice down.*

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Whose finger snaps off like that?  
You know he *glows blue*?

Lucy winces, nods.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
So who the fuck is he?

LUCY  
He was in my wall.

MAYA  
What wall?

LUCY  
When I moved. In the kitchen. He  
got stuck in there.

MAYA  
And what, you just thought...?

LUCY  
I don't know! I was trying to help  
him.

MAYA  
Trying to help him what?

LUCY  
I don't know. I don't know!

Maya turns away, fuming. A beat.

MAYA  
My uncle fucking died, Lucy. (off  
her look) That semester you're  
referring to? He wasn't just sick,  
he died, and then we brought him  
back.

LUCY  
What?

MAYA

Just—get your shit. Come with me.

Lucy throws up her hands: *What is going on?* She grabs her bag and follows Maya out the door.

INT/EXT. MAYA'S CAR-DAY

Maya drives, on a mission. Lucy holds tight in the passenger seat as Maya explains just what the fuck she's talking about.

MAYA

They're called reanimation specialists. They bring people back from the dead.

LUCY

Why have I never heard of this before?

She means what with the Internet and all.

MAYA

I can't imagine it's something people are eager to discuss.

LUCY

But—?

MAYA

It's all word of mouth. It's not like these guys advertise.

Lucy looks around, confused.

LUCY

But....

Maya looks at her, reads her thoughts, softens. A beat.

MAYA

I don't think it was a thing when your dad died.

Lucy nods, processes.

LUCY

So what? We're gonna go tell Tom?

MAYA

I think he oughta know. At least give him the option.

Lucy nods, thinking. They come to a crosswalk and Lucy watches as people pass.

LUCY  
How many of these people do you  
think are dead? Alive dead?

Maya peers out the windshield.

MAYA  
A lot probably.

Lucy looks at her.

LUCY  
Are you dead?

Maya looks back.

MAYA  
No. Are you?

Lucy shakes her head. They share a meaningful glance, and then the light changes and they continue on.

EXT. LUCY'S HOUSE-DAY

Maya and Lucy find Tom in the backyard. He's seated in the grass, blanket still over his shoulders. The bike is overturned before him. He idly spins its wheels.

LUCY  
Hey Tom.

Tom doesn't look up.

TOM  
(despondently) Hey.

LUCY  
I got Maya here with me.

Tom still doesn't look up.

TOM  
Hey Maya.

Maya and Lucy share a look. He's in a bad way.

LUCY  
What're you doing?

TOM  
Fixing the bike.

He's literally just spinning a wheel.

LUCY  
Can we talk to you for a minute?

Tom sighs, stands.

TOM  
Sure.

The three of them go to the table and sit.

LUCY  
Listen, Maya was telling me about a person who can help you. Like...help you come back to life.

Tom shrugs, picks at the table.

TOM  
What for?

LUCY  
What for? So that you're not dead anymore.

He shrugs again. Lucy looks to Maya for help.

MAYA  
He's a reanimation specialist, Tom. He works with people to help bring them back to life. He helped my uncle when he died.

A long pause. Tom is not interested at all.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
He can help you get things back on track. Start over.

TOM  
Why? Who cares? (off their looks)  
Claire doesn't love me. My dad's gone. What's the point?

LUCY  
(gravely) Tom.

TOM  
It's true. Everyone who loves me is gone.

Lucy looks like she's been slapped.

LUCY  
What are you talking about?

Maya and Tom both look at her. She's flustered and angry.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
(shouting) You can't go through  
your whole life like this! Dead  
like this! It's ridiculous!

The neighbor pops his head out.

NEIGHBOR  
Hey, keep it down!

The three of them look over. Lucy lowers her voice.

LUCY  
You gotta keep going, Tom. You *have*  
to. (softens) Who knows how your  
life will unfold?...Who knows what  
the tide will bring?

He smiles at the Castaway reference. They're looking at one another now, and...it's intense. Maya makes a face: woah. A beat.

TOM  
(softly) Okay. I will.

Lucy reaches out to touch his arm.

LUCY  
Okay. Then Maya will take you. I  
have to get ready for my  
presentation.

TOM  
Your presentation! Aw, Luce.

He leans close and whispers.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You got this.

Maya smiles at this little display then looks at her phone.

MAYA  
You better go. I'll take Tom and  
then meet you back there.

Lucy gives Tom a hug and heads out.

INT/EXT. MAYA'S CAR-DAY

Maya slowly drives down an industrial alley, peering out the windshield for an address. Tom is in the passenger seat, also peering out.

TOM  
You sure this is it?

MAYA  
That's what his text said.

TOM  
Cause this looks like the kind of alley where you buy bootleg gin or something.

MAYA  
Or get murdered.

TOM  
All the same to me. I'm already dead.

Maya smirks at his joke—pretty funny—then spots the address.

MAYA  
Here it is.

She parks, turns to him.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
You ready?

TOM  
I think so. Yeah.

They both get out of the car.

INT. MARTY DENT'S STAIRWELL-DAY

Maya and Tom descend a DARK, CREAKY, CREEPY STAIRCASE. It keeps going and going—down, down, down.

MAYA  
Hello? (pause) Hello?

TOM  
(whispers) Are you sure this is it?

MAYA  
Pretty sure, I don't know.

TOM  
 You want me to go ahead of you? In  
 case of rats?

MAYA  
 Jesus, Tom.

The SOUND OF A SCURRYING RAT.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
 Fucking hell. Ugh!

Tom steps below her on the stairs, leads the way.

TOM  
 Don't worry. They don't really  
 carry the plague anymore. I don't  
 think. (points) Hey, there's  
 something down there! That might be  
 it.

They reach the bottom of the stairs. Maya shivers and dusts  
 herself off, makes a tongues-out ick face. Tom points to a  
 door inscribed with "Marty Dent."

MAYA  
 That's him. Should we...you wanna  
 knock?

Tom gives a gentle knock at the door. No answer. Tries again.  
 Nothing. Maya reaches out and knocks, hard.

A DEEP RESONANT VOICE comes from the other side.

VOICE O.S.  
 ENTER!

The voice ECHOES and Maya and Tom share a look. CLOSE ON  
 Tom's hand as he turns the doorknob.

INT. MARTY DENT'S INNER SANCTUM-DAY

Tom slowly pushes open the door and he and Maya hesitantly  
 step inside. It's a sleek, spare, modern room, lit by  
 tasteful lavender lights. It's the underground equivalent of  
 Happee Lyfe.

At the far end of the room, a man sits behind a MINIMALIST  
 DESK, his elbows resting on its top, his fingers touching in  
 a perfect triangle. This is MARTY DENT (40s).

MARTY  
 APPROACH!

APPROACH! APPROACH! APPROACH! His voice echoes as if mic'd. Very Wizard of Oz. Maya and Tom share a glance, then step forward.

MAYA

Good afternoon, Mr. Dent. I texted earlier. I'm Joe Brown's niece—

MARTY

I AM AWARE OF WHO YOU ARE! SIT!

SIT! SIT! SIT! Maya and Tom look around. There's literally nowhere to sit.

Marty gestures to a door that's kind of hidden in the wall. Tom steps towards it. It's a storage closet: a broom, some office supplies, a few FOLDING CHAIRS. He takes two chairs and unfolds them before Marty's desk. He and Maya sit. A beat.

MARTY (CONT'D)

YOU HAVE COME FOR NEW LIFE!

LIFE! LIFE! LIFE!

TOM

Yeah, I guess I have.

MARTY

ARE YOU AWARE OF THE RISKS INVOLVED?

INVOLVED! INVOLVED! INVOLVED! Tom makes a face: not really.

MARTY (CONT'D)

YOU SHALL LIVE...FOREVER!

FOREVER! FOREVER! FOREVER! His pronouncement rings in the room.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(normal volume) Though you can always come back to reverse the process. Not a problem.

Tom nods. He and Maya share another look.

MAYA

So, what's required? What does Tom need to do?

When Marty speaks his voice echoes again.

MARTY  
THERE ARE ONLY TWO WAYS TO COME  
BACK TO LIFE! THE FIRST IS TO PAY A  
HEFTY SUM!

SUM! SUM! SUM!

MARTY (CONT'D)  
A LOT OF MONEY! ELON MUSK MONEY!

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!

TOM  
What's an...Elon Musk?

Maya opens her mouth to explain, but Marty cuts her off.

MARTY  
Oh, he's like the most famous dead  
guy alive.

He clicks a BUTTON and a PICTURE OF ELON MUSK appears on the  
wall.

TOM  
Yikes.

MAYA  
Wow. I had no idea. I guess it  
makes sense.

She turns to Tom, speaks quietly.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Elon Musk is like crazy rich. We  
don't have that kind of money.

Tom nods and Maya looks up at Marty.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Okay. What's the second way to come  
back to—

Marty cuts her off.

MARTY  
THE SECOND WAY TO COME BACK TO  
LIFE...

LIFE! LIFE! LIFE! He stops. A long, dramatic pause.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
...IS TO FALL...IN LOVE!

LOVE! LOVE! LOVE! Marty leans towards Tom across the desk.

MARTY (CONT'D)

You in love, Tom?

TOM

(softly) I was. But she said I was too...dead, I guess. Too much time had passed.

MARTY

Been there, buddy.

TOM

You have?

MARTY

Sure. We all have.

He looks to Maya for confirmation—she shrugs.

TOM

So what do I do?

MARTY

You know, Tom, most people fall in love more than once throughout the course of their lives. And to be clear, I'm not talking puppy love. I'm talking about love love.

TOM

Really?

MARTY

Oh yeah. I mean I *loved* my first wife—loved the dickens out of her—but it just didn't work out. And I thought I'd never love again, but then I met Ginny.

TOM

Ginny?

As if on cue, the door swings open and a total bombshell enters the room. It's GINNY (40s) herself, clacking around in ridiculous heels, her hair piled dramatically high, her voice a cute little Southern drawl. She's basically a low-budget Dolly Parton.

GINNY

Did someone say my name?

She comes around the side of Marty's desk and gives him a big kiss. Bunny noses, a smack on her ass. Boy, are they smitten.

MARTY  
Morning my little sugar puff.

GINNY  
Honey pie! It's two in the  
afternoon!

Marty turns back to Tom and Maya.

MARTY  
We met in the Safeway parking lot,  
six years ago this week.

GINNY  
I was buying some of that yummy  
Safeway chicken.

MARTY  
SAFEWAY CHICKEN!

CHICKEN! CHICKEN! CHICKEN! Ginny giggles and sits on his lap.

GINNY  
Stop it with that! (to Tom and  
Maya) He's so dramatic.

MARTY  
DRAMATIC!

DRAMATIC! DRAMATIC!—Ginny reaches for a BUTTON and cuts the  
echo off. She smiles and points at Tom.

GINNY  
You must be the dead one.

TOM  
How'd you know?

Ginny looks at Maya, makes a cute little knowing face.

GINNY  
Honey, you got that soft blue glow!

Tom nods: of course.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
Unfortunate, the way you went.

Tom looks at her, confused.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
 That terrible windstorm. The electrician came over and you went to help him find the panel.

As Ginny speaks, we move into a **slow, gauzy memory**: Tom in the dark house, leading an ELECTRICIAN into the kitchen. The trees whip around outside, scraping at the windows.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
 And bless his heart, he didn't know nothin'. It was just his first day on the job.

In the memory, Tom and the electrician stand before the wall panel, peering in.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
 He got nervous and asked for your help, so you reached in...

SLOW in the memory as Tom reaches into the panel to mess with the switch.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
 ...and the power came back and *zip!*  
 That was it.

The lights flash in the memory as Tom is electrocuted, slumping to the floor.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
 And he just panicked and shoved you in there. Terribly inhumane.

The electrician shoves Tom into the wall, seals it shut. He quickly gathers his toolbox and rushes out of the house.

The **memory ends** and we're back in Marty's office, CLOSE ON Tom. A single tear of remembering slides down his cheek.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
 If it's any consolation, sweetheart, that man's not an electrician anymore. He works at a plant nursery out in Yuma, Arizona.

Tom nods. That is a consolation of sorts.

TOM  
 I'd forgotten...how it happened.  
 Thank you.

A beat as everyone lets all this settle in. Finally, Maya speaks.

MAYA

We're here to bring Tom back.

GINNY

Well sure you are! Not gonna let no little old electrocution stop you! Did Marty tell you about the money-or-love options?

TOM

He did, yeah.

GINNY

So the question is...who's the lucky girl?

She winks at Maya.

TOM

Well, I was in love with Claire, but it's not gonna work out.

GINNY

Oh sugar. I think you and I both know Claire ain't the one. She *was* the one, once, but not anymore.

She lifts her eyebrows, gives a little smile. Tom looks to Maya, confused, looks back.

TOM

Oh, Maya is just a friend.

GINNY

Not Maya here. Maybe...

Ginny looks to the ceiling, pretends to think.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Let's see...her name rhymes with *goosy*, she maybe found you in the wall?

Tom's jaw drops and Maya bugs her eyes.

MARTY

Ginny's very good at this. I do the money part, she does pretty much everything else.

They bunny-nose again, share a little kiss. Ginny stands and goes towards Tom. She reaches into her bosom and pulls out a VIAL OF GLOWING PINK LIQUID. She leans close and speaks in a sweet quiet voice.

GINNY

When you're ready, you drink this down right before you declare your affections. Now we can't guarantee any outcomes, but like Marty here says...

She turns and smiles at Marty, turns back and winks at Tom.

GINNY (CONT'D)

I'm very good at my job.

Tom takes the vial and considers it. A beat, and then Ginny straightens.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Now you two run along. And send us a note when it all works out. (to Maya) Tell your uncle I said hi.

Maya nods, blown away. She and Tom stand and make their way toward the door, both a little shellshocked.

MARTY

HAVE A GREAT DAY!

DAY! DAY! DAY! Ginny slaps at him playfully.

GINNY

Oh stop it, Mart.

The two giggle and kiss as Maya and Tom leave.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

Lucy's at a table in the brainstorm room, laptop open, surrounded by papers and notes. She types furiously, glances at the clock, types more. Finally, she leans back and looks over her work.

LUCY

Is this it? This is it?

She sits back, scrolls.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Wow. (pause) This is it.

Her PHONE DINGS: a text from her mom.

GLORIA IN TEXT  
 Good luck today, sweetie! I'm so  
 proud of you.

A beat, and then another text.

GLORIA IN TEXT (CONT'D)  
 Your dad would be proud too.

Lucy looks like she might cry. Then a text from Ryan comes  
 in.

RYAN IN TEXT  
 What're you wearing right now?

Lucy groans and rolls her eyes.

LUCY  
 God, you're such an idiot.

She texts back.

LUCY IN TEXT  
 I died in a terrible accident.  
 Please leave me alone.

RYAN IN TEXT  
 ???

Lucy ignores his text. She's done with him, for good. She  
 stands and collects her things, gathers herself with a deep  
 breath, then exits the room.

INT/EXT. MAYA'S CAR-DAY

Maya pulls up outside of Lucy's house to drop Tom off. She  
 parks and turns to him.

MAYA  
 You okay?

TOM  
 I think so. Thank you for your  
 help.

MAYA  
 Listen...she never said anything, but  
 she...you know.

She means "Lucy loves you too." Tom gets her meaning. They share an awkward handshake/fist-bump/hug and he exits the car.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

Lucy enters the main conference room of Happee Lyfe, which is crowded with her colleagues. Everyone's there, including Jackie, the investor from the mixer. Upon Lucy's entrance, her colleagues cheer.

CHAD

There she is! The coder of the hour!

Lucy smiles, gives a little salute. She's more confident than we've ever seen her. Chad waves her to the front of the room.

CHAD (CONT'D)

You ready to blow us away?

She doesn't even flinch.

LUCY

Absolutely.

RANDOM COLLEAGUE

You go girl!

Lucy plugs in her laptop, cues up a LARGE SCREEN, and turns to the room. A long, expectant silence.

Maya sneaks in, takes a seat, gives Lucy a thumbs up.

LUCY

Have you ever felt like you're just wasting time?

A pause. No one wants to admit that they do, especially not at work. But finally, a hand goes up, and then another, then a third.

LUCY (CONT'D)

We all know this feeling. We're stuck, we're going nowhere, we're frittering away. So what do we do?

She clicks a button and a SLIDE appears: clocks, question marks, a person with their head in their hands.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 We drag our feet, we spin our  
 wheels, we stall. We doodle, we  
 shop online, we play Candy Crush.

COLLEAGUE 1  
 We go on Twitter!

COLLEAGUE 2  
 We bake!

Everyone laughs. Conversations start up as people  
 commiserate.

LUCY  
 We all waste time in our own ways!  
 But the thing is...

She passes dramatically.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Most of us feel crappy when we do.

Everyone nods, mumbles agreement.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 We feel horrible. We waste time and  
 our negative self-talk kicks in,  
 and we become miserable. We hate  
 ourselves, and it feels gross.

Silence. She's right.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 But what if we could change all  
 that? What if it didn't have to be  
 that way anymore?

Chatters: What does she mean??

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Introducing Dawdle, the app that  
 incentivizes you for wasting time.

She clicks to a new SLIDE that shows a COOL HIP LOGO. *Dawdle*.  
 Everyone oohs.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Not only does Dawdle track each  
 minute that you waste, it assigns  
 them to a category that you choose.

She clicks to a new SLIDE: a colorful bar chart.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Each category is linked to a dollar  
 amount that you decide..

She clicks to a new SLIDE: various charity logos.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 ...and each amount is linked to a  
 charity of your choice. So that  
 every minute you waste..

New SLIDE: people feeling happy.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 ...actually goes to something good.

A pause while people think, murmur amongst themselves.

CHAD  
 So what you're saying is...users feel  
 good if they don't waste time,  
 because they feel productive and on-  
 task. But if they *do* waste time,  
 they still feel good because  
 they're contributing to their  
 favorite causes.

LUCY  
 Precisely.

CHAD  
 So they feel good either way.

LUCY  
 Exactly. They feel good either way.

A kind of stunned silence.

CHAD  
 (thinking) They feel good either  
 way.

He turns to Jackie.

CHAD (CONT'D)  
 They feel good either way.

JACKIE  
 They feel good either way.

Realization dawns across the room.

COLLEAGUE 2  
 They feel good either way.

## COLLEAGUE 3

*They feel good either way.*

A chorus goes up: They feel good either way. They feel good either way! Everyone starts to clap and cheer. Lucy looks at Maya, beaming. Maya winks, proud.

## LUCY

Now, if you'll indulge me, I'd like to talk about traction and our primary market.

## CHAD

Oh we'll indulge, Lucy! We'll indulge!

Lucy clicks to the next slide, continues her presentation.

## INT. LUCY'S HOUSE-DAY

Tom stands in Lucy's kitchen before the wall panel, deep in thought. He pulls out the photo of Claire, then sighs and sets it on the counter, facedown.

He looks up and sees the PHOTO STRIP of him and Lucy at the mall, under a magnet on the fridge. He goes and takes it down, holds it in his hand. Closes his eyes...and then smiles, big.

A beat. Tom says nothing, but we can see that he is awash in love. He opens his eyes and decisively goes out.

## EXT. LUCY'S YARD-DAY

Tom comes bursting out the back door and down the steps, accidentally letting the door slam behind him. The neighbor pokes his head out and starts to shout.

## NEIGHBOR

Hey! You mind keeping it down?

Tom rights the bike then looks at the guy.

## TOM

You know what, man? You gotta cool your jets.

## NEIGHBOR

What?

TOM

Life's too short, friend. Life is  
just too damn short.

He opens the gate, wheeling the bike.

NEIGHBOR

I-

TOM

Have a good one, buddy!

The neighbor is too shocked to get in another word.

EXT. LUCY'S HOUSE-DAY

"Alive and Kicking" by Simple Minds starts to play. CLOSE ON Tom's foot as he gets ready to ride. He starts to pedal as the song plays.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

The song goes on as we see Lucy click through more slides and confidently field questions.

EXT. BIKE RIDE TO HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

Tom pedals, picking up speed. A DOG chases him and barks.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

The song continues as Lucy hands out informational packets to her colleagues. They chat excitedly and flip through pages. Lucy pauses when she gets to Maya.

LUCY

(whispers) How'd it go?

Maya doesn't respond, just gives Lucy a big sweet smile.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(grinning) What does that mean?

Chad claps his hands and stands.

CHAD

Hey everyone! How do we feel about  
breaking into small groups to  
ideate? Lucy, do you like that  
idea?

LUCY  
Let's ideate!

Everyone cheers and starts breaking into groups.

EXT. BIKE RIDE TO HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

The song picks up as Tom pedals faster and faster. Oops! His FOOT FALLS OFF and he turns back to grab it. He shoves it into place and rides on!

EXT. HAPPEE LYFE PARKING LOT-DAY

Tom arrives at Happee Lyfe and screeches to a stop. Very 80s, the way the wheels skid.

He goes to the gate and the guard waves him in. Doesn't even ask for a pass.

Tom rides in and stops in the middle of the lot, looking up at the building before him. The song fades but still plays.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

Lucy makes her way around the ideation groups...when suddenly there's SHOUTING from outside.

COLLEAGUE 1  
What is that?

Everyone goes to the window. Tom is below, cupping his mouth as he shouts.

TOM  
Wilson! Wilson!

Lucy's jaw drops.

COLLEAGUE 2  
Who's Wilson?

LUCY  
I am. (turns to her colleagues) I'm  
Wilson.

She looks at Chad, concerned. This is terribly unprofessional. But Chad smiles big. This is what happy lives are made of!

CHAD  
Go! Go!

Lucy gives Maya a quick hug then rushes out. The song picks up again. Lucy runs down the stairs as we hear Tom continue to shout.

TOM  
Wilson! Wilson!

We hear Lucy's colleagues shout too.

COLLEAGUES  
Wilson!

EXT. HAPPEE LYFE PARKING LOT-DAY

Lucy rushes out the door of Happee Lyfe. Tom sees her and runs her way.

They meet in the middle, starry-eyed, breathless.

TOM  
My little blood-stained volleyball.

LUCY  
Yeah, that's not...

TOM  
That one's no good, huh?

LUCY  
It's terrible.

He laughs and reaches into his pocket for the VIAL. A beat.

TOM  
They said I should drink this right  
before I declare my love.

Lucy smiles.

LUCY  
And...?

Tom pops the cap off and downs the liquid. His glow dissipates in a FLASH OF LIGHT and his complexion immediately transforms. He's now healthy and warm and full of life.

He takes Lucy by the waist and pulls her close, then kisses her as if it were a matter of life and death.

INT. HAPPEE LYFE-DAY

Lucy's colleagues watch as she and Tom kiss. It might be the most romantic kiss any of them—or any of us—has ever seen.

RANDOM COLLEAGUE

Woah. Is there an app for *that*?

EXT. HAPPEE LYFE PARKING LOT-DAY

"Alive and Kicking" plays on as Tom and Lucy hold one another and laugh and kiss.

**Fade to black.**

**END.**