

dead people

pilot by tom kapinos

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TEASER

FROM THE BLACK

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

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- DAY

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

INSIDE THE CAB

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

So to speak.

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

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

In the back, WALL STREET GUY spews douche-y jargon into his phone, making faces as he's thrown about the cab.

WALL STREET

Good god, man, take it easy!

FLOYD

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

WALL STREET

Can you turn the music down?

FLOYD

Sure, but you know what they say...

WALL STREET

No, what do they say?

FLOYD

If it's too loud, you're too old.

WALL STREET

Very clever.

(on the phone)

Sorry, turns out my cab driver is a poet and a philosopher...

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

FLOYD

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

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

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Really, dude?

Wall Street smiles, clearly a dick.

WALL STREET

I'm sorry... *dude*... were you expecting a gratuity? Wait, let me see what I have...

(looks through wallet)

Oh, here you go, here's a tip -- get a real job. Loser.

Floyd chuckles, roots around on the messy passenger seat.

FLOYD

Let's settle this like men, shall we?

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

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Get out of my cab.

WALL STREET

You wouldn't dare.

FLOYD

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

Floyd opens fire on Wall Street's crotch, quickly driving him out of the cab. Pleased with himself, he fires a couple of shots into his own mouth before pulling away.

He turns a corner and parks. Flips on the "Off-Duty" sign and pulls down his visor, revealing A FADED PICTURE OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN. Mid-twenties. Luminous. This is PEARL. He kisses his fingers, presses them to the picture.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Sorry, baby. I know you don't approve. But I bet you're laughing. A little bit. On the inside.

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

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

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

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Whoa! Not so fast, good-timers!
Off-duty!

HIPSTER GUY

Come on, man -- can't you just take us to the Ace?

HIPSTER GIRL

Please?! We're big tippers!

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

FLOYD

Sure, anything for love. And a big tip.

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

FLOYD (CONT'D)

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

(MORE)

FLOYD (CONT'D)
 So enjoy it while it lasts,
 friends. Use protection. Condoms,
 dental dams... Mommy deserves to
 get hers too, you know...

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

FLOYD (CONT'D)
 You call this a big tip?!

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

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

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

CAR HORNS BLARE --

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

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

It's bad.

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

EXT. BEACH -- SUNSET

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

INT. OCEANFRONT HOME -- CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Floyd rejoins the land of the living with a huge sucking gasp of air. Thanks to an EMT and his massive adrenaline needle.

EMT

Hey there, sleeping beauty! Talk to me! How ya feeling?

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

FLOYD

Wait... so I'm alive...?

EMT

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

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

FLOYD

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

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

COP

How's he doing?

EMT

He's okay. Lucky to be alive.

COP

So glad to hear it.

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

FLOYD

(sighs)

Yep. That's me. One lucky bastard...

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

INT. A BEDROOM SOMEWHERE -- DAY

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

MISSY

What now, Floyd?

FLOYD
 What are you thinking for lunch?
 I'm feeling a bit peckish.

MISSY
 I have to work.

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

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

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

A moment. Missy boils over.

MISSY
 Okay, that's it! We're done!

FLOYD
 No we're not!

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

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

MISSY
 Accept it! This is over!

FLOYD
 But why?!

MISSY
 We haven't evolved.

FLOYD
 (scoffs)
 Please. Evolution is highly
 overrated.

(MORE)

FLOYD (CONT'D)

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

MISSY

You'll miss my boobs, maybe.

FLOYD

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

MISSY

I'm more than my boobs, Floyd.

FLOYD

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

MISSY

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

FLOYD

What talent is that?

MISSY

You're a genius musician, Floyd!

FLOYD

Aww, such sweet hyperbole...

MISSY

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

FLOYD

That's not true at all...

MISSY

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

She hugs him. He lingers.

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

Missy sighs, disgusted, but she quickly flashes him.

MISSY
 There, ya happy?

Floyd smiles, happy.

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

Floyd frowns, unhappy.

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

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

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

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

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

Floyd turns. Pearl is there. In the flesh.

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

PEARL (CONT'D)
Don't be freaked.

FLOYD
Easy for you to say...

She smiles, moves closer to him.

Freaked, Floyd backs away from her and trips on the wet headstone. He SLIPS -- FALLS DOWN. Scrambles to get up, RUNS. Slips again. FALLS. Someone GRABS him. He SCREAMS --

And looks up to see an IRATE OLD WOMAN looming over him...

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

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

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

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

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

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. GRUNGY-COOL DIVE BAR -- NIGHT

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

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

FLOYD

Dude! What took you so long?!

DOUG

I do have a job, you know.

FLOYD

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

DOUG

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

FLOYD

I saw her, Dougie.

DOUG

Who?

FLOYD

Pearl.

DOUG

In your dreams? That's totally normal. Perfectly understandable.

FLOYD

At the cemetery. By her grave.

DOUG

Okay, less normal.
(off his look)
Come on, buddy, don't do this.

FLOYD
Don't do what?! We talked!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DOUG
Right! So why are you even out of the house right now?! You should go back to Missy's right now and rest up. I'll get the check.

FLOYD
Of course you will. But I can't.
She broke up with me.

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

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

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

DOUG
What's that?

FLOYD
Her apartment.

Floyd fixes a wary Doug with a meaningful look.

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

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

DOUG
(sighs)
How long?

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

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

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

FLOYD
Can we go?

DOUG
Can I finish my drink?

FLOYD
No, they're playing our song.

DOUG
We have a song?

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

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

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE -- NIGHT

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

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

FLOYD
So?

DOUG
You should go. Say hello. Be the
bigger man.
(off Floyd's death ray
stare)
Okay then, tomorrow's another day!
My boy needs his beauty sleep!

FLOYD
What I need, Douglas, is a
nightcap.

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

FLOYD
Dry? What the hell does that mean?
I'm familiar with the word -- I
recognize it as English -- but I
don't understand how you're using
it in this context.

DOUG

Georgie doesn't appreciate me drinking during the week, so we don't keep any booze in the house.

FLOYD

What the hell has happened to you?

DOUG

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

FLOYD

That sounds way cooler.

DOUG

Whatever. Happy wife, happy life.

FLOYD

Interesting. I prefer "dead wife, crappy life," but I guess that doesn't have the same ring to it.

DOUG

No, it really doesn't. Kinda morbid, actually.

FLOYD

Damn, you know how much I like a nightcap.

DOUG

Almost as much as a daycap.

FLOYD

Come on now -- don't be getting on me about my day-drinking.

DOUG

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

FLOYD

Cool. I've missed those midgets.

(then)

Hey, can I borrow a few bucks? I'm a little light.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Floyd exits the liquor store, pleased as punch.

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

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

THE BEACON THEATRE

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

GUY'S VOICE

You like those guys?

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

FLOYD

It's complicated. You?

ANDREW

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

FLOYD

Copy that.

(then)

I used to be in that band.

ANDREW

Yeah, right.

FLOYD

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

ANDREW

Really? You're kidding! What happened?

FLOYD

Well, I fell in love with the singer's girlfriend, which, as you might imagine, created some problems. I either stormed off or got sacked. Depends who you ask and how high they are at the time.

ANDREW

Is there any money in music anymore?

FLOYD

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

ANDREW

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

FLOYD

Past tense? What happened?

ANDREW

I just got hit by a bus.

FLOYD

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

ANDREW

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

Floyd is starting to get weirded-out.

FLOYD

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

ANDREW

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

FLOYD

You're not making any sense.

ANDREW

I got hit by a bus.

FLOYD
Yeah, you said that already.

ANDREW
I'm dead.

FLOYD
No you're not.

ANDREW
I am. See...

Andrew nods at the accident up ahead.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
I tried talking to people on the street, but they couldn't see me. How come you can?

FLOYD
Whatever, dude... I gotta go.

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

ANDREW
Hey, I need your help!

FLOYD
Yeah, you need help all right!

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

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

Floyd chalks it up to coincidence and keeps going.

EXT. DOUG'S PLACE -- NIGHT

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

A GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Floyd!

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

PEARL

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

FLOYD

This isn't happening...

He opens them again. She's still there.

And walking towards him now...

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

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DOUG'S PLACE - MORNING

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

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

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

GEORGIE

Floyd! What are you doing?!

FLOYD

Georgie! I'm so sorry! I thought you were Pearl!

GEORGIE

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

FLOYD

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

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

DOUG

What happened? What'd you do?

FLOYD

I kissed your wife.

DOUG

Was there tongue?

FLOYD

I'm afraid so.

DOUG

Why, Floyd? Why?!

FLOYD

I thought she was Pearl.

Doug looks closer, notices the bruising.

DOUG
Jesus, what happened to your face?

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

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

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

DOUG
Maybe you need an MRI.

FLOYD
I saw someone else, too.

DOUG
Who?

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

DOUG
You're not seeing dead people,
Floyd.

FLOYD
I'm not?

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

FLOYD
You're totally right about what a
mess I am right now, but I still
think I'm seeing dead people.

INT. FLOYD'S CAB -- DRIVING -- DAY

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

ANDREW

Why is it you can see me?

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

FLOYD

Jesus! You again?!

ANDREW

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

FLOYD

I can't see you, okay? Watch.

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

FLOYD (CONT'D)

I'm so sick of this. I just wanna close my eyes and never wake up.

ANDREW

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

FLOYD

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

ANDREW

I need your help.

FLOYD

No. Absolutely not.

ANDREW

My wife's in trouble.

FLOYD

Oh yeah? My wife's dead. That trumps trouble.

ANDREW

She's a supermodel and she's been having an affair with her yoga instructor. Such a cliché, I know.

FLOYD

Hey, cliches are cliches for a reason. Because they work. Like old blues riffs.

ANDREW

I hired someone to kill her.

FLOYD

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

ANDREW

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

Floyd starts to beat his head against the steering wheel.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

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

FLOYD

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

Andrew doesn't budge.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Okay, if you're not going. I'm going. Enjoy the movie.

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

INT. DOUG'S PLACE -- DAY

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

PEARL (O.S.)

Boo!

Which scares the shit out of him. He turns, sees Pearl standing behind the couch.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Hello again.

FLOYD
I thought I imagined you...

She comes over and sits on his lap.

PEARL
Does it feel like you're imagining this?

FLOYD
No. Why is this happening...?

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

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

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

FLOYD
Best dream ever.

She takes off her shirt...

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

He takes off his shirt...

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

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

THEIR POV

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

DUSTY
Mommy, what is Uncle Floyd doing?

SAM

I think he's kissing and touching boobies.

GEORGIE

(clears her throat)

Floyd!

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

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

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

MISSY

What do you want, Floyd?

FLOYD

Can I crash?

MISSY

What about Doug?

FLOYD

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

MISSY

No funny business.

FLOYD

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

(off her look)

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

MISSY

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

FLOYD

No funny business. Scout's honor.

MISSY

Some scout.

But she lets him in.

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

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

FLOYD

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

MISSY

(sleepy)

Sleepy sex doesn't count...

FLOYD

I like the way you think...

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

PEARL

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

FLOYD

What are you talking about?!

MISSY

I didn't say anything.

PEARL

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

FLOYD

Do you have a place I can stay?

PEARL

What about our home?

FLOYD
I can't go back there! Too many
memories!

MISSY
Back where? There? Is this dirty
talk?

FLOYD
Sorry, I wasn't talking to you.

PEARL
You can do way better, Floyd.

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

MISSY
Who?

FLOYD
You!

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

PEARL
She can't even spell "good."

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

MISSY
Who are you talking to?!

Floyd looks -- Pearl is gone.

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

MISSY
With who?
(off his look)
Her?

FLOYD
Yes, her. Pearl.

MISSY

While you're intimate with me?!

FLOYD

Not typically.

MISSY

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

Floyd gets up and goes.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE -- NIGHT

We zero in on Floyd's cab crossing...

INT. FLOYD'S CAB -- DRIVING -- SAME

Floyd is miserable. He looks like he's losing his mind.

PEARL (O.S.)

I always loved the bridge at night...

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

PEARL (CONT'D)

Sorry for making a scene back there.

FLOYD

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

PEARL

That would make way more sense, right?

FLOYD

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

PEARL

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

FLOYD

Right! Because...

PEARL
"Dreams are weird, dude." That's
what you'd say every time --

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

PEARL
(smiles)
You remembered.

FLOYD
I remember everything.

A moment as Pearl smiles.

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

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

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

PEARL
(smiles)
I miss your sense of humor.

FLOYD
Where are you exactly?

PEARL
(shrugs)
I'm just... around.

FLOYD
So what's the deal?

PEARL
What do you mean?

FLOYD

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

PEARL

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

FLOYD

Hey, I have an idea.

PEARL

What's that?

FLOYD

Why don't I just join you?

PEARL

Don't talk like that, Floyd.

FLOYD

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

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

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

...strides toward the railing. Pearl appears next to him.

PEARL

Don't you dare!

FLOYD

Why not?! I can't spend the rest
of my life doing this!

PEARL

Hey, there's no guarantee we get to spend eternity together!

FLOYD

I'll take my chances.

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

CHARLY

Hey!

FLOYD

Go away!

CHARLY

Can I talk to you for a second?

FLOYD

I'd prefer not to talk right now.

CHARLY

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

FLOYD

Sorry, I'll be quick about it.

CHARLY

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

PEARL

Someone's a little bitchy.

FLOYD

(smiles)
You said it.

CHARLY

Said what?

FLOYD

Nothing, sorry.

CHARLY

How do I look?

FLOYD
How do you look?

CHARLY
For my blind date.

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

PEARL
Hey, quit flirting.

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

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

FLOYD
Sorry.

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

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

CHARLY
Excuse me?

FLOYD
What? Oh. Nothing.

CHARLY
You said something about my boobs.

FLOYD
No I didn't.

CHARLY
You said "your incredible boobs."

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

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

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

FLOYD
I have heard that before.

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

FLOYD
I'll think about it.

CHARLY
Cool, you think about it --

Charly quickly PUNCHES Floyd in the face, stunning him.

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

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

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

PEARL
I like her.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

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

CHARLY

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

FLOYD

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

(then)

And I'm very sorry I screwed up your blind date.

CHARLY

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

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

FLOYD

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

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

OLD DETECTIVE

You can see me?

FLOYD

Here we go...

OLD DETECTIVE

I'm dead.

FLOYD

Stop it.

(then)

Ya know what, hold on a second...

Floyd takes his phone out and attempts to take a picture of the old guy, but he sees nothing through the viewfinder.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Whoa. That's trippy...

OLD DETECTIVE

That's my little girl. She's a firecracker, huh?

FLOYD

One way to put it.

OLD DETECTIVE

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

FLOYD

Hate it when that happens. Sorry.

OLD DETECTIVE

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

FLOYD

Will do, thanks.

OLD DETECTIVE

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

FLOYD

I think she might hit me.

OLD DETECTIVE

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

(MORE)

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

Charly comes back in.

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

FLOYD
Great, groovy, thank you.

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

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

CHARLY
Tell me what?

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

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

FLOYD
(mumbles)
He wrote you a letter.

CHARLY
What?

FLOYD
He wrote you a letter.

CHARLY
Who...?

FLOYD
(winces)
Your old man.

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

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

CHARLY
Definitely thinking about it...

FLOYD

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

CHARLY

How could you possibly know that?

FLOYD

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

CHARLY

If you're messing with me...

FLOYD

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

Off Charly...

EXT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

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

FLOYD

Kinda makes you wonder.

DOUG

What?

FLOYD

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

DOUG

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

FLOYD

But I do mean it, you know. Thank
you. And I'm sorry.

DOUG
I'm just worried about you, buddy.

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

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

FLOYD
That's awesome.

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

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

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

FLOYD (CONT'D)
That looks really weird.

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

FLOYD
Oh, definitely. I concur.

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

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Floyd is walking, carrying Doug's guitar, when he once again
realizes that he's in the vicinity of the Beacon Theatre,
where another HUGE GROUP of SOULSHINE FANS are congregating.

Floyd watches from a distance. Thinks about what about Doug said. Maybe he should pay them a visit. But then, once again, he's interrupted by:

ANDREW

Hey, are you going to help me or not?

Floyd turns and sees Andrew.

FLOYD

No, leave me alone.

ANDREW

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

FLOYD

What is it you want me to do exactly?

ANDREW

Tell the police.

FLOYD

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

ANDREW

I'm rich! I'll pay you!

FLOYD

In what? Spirit dollars?

ANDREW

There's gotta be a way...

FLOYD

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

Floyd turns his back on Andrew and walks off.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Floyd sits on the bed, drinking and strumming Doug's guitar. He starts playing a cover of Springsteen's "Atlantic City." He hits the chorus and hears someone singing along with him. Looks up. It's Pearl. She's there in the room.

"Everthing dies, baby, that's a fact/Maybe everything that dies someday comes back/Put your makeup on/fix your hair up pretty/and meet me tonight in Atlantic City..."

FLOYD
You're back.

PEARL
I'm back.

FLOYD
Where do you go?

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

FLOYD
Like a guardian angel?

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

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

PEARL
I know.

FLOYD
Why does it feel so real?

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

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

PEARL
(smiles)
Your memory fills in the blanks.

FLOYD
So here's the million-dollar
question...

PEARL
Drum roll please...

FLOYD
What's your unfinished business?

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

FLOYD
Me?

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

FLOYD
How can I be happy without you?

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

FLOYD
It's not that simple.

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

FLOYD
I didn't storm away from you.

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

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

PEARL
Sorry about that...

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

PEARL
Gee, thanks.

FLOYD
You know what I mean.

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

FLOYD
I know.

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

FLOYD
How's that?

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

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

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

A KNOCK on the door.

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

FLOYD
So was I right or was I right?

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

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

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

FLOYD

Ya gotta stop punching me, lady!

(then)

I take it the letter wasn't there.

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

CHARLY

Can you explain this to me?

FLOYD

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

CHARLY

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

FLOYD

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

CHARLY

This is so nuts.

FLOYD

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

CHARLY

How do I possibly close this case?

FLOYD

Do you have to?

CHARLY

It's what I do. And thank you. I guess. It means a lot.

FLOYD
 Good, I'm glad. He seemed like a cool guy.

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

FLOYD
 He knows. Trust me, he knows.

A moment. Charly looks around.

CHARLY
 Is he here now?

FLOYD
 No. Not that I'm aware of.

CHARLY
 Good. Because that would be creepy.

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

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

FLOYD
 That's nice, thank you.

CHARLY
 Absolutely. Anytime.

FLOYD
 Cool.
 (then)
 Well, I've got some drinking to do...

CHARLY
 Don't let me keep you.

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

FLOYD
 Hey, what about right now...?

Off Charly's look of understandable trepidation...

EXT. SOHO -- NIGHT

Charly's car pulls up in front of an absurdly expensive loft building.

INT. CHARLY'S CAR -- SAME

CHARLY

Why didn't you report this sooner?

FLOYD

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

CHARLY

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

They get out of the car...

EXT. SOHO -- CONTINUOUS

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

CHARLY

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

(whistles)

Worth roughly half a billion dollars...

FLOYD

He said \$200 million. Press always lies.

CHARLY

I don't get it. You're that rich and you get that pissed if your model wife cheats on you? Just get a new model.

FLOYD

The heart is a strange and funky
beast.

CHARLY

Yeah, I wouldn't know.

FLOYD

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

CHARLY

Nope, never.

FLOYD

I'm sorry to hear it.

CHARLY

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

FLOYD

Maybe you just haven't met the
right guy.

CHARLY

Shut up.

FLOYD

Touchy.
(then)
So what's the move?

CHARLY

The move?

FLOYD

Yeah, how do you wanna handle this?

CHARLY

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

FLOYD

Yes! I knew you were attracted to
me!

Charly rolls her eyes, rings the doorbell.

INT. KILLER SOHO LOFT -- NIGHT

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

KATE

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

CHARLY

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

KATE

(laughs)

In danger? Why would you think that? In danger of what?

FLOYD

You were cheating on your husband!

KATE

Excuse me?!

FLOYD

You heard me, lady!

CHARLY

(to Floyd)

Hey, I told you to keep quiet.

FLOYD

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

KATE

I'm sorry, who is he again?

CHARLY

He's an associate.

KATE

Is he a police officer?

CHARLY

Not exactly, no.

FLOYD

Not at all, actually. I'm Floyd.
Floyd Hale. I used to play guitar
in a little band called Soulshine.

KATE

Oh, wow, I hooked up with Atticus
once.

FLOYD

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

KATE

How nice for you.

CHARLY

Were you having an affair, Mrs.
Luckey?

KATE

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

ANDREW (O.S.)

Oh, just answer the question
already!

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

ANDREW (CONT'D)

(to Floyd)

Do you see the life I provided for
this woman?

FLOYD

It's a killer home, dude.

KATE

(confused)

Thank you.

ANDREW

(to Floyd)

Thanks for coming, by the way. I
knew I could count on you.

FLOYD

How?

ANDREW
You just seem like a good soul.

FLOYD
You probably shouldn't be here for
this.

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

Charly and Kate look at Floyd.

KATE
(to Charly)
Who is he talking to?

CHARLY
Never mind him --

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

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

FLOYD
Bhakti?!

Kate reacts to the mention of the name.

CHARLY
Who's Bhakti?

FLOYD
Bhakti is your yoga instructor, is
he not?

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

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

CHARLY
-- No! No cards on the table!
Just keep your mouth shut!

FLOYD

Your husband knew you were cheating on him!

ANDREW

Tell her I'm sorry I neglected her.

FLOYD

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

KATE

Are you like a medium or something?

FLOYD

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

KATE

Oh, I totally believe in that stuff.

FLOYD

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

ANDREW

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

KATE

Is Andrew here right now?

FLOYD

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

KATE

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

CHARLY

Oh, I bet he was.

ANDREW

Oh, I bet he was.

KATE

But I never loved him. I always loved Andrew.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)
Even though we had all these
problems in the bedroom...

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

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

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

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

ANDREW
Just give her a kiss for me.

FLOYD
Really?

ANDREW
Yes.

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

CHARLY
No kissing! Not on my watch!

FLOYD
(to Kate)
Is that okay?

KATE
(shrugs)
I guess so...

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

ANDREW

Okay, enough already, Jesus!

FLOYD

Hey, it wasn't me, it was her!

KATE

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

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

CHARLY

Hands up! Where I can see 'em!

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

KATE

What's this?

FLOYD

Well, that's the other thing.

(then)

Your husband paid to have you
killed.

(off her look)

But he changed his mind. That's
what counts. Right?

(to all)

Am I right or am I right?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

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

EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Floyd waits outside. Charly comes out.

FLOYD

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

CHARLY

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

FLOYD

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

CHARLY

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

FLOYD

That's all that matters then.

CHARLY

You did good. You did the right
thing.

FLOYD

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

CHARLY

So kind of you.

FLOYD

Still don't get why you're single.

CHARLY

Who would have me? I'm married to
the job.

FLOYD

Ugh. Jobs.

CHARLY

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

FLOYD

I do know you what mean. No settling. Words to live by.

(then)

Oh, one more thing...

CHARLY

Yeah?

FLOYD

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

CHARLY

Yeah, saw that -- it's on your record.

FLOYD

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

CHARLY

-- Already took care of it. Never happened.

FLOYD

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

CHARLY

Thanks! You're pretty cool for a deadbeat.

(then)

Listen, would you mind if I gave you a call sometime...

FLOYD

Oh, really, officer? Do you think that's appropriate?

CHARLY

Yeah, I'm talking about if and when your... particular brand of "help"... might come in handy.

FLOYD

Oh, you got me excited there for a second. Of course. Please do. Always nice to be needed.

CHARLY

Take it easy, Floyd.

FLOYD

You too, Charly.

CHARLY

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

FLOYD

Thanks.

Charly walks back into the station. Floyd walks off.

INT. YOGA STUDIO -- DAY

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

FLOYD

Hey, are you Bhakti?

BHAKTI

(big smile)

Namaste, my friend! How can I help you?

FLOYD

This is from Andrew.

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

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Namaste away from married women. Ya hear?

That said, Floyd walks out...

EXT. YOGA STUDIO -- CONTINUOUS

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

ANDREW

Thank you. That was awesome.

FLOYD
(shakes his stinging fist)
My pleasure. What now?

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

FLOYD (CONT'D)
Whoa. That was trippy.

INT. LAW FIRM -- DAY

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

DOUG
I'm scared.

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

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

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

DOUG
So you're not seeing dead people?

FLOYD
At the moment? No. I am not.

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

FLOYD
I'm sorry I said that. You've got a great life, Dougie. It's something to aspire to -- not something to make fun of.

(MORE)

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Even though you used to rock the bass pretty hard and it's a damn shame you gave up on your dream to work for the Man.

DOUG

Cool, thanks. Insult wrapped up in a compliment. Nicely done.

FLOYD

It's what I do.

They both smile. Recognizing the value of this friendship.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm off.

DOUG

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

FLOYD

I'm going home.

DOUG

Seriously?

FLOYD

Yep. It's time.

DOUG

(smiles)

Good for you, Floyd. Good for you...

Doug pulls Floyd into a fierce, smothering hug.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I love you, buddy.

FLOYD

Love you too. Now please stop. You're crushing my junk.

That said, Floyd walks off.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE BROWNSTONE -- NIGHT

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

INT. BROWNSTONE -- CONTINUOUS

...the home he shared with Pearl.

It's warm and bohemian. Very much a musician's lair. Guitars everywhere. Funky old concert posters. A wall of vinyl. Pictures of Floyd and Pearl in happier times.

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

PEARL (O.S.)

Welcome home...

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

FLOYD

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

PEARL

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

Floyd looks around, sighs...

FLOYD

I haven't been back since...

PEARL

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

FLOYD

God, we had such a great life.

PEARL

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

FLOYD

Not without you.

PEARL

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

(MORE)

PEARL (CONT'D)

Could be fun. Something worth shootin' for. I'm just sayin'...

FLOYD

I don't even know where to start...

PEARL

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

FLOYD

Tomorrow's another day...

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

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

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

PEARL

(smiles)

When opportunity knocks...

FLOYD

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

PEARL

Open the door, Floyd.

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

CHARLY

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

Floyd turns and looks at Pearl.

PEARL

Go...

FLOYD
(whispers)
What if you're not here when I get
back?

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

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

Charly watches Floyd, confused.

CHARLY
Sorry, am I interrupting
something...?

As Floyd grabs his jacket and heads out...

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

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT