

THE CIVIL DEAD

Written by

Clay Tatum
Whitmer Thomas

Shooting Script

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

A couple in their 30s sleep in bed. They're awoken by a thumping noise. The girl sits up and quickly turns on the bedside table lamp.

GIRL
What was that?

GUY
Babe, please. It's nothing.

The guy rolls over onto his side. He keeps his eyes closed

GIRL
It was really loud. Can you please go check?

The guy remains on his side.

GUY
Houses make noises. We've been through this a million times. It's a rickety old cabin. Just chill.

GIRL
I don't feel safe here. Something's off. Did we lock the doors?

GUY
Yes. What do you think is happening right now? We are in the middle of nowhere.

GIRL
Houses in the middle of nowhere get broken into all the time.

GUY
If some guy broke into this place in the middle of nowhere in the dead of night during a snow storm and the only noise he made was a little spooky creak, then he deserves all the stuff he wants in this house. Also, this is not our place, he can have whatever he wants, as long as he doesn't wake me up.

Beat.

GIRL
Ok... My iPad is out there.

The guy opens his eyes. He knows it's not over.

GIRL (CONT'D)
You're sure we locked-

GUY
Fine. I'll go check! Fuck!

The guy gets out of bed quickly. The girl sits up straight in bed. We hold on the girls face as we hear the guys footsteps walking around the house. The girl notices footsteps coming from above. She looks at the ceiling.

GIRL
(shouting)
Anything?

The guy returns to the room and gets into bed.

GUY
We're in the clear.

GIRL
You went upstairs?

GUY
The attic? Nope. But I bet that's what's causing the noise. Critters scampering around in the attic.

GIRL
Big critters. It sounded like heavy footsteps. Should you check?

GUY
Babe, no. It's probably a raccoon in the attic or something. We solved the mystery. Case closed. Turn off the light.

Beat.

She turns off the lamp. It's pitch black dark.

GIRL
Thank you babe. Love you.

GUY
Love you too.

CUT TO:

TV SCREEN/ DOCUMENTARY: EXT. PARK - DAY

An old man walks down a path.

OLD MAN
Harry was great guy. He was a family man first and foremost and he was also my best friend. Sadly, March of 1983, he passed away. His head fell off in a fishing accident. I thought would never see him again.

NARRATOR
But suddenly, that would all change.

OLD MAN
It was right here when I saw him. I said, "Harry, is that you?"

Show photo of Harry.

NARRATOR
At that point, Harry had been dead for four months.

Back to old man in the park.

OLD MAN
I was never a believer in ghosts, but there he was, in the flesh. I said, "Harry, you got your head back!"

INT. CLAY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clay, on his phone, lays down with his head on Whitney's lap. Whitney is working on her laptop. The documentary is playing in the background.

WHITNEY
Are you still watching this?

CLAY
Watching what?

WHITNEY

You know, the thing playing on tv.

Clay looks over at the tv.

CLAY

Oh weird, that's on? No, I'm not watching that.

Whitney turns of the tv. Clay shows his phone to Whitney.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Could I pull this off?

The picture is of a hip looking guy with short bangs.

WHITNEY

Eww, no. I don't think he pulls it off.

Clay looks back at his phone.

CLAY

Sometimes all it takes to get noticed as an artist is having some fucked up haircut. If I had a bleached mullet, I bet I could make a living as an artist. I'll be known as the photographer with the ugly fucking hair. Or do I just only take pictures of naked people? Maybe a nickname would work too.

WHITNEY

You can make it without a dumb haircut, Dumbass. Maybe your nickname should be Dumbass?

Whitney snorts, delighted with herself for that killer roast.

CLAY

I would change my name to Dumbass if it meant I could have a damn career. At this point I'd change my name to Dumbass just to get an email.

Clay gets a text. He jumps up and walks into the kitchen.

WHITNEY

Can you send me your half of the rent Dumbass?

CLAY
(from the kitchen)
Is it already rent time? Damn.
Yeah, just a sec.

WHITNEY
Where are you going?

CLAY
Forgot I gotta check something.

INT. KITCHEN

Clay grabs a camera bag out of a cabinet next to his washer and dryer. Clay takes the camera bag and leaves the apartment.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

From far away we see Clay leaning on a car talking to someone. We go closer to see Gary, 30's, sketchy, examines a SLR Camera in his driver seat. His car is filled with crushed cans, cigarette butts and fast food bags. He has his door open while Clay stands and watches him examine the camera.

GARY
Nice. Does this do depth of field?

Clay is confused by this question.

CLAY
That's more of a lens thing but
with this cam...

GARY
(interrupts)
Yeah, cool. Got a suicide girls
shoot this week so I'll be needing
depth of field.

CLAY
Great.

Gary examines the bottom of the camera.

GARY
Where's the batteries?

CLAY
So, I'm just selling the camera but
theres no batteries for it. That's
why I'm only charging \$400.
(MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)

But it definitely works, like I was messing with it earlier and if you have any trouble with it, you can email me.

Gary reaches across to his passenger seat. He starts digging under all his fast food bags and trash in his car. He's looking for something.

GARY

Oh right. Like I'm gonna fall for that. No offense dude, but I've been getting scammed all week with broken cameras, so I got my own batteries.

Gary finds the batteries.

CLAY

(scared)

Oh...

Gary places the batteries into the camera.

GARY

I actually like getting scammed. It gives me a reason to **beat someones ass up.**

Clay nervously stares at Gary placing the batteries into the camera.

EXT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Whitney watches a true crime TV show called "Cabin Murders."

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Gary grabs Clay by his jacket, Clay tries to pull away, so Gary pulls Clay so hard that Clay flies into the side of Gary's car. Clay collapses down to the ground in fear while Gary continues to have a hold on Clay jacket.

GARY

You trying to scam me? You trying to fucking scam me, huh? Didn't think I would have batteries did ya?

Gary kicks Clay.

CLAY

Ow! I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm
sorry!

INT. CLAY'S LIVING ROOM

We hear Clay enter the apartment through the kitchen. Whitney is on the couch.

WHITNEY

Where did you go?

Clay walks into the living room holding mail, red-faced.

CLAY

I was just checking the mail.

WHITNEY

Why were you gone so long?

CLAY

I wasn't gone long.

Clay throws the mail on the couch.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Was hoping for my tax return but
it's running late. Can I send you
the money in a couple days?

WHITNEY

Wow... What a dumbass.

INT. BATHROOM

Clay stares at himself in the mirror. He looks down at the photo from earlier of the man with the weird haircut. He pulls scissors up to his forehead and chops large chunks out of his bangs until it looks sort of like the guy in the band on the poster from earlier. It looks awful. Clay knows.

INT. BEDROOM

Clay walks into the bedroom with his new haircut. He doesn't look confident. Whitney sees.

CLAY

What do you think?

Whitney is shocked.

WHITNEY

Oh no, was that an accident?

CLAY

My hair? Not really. Why? Does it...

Whitney grins.

CLAY (CONT'D)

WHAT!?

WHITNEY

(reasonable)

It's bad. Really bad. Is this the hair from the picture you showed me?

Clay thinks.

CLAY

No... not exactly. I just... I don't know, I thought...

WHITNEY

You can fix it.

CLAY

How?!

WHITNEY

Cut the rest of your hair the same size.

CLAY

So, to fix this, I give my entire head a haircut?

WHITNEY

You could go somewhere.

CLAY

Looking like this??

Clay shuffles out. He's clearly upset.

CLAY (CONT'D)

You're wrong, I look fine, actually.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Pitch black. There's a crashing noise in a another room. Whitney turns the bedside table lamp back on.

WHITNEY

What was that?

Clay doesn't move.

CLAY

It sounded like some crap got knocked over.

WHITNEY

Will you go check?

CLAY

Lenny probably just knocked something over. Let's deal with it in the morning.

WHITNEY

What if it's a murderer?

CLAY

No offense babe. I don't think we've done anything interesting enough for someone to want to murder us.

WHITNEY

Fine, I'll go check.

Clay quickly gets out of bed, tossing his covers onto Whitney.

CLAY

NOPE! I'm going.

INT. KITCHEN

A vase lies broken on the floor. Lenny rubs against Clay's leg. Clay picks Lenny up.

CLAY

Lenny you knuckle head, you're freakin the ball and chain out.

EXT. KITCHEN

Note: we hear the sounds of someone humming a unrecognizable lullaby.

We see Clay through the kitchen window. His back is turned away but we see Lenny's face. Lenny hisses and jumps out of Clay's arms.

CLAY

Yikes pal. Be careful. You could cut your paws on the glass.

INT. KITCHEN

Clay covers the glass from the broken vase with a towel.

INT. BEDROOM

Clay gets back into bed.

CLAY

Lenny knocked over a vase.

WHITNEY

Thanks babe.

Clay rolls over and shuts his eyes. Whitney doesn't turn the lamp off. Clay opens his eyes. Something is up.

CLAY

You okay?

WHITNEY

Does this place feel weird to you? Something is weird about it right?

CLAY

I've never noticed anything weird.

WHITNEY

I wasn't this spooked at my last place.

CLAY

Maybe you just gotta get used to it. It'll be okay. There's no goobers out there who wanna get us.

Clay rolls onto his side and shuts his eyes.

CLAY (CONT'D)

If there was, I'd whoop their ass.
This is my damn house. I got the
control.

Whitney laughs. She turns out the light.

WHITNEY

Love you.

Clay is already snoring.

INT. KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

Clay makes coffee while sweeping up the glass from the vase.

EXT. KITCHEN WINDOW

Through the window, we see Clay check out his awful new haircut in his reflection. It looks stupid. He shrugs.

INT. KITCHEN

Whitney walks in with her bags. She checks her phone.

WHITNEY

Says the guy is a few minutes away.

CLAY

You sure you don't want me to take
you?

WHITNEY

I'm listening to a podcast and
don't want to feel like I have to
talk to you on the drive.

CLAY

I appreciate the honesty.

Whitney puts her phone in her pocket. She chooses her words carefully.

WHITNEY

You gonna have some guy time while
I'm away?

CLAY

(laughing)
Guy time? With who?

WHITNEY

I dunno. Budd?

CLAY

Budd is in a dark zone right now. He's fully addicted to gambling. Jane left him because he bet his rent money for three months in a row.

WHITNEY

Oh.

CLAY

He's just so impressionable. Probably why he sucks at gambling.

WHITNEY

What about Andy Samberg?

CLAY

He's shooting Brooklyn 99.

WHITNEY

Did you ever reach out to him about that set photographer gig?

CLAY

No, Andy isn't in charge of that kind of stuff. I don't want to bother him. Maybe if he does another one of those small movies.

WHITNEY

Gotcha. You know I don't care but I think it might make you feel good to get out and take some photos. You haven't participated in a group show or anything for over three years now.

CLAY

Once I figure out how to have some money, I can start thinking creatively again. I can't just go out and knock it out. The photos have to come organically.

WHITNEY

They don't come from inside the house, though. The ball and chain is out of town, go out and get into some trouble.

Clay doesn't respond.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Just promise me you'll leave the house at least once a day while I'm gone. Don't just move the bed into the living room and eat candy and drink beer all day.

CLAY

Wow, what kinda guy do you think I am?

Whitney stares at Clay. He looks like a child. There's a small brown glop of something on his face.

WHITNEY

I'm sorry, I can't take you serious with this hair. What is this?

Whitney wipes the smudge off Clay's face with her thumb.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Peanut butter?

CLAY

I don't know. Yeah.

WHITNEY

Did you eat a peanut butter and jelly?

CLAY

Yeah...

WHITNEY

It's 7am.

EXT. CLAY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Clay walks Lenny the cat on a leash. He talks to Budd on the phone.

BUDD

There's a guy in the program who looks just like me named Buster. If anything this whole thing was worth it just to meet an actual guy named Buster.

CLAY

What did Buster do?

BUDD

I'm not supposed to say, but he bet his kids dog. But it was one of those dogs with special abilities who wears a vest ya know?

CLAY

Fuck. That's rock bottom.

BUDD

Yeah I'm not so bad. I'm getting better. It's been 3 weeks.

CLAY

Good for you dude. Admitting you got problem takes courage man.

Clay notices a flyer on a telephone pole. The flyer is an ad for an apartment thats up for rent in the neighborhood.

BUDD

I mean yeah but also Jane kicked me out and said I couldn't come back until I started going to meetings. She mentioned it's been a while since you and Whitney and us all hung out together. It could be cool to rent a place in Palm Springs or Big Bear or something?

CLAY

Oh yeah I don't know if that's in the cards at the moment.

Clay examines the flyer. At the bottom of the flyer says there's a **\$40 Application Fee**. This gives Clay an idea.

BUDD

Is it a money thing? Jane said I could pay her back when I get a job. I bet she'd be down for you too. She's a YouTuber so she's loaded.

CLAY

No it's not a money thing. I'M FLUSH. I'm just putting together the finishing touches on this photo-book. The publisher is on my ass and I'm in good spot with it creatively. Don't wanna fuck up the flow with a trip.

BUDD

I feel ya. Well when it's over pal.
I gotta get out of LA. Jane says I
gotta hang with pals who aren't a
bad influence.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Clay takes photos of his apartment with his phone.

INT. CLAY'S ROOM - LATER

Clay prints off applications.

INT. CLAY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Clay sits on his laptop. He's on Craigslist posting a
classified ad. "**Hip Silverlake 1br/1bth \$1,600**"

INT. CLAY'S KITCHEN - LATER

Clay takes out a cat carrier out. He lures his cat Lenny in
it.

CLAY

Sorry pal, but this wont be for too
long.

EXT. DRIVE WAY

Clay walks the cat carrier in his garage. Clay opens the
garage and turns on the light.

CLAY

I got your bed here and some treats
and water, be back in a bit dude.

EXT. CLAY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Clay is slobbishly dressed in a suit and tie. He waits for
someone. He talks to Karen, a cool artist type in her 20s.

KAREN

Am I the first to see it?

CLAY

There's been a few couples before you, but to be honest, I'm looking to rent to a single person. In my experience, couples always break up and move out suddenly, leaving me in a tight spot.

KAREN

Oh, I have such a good feeling!

CLAY

So you can just send the 50 dollar processing fee to that email on the bottom and theres instructions.

KAREN

Great, sending that right now!
Here's the application.

Karen hands him the application while she types the email into her phone.

CLAY

Thanks!

KAREN

Thank you! So excited about this place. Fingers crossed.

Karen walks away. His phone goes off. Clay sees an update on his phone from PayPal. "Kara Sent You \$50. Your PayPal Balance is now \$150" Clay looks up to see Wendy and Cole approaching from the sidewalk.

CLAY

You must be my 3 o'clock?

INT. CLAY'S LIVING ROOM

Clay, Wendy and Cole are standing in the living room.

CLAY

So the first thing you are gonna notice is that the past tenants still have their stuff here, but they are moving out this week and this place will be repainted and ready to move in on the first of the month.

WENDY

Oh my god I love it.

COLE
(skeptical)
Is this really only 1,600?

CLAY
That's right.

WENDY
We've been in a sublet just around
the corner for a month now. We
really love this area.

COLE
We just don't see a one bedroom
under \$2,000 in this neighborhood.

WENDY
Cole thought this was a scam.

CLAY
Well, the landlord who owns this is
very old and doesn't really care
about money.

WENDY
I saw that woman leaving. Did she
like it?

CLAY
She liked it yes, but to be honest
with you, young single people tend
to flake. Ideally I could fill it
with couple. More reliable. If you
guys are serious, there's a good
chance, not 100%, but good chance
you can get this.

WENDY
(bummed)
But someone is ahead of us. Ok.

CLAY
You guys look around and I'll be in
the back if you have any questions.
Oh, also the application is in the
kitchen, so if you guys are
interested you can fill it out
here.

WENDY
Great! Thanks.

Clay walks to the end of the hallway. He attempts to look
professional by inspecting the fridge of the door.

Wendy and Cole whisper out of earshot from Clay as he remains in focus in the background.

WENDY (CONT'D)

This is perfect. This is the exact neighborhood we wanted and it's also the cheapest.

COLE

Seems too good to be true.

WENDY

We should offer to double the deposit and give him \$300 for the application fee.

COLE

What??

WENDY

I really want this place. All the other places we looked at are over \$2,000 so spending \$300 right now to guarantee we get this is nothing. Jacob and Annie once paid \$500 to get their place.

COLE

None of this seems right. Look at the guys haircut?

Clay continues "inspecting" his area. He looks like an ape in a suit.

WENDY

We are in LA. People just look like that here. You have to do stuff like this these days to guarantee getting a place. If we don't do this, someone else will.

COLE

But that's not a guarantee.

WENDY

I trust this guy.

Clay walks into the bathroom and flushes the toilet. He walks back out nodding his head as if to say "yep toilet flushes".

COLE

I don't know. \$300 seems like a lot.

WENDY
Just let me handle it.

EXT. CLAY'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Clay straightens out a hose next to his back door. Wendy and Cole walk out of the apartment.

CLAY
You guys like it?

WENDY
Loved it, we already filled out the application and we just want you to know we **really** like this place and are very serious.

CLAY
Great. I'll just need the 50 dollars to process the application, credit check, all that nonsense.

WENDY
We can pay it right away.

Wendy hands Clay the application. Attached to the application is \$300.

CLAY
What's this?

WENDY
We wanted to give you that to show how serious we are about getting this apartment.

Clay is shocked by the \$300. He wants it.

CLAY
You guys are aware we still have to have a background check on file. And I can't legally...

WENDY
We know, we know. We are also willing to pay a larger deposit. We are serious about this place. Just let us know when we can move in.

Wendy winks at Clay. Clay doesn't know what to say.

CLAY
Oh, well... let me run the
background check and...

WENDY
And you can then, you know, let us
know the move in date.

CLAY
... yes.

WENDY
Great!

CLAY
(confused)
Great.

Cole examines Clay's long slacks. He is even more suspicious than before.

INT. CLAY'S KITCHEN

Clay let's Lenny out of his carrier.

CLAY
I'm gonna get ya a treat pal.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAY'S KITCHEN

Clay frantically deletes the craigslist ad. He talks to Lenny, who crawls across the counter.

CLAY
Flying a little too close to the
sun.

He checks his bank balance on his phone.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Just need a couple hundred bucks
more and I got rent. What a breeze.

Clay grabs Lenny face.

CLAY (CONT'D)
I'm buzzing.

INT. CLAY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Clay plays video games and eats sour patch kids on a mattress in the living room. He looks like a toddler. Clay drunkenly looks at his haircut in the bathroom mirror. Clay sleeps in the living room with the glow of the TV on his face and a beer in his hand. A horror movie plays. A woman screams on TV. Lenny runs across Clay's stomach. He wakes up.

INT. CLAY'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Clay wakes up surrounded by candy and beer bottles. The TV is still on. He looks at his dusty skateboard in the corner.

INT. CLAY'S KITCHEN

Clay grabs his camera from a kitchen drawer.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Note: through out the montage, we hear the sounds of someone humming a unrecognizable lullaby from earlier.

- Clay skates the streets

- Clay looks around for photos to take

EXT. PARK - LATER

Seen through the viewfinder of Clay's camera. Clay sets up a shot of some trash with "5G killed my dog" written on it. Whit is awkwardly walks into the frame.

CLAY
 (to himself)
 Damn it. Get the fuck outta the
 frame you simpleton.

Whit lingers in the frame unaware.

CLAY (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Fuck out of the frame my man...
 (beat)
 Come on.

Whit is clearly staring at Clay.

CLAY (CONT'D)
 (yells)
 Hey, excuse me, sorry. Could you
 move like 2 feet to your right?

Whit looks around at who Clay is talking to. Beat

CLAY (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Does he not hear me?
 (beat)
 Jesus.

Clay starts walking over to Whit. We stay on the viewfinder.
 Zoom into the viewfinder. Clay approaches Whit.

CLAY (CONT'D)
 Hey dude...

Clay notices it's Whit.

CLAY (CONT'D)
 Whit?

WHIT
 Oh shit! You can see me?

CLAY
 Yeah, you're in my frame. Dude,
 Whats up?

Whit shakes off the nerves.

WHIT
 Clay! Whoa man. It's so good to see
 you. Holy shit!

CLAY
 Sorry, hold up, I can't leave my
 camera by itself.

Clay starts walking back. Whit follows.

WHIT
 (loss for words)
 Wow! So you can... it's crazy...
 uh, I didn't recognize you.

CLAY
 Yeah I gave myself a stupid
 haircut. Prob makes me look like an
 unrecognizable goober.

Cut out of viewfinder shot.

WHIT

No it's cool man. You look like a band guy. Like a guy in a band.

CLAY

Oh really? Thanks man. You waiting for somebody in here? What are you doing down here?

WHIT

Huh? Oh, I just like to walk around here.

CLAY

Do you live around here?

Whit is flustered.

WHIT

No, not at all. Well, actually, up the street a little.

CLAY

Oh... Shit, we're neighbors. It feels like I haven't seen you in years.

Clay starts looking into the viewfinder to get the shot. Whit awkwardly stands next to him.

WHIT

Yeah, uhh. Yeah. I can't believe I'm talking to you, man.

Awkward beat as Clay gets the shot. Clay starts packing up. He's sort of no longer showing interest in the conversation.

CLAY

Well...

Whit stares at Clay.

CLAY (CONT'D)

... it was cool running into you. I should text you next time I...

WHIT

(interrupts)

I would love to hang out today if you're free.

Clay holds for a beat. He sees Whit is very eager to hang out but has the look of being burdened.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Clay walks his bike through the park. Whit tags along.

WHIT

So cool you got married man. You got a cool talented wife and you're like a killer artist and stuff. Power couple. You got your shit together.

Clay is flattered.

WHIT (CONT'D)

When you coming out with another photo book? I got that last one... The shopping carts in the river one.

CLAY

You got that? Thanks pal. I'm figuring the next steps out. I've got a lot of options from different publishers.

WHIT

I bet man. You ever think about how fucked all the kids who stayed in Fresno are? Like meth and Deftones all day.

CLAY

Dude Meth. Uggh. The worst.

Beat.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Deftones was good though.

WHITT

Deftones was good though.

They both laugh.

WHIT

You moving out here inspired a lot of us to get out man. If you wouldn't have done it, I'd still be back there. No joke.

CLAY

Thanks man. I guess I just never saw myself staying there. Always wanted to make it. Whatever that means.

WHIT

You're making it dude. No doubt in my mind.

They reach the sidewalk. Clay puts on his helmet.

CLAY

Well, It was good seeing you man.

WHIT

Yeah hey let's keep the party going. Get some beers? I got nothing to do in the morning.

CLAY

Oh I...

Clay looks hesitant.

WHIT

You gotta be up early?

CLAY

I mean... No.

WHIT

Come on dude. I wanna hear about what you been up to. I miss hanging.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Whit looks at photos on the wall that Clay has taken of his life in LA. Mostly random lonely feeling photos of pieces of machinery and trash, some nice pictures of Whitney, and one picture of him with Andy Samberg.

CLAY

(from the kitchen)

You want a beer?

WHIT

Uhhh...

Clay throws Whit a beer. Whit doesn't move and the beer hits the ground and explodes.

WHIT (CONT'D)

Sorry, I hurt my hand and can't catch anything! Sorry, I have rigor mortis in my hands. It runs in the family.

Clay waits for Whit to pick up the can. Beat.

CLAY

Actually, I got it. Don't worry.

Clay picks up the can.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Whit gets super animated as he tells a story.

WHIT

I've been filming little random things. Cool parts in indie stuff mostly. Sundance dramas. My hope is that they all come out at the same time and I blow up... That sounds lame but whatever.

Clay finishes his beer and puts it down next to a bunch of empty bottles.

CLAY

No way dude. It's a vicious business. Could never be an actor.

Clay is drunk and sleepy.

WHIT

It's not that crazy man. I just wanna make good shit. I wanna help tell good stories.

CLAY

It's wild. You were so popular in high school. Always would have thought you'd like own a car dealership or something. Could have never imagined you'd be out here trying to make movies, especially walking around dressed like that... Why are you dressed like that?

WHIT

Oh haha. Shit I forgot I was wearing this. I was doing a fitting for this new movie and forgot to take it off.

CLAY

Oh sick. You must be really busy with your acting.

WHIT

Yeah.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Clay sleeps on the mattress with his head sitting up against the couch. Whit watches the movie. He looks really happy. Lenny enters the living room and stares at Whit.

WHIT

We good?

Lenny walks away. Whit gets up.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Whit creepily walks around Clay's apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Whit stares at Clay as Clay sleeps.

Clay wakes up slowly. Whit lays down and pretends to sleep. Clay looks like shit. Hungover as all hell. He finds his glasses and puts them on. Through a mound of pillows and sheets, Clay sees Whit sleeping with his clothes on. He's not moving. Clay gets up and walks to the kitchen. Whit pretends to wake up.

CLAY

Yo.

Whit does a big fake yawn.

WHIT

Morning pal.

CLAY

You stayed over?

WHIT

Oh yeah. You drank a bunch and passed out. Wanted to make sure you were all right.

CLAY

Oh... thanks.

Clay looks at the place. It's a mess. He gets up and begins to pick things up around the apartment.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Hey I gotta get my day going so you gotta get out of here. No offense.

WHIT

What you got going today?

CLAY

Just like shit. With... the photo book and shit.

WHIT

You gotta show me some new photos man.

CLAY

Yeah some other time. I feel like shit. I gotta get some coffee. I'll hit you up.

WHIT

Dude let's hang. I'll get coffee with you.

CLAY

Haha no man. I gotta call and check in with my wife.

Clay walks Whit to the door. Whit has his back towards the door.

CLAY (CONT'D)

See ya.

Whit turns around but doesn't open it.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Oh right, you're hands. Sorry man.

Clay opens the door to let him out.

WHIT

I can't go man.

Clay laughs.

CLAY

Funny.

WHIT

No like I can't leave man. I think I'm stuck with you.

CLAY
Are you still fucked up?

WHIT
No. I didn't drink last night. I
can't. I think I'm dead dude.

CLAY
Okay. I think I'm too hungover.
Let's get some coffee.

EXT. CLAY'S APARTMENT

Clay leads Whit out of his apartment.

WHIT
Thanks man. I don't really know how
to explain it. I can't like
remember where I was before this.

CLAY
Are you homeless? You can be honest
with me.

NEIGHBOR
(off screen)
Excuse me?

A NEIGHBOR GUY watering his plants stares at Clay.

CLAY
Sorry?

NEIGHBOR
Are you talking to me?

CLAY
Haha sorry. No.

Clay is confused.

NEIGHBOR
Oh my misunderstanding. You're
plants are looking a little dry.
Mind if I give them a little
sprinkle?

WHIT
Dude he can't see me man. You look
insane.

CLAY
Shut up.

NEIGHBOR
What did you say?!

Whit makes a bunch of distracting noises and faces in front of the neighbor.

CLAY
I'm sorry about him dude. I think
he's crazy.

NEIGHBOR
Sorry about who?

Whit stops. He walks back to Clay.

WHIT
See! Just say you're kidding.

Clay is stunned.

CLAY
What are you talking about?

The neighbor is confused. Clay is not helping. Whit starts clapping his hands in front of the neighbor.

CLAY (CONT'D)
(to Whit)
Hey, hey hey!

The neighbor stands upright and takes a step back. He looks worried.

WHIT
HE CAN'T SEE ME! Look, he's not
looking at me!

Clay is floored. Something is up.

CLAY
I'm sorry... I was kidding.

Clay hurriedly goes back into his apartment. Whit follows behind.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Clay shuts the door. He goes into the kitchen and starts making coffee.

WHIT
Can I explain?

Clay smacks himself in the head.

WHIT (CONT'D)
Dude! Why'd you do that?

CLAY
I feel crazy.

WHIT
Dude, I think I'm dead.

CLAY
Stop saying that. Crazy.

Clay puts instant coffee in a cup and stirs. He takes a sip.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Eww this is shit.

WHIT
You're the only person who can see me.

CLAY
What do you mean?

WHIT
I mean like in general. I've been moseying around LA for who knows how long and you're the first person to see me.

CLAY
Lucky me. Do you not have any other friends you can crash with?

WHIT
Take a photo of me.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Clay takes a photo of Whit with a polaroid camera. They wait for it to dry. Clay's in denial.

CLAY
Haha this is so stupid. Who's setting this spoof up? Is it somebody from back home? Is it my Cousin Travis?

WHIT
It's not a spoof man.

Clay looks at the photo. Whit is not in it. Clay slowly raises the photo to Whit and then lowers it.

CLAY
No!

WHIT
I'm sorry.

CLAY
No!

WHIT
Dude let's figure this out.

CLAY
No! Stay away.

Clay runs to his room and locks the door behind him.

INT. BEDROOM

Clay listens to Whit's footsteps approach the other side of the door.

WHIT
I'm sorry dude. I don't know what's going on either.

We stay on Clay's side of the conversation.

CLAY
You can't come in here?

WHIT
I can't open doors.

CLAY
You made all that crap about rigor mortis up?

WHIT
I'm really sorry man.

CLAY
Get out of here dude. Please don't haunt me. I don't even really know you anymore.

WHIT
You don't think I know? You didn't even text me back when I moved here. You were the only guy I knew.
(MORE)

WHIT (CONT'D)

I know you don't want anything to do with me but you're the only one who can see me man. I'm scared.

Clay doesn't respond.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Whit waits for Clay respond. He doesn't.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Whit sits on the couch. He waits. We hear Clay's door open. Whit perks up. Clay enters. He looks miserable. Whit waits for a response.

CLAY

I'm getting coffee.

Whit stands.

WHIT

I get that this is...

CLAY

Shut up... for the love of god please shut up.

WHIT

You got it. Can I ask one thing?

Clay stares, showing no emotion.

WHIT (CONT'D)

Can I come? And if so, you might wanna wear headphones so if you talk to me it looks like you are on your phone.

Clay still stares. No response.

EXT. CLAY'S APARTMENT

Clay and Whit exit Clay's apartment complex. Cole walks his dog across the street. He watches Clay walk down the hill.

EXT. STREET

Clay and Whit silently walk. We track them. Slow zoom onto Clay's face. He's wearing ear buds. He shows no emotion.

Music starts: "Portofino 2" by Raymond Scott (or something like it)

EXT. CLAY'S DRIVEWAY

Clay sits on a pillar and stares out. Tight on Clay's face. We zoom out. He still has ear buds in and now is holding a cup of coffee.

Whit is standing in the middle of the sidewalk, a couple or so feet away from Clay. A man approaches. He is walking his bike. Whit starts walking backwards when man approaches to walk and talk with the man.

WHIT

Hey that's a nice bike. What type
of bike is that?

Man continues walking. Man doesn't see or hear Whit. Whit stops walking.

A couple walking with their baby stroller approaches. The pass Whit.

WHIT (CONT'D)

Hey you don't mind if I push your
stroller over do ya? Don't say
anything and I'll do it.

No response. Whit looks to Clay and shrugs. Clay notices.

MUSIC FADES

FADE TO:

INT. CLAY'S KITCHEN

Clay sits and Whit stands over him.

CLAY

So, you're dead.

WHIT

I think so, yeah.

CLAY

What do you mean you think so, how did you die?

WHIT

I don't know.

CLAY

What's your last memory alive?

WHIT

It's all fuzzy. I have memories but I have no timeline in my head of when they are. I don't know.

CLAY

There's gotta be an obituary online or something.

WHIT

Oh yeah maybe.

CLAY

Have you looked?

WHIT

I can't open doors. You think I can click clack on a keyboard?

CLAY

I thought ghost went through walls.

WHIT

I can't. I can't even pick up your coffee cup. Everything weighs like 4 billion pounds.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Clay googles "Whit Thomas Death" on google.

CLAY

I don't see an obituary.

WHIT

Yeah makes sense I guess.

CLAY

Oh shit!

(then)

Oh no it's an obituary for a lawyer named Whit Thomas. Oh whoa. He was a pedophile. Suicide.

Whit leans against the wall defeated.

CLAY (CONT'D)

There's an obituary for a pedophile. There's gotta be one for you? What about your family?

WHIT

You think my family even knows I'm dead? Just quit searching man.

CLAY

Oh. Right. Sorry.

Whit shrugs. He's trying to act like it doesn't bother him.

CLAY (CONT'D)

I need a drink.

INT. KITCHEN

Clay walks to the fridge and grabs a beer.

WHIT

Why are **you** taking this so hard?

Clay closes the fridge and walks to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Clay sits on the couch. Whit walks over.

WHIT

I'm the one dead, remember? Only thing different with you is that now you find out you have a cool little gift.

CLAY

What's my cool little gift?

WHIT

You shine.

CLAY

Excuse me?

WHIT

Remember the kid from the shining? "**I see dead people**". You have that now!

CLAY

But how are you the only dead person I see?

WHIT

You probably see dead people all the damn time. You didn't know I was dead until I told you. You ever go outside and see people aimlessly walk around? They're probably dead like me.

CLAY

(sarcastic)

Well, this is great. I'm so stoked you stopped by and told me this great news, but I think you can leave now.

Whit sits down.

WHIT

(calm)

Or maybe, I am the only dead person you can see and fate brought us together because I need to fix you and me fixing you, allows me to move on to my next life.

CLAY

What is there to fix? There's nothing wrong with me. I'm good.

WHIT

Dude, I've been following you for a week now and **you are a loser!**

Clay doesn't care for that.

WHIT (CONT'D)

(chipper)

But that's ok! I'm here to help.

CLAY

Help how?

WHIT

Well, you need money right.

CLAY

You can't open a door but you can help me make money. How does that work? What can you do for me?

WHIT
I don't know!

Clay thinks.

CLAY
...wait. Let me make a phone call.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Clay and Whit wait in a dark alley. Clay is wearing a nice suit and tie. Budd approaches looking dressed up as well. Budd looks worried.

BUDD
(somber)
Hey man.

CLAY
Hey, thanks for getting me in on
this game.

BUDD
What the fuck happened to your hair
man?

CLAY
Oh, this? I fucked up.

BUDD
You got my buy in?

CLAY
Yeah, yeah.

Clay hands Budd money.

BUDD
So... thanks for covering me and
everything but, why exactly do you
wanna play here so badly?

CLAY
I wanna win some money. Have a
little fun. Whitney is away so why
not.

BUDD
Right me too. I just wanna have
fun. But I've never seen you play.

CLAY
I play poker!

BUDD

This is the first time of me hearing this. The people we are playing with are losers but they don't fuck around.

CLAY

What? Worst case scenario, I lose early and the winner makes more money. So what?

BUDD

I've been kicked out of most home games but Arnold here likes me and I don't want you to fuck this up by not knowing how to play.

CLAY

Right.

Whit smirks.

BUDD

Before we go in. Don't tell Jane. She will leave me.

CLAY

I won't man.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The hostess, Belle, answers the door, revealing Budd, Clay, and Whit. Belle is a young, attractive woman in a cocktail dress. She operates in a calculated professional manner.

BELLE

Hello, Budd is it? Is this your plus one for the night?

BUDD

Yes.

Arnold stands up from the poker table. He's a middle aged guy. Looks like a hip tv producer.

ARNOLD

Buddy! I love you!

Buddy walks in with Clay. Whit follows but he can't take his eyes off Belle. Arnold runs to Budd.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
 Buddy boy, I'm slaughtering
 tonight! Hope you're ready to get
 your ass wiped.

BUDD
 This is Clay.

CLAY
 Hi.

ARNOLD
 Belle, can you offer my friend a
 drink please?

Belle closes door.

BELLE
 (addressing Budd and Clay)
 Drinks?

BUDD
 I'm good.

ARNOLD
 Get Buddy a vodka cran.
 (to Clay)
 And for you Craig?

CLAY
 Beer please. Any... style.

BELLE
 Be right back.
 (to Clay)
 Cool hair.

WHIT
 (instinctively)
 Thanks!

Clay side eyes Whit.

WHIT (CONT'D)
 (bummed)
 Oh right. I'm a literal ghost.

Budd sees a guy asleep on the couch. We only see his back.
 Arnold leans in.

ARNOLD
 (whispers)
 That's Greg Kinnear. He's down 5k.
 (MORE)

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
(big smile)
He's a fucking mess.

This peaks Whit's interest.

WHIT
No way.

BUDD
How are you doing tonight?

ARNOLD
I've been wiping ass all night.
Feels really good.
(to Clay)
What's your deal?

CLAY
Uh... what?

ARNOLD
Here for the free drinks? This is
not a casino dude.

BUDD
Just a friend I play poker with,
Clay's cool.

Arnold examines Clay's stupid haircut.

ARNOLD
You think you can rainman this game
Budd?
(to Clay)
No offense dude, but you look like
a rainman with that haircut.

Whit gets a better angle of Greg sleeping.

WHIT
This is Greg Kinnear! He has a
black eye, what the fuck?

ARNOLD
(to Clay)
Just fucking with you dude, I get
in the head of all the new players
I play with.

Whit walks over while Budd and Clay take a seat. Chucky, an older guy, and Reagan, a Hollywood type, are at the table. Chucky has his head on the table. Reagan is mysteriously wearing sunglasses. We can't read him.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
 How much today guys?
 (noticing Chucky)
 Chucky get your head off the table!

Chucky jolts up.

300. BUDD Uh... 300. CLAY

ARNOLD
 600 for new guy.

BUDD
 What?

ARNOLD
 New guy plays for 600 or he doesn't
 play at all.

Budd is too scared to speak up. He gives Clay the look of
 "sorry pal".

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
 This shouldn't take long boys.

Clay reaches into his wallet for more cash. He looks to Whit
 before taking the cash out. Whit, with a huge grin on his
 face, gives Clay 2 thumbs up. Clay gives Arnold the money.

Arnold hands Budd and Clay a stack of chips.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
 Ok gang, 5/10 no limits. Where's
 the button?

Whit walks to the table and examines the table. Arnold throws
 in chips. Clay is looking around not knowing what to do.

WHIT
 Clay, throw in 20. You're big
 blinds.

Clay looks up at Whit.

WHIT (CONT'D)
 Don't look at me.

Clay looks down. Budd looks over to Clay.

WHIT (CONT'D)
 It's the green one. Throw that in.

ARNOLD

You ok there rainman?

Clay throws the chip in. The table looks suspiciously at Clay. Cards are dealt. Clay is nervous. Whit gets a good look at Arnold's cards. Everyone antes up except Chucky, who folds.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

(to Clay)

You're gonna be glad I made you get more chips. I want you to get your moneys worth. \$300? I would've cleaned you out in 10 minutes.

Whit walks over to Clay and Budd's side.

WHIT

Ok, lift up you cards for me.

Whit peeks at Clay's cards.

WHIT (CONT'D)

You got a low pair but I still need to see Budd's.

Belle drops off Budd and Clay's drink.

ARNOLD

Get a vodka cran for me as well, sweetheart.

BELLE

Sure thing.

Belle walks off and Arnold leans into Budd.

ARNOLD

Do you like that I got a hostess for this game? Pretty fucking hot, right? She's a PA on one of my shows.

BUDD

(not into it)

Oh cool.

ARNOLD

I would love to smash her but you know...

Arnold shows Budd his wedding ring.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

I hate it. If I wasn't married, I would cheat on my wife.

BUDD

What?

Arnold smirks and deals the turn.

WHIT

Clay, check this round after big man here.

Arnold checks. Clay checks. Budd folds.

Turn card comes. Arnold bets.

WHIT (CONT'D)

Call it. That's 2 blue chips.

Clay grabs some chips.

ARNOLD

You sure you wanna do that little man?

Clay is scared of Arnold. Clay calls. River comes and Clay gets 2 pair.

WHIT

Perfect!

Arnold bets \$25.

WHIT (CONT'D)

He's doing that to see if you're gonna raise him. Call it!

Belle walks by. Chucky tries to get her attention.

CHUCKY

Excuse me could I...

Belle walks off not noticing Chucky. Chucky sinks in his chair.

Clay confidently throws in \$25. Arnold shows his cards and so does Clay. They both have low 2 pairs but Arnold's is a bit higher.

WHIT

Ok, the big man won this hand.

ARNOLD

Maybe I'll wipe your ass faster
than I thought.

Budd looks at Clay with disappointment. Clay looks up to Whit
confused.

WHIT

Hey! That's good, I need you to at
least lose one hand and that's a
great one because it's believable
for you to think you had a chance.

Clay looks like he lost all confidence in Whit.

WHIT (CONT'D)

Chill. Trust me, I got this. Like
giving candy to a baby.

MUSIC STARTS: "Swingin' Spathiphyllums" by Mort Garson (or
something similar)

MONTAGE:

- Whit circles the table peeking at hands.
- Chips are being thrown in.
- Whit nods his head at Clay.
- Chips are getting pushed to Clay.
- Whit still has his eyes on Belle.
- Cards are dealt.
- Budd loses all of his chips.
- Whit circles the table like a snake.
- Whit gestures to fold.
- Budd sits alone in a chair next to Greg Kinnear sleeping.
- Belle drops Clay more drinks.
- Chips move to Clay.
- Arnold storms out.
- Whit smiles.
- Arnold hands over money to Clay.

- Arnold hugs Clay. Clay is surprised by this.
- Arnold and Clay start drinking together. Budd's upset.

Clay and Arnold stumble around the house. Whit follows behind. Arnold falls on his couch. He's drunk out of his mind.

CLAY
You ready Whit?

Whit is got off guard. Arnold is confused. He sinks into the couch.

ARNOLD
Who's Whit?

Whit looks at Clay.

CLAY
(thinking on his feet)
No. I said what.

ARNOLD
What?

Beat.

CLAY
(still thinking on his
feet)
What?

Arnold is confused. Beat.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Well, I gotta go.

Arnold sits up quickly.

ARNOLD
What?! Where you going?

CLAY
Arnold, I'm going home.

ARNOLD
I'm sorry I called you a rainman
cuz of your hair.

CLAY
(awkward)
Uh, ok, no worries man.

ARNOLD
Your haircut reminds me of Noel
Gallagher and Oasis is my favorite
band. I guess... I was jealous.

CLAY
That's ok.

Arnold sinks back into the couch.

ARNOLD
Can you grab me a blanket?

CLAY
Oh...

Clay grabs a blanket out of a basket near the couch. He gives it to Arnold, who's about to pass out. Arnold covers his body up in the blanket. Only his head is poking out. He looks like a baby.

ARNOLD
Thanks. I had fun. Goodnight.

MUSIC RISES BACK UP - MONTAGE CONTINUES

EXT. CITY STREET

WIDE SHOT OF CITY STREET. ZOOM IN TO FIND CLAY AND WHIT WALKING THE STREET.

- Clay and Whit laugh and jump around.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE

- Clay stumbles out of the store with a bag.

MUSIC AND MONTAGE ENDS

INT. COLE'S CAR - NIGHT

Cole is parked outside Clay's apartment. Clay stumbles to his apartment alone from Cole's POV.

EXT. CLAY'S APARTMENT

Clay and Whit approach Clay's door.

COLE

Hey, where are you going?!

Clay turns around to see Cole looking at him.

CLAY

What?

Cole grabs Clay by the collar.

COLE

I knew this was your fucking place.

CLAY

Hey hey hey!

WHIT

What's going on?!

COLE

You like stealing my girlfriend's
money do ya?

Clay runs for it.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Cole catches up to Clay and tackles him to the ground. Cole gets on top of Clay and he starts choking him. Whit catches up and watches all of this.

COLE

I'm going to fucking kill you, you
fucking shit.

CLAY

I'm sorry, I can explain.

Clay grabs Cole's arm as Cole chokes him. Cole raises one of his arms to punch Clay. Whit's eyes widen. Cole freezes for a second. Cole's grip on Clay neck weakens. Clay is confused, then all of a sudden. BAM, Cole is pulled back into darkness. Clay gets up confused. He looks and sees no sign of Cole.

CLAY (CONT'D)

What the fuck, where is he?

WHIT

I think we need to go inside.

CLAY

Ok.

Clay and Whit run off.

EXT. SILVER LAKE - MORNING

Wide shot of Clay's neighborhood. The sun is rising.

INT. CLAY'S APARTMENT

Clay is asleep on the couch. Whit is still watching tv. Clay's phone rings. It wakes Clay up. Clay answers the phone.

CLAY
(not all there)
Hello?

Clay jostles around to find the remote. Clay turns off the tv.

WHITNEY
(O.S.)
Hey boo, my flight is getting
delayed but just by 30 mins or so.
I'll still text right before we
depart.

CLAY
(foggy)
Oh right... ok. Sure.

WHITNEY
(O.S.)
Jesus you sound tired. Wake up.

CLAY
Cool, wide awake now, love you.

WHITNEY
(O.S.)
Ok, love you too.

Clay hangs up and walks to the bathroom.

WHIT
Who was that?

CLAY
(from hallway)
My wife.

Whit is stays in the living room. Clay's cat Lenny stares at Whit.

INT. BATHROOM

Clay is totally out of it. He's hungover again.

Clay starts peeing in the toilet. He puts his hands in his jacket pocket. He pulls out a huge wad of cash. Clay is pleasantly surprised. Clay is still peeing.

INT. KITCHEN

Clay sits down at the coffee table. Whit walks up.

WHIT

I think you're cat can see and hear me.

No response.

WHIT (CONT'D)

Whats the plan today?

Clay puts his head down on the table.

CLAY

(head down on the table)
Uhhmmm. Gotta uhh... pick up Whitney from the airport and that's it.

WHIT

Are you gonna tell her about me?

CLAY

(head on table)
No of course not.

WHIT

So I'm just gonna live here in secret?

Clay picks up his head.

CLAY

Yeah, you're not living here. Funs over my man.

Clay puts his head back down.

WHIT

(angry)
What? No.

CLAY

(head down on table)

What do you mean no? You have no choice.

WHIT

No, you're not just going to throw me away like I'm fucking trash!

A glass shatters. Clay looks over and its a glass cup. Clay looks back to Whit.

CLAY

You do that?

WHIT

(confused)

I don't think I did.

Clay pauses for a beat.

CLAY

Listen, I'm not throwing you away. What I meant to say was, and I'm sorry of I wasn't being clear is, I'm not ready to have you be around 24/7 while I'm also trying to live with my wife. We need to slowly work you in on this. But we can only do that if we are both on the same page.

Whit is easing up. Whit sits down.

WHIT

Right, no I see.

CLAY

So, all I'm asking for is at least a week alone. And after that, we can figure out how to slowly work you back in.

WHIT

(unsure)

Ok.

CLAY

This will be good for you. You always have me to talk to but I wanna make sure you are not solely dependent on me being around for you to be able to enjoy yourself.

WHIT

You don't understand how hard it is to not have anyone to interact with.

CLAY

Yeah, I get that this is hard but you need to gain some independence. You need to learn how to enjoy yourself on your own and just know I will be here if you need someone to talk to.

Whit is trying to take this in.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Go out there, enjoy yourself. Sneak into a movie. Take a bus to Disneyland, spend a week there. There's so much you can do and experience that normal people can't do, enjoy yourself man.

Whit takes this in.

CLAY (CONT'D)

I have business to take care of. My publisher is on my ass about this book. Just give me a week.

WHIT

That's a long time.

CLAY

Please.

INT. CAR

Clay backs out of driveway, he turns onto the street. Clay looks out the window and sees Whit standing alone. Clay waves to Whit. Whit waves back. Whit looks scared. Clay drives off. We watch Whit get smaller from the view of the back windshield.

EXT. STREET - DAY

WIDE SHOT

We see Whit walk the LA streets alone.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Whit sits alone at the park.

FADE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN INDUSTRIAL LOS ANGELES - DUSK

Whit walks the dirty lonely streets of downtown LA. It's sad.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Whit is walking the streets. He's painfully bored. Across the street Belle (from the poker game) and her date Charlie are walking and talking. Whit remembers her. Belle is wearing normal clothes. We get a better idea of her true casual style and personality outside the confines of a sketchy poker game.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Belle and Charlie laugh, walk and talk. Whit follows close behind them.

INT. CLAY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clay hovers over his sink, peeking out the kitchen window. He scans his driveway. No one. Clay looks shook.

Whitney quietly enters the room. Clay JUMPS and knocks over plates and glasses.

WHITNEY

BABE!

CLAY

Sorry!

Beat.

WHITNEY

You okay?

CLAY

Yeah, I'm fine. You just spooked my
ass.

They start picking up the broken glass from the floor.

WHITNEY

Do we need to start buying plastic cups and plates?

CLAY

Actually, yes. Yes we do.

INT. BELLE'S KITCHEN

Belle pours a glass of wine. Charlie walks into kitchen.

CHARLIE

Your place has a familiar smell that I can't put my finger on. I really like it.

BELLE

My roommate makes candles. I'm burning one of them now.

CHARLIE

Oh cool. Is that her job?

Belle pours another glass.

BELLE

Sort of. Sort of not. She's like me, she has a lot of gigs and none of them seem to pay enough by themselves. You want wine?

Belle laughs.

BELLE (CONT'D)

I guess I should of asked before I poured you a glass.

CHARLIE

I would love wine, thank you.

Belle and Charlie walk into the living room. We reveal Whit lurking in the corner.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Where's your roommate?

BELLE

Who knows. She travels for work but I can never keep track where she is.

Belle sits on her couch. She takes off a button up shirt she was wearing as a jacket.

She is very confident around Charlie. Whit can't take his eyes off of her. Charlie sits close to Belle. There's a gap in the conversation. Charlie looks at Belle, Belle looks at Charlie and Whit looks at Belle. Charlie puts down his wine and starts making out with Belle. Whit keeps looking. Charlie stops and smiles awkwardly.

CHARLIE

Ok sorry, I have to use the restroom. Sorry, I started kissing you knowing I had to go.

Belle laughs.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Let me just get this out of the way first.

Charlie gets up.

BELLE

Down the hallway and to the left.

Charlie smiles.

CHARLIE

Thanks.

Charlie walks to the bathroom. Belle sits up. She stays in a similar position. She's comfortable. Whit can't take his eyes off her. Belle starts humming a song. Whit is transfixed on her. Belle sits up and grabs her wine. She walks to the entrance of the hallway and leans on the wall with one hand on the wall. Whit follows her but not too close.

Toilet flushed, the sink runs and Charlie exits the bathroom to see Belle at the end of the hallway. Charlie walks down to her and they start making out again.

BELLE

Wanna see my room?

CHARLIE

I do.

Charlie and Belle walk into their room. Whit stands at the very end of the hallway, standing in the living room. We see him through the barrel of the hallway. He doesn't move right away. We hear Belle and Charlie land on the bed. Whit still stands back for a bit.

Whit slowly starts walking to the room. Charlie and Belle are getting more heated.

INT. BELLE'S BEDROOM

Whit stands in the doorway. Charlie and Belle's making out has escalated. Charlie starts taking off his clothes and so does Belle. Charlie and Belle are all over each other. We focus on Whit watching.

The more this escalates to full on sex, the more Whit seems uneasy. Whit steps out.

CAMERA NOTE: Camera is fixed on Whit with Belle and Charlie's body slightly dirty in the frame. All nudity and sex is insinuated through dialogue and sound.

INT. BELLE'S HALLWAY

Whit takes a breather. It's a little too intense for him. Whit pauses for a beat. Belle moans a little. Whit looks over. Whit slowly steps back to see if he can stomach watching.

INT. BELLE'S BEDROOM

Whit peaks back in. He tries to stay but it proves to be too much for him.

INT. BELLE'S LIVING ROOM

Whit walks in and sits on the couch. He looks a little sick. We stay on Whit for a beat as he thinks about the situation his in. The sound of sex slows.

CHARLIE

(O.S.)

Fuck.

They stop.

BELLE

(O.S.)

What is it?

CHARLIE

(O.S.)

Sorry I just...

BELLE

(O.S.)

Trouble getting it up?

CHARLIE
(O.S.)
Uhh...

Whit acknowledges.

WHIT
Been there pal.

CHARLIE
(O.S.)
Sorry.

EXT. BELLE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Charlie and Whit walk out. Both filled with shame.

EXT. CLAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Clay and Whitney exit from their backdoor of their apartment.
Clay locks the door.

CLAY
Are we driving?

WHITNEY
I actually wanted to walk there.
Normally can't find parking at this
farmers market any ways.

CLAY
Oh, ok, smart.

Clay and Whitney start walking. They get on the sidewalk and
Clay instantly sees Whit walking up. Clay is shocked. Clay
instantly starts looking down.

WHIT
Clay! Hey man!

Whitney and Clay get closer. Whit runs up.

WHIT (CONT'D)
Hey man, I see you're with your
wife but man I had a crazy fucking
night and I think...

Clay turns around, Whitney is confused.

CLAY
Actually I think I wanna drive.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Eww!! Babe!

Clay looks over and sees Whitney looking at the trash.

CLAY

What?

WHITNEY

Can you take out the trash? There's something that spoiled in here. Did you throw away a gallon of milk or something?

Clay looks out to Whit and back to Whitney.

CLAY

Can I do it later?

WHITNEY

NO!

EXT. CLAY'S DRIVEWAY

Clay leaves the apartment with the full bag of trash. He slowly walks to the trash can. Whit perks up and walks with Clay.

WHIT

Hey dude, sorry, I know you can't talk with me when Whitney is around but we need to talk.

Clay continues walking, he ignores Whit.

WHIT (CONT'D)

Hey! You can talk to me now!

Clay throws the trash in the bin, turns around and now starts walking back to the apartment. He pays no attention to Whit.

WHIT (CONT'D)

What the fuck dude? HEY!

Clay gets to his door, opens it and squeezes in making sure Whit doesn't get in.

WHIT (CONT'D)

HEY! HEY!

INT. KITCHEN

Clay quickly closes the door. He goes to the kitchen window. Whit heads pops up.

WHIT
(from other side of the
window)
HEY!

Clay closes the curtain on him. Whitney is behind him unbagging the groceries. Clay closes the rest of the curtains in the kitchen.

WHITNEY
You ok?

CLAY
I feel sick. I'm going to lay down.

INT. BEDROOM/ HALLWAY/ LIVING ROOM/ KITCHEN

Clay lays down. He throws a pillow over his head. The camera slowly walks out of the bedroom and into the hallway, then the living room. It's empty. We walk into the kitchen. Whitney is finishing up putting away the groceries. The camera pans over showing Whit's shadow through the curtains peeking into the through window. Pan to Whitney. Whitney walks out of the kitchen. Pan to window. Whit moves. Pan to other kitchen window. We follow Whit's shadow as he goes from window to window.

EXT. APARTMENT

The sun goes down.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clay lies in bed with Whitney asleep right next to him. He can't sleep. He gets up out of bed.

INT. HALLWAY

Clay peeks out of his bedroom. He's scared. Clay walks out and carefully walks down the hallway.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Clay looks around. No one.

INT. KITCHEN

Clay walks in. No one. Clay slowly walks to the kitchen window. Looking out, we don't see Whit anywhere.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Clay sits in a dark living room lit by one lamp. He sits on the couch. He sighs. He's feeling overwhelmed. Clay grabs his laptop next to him. He opens the laptop and googles, "I see a ghost". He finds clickbait youtube videos of top 10 eeriest ghost. They are clearly fake ghost stories.

He tries again. This time he googles "I can talk to the dead". A subreddit comes up the reads "We See Dead People: a community for people burdened with seeing the dead". The first post he sees is a video. Clay clicks play on the video.

VIDEO CLIP: INT. BEDROOM/ HALLWAY - NIGHT

A girl is alone in her room. We don't see her. She is holding the camera. All we see is her hand on a door. She is breathing hard.

SYDNEY

I think he's in the house now.

Heavy breathing.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

(frightened)

Let me show you.

She cautiously opens her door. She steps out and we see a long hallway. She waits at the end of the hallway. The camera is shaking a little but we can clearly see the hallway is empty.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

(scared)

Fuck, I think I hear him.

Beat. Sydney takes a step down the hallway. She stops and points at the end of the hallway as if she's pointing at something, but there's nothing there.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

(frantic)

THERE HE IS! THERE HE IS!

Sydney starts to walk backwards. The camera is still pointed forward.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
 (frantic)
 LEAVE ME ALONE! GET OUT OF MY...

Sydney bolts back to her room as if the ghost made a move.
 Sydney enters the bedroom and slams the door. VIDEO ENDS.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Clay is shocked by the video. He clicks on the username who posted it "Spiritualgirl_ceramics". Her page has her past post which includes the video we just watched and picture of ceramic cups she's posted. Clay finds a website in her bio "spiritualgirlceramics.com" Clay clicks on the site. It's just a page where she sells her ceramics. Clay clicks on the about me page. It has her email and a address, "5102 Stanley Dr."

EXT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE - DAY

We see a street curb that reads "5102" Camera zooms out to reveal Clay looking at the number on the curb. He looks up at the house it belongs to. Clay walks to the house.

Clay reaches the front door. He knocks.

Beat.

A middle aged sort of HIPPIE GUY answers the door. She looks through the small crack in the door.

HIPPIE
 Yes?

CLAY
 Hi, my name is Clay and I'm looking for Sydney.

HIPPIE
 What about?

CLAY
 Uhh, I saw her post... online and was wondering...

HIPPIE
 Is this about the ceramics?

Clay doesn't know how to respond. He doesn't answer.

CLAY
 Uhhh... No.

HIPPIE
Sydney died a few months ago.

CLAY
Oh. I'm sorry.

Clay begins to leave. He stops.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Could I ask what happened?

HIPPIE
She killed herself.

CLAY
I'm so sorry.

HIPPIE
It's fine. She had been struggling for about a year. Haunted by hallucinations. That's what the doctors said. Couldn't get away from him. I felt awful for her. She was a good friend.

CLAY
I see. Well I'm sorry to bother you.

HIPPIE
Let me help you.

CLAY
You can help me?

He goes inside his place and returns with a card.

CLAY (CONT'D)
(hopeful)
What's this?

HIPPIE
It was Sydney's. Not like she could use it now.

Clay looks at the card. It's a gift card to Buzz Cut Sam's Haircut Place. On the card shows a bee holding clippers with a speech bubble next to him that reads, "My name is Sam."

HIPPIE (CONT'D)
Expires next month, so you should probably go very soon.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DUSK

Clay pulls up. He scans the area for Whit. Whit is nowhere.

INT. KITCHEN

Clay walks into the kitchen. Whitney is cooking. Clay instantly starts scanning the room. No Whit.

WHITNEY

Where have you been?

Clay walks down the kitchen then examines the living room. No Whit.

CLAY

Uhh, the store.

WHITNEY

Which one?

Clay peeks down the hallway. He's too focused on looking for Whit too give all of his attention to Whitney.

CLAY

I don't know.

WHITNEY

Ok? Well, dinners gonna be ready here soon.

CLAY

Uh, I actually feel... not so good, I'm going to lay down.

WHITNEY

What's going on? Are you ok?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clay sleeps with his clothes on with a pillow over his head. Clay wakes up. Bang! Clay hears the door being closed. Clay sits up. Whitney walks into the bedroom.

CLAY

What was that?

WHITNEY

What was what?

CLAY

Do you go somewhere?

WHITNEY

No, I just took out the recycling,
that was full too.

CLAY

Oh.

WHITNEY

How many beers did you drink while
I was gone?

CLAY

Did you leave the door open when
you left?

WHITNEY

What? No. I'm not dumb, I know how
to take out the recycling and not
let Lenny out.

Clay sighs. He gets up and walks to the bathroom.

INT. HALLWAY

Before entering the bathroom, Clay stares down the hallway.
Nothing. It's empty. Camera looks down the hallway at Clay.
The camera stays there while Clay walks into the bathroom.
Camera stays still. We hear Clay's pee.

Beat.

A shadow walks past the camera!

Toilet flushes. We hear Clay wash his hands and we see him
walk to his room.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Whitney sleeps. Clay tries to keep his eyes shut but he
can't. Finally he closes them as tight as he can.

CLAY

(to himself)

Sleep.

Pitch black.

Clay opens his eyes again to reveal a silhouette of Whit
standing in the doorway. Whit is still. Very creepy. Clay
tries to ignore it.

CLAY (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Fuck

Clay turns over. He really wants to sleep through this but jumps out of bed.

WHITNEY
 (tired)
 Babe! Easy.

Whit is spooked. He runs down the hallway. Clay follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Whit is scared, waiting in the living room. Clay approaches. He closes the hallway door.

WHITNEY
 (from bedroom)
 Babe!

CLAY
 (loud whisper)
 Outside! Now!

WHIT
 No I'm not going outside.

WHITNEY
 (from bedroom)
 Everything ok? What's going on?

Clay walks into the kitchen and grabs his car keys. Clay stares at Whit.

CLAY
 (to Whitney)
 I forgot something in the car I needed.

WHITNEY
 (from bedroom)
 What??

Clay storms out the back door he leaves the door open.

Whit slowly walks to the open door and stops. Whit thinks before leaving the apartment.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Clay stands next to his car. Whit walks out of the apartment.

CLAY
We need to go for a ride, man.

WHIT
That's my money too ya know?

CLAY
I'm not talking about that here. We need to go for a ride and talk this out like reasonable adults, ok?

Whit thinks.

WHIT
No.

CLAY
I'm not debating you on this.

Clay opens the passenger side door.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Let's go.

Whit thinks for a beat. He gives in.

WHIT
You need to close your back door first.

Clay sighs and walks back to his apartment.

CLAY
(to himself)
For the love of god.

Clay arrives at the door and closes the door.

CLAY (CONT'D)
We agreed to a week alone.

WHIT
A week was too long man.

Clay and Whit walk to the car.

CLAY
We need to be reasonable and set up some realistic boundaries.

They approach the car.

WHIT
Where are we going?

CLAY
You'll see, just get in.

Whit pauses. Whit gives in and gets into the car.

Clay shuts the door.

Clay walks back to the apartment, trapping Whit in the car.
Whit slowly realizes whats going on.

WHIT
(muffled from inside car)
Clay! Clay!!! You fucking
asshole... CLAY!!

Clay gets in his apartment and closes the door.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Clay sits in the dark. He googles "Why can't ghosts open doors?".

Clay whispers as he skims: "Transference of matter through energy. The amount of energy it takes to harness matter to turn a door knob is nearly impossible, which is why ghosts prefer to walk through walls. It takes years for many spirits to learn to harness their matter through walls."

INT. BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Clay places a cup of coffee on Whitney's bed side table.
Whitney wakes up.

CLAY
Morning.

WHITNEY
You're up early.

CLAY
You won't believe this. I got a gig
working on a production up in
Mammoth.

WHITNEY
Aww that's great. Through Andy?

CLAY

Yeah a friend of his is directing.
It's just a couple days, but it
literally starts today.

WHITNEY

Oh whoa.

CLAY

Do you mind if I take the car?

WHITNEY

No not at all. Please.

CLAY

You're sure?

WHITNEY

Yes of course. Proud of you babe.

CLAY

Love you, I'll be back in a couple
days.

EXT. APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Clay approaches the car. Whit is yelling. Clay opens and puts
his bag in the back seat and gets in.

WHIT

Uncool man! Uncool! Unacceptable!

INT. CAR

Clay buckles his seat belt and starts the car.

WHIT

Unacceptable! Absolutely
unacceptable what you did to me.
What the fuck man?

CLAY

Listen, you're right. I owe you...

Whit face turns.

Beat.

WHIT

Yeah, you do owe me.

CLAY

(stressed)

I can't talk to you in front of Whitney and if you were being just even a little considerate and reasonable you would understand that.

Whit takes this in.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Listen, this is a lot for me and I know this is a lot for you, but if you wanna have this work out, I can't have you just crash into my life like this. I need to slowly work you in. I need time to adjust.

WHIT

So what does this mean? I have to be alone in the world longer than I'm with someone I can talk to.

CLAY

Yes, for just a little longer and I can work you in as something more permanent but it will just take some time.

WHIT

I don't know man...

CLAY

I know this would be hard for you so, how about this? You have me for a week. Just me and you and after that we start the process of working you into my home life.

WHIT

When does the week together start.

CLAY

Right now. I lied to my wife and I said I have work in Mammoth and I needed the car. We spend the money we made together on a cabin. We get to spend time together and enjoy the money we made together. It's only fair.

WHIT

I don't know...

CLAY

What? This is what you wanted.

WHIT

You locked me in a fucking car all night man.

CLAY

Can't you just like sleep or some shit?

WHIT

No! I can't sleep. I can't eat. I can't jack off or any of the other shit I do that makes me feel good.

CLAY

Ok well...

Whit looks at Clay. He raises his eye brows.

CLAY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

WHIT

Cool, that's all I wanted to hear. Let's go pal!

INT. CAR - MOUNTAIN ROADS

Clay drives. Whit sings a botched version of "Goin Up The Country" in a high pitched voice. This is a lot for Clay to take in but he's being polite. Whit stops singing.

CLAY

Hey, remember when that guy was beating my ass?

WHIT

Ha, yeah.

CLAY

Remember when he was flung off me and flew down the alley?

WHIT

No.

CLAY

How do you not remember that?

WHIT

I don't know.

CLAY

How do you remember the fight ending?

WHIT

I don't know. He just stopped.

CLAY

He was sucked off me.

WHIT

I didn't suck him off you.

CLAY

He was sucked off.

WHIT

I don't know man, when you're in the middle of a fight all your senses are heightened and maybe if I felt like he was sucked off.

CLAY

Ah, ok. Remember the next day I told you you had to leave, you got mad and then a glass flew off my counter and it broke on the ground.

WHIT

I remember your cat knocked over a glass while I was mad. I'm telling you man, I think your cat can see and hear me.

CLAY

No no, my cat didn't do that.

WHIT

(confused)

What are you getting at?

Clay is silent.

WHIT (CONT'D)

Are you saying I did all that? I can't even take off my pants and you now think I can fling objects across the room with my mind?

CLAY

You're right, I must be crazy.

WHIT

Right.

They drive in silence for a beat.

WHIT (CONT'D)
I had an idea for you hair.

CLAY
What? Get a fucking haircut?

WHIT
No. You should bleach it.

CLAY
What? You think I should bleach
it??

WHIT
Yeah.

Long beat.

CLAY
That's not a bad idea.

We see the first signs of snow. This catches Whit's
attention.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Clay and Whit look out at the snow.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE

Clay and Whit walk across the snow.

WHIT
I get why millions of people wanna
leave California, but you gotta
admit this is beautiful.

CLAY
Millions are leaving California?

WHIT
Well, because of taxes or
something... that's what I read.

CLAY
Where did you read that?

WHIT
I heard Joe Rogan talk about.

CLAY
Joe Rogan? Did dying give you brain
damage?

WHIT
No.

Beat.

WHIT (CONT'D)
I like Joe Rogan.

Clay grabs his camera and takes a photo of the view.

FADE TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT

Whit sits alone in the car. He's calm. In the distance, a man walking aimlessly in the parking lot. This grabs Whit's attention. The man is walking like he gave up on life. He looks like a man who lost all hope. Whit looks at the man in an empathetic way. Whit checks his surroundings to see if anyone notices the man.

Car door opens. It's Clay putting a 12 pack of beer in the back. Clay also has a plastic bag. Door closes. Driver side door opens, Clay enters. He looks excited.

WHIT
Can you see that man?

Whit points to the man walking in the parking lot.

CLAY
Yeah I see him. Guess what I got?

WHIT
What?

Clay reaches into the bag and pulls out hair bleach.

CLAY
I'm gonna do it.

WHIT
Oh cool.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN RENTAL - DUSK

Clay pulls into the driveway. Clay gets out. He walks around and lets Whit out of the car. Clay grabs his beer and bags.

INT. CABIN RENTAL

Clay and Whit enter the house. It's small. Clay walks up to the kitchen and notices a binder on the kitchen table. He opens up the binder. It says, "Welcome to our Cabin". Underneath are instructions for the cabin.

WHIT

What's that?

CLAY

Instructions for the cabin.

(reads)

Make sure both sets of keys are placed back in the key-box before leaving. First aid, Flashlight and lantern in kitchen drawer... This is normally a family cabin. A lot of whats in the cabin are family heirlooms and are extremely precious to us, so please treat our belongings with the upmost respect.

(done reading)

You hear that Whit?

WHIT

Why would you leave family heirlooms in your rental cabin?

CLAY

Dumb.

Beat.

CLAY (CONT'D)

They better have a bath.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Clay drinks a beer in the bath. The house is silent. We just hear the light water noises from the bath slushing around in the tub. Clay sips his beer. It's eerie.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Whit walks down the hall into the living room. He sits and puts his head into his hands.

INT. BATHROOM

Clay eyes beat around as if he senses something is off in the cabin, but he doesn't quite know what it is. He takes another sip of his beer.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Clay enters the living room with a beer in hand. His hair is wet and he just threw his old clothes back on. Whit is sitting on the couch looking down at the ground. The eerie feeling born from the quietness of this cabin is felt here too.

CLAY

Hey, pal.

Whit looks up to see Clay.

WHIT

(somethings off)

Oh hey dude.

Beat.

CLAY

You good?

WHIT

Sorry, no, I'm good, I'm good. I just... I don't know. I just wanna let you know I appreciate this time we spend together.

Clay is unsure of Whit at this moment.

CLAY

Yeah? ... good.

WHIT

Yeah, sorry, just a lot is going on right now.

CLAY

Yeah I get it.

WHIT

I mean, you don't but...

Clay is thrown off by this.

CLAY

No, I mean, this is a lot to process and all and I think you need to look on the bright side that you at least get someone to talk to... like every now and again, but, you know, I understand.

WHIT

(growing anger)
Don't say that.

Awkward beat.

CLAY

Don't say what?

Whit is silent. He has his head down. Clay tries again.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Don't say what?

WHIT

(fed up)
Don't say that you understand. You don't understand. You have **no fucking clue** about me and what I'm going through.
(looks Clay in the eyes)
So don't say you understand.

POP! A distant metallic pop sound happens in the distance. Clay is frightened by the noise.

WHIT (CONT'D)

What was that?

Power goes out! Total darkness.

We hear Clay shuffle and run into the kitchen. Bang.

CLAY

Ouch, damn it. My head

WHIT

What's going on?

CLAY

Stay away from me?

Clay ruffles through the kitchen drawers.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Where's that fucking lantern?

WHIT
Dude. Calm down.

Clay finds the lantern and turns it on. It's the only light in the cabin. Whit puts his hands up in the air.

WHIT (CONT'D)
Clay, please. I promise you that wasn't me.

Clay is unsure. Clay won't take his eyes off Whit. We hold on this for a beat.

WHIT (CONT'D)
You gotta believe me man.

We hear someone jiggle the backdoor. Clay and Whit scream and hide behind the kitchen counter.

CLAY
What the fuck was that?

Whit is sitting next to Clay.

WHIT
There's someone at the door, I think.

Clay is confused.

CLAY
Why are **you** hiding?

Whit thinks.

WHIT
Oh, right.

CLAY
Go see who it is.

WHIT
Smart.

Whit gets up and checks. Whit peaks into the back window. Whit sees a man trying to pick the door. The man enters.

WHIT (CONT'D)
A guy is breaking in man! You gotta hide.

Clay and Whit run into the bedroom.

INT. CABIN BEDROOM

Clay and Whit are freaked.

CLAY

(whisper)

What should I do? Can you harness your suck off powers to get him out of here.

WHIT

(whispers too for some reason)

Dude I can't suck that guy off! If I could I would but I don't know how I did that?

CLAY

So you admit it.

WHIT

No, I mean, okay I remember that one but it's all a blur. I don't know how I did that. You were in trouble. You needed me. I had nothing to do with the vase shit.

CLAY

I believe you man.

WHIT

Thanks pal. We gotta think of a way to scare this guy outta here.

Clay thinks about that for a second.

INT. CABIN

The man walks through the cabin with a flash light. He opens the bedroom door slowly to reveal a GHOST IN A SHEET STANDING ABOVE HIM looking like a nightmare.

GHOST

Ooga Booga.

The man runs out of the bedroom. The front door slams. The ghost pulls the sheet off revealing Clay.

CLAY

Can't believe it worked.

WHIT

"Ooga Booga"?

CLAY
I was thinking on my feet.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM

Whit and Clay watch the man run off through the window.

WHIT
I think that worked.

CLAY
Really?

EXT. SIDE OF CABIN - LATER

It's freezing. Clay and Whit walk outside with the lantern. They see the breaker for the house with its cover opened.

WHIT
I think the guy wanted the power
off to turn off the alarm system,
maybe?

Clay looks down and finds a small broken lock. He picks it up and examines it.

WHIT (CONT'D)
Told ya it wasn't me.

Camera holds on the broken lock in Clay's hands.

INT. KITCHEN

Clay is pacing in the kitchen on the phone. Whit watches.

CLAY
(on phone)
So, I turn the power back on and
was wondering if theres, like... an
alarm system I need to reset or
something.

CABIN OWNER
(O.S.)
WHAT!? The alarm system has a
battery back up. DID HE FUCK UP THE
DOOR? WHAT WAS HE DOING?!

Clay is shocked by the Cabin Owner's response.

CLAY

Mam, nothing hap... everything is fine. I'm just calling about...

CABIN OWNER

(furious)

YOU NEED TO CALL THE COPS! YOU NEED TO FILE A REPORT AND DESCRIBE TO THE OFFICER EXACTLY WHAT YOU SAW. AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN THE LOCK BROKE ON THE BREAKER?! WHAT ELSE DID HE BREAK? DID HE...

Clay moves the phone from his ear. She's manic. She won't stop. Whit does the motion with his hand of hanging up the phone.

CABIN OWNER (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

HAVE THE POLICE CHECK OUT EVERY INCH OF THE...

CLAY

Mam, I just...

CABIN OWNER

(O.S.)

BROKEN WINDOWS, STOLEN ITEMS AND WHEN THE POLICE COME...

Whit does the hang up motion again. Clay agrees.

CLAY

(quick into the phone)

Sorry, it was all a prank, baba booeey baba booeey, nice chatting! Bye!

Clay hangs. He looks at Whit in shock.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Jesus.

Beat.

INT. CABIN

MUSIC STARTS

MONTAGE:

- Clay bleaches his hair. Whit tells him the spots he's missing.

- Clay dances shirtless with hair dye in his hair. He's getting more drunk.
- Clay washes his dye out in the bath tub. He looks cooler. Whit approves.
- Clay and Whit run outside in the snow.
- Clay gets Whit to try and pick things up.
- Whit and Clay have a lantern lit dance party in the living room. Clay is almost black out drunk at this point.
- Clay starts doing karate during the dancing.
- Clay round house kicks a vase off the table. The vase BREAKS and Clay falls back onto his ass.

WHIT

Oh shit, you ok?

Clay stares out into the distances and thinks.

CLAY

Uh.... yes.

Whit looks at the broken vase.

WHIT

Fuck.

CLAY

(not totally there)
What?

WHIT

You broke the vase.

CLAY

...oh cool.

Clay gets up.

CLAY (CONT'D)

I know how to fix that.

Clay stumbles to the bathroom. Whit watches. He's a little worried. Clay comes back with a towel.

Clay places the towel over the broken vase.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Problem solved.

CLAY (CONT'D)
I think, I...

Pause.

WHIT
...gonna throw up?

Pause.

CLAY
I think I need to go to sleep.

WHIT
Yeah, that's a good idea.

CLAY
Yeah... ok.

Clay turns and stumbles a little to his room.

CLAY (CONT'D)
I'm gonna leave the back door open
if you get bored in the morning.

WHIT
You actually don't...

Clay opens backdoor.

WHIT (CONT'D)
Ok.

INT. CABIN BEDROOM

Clay gets to his room and throws off his pants and climbs into bed.

Clay gets under the covers. He takes a deep breath. He starts to acknowledge how drunk he really is. He takes a deep breath. Clay looks over to his door. He sees Whit. Whit is silhouetted in the doorway. Similar to Whit silhouetted from his bedroom back home. Clay takes this in.

WHIT
Good night.

Clay looks scared. We hold on Clay for a beat.

CLAY
Good night.

Clay turns away from Whit and gets ready to sleep.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shot of the blanket that's covering the vase.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Exact same shot of the blanket, but now lit by the morning light. Clay walks out of his bedroom. He is a mess, his newly dyed hair is also a mess. Clay walks out to see the back door is open and Whit is gone. Clay walks over to the blanket he looks at it.

EXT. SNOWY NEIGHBORHOOD

Whit walks around a lightly wooden area of the snow filled neighborhood. He takes it all in.

Beat. Whit then looks behind him and sees his cabin. The back door is still open. He starts walking to the cabin.

INT. CABIN

Whit walks into the cabin. He sees the attic door open. Whit walks past it to see Clay cleaning up the broken vase.

WHIT

What's going on?

CLAY

Oh, morning. I wanted to throw this crap I broke away but I feel bad. Last night was wild huh?

WHIT

Yeah really fun. Your hair looks cool man.

CLAY

Thanks.

WHIT

Thanks for this man. You're a good friend. I'm sorry for all the crap I put you through, I really am. I wanted to tell you something. I mean like I gotta get something off my chest.

Clay continues sweeping the vase. He listens to Whit but wont look at him.

WHIT (CONT'D)

I know how I died. I'm not a successful actor out here with cool unreleased projects.

Clay stops sweeping. He looks at Whit.

CLAY

What happened man?

WHIT

I just... shit was good in high school ya know? Like everybody always told me I was gonna do cool shit. I moved out here with some money I saved up. I was so hopeful. I tried getting a gig waiting tables but it's competitive as fuck. I was living in my car. Broke. So I started playing Joker on Hollywood Blvd in front of Grauman's. It was really fun. I was doing Heath Ledger's joker.

CLAY

Oh man I remember you doing that all the time in high school.

Whit gets emotional.

WHIT

I'm really good at it. I was killing it man. People loved me. Was making good money while doing something I love.

CLAY

But what happened?

WHIT

Well the other actors on Hollywood Blvd can be really jealous man. Especially Pennywise and Deadpool. They were always taunting me man. One night, as I was walking back to my car after washing my makeup and shit off, they beat the fuck out of me and robbed my ass.

CLAY

Pennywise and Deadpool killed you?

WHIT

The last thing I remember was Pennywise and Deadpool looking over me. I was begging them to stop. Deadpool, sick fuck, pulled a crow bar over his head and-

CLAY

You don't have to tell me anymore man. I'm so sorry. I should have been there for you. I can't believe you had to live in your car. I feel like such a dick.

WHIT

I'm not saying any of this so you'll apologize. I'm a grown man. I just feel like I should be honest with the guy I'm gonna be stuck with for who knows how long. I can't live a lie ya know? I appreciate you man. I'm happy to work whatever you want out. I'll be chill. None of that haunting stuff. No tricks or whatever. I don't wanna end up really alone aimlessly walking down the side of the highway. We just gotta communicate and be honest with each other so we know what we want and then we can keep going on like this until I go to heaven or whatever it is that's next... or until you die.

Whit chuckles. Clay considers Whit's words carefully.

WHIT (CONT'D)

I'm lucky I get to haunt you and not some tool who's still back in Fresno. I'd rather get stuck in a car for life than have to go back to Fresno.

Clay finishes with the vase. He places the broom against the wall.

CLAY

Thanks Whit. You're a good guy.

Whit searches Clay's eyes for something.

WHIT

Yep... **Honesty** man. Feels good.

Clay looks away.

CLAY

I bet. Good for you.

WHIT

Are you gonna tell them you broke the vase?

CLAY

After talking to that lady last night, absolutely not. But I think you might... maybe be able to fix this, so my plan is, I'm not going to tell them it's broken or have it be somewhere they can find it, but if they ask, I can tell them where I put it, in case they wanna try and fix it.

WHIT

Oh... Smart.

Clay starts climbing the attic ladder.

CLAY

My real goal is that they never ask and I never have to talk to that lady ever again.

WHIT

True.

Clay goes into the attic. Whit waits in the living room. Whit stands quietly.

Beat.

WHIT (CONT'D)

What's it like up there?

CLAY

(O.S.)

What?

WHIT

What's it like up there?

Clay climbs down.

CLAY

Oh, it's just like a normal attic. Bigger than I thought.

(MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)

You can climb up, I just need to find something big down here to put in front of it.

WHIT

You're really trying to hide this thing.

Whit starts climbing up in the attic.

INT. ATTIC

Whit looks and sees an empty attic. He sees the blanket ball tucked into a corner. Whit looks back to the door.

WHIT

I don't know man. This might be good enough.

Nothing.

WHIT (CONT'D)

Clay?

Attic door is slammed shut.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM

Clay just finishes closing the attic door. Clay stares at the attic door and thinks for a second.

WHIT

(muffled O.S.)

CLAY! CLAY!

Clay takes a nervous deep breath. He walks to his room.

INT. CABIN BEDROOM

Clay is packing his bags.

WHIT

(muffled O.S.)

CLAY! CLAY! DUDE! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING MAN?! CLAY!

Clay zips up his bag.

INT. KITCHEN

Clay grabs the trash out of the trash can.

WHIT
(muffled O.S.)
CLAY! PLEASE! CLAY! LET ME OUT MAN!
CLAAAAAY!

Clay refills the trash can with a new bag. He walks to the kitchen counter and grabs the 2 keys.

WHIT (CONT'D)
(muffled O.S.)
I'M FUCKING BEGGING YOU MAN GET ME
OUT! CLAY! ... CLAY!

Clay walks and closes the backdoor and locks it.

EXT. CABIN

Clay walks out of the house with his bags and the trash bag. Whit's screams are now faint.

Clay places his 2 keys in a key lock box.

Clay walks over and drops the trash in the trash can.

Clay walks to his car.

Before Clay gets into his car, he looks out at the cabin. He's not fully committed to this and he thinks it over as he stares at the cabin. Clay takes another nervous deep breath.

Clay throws his bags into the car and gets in.

INT. CAR

Clay sits in the driver seat and thinks.

Beat.

Clay starts his car and starts pulling away.

From the view of the back windshield we see us leaving the drive way. We stay on this shot as Clay drives away. Clay turns out of the drive way and now the cabin is out of view. We still stay on this shot as Clay drives away. Hold for a long beat as Clay drives.

CUT TO BLACK.