

HALLOWQUEENS

"PILOT"

Written by

Andrea Elizabeth Gardner
And
Amanda Dawn Jacobson

©2013

Andrea@hausdrea.com
Amander007@gmail.com

COLD OPEN

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

VINCENT and CHAZ are on their way to a Halloween party. VINCENT is a tall, slender man in his mid-30s. CHAZ is a shorter, stocky man in his early 30s. CHAZ forgot to remind VINCENT about the party, which resulted in their costumes only being sheets. VINCENT is not happy with CHAZ and his forgetfulness. The story begins with them walking to the party arguing. CHAZ and VINCENT have sheets that go to their ankles and all you can see of their human form are their quality leather loafers and part of their nice designer pants.

CHAZ and VINCENT walking down a busy city street. Both are bickering and oblivious to their surroundings.

VINCENT

God dammit, Chaz! I can't believe you forgot about Charlotte's party!

CHAZ

I told you about this weeks ago!
Had you been paying attention to me, we wouldn't be in this mess!

CHAZ and VINCENT turn the corner and begin to blindly walk into the street.

Passing traffic is honking at them. Since they don't have the right of way, they are cutting off traffic.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

Wearing these half-assed costumes with a thread count so low that I am getting a rash on my face.

VINCENT

Well, sorry if everything that comes out of your mouth is "blah blah bl.."

CHAZ

I am literally getting a rash right now.

CHAZ vigorously scratches at his face underneath the sheet.

VINCENT stops CHAZ in the middle of the street.

VINCENT looks like he is about to bitch slap CHAZ.

CHAZ puts one hand on his hip and waves the other sheet covered hand in VINCENT's face.

Both CHAZ and VINCENT do not notice the garbage truck that is about to hit them.

Garbage truck driver honks his horn trying to get their attention.

Garbage truck driver tries to slam on his breaks, only to discover his breaks are out.

VINCENT
Bitch, you should've used Gold
Bond.

Garbage truck hits them without them even noticing.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. THE PURGATORY PLACEMENT OFFICE - NIGHT

Fade in to blinding florescent light filling a room. All the audience can hear is crappy elevator music. Bring into focus the Purgatory Placement Office, a place where troubled souls arrive after they die. CHAZ and VINCENT find themselves here, not yet knowing that they are dead. The Purgatory Placement Office should be reminiscent of a D.M.V. The main room consists of one big front desk and rows upon rows of uncomfortable chairs in a waiting area and a large LED screen with the number of the ghost being waited on displayed. There is a front desk with a woman behind it. Her name tag reads GLADYS. GLADYS is an old haggard woman with a beehive that is slouching to one side and a cigarette dangling out of her mouth. She has been working there far too long.

VINCENT and CHAZ are standing in front of GLADYS' desk continuing the argument they were having before they got hit by the garbage truck.

GLADYS is flipping through a magazine from the 1960s while noisily chewing gum and smoking her cigarette. She is uninterested in CHAZ and VINCENT's argument.

GLADYS
 (does not look up from
 reading her magazine)
 Welcome to the Purgatory Placement
 Office. Take a number, fill out
 these forms and wait to be called.

CHAZ
 (to Vincent)
 What did you just say to me?

VINCENT
 Well if your face is going to chafe
 like your balls why don't you just
 take the damn sheet off.

CHAZ tries taking the sheet off, but is trapped inside.

CHAZ
 (frustrated)
 It won't come off!

CHAZ continues to try and take the sheet off as VINCENT
 begins to notice they are somewhere new and strange.
 VINCENT begins to survey the room.

VINCENT
 Where the hell are we? This isn't
 Charlotte's place. You got us lost
 AGAIN?

CHAZ
 Oh, please. If I had a dollar for
 every time your drunk ass woke up
 in a stranger's apartment, I would
 be a rich man.

GLADYS
 (louder and more annoyed)
 Welcome to the Purgatory Placement
 Office. Take a number, fill out
 these forms and wait to be called
 on.

VINCENT
 (eccentric hand gestures
 towards Gladys' beehive)
 Ummm, what is going on here!

GLADYS
 (sighs)
 Welcome to the Purgatory Placement
 Office. Fill out sections 1-25 and
 wait for your number to be called.

CHAZ is continuing to fiddle with the sheet and it begins to annoy GLADYS.

VINCENT
(confused)
What?

CHAZ continues to try and get the sheet off.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Oh for God's sake, Chaz.

GLADYS
Sir, stop trying to remove the
sheet. It's not coming off.

VINCENT takes a closer look around and sees the vast amount of fellow ghosts all in various states of bizarre dress. Everyone is dressed in what they died in.

CAMERA PANS THE ROOM

VINCENT and CHAZ notice a middle aged man dressed entirely in bondage, equipped with a ball-gag.

STEVEN, the bondage man, is quietly reading The Wall Street Journal.

CUT BACK TO CHAZ AND VINCENT

CHAZ
What do you mean it's not coming
off?

GLADYS
You die in it, you wear it for
eternity. Or, at least until you
cross over. That is, *IF* you cross
over.

STEVEN (O.S.)
(Gags)

CAMERA PANS OVER TO STEVEN AS HE CHOKES ON HIS BALL GAG AND RECOLLECTS HIMSELF.

CUT BACK TO VINCENT, CHAZ, AND GLADYS.

GLADYS hands them all the paperwork. Then, she gives them their number.

GLADYS

Now please fill out your paperwork
and wait for your number to be
called.

VINCENT and CHAZ look at each other.

VINCENT AND CHAZ

Shit.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. PURGATORY PLACEMENT OFFICE - NIGHT

GLADYS is behind the counter. VINCENT and CHAZ are sitting
across from STEVEN.

GLADYS

Number 163.

VINCENT looks down at their number which is #1324

VINCENT rolls his eyes in annoyance.

CHAZ

(To Steven)

So....how's it going?

STEVEN

(incoherent mumbles)

Just catching up on some light
reading. This place really isn't so
bad once you get used to it.

CHAZ

I'm sorry, what?

VINCENT nudges CHAZ with his elbow to shut him up.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

Ouch....bitch.

VINCENT stands up.

VINCENT

I'm going to go get some water.

VINCENT walks away.

CHAZ

What do you need water for? We're
dead!

CUT TO:

INT. PURGATORY PLACEMENT OFFICE HALLWAY

VINCENT begins to explore the facilities as he looks for some water. He should pass by the places Gladys will explain later on their tour, including the therapist's office.

VINCENT arrives at a break room with vending machines and grabs a glass of water from a water cooler.

VINCENT walks back to the waiting area where Chaz is deep in conversation with the Roman Emperor Caligula.

CHAZ
(To Caligula)
Oh my god, you are such a slut!
What are you doing later?

VINCENT
(annoyed)
Chaz!

VINCENT gestures his head for CHAZ to get up and join him.

CHAZ gets up and walks over to VINCENT.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

CHAZ
Oh lighten up. Just having a
friendly conversation.

GLADYS (O.S.)
Number 1324.

CHAZ
Oh my god, that's us!

CHAZ and VINCENT get up and walk to the front desk.

CHAZ hands GLADYS their number and paperwork.

GLADYS
(uninterested)
Congratulations. You are one step
closer to crossing over.

GLADYS gets up from her chair.

CHAZ
(Lightly clapping his
hands)
Goody!

GLADYS
(annoyed with having to do
her job)
Follow me.

VINCENT and CHAZ begin their tour of the facilities.

GLADYS takes them to the break room first.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
This is the break room.

VINCENT and CHAZ look inside the break room.

Several ghosts are congregating by the water cooler,
including a ghost dressed as a taco and a 1920s strongman.

TACO GUY and STRONG MAN look at VINCENT and CHAZ.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
This is where most folks hang out
between assignments.

STRONG MAN gives them a head nod.

TACO GUY raises his coffee mug to them.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
Now over here, we have our
conference room where we host
meetings and mandatory seminars.

CHAZ and VINCENT look inside and see a round table with an
electronic speaker phone in the center. Several ghosts are
sitting around the table looking at visuals from an overhead
projector.

CHAZ
Ohhh, it's nice.

VINCENT
Shut up, Chaz.

CHAZ
What?

GLADYS
And next we have our counseling
center, for those who need help
with their transition.

GLADYS leads CHAZ and VINCENT back to the waiting area.

GLADYS takes a seat behind her desk again.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

Here's your first assignment. We try not to make the first case too hard for people.

GLADYS hands them a folder.

VINCENT

What do you mean assignment?

GLADYS

The only way for you to cross over is to fill a quota of rescued souls who need your help. We assign you the souls, and you save them.

CHAZ

What if we can't help them?

GLADYS

Then another one gets added to your list.

VINCENT looks in the folder.

VINCENT

This just lists a date and a location. Who are we supposed to be saving?

GLADYS

That's part of the job. You have to figure out who needs your help.

As GLADYS is speaking, the room slowly begins to fill with white light.

FADE TO WHITE.

EXT. FRONT LAWN OF FRATERNITY - DAY

A fraternity is having a grill out party. Most people are congregated together, drinking beer, playing lawn games, etc. One guy is sitting by himself in the distance, he is reading a book underneath a tree. This guy's name is PHILLIP. CHAZ and VINCENT correlate him reading a book by himself with being depressed. Near the grill is a frat guy named BRODY. BRODY is grilling for the rest of the fraternity, wearing a horse-head mask and body builder apron. BRODY is clearly intoxicated.

VINCENT and CHAZ walk up to the fraternity.

VINCENT

How are we supposed to figure out which one of these guys needs our help. They all do. I'm mean, seriously.

CHAZ

Well, maybe we should mingle and try and get to know them better.

VINCENT

Ugh, fine.

VINCENT and CHAZ walk over to the keg.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Ugh, all they have is cheap beer.

CHAZ

Oh, stop it, Vincent. You're so negative.

VINCENT

This is hell.

CHAZ

Okay, well let's just stick to our assignment.

CHAZ and VINCENT walk away from the keg.

CHAZ and VINCENT notice PHILLIP sitting all alone.

BRODY walks towards the keg.

FRAT GUYS begin to cheer because they know BRODY is about to do a keg stand.

FRAT GUYS

Brody! Brody! Brody!

CHAZ

Let's go try to talk to this guy.

VINCENT

Yeah, he clearly needs our help. What kind of social reject would be reading a book under a tree at a frat party?

CHAZ and VINCENT walk up to PHILLIP.

CHAZ

Hey there!

PHILLIP does not respond

VINCENT

Hello!?

PHILLIP does not respond

In the background, the FRAT GUYS begin to lift BRODY into keg stand position.

CHAZ waves his hand in front of PHILLIP's face.

CHAZ

I don't think he can see us.

VINCENT

No shit.

In the background, BRODY begins his keg stand

FRAT GUYS

Chug! Chug! Chug!...

CHAZ

Well, how are we supposed to help him?

VINCENT

If I knew the answer to that, we wouldn't be standing in front of him looking like a couple of queer lamp shades.

CHAZ

Should we just go back and tell Gladys that we can't do it?

BRODY begins to have difficulties with his keg stand.

The FRAT GUYS begin to lose grip of Brody's legs because they are so drunk.

BRODY tries adjusting the tap with one of his hands, which makes him lose his balance.

BRODY slips and falls and snaps his neck.

VINCENT and CHAZ remain oblivious to what is happening in the background.

VINCENT

No, we're going to help this little twink.

Frat guys in background react to BRODY's demise.

FRAT GUYS
Brah? Brah, you okay?

Someone runs to call an ambulance.

WHITE FLASH

INT. PURGATORY PLACEMENT OFFICE - DAY

VINCENT and CHAZ are transported back to the agency after failing their mission.

GLADYS
Well, this just might be a new record for the fastest failure.

VINCENT
What do you mean failure? We didn't even get a chance to help him.

GLADYS
Well, while you two were arguing, a young man named Brody snapped his neck doing a keg stand behind you.

BRODY walks behind VINCENT and CHAZ.

VINCENT AND CHAZ
Ohhhhhh.

BRODY
(Highly intoxicated)
Sup, brahs!

VINCENT AND CHAZ
(awkward)
Heyyyyyyyyyy.....

GLADYS
Here's your next assignment. Try not to screw this one up. Remember for every one you miss, another one gets added to the list.

GLADYS hands VINCENT a new folder.

VINCENT
How the hell are we supposed to help these people if they can't see or hear us?

GLADYS

You're dead. They can't see or hear you. You have to find other means of getting their attention.

CHAZ

Well, how are we supposed to do that?

GLADYS

Use your imagination. You can't interact with them, but you can interact with their environment. Next!

FADE TO WHITE.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

I/E. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - EVENING

VINCENT and CHAZ are walking up to CYNTHIA's apartment complex.

VINCENT

This is pointless.

CHAZ

Oh, you're so dramatic. We have to at least try! Do you really want to be stuck in these sheets for all eternity?

VINCENT and CHAZ reach CYNTHIA's apartment complex.

CHAZ looks at the address inside the folder they were given.

CHAZ then looks up at the building's address.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

Well, I guess we are here.

VINCENT

How are we supposed to figure out who needs our help? Walk through every apartment in this complex?

CHAZ

It's worth a shot.

VINCENT and CHAZ begin walking up the apartment building's fire escape.

VINCENT and CHAZ reach CYNTHIA's apartment and look through the window.

CUT TO:

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

CYNTHIA is a modern-day Goth. She is not overtly Goth, but wears a lot of black eye make-up and has posters of The Cure, Joy Division, etc.. in her apartment. Everything in her apartment should scream depression.

CYNTHIA is in front of a vanity putting on make-up.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

Oh no!

VINCENT

Seriously. That is one tragic mess.

CYNTHIA leaves her bedroom.

CHAZ attempts to open the window to enter the room, forgetting that he is dead.

VINCENT floats through and CHAZ follows.

VINCENT and CHAZ begin to look around CYNTHIA's bedroom.

CHAZ and VINCENT go inside CYNTHIA's closet.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I'm starting to wonder if this girl is even worth saving.

CHAZ

Seriously, we'd be doing the world a favor.

VINCENT and CHAZ exit CYNTHIA's closet as CYNTHIA walks back in the room.

CYNTHIA

(Screams)

VINCENT and CHAZ turn their heads toward CYNTHIA. They are startled to discover that she can see them.

CHAZ
(pause)
Hey, girl.

VINCENT
Boo, girl.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

CYNTHIA is in shock, staring at VINCENT and CHAZ. VINCENT and CHAZ are cautiously looking back at her.

CHAZ
(whispers)
Holy shit, Vincent. She can see us.

VINCENT
Yeah, I can see that.

CYNTHIA
Are you here to rob me.

CHAZ
No.

CYNTHIA
Are you here to rape me?

VINCENT
(laughs in disgust)
Honey, please.

CYNTHIA
Why are you wearing sheets?

VINCENT
Why are you wearing black lipstick?

CYNTHIA looks at VINCENT and CHAZ with a look of confusion.

CHAZ
We're here to help you.

VINCENT
Yeah, hunny. As tragic of a mess as you are, suicide is not the answer.

CYNTHIA
What are you talking about?

CHAZ

Think of us as your guardian
angels.

VINCENT

Oh, shut up, Chaz! We have
information that tells us that you
are going to die tonight. We're
here to stop that so we can cross
over.

CYNTHIA

What makes you think I am going to
kill myself?

VINCENT AND CHAZ

(Laugh hysterically)

VINCENT

Oh, please. Look at you.

CYNTHIA

You're an asshole.

CYNTHIA walks out of the room.

VINCENT and CHAZ follow her.

CHAZ

Look, you've got your whole life
ahead of you.

CYNTHIA

Seriously!? I'm not going to kill
myself.

A GUN SHOT IS HEARD FROM AN APARTMENT DOWN THE HALLWAY.

CYNTHIA's eyes widen from hearing the sound.

CHAZ

Shit.

VINCENT

Well, this is just fabulous.
Nevermind then. You can go back to
listening to your Marilyn Manson
albums. Or whatever it is that.....

VINCENT and CHAZ disappear.

CYNTHIA is shocked and confused.

CUT TO:

INT. PURGATORY PLACEMENT OFFICE

VINCENT and CHAZ transition back in front of GLADYS' desk.

GLADYS doesn't even bother looking up.

GLADYS
Seriously?

GLADYS hands VINCENT and CHAZ a new folder.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
Clearly you both need your hands held through this process, so I'm going to give you an extension on this one. Try not to mess it up this time.

FADE TO WHITE

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT- EARLY MORNING

JERRY is a sluggish 35 year old shut-in who is living in a filthy apartment. His apartment is poorly lit. The windows should be covered up with newspapers. Empty pizza boxes and other various waste litters his place. JERRY is sitting at a desk with a table lamp on. Also on the desk is a plaque containing his photo honoring him as Employee of the Month at City Waste Management. His photo should be very depressing.

CHAZ and VINCENT arrive and are appalled by the conditions of JERRY's apartment.

VINCENT
Oh, good lord. It smells like the urine soaked ball pit of a Chuck E. Cheese in here.

CHAZ
Look at this place. He doesn't need us, he needs Merry Maids.

JERRY is at his desk writing what appears to be a suicide note.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
Oh cute! He's writing a letter!
Maybe it's a love letter!

VINCENT
Yeah, a love letter to a ham sandwich.

CHAZ and VINCENT approach JERRY and peer over his shoulder.

JERRY continues to write his note unaware of CHAZ and VINCENT's presence.

CLOSE-UP SHOT REVEALS JERRY WRITING A SUICIDE NOTE

CHAZ
(reading the letter aloud)
"To Whom It May Concern: I give up.
This world has nothing to offer
me..."

CHAZ turns to VINCENT.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
Oh my god, Vincent! It's a suicide note!

VINCENT
Well, that's obvious enough.

CHAZ waves a hand in front of JERRY's face.

CHAZ
(in a song-songy voice)
Helloooo...Jerryyyy....Don't kiiill
yourseelf.....pleaaase.....UGH!
It's not working!!

VINCENT
Yeah, wow...really thought that
would do the trick.

CHAZ
Well, at least I'm trying!

VINCENT
What's the point of trying. He
can't hear us, he can't see us.
We're invisible!

VINCENT in an over exaggerated attempt to prove to CHAZ that JERRY can't see them, starts to dance around and wave his hands in JERRY's face. In the process, he bumps the lamp on JERRY's desk.

JERRY notices his lamp move slightly but thinks nothing of it.

CHAZ
Vincent, you did it!

VINCENT
(sarcastic with hands in
the air)
Hallelujah! I bumped a lamp. How is
that going to keep him from killing
himself?

CHAZ
Well, it's a start. If we can bump
a lamp, maybe we can write a
message.

VINCENT
Bumping a lamp is a far cry from
holding a pen. Haven't you seen
Ghost?

CHAZ
(looking off in the
distance)
I wish Whoopi was here.

JERRY gets up and walks to the bathroom.

VINCENT and CHAZ hear JERRY turn on the shower.

CHAZ and VINCENT both look toward the bathroom.

CHAZ and VINCENT look back at each other, signaling that they
have come up with a plan.

INT. JERRY'S BATHROOM-EVENING

There should be a medicine cabinet with a mirror above the
sink. JERRY is in his shower. There should be steam coming
from the shower that begins to fog up the mirror.

CHAZ and VINCENT are standing in front of JERRY's sink.

CHAZ
What do we write?

VINCENT

How should I know, I've never
intervened with a suicide before.

CHAZ

What would Swayzee do?

VINCENT

I don't know, but I want to get out
of this bathroom before Big Jerry
shows us his little Jerry.

VINCENT crudely scribbles "DON'T KILL YOURSELF" with his
finger on the fogged up mirror.

VINCENT exits the room.

CHAZ sizes up VINCENT's message and adds "Please :)" to the
message on the mirror.

CHAZ follows VINCENT out of the bathroom.

CHAZ and VINCENT hear the shower turn off.

JERRY screams in fear.

JERRY runs out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist.

CHAZ and VINCENT watch JERRY run out of the bathroom.

CHAZ and VINCENT look inside the bathroom and notice the
beginning of the message has evaporated, leaving behind "KILL
YOURSELF, PLEASE :)"

CHAZ

We're really bad at this.

VINCENT

We need help.

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT-MORNING

CYNTHIA is getting ready to head out for the day and run some
errands. CHAZ and VINCENT appear in her apartment.

CYNTHIA has her back turned toward CHAZ and VINCENT as she
grabs her purse.

CHAZ

Hey girl!

VINCENT

Boo girl.

CYNTHIA lets out an exasperated sigh with her back still turned to them.

CYNTHIA
You have got to be kidding me.

CYNTHIA turns toward VINCENT and CHAZ.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
I thought you two were figments of my imagination.

VINCENT
I wish those pants you're wearing were a figment of my imagination, but we can't always get what we want, now can we?

CYNTHIA
I'm sorry, did you just come here to insult me?

CHAZ
You'll have to excuse my partner. We're so sorry we haven't formally introduced ourselves. I'm Chaz and this is Vincent. We're.....ghosts.

VINCENT
Boo.

CYNTHIA
Clearly I need to switch meds.

CYNTHIA grabs her keys and leaves her apartment.

VINCENT and CHAZ follow.

CHAZ
Cynthia, wait! We really need your help!

EXT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT-MORNING

CHAZ and VINCENT follow CYNTHIA down the street as she walks to a Hot Topic

INT. HOT TOPIC-LATE MORNING

CHAZ
Ohhh, shopping!

VINCENT

In the need of a new spiked dog collar to complete your ensemble?

CYNTHIA shoots VINCENT a glare.

INT. GROCERY STORE-LATE MORNING

CYNTHIA is in the dairy aisle reading the label on a pint of ice cream.

VINCENT

The last thing your ass needs is Chunky Monkey.

CYNTHIA

Leave me alone!

SHOPPER standing a few feet away from CYNTHIA looks at her with a confused expression and slowly returns the ice cream he was looking at back to the shelf and quickly walks away.

INT. MOVIE RENTAL STORE-AFTERNOON

CYNTHIA approaches the counter to return a DVD.

A pimple-faced nerd is working behind the counter.

CYNTHIA hands him a copy of The Notebook.

NERD

You really should just buy this movie.....that's the 5th time this month you've rented it. You could own like 3 copies by now....

CYNTHIA automatically turns to VINCENT awaiting his rude comment.

VINCENT

Oh no, this one's just too easy.

INT. LOCAL COFFEE SHOP- AFTERNOON

CYNTHIA is sitting at a table in the corner of the shop reading a book. There are a few other people in the coffee shop. A young handsome, hipster barista is working behind the counter. The barista's name is SAM.

VINCENT

I hope that latte's skim.

CYNTHIA takes a sip of her latte, blatantly ignoring VINCENT.

CHAZ
 She's ignoring us, and I don't
 blame her. You've been treating her
 like crap all day.

CYNTHIA peers up from her book and gazes at the barista SAM.

CYNTHIA lets out a longing sigh.

CHAZ notices CYNTHIA's obvious crush.

CHAZ nudges CYNTHIA with his elbow.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
 Ohhh, he's cute!

VINCENT
 (to Chaz)
 We're not here to stare at dirty
 hipster baristas, Chaz.

CHAZ
 (ignoring Vincent)
 You like him, don't you, Cynthia!
 Why don't you ask him out?

CYNTHIA puts down her book, obviously flustered and
 embarrassed.

CYNTHIA
 What? Nooo...I don't...geez, is it
 that obvious?

CHAZ looks at the barista again and notices his name tag.

CHAZ
 Sam. So, that's exotic....where's
 he from?

CYNTHIA
 I don't know. The only words I've
 ever spoken to him are "latte,
 please."

VINCENT begins to see an opportunity to get CYNTHIA to help
 them.

VINCENT
 Girl, you should grow a pair and
 ask him out.

CYNTHIA
 I'm so not his type.

VINCENT

Well, are you really anyone's type?
Honey, you're so goth, you look
like you shit bats.

CHAZ

Be nice! (pause) Oh my god! We
should totally do a makeover!

CYNTHIA

Hell. No.

VINCENT

Chaz has a point. With our help,
you could totally get this guy.
We'll help you, if you help us.

CYNTHIA looks up at SAM as he passionately creates an
elaborate image in a customer's cappuccino foam.

CYNTHIA

Fine. What do I need to do.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JERRY'S APARTMENT- LATE AFTERNOON

VINCENT and CHAZ have already prepped CYNTHIA for the task at
hand.

CYNTHIA

What am I supposed to do?

VINCENT

Just knock.

CYNTHIA

And then what?

CHAZ

We'll tell you what to say, you
just have to repeat it to Jerry.

CYNTHIA

(takes a deep breath)
I can't believe I am doing this.

CYNTHIA knocks on the door.

There is no response.

VINCENT and CHAZ enter the apartment to investigate.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT- LATE AFTERNOON

CHAZ and VINCENT walk in and see JERRY, who is wearing a t-

shirt depicting a 20-sided dice (commonly used to play Dungeons and Dragons) with the saying "That's how I roll." He is in the midst of tying a noose around a pipe attached to his ceiling.

VINCENT
Like that'll hold.

CHAZ
Focus, Vincent.

CHAZ and VINCENT frantically look around the room and once again notice all of the empty pizza boxes.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
(yells to Cynthia)
Quick! Knock again and say you're delivering pizza!

CYNTHIA hesitates and knocks again.

CYNTHIA
....Pizza delivery...!

JERRY pauses with the noose still in his hand. Unable to help himself, he looks toward the door.

JERRY
(to himself)
I don't remember ordering a pizza...

JERRY hesitates for a moment and then answers the door.

JERRY opens the door with the chain still locked.

JERRY peers down at CYNTHIA.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Where's the pizza?

CYNTHIA
Oh, um....

CYNTHIA looks back and forth in a slight panic.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
What should I do?

JERRY
What? Do you have pizza or not?

VINCENT
Jeez, this guy would do anything
for pizza.

CHAZ
Shut up, we need to think.

CYNTHIA notices JERRY's t-shirt.

CYNTHIA
Oh, a d20! Do you play Dungeons and
Dragons?

JERRY
I used to....but, The Dungeon
Master kicked me out of the guild.

CHAZ
What are they talking about?

VINCENT
I have no clue, but I think it
might be working.

CYNTHIA
Oh, well I'm in a guild right now.
Our campaign has open spots. Maybe
you should check it out sometime.

JERRY's eyes light up.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
By the way, I'm Cynthia. What's
your name?

JERRY
Jerry.

CYNTHIA
Nice to meet you, Jerry. (pause)
So, what do you say? Are you in?

JERRY hesitates, then smiles.

JERRY
Yeah, I'm in.

In the background CHAZ and VINCENT slowly fade away.

FADE TO WHITE.

INT. PURGATORY PLACEMENT OFFICE

CHAZ and VINCENT walk up to GLADYS at the front desk.

VINCENT hands GLADYS Jerry's folder.

GLADYS, without looking up from her magazine, grabs the folder.

GLADYS
Congratulations, you got one. Just
an infinite number left to go
before you cross over.

GLADYS hands VINCENT and CHAZ a new number.

VINCENT looks at the number that says #2,657.

VINCENT looks up at the LED screen that reads "Now Assisting
#58"

VINCENT throws his head down in defeat and sighs.

VINCENT and CHAZ find a seat in the waiting room across from
STEVEN.

CHAZ
Oh, hey, Steven!

STEVEN gives CHAZ a head nod and chokes on his ball gag.

VINCENT
(sighs)
This is hell.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE

CUE CREDITS.