

"The Talent"  
by  
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FADE IN:

INT. FILM SET SOUND STAGE - HOLLYWOOD - MORNING

JENNA (27), Associate Producer, riddled with anxiety while searching set.

She hastily walks past the initial slow assembly of set as C-stands are hung over the shoulders of men championing black cargo pants.

She continues past them where she sees a young man looking at paperwork while holding fifteen walkie talkies, but still manages to grip his juul.

BILL WOYLE, (24) Key PA. He hits his juul.

BILL

Oh god. What is Bailey making you do now?

JENNA

(full of fear)

Nothing.

Bill pauses mid exhale. The cloud briefly fills the space.

BILL

Wha-What do you mean? She has you doing nothing? Is something wrong?

JENNA

I can't find her anywhere. Her call time was two hours ago... The Director is missing.

BILL

But she would never be late for our light 16 hour day. Did she ever arrive on set?

CUT TO:

EXT. SECURITY GATE - 10 MINUTES LATER

A SECURITY GUARD holds a clip board, looking up at Jenna and Bill.

SECURITY GUARD

Her car never left the lot.

The security guard points to a yellow Hummer across from them.

CUT TO:

Jenna, Bill, and the security guard press their faces against the glass windows of the Director's Hummer. They open the door. An agenda sits on the passenger seat. Jenna grabs it.

Bill looks at the security guard.

BILL

I forgot she is insane and drives a Hummer.

JENNA

Her handwriting is just a series of poorly laid out scribbles, luckily I was brought on in the early stages of prepro. I think it says she has a meeting this morning in Room 206 of the P-mount at 7:30. What is at Room 206 of the P-mount at 7:30?

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 206 OF THE PARAMOUNT - 9:50 AM

THREE HIPSTERS appear stressed while running around large white tables with model set builds laying on them. Thousands of green paint samples cover the entirety of the room.

ART DIRECTOR

Oh we're the art department.

SUPERVISING ART DIRECTOR

We were supposed to decide what kind of green she wanted. She just said "green"- what the fuck am I supposed to do with that.

Jenna, Bill, and the security guard stand in front of the art team.

JENNA

Well where is she?

ART DEPARTMENT COORDINATOR

We assumed she was running late. She's been really stressed about lighting for that musical number.

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTING GRID - CONTINUOUS

Jenna, Bill, the security guard, and the art team look up.

A GRIP balances atop the lighting grid trying to secure a tungsten light.

GRIP

Man this musical number is gonna be  
a fucking nightmare. Of course she  
should be stressed.

The BEST BOY approaches the group with his phone out.

BEST BOY

Yeah she sent a voice memo to us  
last night saying she wanted to  
check in this morning... but I  
think she was really tired or  
something.

The best boy hits play on the voice memo.

BAILEY (V.O.)

So I was thinking- for the musical  
number there HAS TO BE 250 tungsten  
lights all suspended in the air and  
we can match the temps with the  
LEDs. I want this puppy to  
SHINEEEEE.

Softly in the background a muppet song begins to play.

BAILEY (V.O.)

Ah- helllll yeahhh. Okay man I'll  
see you in the A.M gotta go.

The voice memo ends.

JENNA

Ok...what does that mean. FOR  
CHRIST SAKE DOES ANYONE KNOW WHAT  
THAT MEANS!?

MAXWELL DYLAN, (22) Bailey's Personal Assistant, emerges from the crowd of crew. He wears a black t-shirt with white typewriter font that says "BA" under it in parenthesis says "Bailey's Assistant".

MAXWELL DYLAN

I don't know what that is, but I  
know where that is.

EXT. SET ACROSS THE LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The set's crew follows Maxwell. Everyone halts outside of giant lot doors that are slightly propped open. Max and Jenna slowly push the giant doors.

INT. HOLLYWOOD SOUND STAGE - CONTINUOUS

There appears to be a rainbow connection adjacent scene. At the center is a canoe and pond while the hit song "man or muppet" plays faintly in the background. Studio lights and monitors are on.

Max and Jenna frantically approach the set. Viewing monitors display the scene, we see the discovery of an arm slumped over and hanging off the side of canoe. Jenna approaches the motionless body in the wooden canoe.

People stand by as Max holds his phone to his ear.

Jenna gestures at people to back away and they listen.

We see the fixed image on the monitor of the arm jostle as Jenna steps into the canoe.

BAILEY (39), the dead director.

EXT. HINCKLEY YACHT, CAPE COD - THE NEXT DAY

A weathered Hinckley gently rocks in the water alone. It's red and navy blue paint chips and cracks due to neglect.

OLIVER, (41) well dressed but disheveled. His blue Ralph Lauren button down has minor bleach stains on it.

Oliver leans against the captain's chair while eating a fluffer-nutter sandwich. He wipes excess fluff off the corner of his mouth and begins to open a lime green envelope.

The sender is NBC Universal addressed to Oliver Quincy.

OLIVER

Bang!

Oliver pulls the check out and the amount is \$00.14.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Streaming really is ruining everything.

He finishes his sandwich and folds up the check into his worn leather wallet.

Oliver walks around clearing lines and sets off.

As Oliver fights his way through the Canal he spots a familiar face.

Bailey appears at the edge of a jetty. As Oliver instinctually turns his entire body towards her direction, it is revealed that nothing is there.

He redirects his body back to his navigation and spots a passing boat. The people on the boat wave. Oliver, shaken, still waves back. As he looks at the individuals on the boat that he passes at the tail end of the boat Bailey waves too.

Oliver's hand falls down to the navigation system and takes off at a high speed. He looks back frantically as water sprays him from all sides while he battles waves.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD - DAY

Oliver quickly docks. He hastily walks into town carrying a leather messenger bag. As he passes the quaintness of the Vineyard he spots Bailey sitting at a coffee shop then she appears in the window of a store. Oliver quickly finds shelter in a beautifully cedar shingled building with white classic trim. A sign on the entrance reads "community center".

INT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Oliver enters the building's doors and close them quickly behind him. Instinctually, he pulls his phone out and opens up Bailey's contact. The last text between them was from eight years ago. It's a pdf that says "The.Talent.014". Her location says California.

OLIVER.  
What the shit.

Oliver turns away from the door. An older man in a floral shawl and thick glasses approaches Oliver startling him.

LEROY WILKINS, (73) runs the community center in Martha's Vineyard.

LEROY  
Looking for someone or someone  
looking for you?

They walk down the community center's hallway.

OLIVER  
Just you know-delusions.

LEROY

I thought you needed to be famous  
to be stalked.

OLIVER

Yeah I suppose I'm retired from  
that lifestyle.

LEROY

Well, I thought I saw you run which  
seems out of character.

Oliver and Leroy arrive at a door to a classroom.

OLIVER

I just thought I saw someone I  
knew.

LEROY

Like an ex or an enemy of some  
kind?

OLIVER

No, a very dear old friend.

LEROY

And so you ran and hid?

OLIVER

Correct.

LEROY

I see... Well maybe after things  
calm we can chat about offering  
another class next summer or if you  
are around in the late fall  
perhaps?

OLIVER

Yeah- We'll see. I'm pretty busy.

LEROY

Busy? You busy? With what?

OLIVER

I have been thinking about writing  
again.

LEROY

You've been thinking about writing?  
You know you can just write.

OLIVER

Leroy, thinking about writing is 80 percent of writing.

LEROY

Maybe when you are done thinking about writing you can begin thinking about teaching a fall or winter session.

OLIVER

Yeah I'll think about that. Right after I think about writing.

INT. CLASSROOM IN COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Oliver stands in front of the classroom sharing his vast wealth of knowledge.

OLIVER

My hope is that if there is anything to takeaway from our time together- it is that you should become haunted by your stories. They must live alongside you and fester in your morning coffee until you close your eyes at night. Remember, the most valuable tool a writer can have is their false sense of genius and you must feed this creature. Keep it alive as it will scream at you to write. And to write... is what you must do.

Oliver looks around the class.

The students he addresses are all senior citizens.

Oliver glances at a side window. Bailey walks past. Oliver pauses but ultimately finds his train of thought.

OLIVER.

Sorry...I was told when I first started in this industry that writers write and I feel at your core each of you are writers because of that very thing. It can be as simple as that and I hope you all continue to work on your projects. If you have any questions I will stay here for a little while.

The class of elderly individuals give a cute yet weak round of applause. Slowly, and I mean *very slow*, the class of senior citizens gets up to leave. A few shuffle past Oliver.

GLADDIS, (91), was a nurse during a war probably.

OLIVER

Gladdis, I'm serious about submitting your Moby Dick Musical to a screenwriting contest. I never thought "call me Ishmael" could be so elegant yet snappy.

The old woman chuckles and wanders out the door. Another old woman approaches Oliver.

MARYANNE (87), Perhaps she was a Rockette at one point in her lifetime.

MARYANNE

What a wonderful, wonderful course this has been.

Oliver gathers his things and looks up at the shriveled endearing woman.

OLIVER

Thank you Maryanne.

MARYANNE

Do you think you will offer any other courses? I was unsure after the news of your friend. I was just so sorry to hear about that.

Oliver halts.

OLIVER

Do I have a friend in the news? I did see that Pam is dating Mr. Neeson but that's been a thing for some time now.

Maryanne takes a step closer.

MARYANNE

That Director one. Bailey...Bailey Irish... Cream?

OLIVER

Bailey? Bailey Graves?

MARYANNE

Ah yes that's right. I know you were close because my grandkids told me that you were famous together.

OLIVER

We grew up together.

Oliver unable to respond. He glances at the back of the classroom. As the elderly slowly vacate all chairs are empty except one. Bailey sits in that seat.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Excuse me Maryanne. I have to go.

MARYANNE

Oh dear! Are you going to go cry?

OLIVER

I'm not feeling it as of right now but it's possible.

Oliver throws the rest of his things in his bag and leaves the room. He passes all of the older people that had left his classroom in the hallway.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver sprints down the various streets of Martha's Vineyard to the dock and leaps onto his boat. He quickly undocks and sets off as fast as he can.

He races out of the harbor while trying to find any kind of media that announces the death of his friend.

BOAT, OCEAN, CAPE COD - DAY

He looks up and what appears to be a flailing body smacks the windshield of his boat. Oliver hits the kill switch which causes the entire boat to stop in the middle of the ocean.

BAILEY THING (22) This is not exactly Bailey. This is a Bailey Thing. The purest form of Bailey that Oliver remembers. She is sun kissed and wears a green Henley, baggy jeans, and beaten Sperry boat shoes.

He walks around to the side of the boat and looks down at the water. Behind him without his awareness, Bailey Thing awkwardly pulls herself aboard.

BAILEY THING

Are you fucking serious right now?

Oliver backs himself toward the nose of the Hinckley.

BAILEY THING (CONT'D)  
YOU JUST HIT ME WITH YOUR BOAT  
OLLIE.

Oliver nods his head "no".

BAILEY THING (CONT'D)  
HELLOOOO?

Oliver's survival instincts kick in. He instantly faints.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. BOAT, OCEAN, CAPE COD - 14 MINUTES LATER

Oliver regains his vision and sees Bailey Thing standing over him.

BAILEY THING  
I'd like to be the first to  
apologize. My behavior was not  
great a few moments ago and I  
recognize that. I guess I just felt  
betrayed when you hit me with your  
boat.

Oliver slides to the corner frantically.

OLIVER  
It's a Hinckley.

Bailey Thing steps towards Oliver.

BAILEY THING  
It was not very boater safety  
conscious.

OLIVER  
It's a yacht not a boat.

Oliver visibly unwell.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Oh my god. Am I dead too?

Oliver grabs his phone and googles his name and begins to scroll. Headline beginning with "rehab" and "disgraceful" pop up.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Thank god.

BAILEY THING

Are you googling your name to see  
if you are dead?

In this moment an oyster boat with a few crew on it  
peacefully float by. They wave. Oliver hesitantly waves back.

BAILEY THING (CONT'D)

Why would you think that?

OLIVER

Because Maryanne told me you died  
and E news is really running with  
it.

Oliver shows Bailey Thing an E News headline that reads  
"director dead" with the most unflattering photo of her mid  
sneeze.

BAILEY THING

Aww man. That's not hot.

Oliver backs away.

BAILEY THING (CONT'D)

Just because I am "dead" doesn't  
necessarily mean you are. You could  
easily have a tumor or something. I  
am willing to bet you have anxiety  
about making doctors appointments  
still.

OLIVER

I just don't know what I'm going to  
be doing on a random Tuesday in  
April! You know what? Stop it. I  
don't need a lesson on past,  
present, and future. I am perfectly  
content. I teach old people!

Bailey Thing is taken aback from this comment.

BAILEY THING

That's messed up Ollie. They prefer  
to be called the "Elderly".

OLIVER

Yeah well half of them can't hear  
me anyways!

BAILEY THING  
You're being really aggressive.  
Don't direct your big emotions onto  
the elderly community.

Oliver stands up.

OLIVER  
Get away. May the power of Christ  
compel you!

Bailey stands blank faced.

BAILEY THING  
CATHOLICISM?? WE ARE BOTH GAY  
OLLIE!!

OLIVER  
THAT'S WHY I THOUGHT IT COULD WORK!

Bailey takes a step closer.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
LEAVE ME ALONE LEAVE ME ALONE LEAVE  
ME ALONE!!

BAILEY THING  
WHY? YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND!

Oliver marches to the navigation system of the boat.

OLIVER  
No. I'm not.

BAILEY THING  
Where are we going?

OLIVER  
Don't speak to me. Don't talk to  
me. I'm getting rid of you.

BAILEY THING  
Why?

Oliver starts the Hinckley's engine.

INT. HOSPITAL ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD - DAY

Medical machines hum and beep.

Oliver lays flat on his back in an MRI machine and gets  
scanned. Bailey Thing stands in the scan control room  
curiously looking around.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Oliver visibly eager to get his results. Bailey Thing tries to grab objects in the room but can't. She tries to grab a tissue box but struggles. Bailey looks at the jar of cotton balls.

OLIVER

Stop.

BAILEY THING

I'm not even doing anything wrong.

The doctor walks in.

DOCTOR SOOSE, (45), stereotypical straight edge doctor. Is actively working to be a children's book author on the side.

DOCTOR SOOSE

Oliver-You are healthy and your brain is normal.

OLIVER

That simply can't be.

DOCTOR SOOSE

But it is... and you are. Does that disappoint you?

Oliver looks at Bailey Thing .

OLIVER

It would just make things make sense. If that makes sense.

DOCTOR SOOSE

It does not.

Bailey Thing sits next to Oliver. He scooches away.

OLIVER

I think I'm experiencing delusions.

Doctor Soose turns his full attention toward Oliver puts the file in his hand down.

DOCTOR SOOSE

Delusions?

OLIVER

Just a theory.

DOCTOR SOOSE

Do you hear voices.

OLIVER  
Really just one recent addition.

DOCTOR SOOSE  
I can prescribe something for that.

OLIVER  
No- that's really not necessary. I don't do meds.

DOCTOR SOOSE  
Given your history, I understand your hesitation around medication but treating existing mental health conditions is a part of recovery and can be beneficial toward avoiding relapse.

Oliver looks at Bailey thing.

OLIVER  
You know Doctor...

Oliver looks for his name on his badge.

It says "Soose".

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Soose...since I'm not dying of brain cancer I really don't want to burn anymore of my money being here. I guess that's what I get for being kicked out of the union and have no insurance! Ha!

DOCTOR SOOSE  
Oliver hold on now.

Oliver ready to walk out of the room but turns in defiance of Doctor Soose.

OLIVER.  
You know what? Fuck you Doctor Soose. This has been a complete waste of my time.

EXT. HOSPITAL BUILDING - DAY

Oliver walks out of the hospital. Bailey Thing follows after him with the cotton ball jar in her arms.

Doctor Soose runs out.

DOCTOR SOOSE  
Oliver wait!

OLIVER  
Whoa man, HIPPA.

DOCTOR SOOSE  
Have you ever considered  
alternative medicine? It could  
really change your life. It changed  
mine. Now I'm pursuing my dream of  
writing children's books.

Doctor Soose hands Oliver a card. It says "NANCY CHAPOOTU  
CRYSTELI NEW ENGLAND MEDIUM"

DOCTOR SOOSE (CONT'D)  
It might be worth a shot.

INT. PSYCHIC READING - DAY

Bailey Thing holds the cotton ball jar in her arms.

She examines a cardboard cut out of an older woman holding a  
crystal ball that is propped up near a bookshelf.

BAILEY THING  
This is not alternative or  
medicine. This is a mainstream  
medium. I suspect she had a lesser  
known career as a reality tv  
medium.

She continues to look at the various strange decorations half  
are merchandise and half are animals skulls.

Oliver is seated at a table waiting patiently.

OLIVER  
Stop.

BAILEY THING  
I'm not hurting anyone by being  
curious Ollie.

In this moment the Psychic Medium throws the curtain entrance  
to the side. She glides into the small room and takes a  
gentle seat at the table where Oliver is sat.

NANCY CHAPOOTU CRYSTELI (67) New England psychic, thick  
Boston accent, the most ratchet medium ever seen.

Nancy the psychic puts a cigarette in her mouth and lights  
it. Nancy then lights a candle with her cig.

She shimmies her body into an ideal position to do a psychic reading. Nancy grabs Oliver's hands and lets out a fat cloud. Oliver coughs.

NANCY CHAPOOTU CRYSTELI  
It's herbal relax.

Nancy takes a very deep breath.

NANCY CHAPOOTU CRYSTELI (CONT'D)  
Now... Oliver, my child, tell me  
what it is you seek.

OLIVER  
Well... you see...It appears that  
I've been visited by something. And  
I would love for that something to  
go away.

BAILEY THING  
Wow. Tell me how you really feel.

Oliver fights against acknowledging Bailey Thing. She sits down at a stool at the table next to Oliver visibly upset.

NANCY CHAPOOTU CRYSTELI  
Ah yes. I sense a presence.

Oliver and Bailey Thing side glance at each other.

BAILEY THING  
No fucking way.

Nancy feels the air with her fingers but in the opposite direction of where Bailey Thing sits.

NANCY CHAPOOTU CRYSTELI  
Is it perhaps a grandparent or past  
lover?

OLIVER  
Hmm. No... concerned as to why  
those would be giving off the same  
vibe.

Bailey Thing sneezes. The candle goes out.

NANCY CHAPOOTU CRYSTELI  
Dear God.

OLIVER  
What?

NANCY CHAPOOTU CRYSTELI  
The presence is much stronger than  
I anticipated.

OLIVER  
I don't know if "strong" is the  
right word. She leans more towards  
athletic twink.

Bailey Thing angrily stands up and slowly walks to the light switch toward the entrance of the room. Oliver signals at her aggressively to stop. She tries to flick the switch on and off but her hand goes through it.

BAILEY THING  
It was worth a shot.

Bailey sits back down. The power goes out. Nancy cowers.

NANCY CHAPOOTU CRYSTELI  
DEAR GOD AHHHH!

BAILEY THING  
Aww man. That wasn't me. I have a  
sneaky feeling she hasn't paid her  
electric bill.

Oliver attempts to calm her.

OLIVER  
It's truly not that serious.

Nancy quickly pours Oliver a cup of herbal tea.

NANCY CHAPOOTU CRYSTELI  
Hurry, drink this.

Oliver chugs the entire tea.

Nancy motions for Oliver to give her back the tea cup to be able to read the herbs at the bottom. She looks at the bottom of the cup and back at Oliver with serious concern.

NANCY CHAPOOTU CRYSTELI (CONT'D)  
Oh my.

OLIVER  
What is it? What do you see?

NANCY CHAPOOTU CRYSTELI  
Nothing.

Oliver puts his hand to his mouth deeply afraid.

NANCY CHAPOOTU CRYSTELI (CONT'D)  
No. Sweetheart. Did you swallow all  
the herbs in the cup?

Nancy shows Oliver the empty tea cup.

OLIVER  
Oh shit was I not supposed to?

BAILEY THING  
How is she supposed to do the  
reading?

OLIVER  
Oh God. Will that make me sick? Am  
I going to be ok?

BAILEY THING  
Pull trig right now.

NANCY CHAPOOTU CRYSTELI  
I need you to listen to me very  
carefully.

Oliver and Bailey Thing lean in.

NANCY CHAPOOTU CRYSTELI (CONT'D)  
You need to pull trig right now.

OLIVER  
Nancy! For gods sake -I need you to  
help me! What do I do?!

Bailey Thing laughs hysterically.

Oliver shifts his attention from Nancy toward Bailey Thing.

NANCY CHAPOOTU CRYSTELI  
Is it talking to you now??!

OLIVER  
It's terrible. Please help me.

NANCY CHAPOOTU CRYSTELI  
It's gotta be one of those  
unfinished business things. I'd bet  
my shop on it.

BAILEY THING  
Does she not have a home to bet? Is  
that not how that saying goes?

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PSYCHIC MEDIUM SHOP - DAY

Oliver walks outside the small shop. Bailey Thing follows still holding the jar of cotton balls she stole from Doctor.

BAILEY THING

Welp, Doctor Soose fucked us twice today.

Oliver bends over favoring his stomach.

OLIVER

Shut up! I've never felt my stomach churn in the way it is right now. I can't even uber because I don't want to risk getting lower than 3 stars.

BAILEY THING

You only have 3 stars?

OLIVER

We went out a lot when we were 19 and being messy cost me everything in terms of uber ratings!

Oliver grabs his stomach while trying to stand up straight in a confrontational manner.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Haven't I given you everything and haven't you taken enough? I haven't seen you in eight years, and now this. Why? Why me? Why not someone more important? There are people you love probably wishing and praying for a sign from you. Give someone else your signs!

BAILEY THING

But, you are my best friend.

OLIVER

No I'm not!

Bailey Thing braces Oliver's words by hugging the jar of cotton balls.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

And that. That stupid fucking jar you stole? What's the deal with that? A jar? You can conjure up a burst of power and you chose to steal a jar from a doctors office?

BAILEY THING  
It's the only thing I can hold.

Oliver's phone rings. He pulls it from his pocket.

OLIVER  
Yeah. Hello?

Oliver looks at Bailey Thing with some remorse.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Yes- I'm sorry. I heard. Thank you  
for calling. I'll be there.

The call ends. Bailey Thing still hugs the jar of cotton balls.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
I have to go to New Hampshire  
Friday.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - STUDIO PARKING LOT - FRIDAY MORNING

Jenna Vern dressed in business formal stands in the parking lot with two key members of production.

The car door of her lime green Kia Soul is open. Her suit jacket hangs from the inside window. A cord feeds out from the charging port in her car. A small portable steamer takes out the imperfections of her jacket.

MICHAEL RUNE, (37), The DP.

PAT JOY, (49), Creative producer, and honorary set father.

Jenna examines her jacket, then wraps the cord neatly and taut around her portable steamer.

MICHAEL RUNE  
I just think sending Bailey's  
personal assistant is a bad idea.

PAT JOY  
We've discussed this already. He is  
less likely to attack a personal  
assistant.

Jenna thoughtfully puts on her jacket while utilizing the window of her car as a makeshift mirror.

JENNA

We are sticking to the plan that is already in motion. We just need to stall the suits upstairs for a couple days.

MICHAEL RUNE

What the hell the kid is gonna say to convince him to come back to L.A?

PAT JOY

I told him yesterday to speak from the heart. He won't expect that.

Jenna begins to walk toward the building. Jenna looks at Pat.

JENNA

Did Neil respond?

PAT JOY

Yeah. He's upstairs.

Michael walks after them.

MICHAEL RUNE

I still don't think we are on the same page.

Jenna stops.

JENNA

How's that Michael? What page are you on?

MICHAEL RUNE

This all feels like just another Hollywood gimmick.

JENNA

Then leave. I'm not gonna let you be the reason this story doesn't get told.

Michael looks at Jenna and Pat who stare at him blankly.

Michael walks away.

JENNA (CONT'D)

He'll be fine there's always a music video to film somewhere.

PAT JOY

Shit Jenna, now we need a director  
and a DP.

JENNA

Listen, I know you are a real  
industry veteran, but I don't want  
a team with doubts about the  
project going in there. The people  
in there already have enough doubts  
to go around. I have spent three  
years of my life on this film. I  
will not let it die too.

Pat nods. They resume marching into the building.

INT. STUDIO BUILDING BOARD OFFICE - 10 MINS LATER

The three production members stand in front of the Board of  
execs. The Board is beyond intimidating.

PAT JOY

Thank you so much for having us. It  
was very difficult for us to  
coordinate a time as you know, but  
we appreciate your flexibility. I  
just want to open with...wait.

Pat gestures toward the glass door.

PAT JOY (CONT'D)

Is that Tony and Emmy award  
winning, television, and film  
star... Neil Patrick Harris?

NEIL PATRICK HARRIS, In the flesh. It's really truly him.

NEIL PATRICK HARRIS

Hope you don't mind me stopping in!  
How is everybody?!

Jenna and Pat take a step backwards. As they strategically  
smile and clap along to the sudden excitement.

JENNA

(whispers) Are you certain the  
president is a huge Doogie Howser  
fan?

PAT JOY

(whispers) Yes, he has been trying  
to get a remake for twenty years  
but it never passes.

Whatever Neil Patrick Harris does it makes the room electric. Every board member but one is watching in enjoyment.

JENNA  
(whisper) Jesus what's that guys problem?

PAT JOY  
That's Alfie Smithington. I think his dad is a president somewhere.

JENNA  
Like a business or country?

PAT JOY  
No one knows for sure. But it has to be one of the two because he has a body guard.

The BODY GUARD smiles at Neil Patrick Harris who give a fist bump.

The applause slows as Neil waves almost overwhelmed by the positive response.

NEIL PATRICK HARRIS  
Man it was so fun popping in! I'll see you guys around!

Neil goes to exit and hangs out the door. Pat half steps out the door smiling towards the room.

NEIL PATRICK HARRIS (CONT'D)  
You're welcome ass face. Now put me in an Oscar movie so I can EGOT.

PAT JOY  
I'll send you an email. Is supporting okay?

NEIL PATRICK HARRIS  
Are you shitting me?

PAT JOY  
I'll do my best.

Neil walks away.

ALFIE SMITHERSON, (25), Just the worst.

ALFIE SMITHERSON  
What was the point of that?

The board room stiffens.

JENNA

Well we thought we would lighten  
our spirits after a stressful few  
days.

MILTON BIGWIG, (62), Has a rather small toupee. Reasonable  
president of the studio and head of the board.

MILTON BIGWIG

That was great. But your production  
is a hot garbage fire.

JENNA

I don't know about that.

MILTON BIGWIG

It is but we are so sorry for your  
loss. That goes to both of you. I  
hope we put out a statement on that  
actually. Did we?

Milton Bigwig looks to the social media intern in the corner  
of the room. She nods "yes".

MILTON BIGWIG (CONT'D)

Great. Now tell me why we shouldn't  
pull the plug.

Jenna steps up.

JENNA

We have a director.

ALFIE SMITHERSON

Who?

PAT JOY

Oliver Quincy.

Pat's words spark controversy amongst the room.

ALFIE SMITHERSON

Is this a joke? He left the  
business years ago. Isn't he like  
addicted to bath salts?

JENNA

You were like 13 when he left the  
business. You know nothing... but  
yes he was...among other things too  
but he went to rehab and lives in  
New England.

PAT JOY

The Talent was the first feature film Bailey and Oliver wrote. He is going to finish it.

MILTON BIGWIG

And he agreed to this?

JENNA

Yep.

MILTON BIGWIG

How?

PAT JOY

We sent someone he couldn't say no to.

EXT. U-HAUL RENTAL BOSTON - DAY

A U-HAUL GUY stands with a clipboard while looking funny at Max.

U-HAUL GUY

Sorry I've never seen a fella rent a U-Haul in a suit.

MAXWELL DYLAN

I'm not old enough to rent a car apparently.

U-HAUL GUY

I see that. I just need you to sign here.

U-haul Guy motions to his clipboard and hands it to Max.

U-HAUL GUY (CONT'D)

So you're not moving though?

MAXWELL DYLAN

No I'm going to a funeral.

U-HAUL GUY

Sorry man. I totally misread you. It looked like you were on business.

MAXWELL DYLAN

Well- I am doing business at the funeral.

U-HAUL GUY

That's cut throat. Wow.

U-haul Guy takes his clipboard back.

U-HAUL GUY (CONT'D)  
She's all yours man.

Max looks at the beat up U-haul box truck in front of him.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - NEW HAMPSHIRE - FRIDAY 10:00 AM

Oliver sits on a bean bag chair fiddling with a fidget toy.

Bright colors and toys fill the room. A certificate is hung on the wall "Dr. Keene, Child Behavior Psychologist Dartmouth".

Bailey Thing examines the certificate.

BAILEY THING  
Hey, I mean if it works for you it works.

Oliver ignores Bailey Thing.

Across from him in another bean bag is DR. KATE KEENE (68) in a REI sweatshirt and slippers.

OLIVER  
Sorry for the emergency sesh. It appears I'm unwell again. Oops!

DR. KEENE  
Oliver! No sorrys needed here. What's going on?

OLIVER  
I wanted to talk about Bailey. It's about Bailey.

Dr. Keene's demeanor shifts to a more serious stature. She nods waiting for him to speak first.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Sorry. I actually don't know where to start.

DR. KEENE  
I saw in the news. When did she die?

OLIVER  
To me or physically?

Silence.

Bailey Thing freezes.

DR. KEENE  
Both. Whichever you want.

OLIVER  
Well to me it was the first  
intervention we had about  
her...usage. There were many  
moments though after that. And then  
Monday she actually died...I don't  
exactly know how, but I think  
probably alone.

DR. KEENE  
Do you know that?

OLIVER  
Just a gut feeling.

Oliver places the fidget toy gently on the couch next to him  
but stares at it.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
I believe in ghosts because I've  
been haunted by so many things in  
my life. And not just losing that  
Emmy.

DR. KEENE  
Like Bailey?

Oliver nods "yes".

DR. KEENE (CONT'D)  
Okay. So we are gonna come up with  
a new plan. An action plan.

Oliver nods again.

DR. KEENE (CONT'D)  
And you aren't gonna like it at  
first, but I think you need to  
confront these feelings this time.  
I'm glad you came to talk about it  
to me because that's the first  
step.

OLIVER  
I'm familiar with the steps. I'm  
essentially a professional at the  
steps if you don't recall.

DR. KEENE

Don't do that to me. You don't need to hide.

OLIVER

Hide behind my silly funny jokes?

DR. KEENE

You can say sad things sometimes.

OLIVER

Yeah well the whole thing is a sad story and I historically don't like to tell sad stories. Look up my imdb.

DR. KEENE

I think you should tell the story even if it's sad.

BAILEY THING

What story? What is it?

BAILEY (O.S.)

What? What the fuck is this? An intervention?

BAILEY'S L.A APARTMENT - 16 YEARS AGO

YOUNG OLIVER (27) sits on an antique couch next to LUCY (25), Curly blonde hair, Bailey's ex-love.

The windows have expo marker of dialogue written on them. Papers with ideas cover the coffee table and much of the floor. Large white boards hang where a tv should be.

BAILEY (25) stands fuming at the entrance to the living room.

BAILEY

For what?

Oliver stands up and takes a deep breath. Before he can get a word out Bailey jumps at him, anticipating his words.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

Are you- are you serious? You both do party drugs. And you are trying to tell me I have a problem? Look at my career. This isn't an actual problem. It's not preventing me from anything.

LUCY

Yeah that's the problem. It doesn't have to be stopping you. You use it to help you stay up to write. It's a crutch. Bailey, you don't sleep.

BAILEY

We aren't dating anymore, why are you here?

LUCY

I love you.

Bailey shrugs it off, wounding Lucy.

BAILEY

This is bullshit. Ollie you would drink mouthwash if you couldn't find a bottle.

OLIVER

That's not true.

BAILEY

It's sad because it's true and you fucking know it. Yet I'm the one who's getting an intervention. This is absolutely-

OLIVER

(scream)

--This isn't about me, it's about you!

BAILEY

(scream)

It can't be about me without it being about you!

Silence fills the space.

--A girl with chestnut brown curly hair and golden eyes, enters. Her presence is enough to halt Bailey's monologues. This is GRACE (26), Bailey's platonic soul mate and childhood friend.

Bailey notices a suitcase in the hallway that she missed on her way in.

Grace's stare is sharp. She waits for Bailey to speak first.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

Grace challenges her.

GRACE  
What are you doing here.

OLIVER  
I'm sorry. I had to call her.

BAILEY  
Why the fuck would you do that?

GRACE  
We don't speak to the people we  
love like that. We don't do this.

Grace's anger turns to tears.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
You- you told me you were doing  
okay out here.

Bailey cowers.

BAILEY  
When did you get here?

GRACE  
This morning. I'm sorry.

Grace embraces Bailey.

BAILEY  
Please don't tell my Mom.

Oliver stands emotionless next to Lucy.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

Bailey Thing's hands cover her mouth she shakes her head.

BAILEY THING  
That's not true.

Oliver adjusts himself again, uncomfortable.

Bailey Thing steps backwards and lets her breath out.

DR. KEENE  
What would you say to her if she  
were here?

OLIVER  
Are you playing Bailey in this  
exercise?

Dr. Keene takes a deep breath. Oliver clocks it.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Okay, I'm sorry. I'll do the sad  
improv.

Oliver glances briefly at Bailey Thing as she stands quietly  
beyond Kate.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I actually can't do the  
sad improv. I have to go anyways I  
have a thing. This was kinda the  
mental health pregame for it in a  
way. I'll see you next week over  
zoom Kate.

Oliver leaves the room.

INT. OLIVER'S CAR OUTSIDE THE FUNERAL HOME - FRIDAY 11:00AM

Oliver and Bailey Thing gaze upon the crowd gathered outside  
of the funeral home. Both hesitate to leave the car. We  
partially see the jar of cotton balls that Bailey Thing stole  
that is buckled in the back middle seat.

BAILEY THING  
I don't know what to say Ollie.  
That didn't sound like me.

OLIVER  
It was you. Now, will you please  
stop talking to me?

BAILEY THING  
I'll try.

OLIVER  
Dear God, I hope it's not an open  
casket.

BAILEY THING  
I wonder if there are any from LA?  
I feel like this is such a  
destination funeral.

OLIVER  
I thought we just agreed on you  
shutting up, but you can't. Even at  
your funeral.

Oliver opens his car door.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME FRONT - DAY

Bailey Thing and Oliver walk toward the building.

BAILEY THING

Do you really not know how I...went out?

OLIVER.

I can only assume horrifically.

BAILEY THING

Oh my god. What does that mean?

OLIVER.

It could be anything truly. Nothing would surprise me. Most likely drug related.

BAILEY THING

You seem quite confident in that.

OLIVER.

I would bet Nancy the medium's small shop on it.

Oliver meanders into the seemingly long line to see Bailey's corpse. He shares an awkward nod with the man in front of him.

Bailey Thing nudges Oliver to ask the man in front of him a question. Oliver whispers in the most respectful tone.

OLIVER. (CONT'D)

Hey- so sorry to bother. Was just wondering if you knew what happened with... her.

SPENCER DETTUS, (33), Interesting fella. Seems to know things but expresses them quite casually.

SPENCER DETTUS

Yeah no of course man. I heard they found her OD'd the fuck out in a Muppet Rainbow Connection set.

Oliver calmly evaluates the absurdity of the man's answer. He has no real response and simply nods his head slowly acknowledging this intel.

BAILEY THING

Damn.

OLIVER  
That sounds correct.

The line inches up closer. In their eyesight is the obituary photo of Bailey that sits on a giant easel. Bailey nods her head approving of the photo.

The two finally enter the funeral home doors.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Bailey Thing and Oliver are able to see glimpses of the coffin. It's an open casket. Oliver sees the open casket and catches Mrs. Graves, Bailey's Mom, in his sight. Oliver calmly and orderly turns around and leaves the room and then the building as a whole.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME DUMPSTER ALLEY - DAY

Bailey Thing stumbles upon Oliver as he tries to gather himself next to the dumpster.

BAILEY THING  
Hello.

Oliver makes a huge effort to catch his breath and use his big boy words.

OLIVER  
I can't go back in there.

BAILEY THING  
That's perfectly okay. We don't have to. Take your time.

OLIVER  
I need you to stop looking at me and speaking to me as if I'm a good person. It's irritating.

BAILEY THING  
I don't know why you are so bitter and full of self hate. Ollie, we are good people.

Oliver pauses.

OLIVER  
I just don't know if that's true anymore.

Bailey Thing stands in silence.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You know, I left you there. You could function more than me so I thought... you told me you were okay and I... I just believed you. But I knew you weren't.

Bailey Thing visibly tries to wrap her head around his words.

BAILEY THING

I don't understand. That was really cryptic.

Oliver gathers himself giving up on the emotions he has.

Bailey Thing throws her hands in the air breaking the intensity.

BAILEY THING (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here. It's fine! I was getting a little bummed out anyways.

OLIVER

I feel bad. I feel like it's a weird fantasy of everyone's to see their own funeral.

BAILEY THING

It's alright. I don't want to be freaky like that.

Bailey Thing leads the way out of the alley.

OLIVER

The open casket was so bold. I think I just panicked.

BAILEY THING

Maybe we just take a minute, maybe get an ice-cream, and take a walk? But can we go to the celebration of life after at least?

Oliver appears to have some-what recovered from his brief panic attack.

OLIVER

Yeah that's fine. Just need an intermission.

Bailey Thing and Oliver begin to walk toward the parking lot in which they parked.

Maxwell Dylan sees Oliver from the front of the funeral home and tries to catch him before he leaves.

MAXWELL DYLAN  
Oliver! Hold on!

Oliver and Bailey Thing turn around.

MAXWELL DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Sorry. I don't mean to intrude or anything.

OLIVER  
Can I help you with something?

MAXWELL DYLAN  
I'm Max Dylan-

Oliver swiftly interrupts.

OLIVER  
I asked if you needed help. Because you are shouting my name at a funeral.

Maxwell stiffens.

MAXWELL DYLAN  
Of course. Sorry. I just wanted to talk. I'm sorry.

OLIVER  
About what?

MAXWELL DYLAN  
Bailey.

OLIVER  
And what would that be exactly?

MAXWELL DYLAN  
Listen, I know that this isn't a good time. In fact it's a terrible terrible time to approach you. Probably the worst time to approach anyone when asking for help. But I wouldn't be coming to you especially right now unless hundreds of jobs and a legacy depended on it. We were in the middle of production on the film, The Talent-

When Oliver hears that title his attitude shifts as if he saw a ghost.

MAXWELL DYLAN (CONT'D)

It's not just about the studio pressure or money, it's about all the people who believed in this project and are certain of its impact. We have no other options. We need you to finish what she started... what you both started. What do you think?

OLIVER

I think you were taught empathy on cardboard note cards. No really. Because I can't imagine what was going through your smooth brain when you hopped on that plane at LAX and landed your ass at Logan. Because L.A, where this film is happening, nearly killed me eight years ago- And NO ONE did anything. I'm sure you all knew what was going on with Bailey especially after I left back then. Now look at her. You never cared about the people or the jobs. You didn't even care about the most important person on the set of your fucking film.

Every ounce of genuine hope evaporates from Maxwell's being.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

It seems like you guys AND her were fine going through the entirety of preproduction and production without me. I'm sure you'll figure out the rest just fine. Maybe while you're on your business trip you could pay your respect to the dead you sick little bitch. I fucking hate producers.

MAXWELL DYLAN

I'm not a producer or executive, or anyone important. I was her assistant. Her personal assistant.

Oliver refrains his anger for a moment.

MAXWELL DYLAN (CONT'D)

I paid for my own flight because the production team hasn't venomed me. I flew economy. I don't even have a carry on. I am not even old enough to rent a car. I had to get a U-Haul.

Maxwell points to a U-Haul truck parked poorly in two spots.

MAXWELL DYLAN (CONT'D)

I would love to talk to you more whenever you are ready. I want to give you time to process and heal, but I have to return the U-Haul tomorrow because it's college move in this weekend and they are gonna fine me if I go over the 24 hours.

Maxwell hands Oliver a business card. Oliver takes it and crumples it.

OLIVER

Scram.

MAXWELL DYLAN

Scram?

BAILEY THING

Scram?

Oliver's keys click, and he gets into his car.

INT. OLIVER'S CAR - DAY

Oliver turns to Bailey.

OLIVER

Unbelievable.

Bailey shakes her head in deep contemplation then her eyes meet Oliver's.

BAILEY THING

Scram?

Oliver starts the car.

Oliver and Bailey Thing drive off leaving Maxwell standing in the parking lot.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME PARKING LOT - DAY

Max is defeated. He pulls his phone out and hits Jenna's contact.

He takes a deep breath.

INT. JENNA'S CAR L.A - DAY

Pat and Jenna are drinking celebratory Erewhon smoothies in her Kia Soul.

JENNA  
Hey. How is it?

MAXWELL DYLAN (V.O)  
I think bad.

PAT JOY  
I'm sure you did good kid. What happened. What did he say to you? Remember that thing I told you about, sticks and stones.

Max begins to cry.

MAXWELL DYLAN (V.O)  
He told me to... he told me to  
scram.

PAT JOY  
Hmm. I think it's safe to say that catches all of us off guard.

Pat and Jenna look at each other baffled for a moment.

JENNA  
Max, he'll come around don't worry. That's like the nicest thing I've ever heard Oliver say. So if anything I think he likes and respects you.

MAXWELL DYLAN (V.O)  
He also said something about learning empathy on notecards.

PAT JOY  
You know Bailey used to say way worse things. Remember when she told everyone your birthday was 9/11 because you forgot the cream cheese for those bagels?

MAXWELL DYLAN (V.O.)  
Yeah that was messed up. My birthday is in May. No part of me gives Virgo.

JENNA

(Whispers)

What? I've been wishing that kid  
happy birthday on September 11th  
for two years.

PAT JOY

You are a tough kid. Just keep  
being you.

EXT. FUNERAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Max holds the phone to his ear while he sits in the open bed  
of the U-Haul. His legs dangling out while sniffing.

MAXWELL DYLAN

Okay. Okay yeah. Thanks guys.

PAT JOY (V.O)

No problem kid. Keep us in the  
loop.

JENNA (V.O)

Everything will come together.  
You're okay.

Max hangs up the phone and stares at the people exiting the  
funeral home.

INT. BAILEY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

Oliver and Bailey Thing enter Bailey's childhood home for the  
celebration of life. Oliver has an ice cream cone in hand.  
Oliver looks around. People cast seemingly judgmental glances  
at him.

OLIVER

I should throw this out.

Oliver goes to the bathroom, but it is locked. Bailey Thing  
stands by the stairwell going upstairs.

BAILEY THING

The upstairs bathroom should be  
open.

Oliver slips upstairs and holds his ice cream under warm sink  
water in the bathroom and watches it melt. Bailey Thing  
observes the hallway of her home. She still holds the jar of  
cotton balls. The photo wall has specific empty gaps where  
framed photos once were. Certain family and individual photos  
appear taken off. She stares at the wall and follows the  
photo's that still hang until she gets to a door. Oliver pops  
his head out and sees she is entering a bedroom.

OLIVER  
What are you doing?

Oliver hastily walks into the room to get her.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
I feel like I can't really be up  
here snooping. We should go back  
downstairs.

Bailey Thing admires her things.

BAILEY THING  
I used to collect decorative tea  
towels wherever I traveled.

OLIVER  
Yeah I remember that. I get it they  
don't rip like posters, I've heard  
the spiel about cloth. Let's go.

BAILEY THING  
I miss my room.

Oliver looks at the walls in which decorative tea towels are hung that display various maps and countries. On Bailey's desk is a jar labeled "ideas" filled with hundreds of sticky notes. The jar is the same jar that Bailey Thing holds. Oliver grabs a sticky note out of the jar and unfolds it. In messy handwriting it says "theatre puppet murders". He puts it back. He looks down to see that the bed isn't made. It looks freshly slept in.

BAILEY THING (CONT'D)  
Mom.

The door creaks open more. It's Bailey's Mom, Mrs. Graves.

MRS. GRAVES, (73), broken.

Oliver straightens up.

OLIVER  
I'm so sorry. I shouldn't be in  
here.

MRS. GRAVES  
It's alright, I'm hiding too.

Bailey Thing looks closely at her Mom. Oliver prepares to head toward the door.

OLIVER  
I'll let you have some time alone.

MRS. GRAVES  
Thank you for coming.

Oliver nods.

MRS. GRAVES (CONT'D)  
It doesn't make sense. And I know,  
it never really does but this... It  
just doesn't sound like her.

Oliver quietly hesitates.

MRS. GRAVES (CONT'D)  
Can you make sense of this Oliver?

OLIVER  
No. Not in the way you would want.  
I wish I had an answer for you.

MRS. GRAVES  
I mean after your situation we flew  
out to see her. And she seemed  
normal. Then a few weeks ago we  
went down again but she had been  
working such long hours. These  
films she was working on...It  
drained her. That place. That town.  
Those people. Going away from home  
to pursue something for what? Now  
what? I have nothing, but these  
damn movies of hers. She isn't even  
in them.

Silence fills the room.

With all the sincerity in his heart Oliver looks at Mrs.  
Graves and Bailey Thing. He takes a seat on the bed next to  
Mrs. Graves.

OLIVER  
I am so sorry.

MRS. GRAVES  
What happens out there? What  
happened to my baby girl?

Bailey Thing tries to reach out, but fails to hug her Mother.  
Oliver embraces Mrs. Graves.

Oliver exhales while holding Mrs. Graves in his arms.

Oliver's eyes move toward a decorative tea towel of an L.A  
map tacked to the wall.

INT. U-HAUL TRUCK - DUSK

Pitch black.

The roll-up door on the U-Haul is violently pulled up. Oliver looks down at Max who is curled up wearing a wife beater, and using his suit as a pillow.

OLIVER

Whatever it pays, I want double and  
I need my airbnb to have heated  
bathroom floors.

Max, still on the ground slightly curled up, smiles.

Oliver hops off the U-Haul trunk and walks towards Bailey Thing who stands outside Ollie's car hugging the jar of cotton balls.

BAILEY THING

So we're just moving to LA then?

OLIVER

If this is what it takes to get you  
to leave me alone then I'll finish  
your unfinished business.

Oliver walks away leaving Bailey Thing standing.

She smiles.

END OF PILOT