

Soul Survivor
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FADE IN:

INT. ROBBIE DUNMORE'S APARTMENT, NYC - MORNING

ROBBIE DUNMORE, early thirties, with a pleasant quiriness about him, readies for work. The wall clock reads 6:50.

The apartment is sparsely furnished with what could be mistaken for used furniture, nice enough, but old -- and in the foreground is an aquarium full of brightly colored fish.

As he speeds by the stereo, he turns it on. It's playing the tail end of something like Pat Benetar's "WE BELONG".

As the song finishes, the DJ begins his between-song banter.

DJ (O.S.)

It's a balmy 78 degrees in the city this morning, with the mercury rising to a high of 85. Nothing but sunshine for the next week, so it looks like we're in for a gorgeous August weekend.

In the kitchen, he grabs a cup of coffee, takes a sip, burns his tongue, and then dumps the coffee down the sink.

Dancing into the living room, Robbie shuts the window blinds.

ROBBIE

(to fish)

Looks like it's gonna be a warm one today, fellas.

Also on the aquarium stand are several self help books and a newspaper flyer.

Robbie leans over the aquarium and feeds his fish.

He sets the fish food container on the top cover, near the heat gauge.

DJ (O.S.)

Coming up next, Orbison's tribute
to loneliness, Only the Lonely.
And for all you lonely saps out
there, make sure you tune into the
late night help line with Dr. SOS
himself, Toby Tibbs.

ROBBIE

(overlapping)

Eat up, guys. Hey, hey, hey.
Nelson, you leave Harriet alone.

Robbie taps the side of the aquarium and leans the pet
store flyer up against the books:

-STEVEN COVEY'S 7 HABITS OF HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE,
-DALE CARNEGIE'S HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE
-ANTHONY ROBBINS'S AWAKEN THE GIANT WITHIN.

ROBBIE

I don't want any funny business
while I'm at work. This is a big
day for me. I should hear about
my promotion today and you know
what that means?

(beat)

That's right, Einstein, take a look.

Robbie points to a newspaper flyer.

ROBBIE

The Auquamana 5000. Time for
an upgrade, boys and girls.

Robbie shuts down the stereo and exits, turning off the
lights before he closes the door. His silhouette is
outlined against the light in the hallway.

EXT. NYC STREETS - DAY

Robbie speeds down the sidewalk.

Pushing his way through a throng of pedestrians, he edges
out onto the road before the red light clears the
intersection.

A TAXI DRIVER leans on his horn and curses while Robbie walks by, flipping him the bird.

EXT. OFFICE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Robbie climbs the stairs to his building; presses past anyone in his way.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Robbie forces his way past several more people and fights to be first in line for the lobby elevator.

He smiles and nods to his co-worker, KIM MARSHALL. She scowls and turns away.

Red-headed and in her mid-twenties, Kim looks like a bee readying to sting in a black skirt, yellow blouse and black suit jacket.

ROBBIE

Are you ready for the St. Ives presentation?

KIM

Just about.

ROBBIE

Handed the boss my assignment on Monday.

KIM

He'll get mine this morning, after a final review. I want to make sure my numbers are right.

ROBBIE

Ah, she who hesitates...

The lobby elevator doors open and Robbie gets on.

A CROWD OF PEOPLE follow behind him and push him to the back.

Robbie forces his way to the front of the elevator and annoys everyone around him.

The elevator doors open to --

REMINGTON ADVERTISING AGENCY FOYER.

The office is bright and funky with lots of energy. People move quickly throughout the area.

AT ROBBIE'S DESK

He throws his briefcase on the desk and turns on his computer.

The phone rings. It's his mother, ANGELA DUNMORE.

ANGELA (V.O.)

Robbie, have you spoken to Joe yet?

ROBBIE

Ma, I just got in.

He sits down, flips through files.

ANGELA (V.O.)

I'm so proud of you, Robbie. Your father is, too.

ROBBIE

What? Proud I haven't screwed **this** job up yet?

ANGELA (V.O.)

Don't start that again, dear.

ROBBIE

Right.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUNMORE RESIDENCE

Angela Dunmore, early fifties attempting to look thirty, sits on a couch and is surrounded by the opulent trappings of wealth.

ANGELA

Come for supper tomorrow night.
Bring your friend, Sal. We can
celebrate your promotion.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

ROBBIE

It's not a done deal, you know.

ANGELA (V.O.)

I'm sure you'll get it. Joe
owes your dad a favor.

Robbie shakes his head.

ROBBIE

Great.

ANGELA (V.O.)

You should be happy your father
can pull a few strings.

Robbie glances around the office, embarrassed.

ROBBIE

I've gotta go to work, Ma. I'll
talk to you later.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Robbie sits in front of a computer. He taps on the
keyboard.

There are at least thirty different screens opened.

He looks for one document in particular, clicks his mouse
from one tab to the next.

ROBBIE

That's not it. That's not it.
That's not it. Nope.

The department manager CHARLES MOORE, a fatherly-type, walks up behind Robbie and puts his hand on Robbie's shoulder. He leans down.

CHARLES

How the hell do you ever find anything?

ROBBIE

I know it's here. I was just looking at it.

KIM

Here you go, Charles.

Kim hands Charles a storyboard.

KIM

I had a copy.

Robbie glares back over his shoulder at Kim. He picks up a pen, taps it loudly.

KIM

(to Robbie)

You emailed the storyboard to the project team yesterday.

(to Charles)

I added my comments and made a few changes.

CHARLES

Thanks Kim.

Charles exits, nods.

ROBBIE

(sarcastic)

Thanks Kim.

Kim smiles mockingly, then turns and walks away.

Robbie holds the pen like a knife. He fakes a stabbing action, then throws the pen on his desk.

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - Later

Drip Coffee makers line the counter top.

Robbie searches through the cupboards. He finds a mug and cuts in front of A FEMALE CO-WORKER who was on their way to the closest coffee maker.

He pours his coffee, then speeds to GRETCHEN D'LARGO'S side.

Gretchen, a pretty, frumpily dressed blond, twenty-four, tries to turn away from him before he makes conversation, but it's too late.

ROBBIE

I had a great time with you the other night.

GRETCHEN

Yeah, it was okay.

ROBBIE

No, really, I think we make a great couple.

GRETCHEN

(whispering)

Robbie, you're taking this way too fast. Way too fast. It was just a date.

ROBBIE

A great date.

GRETCHEN

A nice date. Supper and a movie. Nice, but--

ROBBIE

But what?

GRETCHEN

I don't think we should see each other anymore.

ROBBIE

I don't get it.

GRETCHEN

How can I explain this...It's like, everything I wanted to do, you had already done. Everything I tried to say--

ROBBIE

I'd already said it.

GRETCHEN

Yeah.

People mill about the kitchen, some listen to the ongoing conversation.

Gretchen moves out to the hall. Robbie follows her.

GRETCHEN

(whispers)

You're a nice guy, but I didn't like leaving half my dinner on my plate just to get to the theatre thirty minutes before the movie started--

ROBBIE

Yeah, but--

GRETCHEN

--or leaving before the movie was over, just to beat the crowd.

(beat)

And another thing, a first date is no place to bring up marriage.

Several people have stopped their conversation to listen in on Gretchen's. She glares at them.

GRETCHEN

(whispers lower)

I'm sorry Robbie, but you're going somewhere in an awful hurry, and I'm just not comfortable with that.

INT. JOE REMINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

JOE REMINGTON, professional and dignified, fifty, is the owner of Remington Advertising Agency.

His office is as immaculate and distinguished as he is and placed on his desk is a fancy box of cigars.

As Joe sits across from Robbie, he silently reviews a file.

He notices Robbie staring at the cigars.

JOE

Would you like one? They're Cuban.

ROBBIE

Are they still illegal?

Joe grimaces.

Robbie reaches into the box, pulls out a cigar and pushes it into a suit coat pocket.

Joe leans forward, hands clasped together in front of him.

JOE

Robbie, I've known you all your life. And I know how hard you've been--

ROBBIE

(overlapping)

Slaving away? Oh yeah, Joe, I've been working like a rabid dog for the past month on the Winslow account.

JOE

Well son, if I could promote you based on your enthusiasm, you'd be management by now--

Robbie smiles.

JOE

But I can't do that.

ROBBIE

What?

JOE

Rob, you're a fine young man,
ambitious, hard working -- but you
bull through tasks so fast that
you don't even hand in completed
work.

ROBBIE

Bu--

JOE

And you're not thorough enough to
be placed on a big account. I'm
afraid I'm going to move you to
the smaller projects.

ROBBIE

But Joe--

JOE

I've had complaints about your
work. People picking up the pieces
you leave behind. Double-checking
your assignments.

(beat)

Robbie, if your father wasn't
such a good friend, I
would have fired you long ago.
Consider the demotion a gift.

ROBBIE

A gift?

Robbie rises and turns to leave, but pauses.

ROBBIE

A gift. Well, thanks Joe. For the
gift and all.

JOE

And tell your father I'll see him on
the links at 6 a.m., Saturday.

Joe stands, mocks a golf swing.

Robbie exits and shuts the door behind him. He leans up
against it and scans...

THE OFFICE

Everyone is too busy to notice his distress. He checks
his watch. Twenty to five.

Robbie speeds to his desk and grabs his briefcase.

He runs to the elevator, pushes past Kim in the hallway,
hops into the empty elevator car.

EXT. NYC STREETS - NIGHT

Robbie runs through crowded sidewalks, crosses
intersections, and narrowly misses getting hit by several
cars.

EXT. ROBBIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Fresh GRAFFITI is scrawled across the lower front of the
brown brick exterior. Two TEENAGE BOYS hide, seeking
cover of the shrubbery.

ROBBIE

Hey! Get away from there.

LONGHAired TEEN

Fuck you.

TATTOOED TEEN

Fuck your grandma.

The boys move closer; they threaten to spray Robbie with
paint.

ROBBIE

Don't you have a welfare check
to cash or a store to rob?

LONGHAired TEEN

(to tattooed teen)

Let's see how he looks in black.

They run toward Robbie, and hold their SPRAY PAINT cans
out in front of them, then spray his gray suit coat with
black paint.

Robbie runs into his --

APARTMENT BUILDING

RAUL, the building maintenance man, walks by.

He's scruffy, thirty-five, with greasy shoulder-length
hair, and wears a dirty white undershirt.

RAUL

It's been down all day. You'll have
to use the stairs.

ROBBIE

Great.

(beat)

There's some kids outside vandal-
izing the front of the building.

RAUL

Looks like they vandalized you, too.
D'you call the cops?

ROBBIE

No. They took off.

Robbie waves to Raul then begins the long climb up to the
fourteenth floor.

The stairs are littered with candy wrappers and cigarette
butts and lit by the faint light of security lamps.

He stops several times to catch his breath.

When he reaches his floor, he stumbles down the hall and stands outside of his apartment door.

AT THE DOOR

ROBBIE
Home sweet home.

Placing the key into the lock, Robbie enters --

HIS APARTMENT

He turns on the light. His fish float at the top of the tank.

ROBBIE
Shit.

Robbie inspects the tank, picks up the jar of fish food. It's jammed against the heat gauge.

ROBBIE
What's wrong with me? Everything I touch turns to shit.

He turns off the aquarium light.

ROBBIE
And as soon as someone like Gretchen gets to know me, I turn her off.

Robbie collapses onto the couch.

ROBBIE
I'm a total fuck up.

An alarm clock rings in the distance. Robbie grins sardonically and shakes his head.

ROBBIE
Oh yeah. That's right. Don't want to be late getting to the gym.

The doorbell rings. Robbie peers through the peephole.

It's SAL MANCINI, Robbie's best friend.

Sal is a chubby fellow, thirty, and attractive in a macho kind of way. He stands at the door, dressed in dress clothes.

Robbie opens the door and Sal enters.

ROBBIE

Wow. Don't you think you're a little over dressed for the gym?

SAL

Very funny. Look, I'm not going to the gym tonight. Eileen and I are going out and if I have anything to say about it, tonight's the night.

ROBBIE

You want a beer?

SAL

No. I'm in a hurry. Eileen gets off work in half an hour. I'm picking her up.

Sal eyes the aquarium.

SAL

Hey, what's up with your fish?

ROBBIE

They're trying something new. It's called dead man's float. They do it rather well, if you ask me.

Sal shrugs.

SAL

So I'll hook up with you tomorrow.

ROBBIE

Yeah, sure.

Robbie stares at his dead fish.

SAL

I swear to God she's glued her legs shut. We've been dating for a month now and the most I've gotten is a bit of PG action in the back of her car.

ROBBIE

Hope it works out for you, man.

SAL

Hey, you okay?

ROBBIE

I guess.

(beat)

Sal, do you think I'm a loser?

Sal glances to the floor.

SAL

What's up?

ROBBIE

Nothing. Forget it.

SAL

You don't sound like yourself, buddy. I've known you a long time, and I know when something's not right.

ROBBIE

I'm just tired. Had a bad day at work.

SAL

How's about I take you out for a beer tomorrow night.

ROBBIE

Sounds good.

SAL

Great. I'll call you tomorrow, then.

ROBBIE

Ciao.

Sal exits.

Robbie stares across the room at a photo of his family that hangs on the wall.

The picture shows a young, handsome couple in their mid-thirties with Robbie, then ten.

ROBBIE

It was you, old man.

Robbie nods his head; walks towards the photos.

ROBBIE

I could never measure up to your expectations.

He walks away from the wall, paces.

ROBBIE

Never as successful as you wanted me to be.

(beat)

To you, I'm nothing, no matter how hard I try. No matter what I do.

Robbie rises and glances around his humble home, dejected.

Turning slowly, Robbie leaves his apartment.

EXT. NYC STREETS - NIGHT

Robbie ambles through the still-crowded city streets.

He passes happy people; a couple arm in arm, laughing; youths on skateboards practicing jumps, a ghetto blaster is playing in the background.

A montage of memories past to present filter through his thoughts.

SERIES OF SHOTS: ROBBIE'S A LOSER

A) Robbie swings and misses a baseball in little league. Father looks on from stands, angry.

- B) His father scolds him for being cut from the football team: You gonna be the water boy now? Or how about a cheerleader?
- C) Glares from dad over the top of a report card.
- D) Nameless girls squeal at him: get lost, Robbie.
- E) Nameless women order him: get lost, Robbie.
- F) Gretchen quietly saying to him: I don't want to see you any more. Way too fast. Way too fast.
- G) His dead fish.
- H) His father yells: You're useless. You're hopeless. You can't be my son. When the hell will you ever do anything right?

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

Robbie, alone on the Brooklyn Bridge, walks to the midway point.

He squeezes himself through the guy wires, stands up quickly on the struts. He looks down. It's a long way to the water. He smiles. What **was** he thinking? He turns to get back down and a truck zooms by - the force of the wind behind the truck pushes Robbie off the bridge.

Cars pass by, honking.

Robbie's body tumbles down to the water slowly.

When sudden impact with the water's surface is seconds away, Robbie's soul (A SEMI-TRANSPARENT TWIN OF ROBBIE) jumps from the body.

SOUL ROBBIE looks down at his body (which now floats face down), registers certain sadness, and then begins his flight to the heavens.

EXT. TUGBOAT - LATER

Robbie regains consciousness on the floor of an old CHUGGING TUGBOAT.

The tugboat is manned by three derelict-looking old men, (FATTY, SKINNY and TOOTHLESS) with dirty faces, grimy hands, and filthy clothes.

A toothless oldster leans down and slaps Robbie's face.

Robbie doesn't flinch.

FATTY

Is he dead?

SKINNY

Dunno.

Skinny Oldster slaps Robbie.

SKINNY

Boy! Are you gonna wake up or do we have to throw you back?

TOOTHLESS

He's dead. Look at him. He must have been doing sixty when he hit the water. That'd mess up a body, for sure.

Robbie coughs and sputters water, choking.

FATTY

Son, can you hear me?

As Robbie shakes off the trauma of the experience, the tugboat motors far away from the original site of impact.

ROBBIE

Yeah. I hear you just fine.
(beat)
My legs...

Robbie stretches out his legs.

...they're kind of sore.

SKINNY

No doubt. That was quite a fall you took. Plunged in feet first.

Robbie clenches his eyes closed.

FAT OLD MAN

You okay?

ROBBIE

Yeah, I just feel a bit strange.

TOOTHLESS

You weren't trying to kill yourself
back there, were 'ya?

Robbie's face takes on a hardened quality.

ROBBIE

No. I fell.

EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

Soul Robbie is on his way to meet his maker when he is
stopped fast and is suspended in outer space.

A disembodied male voice speaks to him. It's GOD.

GOD

Hold on. Hold on. Where're you
going, fly boy?

SOUL ROBBIE

What?

GOD

(echoing)

You're not welcome here.

SOUL ROBBIE

Wh-where's here?

God slowly materializes near Soul Robbie. He's thirty, at
best, clean cut, all-American, GI Joe, sports hero.

Soul Robbie's version of Heaven also slowly materializes -
- a nonstop basketball game between the New York Knicks
and the Miami Heat and a front row seat with Robbie's name
on it.

Robbie's face is lit from ear to ear with a smile. He's
in heaven.

GOD

Whadoya think?

Robbie looks over God's shoulder, forgetting where he is and why, while he watches the Knicks score.

SOUL ROBBIE

I'm in Heaven!

(slowly dawns on him)

But, I can't stay?

God shakes his head.

SOUL ROBBIE

I'm not going to Hell, am I? You know the whole Jessop sister thing wasn't my fault. I didn't know they couldn't swim and--

GOD

Dunmore, for once in your life, shut up and listen. You have a character flaw you need to resolve. It's so bad you actually ended up here, instead of in your body, where you belong.

SOUL ROBBIE

What do you mean?

GOD

You're not dead.

SOUL ROBBIE

Sure I am. I'm here, aren't I?

GOD

You're here because you - the soul part of you - jumped out of your body before it actually hit the water.

SOUL ROBBIE

I don't get it.

GOD

In your attempt, my friend, to be quick or fast or first--

ROBBIE

My shrink says it's Obsessive Compulsive Disorder.

GOD

Whatever. You goofed up.

ROBBIE

Doesn't surprise me.

GOD

Someone saved you from drowning.

SOUL ROBBIE

So now what?

GOD

Now you have to go back.

Robbie's attention is grabbed by an obvious foul against Miami.

SOUL ROBBIE

Hey!

A whistle blows.

SOUL ROBBIE

But what do I do? Just find my body
and then what? How do I get in?

GOD

And it's up to you to find the
right way. I'm afraid I can't
help you.

SOUL ROBBIE

But you're God.

GOD

And I have no control over your free
will. I've never dealt with this
situation before, so I'll give you a
small window of time for you to get
back. If you miss that, well--

SOUL ROBBIE

What?

GOD

Your body goes on without you.
Soulless. And you'll be stuck
in Limbo on your own. Forever.

SOUL ROBBIE

Soulless? How's that possible?

GOD

There are many soulless bodies on
earth. Crooked CEO's, mass murderers,
lawyers. Soulless.

SOUL ROBBIE

Lawyers?

GOD

Yeah. Well, most of them. You can tell
by just looking them in the eye.

Robbie shrugs a 'why?'.

GOD

The eyes are the windows to the
soul. You can tell, believe me.

God and Heaven begin to fade.

GOD

Good luck. And hurry. You don't
have much time left.

A clock suspended over top of the basketball game shows
seven minutes left in the period.

SOUL ROBBIE

How much is much?

GOD

How about...seven days.
(fading)

That's a good number for me.

SOUL ROBBIE

God? God! Oh my God. I need to
get back.

Soul Robbie leaves Heaven and flies back to the Brooklyn Bridge then recreates his jump so he can find his point of impact.

At the water's surface, he walks upon the waves, scans the water, then realizes that he's walking on water and taps his foot on the surface.

He experiments with his newfound power; jumps on the surface, pretends to skate.

He remembers why he's there in the first place, and stops quick.

SOUL ROBBIE

Where am I?

EXT. NYC STREETS - NIGHT

Robbie walks the streets in wet clothes.

As he gets closer to his apartment, he notices the street punks as they ready to spray paint his building again.

This time he chases them into a dark alley. He catches the slowest one.

The other teen has climbed over the wall at the side of the alley and is gone.

ROBBIE

So we meet again, fuckwad.

LONGHAired TEEN

Blow me.

The teen struggles to free himself from Robbie's grip.

ROBBIE

That's no way to talk to a grown up.

Robbie pushes the youth away and kicks him in the crotch. The teen doubles over in pain.

ROBBIE

And you know you shouldn't draw on things that--

Robbie winds up for another kick, and plows his foot into the kid's side.

ROBBIE

--don't belong to **you!**

The teen falls to the ground and moans as he holds his side.

ROBBIE

Now, stay the fuck away from my building. Clear?

LONGHAired TEEN

Y-Yeah, man.

Robbie leaves the boy lying in the alley and starts back to his building.

He pauses a moment, frowns, then shakes the feeling off and struts away confidently.

LONGHAired TEEN

(under his breath)

Psycho.

INT. ROBBIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The dead fish still float in the aquarium.

Robbie walks in, takes notice, and grimaces.

ROBBIE

For the love of...

He peers into the top of the aquarium and groans.

Walking to the kitchen, Robbie grabs a large slotted spoon and a paper towel and strolls back to the aquarium.

ROBBIE

Let's go Einstein. You too,
Mary Ann.

He chases the dead fish around the water with the spoon.

ROBBIE

Get back here Ginger.

As he pulls the dead fish from the aquarium, Soul Robbie runs THROUGH the door.

Speeding to his body, Soul Robbie throws himself against Robbie but BOUNCES off.

Robbie flinches.

He tries again, only to bounce off the wall. Then, a final attempt is made.

SOUL ROBBIE

How am I supposed to do this?

ROBBIE

Bet you never had a mix-master
funeral before.

Soul Robbie stares at his dead fish.

SOUL ROBBIE

My poor babies!

Robbie carries the paper towel full of dead fish into the kitchen. Soul Robbie follows.

Turning on the garbage disposal, Robbie starts to mock a trumpet military song, and then he dumps the fish down the sink.

Soul Robbie lurches forward and sticks his hand down the drain, but he retrieves nothing.

SOUL ROBBIE

(yelling at Robbie)

Hey!

ROBBIE

You know the saying guys: Big fish
eat little fish.

SOUL ROBBIE

Don't I know it.

ROBBIE

It's been that way for me --
(he inhales deeply)
-- well, for a long time. And
you know, it's about time
things changed.

SOUL ROBBIE

Maybe if I tried to slide up his nose.

Soul Robbie mutates his form into a MIST and attempts to
crawl up Robbie's nose; causes Robbie to sneeze and
disperse the mist.

Robbie strolls into the living room.

Soul Robbie collects himself as Robbie grabs the remote
and flicks through TV channels.

Soul Robbie sits down on the couch, surveys his body,
focusing on an ear.

SOUL ROBBIE

Maybe...

Altering his form, Soul Robbie resembles a GIANT Q-TIP.

He leans over and pokes the top of his head into Robbie's
ear.

Robbie grows agitated and sticks his pinky finger into his
ear. When he pulls his finger out, Soul Robbie also comes
out -- making a POPPING SOUND.

Robbie re-assembles and the two Robbie's sit side by side
on the couch.

LIVINGROOM - LATER

Soul Robbie drums his fingers at the computer desk.

On the couch, TV blaring, Robbie stretches and yawns.

SOUL ROBBIE

Maybe if I wait until he goes to
Sleep, I can get back inside.

He paces behind the couch.

SOUL ROBBIE

(yelling)

God? Can you hear me?

(beat)

Is that what I have to do?

(beat)

I need help, here.

Soul Robbie sits back down.

SOUL ROBBIE

I was unconscious when I left my body.
That has to be it!

Soul Robbie stares at the ceiling.

SOUL ROBBIE

Why don't you answer me?
Someone? Is anyone listening?

Robbie changes the channel a few times and stops on the
sitcom, FRASIER.

INSERT TV

FRASIER

(V.O.)

Go ahead caller. I'm listening.

END INSERT

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Robbie undresses, brushes his teeth and gargles in the en-
suite bathroom.

Soul Robbie sits on a chair next to the bed.

SOUL ROBBIE
Hurry up, already.

Robbie begins a series of stretches and toe touches.

SOUL ROBBIE
You've go to be kidding me.

Robbie climbs into bed, tosses and turns, tears the blankets apart.

He settles down and closes his eyes; emits a huge fart.

SOUL ROBBIE
Nice.

It's midnight. Robbie snores, mouth open wide.

Soul Robbie walks to the bed, then hurls himself at sleeping Robbie.

SOUL ROBBIE
It's like some sort of force field.

Bouncing back to his feet, he climbs on the dresser and jumps on Robbie again.

Again, he bounces back.

SOUL ROBBIE
I can't seem to get through it.

VAPORIZING himself, he slowly eases down Robbie's throat, but with each exhale, the vapor is sent flying backward.

Soul Robbie reconstitutes and stares at the sleeping body, arms crossed, toe tapping.

SOUL ROBBIE
I've tried forcing my way back,
vaporizing and shoving myself in
your ear, and then up your nose.
(beat)
What's left?

Robbie rolls over on his side, exposing his underwear-covered bottom, and farts again.

Soul Robbie gazes in the general direction.

SOUL ROBBIE

No way.

INT. ROBBIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Robbie strides into the living room. He adjusts his tie as he readies for work; his jaw is firm, his eyes bright, confident.

In the background, Soul Robbie attempts to move objects in the apartment. He stands at the kitchen sink, in front of a dirty spoon. Concentrates...the spoon moves a little.

Robbie laughs, excited.

The phone RINGS.

ROBBIE

It's your dime.

SAL(V.O.)

Hey, you're still there.

ROBBIE

Yeah, surprise.

SAL(V.O.)

Great. Look, I picked up two Knicks tickets last night, so how 'bout tonight, we go to the game, have a few beers, and I'll tell you all about how I ended up driving home from Eileen's at four in the morning.

(beat)

I can pick you up from work.

ROBBIE

Oh. Sounds—

(beat)

—nifty, but I can't go.

SAL (V.O.)

Why? You love the Knicks. You'd never miss a game, especially when someone else is buying.

Soul Robbie managed to pick up a pen from the computer table. He's overjoyed.

ROBBIE

I've got work to do. Big presentation.

Soul Robbie drops the pen to the floor.

Robbie turns to look.

SOUL ROBBIE

What presentation?

SAL(V.O.)

That's a first. You sick?

ROBBIE

It's the new me. Look, gotta go, 'k? Bub-bye.

Robbie hangs up phone.

ROBBIE

Jerk.

SOUL ROBBIE

Sal's your best friend.

ROBBIE

Time to make some new friends. Ones who count. Like Charles.

SOUL ROBBIE

Office Charles? He's creepy. His nose hair sticks out too far and he smells...funky. Too much Aqua Velva.

ROBBIE

Yes, I think Old Charles and I will become great pals. Sucking up to that old turd is just what I need to do to kick start my career.

Robbie leans back, smirks, hands interlocked behind his head.

ROBBIE
Time for me to take control of my
life.

SOUL ROBBIE
My life! It's my life!

Robbie picks up the phone, dials Gretchen's number.

ROBBIE
Gretch—how are things?

GRETCHEN (V.O.)
Robbie?

SOUL ROBBIE
What are you doing?

ROBBIE
I was just thinking about you --

INT. GRETCHEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

GRETCHEN
You were?

ROBBIE (V.O.)
Yeah. I'm working on a
presentation for a local
restaurant and thought I should
check it out. Research.

GRETCHEN
Sounds like you're doing your
homework.

INT. ROBBIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Soul Robbie has his ear to the phone.

ROBBIE
So, you wanna go with me?

SOUL ROBBIE
Of course she doesn't.

ROBBIE
No strings. Just thought it would
Help to know what I'm trying
to sell.
(beat)
C'mon, it's no fun to eat alone.

INT. GRETCHEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

GRETCHEN
Robbie, I just don't think--

ROBBIE (V.O.)
Okay, then.

GRETCHEN
Okay? Just like that?

INT. ROBBIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ROBBIE
You said no.

SOUL ROBBIE
Good! Now hang up!

GRETCHEN (V.O.)
Well... I guess I could
help. When did you want to
do your research?

ROBBIE
Oh hey -- I'll have to get back
to you on that. Call waiting's
beeping. It might be Joe.
I'm expecting his call.

GRETCHEN (V.O.)
Oh, okay--

Robbie hangs up, grins evilly.

ROBBIE

I'll have you ripe and ready to
pluck in no time.

Soul Robbie paces behind the couch.

SOUL ROBBIE

Nobody plucks Gretchen!

EXT. NYC STREETS - DAY

Robbie walks to work, whistles, eyes pretty woman on the street. All the while, Soul Robbie follows him.

They both stop on the sidewalk at an intersection.

The light changes. Soul Robbie starts across the street, but Robbie holds back, looks both ways and remains on the sidewalk until the light changes.

Soul Robbie steps back as cars run through him.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Waiting at the elevator, Robbie stands patiently to the side.

Kim approaches.

ROBBIE

Hi Kim.

Kim glares.

ROBBIE

I see you have your game face on.

The elevator stops and the doors open.

Soul Robbie is the first to get into the car and slips into a spot at the front.

Robbie slides in beside Kim. SEVERAL OTHER PEOPLE get on.

ROBBIE

(whispers)

Look, I know we've never seen eye to eye, but I'd like to make amends. How about I do your grunt work this morning?

KIM

I don't know...

The elevator stops and people get off. Soul Robbie moves closer to Kim.

ROBBIE

It would give you more time to prepare for the Winslow presentation.

SOUL ROBBIE

Why would you want to help that witch?

KIM

Well, I do need color copies of the graphs made into presentation charts.

(beat)

And it would give me more of a chance to work on the PowerPoint.

ROBBIE

I can do that.

KIM

I just don't know.

Kim eyes Robbie suspiciously.

KIM

What's the catch?

She eyes him again, but this time, almost flirting.

ROBBIE

No catch. It's just time we move on and -- how did Joe put it -- work like a team.

Soul Robbie rolls his eyes, sticks his finger down his throat and pretends to throw up.

KIM
Joe said that?

ROBBIE
He sure did.

SOUL ROBBIE
He did not!

The elevator stops on their floor and empties.

Soul Robbie is the last to get off.

ROBBIE
You know, Joe and my father are
good friends...

A concerned look washes over his face, as Robbie and Kim
walk away.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Robbie and Kim stand by Kim's desk.

Soul Robbie stands next to them, on the other side of Kim.

She flips through a hard copy of the presentation.

Soul Robbie reads over her shoulder; makes faces at her.

KIM
Here.

She holds a CD Rom out in front of her. Robbie reaches
for it, but she holds onto it firmly.

KIM
It's all on here. Just get the
graphs printed on white poster board
with a backing, like the last time.
(beat)
There's a place downstairs --
Drekker's Print Shop -- I
get presentation copies there all
the time. They do a great job.

KIM (CONT'D)

Just tell them to charge it
to my account.

ROBBIE

Got it.

He pulls the CD toward him, fights Kim for it.

ROBBIE

Really. I've got it.

She lets go of the disk, Robbie stumbles backwards.

KIM

The presentation is at eleven sharp.
That means I'll need the posters by
10:30 so I can review them and have
a chance to do a run through.

ROBBIE

10:30. No problem.

KIM

Thanks Robbie.

Soul Robbie raises an eyebrow, and then pushes a pile of
papers from her desk.

Then he follows Robbie around the office and mutters to
himself.

SOUL ROBBIE

I don't get it.

Robbie turns a corner, but Soul Robbie walks through it
and meets up with him in a hallway.

SOUL ROBBIE

She's mean, condescending and a
a bitch.

At his desk, Robbie places the disk into the computer and
brings the graphs up on the screen.

Soul Robbie paces behind him, still muttering, then turns to see that Robbie is changing the data. Instead of positive growth, the graphs now show negative growth.

SOUL ROBBIE
You're brilliant!

ROBBIE
(whispering)
I'm brilliant.

SOUL ROBBIE
She's hooped.

A smile blooms over his face, then disappears.

Robbie finishes hi revision, removes the disk from the computer; slides it into his pocket.

ROBBIE
One down.

Robbie stands and glares at Charles, who walks and chats with an earnest-looking young man, his arm around him as though he's giving him good advice.

Then, his gaze fixes on DOUG WILLOWS, a middle-aged guy with a paunch.

Doug, who sits across the aisle from Robbie, reads through papers on his desk.

INT. DREKKER'S PRINT SHOP - DAY

Robbie steps up to the counter and places the disk down in front of him.

Soul Robbie is seen in the distance He follows Gretchen as she enters the building.

His lips move and he waves his hands wildly, as he tries to get her attention. She fails to notice him.

Robbie looks over his shoulder, ogles Gretchen and GROWLS.

MR. DREKKER, a fat man in his fifties, waddles from a room at the back to the counter.

MR. DREKKER
What can I do for you today, sir?

Robbie holds up the disk.

ROBBIE
I need you to copy the graphs on this CD to white poster board with backing. Kim Marshall's account.

MR. DREKKER
Does she want a matte or glossy finish?

ROBBIE
What did she get the last time?

MR. DREKKER
Just a sec.

Drekker reaches for a file, opens it and drags his finger down an old invoice.

MR. DREKKER
Glossy.

ROBBIE
Oh, that's right. She asked for the matte finish this time.

Soul Robbie has now joined Robbie at the counter. He boosts himself up and sits on the counter near Robbie.

SOUL ROBBIE
This'll never work. She'll take one look at those, know that they're wrong. Then she'll run back down here to get them done right.

MR. DREKKER
When do you need 'em for?

ROBBIE

Ten fifty. I'll come and get them.

Robbie and his soul walk back to the elevator.

SOUL ROBBIE

You're going to get us fired!

Soul Robbie pushes Robbie and Robbie falls forward only slightly, but he catches himself before he falls.

Robbie looks behind him to see what he tripped over, then shrugs it off and enters the elevator - Soul Robbie rushes in beside him.

A MAN calls out to him to hold the elevator, but Robbie presses door close button, instead.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Robbie and Soul Robbie get off the elevator, each of them walk in opposite directions.

Soul Robbie steps over to the...

OFFICE KITCHEN

Gretchen and Kim are in the midst of a conversation.

Two other MEN talk quietly in a corner; a THIRD MAN reads a newspaper, while he eats a doughnut, sitting at one of two tables in the kitchen.

Soul Robbie stands behind Gretchen and Kim.

SOUL ROBBIE

(thinking)

I actually pushed him.

(beat)

So just what else can I do?

Soul Robbie reaches for a pot of coffee but his hand goes through the pot.

GRETCHEN

I really need this coffee.

KIM

Me, too.

GRETCHEN

I was up until two last night working
on the new Winslow logo design.

Soul Robbie reaches for the coffee again, and this time
the coffee machine lights start to blink.

SOUL ROBBIE

Electricity. I can feel it.

The red light on the machine flashes.

SOUL ROBBIE

Red light.

KIM

I know what you mean. I've been
working up the sales pitch all week.
The numbers look really good. If they
go with the new branding image, their
sales will increase ten-fold. It's a
no brain-er for them.

SOUL ROBBIE

Green light.

The green light on the coffee machine flashes.

SOUL ROBBIE

I can work it!

GRETCHEN

So you're all ready?

KIM

For the most part.

Soul Robbie scans the kitchen; looks for other electrical
appliances to play with.

He walks over to a pop machine and sticks his finger into
the coin slot. A can of pop drops out.

The Man at the table gets up, looks around the machine, then bends down and takes the can of pop as he walks away.

KIM

I'm just waiting on Robbie to finish with the graphs.

GRETCHEN

Robbie?

KIM

I know it sounds ridiculous, but, like Joe says, we have to work as a team. Besides, what can he screw up?

Against the far wall is a water cooler.

Soul Robbie gravitates toward it, and then looks back over his shoulder as if someone can actually see him.

Morphing into a misty form, he shoots himself up the spout of the cooler, stuffs himself into the water jug, making strange, almost-sexual sounding noises.

GRETCHEN

He's a nice enough guy and I don't mean to speak badly of him; it's just that lately he's been a bit... unfocused.

He pushes himself back through the spout, materializes and stands near her.

SOUL ROBBIE

You really think I'm nice.

GRETCHEN

And after reading Joe's email this morning--

KIM

What email?

SOUL ROBBIE

Yeah. What email?

GRETCHEN

The one that announced that Robbie was going to be taking over accounts under \$50,000.

Gretchen sips her coffee.

GRETCHEN

Fred Garner's moving into his position.

KIM

Demoted.

GRETCHEN

Big time. I wonder if he knows.

Gretchen senses a presence lurking out the corner of her eye. She turns quick to look, but nothing is there.

SOUL ROBBIE

Oh, I know all right.

Kim glances to her wristwatch. It is nearly 10:30.

KIM

I'd better go see about my charts.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Robbie's desk is cluttered with magazines, coffee-stained papers and several half-empty coffee mugs.

There are other desks and co-workers in close proximity. Doug's desk is nearest to Robbie's.

Kim hurries to Robbie's desk. He's nowhere in sight. Doug raises his head, then quickly lowers it to escape from Kim.

KIM

Have you seen Robbie?

DOUG

Uh, yeah. He just left. Said something about having to pick something up.

Kim heaves a sigh of relief.

KIM

As soon as he gets back, would you tell him to bring the presentation charts to my desk?

DOUG

Sure.

INT. DREKKER'S PRINT SHOP - DAY

Mr. Drekkter approaches the counter, wipes his hands with a dirty, ink-covered cloth.

MR. DREKKER

Had a bit of trouble with my copier.

ROBBIE

You don't say?

MR. DREKKER

Slowed things down a bit this morning.

A clock on the wall shows that it is 10:55.

ROBBIE

That's all right. No worries.

Robbie smiles evilly.

MR. DREKKER

Well, your friend didn't seem to think so.

ROBBIE

Friend?

MR. DREKKER

What's her name? Kim?

ROBBIE

Was she down here?

Mr. DREKKER

No. She called. I told her I was running a bit late.

ROBBIE

Good. Very good.

MR. DREKKER

I'll just go get the charts.

ROBBIE

Take your time.

MR Drekker walks into the back room and then reappears with two poster boards.

MR. DREKKER

You want to have a look?

ROBBIE

That won't be necessary.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Soul Robbie leans against Gretchen's very neatly organized desk and watches her work. He tries to make contact.

SOUL ROBBIE

Gretchen. Hey, Gretchen.

He attempts to touch her, but watches as his hand flows through her.

Gretchen shivers as though she's had a cold chill run down her spine.

SOUL ROBBIE

How do I get your attention?

Soul Robbie lays his hand upon the top of the computer monitor and as he does, all her open Windows screens close.

GRETCHEN

That's weird.

Robbie draws his hand back quickly, freaked out.

GRETCHEN

Oh no.

(beat)

Not again.

Gretchen stares into the computer screen.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Kim looks at her watch. It's five to eleven. Kim paces, livid.

She picks up her phone and stabs the numbers with a very sharp, red fingernail.

INTERCUT - KIM'S / PRINT SHOP

KIM

This is Kim Marshall from Remington -- again. Are my charts ready yet?

MR. DREKKER

Oh yeah. They were picked up a few minutes ago.

KIM

Great! Thanks.

END INTERCUT

She slams the phone onto the receiver, grabs her presentation file and bolts up. She marches to Robbie's desk.

Robbie's not there, but Doug is.

KIM

Dunmore?

DOUG

He was here just a minute ago.

KIM

Did he have my charts with him?

DOUG

I wasn't paying any attention.
I just knew he was here because
he was mumbling to himself.

Kim storms off down the hall.

KIM

I'll have to do this without
my graphs. I should have
known better.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

An oval table is loaded with LAPTOP and AV EQUIPMENT.

At the head of the table sits Joe Remington, ALVIN WINSLOW, Winslow's V.P. of Marketing, PHIL RUNGE, and Remington's V.P. of Sales, NORM TANDY.

The other seats are filled with Remington MANAGEMENT STAFF.

Soul Robbie sits smack in the middle of the table, cross-legged.

SOUL ROBBIE

This should be interesting.

Joe glances at his watch impatiently.

JOE

(to Norm)

Where's Kim.

NORM

I don't know. I saw her downstairs
a few minutes ago.

Kim bursts through the door looking frantic and disheveled.

Two easels, each with a poster board covered with a heavy sheet of manila-colored paper, sit off to the side.

She sighs with relief.

KIM
Sorry I'm late.

Kim sits near the AV equipment and pulls the laptop closer to her.

SOUL ROBBIE
That won't be the only thing you're
sorry for.

Soul Robbie stretches out on the table, crosses his ankles.

JOE
Alvin, I'm sure we have just the
right approach to increase sales
and re-vamp the Winslow company
image.

Joe stands and walks around the table as he talks.

JOE
America loves sports. Games are
going on all around us. Every day,
millions of basketball, softball,
football and hockey games are all
taking place. And what does it take
to make it all happen?

Joe circumnavigates the table and stands behind his seat, leaning on the backrest.

JOE
Winslow equipment.

All heads nod. Joe is very pleased with himself. Winslow is yet to be convinced.

JOE

Our proposed campaign is --

He glances to Kim.

JOE

Let the Games Begin. Lights please.

SOUL ROBBIE

Hey, that was my idea.

JOE

Kim, over to you.

The projector flickers, then shows the first slide in Kim's presentation. It reads: WINSLOW SPORTING GOODS PRESENTATION.

KIM

Thanks Joe.

Kim hold the remote control; flicks through slides. Each slide shows various games in action.

KIM

We all play games.

Next slide -- women's volleyball.

SOUL ROBBIE

Oh, sweet.

KIM

And we have for a long time.

Next slide - Ancient Greek wrestlers.

KIM

And there is one thing that, throughout the ages, has always been a common element, no matter what game is played. You still needed something to play with.

The next is a series of slides showing various types of sports equipment -- swords and chains of the Roman, right through to 21st century sporting equipment.

KIM

Balls, bats, helmets, bikes, racquets,
skates, shin pads and elbow pads.

The last slide shows a picture of the exterior of a
Winslow Sporting Goods store.

SOUL ROBBIE

Impressive. So, okay, you did improve
my pitch. Big deal.

KIM

And here is the history of Winslow
Sporting Goods.

The next slides are of photographs depicting Winslow
stores from opening day, 1951, to present day.

As Kim progresses through the slides, neither the logo or
the store exteriors or shop signs have changed much.

KIM

Mr. Winslow, while the world has
changed around us, sped up, grown
out, and digitized, the Winslow
brand has remained virtually unchanged.

WINSLOW

That can be a wise strategy.

KIM

Yes, sir. It can. But it can also
create the sense that your stores
have nothing new to offer.

Winslow casts a weary glance to Phil.

KIM

Our proposal is to jump out of the
starting gate this fall with the "Let
the Games Begin" promotion. New logo,
based on the existing one, of course,
new website, and a new store design.

Winslow nods his head.

MR. WINSLOW

Sounds expensive.

KIM

But isn't the initial cost worth
the increase of business tenfold.

Winslow and Phil exchange skeptical smirks.

KIM

If you don't mind me asking, what is
Dawson Advertising doing for you?
Have your sales increased? Have your
market shares gone up in price?

(beat)

What we propose is a two-year contract.
We can roll this out in stages so that
the increased business from the promo
actually pays for the lion's share of
the store remodeling.

Kim turns on the lights, walks over to the posters and
blindly lifts up both of the sheets of paper that cover
the charts.

SOUL ROBBIE

Don't do it, Kimmy.

Soul Robbie covers his eyes with his hands, and peeks
through his fingers.

KIM

As you can see, if you choose our
strategy, there is a projected eight
percent increase month over month for
the next eighteen months.

Kim notices that everyone at the table is staring as they
try to make sense of what she said in conjunction to the
graph on the easel.

Kim turns and panics.

KIM

This isn't right.

She turns the chart upside down.

KIM

These aren't my graphs.

SOUL ROBBIE

(sniffing)

Hey Kim, do you smell something burning?

(sniff, sniff)

Oh, right, it's just your career.

Kim glances from face to face.

KIM

The printer must have messed up.

She walks away from the charts, distancing herself from the disaster.

KIM

I can send you the soft copy of my graphs, Mr. Winslow.

MR. WINSLOW

That won't be necessary.

He stands and Phil gets up with him.

Slowly, Joe rises to his feet.

JOE

(to Winslow)

Kim won't be handling the account, of course.

MR. WINSLOW

No, she won't. And I'm afraid Remington won't be either. I can't hand over five million dollars for advertising to a company who clearly doesn't have their act together.

They shake hands and he turns to leave.

MR. WINSLOW

You can't win if you're not prepared. I'll be renewing my contract with Dawson.

Kim is near tears. Joe scowls her way.

Winslow and his V.P. exit the boardroom. Joe walks up to Kim.

JOE

I'd like to see you in my office
after lunch.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Robbie sits at his desk and chews on a sandwich while he works on a spreadsheet.

Kim marches up behind him, seething. Soul Robbie is right behind her.

Doug is at his desk. He reads a newspaper.

KIM

I should have known better.

Robbie swivels his chair around to face her.

ROBBIE

What?

SOUL ROBBIE

You're up shit creek now, buddy.

KIM

(yelling)

The graphs! You ruined my presentation.

Doug looks up.

SOUL ROBBIE

What goes around, comes around.

ROBBIE

Now wait a minute. I did what you
asked me to do.

Kim

You were supposed to have the charts
to me by 10:30.

ROBBIE
(smugly)
The printer was late.

KIM
But the graphs weren't even right.

ROBBIE
I guess Drekker screwed something up.
He said something about his equipment
not working properly.

SOUL ROBBIE
You should go into politics.

Robbie looks away from Kim to the people who walk by the scene, rubber-necking the fight.

ROBBIE
Or maybe you messed something up when
you saved the file.

Kim steps back.

ROBBIE
Anyway, I only tried to help you. I
can't believe this is the way you'd
treat a co-worker who only wanted to
be part of the Remington team.

Kim leans forward, hands on the arms of his chair,
cleavage in his face.

Robbie stares at her breasts, then to her lips.

KIM
I know you had something to do with
this, and I'll make sure Joe knows it
was your fuck up.

ROBBIE
Go ahead Kim. But what's worse,
your screw up or you trying to
blame it on an old family friend?

Kim turns fast. Doug, watching the whole scene, lowers his head and pretends to work as Kim walks away.

Soul Robbie slaps the top of Robbie's head.

Robbie touches the back of his head, smoothing his hair.

SOUL ROBBIE

I know she's a pain in the ass,
but that was just mean.

(pacing)

I have to find a way to get back,
before you ruin anyone else's life.

He turns to see Gretchen is leaving the office.

SOUL ROBBIE

You can feel me. I know you can.

EXT. OFFICE TOWER - DAY

Robbie follows Gretchen out of the building to the --

NEW YORK CITY STREETS

The song similar to DANCE WITH ME plays as Soul Robbie pretends to dance with Gretchen.

He puts his arm around her, and tries to hold her hand --
all the while Gretchen appears to be shooin' a fly.
He follows her to --

THE SUBWAY

Then walks with her to her --

APARTMENT BUILDING

As Gretchen climbs the steps of her building, she stops
and turns around.

Soul Robbie is right behind her.

GRETCHEN

Look, this is as far as I'd like to
take this game. Yes, I can feel you,
but I can't help you. Walk into the light.

She turns suddenly and skips up the rest of the stairs.

The door is held open for her by MR. JACKSON, a wrinkled old man in his seventies.

GRETCHEN

Thanks Mr. Jackson.

MR. JACKSON

My pleasure.

She passes him and walks up an old staircase to her apartment.

INT. GRETCHEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Her home is tidy with a comfortable ambiance. Stuffed animals and dolls are placed on the couch and on shelves.

In the living room and kitchen are hand-painted murals -- scenes of fairies and unicorns.

In a corner of the living room, on a table is a large geode and several crystals, along with an incense holder and a ceramic Buddha.

Gretchen enters and kicks off her shoes.

Soul Robbie walks THROUGH the door behind her.

Gretchen looks over her shoulder, then moves to the geode and touches it, closing her eyes.

GRETCHEN

Who are you and what do you want?

SOUL ROBBIE

It's me. Robbie.

GRETCHEN

Hello?

SOUL ROBBIE

(yelling)

I'm here! Gretchen, it's me.
Robbie Dunmore!

GRETCHEN

I don't do this kind of thing
anymore.

She sits on the couch.

In front of her is a coffee table, cluttered with the New
York Times, a couple of magazines and the TV remote
control.

Across from the coffee table is a huge IKEA-type wall
unit, and on it sits the TV.

GRETCHEN

My shrink says it's not good for
me to spend time with the dead...
or what he calls you guys,
 (doing finger quotes)
my imaginary friends.

Soul Robbie flops down on the couch next to her.

SOUL ROBBIE

But I'm not imaginary, or dead.
I'm stuck.

GRETCHEN

Maybe Dr. Dan is right. Maybe this
is all in my head.

SOUL ROBBIE

No! It's not all in your head. I'm
here and you can sense it. I just
need to let you know--

Robbie points to the TV, turns it on.

Gretchen jumps back.

GRETCHEN

I didn't make that up. This isn't
just a delusional fantasy brought
on by posttraumatic stress, Dr. Dan.

Soul Robbie flicks through the channels.

INSERT

On TV, an exercise commercial that shows several women in tights going through a series of stretches.

END INSERT

GRETCHEN

So you're either a dead guy or a
dead health nut.

Soul Robbie turns off the TV. He picks up a small Raggedy Andy doll that sits on the end of the couch and dances it across the coffee table.

SOUL ROBBIE

A guy.

GRETCHEN

Please don't touch my dolls. That's
just creepy.

Robbie drops the doll onto the coffee table. Gretchen picks it up.

GRETCHEN

Look, just because I'm sensitive
doesn't mean I can see or hear you.
I just know that you're around me.

Gretchen retrieves a Ouija board from the shelving unit.

GRETCHEN

So we'll use this to talk, okay?
I used to talk to my parents with
this all the time -- before they moved on.

SOUL ROBBIE

Great!

Soul Robbie follows Gretchen to the kitchen. She sets the board on the table.

Soul Robbie sits down next to her.

Gretchen rubs the Ouija Board with the pointer.

GRETCHEN

This will cleanse the board of all old energies. But if you want my help, you're going to have to make sure that no negative energy enters the Ouija board.

(beat)

There are some really nasty spirits out there.

SOUL ROBBIE

Will do. Shouldn't be hard. I'm the only one here.

Gretchen places the pointer in the middle of the board and gently sets her fingers on the edges.

GRETCHEN

Is there a presence in this room?

Soul Robbie moves the pointer to YES.

Gretchen shivers noticeably; she pulls her hands away and shakes them out.

SOUL ROBBIE

Yep.

Gretchen pulls the pointer to the middle of the board.

SEVERAL OTHER SPIRITS begin to materialize all around the kitchen.

Some moan while others call out:

-Pick me

-It's my turn - you talked to her last time

-I'm too weak. I can't make it across

Soul Robbie sees the other spirits and is freaked out.

SOUL ROBBIE

Go away nice, dead people.

GRETCHEN

What is your name?

Before Soul Robbie can grab the pointer, a spirit named RALPH materializes and grabs for the pointer.

Ralph's a big biker dude with tattoos and long hair.

SOUL ROBBIE

Hey! Who are you?

RALPH

The name's Ralph. Let me spell it out for ya.

Ralph moves the pointer to R.

GRETCHEN

R? Yes, defiantly an R.

SOUL ROBBIE

She's not talking to you; she's talking to me.

RALPH

Not any more.

SOUL ROBBIE

Like hell.

Robbie pushes Ralph's hands away from the pointer.

The pointer moves back and forth during the struggle.

The faded spirits watch the fight and cheer for Ralph, laying bets.

GRETCHEN

What's happening?

RALPH

Listen, shit-for-brains, she's gonna talk to me. I need ta know where Little Deuce and Hook have gone. They have my share of the stash.

Ralph stands with hands on hips.

He reaches over the table, pulls Soul Robbie from his seat and throws him against the wall.

A PICTURE on the wall crashes to the floor.

GRETCHEN

Oh, I don't like this. Who's here with me?

SOUL ROBBIE

Hey man, lighten up. You're dead. There's nothing she can do for you.

RALPH

Liar!

SOUL ROBBIE

If you weren't dead, could I do this?

Soul Robbie stands and twirls Ralph's head 360 degrees.

GRETCHEN

Hello?

RALPH

Dead?

SOUL ROBBIE

Yeah.

RALPH

Dead?

SOUL ROBBIE

Uh huh.

RALPH

Damn.

On the floor, a dark hole opens up and Ralph is sucked into it.

GRETCHEN

Who's here? Answer now or I'm putting the board away.

SOUL ROBBIE

Okay. Let's see. Did the R already.

Soul Robbie lunges for the pointer and begins to spell his name.

GRETCHEN

O. B. B. I. E. Obbie?

SOUL ROBBIE

No. No. The R. Remember the R?

The pointer moves to the letter R.

GRETCHEN

Oh. I get it. Obbier. Sounds French.

Frustrated, Soul Robbie moves the pointer to NO.

GRETCHEN

Not French.

Soul Robbie moves the pointer to YES.

GRETCHEN

No, you're not French or yes, you are?

She shakes her head.

GRETCHEN

That doesn't matter, does it?

Gretchen looks around the kitchen for signs of a spirit.

GRETCHEN

What do you want?

SOUL ROBBIE

Help. I need your help.

Soul Robbie spells out HELP.

GRETCHEN

Help? How can I help you?

SOUL ROBBIE

Think! Just slow down and think.

(beat)

I don't know.

Soul Robbie sits back in his chair.

SOUL ROBBIE

How can I explain this?

GRETCHEN

Hello? Obbier? How can I help you?

Robbie leans over and moves the pointer to GOODBYE.

SOUL ROBBIE

I don't know yet.

INT. GRETCHEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gretchen is asleep on the couch.

The radio plays softly in the background.

The voice of Toby Tibbs can be heard introducing his radio show, *Late Night Lonlies*, over the background music, something similar to "LONELY PEOPLE".

Soul Robbie sits on the arm of the couch, watching Gretchen sleep.

SOUL ROBBIE

Are you lonely, Gretchen?

Soul Robbie leans over and touches the side of her cheek.

He glances around the apartment, noting the dolls and stuffed animals.

Most of the lights are on. One by one, Soul Robbie points and turns them off until only one dim light remains.

SOUL ROBBIE

I never pictured you as the Eleanor Rigby type.

TOBY TIBBS

(on radio)

I'd like to send a big hello out to Vicki Kaminski tonight. Vicki, you know why.

Toby laughs a dirty laugh.

TOBY TIBBS

(on radio)

Tonight, we're talking about separations and how to get back together. So callers, if you have a story or need some advice, dial 555-3791. Or, you can send questions via email at tobytibbs@WJAC.com.

SOUL ROBBIE

Wonder what advice you'd give me.

Soul Robbie sits in "The Thinker" pose.

INT. DUNMORE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sal and Robbie sit at the table with Robbie's parents. FRED DUNMORE, fifties, great shape, finishes up a piece of cake.

Robbie's mother, Angela, sips on a glass of red wine -- her lipstick as red as the Merlot.

ANGELA

Robbie, you didn't touch your meal. You love lamb.

ROBBIE

I wasn't all that hungry.

FRED

So, are you going to tell us? We've been waiting all night. What's your new title?

SAL

New title?

ANGELA

Didn't Robbie tell you?

SAL

Tell me what?

FRED

He got a promotion today.

ROBBIE

Actually, I didn't. But...it's coming.

FRED

What do you mean 'it's coming'?

ROBBIE

I had a bit of a detour, that's all.

FRED

How'd you manage to screw this up?
I was just talking to Joe last week
about this. It was a done deal.

Fred wipes his mouth with a napkin and throws it on his plate.

ROBBIE

Dad, you really have no idea of what
an asshole you can be.

ANGELA

Robbie!

SAL

Rob, maybe we should get going.

ROBBIE

Just telling you how it is.

ANGELA

That's enough, Robbie.

ROBBIE

No. It's not. I won't ever be
successful under his wing. I'm done.

Robbie rises and throws napkin on plate.

ROBBIE
Dinner was lovely, Mother. Thanks.

Robbie leaves the house. Sal finds himself in an awkward silence.

SAL
He hasn't been himself lately. I'll talk to him.

EXT. DUNMORE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Robbie revs the car engine in the driveway.

Sal bids goodnight to the Dunmore's then runs to Robbie's car and knocks on the window.

Robbie rolls down the window.

SAL
What gives?

ROBBIE
I'm just not who I was anymore,
buddy.

Robbie rolls up window and backs out of driveway; leaves Sal alone in the dark.

INT. GRETCHEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Soul Robbie is still sitting in "The Thinker" pose.

SOUL ROBBIE
So what is working for me?
(beat)
I can move small objects and
use electricity. Hey, maybe
I can use the phone.
(beat)
Maybe I'll just call Toby Tibbs!

Soul Robbie moves to the phone and tries several ways to getting the receiver off the hook.

SOUL ROBBIE
I wish I could get the hang of
this.

Finally, he uses a pen as a lever and lifts the receiver.

He forms his body into binary code and enters the earpiece.

The phone begins to make dialing sounds.

INT. RADIO STATION CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT

Toby Tibbs, an aging, balding ex-hippy wearing John Lennon glasses, sits before an overhead mic.

His producer, Tracy, mid-twenties, sits on the other side of a Plexiglas window.

She bounces a pencil off the desk, chair dances to music that plays in her headsets.

Toby TIBBS
Let's go to our first caller. Tracy,
put him through, please.

Tracy isn't paying attention.

Toby taps the window and shrugs.

TRACY
Toby, we have Bob on the line.

TOBY TIBBS
Bob?

SOUL ROBBIE (V.O.)
Hi Toby.

TOBY TIBBS
Where are you calling in from today?

SOUL ROBBIE(V.O.)

A lot closer than you think.

TOBY TIBBS

I get it, a man of mystery. Well, tell us, **Bob**, what story do you have to share?

SOUL ROBBIE(V.O.)

Well, it's kinda hard to explain.

TOBY TIBBS

Give it your best shot.

SOUL ROBBIE(V.O.)

There's this guy -- we'll just call him

(beat)

Rob.

TOBY TIBBS

Bob and Rob...sounds like a match made in heaven.

SOUL ROBBIE(V.O.)

Well, kind of, but it's not that simple.

TOBY TIBBS

How so?

SOUL ROBBIE(V.O.)

I used to be a part of him, but now he won't let me inside.

TOBY TIBBS

Like that, is it? Well, if you've listened to this show before, you'd know that I don't have all the answers. So let's go to the callers to hear what advice they have for you.

SOUL ROBBIE (V.O.)

No, you don't understand.

INT. SAL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sal is sitting on the couch, drinking a beer, listening to Late Night Lonlies radio show.
He hears Robbie's voice on the radio.

SAL

Rob?

(shakes head)

Nah.

He gets up and turns off the radio.

INT. RADIO STATION CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

TOBY TIBBS

We're just going to put you on mute while we get their opinions. Don't go anywhere. I'll be right back.

(beat)

Tracy, who can help Bob and Rob.

Tracy

Toby, we have Damian on the line. Go ahead, Damian.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

I've been in that situation. Sometimes you just need to do the little extras. You know, like make sure he's had a good day first -- then you can jump him.

TOBY TIBBS

Thanks Damian. Next caller.

Tracy

This is Carlenia.

TOBY TIBBS

What have you got for Bob?

CARLENIA (V.O.)

I say just forget him. There's plenty of other men just begging for a good man. In fact, I was married to one! The bastard.

TOBY TIBBS

I don't think that's helping. But thanks Carlenia.

TOBY TIBBS

Who do we have next, Tracy?

TRACY

Sinbad.

TOBY TIBBS

Sinbad. Like the sailor or the comedian?

SINBAD (V.O.)

Like nothin', man. I'm jus' bad, so bad, it's sinful.

TOBY TIBBS

And what's your advice?

SINBAD (V.O.)

Get rid of the fucker.

TOBY TIBBS

You can't say that word on the radio.

SINBAD (V.O.)

What word. Fucker?

TOBY TIBBS

Thanks Sinbad. Let's hope the FCC isn't listening tonight. My apologies ladies and gentlemen.

Toby mouths 'what the fuck' to Tracy.

Tracy shrugs.

TOBY TIBBS

So let's go back to Bob. Bob, are you there?

SOUL ROBBIE

Yeah.

TOBY TIBBS

Did any of our guests' suggestions help you?

SOUL ROBBIE(V.O.)

No, not really.

TOBY TIBBS

So what are you gonna do? Do you have the guts to dump this guy?

SOUL ROBBIE(V.O.)

Oh, I'll dump him all right.

TOBY TIBBS

What do you mean?

SOUL ROBBIE(V.O.)

I just figured out what I needed to do, Toby.

TOBY TIBBS

What's that, my friend.

SOUL ROBBIE(V.O.)

I have to kill him. Bye Toby. Thanks a whole bunch.

Soul Robbie pulls his digital matter self back through the phone and reassembles his form in --

GRETCHEN'S APARTMENT

TOBY TIBBS(V.O.)

Wait! Bob, please call back. We can help you. Bob!

(beat)

Rob, if you're listening and know Bob, be careful. Sounds like he has a few screws loose.

Soul Robbie paces.

SOUL ROBBIE

What would be the best way to
dispose of myself?

He looks down to sleeping Gretchen.

SOUL ROBBIE

And how can you help me?

INT. RADIO STATION CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT

The radio show is over.

Tony stares at the console, then looks up to Tracy, who is
busy putting things away for the night.

He leans over and presses a button on the console.

TOBY TIBBS

Tracy, get me the number for the
police.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The elevator opens into the Remington Advertising office
and Robbie steps off.

Soul Robbie follows.

Robbie waves to Charles and then salutes to Joe as he
passes them on the way to his desk.

He walks by the kitchen; spies Gretchen.

She leans against the counter, a cup of coffee to her
lips.

ROBBIE

Good morning, Gretch.

GRETCHEN

Morning.

Soul Robbie stands near Gretchen and reaches out to stroke
her hair.

SOUL ROBBIE

Do you know how pretty you are when
you're sleeping?

ROBBIE

You look like someone ran over your
best friend.

GRETCHEN

I didn't sleep well last night.

ROBBIE

You know what they say: No rest for
the wicked.

Gretchen's jaw drops as Robbie turns and walks away.

GRETCHEN

I'm not wicked.

Soul Robbie grabs Gretchen's hand and forces her to give
Robbie the bird.

She resists, spills some of her coffee.

GRETCHEN

(whispering)

Stop it, Obbier!

SOUL ROBBIE

He deserved it. In fact, every time
he opens his mouth it makes the
idea of killing him all the more
appealing.

Soul Robbie glances to Gretchen.

SOUL ROBBIE

And you were right all along,
Gretchen. I **was** going
somewhere in an awful hurry.

(beat)

I screwed up my life. I don't
want to screw up my death, too.

Gretchen wipes up the spilled coffee.

Soul Robbie takes a short cut THROUGH the cubicles in the center of the office to Robbie's desk.

Robbie works at his desk.

Doug looks up from his paperwork and leans across the aisle.

DOUG
Dunmore, did you hear what happened
to Kim?

ROBBIE
Can't say that I did.

DOUG
Joe gave her the axe.

ROBBIE
Really?

DOUG
Yeah, really.

Doug leans in closer, his hairpiece falls forward. He secures it back into place.

DOUG
Something about screwing up the Winslow
presentation. You wouldn't know
anything about that now, would you?

ROBBIE
Not a thing. What a shame.

Robbie turns his back to Doug and grins into the camera.

Meanwhile, Soul Robbie is behind the computer, touching wires.

SOUL ROBBIE
Shocking, isn't it.

Robbie moves back to his computer and types on the keyboard, but is jolted by a ZAP OF ELECTRICITY.

He pulls his hands away and shakes it off.

Gretchen walks by carrying file folders, sniffing the air.

GRETCHEN
What's burning?

Robbie makes another attempt to use the keyboard. This time, he is rocked with convulsions.

GRETCHEN
Oh my God!

She drops the files and touches Robbie's shoulder, but is also shocked.

SOUL ROBBIE
Move away from the zombie, Gretchen.

GRETCHEN
Doug! Help me!

Soul Robbie laughs and touches two wires together then pulls them apart, repeatedly.

Each time he does this, Robbie goes into another convulsion.

Gretchen reaches behind Robbie's computer and yanks the plugs out of the wall.

Robbie slumps over the keyboard.

GRETCHEN
Call 9-1-1.

Robbie slowly rises. Doug gradually stops dialing.

DOUG
Is he okay?

ROBBIE
Never better.

He shakes like a dog.

GRETCHEN
Robbie, you've just been electrocuted.
You might need to see a doctor.

Robbie stares around the room.

Every eye in the office is on him.

ROBBIE
I'm fine. Really.

He gives Doug a dirty glare.

Doug puts the receiver back onto the cradle.

SOUL ROBBIE
That was fun, but not very productive.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Robbie and Gretchen are the last people to leave the office.

They meet at the elevator, where Soul Robbie waits.

GRETCHEN
Another day.

ROBBIE
Another dollar.

Robbie smiles. He stands in front of the doors and holds his briefcase.

Gretchen stands to his side; Soul Robbie steps up right behind her as he holds one hand against the wall.

SOUL ROBBIE
And another one bites the dust.

The elevator doors open to a dimly lit elevator shaft.

Soul Robbie pushes Gretchen from behind. She falls against Robbie's back; pushes him.

ROBBIE
What are you doing?

He pulls back before he falls into the abyss.

The doors slam shut and the elevator screeches to a halt.

GRETCHEN

Oh, God! I'm so sorry. I don't know what happened. I was just standing here and the next thing I knew I'd lost my balance.

The doors open and this time the elevator is already nearly full.

A big, BURLY MAN stares out at them.

ROBBIE

You could have killed me!

GRETCHEN

I'm sorry.

BURLY MAN

You's gonna get in?

ROBBIE

After you.

Gretchen steps into the elevator.

Robbie follows her then moves away from her once inside.

Soul Robbie pounds his head against the office wall.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Gretchen follows Robbie out of the building.

He's out pacing her and she runs to keep up.

GRETCHEN

Robbie. Wait up.

He ignores her and keeps walking.

GRETCHEN

Robbie, please. I'm sorry. I really didn't mean to--

Robbie stops quick and turns.

ROBBIE

Look, just because you don't like me doesn't mean you can throw me down an elevator shaft.

GRETCHEN

Robbie, I never said I didn't like you -- and I didn't do that on purpose.

They share an awkward moment.

GRETCHEN

You hungry?

Robbie scratches his head. He looks like he's not sure.

ROBBIE

You buying?

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Gretchen and Robbie enter a trendy restaurant, with Soul Robbie not far behind.

The MAITRE D', a handsome gay man, leads them to their table.

MAITRE D'

Welcome to Moody Blue's, where everyday is Tuesday Afternoon. Martin, your server, will be with you shortly.

He hands the menus to Gretchen and Robbie.

Soul Robbie mimics the Maitre D'.

SOUL ROBBIE

Wow, this is nicer than the place I took you to.

MAITRE D'

Would you like to order a drink?

GRETCHEN

Sure. I'll have a Singapore Sling.

ROBBIE

Too fruity for me.

Robbie stares at the waiter, who takes a step back, insulted.

Gretchen passes an apologetic look to the Maitre D' as he turns to leave.

Soul Robbie sits next to Gretchen.

ROBBIE

A rusty nail, thanks.

SOUL ROBBIE

I'll give you a rusty nail, right through the old eyeball.

Robbie materializes a large rusted nail that he thrusts through Robbie's eye. No real affect.

Robbie rubs his eye.

ROBBIE

I've never been here before.

SOUL ROBBIE

That's because you only eat fast food, you dope.

Robbie glances around the room then scans the open menu.

He smiles and they exchange a look—not so much lust as interest.

They set the menus aside and sit through an uncomfortable silence, while Soul Robbie amuses himself with his ability to blow out the candle that's on the table.

GRETCHEN

Did you hear about Kim? That was just awful. Some people think she had some sort of nervous breakdown or something.

ROBBIE
I heard. Tragic.

A WAITER slides up to the table and sets their drinks down. He re-lights the candle.

WAITER
Have you decided?

ROBBIE
We'll have the steak fajitas, for two.

Gretchen nods. The waiter disappears with the menus.

Soul Robbie reaches over and extinguishes the candle with his fingers.

SOUL ROBBIE
I just have to slow things down a bit.
(beat)
You're not gonna mess with Gretchen the way you did Kim.

GRETCHEN
Weren't you helping Kim with the presentation charts?

ROBBIE
Oh yeah. I thought I'd give her a hand. She's been looking a bit frazzled lately, and, well, with my **new** position, I have some time on my hands.

GRETCHEN
Gee. Yeah. I was sorry to hear about that.

ROBBIE
That's okay. It can't hurt. In the long run, it'll help me to do my job better.

GRETCHEN
That's a good way to look at it.

She takes a long sip of her drink through a skinny straw.

ROBBIE

I've changed, Gretchen. Got a new attitude.

She sits upright and pokes the ice cubes with the straw.

GRETCHEN

You seem different. There's nothing wrong with trying to improve yourself. My shrink says--

The food arrives.

Soul Robbie leans over and smells the fajitas.

ROBBIE

You see a shrink?

GRETCHEN

Yeah. My parents died when I was just a kid. It's been hard to get over.

SOUL ROBBIE

I never knew...

The guitarist's amplifier nearby crackles loudly.

ROBBIE

So you're nuts?

Soul Robbie jumps up from his chair and glares at Robbie.

GRETCHEN

(hand to ear)

Pardon me?

Robbie slides a large chunk of steak into his mouth and before he can say another word, Soul Robbie has his hands around his throat.

SOUL ROBBIE

I've had it!

Robbie flushes red.

GRETCHEN

Robbie? You okay?

Robbie's eyes cross and he raises his hands to his throat.

GRETCHEN

Ohmygod! He's choking. Someone help! I think he's choking.

Gretchen moves around to behind Robbie; attempts to give him the Heimlich maneuver.

Meanwhile, Soul Robbie moves to the side and struggles to keep his hold.

People from surrounding tables stand and offer help.

A WOMAN yells to call 9-1-1.

A young couple is sitting at the nearest table. The GENTLEMAN moves forward.

GENTLEMAN

Let me try.

Gretchen moves out of the way and as the man takes hold of Robbie, Soul Robbie finally releases his grasp. He looks down to his hands as if to say: what am I doing?

GENTLEMAN

One.

The man reefs on Robbie's ribs.

GENTLEMAN

Two.

This time he pulls Robbie off his feet.

GENTLEMAN

Three.

The hunk of meat is propelled across the table and onto the top of a bowl of vanilla ice cream sitting on someone else's table.

SOMEONE in the crowd yells out: He's gonna make it!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Robbie walks Gretchen home.

Windows are open and TV's, radios and stereos play, their sounds carried on the night air and spliced with bits of Spanish, Chinese and English conversations.

They stop.

GRETCHEN

You sure you're gonna be all right?

Robbie leans in, kisses her and tries to cop a feel.

Gretchen pushes his hands away.

ROBBIE

I'll be fine.

They come to a stop street and wait for the traffic light to turn. The wind is up and the light sways with the breeze.

Car lights drive towards them, getting larger as the vehicle approaches the intersection.

GRETCHEN

Ouch.

Gretchen leans down and removes a shoe.

GRETCHEN

These always give me blisters.

As she removes her shoe, Soul Robbie comes from off screen and pushes her into Robbie; forces him onto the street and into oncoming traffic.

A car heading straight for Robbie veers at the last minute, narrowly missing him.

GRETCHEN

Robbie!

Robbie jumps back to the curb.

ROBBIE

(yelling)

You've got to be the clumsiest
person I've ever met. Does everyone
you know end up dead?

Gretchen stops cold and slowly looks to the ground.

GRETCHEN

Not everyone.

Gretchen waves, then turns around and walks away.

GRETCHEN

Sorry Robbie.

SOUL ROBBIE

(screaming at Robbie)

Maybe you do my job better than
I do, and maybe your sense of
timing is better than mine,
but I can't let you live my life
like this.

(beat)

I don't want Gretchen to remember me
as an asshole.

Soul Robbie runs to catch up with Gretchen.

INT. GRETCHEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Gretchen walks into her apartment and kicks off her shoes,
one of which goes right through Soul Robbie, who has
followed her home.

SOUL ROBBIE

Nice shot.

GRETCHEN

Guess he had a right to be angry.

SOUL ROBBIE

Are you talking to me?

GRETCHEN

I know you can hear me, Obbier.
I've felt you with me all night
and I swear you even pushed me.

Gretchen strolls into the kitchen. The Ouija board is still set up.

GRETCHEN

Come on, then. Let's chat.

She sits at the table, closes her eyes.

GRETCHEN

Oammmmmm...Oammmmmm...Oammmmmm...

She pauses.

GRETCHEN

I'd like to talk to the spirit of
Obbier. Are you able to talk to me?

Soul Robbie sits down at the table then grabs the pointer and points to YES.

He looks over his shoulder. He's alone.

GRETCHEN

Why are you following me?

Soul Robbie again moves the pointer around the board, spelling out the word HELP.

GRETCHEN

Help? You need my help?

Moving the pointer yes, Soul Robbie leans in toward Gretchen.

SOUL ROBBIE

(yelling)

Yes! Yes, I need your help!

GRETCHEN

What do you want me to do? How
can I help you?

Soul Robbie spells KILL with the pointer.

GRETCHEN

Kill?

A knock at the door interrupts. Gretchen rises and looks through the peephole.

Two large NYC police officers, OFFICER MCALPINE and OFFICER SNYDER waiting outside.

Soul Robbie pushes his head through the kitchen wall to see what's going on.

OFFICE MCALPINE

Gretchen D'Largo?

GRETCHEN

Yes, what can I do for you officers?

OFFICER MCAPLINE

We need to talk to about a phone call that was traced to your home phone.

MR. and MRS. JACKSON poke their heads out of their slightly opened door across the hall.

Mr. Jackson

You okay, Gretchen?

Mrs. Jackson

We don't get many policemen coming to this building.

GRETCHEN

I'm fine, Mr. Jackson. They just need to talk to me.

SOUL ROBBIE

Uh oh.

Robbie walks through the wall and stands by Gretchen.

Gretchen opens the door and ushers the officers inside.

OFFICER MCALPINE
I'm Office McAlpine and this is
Officer Snyder.

The officers look around the apartment and take note of
the dolls and stuffed toys.

OFFICER MCALPINE
We're here to investigate a call that
came from your phone line last night
at about midnight.

GRETCHEN
Midnight? I fell asleep on the couch
long before then.

SOUL ROBBIE
Yeah, that's when I jacked your phone,
Gretchen. I'm such a dunce.

OFFICER SNYDER
Was anyone else in the apartment
with you?

GRETCHEN
No. I was here alone. What's this
about?

Officer Snyder snoops around her apartment. He peeks into
the kitchen and sees her Ouija Board set up, then makes a
face that screams 'crackpot'.

OFFICER MCALPINE
Someone made a call from your phone
number to Toby Tibbs's late night
radio talk show.

GRETCHEN
Toby Tibbs? Really? Wow. I've
never had the nerve to call into
that show.

OFFICER SNYDER
You know the show we're talking about?

GRETCHEN

Sure I do. Late Night Lonelies with Toby Tibbs. I listen to it every once in a while, when I can't get to sleep, that is.

OFFICER MCALPINE

Are you saying that you didn't call into the show last night?

GRETCHEN

That's right. I was beat. Fell asleep before the show even started.

OFFICER SNYDER

Well it appears as though a **Bob** called in from your number and made death threats to another man named Rob. Do you know anyone named Bob or Rob?

GRETCHEN

No I -- Oh wait, I know a Robbie. I work with him.

OFFICER MCALPINE

Is he seeing someone named Bob?

SOUL ROBBIE

Do I sound gay?

GRETCHEN

Bob? No. I don't **think** Robbie's gay.

SOUL ROBBIE

Well, thanks for the vote of confidence.

OFFICER SNYDER

Why do you say that?

GRETCHEN

Because I went out on a date with him last week.

OFFICER MCALPINE

Really.

The officer drags a notepad from his belt and begins writing details.

OFFICER MCALPINE

What's this Robbie's last name?

GRETCHEN

Dunmore. Look, officers, I didn't make a call to the radio station last night. And no one was in my apartment.

OFFICER SNYDER

Ma'am, the phone company traced the call back to this number.

The officer places his hand on his gun.

OFFICER SNYDER

Now, it's not like we don't have other things to do, but Tibbs has been broadcasting this story all over New York. So you see, we need to get to the bottom of this before Bob kills Rob and we look like fools.

OFFICER MCALPINE

So you say you don't know Bob, but dated Rob.

GRETCHEN

I said I had **a** date with Robbie Dunmore.

OFFICER SNYDER

How'd that go?

Gretchen shrugs.

OFFICER SNYDER

(to McAlpine)

Maybe we've got ourselves a little love triangle goin' on here. Bob loves Rob but Rob loves Gretchen.

GRETCHEN

Really, I don't think Robbie has some
gay lover hidden away. And he
certainly isn't in love with me.

Soul Robbie sits on the couch with his head in his hands.

OFFICER MCALPINE

That's not for you to say, Miss.

The Officer flips the pad of paper he was writing to a
clean sheet.

OFFICER MCALPINE

Do you know where Dunmore lives?

GRETCHEN

Yeah. He lives in the Terrace
Street Apartments building. On
East 79th Street.

OFFICER SNYDER

Thanks for your cooperation. We'll be
back if we have further questions.

The Officers exit.

Gretchen closes the door behind them. She leans back on
the door and bites her lip.

GRETCHEN

And what's he going to tell them?
Only that I've almost killed him
twice today.

Gretchen hurries back to the kitchen, with Soul Robbie in
tow.

GRETCHEN

Obbier! You and me -- here and
now, buddy!

She grabs the pointer angrily and slams it on the board.

GRETCHEN

Who did you want me to kill?

Soul Robbie stands to the side. He shrugs, hands in pants pockets.

The pointer does not move.

GRETCHEN
Who, Obbier? Tell me!

SOUL ROBBIE
You're not going to like this.

Soul Robbie leans over and spells R-O-B

GRETCHEN
I knew it. It was you all along!

The pointer moves wildly and Soul Robbie spells WAIT.

GRETCHEN
Wait for what? For you to get me
involved in some kind of kinky sex
murder?

Soul Robbie sits back, puzzled.

SOUL ROBBIE
No, no, no! How can I get through
to you?

Soul Robbie leans forward and frantically moves the
pointer from letter to letter.

GRETCHEN
Robbie...is...soul...less...
Robbie is soulless?

He points to YES.

SOUL ROBBIE
Now you've got it.

GRETCHEN
Well, he might not be the best person
in the world, but I wouldn't exactly
call him soulless.

Again, Soul Robbie swirls the pointer around the board.

GRETCHEN

And...I...am...his...soul... And I
am his soul. What does that mean.
Robbie is soulless
(beat)
and I am his soul.

Sitting back with her arms folded across her chest,
Gretchen frowns.

GRETCHEN

Obbier, I don't get it. Obbier...
Obbier

Gretchen walks to her living room, sitting down on the
couch.

Soul Robbie follows her into the room and sits next to
her.

GRETCHEN

(spelling the word slowly)
O-B-B-I-E-R.
(mentally changing order
Of letters, fingers tracing letters in air)
R-O-B-B-I-E!

GRETCHEN

It wasn't Obbier? It's Robbie. Robbie!

SOUL ROBBIE

BINGO!

He slaps himself on the forehead.

GRETCHEN

Oh my god! You're his soul. And for
some reason, you're not where you
should be.

SOUL ROBBIE

The phone!

Soul Robbie takes a pen and removes the phone from the
hook.

Gretchen watches the phone move by itself. Her jaw drops.

Soul Robbie morphs into binary code and enters the phone.
Even though the phone is off the hook -- it rings.

She pick up the phone with shaking hands.

GRETCHEN

H-Hello?

SOUL ROBBIE(V.O.)

Gretchen, it's me, Obbier.

GRETCHEN

Robbie?

SOUL ROBBIE(V.O.)

Yeah.

GRETCHEN

How'd you --

Gretchen pulls the phone away from her ear and looks at
it.

SOUL ROBBIE(V.O.)

Look, I need to talk to you.
I've got a big problem.

GRETCHEN

I'll say.

SOUL ROBBIE(V.O.)

Gretchen, something happened to me.
I just lost it. Everything was
screwed up. You. My job. My
fish.

(beat)

To make a long story short, I
was contemplating jumping off The
Brooklyn Bridge five days ago - when I
accidentally fell.

GRETCHEN

Robbie! That's terrible

Mist appears and Soul Robbie forms.

SOUL ROBBIE

Worse than you think. I wasn't supposed to die. In fact, I didn't, but now my soul is...displaced, and if I can't get back within the next two days, I'm stuck in Limbo forever.

GRETCHEN

Robbie, if this is some cruel joke --

SOUL ROBBIE

You know its not, Gretchen. You sense when I'm near you.

Silence.

GRETCHEN

So what do you want me to do?

SOUL ROBBIE

I need you to kill Robbie.

GRETCHEN

I can't do that!

SOUL ROBBIE

Gretchen, I can't do it. If I kill myself, I don't think I'll be watching the eternal Knicks game.

GRETCHEN

What?

SOUL ROBBIE

Nothing. Forget it.

GRETCHEN

Robbie, I know a thing or two about afterlife and karma, and I can't understand why God would ask you to kill yourself.

SOUL ROBBIE

He didn't, I just--

GRETCHEN

Then how do you know that's
what you need to do to get
back?

INT. ROBBIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Officer's McAlpine and Snyder are at Robbie's door.
Office Snyder knocks.

ROBBIE

Yes?

OFFICER MCALPINE

Mr. Dunmore? Robbie Dunmore?

ROBBIE

Yes.

OFFICER MCALPIJNE

We need to talk to you.

Robbie slowly opens the door and ushers them inside.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The office is busy and noisy. People rush into meeting
rooms and attend to coffee, emails, and the phone calls.

Robbie sits at his desk; studies a presentation.

Doug sneaks in, late. Charles strolls up from behind him.

CHARLES

Sleep in this morning, Doug?

DOUG

Ah, yeah.

CHARLES

Did you complete the presentation
for the Cunningham account?

DOUG

Well, I...I'll have it done in half an hour.

ROBBIE

Actually, I've just been reviewing it Charles and made a few small changes.

ROBBIE

(to Doug)

Found the disk on your desk. Hope you don't mind.

Robbie holds up a CD marked 'CUNNINGHAM'.

Charles leans over Robbie's shoulder and views the presentation.

CHARLES

Looks great! And I see you added a few numbers we didn't think of.

ROBBIE

I just thought that you might need additional background information on competitive products.

Charles glances to Doug, then back to the screen.

CHARLES

Nice work, Robbie. I'll make sure I mention this to Joe.

ROBBIE

Thanks Charles. Hey, are you game for lunch? My treat.

CHARLES

Sounds good.

He pats Robbie on the back, turns and walks away.

CHARLES

Nice to see some motivation around here.

Doug walks up to Robbie and stares at the screen.

DOUG

I did most of that yesterday.

ROBBIE

It's all in the finishing touches,
my friend.

DOUG

Don't call me friend. With a friend
like you --

ROBBIE

Who needs enemies?

DOUG

Who needs an asshole!

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Gretchen fiddles with a coffee machine, which she's
inadvertently broken.

She glances over her shoulder to see if anyone is looking,
then throws the broken coffeemaker into the garbage,
covering it with a newspaper.

Soul Robbie sits on the counter, legs crossed. Watching
the show, shaking his head, laughing.

Robbie walks by the kitchen and notices Gretchen.

ROBBIE

Gretch, how lovely to see you
today. Carrying any knives or guns?

Soul Robbie jumps down from the counter.

GRETCHEN

Oh, it's you.

Gretchen backs away from Robbie.

GRETCHEN

How have you been feeling lately?
I mean, do you feel any different?

SOUL ROBBIE
Empty? Soulless? Have you
yet to notice that **I am missing?**

ROBBIE
I feel fine.

Robbie scans the immediate area, then lowers his voice.

ROBBIE
I had a couple of visitors last
night. Officers McAlpine and Snyder.
Know them?

Gretchen nods.

Robbie leans in close.

ROBBIE
They told me to be careful around you.
Now, why on earth would they tell me
that?

GRETCHEN
I don't know.

ROBBIE
You know, with the stories I
told them, you could be locked up
for a good long time.
(lewdly)
You play nice with me and I'll make
sure nothing unfortunate happens to
you.

Joe walks by them.

JOE
Nice work on the Cunningham
presentation.

ROBBIE
Thanks, Joe.

JOE
Gretchen, I forgot a client file
on my desk. Would you mind
bringing up to the boardroom
on the twentieth floor for me?

A suspicious look is exchanged between Robbie and
Gretchen.

GRETCHEN

Sure, Joe. Be right there.

Gretchen exits.

Robbie walks back to his desk.

SOUL ROBBIE

The Soulless One is way outta control!

A man strolls into the kitchen and stands in front of the pop machine.

Soul Robbie hits it and several cans of pop tumble out.

SOUL ROBBIE

If I kill me, I'm a murderer. And
if I try to cause a happy accident,
Gretchen may end up in jail.

Soul Robbie wanders down the hall, THROUGH people.

SOUL ROBBIE

I can't risk anything happening
to her even if it means
Limbo-land forever.

(beat)

Maybe she was right. Maybe
there is another answer.
But I've only got one day to
find it.

Soul Robbie drops down the empty elevator shaft and
hitches a ride on the top of the elevator down to --

THE LOBBY

SOUL ROBBIE

Or should I bother? Maybe Soulless Rob
is the right man for the job. Cutthroat,
ruthless, backstabbing...

(yells)

Is that it, God? Do I just give

up?

GOD(O.S.)

Quit yelling! I can hear you fine.

God materializes next to him, dressed in a Knicks uniform, bouncing a basketball.

SOUL ROBBIE

How come you never answered me before?

GOD

You weren't ready to listen.

SOUL ROBBIE

I messed this up, too, didn't I?

GOD

No, you've actually started thinking before acting. You know, rushing into situations will never guarantee you a first place finish.

SOUL ROBBIE

So now what?

GOD

Do you know what the definition of luck is?

Robbie shakes his head NO.

GOD

It's when preparation meets opportunity.

(beat)

It's also what defines success.

GOD (CONT'D)

Now you just think about that for a while. After all, you have eternity.

God fades out as he bounces the ball.

Soul Robbie walks out of the office building to --

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

He strolls through the park, invisible to all those around him.

High in the limbs of a tree, he perches, then he sits on the back of someone's bike, and on to the blanket of two lovers.

Then he sits alone on a park bench.

SOUL ROBBIE

How come I can surround myself
with people and still feel alone.

(beat)

I can't stay here. I just need to say
goodbye to her.

EXT. REMINGTON OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Soul Robbie materializes outside of the building.

He watches as Gretchen exits the building and is rushed by two police officers.

The officers slap handcuffs on her and start to put her into their car.

Soul Robbie rushes to her defense.

In the meantime, Robbie exits the building.

He crosses the crosswalk in front of the police cruiser, but the light changes too fast and he's stuck in the middle as a truck bears down upon him.

GRETCHEN

Oh my God!

The truck strikes Robbie and his body is sent flying.

Gretchen lurches forward and runs to Robbie's side.

GRETCHEN

Robbie! Robbie!

The driver of the truck sits behind the wheel, then gets out of the truck, SCREAMING, gesticulating fervently.

An overwhelming force tugs Soul Robbie back to his bloody body.

Officer McAlpine runs to Robbie's aid.

Officer Snyder speaks into his radio.

OFFICER SNYDER

A pedestrian's been hit. Send an ambulance to the scene.

SIRENS grow louder as the ambulance arrives.

Officer McAlpine pulls Gretchen from Robbie's side.

OFFICER MCALPINE

There's nothing you can do for him now.

GRETCHEN

(sobbing)

Robbie.

Gretchen sobs as she is pulled away from Robbie, into the police cruiser.

Two paramedics carrying a stretcher jump out of the ambulance. They set the stretcher down and begin CPR on Robbie.

PARAMEDIC JOHN

(to Paramedic Jane)

Hurry. We don't have much time.

INT. POLICE STATION, DETENTION ROOM - DAY

Gretchen is alone. The room is dirty with age. She holds her hands together in her lap but that still hasn't stopped them from shaking.

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS, 50's, balding, with a pockmarked face and bushy eyebrows, paces the floor in front of her.

GRETCHEN

You can't hold me. I've done nothing wrong.

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS

Mr. Dunmore provided us with a statement that indicated that he thought you attempted to kill him. On two separate occasions.

GRETCHEN

I can see where he might have gotten that idea, but I swear, both time were accidents.

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS

Yeah, that's what Charlie Manson said, too.

GRETCHEN

Charlie Manson?

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS

Do you know the driver of the truck?

GRETCHEN

No!

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS

Ms. D'Largo, you are in serious trouble. If Dunmore dies, you'll have no one to corroborate your story.

GRETCHEN

This doesn't make sense. Did he say why I tried to kill him?

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS

Well, not exactly, but if he dies, he won't have to -- with the evidence the voice analysis on the radio tapes will provide...

Inspector Williams leans forward on the table; snorts his words into her face.

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS
...we could put you away for a good
long time, missy.

GRETCHEN
(exasperated)
You have the wrong person, officer.

INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - DAY

The operating room is full of DOCTORS and NURSES who work frantically to save Robbie's life.

They're in the midst of a very bloody operation.

Monitors are beeping and the SURGEON drops a surgical knife onto a steel tray.

NURSE
B.P.'s dropping.

The surgeon glances to the monitor.

SURGEON
Retractor.

The nurse passes the retractor.

NURSE
We're loosing him.

EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

As the BEEPS on heart monitor slowly comes to a halt, Robbie's soul leaves his body once again.

He flies through a twirling, swirling colorful tunnel that ends in bright white light and swooshes him out into outer space.

ROBBIE
Hello?
(beat)
God? I'm back.

God materializes. He's taking a bath in a huge, ornate bathtub.

GOD
You made it!

ROBBIE
I could of used some help.

GOD
How do you think you got this far?

Silence. Realization washes over Robbie's face with a small smile.

ROBBIE
So now what?

GOD
(as though he's said this a million times)
Well, normally you'd become a part of the universe -- to disperse your spirit -- then you would regroup and be reborn to do it all over again.

ROBBIE
What do you mean, 'normally'.

Robbie's form morphs as it's tugged out of shape.

GOD
Seems that you have as many lives as a cat.

ROBBIE
What?

GOD
You're going back.

God stands and gets out of the tub.

As he rises, he is immediately garbed in a white robe. He pulls the plug in the tub. The water swirls down the drain.

ROBBIE
But I'm dead.

GOD
Not any more.

God points to the vortex of water in the bottom of the tub.

Robbie's form quickly sucked into the vortex.

GOD
That always cracks me up.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The bright, cheery room is decorated with flowers and cards. Robbie lies in bed, tucked tightly beneath white blankets, sleeping.

He's plugged into an intravenous and several other monitors.

A NURSE walks in, adjusts the IV drip, then leaves. As she does, she passes Gretchen in the doorway. Following Gretchen is Officer McAlpine.

In his bed, Robbie begins to stir.

NURSE
It looks like he'll be awake soon.

Gretchen nods, walks up beside him, and sits in a chair by the head of the bed.

OFFICER MCALPINE
Not too close.

Gretchen scowls at the officer.

GRETCHEN
He'll tell you I didn't do anything.

Robbie rubs his bandaged head.

GRETCHEN

Obbier?

ROBBIE

Gretchen. I'm—I'm back.
I did it.

GRETCHEN

Thank God! Now please tell
this officer that I didn't
do anything.

ROBBIE

(groggy)
Didn't do anything about what?

GRETCHEN

Robbie, you have to tell them that I
didn't do anything to you.

Robbie glances at Gretchen; focuses his eyes.

ROBBIE

I never touched her. I swear.

GRETCHEN

No Robbie. Me. I didn't do anything
to you.

ROBBIE

(halting)
What? No. You never...touched me...
either. Which wasn't exactly...what
I had planned.

Gretchen glances back to Officer McAlpine, then blushes
and looks away.

OFFICER MCALPINE

Mr. Dunmore, are you saying that
Ms. D'Largo never intended to kill
you? In our last conversation, you
indicated that you weren't sure.

ROBBIE

I wasn't myself then.

Gretchen reaches for Robbie's hand and holds it tight.

ROBBIE

But I'm better now.

Officer McAlpine grabs his pad and writes a few notes.

OFFICER MCALPINE

So, this young lady wasn't trying
to kill you.

ROBBIE

She was trying to help me. I just
couldn't see that.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

SUPER "Two months later..."

Robbie limps and exits the elevator to a throng of well
wishers' applause.

MAN

Good to have you back.

Man pats Robbie on the back.

WOMAN

Welcome back, Robbie.

Robbie walks to his desk, passes Charles.

CHARLES

Hey, don't you still owe me a lunch?

They shake hands.

ROBBIE

You old dog. Sure. How's Friday
looking for you?

Joe Remington walks up to Robbie. He holds out his hand,
a smile beaming broadly across his face.

JOE

Robbie! Wonderful to have you back,
my boy. The place really didn't seem
the same without you.

ROBBIE

Really?

JOE

When someone goes missing around
here, you notice the void they
leave behind.

ROBBIE

Thanks for holding my job for me.

JOE

I know you're capable of great
things. You're father was just
like you when he was your age.

ROBBIE

Really?

JOE

Yes. It was your mother's
influence that gave him the focus
he needed to succeed. Some
people are just late bloomers.

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Robbie pours himself a cup of coffee.

He eyes the water cooler and smiles, then holds his mug
up; silently toasts the machine.

Gretchen steps up to him and smiles.

ROBBIE

Thanks for stopping over yesterday.
But you know you don't have to
bake cookies for me everyday.
You're going to kill me yet!
Heart disease, diabetes, stroke--

GRETCHEN

Well, I could've ended up in jail. You saved my life.

ROBBIE

No.

He steps closer to her, places his hand upon her cheek and tucks a stray lock of hair behind her ear.

ROBBIE

You saved mine.

They share an overlong look, then Gretchen steps away.

GRETCHEN

You ready for the Pinkerton Presentation?

ROBBIE

You bet. Joe was kind enough to give me one last chance in the big leagues. I won't let him down.

They walk to the elevator. The doors open and it's empty.

ROBBIE

After you.

They get on elevator.

GRETCHEN

Thanks.

(beat)

So, when you were doing that out of body thing and you were watching sleep me...you didn't touch me or anything weird like that, 'cause I had this dream--

Robbie takes her in his arms.

ROBBIE

Oh, you did, did you?

Gretchen giggles and laughs as the elevator doors close to a song like "SOUL MAN".

ROBBIE

Did I do this?

Gretchen screeches as she laughs.

GRETCHEN

Robbie!

ROBBIE

Or was it this?

GRETCHEN

You're so bad!

ROBBIE

Yeah, but only in a good way.