

WHOSE LIFE  
PILOT

Written by

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ACT 1

INT. ELLIOT'S BEDROOM, DAY

ELLIOT (24, tallish, scruffy) in a full bed that takes up three-fourths of a walk-in-closet-sized Manhattan bedroom. Computer on lap. Looks at bare walls. Googles "cool posters to own." Scrolls.

ELLIOT  
(murmuring, intrigued)  
Basquiat.

Gets a call from his DAD. Answers from computer. Keeps scrolling.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
I'm busy.

ELLIOT'S DAD (O.S.)  
We're all busy. I'm getting an MRI.

INT. HOSPITAL, SAME TIME

Elliot's Dad (55, burly with skinny legs, looks like an older version of Elliot) in an MRI machine. He's somehow managed to bring his phone in.

ELLIOT (O.S.)  
Really? Again?

ELLIOT'S DAD  
*Someone left their CBD gummies in my glove compartment. I ate half the pack thinking they were Haribos.*

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

ELLIOT  
I could've sworn the container was childproof.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
It's not funny. I could've died. Or worse, murdered somebody.

ELLIOT

Why do you need an MRI? Can't they just give you a cold compress? Or a bubble bath?

ELLIOT'S DAD

I may have exaggerated some of my symptoms. Now they think I have a tumor.

ELLIOT

Jesus Christ.

ELLIOT'S DAD

Who knows, I very well might. These things aren't FDA approved.

ELLIOT

Yes they are. They sell them at CVS.

ELLIOT'S DAD

Exactly. Like Oxy. They're a *gateway drug*.

ELLIOT

Gateway to what? Melatonin?

ELLIOT'S DAD

If you're just calling to make fun of me, I'm going to hang up.

ELLIOT

You called me.

ELLIOT'S DAD

That's right. Listen, I have bad news. Your friend Joe passed away.

Elliot's face furrows. He takes a second to process.

ELLIOT

Joe Kaylor?

DAD

Yeah.

Another beat. Elliot bites his nails.

ELLIOT

He wasn't really my friend.

DAD  
Oh great. Make sure to mention that  
in the eulogy.

Elliot googles "joe kaylor obituary" but only finds random  
people: an old man from North Carolina, a small indigenous  
boy from Honolulu.

ELLIOT  
How did he die?

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Why does it matter?

ELLIOT  
Because it's a big difference if he  
died in, like, a river rafting  
accident versus if he overdosed or  
something.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Why the hell would he have died in  
a river rafting accident?

ELLIOT  
I don't know. Maybe he sucked at  
river rafting.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Christ, there was no river rafting,  
he-- he committed suicide, alright?

Elliot stops scrolling. Stares at little boy from Honolulu.

ELLIOT'S DAD (CONT'D)  
(concerned)  
But listen, that doesn't mean--

\*  
\*

NURSE (O.S.)  
Sir, are you on the phone?

\*

ELLIOT'S DAD  
(to nurse, hysterical)  
I'm just talking to my son. I'm so  
scared!  
(lowered voice, to Elliot)  
But I'm not scared, Elliot. Maybe  
it's the CBD, but for the first  
time in my life, I'm not scared at  
all.

ELLIOT  
I'm hanging up.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
The funeral's tomorrow.

ELLIOT  
Are you going to come pick me up?

ELLIOT'S DAD  
What, and get a DUI?

ELLIOT  
You can't get a DUI from CBD.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
That's the drug talking. It makes  
you feel invincible.

ELLIOT  
I'm just going to take the train.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Listen, do me a favor and add me on  
Find Your Friends so I can track  
your location.

ELLIOT  
I'm not going to do that.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Don't be a priss. Just add me--

Elliot closes computer, hanging up. Beat, then he crawls to  
the foot of his bed, where there's a dresser wedged between  
his bed and the wall. Pulls the top drawer of the dresser  
open halfway before it hits the foot of the bed. Sighs in  
frustration, then moves a pair of underwear to reveal several  
letters from Joe, unopened. Elliot bites his nails more,  
hurting himself. Blood pools on his thumb. He sucks on it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM, DAY

Elliot walks out of what we realize is literally a walk-in  
closet inside an actual bedroom, where LISA (25, butch) and a  
STRANGER (23, femme) are hooking up. They quickly cover  
themselves with a blanket.

LISA  
Hello. Hello. Hello.

ELLIOT  
Sorry, sorry.

Elliot goes to the bedside table to get Kleenex for the  
blood, thumb still in his mouth.

LISA  
Baby need his binky?

ELLIOT  
I'd prefer mother's teat, but seems  
like that's occupied. \*

LISA  
(to unamused lover)  
He's *joking*.  
(beat)  
He stopped breastfeeding months  
ago.

ELLIOT  
Maybe I should start knocking.

LISA  
Whatever gets you off, perv.

ELLIOT  
Says the one who likes being walked  
in on.

LISA  
Grow up. We all like being walked  
in on.

Elliot looks at Stranger sympathetically, but Stranger shrugs  
and nods in agreement with Lisa. Elliot scowls.

ELLIOT  
(to Lisa)  
What happened to Daisy?

DAISY (27, butch) pops out from underneath the blanket.

DAISY  
Wouldn't you like to know, perv.

ELLIOT  
Jesus Christ.

LISA  
What? Is our lifestyle too...  
(scare quotes)  
..."deviant" for you?

ELLIOT  
No, I just wasn't expecting an orgy  
on Veterans Day...

LISA

First of all, this is exactly the kind of freedom our veterans fought for...

ELLIOT

(looking at watch)  
...and at 10 in the morning...

LISA

...and second of all, an orgy is five or more. But you would love that, wouldn't you? If we had a gay little orgy. You'd love it, you little perv--

ELLIOT

My friend killed himself.

\*

Silence. They're all stunned. Lisa breaks the silence with a long exhale. Beat. Then, SECOND STRANGER (29, androgynous) peaks their head out of the bathroom.

SECOND STRANGER

I think you're supposed to say  
"died by suicide."

ELLIOT

(exasperated)  
Why?

SECOND STRANGER

Because then it's like, the suicide killed *him*...

(getting confused)  
Or wait, maybe I'm getting it backwards...

As Elliot talks to Second Stranger, Lisa comes and wraps him in a forceful bear hug. Picks him up a bit.

ELLIOT

Something's poking me.

LISA

Don't worry, that's just my dick.

With one hand, Lisa takes off her strap-on and chucks it at the wall. Hugs Elliot even harder.

LISA (CONT'D)

Were you guys close?

ELLIOT  
Not really. We hadn't spoken in a  
while. I got to know him at a  
very...*specific* time in my life.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LISA  
How do you feel?

ELLIOT  
(murmuring to himself)  
How do I feel?  
(beat)  
Not sure I want to open that can of  
worms.

LISA  
Right.

ELLIOT  
Because once you open that can of  
worms...

LISA  
All the worms come out.

ELLIOT  
Exactly.

A THIRD STRANGER (24, short) emerges from behind the door to  
Elliot's room. He's holding a camera with a fuzzy mic on top.

THIRD STRANGER  
(morose)  
I'd probably feel like it was my  
fault.

LISA  
Goddammit Paul.

ELLIOT  
Five or more, you said?

LISA  
He was just filming.

Elliot gives Lisa a knowing look.

\*

LISA (CONT'D)  
*Fine...*he was doing stuff with the  
fuzzy mic.

ELLIOT  
I'm going to Connecticut.



FIRST STRANGER  
 (chipper, first time she's  
 talked)  
 Which part of Connecticut?

ELLIOT  
 (exasperated)  
 I don't know. The rich part. \*

He walks past Second Stranger into Lisa's en-suite bathroom,  
 doubling as a closet.

ELLIOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (to Lisa)  
 Can I borrow one of your suits?

SECOND STRANGER  
 Why are all your clothes in the  
 bathroom?

ELLIOT	LISA
(defeated)	(angry)
I live in the closet.	He lives in the closet.

LISA (CONT'D)  
 (to Second Stranger)  
 His friend just *died by suicide*.  
 Show some *respect*.  
 (beat, then to Third  
 Stranger with camera)  
 But on that note, we're going to  
 have to cut all the suicide stuff. \*

Third Stranger has the entire fuzzy mic in his mouth.  
 Realizes everyone's looking at him. Takes mic out.

THIRD STRANGER  
 (assertive)  
 I deserve pleasure too.  
 (quieter)  
 I deserve pleasure.

INT. TRAIN, DAY

Elliot squirming in way too small suit on the train. Head  
 lolling against the window to cool down. Biting nails. Small  
 Connecticut towns pass outside the window. Summer foliage. \*

INT. CHURCH LOBBY, DAY

Elliot walks into a packed funeral. Everyone milling about.  
 Ambushed by BRUCE (24, short, metrosexual, darling suit).

Elliot tries to turn and walk back out before he's noticed,  
but it's too late.

\*  
\*

BRUCE  
Elliot Prior?

\*

ELLIOT  
(defeated)  
Hey Bruce.

\*  
\*  
\*

BRUCE  
(grabbing him by the  
shoulders)  
God, I hardly recognized you. You  
must've gained, what...8 pounds?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Bruce wraps him in a bear hug.

\*

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
In the best possible way, of  
course. More of you to love!

\*  
\*  
\*

ELLIOT  
Thanks, Mom.

BRUCE  
(inhales Elliot's scent,  
then serious)  
Don't be silly. I could never  
replace your mother.

ELLIOT  
Something's poking me.

BRUCE  
Don't worry, that's just my penis.  
Something about funerals...

Bruce lets Elliot go and makes a slide whistle sound while  
gesturing an erection with his finger.

ELLIOT  
Probably worth unpacking that.

BRUCE  
I let it breathe at night, but when  
I'm out in public, I prefer briefs.

Elliot opens his mouth as if to clarify, but then thinks  
better of it.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
So I heard you're in the Big Apple!

ELLIOT  
Living it up.

BRUCE  
Nice apartment?

ELLIOT  
Not really. I live in the closet.

BRUCE  
I always wondered...because you  
were so moody...

ELLIOT  
(frustrated)  
No, literally. I live in my  
friend's walk-in closet.

BRUCE  
A friend from Yale? But I thought  
you dropped out.

ELLIOT  
No, she's a lesbian from Craigslist-  
(realizing)  
Wait how did you know I dropped  
out?

BRUCE  
I like to keep tabs on you, you  
little minx!  
(beat)  
Listen, if you're short on cash,  
come stay with me. It'll be just  
like the good old days. Staying up  
late, sharing secrets, *sharing a*  
*bed...*

ELLIOT  
We didn't share a bed, we had two  
separate beds.

BRUCE  
Really? I have a vivid memory of us  
sharing a bed. Not in a sexual way,  
of course, but more like a mother  
and son. Though God knows *that* line  
gets blurry.

Elliot looks at him weird. Then Elliot looks over at his Dad  
piling a plate with shrimp from a shrimp fountain, and  
wanders off.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Nice job idiot. You blew it.  
(beat, then murmured)  
What kind of pervert wears briefs  
to a funeral.

Elliot approaches his Dad, who's staring at the shrimp fountain.

ELLIOT  
Can I get you some Tupperware?

ELLIOT'S DAD  
It's weird, right?  
(starting to eat)  
And not even at the reception. At  
the church. Before the funeral.

ELLIOT  
I thought you were allergic.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
(mouth full of shrimp)  
Psychosomatic. I always felt like I  
had to prove my pain to your  
mother.

ELLIOT  
Chemo's hard to beat.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Even before the chemo. She was  
always very...  
(loooooonnggg pause as he  
searches for the word)  
...withholding.

Dad brings a little saucer of cocktail sauce with a straw to his lips and slurps.

ELLIOT  
I'm going to see if I know anyone  
else here.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Just come sit with me. It'll be  
fun.

ELLIOT  
No, I don't think that would be--

INT. CHURCH NAVE, DAY

Elliot and Dad squished in a pew between two women randomly wearing New Orleans funeral garb. Gigantic hats, fans, etc.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
(whispered, creole accent)  
If'n only we hadn't played with dat  
dere voodoo doll...

He looks over his shoulder to find a third woman in even more dramatic New Orleans funeral garb behind them. She takes out a doll dressed like him and starts angrily stitching something into it. His face falls and he turns forward, scared. Beat. Then, an altar boy walks past.

ELLIOT  
Weren't you an altar boy?

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Don't say it like that.

ELLIOT  
Like what?

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Like I was molested.

ELLIOT  
I thought you were molested.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Why would you think that?

ELLIOT  
Mom said you mutter "Help me" in  
your sleep.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
(exasperated)  
Christ, your mother-- All of my  
brothers do that.

Beat. They realize how it sounds. Then some noise at the mic. Room quiets down. PRIEST (65, classic priest) begins.

PRIEST  
Thank you all for coming. Joe's  
girlfriend is going to sing one of  
Joe's favorite songs to get us  
started. So without further  
adieu...Skyler.

\*

ELLIOT  
 (under his breath)  
 Oh fuck...

Everyone stands, except for Elliot, who slouches further in his seat to avoid being noticed by SKYLER (24, uncomfortable in her Sunday best, it's so not her style). Church organ starts playing unexpectedly aggressive version of "Dancing on My Own." Skyler starts singing intensely. JOE'S DAD (57, gruff, stoic) and Joe's uncles carry the coffin down the aisle. Tense, chaotic scene.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
 (under his breath)  
 Don't see me, don't see me, don't--

Suddenly, Elliot's Dad starts singing along, loudly and emotionally, a single tear rolling down his cheek. He loves this song. Everyone looks at him concerned, but then one of the New Orleans women joins in. Eventually, everyone joins in, singing "Dancing on My Own" like it's a well-known church hymn. Elliot slouches further into his seat, but Skyler makes eye contact with him and gives him a look. Behind Elliot and his dad, the witch woman is stitching the final thread of a blue tear into the face of Elliot's Dad's doll. Behind *that*, Bruce is holding a doll that looks like Elliot, miming Elliot's every move.

INT. CHURCH LOBBY, DAY

Elliot and Elliot's Dad walk out of the nave together.

ELLIOT  
 When I die, save the karaoke for  
 the reception, okay?

ELLIOT'S DAD  
 It's just-- That song reminds me of  
 your mother.  
 (choking up again)  
 She never let me dance.

Elliot rolls his eyes. ATTORNEY (60, suit) approaches.

ATTORNEY  
 Elliot Prior?

Elliot nods.

ATTORNEY (CONT'D)  
 Could you join us in the conference  
 room? Joe left you something in his  
 will.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
 (to Elliot, shocked)  
 Christ, don't tell me you were  
 lovers.

Attorney gives him a concerned look.

ELLIOT'S DAD (CONT'D)  
 (backtracking)  
 Not that that would be a bad thing.  
 (beat)  
 Although with everything that  
 happened...maybe there was trouble  
 in paradise?

Attorney looks even more concerned and leaves.

ELLIOT  
 (to Dad)  
 Stuck the landing.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
 Meet back here after. We'll get  
 tacos with your friend Bruce.

ELLIOT  
 Him? Really?

ELLIOT'S DAD  
 He's a fascinating guy. Works for  
 that company that makes  
 semiconductors.

ELLIOT  
 (walking away, sarcastic)  
 No way. The company that makes  
 semiconductors?

ELLIOT'S DAD  
 (eager, missing sarcasm)  
 Oh so you've heard of it--

INT. CHURCH CONFERENCE ROOM, DAY

Joe's loved ones seated around a conference table, somber,  
 murmuring. Elliot squirms in a hard-backed chair. Makes eye  
 contact with Skyler, looks away. Leans over to whisper to  
 COUSIN DANNY (8, cherubic).

ELLIOT  
 Anybody else's ass barking?

Attorney clears his throat and room quiets.

ATTORNEY

As many of you know, Joe left a note that will act as his last will and testament. So without further ado, I'm going to read what he bequeathed unto each of you.

(clears throat)

"To my father, I leave my memorial garden. That he may realize its promise as I never could."

(beat, people look at Joe's Dad)

"To my girlfriend Skyler, I leave my archives. That she may catalogue my twenty-four years of thought and activity."

(beat, people look at Skyler)

"To my Cousin Danny, I leave my Xbox. That he may finish my Halo 5 campaign."

ELLIOT

(whispered to Danny)

Lucky bastard.

\*

ATTORNEY

(still reading)

"And to my friend Elliot Prior, I bequeath my life. That he may live as I have lived."

Long silence. Elliot looks around. Then whispers to Cousin Danny, explaining.

ELLIOT

He means metaphorically--

ATTORNEY

"More literally, I ask that he reside in my father's basement, as I have resided. That he perform in the community theater's production of Hamlet, as I have performed. That he visit my friends still in the psychiatric hospital, as I have visited."

\*

ELLIOT

(under breath, panicked)

What the fu--



ATTORNEY

"In short, that he live, both metaphorically and literally, as I would have lived, had I not died by suicide."

\*

ELLIOT

(under his breath)

Christ, I guess it really is the preferred term...

\*

\*

Everyone staring at Elliot. He takes a deep breath.

\*

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Is he fucking with me, or...

Silence. Blank stares.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Do I have to decide right now?

ATTORNEY

I don't think so.

Elliot nods, then looks across the table at Joe's Dad, who looks dejected, and exactly like Joe. Then looks at Skyler, also dejected. Elliot has a flashback to three years earlier.

\*

\*

\*

INT. NORWALK PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, FLASHBACK

Nurses milling about a psychiatric ward, handing out medicine, checking on patients, etc. JOE (22, long hair), Skyler, and Bruce, among others, are playing Monopoly in the corner, laughing. Elliot is trying to make an Irish exit -- walking towards the door with a box full of his stuff, with his dad -- but at the last moment he looks at Joe in the distance and Joe makes eye contact with him. Joe's face falls, hurt, as he realizes Elliot is leaving without saying goodbye.

\*

\*

ATTORNEY (V.O.)

Elliot?

INT. CHURCH CONFERENCE ROOM, DAY

Elliot snaps back to present. Everyone is looking at him.

ELLIOT

Yep. Yep...I'll do it.

\*

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. CHURCH LOBBY, DAY

Elliot follows Joe's Dad to car. Makes eye contact with  
Skyler across the room, then looks away. Elliot quickly talks  
to Priest. \* \*

ELLIOT  
Tell my dad I'm going to be gone  
for a while.

PRIEST  
I don't know who your dad is.

ELLIOT  
(looks around)  
He's-- \*  
(sees dad, then, defeated)  
He's the one dipping shrimp in the \*  
communion wine.

Elliot runs out after Joe's Dad. Priest looks over in  
disgust. On the other side of the room, Elliot's Dad is  
dipping shrimp into a chalice and talking to Bruce.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Every two years, I think, that's  
it. That's the best it's going to  
get. But sure enough, two years  
later--

BRUCE  
Right.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
*Double* the number of transistors.

BRUCE  
Moore's Law.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
You're like the son I never had.

BRUCE  
(joking back)  
Or the wife!

ELLIOT'S DAD  
(laughs, then confused)  
Wait, what?

INT. JOE'S DAD'S CAR, DAY

Elliot and Joe's Dad drive home in silence. Radio playing "Centerfield" by John Fogerty. Way too chipper. Elliot's in a total daze. Joe's Dad kills radio. Silence. \*

ELLIOT

(stilted)

I don't think we ever met in the hospital. I was only there a couple weeks.

(beat)

I guess a couple weeks sounds like a long time to be in a psychiatric hospital. But don't worry, I'm not crazy or anything.

(realizing, backtracking)

Not that being in a psychiatric hospital for a long time makes you crazy. I mean, people with cancer are in the hospital for years and no one thinks *they're* crazy.

(beat, then clarifying)

And I think that's a *good* thing, I think it's a *good* thing they're in the hospital for a long time.

(beat)

Well not a *good* thing, but you know what I mean--

JOE'S DAD

I could use your help with the memorial garden when we get home.

ELLIOT

Yep. Great. Love gardening.

EXT. JOE'S DAD'S LAWN, DAY

Elliot and Joe's Dad stand in front of a large suburban lawn, empty except for a shed. Long silence.

ELLIOT

So are we thinking, like, a statue of him, or...

JOE'S DAD

(looking at him, confused)

It's not a memorial for him.

ELLIOT

It's not?

JOE'S DAD

No.

(sighing)

It's a memorial for the Korean War.

Another long silence. Elliot nods, then realizes.

ELLIOT

Sorry did you say the Korean War?

Joe's Dad nods.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Isn't there already a memorial for that? In D.C.?

JOE'S DAD

(exasperated)

Apparently it was a hack job. They misspelled a bunch of names. So now he wants to do, like, a Japanese rock garden, with a rock for each soldier who died. To make things right. As his legacy.

\*  
\*  
\*

Joe's dad unlocks the shed to reveal it's filled with small rocks. They spill out. Another long silence.

ELLIOT

But didn't the Japanese and Koreans kind of hate each other--

JOE'S DAD

(frustrated)

Can we just-- can we just do it, please? And then it'll be done?

ELLIOT

Yep. Yep.

JOE'S DAD

I'll start building the retaining wall and you start counting the rocks.

ELLIOT

(trying to understand)

Counting the rocks...

JOE'S DAD

It's something like 36,000 Americans and 8,000 Koreans...you'll have to look up the exact number.

\*  
\*  
\*

Joe's dad wanders off to get tools. Elliot stands bewildered, looking around. Cut to hours later, night. Elliot has little piles of rocks around him, and an old Casio calculator. He's counting out a new pile.

ELLIOT  
(counting under his  
breath)  
655, 656, 658, 65-- wait a second.

Elliot stares at the pile, realizing he's going to have to start over. Joe's Dad finally stands up, looks at his work.

JOE'S DAD  
I think that's good for today.

Joe's Dad starts to walk away.

ELLIOT  
Are you going to sleep?

JOE'S DAD  
(over his shoulder)  
Haven't been able to sleep lately.  
I'll probably watch a movie.

\*

ELLIOT  
What movie--

But Joe's Dad has already shut the door behind him. Elliot looks confused about where he's supposed to go next. He awkwardly pats the pile to make it into a nice shape, but it collapses. He sighs and follows Joe's dad inside.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM, EVENING

Elliot walks downstairs into Joe's basement bedroom. Looks around. Lots of space. Puts on a Snuggie. Takes a spin on the drum kit. Hits a bong. Looks up to see Skyler standing in the doorway, on the other side of the room.

\*

SKYLER  
Well if it isn't the Prince of the  
Psych Ward.

Elliot looks at Skyler a bit stunned. Blows out smoke slowly, caught in the act. Flashback.

\*

\*

INT. NORWALK HOSPITAL, FLASHBACK

Elliot, Joe, and Skyler sitting in the lounge of the psych ward. Elliot holding a cup of tap water and his little pill cup. Joe is buckled over laughing. \*

ELLIOT  
You've got to stop calling me that.

JOE  
Why would they have seltzer?

ELLIOT  
Some places just have it, like, on tap.

JOE  
What do you think this is? A WeWork?

ELLIOT  
Just stop it, people are looking--

JOE  
Why don't you get me a kombucha, while you're at it. \*

Joe wheezes laughing. Elliot looks annoyed. Skyler looks at Elliot sympathetically. \*

PRESENT-DAY SKYLER (V.O.)  
Oh my god... \*

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM, EVENING \*

SKYLER  
...I just remembered the bidet incident. \*

ELLIOT  
(annoyed)  
Christ, I never thought they *had* a bidet, I just wanted to bring in my own, like, portable-- you know what, never mind. I don't have to explain myself to you. \*

SKYLER  
I get it. You wanted a clean pussy. \*

ELLIOT  
Someone's chipper. \*

SKYLER  
 Laughter's the best medicine. That  
 and Ketamine, of course.

ELLIOT  
 Speaking of, you killed at the  
 funeral. Hilarious.

SKYLER  
 Suck my clit.

ELLIOT  
 Only if you use the bidet first.

Skyler smirks and gestures for the bong. Elliot passes and  
 she hits it.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
 You could've told me you guys  
 started dating.

SKYLER  
 Right, because you were so easy to  
 get in touch with.

Awkward silence. Skyler blows smoke. Elliot bites his nails.

ELLIOT  
 You didn't tell him about us, did  
 you?

SKYLER  
 Of course not. He already had a  
 complex about you.

ELLIOT  
 A *complex*. Go on, doctor.

SKYLER  
 (shrugging)  
 Because he never got to go to  
 college. And you abandoned him to  
 go back to Yale.

ELLIOT  
 Oh come on, I didn't abandon him.  
 He wasn't a stray dog--

Skyler gives him a look like "don't go there."

SKYLER  
 You could've responded to his  
 letters. You knew how much those  
 meant to him.

(MORE)

SKYLER (CONT'D)

(beat, takes a hit)

What did they even say? He wouldn't let me read them.

Elliot looks away sheepishly.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

Wait-- Did you even read them?

Elliot won't make eye contact.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

(really pissed now)

Oh come on, you couldn't have been that busy--

ELLIOT

I wasn't busy. I dropped out of school. I just-- I've got my own stuff going on. I'm trying to figure out what to do with my life.

SKYLER

Welcome to the fucking club. That's not an excuse.

Long, tense silence.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

(exasperated)

You know what, who am I to judge. I was here and I didn't do anything.

(long sigh, then stands up, picks up a stack of composition notebooks and waves them)

At least his archives will endure. All the brilliant ideas he wrote down high.

ELLIOT

Anything in there about why we're building a Second Korean War Memorial in Wilton, Connecticut?

SKYLER

I'm pretty sure there was a major battle fought around here.

ELLIOT

Oh yeah. The Battle for Seoul Cycle.

Skyler wants to laugh, but doesn't. Turns to leave.



SKYLER  
You should get some sleep. You have  
rehearsal early tomorrow.

ELLIOT  
Rehearsal?

SKYLER  
You're going to make a great  
Hamlet.

ELLIOT  
Christ, I forgot about that. What  
time?

SKYLER  
(on her way out)  
7 a.m. And then you have to visit  
his friends in the hospital.

Elliot nods. Then processes this information.

ELLIOT  
(indignant)  
7 a.m.?!

EXT. COMMUNITY THEATER, MORNING

Elliot bikes sluggishly into a mostly empty parking lot. Goes  
to lock it but the lock gets jammed. Curses. Keeps trying.

DIRECTOR  
Suburban paranoia. Private  
property. Etcetera, etcetera.

Elliot looks up to see DIRECTOR (45, New York intellectual  
look, think Stanley Tucci) leaning against the wall, smoking  
a cigarette. Elliot realizes no one will steal the bike, and  
props it up without locking. He approaches the Director.

ELLIOT  
I'm your new Joe.

Director leans in and sniffs his neck, intrigued. Deep  
inhale, then sighs with disappointment.

DIRECTOR  
You smell nothing like him.

Director ashes cigarette against the wall and goes in through  
back door. Elliot looks confused for a second, then follows.

INT. COMMUNITY THEATER, MORNING

Director enters with Elliot close behind. Room full of community theater actors falls silent.

DIRECTOR  
Good morrow. A lot to overcome  
today so let's get right into it.  
From T.B.O.N.T.B.

Elliot turns to UNDERSTUDY (12, preppy). He's gay but doesn't know it yet, and vicious.

ELLIOT  
T.B.O.N.T.B?

UNDERSTUDY  
To be or not to be.

ELLIOT  
Isn't that the same number of  
syllables?

UNDERSTUDY  
You know usually, when the lead  
offs himself, the silver lining is  
that the long-overlooked understudy  
gets a chance to shine.

ELLIOT  
I'm guessing you're the understudy?

UNDERSTUDY  
I'm guessing I'm your worst fucking  
nightmare.

DIRECTOR  
(to room, impatient)  
Would anyone else like the role of  
a lifetime? Anyone?

ELLIOT  
(to Understudy)  
Just give me your script.

UNDERSTUDY  
No, get your own.

Elliot wrestles the script from the boy's hands.

ELLIOT  
Suck it.

## UNDERSTUDY

Watch those kneecaps, Kerrigan.

Elliot takes center stage. Director gestures to begin.

ELLIOT

To be or not to be--

DIRECTOR

Stop.

(loonngg, pregnant pause)

There was something very convincing  
about Joe's performance of this.

\*

ELLIOT

Because he was suicidal.

DIRECTOR.

I don't like to think of it that  
way.

ELLIOT

No?

DIRECTOR

No. Most of us here are suicidal.  
This theater is practically a  
hotline. Do you know how many lives  
I've saved on this stage? Do you  
know how many I've lost?

\*

ELLIOT

Multiple people you've worked with  
have committed suicide?

DIRECTOR

Suicide, heart attack, Crohn's  
disease--

ELLIOT

People don't die from Crohn's  
disease.

\*

STAGE MANAGER (80, classic grandma) starts wailing.

DIRECTOR

Tell that to her husband. Oh wait.  
You can't. He's deceased. *From*  
*Crohn's disease.*

Stage Manager wails even harder.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
Christ, Margaret, get a grip. It's  
been a *month*.

ELLIOT  
You know what? I...don't think I  
want to be here anymore. \*

DIRECTOR  
(nonchalant)  
None of us want to be here.  
You think I *want* to be here? \*

ELLIOT  
Then why are you here?

DIRECTOR  
The same reason you're here.

ELLIOT  
I'm here because a dead guy asked  
me to be.

DIRECTOR  
Wrong. You're here because you  
can't be anywhere else.

Awkward silence. Elliot knows he's right. \*

ELLIOT  
(resigned) \*  
You don't even know me. \*

DIRECTOR \*  
Know you? I *was* you. Hot young \*  
thing, accepted to Yale... \*

ELLIOT \*  
How did you know-- \*

DIRECTOR \*  
...and yet, I felt like I had no \*  
future. Because to dream was to be \*  
vulnerable, and to be vulnerable \*  
was to relinquish my control. My \*  
precious control. \*

Elliot looks at him weird. Director pivots out and starts  
delivering a kind of Ted Talk with dramatic staging.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
Control control control. Because  
mommy and daddy fought.  
(MORE)

## DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Every day they fought and if I  
 didn't intervene, if I didn't stop  
 them, what was I but a creature  
 born from hate. A creature born  
 from hate who would never know  
 love.

## ELLIOT

(to Understudy)

Is he always like this--

Understudy shushes him violently, taking notes furiously on  
 his script.

## DIRECTOR

So what did I do? Dropped out of  
 college. Changed my name. Lost 150  
 pounds. Gained back 60. Started  
 wearing colored contacts.

He pries open an eyelid to reveal a stunning blue iris.

## DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Became unrecognizable to myself.  
 Became an orphan, traveling town to  
 town. Not in search of parents but  
 of children all my own.

(caresses the face of the  
 stage manager)

All of you. My children.

(makes grotesque baby  
 crying sound, then  
 suddenly withdraws his  
 hand)

And yet. The second one of you sees  
 me as Papa. The second I see it in  
 your eyes. New contacts, new  
 weight, new town. I'm gone.

## UNDERSTUDY

(on verge of tears)

No!

## DIRECTOR

Because for any of you to see me as  
 Father would be to once again see  
 my father in myself. To once again  
 be trapped in that *eternal basement*  
 of his psyche...

(miming being trapped)

...desperate to sleep but awoken by  
 every footstep...

★

Director mimes giant steps. Every time his foot lands, a timpani sounds, and he cowers, scared.

ELLIOT  
Is that a timpani?

DIRECTOR  
...awoken by every creak of the  
floorboards...

Backstage, an anxious PERCUSSIONIST squeaks a rubber mallet along the top of a timpani to emulate a door creaking.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
...awoken by every disquiet in my  
father's world, echoing into my own  
in that insomniac's undying  
twilight of grief.

\*

Director throws his arms out, as if summoning something.  
Several spotlights suddenly light up various parts of the  
auditorium ceiling, like stars.

\*

\*

\*

ELLIOT  
Isn't this a community theater? How  
much money do you guys have?

\*

\*

Spotlights swirl before converging on the Director's face, a  
single tear rolling out of his stunning blue iris. In the  
shadowy back row of the theater, the witch woman is stitching  
a single tear onto the face of a Director voodoo doll.

\*

\*

\*

\*

DIRECTOR  
So why are we here? We are here  
because we are all *running from*  
*something*.  
(to Margaret)  
From loss.  
(to Understudy)  
From the *truth*.  
(to Elliot, with finality)  
From the eternal basement of our  
minds.  
(long beat)  
And only once we accept this may we  
walk as one into His everlasting  
kingdom.

\*

\*

\*

ELLIOT  
Christ, I knew it was a suicide  
cult.

\*

\*

Lights fade to black. Actors erupt into applause. Full lights  
back up. Director bows solemnly.

DIRECTOR  
Time, Margaret?

STAGE MANAGER  
7:05 a.m.

DIRECTOR  
Good. Let's pick this back up  
tomorrow. *Great work everyone.*

\*

Elliot stands stunned as people filter out.

\*

EXT. COMMUNITY THEATER, MORNING

Elliot emerges exhausted to find a random guy -- HEROIN DAD  
(45, classic suburban dad, but a bit sallow) -- about to get  
on Elliot's bike.

HEROIN DAD  
Is this your bike?

ELLIOT  
(exasperated explaining)  
Kind of. Technically it's my  
friend's...but now I'm him...it's a  
whole thing.  
(beat)  
Wait, why?

HEROIN DAD  
I was going to steal it.

ELLIOT  
Oh. Well...I'd prefer if you  
didn't.

\*

HEROIN DAD  
(meditative)  
It's funny. We all have these  
little preferences for our lives.  
These outcomes we try to control.  
And yet, things never turn out the  
way we want them to, do they?

\*

Heroin Dad chuckles to himself, then casually gets on the  
bike and rides towards the sunrise. Elliot is stunned.

\*

ELLIOT  
I've got to get back on my fucking  
antipsychotics.

\*

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

EXT. NORWALK HOSPITAL, DAY

Elliot, sweaty, in front of "Norwalk Hospital - Psychiatric Wing." He walked here, but now he's reluctant to visit Joe's friends. Bites his nails, debating whether to go in, until he shakes his head and turns to leave, at which point he sees Bruce pushing Elliot's Dad in a wheelchair. \*

ELLIOT  
Christ, not again... \*

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Those fucking shrimp. I swear to God I woke up the next day and I couldn't walk.

ELLIOT  
You're not even allergic. It's psychosomatic. \*

ELLIOT'S DAD  
(exasperated)  
Christ, this is what your mother never understood. It doesn't matter if it's psychosomatic. Either way, it's crippling.

BRUCE  
(pedantic)  
Your mother was a very...*complicated* person, Elliot.

Dad nods solemnly. Elliot looks at them weird.

ELLIOT  
What is he doing here? \*

BRUCE  
Hurtful.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
He's been helping me out. Ever since my *real* son *abandoned* me. \*

BRUCE  
Also hurtful.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
I've been looking for you everywhere. \*



ELLIOT  
I told the priest to tell you I'd  
be gone for a while.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Which priest?

ELLIOT  
What do you mean which priest? How  
many priests do you interact with  
regularly?

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Oh come on, don't say it like that.

ELLIOT  
Like what?

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Like I'm being *molested*.

Dad looks up to see "Psychiatric Wing" sign.

ELLIOT'S DAD (CONT'D)  
Christ, not again.

\*

ELLIOT  
No, I'm just-- Joe bequeathed me  
his life.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
What does that mean?

ELLIOT  
He asked me to live his life for  
him.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Why the hell would he do that?

\*

ELLIOT  
I don't know. It doesn't matter. I  
can't do it.

\*

\*

\*

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Of course you can't do it. It  
doesn't make any sense.

\*

\*

\*

ELLIOT  
I wanted to do right by him, but--  
I've got to figure out what I'm  
doing with my own life.

\*

\*

\*

\*

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Listen, if you can't hack it in New  
York, why don't you come stay with  
me. I'd actually really like that.

ELLIOT  
(defeated)  
No I-- I can't let you trap me in  
your eternal basement.

Elliot walks away.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
(confused)  
Eternal-- I don't even have a  
basement. Or a finished basement at  
least. Maybe one day, but it ain't  
cheap. I'd have to rewire all the  
electrical.

Bruce hands Elliot's Dad an applesauce cup.

ELLIOT'S DAD (CONT'D)  
(peeved)  
What is it with you and the  
applesauce? You know I can still  
eat solid food, right?  
(beat, then resigned)  
Straw please.

Bruce hands him a straw out of his fanny pack and Elliot's  
Dad uses it to puncture the aluminum lid. Slurps.

EXT. JOE'S DAD'S PORCH, DAY

Elliot knocks on door, defeated, but no answer. Knocks again,  
no answer. Eventually goes out back.

EXT. JOE'S DAD'S LAWN, DAY

Finds Joe's Dad carefully lacquering the memorial garden  
retaining wall. Joe's Dad doesn't notice him. Elliot stands a  
couple yards away and talks to him.

ELLIOT  
Hey. I really appreciate you taking  
me in and everything, but I think I  
should get back to New York.  
(beat)  
I know Joe wanted me to do this,  
but I don't think I'm cut out for  
it.

(MORE)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

I'm realizing I've got a lot of my own stuff to deal with.

(more to himself now)

I always think us depressed people can do whatever we want, like everyone else, but I think there's certain things we should avoid. Like living other people's lives. Or committing war crimes.

(beat)

I mean everyone should avoid committing war crimes obviously. Although I know it's not always that simple--

Joe's Dad turns around, notices Elliot there. Takes out earbuds.

JOE'S DAD

Sorry, did you say something?

Elliot stands there, trying to work up the courage to say it again. Just as he's about to...

JOE'S DAD (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for? Those rocks aren't going to count themselves.

\*

Elliot takes a beat, then sighs and goes back to rock counting. Hours pass. It's night again. He's staring blankly at one of the piles. Flashback.

INT. NORWALK HOSPITAL, FLASHBACK

Joe and Elliot playing Monopoly. Joe counting money, Elliot staring blankly at him.

JOE

25, 26, 28...wait a second.

ELLIOT

(not paying attention)

I've got to get out of here.

JOE

(sarcastic)

Try rolling doubles. Or getting a Get Out of Jail Free Card.

\*

ELLIOT

Aren't you looking forward to anything after this?

JOE

(beat, then)

I'm excited to watch a movie with  
my dad. He's got this great setup.  
With Dolby and everything.

ELLIOT

No, I meant like-- something in  
your life. Don't you want to do  
something with your life?

\*

Joe stops counting money but doesn't look at him.

JOE

You don't know anything about my  
life.

Joe goes back to counting money. Elliot looks at him,  
surprised. This is the first time Joe's been curt.

EXT. JOE'S DAD'S LAWN, PRESENT

Elliot snaps back to present. Joe's dad is looking at him.

ELLIOT

Sorry, did you say something?

JOE'S DAD

I asked if you wanted to watch a  
movie.

\*

(beat)

\*

I've got a great setup. With Dolby  
and everything.

ELLIOT

Oh. Yeah.

\*

JOE'S DAD

Avatar?

\*

Elliot nods.

\*

INT. JOE'S DAD'S LIVING ROOM, NIGHT

Elliot and Joe's Dad watching Avatar. One of the weirdly  
sexual hair scenes. Elliot looks over to find Joe's Dad  
curled towards him, mouth ajar, snoring, sleeping for the  
first time in a long time. Elliot smiles, touched. He knows  
why he's there.

\*

END OF PILOT

\*