

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

LIGHT BOSSA NOVA PLAYS.

Gavin appears sitting in a gray barely-cushioned chair. The only way out of the room is a black wooden door.

Gavin's body is slightly transparent. He stares through his hands at the floor.

His hair is electrified, sticking out in all directions. He looks horrifying with his burnt hair and blood spattered pajamas.

INT. DENIS' OFFICE - DAY

A tiny window regurgitates heavenly light into the gray room regardless of the time of day. It's possible there is no such thing as time in this place.

An angel with a tarnished halo slouches behind a desk besieged by overflowing filing cabinets. His name tag reads DENIS (30s.)

The door swings open and Gavin peeks in.

DENIS
Come in. Sit.

Gavin obeys.

DENIS (cont'd)
Your name?

GAVIN
Gavin Holt.

Denis riffles through the mess of papers.

DENIS
Mr. Holt, I regret to inform you that you have died. My name is Denis and I will be your spirit guide, or guardian angel. Whichever you prefer, I don't care.

Denis waits for a reaction.

DENIS (cont'd)
Well?

GAVIN
I don't really know what to say.

Denis does an impression.

DENIS

Oh no! I can't be dead! I was alive only a minute ago, I have so much to live for, please let me go back.

GAVIN

I don't feel any of that. Is that bad?

DENIS

Yeah.

GAVIN

Where is this? Is this heaven? Hell?

DENIS

It's neither. This is your halfway point between life and death. You're a ghost now. Everyone who dies is given an opportunity to return to earth as a spirit and take care of any unfinished business they have.

GAVIN

Ok. What happens after that?

DENIS

You pass on. But you probably want to go back to earth first, right?

GAVIN

Not really.

Denis extracts Gavin's file from the mess and flips through it.

DENIS

Nothing? No friends or family you want to see? Maybe a lover you want to embrace at the pottery wheel? Asshole coworkers you want to scare the shit out of? Pets? Come on, give me something to work with.

GAVIN

I don't really want to go back to life. Life is exhausting.

DENIS

Seriously, what the hell is wrong with you?

Denis waves the file at him.

DENIS (cont'd)
You don't even have anything worth
being depressed about.

GAVIN
I'm not depressed. It's ok. I'll just
pass on.

DENIS
Do you know how long it takes to
process a single soul? It used to be
so simple, but these days? There are
like, 12,000 papers I need to fill
out for just one of you little
fuckers. And you're not my only
client. I'm completely overwhelmed
here.

GAVIN
So you're sending me back to earth
because you need more time to fill
out the paperwork?

DENIS
Yeah. What were you expecting? Pearly
gates?

GAVIN
I didn't think a lot about the
afterlife. I guess I thought there'd
be nothing.

DENIS
Yeah? Well this is better than
nothing, right?

With a flick of his wrist, Denis opens a filing cabinet. He
hands Gavin a NOKIA PHONE.

GAVIN
What's this?

DENIS
A cell phone, gen X scum. A spirit
cell phone. I'm required to give this
to all the spirits I send back to
earth. If you have any questions,
don't call me. Figure things out
yourself, you're an adult. God, why
do I always get the stupid ones?

GAVIN
Wait, there's a god?

Denis snaps his fingers and Gavin disappears.