

INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

An overhead shot reveals a tray with two eggs over-easy, two crisp pieces of bacon, two pieces of toast and a glass of orange juice being placed next to a girl laying in bed. The girl, DAISY, is still fast asleep. She has dirty-blonde hair and green eyes. She appears beautiful, even in her sleep.

JIM (O.S.)

Wakey, wakey.

Daisy's eyes start to flutter and she begins to open them. She squints to avoid the sunlight pouring in from the windows. JIM stands above her, in his underwear and undershirt. His hair is dark brown and his eyes green. He is unshaven and his hair sticks up in all directions. Daisy begins to sit up in bed.

DAISY

What time is it?

JIM

A quarter to eight. Almost time to get up anyway.

Jim places the tray over Daisy. She looks at the gorgeous breakfast display.

DAISY

What is all this?

JIM

What does it look like? I made you breakfast in bed.

Jim gets in bed and lays next to Daisy. He kisses her on the neck.

DAISY

Yes, I know, but why?

JIM

It's November 12th.

Daisy looks at Jim, confused.

JIM (CONT'D)

Tonight's the night.

Daisy continues to stare, still confused.

JIM (CONT'D)

Sex night.

DAISY

Sex night?

JIM

It's our 3-month anniversary.

DAISY

Oh, right.

JIM

What's wrong?

DAISY

Nothing.

Daisy looks off to the side. She is hiding something.

JIM

What?

DAISY

I just don't know if tonight can be  
*the* night.

JIM

Why?

DAISY

It's a bad time.

JIM

Oh.

DAISY

Comprende?

JIM

(disheartened)

Ah, yes. Si.

The two sit silently. Jim takes a piece of bacon and bites into it.

JIM (CONT'D)

Shit.

DAISY

Hey! I want to though. The jury is  
still out about tonight so we'll  
have to wait and see.

JIM

Okay.

Jim contemplates.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Can I feel you up?

DAISY  
Are you twelve?

Jim stares at her, silent.

DAISY (CONT'D)  
(sighs)  
Over the shirt.

JIM  
Oh, c'mon. Don't be a jerk.

DAISY  
Fine.

Jim maneuvers his hand up her shirt. He smiles. She sighs. A pause while she looks around as he has his eyes closed, content.

DAISY (CONT'D)  
Eww. Your hand is greasy from the  
bacon. We should get up.

JIM  
No, no. Just stay here.

DAISY  
You're such a weirdo.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

Jim sits at a small kitchen table, eating cereal and perusing a Victoria's Secret catalogue. He takes a sip of coffee and burns his tongue. Daisy enters, dressed in an attractive skirt and white blouse. She positions herself against the counter, facing Jim. She stares at him until he looks up.

DAISY  
Tonight.

JIM  
Tonight?

Daisy smiles and nods.

JIM (CONT'D)  
You serious?

She nods again. Jim beams with joy. He stands and walks over to her and begins to kiss her. He lifts her onto the counter.

DAISY

Hey there.

JIM

Now?

DAISY

No. Can't. I just showered and have to leave soon.

JIM

Stay. We'll spend the day in bed. I'll call in sick.

Jim starts to unbutton her shirt. Daisy hits his hand and rebuttons.

DAISY

After work. Bring home some wine, Chinese food. And afterwards...

Daisy positions her right leg between Jim's legs and massages his crotch with her foot.

JIM

Oof.

Jim takes out his phone and aims it at Daisy's breasts. He takes a picture of her cleavage.

DAISY

Hey!

JIM

What? I'll need something to hold me over.

DAISY

Well, at least it's my cleavage you're taking a picture of this time.

JIM

Oh, c'mon. I apologized about that. I wasn't even the one that took it.

DAISY

Uh huh. You're going to be late, lover boy. Kiss.

Jim kisses Daisy and heads out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK -- MORNING

The streets are busy with the morning commute. Lots of people walk hurriedly along the sidewalks. Jim walks at a brisk pace down a busy street. He begins to approach an attractive BLONDE WOMAN, dressed in a business suit, on her cell phone. He slows down and tries to make eye contact with her as she passes by.

BLONDE WOMAN

Oh, the nerve! You should have thrown him to the curb. What a dog!

She looks up for a brief second right before she passes Jim. She gives him a dirty look. Jim quickly looks down, embarrassed. Immediately after the blonde, Jim passes by an attractive JAPANESE GIRL, talking on her cell phone. Jim again looks at her, hoping to make eye contact.

JAPANESE GIRL

(in Japanese)

All men are pigs. Their sole objective in life is to get laid as much as possible by as many women as they can find.

Jim passes the attractive Japanese girl when he begins to approach an attractive SPANISH WOMAN, also on her cell phone.

SPANISH WOMAN

(in Spanish)

I just want something meaningful. Is that too much to ask? All of them only have one thing on their mind.

Jim passes her by, smiling, and begins to approach a bus stop about 30 yards away when he sees the bus pull up. He looks at his watch.

JIM

Shit.

He loses his smile and begins to run frantically.

JIM (CONT'D)

Wait! Please!

Jim reaches the bus and the DRIVER closes the door in his face.

JIM (CONT'D)

Oh, c'mon! Hey!

The bus begins to pull away and Jim runs alongside, hitting the doors.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Fucking asshole! C'mon!

Jim, panting heavily, gives up.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Fuck! God fucking dammit!

People walking by stare at Jim. He looks down, flustered and embarrassed, and begins to walk away.

JIM (CONT'D)  
(quietly to himself)  
Great.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER -- MORNING

Jim reaches a corner and waits with a few other pedestrians as cars pass by on the street. His phone rings. The pedestrians begin to cross the street as Jim opens his phone to reveal:

"Picture Text Message from Daisy"

He clicks a button and reads "Tonight" followed by a picture of Daisy's breasts. Jim devilishly smiles and examines the picture. A BEARDED GENTLEMAN in an overcoat, resembling the bus driver who we only saw for a brief second, looks over Jim's shoulder at the picture as well. Jim, feeling somebody's presence, looks up and discovers the peeping tom.

JIM  
Hey!

The bearded gentleman jumps forward and quickly crosses the sidewalk. Jim watches the man for a moment and then looks back down.

JIM (CONT'D)  
(shaking his head, to himself)  
Fucking pervert.

A moment later Jim looks up and realizes that everyone has crossed. He crosses the street, looking back down and ogling the breasts on his phone. As he reaches the middle of the street, a car comes speeding up and holds down it's horn, inches from Jim. He looks up.

CUT TO:

BLACK

The sound of the car hitting Jim.

FADE IN:

INT. WAITING ROOM -- DAY

Jim sits calmly in a silent waiting room. There are twenty PEOPLE or so sitting and waiting patiently. Jim turns to the OLD MAN to his right.

JIM

Umm...excuse me, but, where am I?

OLD MAN

Shhh...

JIM

Uh huh? Thanks.

Jim gets up and walks over to the RECEPTIONIST. The receptionist is an older woman with gray, curly hair. She chews gum and types loudly on an old typewriter.

JIM (CONT'D)

Hey.

The receptionist looks up.

JIM (CONT'D)

Hi. I was just wondering...

RECEPTIONIST

Sit down, Mr. Flannagan.

JIM

Alright.

Jim sits next to an attractive MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN with black hair and dark brown eyes. She waits, dressed in a sundress with a navy sweater.

JIM (CONT'D)

Hi. How's it going?

The woman looks up but immediately returns to reading her magazine. The receptionist, now on the phone, motions to Jim.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Flannagan, Death will see you now.

CUT TO:

INT. DEATH'S OFFICE -- DAY

DEATH sits at a large desk in a beautiful study with walls filled with books. He looks remarkably like the bus driver who we saw only for a brief moment as well as the peeping tom on the street corner. His style is that of a general practitioner out of the 1970's. He wears a sweater over a collared shirt with a tweed jacket. He sports a heavy beard. He writes in a journal as Jim enters. Jim stands at the door. Death looks up and smiles.

DEATH

Jim, come in. Sit down.

Jim stops short, just as he begins to enter.

JIM

The pervert.

DEATH

I'm sorry?

JIM

You were the guy looking at the picture of my girlfriend...on the street corner.

DEATH

You must have me confused with someone else. Please, have a seat.

Jim, still wary, enters.

JIM

(sitting down)  
So I'm dead.

DEATH

Well, you've gathered that much. Good. Yes, you are dead.

JIM

I see. From the car.

DEATH

From the car. Yes.

JIM

Can I go back?

DEATH

Fair question but no.

JIM

Ahh...

DEATH

Do you have any other questions?

JIM

Uhh, I'm just kinda taking it all in at the moment.

DEATH

I understand.

JIM

So I can't go back?

DEATH

Yes, that's right.

JIM

Yes, right, I can go back? Or yes, I'm right in the statement that I can't go back?

Death stares indignantly at Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)

Sorry.

DEATH

It's really not so bad. You'll never have to go to the bathroom again...or feel pain for that matter.

JIM

Hmm...

DEATH

I don't mean to cut this short but if you don't have any questions...

JIM

What can I do?

DEATH

What can you do what?

JIM

I mean, I don't get to see anyone again?

DEATH

Well, eventually, the people down there - they'll be up here.

JIM

Yeah, but my girlfriend and I were supposed to have sex tonight.

DEATH

Yes, I know.

JIM

For the first time.

DEATH

Yes, I know that as well.

JIM

And you decided to take me today?  
Of all days?

DEATH

Well, it was really your decision to  
ogle your girlfriend's titty picture  
while walking into oncoming traffic.

JIM

That's cruel.

DEATH

I'm sorry you feel that way.

JIM

Can't you grant me an extension?  
For the night?

DEATH

In a word: no.

JIM

How about two words?

DEATH

No sir.

JIM

Fuck. Can I at least see her one  
last time?

DEATH

We generally don't like to let people  
wander around after they die.

JIM

Generally? What does that mean?

DEATH

Well...

JIM

Yeah?

DEATH

Technically, you have a two hour buffer where you can walk the earth before spending eternity up here.

JIM

Ok. I want to do that.

DEATH

She won't be able to see you.

JIM

I don't care.

DEATH

I have to come with you.

JIM

Won't you fall behind in your work?

DEATH

Time doesn't exist here.

JIM

That's pretty heavy.

DEATH

I suppose it is, yes.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

Daisy sits against a desk and watches as her fax is getting sent. She smiles and laughs as she talks with a FEMALE CO-WORKER. She radiates. Jim and Death watch from a few feet away, unseen by the two women.

JIM

God. She's beautiful.

DEATH

She can't see you.

JIM

I know. Listen, would you stop making this harder?

DEATH

Sorry.

JIM

Jesus. This place is so mundane. You wouldn't guess it when you see her after work.

DEATH

Oh?

JIM

Yeah, she's always beaming, like she is right now.

DEATH

Maybe it's not exactly the faxing that keeps her radiating like that.

JIM

I don't know. If I had to work in this place, though, I'd open a vein.

DEATH

Hmm. Different strokes.

JIM

Yeah, I guess.

They stand in silence for a moment. Jim stares at Daisy.

JIM (CONT'D)

There's got to be something.

DEATH

What's that?

JIM

Just let me stay here tonight with her. She doesn't even know I'm dead yet.

DEATH

I can't.

JIM

You are death. Who says you can't?

DEATH

Really, I don't grant extensions, ever. Them's the rules.

JIM

Isn't there something I can do?

DEATH

There really is nothing.

JIM

I really need this to happen tonight. I put in three agonizing, sex-less months. What if I gave you something?

DEATH

I don't follow. There's nothing I want that you can give me.

JIM

Your life is perfect?

DEATH

I am Death. I don't have a life.

JIM

Yeah. You're telling me.

DEATH

Har, har.

JIM

Thanks. I'll be here all week.

A pause. Death smiles.

DEATH

Actually, if you can make me laugh, I'll let you stay.

JIM

What? Are you serious?

DEATH

Dead serious.

JIM

Did you really just say that?

DEATH

Sorry. Anyway, I haven't laughed in over 600 years. Make me laugh and, after all this, you can have sex with her if you'd still like.

JIM

Make you laugh right now?

DEATH

Yes, before we have to go back up, if you make me laugh...

He motions to Daisy. She sneaks a glance at a good-looking MALE CO-WORKER that passes by.

JIM

Okay. Okay. Hmm. What do you find funny?

DEATH

Nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. CHUCKLE'S COMEDY PALACE -- AFTERNOON

Jim and Death sit in a dank, dark comedy club. Smoke fills the air as the only other audience members besides the two include a few STRUNG OUT JUNKIES, slumped over with cigarettes in their mouths, and some OVERWEIGHT BUSINESSMEN enjoying appetizers during their lunch break. In front of a brick wall, a manic comedian, WALTER SULLY, does an absolutely horrendous routine a la Robin Williams. He wears a neon polo shirt with rainbow suspenders and bright white pants. He has a mini-afro and paces the stage.

WALTER SULLY

Hey, wouldn't it be funny if you were on your honeymoon and the guy serenading you didn't know the right lyrics.

He clears his throat.

WALTER SULLY (CONT'D)

(singing in a stereotypical Italian accent)

When the spoon hits your eye like a big pizza pie that's a...what?! A spoon hits your eye?!

He pulls a spoon out of his pocked and pretends to jam it in his eye.

WALTER SULLY (CONT'D)

Ouch! Ouch!

(throws the spoon behind his back)

No, but seriously, aren't men and women so different? I mean, I was in the bathroom the other day when...

Death turns to Jim.

DEATH

This is absolutely awful.

JIM

I know.

DEATH

Why did you take me here?

JIM

I was hoping I could find a replacement.

DEATH

I wish it were that easy.

Jim and Death get up to leave as Walter Sully rolls out a small table with a large watermelon on top.

WALTER SULLY

Hey, folks! Get a load of this!

He picks up a sledgehammer and raises it above his head.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Jim and Death sit in reclining chairs, facing a large screen TV. Jim picks up a remote control.

DEATH

(admiring the upholstery)  
Comfortable.

JIM

This seemed to work in college for my roommate and I.

He pulls out two joints.

JIM (CONT'D)

Will you smoke this?

DEATH

What? No. I can't. That's against the rules. Besides, that wouldn't do anything to me.

JIM

Shit.

Jim turns on the television.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Welcome to "Kid's Say the Kookiest Things!"

DEATH

No...

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Now Bobby, what did you have for dinner last night?

BOBBY (O.S.)  
Pascetti.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)  
Awww! Ha ha ha!

The audience applauds. Jim and Death watch on, in shock and disgust.

DEATH  
Turn it off.

JIM  
Sorry.

Jim changes the channel.

WILL (O.S.)  
(in an extremely  
flamboyant voice)  
But Grace, my boss, Father MacLeary  
and my old army instructor are coming  
over tonight and I need you to pose  
as my wife. Please!

JIM  
Jesus.

Jim changes the channel.

JAY LENO (O.S.)  
So Michael Jackson was recently  
indicted at Neverland Ranch, turns  
out he gets a thriller out of touching  
little boys...

Jim changes the channel.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
And now back to "Wacky Animal  
Bloopers: House Cat Edition!"

JIM  
I'm so fucked.

Jim changes the channel.

DEATH  
Wait. Go back.

Jim changes back. Wacky music plays as cats get knocked off dressers, tables, and other household furniture. The two watch on, in a trance.

JIM  
I just want to get laid.

DEATH

I'm sure watching all this pussy  
doesn't help much either.

JIM

Funny.

A pause.

JIM (CONT'D)

Fucking asshole.

CUT TO:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- AFTERNOON

Jim and Death stand in the back of a bowling alley. They watch on as dozens of over and underweight men and women bowl during the middle of the afternoon.

DEATH

What's the plan? I'm afraid this is  
our last stop.

JIM

Just give it a minute. The wheels  
are in motion.

Jim stares at one particular lane where a carefully placed banana peel waits. A large, GREEK MAN with a moustache picks up his ball and begins to shimmy down the lane. As he reaches the end, his foot hits the peel.

GREEK MAN

Oiye!

His feet fly up and he releases the bowling ball behind him. The ball speeds through the air and hits his BOWLING PARTNER in the crotch. The partner, gasping for air, stumbles backwards and knocks over a WAITRESS carrying two pitchers of beer. The two pitchers of beer spill on two NUNS who begin yelling in their high-pitched voices.

NUN #1

Oh my heavens!

NUN #2

Oh dear! Oh dear!

Jim and Death stand silently when a MAN on a stool to the left of them, also watching the scene, begins to laugh obnoxiously.

MAN ON STOOL

Ah! Ha! Ha! Hahaha!

As he laughs, his stool breaks and he falls flat on his ass.

MAN ON STOOL (CONT'D)

Whoa! Shit!

Jim turns to Death.

JIM

Hmm. I didn't plan that.

Death stares at Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)

C'mon! Nothing?

DEATH

Sorry, Jim. We have to go.

JIM

Jesus. Please.

Death doesn't respond.

JIM (CONT'D)

What if we bowled a game. Winner take all. Or best two out of three? I haven't bowled in a while.

Death looks at his watch.

DEATH

Actually, we can go back to Daisy's office for a final farewell. I'd feel awful if I didn't let you go back and see her one last time. It's got to be quick though. She's just about done with her work for the day.

JIM

Okay, thank you. I promise.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Jim and Death walk into the office building. Jim stops about 15 feet from Daisy's office. He turns to Death.

JIM

I can't do this.

DEATH

It's not a choice, Jim. Hurry into her office and get one last look if you still want to.

JIM

No, I do. I'm going.

Jim, melancholy, approaches the door. As he gets closer and closer, the faint sound of moans can be heard. At first, Jim is unsure of what he is hearing. It then gets clearer and clearer. He pauses as he reaches the door.

DEATH

Go ahead.

Jim doesn't respond. He's listening intently to the muffled moans coming from behind the door.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Do you want me to stay out here?  
Can I go in with you?

Jim turns to Death, broken from his trance.

JIM

What?

Jim turns back to the door and slowly opens it. He begins to walk in.

INT. DAISY'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Jim enters and is stunned to discover a male co-worker, pants around ankles, having sex with Daisy on top of her desk. Their wild, passionate love-making is knocking papers to the floor as well as causing the desk to creak slightly.

JIM

(stunned)

Ah...

Daisy moans and gently laughs. She kisses her male counterpart. Jim stands completely still, unable to speak.

DAISY

Oh god! Oh!

Jim's eyes are glued to the two of them. He is watching a gruesome car accident and cannot divert his stare. His eyes begin to tear.

DEATH (O.S.)

Ha. Ha ha ha. HA HA HA HA HA!

Jim slowly turns his head and Death begins to laugh hard.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Jeez. That's rough. Your face is  
priceless though! Ha ha ha!

Jim turns back and continues to watch his girlfriend getting  
nailed by her co-worker. Death pats him on the back.

DEATH (CONT'D)

You got me.

Death leaves the room. Jim's eyes are filled with water.  
Daisy reaches her climax.

CUT TO:

BLACK

DAISY (O.S.)

Oh my ye...Jesus! Jim! How the  
fuck did you get in here?!