

INT. HIGHSCHOOL MATH CLASS - DAY

We see DAVE (18), open the door to a buzzing classroom. Dave makes his way to the back of the classroom and sits down at an empty desk. The classroom is decorated with math equations and motivational math posters. Dave pulls a notebook out of his backpack and waits. His eyes flicker towards the door.

Suddenly, PAT (19) appears out of nowhere, laying across Dave's desk, arms linked behind his head.

PAT
Who you waitin' for?

DAVE jumps in his seat.

DAVE
Fucking shit, I told you not do that.

PAT
Don't dodge the question.

DAVE looks around to see if anyone noticed.

DAVE
You know who.

PAT laughs.

PAT
Do I now?

The door opens and a girl, FELICITY (18), walks in with another girl with black cropped hair and too much eyeliner. DAVE watches FELICITY through a dreamlike haze as she and her goth friend make their way to their seats at the front of the class

Suddenly, DAVE waves away PAT's ethereally transparent hands from in front of his eyes.

DAVE realizes what he did and sheepishly looks around hoping no one saw him. PAT reappears upside down inches from DAVE's face and gives an impish smile.

PAT
So you're into goths, huh?

DAVE
Not her, the one with her?



PAT rotates with hands placed firmly on his hips to where the the two girls have sat down. A slight frown encroached upon his face.

PAT
I would have thought your tastes would have matured by now. I would have gone for the cutie in black.

DAVE
I don't want to hear that coming from you.

PAT swivels around to face DAVE, still upside down.

PAT
What? Goth girls are hot.

DAVE scoffs at PAT

DAVE
Is there a reason you're here?

PAT
Your dead best friend can't just drop in to say hi?

DAVE
This violates our agreement.

PAT
That boring thing? You're worried about nothin'. No one else can see me.

DAVE
That's the point.

DAVE focuses on his notebook. PAT sighs and rotates to sit on DAVE's desk.

PAT
So that girl, you like her?

DAVE frowns and sighs. He looks through PAT at FELICITY encompassed by the dream filter of PAT.

DAVE
I don't know, maybe?

PAT
You gonna do anything about it?

DAVE

I kinda wanna ask her out to prom.

PAT's eyes lit up.

PAT

Really?! My boy DAVE is gonna stop
being a bitch!

PAT motions to punch DAVE's shoulder, but as his fist makes
contact it dissipates into a smoke-like wisp. PAT sinks into
the desk to be level with DAVE.

PAT

How you gonna do it?

PAT's grinning from ear to ear while DAVE fidgets.

DAVE

I don't know, I said I want to not
decided to.

PAT

Let me help.

DAVE stares at PAT, a dumb look on his face.

DAVE

Is that even possible?

PAT

Totally! Bro, I can possess her
friends and drop hints.

DAVE

Hints? Pat, what the fuck are you
talking about?

PAT

I'll be your wingman. Dave, you've
gotta trust me with this.

DAVE

I don't even know what this is.

PAT is gesturing wildly.

PAT

This is what I died for!

DAVE looks utter confounded.



DAVE
You went off to college and died of
alcohol poisoning.

PAT looks away and starts to act aloof.

PAT
I don't see the relevance.

DAVE
Alright, fuck it. Do what you want.
Just, don't make me regret this.

PAT smiled

PAT
You won't.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see DAVE sleeping in his bed. He is wearing Disney pajamas. Moonlight illuminates the room through a single window. Suddenly, PAT appears above him frantically shouting.

PAT
Dave! Dave! Wake up!

DAVE
Ah!

DAVE scrambles up and through PAT, dissipating him before falling backwards on rolling on the floor.

DAVE
What? Pat? What the fuck is wrong with
you its 2AM?

PAT reforms in front of DAVE.

PAT
We have a problem.

PAT is twitchy, constantly moving and darting his eyes back and forth across the room.

PAT
I fucked up.

DAVE
What did you do?



PAT
Look out your window.

DAVE, still in the delirium of post sleep, stumbled over to his widow and looked out

DAVE
What am I looking at?

PAT
Look down.

DAVE looks down to find FELICITY slumped under the window.

DAVE whips around and presses his back against the glass. He mouths "what the fuck".

DAVE
What the fuck?

PAT
Yeah.

DAVE
What happened?

PAT begins to babble rapidly.

PAT
Okay, so, you know how I was gonna wingman it up for you. Yeah? So I possessed one of her friends, that cute goth chick I mentioned to you before?

DAVE
Pat...

PAT
I thought she was super cute and really hot and she checked all my boxes and I really wish I met her when she was alive. Did you know she owns all of Metallica's albums on vinyl?

DAVE
Pat...

PAT
That's my favorite band and I didn't even know you could get all of them on

vinyl.

DAVE

Pat!

PAT stops and freezes. Staring like a deer in headlights.

DAVE

Get to the fucking point.

PAT

We went to a party and drank. A lot.

DAVE took a moment to choose his words carefully.

DAVE

What do you mean, a lot?

PAT

I passed out as the Goth and possessed
Felicity to keep partying.

DAVE

Ah, well, that explains my question.

Pure disbelief is written all over DAVE's face. DAVE turns
around and makes to unlatch his window.

DAVE

What the fuck did I say?

The window unlatches.

DAVE

Huh?

DAVE pulls the window open.

DAVE

I said don't make me regret this.
Well, guess what?

DAVE climbs through the window and turns around to face PAT.

DAVE

Nothin' but regret right now!

EXT. OUTSIDE SIDE OF DAVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DAVE and PAT stand over the unresponsive FELICITY. DAVE
nudges her with his foot.



PAT
Is she dead?

DAVE
She looks dead.

PAT
Shit.

DAVE
Great, now how am I supposed to take
her to prom? I can't take a dead girl
to prom.

PAT shrugs.

PAT
Technically you could.

DAVE turns to PAT.

DAVE
Are you joking?

DAVE reaches down picks up her arm by her wrist and shakes it
around.

DAVE
I can't... Weekend at Bernie's this
shit.

DAVE tosses FELICITY's arm down and the arm hits her in the
face. A soft groan escapes from her mouth. DAVE and PAT both
stare down at her in shock. They both look at each-other with
eyes wide open.

DAVE
I guess I can take her to prom.

PAT
How bout a hospital first?

DAVE
You really think she needs it? She
looks fine to me now.

PAT
Oh no, hospital is a must. I think I
remember this look from my party days
when I was alive

DAVE
What's the look?

PAT
Blackout at minimum, alcohol poisoning
at best.

DAVE
Now you tell me.

DAVE bends down and picks her up and slings her arm around his neck and carries her around his house and to his car.

EXT. OUTSIDE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

DAVE
Shit! My car keys are in my room.

DAVE awkwardly lays FELICITY down, ungracefully next to his car, before taking off back to his open window around the side of the house.

PAT waits impatiently, shaking his head and checking his wrist for a non existent watch. Slowly, he orbits around the car Finally, DAVE comes from around the corner of his house, fully dressed with keys in hand.

PAT
Alcohol. Poisoning. Alcohol poisoning.
You know, same thing that happened to
me?

DAVE
And who's fault do you think that is?

DAVE unlocks his car and fumbles FELICITY onto the back seat.

PAT
Time is of the essence. And you
changed your clothes.

DAVE
I can't go out in public in Disney
Pajama's.

DAVE opens the driver side door and gets behind the wheel, quietly slamming the door shut.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT

DAVE puts his key into the ignition and freezes. A look of



understanding grows on his face.

DAVE
Shit that's right!

PAT
What?

PAT rests in the passenger side.

DAVE turns to PAT.

DAVE
I can't be incriminated with this.

PAT
The fuck are you saying?

DAVE
You're dead, this doesn't affect you.
I'm alive, I can't explain how a drunk
girl suddenly appeared in the dead of
night outside my window. That's sus'
as fuck.

PAT
Fuck your right.

DAVE reaches over and opens his glove compartment. He pulls
out a stack of yellow post it notes and a sharpie black
permanent marker.

DAVE
This will do it.

PAT
Do what?

DAVE
Explain.

DAVE uncaps the marker and makes to write on the post-it note
but stops.

DAVE
My handwriting can be matched.

PAT
Dude, they're not gonna know its you.

DAVE
You don't know that.

A light bulb turns on in DAVE's mind.

DAVE
Possess me.

PAT
really?

DAVE
Yes! Posses me! My handwriting can be found. But if you posses me, it won't be my handwriting.

PAT
What do I even write to explain this shitshow?

DAVE
I dunno, just write 'Alcohol Poisoning' and be done with it.

PAT
Fine.

PAT rears back his fist and slams it into DAVE's cheek. His arm dissipates into wisps and flows inside of DAVE. The rest of PAT follows.

DAVE[PAT] takes the marker and writes 'ALCOHOL POISONING'. PAT then flows back out to the passenger seat. DAVE is gasping for breath.

DAVE
Oh that's horrible. Never posses me again.

PAT
It was your idea. You think that will be enough.

DAVE
It has to be.

DAVE peels off the post-it note and twists his body and pastes it to her forehead.

PAT
Real classy.



DAVE

Shut up.

DAVE puts the car in reverse and backs up and drives away into the night.

THE END

