iZOMBIE

"Pilot"

Written by

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Second Network Draft

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LIV'S VISIONS

All of Liv's visions will be shot from the point of view of the person whose brain Liv has eaten. We see what the victim saw in the moment.

CHARACTERS

Olivia "Liv" Moore (27): Our adorable zombie-girl heroine. Liv used to be an organized, disciplined, over-achiever. She was on top of every aspect of her life from her body mass index to her medical residency ranking. Then her life changed... in that, she became a zombie. Now she seems to be lifelessly going through the motions. She's transitioned from bright, blonde and "on the rise" to a girl who looks kind of Goth, seems perpetually exhausted and is just trying to get through the day without ripping out someone's fresh, tasty brain and devouring it.

Clive Babinaux (30): Think Shaft as channeled through Jordan Peele. He's that rare combination of self-aware and super-fly. Cleavon Little in BLAZING SADDLES. He's recently been given a sought-after promotion from vice to homicide, but he's been floundering for his first two months. He's a man desperate for a collar. Though dubious at first about Liv's "psychic" powers, she demonstrates too much accuracy for him not to take her seriously.

Dr. Ravi Chakrabarti (40s): Think Simon Pegg's "Scotty" in the Star Trek movies. A high energy, enthusiastic nerd, who has a brilliant mind that isn't equipped with a filter or an off switch. He has an endearing lack of interpersonal skills and a genuine enthusiasm for unknown and unexplained. Conspiracy theories and unsolved mysteries are his porn. He becomes Liv's friend, partner and only confidant. It's a mutually beneficial, yet unlikely friendship that proves to be as solid as they come. All episodes.

Major Lilywhite (28): Liv's former fiancée who is trying to make the transition from lover to friend despite still being in love with her. A former University of Washington strong safety turned environmental engineer, Major is perfect in an awe inspiring, non-annoying way. He's just a super nice, effortlessly charming guy who happens to be crazy hot, smart, and if not great at everything, more adept than average.

Peyton Charles (26): Liv's best friend, roommate and former cohort in all things Type A. They shared a love of lists and plans and predominately socialized while burning calories. Peyton is baffled and concerned by Liv's behavior. She feels them drifting apart and like any true control freak, is on a mission to fix it.

Eva Moore (50): Liv's hospital administrator mom was a Tiger Mom long before anyone had heard of the term. That's why seeing her

daughter turn from ambitious super-achiever into zombiefied couch potato and break off her engagement with every mom's dream son-in-law Major is so tough to take.

Evan Moore (16): Liv's 16-year-old brother wants to be the next Dylan which is tough when your mom expects you to be the next Elon Musk. He's a hyper sensitive sweet kid. He couldn't jump your car battery, but he could write you a poem about the frost on your windshield. He's a bit ashamed that he may like his sister Liv a bit better now that she's changed into this new version that doesn't remind himself so much of his mother. 7 of 13.

Blaine DeBeers (28): Our Big Bad. Think James Spader from "Pretty in Pink." An entitled, rich kid who bites off more than he can chew in the drug business and winds up being executed for it. After being turned into a zombie, he uses his powers for self-gain as he systemically, and with much bloodshed, takes over the local drug trade. He's the wussy, polo shirt with the collar up, self-important jerk who makes the jump from run of the mill spoiled asshole to completely evil crime lord. 7 of 13.

ACT ONE

EXT. LAKE WASHINGTON, SEATTLE - NIGHT

CAMERA FLIES ACROSS THE SURFACE OF LAKE WASHINGTON toward a dozen party boats tied together in such a way that people can just step from one boat to the next -- Lake Havasu-style. We hear cranked up Flo-Rida and panicked screaming as we approach. Something bad is happening here. A FLARE is shot into a sail which quickly catches fire. We see people diving off the side of the boats.

ON BOARD. It's a full-throttle humans vs. zombies battle royale. Everyone -- zombie and human -- is dressed as a post-collegiate party-goer, it's just that half of them have milky red eyes and are trying to devour the other half. We see...

A ZOMBIE gets a spear in the head. We WHIP PAN to the HUMAN who shot the spear gun in time to see TWO ZOMBIES tackle him.

TWO BURLY MALES try to hold a door closed against a crush of formerly sexy sorority types -- now brain-craving zombies.

A PRETTY GIRL in a red dress climbs a sailboat mast hotly pursued by zombies. She reaches the top. Nowhere to go. She has no option but to jump. She hesitates.

WE FIND OLIVIA "LIV" MOORE (26) hot/adorable, long brown hair, crawling under a railing, unnoticed for the moment. She presses her back against the boat. Tries to catch her breath.

Liv watches the ongoing violence for a beat, frozen in fear. She needs to make it to the other side to jump in the water, but there's too much chaos, too many bodies between her and the other side. Then, suddenly, a scream and a WHUMP.

Liv looks over, sees the girl in the red dress didn't make it to the water. Zombies descend on the girl, leaving Liv a chance to make a break for it. She summons her courage...

SLOW MOTION SHOT of Liv running straight at camera trying to cross the 20 feet that mean a chance at survival, a look of determination on her face. And we FREEZE on that image.

LIV (V.O.)
I knew that party was going to blow.

INT. RITE AID - DAY

ON SCREEN: Five months later.

We're CLOSE ON a WALGREENS CASHIER scanning items on a conveyor belt: Bronzer. Bronzer. Hell-fire Cheetos. Bronzer. A straight to DVD movie called "Zombie Camp." Bronzer.

LIV (V.O.)
But how often can you say you've been changed, *really changed*, by a party?

REVEAL LIV, still hot, but now shockingly pale with nearly white hair. She gives the cashier a "don't fuck with me" look.

INT. LIV'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Liv enters with her Walgreens loot. She is surprised to find, her mother EVA (49), brother EVAN (16), roommate PEYTON (26) and ex-fiancé MAJOR (28) assembled in the living room, waiting for her.

PEYTON
Hey, Roomie. You're home.

Liv scans their somber, apologetic faces. Until noted later in the script, assume Liv's lines are delivered in a variation of a Winona Ryder vulnerable deadpan.

LIV
...Who died?

PEYTON
No one died. We just... Why don't you sit down?

Peyton leads her to an EMPTY CHAIR across from where the rest of them are sitting, then takes her seat with the group. Liv eyes the group assembled before her, watching, waiting.

LIV
I feel like I should be standing.
(gesturing a lá charades)
And showing you whether my clue is a "movie" or "book."

PEYTON
First of all, we all love you. You and I? We're *besties*. But we're all concerned--

EVA
Very concerned. About your recent behavior. Which we find to be one hundred percent unlike you and totally infuriating.
(off Peyton's look)
That was me speaking on behalf of your brother and me.

Liv regards her brother, not quite buying it.

EVAN
It’s not. I’m not infuriated. I’m relieved. The bar is a little lower at home. You know who...
(nodding at Eva)
...is off my butt for a change.
(clocking Eva’s hard stare)
Okay. You have lost a degree of your trademark intensity. File me under a skosh concerned.

EVA
A skosh? Grow a pair, son.
(to Liv)
Olivia, you traded a top-notch residency working under an esteemed cardiologist for a job at the morgue. You wanted to help people and now you work where everyone is dead. And far be it for me to weigh in on my daughter’s personal life. But you will regret breaking off your engagement to Major until the end of time.
(gesturing to Major)
Do you know how many women would kill to have a man like this?

MAJOR
(charming as hell)
Exactly four. I’ve met them. Quality women. I’m not sure who they plan on killing or why they think that’s my thing, but they’re super hot and ready for murder.
(clocking Liv’s smile)
I was told we wouldn’t be bringing up the engagement. So you know.

PEYTON
It’s evidence.

MAJOR
...was also told we weren’t putting you on trial.

PEYTON
You’re not on trial. You’ve just changed so drastically since that night on the lake. You were a force, you were this unstoppable, hyper-focused fireball. Now you watch TV all day, while laying on the couch. Like you’re in hospice.
(MORE)

PEYTON (CONT'D)
Look at this--
(shows her the calendar app on her iPad)
This is old you. Monday. 5:15-5:30 Morning yoga. 5:30-6:15 six mile run. Which leads to the box where you record your times. How long did it take us to find an organizer app that had enough options for us?

LIV
Way too long.

PEYTON
Way too long. But this one's the tits. And you're not even using it. You don't work out, you don't socialize or journal, or volunteer.

EVA
This is the first time you're not volunteering for the children's hospital haunted house. And you know how important it is to me.

PEYTON
Look, it doesn't take a half a brain to see what's going on.

Liv has a beat of concern, until--

PEYTON (CONT'D)
You have PTSD. You must've seen horrific things at that boat party. Maybe you need professional help.

LIV
I really don't.

PEYTON
Well, you need something. It's like all the life has gone out of you.

Liv looks over the concerned faces awaiting her response. She takes a seat on an ottoman, runs her hands through her hair.

LIV (V.O.)
Interventions. When loved ones assemble to remind you how awesome you used to be before fill-in-the-blank-ism ruined you. Fun. They want to help. I get it. But my burden is of the "bare it alone" variety.
(MORE)

LIV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
No point in freaking everyone out if they'll never understand and there's nothing they can do. And let's face it, what they really want right now, is for me to make them feel better.

Liv looks up, realizes she has to give them something--

LIV
I'll try and make it down to help out with the haunted house.

EVA
Well, that would demonstrate a certain level of commitment. But old Liv didn't try. She just made things happen.

Off Liv, shaking her head, so done with this crap.

INT. SEATTLE POLICE MORGUE - NIGHT

Liv enters an old school police morgue. It ain't CSI in here.

LIV (V.O.)
The really annoying thing is how right they were. But I don't have "Post Traumatic Stress."

Liv passes the MORGUE REFRIGERATOR where rows of square doors conceal the cadavers who lay on the metal shelves inside.

LIV (V.O.)
I have "Post Traumatic Ennui." "Post Traumatic Defeatism." "Post traumatic 'what's the point?'"

Liv reaches the examination area. A QUICK GLIMPSE of a corpse reveals a woman whose body seems to be one giant bruise. Seated casually beside the body is DR. RAVI CHAKRABARTI (30s, nebbish, high-energy.) He eats a bowl of cereal.

RAVI
You have to see this anterior rectus sheath contusion. It looks exactly like the Virgin Mary holding a Les Paul.

Liv puts on her lab coat as she eyes the contusion.

RAVI (CONT'D)
It would be wrong of me to Instagram that.

LIV
Yes, it would.

He drinks the milk from his cereal and puts his bowl down.

RAVI
In the five months you've been here, what's the weirdest thing you've seen?

LIV
You drinking cereal milk next to a dead girl's contusion.

RAVI
I like that you always keep it under fifteen syllables. It gives us a good rhythm.

Liv puts on her surgical gloves.

RAVI (CONT'D)
Working with my last resident was like prepping for the Newlywed Game. "What's your favorite color?" "How old were you when you first touched a boob?" It's nice to know I can dissect a Jane Doe's spleen without feeling obligated to list my top desert island albums.

LIV
She's a Jane Doe?

RAVI
She was found in the back of a garbage truck. Driver isn't sure where he picked her up. No ID. No matching prints so far. The garbage truck was using a crusher which complicates our cause of death.

Ravi gets a text message alert. He reads the message, starts taking off his surgical gloves.

RAVI (CONT'D)
Duty calls. Suicide.
(dramatically)
Or was it *murder?*
(re: the body)
Sew her back up, bag and box her.

Ravi hustles cheerily out the door. Liv watches him go then looks down at the dead Jane Doe, blankly studying her.

LIV (V.O.)
It's probably wrong that every time I see a dead body I think, "what the hell am I doing with my life?"

She reaches for a bone saw, fires it up. A faded WHINING of saw meeting skull can be heard under Liv's voiceover.

LIV (V.O.)
I didn't map out and color code a ten year plan for this. This is not me going confidently in the direction of my dreams. Before the lake party, I wanted to do big things with my life.

Liv carefully removes the brain from the skull, deposits it into a SILVER KIDNEY-SHAPED SURGICAL TRAY.

CUT TO:

The microwave HUMS on a counter nearby, a bowl of ramen noodles revolving inside. We find Liv blankly staring at it.

LIV (V.O.)
I used to have ambition. I used to be passionate, inspired...alive. Now...I'm mostly just hungry.

The microwave BEEPS. She takes her noodles out, grabs a bottle of Tabasco sauce and dumps about half of it on. She reaches for -- the SILVER KIDNEY-SHAPED SURGICAL TRAY, full of chunks of pink, fleshy BRAIN. She dumps it onto the ramen, stirs it up. As she chews the first bite, her eyes roll halfway back into her head and she sighs, almost erotically.

LIV (V.O.)
Oh, and a zombie. So, there's that.

She tips the surgical tray over the noodles, drizzling the remaining brain juice onto her meal. Suddenly, the overhead lights flip on. Liv whips around to find Ravi standing at the door, watching her, agog. Liv's eyes go wide. She's still holding the surgical tray above her noodles, the last bit of brain still dripping out.

RAVI
I have so many questions. First - why the hot sauce? Is that a zombie thing?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SEATTLE POLICE MORGUE - NIGHT

Ravi pulls down the skin under Liv's eyes, checks her pupils.

RAVI
Everyone knows the party line for the Lake Washington massacre. Drugged up college kids. Violent fight breaks out. The only survivors were the ones smart enough to jump ship before the fire broke out. But I was on duty that night.
(then, re: her mouth)
Open.

Liv, still stunned by being caught in the act of brain-eating, complies. Ravi inspects her gums.

RAVI (CONT'D)
Many of the victims were missing significant brain mass. My colleagues attributed this to the fish in the lake. Because we all know rainbow trout go right for the cranium.
(shakes his head)
"Fish." It was right there in front of them. A virus. Like Rabies. But not. Something worse.

He takes her carotid pulse. Liv studies him, completely baffled by his unfazed demeanor.

LIV
Sorry. I'm a little confused -- am I fired or am I getting a physical?

RAVI
Fired? I have a billon questions for you. I'm contemplating asking you to move in.

LIV
...How long have you suspected?

RAVI
Since Raoul Cortez.
(off her confusion)
Gang-banger gunshot victim? You finished his autopsy for me.
(MORE)

RAVI (CONT'D)
The detective on his case needed me to open him back up. Guess what he was missing?

LIV
A strong male role model?

RAVI
And a half pound of brain. After I confirmed that you were a survivor of the massacre, I started opening up the other bodies you finished off for me.
(re: pulse)
Resting heart rate: ten beats per minute.

Ravi jots down this information. Then prepares a syringe.

LIV
How have you been so normal to me?

RAVI
What am I supposed to be?

LIV
Grossed out? Scared-shitless? Leading torch-wielding villagers to my apartment? I've been terrified of someone finding out for months and you're acting like it's the measles I've contracted.

RAVI
So, no one else knows? You haven't told your family or--

LIV
God no.

Ravi taps on Liv's arm trying vainly to find a vein.

RAVI
That must be tough. Dealing with this on your own.

This strikes a chord with Liv. She softens a bit.

RAVI (CONT'D)
Did you know I used to work for the CDC? I got canned. Wanna know why?

LIV
Because you believe in zombies?

RAVI
They got tired of my warnings. Nuclear war and asteroid strikes are bad, but the most urgent issue facing humanity? Man-made plague. Biological warfare. That night on the lake, people were doing a new designer drug called “Utopium.” Did you partake?

Liv takes a moment. Then, for the first time, she talks about what happened to her --

LIV
No... The irony is, I never go to parties with regular drugs let alone fancy new designer drugs.

EXT. LAKE WASHINGTON - PARTY YACHT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Rosy-cheeked and brunette Liv, carrying a beer, watches a circle of GUESTS, snorting a substance from plastic vials.

LIV (V.O.)
But a couple of the other residents dragged me to it then ditched me.

Liv moves away, searches the crowd for a friendly face.

BLAINE (O.S.)
Looking to party?

She turns to find BLAINE (late 20s, entitled, wearing a “Hugs Not Drugs” shirt.) He leans in close, his mouth by her ear, pulls plastic vials from his pocket.

BLAINE (CONT’D)
Utopium. It’ll fry your brain, then dip it in batter and fry it again.

LIV
Having my brain treated like a carnival Oreo. Not that tempting.

She walks away. Blaine smacks her on the ass.

BLAINE
You’re pretty tempting...

Liv throws her beer in his face. Blaine takes a menacing step toward Liv when he is tackled by a zombie. Liv shrieks, looks up, and sees the rolling zombie outbreak coming at her.

INT. SEATTLE POLICE MORGUE - NIGHT - RESUME

Ravi continues examining Liv.

LIV
That's when all hell broke loose.

EXT. LAKE WASHINGTON - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

We return to the moment of Liv hiding under the boat railing surrounded by zombie chaos. Liv makes a break for it.

RESUME OUR SLOW MOTION SHOT of Liv sprinting across the boat, leading us right up to our original freeze frame...

BUT THIS TIME, a hand reaches out, grabs Liv and spins her around. The last person she sees is BLAINE who is now a zombie. He's left a bloody scratch down her arm. Liv wrenches free, but in doing so, bangs her head against the side of the boat and slips into the water.

EXT. LAKE WASHINGTON, SHORE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

TOTAL BLACKNESS. We begin to hear an URGENT RUSTLING SOUND, THEN THE SOUND OF CLAWING ON PLASTIC. Suddenly, the blackness rips open revealing the NIGHT SKY and FLASHING RED LIGHTS.

REVEAL LIV, pale-as-hell, but intact, as she jolts up into a seated position and begins coughing up lake water. She looks down to find her lower body still zipped into A BODY BAG. Confused, displaced, she attempts to catch her breath as she looks around. A look of horror takes over her face.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL LIV is surrounded by DEAD BODIES, some in body bags, some exposed. A ROOKIE EMT stares at her agape, holding part of the MANGLED CORPSE he was trying to bag.

INT. SEATTLE POLICE MORGUE - RESUME

Liv finishes up her story.

LIV
So, I hung out a while, chatted with the EMT. Made sure he had the correct spelling of my name.
(off Ravi's stare)
I'm kidding. I took off.

Ravi breaks his stare and looks to the nearly empty syringe. Blood doesn't flow into it like it would for a normal human.

RAVI
Your current condition certainly makes drawing blood a challenge.

LIV
(embarrassed)
Just so you know, regarding my unique dietary needs...I do it as infrequently as possible. If I don't eat I become dumber. Meaner. I start to fall apart. I'm afraid if I let it go long enough, I'll go all George Romero.

RAVI
So you feel normal after you feed?

LIV
(smirks)
Feed? -- like an animal?

RAVI
Sorry -- poor word choice.

LIV
No worries. It's probably accurate. Truth is... I never feel normal. I don't think I've slept in five months... And trust me, zombie-ism has its side effects.

RAVI
The Tabasco?

LIV
Pretty much the only way I can taste anything is if it would have at least six chili peppers next to it on a menu.

The morgue door OPENS, startling them both. In walks CLIVE BABINEAUX, (30s, think Jordan Peele.)

CLIVE
Dr. Death. What's the story with my Jane Doe? You ID her, yet?

RAVI
Not yet, detective. We put her prints in the system and got nothing back. I'll process her dental records next. Did you find anything that could help us in the dumpster? Please say vomit!

Ravi crosses his fingers hopefully. Clive digs into his pocket, holds up a set of handcuffs in a plastic bag.

CLIVE
These.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON LIV as she stares at the handcuffs. Her eyes seem to focus on something far away.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
One of her hands was cuffed when they found her. They're not police issue. They're novelty.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT (LIV VISION)

FIRST PERSON POV of a convenience store counter. On it is a 12 PACK OF LABATTS. On a rack in front of it is THE VANCOUVER SUN. The headline reads: US Elects First Black President.

VANCOUVER POLICE OFFICER
(heavy Canadian accent)
I am arresting you for shoplifting. You have the right to retain counsel without delay. You have the right to free and immediate legal advice from duty counsel...

We hear the distinctive sound of handcuffs being tightened.

INT. SEATTLE POLICE MORGUE - RESUME

As Liv processes what she just saw in the vision. Ravi eyes her curiously. Clive is looking over Ravi's report.

CLIVE
Says here, cause of death was blunt force trauma. You sure that's not just the garbage can crushing--

LIV
(blurting it out.)
Shoplifting.

Clive looks to Liv for the first time.

LIV (CONT'D)
In Canada. She was arrested for shoplifting in Vancouver. In 2008.

Ravi, looks to Liv "wtf." Clive stares at her, confused.

CLIVE
And you know that because?

LIV
That's when Obama was elected.

She looks to Ravi, nervous. He's studying her, intrigued.

LIV (CONT'D)
It was just a hunch. Forget it.

CLIVE
Pretty specific hunch.

RAVI
Detective Babineaux, my resident, Olivia Moore. I think maybe Liv's not feeling well.
(to Liv, pointed)
Could it be something you ate?

Off Liv's anxious look, Ravi takes a seat at his desk and begins typing away at his computer. Clive focuses in on Liv.

CLIVE
So, what? Did this girl have Moosehead in her bloodstream..? I-Heart-Shoplifting tattoo..?

Liv fumbles with how to respond.

RAVI
Stefani Germanotta!

Liv and Clive turn their attention to Ravi who swivels his monitor over to face them.

RAVI (CONT'D)
Arrested November sixth, 2008 in Vancouver for shoplifting. Prints match. This is our girl.

ON THE COMPUTER MONITOR we see a photo of a pretty 22-year-old girl attached to an arrest report.

CLIVE
(assessing Liv and Ravi)
Are you screwing around with me?
(pointedly at Liv)
How did you know that? I want a straight answer.

Liv is at a complete loss. She looks to Ravi. He steps in.

RAVI
Liv... is a psychic.

Both Clive and Liv are surprised by this answer. There is a pregnant moment in which Clive looks like he might erupt. Instead he just smirks and shakes his head.

CLIVE
Fine. That's how we'll play it.
Everyone screws with the new guy.

Clive turns and heads for the exit. Liv shoots a concerned, look at her boss. Ravi basically holds his breath until Clive is gone then turns to Liv, excitedly.

RAVI
Tell me that was brain-related!

LIV
It's one of the side effects. When I eat a brain I get visions. Flashes of memories, or dreams -- I'm not really sure what they are. Feels like being on someone else's acid trip.

RAVI
Fascinating.

LIV
Actually, it's pretty annoying.

RAVI
Do you mind if I run a cognitive evaluation before your shift ends? And get a few saliva samples.

Liv looks exhausted by the prospect, but...

LIV
Ravi -- if anyone was going to discover I'm secretly a brain-eating zombie, I'm glad it's you.

RAVI
Oh, Liv... If I had a nickel...

INT. LIV'S APARTMENT - LIV'S BEDROOM - DAY

Liv is having a particularly hellish bout of insomnia. She thrashes about in bed, trying to find a comfortable position.

LIV (V.O.)
Fun fact about death: Not much sleep in "The Eternal Sleep." It's more the eternal thought spiral where every worst-case scenario passes through your brain in a ceaseless stream of awful.
(MORE)

LIV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Like your mom catching you eating brains or your brother being consumed in the zombie apocalypse you unwittingly bring on.

Fed up, she rips the covers away and gets up. “Screw it.” We stay with her as she exits her room.

INT. LIV’S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Liv passes the open door of Peyton’s room, she spots a SORORITY MUG FULL OF PENS on a nearby bookshelf. She grabs the pens and continues towards the kitchen. (NOTE: This is the first of several beats of Liv impulsively swiping random objects. We’re not sure why but it will become clear later.)

LIV (V.O.)
Then you play a couple rounds of “What’s it all about, Zombie?” and contemplate the world, your place in it and confirm that you in fact serve no purpose.

Liv enters the kitchen and opens the refrigerator door and grabs a BOTTLE of SPICY BLOODY MARY MIX. As she drinks right from the bottle she looks to a BULLETIN BOARD that hangs nearby. It’s peppered with photos of Liv and Peyton from happier times. There’s a note to Liv pinned to the center.

“Liv-- See you at the Haunted House. You promised. xo Peyton”

LIV (V.O.)
...My kingdom for a dirt nap.

Off Liv, feeling obligated to keep her promise.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE - DAY

Liv enters a hive of activity -- a haunted house a few days from opening night. She spots Peyton nailing FAKE EYEBALLS onto what will be a WALL OF EYEBALLS. She heads over.

PEYTON
Well, look who decided to join the human race. What station you want? Tombstones? Blood splatter?

LIV
I don’t really care.

PEYTON
Kind of your personal motto lately.

As Peyton turns away shaking her head, Liv pockets a half-dozen eyeballs. Eva swoops over and hugs Liv.

EVA
I can't tell you how happy it makes me to see you here.
(consulting a clipboard)
Where to put you. Where to put you.
(feigns random selection)
Why don't you grab a hammer and head over to where they're building the mad scientist's lab?

ANGLE ON THE MAD SCIENTIST'S LAB. Major is hard at work.

LIV
Over there? Where my ex-fiance is working up a sweat? Sly, Mom. How 'bout I paint tombstones, instead?

EVA
I genuinely don't understand you anymore.

EXT. HAUNTED HOUSE - DAY:

CLOSE ON A STYROFOAM TOMBSTONE as the name "Ima Weiner" is painted onto it.

REVEAL Liv painting the name. She looks up from her work and sees Major building the mad scientist lab with a CUTE BUT NERDY GIRL. Liv watches them for a beat.

LIV (V.O.)
Four years of pre-med. Four years of med school. Ten seasons of Grey's Anatomy -- and yet I don't know the answer to the most pressing biological question of my life. What's safe sex for a zombie?

Major catches her looking and she quickly brings her attention back to her work.

LIV (V.O.)
Hell, what's just plain safe? Say, we're walking in the snow. I hit a patch of ice and slip. Reflexively, I reach out for Major and scratch his forearm. The next day he rips open our neighbor's skull and feasts on his brain.

She looks back up to find Major smiling at her. Liv busies herself, picking up a tombstone for “Anita Newbody.”

LIV (V.O.)
I feel bad for the people who never meet their soul mate, never fall in love. But I’d trade that fate any day for knowing you found yours, knowing he loves you back, and knowing you’ll never get to be together.

SUDDENLY, a SCREAM pulls Liv from her reverie. She turns to see a MALE VOLUNTEER chasing a FEMALE VOLUNTEER with a BLOODY PROP MEAT HOOK, comically threatening her.

WE PUSH IN ON LIV’S FACE as we SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DIMLY LIT HOUSE - NIGHT

JANE DOE'S POV: We're in a bedroom. CAMERA IS LOW to the ground as though we're crawling around.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Come out. Come out. I know you're in here.

POV SHOT: The shadow of a man passes along the wall. He's holding a piece of rope stretched between his hands.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Now be a good girl and get what's coming to you.

The man comes into view, and he's wearing a ski mask.

CAMERA POV SHIFTS as our Jane Doe makes a run for it. She makes it out of the bedroom door and into a living room, but we can hear the footsteps of the man as he chases her down.

CAMERA POV rolls as our Jane Doe is tackled onto a couch.

CAMERA POV reveals the attacker has pinned down Jane Doe. He reaches for his mask and rips it off, revealing the face of a crazy-eyed maniac with almost comically big and white teeth.

ATTACKER
Heeeeeeere's Johnny!

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE - RESUME

CLOSE ON LIV’s FACE, a faraway look in her eye, as she reacts to the terrifying scene she just witnessed. Suddenly she inhales a massive amount of air.

She looks up to find the two volunteers staring at her, concerned. Evan approaches, having witnessed the scene.

EVAN
(to the volunteers)
She's kind of meathook phobic. Long story. Our childhood was bananas.

He grabs the hook and bops himself in the head.

EVAN (CONT'D)
It's cool, Liv. It's just plastic.

The two volunteers head off, weirded out. Evan gives Liv a "best I could do" shrug and helps her up.

EVAN (CONT'D)
You okay?

LIV
Yeah. I just...I have to go. Sorry.

Off, Liv, rushing out. Evan watches her, concerned.

INT. POLICE MORGUE - DAY

CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN - we see a WEBSITE for a local news channel. A quick video plays in which each member of the local news team turns to the camera, posing and smiling as they are introduced by a spirited announcer.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
KTAU news. With Roxanna Bull. Tom Vasquez. Bill Sylvester with sports and Johnny Raines with weather.

A twirling umbrella is lowered REVEALING Johnny Raines. His comically BIG, WHITE TEETH tell us he's the attacker from Liv's vision. He strikes a pose and smiles at the camera.

REVEAL Ravi and Liv looking at the computer.

RAVI
You saw "KTAU's OWN, JOHNNY RAINES" murder our Jane Doe?

LIV
Just the pre-murder part. Possibly. Every time I eat a new brain I get a new set of visions, or flashes. I thought they might be memories, but there was no way to know for sure and it's not like it mattered, or I cared, but...

RAVI
But now one of your visions has been confirmed as real -- the shoplifting arrest.

LIV
So now it's harder to dismiss them.

RAVI
You have to tell Detective Babineaux.

LIV
I was hoping you could do that.
(off his look)
You're the one who told him I was a psychic. I'm having a hard enough time pretending I'm alive, I can't throw a performance as a psychic into my repertoire.

RAVI
I'll come with you. This is the perfect opportunity to find out if your visions are indeed memories of the dead.

Ravi, excited, grabs his coat and prepares to leave.

LIV
What if he starts asking questions?

RAVI
No matter how many questions Babineaux asks he's never going to come up with the answer "zombie."

Ravi heads towards the door. Liv is still unmoved.

RAVI (CONT'D)
Liv, you ate the girl's temporal lobe. Going to the police with her potential murderer is the least you can do.

Off Liv, he makes a good point. "Crap."

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Ravi and Liv sit at Clive's desk. Ravi taps away on his phone. Liv notices a stapler on Clive's desk. She stares at it like it's the Holy Grail. Liv makes sure no one is watching her, then quickly grabs the stapler and stuffs it in her bag.

Liv eyes the LIEUTENANT's OFFICE and sees Clive and other detectives inside. She relaxes. Then she notices something one desk over: A family photo of a BALD MAN with his wife and daughters. It's calling out to Liv, she looks around again.

INT. LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

There are two grim faces in the office -- the LIEUTENANT and CLIVE who sits across from him. Two random detectives can't stop laughing. Another detective, the bald man from the family photo, LARRY PRATT, looks sympathetically at Clive.

CLIVE
It could happen to anyone.

LIEUTENANT
But it didn't. It happened to you. The guy who doesn't have a single collar. You're not in vice any more, Babineaux. This is homicide. Time to step up your game.

PRATT
I'm down to the paperwork on the Collins case. I could give the rook a hand.

CLIVE
(emphatically)
I've got this.

The lieutenant clearly has his doubts.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

We're ON CLIVE as he exits the Lieutenant's office in a foul mood. He discovers Liv and Ravi waiting for him.

CLIVE
Miss Cleo. Tell me, is my day going to get worse?

LIV
Hell if I know.

CLIVE
Yeah, that's what I thought.

Liv clocks Pratt returning to his desk. Liv seems a bit on edge, and we notice that Pratt's family photo is missing.

RAVI
Liv saw something I thought you should know about.

CLIVE
Saw with her eyes or saw with her "gift."

We hear singing from out of frame. Liv and Clive turn to see the other two detectives pouring themselves coffee pretending to be nonchalant as they sing the refrain of "Bad Romance."

LAUGHING DETECTIVES
Rah-rah-ah-ah-ah-ah! Rama-ramama-ah! Gaga-ooh-la-la!

LIV
I think those guys want your bad romance. Unless singing Lady Gaga around the station is a cop thing.

CLIVE
Only after one of their peers proudly reports Stefani Germanotta as the name of a murder victim, and his lieutenant passes that name along to the press and the captain.
(off Liv's blank stare)
That name you gave me -- it's Lady Gaga's real name. ...So you know.

RAVI
The Jane Doe must've given that name to the Vancouver police when she was arrested.

CLIVE
I've been in homicide for two months without a collar. Lieutenant's breathing down my neck, and I'm back at square one.

RAVI
Not necessarily. Liv is pretty sure she saw who killed our girl.

CLIVE
Oh, great. Do tell. I'll pick him up, and maybe grab some lunch.
(picking up pen)
What'd you say his name was?

LIV
Johnny Raines.

CLIVE
The weather man for Channel 7?

RAVI
I think meteorologist is the preferred nomenclature.

Clive showily sets his pen down, leans back in his chair.

LIV
We brought you in the info -- do with it what you will.

RAVI
You have to follow up on it. Liv was right about the shoplifting arrest. Look, you'll either be the jackass who didn't follow up on a real lead, the jackass who followed up on a lead that turned out to be b.s., or the lucky guy who followed up on a sketchy lead just to cover all his bases and wound up cracking the case. Go with option three! What's the worst that can happen?

CLIVE
Johnny Raines pitches a fit and sues the department.

RAVI
If things go to hell, tell him I discovered a certain shade of foundation makeup on the body that I would've sworn was the Johnny Raines-beige. I'll take the blame.

Clive contemplates the offer.

CLIVE
If I go talk to him, you're both coming with me. If you really believe in what you're telling me, you won't mind standing by my side when I imply this guy's a killer.

RAVI
Fine.

LIV
Wait. What?

Off Liv's discomfort.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. LOCAL TV STATION, WEATHER SCREEN - DAY

JOHNNY RAINES (55) - think Bob Barker 30 years ago - makes animated sweeping gestures in front of a green screen, addressing a TV camera.

JOHNNY
--and that high pressure system is gonna move right through here and with it comes the “cuddle up” weather, folks. Start making that hot cocoa. We’re talking low 50’s.

PAN TO REVEAL Clive, Liv, and Ravi waiting in the wings.

CLIVE
Neither of you say anything, you understand me.

Clive flashes Liv an 8X10 of Jane Doe’s Canadian mug shot.

CLIVE(TO LIV (CONT'D)
I’ll know the second he sees this picture whether you’re the real deal, a true psychic, or a one-trick pony.

Raines walks off set and winks at Liv as he hustles by.

CLIVE (CONT’D)
Excuse me, Mr. Raines --

He turns but doesn’t stop. Clive falls in step beside him. Raines assumes Clive wants an autograph, pulls out a Sharpie.

RAINES
Happy to! Who do I make it out to?

CLIVE
Seattle Police Department.

Raines stops, curious, then looks down at the photo. His face turns ashen. If he had a neon sign above his head flashing “guilty,” he couldn’t look worse.

Clive looks at Liv, impressed/surprised, then back to Raines.

CLIVE (CONT’D)
I take it you know her.

Raines gathers himself, musters some bravado.

RAINES
I don't. Any more questions, you can ask with my lawyer present.

He hands the photo back and starts to walk away, notices Liv.

RAINES (CONT'D)
You could use some sun, young lady.

The comment annoys Liv. Before Raines gets much further away.

LIV
"Heeeeere's Johnny!"

Raines stops. He pivots back to the trio, **n**ervous. He constantly eyes his surroundings making sure no one can hear.

RAINES
Did she record our sessions?
(pleading)
Look. I'm a public figure. Isn't there anything we can do to make this go away?

CLIVE
Generally speaking, murder isn't something we just let slide.

RAINES
Murder? ...Paulina's dead?

Clive pauses. Raines seems sincerely shocked.

CLIVE
Can you account for your whereabouts Monday evening?

RAINES
I was here. I was on Live TV at six and eleven doing the weather. I have a hundred thousand eye witnesses.

Clive knowing it's true, regroups.

CLIVE
I'm going to need you to tell me everything you know about Paulina.

INT. RAINES' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON A WEBPAGE labeled "European Sophistication" -- boudoir photography for an escort named Paulina.

It's the same girl from the Canadian mug shot, a few years older. A finger enters frame and points out a phrase.

RAINES (O.S.)
See, *role playing*.

REVERSE ANGLES REVEALS Raines, Clive and Ravi looking at the page on the computer in Raines' office.

RAINES (CONT'D)
The trophy wife and the intruder was one of our go-tos. How do you know about this? She didn't put it up on YouTube, did she? That generation -- their lives are so public. Did you talk to Tess?

CLIVE
Who's Tess?

Raines clicks on a link labeled "Double-The-Fun." Photos come up of Paulina and another scantily clad woman, TESS (20s.)

CLIVE (CONT'D)
They worked together a lot?

RAINES
I don't know. I only doubled the fun once on my birthday.

We find Liv eyeing a SNOW GLOBE COLLECTION on Raines' shelf.

CLIVE
You have an address for her?

RAINES
It's not like I sent her a Christmas card.

Clive looks him over. Slaps a card down on his desk.

CLIVE
Call me if you think of anything else. And don't leave town, my man.

Clive turns to leave. Ravi and Liv follow.

LIV
(off his exit line)
Wow. "*Don't leave town, my man*!" You're like the urban Jerry Orbach. More soul. Less gravitas.

Off Clive giving Liv a look.

INT. CLIVE'S UNMARKED CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Clive is on his CELLPHONE. Ravi sits in the passenger seat. Liv sits in the back playing with a SNOW GLOBE.

CLIVE (INTO PHONE)
(surprised)
None? Really? Thanks for checking.
(hangs up, then to Ravi, Liv)
No escort operating under the name Paulina has ever been processed by Seattle PD.
(to Liv)
Can you hit fast forward on your "vision" tape and see if the weatherman killed the girl?

LIV
That's not how it works.

CLIVE
How does it work, then?

LIV
After I... uh... examine the body. Visions just come to me. I see something the deceased saw. Or hear something the deceased heard. Or smell something... and it just hits me with no warning.

CLIVE
My great aunt Billie had something like what you got. Nine grandkids. She predicted the sex of each one. Eight for nine, actually. She said my cousin Marcus was going to be a girl, but if you knew Marcus, you'd know she didn't miss by much.

LIV
That's not exactly like--

CLIVE
She also speaks to the dead. When I want to talk to my mom, I go see Aunt Billie.

Ravi sneaks a look back to Liv in the back seat. Whoa.

INT. SEATTLE POLICE MORGUE - EVENING

Ravi and Liv sit at Ravi's computer station watching Robert Carlyle get chased by a zombie horde in <u>28 WEEKS LATER</u>.

LIV
I guess I should be grateful there's only one of me. If my zombie movie research has taught me anything it's that being part of a horde would suck.

RAVI
Are you sure about being the only one? There were other survivors.

LIV
I'm not positive -- one of the things that keeps me up at night. But it's been five months. I think there'd be a buzz on the street if we were mid zombie apocalypse.

CLIVE (O.S.)
Zombies!

Liv and Ravi jump. They turn and see Clive has entered. They had the TV on too loud. Clive eyes the TV SCREEN.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
I would be a dangerous man after the zombies came. I wouldn't be making any rookie mistakes. Is that a scratch on my grandmother.
(mimes cocking a shotgun)
BLAM! Hasta la vista, Mee-Ma.

LIV
Chivalry is dead.

CLIVE
But Clive is alive. Got an hour? To do. That voodoo. That you do.

LIV
I haven't had any more visions.

CLIVE
You said they're triggered when you see stuff the victim saw or heard or smelled, so I made an appointment with Paulina's friend Tess.

LIV
So?

CLIVE
So, I'd like you to come with me and smell and listen and see.
(MORE)

CLIVE (CONT'D)
(off her disinterest)
It won't take long. A couple of sniffs and a quick look-see and it's back to your lair, Dark Princess.

Liv raises an eyebrow. He did not just say that.

LIV
Say what?

CLIVE
Ya know, cuz' you're all... I don't know, what are you? ...Emo? ...Goth? Which is the one that's too tortured to go on living?

LIV
What I am is a *doctor* who is too busy to do your job for you.

CLIVE
You're a doctor who is watching a movie.

RAVI
You should go. Technically, helping with the investigation is part of the job.

Off Liv, sighing heavily.

INT. TESS' APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY

Clive knocks on the apartment door. Liv maintains her disinterested demeanor. She does not want to be there.

CLIVE
This Tess girl also has a clean record. That's two girls who come up on the first page of a Google search for Seattle escorts and not an arrest between them.

LIV
Maybe cops should Google more.

Clive looks her over, studying her.

CLIVE
See? That's what I'm talking about-- that whole "too cool for school" thing. You always seem bored.

LIV
You know when you point a finger at me, four bored fingers are pointing back at you?

CLIVE
Oh, I'm boring? How am I boring?

LIV
I don't know. Keep asking questions about how boring you are.

CLIVE
I am the life of the party -- is what I am. I exude a zest for life.

The door opens. TESS (20s) - statuesque, if overdone - stands in the doorway, wearing a revealing silk robe and high heels.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
(superfly)
Ma'am.

Liv chortles at the suave delivery. Tess notices Liv, looks back and forth between them, shrugs.

TESS
(Eastern European accent)
Costs double for two.

Clive flashes his badge. Tess looks at it, unimpressed.

TESS (CONT'D)
Sorry, no English.
(in Polish; subtitled)
Like most Americans you speak only one language. It's a sad commentary on your public school system.

LIV
(in Polish; subtitled)
And what are they teaching in Warsaw? The Reverse Cowgirl? The Porn Star Experience?

Clive turns to Liv, bemused. It takes a moment for Liv to realize what she just said, and that it was aloud.

LIV (CONT'D)
(in Polish; subtitled)
What the f--

CLIVE
What is that? Russian?

TESS
Polish. Polish mean girl.
(sighs)
What do you want, cop? I'm busy.

CLIVE
I know for a fact you've got the next hour free. I booked your time.

A door opens behind Clive and Liv. They turn to find Tess' besotted neighbor TRUMAN (30s) -- a soul-patched hipster.

TRUMAN
Everything okay, Tess? Are they hassling you. She has rights.

TESS
I'm okay, Truman. Go inside.

Truman retreats into his apartment. Clive calls after him.

CLIVE
Thank you for your citizenship.
(turning back to Tess)
We're here to ask about a work buddy of yours -- Paulina.

TESS
Ach, Paulina! What has she done this time?

CLIVE
I'm sorry to have to tell you -- Paulina is dead. She was murdered.

Tess freezes. Clive watches her intently.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
When was the last time you saw her?

Tess' cool demeanor has evaporated. She looks very afraid.

TESS
I don't know anything.

With no warning, Tess retreats into her apartment, shuts the door behind her. Clive tries to stop her to no avail.

CLIVE
Miss, please. Come out and talk to us. We could use your help.

A long beat of silence. Clive calls again through the door.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
We don't even have a full name for Paulina, Tess. Her family needs to be notified. Is that her real name?

We can hear Tess slide down the other side of the door. This is followed by the faint sound of sobs.

TESS (THOUGH DOOR)
Paulina Wojcinski.

Clive jots the name in a pad. He looks to Liv.

CLIVE
You getting anything?

Liv shakes her head "no."

CLIVE (CONT'D)
We'll come back later. Let's find Paulina's place.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL OLD DOWNTOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Clive and Liv stand out front. Liv stares up at the building.

LIV
Nice place. Looks like I wasted a lot of money on med school.

INT. PAULINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A BUILDING MANAGER unlocks the door to Paulina's apartment, lets Liv and Clive inside.

BUILDING MANAGER
I knew what she was, but she was always on time with her rent.
(looking up)
Oh, my.

REVEAL the apartment itself -- ransacked. Furniture overturned, dresser drawers removed, shelves cleared.

CLIVE
Thank you. We'll take it from here.

Clive hands Liv surgical gloves, puts on a pair himself.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
Do whatever you do. Just try not to move things around too much.

Liv notices a PURSE on the counter nearby. She picks it up.

LIV
Whoever ransacked the place left her purse...

CLIVE
It wasn't a robbery.

He nods toward a flat-screen TV and a stereo, undisturbed.

She opens the purse, frowns. She reaches in, comes up with a handful of individually wrapped, fancy chocolates. She tosses one to Clive. The wrapper reads: THE ROOSEVELT.

LIV
She's got like a hundred in here.

Next, she pulls out a cell phone. She hands it to Clive. The screen indicates that there is a NEW VOICEMAIL - FROM TESS.

He taps the icon, listens to the MESSAGE. We can't quite make it out, but we can tell it's in Polish. He hands it back.

CLIVE
It's for you.

She replays the message, reciting what she hears.

LIV
"Hey you little klepto, get your ass back up to the suite. ...Swear I'm never working with you again."

As he takes the phone back and puts it into an evidence bag, he gestures to an overturned storage bin. It's spilled contents are a random collection of objects: bobblehead doll, electric toothbrush, man's razor, baby soother.

CLIVE
Klepto. Starts to make sense.

LIV (V.O.)
So much sense. Not only do I get fun flashes of role playing, I get call girl kleptomania and a sudden fluency in Polish. Wait. Was the week I couldn't stop watching animation porn the same week I ate brain from that auto-erotic asphyxiation dude? I think it was. Great. So, "you are what you eat" isn't just a bitchy thing my mother says about fat people.

Liv spots something, fixates.

LIV'S POV: french doors, with sheer curtains that are pulled aside enough to partially reveal a balcony.

Liv moves toward the balcony. *We hear an indecipherable SOUND OF A WOMAN'S VOICE, pleading.* Liv steps out onto the balcony the angle of the sun changes.

PAULINA'S POV: It is now DUSK, the sky an otherworldly pink.

PAULINA (O.S.)
I don't have it! It's not here!!!

PAULINA'S POV takes us out onto the balcony, quickly now, the iron railing approaching. Paulina's hands reach out for it, trying to stop, but the POV pitches over the railing. She SCREAMS as she tumbles over, her world turning upside down --

-- and she stops. Her POV is now upside down, facing her building, swaying.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Where's my goddamn ring? I know you have it, whore!

The sound of her WHIMPERING is all she can muster at first. Her POV ANGLES DOWN - it's a long fall to the pavement below.

PAULINA (O.S.)
Please. No... My foot is slipping!

She looks up just in time to see the Man's hands grasping her boot as her foot slips out. Her POV ANGLES BACK DOWN, the concrete zooming toward her. Just as she's about to hit the ground --

-- we're back with Liv. She holds onto the railing, looking like she's been gut-punched. Clive appears at the door.

CLIVE
Hey... You okay?

Liv turns to him, her face ashen. This is the moment she loses her Winona Ryder dour/cool/bored affect.

LIV
I saw her die. We need to find who did this and nail his ass to the wall.

Off Clive reappraising Liv.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. TESS' APARTMENT - DOORWAY - NIGHT

Liv, looking shell-shocked, waits nearby as Clive pounds on the door to Tess' apartment. Soul-patched neighbor Truman opens his door in a huff.

TRUMAN
She's gone. Whatever you told her, it sent her running. It's her body, you know. Only a patriarchal society would prevent women from monetizing their own--

CLIVE
Did she say where she was going?

TRUMAN
Like I would tell you?

Liv surprises Clive and Truman by losing her shit on Truman, getting in his face and poking him in the chest.

LIV
Hey! Karl Marx! There's one girl dead already. We're trying to stop that number from going up.

TRUMAN
She didn't say. But she had a couple suitcases, and she asked me to pick up her mail.
(sheepishly)
I'm sorry about the other girl.

INT. TESS' APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Liv and Clive walk down the hallway. Clive eyes Liv, smiles.

CLIVE
Jump back, Dirty Debbie Harry. When Internal Affairs asks me about the chest poking... *I saw nothin'.*

LIV
We should check out The Roosevelt. If she had a purse full of pillow chocolates, that's probably where she had her last "date."

CLIVE
For the record I was a step ahead of you there:
(MORE)

CLIVE (CONT'D)
I just hadn't said it out loud, yet. The Roosevelt was on the agenda. I wasn't sure you'd be up for joining me.
(then)
What happened to "do with it what you will?" Where's that girl?

LIV
When Paulina was falling to her death, I could feel it -- her terror, her knowledge she was going to die. It's personal now.

INT. SWANKY HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT:

LIV POV: Clive speaks with a REGISTRATION DESK CLERK.

Liv turns her attention away from Clive. She eyes a WOODEN APPLE decoration in a bowl on a nearby table. Liv is just slipping the wooden apple into her pocket when--

EVA (O.C.)
Olivia?

Liv turns and is surprised to find her mother, putting on her coat, having just exited the hotel's restaurant.

LIV
Mom. Hi. What're you doing here?

EVA
I was having dinner with the Fullers. Did you know their daughter Amelia is getting married -- in *Japan* -- where she's teaching transplant surgery?

LIV
I don't know who the Fullers are--

EVA
What are you doing in a hotel? Are you here for the spa?
(excited)
I'll pay for the whole thing--
(reaching for her wallet)
--they have a emu oil mask that will make those dark circles under your eyes look less like bruising.

LIV
Mom, I don't need your credit card. I'm not--

Clive returns.

CLIVE
I took some convincing but--
(waving key card)
“Room 302.” I was only able to get us in for 20 minutes so you need to work your magic at hyper-speed.

He now sees Eva, who stares at him, stunned.

LIV
Clive, meet my mother, Eva.

CLIVE
(extending his hand)
Detective Clive Babineaux. Homicide.

Eva extends a dead fish hand, gives him a once over. Clive notices the chilly reception.

CLIVE (CONT’D)
Your daughter’s helping me out with a case.

EVA
(”bullshit”)
And working her magic at hyperspeed. How romantic.

Liv quickly leads her mother away towards the entrance.

LIV
You should go catch up with the Fullers. I’ll call you later.

EVA
They can’t all be Major, dear, but this guy didn’t even pay for the room. Have a little self respect.

Liv leaves her at the entrance. We hold on Eva’s concern.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

Liv and Clive enter the garishly decorated room.

CLIVE
Voila -- the presidential suite. Guess whose name the room was in?

LIV
(off the garish decor)
Snooki.

CLIVE
Paulina Wojcinski.

LIV
That's unhelpful. I don't see the president staying here. Though I *do* get a three-way with hookers vibe.

Clive wanders away from Liv exploring the room.

CLIVE
So the john was willing to kill to get his ring back? Tell me: Did he refer to it as "his precious?" Do we put out an APB in Mordor?

Clive disappears into the bathroom. Liv notices that the bed has a large mirror over it. She lies down on the bed.

CLIVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You should see this shower. It's one giant glass sex cage.

We hear the SOUND OF A SHOWER COMING ON. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON LIV's FACE taking us into a vision.

PAULINA's POV: We see Paulina lying in bed, wrapped in sheets tugging at the handcuff on her wrist. We can hear the sound of the shower running in the background of the vision.

PAULINA
Seriously. Who has the key?

TESS (O.S.)
Paulina. Check it out!

PAULINA'S POV: Tess, scantily clad, is posing with a gun.

TESS (CONT'D)
You feel lucky, Punk?

PAULINA (O.S.)
He's almost finished showering!

TESS
Oh, now he showers...

MONICA (O.S.)
Tess! Let me see it!

Tess tosses the gun over the prone Paulina and PAULINA'S POV takes us to the other side of the bed where a third call girl, MONICA (20s, attractive) catches the gun, spins it on her finger, then points it at Paulina.

PAULINA (O.S.)
(desperate)
Stop pointing that! Put it away. He doesn't like his things touched.

MONICA
Coulda fooled me.

Liv pops out of her vision, finds Clive has returned.

CLIVE
You get something?

LIV
There was another call girl. With Paulina and Tess. And the guy they were with... Paulina was scared of him. He carried a gun.

Off Clive, processing this interesting development.

INT. CLIVE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Liv is in the passenger seat, perusing escort websites on an iPad while Clive, preoccupied, questions her.

LIV
What aren't you getting? He was in the shower. I didn't see him.

CLIVE
So, you're not sure there was only one guy? Three girls and one guy.

LIV
That's what you're fixating on?

CLIVE
I'm working on a character profile. Three just seems a little ambitious. A little show-offy. Plus, how many guys can afford three call girls? Also, a clue.

LIV
Found her. "Monica."

Liv turns the iPad towards Clive, and we see a shot of the third call girl with the name "Monica" underneath.

CLIVE
Great. If I can track down an address, you wanna go with me?

LIV
I do. I just need to switch my night off.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Liv talks to Ravi as he inspects SLIDES under a MICROSCOPE.

RAVI
A call girl gets murdered, you eat her brain, help find her killer -- it's like that Elton John song.

LIV
"Philadelphia Freedom?"

RAVI
The one from "The Lion King."

LIV
Yes, I think Sir Elton specifically references dead call girls in "The Circle of Life."

Liv notices a SLIDE marked "L.M.- ECOLI"

LIV (CONT'D)
"L.M.?" Is that me?

RAVI
Uh-huh.

LIV
And you're giving me ecoli?

RAVI
I'm treating your blood with different bacteria. It's all just preliminary research. If you want to find a cure you have to find out how a disease defends itself. The more scenarios you expose it to the more you know how it works.

LIV
Wait. You think you can cure this?

RAVI
It could take years, but...
(looking up)
Why did you think I was running all those tests?

Liv is dumbstruck. Ravi notes the change in her.

RAVI (CONT'D)
What? Were you expecting to be like this forever?

Liv's shocked expression tells us she most certainly was.

EXT. SEATTLE MORGUE - NIGHT

Liv walks back toward Clive's car and approaches his window

CLIVE (INTO PHONE)
Great. Thank you, Sergeant.
(to Liv)
So, like the rest of our girls, Monica didn't even have a traffic ticket here in Seattle. But she was in a group of working girls who got clipped during the last Republican Convention. She gave the Tampa police a Seattle address.

LIV
I'm sorry. Something came up and... there's something I need to do.

Clive barely has the chance to respond before Liv walks off.

CLIVE
Wait. That's it? I thought I had a psychic side-kick. I was working on a bit -- Cagney and Pasty.

But Liv is already heading off. Clive sighs.

INT. LIV'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Liv drives, a plaintive expression on her face.

LIV (V.O.)
You'd think hopelessness would feel mostly like a void but there's a surprising amount of aching involved.

SERIES OF SHOTS OF CLIVE are cut into the following...

CLIVE IS BUZZED INTO MONICA'S APARTMENT BUILDING.

CLIVE APPROACHES MONICA'S DOOR, FINDS A BROKEN DOOR FRAME. HE TAKES OUT HIS GUN, PUTS HIS BACK TO THE WALL.

INT. LIV'S CAR - SAME

Liv checks her reflection in the rear view mirror. She has used makeup to reduce the effects of her zombie state.

LIV (V.O.)
You almost feel like you're working towards something. But there's no hope. So you're not.

CLIVE PUSHES OPEN THE DOOR TO REVEAL A RANSACKED APARTMENT. CLIVE SEES SOMETHING THAT MAKES HIS BLOOD RUN COLD...

REVEAL AN OPEN DOOR LEADING TO A BALCONY, THE CURTAINS FLUTTERING IN THE WIND.

CLIVE RUSHES TO THE BALCONY, LOOKS OVER THE RAIL AT THE SEVEN STORY DROP, TURNS BACK TOWARD CAMERA, CONCERN ON HIS FACE.

EXT. MAJOR'S HOUSE - SAME

Liv, looking lovely, stares up at the front porch steps.

LIV (V.O.)
Major once asked if there was a chance for us. I thought I was being noble quashing any chance of that. But what if there is hope? Even if it's dim and somewhere in the nebulous future -- it's a hope I need in order to survive.

Liv pauses on the top step.

LIV (V.O.)
But what about what Major needs? Can I really ask him to wait for a day that may never come?

Liv pauses as she makes a decision. She turns back around and then she hears something -- a WOMAN'S SQUEAL. Liv, appearing terribly vulnerable, peeks in the window.

LIV's POV FINDS MAJOR and the NERDY BUT CUTE GIRL from the haunted house cuddled on his couch playing a first-person shooter Zombie game. They're flirty and familiar.

Liv stands there, frozen. The hope drains from her face as she watches Major and the girl blasting the heads off APPROACHING ZOMBIES. We can hear the video game sounds and Major and Nerdy's laughter as Liv turns and heads down the stairs.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clive searches Monica's ransacked apartment. He opens closets. He opens a medicine cabinet. He flips through a UNIVERSITY OF PHOENIX COURSEBOOK open on a table, considers. He takes note of a dog bowl.

INT. LIV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

PAN OFF LIV'S DIGITAL CLOCK which reads 3 a.m. and FIND LIV in bed staring at the ceiling, tortured.

LIV (V.O.)
When you die, life goes on without you. If you're among the living dead, you get to watch.

Liv reaches for a nearby REMOTE CONTROL and turns on the TV.

LIV (V.O.)
You can't expect people to wait for you when you're not you anymore. Trying to salvage bits of your old life? Holding onto whatever scrap of being a person you can? It's pathetic. Pointless. Paulina won't be any less dead if I help find her murderer. Neither will I.

Off Liv, staring mindlessly at the TV.

INT. POLICE STATION, LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Clive enters, finds the LIEUTENANT and Pratt waiting for him.

CLIVE
You wanted to see me, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT
Pratt here has a CI who says your dead girl was in deep to the human trafficker who brought her here from the old country. He's gonna run the case from here on out.

CLIVE
(deflating)
But I'm so close, Sir. The killer was one of Paulina's johns. The john's ring was stolen, and he killed her trying to get it back. Only she didn't have it.
(MORE)

CLIVE (CONT'D)
The night it went missing he was with three call girls. I believe he is now tracking down the other two girls who have gone into hiding. I have a witness that says one got out of Dodge with a suitcase. It seems the other left with her dog.

PRATT
Three call girls? Are we looking for Superman? Ron Jeremy?

CLIVE
I've got a lead on the girls. One of them is enrolled at University of Phoenix. She logged into her economics class an hour ago. I got an IP address on the computer. The nerds in computer forensics are working on a location for me. We need to find the girls before the killer does.

LIEUTENANT
Maybe Pratt will let you tag along if that address amounts to anything.

Clive fumes.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Pratt walks out of the lieutenant's office with Clive.

PRATT
Sorry, Babineaux. Low man on the totem pole is always getting boned. It'll feel all that much sweeter when you get your first collar. You should go do some follow up interviews. Talk to the weatherman. Maybe have another conversation with Tess's neighbor.

Off Clive, disgruntled.

INT. LIV'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON Liv's hand as it dips into a BAG OF FIERY CHEETOS.

REVEAL Liv, lying in bed, mindlessly watching TV. She's back to the sullen zombie mode she was in when we first met her. Peyton knocks and enters.

PEYTON
Weird question: Have you seen my pens?

Without explanation Liv gets up, opens her dresser, rifles through purloined items and produces the pens and hands them to her bewildered friend.

PEYTON (CONT'D)
Great. Thanks. We used to be a pretty formidable team, you know.

Peyton shakes her head, she starts to exit but reconsiders.

PEYTON (CONT'D)
I so want to write you off. I so want to be in that "you can't help those who don't help themselves" place. But despite all this...
(waving her hand at Liv)
You're still Liv. Yeah, it sucks not being able to practice closing arguments on you, and I miss outdoing you at Crossfit, but you're my freakin' heart.

Peyton pissed at herself for getting emotional, reigns it in.

PEYTON (CONT'D)
Apparently I'm never going to be able to give up on you, so if you could step up, I'd appreciate it.

Peyton exits. Liv is thrown by Peyton's show of emotion. She looks over the stolen loot, her slovenly attire, her Cheeto-stained fingers as she processes Peyton's speech.

LIV
Pathetic.

INT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL - DAY

Liv inconspicuously returns the WOODEN APPLE she stole.

LIV (V.O.)
I can't refuse to be dead. I can't eat a ham sandwich and feel like a satiated normal human being.

EXT. HAUNTED HOUSE - DAY

Liv surreptitiously takes fake eyeballs out of her bag and tacks them up on the eyeball wall. From where she stands, Liv can see Major and Evan carry a stack of 2X4s.

LIV (V.O.)
I can't have sex, or tell the people I love about what's going on with me. But I can choose not to have a drawer full of fake eyeballs and stranger tkchokis.

Liv reaches into her bag for another eyeball but produces one of PAULINA'S HOTEL CHOCOLATES instead.

LIV (V.O.)
I can choose to be a decent person. I can choose to help find justice for a fellow dead girl.

INT. LOCAL TV STATION - DAY

Johnny Raines bolts forward in his chair, a RING OF PAPER around his neck speaks to him having been in the middle of having his make-up done.

JOHNNY
Human trafficking?! That's... That's... No way. Paulina was a business woman. Very upscale.

REVEAL Clive sitting in a chair across from Johnny's desk.

CLIVE
I've seen her place. I'd tend to agree. Still, it's not unheard of with sex workers.

JOHNNY
With the sex workers I patronize it is. A sex slave? I would never... Paulina didn't even have a pimp. She bragged about it.

CLIVE
Look, I just did three years in vice. These girls all get busted at some point. Someone bails them out.

JOHNNY
Not Paulina. She was always talking about her connection. What did she call him? ...A "Wissy Sveena." She assured me I never had to worry about anything.

Clive begins taking notes.

CLIVE
A “Wissy Sveena?” Do you know how to spell that?

JOHNNY
It’s five hundred dollars for the hour, Detective. I wasn’t paying for her to read the dictionary.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Liv enters, makes her way to Pratt’s desk. She looks around for a beat before pulling out his framed photo and setting it down on his desk. She heads over to Clive’s desk, digs back in her bag. She locates his stapler, when...

PRATT (O.S.)
Can I help you, Miss?

Liv jumps, almost busted, regards Pratt.

LIV
Uh, I’m from the M.E.’s office. I wanted to see Detective Babineaux.

PRATT
He’s out. You okay? You look...

Pratt gestures at Liv’s face. Concerned, Liv pulls out a compact, regards her reflection, discovers her eyes have gone a bit milky.

LIV
Just a bit peckish is all.

LAUGHING DETECTIVE 1
(calling out)
I’ve got computer forensics on the line for Babineaux. They’ve got that address for those girls.

PRATT
I’ll take it at my desk.
(sits down, picks up phone)
Pratt here. ...uh huh...

Liv watches as Pratt begins jotting on a Post It note pad. Pratt puts on his coat. He sees Liv as he’s heading out.

PRATT (CONT’D)
You want me to give Babineaux a message?

LIV
I'll leave him a note.

She watches Pratt exit, then sits down at Clive's desk. She looks around to make sure no one else is paying attention before she returns Clive's stapler to his desk. Then she jots something on a message pad.

Liv exits and we PUSH IN ON THE NOTE:

<u>Back on the case. Let's get this guy. Call me. Liv.</u>

INT. MORGUE - LATER

Liv enters to find Clive waiting for her with Ravi.

LIV
Hey...

CLIVE
I'm sure you're incredibly busy but I'm just asking for help with two words. And yes I tried Google translate but I think Polish letters might be weird. Johnny Raines said Paulina had a--
(consulting his notes)
"Wissy Suffina-" or "Sveena?" Something like that?

LIV
You mean lysy swinia?

CLIVE
Okay.

LIV
It means "bald pig." Paulina had a "bald pig." You sure you're saying that right.

CLIVE
No that can't be it. Wait...

Clive is transfixed. CAMERA PUSHES IN as he has an epiphany.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
Oh my god...That's why none of the girls have a record -- he's a cop.
(doing the math; stunned)
A *bald* cop. It's Pratt. That's why he tried to jump on the case in the beginning. There's no CI. He wanted me off the case before I solved it.

LIV
(very concerned)
Is Pratt the detective who sits one desk over from you?

CLIVE
Yeah. I heard how he had a bunch of excessive force citations, but he was such a nice guy.

LIV
He knows where the girls are. He has the address.

Off Clive's shock we CUT TO--

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON A POST IT PAD as a PENCIL rubs carefully across it, producing an address from the pen's indentation.

REVEAL Liv and Clive standing at Pratt's desk.

LIV
Hot damn! That really works.

INT. CLIVE'S CAR - MOVING - DUSK

Clive speeds through downtown Seattle. Liv rides shotgun.

CLIVE
The girls probably thought they were safe out on Bainbridge Island. Now, I've practically served them up to him.

EXT. PIER 42 - DUSK

ANGLE ON THE HYAK FERRY as it pulls away from the pier. CAMERA PANS ONTO A LINE OF CARS that didn't make it on board.

WE SEE LIV AND CLIVE on foot. They've abandoned their car, and are sprinting toward the ferry. CAMERA PUSHES INTO THEM as they realize they didn't make it. They look despondent.

CLIVE
Next ferry is in 45 minutes.

Liv paces, incredibly frustrated.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. CLIVE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

An anxious Clive barks into his police radio.

CLIVE
Whatever the deputies are doing on the island, this is more important! Lives are at stake!

RADIO DISPATCHER
I have passed along your message, detective.

Clive fumes. CAMERA PANS to Liv who also appears anxious.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Clive's car is on board the ferry.

INT. SHORELINE HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

The SOUND OF WOMEN whimpering as a CAMERA DOLLIES along a floor that has been covered in PLASTIC PAINTER'S TARP.

PRATT (O.S.)
Controlling. Relentless.

CAMERA MOVE LEADS US TO TWO PAIRS OF WOMEN'S LEGS, the ankles duct taped to the legs of the chair.

PRATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Vindictive. Manipulative.

WIDEN TO REVEAL A TERRIFIED TESS AND MONICA gagged and duct taped to kitchen chairs. A TINY DOG sits on Monica's lap.

PRATT (CONT'D)
Schizo crazy bitch. That's who we're dealing with here, ladies. My wife is Satan with a fat ass. If she gets back from Boca and I don't have my wedding ring...

REVERSE ON Pratt holding a SNUB NOSED REVOLVER. He is a man on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

PRATT (CONT'D)
Did I mention it was her grandpa's? You want to hear the gory details of how the ring survived Dachau when her grandfather did not?

Pratt begins taking bullets out of his revolver as he talks. He sets one... two... three... four... on the counter.

PRATT (CONT'D)
I’m not going to live in some one room apartment while she gets half my salary. I’m not going to see my daughters every other weekend. You and I had a win-win relationship. We have a little once-a-year party and everyone receives a get-out-of-jail-free card. What happened?

Pratt snaps the gun’s chamber back into place, spins it.

PRATT (CONT'D)
All right. Who’s going to tell me where my ring is? You’ll be my favorite.

EXT. CLIVE’S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Clive and Liv ease down a winding private drive.

LIV
There’s the house.

REVEAL THE SHORELINE HOUSE, a two story Cape Cod. There is painting scaffolding set up on the near side of the house.

CLIVE
And there’s Pratt’s car.

Clive pulls over, puts the car in park.

CLIVE (CONT’D)
I don’t want to get any closer in case he hears us. You stay here.

LIV
What else am I gonna to do? Subdue him with a good verbal flogging?

CLIVE
I’m just saying, don’t get intrepid.

Clive gets out of the car and quietly shuts the door behind him. Liv watches him make his way toward the house.

INT. SHORELINE HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

On Tess. Panicked. Words gushing out of her mouth.

TESS
Paulina was always stealing things. She couldn’t help it.

PRATT
That's what you told me, but she didn't have it. I saw the look in her eye. NOW WHERE IS MY RING!

Pratt points the gun at the little dog and pulls trigger. Monica SHRIEKS. We hear a CLICK. Monica is trying to say something. Pratt pulls the tape off her mouth.

MONICA
I pawned it!

TESS
Monica!

MONICA
I needed money for my student loan payment. I knew Paulina would get blamed, cuz she steals things.

PRATT
What pawn shop?

MONICA
8th and Dumont. We won't tell anyone anything about Paulina, I swear to god. Just let us go.

PRATT
Do you see why that can't happen now?! Do you see what you've done?!

ANGLE ON A WINDOW where we see CLIVE's head pokes up.

PRATT (CONT'D)
You killed Paulina! You did it! I didn't want this.

Tess glances over and notices Clive's face in the window. She involuntarily gasps. Pratt's head whips around, and he catches a bit of movement. He fires his gun at the window, but he's missing bullets, and once again it just CLICKS.

Pratt flies out of the room. Clive rushes into the house.

TESS
Upstairs! Upstairs!

MONICA
Go!

EXT. SHORELINE HOUSE - NIGHT

Liv watches from the car. She spots Pratt exit a second floor window onto the scaffolding. Pratt shimmies down and pulls the scaffolding away from the house. He heads for his car.

Liv's breath catches as she realizes what she needs to do. She slides over into Clive's seat, turns on the ignition and accelerates into the driveway, blocking Pratt's path.

Pratt gets out of his car, a fierce look on his face, and beelines for Liv, pointing his gun at her.

PRATT
Get out of that car! Get out of that car, or I will shoot you!

INT. SHORELINE HOUSE - SAME TIME

Clive finally manages to bulldoze into the upstairs bedroom that Pratt had barricaded himself in.

Clive makes his way to the open window and looks outside.

CLIVE'S POV: Pratt stands outside Clive's car. He points his gun at the driver and pulls the trigger. A shot rings out. The windshield shatters. Pratt reaches in the broken window, unlocks the door and pulls Liv's lifeless body from the car.

ANGLE ON A STUNNED CLIVE. He springs into action. STEADICAM TRAILS CLIVE as he races back down the stairs, FOLLOWS HIM THROUGH THE KITCHEN, past the girls, through the kitchen.

EXT. SHORELINE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Clive sprints to the spot where he saw Pratt drag Liv's body, but he can't find her.

CLIVE
What the hell?

Clive can hear the sound of the car gunning up the twisty private drive. He takes off in pursuit on foot.

INT. CLIVE'S CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME

Pratt drives as fast as he can up the drive. He glances in the rear view mirror to see if anyone is giving chase. A HAND smashes through the front windshield, starts reaching for Pratt in quintessential zombie fashion.

OVERHEAD SHOT reveals Liv on top of the car reaching in through the windshield.

INSIDE THE CAR: Pratt is freaked out, but he manages to point his gun up through the roof and fire.

OVERHEAD SHOT reveals a hole opening up in the roof just missing Liv by an inch.

INSIDE THE CAR: Liv grabs the steering wheel and yanks it, angling the car toward a TREE.

EXT. WINDING PRIVATE DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

Clive's car hits the tree. Liv gets thrown thirty feet in the air. Pratt gets thrown out onto the hood of the car. We can hear him groaning, but he's in bad shape. Liv is up again almost as soon as she rolls to a stop. She approaches Pratt's limp body.

CLOSE ON LIV'S EYES as they go milky red. She seems to be in uncontrolled zombie mode. Liv reaches out for Pratt, puts both hands around his skull and bares her teeth. We get the sense that Liv is about to devour Pratt's brain right there.

CLIVE (O.S.)
Liv!

Liv hesitates, then throws a look back over her shoulder and sees Clive cresting the road behind her. Clive comes huffing toward the car confused by what he sees in front of him.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
(baffled)
I saw you get shot.

Liv just stares at him for a bit, searching for a way to explain what she doesn't fully understand herself.

LIV
He missed me. I just played dead. And then I guess I chased after his car. Adrenaline is no joke.

Clive lets out a long breath, shaking off the sick feeling that came from thinking she was dead.

LIV (CONT'D)
Too intrepid?

CLIVE
Way too intrepid.

He heads over to the car, pulls his cuffs out and places them on a groaning Pratt.

LIV
Tess and Monica?

CLIVE
They're okay.

Something catches Clive's eye.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
Why is there a bullet hole in the roof of my car?

LIV
Maybe he was celebrating drunk cowboy style.
(shooting finger guns in the air)
I don't know. I literally got here like two seconds before you did.

CLIVE
He was about to kill them. We got here just in time. Thanks to you.

LIV
And you. I mean, you drove.

Clive shoots her a look.

LIV (CONT'D)
Seriously, how did you solve crime before me? I feel kind of vital to this whole operation.
(re: Pratt)
Do you want me to check him out? I am a doctor.

CLIVE
Go see to the girls. I got this.

Liv walks off. Clive turns his attention back to Pratt, pulls out his handcuffs. As he's cuffing him...

CLIVE (CONT'D)
You're right. This is so much sweeter.

ANGLE ON LIV WALKING AWAY. Once she's out of view from Clive she opens her coat, revealing a GUN SHOT WOUND to her chest.

INT. SEATTLE POLICE MORGUE - NIGHT

CAMERA DOLLIES along the periphery of the lab, shooting through lab equipment in the foreground while Ravi operates on Liv who lies on a gurney in the background.

LIV
I got mad and suddenly I was ninety-nine percent zombie. -- 28 Days Later-style, but with a side of Rage Bomb. I was a dead, alabaster bad-ass.

RAVI
I'm performing open heart surgery on you without anesthesia. You're beyond bad-ass. Ah, there it is...

CLOSE ON A BOWL as forceps drop a bullet into it.

LIV
If Clive hadn't called out my name, I might've had my first helping of fresh brains.

Liv sits up and begins buttoning her shirt.

RAVI
I'd offer to stitch you up, but there's not even much blood.

LIV
Must take some of the pressure off when the patient's already dead.

Ravi heads toward a nearby refrigerator.

RAVI
You have to stop calling yourself that. You're not dead. You're undead. Big difference. Think about what you did tonight. You saved two women's lives. You got justice for another, and you took a very bad man off the streets.

Ravi returns carrying a Tupperware bowl full of brain to Liv.

RAVI (CONT'D)
And "God as my witness, you'll never go hungry again."
(re: bowl)
Fresh brain for later. For now. Let's get to work. Shall we?

Ravi picks up the iPod, scrolls through it. He finds what he's looking for, looks back at Liv and grins. Michael Jackson's "Thriller" plays over the following.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT

Backstage is bustling with costumed volunteers rushing about before the doors open. We find Liv as she enters...

LIV (V.O.)
Life's short and then you die...
and *then*... then you have to make
some decisions.

ON LIV as she walks a hallway, passing dressing rooms which have SIGNS taped next to the doors. The signs have ROMAN NUMERALS and Character descriptions. She passes by dressing room "V, Werewolf," "IV, Evil Chainsaw Clowns," "III, Axe Murderers," "II, Korean Water Ghost." She looks up at the final option: "I, Zombie." Liv smirks, then heads inside.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON Liv's feet walking normally down the hall. In a reverse "Keyser Soze," the right foot turns in slightly and her normal walking turns to slow staggering.

REVEAL Liv, in a zombie costume, including some EXPERT MAKE-UP that makes it look like her right cheek is missing. Her even milkier eyes play right into the costume choice.

LIV (V.O.)
You can skulk around, bemoaning all
that you've lost, try to keep
yourself numb and isolated. Or you
can embrace who you are.

She rounds the corner to where Major, dressed as an Axe Murderer, and Peyton, dressed as Korean Water Ghost, are waiting for the haunted house to open. Major spots Liv and grins. Peyton turns to follow his look and is startled to find Liv creeping up behind her. She jumps. Then laughs.

LIV
(channeling Vincent Price)
I've come to "terrorize y'all's
neighborhood."

MAJOR
Aw, man. Now I want to be a zombie.

LIV
It's kind of a commitment. You
gotta lock down a good "lifeless
but crazy" stare--
(doing the stare)
Then there's the dance moves--

She does the zombie arm dance move from the "Thriller" video.

LIV (CONT'D)
C'mon, girlfriend. I know you know
it.

Peyton sighs, then smiles, relenting.

PEYTON
Better than you.

The two friends perform a few seconds of zombie arms and hard shoulder jerks. Major looks delighted.

LIV
So, what has two thumbs, one cheek and is ready to scare the crap out of some kids?

EXT. HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT

Evan takes tickets on the front porch of the haunted house. Eva makes her way over to him looking chagrined.

EVA
Have you seen your sister? She told me she'd help with tickets, but of course that would require her to make it off her couch.

EVAN
I don't think making it off her couch was an issue.

Evan points. Eva turns and we...

REVEAL LIV chasing kids through an ersatz graveyard. The kids are squealing and laughing. Liv is having a blast.

RAKING SHOT of EVA and EVAN. Eva smiles, satisfied.

ON LIV, running...

LIV (V.O.)
I wanted to do something with my life. I wanted to help people. Not necessarily as a zombie psychic who eats murder victim brains, but still... I so nailed it today.

We go out on Liv, smiling and happy.

INT. LIV'S APARTMENT, LIV'S BEDROOM - DAY

CAMERA PANS UP THE LENGTH OF A COMFORTER, FINDS LIV asleep in her bed. Her face reveals the hint of a smile.

LIV (V.O.)
I've spent five months bemoaning all that was taken from me, it never occurred to me that I'd have something to give. A way to contribute. A reason for being not alive.

TIME LAPSE photography mimics the look of our opening insomnia montage, but in each shot, Liv is deeply, soundly, happily asleep.

INT. LIV'S KITCHEN - DAWN

Liv enters the kitchen, pulls out the Tupperware Ravi gave her, shakes some Tabasco on it, sticks it in the microwave

STEADICAM TRAILS LIV as she eats from the bowl.

INT. LIV'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Liv returns to bed, pulls the covers over her.

LIV (V.O.)
To sleep, perchance to not dream. At last. Sweet. Blissful. Sleep. All I needed was some hope that there's a future that I fit into somehow.

CLOSE ON THE ALARM CLOCK as it hits 12:20. The song playing on the radio is Stevie Wonder's "Living for the City." It's the section of the song that features a police siren.

Liv stirs as CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HER FACE taking us into...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (LIV VISION)

A SHOT FROM THE POV of a person sprinting down an alley toward a fence. We hear police sirens in the b.g. The person takes a look over his shoulder, and we see BLAINE, the zombie in the "Hugs Not Drugs" T-shirt, in hot pursuit.

The person hits the fence, tries to climb it, but is yanked down onto his back. POV UP AT BLAINE'S milky-red eyes. A spotlight hits Blaine's face, and...

INT. LIV'S BEDROOM - DAY

Liv bolts up in bed, panting. Terrified by her vision and by the realization that she is not the only zombie in Seattle.

END OF SHOW