

MORT THE DEAD TEENAGER

by

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Based on the Marvel Comic Book

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COMICS
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WORT

SUICIDE
ALLEY

DEADMAN'S
CURVE



DIRECT EDITION



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PART 1
OF 4

FADE IN:

EXT. MISTAKE BEACH - MORNING

The morning sun tries in vain to break through the cloudy skies above the gritty beach town. Just when it looks like a ray of light might sneak through, the clouds conspire to suppress it.

Down on earth, a World War II era motorcycle equipped with side car screams down the road. Sprightly misfit MAUREEN GRAZIOSO straddles her swift bike like a female Steve McQueen.

EXT. MORT'S HOUSE - DAY

Skidding to a halt in front of her friend's home, Maureen honks the bike's horn for all the world to hear.

Sprinting from his house, late as always, sly seventeen year old MORT GRAVES throws his backpack into the side car and climbs in. He smiles like a prisoner just set free.

MORT

Let's blow outta here.

Maureen wastes no time. She cranks the gas and takes off.

EXT. MAUREEN'S MOTORCYCLE - DAY

Utilizing the motorcycle's gas tank as a makeshift desk, Mort finishes his homework while Maureen weaves through traffic.

MAUREEN

What'd you say Moby Dick symbolized, fear of the unknown?

MORT

(shakes his head)

Man's inability to confront his own humanity due to his ruinous pride.

Maureen flips a quick left, causing the side car to lift off the ground. With the sudden gust of wind, Mort's homework flies from his hands and gets chewed up in the cycle's gears.

MORT (cont'd)

Damn, so much for passing English.

Knowing that he's screwed, Mort fatalistically feeds the rest of his class notes into the whirling gears. The cycle spits them out like so much confetti.

EXT. MISTAKE BEACH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Just as the first period bell RINGS, the motorcycle rockets into the parking lot. Neither Mort or Maureen wait for the motorcycle to come to a complete stop before jumping off and making a dash from the school's main entrance.

INT. HALLWAYS - MISTAKE BEACH HIGH - DAY

The only ones left in the abandoned hallways, Mort and Maureen break apart and slip into different class rooms.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

With a sheepish grin aimed towards the teacher, Mort weasels his way through the rows of desks to his place in the rear.

Unfortunately accustomed to Mort's tardiness, the ENGLISH TEACHER refuses to stop lecturing. She points to the 'homework' pile but Mort shakes his head and pantomimes chewing. She rolls her eyes, thinking about what great potential is being lost.

Once situated, Mort takes a deep breath and attempts to get his head into gear. But something quickly distracts him. That something is KIMBERLY DIMENMEIN.

An enchanting young woman, Kimberly listens intently to the teacher and takes copious notes. But that isn't what Mort notices. He beholds her heartbreaking beauty.

INT. THE DAILY MISTAKE - SCHOOL NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Maureen shakes her head in pity as Mort finishes the layout for tomorrow's edition of the school newspaper - the *Daily Mistake*.

MAUREEN

So you just stared at her the entire period?
You didn't say anything?

MORT

It's tough getting access. She's got this buffer zone of bitchy friends around her.

MAUREEN

Exactly. Even if she was available, which she isn't, you'd discover she's just the same as the rest of them.

Mort shakes his head. Such talk is heresy.

MORT

No, Kimberly's different. You can tell. There's a lot going on just below the surface.

MR. WATKINS, the portly faculty advisor, walks up besides Mort and hands him a piece of paper.

WATKINS

Hold presses. We just got the Homecoming selections and I want you to lead with it.

MORT

No can do. We've got that expose on faculty incompetence ready to roll.

(CONTINUED)

WATKINS

Kill it. Run the bios for the new King and Queen. Their activities, clubs - same crap we do every year.

Watkins hands Mort the paper. Maureen glances over Mort's shoulder and reads the list.

MAUREEN

What a surprise, your dream girl and her monkey boy won.

But Mort reads something which sets off fire in his eyes.

MORT

Lance DaSilva? You want me to write a piece about, Lance DaSilva?!

WATKINS

We'd better put a picture in too. Maybe him passing the football or something.

MORT

But the guy's a sadistic prick. When Katie Shaw was diagnosed with bulimia, he had a pizza delivered to her hospital room.

WATKINS

That's her problem, not ours.

Infuriated, Mort hands the piece of paper back to Watkins.

MORT

No way. I'm not running any brown nose piece about Lance.

But Watkins refuses to take the paper back.

WATKINS

If you want to keep editing this paper, you'll do what I tell you.

Mort looks Watkins dead in the eye. Neither man ready to give. But at the last moment, Mort blinks. He takes the paper back.

MORT

Fine.

Watkins smiles. He savors his victory.

But as the unknowing faculty advisor leaves the newspaper office, Mort turns to Maureen with a devilish grin.

We cut to the...

(CONTINUED)

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

Splashed across the top of the *Daily Mistake* in thirty point type is the banner: FASCIST DECLARED KING.

Below it is a photograph of muscular Lance DaSilva intimidating a freshman band member. Below it the byline reads "DaSilva's Reign of Terror".

EXT. THE QUAD - DAY

Students grab their copy of the paper and anxiously read the scathing report. The entire school amusingly discusses the allegations against their class royalty.

Mort proudly leans against the statue of the school mascot while Maureen reads the lead article out loud.

MAUREEN

(reading newspaper)

"Perhaps not since Hitler's rise to power has the world been given greater reason to fear the future than with the recent ascension of Mr. DaSilva".

Maureen puts down the paper. She's dumbfounded.

MORT

Powerful, huh? I think it's the best thing I've ever written.

MAUREEN

You're gonna get your ass kicked.

MORT

Yeah. But at least there'll be a good reason this time.

Just as the last words leave Mort's lips, LANCE DaSILVA appears across the quad with a newspaper in his hands. The student crowd, fearing the worst, parts like the Red Sea.

With the powerful, deliberate steps of a predatory animal, Lance prowls up to Mort and very calmly examines the newspaper.

LANCE

You've done some good research, Graves. I didn't realize I was such a tyrant.

MORT

Just doing my job.

LANCE

Still, I think it'd be in all our best interests if tomorrow's paper ran a full retraction, plus an apology from you.

(CONTINUED)

For his own safety, Mort knows he should agree to anything Lance proposes. But he cannot help himself.

MORT

Well, I think it'd be best if you puckered up and kissed my little white butt.

The crowd GASPS. Without hesitation, Lance throws his fist into Mort's face. The young man drops like a sack of bricks.

INT. PRINCIPAL FRANCY'S OFFICE - DAY

Beaten to a pulp, Mort slouches defiantly in his chair while PRINCIPAL FRANCY leafs through the school newspaper.

MORT

It's the duty of the free press to reveal the unsavory truth about outdated events such as Homecoming.

PRINCIPAL FRANCY

By describing your fellow classmate as, and I quote, "the spawn of pure evil"?

MORT

In debunking the myth of Lance DaSilva, the entire 'quarterback-cheerleader industrial complex' is exposed as inherently bullshit.

Francy leans back in his chair, understanding everything.

PRINCIPAL FRANCY

And rather than try to change things, you'd rather rip them apart instead.

MORT

Better to reject the system than let it reject you.

Principal Francy lets it all in, considers Mort's words for a moment and then carefully speaks.

PRINCIPAL FRANCY

You've never had a girlfriend, have you Graves?

MORT

Excuse me, sir?

PRINCIPAL FRANCY

You've never gone steady, fallen in love - never 'dipped your wick'.

MORT

I don't see how that's applicable.

(CONTINUED)

PRINCIPAL FRANCY

You're not mad at the system, you're angry that people don't appreciate you as much as they do guys like Lance.

MORT

Yep, you nailed it. I'm bummed that I'm not a dumb crap jock like Lance DaSilva.

PRINCIPAL FRANCY

I'm not saying you want to be him, you just want the things that he's got; the prestige, the attention, the girls.

Mort remains silent, with his crossed arms speaking volumes about what he thinks of Francy.

PRINCIPAL FRANCY (cont'd)

You're right, Graves. High school is bullshit. But don't worry, you'll have your moment. Maybe not now, but someday.

INT. HALLWAYS - MISTAKE BEACH HIGH - DAY

Extracting himself from the Principal's office, Mort is quickly joined by Maureen who slides up next to him.

MAUREEN

What's the damage?

MORT

Two weeks suspension. Plus, he thinks I need to get laid.

MAUREEN

Nice homework if you can get it.

They get to Mort's locker. The door is plastered with pictures of Fiona Apple, Bjork, Salma Hayek, Madeline Albright, etc. In all of them, Mort's glued himself next to his dream women.

When he lifts the latch, a folded up piece of paper falls out.

MAUREEN (cont'd)

What's that?

MORT

I don't know. Probably another death threat from the pep squad.

But Maureen picks it up unfolds it.

MAUREEN

(reading note)

"Your brave discourse upon the invisible social lines which divide us was heartfelt and inspiring".

(CONTINUED)

Mort snags it from her, utterly shocked.

MORT

Somebody actually liked it? Who's it from?

MAUREEN

Doesn't say. But it kinda looks like a girl's handwriting.

Examining the note, Mort's eyes light up.

MORT

I wonder if it's from Kimberly.

MAUREEN

I doubt it. You accused her boyfriend of masturbating to a picture of himself.

MORT

It could be from her. She uses the same sort of stationery.

Mort holds the paper up to the light for clues. Maureen is thoroughly unimpressed.

MAUREEN

What's your deal anyway? Even if she did write it, it wouldn't prove anything.

MORT

Sure it would. It'd prove that there's some justice in the universe.

MAUREEN

That's a tall order for just one girl.

Mort stuffs the note in his backpack and slams his locker.

MORT

That's where you're wrong. Kimberly's more than a girl. She's a statement.

EXT. MORT'S HOUSE - DUSK

Maureen's cycle skids to a halt in front of Mort's place.

MAUREEN

You sure you don't want a lift?

Mort extracts himself from the side car. He shakes his head.

MORT

I'll meet you there. Gotta snag me some intoxicants first.

Maureen cranks the gas, taking off down the road. Mort slings his backpack over his shoulder and rambles inside.

INT. MORT'S HOUSE - DUSK

Shuffling into his house, Mort walks into the family room to find his father BRUCE planted on the couch watching television.

MORT

They suspended me again. You've gotta sign this letter from the principal.

There is no response from his father, except for Bruce's yells directed at the linemen on Monday Night Football.

BRUCE

Jesus, you call that a tackle?

Mort rolls his eyes. Typical. He tosses the letter on the pizza box and then marches upstairs.

INT. HIS PARENT'S ROOM - DUSK

Making sure his father's still engrossed in the game, Mort stealthily rummages through his father's dresser. Bypassing the dirty sox, Mort finds what he is looking for; a gleaming set of car keys that read "Studebaker".

EXT. GRAVES FAMILY GARAGE - DUSK

The garage door opens on a 1955 Studebaker Commander. Mort silently pushes it down the driveway and into the street. Once out of earshot, he cranks the engine which ROARS to life.

Mort shifts it into gear and skids out down the street.

INT. KONVENIENCE KORNER - COUNTER - DUSK

Mort slams a sixer of Meister Brau (the Hyundai of beers) on the counter with a brazen self-confidence.

MORT

And a pack of Marlboros, Terrence.

Casually pushing a dreadlock aside, rastaman TERRENCE BALEWA inspects Mort's picture i.d. It is an Alaskan drivers licence with a photo that belongs to a sixty-seven year old Eskimo.

TERRENCE

Impressive. You've now officially given me a fake i.d. from each of the fifty states.

Terrence confiscates the i.d. and walks to a wall map of the United States. Dozens of licences are pinned to the tattered chart. He takes a pin and adds Nanook to the collection.

MORT

Look, Terrence. I've had a shitty day. Couldn't you just please help me out.

(CONTINUED)

TERRENCE

Sorry, Mort. I could lose my job.

MORT

And I could lose my will to live.

TERRENCE

Whatever your problems are, they won't be solved by cheap beer and lung cancer.

MORT

(resigned)

Then what do you got that'll give me a quick buzz legally?

EXT. KONVENIENCE KORNER - DUSK

Mort rips open a pack of nicotine patches. Not knowing what else to do with them, he rolls them up like a cigarette and lights it. He inhales and erupts in a dizzying coughing fit.

He quickly soothes his throat by gulping down a bottle of Robotusian cough syrup. Though it doesn't stop his hacking, it gives a quick jolt to his brain.

Powered by a veritable cocktail of over-the-counter medication, he climbs into the Stude and takes off.

EXT. THE RUINS - DUSK

Burned out brick walls are all that is left of the mill which once employed the citizens of Mistake Beach. Fresh from class, MBHS students assemble at the unofficial post-school hang out.

With great fanfare, Mort drives up in the Studebaker and stumbles out of the car. He slides up next to Maureen.

MAUREEN

Your dad's gonna whoop your ass for stealing his car again.

MORT

Monday Night Football's on. He wouldn't notice if nuclear war broke out.

Maureen sniffs his breath while bumming a drag from the patch.

MAUREEN

You been hitting the Robotusian again?

MORT

And feeling no pain. This stuff really whacks the ol' gray matter.

Mort scans the crowd, noticing Kimberly perched high atop the burned out stairwell with her bitchy friends DINA and JODI.

(CONTINUED)

MORT (cont'd)

What's the call, should I confront her with the note or just ignore it?

MAUREEN

You got the crap knocked out of you once today, I don't see why you'd want try for a second time.

MORT

Not what I wanted to hear.

Gathering his courage, Mort snags his smoldering nicotine patch back from Maureen and saunters up to the gaggle of girls.

MORT (cont'd)

Hello ladies. You're all looking lovely today. Would anyone care for a cigarette?

JODI

That's not a cigarette, Mort, that's just a rolled up nicotine patch.

MORT

(proudly, invitingly)

Which contains ten times the active stimulant found in a regular cancer stick.

Jodi, intrigued, grabs the patch and takes a drag. Breaking into massive coughs, she hands it to Kimberly who follows suit.

DINA

That was really bullshit, the way you slammed Lance in the paper like that.

MORT

I don't know, some folks seemed to dig it. They thought it was 'brave and inspiring'.

Mort pulls out the note from his back pocket. He shows it to Kimberly who chokes on the nicotine patch.

MORT (cont'd)

What do you think, Kimberly?

Kimberly hesitates. In that one second, Mort knows.

KIMBERLY

I think it's too bad about the suspension.

MORT

I hear you. It's just another case of the Man trying to keep the people down.

Mort lights up another patch and suavely motions to Kimberly.

(CONTINUED)

MORT (cont'd)

I was wondering if you'd maybe like to go for a ride and talk about it?

KIMBERLY

I don't know, I'm kinda...

Suddenly, from the bowels of the neighborhood, the familiar bellow of an engine screams down the road.

Lance's Camero cranks around the corner. Slamming on the brakes at the last second, the car narrowly misses Mort. Lance climbs out of the car with a beer in hand.

LANCE

Mortimer, I hope you're not spreading any more lies about me.

MORT

No way. The shit you really do is much worse than anything I could make up.

LANCE

Then what were you two discussing?

KIMBERLY

Nothing, really.

Kimberly tries to defuse the moment, but Mort pushes it.

MORT

I was just asking Kimberly why such great girls like her always date jerks like you.

LANCE

And what was her answer?

MORT

She didn't have one. No one seems to.

Kimberly steps between the two, but Lance pushes her back.

KIMBERLY

Lance, we never talked about --

Pissed off at Mort's constant remarks, Lance crushes his beer can and chucks it in the dirt.

LANCE

What is it with you, Graves? Why are you always such a bitter fuck?

MORT

I don't like you. I don't like the way you treat people.

(CONTINUED)

Satisfied with himself, Mort leans back on Lance's Camero and takes a deep drag from the patch. Protective of his automobile, Lance pushes Mort away.

LANCE
Don't touch my car.

MORT
You mean that machine you drive to
compensate for your small penis.

Infuriated, Lance gets right in Mort's face.

LANCE
I'll bet you that machine could blow away
your piece of shit on the straightaway.

MORT
(amused)
Are you challenging me to a race?

LANCE
If that's what you want.

Mort laughs, he can't believe what Lance proposes.

MORT
Who are you, Fonzie? Ralph Mouth and Potsie
gonna be your pit crew?

Everyone laughs except Lance. He's totally serious.

LANCE
You're nothing but words, Graves. Bullshit
words. You don't like the way the world
works, but when it comes down to it, you're
too big a pussy to actually do anything
about it.

This cuts right through Mort. He looks about. Everyone is waiting for a smart remark, but he has no more words left.

MORT
Fine. You're on.

With a HOWL, Lance leaps into the Camero and takes off. Mort yells after his rival as he climbs into the Studebaker

MORT (cont'd)
And as soon as I'm done with you, you can
tell Joanie and Chachi I'll be back to
kick their asses too.

Mort peels out. On foot, in their cars or on their bikes, the rest of the congregation follows close behind.

KIMBERLY
Wait, you guys don't...

(CONTINUED)

Kimberly steps forward, trying desperately to stop them, but gets overcome by the crowd.

INT. STUDEBAKER - DUSK

Revving his engine, Mort guzzles down the last of the Robotusian and chucks the bottle out the window.

MORT

Should have grabbed some Nyquil for a chaser. I'd hate to do this sober.

EXT. EMPTY ROAD - DUSK

Dina stands between the Camero and Studebaker with her arms held high. Teenagers line the street.

DERRICK

(throwing his arms down)
Drive!

Mort and Lance explode off the mark and hurl forward with blinding speed. The Camero takes an early lead.

As flames leap from the tailpipe, the Studebaker creeps up on Lance's machine and prepares to overtake it.

But just at the moment when Mort must punch it, the Mistake Beach Railroad WARNING LIGHT begins to FLASH.

INT. THE STUDEBAKER

Cranking his neck to the side, Mort spots the imposing headlight of the advancing commuter train.

MORT

Ah, shit! The Babylon Express!

ANGLE - MAUREEN

in sheer terror. She can't believe it has gone so far.

ANGLE - KIMBERLY

Panic grips her as she realizes that the speeding train cannot stop in time.

INT. LANCE'S CAR

Lance's tough demeanor quickly begins to crack. Fear creeps into his eyes.

EXT. THE CROSSING GATE

The arm swings down across the tracks. The train's air horn CRIES OUT.

INT. THE STUDEBAKER

With beads of sweat upon his brow, Mort faces a supreme decision - hit the accelerator or chicken out?

MORT

(paralyzed with fear)

What do I do? I can't puss out now.

Not willing to let Lance get the better of him, Mort bears down, throws the Stude into gear and punches the gas.

EXT. THE CROSSING

Just before reaching the tracks, Lance is overcome with fear and slams on the brakes. Mort sees the Camero screeching to a halt in front of the tracks.

MORT

What the...?!

Without time to react, the Studebaker SMASHES through the gate.

But just as it appears that Mort will be okay, twelve tons of iron slam into the Studebaker sending it end over end until it crumples into a fiery heap.

EXT. THE STUDEBAKER

Flying through the front windshield, Mort's head snaps off his body and tumbles wildly on the asphalt.

Once his dismembered cranium comes to a halt, Mort opens his eyes to see the darkly psychedelic world before him.

EXT. THE NETHERWORLD - NEITHER NIGHT NOR DAY

Like a Norman Rockwell painting filtered through the eyes of Edgar Allen Poe, the Netherworld mirrors our everyday world in a darkly surreal fashion.

Mort furrows his brow as he examines the decaying suburban neighborhood.

MORT'S HEAD

What the hell? Where am I?

Hearing the sputter of an engine, Mort uses his tongue to turn his detached head and sees a car speeding straight for him.

MORT'S HEAD (cont'd)

Ah Jesus, what now?

Skidding up next to Mort's body comes a lime green Pinto with a skull and crossbones painted on the doors.

(CONTINUED)

Stepping out of the vehicle is a gangly teenager wearing a grease-stained fast food uniform, made that much more ill fitting by the fact that he is partially decomposed. Even what little skin that hangs from his skull has got an acne problem.

With a heave ho, he picks up Mort's body and tosses it in the hatchback. Picking up Mort's head, Teen Death places it in the Pinto's passenger seat and buckles the seatbelt.

TEEN DEATH

Don't worry. We'll have you back in one piece in no time.

He twists the key but the Death Pinto fails to turn over.

TEEN DEATH (cont'd)

Man, this always happens. Stupid piece of crap.

Frustrated, Teen Death pops the hatchback and yanks Mort's decapitated body out. Putting the corpse to work, Teen Death and Mort's headless body push start the Pinto.

The second the engine turns over, Teen Death tosses the body in back and takes off.

INT. DEATH PINTO - NETHERWORLD

Driving with a careless sense of abandonment, Teen Death careens down the oppressively dark boulevard.

TEEN DEATH

Like all severed heads, I'll bet you have some questions.

MORT

Uh huh.

TEEN DEATH

Yes, you are dead. Yes, this death is eternal. And no, Lee Harvey Oswald did not act alone.

MORT

I wasn't gonna ask about that.

TEEN DEATH

You weren't? That's usually number three.
(beat)

Then what do you want to know? Meaning of life? Which religion was right...

MORT

Did I beat him?

Teen Death looks at Mort's head. Even in the face of death itself, the kid prays he was Lance's equal.

(CONTINUED)

TEEN DEATH

No, you didn't.

Mort's head grows very quiet.

TEEN DEATH (cont'd)

That's it? That's all you want to know?

MORT

(sadly)

That's all that matters.

With nothing more to say, they drive silently onward.

INT. DEATH BURGER SHACK - NETHERWORLD

Resembling a darkly lit Arby's, the Death Burger Shack has all the charm of a fast-food joint riddled with disease.

Mort's head waits in a corner booth while Teen Death leads the rest of his body inside.

TEEN DEATH

Because you busted one of the vertebrae,
this isn't gonna fit perfectly.

Teen Death picks up Mort's head and sticks it on top of his neck stub. It doesn't fit well at all. In fact, it falls off and hits the Formica table top.

MORT'S HEAD

Ouch!

TEEN DEATH

Looks like I'm gonna have to bust out the
duct tape.

MORT'S HEAD

No way. I'm not gonna be some freak.

Mort's body grabs the head itself. With a good twist, the head remains precariously attached, kind of leaning to the left.

MORT

How does it look?

TEEN DEATH

I've seen worse.

MORT

That's not much coming from the Grim Reaper.

TEEN DEATH

I'm not a reaper, grim or otherwise. Not
yet at least.

(CONTINUED)

MORT

Then what are you?

TEEN DEATH

Basically, I'm the afterlife equivalent of the Domino's guy. Pick 'em up and process 'em. All the important crap gets taken care of by my dad.

MORT

Is he the Grim Reaper?

TEEN DEATH

Actually, he's more of an asshole. But the "Assholish Reaper" wouldn't play too well.

MORT

I hear you. My pop can be a real dick too.

Stealing a peek inside Teen Death's computer case, Mort pulls out a couple of drawings of what appear to be insects.

MORT (cont'd)

What are these? They look like bugs.
(reading the instructions)
'Insert wing A into abdomen B'?

TEEN DEATH

Hey, stop that. Give me those.

Teen Death snatches them away from Mort.

MORT

Are you an artist or something?

TEEN DEATH

Not according to some people, I'm not.

MORT

Well, they looked pretty cool to me.

Excited to have an audience, Teen Death lays out the various insect drawings on the table.

TEEN DEATH

I've always been more interested in the Creation side of things. When I was a kid I used to doodle one celled animals.
(pointing to drawings)
But recently I've been more into insects and reptiles.

Teen Death points to an impressive drawing of some sort of alligator/squid creation.

TEEN DEATH (cont'd)

This one's my masterpiece. It can kill you using its fangs or poison tentacles.

(CONTINUED)

MORT

Why don't you do something with these.
There's gotta be some job out there that's
better than this.

TEEN DEATH

There is; in the Evolutionary Division.

MORT

Why don't you apply? They've probably got
some openings.

TEEN DEATH

(tenuous)

I'd like to but...

MORT

But what? You've got real talent.

A MUFFLED VOICE comes over the restaurant's loudspeaker.

LOUDSPEAKER

Number forty-seven. Your processing is
finished, please come to the Pick-Up window.

Mort watches as a FAT TEENAGER waddles up to the counter.

FAT TEEN

I'm forty-seven.

Suddenly, flames burst up from the floor and engulf him. He
SCREAMS with horror as he slowly descends into the floor.
Horrorified, Mort jumps back in his seat.

TEEN DEATH

Don't worry. He's fine. Dad just wants us
to do that for the effect.

Teen Death's computer DINGS.

TEEN DEATH (cont'd)

Looks like everything's kosher. Just one
last procedure before we send you on.

EXT. TOLLBOOTH - BORDER BETWEEN NETHERWORLD AND EARTH

Skidding to a halt at a toll booth, Teen Death rolls down the
window and hands the guard a couple of coins. The guard, SID, a
bitter young woman, refuses to lift the security gate.

SID

You're twenty five cents short.

TEEN DEATH

What do mean? I gave you a buck.

(CONTINUED)

SID

Rates were raised.

Teen Death rummages through his glove compartment.

TEEN DEATH

Don't have it. I'll give it to you next time.

SID

No way. You gotta pay in full.

TEEN DEATH

Don't be such a tight ass, Sid. I'm on official business here.

SID

Oooh, official business. I'm so impressed.
(beat)
Tough shit.

Infuriated, Teen Death steps out of the Pinto. Afraid for her safety, Sid shuts the guard booth door.

Teen Death walks over to other side of the toll booth where several corpses lie. Plucking a coin off their eyes, Teen Death walks back to the Pinto and hands Sid a quarter.

TEEN DEATH

There's your twenty five cents, jerk.

Reluctantly, Sid lifts the gate and the Death Pinto passes.

INT. DEATH PINTO - NETHERWORLD

Mort looks out the rear window to see Sid flipping them off.

MORT

What was that all about?

TEEN DEATH

That was Sid; the only person in the Netherworld who's lowlier than me. She likes to pull those power trips to make herself feel better.

Seeing the swirling nebulous clouds engulfing the road ahead of them, Teen Death straps on his seatbelt.

TEEN DEATH (cont'd)

Hold on, we're breaking through to the other side.

INT./EXT. TUNNEL - BETWEEN NETHERWORLD AND EARTH

With bright flashes of multicolored lightning, the Death Pinto sails between the two worlds. The car rattles ferociously, shooting up and plummeting down.

(CONTINUED)

TEEN DEATH
(excitedly)
Yaaaaahoooooooo!!!!

Teen Death turns to Mort, who holds on for dear life.

TEEN DEATH (cont'd)
This is the only part of the job I like.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - MISTAKE CATHEDRAL - DAY

With a blinding white flash, the Death Pinto emerges from the Netherworld Tunnel and comes to a screeching halt in a field of tombstones. Rain pours down.

MORT
We're back on earth.

TEEN DEATH
Only temporarily, so don't get any ideas.

In the distance, Mort sees a small funeral procession.

MORT
Is that my funeral?

TEEN DEATH
It's the final step of processing. Suppose to help the dead cope. Frankly, it's always struck me as a bit of a mind fuck.

MORT
Can we get any closer?

TEEN DEATH
Are you sure you want to? Most of my customers regret it later.

MORT
No, I want to see.

Teen Death shrugs. From his front pocket he removes what appears to be a Pez dispenser. He pulls back the skull lid and plops a little black pill into Mort's hand.

MORT (cont'd)
What's that, candy?

TEEN DEATH
Death Pez. It'll make you invisible.
(eats one himself)
Try one. They're licorice.

Mort does so. As he chews, he slowly dematerializes into a ghostly translucent state. Teen Death quickly follows suit.

MORT
Hey, this feels kinda good.

(CONTINUED)

TEEN DEATH

Yeah. But you don't want to do it too often.
You'll go blind.

EXT. GRAVESITE - DAY

Mort's siblings CYNDI and KYLE shift about in extreme boredom while Maureen stares blankly at the PRIEST's eulogy.

Invisible, Mort and Teen Death sit upon his tombstone and watch Bruce and Mort's mother WENDY weep softly.

BRUCE

(melancholy)

I'll always treasure those rides together.
Just the two of us. Driving.
(hurting all the more)
In our beautiful car...

WENDY

That's right dear, let it out.

Bruce's sobs are overpowered by the industrious rattling of the John Deere forklift carrying Mort's plywood coffin.

MORT

They bought plywood? My own family wouldn't even flip for a pine box.

Mort watches in horror as the casket slips off the rain slicked forklift and tumbles into the open grave.

FORKLIFT OPERATOR

Oops.

The plywood splinters and Mort's embalmed body SPLATS headfirst into hole.

MORT

I don't believe this! You mean the humiliation and unfairness just keep going on after we die?

TEEN DEATH

I warned you.

MORT

Take me back, this is just too painful-
(something catches his eye)
Oh my God. It's Kimberly.

Dressed in a flowing black dress, Kimberly walks mournfully through the cemetery. Right beside her trudges an extremely dazed Lance, busy contemplating the meaninglessness of life.

Kimberly walks up to Bruce and Wendy and plants a kiss upon each one of their cheeks.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

Our deepest sympathies go out to you in your time of mourning.

WENDY

Thank you, dear.
(still trying to place her)
Were you friends with Mortimer?

KIMBERLY

Not as closely as I had wished. He was taken from us just too soon.

Mort's jaw drops. He cannot believe what he is hearing. Lance stares at the coffin like he were looking at his own grave.

LANCE

(trance-like)
That could have been me... That could have been me...

Kimberly removes a small piece of paper from her purse.

KIMBERLY

I've brought a little something. Would you mind if I read it?

WENDY

No, I think that would be lovely.

Kimberly stands above Mort's open grave and unfolds a crumpled piece of paper. She reads with stunning grace.

KIMBERLY

(reading)
"I hold it true, whate'er befall I feel it
when I sorrow most; Tis better to have
loved and lost Than never to have loved at
all."

She drops a single rose on the casket, then breaks down into heartwrenching sobs. Mort's family comforts Kimberly as they walk away from the grave.

Confused, offended and sexually frustrated, Mort shakes his head in disbelief

MORT

What the hell's that all about? She's totally flipping over me.

TEEN DEATH

I told you - major league buzz kill.

A beeper like device buzzes on Teen Death's belt.

(CONTINUED)

TEEN DEATH (cont'd)
 (reading beeper message)
 Damn. A big tornado just ripped through
 Iowa. We'd better blow outta here.

Teen Death marches back to the Death Pinto, but Mort can't clear his mind of Kimberly's mournful reading. It haunts him.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - IOWA - DAY

The small rural town has been hit hard by a devastating tornado. With destruction everywhere, RESCUE WORKERS struggle frantically to save their loved ones.

But more often than not, the VICTIM's spirit is already standing off to the side of their body watching the fruitless effort of the living.

Translucent, Mort surveys the carnage while Teen Death wields a funny looking device - the Soul Sucker - and gathers up wandering spirits like he was raking up dead leaves.

MORT
 I've been in love with this girl since kindergarten. Get no play for twelve years. Then I fucking die, and she starts reading me love poems?!

TEEN DEATH
 You don't want to think about it. It'll only just make things worse.

MORT
 How can it be worse? She finally wants me and the only way I can get a hard on is by rigor mortis.

Teen Death aims at a disembodied spirit and pulls the trigger. The Dust Buster-like contraption emits a giant bolt of electricity. The spirit breaks apart into a million tiny pieces and immediately gets sucked into the device.

TEEN DEATH
 It's more common than you think; chicks digging you after you're dead.

MORT
 It's some sort of Karmic thing, right? The universe wants to screw me just one last time.

While Teen Death rattles off a quick shot and gobbles up an unsuspecting soul, Mort turns his attention to a collapsed house where several MEN desperately try to clear the rubble.

As the men dig through the crumbled brick, the spirit of a YOUNG WOMAN slowly rises up from the ruins.

(CONTINUED)

The spirit's eyes fill with horror when she realizes that she is the person for whom they are searching.

Mort watches intensely as the rescuers push away the final blocks of rubble to reveal the young woman's lifeless body. One of the men, obviously her HUSBAND, breaks down into tears.

The husband wraps his wife up in his arms and weeps. Though cannot quite hear him, we completely understand his pain and anguish.

TEEN DEATH

No, don't worry. There's still plenty of time left to screw you.

Teen Death turns around and aims the Soul Sucker at the dead woman's spirit. But just before he can pull the trigger, the man cleans his wife's mouth with his salty tears and kisses her gently upon her lifeless lips.

Suddenly, the dead woman's spirit is yanked back into her body.

Teen Death punches the trigger, but it is too late. The Soul Sucker's bolt of electricity flies right past the now vacant spot and ricochet's off an overturned tractor.

The woman's once breathless chest heaves. Her eyes open. She lives again. Her husband cries with joy.

MORT

Oh my God, did you see that?!

TEEN DEATH

Ah shit, I lost one. Dad's gonna kill me.

MORT

That's so bitchin'. It's like something out of the Bible. Or the X-Files.

Teen Death grabs Mort forcefully, as if he were corroborating his story with a murder accomplice.

TEEN DEATH

You didn't see anything, okay? Anyone asks you about this, it didn't happen. She was alive when we found her. Okay?

Mort doesn't answer. His mind is racing. Teen Death shakes him.

TEEN DEATH (cont'd)

(desperate)

Okay?!

MORT

Okay, okay. I didn't see anything.

As Teen Death quickly sucks up the last few disembodied spirits still wandering around, we pull in on Mort. He clearly has seen something. Something which has got him thinking.

INT. DEATH PINTO - NETHERWORLD

With a blinding light, the Pinto emerges from the Netherworld tunnel. Passing through the gates, Teen Death flips off Sid.

MORT

You lose souls like that very often?

TEEN DEATH

All the time. But thank God I'm usually able to cover my ass.

EXT. DESTINY WORKSHOP - NETHERWORLD

The Death Pinto comes to a skidding halt in front of a warehouse-like structure. Teen Death leads Mort inside.

TEEN DEATH

Dad's heading out of town for the weekend. If I'm lucky, she'll die of complications before he gets back.

INT. DESTINY WORKSHOP - NETHERWORLD

Teen Death ushers Mort into the cavernous workshop where dozens of scruffy looking individuals toil over manual typewriters. Teen Death taps a SHAGGY WRITER on the shoulder.

TEEN DEATH

Whatcha got for me?

SHAGGY WRITER

The kid's revised destiny. The periphery fates won't be done until next Tuesday.

The Writer hands Teen Death a worn file folder. He peruses it and nudges Mort in the ribs.

TEEN DEATH

Man, did you blow it. Your life was gonna be primo.

MORT

What are you talking about? Who are these people?

TEEN DEATH

"The Fates" - they're the folks responsible for writing your destiny.

SHAGGY WRITER

(pats Mort on the shoulder)
Sorry about the train, pal. Didn't think you'd actually try to beat it out.

MORT

You caused my accident?

(CONTINUED)

SHAGGY WRITER

No, I scheduled the train. You splattering your brain all over the front of it's a product of your own free will.

Teen Death hands Mort his file. Flipping through the pages, Mort discovers the events of his life listed chronologically.

TEEN DEATH

Each life is professionally outlined before birth. Whether you follow the script or not is up to you.

SHAGGY WRITER

It's usually when amateurs like yourself try to improvise that they arrive here prematurely.

MORT

You mean I wasn't supposed to die?

SHAGGY WRITER

Nope. You were scripted to mouth off and get the crap knocked out of you like you normally do.

MORT

But I'd have lost any chance I'd have at Kimberly if I didn't stand up to Lance.

TEEN DEATH

Actually, she would have --
(reading the file)

"loved you even dearer for standing up for your pacifistic principles".

MORT

She what --?!

TEEN DEATH

(pointing to file)

According to this, she dumps Lance, you guys ignite a whirlwind romance and get married in a private ceremony in Tahiti.

SHAGGY WRITER

Read what they were gonna do on their honeymoon.

They read it. Whatever is listed must be good because it causes Teen Death to blush and Mort to sob uncontrollably.

MORT

(sadly realizing)

They've sent me to Hell.

(CONTINUED)

SHAGGY WRITER

I'll tell you what's hell, rewriting nearly three hundred destinies just because you wanted to be James Dean.

The Writer's words cause Mort to halt his bawling.

MORT

What happens to Kimberly? How does her life turn out?

The Writer fishes through the various files on his desk until he finds Kimberly's.

SHAGGY WRITER

I'm not quite finished with it yet, but it's shaping up like your typically bleak, suburban existence.

MORT

That can't be right.

SHAGGY WRITER

(pitching his new take)

You're not around, so she clings to Lance. He knocks her up at the Homecoming Dance and bammo -- they're stuck in a quagmire of inescapable melancholy and dysphoria.

Proudly, the Writer turns to Teen Death.

SHAGGY WRITER (cont'd)

Though I've been pigeon holed as the romantic comedy guy, I think I'm equally good at Tennessee Williams-style tragedy.

EXT. DESTINY WORKSHOP - NETHERWORLD

Mort stumbles out of the workshop as if he were just hit by a ton of bricks. Teen Death tries to comfort him.

TEEN DEATH

Look on the bright side, at least you didn't find out you were switched at birth or anything.

INT. BACK ROOM - DEATH BURGER SHACK - NETHERWORLD

Teen Death flips the Soul Sucker's directional switch from 'suck' to 'blow'. Hitting the trigger, about a half dozen Iowans are spit out of the device and reconfigured.

Slouched by the jukebox, Mort looks at the now-tattered note which he believes Kimberly gave to him. An idea is born.

MORT

We should go back to earth.

(CONTINUED)

TEEN DEATH
(still thinking of Iowan)
Nah, she won't be dead yet. Internal
injuries take a little while.

MORT
No, seriously. We should bail this dump
and hang with the living.

Teen Death realizes that Mort's not kidding around.

TEEN DEATH
We can't do that. You know how much trouble
I'd get in?

MORT
Your dad's going out of town for the
weekend. He'll never know.

Teen Death punches in some things on his computer, then hits a
button - engulfing the dead Iowans in flames.

TEEN DEATH
I couldn't do that. That'd mess up the
whole system.

MORT
Screw the system. What'd the system ever
do for you?

TEEN DEATH
Nothing.

MORT
Exactly. The powers that be set up the
system to keep people like us down. To
them, you're just a cog in the machine.

Teen Death yanks the processing report out of the printer and
charges out the door. Mort quickly follows him.

EXT. DEATH TOWN SQUARE - NETHERWORLD

Walking through the putrefied town square, Teen Death makes a
beeline for the Death Division Headquarters.

TEEN DEATH
What's in it for you?

MORT
Nothing. Just the chance to return home.

TEEN DEATH
Why would you want to do that? It'll just
frustrate you even more.

(CONTINUED)

MORT

I can't let Kimberly end up with Lance.
He's a raging asshole.

TEEN DEATH

Ah, that's what this is about.

Reaching the intimidating gray building, Teen Death throws open the door and enters with Mort right on his tail.

INT. DEATH DIVISION HEADQUARTERS - NETHERWORLD

Mold drips from the granite walls. Teen Death waves to the dead SECURITY GUARD and punches the elevator button.

MORT

If she stays with him, her life's gonna suck. What's wrong with helping her out?

TEEN DEATH

It's not your place to mess with fate.
We've got paid professionals for that.

MORT

You mean those drunks? I wouldn't trust them with my dog, let alone my destiny.

The elevator opens, they step inside.

INT. ELEVATOR

The funeral march, but done in Muzak style, plays inside.

MORT

It'll be a blast. I getta wrap up some unfinished business while you take a well deserved vacation.

Mort paints the scene. It sounds like paradise.

MORT (cont'd)

You chill for a few days, soak up the atmosphere, research your bugs and stuff. Then, when you're done, you charge back to Creation for your job interview, where you dazzle them with your knowledge of earth.

TEEN DEATH

I don't know, it's kinda risky.

MORT

Life's a risk.

The elevator stops. The doors open.

INT. THE GRIM REAPER'S OFFICE - NETHERWORLD

They walk into the gloomy waiting room where dozens of corpses wait to speak to the angel of death himself. There, in the inner sanctum, Mort quietly whispers his threat.

MORT

Plus, you wouldn't want your dad to find out about what happened in Iowa would you?

Horrified, Teen Death realizes what Mort is doing.

TEEN DEATH

Are you blackmailing me?

MORT

Not at all.

TEEN DEATH

Bullshit. You're gonna dick me over unless I let you go back to Earth.

MORT

All I'm asking for is a chance to fix what I screwed up.

Teen Death meekly approaches the Grim Reaper's sour-faced ASSISTANT who's busy filing her nails into sharp spears.

TEEN DEATH

Is my dad in? I've got those disaster reports he wanted. In triplicate.

ASSISTANT

It's about time. He was just about to leave for the convention.

The assistant buzzes Teen Death into the Grim Reaper's office.

Mort sits on the sofa, reading a magazine when he hears the Grim Reaper's voice YELLING from behind the office door. Though we cannot quite hear what is being said, he's obviously ripping Teen Death apart.

After a few seconds, Teen Death emerges. He looks horrible, like a few years were taken off his life.

Slamming the door behind him, Teen Death looks at Mort. An enormous, mischievous grin grows on his face.

TEEN DEATH

Let's get the hell out of here.

Mort smiles. Teen Death does too. Free at last.

EXT. TOLLBOOTH - BORDER BETWEEN NETHERWORLD AND EARTH

Hunkered down in the Death Pinto, Teen Death watches as Sid deals harshly with the people ahead of him.

MORT

How long is he gonna be gone?

TEEN DEATH

Three days. If you're not back and processed by then, we're up shit creek.

MORT

What more can he do to me, I'm already dead? How much worse can it be?

TEEN DEATH

He could smash your soul into a million pieces. Send you to darkest oblivion. Basically make it like you never existed.

Mort cringes. He didn't think of that.

MORT

Yep, that's worse than I thought.

The Death Pinto pulls up to the tollbooth. Teen Death rolls down his window and hands Sid a buck twenty five. Mort stares straight ahead, like nothing was unusual.

TEEN DEATH

There you go, a buck twenty five exactly.

Sid ignores Teen Death's money and examines her clipboard.

SID

You're not authorized to cross over.

TEEN DEATH

Emergency homicide, it wasn't scheduled.

SID

(picks up phone)

Let's see what Security says about that.

TEEN DEATH

Come on, Sid. Don't be a narc.

Relishing the moment, Sid dials gleefully. Teen Death, knowing things are going badly, turns to Mort and whispers.

TEEN DEATH (cont'd)

You make a run for it, I'll distract her.

MORT

Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

TEEN DEATH

Security was trained by Nazi war dead. We don't want to mess with them.

Mort completely understands. Slyly, Mort slips out of the passenger seat and dashes towards the tunnel.

Sid notices, dropping the phone.

SID

Hey, you there, stop! You're not allowed-

Sid steps out of the guard booth and runs after Mort. Overflowing with adrenaline, Sid pulls out her Soul Sucker.

SID

Halt or I'll shoot!

Mort refuses to stop, so Sid pulls the trigger. Mort ducks behind a cart of corpses just as the Sucker bursts to life.

Missing Mort, the Sucker grabs hold of one of the dead bodies and inhales it into her vacuum bag. Quickly regrouping, Sid traps Mort in the crosshairs and prepares to fire once again.

But suddenly, Teen Death guns the accelerator and sends the Death Pinto CRASHING through the gate. Sid spins around to see the car speeding straight for her. She dives for safety just as the Death Pinto skids to a halt.

TEEN DEATH

Run, Mort! Now!

Running like a man possessed, Mort makes a final leap and is engulfed by the clouds.

Rolling about on the ground, Sid gets her bearings and turns the Soul Sucker on Teen Death. She aims the device right at him.

Punching the gas, Teen Death cranks the wheel and heads towards the tunnel. With a final burst of speed, Teen Death escapes just as Sid unleashes a mighty bolt from the Soul Sucker.

But it is too late. They are gone. Sid pulls herself off the ground. She shakes her head with great dread.

SID

Ah, man. I'm gonna get in so much trouble for that.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Maureen pulls up her motorcycle and skids to a halt in front of the very train tracks where her best friend died.

Drunkenly cracking open the last of the six pack, she quickly guzzles down the beer and sadly stares out across the tracks.

(CONTINUED)

MAUREEN

(teary eyed)

Goddam it, Mort. Why'd you have to be such a big fricking idiot?!

She yells at the scene of the accident as if Mort could hear her.

MAUREEN (cont'd)

So what if he dissed you, it's all just bullshit!

She lets rip a belch for the ages, then exasperatedly tosses her empty beer can at the tracks. Fumbling with the ignition, Maureen tries to kick start the bike but it just won't catch.

With one final frustrated kick, the cycle bursts to life.

But just as Maureen shifts it into gear, a blinding white FLASH illuminates the stormy sky. Plummeting to earth, Mort comes CRASHING down from the heavens and lands in her sidecar.

MORT

Any of that beer left?

Maureen SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER at the top of her lungs. Erupting with fear, Maureen cranks the gas and sends the bike flying wildly about.

Mort hangs on for dear life as the sidecar is whip cracked from side to side.

Suddenly, another dazzling FLASH erupts from nowhere. Turning her horrified eyes away from Mort's ghostly visage, Maureen discovers the Death Pinto screaming straight at her like a bat out of hell.

Frantically trying to avoid a collision, Maureen cranks the handlebars to the left. Unable to control the bike, it tumbles into a ditch.

Unable to hold on, Mort flies from the sidecar and passes straight through the motorcycle like it didn't exist. Maureen leans against the embankment and stares at her dead friend in utter shock.

MORT (cont'd)

I guess not.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - LATER

While Teen Death occupies his time by examining and measuring a pack of tree squirrels, Mort helps Maureen pull her bike out of the ditch.

(CONTINUED)

MAUREEN

That's mighty noble of you, risking eternal damnation to ensure Kimberly's happiness.

MORT

Noble is such a complicated word. I prefer 'selfless'.

Maureen examines Mort's eyes. He can feel her searching.

MAUREEN

You're so full of shit. I know you. You're not doing this for her, it's for you.

MORT

How can it be for me, I'm dead.

MAUREEN

I don't know, but it is.

Maureen intensifies her glare. Mort grows more uncomfortable. Then, as if she had seen some crack into his soul, it dawns on Maureen what her friend is doing here.

MAUREEN (cont'd)

You want her for yourself.

MORT

That's ridiculous.

MAUREEN

You don't want her to end up with Lance because you still think you can bag her. That's it, isn't it?

MORT

No, of course not.
(unable to withstand her glare)
Well, maybe.

Maureen throws her hands up in the air in exasperation.

MORT (cont'd)

Come on, you heard what she read at my funeral. She's totally into me right now.

MAUREEN

Don't confuse pity with love. She's just depressed you're road kill, that's all.

MORT

That's where you're wrong. I've seen her future, and the future is me.

Maureen glances over her shoulder to see Teen Death hopping around on one leg.

(CONTINUED)

The squirrel gang, sick of being quantified by the young reaper, have taken his leg bone and ferried it away to save for winter.

MAUREEN

And your skeletal friend's cool with this?

MORT

He doesn't need to know. In a couple days, he'll be working for someone else.

Maureen shrugs. She knows, dead or alive, once Mort gets an idea into his head, there's no getting it out.

MAUREEN

Just when I think that you can't get yourself in any deeper trouble, you go that extra step.

MORT

What can I say, it's a gift.

EXT. OAK TREE - LATER

High up in the oak tree, Mort fights Teen Death's leg bone away from the angry squirrels and tosses it down to Maureen.

Teen Death lies upon the ground while Maureen straddles him with his rodent-chewed leg in her hands. Like a trained physical therapist, she positions the leg just so.

MAUREEN

Next time, maybe you should research something less dangerous. Like worms.

Maureen winks at him, then jams his leg back into place. Teen Death winces as he wiggles his newly re-affixed leg, but finds himself intoxicated by Maureen's odd charm.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The Death Pinto pulls up just out front of a coffee house. As Maureen takes off on her bike, she waves goodbye. Teen Death watches intently as she pulls away.

TEEN DEATH

What's the story with your friend, she dating anyone?

MORT

No, she's got a tendency to scare guys. Why, you interested?

TEEN DEATH

I don't really go for living chicks. Too many 'issues', you know.

But obviously, Teen Death lies. What's left of his eyes follow her until she disappears around the corner.

(CONTINUED)

Mort fiddles around with the skull shaped Death Pez dispenser.

MORT

These Pez thingy's rock. I coulda used some back when I was alive.

TEEN DEATH

They wouldn't have worked. Corporeal beings aren't designed for selective visibility.

MORT

What do you mean selective?

TEEN DEATH

As an ethereal entity, you have much greater flexibility of existence. Your degree of reality is relative according to the individual encounter.

MORT

You totally lost me with that Einstein crap.

Teen Death knows this conversation is going nowhere. So he merely steps out of the car, pops a Death Pez and dematerializes.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Seated amongst a table of various Gen-X hipsters, a GOATEE WEARING HIPSTER reads *As I Lay Dying* while sipping his latte.

Noticing something moving in his coffee, he pulls himself away from his tome to look. Suddenly, Teen Death's head rises up out of his latte.

TEEN DEATH

How's the book?

The Goatee Hipster looks around. No one else at his table appears to see the ghost but him. Despite his bewilderment, he answers the spectre.

GOATEE HIPSTER

Engaging, yet imbued with pathos.

Teen Death smiles, then sinks back down into the latte.

Everyone else at the table stares at the Goatee Hipster talking to his coffee. His embarrassment is apparent.

GOATEE HIPSTER (cont'd)

Ah man, I gotta switch to decaf.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Calmly, Teen Death climbs back into the car and rematerializes.

(CONTINUED)

TEEN DEATH

Understand?

MORT

Sure enough. Now, let's go find Kimberly.

EXT. CEMETERY RIDGE - NIGHT

Sharing a park bench along the cliffs above the cemetery, Kimberly and Lance stare up at the endless sky.

LANCE

His death really makes you wonder what the whole point is, doesn't it? Why we're here. What's it all mean.

KIMBERLY

Don't beat yourself up over it, Lance. It was an accident.

LANCE

Yeah, but I can't help but think - why'd it have to be him and not me?

Pulling up, we see Mort and Teen Death sitting invisibly inside an ancient elm tree. Mort looks as if he's about to vomit.

MORT

I can't believe she's falling for this shit. It's like watching bad Oprah.

TEEN DEATH

Then just come out and haunt her. Moan, rattle some chains, tell her to stay away from him. Job over.

MORT

I can't. It's not that simple.

Lance wraps his arms around Kimberly, but she does not notice. Her mind is still in the heavens.

KIMBERLY

Do you think he's happy wherever he is?

LANCE

I'm sure he's wherever he deserves to be.

Tenderly he kisses her lips. Though she is obviously distracted, she allows him to do it.

Gripped with horror, Mort clutches Teen Death; nearly ripping his arm off. Literally.

MORT

Ah god, I don't want to see th--

Subtly, Lance moves his hand on top of Kimberly's breast.

(CONTINUED)

MORT (cont'd)
Aaaaauuuugghhhh!!

Quickly, but politely, Kimberly pushes Lance's hand away. Embarrassed for getting caught, Lance acts like he has grown even more disgusted with himself.

LANCE
Sorry. I guess I was just so overcome with emotion...

KIMBERLY
That's okay. I understand. But why don't we head home anyway.

Lance escorts her to his car. As the Camero takes off, Mort stewes in his own indignation.

TEEN DEATH
I could kill him if you want. It'd look like an accident.

Though he does not answer, we can tell Mort hasn't totally dismissed the idea either.

EXT. KIMBERLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lance walks Kimberly to her door. An uncomfortable tension surrounds them.

LANCE
I'm sorry about what happened back there. I didn't mean to pressure you again.

KIMBERLY
You don't need to apologize. We're all a little mixed up right now.

LANCE
It's just that the accident's got me thinking. Life's so fragile, we could die at any time. And if we do, I don't want to regret not having done things - special things - with you.

But she takes a moment. Something weighs heavy on her heart.

KIMBERLY
I know, I've been thinking a lot too. In fact, maybe we should take a break for a little while.

LANCE
(alarmed, quickly defensive)
What do you mean 'take a break' - like split up?

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

Maybe, I don't know. It just seems so callous to go on with life and pretend like nothing happened.

LANCE

It's not callous. It's courageous. A little denial is just what we need to let the healing begin.

KIMBERLY

And all this lame Homecoming crap. I mean, how am I supposed to force a smile and wear that stupid tiara after we just buried someone?

LANCE

People need rituals, Kimberly. It reminds them that life goes on. If we break up, if you drop off the court, it tells everyone that nothing matters. That life sucks. And that's just wrong,

(beat)

I know that's what Mort would say.

His response surprises Kimberly. She hadn't considered that.

KIMBERLY

You think? Even after what he wrote?

LANCE

Especially now.

Lance holds Kimberly's hand, dripping with false earnestness. After a brief moment's thought, Kimberly reconsiders.

KIMBERLY

You're right. I'm just being selfish.

LANCE

Yes, you are. But that's what I'm here for, to help you get through this.

He kisses her goodbye. Though he holds it a little longer than what makes Kimberly comfortable, she's now too self-conscious to fight him. Lance pulls back and flashes his teeth.

LANCE (cont'd)

I'll see you tomorrow.

Lance jumps into the Camero and speeds away. Feeling slightly dirty, but not sure why, Kimberly slips inside.

Pulling back, we realize that Mort and Teen Death have been there the entire time - invisible but listening to every word.

(CONTINUED)

TEEN DEATH

Damn, he's good. They're gonna knock booties for sure.

MORT

Well, don't start rooting for the guy.
(nervously primping)
How do I look; is my head on straight?

TEEN DEATH

Your head's fine. Now haunt her and let's get out of here. I wanna get a bite to eat

With Teen Death's prompting, Mort takes a deep breath and then passes through Kimberly front door.

INT. KIMBERLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kimberly quickly runs up the stairs. Hearing her daughter come in, KIMBERLY'S MOTHER shouts out from the living room.

KIMBERLY'S MOM (O.S.)

How'd the date go, dear?

KIMBERLY

It wasn't a date, mom. It was a funeral.

KIMBERLY'S MOM (O.S.)

That's good. Less pressure for sex.

Kimberly rushes into her room and slams the door. Floating up the stairs behind her, Mort stands at the cusp of Kimberly's room. Gathering all his courage, he passes through the wall.

INT. KIMBERLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hiding invisibly behind Kimberly's chest of drawers, Mort watches silently as Kimberly prepares for bed. Slipping out of her dress, Kimberly stands clad in only her bra and panties.

Mort's eyes struggle to remain in their sockets.

Kimberly sashays into the bathroom, closing the door behind her but it remains open just enough for Mort to catch her reflection in the bathroom mirror.

Mort meekly steps out from behind the dresser. With great seriousness, Mort rematerializes and allows himself to become visible once again.

MORT

Um, Kimberly...
(clearing his throat)
...you got a second?

Not hearing Mort, Kimberly's supple fingers reach behind her back and release her satin bra. Gazing at the promised lands, Mort lets out a WHIMPER of unadulterated sexual frustration.

(CONTINUED)

Unable to control his excitement, Mort's head literally tumbles off his body and falls to the floor.

MORT'S HEAD

What the --?

Frantically trying to find his cranium, Mort's body spastically reaches for its head. Unable to see where he's going, he runs into the dresser and knocks it over.

Hearing the commotion, Kimberly reaches for the door.

KIMBERLY

Is somebody out there?

Lunging for his runaway head, Mort's body bumps into the door - shutting Kimberly into the bathroom.

Finally picking up his head, Mort sees his reflection in the mirror. He looks like the Headless Horseman, but with an acne problem.

Embarrassed by his appearance, Mort's body tucks his head like a football, makes like a tailback and dashes through the wall.

EXT. KIMBERLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mort frantically bursts through the wall and floats down to the Death Pinto where Teen Death waits.

MORT

Let's get out of here!

TEEN DEATH

What are you doing? I thought you were gonna talk with her.

Mort jams his head back on. But it sorta leans to the left.

MORT

I can't let her to see me like this. I look like a frickin' zombie.

Teen Death shrugs. There's no arguing with the guy.

INT. KIMBERLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Finally pulling the door open, Kimberly steps out of the bathroom wearing a towel. Her room looks like a disaster area.

Peering out the window, she sees someone who looks like Mort climb into a Pinto. As the car pulls away, it slowly disappears into nothingness.

She jumps away from the window; questioning everything she has just experienced. Frightened, but even more intrigued.

INT. KITCHEN - MORT'S HOUSE - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Mort raids his parents refrigerator, creating the ultimate midnight snack, while Teen Death busies himself examining the fungus growing on the leftover tuna casserole.

MORT

No way. I can't show myself to her now.
She'll think I'm some sideshow freak.

TEEN DEATH

You've got to confront her soon. You've
only got two more days til she's off the
market forever.

MORT

But what good is it if I break up her and
Lance and she pukes when she sees me.

TEEN DEATH

(getting suspicious)

Why should it matter? You're not part of
her destiny anymore.

Mort takes a bite of his hoagie, but the coldcuts slip right
through the gash in his neck.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hearing voices from downstairs, Wendy sits up in bed and nudges
Bruce who sleeps like a log.

WENDY

Honey, do you hear something?

Bruce groans. It's anyone's guess what he means. Concerned, Wendy
throws her bathrobe on and heads downstairs.

INT. KITCHEN - MORT'S HOUSE

Suddenly, it dawns on Mort what he must do.

MORT

That's what I'll do; I'll sabotage Lance.
When she finally sees firsthand what an
prick he is, she'll dump him for sure.

Suddenly, they are jolted by the sound of a woman's SCREAM.
Wendy stands in the doorway, SHRIEKING at the sight of her dead
son sharing a sandwich with a cadaver.

Mort tries to calm her, but it only makes matters worse. She
cowers in the corner, screaming wildly.

MORT (cont'd)

It's me, mom. Mort, your son.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bruce hears Wendy's SCREAMS and leaps out of bed. Grabbing the baseball bat, he thunders down the stairs in his boxer shorts.

INT. KITCHEN - MORT'S HOUSE

Realizing what's going on, Wendy ceases her caterwauling. But just as she calms, Bruce rushes in with his bat whirling.

BRUCE

Get the hell out of my house, you
trespassing crack fiend!

The bat passes through Mort like he where swinging at smoke. No matter what he does, Bruce can't seem to connect.

MORT

Dad, stop it!! It's me!!

Hearing Mort's voice scream out, Bruce looks at what he is swinging at for the first time. He can't believe his eyes.

BRUCE

Mort?

(realizing it is his son)

Jesus, I thought you were some doped up
serial killer or something.

MORT

No, I just wanted a sandwich.

Wendy rushes over to Bruce's side. Though she's obviously freaked out, her maternal instincts start to kick in.

An uncomfortable silence fills the room. Nobody knows what to say to one other.

BRUCE

(making conversation)

So, you've been dead?

MORT

Yep, sure have.

BRUCE

You met God yet?

MORT

Not yet. I think that's later.

Bruce notices Teen Death.

BRUCE

Who's the corpse.

(CONTINUED)

MORT

He's a friend of mine, Dad. Gonna crash here for a few days if that's okay.

TEEN DEATH

(polite, Eddie Haskell-
esque)

You have a lovely house, Mr. Graves.

BRUCE

(sniffing the air)

Jesus, the kid smell like rotten fish.

MORT

I'll get an air freshener, I promise.
It's just til I wrap up a few loose ends.

BRUCE

I suppose that'd be okay.
(beat)

Well, I guess we'd all better get back to bed. Good to have you home, son.

Bruce pats Mort on the shoulder and marches up the stairs. Wendy sheepishly grabs Mort's arm.

WENDY

Ah, Mort. There's something you should probably know.

INT. MORT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mort stands in the doorway, utterly shocked. Nothing is like he left it. Where his bed used to be, he finds a nine foot band-saw. In fact, the entire room is filled with power tools.

MORT

What happened to my room?

WENDY

Your father was anxious to get to work on the Studebaker. You know how he feels about that car.

MORT

But I've only been gone two days.

Mort stands there utterly shocked. It's as if he were more than just dead. It's like he's been erased completely.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - MORT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wendy tucks Mort and Teen Death into the family room hide-a-bed. They look like two dead peas in a pod.

WENDY

Your father means well. He's just not so good at expressing himself.

(CONTINUED)

Mort merely nods. Wendy gives him a kiss on the forehead. To not make him feel left out, she gives Teen Death one too.

As Wendy goes back to bed, Mort stares straight ahead into nothingness. This was not the sort of homecoming he'd imagined.

EXT. MORT'S HOUSE - DAY

When Maureen pulls up on her motorcycle, Mort leaps right into the side car. Teen Death, not knowing where he's gonna sit, shifts about timidly.

MAUREEN

Climb on back, we don't have all day.

Apprehensively, Teen Death straddles the seat and wraps his arms around Maureen's waste. Though he is obviously hesitant, he relishes being so close to her.

Maureen cranks the gas, nearly sending Teen Death flying off. He holds on tighter, both afraid for his life (so to speak) and thrilled at his proximity to an actual live girl.

EXT. MISTAKE BEACH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Like always, Maureen's motorcycle pulls into the school parking lot just as the first period bell rings. While Mort passes through the wall of the side car, Maureen turns to Teen Death.

MAUREEN

You want to come to biology with me? We're dissecting stuff today.

TEEN DEATH

I don't know. We really should keep kinda a low profile...

MAUREEN

Loosen up. You can't expect to work for Creation if you're afraid to live a little.

Maureen's words strike a chord in Teen Death.

TEEN DEATH

You're right. I'll do it.

(turns to Mort)

What about you? Are you coming?

MORT

Nah, you guys go ahead without me. I've got some other things to deal with.

Mort removes the Death Pez and takes one, dematerializing into translucence. He offers one to Teen Death. Teen Death glances over at Maureen, who subtly shakes her head 'no'. Teen Death brushes off the Death Pez.

(CONTINUED)

Mort floats through the wall, leaving Teen Death with Maureen.

MAUREEN

Ready to learn about the real world?

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY

A scalpel slices into a dead frog. Maureen pulls the skin back while Teen Death anxiously peers into the amphibian's innards.

TEEN DEATH

It's so beautiful, isn't it. The way everything's so interconnected.

MAUREEN

I never thought about it like that before.

Teen Death sticks his pencil into the frog and pokes something. Instantly, the frog's legs jerk. Poking it a few more times, Teen Death makes the dead frog jitterbug. Maureen laughs.

But the bio teacher, MR. CULLEN, is not amused.

CULLEN

What's so funny, Grazioso?

MAUREEN

Nothing, sir. Science isn't funny.

Cullen notices Teen Death making the frog dance. His stern brow furrows. Maureen gets nervous.

CULLEN

Are you in this class?

TEEN DEATH

Yeah. I'm the new transfer student. From, uh... Minnesota.

Cullen mulls this over. Though something doesn't fit right with him, he can't quite put his finger on it.

CULLEN

Hmm, I guess that'd explain the paleness. Well then, carry on.

As he turns away, Maureen and Teen Death share a laugh. Despite their different backgrounds, they are cut from the same cloth.

INT. MISTAKE BEACH HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

The frumpy JANITOR takes his favorite crowbar and jams it into the side of Mort's locker. With a quick flip of the wrist, he pries open the metal door and exposes Mort's messy cubicle.

He haphazardly glances at Mort's belongings (comic books, gym clothes, textbooks) as he tosses them into the trash can.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

What are you doing?

Kimberly dashes up to Mort's locker and slams the door shut.

JANITOR

Just cleaning out the dead kid's locker.

KIMBERLY

Don't throw his stuff away, it might mean something to someone.

JANITOR

You think someone's gonna get sentimental about his dirty gym shorts?

KIMBERLY

Maybe not that, but maybe...

Kimberly spots Mort's student i.d. sitting on the trash heap and plucks it out.

KIMBERLY (cont'd)

Maybe they'd like something to remember him by.

JANITOR

Suit yourself. Someone wants it, they can have it.

The Janitor exits. Kimberly gazes at Mort's picture and thinks back to last night. She is haunted by the vision beneath her window.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

While the ENGLISH TEACHER reads from the poetry of W.B. Yeats, Kimberly wistfully stares out the window. In her hand she holds Mort's student i.d.

ENGLISH TEACHER

(reading poetry)

When you are old and grey and full of
sleep

And nodding by the fire, take down this
book,

Outside the window, Mort sits upon a tree branch - invisible - gazing inside at Kimberly. As he has done so many times before.

ENGLISH TEACHER (cont'd)

And slowly read, and dream of the soft
look

Your eyes had once, and of their shadows
deep;

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The Homecoming Parade marches down the town's Main Street. Though many of the storefronts are boarded up, the crepe paper floats do appear to brighten the day.

Fulfilling their duties as King and Queen, Kimberly and Lance stand side by side waving to the crowd.

ENGLISH TEACHER (V.O.)

*How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty false or true,*

And floating along side of her is Mort. Like a translucent secret service agent there to protect her every step. His voice soon drowns out the English Teacher and recites the poem.

MORT (V.O.)

(reading the poem)

*But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing
face;*

EXT. RUINS - DUSK

Flames leap up to the sky as the students throw more wood upon the giant victory bonfire. And though as queen she remains at the center of it all, Kimberly fights to remain interested.

MORT (V.O.)

(reading poetry)

*And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled*

But seated right beside her is Mort. He places his hand upon hers. And though she cannot physically feel his touch, her spirit is lifted nonetheless.

MORT (V.O.) (cont'd)

*And paced upon the mountain overhead And
hid his face amid a crowd of stars.*

Flying upwards, the sparks from the fire pass through Mort's ethereal figure and mingle with the early evening stars.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Pulling down from the starry sky, the stadium lights blare with intense fury upon the packed stands. The entire town has come to cheer their team to victory.

Marching out of the locker room, Lance leads his team out to the field where a makeshift stage has been constructed for the Homecoming coronation proceedings.

(CONTINUED)

LANCE

Of course I'm gonna get laid. It's tradition. It'd be like celebrating Thanksgiving and not eating turkey.

EDDIE

I don't know, man. She's been giving you the Heisman for two years now.

LANCE

Yeah, well, tomorrow night, that all's gonna change in a big fucking way.

Without another word, Lance charges up to the stage where Kimberly already waits to be crowned.

EXT. GRANDSTANDS - FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Relegated to the back of the grandstands, Maureen and Mort watching as Kimberly and Lance are officially congratulated by the town's MAYOR. Kimberly tries to disguise a fierce yawn.

MAUREEN

Are you sure they end up together? She looks bored to death.

MORT

That's what her destiny file said.

MAUREEN

Maybe she doesn't live out her destiny.

Teen Death, carrying a big black bag, sidles up next to Mort.

TEEN DEATH

You ready for showtime?

MORT

You got the props?

TEEN DEATH

All except the bloody intestine, but I figured we could improvise.

Maureen nudges Mort.

MAUREEN

You didn't think about that, did you?

MORT

Think about what, improvising?

MAUREEN

No. What Kimberly wants.

(CONTINUED)

MORT

She wants me. I already know that.
(to Teen Death)
Pez me.

Teen Death dispenses him the skull shaped candy. Mort dematerializes and descends through the stadium floor. Teen Death follows suit. Maureen shakes her head with disgust.

EXT. STAGE - FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

The porcine MAYOR of Mistake Beach places a tiara upon Kimberly's head and kisses her jubilantly upon the cheek. Lifting the King's crown up high in the air, the Mayor places it upon Lance's pride-swelled head.

MAYOR

By the power invested me by the City of
Mistake Beach, I crown you King and Queen
of Homecoming Week.

The crowd erupts with great cheers. The marching band breaks into the fight song. Lance lifts his arms in a victory salute.

Without asking Kimberly, Lance leans over and kisses her to the delight of the crowd. Not wanting to disappoint the town, Kimberly smiles and waves.

LANCE

(grabbing microphone)
Thank you. I think I speak for both Kimberly
and myself when I say what an honor this
is...

Just as Lance proceeds with his speech, a small FIREBALL ERUPTS from the middle of the football field. Though the flames rise ten feet high, no one but Lance appears to notice.

LANCE (cont'd)

(shocked, but carrying on)
...to be chosen by our peers...

Suddenly, out of the flames arises Teen Death dressed in a Shakespearian costume.

TEEN DEATH

(theatrical, full of show)
Ladies and gentlemen, for your viewing
pleasure, the Netherworld Players present,
for one night only, the gristly tragedy of
"Mort the Dead Teenager"!

Lance looks around the stadium to see if anyone else notices the talking corpse, but all eyes appear to be on him.

LANCE

(struggling for words)
...and...I...

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly Mort emerges from the ground, looking exactly as he did upon that fateful day.

TEEN DEATH

The part of Mort Graves shall be played by his eternal soul, while the role of Lance DaSilva shall be your's truly.

Shaking with fear, Lance steps backwards. His morbid dread, unlike last night, appears to be all too real.

TEEN DEATH (cont'd)

(playing Lance)

Don't touch my car you pussy or I'll beat the crap out of you.

MORT

But I just wanted to talk to Kimberly.

Teen Death punches Mort several times in the stomach.

TEEN DEATH

(as Lance)

No way, fag! Let's drag!

Both Mort and Teen Death leap into the air and sit down in invisible seats. Punching the invisible gas, Mort and Teen Death skid out and drive around the field.

LANCE

(starting to lose it)

But it wasn't like that, I swear!

The crowd glances about, wondering what's happening to their King. Still, no one appears to see Mort but Lance.

Kimberly, sensing something is not right with Lance, reaches out to him.

KIMBERLY

Are you okay, Lance?

Weaving in and out of the marching band, their tires screech and engines rev, but nothing appears to be there.

As Mort and Teen Death head for the straightaway, an enormous TRAIN ENGINE bursts through the stadium wall and runs over Mort. Mort's invisible car bursts into flames.

LANCE

Aaaauuggggghhhh!!!!

Lance freaks out. He charges off the field, desperately trying to get away from the spectres.

Mort steps from the burning wreckage and elbows Teen Death.

(CONTINUED)

MORT

You know, I don't think I ever really appreciated the power of theater before.

EXT. BENEATH THE STANDS - NIGHT

Crouched in the fetal position beneath the grandstand, Lance's eyes twitch wildly. Kimberly rushes to his side.

KIMBERLY

Lance, are you okay?

Just being confronted by Kimberly seems to force Lance to get a grip on reality. He shakes his head, trying to clear it.

LANCE

Yeah, I just needed to stretch my hamstrings a little.

Not wanting to appear strange, he pulls himself out of his makeshift womb and marches to the sidelines.

EXT. SIDE LINES - FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Though still a little jittery, Lance leads the team out on the field with confidence. The concerned crowd cheers, watching their hometown hero bounce back. Even Kimberly applauds Lance's return, relieved to see him back to normal.

Pulling back, we see Mort glance over at Teen Death. They know what they must do.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LATER

Despite the haunting, Lance plays a remarkable game. Straight arming the safety, he breaks the tackle and punches it into the endzone.

As Lance's teammates maul him with delight, he turns to the stands and gives Kimberly the "thumbs up" sign. Dina nudges her compatriot.

DINA

What did I tell you. You two were destined for each other.

Embarrassed by the attention, but flattered nonetheless, Kimberly smiles and acknowledges Lance's gesture.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LATER

With only five seconds left on the clock, the scoreboard reads "Mistake Beach - 14, Visitor - 19". The Mistake Beach team has the ball on the two yard line. Victory is in their grasp.

Lance commands the huddle, calling the final play.

(CONTINUED)

LANCE

Shotgun formation. Quarterback sneak to the left. On two. Break.

The team charges to the line of scrimmage. With the entire town watching, Lance shouts out his audibles.

LANCE (cont'd)

Hut, hike!

Eddie snaps him the ball. It flies through the air, landing safely in Lance's hands. But as he drops back, he winces in pain, as if someone were biting his thumb.

In his hands is not the regulation pigskin, but Mort's head.

MORT

I still think you're a fascist.

Lance freaks out, instantly dropping the head.

The second it touches the turf, Lance glances back down again and discovers that he has just fumbled the ball - not a head.

Before he can think to pick it up, a LINEBACKER the size of Texas pounds him like a neutron bomb. While the defensive end picks up the ball and runs it ninety-eight yards for a touchdown, the rest of the visiting squad piles on Lance.

On the sidelines, Kimberly watches in agony as Lance gets repeatedly drilled into the ground.

EXT. SIDELINES - FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

The grandstands are empty. Lance sits alone on the bench. He stares up at the scoreboard which taunts him. Unbeknownst to him, Mort and Teen Death joyfully watch from beside the Gatorade cooler.

Mort nudges Teen Death with great satisfaction.

MORT

Revenge really is underrated.

But just then, Kimberly walks back on the field. She looks at Lance with great sympathy.

KIMBERLY

You played really well. I mean, with the exception of that one play.

LANCE

Yeah, but that one play cost us the game.

KIMBERLY

A person shouldn't be judged by their worst moment.

(CONTINUED)

LANCE

But this was supposed to be my best.

Kimberly slides up next to Lance and compassionately holds his hand. She searches his eyes for the cause of his pain.

KIMBERLY

What happened out there? You totally freaked out.

Embarrassed, but still too freaked to censor himself, Lance tells Kimberly the truth.

LANCE

Mort's ghost came to me. He was saying shit.

KIMBERLY

(bewitched)

He was? What was it, what'd he say?

Lance, seeing Kimberly staring tenderly at him, suddenly shifts gears. His once real pain and anguish is instantly replaced by his best prefab angst.

LANCE

He told me that you and I would be together. Always.

Filled with emotion, Kimberly wraps her arms around Lance and holds him tight. Lance eats it up.

Mort stares at Kimberly and Lance with supreme horror. He has no one to blame but himself.

TEEN DEATH

See what I mean. The universe always has time left to screw you.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Unable to crack open his beer, Mort uses his own tombstone as a bottle opener. Leaning down next to Teen Death, he takes a sip of the malt beverage but is sadly disappointed when the liquid merely dribbles out of the gash in his neck.

He smashes the bottle against a mausoleum, sending foam everywhere. Maureen scowls at Mort.

MAUREEN

Then why don't you just show yourself?

MORT

Chicks don't dig guys with severed heads.

MAUREEN

That's rather presumptuous of you.

(CONTINUED)

MORT

No, it's not. It's true.

Teen Death sadly nods his head in agreement.

TEEN DEATH

The guys in Creation always get the girls.
They think we smell like formaldehyde.

MAUREEN

Well, obviously undermining him isn't doing the trick. You can't win a person's heart just by making the other guy look worse than you.

MORT

It's always worked for Lance.

MAUREEN

You don't want to be him, remember?

Though he won't admit it, Mort knows Maureen is right.

MAUREEN (cont'd)

If you want Kimberly to fall in love with you, you can't be afraid to show her who you really are.

MORT

Even if the real me looks like Frankenstein?

MAUREEN

Sure. You can't rise from the dead without putting your balls on the line.

Realizing that Maureen has just exposed his secret, Mort flashes her a deadly glare. But it is too late, Teen Death picks up on her comment.

TEEN DEATH

Rise from the dead? What are you talking about?

MORT

Nothing. She's just being metaphoric.

TEEN DEATH

No, if you were alive, then it would be metaphoric. But you're not, so it's not.

MAUREEN

Mort's got this wacky idea that if Kimberly falls in love with him, he'll be resurrected or something.

Teen Death fumes. Mort cringes. He's been caught.

(CONTINUED)

TEEN DEATH

(pissed off)

You bastard! That's what all of this is about, isn't it? You didn't want to help me out, you just wanted to cheat death.

MORT

Well, can you blame me? Death sucks.

TEEN DEATH

Your little stunt could get me fired.

MORT

That's what you want, isn't it? Out of that shitty job.

TEEN DEATH

You don't understand. When they fire you, they literally set you on fire.

MORT

Look, if it wasn't for me, you'd still be too big a chicken shit to even apply for that Creation job. But here you are, on earth, ready to go for it.

(beat)

You're the one who ought to be thanking me for helping you show some sack.

Exasperated, Teen Death doesn't know what else to say. He merely buries his head in his hands. Guilt hits Mort.

MORT (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I'm a total prick for tricking you like that.

TEEN DEATH

Yeah, you are. But you're right. I didn't have the guts to come down here by myself.

MORT

So what now? You gonna drag me back?

Teen Death thinks about it for a while, then shakes his head. In his eyes we see a determination heretofore undiscovered.

TEEN DEATH

No, I'm gonna get that job. And you're gonna reveal yourself to Kimberly.

Mort breathes a huge sigh of relief. Teen Death smiles. They've come too far to back out now.

EXT. KONVENIENCE KORNER - NIGHT

As the Death Pinto pulls into the parking lot, Maureen hands Mort several make-up containers.

(CONTINUED)

MAUREEN

Try putting base on the spots where the gangrene's set in, and maybe some blush to draw attention away from your neck.

MORT

Thanks, Mo. You're a pal.

Mort climbs out and opens the door for Maureen. But instead, she slips into the front seat next to Teen Death.

MORT (cont'd)

Aren't you coming?

MAUREEN

No, you go ahead without me. I'm gonna show your buddy around town.

Mort, realizing that Maureen has much more than that planned for his friend, smiles broadly. Maureen shrugs, embarrassed.

MAUREEN (cont'd)

What can I say, I'm weird.

And with that, the Death Pinto pulls away in a cloud of dust.

INT. KONVENIENCE KORNER - DAY

Mort slams a bottle of Thunderbird on the counter.

TERRENCE

What sort of identification do you have for me today? A green card, Canadian military, CIA authorization?

Mort presents his official death certificate to Terrence.

MORT

This should be sufficient.

TERRENCE

It says you're seventeen.

MORT

Yes, but I'm a dead seventeen. Which is basically the same as being middle aged.

Terrence hands Mort the certificate back and places the beer behind the counter.

TERRENCE

Sorry, you are simply not old enough.

MORT

But I'm dead. I'm not going to get any older.

(CONTINUED)

TERRENCE

Then come back when you've been dead four
more years.

EXT. POST-GAME PARTY - MISTAKE BEACH - NIGHT

Drunken teenagers infest the desolate beach as they huddle around
a campfire. Lance, drunkest of all, lies slumped against his
inebriated wide receiver, mumbling to himself.

LANCE

(drunken mumbling)

We coulda won that game...stupid
head...football....

Kimberly feigns interest, but her attention is soon drawn
elsewhere when a haunting voice seems to speak out for her.

HAUNTING VOICE

Kimberly

Kimberly looks over her shoulder but no one is there. When the
voice calls out for her again, she gazes down the beach to the
far away bock dock where a flickering light seems to bid her
onward.

After a moment's hesitation, Kimberly turns her back on the party
to investigate the strange invitation.

EXT. BOAT DOCK - MISTAKE BEACH - NIGHT

Stepping on to the dock, Kimberly sees an abandoned lantern
burning upon the edge of the water.

KIMBERLY

Hello, was someone calling me?

From behind the boat house steps Mort. He wears a stunning white
dinner jacket and holds a bottle of Nyquil. If it weren't for
the three pounds of heavily caked make-up applied to his face,
he'd look a little like Laurence Olivier.

MORT

I must plead guilty to that charge.

KIMBERLY

(stunned, in awe)

Mort, is that you?! But you're dead.

Mort laughs with a forced sophisticated air.

MORT

Ah, those silly rumors again. No, as you
can see, I'm very much alive.

KIMBERLY

But I went to your funeral. They buried
you.

(CONTINUED)

MORT

Oh, I was quite ill for a while. But you know how things can get blown way out of proportion.

(holds out the bottle)

Would you care for some Nyquil? It's three percent alcohol.

As Mort starts to nervously sweat, the make-up on his face slowly washes away. It almost looks as if he were melting.

KIMBERLY

Is there something wrong with your face?

MORT

(instantly paranoid)

No, of course not. Why would there be something wrong with my --

In his attempts to hide his head, Mort accidentally knocks it clean off. It tumbles to the dock, falling at Kimberly's feet.

Embarrassed, Mort's body quickly grabs hold of its cranium and jams it into place. But the damage is done, the illusion is broken.

KIMBERLY

Are you okay? Did you hurt yourself?

MORT

(kicking himself inside)

No, just my pride. I bet I look like a freak, don't I?

KIMBERLY

No, you're very *Wuthering Heights*.

MORT

Really? That's a good thing, right?

KIMBERLY

Fantastic. The best.

Kimberly's words cause Mort to smile. Even though his head is still slightly askew.

IN THE BACKGROUND

we notice a car pull up along the cliffs above the shoreline and park beneath an oak tree. The KID driving, climbs out with a backpack slung over his shoulder and stands on the hood of the car.

Mort notices the strange behavior but does not want to take any of his attention away from Kimberly.

KIMBERLY (cont'd)

That was you the other night, wasn't it?

(CONTINUED)

MORT

Uh, yeah.

KIMBERLY

Why did you run away? I wanted to talk with you.

MORT

I thought I'd scare you.

KIMBERLY

You did, but in a good way. It was really exciting to see you.

In the background, the kid pulls a rope out of the backpack and ties a noose with it. He tugs it tight.

Mort watches the kid tosses the free end of the rope over an overhanging branch and ties it off to the tree trunk.

While exhilarated about his moment with Kimberly, he finds himself distracted by what is happening upon the cliff tops.

KIMBERLY (cont'd)

So what's it like? Being dead that is?

MORT

(distracted)

Kinda like being a teenager, I guess. You got nowhere to go and it takes forever to get there.

KIMBERLY

It must be awful if it brought you back here. Even eternal damnation would be better than living in this place.

Just then, the kid sticks his head into the noose and leaps off the car. His feet kick wildly as he swings about in the air.

Mort's eyes bolt open when he notices the dangling kid.

MORT

Holy shit!!

Without another moment's thought, Mort runs down the dock and rushes to the oak tree. Kimberly quickly follows.

While the kid clutches at his throat, gasping for air, Mort supports him while Kimberly tries to cut him loose.

INT. OAK TREE - LATER

With the remnants of the severed noose still dangling from his neck, the SUICIDE KID listens intently to Mort.

SUICIDE KID

The afterlife's that bad, eh?

(CONTINUED)

MORT

And let me tell you, once you get past the toll booth it doesn't get much better.

SUICIDE KID

It doesn't?

MORT

Nah, they make you sit around for eternity in a hamburger joint.

SUICIDE KID

I could live with that.

Just as the Suicide Kid contemplatively fingers the noose, Kimberly speaks up.

KIMBERLY

I tried to kill myself once.

Kimberly's remark surprises both the Suicide Kid and Mort.

MORT & SUICIDE KID

You did?

KIMBERLY

Uh huh. I overdosed on pills from my mom's medicine cabinet.

SUICIDE KID

What happened?

KIMBERLY

Nothing. It turns out I'd only taken her Prozac. I just got really giggly and agreeable for a week.

Kimberly's remarks make the Suicide Kid smile.

SUICIDE KID

Why'd you do it?

KIMBERLY

I don't know. I felt like an imposter. Like everyone had this image of me that I couldn't possibly live up to - so why bother.

SUICIDE KID

My parents tell all their friends I'm an honor student. But I haven't passed math in two years.

KIMBERLY

And you figured, 'maybe when I'm gone they'll finally see what I'm really like'.

(CONTINUED)

SUICIDE KID

Yeah.

KIMBERLY

(turning to Mort)

Is that how it works, Mort?

MORT

No, they understand you even less.

Mort's words make the Suicide Kid think.

SUICIDE KID

I guess I never really thought this through all the way. At least, not the being dead part.

KIMBERLY

I should say not.

The Suicide Kid stands up, slowly removing the noose from his neck. Rather embarrassed, he climbs back into his car.

SUICIDE KID

I'd better head home. I got an algebra assignment due to tomorrow. The teacher can be a real bitch if you turn it in late

The Suicide Kid drops the noose on the ground as his car peels out. Mort and Kimberly exchange a look, then bust out laughing.

INT. GOODWILL - DAY

Maureen rummages through the rack of second hand suits while Teen Death tries on various polyester sport coats.

TEEN DEATH

Why can't I just wear my uniform?

MAUREEN

Because you want to give the impression that you're a real up and comer. Not some burger flipper.

(pulls out a plaid jacket)

Try this one. It's got a fancy label.

Teen Death slips it on. It drapes over him like he were merely a coat hanger.

TEEN DEATH

Too roomy in the back. It makes my butt look big.

Teen Death hands it back and slips on a used Nehru jacket.

MAUREEN

How's your resume shaping up?

(CONTINUED)

Teen Death pulls out a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket.

TEEN DEATH

(reading)

"Education - flunked out Netherworld Polytech. Work experience - hauled dead bodies. 1643 to present". That's it.

MAUREEN

First off, no one expects you to tell the truth on those things.

TEEN DEATH

They don't?

MAUREEN

Nope. Mostly they read 'em to see how creative you are.

TEEN DEATH

So I should lie?

MAUREEN

You don't have to lie, you just have to refine your presentation skills. For example, you didn't 'haul dead bodies', you were a post-mortem biological courier.

TEEN DEATH

(extremely impressed)

Damn, you're good.

MAUREEN

It's about time someone figured that out.

Teen Death examines Maureen for a moment, quite puzzled.

TEEN DEATH

What's your deal, anyway? Why aren't you dating anyone? You're cool.

MAUREEN

I don't know. Unless you've got a rack like a porn star, guys won't bother checking out what's on the inside.

Inspired, Teen Death places his head upon her shoulder. However, rather than merely resting it there, he literally immerses it inside her - like a snorkeler gazing at the treasures below the sea's surface.

Extracting himself, Teen Death smiles at her with sincerity.

TEEN DEATH

Your insides look great to me.

(CONTINUED)

Unable to control her emotions, Maureen grabs Teen Death and plants upon him the most passionate kiss ever shared between the living and the dead.

Breaking apart, Maureen dreamily stares into Teen Death's eyes.

MAUREEN

Why are the best guys always dead?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mort walks with Kimberly, floating beside her.

MORT

Did you really try to kill yourself or were you just saying that to stop him?

KIMBERLY

I never actually went through with it, but I came close a few times.

They stop in front of what appears to be a utility kiosk. Mort jimmies the handle and forces open the door.

MORT

But why would you even think about it, your life's perfect.

KIMBERLY

It is, huh?

Mort ushers Kimberly inside. Without hesitation, she enters.

INT. UTILITY TUNNELS - UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Mort leads Kimberly through the subterranean tunnels. Dangerous electric wires span the walls. Small trickles of water slither down the floor.

MORT

I didn't know your parents broke up.

KIMBERLY

That's because they don't want anyone to know. 'We must keep up appearances'. They don't even talk to one another anymore. I'm their go-between.

MORT

I had no idea you had to deal with that kind of shit.

KIMBERLY

You don't get along with your folks either, do you?

(CONTINUED)

MORT

Not really. Dad's disappointed that Mom gave birth to a son and not a car.

Kimberly takes a moment and really considers Mort; finding in him a fellow restless soul.

KIMBERLY

Why did you come back? I'd have thought you'd had enough of everyone down here.

MORT

I had a few things I needed to work out.

KIMBERLY

Unresolved issues?

MORT

You could say that.

Mort stops Kimberly. Directly above them is an iron grate. Mort floats up through the grate and pulls it free. He bids Kimberly to climb the wire ladder. She does so.

INT. DILAPIDATED MILL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Kimberly pulls herself up into the cavernous room. Though the walls are crumbling, vegetation invades everywhere and it appears that the once proud structure might collapse at any second, it shines with an eerie beauty.

Only the moonlight creeping in from the holes in the ceiling illuminate the turn of the century structure.

KIMBERLY

My god, where are we?

MORT

Beneath the mill ruins. Back when I had a pulse, I used to come down here and think.

KIMBERLY

I had no idea this place existed.

MORT

The best stuff's always secret.

Mort takes Kimberly's hand and leads her into the room.

MORT (cont'd)

That was you that wrote that note to me, right? I mean, I didn't get hit by a train for the wrong person, did I?

KIMBERLY

No, I'm the guilty party.

(CONTINUED)

MORT

Why didn't you sign your name?

KIMBERLY

I was afraid you didn't like me.

Kimberly's words stop Mort right in his tracks.

MORT

You didn't think I liked you?!

KIMBERLY

You were sporting the whole angry young man 'tude. How was I supposed to know?

Mort is stunned. Never in a million years did he think that would be the case. He can do nothing but laugh.

MORT

God, I'm stupid.

INT. MACHINERY - MILL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Kimberly dangles from the machine's swing arm. Mort floats about, making circles around her.

KIMBERLY

I'd love to get out of this town. Just grab my diploma and never come back.

MORT

Really? Where would you go?

Kimberly's eyes sparkle as never before as she paints Mort a picture of her dreamed destiny.

KIMBERLY

Anywhere. Maybe Prague. I could write novels about the emptiness of modern existence, while my bohemian lover Vaclav works in a bread factory.

MORT

I could see you doing the bohemian thing.

KIMBERLY

You could?

MORT

Totally. You'd look great in a black turtleneck and beret.

Kimberly laughs. Her dreams shine through.

MORT (cont'd)

But what about Lance?

Quickly, her expression turns to sad resignation.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

I don't know. When we first started going out, I thought he was the bomb. All my friends were jealous. It was great. But...

MORT

But what?

KIMBERLY

But I don't think I'm that person anymore.
(beat)

I'm afraid to wake up thirty years from now, stuck in this town and realize that I gave up everything just for some guy.

MORT

Then why don't you just dump his ass?

KIMBERLY

If I did, I'd lose half my friends. And the other half would think I was nuts.

MORT

That's bullshit. You can do anything you --

Unable to restrain his passionate feelings, Mort's head tumbles off his shoulders. It rolls underneath the machine.

MORT (cont'd)

Ah, man. Maybe I shoulda used duct tape.

Mort's body flails about, trying to find its head. Kimberly calmly gets on her knees and reaches under the machine.

KIMBERLY

Relax, I'll get it.

Shoving aside random junk, Kimberly grabs Mort's head and pulls it out. Wiping off the dust bunnies, Kimberly places the head on Mort's neck.

KIMBERLY (cont'd)

Like this?

MORT

Yeah, now give it a twist.

With a hard jerk, Kimberly reattaches the head. Using the bow from her hair, Kimberly secures it on his neck.

KIMBERLY

That should help you keep your head. Har har har.

MORT

(really embarrassed)

Thanks, Kimberly. I'm sorry I'm such a pain in the butt.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

Don't worry about it.

The tension between them grows as their lips draw nearer. Mort trembles, praying his resurrection is nigh.

But before they can kiss, a shaft of sunlight breaks through the crumbling ceiling. Kimberly steps back, worried.

KIMBERLY (cont'd)

Oh my god, it's morning already. My parents are going to kill me.

Sadly, Mort knows that the spirit of the moment has died.

MORT

I guess we'd better head back then.

EXT. KIMBERLY'S HOUSE - DAWN

Mort helps Kimberly climb up the drainpipe and sneak in through her bedroom window. Once safely inside, she turns to Mort.

KIMBERLY

Are you going to be here tomorrow; I mean, you don't turn back into a pumpkin or anything, do you?

MORT

Not a pumpkin, no.

KIMBERLY

Good. Because I was wondering if maybe you'd like to go to the dance with me.

~~Kimberly's request really blows Mort's mind.~~

MORT

But you're supposed to go with Lance?

KIMBERLY

Yeah, I am. But I want to go with you.

MORT

Are you sure? I mean, I don't come all in one piece anymore.

KIMBERLY

I'll take what I can get.

Mort can't help but like this girl. But just then, Kimberly's mother's voice booms out from out in the hallway.

KIMBERLY'S MOM (O.S.)

Kimberly, is that you?

Letting her escape, Mort quickly answers.

(CONTINUED)

MORT

I'll pick you up around seven.

Kimberly blows Mort a kiss, then slams down the window pane and shuts the curtains. Mort hovers deliriously outside.

MORT (cont'd)

She's gonna dump Lance for me.

(beat)

I'm so fucking money!!

Mort turns and victoriously floats down the street.

INT. MORT'S HOUSE - DAWN

The rattle of the front door awakens Bruce, who's fallen asleep in his La-Z-Boy. He checks his watch as Mort walks inside.

BRUCE

Where the hell were you all night.

MORT

I was just out hanging with friends.

BRUCE

I thought something might have happened.

MORT

What could happen, I'm already dead.

BRUCE

That's not the point. At least call next time and let us know where you are.

Bruce extracts himself from the lounge chair and walks up to his son. It appears that he wants to hug the boy, but something inside him makes him stop.

And with that, Bruce goes to bed. Mort stands in the middle of the living room, very much alone.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - MORT'S HOUSE - MORNING

Mort sleeps on the couch twisted like a pretzel. A KNOCK on the window violently awakens him. Glancing up, he sees Teen Death mischievously waving to him from outside.

EXT. MORT'S HOUSE - DAY

Teen Death leans against the Death Pinto with a newfound confidence. Mort stares at him with an expression somewhere between astonishment and repulsion.

MORT

Right there in the Goodwill store?

TEEN DEATH

What can I say, she's a total animal.

(CONTINUED)

Mort shakes his head, that's one image he'd rather not have floating around in there.

MORT

Kick butt on your interview. You're gonna blow their minds.

TEEN DEATH

I hope. But what if they totally slam me?

MORT

Are you kidding? You've traveled. You've been to suburbia and back. Employers love that crap.

Mort's words strike a chord with Teen Death. His resolve grows.

TEEN DEATH

You're right. I'm cultured. I've done things. I've been jumped by a live chick.

MORT

A live chick who knows more about the birds and bees than probably half those guys in Creation.

Completely fired up, Teen Death extends his hand out to Mort who gladly shakes it.

TEEN DEATH

Thanks, man. I owe you everything.

MORT

Always happy to share my world with the less fortunate.

Teen Death climbs into the Death Pinto and fires the engine.

TEEN DEATH

And remember, you gotta be back tomorrow before my dad get's home or we're screwed.

MORT

Don't worry about a thing, I'm cool.

The Death Pinto burns down the road and is engulfed in a flash of white light. Mort watches his buddy disappear with a certain sense of dread.

MORT (cont'd)

God, I hope I'm cool.

INT. LANCE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hitching his bow tie, Lance finishes putting on his tuxedo. He practices his stunning grin in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

In the mirror's reflection, Lance notices his father RAY standing in the doorway sucking down a Pabst Blue Ribbon.

RAY

You played like shit last night.

LANCE

I'll do better next week.

RAY

You'd better. Notre Dame doesn't take QB's who can't hold on to the ball.

Ray hands his son his beer. Lance takes a big swig.

RAY (cont'd)

You poke that Dimenmein girl yet?

LANCE

Almost. She's playing hard to get.

RAY

Goddam tease, just like your mother.

Ray reaches into his wallet and removes an aged condom.

RAY (cont'd)

Well, when you do nail her, make sure you wear one of these. You don't want to have to marry the bitch.

LANCE

You don't need to lecture me again.

RAY

It ain't a lecture. It's family history. If your mother didn't get knocked up with you, I woulda --

LANCE

You'd be playing pro ball today. You've told me a million times, pop.

RAY

And if you'd listen, I wouldn't have to repeat myself.

Ray polishes off the beer, then crushes the can against Lance's head and tosses it in the trash before walking away.

LANCE

(mumbling to himself)

Don't blame me for your shitty life.

Lance peers at himself in the mirror with fierce determination. He tosses the borrowed condom right out the window.

EXT. KIMBERLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Utterly shocked by what he has just heard, Lance angrily crushes the corsage in his fingers. Kimberly stands in the doorway, intimidated by Lance but refusing to give her ground.

LANCE

What do you mean you're not going with me?

KIMBERLY

Things have come up. Things I hadn't planned on.

LANCE

Then who are you going with?

KIMBERLY :

Nobody. I'm going by myself.

Lance goes into a rage. He cannot believe what he's hearing.

LANCE

That's it? After two years, you're dumping me right before our big night. That's total crap!

Kimberly's expression hardens. Her feelings for Lance quickly die away.

KIMBERLY

That's life.

Kimberly shuts the door on him.

INT. DEATH BURGER SHACK - NETHERWORLD

Emerging from the back, Teen Death smooths out his suit and straightens his tie. With the exception of the patches of rotting flesh, he looks every inch the young professional.

Just as he grabs his portfolio, the phone rings. Though he would love to ignore it, he knows he cannot.

TEEN DEATH

(picking up phone)

Hello?

The Grim Reaper's voice leaps out of the phone receiver. The chaotic sounds of the Reaper convention rage behind him

GRIM REAPER (O.S.)

(over phone)

Good. You're there. I kept getting the machine.

Teen Death instantly freezes. His father's voice causes what blood is left in him to drain from his face.

(CONTINUED)

TEEN DEATH
(afraid, timid)
It's just been real busy, that's all.

GRIM REAPER (O.S.)
(over phone)
It'd better be. I don't wanna hear you've
been throwing wild parties while I'm gone.

TEEN DEATH
No, sir. I'd never do that.

GRIM REAPER (O.S.)
(over phone)
Good. Because if I get home tomorrow and
find out that you've been lying to me,
I'll smack your backside 'til it comes out
the front.

The Grim Reaper slams the phone down. The line goes dead.

Teen Death hangs up the phone with great trepidation. But slowly,
the confidence that his trip to earth brought to him washes across
his face.

With renewed resolution, he grabs his portfolio and charges out
the door.

EXT. SEACLIFFS - SUNSET

Standing below an imposing oak tree dripping with Spanish moss,
Kimberly lets her flowing dress whip about in the wind as the
sun dips into the sea.

KIMBERLY
Mort? Are you out here?

Just then an amazing sight appears over the cliff's edge. Rising
up from the beach far below, Mort - dressed in an odd fitting
70s style tuxedo - floats midair above the surging sea.

MORT
I hope I'm not late.

Kimberly has to smile. This guy is truly special.

KIMBERLY
You're just on time.

Mort softly lands beside her and hands her a bouquet of daisies.
Her eyes sparkle, too happy for words.

EXT. SEACLIFFS - LATER

Watching the picturesque sunset upon the seaside, Kimberly enjoys
the simple picnic that Mort has prepared for her.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

Hands down, this is the best peanut butter sandwich I've ever had.

MORT

Sorry it's not some fancy restaurant. I've been kinda low on cash since dying.

KIMBERLY

Are you kidding, this so romantic. Why aren't you having anything?

MORT

There's no point really. Without a body, it just sort of slides right through.

Rather than back away from the uncomfortable issue, Kimberly leans forward with great interest.

KIMBERLY

After you've finished down here and you've gotta go back, what happens next?

MORT

Don't know. I wasn't paying much attention when they were explaining all that.

KIMBERLY

Maybe they'll reincarnate you. You can come back as a spider monkey or something.

MORT

I was kinda hoping for something else.

KIMBERLY

Like what?

Mort finds it difficult to find the right words.

MORT

Back in Iowa, I saw this woman. She was dead. Her spirit was just hanging out. When her husband kissed her - shazam - she got sucked right back into her body. Alive.

Kimberly's more than aware of what Mort implies. And though she cares for him, it's a lot to have placed upon your shoulders.

KIMBERLY

And that's the 'something else'?

Realizing that he's shown his hand, Mort quickly backpedals.

MORT

(dismissive)

I don't know, maybe it's just be a Midwest thing.

(CONTINUED)

Not replying to Mort's story, Kimberly merely pulls out a small gift box and hands it to a very confused Mort.

MORT (cont'd)

What's this?

KIMBERLY

It's for you.

Mort unwraps the present. When he discerns what it is, his eyes light up. Removing it from the box, we realize that Kimberly has given him a turtleneck sweater.

Mort doesn't know what to say. He simply smiles at her and she knows what it means to him.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The entire football team and their dates pack the cheap motel room for a beer drenched pre-party. Drinking straight from a bottle of Jack Daniels, Lance wears his crown with a fierce pride despite being stood up by his queen.

EDDIE

She's a total bitch for dumping you. She could have at least waited until you guys had done the nasty.

DERRICK

I've heard she's not playing for the same team anymore, if you get my drift.

EDDIE

Kimberly's pulling an Ellen? No way.

DERRICK

My sister spied her buying a man's turtleneck. That's alternative lifestyle if I've ever seen it.

Suddenly, something dawns on Lance. He bolts upright as if he just discovered the cure for cancer.

LANCE

It's Mort.

EXT. CREATION HEADQUARTERS - NETHERWORLD - ALWAYS SUNSHINE

Exactly the opposite of Teen Death's neighborhood, the Creation Headquarters teems with life. Teen Death walks around in supreme wonder. Everything exceeds his wildest dreams.

INT. BASIC EVOLUTION DIVISION RECEPTION - ALWAYS SUNSHINE

Teen Death rambles up to the reception desk. The RECEPTIONIST, who was the prototype for Helen of Troy, greets Teen Death with a glowing smile of perfect teeth.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN OF RECEPTION

Hello, what can we do for you today?

TEEN DEATH

I have an appointment with Ms. Beagle.

HELEN OF RECEPTION

If you just have a seat, she'll be right with you. Would you like something to drink?

TEEN DEATH

Sure. Anything would be great.

Teen Death sits down on the bed of rose petals. Everything in the office appears to be alive, including the coffee table which squirms when Teen Death puts his feet on it.

From around the corner, a SMALL MAN leads a COW in front of Teen Death. After a quick yank upon the udders, the man presents Teen Death with an extremely fresh glass of milk.

INT. NEW AGE BOOK STORE - NIGHT

The spacey STORE CLERK finishes shelving a book and turns around to find Lance peering up at her.

LANCE

You got any books about ghosts?

EXT. HOMECOMING DANCE - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Standing just outside the main entrance, a translucent Mort - who proudly wears his new turtleneck - turns to Kimberly.

MORT

We don't have to do this if you don't want.
I know it's gonna be awkward.

KIMBERLY

You're my date. It's never awkward.

And with that, Mort pulls out his Death Pez dispenser and pops a little black candy in his mouth. Becoming translucent to the entire world outside of Kimberly, they step inside the dance.

INT. HOMECOMING DANCE - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Decorated in lavish style, the Homecoming Dance lives up to its epic billing. Walking through the balloon archway, Kimberly leads Mort inside the ornamented gymnasium.

However, because Mort remains invisible to the rest of the school, it appears as if Kimberly has arrived alone. All eyes turn to her. Rumors spread quickly.

(CONTINUED)

Hanging with the rest of the alternative crowd, Maureen watches Kimberly work her way through the maze of gawking students and on to the dance floor.

THE DANCE FLOOR

Just as the untalented cover band kicks into a slow number, Mort leads Kimberly on to the dance floor. Despite the deprecating glares, the queen wraps her arms around her unseen suitor and slowly sways back and forth.

KIMBERLY

I'm your unfinished business, aren't I?

Mort nods.

KIMBERLY (cont'd)

But why? You didn't even really know me.

MORT

We were destined for one another. We were gonna spend out lives together.

KIMBERLY

And that story you told me about?

MORT

That's real.

With the music building to crescendo, Kimberly stares into Mort's eyes. While the rest of the dance swirls around them, they share one brief moment where the world stands still.

They kiss.

We wait anxiously for fireworks to ignite and usher Mort back into the realm of the living, but none arrive. As their lips break apart, Mort is no more alive than he was before.

KIMBERLY

(disappointed)

It didn't work, did it?

MORT

No.

Mort sadly turns his eyes downward. His one opportunity to live again has failed. Kimberly is also crushed.

But after a moment, Mort lifts his eyes and grips her hand tenderly.

MORT (cont'd)

But I think I got what I came for.

Kimberly's smiles is bittersweet. She holds him close.

(CONTINUED)

Just then, an enormous commotion at the main entrance captures Mort's attention. Pushing his way through the door monitors, Lance enters with Eddie and Derrick in tow.

MORT (cont'd)

Damn, here comes Lance. That guy's got the worst frickin' timing.

KIMBERLY

Why don't we just leave. He's only going to cause trouble.

MORT

No. We were here first.

KIMBERLY

But he'll ruin everything.

Lance spots Kimberly on the dance floor. Like a shark smelling fresh chum, he fords his way through the crowd.

MORT

Don't worry about it. I'll take care of him.

Determined, Mort lets go of Kimberly and quickly dematerializes into nothingness.

Lance grabs Kimberly forcefully by the arm and pulls her uncomfortably close.

LANCE

Where is he?

KIMBERLY

Where's who?

LANCE

Don't play stupid with me. I know who you came here with.

KIMBERLY

I didn't come with anyone. I'm alone.

Not believing her, Lance grabs Kimberly by the cheek and forces her to look at him dead in the eye. He whispers in an ominous manner.

LANCE

I know about you and Mort. And let me tell you, after tonight - that's all gonna end.

Fear fills Kimberly's eyes. Lance motions for Eddie and Derrick to follow him. Like good toadies, they do just that.

EXT. THE GYMNASIUM ROOF - NIGHT

Peering through the sky light, Mort watches as Lance scours the dance floor for any sight of him. His eyes narrow. If it's war Lance wants, it's war he's going to get.

INT. BEAGLE'S OFFICE - CREATION - ALWAYS SUNSHINE

Teen Death shifts nervously about in his seat as Netherworld Resources Director MS. BEAGLE inspects his resume and peruses his portfolio.

BEAGLE

I'm afraid your resume isn't that impressive.

TEEN DEATH

It's mostly lies, if that changes your opinion at all.

BEAGLE

(disregarding his statement)

But I am quite taken by your portfolio. It's one of the most original I've seen in a long time.

TEEN DEATH

Really?

BEAGLE

Some of these lizard designs are the best I've seen since the Jurassic Age.

TEEN DEATH

I really tried to push the envelope while still remaining true to the species.

BEAGLE

You captured our new direction perfectly. They're just the sort of bold ideas we've desperately needed.

TEEN DEATH

That's me, the bold idea guy.

BEAGLE

I think I speak for everyone when I say, welcome on board.

Beagle extends her hand. Teen Death enthusiastically shakes it. It's the moment he's always dreamed of.

INT. NEAR THE PUNCHBOWL - HOMECOMING DANCE - NIGHT

Derrick holds the new age ghost book open with reluctance.

(CONTINUED)

DERRICK

Do I have to do this? It'll make me sound like a retard.

LANCE

Just read the spell.

Half-assed, Derrick reads an incantation from the book.

INT. STAGE - HOMECOMING DANCE - NIGHT

Seated in her throne with her tiara tilted off to the side, Kimberly stares across the room where Lance forces Derrick to do his new age chanting.

Maureen plunks herself down in the king's throne beside her.

MAUREEN

He's a really special guy. You're lucky that he cares so much for you.

KIMBERLY

Lance? You can have him if you want.

MAUREEN

I meant Mort.

Surprised, Kimberly bolts upright in her throne.

MAUREEN (cont'd)

You've no idea the kinda stuff's he's gone through to get back here. He'll probably be sent to Hell because of you.

KIMBERLY

Oh my God, really?

MAUREEN

Yeah, but I wouldn't worry about it. Knowing him, he'll probably bullshit his way into running the place.

(more serious)

But go easy on him. He's the only real friend I've got.

EXT. THE GYMNASIUM ROOF - NIGHT

Kicking open the stairway door, Lance points out into the rain.

LANCE

Try it outside. It might work better without so many live people around.

EDDIE

He's not up here, Lance. There's no such thing as ghosts.

(CONTINUED)

LANCE

Shut up and keep chanting. He's just too big of a wuss to show himself.

Reluctantly, Eddie and Derrick trudge through the rain and defeatedly prance about like embarrassed druids.

MORT

Too big of a wuss, huh?

All three turn around to see Mort hovering a few feet in the air. Lance remains calm while Eddie and Derrick freak out.

EDDIE & DERRICK

Aaaauuuuggghhhhhh!!!!

They run like scared ninnies and hide behind the cooling vent.

LANCE

So, you really are a ghost.

MORT

And you're really an asshole. Only thing is, last week I wasn't a ghost, but you were already an asshole.

LANCE

(sneering)

That's funny. Death's been good to you.

MORT

It's definitely changed my perspective on things.

LANCE

I should say. It appears that Kimberly's formed a little crush since your demise.

MORT

We've finally got the chance to know one another.

LANCE

That's sweet. Still someone in the afterlife should have told you - don't take what belongs to someone else.

MORT

She's not your's, Lance. She's in love with me.

LANCE

Well, we'll see about that.

Lance picks up the new age book and initiates the exorcism himself. Suddenly, the wind gusts furiously. Thunder crashes.

(CONTINUED)

Mort staggers back in horror. He collapses to the roof, breaking apart as if disintegrating.

INT. STAGE - HOMECOMING DANCE - NIGHT

Impressed, Kimberly's jaw drop open.

KIMBERLY

Pre-med at Stanford? Maureen, I'm so impressed.

MAUREEN

Scratch a freak, discover a surgeon.

KIMBERLY

I had no idea. Now I feel so bad for completely misreading you all these years.

MAUREEN

Yeah, but I can't say I'd have picked you for the existential novelist type either.

Kimberly and Maureen laugh together. As they both settle, we see a friendship blossom. Kimberly hands Maureen her tiara.

KIMBERLY

You want it? I don't think it fits me anymore.

MAUREEN

Why not? I've always fancied myself queen for a day.

Maureen places it on her head. Both girls laugh even harder together.

EXT. THE GYMNASIUM ROOF - NIGHT

Mort's barely able to lift his head off his chest as Lance finishes his spell. Eddie and Derrick, sensing Lance's victory, crawl out from behind the vent.

Satisfied, Lance stands above the severely weakened Mort.

LANCE

Jesus, Graves. You've always been so easy to get. It's a shame you aren't more of a challenge dead than alive.

As Lance slams the new age book shut, Mort rises up from the ground and stands nose to nose with him.

MORT

I wouldn't be so sure about that, Lance.

Lance realizes that Mort was only ever playing possum. That now, Mort is stronger and more determined than ever.

(CONTINUED)

MORT (cont'd)
 (angry, almost menacing)
 You're little tricks won't work on me. I'm
 on a totally different level than you.

LANCE
 Really? Let's see about that.
 (motions to Eddie and
 Derrick)
 Get him.

Eddie and Derrick charge at Mort but pass right through him,
 running headfirst into a different air vent. They collapse in a
 heap, one on top of the other.

MORT
 Stay away from Kimberly.

LANCE
 I know she likes you, but I'm alive and
 you're dead. So no matter what you do, I'm
 gonna win.

The truth of Lance's statement infuriates Mort.

MORT
 Like you won the big game?

LANCE
 That was your fault, not mine.

MORT
 Face it, Lance. You're just like all the
 other people who rule in high school then
 go on to crappy lives.

LANCE
 (seething)
 You take that back.

MORT
 Time's up. Your glory days are over.

Filled with rage, Lance charges at Mort like a bull. He takes a
 swing at him but his arm passes straight through. Mort laughs as
 he deftly moves to the side and taunts Lance.

MORT (cont'd)
 Where'd you learn to fight, charm school?

Infuriated, Lance charges at him again and passes through Mort's
 torso. Mort rips the shirt from Lance's back and dangles it in
 front of him like a bull fighting cape.

MORT (cont'd)
 Toro! Toro!

(CONTINUED)

Not watching where he is moving, Mort floats above the glass sky light and waves the red flag. Lance, accepting the challenge, charges straight at him with both fists flying.

Running through the cape with great momentum, Lance tumbles forward and flies through the glass sky light.

Mort's face contorts with fear. He reaches out, but misses Lance completely.

GLASS SHATTERS. Lance plummets fifty feet, landing head first on the basketball court floor - broken.

INT. HOMECOMING DANCE - NIGHT

SCREAMS echo throughout the gym. Hearing the commotion, Kimberly and Maureen dash over to see what's the matter. A crowd of students huddle around Lance's twisted body.

Maureen bends down and picks up his lifeless wrist. After a moment, she looks back up at Kimberly.

MAUREEN

He's dead.

EXT. THE GYMNASIUM ROOF - NIGHT

Mort looks down through the broken sky light.

MORT

Oops. This is bad.

EXT. HOMECOMING DANCE - GYMNASIUM - LATER

Outside the gymnasium, the POLICE and the CORONERS office have shown up to make sense of this disaster. Near the ambulance, PARAMEDICS treat Eddie and Derrick.

EDDIE

He was like a ghost. We just passed straight through him.

The lead paramedic looks to his partner with concern.

PARAMEDIC

Test 'em for drugs. X, LSD...the usual.

The partner slips oxygen masks over the confused boys faces.

INT. HOMECOMING DANCE - NIGHT

Kimberly watches as the coroners pull a sheet over Lance's head. Wiping tears away, Dina rushes up to the body and places his crown upon the gurney.

(CONTINUED)

On the roof, Mort watches from the broken sky light - undetected by the police officers searching for clues.

As the coroners haul Lance's body away, Kimberly stays behind. Her soul rips itself in two, despondent over what has been done in her name.

Glancing upward, Kimberly glares at Mort with fury. The dead teenager withers under the intensity of her stare.

Leaving Homecoming behind her, Kimberly turns and walks away.

EXT. TOLLBOOTH - BORDER BETWEEN NETHERWORLD AND EARTH

Belligerent as ever, Lance (still dressed in his tux) goes head to head with Sid. His spirit, much like his body, is twisted. His nose bends sideways while his ears remains uneven.

LANCE

Buck and a quarter? Screw you.

Lance turns and marches back towards the tunnel. Sid dashes out of the tollbooth and aims her Soul Sucker straight at him.

SID

Halt or I'll shoot!

Lance stops and looks at the strange device.

LANCE

You gonna shoot me with a Dust Buster?

SID

You wish, buddy boy. This is the Soul Sucker 2000. The most powerful spirit capturing device known to man.

Lance's eyebrow raises. He smirks.

LANCE

(deviously)

Really?

INT. DEATH BURGER SHACK - NETHERWORLD

Everything within the burger joint appears normal until Teen Death's computer suddenly emits an alarming buzz. The words "System Failure" flash in bright red letters upon the screen.

INT. BAR - CREATION DIVISION

With his tie loosened and a big smile splashed across his face, Teen Death lifts his Martini glass in a joyous toast. He is surrounded by a slew of EXECUTIVES from the Creation Division.

EXECUTIVE

To our new designer!

(CONTINUED)

They all cheer and down their liquid corporate lunch. Teen Death loves every second of his moment of glory.

INT. CONVENTION HALL - NETHERWORLD

To the cheers of the hard drinking conventioners, a BUXOM CORPSE leaps out of a cake and plays with one of the men's fez. He blushes as she plants a kiss upon his forehead.

Breaking up the fun, a HOTEL PORTER presents the man with a folded piece of paper.

PORTER

Important fax just in, sir.

CONVENTIONEER

Can't it wait, kid. I've kinda got my hands full.

The Hotel Porter shakes his head nervously. Spinning around in his seat, THE GRIM REAPER snatches the fax from the porter's hands.

Not quite the dark angel of legend, but more like a pissed off Teamster, the Grim Reaper reads the fax and seethes.

GRIM REAPER

Goddam, kid. I can't trust him with anything.

EXT. TOLLBOOTH - BORDER BETWEEN NETHERWORLD AND EARTH

The Grim Reaper's hearse pulls up next to the tollbooth - which looks like it has been hit by a tornado. Lying amongst the scattered wreckage is a very banged-up Sid.

GRIM REAPER

What the hell's going on down here? The system's screwed seven ways to Texas.

SID

Some dickhead tackled me and stole my Soul Sucker. Jumped right back into the tunnel.

GRIM REAPER

You know what a breach in security that is, missy? Heads are gonna roll for this.

SID

Hey, don't yell at me about it. Your kid escorted one of them back over himself. Nearly ran me over.

Sid relishes the moment, her eyes sparkle with pure malice. The Grim Reaper, on the other hand, fumes with indignation.

EXT. HOMECOMING DANCE - NIGHT

The coroner's van pulls away as the last few students mill about in a total daze. Maureen talks to a very distraught Kimberly, who climbs into her parent's car and drives away.

Maureen walks over to where Mort anxiously waits.

MAUREEN

She doesn't want to talk to you.

MORT

Did you tell her that it wasn't my fault?

MAUREEN

Yeah, but she still thinks you killed him to have her for yourself.

MORT

That's ridiculous. I wouldn't do anything like that.

MAUREEN

It doesn't matter. That's what it looks like from where she sits.

Maureen watches as the lights from Kimberly's car slowly disappear into the distance.

MAUREEN (cont'd)

What's worse is that she blames herself. Thinks that if it wasn't for her, both of you'd still be alive.

MORT

How can she think that? She had nothing to do with it.

MAUREEN

Never underestimate a teenage girl's capacity for self-loathing. It knows no bounds.

EXT. DEATH BURGER SHACK - NETHERWORLD

Skidding to a halt out front, Teen Death stumbles out of the Death Pinto and does a little victory dance. He flings his portfolio about in the air like his partner as he throws open the burger joint's front door.

INT. DEATH BURGER SHACK - NETHERWORLD

Strutting inside, Teen Death sees the Grim Reaper standing in the middle of the restaurant; watching the Death computer flash its ominous message.

GRIM REAPER

You let one of them go back to Earth?!

(CONTINUED)

Teen Death realizes how much trouble he's in, but he refuses to show it.

GRIM REAPER (cont'd)

I put you in charge and this is what happens? The system's completely shut down.

TEEN DEATH

Screw the system. What'd it ever do for us?

GRIM REAPER

Don't get smart with me, boy. When I tell you to do something, you do it.

TEEN DEATH

I'm not doing your shit work anymore. You can find someone else.

GRIM REAPER

This is about those pansie-ass drawings, isn't it?

(Teen Death doesn't answer)

Goddam it, son. Why can't you just forget about that stupid job?

TEEN DEATH

Because they've just hired me.

Teen Death's words throw his father completely off guard.

GRIM REAPER

They what?

TEEN DEATH

They think I've got real talent.

GRIM REAPER

It'll never work. You're not one of them.

TEEN DEATH

I'm not one of you either.

Teen Death's words rip into his father. His son's disownment strikes him harder than he is willing to show.

GRIM REAPER

That's it, you're grounded. Indefinitely.

TEEN DEATH

(sarcastic)

Oh, no. Not grounded, woe is me.

GRIM REAPER

Don't push your luck, mister.

(CONTINUED)

TEEN DEATH

Push, push, push. Hey everyone, look at me -
the bad seed - I'm pushing my luck!

The Grim Reaper, unwilling to take such disrespect from his son, instinctively snaps his hand back and whacks Teen Death across the face.

Utterly shocked, Teen Death puts his hand to his mouth and discovers part of his jaw dangles off his face like gristle.

He gives his father a scowl that would wither a lesser man, then bolts out of the Death Burger Shack without saying a word.

EXT. DEATH BURGER SHACK - NETHERWORLD

Sprinting past his father's parked hearse, Teen Death jumps into the Death Pinto and takes off.

EXT. TOLLBOOTH - BORDER BETWEEN NETHERWORLD AND EARTH

Just as Sid finishes hanging the crossing gate, the Death Pinto speeds around the corner and barrels right for it. Sticking his head out the window, Teen Death flips Sid the bird as the Death Pinto crashes through the gate.

In a flash of lightning, Teen Death defies his father and heads for Earth. Sid is left there amongst the wreckage just staring at the void.

SID

I really hate this job.

INT. GRAVES FAMILY GARAGE - NIGHT

Working diligently on the almost completely restored Studebaker, Bruce buries his head under the hood as Mort, still dressed from the dance, tentatively walks in behind him.

MORT

Hey Dad, I was wondering if you had a minute?

BRUCE

Not really.

MORT

It's just that I've got this girl problem and I thought maybe you'd have some advice or something.

BRUCE

(not really paying attention)
Could you hand me that wrench?

Mort does so, still trying to talk.

(CONTINUED)

MORT

There's this girl that I've liked for a long time, and she was starting to dig me.

BRUCE

Ratchet set, 7mm head.

MORT

(handing him the ratchet)

But then I sort of inadvertently helped kill her boyfriend and she got all weird on me...

BRUCE

Jesus, I said the 7mm, not six.

MORT

(handing him another)

Sorry, they're hard to --

BRUCE

Christ, this is an eight.

Mort hardens at Bruce's words. For the first time since we've met him, he actually stands up to his father.

MORT

Would you just stop for a minute and listen to me for once.

BRUCE

Well, hell. You know I'm busy working on the car.

MORT

You're always working on the car. You love that stupid thing more than you do your own kids.

BRUCE

That's not true and you know it.

MORT

I'll bet you spent more money on those goddam bumpers than you did on my funeral.

BRUCE

That's not fair. You know those are original '55 chrome rails.

MORT

Yeah, you're right. We've got to have our priorities.

Filled with piss and vinegar Mort grabs a wrench from Bruce's toolbox and smashes the Stude's headlights. Bruce stands motionless, completely in shock.

(CONTINUED)

MORT (cont'd)
 (smoldering with rage)
 I'm never coming in second to a car again.

Without another word, Mort marches away.

BRUCE
 Wait, Mort...

Bruce reaches out for his son, but his fingers pass straight through. As Mort exits the garage, Bruce's left with a handful of nothing.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Lying upon his own grave, Mort stares up at the stars with untold melancholy. The world he has returned to is not the one he expected.

With no one left to talk to, Mort speaks to the sky.

MORT
 (addressing the heavens)
 What's the story God? Did you create me
 just to get shit on my whole life, or is
 there a point to all of this?

Suddenly a blinding FLASH erupts from the sky. Mort leaps back, thinking that the Lord's about to kick his butt.

But it is just the Death Pinto emerging from the Netherworld tunnel. It speeds straight through a statue of St. Francis of Assisi and skids to a halt right in front of Mort.

TEEN DEATH
 (frantic)
 Mort, quick, get in the car!

MORT
 What's the matter?

TEEN DEATH
 My dad's back. And he's pissed.

Alarmed, Mort climbs in the Death Pinto and takes off.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The Grim Reaper knocks on the quaint neighborhood home. A skinny HOUSEWIFE opens the door.

GRIM REAPER
 Excuse me, ma'am. My records show that
 you've had a son or daughter die in the
 last six months. I was wondering if their
 ghost has visited you recently?

(CONTINUED)

Rattled by the Grim Reaper on their doorstep, the Housewife breaks down CRYING. She slams the door right in his face.

GRIM REAPER (cont'd)
Damn, the living are uptight.

EXT. RUINS - NIGHT

Teen Death uses empty beer bottles as chess pieces, displaying for Mort and Maureen his proposed maneuvers.

TEEN DEATH
We hide out in Purgatory until we receive confirmation that dad's indisposed. At that point, we sneak back into Division Headquarters and process you into an undocumented sector.

MORT
What happens to you?

TEEN DEATH
I establish a false identity and work under the table for Buddha. They meditate a lot, it should be easy to fit in.

MORT
Sounds like a plan.

Disgusted, Maureen picks up the beer which represents Mort and cracks it open.

MAUREEN
That's it? After all this, you're gonna run away just when things get messy.

MORT
The Grim Reaper's on the warpath, Mo. Game over, I lose.

MAUREEN
This isn't about winning or losing. It's about doing the right thing.

MORT
I am doing the right thing. I'm getting the hell out while there's still time.

MAUREEN
You can't just come down here, screw everything up and leave while Kimberly rips herself apart for what's happened.

MORT
What do you want me to do; turn myself in, get smashed into nonexistence?

(CONTINUED)

MAUREEN

No, I want you to take responsibility for your actions - to straighten things out with Kimberly before you bail.

MORT

She won't talk to me. She hates my guts.

MAUREEN

Maybe if you pulled your head out of your ass, you'd see things a little different.

MORT

What are you saying; that beneath the dirty looks, she's secretly pining for me?

MAUREEN

No, you big frickin' moron. I'm saying that beneath the high cheekbones, perfect skin and figure I'd donate a kidney for, there's someone just as lonely and fucked up as you. And that until you appreciate who she is as person instead of just as some 'statement', you're never gonna be half the man you think you are.

The guys are dumbstruck at Maureen's words.

TEEN DEATH

I think I'm gonna cry.

MORT

Mo, that was beautiful.

MAUREEN

I know. I've been practicing it since sixth grade. But it was always supposed to be about me.

With Maureen's words sinking in, Mort stands up determinedly.

MORT

You're right. I've got to apologize to her. I can't leave her hanging like this.

TEEN DEATH

(grabbing him)

You can't do that. Dad'll get you.

MORT

I'll just have to risk it.

Ignoring Teen Death's warnings, Mort jumps into the Death Pinto and speeds away. Teen Death stares in shock.

TEEN DEATH

He stole my ride.

EXT. KIMBERLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Death Pinto screeches to halt out front of Kimberly's house. Mort jumps out of the car and stares up at her window.

Not sure he wants to reveal himself to her just yet, Mort whips out the Death Pez dispenser and pulls back the skull lid. But nothing comes out. Every last Pez has been used.

Forced to remain visible, Mort has nowhere to hide. Gathering his courage, he passes straight through the hallway wall.

INT. KIMBERLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Beneath the winding stairway, Mort shouts out her name with youthful desperation.

MORT

Kimberly! You've got to speak to me!

Mort floats up to the second floor.

INT. KIMBERLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Slipping into her bedroom, Mort finds Kimberly's bed empty. Confused, he discreetly knocks upon her bathroom door.

MORT

Kimberly, are you in there?

But no answer. He pushes open the door. It is empty.

Glancing over at her desk, Mort notices a single piece of paper laid out as if intended to be read. Mort picks it up.

MORT (cont'd)

(reading note)

"Death follows wherever I go. My only recourse is to meet it full face".

Her words strike Mort to the core. He glances at the window. It remains open, as if Kimberly had escaped down the drainpipe.

MORT (cont'd)

Oh my God, she's gonna kill herself.

Mort drops the note, rushing frantically to the Death Pinto.

INT. THE GRAVES HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hearing the ominous knocking upon the door, Bruce wipes grease from his hands and answers it. There stands the Grim Reaper.

GRIM REAPER

Hello. According to our records your teenage son died recently.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE
(suspicious)
Uh huh.

GRIM REAPER
Has he appeared to you as a ghost, spirit
or any other spectral apparition since
that time?

BRUCE
Sure has, what is it to you?

GRIM REAPER
Do you know his whereabouts?

BRUCE
Nope, but you're welcome to come in and
wait for him.

The Grim Reaper smiles. He has found a kindred spirit.

GRIM REAPER
That'd be great. Thanks.

Bruce opens up the front door and lets the Grim Reaper inside.

BRUCE
Not at all. You want a beer?

INT. GRAVES FAMILY GARAGE - NIGHT

Gulping down a big swig of beer, the Grim Reaper slides his boney
finger down the Studebaker's sleek lines.

GRIM REAPER
Nice Stude. Rebuilt?

BRUCE
Twice. The boy wrecked it last week and I
had to start all over again.

GRIM REAPER
You'd think kids today would respect such
a fine piece of machinery.

BRUCE
I hear you. When I was his age, I'd polish
my father's Rambler until you could see
your reflection in it.

GRIM REAPER
And I'll betcha you never talked back to
him when he told you to do it.

BRUCE
(thinks back, laughs)
Hell, no. He was one mean bastard. Never
did get along with the man.

(CONTINUED)

Bruce's own words make him think. He looks back at his prized automobile. Is his son that much different than himself?

EXT. WATERFRONT - MISTAKE BEACH - NIGHT

With ominous black clouds creeping in on the horizon, the dilapidated boat house and dock which closed many a season ago appear more desolate than usual.

The Death Pinto screams to a halt out front. Sticking his head out the window, Mort spots Kimberly sitting alone at the end of the dock.

Much relieved, Mort leaps out of the car.

EXT. BOAT DOCK - MISTAKE BEACH - NIGHT

With her eyes swollen from crying, Kimberly stares out at the turbulent sea. Mort rushes up to her, but stops just short - afraid to provoke her into jumping.

MORT

Don't do it! We're not worth it!

Slightly annoyed, Kimberly turns towards Mort.

KIMBERLY

(wiping away tears)

Don't do what?

MORT

Don't kill yourself. Not because of Lance and me. Not because of anyone.

Kimberly looks at Mort like he's a vanity inflicted madman.

KIMBERLY

You think I'd kill myself because of you?

MORT

(confused)

You wouldn't? But you left that note.

KIMBERLY

That was poem I was writing. A bad poem. You thought that was a suicide note?

MORT

I'd heard you were distraught and everything, so I just kinda figured...

Mort works through his embarrassment and gets to his shame.

MORT (cont'd)

Look, I'm sorry about what happened at the dance.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

No, you're not. You wanted Lance out of the way and that's exactly what you got.

MORT

I never meant it to end up like this. I was just trying to scare him.

KIMBERLY

Why's that, so he'd leave me alone and you could claim me for yourself?

MORT

That's not how I'd put it, but sorta.

KIMBERLY

How dare you! I'm not your property; I'm not something you can trade back and forth!

MORT

That's not what I was doing. I was just trying to help you out.

KIMBERLY

Really, how's that?

MORT

The Fates showed me your future. If you had stayed with Lance you'd have had a shitty life. I was only trying to save you from all that.

KIMBERLY

You don't think I've got enough sense to make better choices than that?

MORT

But it's not about choices, it's your *destiny*.

KIMBERLY

You changed your destiny, didn't you? You weren't suppose to die. If you can change the course of your life, why can't I?

Mort's stumped, he never thought of that.

KIMBERLY (cont'd)

Nobody, absolutely nobody, is gonna dictate my future, or who I'm gonna be, except for me.

Kimberly's words obviously reach Mort.

(CONTINUED)

MORT

You're right. And I'm sorry. All I wanted was to prove to everyone that I was just as important as Lance.

KIMBERLY

You didn't need me for that. You're a wonderful person. They'd have seen that eventually.

MORT

Eventually's too long when you're seventeen.

Kimberly smiles at the truth of Mort's statement.

MORT (cont'd)

For what it's worth, I like the Kimberly I got to know the other night much better than the one I'd imagined from before.

KIMBERLY

And I liked the Mort who couldn't keep his head on straight, too.

Mort smiles and bashful touches his disjointed neck.

MORT

I'm heading back to the Netherworld.

KIMBERLY

Will I ever see you again?

MORT

Probably not.

Kimberly sadly smiles then leans in as if to kiss him.

KIMBERLY

I'm really gonna miss yo.....
(horrified)
Augghhhh!!

Directly behind Mort, LANCE RISES UP from the ground with a twisted snarl on his disfigured face.

Snatching the unsuspecting Mort, Lance thrusts his arm through Mort's chest and lifts him up in the air as if on a hook.

LANCE

I knew you couldn't stay away from Kimberly. That it was just a matter of time before you came back for her.

KIMBERLY

Leave him alone, Lance.

(CONTINUED)

LANCE

I will. Once I teach him a lesson.

Lance smacks Mort in the face, nearly knocking off his head.

KIMBERLY

Stop it!

Running to Mort's aid, Kimberly tries to wedge her body in between Lance and Mort. But with a quick backhand, Lance knocks her to the ground.

Smacking her head on the wooden dock, Kimberly falls unconscious into the water.

EXT. BOAT DOCK - MISTAKE BEACH - NIGHT

Kimberly plummets into the ocean, leaving a trail of bubbles as she descends to the murky bottom.

Without thinking, Mort dives in after her.

EXT. BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE WATER

Frantically swimming towards Kimberly, Mort is ripped out from the water just before he can reach her.

EXT. BOAT DOCK - MISTAKE BEACH - NIGHT

Lance lifts Mort out of the water and slams him upon the wooden dock. He stands above him like an anxious executioner.

LANCE

Maybe I should remind you, Graves. All your special little ghostly powers don't work for shit against me anymore.

(picking Mort up with one hand)

The field's level, now that we're both dead.

INT. GRAVES FAMILY GARAGE - NIGHT

The Grim Reaper holds up his Death Beeper to show Bruce how the contraption works.

BRUCE

(reading beeper)

Well I'll be damned. There I am.

GRIM REAPER

Scheduled to die on August 14, 2027 from a massive heart attack.

BRUCE

Wendy always said those pork rinds would kill me.

(CONTINUED)

Just then the Death Beeper rings. The Grim Reaper reads the where and when.

GRIM REAPER

Looks like a local pick-up. You mind if we take your wheels?

EXT. BOAT DOCK - MISTAKE BEACH - NIGHT

Watching the bubbles fade, Mort anxiously shifts about as Lance draws ever closer.

MORT

You'll never get her, Lance. Even with me out of the picture, she'll never love you.

LANCE

That's where you and I were different, Graves. I was never after love. I just wanted to win.

With the attack speed of a viper, Lance grabs Mort's arm and twists it behind his back. Mort tries to escape Lance's grasp but cannot.

LANCE (cont'd)

And that's just what I'm gonna do.

But just then, Teen Death pulls up on Maureen's motorcycle. He leaps off the bike and points his Soul Sucker right at Lance.

TEEN DEATH

Drop him and put your hands in the air.

LANCE

Who are you, the geeky dead kid police?

TEEN DEATH

Just do what I say or you'll be spending eternity scraping gangrene off new arrivals.

LANCE

Okay, okay, don't shoot.

Artfully, Lance releases Mort while simultaneously reaching behind him. In an instant, he pulls out Sid's Soul Sucker and aim's it right at Teen Death.

Teen Death looks to shoot, but Mort is in his line of fire.

TEEN DEATH

Mort, get out of the way!!

Mort runs for the boat house just as Lance fires at Teen Death. The explosive bolt of energy is a direct hit. Teen Death breaks apart and is swallowed up by Lance's device.

EXT. GRAVES FAMILY GARAGE - NIGHT

The Studebaker roars like a lion and bursts out of the garage. The Grim Reaper sits behind the wheel of the classic American automobile.

GRIM REAPER

This thing drives like a dream.

BRUCE

Best damn vehicle ever came out of Detroit.

As if to test its might, the Grim Reaper jams it into high gear and peels out down the street.

INT. BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Lance walks through the crumbling door and marches around the dust-laden building in a predatory fashion. He periodically fires into the forest of rusted outboard motors and rotten wooden boats.

LANCE

Come on out, Mort. Let's get this over with.

Mort watches Lance carefully; mirroring his step, constantly scrambling for position.

LANCE (cont'd)

Every second you wait, Kimberly runs out air. When there's no more air, she'll be one of us.

Hearing something behind him, Lance spins and fires. Instead of Mort, he zaps a giant rat instantly removing its soul, leaving nothing but the earthly shell of one surprised rodent.

LANCE (cont'd)

You don't want to fight man to man, now that we're both worm food?

There is no response.

LANCE (cont'd)

You always were chicken shit, Graves.

Suddenly, Mort leaps out from behind a stack of canoes and tackles Lance - causing Lance's right arm to rip off and the Soul Sucker to tumble from it's grasp.

But Mort's two armed advantage is short lived. In expert fashion, Lance picks up his dismembered arm and uses it to literally rip a chunk of ectoplasmic goo from Mort's hip.

(CONTINUED)

LANCE (cont'd)

How many times do have to die before you figure out that you're never going to beat me -- loser.

MORT

I am not a loser.

With a herculean effort, Mort dives for the Soul Sucker and grabs it. Lance freezes as Mort aims the device at him.

MORT (cont'd)

See you in the next life.

Mort pulls the trigger but nothing happens. Alarmed, he looks down at the device and notices a light flashing. It looks exactly like the 'paper jam' symbol on a photocopier.

MORT (cont'd)

Oh, shit.

Lance grins ear to ear, then lunges violently at Mort.

Just before Lance reaches him, Mort flips the switch from "suck" to "blow" on the Soul Sucker and hits the trigger.

With the energy of a cannon, Teen Death BLASTS from the device and rams Lance right in the stomach, smashing him into and through an iron diving bell.

Infuriated, Lance recovers and tosses Teen Death's weakened soul off of him. He comes back with twice as much fury.

Instinctively, Mort pulls the trigger again - shooting the captured soul of the rat and hitting Lance right in the face.

Unfortunately, the vermin projectile only stuns Lance long enough for Mort to flip the switch back to 'suck'. In the blink of an eye, the dead quarterback grabs Mort by the wrist.

LANCE

That't it. At first I just wanted to kill you again. Now I'm gonna take you apart piece by piece!

He tears each of Mort's fingers off one by one until he has nothing left to hold the Soul Sucker. The device tumbles and falls beneath a cobweb covered sailboat.

As the giant rat's soul quickly runs back into its empty body and dashes into its hole in the wall, Lance manhandles Mort in a series of flawless wrestling moves.

Teen Death, completely drained from his time in the Soul Sucker, can only watch as Lance gets Mort into a headlock.

MORT

You'll never win. You wanna know why?

(CONTINUED)

LANCE

No, tell me.

MORT

Because you don't use your head.

Mustering his last bit of energy, Mort yanks backwards and pulls his own head off.

LANCE

What the --?

Lance spins around to discover Mort's headless body reaching for the Soul Sucker. Suddenly, he screams in agony. Mort's severed head bites into Lance's arm for all it's worth.

LANCE (cont'd)

Let go of me! Stop it, stop it!!

Desperately, Lance flings Mort's head across the floor.

Fumbling like a blind man, Mort's body grabs the Soul Sucker but aims it in the totally wrong direction.

MORT'S HEAD

To your left!! Nine o'clock!!

Lance leaps at Mort's body just as it spins counterclockwise and fires. ZAAPPPP!!

Lance's soul shines like a supernova before breaking down into a million pieces and being engulfed by the Soul Sucker.

TEEN DEATH

Great shooting, tex!!

Mort's body nods as if to acknowledge the compliment. It holds the Soul Sucker as it jams its head into position.

EXT. BOAT DOCK - MISTAKE BEACH - NIGHT

Dashing straight through the boat house wall, Mort runs down the dock and dives into the ocean

EXT. BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE WATER

Mort swims frantically to the ocean floor where Kimberly's lifeless body rests. He wraps her up in his arms and quickly swims to the surface.

EXT. SHORE

Emerging from the water, Mort carries Kimberly's body to land and lays it carefully in the reeds.

He bends down to feel the breath from her lips, but there is none. He cannot help himself, he begins to cry.

(CONTINUED)

MORT

It's all my fault. This isn't how it's
supposed to be.

Behind Mort stands Kimberly's disembodied spirit. Too shocked by her situation to speak and too moved by Mort's tears to reveal herself.

Just then, the Studebaker pulls up near the boat dock.

INT. THE STUDEBAKER

As the Grim Reaper grabs for his scythe, Bruce notices his son cradling Kimberly's limp body.

BRUCE

Mort? What's he doing here?

The Grim Reaper and Bruce stare at the sad young man and cannot help but be moved. Teen Death watches through the broken boat house window.

EXT. SHORE

Filled with an ocean of sorrow, Mort pushes away Kimberly's wet hair from her face. He softly touches her pale cheek.

MORT

This is not how you'll leave this world.
You're gonna write your own destiny.

Knowing that his actions will forever keep them apart, Mort gently kisses Kimberly on her lifeless lips.

With the force of a thunder crash, Kimberly's spirit is summoned back into her earthly shell.

Gasping for air, Kimberly breathes new life. Her fingers reach out for something to grab hold of.

Excited beyond words, Mort supports her weak body. Dazed, she gazes up at Mort with confusion.

KIMBERLY

Where am I?

MORT

You're where you should be.

She smiles with what little strength she has. If a dead man can blush, Mort does.

But just as the young lovers swoon, Mort looks up to find the Grim Reaper - with scythe in hand - standing right above him.

GRIM REAPER

You're in a shit storm of trouble, young
man. In this world and the next.

(CONTINUED)

MORT

I'm sorry, sir. I realize I've caused a little commotion --

GRIM REAPER

A little commotion. We haven't been this screwed up since the Hundred Years War.

MORT

You're right. And I'm ready to take responsibility for my actions. Go ahead, erase me from existence.

GRIM REAPER

Are you kidding, that'd be letting you off easy.

Teen Death emerges from the boat house.

TEEN DEATH

Don't bust him. It's my fault. I was the one who let him go.

GRIM REAPER

You stay out of this, boy. I'll deal with you later.

TEEN DEATH

I'll go back to work for you. You can schedule me double shifts from now until Judgement Day. Just let him go.

Before the Grim Reaper can answer, Bruce pulls him aside and has a few words with the angel of death. Teen Death and Mort exchange a curious look.

After a moment, the father's return.

GRIM REAPER

Okay. I'm not gonna exterminate you like I really ought to. But we get back to the Netherworld, both of you owe me big time.

Mort and Teen Death let out a big sigh of relief.

EXT. THE STUDEBAKER - DAWN

Teen Death and the Grim Reaper help Kimberly into the back seat of the car while Mort walks with the help of his father.

MORT

What did you say to him to make him change his mind?

BRUCE

Not much. I just gave him the Stude.

Bruce's words jolt Mort

(CONTINUED)

MORT

You what?!

BRUCE

I figured my son was more important than a big hunk of metal. No matter how finely crafted it is.

They climb into the back seat with Kimberly as the Grim Reaper slips in behind the wheel of his new car.

EXT. KIMBERLY'S HOUSE - DAWN

Mort escorts Kimberly from the Studebaker to her front porch. They take a second to look at one another. A sweet sadness pervades the moment.

KIMBERLY

I wish I'd known you under different circumstances. We could have been something special.

MORT

We were something special.

Sharing their final moment together, Kimberly leans in and kisses Mort. For one brief shining moment, he has exactly what he wants.

Right then, Kimberly's mother throws open the front door. All she can see is her daughter kissing the air.

KIMBERLY'S MOM

Where in God's name have you been all night?
We were worried sick.

KIMBERLY

I was just out thinking.

KIMBERLY'S MOM

Where, the bottom of the ocean? Get inside
before you die of pneumonia.

As Kimberly follows her mother inside, she looks back to Mort one last time.

MORT

I hope you make it to Prague.

Kimberly smiles, acknowledging his good wishes. The door closes on Mort. He stand there alone.

EXT. MORT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mort hugs his father as Maureen kisses Teen Death goodbye. She obviously will miss the decaying young man.

(CONTINUED)

MAUREEN

I'll see you at Halloween.

The boys climb into the Stude. Bruce stands in the drive-way as the car pulls out. Just as the Grim Reaper drives the Stude straight into the whirling nebulous back to the Netherworld, Bruce yells out after him.

BRUCE

Take care of the car! Only use Penzoil!

Mort waves goodbye to his father as a bright white light flashes and envelops the Studebaker.

INT./EXT. TUNNEL - BETWEEN NETHERWORLD AND EARTH

With bright flashes of multicolored lightning, the Studebaker rattles wildly as it sails between the two worlds.

GRIM REAPER

I suppose you'll be wanting to go to work first thing on Monday.

TEEN DEATH

Whatever. You're the boss.

GRIM REAPER

Not over in Creation I'm not. A bunch of pansies run that department.

TEEN DEATH

(realizing what he means)

You mean I can take the job?

GRIM REAPER

I guess I'll just have to find a new delivery boy. Don't know who I'm gonna find on such short notice, though.

Mort extends the Soul Sucker, with squirming vacuum bag, out to the Grim Reaper.

MORT

I have a suggestion.

INT. DEATH BURGER SHACK - NETHERWORLD

Dressed in Teen Death's old brown fast food uniform, Lance scratches his head and searches the computer keyboard. With the Grim Reaper hanging over his shoulder, he clicks an icon.

Flames burst up from the floor and engulf a screaming teen.

LANCE

Bitchin'!

GRIM REAPER

But remember, it's not all fun and games.

(CONTINUED)

Emerging from the back room is Teen Death dressed up in a stylish Italian suit and carrying a briefcase.

TEEN DEATH

Well, I'm off.

GRIM REAPER

Make us proud. Design something poisonous.

TEEN DEATH

Will do.

Teen Death swats Lance upon the head causing his head to tumble off and roll on the floor. Teen Death walks out the door and never looks back.

INT. CREATION HEADQUARTERS - NETHERWORLD

Walking through the vibrant halls of Creation, Beagle pokes her head into the blueprint-lined cubicle where Teen Death designs their newest creation: the duck-billed house cat.

BEAGLE

You want to grab some lunch later?

TEEN DEATH

Thanks, but I've already got an appointment.

Beagle exits. Teen Death spins around in his chair and just stares out at the spirited office. This is where he belongs.

EXT. MISTAKE BEACH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Even before the final bell finishes ringing, Dina and Jodi emerge from class and climb into Eddie and Derricks' Mustang. Soon afterwards, Maureen escapes and waits outside.

Alone, Kimberly walks through the front doors and sees her old friends waiting for her. Turning her back upon her former life, Kimberly meets up with Maureen and walks away.

We pull back to reveal the Death Pinto parked just across the street. Mort and Teen Death watch as their old loves walk right past them without ever noticing their ghostly presence.

MORT

And they don't remember a thing?

TEEN DEATH

It's for their own good. Nobody'd believe them anyway.

Mort nods his head, but his heart remains heavy. Teen Death fires up the Death Pinto and they drive away.

EXT. DEATH PINTO - NETHERWORLD

Filled with melancholy, Mort stares out the window as Teen Death slows down for the red traffic light.

TEEN DEATH

Would you stop with the lonely guy thing.
You're depressing me.

MORT

(remembering Kimberly's
eulogy)
'tis better to have loved and lost....

TEEN DEATH

Ah, geez. Don't start reciting poetry.

MORT

Sorry, just nursing a broken heart.

TEEN DEATH

You don't have to be so dramatic about it.
It's not like there aren't other fish in
the ocean.

MORT

For you maybe, not for me.

Just then, a convertible with two beautiful - and dead - TEENAGE GIRLS pulls up next to them. The perky, but decaying, driver speaks to Mort.

DEAD CUTE GIRL

You boys know where a couple girls new
into town might find something fun to do?

Struck dead dumb, Mort perks up and looks at Teen Death. His buddy simply flashes an excited smile.

Filled with new vigor, Mort turns his attention back to the dead girls and beams.

MORT

Yeah. Follow us.

The light turns green. Teen Death drives and the girls follow. Constantly looking back to make sure their dates are there, Mort fidgets about like a normal anxious teen.

TEEN DEATH

(mocking Mort)
"I'll never get over Kimberly. I've got a
broken heart"

MORT

Shut up. I can't help it if I'm a quick
healer.

(CONTINUED)

The Death Pinto pulls into the Netherworld's only drive in. The dead cute girls park next to it. Mort and Teen Death jump out of the car and chat up the young ladies.

All is as it should be.

FADE OUT.