

GHOSTING

Episode 101: PILOT

written by

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Note: Our protagonist, QUINN, is nonbinary and referred to by the singular "they" throughout the script.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A pair of blue velvet heels CLICK and CLACK against the linoleum floor. The shoes are all we see until we pan up to...

QUINN, mid 20s, strutting down the hall wearing a big puffy faux-fur coat, too many necklaces that dangle over their bare chest, and gratuitous dark eyeliner, imperfectly painted. Their hair is a mess, like they just rolled out of bed.

INT. RABBI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The **RABBI**, mid 40s, sitting behind his desk, looks up from his iPhone as Quinn steps inside. He gives Quinn a curious up-and-down as they take a seat across from him.

Bookcases behind the Rabbi are stuffed with Judaic literature. We hold on a book titled: PERSPECTIVES ON JEWISH MASCULINITY.

Quinn exhales.

QUINN
So! I'm here—for—

RABBI
To speak about—

QUINN
—my uncle just—

RABBI
—well he mentioned you'd—

QUINN
—I just figured might as well give it a try.

The Rabbi opens a notepad, grabs a pen.

RABBI
Your uncle...he told me about what happened. He said you might need some help—

QUINN
Yeah, about that—I don't know if "help" is the right word so much as, like, input. Or...friendly suggestions.

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)

Like an Instagram comment. Just a cute little, "Here's a thought." Not like, a DM, you know, where it's like HEY THIS IS SERIOUS. It's not that serious.

The Rabbi thinks on this. Doesn't compute.

RABBI

Well, how do you think you're processing what happened?

QUINN

Processing?

RABBI

You know. Dealing with it.

QUINN

By...um...not?

The Rabbi jots down a note.

RABBI

Let's take a step back. Tell me about your life. Generally.

QUINN

My life.... I'm 26. I live on the Lower East Side. I don't have a job, but I do have a lot of sex. A lot of sex. I stopped doing drugs recently—well I still smoke, obviously, but weed's like not even a drug anymore. Some days I wake up and I really just don't want to exist but then other days I'm like, yeah, you know, this whole life thing is pretty chill.

(then)

Oh, and I watch a lot of *Great British Baking Show*.

RABBI

Tell me about your relationship with God.

QUINN

I don't believe in God.

RABBI

But you are—Jewish—

QUINN

I had a Bar Mitzvah and everything. I just don't do the whole *shul* thing anymore. It's really not my vibe.

RABBI

So...why are you here?

QUINN

Honestly? I don't fuckin' know.

With sudden confidence, the Rabbi extends his hands. He nods for Quinn to do the same.

Quinn, uncertain, extends one hand. The Rabbi holds it in his.

RABBI

Quinn. I want to help you. I do. But you have to want it. You have to want it.

QUINN

...Are you...? Are you coming on to me?

The Rabbi doesn't know how to respond—too scandalized.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Look, I get it, I have this effect on a lot of people. You're new to this, you're "straight," etcetera etcetera. We can take it slow. Blow job?

The Rabbi retracts his hands, leans away.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Hand job?

The Rabbi lowers his head, thinking. Then he looks up at Quinn:

RABBI

Are you happy?

The question lingers in the air. Quinn opens their mouth as if to answer—but no words come.

OPENING CREDITS