

DROP DEAD  
"Pilot"

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**TEASER**

**INT. ST. LUCILLE'S HOSPITAL - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT**

SANDY KELLERMAN, 34, prematurely graying despite an otherwise youthful look, chews a pencil. She's lost deep in thought.

Observing her is DOCTOR JULIAN CHARMER, 48, not yet graying and nearly too good looking to be a real doctor.

DOCTOR CHARMER

Are there any final thoughts you'd like to share as you conclude your time in St. Lucille's care, Sandy?

SANDY

"Bigfoot Bar Fight". How's that?

She offers Doctor Charmer a bite of the pencil, he declines.

DOCTOR CHARMER

Excuse me?

SANDY

Funny enough on its own?

DOCTOR CHARMER

I'm not sure I follow.

SANDY

If I say it enough times, do you think an audience would laugh?

DOCTOR CHARMER

"Bigfoot Bar Fight"?

SANDY

Yeah, you got it. It's got a great mouthfeel, right? It's like poetry. "Bigfoot Bar Fight".

Charmer rations out three different medications for her.

DOCTOR CHARMER

See? Doing stand-up again will be healthy. Stretch your funny bones.

SANDY

Nah, that one's just for me. This is my chance for a fresh start, do something totally new with my life.

Charmer sighs and soft smiles. He's heard that one before.

DOCTOR CHARMER

This is it, Sandy. Everything's going to change after you leave.

SANDY

Cool. I sorta made a big deal about wrapping up all my unfinished business before I tried to off myself. Didn't want to come back as a ghost or nothing, you get it.

Charmer checks to ensure she's swallowed the medication.

SANDY (CONT'D)

So this year in the hospital, and whatever's ahead, it's a bonus level or whatever. An extra life.

DOCTOR CHARMER

I'll be able to look back and say 'I knew her when'!

SANDY

When I was recovering from attempting to take my own life. That's a good one.

DOCTOR CHARMER

I promise I don't say this about every patient, Sandy, but I'm actually going to...

Charmer goes in for a hug - Sandy begrudgingly accepts.

SANDY

Don't say it, Doc. I'm actually going to dot, dot, dot, too.

DOCTOR CHARMER

Budget cuts are always the worst reason to let a patient go, and given the circumstances, I honestly didn't think you were ready.

SANDY

Wait, am I not ready? I thought we finished your little workbook.

DOCTOR CHARMER

Oh, we barely got through chapter two. But ready or not, we had a vote, and, well, you're cured!

SANDY

You're joking. You're not joking?

DOCTOR CHARMER

I wrote it down right here. Cured.

SANDY

Cured of what exactly?

DOCTOR CHARMER

Of whatever, you know? All good.

SANDY

All good? One year of intensive recovery and then the staff votes me off like it's fucking Survivor?

DOCTOR CHARMER

It was more like Big Brother. We asked some of our favorite patients if they would vote for you, too. Even the foie gras food truck guy.

SANDY

Come on, Fredo's vote shouldn't count, he's only here on Fridays.

**MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE -- (:45)**

**ACT ONE****INT. NEWS ROOM - PRE-TAPED FOOTAGE**

NEWS ANCHOR, deadly serious, with a graphic featuring Sandy's Wikipedia photo in which she's cosplaying as Groucho Marx.

NEWS ANCHOR

They're calling it "SANDY-MANIA", the frenzied fanbase which erupted after comedian Sandy Kellerman unloaded on stage in a controversial set last year.

The graphic changes to Sandy thrashing and yelling on stage.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Kellerman, clearly inebriated on stage, began her now infamous wide ranging rant by revealing her own struggles with drug abuse, history of mental illness, her troubled marriage and even an illicit affair with another comedian's wife.

The clip of Sandy continues with rainbow text ALLY beneath.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

The set, known as "The Big One", was never officially released, went viral after it was posted online by a fan who spent half the runtime filming herself.

The clip refocuses on a half-empty plate of Bolognese.

**EXT. COMEDY CLUB - DAY**

The same anchor, on location interviews a series of increasingly aggressive oddballs wearing Sandy swag.

NEWS ANCHOR

The cult of personality forming around Kellerman after "The Big One" seems to care little for her previous material.

GREASY FAN

I've heard all the Old Sandy stuff. It's got nothing on "The Big One". That's lightning in a bottle, baby.

## NEWS ANCHOR

Despite the sudden surge in success, Kellerman has avoided the spotlight, social media, and even the press. Rumors run rampant among Kellerman's new fans.

## HIPSTER FAN

Think about it. "Sandy Kellerman." "Andy Kaufman." It's Uncle Andy coming back with a new character and pulling his classic disappearing act. Again.

## MANIC FAN

She's gotta be in jail, right? Or, like, a political prisoner overseas or something. Hashtag Free Sandy!

## GREASY FAN

Sandy knows exactly what she's doing. Once the buzz from The Big One wears off, we'll get a brand new special. If you ask me, the girl filming herself is just part of the bit.

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY**

The anchor has found the fan who posted the clip online.

## BOOTLEG FAN

It's not part of the bit, I was just really into that Bolognese.

## NEWS ANCHOR

Still one question remains - just what happened to Sandy Kellerman?

**EXT. SAINT LUCILLE'S HOSPITAL - MORNING**

Sandy is filming a video with food trucker FREDO's phone.

## SANDY

What's up Fredo's Cousin Nico! This is Sandy Kellerman, I was on that season of Friday Night Improv everyone agrees was "just okay".

FREDO

That's why they call me Fredo  
Hollywood baby! Who is the King of  
the Cousins now, Nico?

SANDY

Coming at you live from St.  
Lucille's hospital, I swear I'm not  
just recording this video in order  
to borrow your cousin's phone.

FREDO

And, cut! Perfecto, thank you  
Sandy. You've always been a real  
Don't let nobody say you're not.

Sandy holds out her hand for the phone.

SANDY

A deal's a deal, Fredo.

FREDO

As long as you promise you're not  
going to have two hundred orders  
delivered to the hospital. Again.

She's over it. Fredo still withholds the phone.

SANDY

How many times do I have to tell  
you? Wasn't me. You got me singing  
Shaggy over some pizza prank.

FREDO

I had to change up my whole game!  
You think I want to be known as  
Fredo the foie gras food truck guy?

SANDY

I just want to call a ride home,  
man. Let me restart my life.

FREDO

They give you your shit back when  
you leave. You don't have a phone?

SANDY

I gave all my shit away, since the  
plan was for me to die. I think I  
gave my iPhone away to a homeless  
woman. Nicest thing I've ever done.

FREDO

I know you know something,  
Kellerman. Tell me who was behind  
the pizzas and you can make a call.

SANDY

You talk to Abuelita Martinez about  
the pizza prank yet?

FREDO

What? She's almost a hundred years  
old. She ain't ordering shit!

Sandy snatches the phone before Fredo can process what's  
happening. She immediately dials her husband, COLT.

FREDO (CONT'D)

Okay, you can borrow my phone, but  
make it snappy cause suddenly I've  
got, like, fifteen calls to make.

Sandy gets Colt's voicemail.

COLT (O.S.)

Hey, it's Colt! Leave your name and  
number after the message. I mean  
the beep. Fuck. Shit, how do I--

SANDY

Hey, babe. It's me. Got out of the  
hospital early. Like, a lot early.  
Call me back at this number ASAP!

Fredo motions for his phone back.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Let me just try three or four more  
people. Somebody will pick up.

She tries her manager, Palmer. Straight to voicemail.

OLD PALMER (O.S.)

You've reached the Palmer Agency.  
I'm busy. Don't bother leaving a  
message, I'm never gonna hear it.

SANDY

Palmer, it's Sandy! I'm back, and I  
need a ride home and I don't  
remember a lot of phone numbers.

Sandy sighs and tries to return the phone.

FREDO  
You only remember two numbers?

SANDY  
My husband and my manager. I guess  
I could call my old cell number...

She starts dialing hesitantly, the muscle memory of dialing her own number not coming back as naturally.

VENUS (O.S.)  
Hello?

SANDY  
Hi, this used to be my--

The woman on the other end shrieks. Click. Dial tone.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
Can you call me an app ride?

FREDO  
You know I would, but I'm banned  
for kind of gross reasons I'd  
rather not get into right now.

SANDY  
Guess I'm walking.

**EXT. CITY BLOCK - LATER**

Sandy stops to take in the sight of a MASSIVE BILLBOARD advertising THE OTHER LATE NIGHT SHOW's glamorous new host, VENUS VALENTINUS, 20s, otherworldly beauty.

SANDY  
Now why do you look so familiar?

Sandy squints at the billboard, trying to place Venus.

A STRETCH LIMOUSINE pulls up alongside her. The back window rolls down.

PALMER (O.S.)  
Get in before somebody sees you.

Sandy shrugs and climbs into the limo.

**INT./EXT. PALMER'S LIMO -- CONTINUOUS**

Inside is fifteen-year-old MATILDA PALMER, dressed in a too-big department store business suit.

PALMER

Fucking amateur, you think nobody's going to recognize you just walking down the block? My god, woman.

Sandy taken aback, offers a handshake.

SANDY

Hi, I, uh, don't believe we've met. I'm Sandy Kellerman. I used to be a stand-up comedian.

Palmer eyes the handshake skeptically.

PALMER

And what does that make you now?

SANDY

Not really sure yet. Only my first day, and it's already a weird one.

Palmer smiles and completes the handshake.

PALMER

The name's Matilda Palmer. Like it or not, I'm your new manager, kid.

SANDY

Manager kid?

PALMER

I'm your manager, I called you kid. It's a term of endearment. Keep up, kid. Do you always act this weird?

SANDY

I'm trying something new.

PALMER

Probably shouldn't.

SANDY

I don't need a new agent, Matilda.

PALMER

Palmer's fine. And you need me. It's a long year you've been gone.

SANDY

How fucking ominous. You know, the old Palmer didn't keep secrets.  
(Seinfeld voice)  
So what's the deal with my personal affairs?

Palmer has no reaction.

PALMER

They're in shambles, obviously. And who is that voice supposed to be?

SANDY

That was Seinfeld, come on.

PALMER

Uh-huh.

SANDY

So spill, what happened to the Old Palmer? That guy was leaking wisdom and experience from every orifice.

PALMER

He fucking died, Sandy. I inherited the agency and all his clients.

SANDY

Shit. I-- I didn't... I'm sorry.

PALMER

You know, we've actually met before. My 12th birthday party.

SANDY

I really don't remember. Are you his daughter or something?

PALMER

Niece. You got blackout drunk at three in the afternoon and froze your tongue to my ice sculpture.

SANDY

Now that's starting to ring a bell. Let me know if you need me to buy you a ticket to any R-Rated movies.

PALMER

And you said you used to be funny? Let me give you some life advice.

SANDY

"Life advice"? Sure, kid, I'll play along. Lay it on me.

PALMER

You need to sort your shit out.

SANDY

I did that already. Everything was wrapped up in a nice, tight bow.

Sandy mimes a noose, Palmer winces.

PALMER

I need your head in the game, Sandy. There's a lot of ground you and I need to cover, but the war effort starts at home.

SANDY

I was honestly looking forward to quitting comedy, Palmer. We've only just met, now you're talking war?

PALMER

You're going to want more than just a manager in your corner, Sandy. You're going to want a general.

SANDY

And that's you? Master tactician slash high school sophomore?

PALMER

All I'm saying is talk to your husband before you do anything else. I'll scoop you later.

**EXT. KELLERMAN HOME - SUNSET**

The limo drops Sandy off outside her unassuming, suburban ranch home. The garden and lawn are overgrown, but it's otherwise as she remembers it.

The lights are on. Shadows move inside - someone's home.

Sandy sighs a deep, defeated sigh and checks under the doormat but there's no key. Slightly offended, she knocks.

SANDY

(yelling)

Hey Colt! I'm home from the hospital after I tried to end my life! Come bask in the awkwardness of my sudden homecoming!

VENUS (O.S.)

I can't hear you, Bae. I'm working on my monologue.

The door swings open to reveal VENUS VALENTINUS, the glamorous woman from the billboard. Venus is completely stunned by the sight of Sandy, like she's seen a ghost.

SANDY

You look like this billboard I saw.

VENUS

Oh, my god. Get out. Sandy! It really is you. Girl, when I say I always knew my day of reckoning would come, but... I'll make tea.

**EXT. KELLERMAN HOME - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Sandy and Venus sit down for tea. It's tense as all get out.

SANDY

I'll admit, I like what you've done with the place. But who are you, and why are you in my home, again?

VENUS

Oh, so now you don't remember me?

SANDY

Been getting a lot of that lately. I mean, don't get me wrong, you do look familiar, but I'm kind of freaking out right now. Talk.

VENUS

You changed my life, and you don't even remember me. I suppose I have gone through a glow-up of sorts...

SANDY

I change people's lives all the time. And I did a lot of questionable shit before I took my medication vacation and now I can't remember half of what went down.

**EXT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT - PAST**

Venus, lost in her smartphone and a cigarette, leans against the back door of the venue.

VENUS (V.O.)

I was just minding my own business when out of nowhere, here comes Hurricane Sandy Kellerman herself.

The backdoor of the venue swings open and a POST-MELTDOWN Sandy stumbles out, fat wad of cash in hand. She's a mess.

Venus pockets her cell phone and tries to help Sandy balance.

SANDY

I can't take this, it's blood money. Hey, you're homeless, right?

Sandy puts her finger to Venus' lips before she can answer.

SANDY (CONT'D)

You don't have to answer that. You have the right to remain silent.

VENUS

Look, I'll take the money if that's what you're offering, lady.

SANDY

It's all yours. Here, you can even have my phone. Screen's cracked.

VENUS

Oh, uh, I mean...

SANDY

Hold on, let me put you on the face scan so you can unlock it and lift yourself out of poverty once and for all.

VENUS

I'm not--

SANDY

Hold on, let me scan this scooter.

Sandy borrows her own phone to unlock one of those infamous app-scooters. She tosses the phone back and zooms off.

SANDY (V.O.)

Oh my god. Yep, that was me.

Venus is going back and forth between her old phone and the cracked screen phone from Sandy.

VENUS (V.O.)

I started getting texts from somebody called Bae Heart Emoji, and girl, these were some real raunchy-ass texts!

Venus turns bright red and hides both phones.

VENUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 One thing led to another, you know  
 how it goes. And one thing led to  
 another until Bae Heart proposed!

**EXT. KELLERMAN HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS**

Sandy slams her mug down a little too abruptly.

SANDY  
 Colt. His name's Colt.

VENUS  
 He's legally changing it when we're  
 married. Venus Valentinus and Bae  
 Heart Emoji. Don't we sound like a  
 Hollywood power couple?

SANDY  
 Your name's Venus Valentinus?  
 (genuine smile)  
 I honestly love that for you. And  
 in a weird way, I'm happy for you.  
 And Colt. But this is a weird way  
 to find out I'm getting divorced.

COLT (O.S.)  
 We honestly don't even have to get  
 divorced, unless you really want  
 to. There's a lot of paperwork.

COLT KELLERMAN, 32, returns home from work in a suit, tie,  
 slacks, briefcase. Stunningly good looking, light on brains  
 and high on charisma and who knows what else.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 Hi, Sandy. It's so good to see you.

SANDY  
 Hi, Colt.

VENUS  
 It's Bae Heart now.

Sandy winces. No one notices.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO**EXT. KELLERMAN HOME - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Sandy sees right through her now soon to be ex-husband.

SANDY

So, Venus tells me you're getting married... Bae Heart?

COLT

I thought I told you! I was going to tell you. I'm telling you now. This is my, uh, new wife, Venus Valentinus. We thought we'd try the whole sister-wives thing.

SANDY

I don't get a say in the matter?

COLT

I'm sorry, I thought you had at least another year in the looney bin, I kept saying I was going to write a whole speech. Ask Venus.

VENUS

He never got past "Dear Sandy". But believe me, it was all day every day with the "Dear Sandy's".

SANDY

You're pathetic, Colt. A coward. And you'll never make it in masked wrestling. 'Cause of your suplexes.

COLT

What about 'em?

SANDY

They're sloppy, Colt. Sloppy suplexes and a bullshit gimmick.

COLT

My gimmick is between me and my god. And I don't wear the tail now.

VENUS

That was my idea. Work-in-progress.

YOKO, the family dog trots into yard from a doggie door.

SANDY

Yoko! Mommy's home. C'mere, girl.

Yoko hops in Venus' lap, licking her face. Venus licks back.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Venus, I really want to like you,  
but you took my home, my husband,  
and now you're Frenching my poodle.

VENUS

I owe everything in my life to you,  
Sandy. And it would absolutely  
break my heart if you were to get  
all weird and jealous of the life  
I've built for myself.

SANDY

Please, I wasn't a fan of my old  
life. You can keep Colt. I said the  
wrestling thing already, right?

VENUS

Bae Heart Emoji wasn't the only  
person saved in my new phone. I got  
in touch with Palmer, and now I'm  
something of an entertainer myself.

COLT

That new Palmer is a real wiz kid.  
She knows geography, geology,  
geometry, and Greek mythology.

SANDY

The whole ninth grade curriculum.

VENUS

Thanks to New Palmer, last month I  
landed The Other Late Night Show.

Colt queues up a YouTube video on his phone.

SANDY

Old Palmer tried to get me booked  
on late night for years, and the  
new one gets you a guest spot on  
OLN like it's nothing? How?

VENUS

Oh, honey. I'm not some guest. I'm  
hosting The Other Late Night Show.

**INT. THE OTHER LATE NIGHT SHOW - NIGHT**

VENUS

My next guest first made headlines after he started a vampire death cult, please welcome Lars Dracula!

LARS DRACULA enters as a thick fog immerses the set. Everything takes on a darker, horror theme.

LARS DRACULA

Thank you for having me, Venus. I'm excited to make my announcement, here today on your show. Congrats, by the way. You're doing great.

VENUS

Thanks, Lars. I've got four other guests and a musical act tonight, so let's hear that announcement.

LARS DRACULA

That's right, I'm issuing a shocking announcement. So here it goes. I hereby announce, effective immediately, the complete and total end of what historians are already calling my Lars Dracula era.

VENUS

You're retiring your shtick? But the fans love your death cult!

LARS DRACULA

Yes, exactly. The Lars Dracula death cult has come to its natural conclusion. I'm launching a new death cult next month.

Lars dramatically removes his plastic vampire fangs and bows his head in a moment of silence.

LARS DRACULA (CONT'D)

Say goodbye to Lars Dracula and say yo what's good to Lars *Nebula*.

The set dressing changes from over the top, gothic horror-core aesthetics to over the top sci-fi kitsch.

**EXT. KELLERMAN BACKYARD - SUNSET - MOMENTS LATER**

VENUS

So, what do you think?

SANDY

Lars Nebula? Lateral move at best.

VENUS

Fuck Lars, what do you think of me as the host of Other Late Night?

SANDY

I'm not judging, but how did you even get famous in the first place?

VENUS

I can't help it, I'm just viral like that. Bae Heart knows.

COLT

It's true. She's magnetic.

SANDY

It's fine, I've been thinking about getting out of the business anyway.

Venus and Colt exchange nervous glances.

COLT

You should Google yourself, Sandy.

VENUS

Here, you can use my phone.

Venus hands Sandy her own old, still cracked-screen phone with the "SANDY-MANIA" news clip is queued up. Her eyes glaze over, dropping the phone in slow motion horror. It smashes.

SANDY

I gotta do something about this. Make some calls. Fuck, I don't have a phone. Do I have money, Colt?

VENUS

You chucked your wallet into the river, right? Bae Heart has it now.

Colt hands her a wallet with a faded ID still tucked in.

COLT

A grizzled fisherman reeled it in and came looking for a reward.

VENUS

But there wasn't any, so I gave him a job on my talk show instead. Now he's my boom operator!

SANDY

I gotta get out of here. I need  
fresh air, a phone and a slushy.  
They still make slushies, right?

**EXT. CITY BLOCK - NIGHT - LATER**

Sandy's walking down the street. She looks up and sees a massive billboard featuring herself, with the quote "TAKE IT FROM ME, YOU CAN ALWAYS CALL IT QUILTS."

SANDY

Oh, fuck me.

**EXT. EZ-CONVEENZ - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

As Sandy approaches the neon-drenched convenience store, loiterers outside start filming her on their phones.

**INT. EZ-CONVEENZ - CONTINUOUS**

Sandy beelines for the slushy machine. As she fills up, she waves to AKHBOR, 50s, charismatic convenience store clerk.

SANDY

What's up, Akhbor? I see you  
finally got blue raspberry back.  
And the machine's actually working!  
(sips drink)  
Oh, yeah. That hits the spot.

Akhbor's back is turned to Sandy as she nears the register.

AKHBOR (O.S.)

I knew you would come back! The  
other cashiers thought you were  
abducted by ancient aliens. You  
used to come in two, three times a  
week. Then one day, poof, gone.

SANDY

I took a little vacay, Akhbor. I'm  
back now. And I'm better, maybe.

AKHBOR

Back for good, I hope. Honestly I'm  
surprised you're not rolling with a  
whole entourage already. Your  
slushy is on the house from now on.

Akhbor turns around, revealing his SANDY t-shirt. She winces.

SANDY

Nice shirt. I don't like it.

AKHBOR

Are you kidding me? I've gotta represent! People don't believe me when I tell them THE Sandy Kellerman buys her blunt wraps here, in my store! You gotta take a selfie with me, I can frame it and put it up on the wall of fame.

The wall behind Akhbor is adorned with photoshopped pictures of himself with Elvis, Michael Jackson, and the original Grimace from McDonald's Land, complete with four arms.

SANDY

I don't know about all that, man.

AKHBOR

Hey, at least I asked permission. Your fans are mostly kinda jerks.

Akhbor nods towards the small crowd that has gathered. Everyone has their phones out filming.

SANDY

Oh, fuck this, I'm outta here.

Sandy rushes to leave, slips and beefs it. Slushy splashes everywhere. The crowd laughs.

AKHBOR

Now hit the dab!

Sandy covers her face in shame as she rushes out.

AKHBOR (CONT'D)

Close enough! See you around, Sandy. I'm gonna photoshop a pic of us for the wall, don't worry!

**EXT. EZ-CONVEENZ - CONTINUOUS**

The crowd of streamers follows Sandy outside, where Palmer's stretch limo is already waiting for her to make an escape.

**INT./EXT. PALMER'S LIMO - CONTINUOUS**

Palmer tears her way through burgers, fries and a shake. She offers the same to Sandy, who readily accepts.

SANDY

Palmer, coming through clutch.  
Thank you, I'm starving to death.

PALMER

Word that you're back will spread  
fast. I'm going to book you on the  
late night circuit. Do some press.

SANDY

(mouthful of fries)  
Yeah, no. I'm good.

PALMER

It's not a choice. Did you talk to  
Colt? How are you taking the news?

SANDY

About my husband's new wife, her  
talk show, or what?

Palmer snatches Sandy's shake from her before she can sip.

PALMER

Forget that shit, are you kidding  
me? You're mega famous, Sandy.  
Look, I'll level with you, kid. I  
love Venus Valentinus to death,  
but you are my biggest moneymaker.  
By a country fucking mile, Sand.

SANDY

How? That can't just be from  
streaming numbers on old specials.

PALMER

It's merchandise, baby. Licensing.  
You saw the billboard, right? Guess  
where this food comes from?

Sandy realizes the fast food Palmer got came from a place  
called SANDY BURGER. On the packaging, a cartoon Sandy grins.

SANDY

Is this real? It's fucked up. Voice  
of a generation, my ass.

PALMER

Don't think about your ass, think  
about your bank account. Did Colt  
tell you about the lawsuits?

SANDY

Lawsuits? Plural?

PALMER

You dropped off the biggest tour of your career, then dropped off the face of the Earth. You have some serious debts to settle, kid.

SANDY

Guess I can't really argue against selling out, then. It's not like I even make any art these days.

PALMER

But you're still producing content! Have you seen the memes? The new one's probably my favorite.

Palmer shows Sandy that her mini-meltdown followed by falling on her ass in the convenience store has already gone viral. The video plays on loop, with Sandy falling and re-falling.

Sandy takes the phone and foolishly tries to delete the post.

PALMER (CONT'D)

Here, you needed a new phone? That one's brand new, all yours to keep.

SANDY

Hey, thanks. I needed one of these just in case I run into any more future late night hosts.

PALMER

Honestly, for one day back. you're doing great, Sandy. No notes.

SANDY

You really think so?

PALMER

I thought you were going to come back out of your fucking mind. So far, you've been almost pleasant.

SANDY

I'm not going on a talk show.

PALMER

I understand, baby steps. I've got one more surprise for you tonight.

The limo has pulled up outside a busy Comedy Club.

PALMER (CONT'D)

It's open mic night.

SANDY

I just told you I'm not ready.

PALMER

Now, I'm not expecting a tight five or anything, but I think you should at least spend time around live comedy tonight. Just sit in the audience, take it in. No pressure.

Palmer hands Sandy a makeshift disguise as the limo pulls up outside a busy Comedy Club. She shoves Sandy out the door.

**EXT. CHUCKLEFART'S COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT**

Sandy has donned the GROUCHO MARX look, as seen in her Wikipedia photo previously. Palmer follows close behind.

PALMER

We'll keep a low profile. They won't let me in without an adult.

Palmer leads Sandy into the club.

**INT. CHUCKLEFART'S COMEDY CLUB - CONTINUOUS**

Palmer and Sandy take a table towards the back of the club. On stage is perennial host JONO MURPHY, 27, bearded, doughy.

JONO

How's everybody doing tonight? Thanks for coming out to open mic night. We'll be taking all comers all night, I promise I don't end every sentence with "night", alright? See, there we go...

Palmer looks to Sandy for her reaction. Sandy rolls her eyes, but she's smiling, despite herself. She did miss this.

JONO (CONT'D)

Coming up to the stage first is a guy who says he was inspired to try stand up for the first time, give it up for Mister Julian Charmer!

SANDY

He's got to be joking.

Doctor Charmer, Sandy's psych ward doctor from Saint Lucille's, takes the stage with way too much energy.

DOCTOR CHARMER

Folks, I've got four words for you:  
Big. Foot. Bar. Fight.

The crowd absolutely loses it. Charmer hams it up.

DOCTOR CHARMER (CONT'D)

Well, that's honestly all I've got.  
I've been Doctor Julian Charmer,  
M.D. Says it all. Good night folks!

The crowd is loving it. Jono returns to hosting.

JONO

Short, sweet, and to the point. But  
what a point it was. Bigfoot Bar  
Fight. That could be a movie, or a  
video game. Put it on a t-shirt.

PALMER

Look, I'm gonna go have a few  
cigarettes, maybe play some  
Neopets, but you enjoy yourself.  
You don't gotta do any time on  
stage, but you might enjoy it.

SANDY

Charmer stole the only joke I've  
written in a year. I'll pass.

As Palmer leaves, Sandy sees Doctor Charmer slinking away.  
Sandy sees red and goes in for the kill.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE****INT. CHUCKLEFART'S COMEDY CLUB - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Sandy removes her Groucho glasses to confront Charmer.

DOCTOR CHARMER

Sandy! I thought you were quitting.

SANDY

You stole Bigfoot Bar Fight.

DOCTOR CHARMER

I said it first. Don't you think that bit's overstayed its welcome?

She takes his beer and throws it in his face. A few chuckles.

DOCTOR CHARMER (CONT'D)

Small price to pay for that sweet, sweet laughter. Honestly, I'm relieved that you're only mad about me stealing a joke.

SANDY

Wait, why should I be mad at you?

DOCTOR CHARMER

You haven't seen the ad campaign.

**INT. HOSPITAL AD CAMPAIGN - PRE-TAPED FOOTAGE**

A feel good ad campaign with slick production value frames clips of Sandy in the psych ward filmed without her consent.

DOCTOR CHARMER (V.O.)

Here are St. Lucille's, mental health is no laughing matter.

Sandy, drinking from a water fountain, flips the bird.

DOCTOR CHARMER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Take it from Sandy Kellerman: you can always call it quits, and when you do, St. Lucille's will be here.

**INT. CHUCKLEFART'S COMEDY CLUB - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Sandy is aghast.

SANDY

The fuck is all this? You're sick.

DOCTOR CHARMER

Your manager pitched us the idea!

**EXT. CHUCKLEFART'S COMEDY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER**

Palmer, leaning against the back door of the comedy club, takes a long drag from a cigarette.

Sandy bursts out of the door, sending Palmer tumbling.

SANDY

Shit, Palmer, are you alright?  
Also, you're fired.

PALMER

You saw the St. Lucille's ads?

SANDY

Why would you let them film me?

PALMER

I licensed the security footage  
they were already filming. Content!

SANDY

You're worse than the Old Palmer.

PALMER

I needed the money. You needed the  
money. I had no other options, I--

Palmer bursts into tears. Sandy awkwardly pats her on the back. For the first time, it really dawns on her that Matilda's just a scared teenager making up as she goes along.

SANDY

Hey, stop smoking. You're twelve.

Sandy takes Palmer's cig before she can take another drag.

PALMER

I'll be sixteen in September.

SANDY

You have your whole life to smoke.

PALMER

When Uncle Mel died, so did my  
childhood. Now I have a job.  
Clients. Deliverables. Bullshit.

SANDY

Palmer, I--

PALMER

And then here comes Sandy, back from the dead, and suddenly I have to babysit you so you don't try--

SANDY

You don't have to worry about me. Go home, Matilda. Get some sleep.

PALMER

Am I still fired?

SANDY

Depends, you got a lighter?

Palmer palms Sandy her Bic. Sandy lights her a new cigarette.

**INT. CHUCKLEFART'S COMEDY CLUB - LATER**

Sandy returns to her table. Alone.

Instead of watching the comic on stage, she watches the audience, fixating on the folks who are truly enjoying themselves.

SANDY (V.O.)

As many of you probably know, my name is Sandy Kellerman. Last year I tried to kill myself. There's nothing funny I can say about it, really. I wanted out.

Sandy watches a couple having a quiet but heated argument.

SANDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Selfishly, I said and did a lot of questionable things because I gave myself the excuse that I wasn't going to be around. And obviously, I'm still here. And not just alive, here, but here, in this room, with all of you.

The couple storms out, passing Sandy on their way.

SANDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I don't necessarily want to be, but right now I don't necessarily *not* want to be, either. Again, not just alive, but here, with all of you.

The audience laughter syncs with the V.O.

SANDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 And I think a lot of us feel that way. I'm trying to figure it all out, but I'm riding a roller coaster built beneath a microscope.

**INT. THERAPY LOUNGE - LATER**

Sandy's been speaking not to an audience at the open mic, but to other patients in a group therapy session.

SANDY  
 Thanks, everyone. That's all I wanted to share. At least tonight.

AKHBOR (O.S.)  
 What happened to you, Sandy?

**EXT. EZ-CONVEENZ - LATER**

Sandy and Akhbor share a cigarette outside the convenience store. Sandy has her signature blue slushy.

AKHBOR  
 We used to be tight. Is it me? I don't want my fandom to get in the way of our friendship, y'know?

SANDY  
 Since when were we tight, Akhbor?

AKHBOR  
 Since the night you came in here on shrooms and spent hours trying to convince anyone who would listen that vanilla counts as a flavor.

SANDY  
 Oh my god, that's because it does count. It's nobody's favorite flavor, but it's utilitarian. That speaks to its ubiquity!

AKHBOR  
 See, we've still got our friendly rapport. Friends take selfies.

SANDY  
 Alright, fine. But let me get another slushy. On the house.

AKHBOR

You got it, boss. Three in one day?

SANDY

This one's not for me. I, uh, made a teenager cry earlier tonight.

AKHBOR

Shit, me too. You got kids, then?

SANDY

Worse. My manager.

Akhbor removes his SANDY shirt and offers it to her.

AKHBOR

By the way, I don't think I should rock your merch anymore. Your fans are getting pretty toxic online.

INT. PALMER HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sandy rests in the TOP BUNK of a bunk bed, wearing the SANDY shirt, feet hanging over the edge.

Palmer, beneath her, sips the gifted slushy.

SANDY

You know, I spent years desperately chasing fame and fortune. Never knew why, maybe I thought it would fix whatever's going wrong inside.

PALMER

I'm sorry about the hospital.

SANDY

That doc's a quack and a hack, dog.

PALMER

I meant sorry you ended up there. And sorry you ended up here.

SANDY

It's fine, I'll live.

PALMER

Uncle Mel would've liked that one.

SANDY

I miss him, he was a good man.

PALMER

He really wasn't, but nice to hear.

SANDY

Old Palmer believed in me when no one else did. I owe him my career.

PALMER

Yeah, me too.

They sit in the silence together for a moment before it's broken by a shouting match from the hall - Palmer's parents.

**INT. KELLERMAN HOME - DAY**

Sandy has boxed up some of her belongings, preparing to move her things out of Colt and Venus's home.

COLT

You seem in better spirits today.

SANDY

Taking things a day at a time. You were right about that New Palmer.

VENUS

Oh, I'm so happy for you, Sandy! We are so gonna have to double date.

SANDY

It's so not like that. She's a teenager, for one. We're roommates.

COLT

Oh my god, they were roommates.

VENUS

You know you're always welcome in our home, Sandy. What kind of a woman would I be if I left you to a life on the streets?

SANDY

I appreciate the offer. It's just, your home used to be my home. And now it's not. That's super weird. Everything's changing these days.

COLT

If it's any consolation, I think you're changing for the better. I don't mean that to sound mean.

SANDY

No, you're right. I think so, too.

Sandy's phone buzzes.

SANDY (CONT'D)

And that's Palmer trying to book me on the late night circuit, again.

COLT

Don't sound so sour, Sandy. Your wildest dreams are coming true!

There's a knock at the door. Venus goes to answer it.

VENUS

Hey, there's like four hundred people outside. Weird vibes.

SANDY

Don't look at me.

VENUS

They say they're here to see Sandy.

Colt and Venus look at Sandy, then at each other.

COLT

Oh, no. It's finally happened. They've found our address.

SANDY

Who's found us?

Colt and Venus run about the room closing curtains.

COLT

They call themselves Fandies.

VENUS

Like 'fans of Sandy'.

SANDY

Figured as much.

COLT

Oh, I just got that. Clever!

VENUS

The news is here. Sandy, can you ask the fandies to reschedule?

SANDY

Me? Why me?

COLT  
 They're kind of your personal army.  
 Like, if you told them to jump...  
 on a trampoline, they would.

SANDY  
 How bout off a bridge?

**EXT. KELLERMAN HOME - DAY - MOMENTS LATER**

**EXT. KELLERMAN HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

Sandy stands on what used to be her own front porch and is dwarfed by the hundreds of fans gathered.

The rowdy fans wave banners, carry signs and blue slushies - it would be easy to mistake them for protestors.

The News Anchor from the "SANDY-MANIA" piece fights her way to the front of the crowd.

NEWS ANCHOR  
 Sandy! Can I get an interview?

SANDY  
 I don't do press, ask my manager.

One of the folks at the front of the crowd hands Sandy a megaphone. It takes her a second to figure it out.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
 What do you want?

CROWD  
 New Sandy Kellerman!

Sandy is surprised to hear a response in approximate unison.

SANDY  
 When do you want it?

CROWD  
 (unintelligible)

SANDY  
 Yeah, too good to be true.

Sandy is nailed with slushy, the crowd erupts with laughter.

**END OF PILOT**