

OUT OF MY HEAD

Pilot:

IMAGINARY?

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FADE IN:

1 **EXT. THE WOODS - DAY**

A LITTLE GIRL, around seven years-old, runs through shrubbery in a relatively clear forest. She's struggling for breath while desperately urging herself forward.

She looks backwards over her shoulder, still running. She hears the distant voices of a few other children.

The little girl turns back around and slows down, panting heavier, bordering on hyperventilation.

A foaming white river stands in her way. She gets to the edge of it and frantically looks around for something, for ANYTHING.

Children laugh off-screen. The little girl turns around to see three girls and two boys around her age. They're closing in, only a few meters away.

The LEAD GIRL walks slightly ahead of the other children and taunts the little girl.

LEAD GIRL

Where are you going?

The little girl shouts at the group as they draw closer.

LITTLE GIRL

Why do you hate me?!

The lead girl walks up to the little girl and PUSHES her.

The little girl falls back and is about to splash into the river.

CUT TO:

2 **INT. FAYE'S BED - DAY**

FAYE — a scruffy-looking 25-year-old — has her eyes closed, then they dart open suddenly. She blinks several times as she stirs awake. Her off-screen voice is heard.

FAYE (O.S.)

I hate repeating dreams. Especially that one.

She stares at her phone, still half asleep. It's Tuesday 15th May, 2:40pm. Her screen is littered with missed calls and messages. She ignores them as she crawls out of bed.

FAYE (O.S., CONT'D)
Sometimes it's pretty hard to tell when
I'm awake or asleep.

3 **INT. FAYE'S BEDROOM — DAY**

Faye roughly fixes her bed, leaving it almost as messy as it started.

FAYE (O.S., CONT'D)
Because I think I've got...

She hesitates and chuckles.

FAYE (O.S., CONT'D)
I've got an imaginary friend.

4 **INT. FAYE'S BATHROOM — DAY**

Faye stoically gazes past her reflection in a mirror as she brushes her teeth, periodically leaning forward to spit into the sink.

FAYE (O.S., CONT'D)
I don't know if I'm actually losing my
mind or if she's becoming... real?

TITLE CARD (IN THE MIRROR): **out of my head**

Faye finishes brushing her teeth. Another off-screen voice appears.

DEE (O.S.)
That one was faster.

FAYE
(sarcastically)
Thanks for the update. Real essential
information you're giving me.

Dee — a six-and-a-half-foot dark-blue creature — stands behind Faye. She has curved horns, angular feminine facial features, and large pupils. She has broad shoulders, no body hair, wears no clothes, and lacks sexual organs.

Dee phonetically pronounces words as if she's reading them for the first time. She speaks with the diction and enthusiasm of a small child.

DEE
You are welcome Faye.

Dee grins at Faye, almost too emphatically.

DEE (CONT'D)

It took you sixty-seven seconds to brush.
Thirty-eight seconds faster than normal.

FAYE

Have you been counting?

Faye saunters out of the bathroom, trailed closely by Dee.

DEE

No. I am good at time.

FAYE

"I am good at time"? What does that even mean?

They pass through her unkept bedroom/living room, and into the kitchenette of her cramped studio apartment.

Faye throws together a bowl of cereal.

DEE

It has been eight days since we first met.
Or One hundred ninety-two hours. Or
eleven-thousand five-hundred twenty-one
minutes. Or six-hundred ninety-one
thousand two hundred sixty-one...

FAYE

Ok, I get it. "Good at time." I'll add
that to your list of talents.

Faye sits down on the edge of her bed and eats. Dee towers over her, watching intently.

DEE

Would you like me to list, what you call,
my talents?

Faye shakes her head. Her mouth's full of cereal.

DEE

I am good at time, I can levitate, I have
no hair down stair, I can change my eye
colour, I can change my skin colour, and I
can learn how to smile.

Dee over-emphatically smiles and Faye rolls her eyes slightly.

Faye quickly chews and swallows, then points at her face while shaking her head.

FAYE

This means no.

Still pointing, Faye nods.

FAYE (CONT'D)

And this means yes.

DEE

O.K.

Dee alternates randomly between nodding and shaking her head, with a big smile still on her face. Faye smirks.

FAYE

Sometimes I hate how cute you can be. As cute as a tall, blueish... whatever-you-are is.

DEE

Dee. I am Dee.

FAYE

Yea, but you keep avoiding the point. I'm Faye, and I'm a human. You're Dee and you're...?

Dee looks pensive for a moment.

DEE

If you do not know, then I do not know.

FAYE

Right. Sometimes I forget you're in my head.

DEE

Am I?

Faye raises an eyebrow, looking puzzled.

A beat.

Faye shakes her head and sighs.

FAYE

Why're you so goddamn cryptic?

Dee grins at Faye, staring, unblinking and wordless. She doesn't seem to understand the question.

Faye's demeanour sours slightly as she returns to her bowl of cereal.

5 **EXT. STREET PAVEMENT — DAY**

Faye walks along a relatively quiet pavement, wheeling a brightly-coloured, basket-laden bike alongside her. Dee keeps pace as a voiceover plays.

FAYE (O.S.)

I was pretty aimless and kind of lost.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Before 'Dee' appeared.

FAYE (O.S.)

No, this was after she showed up. It was the day things started to get... weirder.

Faye and Dee continue their little trek.

DEE

Where are we going?

Faye puts in her earphones.

FAYE

We're going to the shops, then John's place.

DEE

Again?

FAYE

Yes, again. Don't judge me.

An old woman approaches. A beat.

FAYE (CONT'D)

You don't *have* to come, you know. You can go and do whatever your... 'kind' do?

The old woman walks past Faye as she says "whatever... your 'kind' do", and she scowls. Faye grimaces.

FAYE

(under her breath)

Damn it.

DEE

I am sorry.

As she walks away the old woman appears to shrink and melt

into the floor. Faye doesn't notice the oddity, but we do.

FAYE

It's not you. I need to be more careful when I'm talking about you... to you, in public.

DEE

Why?

FAYE

Because nobody else can see you, and I sounded racist.

DEE

What's racist?

Faye exhales slowly. A beat.

FAYE

That's a... that's a big question. Ask me about it some other time.

6 EXT. LARGE SUPERMARKET - DAY

The pair stroll towards a large supermarket. They turn a corner and they're bathed in the iridescent glow of the logo affixed to the building.

Dee vibrates with excitement. Faye stops in her tracks and turns to face Dee.

FAYE

Dee. Look at me Dee... Dee.

Dee turns to look at Faye.

FAYE

You're not going to...

A woman exits the store.

Dee breaks into a wild sprint towards the pressure-sensitive door, with her hands flapping haphazardly by her sides.

FAYE

Goddammit.

The automatic door closes before Dee reaches it and she slams into it at full speed, then bounces off.

Faye groans and holds her head in her hand.

Dee stands inches from the door, waving and jumping in an attempt to open it.

Faye walks to the door and it opens. Dee sprints inside and disappears around a corner.

Faye exhales sharply, then walks in.

7 **INT. LARGE SUPERMARKET — DAY**

Faye holds a shopping basket full of assorted snacks. She looks at some salsa dips on a shelf.

A rustling sound is heard off-screen. Faye turns, but nobody is in her isle. She follows the sound to the next isle containing a few shoppers who don't seem to acknowledge the sound's existence.

At the end of the isle Dee is hunched over and squatting on the floor, facing away.

As Faye approaches, the rustling intensifies.

Faye pretends to look at an item on the supermarket shelf and whispers to Dee.

FAYE
(whispering)
Are you O.K?

Dee doesn't react, but the rustling intermittently gets more intense.

Faye taps her foot against Dee, then addresses her slightly louder.

FAYE
Dee?

A man in the aisle turns to Faye. From his perspective Faye's standing alone, acting rigid and strange.

Faye forces a smile at him. She turns back to face the shelf but looks at Dee from the corner of her eye.

Dee eerily turns her head towards Faye, who looks slightly concerned and confused.

Dee's face is emotionless, but her eyes look larger than usual.

FAYE
(whispering)
What... what's wrong?

Dee unfolds and slowly extends a box of off-brand cereal towards Faye.

DEE
It has a toy.

Dee shakes it vigorously.

DEE (CONT'D)
I need the toy.

Dee points at an image of a toy on the box.

Faye stares at Dee for a few seconds, unimpressed.

DEE
Please.

A nearby sneeze is heard.

Faye turns to the small cluster of people in the isle.

FAYE
Bless you.

She turns her attention back to Dee. The people in the isle look at her and each other, confused.

FAYE
(whispering)
Fine, take it and wait outside. Just stop shaking it.

DEE
But stealing is bad.

FAYE
(whispering)
It's not real.

DEE
But I am holding it.

FAYE
(whispering)
You're not... I'm not having this argument again. Take it or don't, just stop shaking it.

DEE

O.K!

FAYE

(whispering)

And stealing isn't always bad.

DEE

Yay, stealing!

Faye opens her mouth, but says nothing and walks away.

Dee has a wide grin on her face. She clutches the cereal box to her chest.

8 **EXT. LARGE SUPERMARKET - DAY**

Faye places her shopping bag into her bike's basket. Then she puts in her earphones and unlocks her bike.

DEE

Where is the toy?

FAYE

You don't need to ask me to open it.

Dee shakes the cereal box vigorously. Faye turns her bike around and climbs on.

DEE

(whispering)

Where are you, toy?

FAYE

Just open it.

DEE

How?

FAYE

"How?" It's a box.

Dee looks at Faye, perplexed. Faye mimes holding a cereal box.

FAYE

Do what I do.

Faye mimes opening the top of the cereal box. Dee opens the box.

Faye mimes lifting the cereal bag out of the box. Dee lifts

out the cereal bag and throws the box over her shoulder.

Faye mimes carefully opening the cereal bag like a packet of crisps. Dee carefully opens the cereal bag.

Faye mimes plunging her hand into the bag. Dee whips the cereal bag up and down, sending cereal all over Faye and the street.

Faye closes her eyes.

FAYE

Why? Just... why would you do that?

Faye opens her eyes and Dee is crouched over with a plastic doll in her hand. Dee turns to Faye.

DEE

Toy!

FAYE

You're lucky this mess is imaginary.

Faye cycles away. Dee trudges after her.

9 INT. APARTMENT LIFT — DAY

Faye and Dee stand alone in the lift. Dee towers over Faye, staring at her intently while fiddling with her doll.

FAYE

Remember, don't go around touching all of John's stuff, and don't butt into conversations.

Faye catches a glimpse of Dee staring and quickly returns the gaze.

FAYE (CONT'D)

And don't stare at people like that. It's rude.

Dee leans away from Faye then takes a step backwards, still staring. Then Dee emphatically smiles.

Faye rolls her eyes, but smirks.

10 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, JOHN'S FRONT DOOR — DAY

Faye knocks on the door restlessly, increasing the speed of her knocks. Dee stands close behind her.

A few moments later a man answers; it's JOHN — a man in his

mid-thirties, a stereotypical 'stoner' archetype, and Faye's only friend.

JOHN

Oh shit, look who it is.

FAYE

It me! And I got snacks.

Faye raises her shopping bag.

JOHN

Awesome. Come in dude. We're getting day-drunk since it's Phil's birthday.

John takes the bag from Faye and goes back inside, followed by Dee, then Faye who closes the front door.

11 **INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM — DAY**

John and Faye casually walk to the living room. Dee wanders around.

FAYE

Who's Phil?

JOHN

You don't know Phil? Oh, you'll love Phil, he's a friend from my life-drawing class.

FAYE

Cool.

John's living room is full of people, all conversing with each other in different groups. Someone grabs John's attention and he's pulled into a conversation.

Most of the people quiet down and stare at Faye.

A beat.

DEE

What's racist?

Faye slowly slinks off into the kitchen.

12 **INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN — DAY**

The kitchen's empty. Faye addresses Dee.

FAYE

It's not raci... It just looks like I'm crashing their party.

DEE

What?

FAYE

What?

DEE

What?

A beat.

FAYE

I need a drink.

She opens the fridge. It's empty.

13 **INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM — DAY**

Faye subtly slinks back into the living room to find a drink. Dee wanders around by herself.

Faye looks around, then pivots 180° and a strange MAN stands smiling at her. Faye is surprised but not quite startled.

MAN

What are you doing here?

The man wears a suit and tie. Everyone else is in casualwear.

FAYE

What? Do I know you?

The man laughs to himself.

MAN

You're strange.

Faye looks confused.

MAN (CONT'D)

Tick tock, Faye. Tick tock.

John taps Faye on the shoulder and she turns to face him. She points behind her.

FAYE

Who's...

She turns her head and the strange man isn't there.

John shoves a can of beer into Faye's hand. He holds his own can towards her.

They tap cans, Faye opens hers and takes a sip. She winces.

FAYE

Mmm, warm beer. Just the way I like it.

JOHN

Yea. The fridge broke this morning, so warm beers for all.

John takes a sip and Faye takes another. They groan.

Faye casually scans the room, looking for the man in a suit as she talks.

FAYE

This is like drinking actual piss.

JOHN

It tastes like a hobo smells.

They both chuckle.

JOHN

What're you doing here today?

Faye still scans but she can't see the strange man anywhere.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I thought you had a job interview.

Faye's attention is back on John. She's slightly irked.

In the background, Dee turns to look at Faye.

FAYE

Yea... I'm not really the librarian type, so I thought I'd pass.

Dee chimes in from the background.

DEE

That is not true. I know why you do not want to go.

JOHN

O.K? One, why'd you apply for it in the first place?

Faye shrugs, as Dee intently looks over her shoulder at John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And two, I think you should just go for any job just to keep you occupied. Don't you think you're...

A beat. Faye's eyes narrow slightly as she awaits judgment, again.

FAYE

What?

JOHN (CONT'D)

...stagnating a bit? You've sort of been drifting. I think you're going a little stir crazy.

Dee nods her head in the background.

Faye replies adamantly but light-heartedly.

FAYE

No, I'm not.

JOHN

Don't you remember what you said a few of days ago?

Faye looks confused and shrugs. She takes another sip of beer, and grimaces.

JOHN

You were talking about seeing imaginary creatures and shit.

Faye's eyes widen.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And you seemed *really* convinced that some horned thing was stalking you.

Dee walks between John and Faye. Dee smiles emphatically, drops her toy, and points at her face, while nodding.

DEE

That is me!

A beat.

Faye's eyes dart towards Dee briefly. She quickly looks back at John.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Did something happen, or...

Faye nervously laughs.

FAYE
I was just high, man.

John looks sceptical. Faye nervously laughs again and takes a sip of her beer. She winces, then hands the can to John.

FAYE
I need to go piss this out of me.

14 **INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT, TOILET — DAY**

Faye sits on the toilet with her head in her hands. She sighs.

FAYE
Goddammit.

DEE
You should tell more people about me.

Faye almost jumps at the sound of Dee's voice. She audibly begins to urinate.

She looks down briefly, then back up at Dee, who stands in front of her in the cramped toilet, holding her toy.

FAYE
How did you even...? Why?

DEE
Why what?

FAYE
Why are you here while I'm pissing? I've told you that this is private time.

DEE
You said private time was when...

Faye shushes Dee.

FAYE
Stop speaking. Please.

Faye finishes urinating. She stares at Dee, then gestures towards the door with her eyebrows. Dee mimics her gesture.

FAYE

Can you get out please? So, I can finish up.

Dee reaches for the door handle.

FAYE

No! No.

DEE

You said I should get out.

FAYE

Well how did you get in?

Dee shrugs.

Faye's phone rings. She pulls it out of her handbag, hangs up, then stuffs it back into her handbag.

FAYE

Can you at least turn around then?

Dee shuffles to turn around, then farts.

FAYE

Ah, Jesus.

Dee laughs.

FAYE (CONT'D)

How did you even do that? You don't have a butthole.

Dee begins to turn towards Faye.

FAYE

Nope. Turn right back around.

Faye's phone rings again. She groans. She takes her phone out again.

DEE

If it is the same number, maybe it is important.

Faye hangs up and puts the phone back in her bag.

FAYE

How did you...? Whatever. Just keep facing that direction, O.K.

Faye walks out of the toilet, followed by Dee.
Faye's phone rings again.

FAYE
Again?

DEE
Maybe it is...

FAYE
I know, I know. Fine, I'll answer.

Faye digs the phone out of her handbag, and answers.

FAYE
Hello?

CALLER (O.S.)
Is this Faye Augustine?

FAYE
Yea.

CALLER (O.S.)
This is about your mother, Janet. I'm
afraid there's been a small accident at
the care home..

The audio begins to fade.

Faye's eyes glass over. She heads towards the front door
alone, pushing past people, including John.

JOHN
Faye? What's up?

Faye opens the front door and exits without closing the
door behind herself.

16 **EXT. ROADSIDE — DAY**

Faye furiously cycles along a road with her earphones in. A
look of panic painted on her face.

Faye pays no attention to the blaring car horns or passers-
by shouting.

Faye presses a button on her earphones.

FAYE
Call my sister.

DIGITAL ASSISTANT (O.S.)
Calling. Kate. Augustine.

A few rings. A voicemail message begins to play.

KATE (O.S.)
Hi, I'm not available to answer your call
at the moment...

Faye sighs angrily. She cycles more urgently.

17 **INT. CARE HOME RECEPTION — DAY**

Faye strides into the care home, sweaty and out of breath.
She walks to the reception desk.

FAYE
I need to see Janet Augustine. I'm her
daughter.

RECEPTIONIST
Okay. Can I see some I.D please?

Faye pulls out her driver's license and slaps it on the
table.

The receptionist looks at it and types something on her
computer.

FAYE
How is she? Did you get Dr. Denilson?

The receptionist looks at Faye, confused.

RECEPTIONIST
Pardon?

FAYE
Dr. Denilson. She's usually the...

Faye's eyes dart to the side. She spots her mother and
rushes towards her in the care home living area.

RECEPTIONIST
Miss? Your I.D.

18 **INT. CARE HOME LIVING AREA — DAY**

Faye walks over to her mother, JANET, who's playing with a
phone and sitting in an armchair.

FAYE
Mum? Are you alright?

Janet lowers her phone and turns to face Faye.

Faye kneels next to her mother and places a hand on her shoulder.

FAYE

What did the doctor say?

Janet smiles. Faye looks confused.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Mum?

Janet holds back laughter.

JANET

I got one of my friends to prank call you.
Nothing happened, I'm fine.

An image of relief washes over Faye's face, followed quickly by annoyance. Faye removes her hand from her mother's shoulder.

FAYE

Mum!? What the shit?

Janet chuckles to herself.

FAYE (CONT'D)

That's... even for you, that's really messed up.

JANET

Oh, come on. Would you have come to visit otherwise?

FAYE

Of course! All you need to do is text or call me.

Janet's laughter fades.

JANET

I did, this week, and the week before. You never responded.

Faye looks guilty.

A beat.

JANET (CONT'D)

And your sister hasn't responded in months.

FAYE

She's been... travelling a lot... for work and...

JANET

It's almost as if she thinks paying for our living situations means she doesn't need to visit, right?

A beat.

Faye pensively stares at the ground.

Faye looks up at her mother and opens her mouth to speak but she's interrupted. Her father, PATRICK, grabs her shoulders from behind.

PATRICK

What a nice surprise!

Faye smiles. Patrick waddles around Faye and into an armchair near Janet. His movement is stiff and restricted.

PATRICK

Did Kate come too?

JANET

It's just Faye, dear.

PATRICK

Well it's great to see you, love.

Patrick beams a huge smile then a grin grows across Faye's face.

JANET

It is a lovely surprise, isn't it? So, what brings you to visit us old fogeys?

Janet slyly winks at Faye.

Faye replies guiltily.

FAYE

I hadn't been around in a while... so thought I'd drop by.

Faye stands up, grabs a nearby chair, and moves it across from her parents.

19 **EXT. CARE HOME CAR PARK — LATE AFTERNOON**

Faye unlocks her bike, and turns it to face the main road.

As she turns Dee appears, still clutching her toy. Faye gasps.

FAYE
Jesus. You scared me.

DEE
Sorry. I did not mean to.

Faye pushes her bike as she walks. Dee walks alongside her.

FAYE
Where were you?

DEE
I do not know. Where were you?

FAYE
With my pare...

A beat. Faye stops.

FAYE (CONT'D)
That's the first time you haven't been around since you appeared.

Faye looks into Dee's eyes. Dee nods.

FAYE (CONT'D)
That must mean you're linked to my parents somehow, right? Like, you represent my guilt because I don't visit them enough or something?

A beat.

Faye stares at Dee.

DEE
O.K.

FAYE
That's a question. I'm asking you whether I'm right.

DEE
If you do not know then I do not know.

Faye groans.

FAYE
You're useless.

Dee frowns.

DEE
I am sorry.

Faye gets on her bike and begins cycling.

Dee levitates alongside Faye as she cycles.

Dee turns her head to face Faye, who's intently cycling forward. Dee is still frowning.

DEE
Are you mad?

FAYE
Yes. At myself.

DEE
Why?

FAYE
Because I'm a bad daughter, and I think I'm losing my mind.

Dee looks like she's deep in thought.

DEE
Does that mean I am losing my mind?

Faye briefly looks over at Dee, before turning back to look at the road ahead.

FAYE
I don't even know how to respond to that. None of this makes any sense. I'm basically talking to thin air.

DEE
Am I thin air?

Faye becomes irater.

FAYE
No... Yes... I don't know.

DEE
Where is your sister? Is she a bad daughter too?

FAYE
I don't know, or care at this point.

DEE
You do care.

FAYE
Then why ask me?

DEE
I do not know. I ask questions sometimes.

A beat.

DEE (CONT'D)
Do you like your sister?

A beat. Faye doesn't respond.

DEE (CONT'D)
Can you be...

FAYE
Shut up. Just be quiet and stop getting on
my nerves.

Faye looks frustrated and distraught.

20 **INT. FAYE'S BEDROOM — LATE AFTERNOON**

Faye collapses onto her bed face-first then she rolls over
onto her back and kicks off her shoes. She looks calmer.

Dee stands in the far corner of the room, looking at Faye.

FAYE
I *am* a bad daughter, aren't I?

DEE
I do not know.

FAYE
That's because I'm questioning myself.

DEE
O.K.

Faye sighs heavily, then she rolls onto her side to look at
Dee. Faye seems pensive.

A beat.

FAYE
Do you dream, Dee?

DEE
I think so.

FAYE
What do you dream about?

Dee closes her eyes for a beat, then opens them again.

DEE
I dream about blackness.

Faye smirks.

FAYE
I'm jealous.

DEE
What do you dream?

FAYE
These days I only dream about my mum's stories.

DEE
Is it scary?

FAYE
Not really, but they're kind of sad. She used to get bullied.

DEE
Why did she tell you?

FAYE
I honestly don't know.

DEE
You did not get bullied?

FAYE
Not really. But she did, a lot.

DEE
Why do you dream about that?

A beat. Faye genuinely thinks about it.

FAYE
I don't know.

Dee does an impression of Faye, and throws the toy at her.

DEE
"Urgh, Useless."

Faye smiles slightly. Her smile fades as she picks up the toy. It looks exactly like the LITTLE GIRL in her dream; her mum.

She stares at it for a moment then closes her eyes.

A beat.

Faye opens her eyes and sighs. She looks remorseful.

She grabs her phone and unlocks it which reveals messages to her sister Kate:

FAYE (TEXT MESSAGES)

[Mon 16 April]

We should visit mum and dad lmk when youre around

[Wed 18 April]

Hey, can you send me £30?

Thanks

[Sat 21 April]

Can you send £10 quickly please

Thank you

[Fri 11 May]

Can I please borrow £50 by tomorrow?

[Sat 12 May]

Thanks

[Tue 15 May]

Can you send over £10 more this week please?

She swipes past it and calls her mum. After two brief rings, Janet answers.

JANET (O.S.)

Hi princess.

Faye smiles.

FAYE

Hi mum.

JANET (O.S.)

I know I goaded you into it, but thanks for visiting today. It means a lot to both of us.

Faye sighs.

FAYE

I'm sorry I didn't respond when you messaged. I'm going to try and be better. I want to...

JANET (O.S.)

It's fine honey. I know you've got other things on your plate.

Dee walks towards Faye.

FAYE

Well, I don't really. I'm just...

JANET (O.S.)

You've got all that eating, sleeping, and shitting to do. I know unemployment takes up a lot of time.

Faye chuckles. Dee pushes her head next to Faye's phone.

FAYE

(whispering)

What are you doing?

DEE

I want to listen.

Faye puts the phone on loudspeaker. Dee smiles.

JANET (O.S.)

Are you with someone?

A beat.

FAYE

No.

Faye looks at Dee.

FAYE (CONT'D)

No, I'm at home alone. As always.

JANET (O.S.)

Could be worse. You could be with a guy... and he could have herpes.

FAYE

What? Mum. Why?

JANET (O.S.)

I'm serious. You'd be surprised by (CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

the amount of young men with herpes that don't have symptoms.

FAYE

What are you... Why are we talking about herpes right now?

JANET (O.S.)

All I had to worry about was crabs and pregnancy.

Faye puts her head in her hands and groans. Dee laughs.

FAYE

Please stop. This isn't a normal conversation.

JANET (O.S.)

At least your friend thinks I'm funny.

Faye raises her head suddenly.

A beat.

FAYE

Wait, you can hear her?

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT