

LIMBO

"IN THE BEGINNING"

Written by

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INT. LIMBO - BATHROOM - DAY

LILY (23, the epitome of a teacher's pet) looks at her reflection in the smudged bathroom mirror. She is wearing a green t-shirt that says "LIMBO Orientation Staff" on the front and "LEADER" on the back.

LILY

Just one more day, and you're out of here. You're better than everyone else. You deserve this.

MONICA (23, doesn't care much about anything...except for harassing Lily) is lurking by the bathroom door, just out of sight.

MONICA

That's a little conceited, dontcha think?

Lily, frazzled, spins around to face Monica. Monica comes out from the shadows to show that she is wearing an identical t-shirt to Lily, except that it doesn't say "LEADER" on the back.

LILY

What...how long...where did you come from?

MONICA

The hallway...

LILY

I'm not an idiot, Monica. I mean (takes a deep breath) what are you doing here?

MONICA

Oh, so you own the bathroom now?

LILY

You know what I...it's not...ugh!

Monica can see that Lily is getting heated and is extra flustered, trying to think of a retort. She realizes her work is done.

MONICA

Relax. Commedia sent me to find our "fearless leader," but obviously you're busy (she gestures to the mirror) so I'll just tell her--

LILY

Tell her I'm on my way. And for the record, studies show that the most intelligent people talk to themselves.

In the middle of this line, Lily looks towards the door to see that Monica has left in the middle of her retort. The rest of the line trails off.

Lily looks at herself once again in the mirror.

LILY (CONT'D)

One more day.

Lily stares at her reflection for a moment.

Cut to black.

INT. LIMBO - GYM - DAY

It's Orientation Day! The gym is set up with rows of rickety folding chairs which are filled with people in their late teens and up, who are all wearing matching school uniforms. Everyone looks completely and utterly confused. The only sound is small talk between the people in chairs (where are we, what's going on, etc.), a 2000s pop song playing faintly over a speaker, and the occasional squeak from the chairs.

DR. COMMEDIA (60s, the principal, Montessori teacher vibe, almost too nice) stands at a dingy podium in front of the crowd. Behind her sits Lily and Monica, along with the rest of the orientation staff. Above them is a banner which reads "Welcome New Students!"

Dr. Commedia motions to someone sitting by the speaker to turn the music off, which they try to do, first turning it all the way up my mistake, and then finally figuring out how to turn it off. Dr. Commedia smiles as she looks at the crowd.

DR. COMMEDIA

Well, that's much better isn't it.  
Welcome, everyone! I am Dr.  
Commedia, your brand new **principal**.

She expects a reaction to her wittiness. The crowd is silent. She clears her throat to shake off the awkwardness.

DR. COMMEDIA (CONT'D)

You might be wondering where you are and what is going on, and I'm here to tell you that that is perfectly normal. First of all, you have made it to the Learning Institute for the Morality of a Better Order or LIMBO for short. You are safe here. Congratulations!

At that line, lackluster confetti falls from the ceiling.

DR. COMMEDIA (CONT'D)

And also,  
(checks her notes)  
you are dead.

This causes the crowd to fall into varying levels of freak out. The camera pans to the main characters specifically, while everyone around them reacts to the news differently.

TOM (42, lawyer who's a bit self obsessed) is tapping his pockets looking for his phone. He just looks annoyed.

MARGE (93, just old and a bit grouchy) is sleeping in her chair, maybe a snore here and there.

LIZA (17, prom queen) stands in her seat in the front row, and is distressed. This is *not* good timing. And she makes that known.

BRETT (28, buff adventure guy) checks out his new surroundings. He seems cool with the whole scenario.

NOAH (21, quiet, shy, and awkward; the most thrown off guard about the death thing; cautiously curious) looks concerned and like he is trying to remember how he got there.

Dr. Commedia interrupts everyone's freak out by clearing her throat into the mic on the podium. Everyone stops.

DR. COMMEDIA (CONT'D)

Everyone please, settle down. Now, I understand that this is a big adjustment, but don't fret! You're in a goo- an okay place.

Everyone in the audience looks at each other as they realize that they maybe aren't in a Heaven-type place.

DR. COMMEDIA (CONT'D)

(clears her throat) Well, without further ado, here is your orientation leader. Lily?

Lily, with way too much excitement, bounds up to the podium and takes her spot behind it.

LILY

Thanks for the introduction! The great Dr. Commedia everyone!

Lily gestures to Dr. Commedia, who curtsies, and starts applauding, garnering a halfhearted clap from the audience.

MONICA

(under her breath, but loud enough that Lily can hear) Come on, just make out already.

Lily shoots Monica a look, then turns back to the audience.

LILY

Now everyone, get ready because it's what you've all been waiting for...it's tour time!!

No one has been waiting for this, and in fact everyone is just as confused as they were at the beginning, maybe even more so.

INT. LIMBO - HALLWAY - DAY

Lily walks at the front of a group consisting of Tom, Marge, Liza, Brett, and Noah. Lily is way too peppy, and a little power hungry, while Monica looks like she doesn't want to be there and trails at the back. The group of new students looks around at their surroundings: a drab hallway with cinderblock walls once painted white, but which have become off-white with age, and the occasional classroom door. Lily, ever the tour guide, points out the names of the classroom doors as she walks (think: flight attendant pointing out emergency exits.)

LILY

Here is the core class hallway. So your main classes over the next year--

MONICA

--or more. Probably more. Definitely more.

Lily turns back to Monica to glare at her.

LILY

--will be here. On the right, we have Fundamental's of Goodness which is a really great course. And on the left is Post-Calculus taught by Coach Allen--

TOM

Post-calculus? Why the [BLEEP] do we have to take calculus?

LILY

They say it'll come in handy some day. Now, moving on--

Lily keeps talking and group keeps walking, but now another layer has been added to their confusion and they whisper about the bleep button that seemed to go off when Tom swore. Lily is oblivious to this.

INT. LIMBO - FURTHER DOWN THE HALLWAY - DAY

Later in the tour, in a different part of the school. Lily is still pointing out classes, but the focus is on Monica and Noah who are walking next to each other at the back of the group.

MONICA

So, what do you think of the place so far?

NOAH

Uh, it's nice I guess? I should really--  
(He gestures to Lily who is still speaking)

MONICA

Oh come on, it's not that important.

Shift focus back to Lily.

LILY

Now this is important: Your grade in these courses will go towards your Good Person Average or GPA--

Shift back to Noah and Monica.

NOAH

It seems important.

MONICA

Nah, it's all just filler really to take up more time in all this orientation crap.

Noah thinks about this for a second, then looks back at Lily who is explaining an elective class about the inherent goodness of baby animals. He shrugs and turns back to Monica.

NOAH

So, um, what is this place?

MONICA

I'm sure you've heard about up there-

Monica points up and Noah's face brightens a bit.

MONICA (CONT'D)

-and down there.

Monica points down and Noah shudders.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Well, this is neither of those places. It's basically like a mid-point where everything is just kinda-

The group in front of them stops suddenly, causing Monica and Noah to crash into Brett and Marge, which in turn causes Brett to crash into Liza and Marge to accidentally hit Tom with her purse (how she ended up here with her purse is one of the great secrets of the universe).

MONICA (CONT'D)

-mediocre.

INT. LIMBO - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The group is standing in a too-close heap in the hallway with Lily looking confused, still at the front. She has avoided the traffic jam.

Liza spins around and pushes Brett back.

LIZA

Ugh what is wrong with you?! I'm a minor, you creep.

Brett takes a step back with his hands up.

BRETT

Woah woah woah. She pushed me, bro,  
I'm innocent.

Tom spins around to face Marge.

TOM

Watch it lady. You know I could get  
you on half a count of battery for  
that.

Marge ignores him and smacks Noah with her purse.

MARGE

I wasn't Sinatra's greatest lover  
just for some dimwit punk to  
assault me in the afterlife.

Everyone stops and stares at Marge for a moment to process  
what she just said. This ends up being just shocking enough  
to shut everyone up so that Lily can speak.

LILY

Um, okay, so as I was saying, if  
you can all open up your welcome  
folders.

Each member of the group opens up an identical grey folder.  
Over Noah's shoulder the contents of the folder are visible:  
a pamphlet titled "So You're Dead...Now What?", a resume-type  
piece of paper with a basic account of their lives, a class  
schedule, and an envelope with "How You Died" written on the  
back of it.

Noah takes the envelope out of the folder and sees "Do not  
open until given permission" written below the title. He  
flips it over to see, "Hey you, I mean it. DO NOT open until  
you're told to." Noah, ever curious, carefully opens the flap  
and sees "DO YOU THINK WE CAN'T SEE YOU? WE'RE WATCHING ALL  
THE TIME. DON'T. DO. IT! -The Management :)" written on the  
inside of the flap. He looks around at the group to see that  
no one else has touched their envelope and hastily puts his  
back in the folder.

LILY (CONT'D)

Here you will find the basic things  
you need for your first few days at  
LIMBO. Keep this on you at all  
times.

Monica rolls her eyes.

LILY (CONT'D)

And now, it's time for a little "Death Debrief" as we call it here at LIMBO.

(She loses her perky tone for a moment to say the following name)  
*Monica*, will show you where that is, and I'll meet up with you at lunch. I've got some official Orientation Leader business to attend to. Have fun!

Lily waves cheerfully to the group but pulls Monica aside as she walks away.

LILY (CONT'D)

If everything goes to plan, I'll be leaving by the end of today. Don't you dare screw this up for me.

MONICA

(faking cheerfulness)  
 Oh don't worry. I'll do my best.

INT. LIMBO - JUST OUTSIDE OF COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Monica stands awkwardly at the front of the group. Leading people around is not her forte. The door behind her reads, "Miss. Jenna Watson." She looks at the door then turns back to the group.

MONICA

So basically you're gonna go in there, open your envelope, find out how you died, have some big moment or whatever, and then come back out here. Sound good?

She doesn't wait for a response.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Good. Okay then, who's first?

INT. LIMBO - COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Liza walks confidently into MISS. JENNA WATSON'S (35, annoyed way too easily, probably the absolute worst person to be a counselor) office. Miss. Watson stands to greet her, which Liza promptly ignores, then sits in the seat across the desk from her.

MISS. WATSON  
And who are you?

LIZA  
Liza Anderson. So do I open the envelope or--

MISS. WATSON  
Yes, whenever you're--

Liza interrupts her by tearing into the envelope.

LIZA  
(to the paper in front of her)  
Oh, I knew it! I knew that [BLEEP] wanted my crown! Accident?!  
(to Miss. Watson)  
It was so not an accident.

MISS. WATSON  
Next!

INT. LIMBO - COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brett is seated in front of Miss. Watson. He is eagerly opening his envelope. He quickly reads what is written there.

BRETT  
Woah, dude this is so sick! Did you see this?!

MISS. WATSON  
(annoyed at Brett shoving paper in her face)  
Yes, yes I see it. Very, uh, sick.

BRETT  
(shakes his head)  
[BLEEP], I'm cool.

MISS. WATSON  
Next!

INT. LIMBO - COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marge is next. She, once again, is snoring in the chair. Miss. Watson is staring at her, then attempts to shake her shoulder from across the desk.

MISS. WATSON  
Uh, Marge? Mrs. Peterson?

Miss. Watson opens Marge's envelope for her and holds the piece of paper in front of her.

Marge stirs a bit, opens one eye, scans the paper, grunts, then goes back to sleep.

MISS. WATSON (CONT'D)

Next! I think...

INT. LIMBO - COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tom sits across from Miss. Watson. He is reading his paper. He shakes his head.

TOM

This is how I went? Such a waste.  
You know, us lawyers have a bad wrap but if I'm being honest, I was the best of us.

MISS. WATSON

(giggles)  
Oh, I'm sure.  
(she stares at Tom, lost)

INT. LIMBO - JUST OUTSIDE OF COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - SAME

Noah paces in front of the office, glancing at the door from time to time. He grips his welcome folder in one hand. He is very nervous. Tom is still in Watson's office, Marge is standing impatiently against the wall, and Liza is trying to tune out Brett as he over-explains an epic hike he went on once, a conversation that was spurred on by Liza mentioning that she was from the Bay Area.

Noah catches Monica's eye from where she is standing down the hall from him. She notices how nervous he is and after debating with her conscience for a moment, walks over to where he has paused his pacing. A moment of awkward silence.

NOAH

Uh, how, um...how did...how did you, ya know...

MONICA

Lily.

NOAH

What??

MONICA

(sighs)  
We got in a car accident. I say she  
hit me, she says I hit her, I'm  
definitely right but whatever.

NOAH

And now you're stuck here together?

MONICA

Yep.

NOAH

That sucks.

MONICA

Yep. But she made a deal with  
Commedia and supposedly she's  
getting out today.

Monica crosses her fingers.

MONICA (CONT'D)

So, I won't have to put up with her  
for too much longer.

The door to Watson's office opens, causing Monica and Noah to  
look at it.

TOM

(to Miss. Watson)  
I'll see you around.

He winks.

MISS. WATSON

You better.  
(she giggles)  
Next!

Noah starts to walk slowly towards the open door.

MONICA

Good luck.

INT. LIMBO - COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

It's finally Noah's turn. He carefully opens the envelope and  
reads what's inside. At this point, Miss. Watson is worn out  
and just waiting for it to be over. Noah reads the first  
page, reacting quietly, then turns it over to continue  
reading. He reacts again, a bit more vocal this time, then  
stops reading and puts the paper back in his folder.

NOAH  
This is it? This is how I died?

MISS. WATSON  
Yes.

NOAH  
It's...well it's pretty--

MISS. WATSON  
Embarrassing?

NOAH  
How did you--

MISS. WATSON  
When the letters are that long,  
it's easy to tell it wasn't  
something as basic as, oh, I don't  
know, getting hit by a car or  
trampled by a cow.

Noah looks shocked at that last statement.

MISS. WATSON (CONT'D)  
More common than you think. Here.

She opens a drawer in her desk and rustles through it before finding what she is looking for: a pamphlet titled "Dealing with Embarrassing Deaths for Dummies".

NOAH  
Oh, um, thanks.

MISS. WATSON  
Sure. So are we done here?

NOAH  
Uh, yeah, I think--

MISS. WATSON  
Next!

INT. LIMBO - JUST OUTSIDE OF COUNSELOR'S OFFICE

Monica is standing in front of the group again, as Noah exits the door to Miss. Watson's office and joins the group.

MONICA  
Now I'm supposed to tell you--

She looks down at a piece of paper and reads off it.

MONICA (CONT'D)

"You can talk to Miss. Watson any time with any problem," yeah right, "but if you have a bigger issue, feel free to use the Crisis Closet," which is right--

Monica looks around and then points to a small door next to the door to the counselor's office.

MONICA (CONT'D)

--there.

The group turns to look at the comically small door, on which is written, "Crisis Closet" and below that "By Appointment Only."

MONICA (CONT'D)

Alright, time for lunch. Follow me, I know a short cut.

The group starts to move, with Noah at the back, who, once again looks confused.

NOAH

Appointment only?

INT. LIMBO - HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF COURTYARD - DAY

The group meanders behind Monica, who is leading them down to lunch. As they pass a small courtyard, Brett stops, prompting the whole group to stop with him. He's a big, muscular guy and just has that kind of influence.

BRETT

Woah, woah, what's that?

Monica stops too, and everyone turns to look at the courtyard which, in the middle of it, has a big antique looking wooden trap door. On top of it, is a sign that says "DO NOT ENTER!!! -The Management :)"

MONICA

(too nonchalantly)  
It's nothing.

She begins to walk away.

LIZA

It's obviously not nothing. Sooo tell us what it is.

Monica sighs, as if she is being forced to tell everyone against her will. But, she is not a good actor. And in reality, she planned this walk specifically to show them the door. To cause trouble for Lily. Dun dun dun...

MONICA

Fine, fine. But are you sure you want to know this information. Because once you do, there's no going back.

LIZA

Come on, tell us already!

MONICA

(sighs again)  
Ok, ok. I'll tell you.  
Rumor has it,  
(pause for dramatic effect)  
it's a way out.

The group erupts into questions, but Monica starts walking away.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Look, that's all I know, okay! Now come on, we're gonna be late and I can't deal with the way Lily's face looks when she's mad.

Everyone begrudgingly follows her, but Noah stays behind for a moment, staring at the door. He looks ahead to see that everyone has walked faster than he was expecting, and runs to catch up.

INT. LIMBO - DR. COMMEDIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Commedia is sitting at her desk and is on the phone with The Management.

DR. COMMEDIA

Yes, yes, I understand but I gave her my word. (pause) Well, no, I never considered that. I--

Dr. Commedia pulls the phone away from her ear as the person on the other end yells at her.

THE MANAGEMENT

(just barely audible yelling over the phone) Never considered it?! We're The Management! We're your boss!

(MORE)

## THE MANAGEMENT (CONT'D)

You planned on letting her graduate and you never *considered* that we would have an issue with this?!

Dr. Commedia puts the phone back to her ear.

DR. COMMEDIA

It's only one exception, and she's worked hard-- (pause) Yes. (pause) Yes. (pause) Oh now really, you didn't have to bring that up. (pause) Okay, I'll see what I can do.

Dr. Commedia hangs up the phone and opens up a folder on her desk with LILY REYNOLDS written on it. She pulls out the first piece of paper which has Lily's picture and some basic details about her. Dr. Commedia focuses on a line which says, "Teaches other students without being asked. ASSET TO LIMBO."

A knock is heard at the door and Dr. Commedia hastily closes the folder and puts it face down on her desk.

DR. COMMEDIA (CONT'D)

Come in!

Lily enters the office. Dr. Commedia was not expecting her.

DR. COMMEDIA (CONT'D)

Oh! Lily, darling, how can I help you?

LILY

I just thought I would pop in and make sure everything is ready for my graduation tonight.

DR. COMMEDIA

(trying to respond without flat out lying) Oh, well, (pause, then overly cheery) I just got off the phone with The Management!

LILY

Yay! That's so great! We both know I don't want anything, or *anyone* messing it up like last time. Oh! And--  
(she grabs a stack of paper out of her bag)  
I wrote up a short little speech if that's alright with you.

(MORE)

LILY (CONT'D)

I just think that as the first ever LIMBO student to graduate early, I should say something to inspire my peers. I can read it to you now, or just leave a copy, whatever works best. It's loosely based on my Valedictorian speech from high school but-

DR. COMMEDIA

Lily, dear, I think that it would be best if you keep the speech to yourself. Uh, for now. And stop talking about it. Don't want to give too much away!

Dr. Commedia chuckles nervously and is eager to change the subject.

LILY

Oh, you're so right. I'll just...

Lily puts the speech back in her bag and pats it.

LILY (CONT'D)

For safe keeping.

DR. COMMEDIA

Absolutely. (changing the subject)  
So, how is orientation going?

CUT TO:

INT. LIMBO - CAFETERIA - DAY

The group, minus Lily, sits at a table in the center of the cafeteria. Tom, Brett, and Liza are loudly arguing about whose death was cooler, while Marge naps (she seems to be perpetually napping) and Monica and Noah watch as if watching a tennis match.

LIZA

Look, we (gesturing to her and Tom) were murdered. Okay? Which is always cooler. You were just an idiot who *chose* to go skydiving in a hurricane.

BRETT

Yeah, and that choice made me die awesomely.

LIZA

Um, okay, how many T.V. shows are made about people dying in a skydiving accident? Huh? I literally can't even name one. And how many are made about people getting murdered?! SO. MANY. Hollywood LOVES us. LOVES.

TOM

Technically, sweetheart, your death was ruled an accident, not a murder. Mine, on the other hand, was an open and shut case, and, well, if *I* had been working it--

LIZA

Literally no one cares. You said you were killed, what, because of a tax fraud case? The crime of finance bros and Martha Stewart? When I was murdered over my Prom Queen crown? And you're saying your murder was cooler than mine? Really?

BRETT

(under his breath)  
Yours wasn't technically a murder....

LIZA

For the love of GOD, shut up!

The three erupt into overlapping arguments with each other.

Lily walks in at that moment, still on a high from her conversation with Dr. Commedia and thinking about her graduation later that day. She sees the table arguing and runs over, going to Monica first.

LILY

What did you do?!

MONICA

I didn't do anything. They started this on their own.

LILY

Well, why didn't you step in? Mediate a little bit?

MONICA

It was more fun not to. I mean,  
look at them.

Back to the argument where Liza has lunged at Tom.

LIZA

I WAS THE [BLEEP] PROM QUEEN!

Back to Lily and Monica.

LILY

I can't believe this! I leave you  
alone with them for two seconds and  
this happens.

Lily starts to move over to the argument.

MONICA

(mocking) Leave you for two seconds  
and this happens.

Lily shoots her a dirty look.

MONICA (CONT'D)

It was him.

Monica points at Noah. Noah freaks out a bit and denies it.  
Lily looks away and at the argument.

LILY

Hey! HEY! GUYS!

Liza, Brett, and Tom turn around to face Lily.

LILY (CONT'D)

Now, let's all calm down, okay, and  
remember that everyone's death is  
valid, no matter what happened.

There's some grumbling in response. Clearly, none of these  
people agree with Lily's statement.

LILY (CONT'D)

Look at Noah, for example.

Everyone turns at the same time and looks at Noah. Even Marge  
groggily turns.

LILY (CONT'D)

He by far has the worst death out  
of all of you, and yet--

Brett turns to Noah with a look like he is about to get the juiciest gossip of all time.

BRETT

Woah, dude, what'd you do? You  
scared to tell us?

Noah slinks down in his seat, trying to hide from the world. It becomes apparent pretty quickly that he hadn't told anyone about how he died, and had hoped to keep it that way.

Lily looks panicked. She knows that she messed up, even in a small way, and that thought thoroughly freaks her out. She starts talking way too fast.

LILY

I had to write the letters because  
you're my group, and so, well, I  
know how everyone died, and I guess  
I thought that you had all told  
each other already and--

NOAH

I, uh...I...I have to...go  
to...uh...go to the bathroom.

Noah stands up from the table, and hurriedly leaves the cafeteria.

BRETT

(calling after Noah)  
LAME!

INT. LIMBO - COURTYARD - DAY

Noah is sitting on a bench in the courtyard staring at the trap door and looking defeated. It's his first day in this place and already he feels like he is on the outside of everything. He stands up, walks over to it, and crouches down next to it. He knocks, just to see if anything will happen.

INT. LIMBO - DR. COMMEDIA'S OFFICE

Dr. Commedia sits at her desk watching a video screen which shows Noah in the courtyard knocking on the door, then putting his ear up to it, then knocking again. She glances at a big red button next to the screen which says "CALL THE MANAGEMENT" on it. Then she glances at Lily's file which is still flipped over on her desk. Then the button again...and she makes up her mind not to do anything and continues watching the screen.

INT. LIMBO - GYM - DAY

The gym has changed it's set-up since the morning, and now has a perimeter of tables set up, as well as some in the center, and the banner reads "Welcome to the Club Fair!" Each table has a poster board on it saying the name of the clubs, which are all related to how people died.

The group is busy trying to find their specific club. Brett is first. He walks up to a table with a sign that says "ADVENTURE GONE WRONG" and bro hugs the guy standing behind it.

Marge is sitting in a folding chair next to a table with a sign that says "ROCKING CHAIR NAP", alongside other ancient looking people. They are all chatting and drifting off occasionally.

Tom is loudly talking to a group of people standing behind a table with a sign that says "(SOMETHING I WILL THINK OF LATER)". All of them were lawyers and are talking about different cases they won, trying to one up each other.

Liza is sitting at a table full of other girls in their late teens and the sign says "POPULAR PROM QUEENS" Some of them still have their crowns/sashes, and the others are passively aggressively admiring them and asking how they got to bring it with them.

Monica and Lily are standing in the center of the room.

LILY

I am so glad this day is almost over.

MONICA

Ha, yeah me too. You're almost gone for good.

LILY

I'm *almost* getting to graduate, which is what I deserve and what *should've* happened at the end of last year.

MONICA

Oh come on, Lily, you know that wasn't my fault.

LILY

Yeah, sure.

MONICA

Look, I'm not explaining myself to you again. I'm just happy that in a few hours you're gonna be gone and I won't have to deal with you ever again.

LILY

Believe me, the feeling is mutual.

INT. LIMBO - COURTYARD - SAME

Noah is sitting on the ground by the trap door investigating it. There isn't a lock, and it seems like the only thing keeping him from opening the door is the sign on top. He carefully moves the sign, and looks around to see if anyone can see what he is doing. No one is around, so he stares at the door again, contemplating. Finally, he makes up his mind. He grabs the handle and opens the trap door.

INT. LIMBO - GYM - SAME

Lily and Monica are standing in the same place in the gym.

MONICA

You know, what you did to Noah earlier was pretty crappy.

LILY

(defensive)  
I didn't do anything on purpose!  
How was I supposed to know he hadn't told anyone? Why do you care anyways?

MONICA

I don't know. He seems like a good kid. Ya know, by LIMBO standards.

LILY

(laughing) Since when do you think anyone is a "good kid?"

MONICA

I don't know! I just think what you did was [BLEEP]--

Monica winces at the bleep.

MONICA (CONT'D)

God, I hate that. Crappy, I mean, and well, you should feel bad.

LILY  
I do! I just--

Lily scans the crowd to find Noah, and doesn't see him anywhere.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Wait, where is he anyw--

Suddenly, a blaring alarm goes off, causing everyone in the gym to cover their ears. A voice over the PA system says, "Lily Reynolds and Monica Keller please report to Dr. Commedia's office at once."

LILY (CONT'D)  
(gasps a little melodramatically)  
The Management.

INT. LIMBO - DR. COMMEDIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Lily, Monica, and Noah, are sitting in front of Dr. Commedia's desk across from Dr. Commedia, who is standing behind her desk looking at a panel of buttons trying to turn off the alarm that is still blaring. After a too-long period of trying, she finds the button she was looking for and hits it, turning off the alarm. Everyone in the room breathes a sigh of relief.

Dr. Commedia sits down at her desk, and looks at the three students across from her.

DR. COMMEDIA  
I am very disappointed in all of you. But, especially you, Lily. You know that I expected better of you.

LILY  
I understand but--

DR. COMMEDIA  
Ah, I expect Monica to break rules and, poor Noah, it's his first day here. But you, Lily.

LILY  
I know but I--

DR. COMMEDIA  
We almost lost a student, because of your lack of responsibility.  
(MORE)

DR. COMMEDIA (CONT'D)

You know that you should have known where every member of your group was at all times, and yet, here we are.

LILY

But, Dr. Comme--

DR. COMMEDIA

Unfortunately, Lily, and you know this just breaks my heart, I can't allow you to graduate tonight. You will have to stay another year.

LILY

(almost whispered)

What?

(louder this time)

What?

DR. COMMEDIA

And, Monica, because you had a small hand in this too, I've taken the liberty of making Lily's class schedule identical to yours. I hope you two are ready to spend a lot of time with each other.

Monica looks annoyed but then smirks, realizing all the time she'll have to harass Lily, which is her main joy in life...or rather, afterlife.

LILY

Please, Dr. Commedia, you know that that will be worse for me than for her. I'll do anything to fix this, I will. Just give me a chance.

DR. COMMEDIA

(very genuinely)

Lily, I'm sorry, I really am. But this is how it is. It's what The Management wanted. You're dismissed.

Lily slowly gets up from her chair and heads to the door, followed by Monica and Noah. She slowly opens it and walks into the hallway. Noah closes the door behind them.

Dr. Commedia sits at her desk looking supremely guilty. She gets a phone call and answers it.

DR. COMMEDIA (CONT'D)  
Yes, it's done. (pause) I  
understand. (pause) Thank you.

She hangs up the phone.

INT. LIMBO - JUST OUTSIDE OF COMMEDIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Lily is furious and upset and nauseous all at the same time. She is ready to have it out with Monica. Monica is confused, and poor Noah is just there.

LILY  
How did he know about the trap  
door?

MONICA  
I showed the group on the way to  
lunch.

LILY  
What the [BLEEP] were you thinking?  
Why did you even show it to them??

MONICA  
I didn't think anyone would  
actually open it! I thought they'd  
like, maybe get too close and  
Commedia would see it on the  
cameras and you'd both get in a  
little bit of trouble. Okay?!

LILY  
You ruined my [BLEEP] graduation!  
Again!

MONICA  
Once again, I didn't ruin it the  
first time you [BLEEP]. And I  
didn't [BLEEP] ruin it this time!  
You think I wanted you to stay  
here?!

LILY  
Yes! That's exactly what I [BLEEP]  
think! You wanted me to stay here  
in this [BLEEP BLEEP] so that you  
can torture me for all of [BLEEP]  
eternity, you [BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP]!

At this point, a crowd has started to gather. People are  
whispering about what could have happened.

Noah is standing in the crowd now, acting like he has no idea what is going on. He does not want to be involved in this.

MONICA

OH OKAY, you want to [BLEEP] go there. You [BLEEP] think you [BLEEP] know what I [BLEEP] think?! Well I [BLEEP] know that I know what you [BLEEP] think and you think that I'm a [BLEEP BLEEP]-up, don't you?!

LILY

FINE! YOU'RE RIGHT! FOR THE FIRST [BLEEP] TIME IN YOUR LIFE! [BLEEP] CONGRATULATIONS! YOU'RE THE BIGGEST [BLEEP BLEEP]-UP IN THE [BLEEP] HISTORY OF THE [BLEEP] UNIVERSE! AND NOW YOU'RE TRYING TO [BLEEP] UP MY LIFE TOO!

MONICA

Well, [BLEEP] jokes on you! Because I CAN'T [BLEEP] up your life because YOU'RE ALREADY [BLEEP] DEAD!

LILY

You know what? I'm done. I'm so [BLEEP] done.

Lily begins to walk away.

MONICA

Good!

Lily turns back for a moment.

LILY

Fine!

Tom, Brett, Liza, and Noah are watching from the front row of the now huge crowd.

TOM

Cat fight. Nice.

LIZA

Gross.

MARGE

I haven't heard this much racket since Bacall and I were fighting over dear old Humphrey.

(MORE)

MARGE (CONT'D)

Of course, she won that one, the no-good floozy.

BRETT

Who the [BLEEP] are you?

CUT TO:

INT. LIMBO - POST-CALC CLASSROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Lily walks slowly into the empty classroom for her first class of the day and grabs a seat in the front row. She takes out a notebook, pencil, calculator, and textbook from her backpack and sets them up neatly on her desk. She is determined to make this year good, despite the terrible circumstances, and once again be the best student in LIMBO.

Slowly other students start to filter in, including everyone from the orientation group. Brett is first, then Tom, then Marge who takes a seat in the back corner and falls asleep again.

Noah is next. He cautiously sits next to Lily.

NOAH

Hey, um, Lily?

LILY

What's up?

NOAH

I'm really sorry about yesterday. I never wanted to get you in trouble, I was just so set on getting out of here and--

LILY

It's okay, seriously. Let's just call it even now, okay? I made you the laughing stock of the school and you got me stuck here for another year.

Lily is doing a bad job of hiding her spite at this situation.

NOAH

Yeah, okay, yeah. We're even I guess.

A beat. Then, Liza along with a few of the other prom queens from the club fair enter the classroom and go straight to Noah.

LIZA  
So, is it true?

NOAH  
Uh, what?

LIZA  
That you opened the trap door. Is it true?

NOAH  
Oh, um, yeah I did but--

LIZA  
That's so hot.

NOAH  
(oblivious)  
--I mean, I really shouldn't have, I feel pretty bad about it.

LIZA  
Did you hear what I said?

NOAH  
Uh what? No, sorry.

LIZA  
I said, that's hot.

NOAH  
(blushing)  
Oh, um, uh, thank you?

LIZA  
(to her cronies)  
Aw, he's so cute, isn't he?

Liza sits down in the seat on the other side of Noah.

LIZA (CONT'D)  
So, tell me ALL about it. What was it like? Did you see anything crazy?

Liza leans in towards Noah, and her cronies, who sat in the seats behind her, lean in too.

Lily, on the other side of Noah, is positively baffled at what is going on.

NOAH

Uh, I mean, it wasn't that interesting or anything. It was just a set of stairs.

LIZA

Woah. That's so cool, Nathan!

NOAH

It's Noah, actually.

The bell rings, and COACH ALLEN (post-calc teacher, lives life as if he is coaching an NFL team) walks into the room.

COACH ALLEN

Alright losers, welcome to post-calculus. You know, they tell you that you'll use this some day. But, you won't. It's pointless.

Monica enters the classroom, trying to sneak in to the back row. She catches Lily's eye and gives her a wave and a smirk.

COACH ALLEN (CONT'D)

This class is going to suck. Get ready!

Lily is trying hard to focus on her notebook and not the train wreck she is witnessing around her. All of her plans have come crashing down.

LILY

(under her breath)  
Just one more year.

THE END.