

GHOSTING

written by

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**Note:** The protagonist of this screenplay—QUINN—is nonbinary, and referred to by the singular “they” throughout the script.

**INT. RABBI’S OFFICE - SYNAGOGUE - NEW YORK CITY - DAY**

QUINN steps into the room wearing blue velvet heels and a big flashy faux fur coat and too many necklaces that dangle over their bare chest.

Dark eyeliner. A little glitter on the cheekbones. Gaunt but undeniably gorgeous features in a somewhat androgynous sort of David-Bowie-esque way. Their hair is a mess, like they just rolled out of bed.

The RABBI, mid sixties, sitting behind his desk, looks up from a printout he’s reading and gives Quinn a curious up-and-down as they take a seat across from him.

Quinn settles into the creaky pleather-padded chair straight out of the 70s. They consider the room: bland, white walls without any decor, dated furniture.

The wall behind the Rabbi is lined with shelves stuffed with books on various aspects of Judaism. Quinn notices a book titled: PERSPECTIVES ON JEWISH MASCULINITY.

Quinn exhales, smiles, and looks at the Rabbi.

The Rabbi looks at Quinn. He pushes his spectacles further up on his nose.

QUINN  
So! I’m here—for—

RABBI  
To speak about—

QUINN  
—my uncle just—

RABBI  
—well he mentioned you’d—

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

The Rabbi considers his desk. With trembling fingers, he opens a drawer and produces a pen and notepad.

RABBI  
Your uncle tells me you might need  
some help. Guidance—

QUINN

Yeah, about that—I don't know if "help" is the right word so much as, like, input. Or...friendly suggestions. Like an Instagram comment. Just a cute little, "Here's a thought." Not like, a DM, you know, where it's like HEY THIS IS SERIOUS. It's not that serious.

The Rabbi thinks on this. Doesn't compute.

RABBI

Tell me about your life.

QUINN

My life.... I'm 29. I live on the Lower East Side. I don't have a job, but I do have a lot of sex. A lot of sex. I stopped doing drugs recently—well I still smoke, obviously, but weed's like not even a drug anymore. Some days I wake up and I really just don't want to exist but then other days I'm like, yeah, you know, this whole life thing is pretty chill.

(thinking; then)

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

The Rabbi considers this, stone-faced. His pen hovers over the blank notepad.

RABBI

Tell me about your relationship with God.

QUINN

I don't believe in God.

RABBI

But you are—Jewish—

QUINN

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

RABBI

So...why are you here?

Quinn ponders the question. A pregnant pause.

QUINN  
Honestly? I don't fuckin' know.

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

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

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

Quinn processes this for a solid beat, then looks into the Rabbi's eyes and:

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

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

QUINN (CONT'D)  
Look, I get it, I have this effect  
on a lot of people. You're new to  
this, you're "straight," etcetera  
etcetera. We can start small. Blow  
job?

The Rabbi retracts his hands, leans away.

QUINN (CONT'D)  
Hand job?

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

RABBI  
Are you happy?

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

**OPENING CREDITS**