

ZOEY

Really?

BEDILIA

Really.

ZOEY

You had Chalese here.

BEDILIA

She's been busy. Plus, she's the boss. She's not like us.

ZOEY

I guess. You look nice today too by the way.

BEDILIA

Really? Thanks! Green usually looks good on gingers. But I don't always like to wear green. Unless it's mint. Mint?

ZOEY

Um, sure.

ZOEY takes her place behind her desk and both her and Bedilia sip their coffees and flip through their magazines. CHALESE, a gorgeous, 30-something, ethnically ambiguous, lesbian, sweeps into the office wearing some fabulous designer sunglasses and hat. ZOEY immediately perks up upon her arrival.

CHALESE

Good morning my lovelies. Glad to see you're both already hard at work. It's going to be a busy day ahead of us. Summer is over and everyone is going to be dressing for autumn. Zach?

ZOEY

(Surprised)

Yeah?!

CHALESE

So happy to see you back and feeling well. I need you to search through our catalogues and find me everything that's red. Red is going to be the big color this season.

ZOEY
You got it.

CHALESE
And Zach?

The name "Zach" bites at Zoey every time she hears it.

ZOEY
Yeah?

CHALESE
(looks at her watch)
In an hour, why don't you order us
lunch. It's Tuesday so we'll all
just have salads.

ZOEY
Okay.

CHALESE
And one more thing, Zach.

ZOEY
Mmhmm?

CHALESE
I know I told Bedilia to tell you
not to get the dress, but now I
want you to get the dress.

ZOEY
You want me to get the dress?

BEDILIA
She wants you to get the dress.

CHALESE
Get the dress.

ZOEY
Okay, sure.

CHALESE
Thanks, Zach!

BEDILIA
Thanks, Zach!

ZOEY
It's Zoey!
(a beat)
It's...always nice to see you guys.

CHALESE

Aww how sweet.

BEDILIA

It's funny how your accent pops in and out like that.

CHALESE

Bedilia, that's racist.

BEDILIA

What?

ZOEY heads out of the office and into the hallway. She steps into the bathroom, cups her ears with her hands, closes her eyes and repeats her name over and over again.

ZOEY

Zoey. Zoey. Zoey. Zoey. I'm Zoey. You're Zoey. You're Zoey. You're Zoey. It's okay. It's gonna be okay.

ZOEY opens her eyes and looks into the mirror. She puts on a fake smile like she is satisfied with what she sees. Deep down, she hates being Zach.

INT. LUKE'S - AFTERNOON

TREVOR stands behind the counter, biding his time until a customer arrives. HENRY is meticulously rearranging some of the furniture in the front of the store. TREVOR watches him until he seems satisfied. HENRY finally notices how quiet it is and looks over at TREVOR expectantly.

TREVOR

Looks great.

HENRY decides to change up the layout once again, more so out of spite for TREVOR.

MORGAN

Hey! Do you wanna do something this Friday?

TREVOR

I...probably...can't. I can't. I have this thing. This family thing. I'm sorta obligated to be there. It's like a funeral.

(a beat)

It is a funeral.

(MORE)