

DIE ALREADY

"Pilot"

Written by
Jamie Mazur

Jamiecmazur@gmail.com
818-914-1939

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

GERTRUDE (90s) lays in bed, dying. Her SON (40s), DAUGHTER (30s), GRANDSON, and GRANDDAUGHTER, are gathered around the bed. Some of them cry softly.

Beep. Beep. Beep. We hear her vitals. Her heart rate is slow.

Gertrude takes her son by the hand. She looks around at her family and smiles, tears in her eyes.

GERTRUDE

My family... my beautiful family...

SON

We're here mom. We're all here.

GERTRUDE

I look around at all these faces,
and I'm just so grateful. So
grateful for everything.

DAUGHTER

(through tears)
We love you grandma.

GERTRUDE

I think it may be time for me to go
see your grandfather.

SON

That's okay, mom. You can let go.
We know you're ready.

GERTRUDE

But first, I just wanted to say--

THE BENNY HILL THEME starts playing off screen, cutting Gertrude off. The whole family turns towards:

ELLIOT ZIMMERMAN (24, wearing scrubs) who stands by the bed just off screen. It's his ringtone.

He fumbles in his pocket and pulls out his phone. Answers it.

ELLIOT

(whispering into phone)
Whaddup?

The family glares at Elliot. Are you kidding me?

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Yeah. Listen, this isn't the best
time. Can I talk to you in a bit?

SON

Um, excuse me?

ELLIOT

No, yeah. She's dying like,
literally right now.

(beat)

Dude, I told you you'd miss it if
you left. This is on you.

SON

I said excuse me!

Elliot pulls the phone away from his ear.

ELLIOT

Yes, sorry. It's Charlie, the other
nurse.

SON

I know who Charlie is. Please hang
up the phone.

ELLIOT

Yes, of course. Sorry.

(into the phone)

Charlie. I gotta go.

(beat)

Mhm. Okay. Yeah

(to the family)

Just real quick, Charlie wants to
know if you guys still want him to
pick up the medication.

DAUGHTER

No. We don't need the medication.

ELLIOT

Right, gotcha.

(into phone)

Charlie? Yeah, they don't need the
meds. She's pretty much gone
already. Uhuh. Okay, right.

(to the family)

Um, last thing-- Charlie wants to
know if he'll be reimbursed for gas
then? Because he just drove all the
way to Rite Aid.

SON

Get out.

ELLIOT
 So is that a yea or a nay on the
 gas money?
 (into phone)
 I don't know yet, just hold on.
 He's being cryptic.

The Daughter walks up to Elliot.

DAUGHTER
 Are you serious right now? He said
 get the fuck out of our house!

Elliot hangs up the phone.

ELLIOT
 Right! Yep. Understood.

DAUGHTER
 Now!

The daughter shoves Elliot. Several FANCY SPOONS fall out of
 his pocket. They hit the ground with a clang. Everyone turns
 and looks at them.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)
 Is that my mom's nice silverware!?

ELLIOT
 Uh, she wanted me to have them.

GERTRUDE
 No I didn't.

DAUGHTER
 Dan, call the cops right now.

ELLIOT
 No need for that! I'm on my way.

Elliot runs for the door.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
 Uh, sorry for your loss. In
 advance.

Elliot runs out the door.

TITLE CARD: *DIE ALREADY*

ACT ONE

EXT. FAMILY HOME - DAY

Elliot runs out the front door, the family right behind him. Just as he reaches the lawn, CHARLIE SULLIVAN (24, also in scrubs) pulls up to the curb in a beat up Subaru.

Before Charlie can even stop the car, Elliot sprints at him and hops in through the window.

ELLIOT

Drive!

CHARLIE

No shoes in my car, dude! You know the rule.

Elliot pulls his shoes off.

ELLIOT

Drive!

Charlie hits the gas. The two speed off.

INT/EXT. CHARLIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

CHARLIE

Did you get the gas reimbursement?

ELLIOT

In a way.

Elliot reaches into his sock. Pulls out some fancy forks.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

How much does gas cost these days?
Seven forks? Maybe eight?

EXT. ZIMMERMAN HOSPICE CARE - DAY

Charlie and Elliot pull into an old strip mall. They park front of a small store with tinted windows. A faded sign above it reads 'Zimmerman Hospice Care.'

INT. ZIMMERMAN HOSPICE CARE - DAY

The boys walk inside. The place has seen better days. Two desks face each other, an old computer on each.

One desk is extremely neat, the other is messy and covered in paperwork, old takeout boxes, and garbage.

A large white board in the middle of the room has their client's names on it. All of them, except for one, have their names crossed out.

Elliot sits down at the messy desk and props his feet up on it. Charlie eyeballs the mess in disgust.

CHARLIE

You said you'd clean your desk,
man.

Elliot pulls open a drawer in his desk and in one swoop pushes all of the garbage into it. Shuts the drawer.

ELLIOT

Boom. Clean as a... clean thing.

CHARLIE

That is not a sustainable cleaning
method.

ELLIOT

Sure it is. I got like two more
drawers.

Elliot pulls open another drawer. It's filled with rotting garbage. Elliot recoils at the smell.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

One more drawer.

CHARLIE

Our office reflects our quality of
work, Elliot.. People are trusting
us with their final moments. With
their lives. O

Elliot fiddles with a FANCY FORK.

ELLIOT

With their silverware.

CHARLIE

I'm serious, man. We're trying
cultivate an image of
professionalism, remember?

ELLIOT

My dad never cared about
professionalism.

CHARLIE

And that's why our office is between a vape store and a Panda Express! We can do things differently. The company is yours now. We can change things.

ELLIOT

Okay. Like what?

CHARLIE

Well we could start by throwing out the garbage in your desk.

ELLIOT

The garbage in my desk is a non-negotiable. Next.

CHARLIE

Well Mrs. Feinstein was your dad's last living client, and she just bit the dust. So we need to find new patients. Higher paying patients.

Charlie walks over to the whiteboard looks at a taped up image of MRS. FEISNTEIN, the elderly woman from the opening.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Rest in peace Mrs. Feinstein but I'd prefer a client who's house does not smell like coleslaw.

ELLIOT

Oh my god! That *is* what it smelled like! I was thinking sauerkraut.

Charlie crosses Mrs. Feinstein's name off the white board.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

You know what we need? We need a Ms. Nubile.

CHARLIE

Who's Ms. Nubile?

ELLIOT

There's this hospice nurse I knew who worked for this rich old lady, Ms. Nubile. Ms. Nubile had no friends, no family, nothin-- and the two became super close in her final days.

(MORE)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

So close that when she died, she left her entire fortune to him. Ten million and a beach house in Cabo. He might've had to fuck an old lady for it, but the guy retired at forty.

CHARLIE

I'm not having sex with a client. That's against the hospice code of conduct.

ELLIOT

The point is, we just need to find the right client. Then fuck turning this place around-- we can quit hospice for good! Retire at 30.

Elliot spins in his chair again.

CHARLIE

Maybe that happens in Elliot Land where lonely rich elderly people grow on trees, but I live in the real world. And in the real world, I happen to know the best place to find dying old people.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Charlie and Elliot sit in the waiting room. Charlie holds a tupperware container full of cookies.

Various SICK PATRONS occupy seats around them. Charlie reaches for a bottle of hand sanitizer in front of her and pumps an absurd amount into his hands. Rubs it into his hands and up his arms.

PHARMACIST (O.S.)

Charlie Sullivan?

Charlie stands up and heads to the counter. Behind the counter sits GRETCHEN (20s), a cute goth girl in scrubs.

GRETCHEN

Ah, the vultures have returned.

CHARLIE

Gretchen. Pleasure as always.

GRETCHEN

The pleasure is all yours.

CHARLIE

Is that a new shade of eye shadow?
It looks blacker than the usual
black.

GRETCHEN

What do you want Charlie?

CHARLIE

Just to share these delicious
cookies with a childhood best
friend.

Charlie slides the cookies to Gretchen. She grabs them and
places them under the desk.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And also to maybe get the contact
info for all of your patients that
are on--

Milo pulls out a small slip of paper. Reads off of it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

--altretamine, valrubicin,
pegaspargase, and doxorubicin
liposomal.

GRETCHEN

Cancer meds.

CHARLIE

We really need the leads. We got
rent to pay and Elliot blew half
our funds on horseback riding.

GRETCHEN

Elliot bets on races?

CHARLIE

No. He literally paid for horse
riding lessons. He watched
Secretariat and had a phase.

Gretchen considers it. Eats a cookie. Caves.

GRETCHEN

Fine. But this is the last time.
You're lucky you're such a good
baker.

Gretchen heads to the back room. Back in the waiting room:

Elliot is sitting next to a MAN with a GIANT JAGGED POLE sticking out of his side. Elliot turns to him.

ELLIOT
So, what brings you here?

MAN
Got a cold.

Back at the counter, Gretchen returns with the list on a piece of paper.

GRETCHEN
Here.

CHARLIE
You're the best, Gretchen.

GRETCHEN
I know. Remember, you didn't get these from me.

CHARLIE
Yep. I got them from the terminal cancer fairy.

GRETCHEN
Haha. Get out.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - DAY

Elliot and Charlie sit in the car. Charlie reviews the list.

CHARLIE
Damn. A lot of people in Plainfield have cancer.

ELLIOT
Sweet.

Elliot pulls out a stack of flyers. They read:

"ZIMMERMAN QUALITY HOSPICE CARE: MAKING YOUR LAST DAYS YOUR BEST DAYS. CALL 555-0100 FOR A FREE CONSULTATION."

CHARLIE
Alright. Let's do this.

Charlie pops a CD into radio. "Fat Lip" by Sum 41 starts playing.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

--Charlie and Elliot pull up to a house and throw a rolled up flyer into the yard.

--Charlie and Elliot pull up to a Senior Living Home and throw a rolled up flyer into the yard.

--Charlie and Elliot pull up to a house where a FUNERAL is being held. They throw a rolled up flyer into the yard. Pull away. Realize what was happening in the yard. Reverse the car. Elliot gets out and grabs the flyer. Gets back in the car and they speed away again.

--Charlie and Elliot pull up to a final house and throw a rolled up flyer into the yard.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - DAY

Charlie reviews the list. Elliot puffs on a joint. Passes it to Charlie. Charlie pulls out a pack of baby wipes, wipes the joint's tip down, then takes a hit.

CHARLIE

Alright, we're down to our last address. Mr. Gary Wallace.

ELLIOT

Gary Wallace? Damn. My dad did hospice for his wife years ago. Man, that was a sad one. Mrs. Wallace still had like six months left to live before she died. It was super sudden.

CHARLIE

That's so sad. Six months of lost revenue.

ELLIOT

Yeah. It was just the two of them alone in this giant house in the woods-- no friends or family or anything. My dad never heard from Mr. Wallace again after she died. We always figured he died too. One usually goes pretty soon after the other.

CHARLIE

Wait, Elliot. Do you realize what this means?

Elliot takes a long drag of his joint. Exhales.

ELLIOT
Mr. Wallace ghosted my dad.

CHARLIE
Nah, man! It means Mr. Wallace is
our old lady to fuck!

ELLIOT
You've lost me.

CHARLIE
He's our Ms. Nubile! No friends, no
family, huge house!? He's perfect!
If we can get close enough to him,
maybe he'll leave us his money.

ELLIOT
Oh my god. I won't have to steal
silverware anymore! I mean I still
will because I like doing it, but I
won't have to do it.

CHARLIE
I've got the address right here. No
flyer this time. We're giving him a
real pitch.

EXT. DENSE FOREST - DAY

We follow Charlie's car as it drives up a windy road
surrounded by trees. No sign of civilization around.

EXT. WALLACE'S HOUSE - DAY

The boys pull up to the front of Mr. Wallace's house-- a
giant Victorian mansion covered in vines. They get out of the
car and Charlie pops open the trunk. Pulls out a brief case.

CHARLIE
Alright, we really gotta nail this
pitch. Let me do the talking.

ELLIOT
Okay. I'll do the rapping.

CHARLIE
No rapping. We've been over this.

They approach the front door. Charlie knocks on it. After a
few moments, MR. WALLACE (80s) opens the door. He's a taller
man in a tweed suit, sporting a mustache and a cane.

WALLACE
What do you want?

CHARLIE
Mr. Wallace! Hello. My name is
Charlie and this is my associate
Elliot.

ELLIOT
Salutations.

CHARLIE
We're with a company called
Zimmerman Hospice Care. We've come
to offer you our services.

WALLACE
Zimmerman Hospice Care? You cared
for my dearest Lydian in her final
days-- I can't thank you enough.

CHARLIE
Yes, that was us! And oh, do we
miss Lydia--

ELLIOT
(whispering)
Lydian.

CHARLIE
--Lydian so dearly. Such a
beautiful soul.

WALLACE
Indeed she was. Tell me, does David
Zimmerman still run the company? He
and my wife were quite close in her
final days.

ELLIOT
Ah, no. That would be my dad. I'm
Elliot Zimmerman, his son.

WALLACE
I see! How is your father?

ELLIOT
He's good! Well, he's dead. But
he's good for a dead guy I guess.
Got a nice urn.

WALLACE
Gosh, I'm sorry to hear that.

ELLIOT
It's okay. Charlie and I took over
the company since his passing.

WALLACE
And I'm sure it's in good hands!
Please come in.

INT. WALLACE'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

The boys follow Wallace inside to a large foyer.

Charlie notices a shoe rack by the door. On it are two pairs
of shoes; MEN'S DRESS SHOES and a PAIR OF HIGH HEELS. Charlie
eyeballs the heels with concern.

CHARLIE
(whispering)
Dude! There's a pair of heels on
the shoe rack. Someone else lives
here with him.

ELLIOT
(whispering)
We don't know that. Maybe he has a
feminine side.

INT. WALLACE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

They head through a door and into a giant lavish living room.
Pristine antique furniture and a roaring fireplace. Also--

The room is filled with TAXIDERMY. The walls are covered in
MOUNTED HEADS. STUFFED WILD ANIMALS are all over the place.

Deer, elk, buffalo, moose, coyotes, bears, lions, tigers,
wolves, rhinos... you get the idea.

The boys stare at the room in shock.

ELLIOT
Wow, it's like Noah's Arc in here.
Only sadder.

WALLACE
Ah, yes. Of course. It's been so
long since I've had visitors, I
forgot my decor may seem
unconventional to some.

CHARLIE

No! We uh, love taxidermy. We were just talking about buying a new--

Charlie glances at a STUFFED BEAVER.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

--stuffed beaver. Ours is getting musty.

WALLACE

Well then you've come to the right place, my friend. This is my trade! I deal in exotic taxidermy. It's a family business. Just like yours.

Wallace slaps Elliot on the back.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

It may not be the most glamorous, but we all do what we have to to survive, aye?

CHARLIE

You know, speaking of. We're actually here to see if you needed our services.

Wallace sits down in a massive arm chair.

WALLACE

Your services?

CHARLIE

Well, we heard that you were sick, uh-- because we still have you on file at the company. And with a house this large, we figured you could use some help around here.

WALLACE

It's true. I don't have much time left. And I'll admit it, remembering to take my meds, driving to my doctor appointments, dusting four hundred taxidermied animals-- it's a lot for one old man.

Wallace looks around the room, studying his life's work. Turns his attention back to the boys.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

All right. You're hired.

ELLIOT
 You won't regret this!
 (rapping)
*Zimmerman Hospice Quality Care! The
 very best service, none compare!*

WALLACE
 And you rap! How wonderful.

Elliot gives Charlie a smug look. "Told you so."

INT. WALLACE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Wallace leads them down a massive hallway with lots of doors. Every inch of wall is covered in taxidermy.

CHARLIE
 So do you live here all by
 yourself?

WALLACE
 No, Gerald lives here with me. But
 he isn't exactly a help around the
 house.

Charlie gives Elliot a look. "Told you so!"

ELLIOT
 Uh-- I knew a Gerald once. He loved
 wearing high heels.

The boys try to get a read on Wallace's reaction.

WALLACE
 How fascinating. I can't imagine
 any heels would fit my Gerald.
 Right this way, gentlemen.

Useless. They follow Wallace through a door and into:

INT. WALLACE'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

A beautiful study. Massive bookshelves. An antique desk with an arm chair. A bear rug and roaring fire place. And again, even more taxidermy.

WALLACE
 This is my study. I spend most of
 my time in here these days.

Wallace grabs a fancy bottle of whiskey off his desk.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
A drink, anyone?

ELLIOT
Yes.

No. CHARLIE

Charlie gives Elliot a look.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Not while we're working. Thanks.

WALLACE
I respect the professionalism!

Wallace pours himself a drink. The boys look around the room. Elliot notices a massive HUNTING RIFLE mounted over the fireplace. Wallace spots him looking at it.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Ah, I see you've noticed Suzie. My
tool of the trade. Suzie put a
bullet in every one of these
creature's heads.

CHARLIE
You killed every animal in here?

WALLACE
Every last one. Stuffing animals is
only half the job. Killing them is
the other.

Charlie shudders.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Gerald and I had many adventures
while hunting. Though I'm afraid
those days are behind me.

CHARLIE
Gerald would go hunting with you?

WALLACE
Oh, of course. I couldn't imagine
doing it without him.

Charlie heads for the door. Elliot hangs back and turns to Wallace. As soon as Charlie's out of earshot:

ELLIOT
I actually will take that whiskey,
thank you.

INT. WALLACE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Wallace leads the boys to his bedroom. It's beautiful. Tall ceilings with a skylight. A giant king bed.

The boys take it in. Charlie turns around and screams.

CHARLIE

Oh my god!

Next to the door is a taxidermy OLD WOMAN-- perfectly preserved, eyes soulless. She wears a dress and has her hair and makeup done.

Elliot turns around at Charlie's scream.

ELLIOT

Hey now! That's a human.

WALLACE

Oh, my apologies. I didn't mean to scare you. Gentlemen, this is Lydian. My beloved.

The boys stare at the taxidermy body in horror.

CHARLIE

This is Lydian? Like, your wife Lydian? The human?

Wallace walks over to Lydian. Caresses her.

WALLACE

After she passed, I couldn't bare to let her go. So I did what I do best and preserved her. Now she can be with me forever.

CHARLIE

(forced)

Aw. How... cute.

WALLACE

It's not the same, of course. What I wouldn't give for one more day with her. But at least I still have her presence in some way. Isn't that right, my love?

Wallace kisses Lydian on the mouth. The boys cringe.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Come.

Wallace heads back for the staircase.

CHARLIE
(whisper shouting)
What the fuck!? What the fuck!?

ELLIOT
(whispering)
It's kind of sweet. In a
traumatizing way.

WALLACE
You boys coming?

ELLIOT
Right behind you!

CHARLIE
Are we about to die?

EXT. WALLACE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Wallace leads the boys out a back door and down some marble steps into a courtyard. The boys look terrified.

WALLACE
Right this way.

Charlie and Elliot share a nervous glance. They continue following Wallace past the courtyard and towards the surrounding woods.

The sun begins to set and the light turns to grays and blacks. It's spooky.

They trudge down a path and enter the forest. They round a corner, and in front of them stands MASSIVE HORSE STABLES.

They approach a stable. In it is an ELDERLY HORSE.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
This is Gerald.

CHARLIE
Gerald... is a horse?

WALLACE
Last time I checked! I rode Gerald
on every hunt. He's my partner in
crime. Isn't that right old pal?

Wallace enters the horse stable. Strokes Gerald. Elliot turns to Charlie.

ELLIOT
 (whispering)
 See! I told you. No one to leave
 his money to.

WALLACE
 And that's why I'm leaving all my
 money to him.

What!?

ELLIOT

What!?

CHARLIE

WALLACE
 That's correct. I made my fortune
 off of animals, its only right they
 get to keep it when I pass.

ELLIOT
 What can a horse do with money?

WALLACE
 Nothing, of course. Call it a
 symbolic gesture-- a final act of
 good will between myself and mother
 nature.

Charlie and Elliot are dumbfounded.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
 Anyway, it's getting late for an
 old man. You head on home and come
 back in the morning. I'm happy to
 have you on board, and I'm sure
 Gerald is too.

CHARLIE
 And we're happy to help! Both you
 and the horse. The very... very...
 rich horse.

INT. ZIMMERMAN HOSPICE CARE - NIGHT

Elliot sits in an office chair with his feet propped up on aa
 desk. Charlie paces.

CHARLIE
 I mean, a horse!? He's leaving his
 fortune to a horse!?

ELLIOT

He also had a taxidermied human,
but yeah let's focus on the horse's
finances.

CHARLIE

We have to get rid of it. Once the
horse is gone, we'll be all Mr.
Wallace has left. We just need to
get him out of the house so we can
dispose of it.

ELLIOT

We could call the police because he
has a taxidermy dead body. Prison
would get him out of the house.

CHARLIE

Elliot, you're a genius! The body
is gonna get him out of the house.
Mr. Wallace said he'd do anything
to spend a final day with Mrs.
Wallace. So I'll take him for a
final day out on the town with Mrs.
Wallace's body. He'll love me for
it! Maybe even enough to put me in
his will. Meanwhile you take the
horse out. It's perfect.

ELLIOT

I dunno Charlie. I'm all for crime,
but I draw the line at horse
murder. You know how much I love
animals. They're the people of
nature.

CHARLIE

It's not murder! We'll just set
Gerald loose. I bet he hates Mr.
Wallace for killing all his animal
friends. We're doing him a favor!
You wanted your Ms. Nubile and now
we finally have one!

Elliot spins around in his chair, thinking. Stops spinning.

ELLIOT

Alright, fine. But I'm stealing
some of his stuff while you're
gone.

CHARLIE

Deal.

INT. WALLACE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Wallace sits in an armchair. Charlie and Elliot stand in front of him.

WALLACE

A day out on the town? I don't know.

CHARLIE

Not just a day out on the town! A day out with your beloved. You said it yourself, you'd do anything for one last day with her. You don't have a lot of time left, Mr. Wallace. Let me make that happen for you.

Wallace considers. Stands up.

WALLACE

You know what? Yes. Let's do it. It's been so long since I've had some real fun, and I'm sure Lydian could use the fresh air too.

Wallace runs for the stairs, giggling like a school boy.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Oh Lydian my beloved! We're going on a date!

Wallace heads up the stairs.

CHARLIE

Commence the horse disposal.

ELLIOT

Stop calling it that.

EXT. WALLACE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Charlie and Elliot stand by the car. Mr. Wallace comes through the front door carrying Lydian's body. He slips the HIGH HEELS from earlier onto her feet.

WALLACE

Are you ready my love?

Wallace holds Lydian up to his ear.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Oh, you! Stop being cheeky.

Charlie and Elliot are disturbed. Charlie heads around the side of the car and pops open the trunk. Pulls out a wheelchair. Rolls it over to Wallace.

CHARLIE

This is from a past client who
doesn't need it anymore.

WALLACE

A miracle occurred?

CHARLIE

Something like that. Here, put
Lydian in the chair.

Wallace places her in the chair. Charlie pulls out a large
SUN HAT and SUNGLASSES. Puts them on to Lydian.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

There. She looks good as... alive.

WALLACE

Splendid. If it's all right with
you, I'd like to recreate my first
date with Lydian. It was June 12,
1953. We went to a dance hall and
then made love at a lookout point.

CHARLIE

We can definitely do one of those
things. Let's hit the road.

Charlie picks up Lydian, places her in the backseat of the
car, and then puts the wheelchair in the trunk. Wallace gets
in the passenger seat.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Uh, any chance you could take off
your-- never mind.

WALLACE

Bon voyage!

The car speeds away.

INT. WALLACE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Elliot stands alone in the empty house. He looks around at
the taxidermy. They stare back at him. He shudders.

Elliot reaches into his back pocket. Pulls out a trash bag.
Pops in some headphones. "Rockin' Robin" by Bobby Day begins
playing.

BEGIN MONTAGE: Elliot subtly robbing the place.

--Elliot walks through the living room and picks up little things. A candleholder. A small statue. A small vase. Only things an old man wouldn't notice are gone. He places them in the bag.

--Elliot walks down a hall and continues doing the same. He even places a small TAXIDERMY SQUIRREL in the bag.

INT. WALLACE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

A fancy bathroom. Elliot places a fancy candle in the trash bag and then opens a medicine cabinet.

ELLIOT
What do we have here?

The cabinet is full of pill bottles. Elliot starts pulling them out and reviewing them one by one.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Ooo. Done these.

Elliot places them in the bag. Pulls out three more bottles.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Nice, nice, and nice.

Elliot places all three in the bag at once. Pulls out a final pill bottle from the cabinet. Reviews the label.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Hm. Never done these before!

Elliot unscrews the lid and pops two pills in his mouth. Puts the bottle in the bag.

"Rockin' Robin" fades out. End montage.

INT/EXT. CHARLIE'S CAR - DAY

Charlie drives. Wallace is in the passenger seat. Lydian is in the backseat.

Charlie takes a sharp turn and Lydian slides across the seats in the back. As they drive, with every turn he makes, she slides across to the other side of the car again.

WALLACE
First up is the dance hall we used
to go to in Brooklyn.
(MORE)

WALLACE (CONT'D)

I still remember exactly where it was. I'll guide you.

CHARLIE

Okie dokie.

WALLACE

Say, do you think you could play the song Moon River? That was Lydian and I's favorite.

CHARLIE

I don't think I have that one on CD. Would you take Fat Lip by Sum 41 instead?

WALLACE

No, that won't do. This can't truly be like our first date without Moon River playing. We may as well go home now.

CHARLIE

Woah! No. Uh-- I'll sing it for you.

WALLACE

Would you?

CHARLIE

...yes.

(singing)

*Moon River, wider than a mile
I'm crossin' you in style, uh, blah
blah blah!*

Charlie keeps singing, mumbling the words he doesn't know.

WALLACE

Ah. This takes me back, aye Lydian?

Charlie turns the car and Lydian slams against the window.

INT. WALLACE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Elliot's trash bag is full to the brim with expensive trinkets. He turns and sees the taxidermy beaver staring at him.

ELLIOT

Don't look at me like that.

Elliot puts the bag down.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Time to take care of this horse.

EXT. WALLACE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Elliot approaches the stables. He peers inside. Gerald is there, munching on some hay. He looks up at Elliot.

GERALD
Hello Elliot.

ELLIOT
Hi Gerald.
(beat)
Wait, AHHHHH!

Elliot jumps back.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Did you just talk?

GERALD
Yes.

Gerald has a deep, soulful voice.

GERALD (CONT'D)
And you just listened. Funny how that works, is it not?

ELLIOT
How... how are you able to talk?

GERALD
I've always been able to talk.
You've just never been able to listen.

ELLIOT
Oh my god. It's the drugs. I'm tripping off those pills I took.

GERALD
Yes. You're also very high. Come, Elliot. Take a walk with me.

Gerald walks out of the stable. Elliot follows him. They make their way through Wallace's backyard and towards the house.

GERALD (CONT'D)
You intended to set me loose, did you not?

ELLIOT

I did-- I do. Mr. Wallace is leaving all his money to you but you don't need it. You're a horse.

GERALD

It's true. Horses have no use for currency. But does that mean you're within your right to take it away from me? This is what Mr. Wallace wants.

ELLIOT

But Mr. Wallace is a bad person. He killed all those animals.

GERALD

Come with me.

INT/EXT. CHARLIE'S CAR - DAY

Charlie drives through Brooklyn.

WALLACE

It should be just around this corner!

Charlie turns a corner, and in front of them stands CLUB SLOMMI-- a bumping night club. A massive line of people trying to get in rounds the block.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

There it is! The dance hall.

CHARLIE

Oh shit. Mr. Wallace, I don't think this is the same place it used to be.

WALLACE

Nonsense. It looks the same minus the name! Come! Let's go dance.

INT. CLUB SLOMMI - NIGHT

Charlie, Mr. Wallace, and Lydian stand in the middle of a popping dance floor. The club is raging. People are making out, doing drugs, dancing wildly. They look incredibly out of place.

A VERY SWEATY OVERWEIGHT MAN in a BDSM harness bumps into Charlie.

CHARLIE

Excuse me! You got sweat on my cashmere.

VERY SWEATY MAN

That's not the only thing I could get on your cashmere.

Charlie recoils and pulls his SWEATER off.

CHARLIE

You sure this is where you wanna be, Mr. Wallace? It's pretty disgusting in here.

WALLACE

Yes. This is perfect. Just as I remember it.

Charlie watches as the Extremely Sweaty Man grinds on the side of Lydian's wheel chair.

CHARLIE

I find that hard to believe.

INT. WALLACE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Elliot and Gerald walk through the living room.

GERALD

You claim Wallace is a bad person for killing all these animals, but you deal in death too, no?

ELLIOT

I mean, I wouldn't call it dealing in death. All the people we work for were gonna die anyway.

GERALD

As were all these animals, at some point. Wallace just found a way to profit off their deaths, same as you.

ELLIOT

But we help people.

GERALD

For a price.

The taxidermy beaver turns to Elliot.

BEAVER

You can admit it, Elliot! Without death, you'd have no career.

ELLIOT

I guess so Talking Dead Beaver. I never thought of it that way.

GERALD

So you see, at the end of the day we're all bad people. Wallace profits of death, and you profit off death. You're no better than him. You were gonna set me loose just to take money that is rightfully mine!

ELLIOT

Damn. You're right. Maybe I am a bad person.

Elliot looks down at his bag of stolen goods.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

But that doesn't mean I always have to do the bad thing. You know what Gerald? If it means that much to the animal kingdom that you guys keep Wallace's fortune, you can keep it. I won't set you loose.

GERALD

Thank you, Elliot. Remember, everyone's an asshole, but that doesn't mean we can't sometimes do good.

ELLIOT

Yeah. But if I'm not gonna get Wallace's fortune, I am gonna rob him some more. Wanna help me?

GERALD

Sure.

INT. CLUB SLOMMI - DAY

Charlie walks through the crowd with two cocktails in his hands, looking extremely uncomfortable. He spots Wallace from behind.

CHARLIE

They don't have mulled wine here,
so I got you some vodka redbulls
instead--

Wallace turns around to reveal that he is holding Lydian's
body and slow dancing with it to the club music. It's sweet,
in a disturbing way.

Charlie just hangs back and watches them. The Sweaty Man from
earlier approaches him.

SWEATY MAN

How sweet.

CHARLIE

Yeah.

SWEATY MAN

That chick is totally dead though,
right?

CHARLIE

Uh... yes. How could you tell?

SWEATY MAN

Wouldn't be the first time an old
man brought his taxidermied dead
wife into Club Slommi for one final
day out on the town.

CHARLIE

I find that hard to believe.

INT. WALLACE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Gerald and Elliot make their way down the hall. Gerald picks
up a candelabra with his mouth and places it in Elliot's bag.

ELLIOT

Thanks.

The two reach a door at the end of the hall. A sign above it
reads 'TROPHY ROOM.' Elliot looks up at it.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Trophies? That sounds expensive.

Elliot tries the door. Locked.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Damn. It's locked.

GERALD
Please, allow me.

Gerald stares at the door handle. It magically unlocks.

ELLIOT
Woah, how'd you do that?

GERALD
My horse powers.

ELLIOT
I'm so fucking high.

They go through the door and enter. Elliot drops the trash bag in shock.

The entire room is filled with TAXIDERMY HUMANS. Just like Lydian, only these people look like strangers. A mail man. A neighbor. An auditor.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Oh my god! Mr. Wallace is a serial killer! Did you know about this!?

GERALD
Holy fucking shit, no! I take back everything I said before. Mr. Wallace is way worse of a person than you. This is disgusting! God--

Gerald throws up on the floor.

GERALD (CONT'D)
--damn. This is awful.

ELLIOT
This must be why Mrs. Wallace died 6 months early! He killed her and stuffed her body! He's insane! And... oh my god. Charlie is with him right now. Wait.

Elliot takes off running. Heads to:

INT. WALLACE'S HOUS - STUDY - DAY

The gun is no longer mounted above the fireplace

ELLIOT
Oh shit.

INT/EXT. CHARLIE'S CAR - DAY

Charlie drives. Wallace is in the passenger seat. Lydian is in the back.

WALLACE

That was so splendid. I feel young again. Can we please go to the lookout point where Lydian and I shared our first kiss? It's just on the other edge of town. Very secluded and quiet.

CHARLIE

Alright, yeah. Let's complete your special day.

WALLACE

Wonderful. And continue the song, please.

CHARLIE

(singing)

Moon river...

Charlie starts singing the song. His phone vibrates on the console next to him. Elliot is calling. Charlie can't hear it over his singing.

INT. WALLACE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Elliot and Gerald stand in the living room. Elliot pulls his phone from his ear.

ELLIOT

Damnit! He's not picking up.

GERALD

You said Charlie was taking him to a lookout point? I know where that is. You know what you must do, Elliot. Ride me. Ride me like the wind so we can save your friend!

ELLIOT

I knew those horse riding lessons would pay off!

Elliot hops on Gerald's back. They take off through the front door.

EXT. LOOKOUT POINT - EVENING

Charlie pulls up to a secluded scenic overlook. There's no one else around. He and Wallace get out of the car.

WALLACE

Charlie, would you mind setting up a blanket over there so Lydian and I can spend some time together?

CHARLIE

Sure. But no... funny business.

WALLACE

Of course.

We follow Charlie as he heads to the edge of the cliff and places down a blanket.

Suddenly. *Click-clack*. The sound of a rifle cocking.

Charlie turns around. Wallace has his hunting rifle pointed directly at him.

CHARLIE

What the hell!?

WALLACE

God it feels good to cock this gun again. You know Charlie, I made my living off of killing animals, but my real passion... is killing humans!

CHARLIE

I guess the taxidermied dead body should've tipped us off more, yeah. So you killed your wife!?

WALLACE

Oh yes. All her medications and appointments and yadda yadda, it was all too much. So I put her out of her misery. But I liked the feeling, and I didn't stop there. Taxidermying a human is hard, but not impossible. I consider myself the best in the world at it. And you and Elliot will be my final projects!

BLAM. Elliot rides up on Gerald from out of nowhere, and Gerald kicks Wallace in the chest. Wallace goes flying over the edge of the cliff.

CHARLIE
Elliot, holy shit! You saved me.

ELLIOT
Yeah. Turns out Mr. Wallace had a dead body room in his house. Pretty sure he was a serial killer.

CHARLIE
That explains a lot.

Elliot gets off the horse.

ELLIOT
Gerald, thank you for taking me here. You saved Charlie's life.

GERALD
Neigh.

ELLIOT
Damn. My drugs wore off.

CHARLIE
So I guess Mr. Wallace isn't our Ms. Nubile after all.

ELLIOT
Yeah. And Gerald is now the richest horse in the world. Good for you buddy.

INT. ZIMMERMAN HOSPICE CARE - DAY

Elliot places the taxidermy squirrel he stole earlier on his desk. Charlie crosses Mr. Wallace's name off the white board.

ELLIOT
We should probably do something with her.

Elliot points at Lydian's body which is horrifyingly propped up in a corner.

CHARLIE
We'll bring her to the police tomorrow. For now, I need a break. We almost got serial killed.

Charlie sits down in his desk chair and leans back.

Silence for a few moments. Until:

ELLIOT
Are we bad people, Charlie?

CHARLIE
What? Why would you ask that?

ELLIOT
A talking beaver told me we were
bad people because we profit off
death.

CHARLIE
Your dad profited off death. Was he
a bad person?

ELLIOT
I'm not sure.

CHARLIE
Well-- you saved my life tonight,
dude. You're not a bad person in my
books.

ELLIOT
Thanks. You're not a bad person
either.

CHARLIE
Thanks.

They sit in silence for a few beats.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Did you say talking beaver?

ELLIOT
Don't worry about it.

CUT TO BLACK