

CRIME AFTER CRIME

Written by

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OPEN ON:

A smiling RACCOON. He's a cartoon raccoon, wearing a flannel shirt and holding a paintball gun. And he's on a SIGN reading "RENEGADE ROCK ADVENTURE PARK: ATV COURSE, PAINTBALL & MORE."

The sign SHAKES as an ATV zooms by.

EXT. RENEGADE ROCK ADVENTURE PARK - DAY

The ATV rockets over a hill into the air. Its driver screams:

DARYL
TITTYFUCK YEEEEAAHHHH!

This is DARYL HUTCHERSON (late 30s, thick of torso and head, a bearded blue collar blowhard), in his element.

Daryl lands to find a row of waiting COPS ON ATV'S, including OFFICERS JIM DOBKIN AND MOLLY CLARK: Daryl's nemeses, and two cops who chose this career because it looked cool on TV.

DARYL (CONT'D)
What the shit?

OFFICER DOBKIN
You're under arrest for the murder
of Tom Diller. Dismount your
vehicle with your hands in the air.

Beat. Daryl pulls a U-turn and SPEEDS OFF, cops in pursuit.

Nearby, an ATV INSTRUCTOR, on an ATV, speaks to a TOUR GROUP.

ATV INSTRUCTOR
Safety first, safety second, and sa-

Daryl speeds by, and a pursuing cop SLAMS into the instructor's ATV, tossing him ten feet into the air.

Daryl leads the cops on an ATV CHASE, pulling off insane hairpin turns and dangerous jumps. He makes a hard turn into a PAINTBALL COURSE, narrowly avoids a few PAINTBALLERS, and notices too late that he's headed for a LAKE.

Daryl leaps off his ATV, which zooms into the lake and SINKS. Daryl reaches for a holster, and the cops draw their weapons.

OFFICER CLARK
HE'S GOT A GUN!

DARYL
Whoa, whoa! It's a paintball gun!

OFFICER DOBKIN
Drop it and kick it over here. Now.

Daryl does just that. Officer Clark picks up the paintball gun and turns to Officer Dobkin.

OFFICER CLARK
Does it count as police brutality
if it's a paintball gun?

OFFICER DOBKIN
Uh, I don't think so. Guys?

The gathered cops all shrug and murmur: "Nah." "Seems fine."

Officer Clark unleashes on Daryl, riddling him with HUNDREDS OF PAINTBALLS. Daryl SQUEALS under the rainbow barrage.

DARYL
AH! I wasn't tryin' to hurt nobody!
I was just resisting arrest!

SMASH CUT TO:

DARYL'S MUG SHOT: his face is covered with PAINTBALL WELTS.

The mug shot is on a background screen in...

INT. WEB SERIES STUDIO - DAY

A bubbly host, GRACE, sits at a desk bearing the title:
"BUZZBEAT PRESENTS: 'WOKE UP' WITH GRACE ABERNATHY."

She's interviewing ABBY PARRISH - 30's, bright-eyed and sharp, if a little much; the type who comes back from a week-long trip to Barcelona pronouncing it "*Bar-tha-lona*."

GRACE
I'm here with Abby Parrish, host of the hit podcast "Crime After Crime." Abby, you spent a year exchanging letters with Daryl Hutcherson from his cell in an Atlanta federal prison, and talking to people who knew him. Now your true crime podcast about his case has set the Internet on fire.

ABBY
I'm just happy that Daryl's plight has gone viral. There are so many people like Daryl who deserve to have their story told.

GRACE

Look at these headlines!

(re: headlines on screen)

"Privileged? Shut The Fuck Up And Talk About This Podcast." "19 Ways 'Crime After Crime' Is Good, Bad, Neither, Everything, and Nothing." "Crime After Crime EVISCERATES AND OBLITERATES the Prison-Industrial Complex."

ABBY

My fans are passionate! I just wanted to create a safe space to explore the intersectional marginalization endemic within the criminal justice system, and its relationship to toxic masculinity, without micro-validating white fragility, journosplaining, privsplaining, or condesplaining. Know what I mean?

GRACE

Um... TOTES. Well, I know everyone's looking forward to the finale. The work you do is so important. You are so important.

ABBY

Thank you, Grace. It's still just a side hustle, but what better side hustle than the pursuit of justice?

INT. APPLE STORE - DAY

Abby, at her day job, dressed in a blue "Genius Bar" employee outfit. A weird CUSTOMER approaches her.

ABBY

Welcome to the Apple Store. How can I help you?

CUSTOMER

Fix this.

He's holding a blender.

ABBY

Sir, that's not an Apple product.

CUSTOMER

Well, I thought this was a "Genius Bar," but I guess it's a LIAR DESK.

He turns around and storms out.

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

Abby returns home, and tosses her keys onto a key ring shaped like HILLARY CLINTON'S SMILING FACE. We linger on her decorations. She's a near-parody of the "liberal elite":

A diploma from EMERSON COLLEGE. A framed poster of feminist punk band PUSSY RIOT. A photo of Abby at the Women's March, and beneath that, a homemade "NOTORIOUS R.B.G." PROTEST SIGN, featuring Ruth Bader Ginsburg's face.

Abby cracks open some take-out and sits at a microphone in a small makeshift PODCAST STUDIO: a walk-in closet with blankets draped on the walls. She speaks into the mic in the classic calming "NPR VOICE."

ABBY

Okay. To warm up her "NPR voice" for the final episode of her podcast, Abby Parrish will now interview her cat, Flapjack.

FLAPJACK, a fat tabby, shoots her a grumpy stare.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Flapjack, thank you so much for being here. I know you had a busy afternoon of napping for seventeen hours and only getting up to shit in a box.

The furry little jerk just stares at her, expressionless.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Let's begin. I'm curious: when you realized that you'd never catch the laser pointer, is that what led to your crippling catnip addiction? Mm-hmm. Tragic.

Beat. Without breaking eye contact, Flapjack reaches out a paw and casually knocks a mug off the table.

ABBY (CONT'D)

You are so brave. All right, let's do this thing.

Abby clears her throat and presses "RECORD" on her laptop.

ABBY (CONT'D)
A man found dead in the alley
behind a local bar. His
troublemaker cousin convicted of
murdering him, but questions remain
- questions we explore here on
"Crime After Crime."

A cheesy THEME SONG, a la "Time After Time": *"Just 'cause you, are in jail, doesn't mean you're bad/Crime After Crime!"*

ABBY (CONT'D)
For those of you just tuning into
the podcast, here's a quick recap.

As Abby launches into her recap, we see FOOTAGE and FLASHBACKS of relevant interviews and events.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Daryl Hutcherson always struggled
with money, and had a history with
the police. There was vandalism...

STREET: Daryl spray paints a "SLOW" sign to read "BLOW ME."

ABBY (V.O.)
...Petty theft...

7-11 PARKING LOT: Daryl runs out cradling ten Slurpees in his arms, with officers Dobkin & Clark in pursuit.

ABBY (V.O.)
...Not so petty theft...

Daryl, ten Slurpees in hand, sees a CAR IDLING nearby with its door open. He tosses the Slurpees inside, gets in, and PEELS OUT, STEALING THE CAR to escape with the Slurpees.

BYSTANDER
Hey! That's my car!

ABBY (V.O.)
...and assault. Daryl had a way of
ending up in barroom brawls.

PHOTOS show Daryl in a series of bar fights: a man breaks a pool cue over his back; he drags a man on his stomach across a bar; he buries a man's head completely inside a jukebox.

ABBY (V.O.)
But the scuffle he got into with
his cousin Tom, that night in early
March, had bigger implications.

INT. LOCKED AND LOADED SALOON - NIGHT

BYSTANDERS' CELL PHONE FOOTAGE: A dive bar. Daryl yells at
his cousin TOM, burly and disheveled. Both are drunk.

DARYL
What'd you say? I know family
wouldn't speak to me that way.

TOM
All I said was I saw your girl
getting finger-blasted in the
parking lot behind the Target.

DARYL
Here's a target, ya little bitch.

Daryl grabs a HANDFUL OF DARTS from a dart board and throws
them. Tom screams as they STICK into his stomach and thighs.

DARYL (CONT'D)
Bullseye!
(into bystander's camera)
Erase that video!
(beat)
Not yet. Send it to me first.

Tom DECKS Daryl in the face. Daryl takes a SWING. They BRAWL.

ABBY (V.O.)
Two hours later, Tom was dead. He
was found in an alley behind the
bar, stabbed 14 times.

CRIME SCENE PHOTOS of Tom's dead body. Then, GRAINY
SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE shows the following:

ABBY (V.O.)
Surveillance footage showed an
unidentified figure fleeing the
scene at 1:49 AM. And adding to
Daryl's troubles, eyewitnesses said
they saw him around that time.

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Abby interviews an EYEWITNESS.

EYEWITNESS

Oh, it was definitely him. I hadn't seen a fat guy look that scared since they said they were gonna stop making Twinkies.

ABBY

Sir, do you have to comment on his weight like that?

EYEWITNESS

I do, yes. I find it humorous.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: Daryl sits with Dobkin and Clark.

DARYL

Listen, I'm not saying I wasn't at the crime scene. I was. But I wasn't there when Tom was killed!

OFFICER CLARK

So where were you, then?

EXT. SOUTH BEND PARK - DAY

Abby interviews a PARK SECURITY GUARD.

PARK SECURITY GUARD

Well, he said he came here to South Bend Park after the fight. Sat in his car on Lakewood, then went back to find Tom dead. But I don't remember seeing him that night, and nobody else around here did either.

ABBY (V.O.)

Recently laid off from a warehouse job, Daryl couldn't afford a lawyer. His public defender barely argued his case, and courtroom sketches showed that Daryl didn't exactly do himself any favors.

COURTROOM SKETCH: Daryl pulling up his shirt to reveal his bare chest, painted with the words "SUCK IT PIGS."

ABBY (V.O.)

So when Daryl was convicted and given 60 years to life, most people didn't think twice.

(MORE)

ABBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But I've kept returning to the same questions.

(beat)

First: People that knew Daryl testified that his and Tom's fights were temporary and often trivial. His ex-girlfriend Megan agreed.

EXT. FRONT STOOP OF A SMALL SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Abby listens to MEGAN, Daryl's ex (more about her later).

MEGAN

Sure, they'd drink too much, rough each other up - but they'd always shrug it off. I never figured it could escalate beyond boys being boys. They were just friendly rivals, like Thor and the Hulk - but drunk and weak and stupid and not heroes.

ABBY (V.O.)

Second, the police had incentive to make this an open-and-shut case. Inside sources tell me that crime rates had been rising, and the department was looking for any way to get an easy win. And finally, the murder weapon was never found, so there was no physical evidence linking Daryl to the crime.

(beat)

Now, to be sure, my investigation led me down some dead ends...

INT. CASPER CALHOUN'S HOUSE - DAY

Abby interviews CASPER CALHOUN, 60's, a scraggly old man who looks like he'd tell some teenagers their cabin is haunted.

ABBY

Mr. Calhoun, you live on Lakewood, by the park. You're sure you didn't see Daryl the night of the murder?

CASPER CALHOUN

Never did. I have seen somethin' that might interest you, though.

Abby's eyes widen as Casper leans in and whispers.

CASPER CALHOUN (CONT'D)
Bigfoot's real. He lives in that
park. And I fucked him.

Abby exhales, disappointed. Back in her PODCAST STUDIO:

ABBY
...But even so, I felt that
something just wasn't right.
Tonight's conclusion may not answer
all of your questions, but I think
it'll leave us all a little wiser
and more equipped to pursue
meaningful change. You're listening
to the series finale of "Crime
After Crime." We'll be right back.
(then, suddenly cheerful)
Do you love hummus? Use promo code
CRIME to save 25% at HummusDirect.

TEXT OVER BLACK: THREE MONTHS LATER

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Abby and her clean-cut date, PAUL, hold hands on the couch.
His shirt proclaims "FEMINIST AS FUCK."

ABBY
I've had a lot of fun tonight, but
can I just say: that shirt was a
bold choice.

PAUL
Is it too much? I thought it might
be too much. I'm embarrassed.

ABBY
Don't be! You're cute. Actually,
you're very cute.

PAUL
I'm beginning to think this date
might have a more satisfying ending
than your podcast.

ABBY
Oh. There it is.

PAUL
Come on, I'm just giving you a hard
time. I had to bring it up at some
point!

ABBY

I just wanted to shine a light! I didn't know people would be so let down when I didn't solve his case.

PAUL

(taking out his iPhone)
Remember this?

YOUTUBE VIDEO: A clip from "LAST WEEK TONIGHT." JOHN OLIVER sits beside an image of the "Crime After Crime" logo.

JOHN OLIVER (ON SCREEN)

Of course the jury is still out on what's worse: being wrongfully imprisoned, or being wrongfully made to listen to that podcast.

(audience LAUGHS)

Both are a tragic waste of precious hours on this earth.

ABBY

How did you have that cued up?

PAUL

I was watching it before our date.

Abby hops on top of Paul.

ABBY

You know what? That's in the past - let's not talk about it anymore. I haven't showed you my bedroom yet, have I?

PAUL

You haven't. Do I have your consent to pick you up and take you there? Or if you'd prefer to pick me up, I'm open to that as well.

ABBY

(laughing; he means well)
You can pick me up.

Paul picks Abby up, her legs still wrapped around him, and carries her towards her bedroom. She yelps, giddy.

Paul kicks the bedroom door closed. We linger on Paul's iPhone, as it BUZZES and LIGHTS UP.

TEXT ON PHONE: *CNN NEWS ALERT: Several Prisoners Missing After Power Outage At U.S. Penitentiary Atlanta*

INT. ABBY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Abby lifts off Paul's shirt, revealing his beautiful abs.

ABBY

Oh, I can't compete with that! It's like a pack of frozen hot dogs.

PAUL

Shh. You're beautiful.

ABBY

I'll be right back.

Abby hops up and goes into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abby looks into the mirror.

ABBY

You got this. Do sex to him.

Abby sits down to pee. She dabs some concealer on a razor burn and tosses like nine mints in her mouth. Then she takes out her phone and Googles "BLOWJOB INNOVATIONS SINCE 2016."

Just then, there's a loud KNOCK AT THE WINDOW.

Abby chokes on the mints and spits them out. She looks at the window, confused. It must have been a bird. She keeps peeing.

ANOTHER KNOCK.

Abby stumbles to the window with her pants around her ankles, slides it open, and cranes her neck to look outside into the rain. She's not prepared for what she sees:

DARYL HUTCHERSON - OUT OF PRISON! - IS BALANCING ON A LEDGE, four floors up, clinging to the side of the building.

DARYL

Is this a bad time?

Abby SCREAMS, shuts the window. Backpedals. From the bedroom:

PAUL (O.S.)

You all right?

ABBY

Yup. Yes. I, uh -- just warming up the ol' vocal chords. I'm a screamer!

Paul laughs, confused.

ANOTHER KNOCK. This time Daryl's face is pressed against the window. Abby pulls up her pants, staggers over and opens it.

ABBY (CONT'D)
How are you- where did you-

DARYL
Let me in and I'll explain!

ABBY
You can't fit through here!

DARYL
Yeah I can, I'll be fine!

Daryl begins to climb through. He's IMMEDIATELY STUCK.

DARYL (CONT'D)
I need you to pull me.

Abby grabs his arms. They struggle, his stomach caught between glass panels. ON PAUL, hearing Abby yell at Daryl:

ABBY (O.S.)
Suck in your belly! Suck it in!
SUCK IN YOUR FUCKING BELLY!

Hmm, that's odd. Then, Paul hears LOUD, EFFORTFUL GROANS:

ABBY (CONT'D)
Ahhhh! Fuck! Shit! Ahhhh!

Paul, assuming the worst, grimaces.

DARYL
You need to break the window.

ABBY
I'm not breaking the window! You
need to get out of here! Go!

DARYL
I'm gonna fall! You okay watching
my brains splatter on the sidewalk?

Abby thinks for a moment. She takes out her cell phone and turns on her bluetooth speaker in the bedroom.

ABBY
Siri, play some music. Max volume.

"GANGNAM STYLE" starts blasting in the bedroom.

PSY (ON SPEAKER)
OPPA GANGNAM STYLE!

Paul just sits there on the bed, in his briefs, confused.

ABBY
Watch out.

Abby slams a PLUNGER against the window until it SHATTERS.

Finally, she pulls Daryl inside. He collapses onto the floor, then looks up and smiles.

DARYL
Nice to finally meet in person.

As "Gangnam Style" blares:

PAUL (O.S.)
I know you're independent and
capable of handling things yourself
but I'm here if you need me!

DARYL
Whoa! Nobody can know I'm here!

ABBY
I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE
STOPPING BY TONIGHT.

Daryl jumps into the bathtub and closes the curtain to hide.

DARYL
You need to get him out of here!

ABBY
We were just about to --

DARYL
Do it! Now!

Abby sticks her face out the door.

ABBY
Hiiiiii. So. Here's the dilly-o. It
turns out it's just a full-on
period apocalypse down here, so.
Maybe we should wait.

PAUL

Abby, I'm a modern man -- hashtag TimesUp, hashtag BringBackOurGirls -
- so I am more than comfortable surfing the crimson tide.
Seriously: cowabunga, dude.

Flapjack wanders into the bathroom and hisses at Daryl.

ABBY

Okay. That's... actually kind of hot. But it's really not a good time. I think you should go.

PAUL

Really? But we were having fun-

Flapjack SCRATCHES Daryl. Daryl SCREAMS, so Abby ALSO SCREAMS to cover it up.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Okay! Okay, I'll go. Jesus.

Paul hastily puts on his pants, gathers his stuff and leaves.
As the front door slams shut:

ABBY

I'll call you?

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Abby turns off "Gangnam Style," and tears open the shower curtain to confront Daryl.

ABBY

WHAT IS GOING ON?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

DARYL

SHH! The neighbors!

They begin to WHISPER-SCREAM at each other, yelling with the rasp and volume of a whisper.

ABBY

Did you break out of prison?

DARYL

Sort of!

ABBY

SORT OF?!

DARYL

There was a power outage. I was asleep, and my cell door just opened. So, before they noticed, I... left. And you told me to come see you if I ever got out!

ABBY

I meant legally! And using a door!

DARYL

Isn't helping refugees, like, one of your "things?" Well, think about it like this: I'm a refugee, from prison.

ABBY

(realizing)

I'm harboring a fugitive. I'm gonna go to jail! I won't last a day in jail! I stopped watching "Orange is the New Black" because I was having nightmares about the Russian lady!

DARYL

I'm really sorry to interrupt, but:

Daryl pulls up his shirt: there's a BLOODY GASH IN HIS SIDE.

ABBY

Oh my God! Flapjack, bad!

DARYL

It wasn't the cat. I climbed over a barbed wire fence. It turns out that's very hard to do.

ABBY

We have to go to the hospital.

DARYL

Abby, I'm a wanted man.

ABBY

Right. Okay, give me a second.

Abby rummages through her medicine cabinet for supplies.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Hold still. Oh God, I'm terrible with blood.

Abby GAGS and DRY-HEAVES as she attempts to dress the wound.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Ouuugh. Ouuaagh. OuuAAAGHHH. Okay.

Reveal: TWO SMALL FLINTSTONES BAND-AIDS stretched across the otherwise-exposed massive bleeding gash.

DARYL
Fuck it, I can dress my own wounds.
Won't be the first time.

Daryl storms towards the kitchen, and Abby follows.

INT. ABBY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Daryl throws open every cabinet and drawer, looking for something to help him stop the bleeding. Instead, he's met with a series of pretentious kitchen items.

DARYL
What's wrong with these scissors?

ABBY
They're meatball tongs. You use them to shape little meatballs.

DARYL
No, you're thinking of "hands." And what the fuck is this?

ABBY
That's a nutmeg grinder.

DARYL
Who buys a whole actual nutmeg?

ABBY
Don't nutmeg-shame me.

DARYL
(re: a small hooked item)
WHAT.

ABBY
It's for dipping Oreos without getting milk on your fingers.

DARYL
If I'm gonna die, that can't be the last thing I hear.

Daryl staggers backwards, dizzy from loss of blood. Abby catches him before he falls.

ABBY

Whoa! Okay, plan B. I have a friend who might be able to help. She's close, it's 4 AM, we could get there without anyone noticing.

DARYL

Is she a doctor?

Abby pauses.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. VETERINARIAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Daryl lies on an exam table, surrounded by CAGES FULL OF BARKING DOGS and MEOWING CATS.

Nearby, Abby talks with her friend PAM, the vet.

PAM

So now I'm an accomplice in Daryl Hutcherson's prison escape?

ABBY

I didn't know what else to do! He could die!

PAM

No, no -- it's awesome! I wish this happened three months ago, I could've been in your podcast. Would've gotten famous. I'd be Bo Obama's vet by now.

Pam strides into the exam room and holds up some pills.

PAM (CONT'D)

I'm going to give you something to knock you out. They're cat drugs, but they'll work on you. I think.

DARYL

You think? Wait. No, no, no no no-

Abby holds Daryl down while Pam shoves the pills in his mouth. He takes them but doesn't appear to swallow.

PAM

Show me.

(as Daryl SHAKES HIS HEAD)

Show me. Come on.

As Daryl squirms, Pam PRIES OPEN his mouth to see if the pills are gone (the exact routine you'd do with your pet).

ABBY

Maybe wrap it in a piece of cheese?
That's what I do with Flapjack.

Finally, Daryl swallows the pills, bitterly licking his gums.

PAM

Good boy. Shh, shh, shh.

Daryl's eyes grow heavy.

DARYL'S POV: DARKNESS, then eyelids struggling to open. Blurry lights and muffled voices, uttering unconnected conversational fragments over a hazy period of time.

PAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm telling you, it'd be huge...

ABBY (O.S.)

I can't just record him...

PAM (O.S.)

*This can be your final episode!
This is what everyone wants!...*

ABBY (O.S.)

Are those dogs' balls in a jar?...

PAM (O.S.)

Yeah. Pretty cool, right?...

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DAWN

Daryl, bandaged, lies on the couch across from Abby.

DARYL

Listen... I'm not really the kind
of guy that's good at saying "thank
you."

Abby waits for a long beat.

ABBY

Oh. That was the whole sentence.

(beat)

Hey, I just had an exciting idea:
how about you turn yourself in?

Daryl starts laughing, then groans as it aggravates his gash.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Okay, fine. Go to Mexico, then!

DARYL

I'd never make it. There are road blocks everywhere leading out of the city.

ABBY

So what are you gonna do?

DARYL

Well, I was hoping it could be more like... what are we gonna do?

ABBY

No. No no no no no.

Abby rises to get a drink. Daryl follows her out of the room.

DARYL

You know my case better than anyone. Together, we can find out who really killed Tom. This is our chance to prove I'm innocent before they find me and send me back to jail for the rest of my life.

ABBY

That's crazy.

DARYL

Crazy like a box.

ABBY

Fox. "Crazy like a fox."

DARYL

What? No. Foxes are dumb as shit. I used to hit them with my truck all the time. Boxes? Crazy. You never know what's inside. Anyway, look at all this stuff!

Daryl points to Abby's cork board: press clippings, index cards, handwritten notes like *"Where is the murder weapon?"*

DARYL (CONT'D)

You're like all the Hardy Boys rolled into one gigantic Hardy Boy.

ABBY

...Thank you?

DARYL

Look at all these photos. And you saved my letters! Hang on. Are you... in love with me?

Now Abby's the one who bursts out laughing, then stops.

ABBY

Daryl, I'm not a detective - I'm just a woman with a microphone.

DARYL

So? Hitler was just a man with a microphone, and look what he was able to accomplish! Bad example. But also... good example.

Abby's BUZZER rings. They look at each other, then at the clock: "5:32 AM." Abby points to her room, her eyes screaming "Go!" Daryl RUNS into the bedroom.

Abby steadies herself, then opens the door to find OFFICERS DOBKIN AND CLARK.

OFFICER DOBKIN

Abby Parrish, right? You hosted a podcast about a prisoner named Daryl Hutcherson?

ABBY

Uh, yeah. Is something wrong?

IN ABBY'S BEDROOM:

As Abby talks to the cops, Daryl searches for a place to hide. There's no space under the bed or in the closet.

He notices a BODY PILLOW on the bed. Thinking fast, he UNZIPS its pillowcase, THROWS THE PILLOW out her bathroom window, and looks at the pillowcase that remains.

OFFICER DOBKIN (O.S.)

Sorry to bother you at this hour. I'm Officer Dobkin, this is Officer Clark. There was a massive power outage at the Atlanta Federal Prison, and your friend Daryl is not presently accounted for.

ABBY (O.S.)

We're not "friends." And wait, you mean he... escaped?

OFFICER CLARK (O.S.)
 Yes ma'am, and you're the last
 person he'd been in touch with.

BACK AT THE DOORWAY: Officer Clark leans over Abby's shoulder
 and sees SHATTERED GLASS on the bathroom floor.

OFFICER CLARK (CONT'D)
 What happened back there, if you
 don't mind me asking?

They hear the sound of BIRDS SQUAWKING LOUDLY from the
 apartment across the hall.

ABBY
 Oh. So as you can hear, my neighbor
 has six parakeets, which should be
 classified as a mental illness.
 (laughs nervously)
 Not that mental health isn't a
 serious issue. Anyway, one of them
 got into my apartment and broke the
 window trying to escape.

OFFICER CLARK
 You don't mind if we take a look
 around, do you?

ABBY
 Uh, no. No, come on in.

Abby leads the officers inside.

OFFICER DOBKIN
 So. How did you get interested in
 Hutcherson's case?

ABBY
 I just read a lot about it. Certain
 parts of the story didn't feel like
 they added up, so I started doing
 my own research.

OFFICER CLARK
 Mm-hmm. Must be fun to play
 detective from your couch.

INT. ABBY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abby gulps as the cops walk in. On Abby's bed lies DARYL,
 FULLY ZIPPED UP INSIDE THE BODY PILLOWCASE. It just looks
 like a fatter-than-usual body pillow. Abby silent-panics as
 the cops look in her closet, in her bathroom, under the bed.

Officer Dobkin stops and points at the "body pillow."

OFFICER DOBKIN
How do you like that thing?

ABBY
Sorry?

OFFICER DOBKIN
The body pillow. I've been thinking about getting one.

OFFICER CLARK
Jesus, Dobkin. This is your priority right now?

OFFICER DOBKIN
It'd be yours, too, if you had my lower back pain. I bought one of those Casper mattresses -- what a crock. Mind if I give it a try?

ABBY
(panicking)
YES.

OFFICER DOBKIN
You do mind?

ABBY
Yeah. Sorry, that's my... boyfriend. Boyfriend pillow.

Abby rushes over and squeezes Daryl's concealed body.

ABBY (CONT'D)
I snuggle with it and imagine it's my boyfriend. So.

The cops let this sink in.

OFFICER CLARK
Okay. I just got really sad.

Clark rejoins Dobkin and they head back towards Abby's door. Dobkin hands Abby his card.

OFFICER DOBKIN
If he contacts you, or if you have any information at all about his whereabouts, give us a call.

The cops leave. Abby shuts the door and EXHALES, relieved.

INT. ABBY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Abby picks up a pillow from her bed and starts WHALING Daryl.

DARYL (INSIDE PILLOWCASE)
Ow! Hey! Ow ow ow!

Daryl sticks a finger out and unzips the pillowcase to his chin. He looks like a HUMAN PEZ DISPENSER.

ABBY
Do you know how close that was?!
You have to go.

DARYL
What?!

Abby storms out of the room. Daryl follows her, hopping at first, then unzipping the pillowcase and climbing out.

ABBY
I've done my part. I didn't sign up
to harbor an escaped convict!

DARYL
You think I'm innocent, don't you?

Abby is thrown. She hesitates.

ABBY
I think there's a compelling case
for your innocence, yes. But that
doesn't mean-

DARYL
Then you're all I have. Abby, my
own mother doesn't believe me. I
once told her I'd find the true
killer, and she said, "I think
you'll find him at THE MIRROR
STORE." Which is crazy, you know?
There's no such thing as a mirror
store. You go to Bed Bath and
Beyond, you go to the Home Decor
section, and you look for the
mirrors. That's it.

ABBY
I feel for you. I really do. But I
never wanted to be involved, not
like this.

DARYL
What is this? Where was this taken?

Daryl points at a photo on the wall. It's Abby with various other protesters in a DRUM CIRCLE.

ABBY

That's me at Occupy Wall Street.

DARYL

Okay. And this little drum circle you had here - I take it that's the one that solved everything?

ABBY

Hilarious.

DARYL

No, it did. I remember seein' the headlines: "BANKS APOLOGIZE AND GIVE EVERYONE THEIR MONEY BACK. "THE BONGOS ARE TOO LOUD, WE GIVE UP!" SAYS EVERY BANK PRESIDENT."

ABBY

What's your point?

DARYL

My point is you've been writing to me, and making a whole thing about me because you wanted to make a difference, right? 'Cause you wanted to help me. Well, I'm standing right here. Make a difference. Help me.

Abby thinks about this.

ABBY

I'm sorry. You can stay here tonight, and figure out where you're gonna go. But tomorrow, when I get back from work, you absolutely cannot be here. Okay?

A long pause. Finally, Daryl nods.

INT. APPLE STORE - DAY

Abby stands at the Genius Bar, scrolling through old emails.

Close on the SUBJECT LINES: "From a FORMER fan"; "WHAT A LETDOWN"; "Is that really IT?"; "Thanks for wasting my time"; "That's the LAST EPISODE?"; "Worst. Ending. Ever."

A CUSTOMER approaches with his MacBook.

CUSTOMER

Hi. My laptop is frozen, I just get that little pinwheel - I have no idea what's wrong.

Abby smiles and opens his laptop to find: 40 TINY WINDOWS, ALL PLAYING PORN. The store is filled with a symphony of 40 simultaneous SEX NOISES. Abby quickly shuts the laptop.

ABBY

Could be a lot of things! I'll take a look and get to the bottom of it.

INT. APPLE STORE BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abby walks in with the laptop to find two of her COWORKERS watching a live streaming broadcast on an iPad.

COWORKER #1

Abby! You know about this?

On the IPAD SCREEN: A POLICE CHIEF speaks at a podium, flanked by Officers Dobkin and Clark.

POLICE CHIEF (ON IPAD)

We can now confirm that Daryl Hutcherson is on the loose.

ABBY

Ha, oh yeah. Crazy, right? I'm the one that broke him out!

Her coworkers laugh, and she laughs nervously with them.

POLICE CHIEF (ON IPAD)

I know that there is some sympathy for Hutcherson out there, but regardless of what you may've heard on some podcast, he is a convicted murderer and he is dangerous. When we catch him, we're going to make sure he spends the rest of his life in prison with no chance of parole.

Abby looks shaken.

COWORKER #2

Man, too bad this didn't happen when you were still doing that podcast. There's your ending! Would have been so awesome.

Abby considers this for a long beat. Then, she opens up her customer's laptop, and is once again met with a wall of ORGASMIC NOISE. She slams it shut.

Abby makes a decision and turns to Coworker #2.

ABBY

You know what, could you cover me?
I need to... I have an appointment.

Abby hurries out, leaving her coworkers confused.

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Abby looks around: no Daryl. She sighs: she was too late. She pours a glass of water and slumps down at her kitchen table.

RUSTLING. Then a ceiling tile moves, revealing DARYL'S FACE.

ABBY

AH! What the hell?

DARYL

Check it out! I Anne Franked
myself, in case the cops came back.

ABBY

You said you were going to leave!

DARYL

You came home early! Wait... why
did you come home early?

ABBY

Well, I kind of... I didn't want
you to...

DARYL

My. God. You came back to help me.

ABBY

I was thinking, and... we might
just be able to exonerate you
before they track you down.

Daryl climbs down, causing a tile and a large pipe to CRASH down onto the floor. He gives Abby a GIANT BEAR HUG.

DARYL

You won't regret this.

Abby stares at the hole in her ceiling, already regretting this.

ABBY (V.O.)
Now, first things first. If we're gonna go out into the world and try to solve a murder, you'll obviously need a disguise.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Abby walks around the men's clothing section.

DARYL (V.O.)
Yeah. Make sure you get me some new clothes that are different from my normal style, but still very cool.

ABBY (V.O.)
Very cool. Got it.

DARYL (V.O.)
And make sure you get the right size. I'm a Child's XXXXXXL.

INT. HARDWARE AND ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

Abby reluctantly gathers various supplies.

DARYL (V.O.)
Then, we'll need spy equipment.

ABBY (V.O.)
Come on.

DARYL (V.O.)
What? Are we private eyes or not?

ABBY (V.O.)
No. We literally are not.

DARYL (V.O.)
A GPS tracker. Fingerprinting kit. One of those voice modifiers to disguise our voices. Wireless audio equipment. A burner phone for me, so we can be in touch. And obviously, a magnifying glass.

ABBY (V.O.)
What? Why?

DARYL (V.O.)
What detective ever solved a murder without a magnifying glass?

ABBY (V.O.)
Every detective after like 1932.

DARYL (V.O.)
You're right. I guess Sherlock
Holmes was a FUCKING IDIOT.

Abby sighs and grabs a magnifying glass from a shelf.

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Abby approaches the seated Daryl with a pair of scissors.

DARYL (V.O.)
Then, we'll take care of my hair
situation. I could probably use a
trim.

ABBY (V.O.)
I was thinking something a little
more thorough.

Daryl swivels around to REVEAL IN THE MIRROR:

He's COMPLETELY TRANSFORMED. He's wearing extremely uncool
clothes: beige khakis, an olive green polo shirt, and Tevas.
His shaggy hair and beard are gone, replaced with a BUZZ CUT
and a THIN MUSTACHE.

DARYL
AHHH! I look like a child molester
from the Hamptons!

ABBY
Relax, you look perfectly normal.
(beat)
Okay, you do look a little bit like
a turtle that took off its shell to
do porn. But you look different,
and that's all that matters. So...
what do you say we solve a murder?

INT. ABBY'S PODCAST STUDIO - A LITTLE LATER

EXCITING MUSIC plays as Daryl and Abby stare at her cork
board of evidence. The game is afoot! After a long beat:

DARYL
I'm sorry, did we start already? I
was just kinda staring into space.

ABBY

There's got to be something here
that jumps out at you.

Daryl pushes a press clipping aside and sees a picture of his
ex-girlfriend, Megan. He smiles sadly, and Abby notices.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I interviewed Megan for Episode
Three. It sounded like you two were
really in love.

DARYL

I'd give anything to see her right
now. To hear that laugh, see that
smile. Squeeze that ass. Do other
things to that ass.

ABBY

That's a good place to stop.

DARYL

Can you imagine loving somebody
like that, and then it's taken from
you? And you just know you're never
going to feel that way about anyone
else, ever again?

Abby looks uncomfortable, and does a poor job of hiding it.

ABBY

We should probably focus on the
investigation.

DARYL

She told you she felt that way too,
right?

ABBY

Ugh... okay. Megan's living with a
new boyfriend. His name is Gene and
he works in real estate. I didn't
want to tell you. I'm sorry.

Daryl sits down, shell-shocked.

DARYL

Is he cooler than me?

ABBY

I don't know, Daryl.

DARYL

"Gene." Nobody named Gene knows
what to do with an ass.

Silence. Eventually, Abby places a hand on his shoulder.

ABBY

I bet he is bad at her ass.

Daryl places his hand on hers, appreciating the "kind" words.
Then, he snaps back, focusing on a list of phone numbers.

DARYL

What are those?

ABBY

Oh. As the podcast caught on, I
started getting calls from crazy
people with all sorts of theories
and "leads." Mostly nonsense.

Abby presses "play" on her laptop.

VOICE #1

It was the lizard people.

VOICE #2

Two words: Hillary. Clinton.

VOICE #3

I can tell you where the knife is,
because I'm the one who killed Tom.
Just kidding. Or am I? I'm not. Or
am I? I'm not. Or am I? I'm not. Or-

VOICE #4

I won't tell you my name on a line
that's definitely tapped by the
NSA, but I've got something that
could blow this thing wide open.

DARYL

Wait, I know that voice! That's
Lazlo, he worked with Tom in the
warehouse at the Apollo chemical
plant. You didn't call him back?

ABBY

No. I mean, he sounded so paranoid-

Daryl grabs Abby's phone, dials, and hands it to her.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Daryl, what are you --

(into phone)

Yes, hi, this is Abby Parrish. You called me a few months ago about Tom Diller? Right. I'm sorry I didn't get back. I'd love to hear what you have, if -- okay. Dark Carnival. Tomorrow night. Spiked pink belt. Thanks so --

(to Daryl)

He hung up. What's Dark Carnival?

DARYL

Underground juggalo bar. They book bands that are like the Insane Clown Posse, but less brilliant musicians.

ABBY

Right, rapping clowns. When I was six, my mom ordered one of those for my birthday party. "My name is Boink and I'm here to say / Pull my finger in a major way."

DARYL

OK, you might die. I'm coming with.

ABBY

If you've been there before, people might recognize you.

DARYL

Not the way we're gonna look.

INT. ABBY'S CAR (NEAR JUGGALO BAR) - THE NEXT NIGHT

Abby parks down the way from Dark Carnival, a ramshackle backwoods bar with RAP-ROCK blaring from its basement.

The car's indoor light comes on, revealing that Abby and Daryl are in FULL BLACK-AND-WHITE JUGGALO MAKEUP.

DARYL

All right, remember: if you believe you belong in there, so will they.

Feeling spontaneous, Abby rips one of her sleeves off. But it's not a clean tear, and it rips off half of her shirt.

DARYL (CONT'D)

What was that?

ABBY

I saw someone do it in a movie and
I thought it'd make me look tough.

DARYL

It looks like your shirt got caught
in an escalator.

ABBY

Exactly: it looks like my shirt got
caught in an escalator and I
survived. That's tough.

INT. DARK CARNIVAL JUGGALO BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Abby and Daryl descend a long staircase, past a series of
wildly-dressed, imposing-looking JUGGALOS making out, smoking
crystal meth, and generally causing havoc. Daryl points at a
crazy-eyed man with juggalo makeup and long dreadlocks.

DARYL

That guy over there? A friend of
mine didn't repay a debt to him,
and he made him eat his own ears.

They reach an underground space where a RAP-ROCK show is
raging, mosh pit and all. Abby walks up to the bar.

ABBY

I'll have a mojito.

The BARTENDER, a woman built like a tank, stares at her.

BARTENDER

Regular or pineapple?

ABBY

Ooh, pineapple sounds good.

The bartender crouches over a MOP BUCKET and proceeds to
URINATE into it, without breaking eye contact with the
horrified Abby. She places the mop bucket on the bar, and
drops in a tiny drink umbrella.

BARTENDER

On the house.

DARYL

Look! Over there.

Daryl points: in the eye of the mosh pit hurricane is LAZLO,
a walking tattoo parlor with a large spiked pink belt.

DARYL (CONT'D)
You can do this.

Abby tentatively enters the mosh pit, ducking FLAILING ARMS.

ABBY
Excuse me. Pardon me. Sorry, could
you scooch over just a bit? Just a
little scooch? Could you scooch? If
you could all just scooch a little-

Abby somehow reaches Lazlo, and taps him on the shoulder. He
instinctively takes a swing at her, and she flinches.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Whoa! Hey! It's me, Abby Parrish.
From the podcast.

LAZLO
Oh. Thanks for meeting me here.
Nobody can hear us, or bug our
conversation. It's completely safe.

With that, an errant arm DECKS Lazlo in the face, and he
starts BLEEDING heavily out of one side of his mouth.

ABBY
My God, are you okay?

Unfazed, Lazlo pulls out some FORMS and hands them to Abby.

LAZLO
I'm fine. I'll make this quick: I
noticed that for the two months
before Tom died, we were only
shipping out 105 barrels of lithium
each week -- not the usual 110.

A foot swings around and SLAMS Lazlo in the face again. He
looks up, now bleeding from BOTH SIDES OF HIS MOUTH.

ABBY
Good lord.

LAZLO
(still unfazed)
I know. I think Tom may have been
sneaking those 5 barrels off-site.
He hadn't seemed like himself for a
while. He started taking lots of
calls --always pacing outside on
the phone. And I found this on his
desk, it's a list of lithium
shipment numbers.

He hands her a handwritten note containing various SHIPMENT NUMBERS and what appears to be SCRAWLED INITIALS: "EBD."

A screaming man HEAD-BUTTS LAZLO. When he looks up, he's bleeding out of BOTH SIDES OF HIS MOUTH AND HIS NOSE.

ABBY
Should I call an ambulance?

LAZLO
No thanks!

ABBY
(re: note)
What does this mean: "EBD?"

LAZLO
No idea. It's not much, but maybe it'll help. Just don't tell anyone we talked. I don't know what kind of people Tom was involved with, and I don't like putting myself in dangerous situations.

Another limb flies out of nowhere and NAILS Lazlo. When he looks up, he's bleeding from BOTH EYES, HIS NOSE, AND MOUTH.

LAZLO (CONT'D)
I hope you understand. Hey, look.

The band's LEAD SINGER thrusts his mic into Abby's face. The music STOPS, and the crowd looks to Abby expectantly. Daryl gestures "do something!" Finally, Abby meekly sings:

ABBY
Sataaaaaan... is the best?

The crowd goes SILENT.

SINGER
Hey! Juggalos aren't about Satan. We're about friendship, family, and supporting each other. This your first time at a show like this?

ABBY
It's my first concert since Dave Matthews Band. It was kinda like this, though. They were not enforcing the marijuana laws, let me tell you.

More silence. Then, the singer begins to LAUGH. Loosening up, the whole CROWD LAUGHS. Abby hesitantly laughs too.

SINGER
You're alright, Juggalette. 2,3,4!
(rapping)
*YO, I'LL PIMP-SLAP A BABY/SUCK A
DOG'S DICK/EAT THE POPE'S ASS-*

Lazlo gives Abby a thumbs-up, then gets CLOBBERED with a 2x4.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ABBY'S CAR - LATER

Abby and Daryl are driving home.

DARYL
I didn't think you had it in you,
but you were almost a badass for a
second there.

ABBY
Almost?

DARYL
Almost.

They smile at each other. It's a moment of genuine warmth.

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Abby paces, wiping off the remnants of her Juggalo makeup.
Daryl lies on the couch, his feet resting on the armrest.

ABBY
Could you take off your shoes?

Daryl does a mock "your highness" bow, and pulls off his
shoes. A folded MAGAZINE PAGE falls out of his left shoe.

Before Daryl can grab it, Abby picks it up: it's an M&M'S AD,
featuring the flirtatious, feminine GREEN M&M. Huh?

DARYL
Whatever. I tore it out of a
magazine in the prison library and
kept it with me. It cheered me up,
reminded me of life on the outside.
I always sorta had a thing for her.

ABBY
You can't be attracted to an M&M.

DARYL
Are you offended or jealous?

ABBY
I'm confused.

DARYL
Why? Legs for days. Knee-high fuck-me boots. Flawless eyelashes. And those white gloves that say "I don't want to get my hands dirty, but the rest of me is fair game."

ABBY
Fair game for what? You can't have sex with a piece of chocolate.

DARYL
That's so small-minded of you.

ABBY
What happens after? Do you eat her?

DARYL
That'd be a conversation. I'd only do what makes her feel comfortable.

ABBY
That's... actually kind of progressive, for a Trump supporter.

DARYL
Trump? No no no. I'm a Ted Cruz man. I'm on the Cruz ship, baby. I find it inspiring that a sex criminal could turn his life around like that.

Abby hands the M&M's ad back to Daryl.

ABBY
Let's get back to work. EBD. Those initials don't ring any bells?

Daryl thinks for a long beat, then pops up from the couch.

DARYL
Eddie Delgado!

ABBY
Okay! Who's that?

DARYL

Kid I went to grade school with.
He's not related to this, and I
have no idea what his middle name
is. But you know when you haven't
thought about someone in forever
and then they pop into your head?

Abby ignores him and keeps thinking.

ABBY

Maybe we're focusing on the wrong
thing. Lazlo said that Tom was
constantly on his phone. I wish we
could get ahold of Tom's old phone
and check his call log, but even if
it's still around, it'd be at the
police station with the other
evidence.

DARYL

Yeah.

(beat)

So we're going to have to steal it.

ABBY

Steal Tom's phone. From the police
station.

DARYL

The evidence room is right past the
front desk. I know we could find a
way in. Trust me, I've spent a lot
of time in that station.

ABBY

If we get caught, it's over.

DARYL

Abby, this is our only lead. If we
do nothing, it's over.

Abby considers this for a long beat.

CUT TO:

THE NEXT DAY - DARYL AND ABBY PLANNING AN ELABORATE HEIST:

- Abby watches as Daryl unfolds a giant set of blueprints.
- Daryl draws an elaborate diagram on a whiteboard, arrows going in and out of doors and hallways.

- They plan potential disguises, photoshopping each other.
- Together, they pore over complex computer code next to a picture of a microchip.
- Daryl speaks animatedly in front of a drawing of a tunnel, holding a large shovel.
- They synchronize their watches.

INT. ABBY'S CAR (OUTSIDE POLICE STATION) - NIGHT

Daryl wears a ski mask. Abby, wearing a curly 80's wig and glasses, taps on the dashboard, almost hyperventilating.

ABBY

This is insane. This is insane.

DARYL

Stick to the plan, and we have nothing to worry about. You remember your story?

ABBY

"Hello, my name is Mrs. Dolores Vandersnoot. I am an antiques dealer from Turtle Lake, North Dakota, in town for a convention. Late last night my husband Clancy and I were severely burgled, and-"

DARYL

You got it.

They get out of the car. Daryl disappears into the night. Abby breathes deep to calm her nerves, and heads inside.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The station is mainly closed for the night, the front desk manned by one lone policewoman, OFFICER ESTRADA.

OFFICER ESTRADA

Can I help you?

Abby just stares at her, sweating profusely.

OFFICER ESTRADA (CONT'D)

Ma'am?

Abby VOMITS all over the desk.

OFFICER ESTRADA (CONT'D)

FUCK!

ABBY

Oh my God. I --

She VOMITS again. Estrada runs off to find cleaning materials. Seeing the opening, Daryl rushes inside, grabs Estrada's KEYCARD, and uses it to get inside the...

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daryl finds a box labeled "TOM DILLER," slices it open with a Swiss Army knife, and starts rooting around.

Finally, he sees a large bag containing individually-bagged items: a bloody T-shirt, a broken watch, and a CELL PHONE. He takes out the bag and re-tapes the box. He's about to sneak back out when Estrada returns to the front desk.

ABBY

I can't believe I did that.

OFFICER ESTRADA

It's okay. We're here to help.

Abby looks up and sees Daryl in the Evidence Room doorway, dangerously close to being in Estrada's line of sight. Terrified, she VOMITS A THIRD TIME.

OFFICER ESTRADA (CONT'D)

For the love of God, lady!

With Estrada distracted, Daryl rushes out of the evidence room, replaces the keycard, and slips out of the station.

INT. ABBY'S CAR - LATER

They're parked down the street, recovering. Tom's old phone is plugged into the car charger.

DARYL

That was... amazing. She had no idea I was there.

(re: the EVIDENCE BAG)

We got Tom's old phone, his watch, and his shirt from the night of the murder. Have you always been able to vomit on cue?

ABBY
(both burping and lying)
Yuuuuup.

DARYL
Genius. Actual genius.
(re: Tom's phone call log)
Check it out: it looks like Lazlo
was right about Tom taking a lot of
calls. This number pops up like 25
times in just a few days.

Abby sees: it's the same number, over and over. She hands the
phone back to Daryl, who gives her a look: "Should I call?"

ABBY
Go for it.

Daryl sets it to speaker and dials. Straight to voicemail.

VOICEMAIL MESSAGE (V.O.)
You've reached Temple Beth Israel.
We're closed, but God never sleeps.
For upcoming services, press 1. For
Rabbi Simon, press 2. For --

Daryl hangs up. They both look perplexed.

DARYL
Looks like I'd better hold onto my
wallet, because tomorrow, we're
going to a Jewish church.

ABBY
Every single part of that was wrong
and bad.

DARYL
Well, let's get moving. We gotta
get back to your place by 10.

ABBY
What? Why?

DARYL
Um. Okay, don't be mad. While you
were at work, I may have used your
e-mail account to schedule an
interview with Megan. Tonight.

ABBY
What?!

DARYL

I just need to see her! Just once!
There was no other safe way for me
to get in touch with her!

ABBY

You are un-fucking-believable.

DARYL

Abby, this could be my last day of
freedom. I'm sorry. I couldn't pass
up a chance to see the only woman
I've ever loved one last time.

Daryl pauses.

ABBY

You're considering saying something
about her ass, aren't you?

Daryl looks guilty. Abby sighs and drives.

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - LATER

Abby sits across from Daryl and MEGAN: 30s, plain but kind-eyed, rocking a pink Ed Hardy shirt, holding a Big Gulp. Some time has passed, and Abby has explained their situation.

DARYL

Are you okay? You still haven't
said anything.

MEGAN

Yeah. I mean, I saw it on the news,
but I never -- I'm just kind of
overwhelmed.

(to Abby)

Thank you for helping him. And for
letting us see each other, even if
it's just for tonight.

DARYL

I hope it isn't. But I'm glad that
if it is, you have... Gene.

MEGAN

She told you.

(off Daryl's somber nod)

Gene had a crush on me in high
school. I hadn't heard from him
since. But right after you went
away, he got in touch.

(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I resisted for a long time. I did.
But with your sentence... I had to
move on.

DARYL

I know. And I understand. Does he
make you happy?

MEGAN

Well, it's not like what we had.
But yes. He's good to me.

DARYL

Just don't take him to our special
spot.

MEGAN

(to Abby)

Long John Silver's. That's where we
met. I was an assistant manager at
the time. He walked up to the
counter, pointed at me and said
"I'll have that."

ABBY

Wow. That's... romantic.

MEGAN

We started talking, and it was
instant fireworks. He couldn't wait
until my shift was over, so he
pulled the fire alarm. Once
everyone evacuated, he took me to
the back and plowed me on a pile of
frozen shrimp.

DARYL

I could tell she was wet
immediately. She says it was just
fish grease --

MEGAN

It was fish grease!

Abby forces a smile and nods, silently horrified.

DARYL

I'll never forget what she said.
She said "Fuck me weird, baby. Lick
my eyes. Spank my feet."

ABBY

If this recap is for me, I really
don't need to know any of it.

DARYL

Then, when the firemen showed up, I was all, "Psych, Fire-Fools. You got got. The only thing on fire here was my pants, because I am a liar. I deceived you to bed this sweet flower you see before you."

ABBY

Well, there's obviously chemistry.

MEGAN

Yeah, but it's not just physical. I came to love Daryl because down underneath it all, he's a pure, good man. It's like: he's an asshole, but he doesn't stink.

Daryl smiles shyly. Suddenly, he turns quite serious:

DARYL

I don't know whether I'll make it out of this, but, just so you know: I'll always love you.

MEGAN

I know, Daryl.

Despite everything preceding it, Abby's oddly moved by this.

ABBY

Why don't I get us some more beers?

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - CONTINUOUS

Abby tosses the empty bottles in the recycling bin, and grabs a few more beers from the fridge. She pauses as she walks by her podcast studio, looking at a PHOTO of Daryl and Megan.

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Abby returns to find Daryl and Megan conspicuously arranged in a SPOON POSITION, their bodies CONCEALED UNDER A BLANKET.

ABBY

Oh. You got... comfortable. So, Megan, I actually have a few questions about Tom.

MEGAN

Sure, what would you like to know?

Abby takes a closer look at Megan and Daryl, who are MOVING SLOWLY BACK AND FORTH on the couch, under the blanket.

ABBY

Hey, I don't mean to be rude, but:
what are you doing, right now?

MEGAN

What's that?

ABBY

Are the two of you currently...
having sex, under that blanket?

DARYL

No. Nah.

ABBY

Are you sure?

MEGAN

This is just a dry snuggle. This
ain't a wet snuggle.

ABBY

Right. It's just that it looks very
much like the two of you are --

DARYL

Let me be clear. If I wanted to
make love to this woman, I would do
so. It would be loud. It would be
athletic. It would smell awful.

ABBY

Uhh...

MEGAN

(whispering to Daryl)
I told you we wouldn't have time.

DARYL

Okay. The hard truth here is, I
thought you'd be in the kitchen for
a lot longer, but you came back,
and now the jig is up, so, yes, we
are engaged in intercourse.

With a disgusted "Ugh," Abby gets up and leaves the room.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Aw, come on, don't go. I won't
finish, if that's the issue. Is
that the issue?

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Daryl and Megan embrace at the front door. Megan leaves, and Daryl closes the door behind her. He stands at the door.

ABBY
I can Febreze the couch, but I
can't Febreze my memories.

Daryl turns around, slowly. He looks lost and deeply sad.

DARYL
I break things. Other people build
things: a relationship, a career, a
family. A life. But everything I
touch just falls to pieces.

Daryl's eyes well up with tears. As angry as Abby was with him a moment ago, it falls away when she sees him like this.

ABBY
Oh, Daryl.

DARYL
What? I'm not crying.

Daryl hurries past her into the bathroom, and shuts the door. She hears UGLY SOBS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TEMPLE BETH ISRAEL (PARKING LOT) - THE NEXT DAY

In her car, Abby fastens a microphone inside her shirt, and Daryl secures headphones that will allow him to listen.

DARYL
Wow, this is awesome. It's like
"Mission: Impossible." You're Tom
Cruise, and I'm the guy that sits
in the van. Wait, this sucks.

ABBY
Stay in the car. And stay down.

INT. TEMPLE BETH ISRAEL SYNAGOGUE - MOMENTS LATER

As Daryl listens from the car, Abby walks inside, past a GIANT MENORAH. At the front desk is SPENCER: 20s, a scrawny, patchy-bearded guy with sunken eyes and a slight facial tic.

SPENCER

Boker tov! How can I help you?

ABBY

Actually, I was just wondering if you recognize this man.

Abby holds up a picture of Tom. Did Spencer look uneasy for a moment when he saw it? It's hard to tell.

SPENCER

I don't think so. Why?

ABBY

His name's Tom Diller. He passed away a few years ago, and before he did, he was in regular contact with this synagogue. He was Catholic, so, it's just been confusing me.

SPENCER

Are you a police officer?

ABBY

What? No! Do I look like a cop?

RABBI SIMON walks out into the lobby. He's tall, handsome and effortlessly charming.

RABBI

"If I am I because I am I, and you are you because you are you, then I am I and you are you. But if I am I because you are you and you are you because I am I, then I am not I and you are not you." Do you know who said that?

ABBY

Uhhh... Gollum. From "The Hobbit."

RABBI

Rabbi Menachem Mendel of Kotzk. It means you shouldn't define yourself by others' perceptions of you.

ABBY

I like that.

RABBI

I'd say "How the hell are ya," but I don't believe in Hell.

(he laughs at himself)

(MORE)

RABBI (CONT'D)
Because I'm Jewish, of course! I'm Rabbi Simon.

ABBY
Abby Parrish, nice to meet you.

RABBI
Not the Abby Parrish that hosted the Crime After Crime podcast?

ABBY
That's me.

RABBI
No way! I'm such a fan! I've rated, reviewed, and subscribed. And for what it's worth, I didn't think the ending was so bad. Here's my theory: I think it was the bookie you interviewed in Episode Five. Tom owed him money, right? Maybe he sent some guys to take care of it, things got out of hand...?

ABBY
(with a polite laugh)
You might be onto something. The reason I'm here is actually kind of related.

Abby shows him the photo of Tom.

ABBY (CONT'D)
This is Tom Diller, the victim from my podcast. His phone records showed that --

Spencer suddenly pipes up, almost frantically.

SPENCER
Landscaping. That's where I know him from. He'd been doing some landscaping for us on the weekends. Weed-whacking, that sort of stuff.

ABBY
Oh. Okay, that's good to know.

RABBI
I had no idea we were blessed with a connection to your work! Spencer here would know better than me, though. He handles the administrative side of things.

(MORE)

RABBI (CONT'D)

(beat)

Well, you'll have to excuse me. I have to help a young man prepare for his bar mitzvah. I hope his voice improves before the ceremony, otherwise I think I might quit and convert to Buddhism. I've always wanted one of those orange robes.

He leaves, and Abby turns to Spencer.

ABBY

Thanks for your help.

Spencer forces a twitchy smile.

INT. ABBY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Abby and Daryl sit silently, looking at the front window of the synagogue, where they can see Spencer at the front desk.

ABBY

What was up with that Spencer guy? He suddenly recognized Tom right when I showed the rabbi the photo?

DARYL

Yeah, something's not right. Why don't we see what he's up to?

Daryl gestures to a car in a spot labeled "SPENCER LIPNICK."

DARYL (CONT'D)

There's his car. Hand me the GPS tracker.

ABBY

You can't go out there. I'll do it.

DARYL

It's like 20 feet! Plus, if he sees you, he'll wonder what you're still doing here. I could just be any crazy weirdo, for all he knows.

ABBY

Daryl, it's too dangerous.

DARYL

Okay, let's do "Rock-Paper-Scissors." I play a variation called "Rock-Paper-Scissors-Lizard-Wizard-Cock," where Lizard eats Paper, Cock fucks Wizard, and-

ABBY

Fine, you can plant the tracker.

Abby points at the window: Spencer's not at his desk.

DARYL

(grabbing the GPS tracker)
Oh, snapdragons. Game time.

ABBY

Wait. What if he comes back? What if he sees you?

DARYL

He won't. I'm a straight-up ninja.
(off Abby's look)
You know when you take a ghost shit? When you shit and there's nothing on the toilet paper, and you're like "What? I could have sworn there was something there!" That's me. I am that shit.

ABBY

Just be careful.

EXT. SYNAGOGUE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Daryl gets out of the car and rolls sideways along the ground. It's not smooth. As he reaches Spencer's car, SPENCER SITS BACK DOWN in front of the window, Daryl in his eyeline.

Abby whistles at Daryl, who sees and DIVES BEHIND A BUSH.

After a moment, Spencer turns away from the window to talk to someone. Daryl and Abby lock eyes: now's his chance.

Daryl moves stealthily from the bush to the car, and places the GPS tracker underneath the car in the back. Nailed it.

Just as he does, SPENCER WALKS OUTSIDE. He's headed straight for the car, talking on his cell phone.

SPENCER (ON PHONE)

Yeah, that works. I'll be there.

Daryl frantically moves around Spencer's car, staying out of Spencer's line of sight, then jumps back into his bush.

But instead of getting into the car, Spencer keeps walking. He heads for A VAN parked on the street. The side bears a logo for "GRAPE ESCAPE WINES & LIQUORS."

Daryl watches in panic as Spencer gets into the van. He's about to drive away, and the GPS tracker is on the wrong car.

As the van begins to move, Daryl makes a snap decision, runs and grabs onto a tow hook on the back bumper. Abby watches in shock as SPENCER DRIVES OFF WITH DARYL HANGING ONTO THE VAN.

ABBY

What the -- Jesus Christ!

Spencer turns onto another street. At first, Daryl manages to do a ridiculous crouch-run behind the van. But as the van speeds up, Daryl's forced to let it DRAG HIM DOWN THE STREET.

Abby starts her car and follows Spencer's van at a safe distance, watching this play out as she drives:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

As the van pulls around a turn, Daryl's body is swung out to the side. He sees a SQUIRREL sitting in the road, directly in his path.

It's too late to avoid it: Daryl's body COLLIDES with the squirrel. It's not pretty.

DARYL

Sorry little buddy!

A PATROL CAR sits at an upcoming intersection. It's DOBKIN & CLARK! Dobkin talks to Clark with his mouth full.

DOBKIN

What's your favorite "Fast and the Furious" movie? Mine are 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8.

If Daryl doesn't move soon, they're going to see him. Abby sees the patrol car and panics.

ABBY

Oh no. No no no no no.

Abby HONKS. Daryl turns back and sees her pointing to the patrol car ahead, as Spencer's van heads over a bridge.

Daryl realizes he only has one choice, and LETS GO. He tucks and rolls, and FALLS off the side of the bridge.

ABBY (CONT'D)

DARYL!

Spencer's van keeps going, and Dobkin & Clark drive straight across the intersection, out of sight.

Abby pulls over and runs to the side of the bridge, where she finds Daryl HANGING OFF THE EDGE.

DARYL

Little help!

Abby drags him back up. They both sit for a moment, panting.

ABBY

The fuck?! Why didn't you just get back in the car with me?

DARYL

I was thinking fast and I don't even think good slow. Let's go!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Back in the car, they speed up in pursuit as Spencer pulls into a STRIP MALL PARKING LOT. They stop nearby to watch.

Spencer parks the van in front of a wall that's been spray-painted with a crude image of a CAT WITH SUNGLASSES. He gets out, takes out his cell phone and makes a call. He speaks, but we can't hear what he's saying.

Finally, Spencer hangs up. He walks off and around the block, where he catches a BUS at a bus stop.

Once Spencer's out of view, Abby and Daryl get out, check to confirm they're not being watched, and walk over to the van.

DARYL

You keep a lookout. I should be able to jimmy open the lock. I just need your credit card.

Abby hands Daryl her credit card. He jams it into the crack in the door and it IMMEDIATELY SNAPS.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Gimme another one.

ABBY
No.

DARYL
Fine.

Daryl ELBOWS the window, SHATTERING IT. He reaches inside the broken window to unlock the door.

ABBY
What the hell! The alarm! The cops!

DARYL
(climbing inside)
You think cops care about car
alarms? A car alarm is just a sound
a car makes to tell everyone its
owner is stupid.
(unlocking the back doors)
Should be open now.

Abby opens the van's back doors. Daryl joins her as she looks inside: the van is half-stocked with MANISCHEWITZ WINE.

ABBY
It's just wine.

DARYL
That's what they want you to think!

Daryl rips open one of the boxes, revealing... WINE.

DARYL (CONT'D)
Okay, it's just wine.

INT. ABBY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

They've cleared the scene. Abby looks frustrated.

ABBY
I can't believe that was all for
nothing.

There's a long pause. Daryl looks upset.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Is something wrong?

DARYL
I hit a squirrel back there.

ABBY
Spencer's van hit a squirrel?

DARYL

I hit a squirrel. With my body. And I'm pretty sure it died. Would you mind if we... take a little detour?

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - LATER

Abby watches as Daryl finishes BURYING the squirrel in a small hole, topped with a CROSS MADE OF TWIGS. They stand for a long moment of reflective silence.

Abby turns to walk away. But Daryl isn't done.

DARYL

Mr. Squirrel. I didn't know you very long, but I could tell you were special. I'll never forget your little hands, or the way your big round eyes looked when you realized you were probably gonna die in a second. You didn't deserve that ending. You deserved the chance to run free and get eaten by a fox. I took that from you, and I'm sorry. I loved you, and I was in love with you. Squirrels forever, fuck chipmunks. Amen.

Daryl pats the dirt on the grave and sighs.

INT. ABBY'S CAR - LATER

Abby and Daryl sit in Abby's parked car in silence.

After a moment, Abby starts LAUGHING -- a release after what Daryl just did, and what they've both been through. Daryl looks at her, then starts laughing too. It cuts the tension.

ABBY

If it makes you feel any better, I'm pretty sure that squirrel was a jerk. I mean think about it: no one but us even came to his funeral.

They laugh and sigh. For once, they're almost relaxed.

DARYL

Hey, can I ask you a personal question? What is going on here?

Daryl points to a small BATMAN BOBBLEHEAD on the dashboard.

ABBY

Oh, that. Yeah, well. If you must know, Batman is someone I've always felt I can relate to.

(off Daryl's STARE)

Seriously. I've been privileged my whole life, and so I try to find ways to give back, fighting for what's right and raising awareness about the struggles of disadvantaged communities. I think of myself as a... crusader for justice.

Daryl LAUGHS LOUDLY.

ABBY (CONT'D)

What?

DARYL

Sorry, sorry. I actually think that's really cool, I respect that a lot. I was just laughing at the idea of a lady superhero.

ABBY

You do realize I can call the cops on you at like, any second, right?

DARYL

Fair point. You know, I feel like we could use a break. Wanna go have some fun?

EXT. RENEGADE ROCK ADVENTURE PARK - NIGHT

Daryl and Abby stand beside her car, outside the closed park, in the shadow of RENEGADE RACCOON: a statue of the park's mascot, a flannel-shirt-wearing raccoon holding a paintball gun. Abby holds a beer; Daryl holds the rest of the six-pack.

DARYL

Shangri-La.

ABBY

Daryl, it's 2AM. The park's closed.

DARYL

I think at this point, breaking and entering is the least of our concerns. Wait here.

Daryl walks around back, leaving Abby alone.

ABBY

Wait, it's not the least of my- I'm concerned. I'm concerned about it.

The park lights turn on. Daryl appears from around a shed and walks towards the entrance where Abby is waiting.

DARYL

There's an opening in the fence, I've been sneaking in since I was a kid. We're in the middle of the woods, no one's gonna bother us.

Daryl opens the gate from inside, and spreads his arms wide.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Welcome to the happiest place on Earth.

ABBY

I think that's Disneyland.

DARYL

Well, this is my Magic Kingdom. And around here, the cars aren't on tracks. Hell, they're not even on roads. Because where we're going...

Daryl pulls away a tarp with a flourish, REVEALING AN ATV.

DARYL (CONT'D)

...we don't need streets.

ABBY

How did you mess that up? You were so close.

DARYL

Do you want to ride or not?

ABBY

I don't know, I'm a little drunk.

DARYL

If you don't know, it means you're not drunk enough.

Daryl tosses Abby another beer.

SMASH CUT TO:

A GIANT MUD HILL. Daryl flies over it on an ATV. A beat later, Abby follows, VERY SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY. Daryl pulls up next to her, disappointed.

DARYL (CONT'D)
Okay! Maybe a little... faster,
next time. But that was good.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE SAME HILL. Daryl flies over it again. Abby follows, a bit faster but still quite slow. She notices Daryl's expression.

ABBY
I'm having fun at this speed! I'm
being reckless and adventurous!

DARYL
Get off.

SMASH CUT TO:

Abby sits on the back of Daryl's ATV, DUCT-TAPED TO DARYL.

ABBY
This feels not safe.

DARYL
I got you. Hold on.

Daryl GUNS IT and they zoom through the woods. He's a pro. Abby's smiling ear to ear. He pauses at the base of the hill.

DARYL (CONT'D)
You ready?

ABBY
Honestly, what we just did was
enough for me. Lots of fun, though.

Daryl ignores her and FLOORS IT, and they're launched into the air. Abby screams in delight. They land with a thud, and Daryl cuts the engine. They both laugh.

ABBY (CONT'D)
THAT WAS AMAZING.

DARYL
How 'bout we go shoot some guns?

ABBY
Oh, no. No. I'm morally opposed to
the use of firearms.

DARYL
I should have seen this one coming.

ABBY

The Second Amendment was written at a time when it took a full minute to reload one bullet. And even then, it specified a "well-regulated militia." The NRA is a terrorist organization. Think about-

DARYL

Okay. Just forget all your political shit for one second, and tell me there's not some small part of you, deep down in your primal lizard brain, that yearns to know what it feels like to hold the power of life and death in your hands.

Abby thinks about this for a long beat.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CLAY-SHOOTING RANGE - A LITTLE LATER

Abby stands at a clay-shooting station, holding a rifle.

ABBY

PULL!

Daryl presses a button, firing a clay pigeon into the sky. Abby fires and nails it: it EXPLODES.

ABBY (CONT'D)

FUCK YEAH! PULL!

Abby fires again: another direct hit! She WHOOPS loudly.

DARYL

Damn, woman. I think you had some pent-up aggression in there.

ABBY

Shut up and gimme more pigeons. Momma's bringin' home dinner tonight.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Abby's on a roll. Daryl laughs, absolutely loving this side of her. He tosses her a beer.

ADVENTURE PARK FUN MONTAGE:

-Abby and Daryl swing from tree to tree on a ROPES COURSE.

-They slide down a ZIP-LINE, hooting and hollering.

-They race on an OBSTACLE COURSE. Daryl trips and falls face-first in the mud. Abby bursts out laughing, then eventually helps him up... at which point Daryl pushes her into the mud. They both collapse laughing.

EXT. THE ROOF OF A SUPPLY SHED - LATER

Abby and Daryl lie on their backs, drunk, sharing a handle of whiskey and gazing at the stars.

ABBY

How'd you get to be such a beast on an ATV? You have one growing up?

DARYL

You think I could afford an ATV? We used to buy used bars of soap at Goodwill. No, I learned a different way. Lemme see your phone.

Daryl looks up a video on YouTube, and plays it for Abby.

YOUTUBE VIDEO: Daryl, early 20's with ridiculous long hair, speaks into a shaky camera held by his friend.

DARYL (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

Alright bitches. In this video, I'm gonna show y'all how to turbo-charge your lawnmower.

ABBY

No way.

Daryl smiles proudly and fast-forwards to a close-up of the lawnmower engine, with Daryl's hands gesturing.

DARYL (ON SCREEN)

Every mower's got a governor that keeps the engine from hitting some sick RPM's. To disable that sucker, just take the housing off the carburetor, pull back the throttle linkage and unfasten that spring right there. And boom: you got yourself an ATV with blades.

Daryl fast-forwards to a wide shot: he's now riding the SUPERCHARGED LAWNMOWER, speeding across a field. He whoops in triumph, as the cameraman shakes with laughter.

ABBY
You're insane.

DARYL
I'm resourceful.

They laugh and take another drink. They're TRULY WASTED.

DARYL (CONT'D)
Let's tell each other a secret
we've never told anyone before.

ABBY
Tell each other secrets? Are we ten
years old?

DARYL
No, we're drunk adults, which is
the same thing.

ABBY
Fine. I DVR The Bachelor.

DARYL
No. Drink.
(off her confusion)
If I don't like your secret, you
have to drink. Drink.

She takes another swig.

ABBY
Your turn.

DARYL
I have a lower back tattoo of the
Taco Bell Chihuahua saying
"WINNING."

Abby looks at him: that's a good one. She drinks.

ABBY
Okay: I'm wearing Batman underwear
right now.

DARYL
Whoa. You were not kidding about
that whole Batman thing.

ABBY
Nope. It's... it's serious.

Onward, a series of QUICK CUTS as they drink and share:

DARYL

I once gave an old girlfriend Ham Lunchables as an anniversary present.

ABBY

When I was a kid, I ate my own earwax. I called it "Head Dessert."

DARYL

I once pleasured myself to vintage nudes from the 1970's, realized halfway through they were my mom, and finished.

ABBY

I ate my twin in the womb, and I have absolutely no regrets.

DARYL

I once tried to bleach my anus with Crest Whitestrips.

ABBY

My middle name is Chuck.

DARYL

I hide stuff I don't want anyone to find in the raccoon.

This gives Abby pause.

ABBY

Sorry, what was that?

DARYL

Renegade Raccoon, the park mascot. That big statue of him out front? The head is hollow. So ever since I was a kid, whenever I had something that could get me in trouble -- porno magazines, cigarettes, dank-ass nugs and whatnot -- I'd unscrew the head and hide it in there. Smart, right?

ABBY

Um, uh, yeah. Who would ever think to look in there?

DARYL

Your turn.

ABBY

Right. Uh, I wore floaties in the shower until I was 19.

DARYL

Drink.

Abby FAKES A CHUG. When she looks up, Daryl's eyes have grown heavy. He fades, then lets his chin fall to his chest.

INT. ABBY'S CAR - LATER

Abby drags a fully PASSED-OUT Daryl into the backseat of her car, and places a blanket over him (not that he'd notice).

EXT. PARK ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

It's now POURING RAIN. Abby approaches the RACCOON STATUE and searches around its head for screws. Finally, she finds them, and uses her KEYS to unscrew the back half of the head.

Abby shines her iPhone's flashlight inside, and finds DARYL'S STASH: a cobweb-ridden mass of Penthouse magazines, old bags of weed, half-smoked cigarettes, and beer bottles. She rummages around until she feels something strange.

She pulls it into view. It's a BLOOD-STAINED KNIFE!

Consumed by dread, Abby slumps down against the raccoon statue in the rain.

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Daryl is passed out on the couch. Abby sits nearby, nervously staring at the knife and the bag of evidence they stole, containing TOM'S BLOODY T-SHIRT. She texts Pam.

ABBY (TEXT)

Quick q: Do vets use DNA labs?

PAM (TEXT)

Yeah, mostly for dog breeders. Why?

ABBY (TEXT)

I need to see if the DNA from a T-shirt matches the DNA on a knife.

PAM (TEXT)

Bitch r u for real?

ABBY (TEXT)
Yes. I need your help.

PAM (TEXT)
Bring me the stuff tomorrow A.M.

Abby looks over at Daryl, suspicious and concerned. A beat, then another text from Pam:

PAM (TEXT) (CONT'D)
PS this fucking rules.

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Abby walks out of her bedroom to find the couch empty and the TV on. She panics... but then she hears the toilet flush. Daryl strolls out of the bathroom and slumps onto the couch.

DARYL
 Hangover Dumps 14, Daryl Hutcherson
 0. You might want to just install a
 new bathroom. How you feeling?

ABBY
 (nervously)
 I haven't drank like that since the
 cast party for my high school
 production of "Bye Bye Birdie."
 Want some orange juice?

DARYL
 Fuck no!
 (beat)
 Excuse me: Fuck no thank you.

ABBY
 Last night was fun, but it's kind
 of a blur. You remember much?

DARYL
 I know I told you something very
 private, something I'd never told
 anybody.

Abby freezes. But then, Daryl simply bends over and reveals his lower-back tattoo of the Taco Bell Chihuahua with a word bubble: "WINNING!"

ABBY
 That is art.

DARYL
 Did I... say anything else?

Abby pauses. It's almost as if Daryl is testing her.

ABBY

Nope. Not that I can remember.

DARYL

I know we made one major discovery.
(another tense pause)
You're a natural shot.

ABBY

Oh. Yep. I'm like the DC sniper.
(startled at herself)
Sorry, I don't know why I went to
such a dark reference. Listen, I've
gotta go to work.

Abby grabs her bag, with the knife and T-shirt inside.

DARYL

I think I know what's in that bag.
(another tense pause)
Another handle of whiskey!

Daryl laughs. Abby nervously joins in.

ABBY

Haha, round two here I come! Glug,
glug. Okay, I should be home at --

DARYL

Hold up. Is that...?

ON TV: An ad for Megan's boyfriend Gene's real estate company. GENE, a middle-aged dingus, smiles at the camera.

GENE (ON TV)

So if you're in the market for a
new home, trust Eugene B. Doubleday
Real Estate. You Want, We Find.

ABBY

Yeah, that's Megan's Gene. His face
is on every park bench in the city.

DARYL

Wait... that's his full name?

ABBY

Yeah. Pretty hot, right?

DARYL

Abby: Eugene B. Doubleday. E-B-D!
The initials, from the document
Lazlo gave us!

ABBY

Okay. But why would he --

DARYL

Think about it: he had a crush on
her in high school. Starts making
his move right after I'm locked up.
What if Gene was in love with Megan
for years, and he somehow framed me
to get to her?

ABBY

Daryl, that's a big jump. I met
Gene when I first spoke to Megan,
and he didn't seem like someone who
could do something like this.

DARYL

Oh, you mean the thing that every
murderer's neighbor says on the
news after every murder?

Abby considers the small chance he could be right.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Call in sick. We have work to do.

ABBY

I can't do that. I've gotta keep up
my normal routine. We'll look into
this when I get back. Just sit
tight, okay?

Daryl groans and sits back down with performative reluctance.
Abby grabs her bag and heads out.

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Daryl sits on the couch, watching TV. TIME PASSES, and he's
increasingly growing antsy. He paces. He looks at the clock.

Incurably restless, he looks around and takes note of two
things: the VOICE MODIFIER they bought earlier with their
other supplies, and Abby's Ruth Bader Ginsburg PROTEST SIGN.

EXT. STREET - EARLY EVENING

GENE DOUBLEDAY, as uncool as he appeared on TV, walks back to his car after work and gets inside.

INT. GENE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gene looks in the rear-view mirror to find a man wearing a RUTH BADER GINSBERG MASK. (Daryl has cut out Ginsberg's face, and tied it to his head with string.) Gene SCREAMS.

Daryl gestures at what appears to be a GUN in his sweatshirt. (It's just his finger, but Gene doesn't know that.)

With his free hand, Daryl turns on the VOICE MODIFIER and speaks into the mic, his voice suddenly VERY DEEP.

DARYL

*Drive where I tell you, and nobody
gets hurt.*

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY

Daryl pushes Gene, his hands bound, towards a staircase. Abby's neighbor's PARAKEETS SQUAWK in the background.

GENE

What is this?! Are you ISIS?!

DARYL

*I'm worse than ISIS. I'm Ruth Bader
Ginsburg.*

EXT. ABBY'S BUILDING'S ROOF - LATER

Daryl ties Gene, now with a bag over his head, to a chair. Daryl faces him, still using the voice modifier.

DARYL

(DEEP VOICE)

*Listen up. We're going to play a
little game. The rules are as
follows: I ask you questions, and
you answer them.*

GENE

Doesn't sound like much of a game.

DARYL

*SHUT UP! IT'S A GAME! Is your
girlfriend Megan Dibner?*

GENE

How'd you know that? Leave Megan out of this!

DARYL

Do you love her?

GENE

What? Yes, but why does that --

DARYL

When you have sex, does she do that thing where -- never mind. Would you do anything for her?

GENE

Um... yeah. Sure.

DARYL

I bet you would. I know what you've done, Gene. When you first met Megan, you knew her boyfriend had a troubled past.

Suddenly, Daryl's voice becomes EXTREMELY HIGH-PITCHED:

DARYL (CONT'D)

And you knew you could use that to get to Megan.

(re: his chipmunk voice)

What the fuck? What's wrong with this thing?

GENE

Everything okay?

DARYL

Shut your fucking mouth! My voice is supposed to sound deep. Piece of shit, should have sprung for the better model.

Daryl turns back to the confused Gene, still CHIPMUNK-VOICED:

DARYL (CONT'D)

Okay, shitbird. Admit you knew you could manipulate the cops against Megan's ex-boyfriend, and they'd be moooooore than willing to oblige.

GENE

You mean Daryl? That's insane. I don't have anything to do with him, he was just some white trash loser.

With his next answer, Daryl suddenly sounds like a ROBOT (think Beastie Boys' "Intergalactic"):

DARYL
*What did you just say?!
 (re: his new voice)
 Are you kidding me? I sound like
 fucking Optimus Prime.*

INT. APPLE STORE - DAY

Abby's phone buzzes: it's PAM. She speaks in hushed tones.

ABBY
 Hi. What have you got for me?

PAM (V.O.)
 Abby, I... I don't know what to say. The results came back, and the DNA on the knife... it's Tom's.

Abby's face falls. This was her worst nightmare.

PAM (V.O.)
 ...you there?

ABBY
 Sorry, yeah. Um, thank you. For looking into that. I'll come take it off your hands.

PAM (V.O.)
 Be careful, Abby.

Abby hangs up and hurries out.

EXT. ABBY'S BUILDING'S ROOF - CONTINUOUS

In an attempt to fix his voice, Daryl adjusts the PITCH SLIDER, meaning his robot voice starts to vary wildly in pitch. He sounds like he's malfunctioning.

DARYL
*Maybe it's this button? No. Wait.
 (to Gene)
 Never mind. You're gonna look me in
 the eyes right nooOooOow, and
 you're gonna admit that you
 fraaAAaaAAaamed Daryl Hutcherson
 for muuUUuuUUUrder so you could get
 him oooUUut of the picture and have
 MeeEEeegan to yourseeEEeeEEeelf!*

GENE

All that happened is I wanted to be with Megan and I finally got the chance! I don't know anything about that jagweed Megan used to date!

Daryl SCREAMS into Gene's face as the voice modifier now AUTO-TUNES him: it's like Daft Punk singing a Mariah Carey song:

DARYL

YOU are the jagweeEEEEeed! Now come cleeeEEEEeeaaAAAn!

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Abby hurries into her apartment.

ABBY

Daryl?

She sees a NOTE: *"Taking care of business on the roof. -D"*
Her eyes widen. She runs into the hallway and up the stairs.

EXT. ABBY'S BUILDING'S ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

Abby is shocked to find Daryl robot-yelling at Gene, tied up with a bag over his head. Daryl sees her, and turns to Gene.

DARYL

Don't mooOOOooOOoove.

Daryl turns off the voice modifier and meets Abby in the rooftop doorway, where they exchange tense whispers.

ABBY

You kidnapped him? Are you insane?

DARYL

He's about to crack! I've got this motherfucker dead to rights!

Abby centers herself. She'll deal with that in a minute.

ABBY

You said you and Tom were in a fistfight, and then you came back later to find him dead.

DARYL

What? Yeah, so?

ABBY

So why do you have the knife that
killed him?!

Daryl steps back, startled and stammering.

DARYL

Excuse me?

ABBY

At the park, when we were drunk,
you told me about your secret stash
in the raccoon statue.

DARYL

You can't trust Drunk Daryl! Drunk
Daryl thinks water fountains are
urinals! And vice versa!

ABBY

Well, there was a bloody knife in
there, with Tom's DNA all over it.
Explain that right now, or I call
the police.

DARYL

Okay, listen. Listen. After Tom and
I got in that fight, I went for a
drive to blow off some steam. Then,
I came back to apologize. That's
how we were -- always fighting, but
always making up.

IN THE BACKGROUND: Gene, still tied to a chair, hops from one
side of frame to the other, trying to escape.

ABBY

The knife! What about the knife?!

DARYL

I found Tom lying behind the bar,
with the knife stuck in his chest.
I didn't know what to do. He was in
pain, he was dying. I was trying to
help, so I pulled it out.

ABBY

Oh, Daryl...

DARYL

That's when I heard the sirens. So
I just ran and hid the thing.

(MORE)

DARYL (CONT'D)
Figured that's better than being
caught standing there holding a
fuckin' bloody knife.

ABBY
Why didn't you tell this to the
police?

IN THE BACKGROUND: Gene hops into frame again, and TOPPLES
OVER. Using his feet, he shuffle-drags himself along the
roof, out of frame, towards the edge of the building.

DARYL
You think they woulda believed me?
I thought it was safer just to tell
them the truth: I wasn't there when
Tom was killed, so I couldn't have
killed him.
(off Abby's silence)
I mean, you know that, right? Abby?

ABBY
I thought you'd told me everything
that happened. But maybe I was
wrong. Maybe I'm just a gullible
idiot and you're actually --

She stops herself.

DARYL
A murderer. It's okay, just say it.
It's what everyone else thinks.

ABBY
You lied to me!

DARYL
You never believed me anyway!

ABBY
What?

DARYL
I'm sure a part of you wanted to
believe me, while the whole world
was telling you what a saint you
are. A savior sent from God to help
some poor fuckup. But deep down,
you think I'm trash.

ABBY
That's not true. I wanted to use
your story to --

DARYL

Exactly! You wanted to use my story! Well, to you, all this might just be something for people to listen to when their Prius is stuck in traffic. But this is my life!

Abby stares at the ground, silent.

DARYL (CONT'D)

You got what you needed from me: a bunch of attention and validation. And I'm trash, so what does it matter if I rot?

Abby grabs the voice modifier from Daryl.

ABBY

I'm taking Gene out of here. You're on your own.

DARYL

No shit.

A tense moment. Abby looks to Gene: he's GONE. She hears a SCREAM and sees: HE'S TEETERING ON THE EDGE OF THE BUILDING.

ABBY

Oh my God.

Right before Gene falls, Abby grabs him and pulls him back. She exhales, and begins untying him from the chair.

INT. ROOFTOP STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Before leading Gene down the stairs, Abby takes one last look at Daryl. He's standing at the fire escape, about to descend.

They exchange a LONG LOOK. Abby is the first to look away.

EXT. MEGAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Abby looks around frantically as she positions Gene at the front door. She uses the voice modifier to speak.

ABBY

(with a DEEP VOICE)

Again, this was all a huge misunderstanding, and I'm very sorry. I hope we can pretend this never happened.

Abby RINGS THE DOORBELL. She runs to her car, gets in, and pulls away just as Megan opens the door.

MEGAN
Gene? Oh my God!

Megan brings Gene inside as Abby turns the corner.

EXT. UNDER A BRIDGE - THE NEXT MORNING

The sun rises on a shopping cart stuffed with garbage bags.

The garbage bags begin to stir. The back-end of a BEER BOTTLE is visible, tilting upwards from under one of the bags. There's a gentle GLUG GLUG, then a hand throws the bottle against the bridge: SMASH! Then again: GLUG GLUG GLUG. SMASH!

Daryl peeks out from beneath the bags and belches, sadly.

He gets out and stands up, only to hear POLICE SIRENS in the distance. He sees a nearby MANHOLE COVER, and quickly ducks inside, replaces the cover, and climbs down into the sewer.

EXT. STREET (PHONE BOOTH) - DAY

Abby holds up a post-it note with the number of the police station. She summons all her willpower and dials.

WOMAN (V.O.)
County police, who's speaking?

Abby can't manage to get the words out.

WOMAN (V.O.)
Hello?

ABBY
Hi. I'm calling about... sorry. I'm calling to report a...

WOMAN (V.O.)
...Ma'am?

ABBY
Two pepperoni pizzas, two cheesy breads.

WOMAN (V.O.)
Excuse me?

ABBY

Uh... I thought this was the number
for Domino's, sorry. Bye.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - DAY

Daryl listens as the sound of sirens fades. Lost and alone,
he slumps down against the cold, wet wall, near tears.

Just then, he hears LAUGHTER. He follows the sound down
around the corner, and finds a group of HOMELESS DRIFTERS
(two men and a woman) sitting around a trash can fire,
dancing and laughing. When they see Daryl, they stop.

DRIFTER 1

Who are you?

DARYL

Uhh... nobody. My name is...
(improvising)
Gooorr...nth. Gornth.

Long, suspicious pause. Then:

DRIFTER 1

Howdy, Gornth! I'm Pickles, and
this is Stain and The Tooth.

The Tooth smiles, revealing EXACTLY ONE TOOTH. He's peeing
against the wall, and continues to do so for the ENTIRE SCENE
-- one long unbroken stream.

DARYL

Are y'all... Mole People?

THE TOOTH

Fuck you.

PICKLES

Easy, The Tooth. Mole People live
in subway tunnels, like animals. We
live in the sewers, like dignified
adults.

DARYL

Whoa, you're like the Teenage
Mutant Ninja Turtles.

STAIN

Yeah, except, none of those four
things. What brings you down here?

DARYL

Just fallen on some hard times.

Pickles takes a long hit of METH.

PICKLES

Yeah, well, you are quite literally up Shit Creek. Of course that, my friend, is why God invented meth.

Pickles gestures to the meth: "hit?"

DARYL

Thanks, but that's not my poison.

PICKLES

This is a new kind of meth. It's a purple liquid meth called Cool Cat.

DARYL

Cool Cat?

PICKLES

I didn't name it. People say it gets you just as high as normal meth, but without fucking up your face and mouth. Of course, it's too late for The Tooth here.

The Tooth smiles again. Everyone wishes he hadn't.

THE TOOTH

I'm a beautiful angel.

STAIN

Tooth, you look like an amusement park ride operator in Hell.

PICKLES

You look like one of those photos in National Geographic where you look at it and go "Shit, someone's gotta help that country."

STAIN

You know how when you were a kid, sometimes you'd borrow someone's baseball glove, and you'd put your hand in it and it'd be all sweaty? You look like how that felt.

The Tooth accepts this with a nod. Pickles turns to Daryl.

PICKLES

Anyway. If you change your mind,
just look out for that symbol.

Pickles points to GRAFFITI on a nearby wall: a crudely-drawn image of a CAT'S FACE WITH SUNGLASSES: pointy ears, a smiling open mouth, and a rounded pair of shades.

PICKLES (CONT'D)

If you see one of those cats with
sunglasses, it means somebody
nearby is selling.

Daryl looks at the graffiti. He narrows his eyes and looks closer, lost in thought. He tilts his head to the side.

THE TOOTH

Enough talking. Let's all have
really fucked-up gross sewer sex.

STAIN

I'm in. New guy? Where'd he go?

They hear footsteps fading away around the corner.

INT. WEB SERIES STUDIO - DAY

The set of "WOKE UP WITH GRACE ABERNATHY." Grace sits with Abby and ZANE, a hyper-hip dot com CEO.

GRACE

Joining Abby on today's panel is
Zane Blainers, CEO of "World-
Changers Dot Change Slash Change."
Zane, tell us about the project.

ZANE

Well Grace, we all know that
donating money is good, but what's
really important is letting
everyone know you donated money.
When you tip a barista at a coffee
shop, you make sure they see you
put that dollar in the jar. I
created World Changers Dot Change
Slash Change to be an online tip
jar, where the whole world is your
barista, and they never look away.
Does that make me a hero? Yes.

GRACE

Wow, that is so powerful. Here's what I love about you two: you both understand that the only way to bring about true change is to have a strong, viral personal brand.

Abby forces a smile, but her eyes tell a different story. This isn't who she wants to be.

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - LATER

Abby cleans up some scattered remnants of Daryl's stay. As she tidies up, she takes notice of Daryl's ripped-out magazine page with the picture of the GREEN M&M.

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT (PODCAST STUDIO) - LATER

Abby takes a swig of whiskey and stares at the contents of her cork board. She glances at a BATMAN POSTER on the wall, with the quote: *"I have one power. I never give up."*

She pauses, then opens her laptop and clicks a folder labeled "Interviews." She plays a sound file: "SCHOOL PRINCIPAL."

SCHOOL PRINCIPAL (V.O.)

And so basically, he got the entire school -- and we're talking 1400 people here -- to scream "Suck My Nuts" at me, at the same time. He claimed it was performance art, but-

Abby hits stop, and plays another labeled "JUROR INTERVIEWS."

JUROR 1 (V.O.)

His alibi just had too many holes. He was sitting in his car on Lakewood, alone? Just sitting, going nowhere, doing nothing?

JUROR 2 (V.O.)

You'd think he could come up with something a little less vague.

Abby plays another file: "CASPER CALHOUN (BIGFOOT HUNTER)."

ABBY (V.O.)

You live on Lakewood, next to the park. You're sure you never saw Daryl the night of the murder?

CASPER CALHOUN (V.O.)
Never did. I have seen something
that might interest you, though:
Bigfoot's real. He lives in that
park. And I fucked him. I got the
footage to prove it. Every angle.

ABBY (V.O.)
Right. Well, I don't think I'm
interested in learning any more
about that, specifically.

CASPER CALHOUN (V.O.)
Your loss, little lady.

Abby perks up. She rewinds and PLAYS IT AGAIN:

CASPER CALHOUN (V.O.)
Bigfoot's real. He lives in that
park. And I fucked him. I got the
footage to prove it. Every angle.

She rewinds the recording one more time:

CASPER CALHOUN (V.O.)
I got the footage to prove it.

ABBY
Oh my God.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Gene tells Officers Dobkin and Clark about his kidnapping.

GENE
I know I was on a roof. But aside
from that, I couldn't see anything.

OFFICER DOBKIN
Do you recall anything else from
your surroundings? Smells? Sounds?

GENE
At one point, I was inside, and I
heard a bunch of really loud birds.
Parrots, maybe. I don't know.

The cops look at each other, REMEMBERING THE PARAKEETS from
their visit to Abby's apartment.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT

Daryl roots around in his bag, pulls out the DOCUMENT from Lazlo, and looks at the initials: "EBD."

He takes out his MAGNIFYING GLASS (he knew he'd get a chance to use it), and TURNS THE PAGE SIDEWAYS. His jaw drops:

THE "EBD" ISN'T A SET OF INITIALS AT ALL. Seen from the side, it's the "COOL CAT" SYMBOL! The "E" is the ears, the "B" is the sunglasses, the "D" is a smiling mouth.

Daryl's EYES GO WIDE. He calls around the tunnel corner.

DARYL

Hey Pickles, what'd you say that new meth looked like?

PICKLES (O.S.)

Purple liquid. Looks like wine, fucks you up a whole lot more.

DARYL

Son of a bitch.

(beat)

Tom, what'd you get yourself into?

Reveal The Tooth, standing right next to him. Still peeing.

THE TOOTH

Don't know who Tom is, but we're about to start Round 2, so lemme know if you're up for some sewer sex. It's gonna be slimy, so.

INT. CASPER CALHOUN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Casper Calhoun leads Abby down a creaky staircase.

CASPER CALHOUN

Just to be clear, this is not inconvenient for me. I haven't had plans in years.

ABBY

So you installed a network of video cameras throughout South Bend Park, all in the name of hunting Bigfoot? Is that even legal?

CASPER CALHOUN

Laws are man's greatest folly.
Anyway, it'd be impossible to hunt
the beautiful beast without modern
technology. Here we are.

Calhoun pulls a string attached to a light bulb, unveiling a
BASEMENT LINED FLOOR-TO-CEILING WITH VHS TAPES. There's no
getting around it: this is the work of an insane person.

ABBY

Whoa. That's -- this is... a lot.

CASPER CALHOUN

Nah. It's just 24-hour recordings
of every day for the last 25 years,
6 VHS tapes per day. It's easy once
you learn the color-coding system.

ABBY

Right. Well, we're looking for
footage from March 9th, 2015.

CASPER CALHOUN

March 9th, 2015. That'd be one of
the tapes labeled with a green dot.

Casper Calhoun gestures to a large wall of tapes, ALL LABELED
WITH A GREEN DOT. Abby forces a smile.

ABBY

Great.

CASPER CALHOUN

How about some music?

Calhoun blasts DEATH METAL. Abby takes a deep breath.

INT. "GRAPE ESCAPE" WINE STORE - LATER

Daryl walks up to the counter.

CASHIER

How can I help you?

DARYL

Hello. My name is... Shmuel. I'm an
assistant office manager at the
Temple Beth Israel synagogue, which
is a kind of Jewish church.

CASHIER

I know what a synagogue is.

DARYL

Well, I was just in the neighborhood and wanted to double-check our recent order of *Man-is-chew-its*, and make sure it was for the right amount. Of *Man-is-chew-its*.

CASHIER

Manischewitz, right. One second, I'll check.

(typing)

Hm, that's weird, I'm not seeing any orders from Temple Beth Israel. It says you guys changed suppliers a while back. We haven't had an order from you since 2013.

DARYL

I fucking knew it!

A nearby CUSTOMER puts her hands over her CHILD's ears.

CUSTOMER

Could you not curse around my child?

DARYL

You're the one who brought your kid to a fuckin' liquor store. Take a look at your life, lady.

Daryl books it out the door. But first, he bows and says:

DARYL (CONT'D)

Le chaim.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

FOUR 14-YEAR-OLD KIDS sit on their Huffy bicycles, staring into the woods. They embody archetypes straight out of an 80's movie (or *Stranger Things*).

NERDY KID

Alright, guys. Our parents won't listen to us, our teachers won't listen to us -- even the police won't listen to us.

(MORE)

NERDY KID (CONT'D)
 So whether it's aliens, or ghosts,
 or whatever, it's up to us to go
 investigate what's really going on
 at that creepy research facility
 deep in the woods. Maple Grove Crew
 on three! One, two...

Daryl runs out of nowhere and SHOVES the kid off his bike.

DARYL
 Sorry kid! Had to do it!

He PEDALS AWAY FURIOUSLY as the kid's friends help him up.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Daryl peddles down the street, full-speed, on the junior
 Huffy bike that's way too small for him. He dials Abby.

INT. CASPER CALHOUN'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - CONTINUOUS

Abby's phone rings. It's in her purse on the counter, and
 since she's downstairs with Calhoun, she can't hear it.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Daryl hears Abby's phone go to voicemail.

DARYL
 God damn it.
 (after BEEP)
 Abby, it's Daryl. I know you think
 I'm a murderer, but I need you to
 listen to me. I think I have some
 idea what happened to Tom. "EBD"
 isn't a set of initials, it's a
 fucking sideways cat. It's a coded
 symbol for a kind of liquid meth.
 The lithium Lazlo said Tom was
 sneaking out of the plant was to
 help someone cook meth!

A PASSERBY throws a half-full cup of SODA at Daryl.

PASSERBY
 Nice Huffy bike, pedophile!

DARYL
 Fuck yourself!
 (back into phone)
 Not you, Abby.
 (MORE)

DARYL (CONT'D)

I stole a child's bicycle. Anyway, get this: I went to Grape Escape, the wine store on the side of Spencer's van, and they haven't delivered to Temple Beth Israel in years! So those bottles in the van weren't filled with wine, they were filled with meth! I mean, we were right the whole fucking time! So I'm thinking Tom got mixed up with some bad people, and --

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP. Daryl sighs, frustrated. He jams the phone in his pocket and PEDDLES EVEN HARDER.

INT. ABBY'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Officers Dobkin & Clark pound on Abby's door.

OFFICER CLARK

Abby Parrish! Open up!

Nothing. Dobkin looks at Clark: "I got this." He winds up and KICKS THE DOOR AS HARD AS HE CAN. But instead of kicking the door open, it remains closed and Dobkin doubles over in pain.

OFFICER DOBKIN

AHH! FUCK! FUCK ME!

Officer Clark sighs, picks the lock, and opens the door.

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dobkin and Clark look around, and quickly spot Abby's LAPTOP. It's still open to the Casper Calhoun interview sound file, next to a POST-IT NOTE with his address.

They nod at each other: time to pay Casper Calhoun a visit.

INT. TEMPLE BETH ISRAEL SYNAGOGUE - NIGHT

Daryl runs inside, where he finds various BAR MITZVAH GUESTS standing around, waiting for the ceremony to begin.

He looks around, then asks a MIDDLE-AGED MAN:

DARYL

'Scuse me. You know where I could find the rabbi?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Uh, I think his office is that way.

He points, and Daryl runs into a hallway. The man looks after Daryl for a long moment: *that guy looks awfully familiar.*

INT. RABBI SIMON'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Daryl bursts in, and Rabbi Simon looks up from a book.

RABBI

Can I help you?

DARYL

You don't know me, but you need to know: your man at the front desk is selling, and maybe even cooking, meth. And I have reason to believe he might have committed murder.

RABBI

My God. Did you go to the police?

DARYL

Well, no -- I can't, really, right now. That's why I came here to you. It's a little complicated.

A SYNAGOGUE EMPLOYEE leans into the office.

SYNAGOGUE EMPLOYEE

Excuse me, Rabbi? The caterer has a question for you.

RABBI

(to Daryl)

I'll be right back.

Rabbi Simon leaves. Daryl waits in nervous silence. After a moment, SPENCER appears in the doorway.

SPENCER

Hi, Daryl.

Spencer clobbers Daryl with a METAL PIPE, KNOCKING HIM OUT.

INT. CASPER CALHOUN'S HOUSE (BASEMENT) - NIGHT

Abby and Casper Calhoun look through his chaotic collection of VHS recordings. Abby is visibly frustrated.

ABBY

You told me this shelf was "March,"
but it says "Decembruary." That's
not even a month.

(sighs)

Do you mind if I use your bathroom?

INT. CASPER CALHOUN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN (CONTINUOUS)

On her way to the bathroom, Abby glances over at her purse
and sees her PHONE sticking out, with FIVE MISSED CALLS.

She grabs it and listens to the first voicemail. Her eyes
widen as she listens to Daryl explain his findings.

CASPER CALHOUN (O.S.)

Hmm. I think there are more green
tapes out in my doomsday bunker.

Abby listens closer. Her breathing quickens.

ABBY

Holy shit.

Abby tries to call Daryl. It goes STRAIGHT TO VOICEMAIL.

DARYL (V.O.)

"You've reached Hooters. Just
kiddin', I know it's you, Abby,
you're the only one who has this
number. Leave it."

Abby hangs up and yells downstairs to Calhoun.

ABBY

I've gotta run out for a second.
Keep looking! I'll be right back!

EXT. CASPER CALHOUN'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Abby runs out, hops into her car and peels out.

INT. TEMPLE BETH ISRAEL SYNAGOGUE - MOMENTS LATER

Abby bursts into the lobby, where a MOM is standing with her
bratty 13-YEAR-OLD SON, BENJAMIN.

BENJAMIN

You said you would get the actual
Aquaman!

MOM

Sweetheart, Jason Momoa was busy. I promise, this will be the best bar mitzvah anyone's ever been to.

Abby runs past them, towards the Rabbi's office.

ABBY

Rabbi, are you there? Daryl?

THWACK! Just like Daryl, she's KNOCKED OUT from behind.

INT. SYNAGOGUE BASEMENT - LATER

FUZZY SURROUNDINGS slowly become CLEAR.

As Abby regains consciousness, she realizes she's TIED TO A POLE. She cranes her neck and sees: DARYL, unconscious, tied to the same pole, facing the other direction.

She looks around at boxes filled with various items: holiday decorations, dreidels, books. The LARGE MENORAH we saw earlier is also in storage. Daryl stirs awake, groaning.

ABBY

Daryl!

DARYL

Abby!

ABBY

I'm glad you're okay.

DARYL

I get the feeling we might not be that okay.

ABBY

I'm sorry I thought you were a murderer. I mean, I didn't, but then I sort of did, but now I don't, again.

DARYL

Thank you?

Spencer walks in, with a creepy, self-satisfied smile.

SPENCER

Oh, look who's up.

ABBY

LET US GO!

SPENCER

OK, genuine question: why do people yell "Let us go" when they're tied up? If I wanted to let you go, I wouldn't have tied you up. It's an incredibly stupid thing to say.

ABBY

What are we doing down here?

SPENCER

Waiting until the bar mitzvah's over, when I can take care of you for good.

DARYL

Did you kill Tom Diller?

SPENCER

Hmm... I'm pretty sure you did. I'm surprised you don't remember, it was all over the news.

DARYL

(to Abby)

We were right, when we broke into his van. We were right!

SPENCER

That was you? That cost like \$400!

DARYL

I know you've got some sort of meth hustle going on, and Tom was hooking you up from the chemical plant. But why'd he have to die?

Spencer doesn't answer.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Listen, man, you already won. You're gonna kill us anyway. I loved Tom and... the least you could do is tell me what happened to him.

Spencer sighs. At this point, what's the harm?

SPENCER

Tom was hooking me up, that's right. Then, six months in, he had a change of heart and wanted out.

(MORE)

SPENCER (CONT'D)
When I told him it wasn't that simple, he threatened to go to the cops. And so my boss... handled it.

DARYL
So, what, you work for Scarface?
Some kind of psycho drug lord?

A figure appears in the doorway. It's RABBI SIMON.

RABBI
Shabbat Shalom, dumbass.

ABBY
Rabbi Simon?!

DARYL
No fucking way. I knew Jews were shifty!

ABBY, RABBI, & SPENCER
WHOOOAAAAA! WHOA-WHOA-WHOA!

ABBY
That is not the lesson here, Daryl!

DARYL
Oh, I'm sorry! We're being held hostage by a murderous criminal rabbi, but it's not P.C. for me to point out that he's a little shifty.

ABBY
Yeah, he is, maybe. Not all Jewish people!

DARYL
Are you coming to his defense?!

ABBY
I'm not! But this sort of generalizing is incredibly harmful!

DARYL
Fine. But can we agree that THIS PARTICULAR Jewish gentleman is shifty?

RABBI
Are you two always like this? This is intolerable.

They sit in silence.

RABBI (CONT'D)

Abby, I'm glad everything's out in the open so I can finally tell you my favorite part of your podcast: it was the part where you didn't come anywhere close to figuring out that I killed Tom.

ABBY

You shifty motherfucker.

DARYL

(proud)

Heeyyyyy! That's my girl!

ABBY

Just this one! And for very specific circumstantial reasons!

RABBI

You know, Tom screamed like a little bitch when he died. He was like "Ahhh. It hurts!" Like, yeah. It's a knife.

DARYL

I'm gonna kill you!

Daryl struggles against the ropes and kicks out his legs, KNOCKING OVER A BOX OF DREIDELS. They scatter on the ground.

RABBI

Well, that's what I would expect from an escaped murderer.

(to Spencer, re: dreidels)

Clean it up.

As Spencer gathers the scattered dreidels, Abby notices that one fell near her tied-up hands. She manages to stretch her pinky finger over to it. Spencer doesn't see her PICK IT UP.

As the Rabbi talks, Abby carefully uses the sharp end of the dreidel to WEAR DOWN THE ROPE around her wrists.

RABBI (CONT'D)

Oh, Daryl. You escaped a lifetime in prison, and all you needed to do was lay low. But instead, you had to become Fat Sherlock, and put all your faith in the host of a podcast. A podcast! The lowest form of human entertainment, right below Renaissance fairs and Pitbull concerts.

Daryl stares at the ground, fuming.

RABBI (CONT'D)

Well then! At the moment, I need to get back upstairs. Little Benjamin Schlossberg is having quite the extravagant comic book-themed bar mitzvah. Everything's about superheroes these days.

SPENCER

You want me to wait?

RABBI

Nah. Kill them.

As Rabbi Simon leaves, ABBY BREAKS THROUGH THE ROPE - but she doesn't let on that she's free. She eyes the LARGE MENORAH.

SPENCER

Well, I thought we had a little more time. I was gonna suggest we watch some funny YouTube videos together. But, you heard the man.

Spencer takes out his gun.

Without warning, Abby JUMPS UP, grabs the large menorah, wields it like a trident, and CHARGES at Spencer. Two of the candle branches puncture holes in the wall, with Spencer TRAPPED between them. He DROPS HIS GUN and struggles.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Oh, you are so fucked.

Abby quickly unties Daryl.

DARYL

Okay... WHAT?

SPENCER

Rabbi Simon is gonna make sure you die extra painful deaths. I'm talking Game of Thrones-style deaths. You'll be unrecognizable to-

Abby PICKS UP SPENCER'S GUN and PISTOL-WHIPS HIM, knocking him out.

DARYL

Straight up? That was epic.

Abby smiles, then VOMITS. Daryl winces. Abby wipes her mouth.

ABBY

Let's go.

INT. SYNAGOGUE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The middle-aged man Daryl spoke to earlier looks at a WANTED PHOTO of Daryl on his phone. He makes a decision and dials.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

(quietly, into phone)

Hello? Yes. I'm almost positive I just saw Daryl Hutcherson, the escaped prisoner. That's right. I'm at Temple Beth Israel Synagogue on Orchard Street.

EXT. CASPER CALHOUN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dobkin and Clark's patrol car turns onto Casper Calhoun's street. And just as it does, the station RADIOS IN:

POLICEWOMAN (O.S.)

All units be advised, fugitive Daryl Hutcherson was seen at Temple Beth Israel. Nearest patrol --

CLARK

Dobkin & Clark here, we're on it.

Their tires screech as they pull a swift U-TURN.

INT. SYNAGOGUE BASEMENT HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Daryl and Abby turn a corner: DEAD END. They run the other way, and hit a FORK. Two long concrete hallways extend in both directions.

DARYL

What kind of basement is this? It's like an abandoned insane asylum.

Abby chooses a path, and Daryl follows.

ABBY

We can tell the cops what happened. We can tell them about the drugs.

DARYL

Abby, we don't have any proof. Of anything.

Abby stops in her tracks, looking into an open doorway. Daryl runs past her, then stops and turns back.

DARYL (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Come on!

But Abby is just standing and staring, mouth agape. Daryl rolls his eyes and runs back to her. He sees what she sees:

A MASSIVE UNDERGROUND METH LAB! There is a Breaking Bad Season 5-level operation underneath the synagogue, complete with WORKERS IN HAZMAT SUITS.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Holy shit. He's Rabbi Walter White.

Just then, a LAB WORKER spots Daryl and Abby.

LAB WORKER

Hey! Who are you?

Daryl & Abby book it around a corner, and two LAB WORKERS follow in hot pursuit. GUNSHOTS! Bullets ricochet off a wall.

They pass a series of framed pictures of Rabbi Simon. Abby frantically rips them off the wall and throws them at the workers' feet, in a desperate attempt to slow them down.

Abby and Daryl see a STAIRCASE and run up, right into...

INT. BAR MITZVAH BALLROOM - NIGHT

An EXTRAVAGANT JUSTICE LEAGUE-THEMED BAR MITZVAH.

Comic book decorations line the walls. A large sign reads "BENJAMIN!" in the "Superman" font. The DJ booth is adorned with WONDER WOMAN'S SHIELD. And in a corner sits the ACTUAL BATMOBILE. This family really went all out.

A large crowd watches as Benjamin completes the ceremony. Abby and Daryl sneak to the back corner of the room.

BENJAMIN

(holding a glass of wine)

Baruch atah adonai eloheinu melech
haolam, borei p'ri hagafen.

RABBI

Amen. Beautifully done.

The Rabbi's goons make their way upstairs, and see Daryl and Abby inching across the back wall.

Realizing with frustration that they're now in a PUBLIC SPACE, they hide their guns and slowly pursue Daryl and Abby.

RABBI (CONT'D)

Just exemplary. Now, Benjamin --

The Rabbi sees Daryl and Abby. His eyes go wide, then dart over to see his goons, who gesture to him: *"What do you want us to do? You're in the middle of a bar mitzvah."*

RABBI (CONT'D)

Ahem, sorry. The, uh - what were we - ah, yes. Benjamin will tell us a little about what he's learned.

BENJAMIN

Thank you Rabbi, and thanks Mommy - I mean Mom - for your patience all of those times I played Fortnite instead of studying the Torah.

Watching Abby and Daryl make their way towards the exit door, Rabbi Simon realizes he needs to do something.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

To me, becoming a man means --

RABBI

Okay! Great job, Benjamin.

BENJAMIN

I'm not done.

RABBI

I think we get it. Nobody's that interesting at 13 years old. Mazel tov! Let's party! D.J., hit it!

A D.J. blasts "CRANK THAT" by SOULJA BOY. Kids run to the dance floor, grabbing NEON LIGHT-UP NECKLACES on the way.

A goon beats Daryl and Abby to the exit door, and blocks their path. The other goons make their way towards them.

DARYL

Over here!

Daryl leads Abby to the dance floor, where they join Benjamin's friends and family in the SOULJA BOY DANCE.

The rabbi's goons approach them on the dance floor, always a few bodies away. They keep their guns hidden -- they're not about to fire into a crowd of people.

The goons join the dance to fit in, and we swiftly have the MOST TENSE "SUPERMAN" DANCE in Soulja Boy history: Abby, Daryl and the goons locking eyes with each other, dead serious, as they hop back and forth and do the "Superman."

The goons try to reach out and grab ahold of Abby and Daryl, but they keep avoiding them with their bad hip-hop moves.

D.J.

Now we have a very special surprise, so let's slow things down for a moment.

DARYL

(corner of his mouth)

LET'S NOT!

(to crowd)

Who said that? That was rude.

D.J.

You may remember the Bottle Dance from "Fiddler on the Roof." But we're not in the Old Country, we're in Gotham City. So to perform the bottle dance, please welcome... the Justice League!

The crowd (including Abby and Daryl) clears the dance floor.

Out walk SIX ACTORS dressed as BATMAN, SUPERMAN, WONDER WOMAN, THE FLASH, AQUAMAN and CYBORG. The BOTTLE DANCE MUSIC from "Fiddler on the Roof" plays, and the heroes BALANCE BOTTLES ON THEIR HEADS, lock arms, and do a slow spinning dance. It's... quite a sight.

One of the rabbi's goons has nabbed a perch above the dance floor, and slowly unholsters his gun. Seeing this, Daryl grabs Abby and they hide behind the line of dancing superheroes, squatting and side-stepping in line to evade his aim. Then:

OFFICER DOBKIN

FREEZE! POLICE!

Officers Dobkin and Clark face the crowd, guns drawn. PANDEMONIUM. Everyone screams, ducks, holds their children.

OFFICER CLARK

Stay still and remain calm!

(gesturing to Daryl)

This man is an escaped convict, and we are taking him into our custody.

RABBI
Oh, thank God.
(to the crowd)
Everyone, listen to the police
officers, and we'll be just fine.

OFFICER DOBKIN
Hands in the air, Hutcherson. You
too, Parrish!

An OBLIVIOUS KID walks up to a CATERER.

OBLIVIOUS KID
Got any more mozzarella sticks?

Daryl and Abby raise their arms and share a look, panicked.

ABBY
Okay, I know you're looking for
Daryl, and, well, you found him.
But you have to listen to me. That
man right there -- the rabbi --
he's a drug kingpin and a murderer!

RABBI
(laughing)
Ladies and gentlemen: an insane
woman!

ABBY
Check the basement, you'll see what
I'm talking about!

RABBI
Sure, check the basement. I hope
you like bulk-ordered boxes of
matzoh.

ABBY
Officers, please. We'll go quietly,
but first YOU HAVE TO LOOK.

OFFICER CLARK
I don't think you're in a position
to tell us what to do.

ABBY
(near tears)
PROMISE YOU'LL LOOK! PLEASE!

OFFICER DOBKIN
Okay, Ms. Parrish, calm down. Come
with me, and Officer Clark here
will head downstairs right now and
look into your allegations.

Upon hearing this, Rabbi Simon breaks into a FULL SPRINT
across the ballroom. Abby yells at the cops:

ABBY
FOLLOW HIM!

Rabbi Simon flips the main light switch for the room,
plunging the ballroom into PITCH BLACKNESS.

Chaos. Screaming. All we can see in the darkness is a sea of
NEON NECKLACES frantically floating and bouncing around.

Finally, the lights come back on, switched on by Officer
Clark. The cops look around: The Rabbi is GONE.

OFFICER CLARK
Where'd he go?

OFFICER DOBKIN
We'll deal with him later! Find
Hutcherson!

The cops search the room for Daryl and Abby.

OFFICER CLARK
Listen up! If you don't cooperate,
we will use deadly force!

Silence. Then... a REVVING ENGINE. Everyone turns to see:

THE BATMOBILE, with Daryl and Abby inside. Abby's in the
driver's seat.

DARYL
What's your plan here?

Abby steels herself, looking straight ahead.

ABBY
Be Batman.

Abby GUNS IT, accelerating across the dance floor as people
frantically dive out of the way.

ABBY (CONT'D)
MOVE!

The Batmobile screeches into the LOBBY and skids to a halt.

Dobkin and Clark OPEN FIRE, and bullets ricochet off the side of the Batmobile. Then, a bullet shatters the passenger window and HITS DARYL in the shoulder. He SCREAMS in pain.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Daryl!

DARYL

It's just my shoulder!

ABBY

Hold on!

Daryl sees Abby eyeing the front doors of the synagogue.

DARYL

We can't fit through there!

ABBY

Suck in your fuckin' belly.

Abby slams on the gas and the Batmobile SMASHES through the front doors of the synagogue. The oblivious kid watches, a mozzarella stick hanging out of his open mouth.

OBLIVIOUS KID

Awesome.

Dobkin & Clark watch, stunned. Dobkin radios the station.

OFFICER DOBKIN

We're in pursuit and need backup.
Vehicle is the, um -- it's the
Batmobile.

EXT. SYNAGOGUE/INT. BATMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

The Batmobile bounces across the garden and through the bushes, then lands on the road and accelerates.

DARYL

Holy shit.
(turning to Abby)
Holy shit!

ABBY

I AM THE MOTHERFUCKING DARK KNIGHT.

Suddenly, Benjamin (the Bar Mitzvah boy) sticks his head in between them from the backseat.

BENJAMIN

Hey, where are we going?

Abby and Daryl SCREAM.

ABBY
Why are you in here?!

BENJAMIN
It's my bar mitzvah! This is my
Batmobile!

ABBY
Keep your head down!

BENJAMIN
(lowering himself)
Why? Are you bad guys?

ABBY
No! Just stay down and don't move!

Daryl looks up ahead and sees RABBI SIMON, ON A MOTORCYCLE,
pulling around a corner.

DARYL
The rabbi! He made a left up there!

ABBY
Let's see how fast this baby can
go.

Abby, self-satisfied, pushes the gas to the FLOOR!

...But oddly, the Batmobile just starts to go SLOWER.

DARYL
What are you doing? Gun it!

ABBY
I am! Look at my foot!

DARYL
Uh, Abby?

Daryl points to the GAS: it's BELOW EMPTY.

ABBY
Why wouldn't there be any gas?!

DARYL
Maybe because it's a movie prop
that was just meant to sit on a
dance floor.

ABBY
Shit, shit, shit.

Abby pulls over the Batmobile and PUTTERS to a stop.

BENJAMIN
This sucks!

ABBY & DARYL
Shut up!

Abby and Daryl look around frantically, forming a plan.

DARYL
Maybe I can hotwire a car.

ABBY
There's no time.
(beat)
Wait. Over there.

Abby points to a large RIDING LAWNMOWER sitting in a front yard. Abby and Daryl look at each other.

DARYL
I can rig it, but my shoulder --

ABBY
I'll drive.

Daryl nods. He runs to the lawnmower and starts tinkering with it, disabling the governor to supercharge the engine.

A SUBURBAN DAD walks out of his house and sees Abby and Benjamin, and Daryl on his back under his lawnmower.

SUBURBAN DAD
Hey! What the heck?!

ABBY
(thinking fast)
Oh, hi! Yeah, my son here kicked
his hacky-sack under your
lawnmower, so my husband's just
trying to find it.

BENJAMIN
I'm not your son! And hacky-sacks
are for losers!

ABBY
I'm sorry, my son is a piece of
shit. You understand.

They hear SIRENS in the distance, getting closer.

DARYL
Almost got it.

SUBURBAN DAD
What is he doing?

The dad steps towards them. Abby pulls out her GUN.

SUBURBAN DAD (CONT'D)
(hands in the air)
Whoa, whoa, whoa!

BENJAMIN
Whaaaaaat.

Daryl turns the lawnmower's ignition switch.

DARYL
Got it. Come on!

Abby joins Daryl on the lawnmower. She turns to Benjamin.

ABBY
Congratulations on your bar
mitzvah.

Abby REVS the lawnmower engine.

BENJAMIN
Can you be my mom, for real?

Abby peels out of the yard on the SUPERCHARGED LAWNMOWER.
Daryl lets out a WHOOP, as the dad yells after them.

SUBURBAN DAD
I'm calling the cops!

ABBY
They're busy!

Abby pulls a hard left, following the path the Rabbi took on
his motorcycle... which leads them right ONTO THE FREEWAY!

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Abby and Daryl ride the lawnmower into rush hour traffic.
They see Rabbi Simon up ahead. He turns back, and sees them
with a double-take as they weave around cars in pursuit.

Various other drivers watch in bewilderment, as it's not
every day that you see...

A TURBO-CHARGED LAWNMOWER ON THE HIGHWAY PURSUING A
MOTORCYCLE-RIDING RABBI IN FULL CEREMONIAL GARB.

DARYL

Faster!

ABBY

I'm trying! It's still a lawnmower!

Rabbi Simon zips between cars and pulls ahead, putting more
distance between himself and Daryl and Abby.

ABBY (CONT'D)

It's not fast enough. He's gonna
get away!

Daryl spots a LOGGING TRUCK full of LUMBER, driving about ten
car-lengths ahead of the Rabbi's motorcycle.

DARYL

Give me the gun!

ABBY

What?

DARYL

THE GUN! NOW!

Abby hands it over. Daryl squints as he aims carefully, then
FIRES FOUR CAREFULLY-PLACED SHOTS AT THE TRUCK'S LEFT TIRES.

The truck skids and topples sideways, DUMPING ITS LUMBER onto
the road.

The rolling logs are right in the Rabbi's path, and he can't
slow down in time. The Rabbi CRASHES into the logs, and is
FLUNG from his motorcycle.

Cars pile up as they brake to avoid a crash. Abby just barely
manages to weave around them.

Daryl cranes his neck around and sees two new POLICE CARS
pull onto the road behind them and surround the fallen Rabbi.
A sigh of relief: they got him!

But then, SIRENS BLARE as DOBKIN & CLARK pull out behind Abby
and Daryl, still in hot pursuit.

ABBY

Oh, come on.

Officer Dobkin radios the station.

OFFICER DOBKIN
Still in pursuit, need more backup.
Vehicle is now, um -- it's a
lawnmower.

Abby continues to weave, staying just ahead of the cops. She pulls off the freeway and accelerates.

EXT. SUBURBAN BACK ROADS - CONTINUOUS

Abby zips her turbo lawnmower around the neighborhood, blazing through backyards and around trampolines and in-ground pools as the cops follow on main roads.

DARYL
Where are we going?!

ABBY
I have an idea.

Abby sees something up ahead: in a home's backyard, there's a SHED with a DIAGONAL ROOF down to the ground.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Hold on.

DARYL
What? Why?

Abby pulls a hard right and drives onto the shed, using it as a RAMP. The lawnmower SOARS INTO THE AIR, ONTO THE HOUSE'S ROOF, and DOWN onto the other side! Screams, then relief.

At least for the moment, they've lost Dobkin and Clark.

EXT. CASPER CALHOUN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Abby pulls into Calhoun's driveway and kills the engine.

ABBY
Here we are.

DARYL
Where?! What are we doing?!

ABBY
Throwing a Hail Mary.

Sirens blare -- the cops aren't far away. Abby and Daryl run to the front door, and Abby pounds on it.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Come on, come on...

DARYL
We have to go! Are you insane?

After a moment, Casper Calhoun opens the door. Abby and Daryl run inside, and Abby SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

CASPER CALHOUN
Something wrong?

ABBY
Please tell me you found it.

Casper Calhoun smiles.

CASPER CALHOUN
Follow me.

INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dobkin and Clark are screaming at each other.

OFFICER DOBKIN
What do you mean, "why didn't I jump over the house?"

OFFICER CLARK
They did! I woulda followed them!

OFFICER DOBKIN
You would not have followed them!

OFFICER CLARK
Would too! I got brass balls! Your balls are like those little strawberry beads at Pinkberry!

OFFICER DOBKIN
Look!

He points to Calhoun's house: it's the parked lawnmower.

OFFICER CLARK
(into radio)
All units to 1611 Lakewood Avenue!

EXT. CASPER CALHOUN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dobkin and Clark pull into the driveway. Moments later, THREE OTHER POLICE CARS join them. All the officers get out and shield themselves behind their car doors, guns drawn.

OFFICER CLARK
(into megaphone)
End of the line, Hutcherson!

There's a long pause. It's almost too quiet.

OFFICER DOBKIN
Nobody has to fire any more
bullets! We can end this!

After a moment, the FRONT DOOR CREAKS OPEN. Out walks CASPER CALHOUN, holding an old vacuum tube television-VHS player, and dragging an extension cord. Daryl and Abby walk out behind him. Daryl is holding a SHOTGUN to Calhoun's head.

DARYL
Listen up! If you make any wrong
moves, we blow his brains out.

Beat. Then, Abby gives Casper Calhoun a slight KICK.

CASPER CALHOUN
They'll do it. They're crazy.

ABBY
All we ask is that you watch the
tape he's about to play on this TV.

The officers look at each other, then turn back.

OFFICER CLARK
What the crap are you talking
about?

ABBY
Watch, and remember: security
footage showed a figure that you
claim was Daryl Hutcherson fleeing
the alley behind the Locked and
Loaded Saloon on March 9th, 2015,
at 1:49 AM.

Abby nudges Calhoun, who presses PLAY. The officers watch with binoculars to get a closer look.

ON TAPE: A dark stretch of empty road. The security camera slowly pans to the right.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Wait for it.

ON TAPE: More of the same. The camera pans back to the left, revealing a BILLBOARD AD FEATURING THE SEXY GREEN M&M.

OFFICER CLARK
An empty road and a billboard.
What's your point?

ABBY
I said wait for it!

Abby nudges Calhoun: her eyes say "There is something here, right?" Calhoun gives her a subtle nod: "You'll see."

ON TAPE: A CAR rolls into view and pulls over to the side of the road. Daryl leans over to watch; remember, he and Abby are seeing this footage for the first time. His eyes go wide.

ON TAPE: The driver isn't visible at first. But after a moment, he turns his head towards the camera. And we can clearly see: IT'S DARYL.

ABBY (CONT'D)
YES! YES! LOOK AT THE TIME!

The officers zoom in on the TIMECODE: 3/9/2015, 1:49 AM.

DARYL
(to Abby)
You beautiful miracle-working witch.

OFFICER CLARK
Oh my God.

OFFICER DOBKIN
(quietly, to Clark)
We'll... have to review the tape.
But if it's real, it's significant.

OFFICER CLARK
What were you doing sitting on the side of the road like that?

DARYL
You're looking at evidence that proves I'm innocent! What does it matter what I was doing in the car?

OFFICER CLARK
We're talking about the potential
reversal of a life sentence here.
Everything matters!

ON TAPE: Daryl holds his head in his hands against the wheel.

DARYL
I went for a drive after the fight,
and I just needed to be alone.

OFFICER CLARK
Wait. He's doing something.

Daryl, Abby and all the gathered police look back at the TV.

DARYL
I think we got everything we need.

OFFICER DOBKIN
What's he doing?

ON TAPE: Daryl shuffles around awkwardly, below what's
visible. After a moment, his body starts rocking up and down.

OFFICER CLARK
Is he --

DARYL
Nope.

OFFICER DOBKIN
Holy shit.

DARYL
Nope.

OFFICER CLARK
He's... masturbating.

ON TAPE: The camera pans back to the left, revealing once
again the SEXY M&M BILLBOARD.

OFFICER DOBKIN
...to the Green M&M.

Abby, speechless, looks from the tape to Daryl.

DARYL
I WAS VERY STRESSED OUT! I NEEDED
TO BLOW OFF SOME STEAM!

OFFICER DOBKIN
 (into megaphone)
 Your alibi, as evidenced in this
 footage, is that you could not have
 been at the scene of the crime,
 because at the time of Tom Diller's
 murder you were pulled over on the
 side of the road masturbating to
 the Green M&M?

There is a long silence.

DARYL
 That is correct, Officer.

Another long silence.

OFFICER CLARK
 She is kinda hot.

DARYL
 THAT'S WHAT I'M SAYIN'!

OFFICER DOBKIN
 All right. Put the guns down, come
 with us, and we'll talk.

DARYL
 Sure. This isn't even loaded.

Daryl tosses his rifle off the porch. Abby takes the tape out
 of the TV-VCR. Daryl, Abby and Calhoun walk down to the
 officers, hands raised.

CASPER CALHOUN
 I've got some other tapes with
 footage of Bigfoot if you --

ABBY, DARYL, DOBKIN, & CLARK
 No.

They walk off with the cops as UPBEAT MUSIC begins to play...

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A wall-mounted TV plays a news broadcast.

ANCHOR #1
 Kurt, this story is absolutely
 unreal. An accidentally-free
 convict becomes an actually-free
 man thanks to new evidence that
 emerged while he was on the run.

Casper Calhoun's footage plays.

ANCHOR #1 (CONT'D)

In the video, Daryl Hutcherson is seen pleasuring himself in a car, ostensibly fantasizing about the Green M&M. I mean, what?!

ANCHOR #2

Don't judge, Naomi. Everyone's got their weird fetish. I know I do.

As the anchors continue, our focus falls to the holding area, where RABBI SIMON, SPENCER, and multiple LAB WORKERS are led through the station in HANDCUFFS.

INT. APPLE STORE - DAY

Abby's blue Genius Bar shirt and ID badge are tossed on a desk. Abby smiles, turns, and walks out to the main floor.

Abby walks out of the Apple Store in SLOW-MO, backed by TRIUMPHANT MUSIC: striding confidently, exchanging farewell HUGS and HIGH-FIVES with her co-workers. At the door, Abby spins around and thrusts her hands in the air.

ABBY

FREEDOM!

HARD CUT to a wide view of the store, where silent customers look at her with confusion and annoyance.

INT. RESTAURANT (SPECIFIC LOCATION UNCLEAR) - DAY

Daryl and Megan sit at a table together, holding hands.

DARYL

So, you're sure Gene will be okay?

MEGAN

Yeah. I mean, he's upset that I left him, and that he almost died or whatever, but it seemed like he appreciated the Edible Arrangement.

DARYL

Good, I'm glad I sprung for the pineapple. Listen, Megan. I just wanted to tell you that I know how lucky I am to get this second chance with you, and I'm not gonna mess it up.

(MORE)

DARYL (CONT'D)
I spent a lot of years lost and selfish, and this whole mess... it put a lot in perspective. I'm gonna be better. And I'm gonna make you proud of me.

Megan smiles. It's a tender moment. Then:

MANAGER
Hey! The two of you are banned from this Long John Silver's!

REVEAL: they're in a Long John Silver's, and the manager is pointing to a photo of Daryl and Megan stamped "BANNED."

DARYL
Come on. I've been through a lot.

MANAGER
You had sex in the kitchen in the middle of the day. When I walked in you were rubbing fish on each other's naked bodies and screaming "Here comes the tartar sauce."

DARYL
Just a few more minutes --

MANAGER	DARYL (CONT'D)
GET THE FUCK OUT!	Yes sir. Thank you sir.

Daryl and Megan hurry out the door.

TEXT: TWO MONTHS LATER

EXT. UNSPECIFIED FOREST - DAY

Abby, wearing a T-shirt reading "TRANSITIONS," paces in front of a group of MEN AND WOMEN, 20's, all seated on tree stumps.

ABBY
I love the Transitions program because we're not focused on just one part of your post-prison life. We help you with every aspect of life on the outside: jobs, housing, health. And health includes fun. Merriam-Webster's Dictionary defines "fun" as --

Daryl enters wearing an ATV helmet and a t-shirt reading "INSTRUCTOR" with the Renegade Rock Adventure Park logo.

DARYL

For fuck's sake, I got another group to teach after this. Who wants to drive an ATV really fast?

Everyone's hands shoot up. After a beat, Abby's does too.

DARYL (CONT'D)

That's more like it. Let's do this!

The group walks off, past the Renegade Raccoon statue.

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT (PODCAST STUDIO) - DAY

Abby sits at her microphone.

ABBY

Testing 1, 2, 3... Flapjack, do you have anything to say?

Flapjack COUGHS UP A HAIRBALL.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Insightful as always. Let's begin.

(into mic)

Hello everyone, and welcome to "Crime After Crime." I'm your host, Abby Parrish. You know, a lot of you were disappointed with the series finale of this podcast. And honestly, I understand that. Because as it turns out, that was only Part One.

Reveal, across from her: DARYL, at his own microphone.

DARYL

And this is Part Two: THE RISE OF DARYL HUTCHERSON LIKE A PHOENIX FROM THE ASHES TO ETERNAL FUCKING GLORY.

ABBY

That's not how we discussed handling your introduction.

Daryl shrugs. Abby sighs.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Our story begins on the night of --

DARYL
Wanna go halvies on a bucket of
atomic buffalo wings?

ABBY
Daryl. Focus.

On their friendly back-and-forth, we...

FADE OUT.

THE END.

TAG:

INT. CASPER CALHOUN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Casper Calhoun slides a VHS tape into a VCR. The light from the TV illuminates his face as he watches.

CASPER CALHOUN
Someday they'll believe me. Someday
they'll understand.

The footage on the screen is fuzzy, so it's hard to make out at first. But as we get closer, it's clear what this shows:

Casper Calhoun, naked in the woods, having sex with Bigfoot.