

PLAYING DEAD

Written by

Rina Mimoun & Josh Reims

Based on "Lynch"

THE CW
THIRD REVISED NETWORK DRAFT (clean)
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ACT ONE

EXT. LONE PALM TRAILS. DAY (D2)

TIGHT ON: A DESERT BIGHORN SHEEP. Standing on the edge of a trail, next to a red barrel cactus. She's enjoying the quiet wilderness of Boulder City, Nevada, when suddenly:

Zoom! A FORD FOCUS races by!

Vroom! Then a MOTORCYCLE, hot on its tail!

Pfffttt. Then a HEARSE, chugging along. Trying to keep up.

The desert bighorn sheep watches the chase with mild interest until it disappears from view. She's about to go back to her business of being a sheep, chewing grass, when suddenly --

KAPLOW! A HUGE EXPLOSION! The sheep shuffles away. CAMERA holds on the fire, burning in the distance.

MATCH CUT TO:

A different FIERY EXPLOSION. Equally scary. Only this one is in a video game, *World Of Tank Blitz*. It's being played by --

INT. BOULDER CITY HIGH. GIRLS' BATHROOM. MORNING (D1)

-- A kid named, **GEORGE PLUMMER** (16). Sweet, shy, African-American, and currently standing with one hand holding the door shut and the other playing this game on his phone.

CHYRON: 36 HOURS EARLIER.

GEORGE
How's it going over there?

PAN OVER to reveal our hero, **TYLER RICE** (16) standing at the sink counter. Handsome (obviously), confident (but not cocky), the type of guy who is comfortable in any situation. Currently, he's cleaning a TEXTBOOK with a Wet Wipe.

TYLER
Almost ready.

INT. BOULDER CITY HIGH. HALLWAY. SAME TIME (D1)

A PETITE GIRL approaches the bathroom, oblivious to the gaggle of GIRLS huddled nearby. She pushes the door, but it won't budge. Pushes again. Nada. Finally, she KNOCKS.

GEORGE/TYLER (O.S.)
OCCUPIED!

INT. BOULDER CITY HIGH. GIRLS' BATHROOM. MORNING (D1)

Tyler removes a pouch from his backpack and pulls out various SYRINGES and VIALS. He lays them neatly on top of his book and begins loading a syringe full of drugs. And then another one, until he has a neat row of FILLED SYRINGES. Finally, he SWOOPS them all into a nearby shoebox and closes it.

He grabs George's iPhone. Turns the game OFF and the music ON. Something mellow, but hip. 4 AM by 2 Chainz.

TYLER

Let's do this.

George opens the bathroom door with a flourish. A DOZEN GIRLS enter, some jockeying for position.

TYLER (CONT'D)

One at a time, ladies. There's enough for everyone. Twenty bucks a shot - cash, Apple Pay or Venmo. See my accountant, George, about payment.

The first girl, **EMILY**, 17, steps up, holds her phone next to George's phone and we hear BLOOP as money is transferred.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Emily... step into my office.

Tyler gallantly holds the STALL DOOR open so Emily can enter.

INT. BATHROOM STALL. CONTINUOUS

Emily sits on the toilet lid, where Tyler has graciously placed a pillow. He picks up one of the pre-arranged needles.

EMILY

This is so cool. I never knew Botox could actually prevent wrinkles.

TYLER

Oh absolutely. It's all about retraining your facial muscles. I'll send you a link. Now close your eyes and count to five.

Emily does and Tyler MOVES FORWARD with the needle, but before he actually injects it, we REVERSE and it's a new girl named **JOANNA**, 16, and Tyler is pulling the needle back.

JOANNA

Thanks, Tyler.

She gives Tyler a kiss on the cheek.

INT. BOULDER CITY HIGH. GIRL'S BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS

George is counting cash when **CASSIE GREENBERG** (16), Chinese, cool nerd, definite style, walks in. George brightens.

GEORGE

Hi Cassie. Hey, what'd you get on that AP Bio quiz?

CASSIE

Twenty out of twenty. Nailed it.

George shakes his head. She's so damn smart. Meanwhile, Tyler walks another GIRL out of "his office" and approaches Cassie.

TYLER

Right this way.

CASSIE

Why? Are you planning to help me go to the bathroom?

TYLER

Oh, so you're actually here to...

CASSIE

Urine? Yes. Get injected with toxins by someone pretending to be a doctor? No. If I wanted botulism, I'd eat a bad can of tuna.

TYLER

Well as someone pretending to be a doctor, I'd advise against that.

CASSIE

Your mom must be so proud of you.

TYLER

I don't have a mom. But thanks for the painful reminder.

PRINCIPAL TRAVERS (O.S.)

What exactly is going on in here?

Standing next to George is the formidable **PRINCIPAL TRAVERS**. She eyes the SYRINGE in Tyler's hand.

TYLER

Just giving some... flu shots?

Travers rips a piece of paper from a small pad she carries.

PRINCIPAL TRAVERS

Have your father sign this and return it to my office. Tomorrow.

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. BATHROOM. DAY (D1)

JOE RICE (early 30s) looks at himself in the mirror. The towel wrapped around his waist reveals a pale, slightly doughy upper body. Clean-shaven and still rocking a decent hairline. Nothing to write home about, but it could be worse. He opens his medicine cabinet which offers a window into his personality. The few grooming products are neatly lined, like OCD "neat." He grabs the Propecia and begins his routine:

1) He carefully SQUEEZES out each drop. 2) Then RUBS his temples vigorously. 3) A quick SWIPE of deodorant. 4) An enthusiastic BRUSHING of the teeth. 5) Followed by a fervid FLOSSING. 6) A tongue SCRAPE. 7) Annnnnnd a mouthwash RINSE. When it's all over, he rips off one square of toilet paper and WIPES DOWN the sink. So, yeah. He's a meticulous dude.

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. BASEMENT. DAY (D1)

Joe enters the basement wearing his Gap best. A CORPSE lies on his mortician's table, covered by a sheet. He calls out:

JOE
Dinesh?

No answer. He approaches the body and pulls off the sheet, revealing a woman whose face appears to have been run over by a train. Literally, TRAIN TRACKS ON HER FACE. Joe sighs, annoyed.

JOE (CONT'D)
Not funny, Neesh.

And now we hear a CHUCKLE coming from the corner of the room where **DINESH JINDAL** (late 20s) is hiding. More style, more swagger and better abs, Dinesh is a BIG personality.

DINESH
It is funny. You just have no sense of humor.

Joe starts to delicately PEEL off the woman's face, which is when we realize it's not her face! It's a LATEX MASK. A gory, highly professional mask you'd find on a horror movie set.

JOE
How many times do I have to tell you? These masks are not toys. This one took me six weeks to design.

DINESH
It's very good. I think it's my new favorite. No. I take it back. Shark bite face is still my favorite.

JOE
You're fired.

DINESH
I'm your only employee.

True.

JOE
I meant as my friend.

DINESH
I'm your only friend.

Also true.

DINESH (CONT'D)
Relax, would you? I was just trying
to lighten the mood before the big
meeting. You feeling okay? You look
great. You need a Tums?

Dinesh pulls a roll from his pocket and offers it to Joe.
These two are like an old married couple.

JOE
I'm fine.

Dinesh watches Joe continue his meticulous work of SLOWLY
peeling off the mask. It's agonizing how long this takes.

DINESH
You're gonna be late --

JOE
I KNOW!

DINESH
You're not fine.

Joe stops futzing with the mask and heads for the door.

DINESH (CONT'D)
Good luck!

Once Joe is gone, Dinesh continues the work of peeling the
mask off our dead woman's face.

JOE (O.S.)
DON'T TOUCH MY MASK!

Dinesh stops peeling and addresses the dead woman.

DINESH
He's not fine.

EXT. VALLEY BANK OF NEVADA. DAY (D1)

A small, locally owned bank in a dusty strip mall. It does
not inspire a lot of confidence.

INT. VALLEY BANK OF NEVADA. DAY (D1)

Joe nervously taps his foot under the desk while **ALICE MEYERS** (early 30s), the cute, buttoned-up loan officer reviews his case file on her old-as-shit computer. She cuts to the chase:

ALICE
I'm afraid your loan application
has been denied.

JOE
Wow. That was fast.

Alice notices her SUPERVISOR hovering nearby. She straightens up, doing her best to represent the bank.

ALICE
Mr. Rice, you've been a loyal
member of our family here at Valley
Bank for over 15 years --

JOE
17 years.

ALICE
Which is over 15 years.

JOE
Two years over. Felt significant.

ALICE
The point is, it's come to our
attention that in all this time,
you've never seemed... happy.

JOE
The bank thinks I'm not happy?

ALICE
In your business. You inherited the
operation from your father, another
loyal customer. But when your dad was
in charge of the funeral home, he
seemed to enjoy the work. You seem
to... accept it. Which isn't to say
you're not doing a good job --

JOE
I'm not doing a good job. Which is
why I need a loan.

ALICE
Which you're not getting.

JOE
Because the bank thinks I'm sad?

ALICE

Because nothing in your past suggests that you'll be able to pay this loan back. So why not look at this as a chance to begin anew? A fresh start, if you will.

JOE

I would love a fresh start. Unfortunately, I'm a single father with a son who depends on me.

ALICE

I'm aware of that --

JOE

Single parents don't get fresh starts, Miss Meyers. Single parents make do because their children have no one else to depend on, because someone either died or abandoned them. We were abandoned.

ALICE

I'm aware of that, too.

JOE

Although Isabel could be dead.

ALICE

Anything is possible.

JOE

Although evil rarely dies.

Oh boy. Empathetic, Alice drops her "official bank persona."

ALICE

I just think you could do other things with your life, Joe. Things that would make you happy.

Joe rises to his feet, done with this conversation.

JOE

I'll get the money.

ALICE

You're behind on your last three payments. If you don't fulfill your obligations to the bank --

JOE

I said I'll get it.

ALICE

-- We'll have to foreclose.

Fuck. He turns around and faces her, with true kindness.

JOE
Thanks for your time.

Joe walks out, head held high. Off Alice, feeling awful...

WOMAN'S VOICE (PRELAP)
How much time is this gonna take?

INT. ENTERPRISE RENTAL CAR. OFFICE. DAY (D1)

TIGHT ON: Another underpaid, undervalued member of society. A rental car dude named **PHIL** (20s). He CLICKS his computer.

PHIL
That's up to you. For ten more dollars and one more signature, I could put you in a convertible. Although technically, it's a just really big sunroof...

WOMAN'S VOICE
Whatever is quickest.

Phil looks up from his computer.

PHIL
You're in a hurry, huh?

CAMERA finally reveals **ISABEL REYES** (early 30s). Wicked, capricious, fearless, clever, stunning, and yes - in a big fucking hurry. But she covers her impatience with a smile.

ISABEL
Always.

EXT. ENTERPRISE RENTAL CAR. AIRPORT PARKING LOT. DAY (D1)

As Phil leads Isabel through the parking lot, she continuously looks over her shoulder, confirming that no one is following them. Phil makes the requisite small talk.

PHIL
So where you flying in from, Holly?

Nope, that is not her name.

ISABEL
Paris.

PHIL
Sweet. Is that where you live?

ISABEL
Sometimes.

Phil looks at Isabel, as if only now realizing the magnitude of her hotness. They arrive at a FORD FOCUS. (The same one we saw in the earlier "chase" sequence.)

PHIL

Here we are. And if you're interested in some fine Boulder City dining, my roommate is the manager at P.F. Changs. I get free crispy wontons.

ISABEL

I'll keep that in mind, Phil.

PHIL

Lemme help you with that bag --

As Phil attempts to lift the GYM BAG off her shoulder, she instinctively FLIPS HIS ASS TO THE GROUND. Krav Maga on crack.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Ow.

ISABEL

Are you okay? Did you trip?

No, he didn't. Not at all. But now he's confused.

PHIL

I... guess so?

ISABEL

Be careful. It's a dangerous world.

With that, she hops into the car and SPEEDS OFF.

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. KITCHEN. DAY (D1)

Tyler is perusing the fridge, a slice of pizza hanging from his mouth, when his cell RINGS. Noting the CALLER ID, he quickly straightens up and spits the pizza into the sink. **He's been waiting for this call.**

TYLER

(all business, into phone)

This is Tyler... No way. Really? That's amazing!

Unable to suppress his enthusiasm, he goes from "all business" to "teenage boy" in about three seconds flat. It's sweet.

TYLER (CONT'D)

And you're positive? Did you get a number?... What about an address?...

Just then a well-coiffed woman, **MELANIE** (20s) walks in, carrying a garment bag. She sees that Tyler is on the phone, but she doesn't care. One of those types.

MELANIE

I'm here to drop off a dress for my sister.

TYLER

(whispers to Melanie)

Round the corner. Take the stairs down and someone will help you.

Melanie walks down the hall. Tyler goes back to his phone.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Never mind. I'll figure it out from here. Thanks, Mr. Munoz!

He hangs up, mind spinning, thoughts racing. And then he looks into the sink, sees the used pizza. Why not? He picks it up, happily takes a bite.

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. BASEMENT BATHROOM. DAY (D1)

Dinesh is humming a tune as he pees. Another happy guy. At least... for one more second. He FLUSHES and walks into --

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. BASEMENT. CONTINUOUS

-- where he finds Melanie standing over her sister's body, APOPLECTIC. The latex mask is still on. *Oh shit*. Dinesh immediately tries to spin this with a big smile.

DINESH

Melanie! You're early!

MELANIE

What have you done to my sister?! Her face... it's like a train --

DINESH

Very realistic, right? Of course, that's not actually her face. It's just a mask. But imagine how awful you'd feel if this had happened. Sometimes, when we're so consumed with grief, we miss the opportunities to be grateful for the little things. Like a sister not getting run over by a train.

Melanie tears her eyes away from her sister and stares DAGGERS at Dinesh. Stone cold PISSED.

MELANIE

I'm going to sue you people for every dime you have.

At which point, Joe walks in. He immediately assesses the situation. This is not going to be pleasant.

JOE
Mrs. Anderson, I can explain-

MELANIE
What kind of sick place are you
running? I'm actually paying you
for... this?

Joe hurries to the corpse and starts to remove the mask.

JOE
No, of course not! This has all
been a terrible mistake and you'll
be getting a full refund.

Refund? Sensing an opportunity, Melanie pushes further.

MELANIE
I should report you to the
authorities. This is a crime.

Dinesh is about to argue, but Joe stops him with a look.

JOE
Which is why we'll also be
upgrading your casket. And the
salon you reserved for an hour? You
can have it all day.

MELANIE
What about the food?

JOE
You didn't order food.
(gets it)
Right. Food. Done. On the house.

MELANIE
We have a deal.

Melanie "harumphs" and walks out. Joe sinks down into a chair
as Dinesh returns, having heard the deal.

DINESH
Just when I thought your negotiating
skills couldn't get any worse... I'm
surprised you didn't offer to pay for
her next funeral.

JOE
There's not going to be a next
funeral.

DINESH
So things at the bank...?

JOE
You should probably start looking
for a new job.

Dinesh lets this sink in. He feels for his friend.

DINESH
If it's all the same, Captain, I'd
rather go down with the ship.

Joe looks at Dinesh, moved. He appreciates the loyalty.

JOE
In that case, get ready to start
swimming.

EXT. WOODS. DUSK (N1)

Isabel drives her Ford Focus off the beaten path and parks it behind a tree. She gets out, gym bag strapped to her chest, and does her best to hide the car with errant branches, leaves, etc. Suddenly, SHE HEARS A NOISE. She straightens up, on edge, and ready to pounce.

ISABEL
Who's there?

We wait with her, expecting the worst. SLOWLY, she leans down and reaches inside her boot. For what? A knife? A gun?... Nope. Just her iPhone. (Breathe it out, people.) She opens Google Maps, types in an address, and starts walking.

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. KITCHEN. EVENING (N1)

Tyler sits at the kitchen table, checking his smartphone as Joe doles out some Chef Boyardee Beefaroni from a saucepan.

JOE
Do you want any salad?

TYLER
Do we have salad?

JOE
We have lettuce.

TYLER
I'm good.

JOE
We might have croutons.

TYLER
Pasta's good.

Joe plops down in his chair. Tyler puts his phone away. They eat in loud silence. No malice between them, but no connection either. Joe makes his usual, minimal effort:

JOE
So. How was your day?

TYLER
Fine. You?

JOE
Fine.

Pleasant nodding. More chewing. They're not the *Gilmore Boys*.

JOE (CONT'D)
We've got a funeral tomorrow. You want to help with the finishing touches? You did such a nice job on the last one. Which reminds me, have you seen my 32-gauge needle? I can't find it anywhere.

So that's where Tyler gets his needles. And needle SKILLS.

TYLER
I haven't seen it. But I can't tonight anyway. Going to George's.

Tyler scarfs down the rest of his pasta, takes a huge swig of milk, then stands up:

TYLER (CONT'D)
Actually, I should probably dip.

JOE
Home by ten.

And he's gone. Off Joe and the sound of a TICKING CLOCK...

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. JOE'S WORKSHOP. NIGHT (N1)

Vintage horror movie posters line the walls. Latex masks are everywhere - some collected, some created. An especially valuable one, the Creature from the Black Lagoon, sits in a glass box. We now realize that TICKING CLOCK sound is coming from a TV playing *Rosemary's Baby*.

ROSEMARY
What have you done to it!? What have you done to his eyes?

CAMERA finds Joe fine-tuning his latest creation, the most content we've seen him yet. He "acts" along with the movie:

CREEPY MAN/JOE
*He came up from hell and begat a
 son of mortal woman!*

Welcome to Joe's happy place.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. NIGHT (N1)

Tyler, with backpack, stands outside a single-story ranch style house. The door opens and **MR. PLUMMER** (40s), opens the door and smiles when he sees Tyler, clearly happy to see him.

MR. PLUMMER
 Hey Tyler. Come on in.

Tyler follows him in. This is his happy place.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. FAMILY ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Tyler enters a world quite the opposite of his own. A real family. George's younger TWIN SIBLINGS (10, boy and girl) sit side by side playing games on their iPads. **MRS. PLUMMER** (40), clears dishes with her husband. TV on. It's a noisy, happy house, which is why Tyler loves it here.

MRS. PLUMMER
 George is in his room. You hungry?

TYLER
 I just ate, but thank you. Hi Beau,
 hi Lorelei.

They wave without looking up. Tyler smiles, content.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. GEORGE'S ROOM. NIGHT (N1)

CLOSE ON A LAPTOP showing a used green Jeep Cherokee. Reveal that Tyler and George are looking at cars online.

GEORGE
 I checked our bank account and we
 can officially afford this car. I
 think we should do it. Especially
 after what happened today.

TYLER
 Oh yeah. I almost forgot.

Tyler reaches into his backpack, pulls out the detention slip. He hands it to George.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 Sign this?

George quickly forges Joe's signature. An old pro.

GEORGE
So what do you think about the car?

TYLER
It is nice. But it's our backup,
dude. We've waited this long,
what's a few more months to get the
one we really want?

Tyler clicks the computer and the picture changes to a
beautiful, black 2002 Land Rover that looks shiny and new.

TYLER (CONT'D)
I mean, look at that. That thing is
sick. And I can get the price down,
I promise. Delayed gratification is
always better, trust me.

GEORGE
If that's true, it's gonna be
amazing when I finally have sex.

There's a knock and the door opens and Mrs. Plummer enters
carrying two bowls of ice cream. George rolls his eyes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What's the point of knocking if you
just open the door right after?

MRS. PLUMMER
I apologize for bringing you ice
cream. Call Child Services.

GEORGE
We don't want ice cream, okay?

TYLER
I'd love some, Mrs. Plummer.

She hands him a bowl. Puts the other one on George's desk.

MRS. PLUMMER
In case you change your mind.

She walks out, leaving the door open just an inch. Peeved,
George kicks it shut with his foot.

GEORGE
God, she's so annoying. You're
lucky you don't have to deal with
all that "mom" crap.

Tyler says nothing and George feels a pang of guilt.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Sorry. Was that --?

TYLER

It's fine.

GEORGE

But we can talk about your mom now, right? I mean, you played the card with Cassie this morning, so --

TYLER

I didn't "play" any "card." I stated a fact. Doesn't change how I feel.

GEORGE

How do you feel?

TYLER

Like I don't wanna talk about it.

Uncomfortable, Tyler turns back towards the computer. He toggles the screen between the cars.

TYLER (CONT'D)

So what are we thinking? Backup? Or dream car? Second choice? First choice? Bad one? Good one?

GEORGE

Okay, okay, we'll wait.

TYLER

Sweet. If you're not gonna eat that...

George sighs and hands him the bowl.

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. BASEMENT. THE NEXT MORNING (D2)

Joe walks in and is thrown by the CHILL in the room. He looks up and notices THE WINDOW IS OPEN. That's odd. Nervous, Joe grabs a scalpel and begins to investigate. The door to the supply closet is closed. He approaches the door, turns the handle, then THROWS it open --

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. SUPPLY CLOSET. CONTINUOUS

-- Annnnd it's empty. Joe relaxes. Until he sees a few bottles of formaldehyde lined up in a way that does not please him. Sloppy, sloppy... He goes to organize the shelf. Suddenly, a figure appears behind him and PINS him against the wall causing him to drop his scalpel. Joe GASPS.

JOE

Isabel?

Told you her name wasn't Holly.

ISABEL

Miss me?

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. BASEMENT. MOMENTS LATER (D2)

Joe sits in a chair, speechless and rocked to his core, as Isabel uses his scalpel to dig mud out of the bottom of her fancy boots. The gym bag still strapped across her chest.

ISABEL

This is why you don't spend eight hundred dollars on boots. One night in the woods and they're destroyed.
(then, eyeing him)
You've lost weight.

JOE

It's been fifteen years.

ISABEL

Most people gain weight. I meant it as a compliment.

Isabel smiles. Joe doesn't. Isabel tries a new approach.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

How's Tyler? Is he gorgeous? I bet he's gorgeous.

Joe clenches his fist, fury rising.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

I can tell you're not in a chatty mood, so I'll cut to the chase. There are people who want me dead.

JOE

People other than me?

ISABEL

I need your help, Joe.

Now Joe smiles. Which turns into laughter. Tears rolling down his cheeks kinda laughter. When he's done:

JOE

Phew! Thank you. I needed that.

ISABEL

I can't get into the specifics --

JOE

No, of course not. Specifics have never been your thing. Like, your goodbye note? Very light on detail. What was it again? Oh yeah. "Dear Joe. I'm sorry. Don't hate me."

ISABEL

Look, I understand --

JOE

You know what was fun? Putting an ad in the paper. That's the only way to legally divorce a spouse who deserted you. Did you know that? I didn't. Had to write up a little notice for the Boulder City Bugle and let the whole world know that you ran out on your husband and your son. So that was great.

ISABEL

The whole world doesn't read the Boulder City Bugle.

JOE

That's the detail you're choosing to focus on?

Isabel takes a step towards Joe, who instinctively takes a step back, folding his arms across his chest.

ISABEL

They're going to kill me, Joe.

She waits for him to take that in. And then she takes a step towards him again, vulnerable. This time, he doesn't move.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

I know you hate me and you have every right. But you loved me once. You might be the only person who ever did. Not that I deserved it.

We see this affect Joe. Barely. But there's movement.

JOE

Even if I wanted to --

ISABEL

I can pay you! I have money.

She UNZIPS the duffel bag and pulls out STACKS OF CASH.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

It's yours. All of it. Five hundred thousand dollars. If you help me.

JOE

Help you how? With what?

ISABEL

Help me fake my death.

Off this bombshell, we...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. BOULDER CITY HIGH. TRAVERS' OFFICE. MORNING (D2)

Tyler sits, discreetly scrolling through **airbnb.com** on his phone, as Principal Travers paces, chewing him out.

PRINCIPAL TRAVERS

I just don't understand what's going on with you lately. Your grades are falling, you blew off a college counselor meeting, and let's not even talk about yesterday.

TYLER

Okay.

PRINCIPAL TRAVERS

I mean, what were you thinking?!

TYLER

I thought we weren't talking about it.

(off her look)

Sorry. Look, I've been a little preoccupied. But all that's about to change. I promise.

PRINCIPAL TRAVERS

I'm holding you to that. Okay, class is about to start, so hurry up.

Tyler unzips his backpack and takes out the detention slip.

TYLER

Where we doing this?

PRINCIPAL TRAVERS

The couch is fine.

He hands her the detention slip as she sits on the couch. Tyler then removes his little Botox pouch from his backpack.

TYLER

Don't worry, this one's on me.

He SQUIRTS MEDICINE from the syringe. Gotta love this kid...

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. FRONT DOOR. DAY (D2)

Dinesh is walking in, just as Joe is heading out. He's in such a state, he barely registers Dinesh's presence.

DINESH

Whoa, whoa. Where are you going? Funeral's in a few hours.

JOE
I just need to get some air.

But Dinesh knows Joe too well. Something is up.

DINESH
What happened?

JOE
Isabel is here.
(before Dinesh can explode)
Don't worry, I locked her in the
supply closet. Just make sure Tyler
doesn't go downstairs when he gets
home. Oh, and maybe do a little
dustbusting? She tracked mud
everywhere because of the woods.

DINESH
Because of the... what?

JOE
The woods. I'll be back.

Joe leaves. Off Dinesh, thoroughly confused. ISABEL IS HERE?

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. SUPPLY CLOSET. DAY (D2)

Isabel sits on the floor, moisturizing her hands and elbows
with fancy, perfumed lotion. Dinesh walks in with the
dustbuster. He shakes his head, disgusted.

DINESH
Unbelievable.

Isabel looks up from her grooming --

ISABEL
Oh. It's you.

-- then resumes moisturizing. And maybe some hair brushing.

DINESH
What the hell are you doing here?

ISABEL
I have a better question. What the
hell are you doing here? Don't tell
me you still work for Joe's dad.

As Dinesh dustbusts around her:

DINESH
Daniel had a stroke. He moved to a
retirement community out in Vegas.
Joe took over the business. I run
the day to day operations.

ISABEL
I guess that means you didn't get
into law school. *Qué pena.*

Clearly, there is no love lost between these two.

DINESH
And I take it things didn't work
out between you and Saul?

Isabel FREEZES at the mention of Saul.

ISABEL
What do you know about Saul?

DINESH
(dramatic)
I know everything.

ISABEL
Then you know Saul is dead.

Long beat.

DINESH
Everything except that part.
(off her eye roll)
Whatever. I'm not about to shed any
tears for the asshole who stole you
from your family.

ISABEL
He didn't steal me. I left.

DINESH
And you're proud of that?

ISABEL
I'm not proud of it. But I own my
decisions. I'm not a victim.

DINESH
No. You're just a bitch.

Dinesh starts to leave, but Isabel steps in front of him.

ISABEL
Do you know what it's like to have a
baby when you're still just a baby
yourself? To live in a house full of
dead people with a husband who treats
you like you're made of glass?

DINESH
So now it's Joe's fault?

ISABEL

It's nobody's fault. Saul offered me a bigger life, a better life, and I grabbed it. We traveled the world, ate in the best restaurants, had sex in Jacuzzis --

DINESH

So unsanitary...

ISABEL

And maybe we didn't do it on our own dime, but the people we stole from had more than enough to spare. We could have gone on forever like that if he hadn't gotten greedy.

DINESH

(feigning boredom)

Are you finished yet? I have a funeral to get to.

ISABEL

Does Joe know about Saul?

DINESH

You think I would keep something like that from my best friend?

ISABEL

Maybe. You've kept bigger secrets.

Dinesh darkens. She clearly touched a nerve. He takes a step towards her - like he might hit her - but then:

DINESH

You know, I used to feel bad watching Tyler grow up without a mom. But I was wrong. Better to have no mother at all than to endure a thing like you.

Dinesh walks out, LOCKING the door behind him. We see a crack in Isabel's armor before she quickly shakes it off...

EXT. OLD MOVIE THEATER. DAY (D2)

A run-down theater that plays old movies. The kind you find on forgotten main streets.

INT. OLD MOVIE THEATER. DAY (D2)

"Poltergeist" plays onscreen. Joe watches, completely numb. All he can do is think about Isabel in his supply room.

ON SCREEN: The CLOWN attacks the little boy! (Jump scare!)

All six people in the theater SCREAM, including Joe. But then Joe keeps screaming. The other people look at him. Eventually Joe stops. That helped. He gets up and walks out.

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. SUPPLY CLOSET. DAY (D2)

Isabel is calmly going through the supply shelves, looking for something. She reaches into a box, pulls out a pair of LATEX GLOVES. Snaps them on. Finds another box, removes a large, HYPODERMIC NEEDLE. She then takes a thin tool with a HOOK on the end and walks to the door.

ISABEL
Dinesh? Joe?

Satisfied that no one is outside, she gets to work. She sticks the needle into the lower part of the lock, maneuvering it until it CLICKS into place. Then she takes the hook and places it INSIDE the lock right above the needle. She inserts and removes it a few times then slowly TURNS THE HOOK TOOL. We hear the deadbolt turn with it. Done!

Smiling, she snaps the gloves off, opens the door, puts one glove on the doorknob for fun and walks out...

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. FRONT DOOR. DAY (D2)

Dinesh stands at the open front door as FUNERAL GUESTS arrive.

DINESH
Welcome. The viewing and service
will be held just down the hall in
the second room on your right.

A mourner nods, and continues on. As another MOURNER arrives:

DINESH (CONT'D)
Very sorry for your loss.

CAMERA follows this mourner inside. As he walks, he's quietly JOINED BY ISABEL, who walks beside him as if also a mourner. As the mourner heads right, Isabel SNEAKS UPSTAIRS!

Back at the front door, a **CREEPY MOURNER** arrives. This one seems out of place, wearing too much leather and sporting a "bad guy" beard. Dinesh eyes him, suspicious.

DINESH (CONT'D)
Can I help you?

CREEPY MOURNER
Anderson funeral?

DINESH
Of course. Right this way...

Dinesh tries to lead the man into the viewing room, but --

CREEPY MOURNER
I'll find it.

Creepy Mourner walks away. Dinesh starts to follow him, but then Tyler walks in. Shoot! He quickly doubles back.

 DINESH
Tyler! Hi! Good day at school?

 TYLER
Pretty much like the rest of 'em.

 DINESH
Great, great. Do yourself a favor and stay away from the basement. We had an embalming accident and it's a little unpleasant down there.

 TYLER
Yeah, sure, whatever.

More MOURNERS walk in. As Dinesh heads off to greet them, Tyler passes the room where people are gathering for the funeral. He passes another room and stops because he sees:

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. DISPLAY ROOM. CONTINUOUS

A YOUNG WOMAN looking around, with her back to the entrance. Displayed here are various caskets, urns, and coffin liners for sale. Tyler clears his throat as he walks in, charming:

 TYLER
Can I help you with anything?

The young woman turns around and it's... Cassie! Tyler's shocked, to say the least. So is Cassie for that matter.

 TYLER/CASSIE
What are you doing here?

 TYLER
I live here.

At first Cassie thinks he's joking, but then she realizes he's serious, and immediately forgets how much he bugs her.

 CASSIE
You live here? That is so cool.

 TYLER
Thanks. But... why exactly?

 CASSIE
I have what some people might call a morbid fascination with death. I just call it a fascination.

TYLER

So you just come to random
funerals? Like that old movie?
"When Harry Met Sally"?

CASSIE

"Harold and Maude," and no. This is
actually my aunt's funeral.

TYLER

Oh. I'm sorry.

CASSIE

It's okay. We weren't close.

Tyler looks over at the other salon, where the family is
gathering. It's pretty much all white folks. Which is
confusing since Cassie is Chinese.

TYLER

But your family is...

CASSIE

White?

TYLER

Right. And you are...

CASSIE

Adopted?

TYLER

Right. Which makes me...

TYLER/CASSIE

A moron.

She smiles. Even though she's insulting him, for some reason,
Tyler still finds her charming, and thinks he has a shot.

TYLER

Hey, do you wanna maybe go out
sometime?

CASSIE

Are you actually asking me out on a
date at my aunt's funeral?

TYLER

Well, technically, it hasn't
started yet.

CASSIE

I'm flattered... but not enough to
say yes.

She heads towards her aunt's funeral. Off Tyler, intrigued...

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. TYLER'S BEDROOM. DAY (D2)

TIGHT ON: A photo of Tyler and George pinned to a corkboard.

REVEAL Isabel standing in Tyler's room, taking it all in. As if she could somehow piece together who her son became by what's hanging on his walls. Antique maps - *he must have a yen for travel*. Framed photography - *and he's an artist*. A drum set in the corner- *AND a musician!* What doesn't he do?

She sees a T-shirt hanging on the back of a chair. She can't help herself. SHE SMELLS IT. Annnnnd, it's super gross. (Hello? He's a 16 year old boy. He smells like a foot.)

Isabel feels her eyes beginning to well up with tears. Determined NOT to fall down this emotional rabbit hole, she sits at a desktop computer and starts typing...

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. HALLWAY. DAY (D2)

Tyler walks down the hallway and goes upstairs. Holy shit! He's heading right towards his mother!

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. BASEMENT. DAY (D2)

Creepy Mourner wanders the basement, clearly looking for something. Or someone. Uh-oh...

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. TYLER'S BEDROOM. DAY (D2)

Meanwhile, Isabel has found what she's looking for and hits PRINT. As the printer CHUGS to life --

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. STAIRS/UPSTAIRS HALL. DAY (D2)

Tyler makes his way to the top of the stairs and heads down the hall to his room.

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. BASEMENT. DAY (D2)

Creepy Mourner STOPS when he sees the glove on the doorknob. He peels it off. Smells it. Smiles, knowing it's Isabel.

CREEPY MOURNER

Gotcha.

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. TYLER'S BEDROOM. DAY (D2)

Isabel takes the paper from the printer, folds it up and puts it in her bag. She stands and sees a PICTURE FRAME next to his bed. She heads over, curious...

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. UPSTAIRS HALL. DAY (D2)

Tyler gets to the closed door of his room and is about to open it when his **PHONE RINGS**. He freezes!

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. TYLER'S BEDROOM. DAY (D2)

Isabel freezes as well!

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. UPSTAIRS HALL. DAY (D2)

Tyler looks at his phone, sees who it is. He looks down the hall to make sure no one is around. Which is when he sees --

CREEPY MOURNER! Halfway up the stairs!

TYLER
Funeral's downstairs, buddy.

CREEPY MOURNER
Bathroom?

TYLER
Also downstairs, to your left.

Creepy Mourner considers pulling out his gun, but there's a houseful of people here. So he heads back downstairs, thwarted. Tyler waits until he's gone, then answers the phone as he opens his bedroom door. In his "older" voice:

TYLER (CONT'D)
This is Norman Powell.

Um, no it's not. What's going on? Tyler heads into --

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. TYLER'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

-- and closes the door behind him. Where the fuck is Isabel?!

TYLER
Thanks for getting back to me
Carlos. You spoke to the owner?...
And that's the absolute best price
you can do? Because I feel like you
could go lower if you wanted to...

As Tyler walks over to his desktop to check something, CAMERA PANS DOWN to find: ISABEL UNDER THE BED. Tyler's feet are mere inches away from her as she listens to his conversation.

TYLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I get it. We all need to make a
living. It's just that I have a new
baby. Three months old...

Isabel reacts -- WHAT? Is she a GRANDMOTHER?

TYLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And I promised my wife some time
away. We had this rat infestation
in our condo. You ever heard of a
rat king?

Isabel relaxes when she realizes Tyler is pulling a con. She smiles. He's like a chip off the abandoned mother block.

TYLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That's what I'm talking about,
Carlos! So how do I get the keys?...
Great. Okay. Gimme an hour and I'll
get back to you.

Tyler heads out of his room. Isabel sighs, relieved.

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. FRONT DOOR. DAY (D2)

Joe is walking IN just as Tyler is walking OUT. They're both on edge, but trying to hide it as they engage in their usual non-witty banter.

JOE
Hey. Where are you going?

TYLER
George's. Why are you sweating?

JOE
It's hot out.

Tyler looks outside. It's gray and gloomy.

JOE (CONT'D)
You coming home for dinner?

TYLER
Yup. See you later.

Tyler leaves. Joe closes the door and heads over to the...

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. RECEPTION ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Dinesh stands in the doorway, respectfully watching the funeral service in progress. Joe walks up behind him as his phone RINGS. He checks it, then hits IGNORE.

JOE
Sorry I'm late. Any trouble?

DINESH
No trouble. Although I still have
no idea what she's doing here.

JOE
Well, I obviously didn't invite her.

A MOURNER turns and gives them both the "stink eye." They stop "whispering" and turn their attention towards the service where Melanie delivers a eulogy.

MELANIE

What can I say about my sister? She was a drug addict. Loved her pills. She especially loved them with alcohol. That one time she got pulled over with my niece in the car? I remember wishing she died that day.

The guests MURMUR. Joe and Dinesh exchange a glance.
Awkward...

MELANIE (CONT'D)

But she didn't. She lived and got better. And then she got worse. And back and forth and on and on. That's what it is to have an addict for a sister. It never ends. Until it does.

(then)

And now all I can think is what didn't I do? What more could I have done? Even though our relationship was never what I wanted it to be, she was still my sister. Still my family.

We see this land on Joe. Melanie turns to the coffin, tears streaming down her face.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I love you, Jen. I'm sorry I didn't do more. I'm sorry I didn't do everything I could. I'm so sorry.

Melanie breaks into a painful SOB, as the PRIEST helps her back to her seat. CAMERA stays on Joe, taking it all in.

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. TYLER'S BEDROOM. DAY (D2)

Isabel stares at the photo on Tyler's night stand: **Young Isabel holding Tyler as a tiny baby**. She's barely visible in the shot, her face in profile and buried in his newborn skin. But she remembers this moment.

JOE (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing in here?

Isabel spins around to see Joe in the doorway. FURIOUS.

JOE (CONT'D)

Who gave you the RIGHT? What part of you thinks you DESERVE to know my son? MY SON. Not yours.

ISABEL

That's not... I wasn't --

JOE

Did it even occur to you what would happen if Tyler walked in and saw you here? Do you even care what that would do to him?

ISABEL

Of course I care --

JOE

Bullshit! You don't care about anyone but yourself. You haven't changed. You're still the same selfish liar you've always been. I want you out of my house and away from my son. Now.

ISABEL

Joe --

JOE

GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!

Oh shit. He's snapping. Isabel is surprised by his strength, but she doubles down and stands her ground.

ISABEL

I can't do that.

JOE

(grabbing his phone)

You have five seconds before I call the police. One. Two.

Isabel PULLS A GUN FROM HER JACKET. Joe sighs, deflating.

JOE (CONT'D)

Of course you have a gun.

ISABEL

Put the phone down, Joe.

JOE

So what? You're crazy? Like, actually crazy?

ISABEL

That's right. Which means you better do exactly as I say.

Off Joe, suddenly afraid...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. KITCHEN. DAY (D2)

Joe, Isabel and Dinesh sit around the table, a bowl of popcorn in the middle. Dinesh is LIVID, while Joe seems more depressed and accepting of this shitty situation.

JOE

When do we get our phones back?

ISABEL

When we finalize the plan.

DINESH

Your plan that's going to put us all in jail? Guess what? We don't get to have phones in jail! Or soap. Forget it. I'm outta here --

Dinesh RISES. Isabel holds up the gun. Dinesh sits back down.

DINESH (CONT'D)

This is why people hate guns.

Joe quickly tries to put an end to all of this.

JOE

Okay, look. You need a death certificate? I'll pull some strings and get you one in a few days.

ISABEL

Great! I can also go on Amazon and get one in twenty-four hours.

DINESH

You're Prime? Me too. Worth it.

ISABEL

These people won't stop because of a piece of paper, Joe. Focus.

She tosses a handful of popcorn into her mouth. Joe CRINGES.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

What?

JOE

Nothing, it's just... you're getting crumbs all over the floor.

ISABEL

See? That tells me you're not focused.

DINESH

We are. We are focused. There's nothing I would rather do than help you die and disappear forever.

ISABEL

You understand I'm not actually dying, right?

DINESH

A man can dream.

Dinesh takes some popcorn. He's about to eat, but he gets a look from Joe and slowly drops them back into the bowl.

JOE

So it has to be a public death. Something that gets in the news.

DINESH

How about drowning?

ISABEL

Guys, I --

JOE

Drowning is such an ugly way to die. What about a heart attack? Or a gunshot wound? Ooh! I can make one of those.

ISABEL

Listen, I already --

DINESH

Fake shark bite? We have the mask.

JOE

What is it with you and water deaths?

ISABEL

ENOUGH!

Isabel SLAMS the table, startling them both.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Here's how it's gonna go. First thing we need to do is have Dinesh build a bomb.

DINESH

I'm flattered, of course, but I don't know how to build a bomb.

Isabel pulls out the piece of paper she printed off Tyler's computer and places it in the middle of the table.

DINESH (CONT'D)
 (reading)
 "Six easy steps to build a homemade bomb." Where did you get this?

ISABEL
 Pinterest.

JOE
 A bomb for what?

ISABEL
 My car is hidden in the woods near Lone Palm. We're gonna drive there, put the bomb inside and blow it up. There's only one thing we need.

As the three of them exchange looks...

TIGHT ON: OUR DEAD WOMAN. Still in her coffin.

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. RECEPTION ROOM. DAY (D2)

Joe, Dinesh and Isabel stand around THE DEAD BODY.

ISABEL
 She's perfect.

JOE
 You are not a good human being.

Moving into SEQUENCE, we hear Isabel and Joe's conversation:

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. BASEMENT. DAY (D2)

Dinesh works on the bomb. The table is crowded with material from Joe's supply closet. Isabel's "recipe" beside him.

JOE (V.O.)
 First things first. We have to make sure no one can identify the body.

The dead woman is now back on Joe's work table. Joe searches his TOOLKIT, looking for something.

ISABEL (V.O.)
 That's what the bomb is for.

Joe pulls out a HAMMER...

JOE (V.O.)
 That won't necessarily take care of the teeth, and if there are teeth, dental records will be checked.

Joe then pulls out a CHISEL and quickly starts KNOCKING out her teeth. All business. Isabel watches, impressed.

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. KITCHEN. DAY (D2)

Resuming their previous roundtable discussion:

JOE

She should also be wearing at least
some of your clothes.

DINESH

Any opportunity to burn that
sweater is a win.

ISABEL

I love this sweater!

DINESH

Of course you do.

ISABEL

Why does she need my clothes?

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. BASEMENT. DAY (D2)

JOE (V.O.)

To add more of your DNA cells to
the crime scene.

Isabel pulls off her sweater, revealing a skimpy tanktop underneath. Joe watches, trying not to notice how beautiful she is. But it's hard. Because she's fucking beautiful.

ISABEL (V.O.)

Clothes have DNA?

JOE (V.O.)

You sweat, don't you? And your hair
is always falling out everywhere.

As Isabel places her sweater on the dead woman, she sees several STRANDS of her long, brown hair. Joe was right.

She turns to look at him, and sees him already looking at her. A moment between them. Something that feels... intimate. Until Dinesh walks through and RUINS it on purpose.

DINESH (V.O.)

What happens next?

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. KITCHEN. DAY (D2)

JOE

The cemetery will be waiting for a
delivery. We have to get them a
casket or it will raise questions.

ISABEL

But won't the casket be empty?

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. BASEMENT. DAY (D2)

Joe stands next to the empty casket, which sits on top of a metal bier.

DINESH (V.O.)
They won't know that. Once we lock
it, it's never opened again.

Joe goes about CLOSING and LOCKING the casket.

EXT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. DRIVEWAY. DAY (D2)

Joe and Dinesh lift the casket into the back of the hearse.

JOE (V.O.)
We deliver the empty casket to the
cemetery. Once it's signed for...

TIGHT ON: A clipboard being signed by a CEMETERY WORKER.

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. KITCHEN. DAY (D2)

JOE/ISABEL
We're off to the woods.

Joe and Isabel can't help but smile at each other, in sync. Whether they like it or not, they make a good team.

INT. BUS. DAY (D2)

Tyler rides the city bus alone, nervously bouncing his foot. His phone DINGS with a text from George: **Where u at?** Tyler takes a moment, then texts back: **With Dad. New client. Talk later.** Well, clearly none of that is true. Why is Tyler lying to his best friend?

INT. BANK. DAY (D2)

A nicer bank than the one Joe was in earlier. Tyler enters, assesses the situation and approaches a teller named **BETH**.

BETH
Hi there, how can I help you today?

TYLER
Yes... Beth... I have an account
here. I'd like to close it out.
(then)
Also, would you happen to know
where I can convert American cash
into pesos?

Off this surprising turn of events...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. WOODS. DAY (D2)

Joe arranges the dead woman's body in the driver's seat. As a final touch, Isabel removes her necklace and places it around the dead woman's neck. As Dinesh places the BOMB on the dash:

DINESH

Done. Enjoy your death, Isabel. I
know I will. Joe, let's go.

Dinesh walks off. Joe starts to follow, then --

ISABEL

Joe, wait.

Joe stops. Dinesh turns around, annoyed.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

One minute. That's all.

DINESH

No can do. Joe? Coming?

But Joe doesn't budge.

DINESH (CONT'D)

Unbelievable.

Dinesh stomps off, hurt. Joe stands there, feeling a little foolish and a lot exposed as Isabel tries to find her words.

ISABEL

I just wanted to say... thank you.

JOE

That's what you wanted to say? The
only reason I helped was because
you literally had a gun to my head.

ISABEL

It wasn't loaded.

To prove her point, Isabel SHOOTs the gun. Nothing happens.
Joe shakes his head. This does NOT make him feel better.

JOE

You must think I'm such an idiot.

ISABEL

Not at all! You're missing the point.

JOE

What is the point, Isabel?

ISABEL

That I would never hurt you.

JOE

Except you did. More than a gunshot ever could.

For the first time, he's not being sarcastic. Or accusatory. He's speaking from the heart. They stand there, not knowing what to say, but neither of them ready to say goodbye.

JOE (CONT'D)

So I have a question. Was any of it real? I mean... did you ever care about me at all?

Isabel looks at him - so much she wants to say. Finally:

ISABEL

I noticed you before you noticed me. Miss Yarber's English class? You sat in front of me. I remember your flannel shirts smelled like cigarettes and Downey. The first time we actually met, I pretended I didn't know who you were. I was afraid if I said anything it would be too obvious how I felt.

(then)

It was always real, Joe. And then it got... too real. After Tyler was born... I wasn't ready to be a mother. But you... You were born ready. I always knew you'd be a great dad.

JOE

What makes you think I'm great?

ISABEL

For starters, there aren't a lot of 16 year old boys who know how to book international flights. You've raised an independent, precocious young man. And I appreciate you encouraging him to explore his roots. It's good for him to know where he comes from.

At this point, Joe is completely baffled.

JOE

What are you talking about?

ISABEL

Tyler's trip to Buenos Aires. I saw the plane ticket on his computer.

(MORE)

ISABEL (CONT'D)
 I was surprised you'd let him go
 alone, but... I'm sure you know
 what you're doing.

Obviously, Joe did not know ANY of this. Any maybe she's
 tipping him off, but he won't give her the satisfaction.

JOE
 That's right. I do.

Joe FLIPS the timer on the bomb.

JOE (CONT'D)
 Good luck, Isabel. And this time?
 Don't come back.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD. DAY (D2)

Away from the woods, Dinesh is waiting/stewing by the hearse
 when Joe marches up, his head spinning.

DINESH
 Next time you fake your ex-wife's
 death, leave me out of it.

JOE
 Did you know Tyler was going to
 Buenos Aires?

DINESH
 I feel like you're purposely
 changing the subject.

JOE
Did you know?!

DINESH
 Of course not! Why would Tyler go
 to Buenos Aires?

JOE
 Give me the keys.

As Dinesh hands Joe the keys, he notices:

DINESH
 Where's the money?

JOE
 (suddenly remembering)
 Aw, crap.

DINESH
 Unbelievable!

JOE
 I was upset about Tyler! I forgot.

DINESH
Well go back and get it.

JOE
Do I have to? I left on a high
note. I never leave on a high note.

DINESH
Is the high note worth half a
million dollars?

Joe considers the question. Dinesh RAISES a brow.

JOE
I'm thinking!

EXT. WOODS. DAY (D2)

Isabel opens the trunk and removes the GYM BAG FULL OF CASH.
She straps it to her chest, GENTLY closes the trunk, careful
not to disrupt the bomb, and heads into the woods.

MAN (O.S.)
Hand over the bag, Isabel.

Fuck. Isabel turns around to find Creepy Mourner - otherwise
known as **COLE** - calmly aiming a gun at her head! Isabel
reacts, equally calm. She obviously knows him.

ISABEL
Hi, Cole. Nice pants.

COLE
The bag. NOW.

Cool as a cucumber, Isabel tosses him the gym bag.

ISABEL
Did Saul send you?

Wait, what?! Isn't Saul dead?! SO MANY SECRETS AND LIES!

COLE
Does it matter? The number of
people you've screwed over, you're
like the walking dead. Even Phil
the rental car guy hates you.

ISABEL
So you're here to put me out of my
misery? Is that it?

COLE
That's not my call. Unlike you, I
follow orders. Now shut up and let
me do my job.

With one hand, Cole keeps his gun trained on Isabel, while the other attempts to unzip the gym bag and confirm the money is all there. The second he looks down, ISABEL ATTACKS! Remember what she did to poor Phil? This is way worse. Cole falls to the ground and HITS his head on a rock. Isabel grabs the bag, jumps into --

INT. ISABEL'S CAR. CONTINUOUS

She shoves the dead body into the passenger seat and starts the car. **TIGHT ON: THE BOMB.** Five minutes and counting!

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY (D2)

Joe and Dinesh, still arguing.

DINESH
If you'd tried MY therapist, like I
asked you to --

JOE
I told you! He wasn't on my plan!

Suddenly, they hear GUNSHOTS! They both instinctively DUCK.

DINESH
What the hell is she doing?

JOE
It can't be Isabel. Her gun wasn't
loaded.

And then Isabel comes FLYING out of the woods in the car. Cole is hot on her tail, driving a motorcycle. Joe and Dinesh watch as they pass by. **As does a nearby DESERT BIGHORN SHEEP.**

DINESH
Of course there's a guy on a
motorcycle.

JOE
Don't act like you saw that coming.

DINESH
I totally saw that coming.

Joe JUMPS into the driver's seat. Dinesh sighs.

DINESH (CONT'D)
Just like I saw this coming.

INT. ISABEL'S CAR. DAY (D2)

The gym bag is stuck in the door of the passenger seat. Isabel does her best to pry it loose while driving. Through her rearview mirror, she sees the motorcycle gaining on her. She speeds ahead, as the bomb continues to TICK...

EXT. HIGHWAY/INT. HEARSE. DAY (D2)

Joe is driving as fast as he can. A solid 68 MPH.

DINESH
You never should have let her back
into our lives.

JOE
I didn't let her back in. She
showed up!

DINESH
You should have kicked her out.

JOE
She had a gun!

DINESH
Not at first!

JOE
You know, you're being really
judgmental right now.

Up ahead, the motorcycle picks up even more speed. They're falling behind. Joe PRESSES his foot on the accelerator.

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY (D2)

Cole has now caught up to Isabel's car! He has the gun out! Just as he SHOOTs, Isabel's car makes a WILD LEFT turn, SCREECHING into the woods. The motorcycle follows. The hearse tries to follow, also SCREECHING, but instead of going left, just ends up SLIDING out of control before coming to a stop. You know, because it's a hearse. And now it's quiet...

EXT. LONE PALM TRAILS. DAY (D2)

KAPLOW! Back to the beginning and our giant explosion.

INT. WOODS. DAY (D2)

... Joe rushes up to the car, which is engulfed in flames. HUNDRED DOLLARS BILLS are burning in the air. Cole lies DEAD on the ground.

JOE
Oh my God...

Dinesh looks at Cole, piecing it all together.

DINESH
This man... He was in the house
today. I knew something wasn't
right, no one wears that much
leather to a funeral.

But Joe doesn't hear that right now. He approaches the car --

JOE
Isabel -- ?

Dinesh pulls him back, kind but firm.

DINESH
We have to go.

JOE
I can't leave her like this --

DINESH
There's nothing you can do for her now. And the cops are gonna show up. Or worse. More motorcycles. We can't be here...

Joe nods, unable to take his eyes off the fire. He tries to move, but he stumbles a bit.

DINESH (CONT'D)
Come on. I got you.

As Dinesh gently leads his friend away from the wreckage...

INT. CVS DRUGSTORE. DAY (D2)

Tyler is having his own excitement in CVS, putting travel soap, toothpaste and toothbrush in a basket. He pulls out a small bottle of Elizabeth Arden Mist. A saleswoman walks by.

TYLER
Who doesn't like a calming, hydrating mist? Am I right?

She ignores him. As he puts the mist in the basket, he looks over and notices... George! Tyler DUMPS the contents of his basket back into the bin, making so much NOISE that George can't help but see him!

TYLER (CONT'D)
Hey! This is a coincidence.

GEORGE
It would be less of a coincidence if I wasn't looking for you after you LIED about where you were.
(holds up his iPhone)
Find My Friends.

Tyler silently curses himself for leaving that on.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I was coming to tell you we'd been robbed.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

But then I found out from the bank that I'd been robbed. Apparently by you!

TYLER

I can explain, George.

But he can't explain. Because explaining would involve talking about his mother which is something Tyler Rice simply WILL NOT DO. Too many feelings involved. So he punts.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Here's a thought. Let's you and me grab some 'za --

GEORGE

You know what? I don't even care. You're just going to say something to somehow convince me that what you did was right... because you're a manipulative, selfish narcissist.

TYLER

I feel like some calming mist might help in this situation.

GEORGE

Keep the stupid mist. And keep the money. The only person you've ever really cared about is you. Well, congratulations. Now you get to spend as much time as you want with the person you like most.

And George stalks off. Then turns back, just to make sure.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I meant you.

George leaves. Tyler sighs, UPSET, then SPRITZES himself.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. KITCHEN. EVENING (N2)

Joe sits at the kitchen table, surprisingly calm. Or maybe he's dead inside. Hard to say. He hears the front door open --

TYLER (O.S.)
I'm home!

JOE
In here.

Tyler walks in, out of sorts from his fight with George.

TYLER
What's for dinner?

JOE
I was thinking we'd order fried chicken since you probably won't be able to get that in Buenos Aires. Although I hear the coffee is great.

Joe hands Tyler a printout of his plane ticket. FUCK. Tyler runs the gamut of teenage emotions. First, terror.

TYLER
Dad, I can explain --

JOE
Nope.

Okay then. Tyler moves past fear onto righteous indignation.

TYLER
So you went on my computer without asking me? Do you have any idea what a violation that is? Does privacy mean nothing to you?

JOE
Nope.

Now Tyler is a little confused.

TYLER
Nope, it means nothing, or "nope" you're not having this conversation?

JOE
Oh, we are HAVING a conversation. But YOU are not leading it.

TYLER

Well, if I don't lead it, it won't happen. So... whatever.

JOE

What the hell does that mean?

TYLER

It means you don't talk to me about anything. EVER. So why would I have talked to YOU about this?

JOE

Because I'm your father! That's how this relationship works.

TYLER

But this relationship doesn't work! That's the point. I ask questions, you never give me any answers --

JOE

Because I don't have any answers!

TYLER

Which is why I'm going to Buenos Aires. Because she does.

JOE

You are not going anywhere. Except maybe back to Dr. Woo.

TYLER

I don't need a shrink, Dad. I need to talk to my mother!

ARGH! Joe wants to smack the stupid off this kid! Instead, he takes a breath. Tries to bring it down a notch.

JOE

What makes you think your mom lives in Buenos Aires? I'm just curious.

TYLER

I don't think she lives there. But I know Aunt Lucia does.

Joe reacts, legitimately surprised by Tyler's knowledge.

JOE

How do you know about Aunt Lucia?

TYLER

Remember that Target gift card you gave me for my birthday last month? I sold it for cash and hired a PI.

JOE
(genuinely confused)
Why would you do that?

TYLER
I'm sixteen, Dad. Did you really
expect me to go my whole life
without ever looking for her?

Joe realizes he did expect that. And maybe that was foolish.
So he stops arguing and starts listening.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Anyway, the PI called me yesterday.
Turns out Aunt Lucia still lives in
the same city where she and mom
were born. He couldn't get an
address, but I figured I'd go and
see what I could sniff out. I
booked an Air B&B through this guy,
Carlos. Very reasonable rate.

Speechless, Joe just shakes his head. He doesn't even know
where to begin. His reaction makes Tyler more defensive.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Whatever. It's not a bad plan.

JOE
You're right. It's not bad. It's
terrible. It's RIDICULOUS -- !

TYLER
Well it's better than never doing
anything at all! You never even
tried to look for Mom --

Joe stiffens, indicating there's more to this story that will
be revealed in episode two. (Three, at the latest.)

JOE
Tyler, I see that you're angry, and I
understand. But acting like an idiot
isn't gonna fix anything.

TYLER
What's so stupid about wanting to
meet my own mother? Thanks to you,
I don't even know what the woman
looks like!

JOE
Thanks to me? This is MY fault?

TYLER
You're the one who burned all her
pictures! Seriously, who does that?

JOE
It's a thing. People do it! And the
reason you don't know your mother
isn't because I burned her
pictures, it's because SHE LEFT US!

TYLER
She left YOU. And I don't blame
her. I wish I could.

Ouch. Mercifully, this moment is interrupted by the DOORBELL.

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. FRONT DOOR. NIGHT (N2)

Joe opens the door to find a police officer, **JACKIE**, on the
other side. Now it's Joe's turn to be terrified.

OFFICER JACKIE
Joe Rice?

JOE
Yes. Is everything okay?

Tyler appears behind Joe.

OFFICER JACKIE
I'm here about Isabel Reyes.

JOE
Isabel doesn't live here anymore.

OFFICER JACKIE
I'm aware of that, but you're
listed as her next of kin.

TYLER
What about her?

Off Joe, dreading where this is going...

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. RECEPTION ROOM. MOMENTS LATER (N2)

Joe, Tyler and Officer Jackie sit in the salon. Tyler is
unusually quiet, still processing the shock of what he's just
been told. Joe is doing his best to appear "surprised."

OFFICER JACKIE
... We found her car out by the
trails near Lone Palm. We think
someone must have planted a bomb.

JOE
(too quickly)
Who would do that?

OFFICER JACKIE

We don't have too many details. The investigation is still ongoing. But we think it may been some sort of revenge plot. Your wife --

JOE

Ex-wife.

OFFICER JACKIE

Ex-wife. It appears she had some ties to organized crime.

TYLER

My mom was in the mafia?

Joe is equally surprised by this little tidbit. *Jesus...*

OFFICER JACKIE

Like I said, this is an ongoing investigation. The explosion made it difficult to... That is to say, we won't be able to have you identify Isabel's remains.

The officer pauses, uncomfortable, but Tyler is now hopeful.

TYLER

Then how do you know it was her? Maybe it was someone else driving her car.

OFFICER JACKIE

That's what we're trying to find out.

The officer reaches into her case and pulls out a small evidence bag containing ISABEL'S NECKLACE.

OFFICER JACKIE (CONT'D)

Does this look familiar to either of you? We found it on the scene. I understand it's been some time since you've seen her, so --

And just like that, Tyler's hope dies.

TYLER

That's hers. That's my mom's necklace.

OFFICER JACKIE

Are you sure?

TYLER

She's wearing it in my picture. I have a picture...

OFFICER JACKIE
Alrighty then. That helps.

Joe sees how rocked Tyler is by all of this. Before the officer can ask more questions, he stands up -- ending it.

JOE
If it's all right with you,
Officer, I think we need a moment.

Officer Jackie reads the room, decides Joe is right. She stands up, collecting her things.

OFFICER JACKIE
I may have to come back, as we tie
up whatever loose ends --

JOE
Whatever you need.

As Joe escorts the officer towards the door:

JOE (CONT'D)
Business hours would be best.

Meaning, when Tyler is at school.

OFFICER JACKIE
I'll let myself out.

The officer walks out. Joe turns around to deal with Tyler, whose head is spinning, heart is breaking. For the first time he seems... young.

TYLER
Do you think..? Has she been living
here the whole time? Or maybe...
maybe she was coming home?

Joe searches for something comforting to say, but no words come. Overwhelmed, Tyler jumps to his feet.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Never mind. Doesn't matter.

JOE
Tyler --

TYLER
Just more questions you'll never
have the answers to.

Tyler bolts up the stairs. Joe wants to follow, but his feet stay glued to the floor. We hear Tyler's bedroom door CLOSE. Off Joe, feeling like the worst father in the world.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIXINT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. JOE'S WORKSHOP. DAY (D3)

CLOSE ON the CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON MASK. Pull back to reveal that Joe has removed it from UNDER THE GLASS and is now taking photos of it with his iPhone.

He sits down in front of his LAPTOP which is open to eBay. The description of the Creature is listed along with a price. After Joe hits send on his phone, we watch as the image of the mask loads onto the laptop screen. The mask is now for sale. No turning back. He hears a NOISE from the kitchen.

JOE
(calls up)
Tyler?

Joe grabs a key off a shelf and unlocks a cabinet drawer. He rifles through some stuff we can't see, but then finds what he's looking for. A PICTURE OF ISABEL. She looks the same, just younger. As Joe walks out, picture in hand, he calls...

JOE (CONT'D)
Ty?

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. KITCHEN. DAY (D3)

Joe walks in, ready to finally share a picture of Isabel with his son, but Tyler is already gone. Off Joe, looking at the picture with a touch of sadness...

INT. BOULDER CITY HIGH. HALLWAY. DAY (D3)

Tyler walks down the hallway, more subdued than usual. Cassie purposefully approaches, oblivious to his mood.

CASSIE
Hey. Is your father hiring?

TYLER
And good morning to you.

CASSIE
(whatever)
Sorry, I didn't realize we were in England. Good morning. Is your father hiring?

TYLER
Hiring what?

CASSIE
An intern? An assistant? I'll do anything. I just want the experience of working with dead people.
(MORE)

CASSIE (CONT'D)
I'm planning on pre-med and this
would look great on college
applications.

Tyler looks at her for a beat, or looks right through her.
He's barely listening, you see. Lost in his own thoughts.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Hello? Are you there?

TYLER
Actually, no.

Without so much as an apologetic smile, Tyler makes a sharp
left and heads into the bathroom. CAMERA REVEALS: George,
having watched the exchange from afar. He approaches.

CASSIE
What's up with Debbie Downer? Did
he run out of Botox?

GEORGE
No idea.

CASSIE
You coming to class?

He should. Plus, any opportunity to walk with Cassie cannot
be taken lightly. Unfortunately, George has a conscience.

GEORGE
I'll see you in there.

George heads into the bathroom after his friend.

INT. BOULDER CITY HIGH. BOYS' BATHROOM. DAY (D3)

Tyler pees at a urinal. George enters. He tries to discern
what's up with his friend without giving away any power.

GEORGE
Nice mood. You planning on being a
jerk to everyone today?

Tyler doesn't say anything. Just flushes. Which is annoying.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Hey. I'm the one who's mad at you.

TYLER
So leave me alone.

GEORGE
What the hell, man? Who died?

TYLER
My mom, actually.

George reacts, horrified. Tyler remains completely stoic.

GEORGE

Dude. I'm so sorry...

TYLER

Don't be sorry. I didn't know her.
So, who cares?

GEORGE

You care.

TYLER

I don't.

GEORGE

You obviously do.

Tyler tries to leave, but George won't let him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Why won't you talk about this?

TYLER

Because I don't want to talk about it
with you. You wouldn't understand.

GEORGE

Try me.

Tyler sighs, hating this.

TYLER

Okay. You know how you and your mom
have the exact same weird ears? I
wish I had that.

GEORGE

You wish you had my ears?

TYLER

I wish I had what you had. I wish I
knew who my mom was. Which is why I
stole our car money and spent it on
a non-refundable plane ticket to
Buenos Aires. To try and find her.

George tries to process all of this. It's not easy.

GEORGE

You were gonna move to Buenos Aires
and not tell me?

TYLER

No. It wasn't about, like, "finding
my new family." I didn't think she
was gonna solve all my problems --

GEORGE
What problems?

TYLER
 -- Part of me wanted to find her just so I could yell at her. 'Cause what she did... I mean, it was so messed up. And I'm rightly pissed off. But mostly, I wanted to ask her why. Why'd she leave? I wanted to know the truth. And now I never will.

George takes a moment, not sure what to say next. Finally:

GEORGE
Non-refundable plane ticket?

Tyler can't help it. He laughs. George laughs. Thank God.

TYLER
 Guess I owe you a Jeep.

GEORGE
 Screw that. You owe me a Land Rover. And you have to help me get a date with Cassie.

TYLER
 Wait, you like Cassie?

GEORGE
 (nervous)
 Why? Do you?

TYLER
 (lying)
 No.

GEORGE
 Good. 'Cause that would've been awkward.

Off this promise of a love triangle, we...

EXT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. DRIVEWAY. DAY (D3)

Joe is writing a "For Sale" sign on his crappy car when Alice from the bank approaches.

ALICE
 I left you two messages. You never called me back.

JOE
 I'm sorry. Yesterday was...

Insane? Horrible? Worst day of his entire adult life?

JOE (CONT'D)

... busy.

ALICE

The only other time you didn't call me back was after our second date, and that was because I wore a beret.

Joe smiles. Wait, they're a couple? How cute is that?!

JOE

It wasn't because of the beret.

ALICE

You told me you hated the beret.

JOE

It was a bold choice for a second date. You need to let go of this.

Alice gives him a sweet kiss. Aw. They're a good couple.

ALICE

So are you still mad at me?

JOE

I was never mad at you. You were just doing your job. I'm not dating you for the bank loans.

Alice nods, feeling guilty but relieved.

ALICE

Have you told Tyler yet?

JOE

I will if it gets to that point. But I don't want to worry him until it's absolutely necessary.

ALICE

I can talk to him, too, if you want. I can explain the numbers --

JOE

It's probably better if I do it.

Alice does her best not to take this personally, but we get the sense that Joe keeps them apart. He tries to fix it:

JOE (CONT'D)

But maybe we can all have dinner this weekend? If you're free?

ALICE

Really? I'll check my calendar.

Joe pulls her in for a deeper kiss. When they break apart, Joe sees ISABEL ACROSS THE STREET.

His first reaction is SURPRISE. Next, RELIEF. But then she WAVES at him, and he remembers he hates her. So he SCOWLS.

JOE

Damn.

ALICE

Sorry. I had cheese for breakfast.

As Alice tries to smell her own breath:

JOE

No, I mean, damn! Look at the time!
I have a client coming.

ALICE

Another funeral? That's great! God,
I wish more people would die.

JOE

Me too, babe. Me too.

He quickly ushers her around the corner, away from Isabel.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET. CONTINUOUS

ALICE

You don't have to walk me to my
car. You're so sweet.

JOE

You know what they say, never stop
dating your wife.
(then, realizing)
Or your girlfriend. Same, but
different. Both important.

He opens the car door and practically SHOVES her inside.

JOE (CONT'D)

Drive safe! Have a great day!

Alice reacts, flustered, as Joe rushes away. CAMERA follows him down the block. As he rounds the corner, he bumps into --

ISABEL

She's pretty.

JOE

You're supposed to be dead.

ISABEL

About that. Got a minute?

INT. RICE FUNERAL HOME. KITCHEN. DAY (D3)

Isabel sits at the kitchen table as Joe pours himself a large glass of water. Chugs it. Pours another.

ISABEL

You might consider a tablecloth on this thing. Something cheery. This room is a real bummer.

JOE

You know what else is a bummer? The fact that you keep showing up.

ISABEL

I'm sorry. But I need your help --

JOE

I already helped you. We staged your death, remember? It was REALLY good, by the way. Even I couldn't tell it was fake. PS, you owe me half a million dollars.

ISABEL

The money blew up with the car. Disappointing, but it happens. The good news is, I have a way to make it all back. Wanna hear the plan?

JOE

Does it involve the mafia?

ISABEL

Oh. You heard about that? It's not as bad as it sounds.

JOE

Sounds like you're in the mafia.

ISABEL

I'm not in the mafia. It's more like they're after me, but we can deal with that later. First, we have to fake another death.

JOE

Please stop talking.

Dinesh walks in. Upon seeing Isabel, he does an ABOUT FACE and starts to head out. She pulls him back.

ISABEL

Neesh! Stay! We need you, too.

DINESH

We? Are you back together? Does she have a key now?

ISABEL

I'm here on business. We've got another death to fake. Shouldn't be difficult. Nice man. Goes by Jerry. I met him in the woods.

JOE

The answer is no.

ISABEL

He's willing to pay TWICE what I was gonna pay.

DINESH

Twice?

JOE

Still no.

ISABEL

I thought you guys needed money.

JOE

What I need is for you to go away.

DINESH

True. Although, we also need money. And we're not exactly crushing the funeral industry. Maybe we could moonlight as death fakers.

JOE

Neesh!

ISABEL

Listen to your partner. There's a real business opportunity here. You could finally put all those toy masks you make to good use --

JOE

They're not toys!

ISABEL

Is this because of your girlfriend?

DINESH

You introduced her to Alice?

JOE

We're not talking about Alice.

ISABEL
Fine. Then let's talk about Jerry.

DINESH
Who's Jerry?

ISABEL
The guy whose death we're faking.

JOE
We're not faking any more deaths!

DINESH
Except Jerry's. And maybe we put an
ad on the dark web, start accepting
Bitcoin...

The three of them start ARGUING all at once, until they hear:

TYLER (O.S.)
Hello?

They turn to see Tyler standing in the doorway. Holy shit!

TYLER (CONT'D)
'Scuse me. Just grabbing a snack.

The three of them stay frozen in awkward, paralyzed silence
as Tyler grabs a piece of fruit, oblivious. Before he leaves,
he turns to Isabel. Ever the charming lad...

TYLER (CONT'D)
Hi. I'm Tyler.

Before Isabel can respond:

JOE
This is Dinesh's sister. Mariana.

Dinesh looks at Joe-- *WHAT THE FUCK?* Joe avoids his gaze.

TYLER
I didn't know you had a sister.

JOE
She lives in Mexico.

DINESH
We don't really get along.

DINESH (CONT'D)
Both of those things.

Tyler reacts, suspicious. Isabel forces a smile, taking on
her new "role."

ISABEL
Different mothers, of course. It's
nice to meet you, Tyler.

As soon as Isabel takes Tyler's hand, she is overcome with emotion. Talking to her son for the first time, TOUCHING him. It's more than she can bear. So she pulls his handshake into a hug. Like a crazy, weird lady hug. Dinesh covers, explains:

DINESH
We're a "huggy" family.

Tyler nods, as he delicately extricates himself from the hug.

JOE
Anyway, Mariana is just visiting.

TYLER
That's cool. How long you in town?

Before Joe can answer for her again--

ISABEL
I'm not sure. But I was hoping I could stay here with you and your dad? My brother's apartment is so tiny. I can barely fit my suitcases!

She laughs. Joe and Dinesh do not. Tyler just shrugs.

TYLER
Fine with me.

He starts to head up towards his room, then remembers:

TYLER (CONT'D)
Oh, Dad. I almost forgot. I decided I want to have a funeral for mom.

JOE/DINESH/ISABEL
You what?

JOE
That's... but... why?

TYLER
It's called honoring the dead. We can talk about it later. Nice to meet you, Mariana.

And he's gone. For a long moment, the three of them stand there feeling all the feelings. And there are a FUCK TON OF FEELINGS. Finally, Isabel breaks the silence:

ISABEL
Well, this should be fun.

SMASH TO BLACK!

END OF PILOT