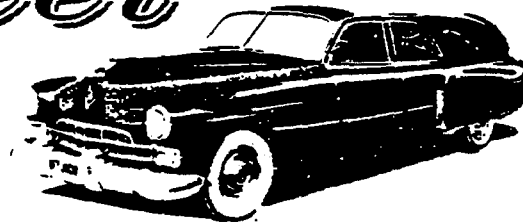


HBO

Executive Producer: Alan Ball  
Executive Producer: Robert Greenblatt  
Executive Producer: David Janollari  
Co-Executive Producer: Alan Poul  
Co-Executive Producer: Christian Williams  
Supervising Producer: Bruce Eric Kaplan  
Producer: Laurence Andries  
Producer: Rick Cleveland  
Producer: Christian Taylor

*Six Feet*



*Under*

six feet under

"The Foot"  
Episode 103

written by  
Bruce Eric Kaplan

directed by  
John Patterson

Shooting draft 10/23/00  
Blue Rev. 10/31/00  
Pink Rev. Pages 11/3/00  
Yellow Rev. Pages 11/6/00  
Green Rev. Pages 1/26/01

## "The Foot"

Character List

Nate Fisher  
David Fisher  
Ruth Fisher  
Claire Fisher  
Brenda Chenowith  
Federico Diaz

Keith Charles  
Nathaniel Fisher

Dead woman in casket  
Jeannie Fritzen  
Gabriel  
Newlywed man  
Matthew Gilardi  
Amelia Lowe  
Morgue Attendant  
Eddie Morrow  
Barbara Romano  
Judy Romano  
Pauline Romano  
Tommy Romano  
Teenage Boy #1  
Teenage Boy #2  
Workman

Attractive young woman  
Newlywed wife  
8-year old Nate Fisher  
Group of teens  
\* Handsome Men at Lamps Plus  
Pickers

Off Screen

Driver  
Woman

## "The Foot"

Set ListInteriors

Venice Bungalow

Bedroom

Living Room

\*

Claire's Hearse (moving)

Deadwagon

Empty House

Funeral Home

Claire's Bedroom

Corridor outside Prep Room

Foyer

Front Hall

Kitchen

Prep Room

Prep Room (1973)

Ruth's Bedroom

Slumber Room

Wisteria Room

Global Service Corporation Offices

Bonaventure High School Hallway

Lamps Plus

Industrial Bakery

Keith's Apartment

Bedroom

Keith's car (moving)

Exteriors

Brenda's apartment

Funeral Home

Back driveway

Front Porch

Front Yard

Bonaventure High School

courtyard

parking lot

Hollywood Racetrack

Industrial Bakery

Large grassy lot

St. Joseph's - loading area

Street

1 EXT. INDUSTRIAL BAKERY - (NIGHT 1) 1

A sign reads "Hausman's All-Natural Bread."

2 INT. INDUSTRIAL BAKERY - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 1) 2

A large DOUGH MIXER looms over a deserted work-space. There seems to be no signs of life except

COCKROACHES, scavenging bread crumbs on the floor. WE HEAR an approaching CLEANING CART and a MAN HUMMING. The cockroaches scurry away until only ONE COCKROACH is left, which is squashed by the boot-clad FOOT of **TOMMY ROMANO (50'S)**, stocky, tired-looking. As he continues HUMMING, Tommy scrapes the cockroach off his shoe and turns to **EDDIE MORROW (20'S)**, a wiry, eager guy, maybe just a little speedy, pushing the CLEANING CART. Both men are in janitorial uniforms.

TOMMY

Okay, this is the dough mixer. You gotta get in, really scrub it and hose it down, every night, keep the bugs out. 'Cause somebody found a roach in a loaf of whole wheat once and sued.

EDDIE

Can't you just spray it with Raid?

TOMMY

And then you got bug poison in the bread, kill a hundred people. Is that good?

Tommy climbs a ladder up to the edge of the dough mixer, lowers himself inside, carefully maneuvers between large MIXING BLADES. Eddie climbs the ladder, lowers a bucket of soapy water to Tommy inside.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(groans)

I gotta get to my chiropractor.

EDDIE

Let me do it. You're too old for this.

TOMMY

(glares at him)

You just watch and learn, and then I'll let you do it every night.

ANGLE FROM INSIDE THE MIXER, LOOKING UP: Eddie peers over the edge, looking down at us.

EDDIE

You think anybody ever had sex in there?

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

Why the fuck would you even think of that?

Eddie LAUGHS, suddenly looks uncomfortable. Glances at his hand:

There's a large COCKROACH crawling on it.

EDDIE

Aaahhh!

He flings his arm away from him to get rid of the bug. The ladder teeters and he falls, in the process hitting a BUTTON on the side of the mixer. He lands on the floor, sending cockroaches scattering.

TOMMY (O.C.)

What the hell was that?

We HEAR MACHINERY REVVING UP.

TOMMY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Jesus, you fuck! Turn it off!

ON EDDIE, terrified. Before he can do anything, the MACHINERY KICKS IN. We HEAR the BLADES MOVING, as well as other, awful sounds, including a strangulated CRY from Tommy, which is abruptly cut short. Eddie locates the button, punches it again. The machine STOPS. Eddie stands there, afraid.

EDDIE

Romano? Romano, are you okay?

ANGLE FROM INSIDE THE MIXER, LOOKING UP: Through BLADES now streaked with BLOOD, we see Eddie slowly peer over the edge, dreading what he knows he will see. Once he does, he starts SCREAMING.

His screams send COCKROACHES scurrying out of the dark corners and across the floor. WE HOLD on the one dead COCKROACH that Tommy squashed. In the BG, Eddie runs from us.

FADE TO WHITE.

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

3 EXT. VENICE BUNGALOW - MORNING (DAY 2)

3

Establishing.

4

INT. VENICE BUNGALOW/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)

4

An empty, unmade bed. An alarm clock RADIO goes off, playing Glenn Miller's "I'M GETTING SENTIMENTAL OVER YOU." After a beat, NATE ENTERS FRAME as he sits up from the floor beside the bed.

NATE

That was...

(laughs)

You made the weirdest noise back there.

BRENDA sits up too, hair tousled.

BRENDA

If I were you, I wouldn't get into a weird noise contest.

They kiss.

NATE

I love this song.

BRENDA

You're kidding. This?

NATE

My Dad had all these Big Band records, it always reminds me of... I don't know. Being a kid. Still being blissfully ignorant about what a sick joke life can be.

BRENDA

I would've pegged you as a fan of, what... Sting. U2. You know, grew up in the eighties but too uptight to be into the hardcore punk stuff.

NATE

Oh, and I suppose you were into the hardcore punk stuff.

BRENDA

Sort of. But I think that was just the heroin talking.

Nate stares at her--is this for real? She LAUGHS.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Oh, man. I love that look.

She grabs some clothing from the floor, slips it on. Nate picks up his watch and looks at the time.

NATE

I should go.

(getting dressed)

Mom and David and I are having some sort of family meeting, to talk about whether we should sell the business to Kroehner. God, I hope we will.

BRENDA

Why?

NATE

Because then I can get the hell out of here and go back to Seattle.

He realizes what he just said to the woman he's dating, checks Brenda's face to see a reaction. She's rummaging through jewelry and doesn't even seem to have heard him.

NATE (CONT'D)

Why don't you come with me?

Now she stares at him like he's lost his mind.

BRENDA

Why on earth would I do something like that?

NATE

(Tarzan)

Because you are my woman.

BRENDA

You are out of your mind.

NATE

Oh, yeah? Then how come my name is branded on your ass?

She suddenly leans in very close to him.

BRENDA

Maybe you're right. Maybe this whole thing is fated, and we're bound together for all time.

(off his look)

Ha. That shut you up.

She LAUGHS and kisses him.

DAVID (O.S.)  
You don't understand how serious this is.

5 INT. FUNERAL HOME/KITCHEN - A SHORT TIME LATER (DAY 2) 5

RUTH vigorously washes dishes, as DAVID eats breakfast.

DAVID  
We're under siege by a major corporation.

RUTH  
Stop being so dramatic.

DAVID  
Mom, it's a fact.

RUTH  
David, we all have problems.  
(holds up bowl)  
This oat bran is caked on here like  
cement because you didn't soak any water  
in it, thank you very much.

DAVID  
Listen to me. Kroehner is pressuring all  
our suppliers to demand money up front--

\*\* OMITTED SC. 6 \*\*

7 INT. FUNERAL HOME/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 7

David is visibly getting more and more upset.

DAVID  
--and now Continental Caskets wants us to  
pay for anything we put in the showroom  
before we actually sell it. That's  
thousands of dollars!

RUTH  
Your father never let these things get to  
him like you do.

DAVID  
Well, he never had to deal with this kind  
of situation.

RUTH  
I'm sure things will work out. They  
always do.



7

CONTINUED:

DAVID

No, they don't.

Claire enters, still wearing a huge smile.

CLAIRE

Morning.

David and Ruth look at her. She is definitely not herself.  
Outside, a CAR DOOR SLAMS.

RUTH

What's going on with you?

CLAIRE

Nothing.

A BRIGHT SPOTLIGHT suddenly shines on Claire. She turns directly to camera and starts to belt out an UPBEAT BROADWAY TUNE that will clear. A high-energy JAZZ ORCHESTRATION plays underneath. Behind her Ruth and David stare, taken aback, then abruptly become well-rehearsed, tightly choreographed backup singers.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(belting it)

LYRICS TO COME...

SMASH CUT TO:

8

INT. FUNERAL HOME/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)

8

Claire sits at the table, trying not to laugh.

RUTH

You're not leaving here until you put some food in your stomach.

CLAIRE

Okay, I'm starving.

Claire piles food on her plate, digs in. Ruth eyes her strangely.

RUTH

Are you bulimic? Is that what we're going to have to deal with now?

CLAIRE

Mom, apparently you want a child with an eating disorder.

Nate enters.

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)

NATE

Morning.

RUTH

How was your run?

NATE

I haven't gone yet. I stayed over at Brenda's last night.

RUTH

Oh.

DAVID

No one cares where you were. Why do you have to tell people every single thing you do all day?

NATE

Sorry. I forgot we're all supposed to live under a shroud of secrecy.

He sits. Ruth puts a plate in front of him. An awkward beat.

NATE (CONT'D)

So I think we should sell. And I'm not saying that just because I don't want to have anything to do with this business.

A beat. David fumes.

NATE (CONT'D)

Come on. Have you looked at their offer? That's a lot of money. Stock options?

DAVID

Do you have any idea how arrogant you are? You don't get to decide what we're doing.

NATE

I own half,. Dave.

DAVID

You haven't spent the last eleven years working here. You didn't give up anything for this.

NATE

Is this really what you want to be doing with your life? Or are you just trying to make a dead man happy?

David is taken aback. He glances at Claire, who's watching with interest.

DAVID

We should have this conversation later.

NATE

Why can't she be a part of this?

CLAIRE

Thank you.

A beat.

DAVID

(quietly)

Nate. This is all I know.

NATE

So stay and run the place for Kroehner.  
Or go to law school like you always  
wanted.

CLAIRE

Yeah, take my trust fund and I'll take  
the cash.

RUTH

(suddenly)

I think Nate's right.

David stares at her, shocked.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Who knows how long any of us has left? We  
should do what makes us happy.

She sits at the table and eats, avoiding their eyes. David  
suddenly throws down his fork.

DAVID

Fine. Sell..What do I care?

He stands and starts out.

NATE

You mean it?

DAVID

Sure! Let's just invalidate my entire  
life!

And he's gone. Nate turns to the others.

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)

NATE  
(brightly)  
Great. I'll go to Gilardi today and tell  
him our decision.

9

INT. FUNERAL HOME/WISTERIA ROOM - (DAY 2)

9

David sits across from **PAULINE ROMANO** (50's) and her two very single daughters, **JUDY** and **BARBARA** (30's).

PAULINE

I don't care. I guess the one with the satin interior.

JUDY

Ma, there were like five satin interiors. Let's just go with the Classic Regal.

BARBARA

I liked the White Pearl.

JUDY

The Classic Regal will be fine.

She's definitely the older one. David makes a notation.

PAULINE

What does it matter anyway?

(sobs)

My Tommy was cut up in fifty pieces by a giant dough mixer. Oh. Oh.

BARBARA

(comforts her)

Aw, Ma. Pop wasn't in that many pieces.

JUDY

Ma, he's going to look just as you remember him.

(to David)

Right?

DAVID

Uh...

JUDY

It says in your brochure you have a - gifted restorative artist, whatever. Can he make sure Pop look good enough for an open casket or not? Because we'll go elsewhere.

David's face falls -- it's going to be a labor intensive job.

DAVID

You'll be completely satisfied with our work, I guarantee it.

10 INT. FUNERAL HOME/SLUMBER ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER (DAY 2) 10

CLOSE ON a MAN'S HANDS, using an airbrush to touch up the face of a DEAD WOMAN in a CASKET.

David stands with Federico, who's the airbrush artist. Federico is wearing a suit and tie, with a clear plastic apron over it.

FEDERICO

Humpty-Dumpty, huh? Train tracks?

DAVID

Dough mixer. Can you go to St. Joseph's to pick him up?

FEDERICO

Not today.  
(off his look)  
It's my cousin Ramon's baby's christening. I told you about this.

DAVID

I'll give you fifty bucks extra?  
(off his offended look)  
A hundred?

FEDERICO

I'm the godfather.

DAVID

Shit. I can't go because of Mrs. Bonds' viewing. And I can't call the service because Kroehner told Marty if he does our pick-ups, he'll lose all their business.

FEDERICO

So send Nate. I know he hates this shit, but he's your partner now, right?

David considers.

11 INT. FUNERAL HOME/KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER (DAY 2) 11

Nate sits at the table, reading the paper. David enters.

DAVID

Okay, Mr. Half Owner. I need you pick up a Humpty-Dumpty at the morgue. Nobody else can do it and we need to get started on him A-S-A-P.

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

NATE

What's a Humpty-Dumpty?

DAVID

And come straight back here. Don't leave this one in the back of the van while you have lunch.

He exits. Nate just sits there, uneasy.

12 EXT. BONAVENTURE HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - (DAY 2)

12

Claire talks on her cell phone as she enters the parking lot.

CLAIRE

Hey Gabe, it's me. I looked for you in the quad this morning, but I didn't see you. Maybe you stayed home today because you were tired.

(nervous laugh)

Just wanted to say I was thinking about you.

(then)

I mean, not in a serious way. Just thinking about you casually. Okay, bye.

She hangs up, reliving her message.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(laughs)

I want to kill myself.

She is mortified at her geekiness, yet still in a good mood. She passes a GROUP OF TEENS. We stay with them as Claire passes OUT OF FRAME. One TEEN points at her and laughs. ANOTHER hits her to be quiet.

ON CLAIRE, as she reaches her car and stops abruptly. It is COVERED IN GRAFFITI which reads "Toe Sucker," "Foot Slut," and "This Little Piggy Lover." She turns back to

The GROUP OF TEENS, who feign conversation. But one or two can't help looking at Claire to see her reaction.

Claire gets in the car, slams the door and SCREECHES away.

13 EXT. MORGUE LOADING AREA - (DAY 2)

13

A MORGUE ATTENDANT helps Nate carry a body bag to the DEADWAGON. Nate holds the edges of the bag, his face green.

MORGUE ATTENDANT

He's in like a lot of pieces.

TV Calling - For educational purposes only \*

(CONTINUED)

NATE

A Humpty-Dumpty. I know.

Nate trips and SOMETHING ROLLS around in the bag.

MORGUE ATTENDANT

Careful. That could be his head.

NATE

Oh, Jesus.

MORGUE ATTENDANT

Or his pelvis. I think it's his head.

He gives the bag a little tug and it ROLLS AGAIN.

MORGUE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

So what happened to Rico? He get canned?

NATE

He's just busy.

MORGUE ATTENDANT

You new over there?

NATE

No. I'm just a... temp.

MORGUE ATTENDANT

Heard old man Fisher kicked. You know him?

NATE

(a beat)

Not really.

They reach the DEADWAGON. Nate practically throws his end of the bag into the back, totally creeped out.

MORGUE ATTENDANT

No offense buddy, but you might want to call your agency and ask for a different assignment.

NATE

I'm already on it.

14 INT. LAMPS PLUS - (DAY 2)

14 \*

David and Keith walk down an aisle of ceiling fans.



DAVID

It's such a fucking easy decision for him. Oh, and then Mom takes his side, big surprise. It's like I don't even exist. Like me giving up law school meant nothing.

KEITH

So fight. If you really want to keep the business, don't give it away.

DAVID

See, that's just it. All day long, I've been feeling this incredible sense of... relief. I don't know if I want to keep it. I could do anything. I'm still young, right?

KEITH

Are you kidding? You're a baby.

He runs his hand through David's hair playfully. David glances around to see if anyone might be watching.

DAVID

(re: fan)

What about this one?

KEITH

That's a little Mayberry for me.

(then)

I want something simple. Clean. Like the kind in a deserted truck stop where a handsome drifter blows into town.

DAVID

Of course.

(re: fan)

What about this one?

KEITH

- Not bad. I could see Ava Gardner laying beneath it plotting to steal Clark Gable from Grace Kelly.

DAVID

People start their lives over all the time, right?

Two HANDSOME MEN pass by. One gives David the eye.

KEITH

That guy just cruised you.

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)

DAVID  
Really?

KEITH  
Bitch. Right in front of me, like I  
wasn't even here.

DAVID  
He did? And I missed it?

KEITH  
(smiles)  
Sorry.

15 INT. FUNERAL HOME/FOYER - (DAY 2) 15

Ruth opens the door to reveal **AMELIA LOWE**, who holds a  
casserole pan wrapped in tin foil. She looks at Ruth with  
compassion, smiles. \*

AMELIA  
Oh, Ruth.

She holds out the pan. \*

RUTH  
Amelia. Another casserole?

AMELIA  
Lemon bars. The kids'll love them.

RUTH  
Don't you have candy striping today?

AMELIA  
I told them my best friend needed me.

Ruth nods uncomfortably.

16 INT. KROEHNER SERVICE INTERNATIONAL OFFICES - (DAY 2) 16

**MATTHEW GILARDI** sits behind a large desk in a substantial,  
well-appointed corner office on a high floor.

GILARDI  
You've made the right decision.

Nate sits in a chair across from him, looking small and  
insubstantial.

NATE  
I know.

A beat. Nate looks around.

NATE (CONT'D)

I never realized how much money there was to be made in the funeral business.

GILARDI

(correcting him)

Death care industry. And it's only going to grow, with the baby boomers and all.

NATE

Gee, there'll be bodies everywhere.

GILARDI

Hopefully all in final resting places provided by Kroehner. With a little help from Fisher and Sons.

(smiles)

We've had our eyes on your operation for some time. Your father was a nice guy, but he didn't know how to run a business.

Nathaniel is suddenly standing behind Gilardi, watching Nate.

NATE

Well... Dad was never really in it for the money. I think he was more concerned about... you know. Helping people.

GILARDI

(laughs)

You want to help people, join the Peace Corps.

Nathaniel makes a sour face.

NATHANIEL

Greedy little Nazi fuck.

Nate shifts in his seat, uncomfortable.

NATE

So, how exactly will this work?

GILARDI

We don't change the appearance of your unit. A little cosmetic upgrading, perhaps. But preparation of loved ones will now take place at a centralized location, which services several other units. Technicians on staff twenty-four seven, constantly producing.

NATE

Huh. So it's like a little factory. Of embalming.

GILARDI

(correcting him)

Preparation for visitation. And then we maintain a small fleet of vehicles--

NATE

Hearses.

GILARDI

Funeral carriages.

NATE

Deadwagons.

GILARDI

Removal vans.

Nate smiles. Gilardi smiles back.

GILARDI (CONT'D)

Once you centralize operations, you'd be amazed how much you can maximize profits.

NATE

So in the end, we're all just human McNuggets.

GILARDI

Just as we began.

(laughs)

I like you, Nate.

NATHANIEL

(deadpan)

Hear that, buddy boy? He likes you. Wow, you're so cool, can I be you?

Nate frowns. An ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN enters with an envelope, hands it to Gilardi, exits, glancing at Nate. Gilardi pushes the envelope across his desk toward Nate.

GILARDI

Your initial payment. The rest will follow after both of our lawyers have held up the process long enough to justify their fees.

He smiles. Behind him, Nathaniel eyes Nate curiously. A beat, then Nate takes the envelope without looking at it. As Gilardi shakes his hand and shows him toward the door...

GILARDI (CONT'D)

In the meantime, we'd like to send a facilities inspector out to take a look at things as early as next week.

Nate turns for once last look at his father, but he's gone.

17 INT. FUNERAL HOME/RUTH'S BEDROOM - (DAY 2)

17

Ruth rifles through Nathaniel's dresser, tossing clothes into a big pile on the bed. Amelia sits on the bench at the end of the bed, eyeing her. \*

RUTH

This can go to Goodwill... and this... and this one too.

She pauses, looking at the pile.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Maybe Nathaniel's clothes are too dull for Goodwill. Does Goodwill ever refuse anything?

AMELIA \*

Ruth, if you want a good cry, cry.

RUTH

What are you talking about?

AMELIA \*

Just let it out. That's why I'm here.

RUTH

For the last time, I'm fine.

AMELIA \*

Denial.

RUTH

Oh, I hate that word.

AMELIA \*

I find it very interesting that here you're supposed to be making two piles -- one for Goodwill and one for memories and yet, you haven't held onto one thing.

RUTH

The memory pile was your stupid idea.  
What am I supposed to do with Nathaniel's  
old clothes? Make pillows? A quilt? I  
ought to just burn them all.

Ruth slams one drawer shut, yanks another open. Amelia  
notices a piece of paper on the night table and picks it up.

RUTH (CONT'D)

How could someone with so little clothing  
have so much clothing?

AMELIA

What's this?

Ruth turns, snatches the paper out of Amelia's hand,  
surprising them both with forcefulness of her action.

RUTH

Nothing. It's stupid.

AMELIA

Something about seeing the Pyramids. And  
taking ballet lessons.

RUTH

I wrote down things I might want to do  
now that I'm... have more time.

AMELIA

I think that's great.

Ruth plops down on the bed.

RUTH

No it's not. It's stupid -- I don't even  
want to do any of these things. I just  
did it because some book told me to. What  
am I, going to be in 'Swan Lake?'

AMELIA

- Why not? You always see stories like that  
on the news and it's inspiring.

RUTH

It's depressing. It seems so desperate.

AMELIA

Maybe it's a little desperate.

She pats Ruth's hand, smiles sympathetically.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Who knows? It's always possible you might meet a man.

Ruth stares at her.

RUTH

(firm)

That part of my life is over.

(looks at bed)

You know, you're supposed to flip this mattress every two months.

AMELIA

I do mine every fourteen weeks.

RUTH

Well, I can't remember ever flipping this. It's probably been twenty years. C'mon, get up.

AMELIA

You haven't even finished sorting Nathaniel's clothes.

Ruth sweeps Nathaniel's clothing off angrily, is suddenly pulling off the blankets and sheets. She's acting very manic.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Ruth, tell me how to help you.

RUTH

You can lift this up with me.

Amelia looks at the bed.

AMELIA

An uncovered mattress is so sad.

RUTH

Just help me turn it over!

They struggle, but manage to flip it over. They stare at it, as if waiting for something to happen. Nothing does. Ruth sits down.

AMELIA

Does it feel different?

RUTH

No.



18 EXT. STREET - (DAY 2) 18

The DEADWAGON zooms down an ND NEIGHBORHOOD STREET. \*

19 INT. DEADWAGON - CONTINUOUS (DAY 2) 19

Nate's driving, scowling, lost in thought. He slows down as he approaches... \*

HIS POV: PICKETERS cross back and forth in front of the entrance to a PARK, holding aloft SIGNS which read **SAVE OUR PARK**, etc. \*

ON NATE, watching. Suddenly leans forward, seeing... \*

A PICKETER nears us, with a sign reads \*

**Sellout**

Nate frowns, glances around at other SIGNS:

**Coward**

**Go Back to Seattle, Bag Boy**

**Take the money and run**

Finally settles on ONE:

**You fucking moron**

Nate stares, troubled. Suddenly ALL SOUND FADES: SILENCE. \*  
Nate becomes aware that NATHANIEL is seated in the passenger seat next to him. \*

NATHANIEL

What are you doing?

Nate has no answer. \*

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

You have a gift. You can help people.

Nate really doesn't want to hear this. Nathaniel smiles, gives up. \*

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

Fine. Go back to peddling soy milk and nailing waitresses. What do I care? I'm dead. \*

ON NATE, troubled. A CAR HORN BLOWS, long and loud, as SOUND RETURNS. \*

A19 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)

A19 \*

A DRIVER behind Nate leans out the window of his PICKUP TRUCK, leaning on his HORN.

\*  
\*

DRIVER (O.C.)  
Move it, asshole!

B19 INT. DEADWAGON - CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)

B19 \*

Nathaniel is no longer there. Nate snaps together, pulls out into traffic.

\*  
\*

HIS POV: PICKETERS stare, wondering what his problem is.

\*

Nate snaps together, pulls out into traffic. Nathaniel is no longer there. \*

HIS POV: STRIKERS stare, wondering what his problem is. \*

\*\* OMITTED SC. 20 \*\* \*

21 INT. FUNERAL HOME/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 2) 21 \*

ON DAVID, staring directly at us in disbelief. Behind him, Ruth also stares at us, but her expression is unreadable. \*

DAVID \*

So now you don't want to sell? \*

Nate stands, facing Ruth and David. \*

NATE

I know. It sounds crazy.

DAVID

Oh no, not at all. We'll keep the business for the rest of the day. Then sell it again tomorrow for a few hours.

NATE

Just hear me out--

DAVID

No, it's a good system. We sell in the mornings, keep it in the afternoons. Maybe sometimes we sell it again in the evenings when we really can't make a decision.

RUTH

David, you're not being fair.

DAVID

When I didn't want to sell, you could've cared less. When Nate doesn't want to sell, you listen.

RUTH

Okay, I'm a terrible mother who's responsible for all your problems. Happy?

DAVID

(to Nate)

So, what, you had some revelation and now you want to be a funeral director? How long is that going to last?

RUTH

He does have a point, Nate. You don't always stick with things.

DAVID

I mean, come on. You can't even stand to be in the same room with a dead body.

NATE

Yeah, I know, but there's a reason for that. This is what I'm supposed to do. Which is why I've spent so much time running away from it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

David eyes him, mistrustful.

NATE (CONT'D)

(heartfelt)

My whole life, I've been a tourist. And now I have the chance to do some good, instead of just sucking up air.

(then)

I know it's a lot to ask of you, I know, but... I really think we can do this. You and me. Together. Brothers. Like we used to be.

A beat.

DAVID

We could still sell to Kroehner and both manage Fisher and Sons.

NATE

Yeah, but then we're just spokesmodels, working to make fat Republican stockholders richer. And Kroehner doesn't give a shit about people. We care. We can help them through their grief. That's what we do.

DAVID

- This is a business, Nate. It's not a charity.

NATE

Of course it's a business. But it's more than that and you know it.

David is quiet. Finally:

DAVID  
(shrugs)  
Okay.

NATE  
Great. I'll call Gilardi and tell him he  
can kiss our collective ass.

RUTH  
Language.

Nate LAUGHS, rips up the envelope he's holding, throws it on  
the table. On his way out:

NATE  
Maybe Dad knew what he was doing.

And he's gone. David looks at Ruth, who looks back at him,  
expressionless.

22 EXT. BONAVENTURE HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD - (DAY 2)

22

Gabriel holds the door open for his friends. They enter the  
building. He starts to follow them but is stopped by A HAND  
on his shoulder. He turns to see the hand belongs to

CLAIRE, who simply stares at him.

GABRIEL  
Hey.

No response.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

She still says nothing. It's as if there's too much to say.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
You're acting really creepy.

CLAIRE  
You fucking asshole.

GABRIEL  
She talks.

CLAIRE  
Why is my car covered with the words "Toe  
Sucker?"

GABRIEL

I don't know.

CLAIRE

You didn't, for instance, blab to your friends that you bagged me and that I sucked your toes?

GABRIEL

Maybe I told one person. I think Andy asked me what I did the night before so, you know, I told him.

CLAIRE

It's not like I thought this was going to work out because I know nothing ever works out. But I just wanted to be able to enjoy it a little bit. Instead, I have the whole world calling me "Little Piggy Lover."

Gabriel can't help himself. He bursts into LAUGHTER.

GABRIEL

What's the big deal? So it got out.

Claire turns, walks away. She stops and looks back.

CLAIRE

You know what I wish? I wish that just once people wouldn't act like the clichés that they are.

Two TEENAGE BOYS pass to go into the building.

TEENAGE BOY #1

Hey Gabriel, nice feet. How did you get your toes so clean?

TEENAGE BOY #2

Yeah, it's like you could eat dinner off them or something.

They LAUGH and go in the building. Gabriel LAUGHS, looks back at Claire and shrugs. She narrows her eyes at him, then storms off. We hear the POP of...

23 INT. VENICE BUNGALOW - (NIGHT 2)

23

A BOTTLE OF CRYSTAL CHAMPAGNE, being opened, spilling over.

Nate pours some into a glass for Brenda.

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)

NATE

You really did not have to waste this stuff on me.

BRENDA

Please. My parents got a case of it from some TV movie they were technical advisors on. Some serial killer thing for cable. They're such whores, they'll do anything.

NATE

I've always wanted to get to tell off some corporate suit, some greedy little Nazi fuck, you know?

BRENDA

That's really hostile.

NATE

No, I was very diplomatic. I just said thanks, but we had changed our minds.

BRENDA

How'd he take it?

NATE

Fine. What's he going to do?

24 EXT. FUNERAL HOME/BACK DRIVEWAY - (NIGHT 2)

24

A WORKMAN wheels a gurney with a BODY on it toward a waiting van. David follows him.

DAVID

This is completely unacceptable--

As the WORKMAN loads the gurney into the van:

WORKMAN

What can I tell you? The Baxters changed their mind. They've decided to go with the Unger Mortuary.

DAVID

Was there a reason?

WORKMAN

They probably just underbid you.

DAVID

I know Hal Unger. He never underbid anybody.

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)

WORKMAN

Unger moved to Florida. The place was bought by Kroehner months ago. Sign here.

David furiously signs papers as the Workman slams the door.

25 INT. VENICE BUNGALOW/LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT 2)

25

Nate and Brenda are now a little bit drunker.

NATE

You know I didn't just decide to stay in Los Angeles because of the business. I had another reason.

BRENDA

Oh no, please don't ruin this. I have such a nice buzz going.

NATE

It was you.

BRENDA

Nate. Get serious.

NATE

It's true.

BRENDA

No it's not. You're staying here because you found something you want to do. I'm the extra bonus that probably won't work out.

NATE

Sometimes your honesty gets really tiresome.

BRENDA

I don't want any children.

NATE

- Whoa. Who said anything about children?

BRENDA

I was referring to you. Oh, I have something for you.

Brenda finds an ENVELOPE and hands it to him.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Just open it.



He does -- inside are two TICKETS. He reads one and smiles.

NATE

The Glenn Miller Orchestra at the Hollywood Palladium. Brenda. This is so cool. I've never been to the Palladium.

BRENDA

You grew up in L.A. and you've never been to the Palladium? That's pathetic.

NATE

(staring at tickets)

These are for three weeks from now. How did you know I wouldn't be in Seattle?

BRENDA

I didn't.

26 INT. FUNERAL HOME/KITCHEN - LATE (NIGHT 2)

26 \*

David enters in a T-shirt and sweatpants, SWITCHES ON A LIGHT. Scans the contents of the fridge, pulls out a Tupperware container of leftovers, grabs a fork, sits at the table and eats. The envelope from Kroehner that Nate tore in half earlier is still there. David picks up the envelope, pulls out half the torn check, studies it, kissing whatever freedom he so briefly felt good-bye.

FADE TO WHITE.

FADE IN:

27 EXT. FUNERAL HOME - THE NEXT MORNING (DAY 3)

27 \*

Establishing.

28 INT. FUNERAL HOME/PREP ROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3)

28

Federico is taking Mr. Romano's body bag out of the freezer. Nate enters, drinking coffee.

NATE

Morning, Rico.

FEDERICO

Just what I need, another boss breathing down my back.

NATE

Hey, put me to work.

Federico just LAUGHS. A TELEPHONE RINGS. Federico answers it.

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)

FEDERICO

Hello?... Te dije, no he decidido... y esta es mi decision... querida, Mr. F me pago la escuela de mortuaria, no te olvides... si me voy con Kroehner estaria trabajando mas horas que aqui...

Upon hearing the word "Kroehner," Nate looks up curiously. Federico sees this.

FEDERICO (CONT'D)

*Un momento.*

(to Nate)

Pregnancy's kicked Vanessa's hormones into overload. I gotta talk her down. Look, if you really want to help, take Mr. Romano out of the bag and put him on the table. And remember, breathe through your mouth. He's pretty ripe.

Federico exits. Nate unhappily eyes Mr. Romano. He slips on some latex gloves, very carefully approaches and gently opens the body bag, the contents of which remain unseen to us.

NATE

(revolted)

Aw, Christ.

Nate is obviously overwhelmed with his task, but steels himself to perform it anyway.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Nate?

Nate jumps, the bag slips, and various PARTS of Mr. Romano fall to the floor. Claire pokes her head in the door. She's carrying her KNAPSACK.

NATE

Great. Look what you made me do.

CLAIRE

- Gross.

Nate turns around and starts collecting Mr. Romano.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I wanted to talk to you about something.

NATE

I don't know if you noticed this, but I'm a little busy right now swimming in a man's guts.

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)

ON CLAIRE, watching, curious.

CLOSE ON NATE, struggling to stay calm.

NATE (CONT'D)

I don't know what this is. I'm picking up  
a part of a person and I don't even know  
what part it is.

CLAIRE (O.C.)

Fine. I'll talk to you later.

She exits in the BG. Nate turns again, spying another part of  
Mr. Romano.

NATE

Oh, God.

He bends over, suddenly nauseated.

29 INT. FUNERAL HOME/CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PREP ROOM - CONTINUOUS 29  
(DAY 3)

Claire heads up the stairs, bumping into David who is on his  
way down.

CLAIRE

Sorry.

And she's gone. David glances back at her, perturbed.

30 INT. FUNERAL HOME/PREP ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 3) 30

Nate leans over one of the drainage sinks, having just thrown  
up. David appears in the doorway, assesses the situation.

DAVID

What the hell do you think you're doing? \*

NATE

(gagging)

I work here now. I need to be a part of  
- things.

DAVID

Let Rico take care of him. I have a job  
for you that's more suited to your  
particular talents. \*

\*\* SC. 31 OMITTED \*\*

32 EXT. FUNERAL HOME/FRONT YARD - A SHORT TIME LATER (DAY 3) 32 \*

Nate kneels, clipping the hedge meticulously. A SHADOW passes over him. Nate turns and sees

A SILHOUETTE, backlit by the sun.

Nate stands up and finds that the silhouette belongs to Gilardi.

GILARDI.

Morning, Nate. Lovely day, isn't it?

NATE

I've seen better.

GILARDI

I only wanted to say hello, seeing that I'm your new neighbor.

(off his look)

We just bought that house across the street.

He gestures toward a run-down house with a "For Sale" sign out front.

GILARDI (CONT'D)

Got it for a song, too. Oh, by the way,  
we're planning to put you out of business  
in six months.

He smiles broadly, obviously enjoying this. Nate just stares  
at him. He's really starting to hate this guy. \*

33 INT. FUNERAL HOME/WISTERIA ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 3)

33

David sits on the couch; Nate sits in a chair across from  
him. The coffee table between them is covered with papers..

DAVID

They're opening a Poseidon Society across  
the street?

NATE

That's right. What is a Poseidon Society?

DAVID

(you moron)

They sell cremations. Cheap cremations.  
Now for a fraction of what we charge, you  
can dump off the relative you never  
really liked anyway at the torchmart  
across the street.

NATE

I guess we have no choice but to continue  
to do our best.

David grabs a fistful of papers from the coffee table.

DAVID

And how exactly do we do that? You know  
Lou, the florist, that sweet old guy?  
He's just upped what he charges us by two  
hundred percent. And the chemical dealer  
on Figueroa is now suing us over some non-  
existent shipment of cavity fluid. And  
every other supplier that we have in  
- common with Kroehner has suddenly  
developed some sort of problem with  
Fisher and Sons. \*

NATE

Isn't there someone we can go to?

David picks up some more papers.

DAVID

Obviously not the authorities. Because for some unknown reason by the name of Kroehner, the health department is going to inspect us next week.

NATE

So what? Isn't everything clean?

DAVID

(as if to a child)

Yes, but any inspection means we have to update something. If it's the ventilation system, we're sunk.

(a beat)

We should have sold.

Federico sticks his head in.

FEDERICO

Uh, Nate, I'm having a problem.

DAVID

Perfect.

NATE

What's wrong?

FEDERICO

You don't happen to have Mr. Romano's foot on you, do you?

ON NATE AND DAVID, staring at him.

34 INT. FUNERAL HOME/PREP ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 3)

34

David and Federico watch as Nate looks on the floor.

DAVID

Do you remember picking up the foot?

NATE

- I think so. But my eyes were shut and I was trying not to vomit.

DAVID

I'm not happy.

NATE

Well, that's very interesting, David, because I'm ecstatic.

(then)

Maybe the morgue never gave us that foot.

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)

FEDERICO

Both feet are listed in the paperwork.

DAVID

Just think, Nate, is there any place else you could've lost it?

RUTH (O.C.)

Lost what?

Ruth enters with an empty laundry basket.

DAVID

Nothing.

RUTH

If you lost something, look under the bed. That's where things always turn up.

NATE

I doubt that applies in this case.

Ruth shrugs, heads over to the dryer, starts unloading.

RUTH

That's what people always say, then they find whatever it is they're looking for under the bed.

DAVID

Mom, we're really busy down here--

RUTH

The upstairs machine is broken. I called the repairman, but -- oh my God, what is this?

David, Nate and Federico rush over, fearing the worst.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Someone left a Kleenex in their pocket and now it's all over everything. It's -- disgusting.

She closes the machine and heads out. The guys wait until the coast is clear,, then:

DAVID

Nate, retrace your steps. Was there any other point where you could have lost the foot?

NATE

I almost dropped him at the morgue. But the bag didn't open. I tripped on the stairs, but nothing fell out. Banged into the freezer. Nothing. Spilled him onto the floor, but picked him all up.

(shrugs)

It should be here.

David and Federico look at each other, grim.

DAVID

I'd say it's an eight million dollar lawsuit.

FEDERICO

At least.

ON NATE, his heart sinking.

35 INT. BONAVENTURE HIGH SCHOOL/HALLWAY - (DAY 3)

35

Claire walks down the hall, her knapsack slung over her shoulder. She carries a VIRGIN MEGASTORE SHOPPING BAG.

HER POV: Students pass by us, staring, some giggling. The TEENAGE BOYS from the day before leer at us.

TEENAGE BOY #1

Like my new shoes? They're size twelve.

TEENAGE BOY #2

("sneezes")

Toe slut.

ON CLAIRE, stoic.

36 INT. FUNERAL HOME/RUTH'S BEDROOM - (DAY 3)

36

Ruth moves a pillow from one chair to another. She assesses the change. Then moves it back to the original chair. Then she moves it to the new one again. Finally, she tosses it in the garbage and sits down. She simply stares at the walls for a beat, then stands up and goes to the telephone. As she dials, we hear raised VOICES from downstairs.

RUTH

Amelia, it's me. Ruth. Your best friend needs help. \*

The voices from below get louder.



36 CONTINUED:

36

DAVID (O.S.)  
It's not here, you idiot!

37 INT. FUNERAL HOME/PREP ROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3)

37

Nate, David and Federico ransack the place.

NATE  
Just calm down. It's not like a foot's  
just going to walk away.

FEDERICO  
If it's not here, where is it?

38 INT. BONAVENTURE HIGH SCHOOL/HALLWAY - (DAY 3)

38 \*

Gabriel opens his locker, reaches into it and pulls out a  
Virgin Megastore shopping bag. He looks into it and SCREAMS.  
Drops it on the floor.

39 INT. FUNERAL HOME/FRONT HALL - (DAY 3)

39

Nate dejectedly walks down the stairs.

DAVID (O.S.)  
(yelling)  
Was it under the bed?

NATE  
No.

The FRONT DOOR opens and Pauline, Judy, and Barbara Romano  
enter. Judy carries a garment bag.

DAVID (OS)  
How can a person lose a --

David enters from the slumber room.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(suddenly sedate)  
Oh, hello..

40 INT. WISTERIA ROOM - MINUTES LATER (DAY 3)

40

Nate sits with Pauline, Judy, and Barbara. David is carefully  
hanging the garment bag up.

BARBARA  
We should've brought his grey suit.  
That's what he always wore.

JUDY

(firm)

This navy one is better.

DAVID

Yes, darker is much better.

PAULINE

I forced him to buy it because the old one was so ratty. He never even got a chance to wear it once before he died.

NATE

He'll look very nice in it.

PAULINE

Is he all... put together?

DAVID

Oh, he's a hundred percent there.

NATE

Absolutely.

PAULINE

I'd like to see him.

NATE

I'm sorry, but our embalmer is a little on the artistic side. He gets crazy if he has any

(air quotes)

input.

DAVID

It's best to wait until we're completely done.

BARBARA

One more thing. His shoes.

She opens up a bag and takes out... SANDALS. David and Nate's faces fall.

JUDY

(to Barbara)

What are you, an idiot?

BARBARA

These were his favorite shoes.

JUDY

(shakes her head)

He has perfectly comfortable loafers.  
Which would be much more appropriate.

DAVID  
(a little too eager)  
Yes, I myself have loafers which are just  
like walking on air.

The Romanos eye him oddly.

41 INT. FUNERAL HOME/FOYER - A SHORT TIME LATER (DAY 3) 41

David SLAMS the door and faces Nate.

NATE  
We should've just told them the truth.

DAVID  
Hm. "Sorry. Mrs. Romano, but my idiot of  
a brother lost part of your husband."  
Yeah, that would have worked. \*

David opens the door to leave.

NATE  
Where are you going?

DAVID  
I have some place I have to be. When I  
return, I hope to be greeted by a foot, a  
solution as to how to stop a billion  
dollar corporation from putting us out of  
business, and pruned hedges.

David exits, SLAMMING THE DOOR.

NATE  
Fuck off, you miserable freak. \*

42 INT. BONAVENTURE HIGH SCHOOL/HALLWAY - (DAY 3) 42

Claire walks down the hall, her knapsack slung over her  
shoulder.

HER POV: Students pass by us, staring, or avoiding looking at  
us. Whatever amusement they displayed earlier has been  
replaced by fear.

ON CLAIRE, smiling.

CLAIRE  
Losers.

43 EXT. HOLLYWOOD RACE TRACK - (DAY 3) 43

STOCK FOOTAGE. A horse race is in progress.

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON Ruth and Amelia standing near the betting windows.  
Amelia looks lost. \*

RUTH

This is just what I needed.

AMELIA \*

We should try to get a seat by the window.

RUTH

I'm placing a bet.

Ruth heads to the betting windows. Amelia reluctantly follows her. \*

AMELIA \*

We should just enjoy the day. I don't see why we need to gamble.

Ruth ignores her. They get in line behind an attractive young NEWLYWED COUPLE (20S). They gaze into each other's eyes, oblivious to the outside world. Ruth and Amelia instinctively stare at them, transfixed by their aura. \*

AMELIA (CONT'D) \*

(whispers)

Sweet.

Ruth nods.

RUTH

You both look so happy.

The MAN and WOMAN turn, smiling embarrassedly. Amelia shoots Ruth a curious look -- why is she talking to them? \*

NEWLYWED MAN

It's just an act.

The woman playfully punches him and he laughs. She does too.

RUTH

Just enjoy it while it lasts. Which isn't very long.

NEWLYWED MAN

Excuse me?

RUTH

You think you have forever but you don't. Soon you start to get on each other's nerves.

(MORE)

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)

RUTH (CONT'D)

Then you don't tell the other as much as you used to. Because really, what's the point? You thought they understood you. But they never did, not really.

AMELIA

Ruth.

RUTH

Finally, not only do you not tell the other person anything real, but you actively start lying to him. And then when you think it can't get any worse, he up and dies.

NEWLYWED MAN

(to his wife)

I think I see a shorter line over there.

They move off as fast as possible.

RUTH

(calls out)

No matter what you do, you end up alone, not knowing who you are or what you really want.

Ruth turns and calmly starts studying her program.

AMELIA

Ruth, why did we come here today?

RUTH

(snaps)

To have fun. Aren't you having fun?

44 INT. KEITH'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - (DAY 3)

44

David and Keith, in bed, stare at the ceiling fan above.

DAVID

I think it's wobbling.

KEITH

It's not wobbling. It just looks like it's wobbling because you've been staring at it for so long.

DAVID

It's definitely wobbling.

KEITH

You're hallucinating.

DAVID

Life is strange. If just one of those tiny screws isn't screwed on tight enough, that thing could fall and kill us instantaneously. Just chop us to bits, like a Cuisinart.

Keith stares at him, half irritated, half amused.

KEITH

Yeah. And an assassin with a semi-automatic could walk through that door and spray our brains all over the walls.

DAVID

(thoughtful)

Or the sun could become a supernova and engulf the entire planet in flames...

A cell phone RINGS. David answers it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

David Fisher...

45 INT. FUNERAL HOME/PREP ROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3) 45

Federico stands at the prep table, wearing a surgical mask, piecing Mr. Romano back together like a puzzle.

FEDERICO

We just got a call from Claire's school. She's in trouble.

46 INT. KEITH'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3) 46

DAVID

Can't Mom handle this?

He bats Keith's hand away.

47 INT. FUNERAL HOME/PREP ROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3) 47

FEDERICO

She's M-I-A. And besides, I think you might be interested in what they told me.

48 INT. KEITH'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3) 48

David's eyes go wide.

DAVID

What? Start from the beginning...  
Jesus... I'll be right there.

(MORE)

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)

DAVID (CONT'D)

Until then, tell Nate to... Oh great,  
he's M-I-A too? All right, bye.

He hangs up and turns to a curious Keith.

DAVID (CONT'D)

There's a rumor going around school that  
my sister put a dismembered foot in some  
boy's locker.

KEITH

Shut the fuck up.

ON DAVID, thinking.

49 INT. FUNERAL HOME/PREP ROOM - THAT MORNING (FLASHBACK) (DAY 3) 49

Nate turns away from Claire. She spots something on the  
floor, lunges for it.

50 INT. FUNERAL HOME/CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PREP ROOM - THAT MORNING (FLASHBACK) (DAY 3) 50

Claire hurries up the stairs clutching her knapsack, bumping  
into David.

51 INT. KEITH'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3) 51

DAVID

She did it. I know she did.

KEITH

Where's the foot now?

DAVID

I don't know. The student who supposedly  
found it now denies it ever happened.

KEITH

Where's your sister?

DAVID

- No one knows. A police report has been  
filed and Mom is supposed to meet with  
the principal at nine tomorrow. I don't  
understand kids. When I was her age, I  
would never have taken a foot.

Keith studies David, who is very upset.

KEITH

David, I can help.  
(off his look)

(MORE)

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)



51 CONTINUED:

51

KEITH (CONT'D)

I'm a cop. This is what I do for a living.

DAVID

You find feet?

\*\* OMITTED SC. 52 AND 53 \*\*

54 EXT. FUNERAL HOME - ESTABLISHING (DAY 3)

54

The front exterior.

NATE (O.S.)

What the fuck am I going to do?

BRENDA (O.S.)

Do what you want to do.

PULL BACK to reveal we're inside the...

55 INT. EMPTY HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3)

55

Nate looks away from the window. Brenda flicks a light switch on and off, but there's no electricity.

BRENDA

Who lived here?

NATE

The Fritzens. I have totally fucked things up. I kept us from selling, and now we're going to go under, and it's all because of me. I'm a fucking moron.

Brenda walks around the room -- there is just some debris on the floor and an old, musty beanbag chair. She gives it a little kick and DUST SWIRLS up into the air.

BRENDA

What room was this?

NATE

The den. Jeannie Fritzen and I used to play in here after school, both her parents worked.

(then)

Brenda, this is serious. My entire family could go bankrupt.

BRENDA

So swallow your pride. Go crawling back to that corporation and sell.

We hear the LAUGHTER of an eight-year old girl.

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)

JEANNIE (O.S.)

Nate!

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD NATE runs in from the dining room. He is chased by **EIGHT-YEAR-OLD JEANNIE FRITZEN**. They run out.

NATE

(considers)

They'll cut their offer in half now, knowing we're so quick to buckle under. Plus I really don't want to let that greedy little Nazi fuck win.

BRENDA

Oh, so this is a pissing contest.

Young Nate runs back in the room, out of breath.

JEANNIE (O.S.)

Nate! I'm going to kiss you. \*

Nate plops down in the beanbag chair. Dust **RISES UP** all around him, then **SETTLES DOWN**.

NATE

I lost someone's foot today.

BRENDA

I'm sorry.

Young Nate peers into the dining room, but doesn't see Jeannie who **POPS OUT** from the foyer, and surprises him. He runs off, laughing. \*

NATE

I really thought I had like, this profound revelation. Fuck. If this isn't what I'm supposed to be doing with my life, then what is?

BRENDA

Who knows? Living it. And you're doing that. So relax.

Brenda plops down in his lap, sending more **DUST FLYING**.

NATE

You don't really give a shit about what I'm going through, do you.

BRENDA

Sure. As much as I can, considering we've  
known each other less than a month.

(off his wounded look, smiles)

(MORE)

BRENDA (CONT'D)

So there's no big investment here. I mean, that's part of the appeal, for both of us, right?

She kisses him. \*

NATE

Jeannie Fritzen tried to kiss me in this room. I wouldn't let her. \*

He looks over to a corner where Jeannie chases eight-year old Nate, who easily evades her.

BRENDA

Guides Nate's chin back so he once again looks in her eyes.

BRENDA

You can't control things. Nobody can.

NATE

Shut up.

BRENDA

There's only one thing that's definite. Everything changes.

NATE

Shut up.

They kiss again -- this time more passionately. Start ripping off clothes. \*

A few feet away, young Nate and Jeannie stare at them, slack-jawed. \*

56 EXT. BONAVENTURE HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - (DAY 3)

56

Gabriel stands facing Keith, in uniform, holding a note pad. Other kids walk by, staring.

GABRIEL

I've already talked to other cops. Why do  
- I have to go over this again?

KEITH

Because this time I want the truth.  
(consults note pad)  
Now, a witness said she saw you run down the hall screaming the crazy funeral home girl put a foot in your locker.

GABRIEL

It was just a joke. That girl's kind of a loser, we all pick on her. She totally asks for it.

Keith studies him. Gabriel almost carries it off. But not quite.

KEITH

You know, modern technology is really quite something.

GABRIEL

I don't care.

KEITH

You should. We now have chemicals we can put on your hands to find out if you've touched human remains.

Gabriel instinctively puts his hands in his pockets.

GABRIEL

No way.

KEITH

You want to tell me what really happened today?

Gabriel looks like he's about to crack. He nervously looks around them to see who's listening. He notices

KEITH'S CAR, where David leans out the window, anxiously watching them. He looks kind of crazy.

Gabriel turns back to Keith. He knows something isn't quite kosher.

GABRIEL

Who's that?

KEITH

(Fuck)  
My partner.

David now realizes they're both staring at him. He lamely waves.

KEITH (CONT'D)

You better be glad you're not messing with him. He's into some crazy shit.

Gabriel nods, believing it.

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)

KEITH (CONT'D)

Now either you tell me where that foot is  
or you're going to be dealing with that  
weird-ass mother-fucker.

Gabriel looks ready to spill.

57 EXT. HOLLYWOOD RACE TRACK - (DAY 3)

57

Ruth and Amelia, swigging champagne glasses, cheer as two  
horses near the finish line.

RUTH

C'mon, Big Shirley!

AMELIA

Go, go, go, go.

RUTH

Ride it home, baby, ride it on home!

Amelia is drunk, but not so drunk that she doesn't still look  
around to see if they're making too much of a scene.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Yes! It's Big Shirley!

The crowd CHEERS. Ruth and Amelia hug each other, flush with  
victory. Ruth pours them more champagne.

AMELIA

I won sixteen dollars.

RUTH

I told you this'd be fun.

AMELIA

How much did you win?

RUTH

I don't know... four thousand?

Amelia looks at her -- could she possibly be telling the  
truth? She is. Amelia laughs nervously. Ruth laughs too. For  
the first time, we see a glimmer of a Ruth not encumbered of  
her present life.

AMELIA

Ruth, I knew you were up, but I had no idea... That's so naughty.

RUTH

(laughs wildly)

I know. Isn't it?

They clink glasses.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Oh, and by the way, I had an affair with a hairdresser last year.

AMELIA

You did?

RUTH

Yup.

Ruth laughs and slams down her champagne.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Now who do you like in the fifth?

A58 INT. EMPTY HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A58

We're INSIDE a makeshift TENT, blankets strung between chairs. Jeannie Fritzen is crouched across from us. She's wearing lipstick and stares directly at us.

JEANNIE

Are you a cup? How many cups are you?  
I'm a loaf of bread.

We HEAR a cell PHONE RING.

JEANNIE (CONT'D)

(BRENDA'S VOICE)

Hello?... Okay, talk slowly.

58 INT. EMPTY HOUSE - (NIGHT 3)

58

Nate, hair mussed, a little dishevelled, lies sleeping against the bean bag chair. Brenda moves quietly away from him, speaking on her cell PHONE.

BRENDA

I'm going to see you in a few hours...

Nate stirs, wakes up. Over the phone, we HEAR a very UPSET MAN, but cannot distinguish his words. Brenda talks in hushed tones.

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Slow down. Slower... Well, you're going to have to wait... Because you have to.

NATE

Brenda?

BRENDA

Just stay there... I'll call you in a half hour. I promise.

She hangs up, stretches.

NATE

Who was that?

She's gathering her things, obviously headed out.

BRENDA

Nothing to worry about. I gotta go.

NATE

Brenda. Who was it?

BRENDA

Someone else, okay? Back off. I really don't need this right now.

(kisses him)

I'll call you.

(on her way out)

I'm glad you're staying in town.

And she's gone, leaving Nate alone. He looks over to

THE CORNER, where EIGHT-YEAR OLD NATE is also now alone, staring at him.

59 INT. KEITH'S CAR - (NIGHT 3)

59

Keith drives, David is losing his mind.

DAVID

- He threw it out of his car?

KEITH

He was taking it to show some friends. Then it hit him he might get in trouble, what with people not really supposed to be in possession of other people's feet. So he tossed it.



David shakes his head as if it's all too much for him.

DAVID  
I've got to get home. Just drop me off  
and I'll pick up my car later.

KEITH  
I'm going to take a look where he said he  
tossed it.

DAVID  
(grateful)  
You don't have to do that.

KEITH  
(grins)  
Hey, how can I rest knowing there's a  
foot on the loose?

60 INT. FUNERAL HOME/KITCHEN - A SHORT TIME LATER (NIGHT 3) 60

Ruth faces Nate, defiant.

NATE  
You lost twenty-five thousand dollars?  
It's just gone?

RUTH  
I suppose it still exists. It's just not  
mine anymore.

A beat.

NATE  
I'm waiting for an explanation.

RUTH  
Don't talk to me like I'm a child. I was  
on a, what-do-you-call-it, a roll. So I  
kept betting more and more. And I just  
felt so good, like I was living someone  
else's life. I was up nine thousand  
dollars. And then I started to lose.

(beat)  
That's when I started to feel like me  
again. So I kept betting more and more.  
And losing more and more.

NATE  
You should've been more careful.

RUTH

I don't want to be careful anymore. I want to feel alive.

NATE

There should be a way to do it that's a little less expensive.

RUTH

(angry)

I have a right to make mistakes, Nate! You of all people shouldn't begrudge me that.

David enters through the porch door. Ruth looks at Nate, as if to say, "Don't you dare tell him." David senses something is going on.

DAVID

What?

RUTH

I lost twenty-five thousand dollars! Okay? You got it out of me! Now leave me alone!

Ruth hurries out of the room.

61 EXT. LARGE GRASSY LOT - (NIGHT 3)

61

Run-down houses are on either side of the garbage-strewn lot. Keith wanders through with a flashlight. He hears a noise and turns to see Claire walking towards him.

KEITH

Claire?

CLAIRE

You're David's friend.

KEITH

Keith.

Silence.

KEITH (CONT'D)

What's going on?

61 CONTINUED:

61

CLAIRE

Not much.

She eyes him -- he obviously knows something, but how much?

62 INT. FUNERAL HOME/SLUMBER ROOM - (NIGHT 3)

62

The Romano viewing is in progress. Nate and David watch from the doorway. Only the top half of the casket is open.

NATE

So where's Claire now?

David shrugs to say he has no idea.

NATE (CONT'D)

Well, I gotta say. I'm totally relieved.

(off David's look)

That I didn't lose it!

Federico joins them.

DAVID

Nice job, Rico.

He doesn't say this too often. Rico is pleased.

FEDERICO

Thanks. Let me just say, there's a lot of duct tape that you can't see.

\*  
\*

David nudges Federico and all three look over at...

THE CASKET, where Barbara Romano stands with her sister Judy. They are examining the body a little too closely.

BARBARA

I didn't want him to wear this suit.

JUDY

They did do a marvelous job. They ought to, they charged a fortune.

BARBARA

I keep having this dream that something's not quite right with Pop.

Judy frowns, starts to open the bottom half of the casket. Nate, David and Federico suddenly appear around them.

DAVID

Can I assist you, Ms. Romano?

BARBARA

It's silly, but I wanted to see with my eyes that Pop is all put together right.

JUDY

We get to do that, right?

David steps back. Judy lifts the lower half of the casket open and she and Barbara survey their father's body. He seems to be fully intact, with two perfectly normal-looking feet. David and Nate are having a heart attack. But nothing happens.

BARBARA

Thank you so much. I think I'll be able to sleep much better now.

Judy leads her away. David hastily closes the bottom half of the casket, turns to Federico.

NATE

Rico, you gave him a foot?

FEDERICO

I thought it was for the best.

David and Nate look at him, waiting to hear what it was.

FEDERICO (CONT'D)

You know that leg of lamb that's been in your mother's freezer for like forever?

DAVID

Okay, stop.

FEDERICO

Embalmed, wrapped in latex and duct tape.

DAVID

I said stop.

FEDERICO

- Although, if he gets poked again, it might come loose.

Nate and David ponder the thought of this.

63 EXT. LARGE GRASSY LOT - (NIGHT 3)

63

Keith and Claire search together for the foot.

CLAIRE

I was following him home to get it back when I saw him toss it. Now I've been here for hours and I can't find it.

KEITH

Describe it to me again.

CLAIRE

(annoyed)

It's a foot.

KEITH

Why did you take it in the first place?

CLAIRE

At the time, it seemed like a good way to pay him back for something. I just wanted to shake him up. I don't understand how guys can be so unshakable.

KEITH

I know what you mean.

She studies him. He's treating her like a peer.

CLAIRE

You ever suck a guy's toe?

Keith is momentarily taken aback, then:

KEITH

Yeah.

CLAIRE

Me too.

Nate, David, and Federico keep watch at the door.

DAVID

(nudges Federico)

Have you been watching Mrs. Romano?

\*  
\*

FEDERICO

I've had my eye on her all night. Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

DAVID

(nods)

Casket climber.

Nate looks near the casket where

MRS. ROMANO is seated, but seems to be losing control.

NATE

Her? She doesn't look that energetic.

FEDERICO

Those are the ones that really go for it.

A beat. MRS. ROMANO seems to pull it together.

NATE

(to David)

We should probably have a conversation with Rico about what's going on with Kroehner.

Federico looks at them, startled. \*

FEDERICO

(blurts)

Okay, so there was no baby christening the other day. I lied. But I only had one meeting with Gilardi. \*

DAVID

You met with him? Why?

FEDERICO

He called me. Hey, I have a right to consider my options. \*

DAVID

- My father put you through mortuary school! \*

Before Federico can respond, MRS. ROMANO breaks free of her relatives and DIVES into the CASKET, jostling Mr. Romano. She is pulled back to the ground by David, Nate and Federico, who then let the family take over. The crisis is averted. \*

65

EXT. LARGE GRASSY LOT - (NIGHT 3)

65

Keith and Claire still search for the foot. They're looking kind of grungy and tired.

KEITH

I give up. It's not here.

Claire nods and walks towards him.

KEITH (CONT'D)

This probably isn't over. If you're going to learn anything from this, it's that your actions have consequences.

CLAIRE

Yeah, well, Gabe is the one who should learn that.

They walk together for a few steps then Claire stops.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I know you and my brother are like, gay.

KEITH

(carefully)

Okay.

CLAIRE

What do you see in him?

KEITH

I don't know. He's David.

CLAIRE

That's why I'm asking.

KEITH

He's smart. Kind. Funny. I know he's a little uptight, but underneath that he's such a little boy. Innocent. And I like that. Most of the men I meet, well... Guys kind of want me to be one thing.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CLAIRE

What, like big black sex cop? "Sorry I was speeding, officer, I guess you'll have to punish me."

Keith smiles, amused..

KEITH

Yeah, well, I don't want to be that. Rent a video, you know?

(then)

David... gets me. When someone sees you as you really are and wants to be with you, that's... powerful.



CLAIRE

Whatever.

(beat)

I wish I could know the David you know.

KEITH

Try being a little nicer to him. He's under a lot of stress with that cremation place opening across the street.

CLAIRE

What cremation place?

66 INT. FUNERAL HOME/FOYER - (NIGHT 3)

66

The viewing's over. David, Nate and Ruth sit on the steps. She's obviously just been filled in on the day's events.

RUTH

She stole the foot? Of a person?

DAVID

Yes. Would it be better if it was an animal's?

NATE

A little bit.

RUTH

You wake up one day and your baby's stolen a foot. Where have I been?

DAVID

Losing twenty-five grand.

The FRONT DOOR OPENS and Claire enters. Nate, David and Ruth stand, looking down at her as if slightly afraid of her.

CLAIRE

Hey.

An awkward beat where no one can think of anything to say.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Okay, I've had a long day.

(heads to the stairs, then)

Oh David, I bumped into your friend, Keith.

RUTH

Who's Keith?

DAVID

You met at Dad's thing.

RUTH

I never met a Keith.

DAVID

Yes, you did. The cop. I asked him to help out.

CLAIRE

He says he's going to see what he can do about there not being any official report.

RUTH

Why does this person have to be so involved in our life?

NATE

Claire, we should probably talk about getting you some help.

CLAIRE

(evenly)

You. Are not. My father. If you need a project, get a dog. \*

(then)

Keith says the school is probably going to make me see a shrink. \*

RUTH

Oh, dear.

We suddenly hear FIRE TRUCKS and SIRENS from outside.

CLAIRE

By the way, that house across the street is on fire. \*

Nate, David, and Ruth rush outside to find...

67 EXT. FUNERAL HOME/FRONT PORCH - (NIGHT 3)

67

...the empty house is GOING UP IN BLAZES. As David and Ruth look at the fire, Nate glances back at Claire, standing in the doorway. She looks back at him with an odd expression. \*

CLAIRE

I guess this should solve all your problems, huh? \*

ON NATE, wondering, is it possible she set the fire? The SIRENS begin to fade and we \*

DISSOLVE TO:  
TV Calling - For educational purposes only

68 EXT. LARGE GRASSY LOT - (DAY 4)

68

We're looking up at THE SKY, then TILT DOWN. We slowly PUSH IN on the garbage-strewn vegetation. Something's moving in there. We HEAR a SCREEN DOOR SLAM and a woman WHISTLE.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)  
Freckles? Freckles? Here, girl.

A MUTT comes out of the bushes with something in its mouth. Sorry, but it's the foot. As the dog EXITS FRAME, we...

FADE TO WHITE.