

Breaking character  
Meatloaf and Peaches

**BLACK SCREEN**

A gunshot. A shell tink across concrete.

The sound makes the mob's muscle chatty.

MACK (PRE-LAP)  
Putting extra breathing holes in a  
superior doesn't sit right.

And he's bleeding everywhere.

**INT. EMPTY STADIUM RECEIVING AREA- DAY**

Littered with crates, and surrounded with white brick paint and directional arrows. Fluorescent tube lights flicker.

MACK (30s) has a thick build. He's clean cut with sleeves rolled up, tattoos showing. Tough, not stupid. He's shot ANTONIO (50s), bound and gagged in a chair.

Mack stares at the body, brushes his gun against his temple, looking like he's stuck on a crossword puzzle. He lifts his leg, steps back and starts to pace.

DAVID (early 30s), thin frame and curly hair, is the mob's fixer - right now he looks more like its liability.

He's hidden behind piping and boxes. David holds his phone with deliberate precision, the camera faces Antonio, still in the chair.

**POV: DAVID'S PHONE SCREEN -**

OVERLAY RED REC DOT

ERIC (late 30s), average frame, shaved head. He's the enforcer of the group. Quick to anger, but always measured.

Eric fires three rounds into Antonio in the chair and pushes the body with his foot, tipping them both over.

ERIC  
Solved. Now he's nobody's superior.

**SFX: TINNY SYNTH, INSTANTLY FAMILIAR RING TONE**

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck is that?

David backs himself against the wall and bumps into a crate. It scrapes the floor and his eyes widen when the group looks in his. He runs through the nearest door.

Eric fires another round and misses David.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Get your ass back here, little  
shit.

—That phone is gonna fuck up  
everyone's day. Get it.

Eric pushes Mack forward.

MACK  
Yeah, I'm going. Fuck off, or I  
won't tell you how your wife likes  
it.

ERIC  
Fuck you too. Go.

Two mobsters follow Mack.

**INT. EMPTY STADIUM - NARROW CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

David runs the length of the corridor, checking for unlocked  
doors.

At the end, he reaches a T in the hall. A row of doors,  
spread out and each marks an exit. He opens the door on the  
right enough to peek.

DAVID  
This is the one.

He looks back, pushes the door and runs through.

Eric and the other mobsters enter the corridor and hear the  
door close.

ERIC  
You three run the bitch down.

Eric nudges them forward.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
The one that catches him doesn't  
cuddle up next to Antonio here.

They run through separate doors.

Eric runs back to the area they left.

**INT. EMPTY STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER**

Eric drags the barrel of his gun against the wall and stops at the spot David hid. He smirks and kneels. He picks up a black pocket book from the floor and flips the cover open.

ERIC

David Warren. Fucking got you.

**INT. U.S. MARSHAL SUV - DAY****SUPER: WEEKS LATER**

MARSHAL BOOTMAN (40s) is a barrel chested man. He's worn, but not weary. He's the officer assigned to David's case — he brings a sadistic joy to needling subjects.

MARSHAL BOOTMAN

Warren.

David sits in the back seat and drags a finger on the window.

DAVID

Yeah?

MARSHAL BOOTMAN

Good. Wasn't sure you'd have it down.

David tilts his head sharply looks at Bootman like he only heard half a riddle.

DAVID

Have what dow- wait. You gave me my last name?

MARSHAL BOOTMAN

I can see it on your face. You love it. Much more of a Warren David anyway.

WARREN

What the actual fuck? The mob is going to kill me!

MARSHAL BOOTMAN

Hence the name change.

WARREN

Stop.

Marshal Bootman stares at him from the rear view mirror.

Warren wears a twisted smile and smashes his head into the front passenger head cushion.

MARSHAL BOOTMAN

I feel it. We're fast friends, so  
I'm gonna give you some  
suggestions.

The mob is definitely not gonna sit  
on their thumbs knowing you're set  
to testify. So keep to your new  
neighborhood. Don't call attention.

Warren wraps his arm around the passenger seat and leans in.

MARSHAL BOOTMAN (CONT'D)

And on that note, I got you a  
interview tomorrow. Don't screw  
that up.

WARREN

An interview. You mean "an".

MARSHAL BOOTMAN

Correct me again and I'll give Eric  
your new address personally. -Haha!  
Keep that sense of humor.

Warren leans back and sneers.

He puts his hand in his pocket and lets his head hang.

MARSHAL BOOTMAN (CONT'D)

We're coming up on your new digs.  
Sleepy place. A little on-the-nose.  
No reason to think they'll find you  
here. Dun-dun-dun.

Warren gives a dismissive chuckle and peers out the window.  
There's a billboard with gothic typeface.

**INSERT BILLBOARD: WICKERMAN VALLEY**

**YOU COULD EAT OUR PEACHES FOR HOURS.**

WARREN

Huh.

They pass a cyclist headed the same direction, wearing a  
peach sport coat. The cyclist looks and smiles at them. He  
holds both the stare and smile as the SUV passes.

**FROM ABOVE: SUV DRIVES ON TWO LANE ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

MARSHAL BOOTMAN (O.S.)  
This place reminds me of that movie  
with the zombies. God, if I could  
remember the na- Oh! Inmates of  
Spiritworld!

WARREN (O.S.)  
Didn't see that one.

**EXT. OUTSIDE MARKET - MOMENTS LATER**

The SUV parks in front of the gas station store. Both exit.

MARSHAL BOOTMAN  
Let's head in. Get a drink or  
snack. On me.

Warren sucks in air and follows Bootman in.

**INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Warren brushes off his forearm.

WARREN  
Who knows what I contracted just  
walking in here.

It's old, dated, and several aisles are poorly organized. One  
of the cooler doors is open. The STORE CLERK (20s) is average  
build and too young to look so tired. He's behind the  
counter, tracking Warren with his eyes.

STATION CLERK  
Shucks, friend! T'weren't 'spectin'  
townies.

Warren shudders.

WARREN  
Ewww.

STATION CLERK  
I'm just kidding. We're not that  
backwards. Had WiFi installed in  
the last six months... Eight.

WARREN  
Encouraging.

Warren wanders the store, picks up tchotchkes and tosses them on the shelves like they offend him personally.

WARREN (CONT'D)

What's with the Rage coasters?— Oh  
shit! Shot glasses too. Why?

STATION CLERK

Guy's a legend! Ever see Speed?

WARREN

That was Keanu. But seriously,  
closest thing an actor's ever gonna  
get to a real threat is paparazzi  
and squibs. Actors would fold like  
paper tigers at the business end of  
a hit—

The clerk tilts his head.

Marshal Bootman pats Warren on the back and he puts the coasters back on the shelf. Bootman takes a few drinks and pays at the counter.

MARSHAL BOOTMAN

No need for a bag.

He puts change in the tip jar, grabs the drinks, and turns to walk out.

#### **EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS**

MARSHAL BOOTMAN

We're not far now. Ten minutes.

You should be nice. That could be  
your neighbor.

They open their doors.

WARREN

That would be a cruel irony. What  
do people do around here when  
they're not watching the  
grandfather clock for the second  
coming?

Bootman looks at his arm where a watch would be.

MARSHAL BOOTMAN

Don't kid yourself. It's any day  
now.

Warren points to himself.

WARREN  
Atheist.

MARSHAL BOOTMAN  
That a fact?

Tick tock. Tick tock.

Warren rolls his eyes.

The store clerk steps out and watches them. He pats himself down and pulls out a lighter and cigarette, focuses on Warren and Bootman. No smile.

Bootman lowers himself into the SUV.

Warren notices the clerk, gets in the car.

**INT. U.S. MARSHAL SUV - CONTINUOUS**

MARSHAL BOOTMAN  
You're gonna do great.

Warren pinches his arm and slouches in the seat.

Bootman turns the ignition and reverses the car.

**FROM ABOVE: U.S. MARSHAL SUV AT COMMUNITY OF ANGELS GATE -  
MOMENTS LATER**

The SUV pulls up.

The gate is white and clean and the lettering is gilded and gold. Shrubbery is neat and colorful and frames the entry.

**ON GATE: COMMUNITY OF ANGELS**

Bootman pokes his head out the window and flashes a smile at the camera positioned to the side of the gate.

**SFX: GATE ROLLING OPEN**

**EXT. COMMUNITY OF ANGELS - MOMENTS LATER**

The SUV rounds the corner and several people are outside, watching. Everyone holds an extended cheerful smile and watches as it rounds the corner. A couple wave pageantry style.

**INT. U.S. MARSHAL SUV - CONTINUOUS**

Warren spots the cyclist in peach again. No stare this time. Just a smile.

WARREN

Who sheds their human form first? I like to watch.

MARSHAL BOOTMAN

They adore you.

Warren's face is stoic. Then his eyes widen.

**EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The house is a single story Craftsman with a dark brown door. Thick white columns flank the steps that lead to it.

The SUV comes to a stop at the driveway. Both step out.

WARREN

What the hell is that?

Warren points to the steps, where a mound of food is piled up.

Ham, pie, fruit. There's an oversized jar of honey. A plate of sugared pastries shaped like angel wings.

MARSHAL BOOTMAN

Looks like the Lollipop Guild misjudged you.

Did you a kindness and left you  
housewarming ham. Give them time.  
They'll come around.

Warren gives Marshal Bootman a side eye and walks to the mound, then picks up a platter.

WARREN

Peach cobbler? A vat of honey?  
Should I laugh or cry?

MARSHAL BOOTMAN

Try it and you'll know.

WARREN

It can wait.

You have keys?

Bootman nods.

MARSHAL BOOTMAN

It's open.

Warren reaches out and squeezes the door lever and pushes it open. A hesitant sigh.

MARSHAL BOOTMAN (CONT'D)

I'm not staring at your peaches.  
Get your ass in.

Bootman pushes Warren in at his waist.

WARREN

Jesus. A lil handsy, aren't we?

Bootman waves Warren forward.

#### **INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Warren scans the entry.

WARREN

Place is... nice. A little Sam's Club-ish for my taste, but I'll live.

MARSHAL BOOTMAN

I kept pushing for a more Sonoma vibe, but then I remembered you're guilty of multiple felonies and don't give a fuck if Martha Stewart signs off.

Now let's wrap this up so i can leave and you can make yourself at home.

Warren clasps his hands in over-the-top fashion and deflates his body.

WARREN

Home would be less... this.

He lunges his arms out to the sides, palms up.

WARREN

And I wouldn't live in a neighborhood without being sure I'm the dangerous one.

**SFX: KNOCK AT THE DOOR**

RICHARD (60s) Is a shorter man, with a slight belly. He's already smiling before he gets inside.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
Hello, neighbor! I didn't know if  
now was a good time or not, but I  
wanted to welcome you!

Warren steps forward.

WARREN  
And you are?

RICHARD  
The one who knocked, silly. Name's  
Richard.

WARREN  
Nice to meet, ya, Dick. I'm just—

RICHARD  
He's a kidder! Richard is fine.  
Brought you some pot roast. You'll  
die.

Richard's smile is less exaggerated than the people outside.  
It just sits on his face a little long.

Warren scrunches his forehead and holds out a palm.

WARREN  
That's more trouble than I'm worth.

MARSHAL BOOTMAN  
Take him at his word, Richard.

Bootman smirks and pats Richard on the shoulder.

RICHARD  
The pair of you! Funny as all get  
out. Are you roomerr—uhh—boy—

WARREN  
Oh fuck no. I could do much better.  
This is my—

Marshal Bootman leans over and kisses Warren on the cheek.

Warren freezes.

Bootman throws his arms around Warren and squeezes, then lets  
go. He throws them in the air and starts towards Richard.

MARSHAL BOOTMAN

Bestie. Couldn't let him move in by himself. But I'm about to head out. You two get to know each other and I'll be on my way.

Warren, we'll chat in the morning.

Bootman tosses Warren his keys and walks out of the house.

Warren looks at the ceiling for a second and starts rubbing his pointer and thumb together.

WARREN

I don't wanna be rude, Richard. I'm just getting settled and—

RICHARD

Don't say another word. I'll be out of your curly hair. Just so you know it's not trash...

Richard unwraps the plastic wrap on the dish. He grabs the fork inside with the pre-cut piece on it. He raises the fork to Warren's mouth.

WARREN

Oh that's— I can feed myself.

Richard's casual smile turns to a grin.

RICHARD

Pssst. Just winding you up, neighbor. You enjoy. We'll talk soon.

He hands Warren the platter and walks to the door, then turns back around.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Oh! The battle axe would kill me if I forget. This weekend is the festival. Come, be our guest. We'll introduce you to anyone who doesn't knock on your door before. I'm glad you moved in. You're gonna do great.

Richard taps the doorframe twice and walks out.

Warren watches Richard leave.

He puts the platter in the fridge and casually strolls to the front door and grabs the door by its edge. He starts to close it and pauses when he looks down.

WARREN

I'd wanna know how that cake tastes too.

**EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

ANISSA (8) has a slight build and long brown hair. She's got no filter and no bubble.

ANISSA

It's banana bread.

The little girl is kneeling at the edge of the steps, her hand full of bread. It spills out of her fist as she holds Warren's stare.

LYNETTE (40s) Skinny and medium length dark hair, she's never known a space she didn't have authority over, but with as much friendliness as anyone in the neighborhood.

She watches her daughter from across the street.

LYNETTE

Anissa Anne! Get your little behind over here!

I'm so sorry sir. I promise, she's much better behaved. I- Banana bread?

Warren chuckles and holds out his palm.

WARREN

She's fine. There's no way I can eat all this myself.

Lynette flashes a smile. It curls down into a stern, flat mouth.

LYNETTE

You're a doll. Little miss thief knows better. Let her make it up to you.

Warren opens his mouth.

LYNETTE (CONT'D)

Anissa insists, don't you sweetheart? She'll make a meal that  
(MORE)

LYNETTE (CONT'D)  
puts this pile to shame.

You'll be there at 6. And if you  
bring anything besides that  
handsome face I'll punish you with  
tickles.

She curls her fingers in succession, playfully and steps forward.

Warren holds his nose, just slightly and catches himself.

WARREN  
I don't have a witty response.

LYNETTE  
Good boy. We're the baby blue house  
at the corner. We'll see you soon.

Anissa.

She gestures for Anissa to come.

Anissa stands up, dusts her hands on her pants and tucks her hair behind her ear. She chooses her most saccharine voice.

ANISSA  
Don't be late.

She takes a couple steps and then skips toward the baby blue house.

Warren squints his eyes and turns his head to the next door neighbor's house. Another Craftsman. There's a wireframe sculpture on the lawn. It's barely identifiable, except the tail is curly.

Warren kneels down, picking up several plates of food. He uses a foot to close the door behind him.

**INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

WARREN  
I thought hell would be more red.

Warren steps towards the kitchen.

**INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

He puts several platters down on the kitchen table, except the banana bread platter.

He stares at the fist-sized crater and dumps the bread in the trash and leaves the kitchen.

**INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Warren looks in the mirror.

WARREN  
Warren. David. Warren David.

He leans into the mirror. And paws at his chin.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
Maybe a beard.

He makes finger eyeglasses and puts them to his face.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
Works for Superman.

**SFX: FOUR GONGS**

Warren keeps the finger glasses and his eyes shift toward the sound.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
No.

**INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

He runs in and stops at the sight of a grandfather clock.

WARREN  
Guess that means I've got two hours to become kid-friendly. I can only imagine what Bootman left me for a wardrobe.

**INT. LYNETTE'S KITCHEN - LATER**

There's an island in the middle, the entire room is immaculate. Lynette is preparing food the island, moving around at speed.

LYNETTE  
Anissa! Come help mommy with the meatloaf!

ANISSA (O.S.)  
Lynette! I'm busy!

Lynette stops kneading in the bowl.

LYNETTE

Little girl, I told you, call me  
Mom. Mommy. Lynette is what adults  
call me. Now come help with dinner.

Anissa enters the kitchen, she exhales heavily. She's in a peach sport coat— it's sleeves rolled up. Her hair's in a ponytail.

ANISSA

Gone in a Minute is on! You know  
it's my favorite!

Lynette washes her hands in the sink and flicks water in Anissa's face and chuckles. She grabs a paper towel and dries her hands.

LYNETTE

Take off your blazer! You'll stain  
and wrinkle it before the festival.  
Last thing you want is Mr. Rage  
making an example of us in front of  
everyone.

**SFX: DOOR CREAKING**

FRED (O.S.)

Where are my girrrls?

**INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Warren grabs a collared shirt from the closet. It's got a 70s style print on it, with bright, vibrant colors.

He grabs a second. It's got a tiger print.

WARREN

Fucking Bootman. — Whatever.

Warren puts the tiger print back and throws on the 70s print. He undoes the top two buttons.

WARREN

Not that desperate.

He buttons one and grabs his house key off the bed.

He looks out the window. There's a 1967 Mustang GT500 in the neighbor's driveway. Warren whistles and steps away from the window.

**INT. LYNETTE'S HOUSE - ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER**

The doorbell rings.

FRED (40s) Athletic build and sporting a fade. The perfect neighborhood welcome wagon.

He walks to the door, and opens it with enthusiasm.

Warren stands in the doorway with a smirk. His sleeves are rolled up now.

FRED  
Don't adjust your TV. I'm black and  
married to Lynette. Come on in.

Fred does a soft chuckle.

Warren points a finger at Fred.

WARREN  
Beat me to it.

FRED  
I'm Fred.

Fred extends his open hand. He leans in and whispers.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Lynette realized she forgot to ask  
your name. You look like a James.  
Or a Garrett.

Warren gives a genuine chuckle. He shakes Fred's hand.

WARREN  
Da-Warren...

Almost did a James Bond thing.  
Warren David.

FRED  
Bond. That's good.— Honey! Five  
dollars! It's Warren!

Anissa sneaks in from behind Fred.

ANISSA  
I'm sorry about the bread. We made  
you meatloaf and potatoes. Mom puts  
a lot of mustard powder in it.  
What's your favorite color? Blue or  
orange?

FRED  
Shhhhh. Kiddo.— The potatoes are great. Don't let this rugrat tell you otherwise.

Fred pulls Anissa into his side and squeezes her.

Warren smiles and pulls it back. He scans the room.

FRED  
Come on in. Where're you from? Why Wickerman Valley? What's your social security?

Warren pauses and allows a smile longer than he has all day.

WARREN  
Social Security is easiest, but mine won't get you too far. It's just out of the oven.

Fred tilts his head and smiles and chuckles. Then he leads Warren to the living room with Anissa following.

**INT. LYNETTE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

It's modest. Some Rick Rage movie posters, some older, smaller B movie posters. Books on shelves and a normal sized TV.

FRED  
I don't wanna hear all over. Give me the deets.

WARREN  
Where I'm from? Not all over. Stayed in Los Angeles. Work was taking a toll on my health and LA is expensive.

This place is way more friendly than I'm used to.

Warren walks over to a poster.

WARREN  
What's with the Rick Rage obsession in this town?

Fred's face lights up.

FRED  
Great, right? We're just a couple  
houses down. But you— you're his  
damn neighbor!

Fred gives Warren a gentle shoulder jab.

FRED (CONT'D)  
That's gotta be cool.

Warren's brow lowers.

WARREN  
What am I missing?

Fred directs Warren to a shelf and points at photos.

FRED  
Here's Rick and I clinking glasses  
at one of my barbecues. And another  
one with him and Lynette at the  
festival.

WARREN  
Yeah, Richard mentioned—

Fred rolls his eyes and tilts his head back.

FRED  
Oh, Richard. Talks your ears off.

WARREN  
I'm sensing tension.

Fred takes a step towards the kitchen.

FRED  
Lynette. Do I have a minute?

LYNETTE (O.S.)  
Thirty seconds if you need it.

Fred leans in.

FRED  
It's nothing serious. Richard  
talks. Nice guy, but you'll never  
get your ear back.—

Let's get to the table.

Fred ushers Warren to the dining room and Anissa follows.

**INT. LYNETTE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Lynette walks in from the kitchen.

The dining room is sparse compared to the other rooms. A painting on the wall, the dinner table is simple and solid, but functional. It's got meatloaf and sides laid out.

LYNETTE

Dinner. I heard Anissa's crack about mustard powder. Don't you listen.

ANISSA

It's not banana bread.

Where's miss David?

LYNETTE

Anissa!

WARREN

It's ok.

No time for ladies. I was... not easy to get close to. That sounds weird, saying it out loud. In front of new neighbors.

Lynette grabs utensils from several plates and bowls and loads Warren's plate.

LYNETTE

Doesn't help that you're rail thin. Every time you turn to the side you go invisible. Eat.

Warren laughs. He scans the room briefly and the family. He smiles and lets it fade.

LYNETTE

Say more. We don't always get new neighbors. Your house has been empty for a little while.

Warren turns to Lynette.

ANISSA

Miss Lee had a heart attack. I think she died in the shower.

Anissa drags her finger across her neck and drops her head on the table. Lynette shakes her head. Warren leans back. He reacts as if Anissa is the first to shed her human form. He's cool with it.

Lynette stands up and pushes Anissa's plate towards her. She grabs Anissa by the chin and pulls her head up.

LYNETTE

Anissa! Enough.

She smiles at nobody, then at Warren. The smile lingers a hair too long. She takes her seat again. She grabs an unnecessarily large knife and cuts a slice of meatloaf and serves herself the sliver.

Warren nods his head.

LYNETTE

I'm sure the realtor told Mr.  
David—

WARREN

Da-Warren works.

FRED

Bond!

Warren goes red. He takes a bite.

Anissa clasps her hands together with her pointer fingers out and thumbs up. She points her hand-gun at Warren and laughs.

Warren laughs and coughs.

WARREN

You... got me.

You've got a lovely home, by the  
way.

Anissa puts her hands down.

ANISSA

How often do you say 'lovely'?

Fred chuckles.

Warren coughs again, but lighter.

LYNETTE

Everything ok? You're not allergic?

FRED

Look at his face. He wishes he was.

Come on, Warren.

Fred stands up and pushes Warren's plate gently to the side.

FRED (CONT'D)

Let me show you the man cave.

He gestures for Warren to follow.

Warren sips from his cup and smiles at Anissa and Lynette.

WARREN

Yeah.

Warren gets out of his seat.

**INT. FRED'S MAN CAVE - MOMENTS LATER**

Fred's man cave is more tchotchke filled than the rest of the house. Some frat bro holdover trappings: a bar, a couch facing a large TV, lots of posters. There's an obnoxious oversized dog statue.

Fred pours Warren a drink from behind the bar.

FRED

How's Wickerman Valley treating you? Honestly.

Warren shifts his weight on the stool. He looks down at the glass, then around the room.

WARREN

Good. Everyone is friendlier than I imagined.

Fred leans in. He smiles flatly.

FRED

You gonna try bullshitting a bullshitter, Warren?

Fred straightens back up.

FRED (CONT'D)

I like you. You're fun. But you're guarded. Give me something.

Warren crosses his arms on the bar. He uncrosses and taps his finger.

WARREN

Honest answer. I'm not used to how friendly everyone is here. Your family in particular has been... entertaining.

Warren spins on the stool towards the giant dog statue.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
Even the dog is friendly. It's a  
lot for a guy that keeps to  
himself.

Muffled footsteps on carpet.

**SFX: KNOCK AT THE DOOR**

Both Fred and Warren turn towards the door.

ANISSA (O.S.)  
Dad! Do you want popsicles?

Fred chuckles.

FRED  
No sweetie. We're fine.

I could see you flipping through  
that little mental Rolodex for a  
response a second ago.

Footsteps recede.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Let me show you something.

Fred steps out from behind the bar and leads Warren to the closet.

WARREN  
What do you do anyway?

Fred smirks.

FRED  
You first.

WARREN  
T.B.D. I've got an interview  
tomorrow. We'll see.

Fred nods.

FRED  
I'm a dick. Ha! I'm a private  
investigator. But that's outside  
these walls.

Warren points his finger.

WARREN

Obviously.

This where you keep the bodies?

Warren nods at the closet.

FRED

Just Hoffa's. Sold Genghis for the dog.

Fred slides the closet open.

FRED

If I had my way, these would be out, but I hate dust and shit getting on them.

He flicks the light on and a row of peach colored jackets, neatly organized, hung in clear plastic bags.

Warren tugs his earlobe between his thumb and pointer.

WARREN

I'm not gonna lie, Fred, this is creepy as fuck.

Fred laughs and pats Warren on the shoulder.

FRED

It's great. You'll fall in line.

Warren sucks on his tooth and puts his hand on his hip.

FRED (CONT'D)

You need one for the festival. Rick had these designed for the whole town.

WARREN

Falling in line would be a new trick. What about the festival?

Fred wraps his arm around Warren's shoulders.

FRED

I don't want to say too much. Think of it as a...

With his other arm, he waves his arm as he says the words.

FRED (CONT'D)

-welcome to the community.

Warren smiles and mimics Fred's hand wave with his words.

WARREN

I thought that was the food's job.

Both laugh until Fred stops. Then Warren.

Fred unwraps his arm from Warren.

FRED

That heap on your doorstep was a friendly offering. This community is so much more.

Fred puts his hand on his hip.

FRED (CONT'D)

Rick put me in charge of welcoming new neighbors. I know you're gonna fit right in.

**CLOSE ON: WARREN'S FEET**

Warren takes a step back and hesitates, then puts himself back in place.

WARREN

This might be the world's most interesting HOA.

Fred smiles and walks back behind the bar and pours himself another drink.

Warren walks back to the bar, but doesn't sit.

FRED

Clunky segue to your Rage question?

Warren laughs.

FRED

He's great, but more importantly, he's not fake. Rick is a very giving guy. Spent a lot on this community. It's important to him. But don't get me wrong, he's a friend too. Shitty pool player, but don't tell him I said that.

WARREN

Your secret's safe. I... better not overstay my welcome.

(MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)

Interview tomorrow and you guys  
have been so good to the new guy.

Fred steps out from behind the bar and gestures to shake Warren's hand. Warren extends his and Fred grabs and pulls Warren in for a hug. Warren's mouth hangs open and his eyes squint again.

FRED

Anytime.

**EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM WARREN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Warren crosses the street with his head turned back to look at Fred and Lynette's house. He turns his head back and notices a lit cigarette dangling in the air in front of a dark shadow.

A foot starts down the steps and then another, until RICK RAGE (50s), skinny and neat, a Hollywood icon and performing more often than not. He steps into the light provided by the street lamps.

He sings out of tune.

RICK RAGE

I would do anything for love!-Let  
me guess. Meatloaf.

Warren stops at the sidewalk.

WARREN

I don't like that you guessed that.

Rick steps forward.

RICK RAGE

It's the only thing Lynette doesn't  
burn.- Welcome to the Community of  
Angels.

WARREN

Thaaaanks.

RICK RAGE

Don't be creeped out. You're taking  
it all in. I know.

Rick spreads his arms out.

RICK RAGE (CONT'D)

It's a lot. It's beautiful here.

WARREN

It is.— So the meatloaf is not a...  
ritual?

Rick moves forward.

RICK RAGE

Ay. Ha. Shhhh. It's not like that.  
I can see why you'd think that, but  
no. I built a community here. I  
wanna come home to some normalcy.

Warren turns his head towards Rick Rage's house.

WARREN

I can see how a heavily modded 67  
GT500 and a neighborhood of overtly  
eager neighbors is normal.

Rick Rage takes a drag of the cigarette.

RICK RAGE

Touché. He's a car guy! It's from  
Gone in a Minute. They let me keep  
it.

Warren smiles and nods.

WARREN

So what is this we're doing?

RICK RAGE

Truth be told, I don't come out  
much in the day. Everyone knows me  
here, and that's great, but  
exhausting.

Rick paces.

RICK RAGE (CONT'D)

Questions. Lots of them and lines  
getting quoted back to me. Even  
here. "There is no spoon."

Warren laughs.

WARREN

Ok wait. That's Keanu Reeves. You  
weren't even in the Matrix.

RICK RAGE

Fair. Great move though.

WARREN

You were good in Take Names. Even if the title was shit.- So, Miss Lee.

Rick tosses the cigarette.

RICK RAGE

With the angels. Poor thing. But that definitely made the house sit here. Nobody likes moving into the dead lady's house. Needless superstition. But not you though. You closed quick.

Warren's smile relaxes.

WARREN

Everything was so expensive. This was reasonable.

Warren gestures to his front door.

WARREN (CONT'D)

But listen, I have an interview tomorrow and I need to be fresh-

RICK RAGE

I understand. I assume I can expect you at the festival. In your jacket. You're a... forty-two long.

WARREN

I'm gonna try not to freak out that you guessed that. But yeah, I'll be there. Sounds like I'd be stupid not to. How often do you have them anyway?

RICK RAGE

Often enough, for me, anyway.

You don't strike me as stupid, David. Or do you prefer Dave?

Warren rubs his fingers together again.

WARREN

Excuse me?

RICK RAGE

Investigators aren't cheap, but it's important I know who's living next door.

(MORE)

## RICK RAGE (CONT'D)

You have a good night. And good luck tomorrow. You're gonna do great.

Warren stops. He steps ahead and enters his house, then shuts the door.

**SFX: LOCK TURNING**

**EXT. THE BOULDER FEDERAL PRISON - DAY**

**SUPER: THE BOULDER**

The Boulder Federal Prison sits on an island. It's drab and gray. A ferry is headed toward it.

**INT. THE BOULDER FEDERAL PRISON PROCESSING CENTER - MOMENTS LATER**

**CLOSE ON: MACK'S HAND**

Mack is signing documents. He puts the pen down and scoots the paperwork forward.

**INT. THE BOULDER FEDERAL PRISON VISITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Mack is sitting at a table, surrounded by inmates with visitors. Eric is escorted in. His thin frame is more obvious without a jacket on. He grabs a chair at the table Mack sits at.

ERIC

I don't wanna know how your goldfish are doing. Tell me something useful.

MACK

I've been digging around in WITSEC files. It's not easy. It's not cheap.

Eric leans in.

ERIC

Keep your fucking volume down. You're at a seven. Try three. Or I'll gut you before I count to zero. More importantly.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

You may not have kids, but you've got a father in Riverside. He's got a peanut allergy. Nuts are cheap.

Mack nods.

MACK

I'm pretty sure I can find him before the trial.

ERIC

I need more than pretty. David has dangerous evidence that puts more people at risk of a bad fucking day.

MACK

The feds have his phone. That's why—

Eric squeezes his fist. He turns his head and waves at the officer across the room.

ERIC

My friend.

Eric love taps Mack's cheek. He leans back in.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I mean more evidence. It implicates everyone. Everyone. I'm not offering a reward. I'm just promising I won't have you snuffed out. You need to find this fucker.

I don't speak that many languages, so I'm not gonna say it again in Tagalog.

Mack stands up and scoots his chair back. He steps out of the visitor's room.

**EXT. THE BOULDER FEDERAL PRISON ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER**

Mack pulls out his phone and dials.

MACK

I need Bootman. Yeah, shit rolls downstairs. Hill?

You're a dick.

Get me Bootman.

Mack lowers his phone.

**INT. U.S. MARSHAL SUV - DAY**

**SUPER: YESTERDAY**

Warren leans back.

MARSHAL BOOTMAN  
We're coming up on your new home...

**SFX: MUFFLED MARSHAL BOOTMAN TALKING**

Warren reaches into his pocket and pulls out an object.

**CLOSE ON: THUMBNAIL DRIVE**

**INT. WARREN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

**SUPER: NOW**

Warren reaches for the pull on the nightstand drawer. He reaches inside and pulls out the drive and holds it up.

He looks at it with stoicism.

**BLACK SCREEN**