

**MEET ME HALFWAY**

Pilot sample

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COLD OPEN

**EXT. CARLYSLE MANSION - DAWN**

The quaint town of Stone Valley, New York. Idyllic and content in its ways.

GLADYS, a nosey elderly Caucasian woman, rings the doorbell of a beautiful Victorian mansion. She holds a plate of fresh baked brownies, eager to meet her new neighbors. No one answers.

She rings again. Nothing. She sticks her nose to the front window.

CHEF, a large grizzly Caucasian biker-man in his early 60s, answers the door. He squints and yawns a big yawn. Gladys scoots on over to him.

GLADYS  
Morning to ya.

She looks him up and down. Mostly at the rainbow flag tattoo on his arm.

GLADYS  
I'm Gladys from across the way.  
James Carlisle?

CHEF  
Jimmy!

JAMES "JIMMY" CARLYSLE, a straight-edged Caucasian man in slacks and a sweater vest, early 30s, rushes to the door.

JIMMY  
Hi. Yes, I'm James.

Chef rubs his eyes and waddles back inside with a grunt. Gladys hands Jimmy her plate of brownies.

GLADYS  
I'm Gladys from across the way.  
Just wanted to welcome the new  
Carlisle to the neighborhood.

JIMMY  
Well I appreciate that. I take it  
you knew my uncle?

Her face lights up.

GLADYS

Oh yes. Thaddeus Carlisle was a pillar of our community. So respected and admired. I was pleased to hear that one of his own would be carrying on the legacy.

JIMMY

If you're referring to his owning the private prison outside of town, that legacy has been extinguished.

GLADYS

You shut down his pride and joy?

JIMMY

It felt like the right time.

GLADYS

Well I'm sorry to hear that. If you need anything you give me a holler. A nephew of Thaddeus is certainly...

(she looks at the house  
somber and adoringly)

A friend of mine.

FOX, a Caucasian bad boy in his early 30s, darts out the door whilst pulling a shirt over his head. He wears tattered jeans, has tattoos on each shoulder, and would fit right into the *Fast and Furious* family.

He grabs one of Gladys' brownies to go.

FOX

Hey Jimmy. Late for the interview!

His jeans fall below his waist as he runs. He pulls them up, buckles his belt, and rides away on an old dinged up bicycle. Gladys gasps and teeters in shock.

GLADYS

What are you running here? Some sort of halfway house?

JIMMY

Yes.

**END OF COLD OPEN**

ACT ONE**EXT. CARLYSLE MANSION - LATER THAT DAY**

REN, an artsy African-American woman, mid 20s, with a pink streak in her hair and a silver septum nose ring, is dropped off by an uber. She wears a vintage blouse and carries only a big Michael Kors purse stuffed with clothes and art supplies.

**INT. CARLYSLE MANSION ENTRYWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Jimmy has his hands in his pockets. Ren stands in front of the door with her purse.

JIMMY

So this is it. Fox is out at a job interview, but Chef and I are around.

His eyes dart around the room at everything but her.

REN

Where should I put this?

He blushes.

JIMMY

Gosh. Yea, sorry.

Jimmy takes her purse and stumbles up the stairs.

REN

Oh. I can take it up myself.

She laughs. There's something both pathetic and endearing about him.

JIMMY

(from the top of the stairs)

Nonsense. I'll show you around!

Ren pulls out a wad of cash as Jimmy comes back down. She hands it to him.

REN

Here's the cash for the uber. Thanks for that. I'm staying away from credit cards for awhile.

JIMMY

Oh?

REN

Yeah, I used my parents' credit card on some expensive shit while I was backpacking in Europe. They had already cut me off. So they reported me.

JIMMY

Reported you?

REN

Yep. Wasn't supposed to be using their card still.

JIMMY

Yikes.

REN

Pursuing art wasn't  
(puts fingers up as  
quotes)  
Rational enough for them.

Silence.

REN

So this is pretty awesome. Fox told me you two were friends in high school.

JIMMY

Yeah, elementary school too. Well he used to throw rocks at me, but we're friends now.

**INT. CARLYSLE MANSION GARAGE - DAY**

Jimmy and Ren enter the garage. Chef tinkers with his big bad motorcycle, perfect for a man of his stature. It sends smoke billowing into his face. He struggles and yanks a piece of the motorcycle off so hard that he falls onto the ground in a coughing fit.

CHEF

Oof.

JIMMY

Hey Chef.

A parrot squawks out of nowhere.

PARROT (O.C.)  
He's a klutz! He's a klutz!

Jimmy and Ren flinch and look up to see Chef's pet parrot in the rafters of the garage. Ren extends a hand to Chef.

REN  
I'm Ren.

She helps him up.

CHEF  
Chef. Pleasure to meet ya.

JIMMY  
Chef I uh didn't know you have a pet.

CHEF  
Oh yeah. Squirt's been with me for years. Missed him while I was in the can. Just had him dropped off today.

Jimmy looks around.

JIMMY  
Does he have a cage?

CHEF  
Oh no. He's well behaved. Couldn't bring myself to have his wings clipped. He likes to fly around my room. He'll even follow me out.

Ren waves at the parrot.

REN  
Hi Squirt.

Squirt poops on Jimmy's shoulder.

JIMMY  
I'm gonna go inside.

**INT. THE FEED BAG - DAY**

Four crotchety old men sit at a table with their newspapers and cups of joe, in front of a window that reads: "The Feed Bag Restaurant & Bar."

OLD MAN

Ya know Dick, forecast is callin  
for some rain clouds tomorrow  
afternoon--

Fox BURSTS through the door invading their sacred hour. The old men look him up and down. They shoot daggers at him with their beady eyes and then go back to talking about the weather.

KARL, The Feedbag Manager, walks up to him.

KARL

Fox?

Fox shakes his hand.

FOX

Yeah man. Sorry I'm late.

KARL

Here, let's go over to the bar  
area.

Fox follows along.

KARL

Long wait at the train crossing?

They sit at the bar. Fox's eyes are fixed on the hundreds of bottles of booze. He wipes some drool from his mouth and snaps out of it.

FOX

Nah. I rode a bike. Took a minute.

KARL

Nice. What kind?

FOX

Like, a bicycle.

KARL

Ohh.

FOX

Yeah... I had a DUI awhile ago.  
All good now though.

Karl gets up and holds out a hand.

KARL

Well thanks for coming out.

Fox is confused but shakes his hand and follows him to the door.

FOX

You don't wanna know about my experience or anything?

KARL

Sorry dude. Just a rule. Can't hire anyone who can't hold their liquor.

The old men are still at their table. Fox exits past them.

OLD MAN

I dunno. The Mary Juana might get you a lot more than a bushel of corn Bill. Maybe look into it.

**INT. CARLYSLE MANSION - DAY**

OFFICER STRATTON, a young Caucasian rookie cop, rings the doorbell with swagger. Jimmy opens the door.

JIMMY

Officer. What can I do for you?

Gladys stalks them **from across the street** with her arms folded.

GLADYS

I saw her! It was a suspicious girl!

Stratton looks over his shoulder at her and then leans in to Jimmy.

STRATTON

Look, I was notified there was someone suspicious entering this home.

GLADYS

Did she take anything!?

Jimmy glares over at her.

JIMMY

Ah. I see. Well nope. Everything is just fine here.

Stratton scratches his head. His demeanor shifts.

STRATTON  
This your place?

JIMMY  
Yep.

STRATTON  
Cool, cool. Sorry to bother you.

Jimmy shuts the door. Stratton walks to his squad car flinching as Gladys pelts him with questions.

GLADYS  
What'd he say? Who was the girl!?

STRATTON  
Everything's good ma'm.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

The old dinged up bicycle squeaks as Fox rides it out of town. It sure isn't going very fast for how hard he's pedaling. He comes upon a farm and pulls into the driveway. A sign reads: STANK FARM.

**EXT. STANK FARM - DAY**

Fox pulls the neck of his shirt up to cover his nose.

FOX  
Jesus.

On the ground tinkering with a tractor is SHOOTER STANK, Caucasian, mid 40s, and rugged. Shooter might look handsome all cleaned up for church on Sunday, but right now he's covered in grease, manure, and dirt. He looks up.

SHOOTER  
Welcome to Stank Farms. Shooter  
Stank at yer service. Yeah I know  
it smells. We've got a manure pile  
out back.

Fox pulls his shirt down to speak, but attempts to hold his breath in.

FOX  
I'm uh Fox.

Shooter eyes him up.

SHOOTER

You a Chippendale dancer or  
somethin? I told Lola to keep that  
shit outta the house.

FOX

What? No. I'm looking for work.  
Any kind of work.

Shooter gets up. He gives Fox's biceps a squeeze.

SHOOTER

Hmm.

FOX

Not *that* kind of work.

Shooter smacks him on the shoulder.

SHOOTER

I'm just screwin with ya!

He looks at Fox's bicycle.

SHOOTER

Can ya drive a tractor?

FOX

Actually I can't right now. Not  
legally at least... DUI.

Fox clears his throat.

SHOOTER

Welp, I'm afraid I can't use ya.

Fox looks around at some of the vehicles on the farm,  
including an obnoxiously oversized pickup truck covered in  
dirt.

FOX

Some of this stuff is pretty  
filthy. What if I cleaned it for  
you? Detailed them. For cash.

Shooter looks over at his filthy pickup truck that has "Wash  
Me" written in dirt on the rear window.

SHOOTER

Alright. How about you start with  
Big Bertha and we'll go from there.

Shooter walks past his truck and makes a kissing sound as he  
pats it on the hood.