

# DO NOT DISTURB

"Insomnia Is My Specialty"  
(PILOT)

Written by

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EXT. HIGHWAY - AMERICAN HEARTLAND - NIGHT

An 18-wheeler roars through a long empty night.

INT. 18-WHEELER CAB - HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

AURORA leans against the passenger window, eyes closed. She's a brunette in her 30s, wearing jeans and a plaid men's shirt.

AURORA (V.O.)  
Here's my mother's best girl. Not  
my finest moment by a long shot.

FREEZE FRAME W/LEGEND: Aurora (Me) - On the run since  
yesterday and exhausted.

Beside her slumped form, CUTTY drives impassively. He's a mountain with a bald peak and a stone face.

AURORA (V.O.)  
This is Cutty. Nobody in their  
right mind would wanna hitch a ride  
with him. He smells like he looks.

FREEZE FRAME W/LEGEND: Cutty (Trucker) - Not big on  
deodorant.

The highway unspools in front of the headlights.

AURORA (V.O.)  
Every town exposes itself in the  
drinking hours. Like a middle-aged  
woman right after she washes off  
the makeup: Tired, truthful, and a  
little jagged.

Cornfields and wooded shadows roll past Aurora's reflection  
in dirty glass.

AURORA (V.O.)  
New York's a wife wondering where  
her husband is, Chicago's a mother  
dreading her kids waking up, and  
Vegas is just a whore. But Liberty?  
Liberty before the sun comes up is  
one crazy bitch.

The truck passes a sign that says "Liberty, 20 miles".

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - ROOM 313 - LIBERTY - NIGHT

A spider weaves a web inside a cheap motel lampshade. As it works, a MUFFLED MALE VOICE speaks from inside the room.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Do you need to close your eyes,  
compose your thoughts? We have all  
night. Take your time...

A heavily muffled female voice MOANS, SOBS, and CHOKES.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh, that sounded angry.  
Understandable. But we both know  
this isn't my decision.

The female voice angrily PROTESTS, then SOBS again.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I forgive you.

The female voice CRIES OUT and blood splashes on the outside of the lampshade. Muffled SOBS and a FRANTIC PLEA as blood DRIPS onto the web. The spider freezes in place.

AURORA (V.O.)  
I didn't see this happen, but I'd  
been heading right for it since I  
left Miami. And this was just the  
first...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
They say blood washes away  
sins...even mine. I think we'll  
need a river to clean us both.

The female voice issues MUFFLED SCREAMS repeatedly as blood washes the outside of the lampshade in strips, then spills over the top. The spider and the web wash away.

EXT. THE COME INN MOTEL - 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door for the room labeled "313" hides the atrocities within.

A DO NOT DISTURB sign on the doorknob vibrates slightly to a PROLONGED MUFFLED SCREAM. SOBS, PLEAS, and CHOKING sounds follow.

Silence. Then another muffled SCREAM, a MOAN, and CHOKING.

INT. CARL HAYNES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LIBERTY - 4AM

MA HAYNES sleeps on her couch, despite a shopping channel BLARING on TV. Cigarettes and time have worn her down, wrinkled and grey and unlovely. She goes with the room.

To the right of the front door, a hallway leads to the bedrooms. Smoke spirals up from a cigarette in Ma's fingers.

AURORA (V.O.)  
Obviously, I wasn't everywhere.  
Some of this is educated guesses. I  
got educated on Liberty in a  
fucking hurry.

A man's hand gently takes the cigarette and stubs it out in an ashtray on the coffee table. Then the hand picks up the remote on the table and switches off the TV. A lamp CLICKS on and we see Ma's son.

CARL HAYNES is resplendent in his Deputy uniform, a bristle-haired poster boy for physical fitness. Sharp creases in the uniform go with his even sharper features.

FREEZE FRAME W/LEGEND: Carl "Robocop" Haynes & his Ma - Both Scare the Shit out of me

CARL  
Ma, go to bed. And what did I tell  
you about smoking if you're falling  
asleep?

Ma wakes with a snort, remembers her cigarette and finds it crushed in the ashtray.

MA  
Ah, goddammit. I knew you was  
coming home...you owe me a  
cigarette.

Carl heads for his bedroom.

CARL  
Go to bed, Ma.

INT. CARL HAYNES' BEDROOM - HAYNES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The room is, sadly, the one he grew up in: yellowed 80's posters on the walls and a Chicago Bears comforter on his single bed.

Carl enters and closes his door behind him. He undoes his gun-belt and tosses it onto his bed.

On top of a dresser, a mirror leans against the wall. A cigar box rests in the center, and an old Discman waits. Carl crosses to the dresser and pulls on the headphones before he can change his mind.

Checking the door is shut over his shoulder, he hits PLAY. Whitney Houston's "How Will I Know?" BLARES in his ears.

He undresses to the music, dancing. He opens the cigar box and takes out mascara, which he then applies in the mirror, lip-syncing his heart out.

AURORA (V.O.)

I'll admit this is a guess, but I  
make no apologies.

Putting lipstick on, Carl dances with abandon in his thong underwear. He stops mid-twirl as he catches sight of his mother in the open doorway.

He yanks the headphones off and the MUSIC STOPS. They stare at each other.

CARL

Well, fuck Ma. Now I'ma haveta kill  
ya.

MA

Do it in the morning after I make  
you breakfast. G'night.

CARL

Night.

He stares after her as she shuffles out, the door left open.

INT. ADAM LANG'S HOUSE - FURNISHED BASEMENT - NIGHT

DEIRDRE MARSH lies in her underwear on an old futon laid out as a bed. She's young, muscular, and covered in tattoos. ADAM, a little older, trim and with a goatee, stands over her with his cell phone.

DEIRDRE

You swear to God nobody else will  
see these?

FREEZE FRAME W/LEGEND: Deirdre Marsh (Mechanic) -  
Unbelievably gullible.

ADAM

Look, if you don't trust me, why are you almost naked in the basement of my father's house?

DEIRDRE

Because you're good in bed. But I will beat the shit out of you Adam. Seriously. No fucking sharing.

ADAM

Cross my heart.

FREEZE FRAME W/LEGEND: Adam Lang (Motel Cleaner) - Man-child.

Deirdre starts to unhook her bra, teasing him and posing as she does.

AURORA (V.O.)

To be fair, he never showed them to anyone. But she's still a fucking idiot.

DEIRDRE

That means especially not your little best friend.

ADAM

He's not interested in that stuff.

DEIRDRE

Swear to God?

ADAM

What's between us is between us.

DEIRDRE

Never Arnie?

ADAM

Never. You're trusting me with something sacred. Only my friends and family on Facebook will see it.

She tangles his legs and takes him down, then climbs on top of him. They wrestle, laughing.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Are you on my twitter feed?

EXT. ARNIE EBBINGS' HOUSE - LIBERTY TOWNSHIP - NIGHT

A porchlight illuminates a neat one-story ranch. ARNIE EBBINGS bustles onto the porch, a neurotic squirrel looking to hide a nut. He's middle-aged, balding and with glasses.

Carrying two large duffles, he scurries to a car parked in the driveway. He drops them with a CHUNK, and unzips both.

He waves his hands and a crazy bright motion-activated light illuminates the car and surrounding yard. His cell phone sounds an ALERT. Adam's text floats next to him as he reads.

ADAM (SUBTITLE)  
OMG Naked pics Bro! Cant show u.  
Sweet!!!

ARNIE  
Why do you tell me these things?!

Arnie texts a response.

ARNIE (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
Donut care. Pls don't b late for  
work.

Arnie pulls up an app and records a memo.

ARNIE (CONT'D)  
Digital diary entry. Dr. Malet?  
Adam is taking naked pictures of  
his girlfriend and texting me about  
it. But just texting, not the  
pictures! He feels bad I don't have  
a girlfriend, so he tries to  
include me and he makes it worse.  
Or he's just a jerk. Or both.  
Probably both.

FREEZE FRAME W/LEGEND: Arnie Ebbing (Legendary Cleaner) -  
OCD, Anosmic, Color-blind. No mess is safe.

Arnie picks at a spot on the windshield that we can't see.

ARNIE (CONT'D)  
I'm talking to you as I clean my  
car. Yes, it's before I go into  
work, but it really needs it badly.

Arnie opens the door of a plain grey sedan. The car is spotless.

ARNIE (CONT'D)  
I lied. I'm so sorry, I lied. The  
car is clean, I'll just feel better  
if I give it a light once-over.

He removes a paper towel from one of the bags, places it on  
the roof of the car, then puts the phone down on it. He pulls  
on long rubber gloves, then a surgical mask.

AURORA (V.O.)  
This would be every single morning  
of his tortured life.

ARNIE  
I'm only just gonna wipe it down,  
vacuum, clean the windows...

He produces a compact vacuum from a duffel and begins talking  
loudly as he vacuums the seats.

ARNIE (CONT'D)  
...inside and out, of course. Doing  
only one side would be insane. Then  
I'll just barely freshen the seats,  
brush the ceiling...

Arnie's phone ALERTS again and he stops to check the text.

ADAM (SUBTITLE)  
She might let us make a porn!!! OM  
fuckin G!!

ARNIE  
Aaargh! Sorry, still talking to  
you, Dr. Malet. Adam is gonna be a  
pornstar. Which will definitely  
make him late for work.

Arnie responds impatiently.

ARNIE (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
DO NOT care! Pls don't b late for  
work. again

He puts the phone back on the towel on the roof, and  
continues to clean.

ARNIE (CONT'D)  
Like I said, a light cleaning...not  
even gonna shampoo the carpets or  
simonize the-

He finds a little ball of lint on the passenger side floor.



ARNIE (CONT'D)

Oh my God, it's filthy! Nope! Gonna  
have to do it all! I'm sorry, I'll  
have to diary later! Eeauchh!

He shuts off the memo on the phone, then turns and dives into his duffle. He pulls out bottle after bottle of cleaning supplies with manic speed.

INT. ADAM LANG'S HOUSE - FURNISHED BASEMENT - NIGHT

Deirdre rides Adam on the futon. Her many tattoos writhe as she moves slowly, trying to tease him past the point of no return.

DEIRDRE

...Are you dying? Baby, are you  
just dying?

Adam puts his hand between her legs and begins to move a certain way.

ADAM

Are YOU dying?

DEIRDRE

Oh shit, oh that's it! Oh! You're  
gonna make me go...

She MOANS and moves faster at his touch. He grins up at her.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)

Come with me baby! Come with...Come  
on...Ahhh!

She collapses on top of him and he stretches underneath her, very pleased with himself.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)

Why didn't you come?

ADAM

I like it when you come. Didn't I  
do good?

DEIRDRE

You never come. That's fucking  
weird!

AURORA (V.O.)

Sadly, This is not a guess. I wish  
it was. You'll see.

Deirdre gets up and stalks into the bathroom, slamming the door. Adam doesn't bother to go after her, shrugging.

ADAM  
Don't use all the hot water. I  
gotta go to work.

DEIRDRE (O.S.)  
Fuckin' weirdo!

INT. 18-WHEELER CAB - OUTSKIRTS OF LIBERTY - EARLY A.M.

Aurora wakes with a start as the rig pulls over on the side of the Liberty Exit ramp.

Cutty hits the airbrake and turns in his seat towards her.

AURORA  
Why are we stopping?

AURORA (V.O.)  
As if I didn't know.

Cutty leers at her and starts to undo his belt buckle.

CUTTY  
You like games?

Aurora stares for a second, then bursts out laughing.

AURORA  
Is that...oh, is that how you  
always imagined you'd do it? If  
ever you got a pretty hitchhiker?  
(imitating him)  
"You like games?" Oh...I don't know  
if that was supposed to turn me on  
or scare me, big guy, but whoo...

She pulls a bunch of pamphlets out of the backpack at her feet. She fans them like she's gonna do a magic trick.

AURORA (CONT'D)  
Pick a card, any card. No? You can  
have 'em all.

She tosses them in his lap and he looks at them. They are Health clinic pamphlets for **Socially Transmitted Diseases**.

CUTTY  
What the fuck is this?

AURORA

They gave me these at the clinic,  
after my mandatory blood test. I  
don't remember which ones they said  
I had, but I guess it could be all  
of them. Can't always get a clean  
needle, know what I mean?

Aurora sits back in her seat and gestures 'come on' to him  
with one hand, dropping her other hand into her backpack.

AURORA (CONT'D)

You like it when they scratch? I  
scratch. And I can pretty much  
guarantee you'll get your own  
buncha pamphlets. That how you  
imagined it, big guy?

He stares at her. Then he shrugs.

CUTTY

You ain't got nothin' I won't end  
up catchin' someday.

He lunges for her. She gets a 9mm handgun out of her purse  
and into his face. With the barrel of the gun, she shoves him  
back until he's jammed up against the driver's side window.

AURORA

Listen carefully, you fucking  
woolly mammoth. I need to un-  
complicate my life. I need things  
simple and quiet. That's why I  
didn't shoot your fucking face off.  
Try me again, and I'll lose my  
patience.

EXT. 18-WHEELER - OUTSKIRTS OF LIBERTY - FOLLOWING

A duffle, then a backpack are dropped from the passenger  
door. Aurora follows, jumping down to the side of the road.

The truck jerks and grinds away without even letting her  
close the door. She waves cheerily.

AURORA

Bye, now! Travel safe! And try some  
fuckin' deodorant!

Aurora puts on her backpack and picks up her duffle.

AURORA (V.O.)  
 I'm not all that brave, by the way.  
 I just know much scarier people.

She stands and looks down at the town of Liberty.

The town is small and unremarkable. Houses, a town square with a statue of something in the middle, a municipal building, a gas station and a diner.

The truck, pulling away from her, passes a sign that says "Welcome to Liberty! Population \_\_\_\_" with the numbers covered in graffiti.

The closest building is a few miles away, a midwestern motel. The sign says "The Come Inn".

AURORA  
 Well, what have we here? Liberty,  
 you look like a great place to  
 hide.

She starts walking into town.

AURORA (V.O.)  
 Yep, I actually said it out loud.  
 Not only embarrassing, but easily  
 the dumbest fucking thing I ever  
 said.

The sun peaks up over the horizon.

#### EXT. THE COME INN MOTEL - FRONT CURBSIDE - SUNRISE

The sign out front has sliding black letters on four rows of plastic rails. It spells out: "The Come Inn. A/C and free cable. Vibrating beds! Vacancy!" And on the last line "Help Wanted".

The motel is good-sized, with vinyl siding meant to look like wood that doesn't fool anybody. Parking spaces point at room windows from about five feet away, a sidewalk between them.

There's a lobby on the far right, with an entrance to rooms in the middle. Arnie's car is parked perfectly in front of this entrance.

Adam pulls into the parking lot in his 1970 Mercury Montego. The paint has faded to the color of primer. The RADIO blares rock n' roll out open windows.

Arnie waits on the sidewalk in front of two cleaners' carts, arms folded. Adam parks directly in front of him and kills the engine. It HITCHES and BACKFIRES.

Adam climbs out, taking his time.

ADAM

Arnie, what a surprise!

ARNIE

You're late again! You are so late!  
I asked you not to be late!

ADAM

Did you?

ARNIE

Yes! I have proof in texts! And I  
was recording a memo! It could  
stand up in court!

ADAM

Relax, Pally. Kidding. Sorry I'm  
two minutes late.

ARNIE

Three and a half. I'm not doing any  
of your rooms today.

ADAM

Of course you're not.

ARNIE

I mean it.

Adam walks over to the carts.

ADAM

I know you do, Pally. Did you stock  
my cart?

ARNIE

Only because you're my friend and I  
wanted to give you a headstart on  
doing all your own rooms by  
yourself.

ADAM

You're a pal, Arnie. Don't know  
what I'd do without you.

ARNIE

All your own rooms.

ADAM

Sure.

Adam pauses, then frowns.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What's that smell?

ARNIE

You know I'm anosmic. I can't smell anything, ever.

ADAM

Oh, Arnie...Whew! It's pretty bad.

Adam seems to follow a powerful odor over to the window behind Arnie. He sniffs at the glass and shudders a little.

ARNIE

I know what you're doing! You're not being a good friend! Dr. Malet says-

ADAM

Ugh! Wow, that is truly awful! If ever a room needed a cleaning it's this one, buddy. Should be...101.

ARNIE

Well, it's your room! Do it!

ADAM

I'm gonna...I'm gonna. It's just, you know I like to be efficient and finish right in front of my car. Won't harm anything to leave it until last, right? Probably won't get any worse just sitting there for eight hours...

ARNIE

Not a good friend! I hate you!

Arnie shoves his cart over to the door, runs his card key and enters. Adam follows, whistling.

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Arnie manhandles his cart to the door of room 101. Adam follows him down the worn hallway.

Arnie knocks on the room door rapidly. Adam passes him at a stroll.

ARNIE  
Housekeeping!  
(to himself)  
Onetwothreefourfivesixseven-

ADAM  
Mississippis, buddy. Put in the  
Mississippis, or it's too fast.

Arnie glares at him, then turns back to the door.

ARNIE  
One Mississippi, Two Mississippi,  
three Mississippi, Four Mississippi-

Adam holds a finger to his lips and raises his eyebrows.  
Arnie continues the count in a barely controlled whisper.

Arnie reaches ten, unlocks the door and races in.

ADAM  
Go get 'em, ya magnificent bastard.

Adam takes his cart down to room 113 at the opposite end of  
the hallway. He sees a DO NOT DISTURB sign on the doorknob.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
It's already a great day. Welp,  
time for a coffee break.

Adam strolls back down the hall, leaving his cart.

INT. LIBERTY POLICE SUBSTATION - MUNICIPAL BUILDING - A.M.

A wooden railing separates three steel desks from a small  
open lobby. The left-most desk (ROSE HAWLEY's) has the only  
computer monitor and a dispatcher's microphone.

A department mainstay, Rose sits sipping from a coffee mug  
while shopping on the internet. She's as round as the mug,  
white-haired and adorable.

FREEZE FRAME W/LEGEND: Rose Hawley (Dispatcher) - Relocated  
to Liberty in the Witness Protection Program

Carl Haynes, in a crisp uniform despite the bags under his  
eyes, strides through the doorway. He heads through the gate  
and right for a small table against the far wall with a  
coffee machine.

ROSE  
What are you doing in? You had the  
night shift.

CARL  
Couldn't sleep. Didn't want to sit  
at home and haveta kill Ma.

He pours and drinks immediately, then heads for a desk.

ROSE  
Who'd arrest you?

CARL  
I'd expect the Sheriff would.

ROSE  
Joking, baby. Why couldn't you  
sleep?

CARL  
Just ain't sleepin' much lately.

ROSE  
You should see this lady the  
Sheriff went to after Aida died.  
Insomnia's her specialty.

CARL  
Don't really feel like therapy's  
worth a damn.

ROSE  
How do you feel about crashing your  
cruiser next time you're on nights?

Carl sips his coffee and stands, adjusting his gun belt.

CARL  
Fuck it. See if you can get the  
number.

ROSE  
Roger that. Never hurts a man to  
listen to a woman.

CARL  
Less it's his mother.

ROSE  
Less it's your mother.

CARL  
Roger that.



EXT. THE COME INN MOTEL - FRONT CURBSIDE - A.M.

Adam stretches his back as if he's been working hard, a paper coffee cup on the hood of his car in front of him. His phone's WICKED WITCH ringtone sounds. He checks the screen.

He has a text from Deirdre:

DEIRDRE (SUBTITLE)  
can't do this anymore. It's like ur  
not really there w/me

Arnie comes bursting out the door.

ARNIE  
You haven't done any of your rooms!  
I'm done with half of mine on the  
first floor AND 101 for you!

ADAM  
Pal, I need your help.

This stops Arnie in his tracks. Adam shows him the phone. Arnie frowns, then texts something back and SENDS. Adam looks at what Arnie wrote to Deirdre.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Christ, man. That's beautiful. Sure  
it's not too good?

Arnie shrugs.

ARNIE  
How could she ever know I wrote it?

The WICKED WITCH chimes again.

ADAM  
She sent a buncha hearts. And she's  
not a hearts kinda gal. You're a  
genius.

ARNIE  
Okay, now do your rooms! Except  
101. Oh, and 105, I did that  
already, too. Because I know Mr.  
Bibs gets sweaty, and I can't stand  
the sheets laying there all wet.

Arnie shudders.

ADAM

Yeah, that fucking AC Unit. And you, my friend! I'm giving you a mental hug.

ARNIE

I'm barely hugging you back.

ADAM

Well, let's get to work, pal.

MONTAGE - ARNIE CLEANS WHILE ADAM FUCKS OFF

- Arnie scrubs the inside of a faucet.
- Adam lays on a bed wearing headphones.
- Arnie stretches bed covers and bounces a quarter on them.
- Adam changes channels on a room's television.
- Arnie vacuums curtains, then begins to lint-roll them.
- Adam stares out a window, then does a blowfish on the glass.
- Arnie scrubs a toilet with maniac energy.
- Adam sits on a toilet, looking at pictures of Deidre on his phone.
- Arnie cleans blowfish marks off the window.

END MONTAGE

EXT. THE COME INN MOTEL - FRONT CURBSIDE - A.M.

Adam is again stretching his back, a paper coffee cup on the hood of his car in front of him. Arnie bursts out the middle entrance, looking for him.

ARNIE

You haven't done anything! I'm working my ass off and you're just waiting for me to do your rooms!

ADAM

Buddy, I'm pacing myself. I always get my rooms done.

ARNIE

I always get your rooms done!

ADAM

Well, they always get done. What's this?

Aurora walks towards them along the road. She trudges tiredly, shirt unbuttoned halfway and sleeves rolled up above her elbows. But wind rustles her hair, and she's still really pretty. Arnie looks at Adam.

ARNIE

Are you hearing music in your mind right now?

ADAM

Love theme from Top Gun.

ARNIE

"Take My Breath Away." Now I hear it, too.

ADAM

Better than "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'".

ARNIE

Do I like the Everly Brothers?

ADAM

Nobody does. Ever since that movie.

Aurora walks right up to them and looks directly at Arnie.

AURORA

Tell me they're still hiring.

ARNIE

They're still hiring!

AURORA

They are?

ADAM

No, you just put him on the spot and he loves to please.

ARNIE

Sorry.

AURORA

They're not hiring?

Adam sips from his coffee cup.

ADAM

No...but they need someone who knows how to fix an air-conditioner and do small repairs. Can you do maintenance?

AURORA

Shit. No.

ARNIE

What can you do?

AURORA

I figured I could clean rooms, or check people in.

ADAM

Yeah, what was your last job?

AURORA

Stripper.

Arnie's eyes go wide.

ARNIE

Really?!

ADAM

No, Arnie. Not dressed like that.

AURORA

Hey, fuck you.

ADAM

Name one Van Halen song.

She can't.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Not a stripper. Tell us after work. When you buy us a round at the Rotten Dog for getting you a job.

ARNIE

I don't drink.

ADAM

I'll drink yours.

(to Aurora)

Come on, follow my lead. You went to shop class at my high school. We're old friends.

Adam leads them into the motel. Arnie brings up the rear.

ARNIE  
I'm not doing any more of your  
rooms! Or hers!

INT. CARL HAYNES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LIBERTY - A.M.

Ma dozes in front of a gameshow, a lit cigarette in her hand. Her head droops. Her cigarette drops towards the couch. A can of soda sits on the coffee table in front of her.

The cigarette dips onto the couch and smoke starts to rise from it. A sharp BARK snaps Ma's head up. She shakes the sleep out of her head.

MA  
Norman? What the fuck are you doin'  
in my house?

A ridiculously adorable Shih Tzu (NORMAN) stands in her living room, wagging his tail in a circular motion at her. The pup BARKS again, and Ma notices the arm of the couch has sprouted a small flame.

MA (CONT'D)  
SHITFIRE!

Ma grabs the can of soda and douses the little flame. Norman BARKS happily.

MA (CONT'D)  
My son is gonna fuckin' kill me,  
Norman.

Norman WHINES a little, then turns and runs into the kitchen. She gets up, and follows him into the kitchen. The back door to the house is closed. Norman is gone.

MA (CONT'D)  
How the fuck did he get in here?

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - LOBBY - P.M.

Adam leads Aurora and Arnie into the dingy lobby. At the counter, MR. LIANG reads the paper. Stocky and muscular, with short-cropped hair, his face is a mask of indifference.

ARNIE  
I'm gonna have to go back to my  
rooms soon.

ADAM  
No problem, pal. This won't take long.

A doorway behind Mr. Liang leads to the back office. Without looking up, he responds to Adam's voice.

MR. LIANG  
No.

ADAM  
Boss, I haven't even asked you for anything yet.

MR. LIANG  
Admire your fighting spirit. But whatever it is, is gonna be no.

FREEZE FRAME W/LEGEND: Mr. Liang (Motel Owner) - Not the stereotype you're thinking. Shame on you.

ADAM  
This is my good friend...

AURORA  
Aurora.

ADAM  
Aurora. Obviously. We went to shop class at the same high school.

AURORA  
I need a job.

Mr. Liang looks up and she surprises a smile out of him.

MR. LIANG  
Hello! Who have we here?

MRS. LIANG appears in the doorway to the back room. Her hair is in a bun so tight it's pulled all the joy out of her face. Her dress is more severe than the bun. She CLEARS HER THROAT.

FREEZE FRAME W/LEGEND: Mrs. Liang (Mr. Liang's Owner) - Way more than meets the eye. Open your mind.

Mr. Liang reacts to the sound of his wife.

MR. LIANG (CONT'D)  
Sorry, we have one too many cleaners already. We need to update the sign.

ADAM

She can fix an air conditioner.

ARNIE

Mr. Bibs is really way too-

The MR. BIBS in question BANGS open the lobby door. Very heavy, he looks like he put his suit on in a sauna. As he hurries over to the desk, drops of sweat DRIP loudly onto the carpet.

FREEZE FRAME W/LEGEND: Charlie Bibs (Fire Insurance Salesman)  
- Always red-faced and perpetually wet

MR. LIANG

Shit.

EXT. DR. MALET'S HOUSE/OFFICE - EDGE OF LIBERTY - P.M.

A modest raised ranch sits alone on a wide lawn surrounded by trees. A driveway to the side of the property leads to a basement entrance with an awning.

A Liberty Police cruiser pulls into the drive and up to the awning. A sign next to the door reads "Dr. Aenara Malet M.D., Licensed Psychiatrist".

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DR. MALET'S HOUSE/OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Carl Haynes sits looking at the sign, hands on the wheel. Immobile.

CARL

Fuck it.

With a heavy sigh, he climbs out of the car.

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - LOBBY - P. M.

Mr. Liang and Mr. Bibs stare at each other over the counter nose-to-nose. Aurora & the Boys, and Mrs. Liang, look on.

A drop of sweat PLINKS on the counter.

MR. BIBS

I am melting like a snowman in a microwave. You are slowly killing me. One drip at a time.

He DRIPS on the counter.

Mrs. Liang fades back into the office, leaving Mr. Liang to deal with the situation.

MR. BIBS (CONT'D)  
I have been staying here for three months, and I've been asking you to fix the fucker the whole time!

Aurora leans over to whisper to Arnie.

AURORA  
(whispering)  
Why doesn't he just move rooms?

ARNIE  
(full voice)  
It's the principle of the thing.

Mr. Bibs rounds on them, his face reddening.

MR. BIBS  
Goddamn right it's the principle of the thing! This should have been taken care of three months ago!

ARNIE  
She can fix it.

ADAM  
She can.

AURORA  
I...can. Yes.

MR. BIBS  
You're hired!

AURORA  
I'm hired?!

MR. LIANG  
You're not hired! We are definitely not hiring! If we don't have the money to fix an air conditioner, we don't have the money to-

MR. BIBS  
With what I paid this past three months, you could've bought new ones for the whole fucking motel!

Aurora turns to Arnie again.



AURORA  
(whispering)  
Why didn't they? Buy a new one?

ARNIE  
(full voice)  
It's the principle of the thing.

MR. LIANG  
That's right it's the principle of  
the thing! You can't let yourself  
get pushed around!

From the back room, Mrs. Liang CLEARS HER THROAT again,  
louder. Mr. Liang regains his composure.

MR. LIANG (CONT'D)  
We are not hiring at this time.

MR BIBS  
If you don't hire her and let her  
fix my air conditioner-

Drops of sweat BOUNCE off the counter as he makes his point.

MR. BIBS  
-this shithole is gonna need my  
fire insurance!

The two men stare at each other.

AURORA (V.O.)  
Get this: Mr. Bibs is here because  
his house burned down and his  
company doesn't wanna pay the  
claim. BUT they have to pay for a  
hotel until the claim is settled.  
No shit.

ARNIE  
I'll go on strike.

Everyone looks at him.

ADAM  
What?

AURORA  
What?

MR. BIBS  
What?

MR. LIANG

What?

After a moment, from the back room -

MRS. LIANG (O.S.)

Gi?

MRS. LIANG (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

What?

ARNIE

I won't clean your motel until you hire a maintenance person. Or your home. Or your cars.

AURORA

You don't have to do that-

Adam stops her with a gesture.

ADAM

Remember what happened last New Year's eve? With the Porco boys and the sheep? Don't they already have a reservation for this year?

AURORA (V.O.)

We are not gonna deal with the Porco boys any more than we have to. I promise.

Mr. Liang turns towards the back room, but Mrs. Liang makes no sound.

MR. LIANG

Arnie, why would you do this?

Arnie is as surprised as the rest of them.

ARNIE

It's the principle of the thing.

INT. DR. MALET'S HOUSE/OFFICE - WAITING AREA - P.M.

Carl sits rigidly in a plastic and metal chair, hands on his thighs and staring at nothing. The small room is soothing and plain, a clock TICKING towards the hour. Carl BLINKS.

DR. AENARA MALET comes out of her office into the waiting room. She's early 40s, with a professional bob cut. She wears slacks and a plain blouse with tasteful jewelry.

DR. MALET  
You must be Deputy Haynes. A woman  
named Rose called to say you'd  
probably drop by.

She comes to him and he takes her outstretched hand.

CARL  
Rose Hawley...she's our dispatch. I  
didn't know she'd call you.

DR. MALET  
Well, she knew you pretty well, I  
guess. I'm Doctor Malet.

FREEZE FRAME W/LEGEND: Dr. Malet (Head Shrinker) - Only  
therapist for probably 200 miles

DR. MALET (CONT'D)  
Can I call you Carl?

He nods. She gestures him into her office and he follows.

INT. DR. MALET'S HOUSE/OFFICE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Malet sits by an oversized basement window. Even though  
it's half underground, the room lets in a lot of sunlight.  
Carl sits opposite her, angled slightly away.

CARL  
What do I call you?

DR. MALET  
Whatever you feel most comfortable  
calling me.

She takes what looks like a leather bound notebook from a  
small table next to her chair. She opens it: It's an iPad.  
She unlocks it and records the session on an app.

AURORA (V.O.)  
And that's why there's no guesswork  
involved here.

Dr. Malet waits while Carl blinks.

AURORA (V.O.)  
Yeah, they're private sessions, but  
secrets don't stay secret in  
Liberty. You'll see.

DR. MALET  
Why don't you tell me why we're  
here?

CARL  
Well...I don't have a lot of money.

DR. MALET  
Good. Honesty between us is  
important, Carl. As for me: Liberty  
is the only town in a hundred  
miles. Business is not booming. I'm  
sure we can work something out.

Carl SWALLOWS and BLINKS.

CARL  
I can't sleep.

DR. MALET  
What's keeping you awake?

CARL  
I don't know.

DR. MALET  
Yes, you do.

Carl crosses, then uncrosses his arms.

CARL  
I...have urges I can't always  
control. And I'm not sure I know  
who I am anymore.

Dr. Malet's face lights up in a beautiful smile.

DR. MALET  
Well, that's my specialty.

INT./EXT. DEIRDRE'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - P.M.

A doorbell CHIMES and Deirdre calls out from within the  
house.

DEIRDRE (O.S.)  
I'll get it! I'll bet he sent me  
flowers!

She jogs to the door wearing one of Adam's uniform shirts and  
nothing else. She flings it open.

On the porch, three blond and very similar wholesome-looking cheerleaders wave pom-poms at her. MINDY is out front of her two clones CINDY & LINDY.

FREEZE FRAME W/LEGEND: MINDY, CINDY & LINDY (Cheerleaders) - Three gals DETERMINED to be stereotypes

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
Aw, crap. What do you want?

MINDY  
We're selling perfume to help raise money for homecoming!

CINDY & LINDY  
Go Lions!!

DEIRDRE  
Not a chance pod people. Buh-bye!

MINDY  
It's called Ethereal, and it's super sexy! Your boyfriend would love it!

DEIRDRE  
I'm gonna give you about six seconds to- Wait, what did you say? What is it called?

CINDY & LINDY  
Ethereal!

MINDY  
It means, kinda... like sexy ghosty.

DEIRDRE  
...Did anybody else buy this crap from you?

MINDY  
Just that weird bald guy who cleans everything. He said the name was unforgettable! He bought it for his Mom!

The cheerleaders GIGGLE in unison.

MINDY notices Norman trotting by on the sidewalk. She turns and waves.

MINDY (CONT'D)  
Hi, Norman!

LINDY & CINDY  
Hi, Norman!

Norman wags his tail and BARKS and keeps on going.

Mindy turns back to Deirdre.

MINDY  
So...how many bottles of Ethereal  
would you like to order?

DEIRDRE  
Exactly none. And put a rush on it.  
See ya.

Deirdre SLAMS the door in their face. She shakes her head.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
That FUCKER!

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY - P.M.

Mr. Bibs leads Aurora and the boys towards 105. Aurora carries a toolbox.

MR. BIBS  
Miss, if you finally get this  
fixed, I'll name a child after you  
someday.

AURORA  
You're married?

MR. BIBS  
Someday in the distant future.

AURORA  
I ah...I don't know if their  
toolbox has everything I need.

ADAM  
It does.

The door to 104 opens and (PETER) ORRIN sticks his head into the hallway, startling the group to a halt. He's extremely petite, and even more metro-sexual. His voice is as frantic as his bulging eyes:

ORRIN  
(whispering)  
Oh! I thought I heard people out  
here! Thank God! She's had such a  
bad day! Would you mind?

Mr. Bibs, Arnie and Adam nod and take out their cell phones.

ADAM  
(to Aurora)  
Get your cell phone out and take a  
million pictures with the flash.  
You're paparazzi, okay? It's easier  
this way. Trust me.

Aurora pulls out her phone. Arnie steps to the other side of the hallway, spreading out the cameras.

Orrin has set up a battery-powered light pole in the hallway and measures the light with a meter.

FREEZE FRAME W/LEGEND: Peter Orrin (Personal Assistant) - Desperate hamster in an endless wheel

ORRIN  
(to himself)  
Perfect!

He goes to the door of 104 and throws it open.

ORRIN (CONT'D)  
Miss Genevieve! Hurry! There's only  
a few of the vultures, but I'm sure  
more are on the way!

MISS GENEVIEVE sweeps out of her room, tossing a stole over her shoulder. She wears oversized sunglasses, a full-length fur coat and a kerchief over her hair.

FREEZE FRAME W/LEGEND: Miss Genevieve (Former Child star) - Dramatically damaged goods

Adam, Arnie and Mr. Bibs begin snapping pictures and shouting.

ADAM, ARNIE & MR. BIBS  
Miss Genevieve! Miss Genevieve!  
Over here! This way!

Aurora does her best to follow suit. Miss Genevieve heads down the hallway as if a throng of fans and photogs are chasing.

MISS GENEVIEVE  
Good job, Orrin! Most of them  
hadn't gotten here yet! Avanti!

ORRIN

I tried not to let it get out that  
you were leaving the hotel! Damn  
these paparrazzi!

Orrin throws a silent "Thank you" over his shoulder, then  
follows her out of sight.

Mr. Bibs, Arnie and Adam put their phones away, and Adam puts  
the light rig back in 104.

AURORA (V.O.)

Wait for it...

Arnie, on his hands and knees, scrubs at an imaginary spot.  
Aurora stares at them waiting for an explanation.

ARNIE

She thinks she's still famous. Some  
people are crazy, you know?

He puts his head almost on the carpet to make sure he's  
really getting what he imagines he's cleaning.

ADAM

She did 104 ads for Binder Baby  
food when she was little. Most of  
them in print.

MR. BIBS

Thus room 104.

AURORA

She's the Binder Baby?!?

ADAM

Yep. And if we don't help out her  
assistant-

MR. BIBS

Who has the unfortunate name of  
Orrin.

ARNIE

How can you not help someone stuck  
with Orrin?

ADAM

If you don't cooperate, she makes a  
scene until she feels she's gotten  
enough attention. Trust me, not  
worth it.



MR. BIBS  
All right. Shall we?

Mr. Bibs opens the door to his room. They all crowd in.

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - ROOM 105 - CONTINUOUS

The Room has been cleaned thoroughly and the sheets on the bed are trampoline tight.

MR. BIBS  
Great job, Arnie. But it'll take me  
ten minutes to loosen the sheets  
enough to get in the bed.

ADAM  
Buddy, we've talked about this.

With great effort, Adam tugs the sheets loose and turns the bed down. Arnie makes small WHINING noises as he does it.

Aurora has crossed to the air conditioning unit mounted underneath the window. She tries to turn it on. Mr. Bibs looks at her, DRIPPING.

MR. BIBS  
Really?

AURORA  
Always the first step.

MR. BIBS  
I got a sales call. If that thing  
works tonight, I'm buying at the  
Rotten Dog.

ADAM  
Deal.

ARNIE  
I don't drink.

ADAM  
I'll drink his.

Aurora has managed to figure out how to remove the top cover of the unit. Mr. Bibs nods at them and goes, closing the door behind him.

AURORA  
How the fuck am I gonna fix an air-  
conditioner?

ARNIE  
You're not. He is.

ADAM  
You can set that cover down. It's  
the compressor. We can swap out the  
one in 313.

AURORA  
Wait, how do you know what it is?

ARNIE  
His dad owns a refrigeration  
company. He's also a penis.

ADAM  
Sounds better if you say prick.

ARNIE  
He's also a Prick. So Adam doesn't  
work for him anymore. But he knows  
how to do all this stuff.

AURORA  
Then why didn't you fix it?

ADAM  
Because I hate doing this shit. And  
not doing it drives my old man  
batshit. And I like doing what I'm  
doing now.

ARNIE  
Because mostly I'm doing it.

AURORA  
Aren't you a little old to give a  
shit what your Dad thinks?

ADAM  
I'm just-

ARNIE  
He still lives with his Dad.

ADAM  
In a separate apartment in the  
basement!  
(to Aurora)  
I pay rent.

She shrugs at Adam. He kneels and opens the toolbox. He grabs  
a wrench, lays on his back and scoots under the unit.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
What did you say you did again?

AURORA  
I'm a recovering heroin addict who  
violated my parole.

ADAM  
There are no track marks on your  
arms. Try again. Goddamn it, Arnie!  
Leave the bed alone!

The bed is made tight again. Arnie is standing beside it.

ARNIE  
I'll keep doing the rooms.

He scurries out. Aurora sits next to Adam as he works.

AURORA  
Thanks for doing this for me.

ADAM  
Less work for me. Purely selfish.

AURORA  
Uh huh. Wait. If we're gonna take  
the air conditioning thingie-

ADAM  
Compressor.

AURORA  
...out of the other room, what  
about when someone stays there?

ADAM  
The bathroom and closet in 313 are  
used for storage. And sometimes I  
nap in the bed.

AURORA  
You are consistent.

ADAM  
Nobody likes to rent 313. They  
always swap out. Superstitious.  
Can't even tell you the last time  
Arnie cleaned it.

AURORA  
You don't store anything flammable  
there, do you?

ADAM  
Don't worry, we have fire  
insurance. What did you do? Before  
you came here?

AURORA  
Nothing interesting.

FLASHBACK

INT. PHOENIX COSMETIC SURGERY - MIAMI - SURGICAL SUITE - DAY

At extremely close range, an incision is made across the  
columella of a large nose. Blood wells and the flesh is  
roughly manipulated by gloved hands.

Fleetwood Mac's BIG LOVE plays through high-quality speakers  
in the suite.

SURGICAL NURSE (O.S.)  
Still think we can make it look the  
way she wants?

AURORA (O.S.)  
Bet on it, baby. I'm a machine.

SURGICAL NURSE (O.S.)  
Either way, it'll be way better  
than if they stayed with Dr.  
Wanker.

AURORA (O.S.)  
No question. Here comes the gross  
part.

Blood, cartilage, and bone. Fleetwood Mac MOANS in rhythm.

END FLASHBACK

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - ROOM 105 - P.M.

Adam strains to turn his wrench.

ADAM  
Come on, you motherless bastard!

Something gives way with a SQUEAL and rust falls on his face.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Goddammit! And that's why I hate  
this shit!

AURORA  
Still. Good job.

ADAM  
Can I guess what you did for a  
living? Before Liberty?

AURORA  
You couldn't guess in a million  
years.

FLASHBACK

INT. PHOENIX COSMETIC SURGERY - MIAMI - AURORA'S OFFICE - DAY

Chic, expensive and expansive high-end office. Aurora sits comfortably behind a desk in a \$500 suit and half glasses that are just for show.

A plaque on the desk says "Dr. Amy Feinbaum".

AURORA (V.O.)  
First? Yeah, the glasses were just  
for show. They made you seem smart.

A couple sits in two plush chairs across from her. A feminine looking man with a thin beard and a solid looking woman with broad shoulders: JOHN & MARSHA WALSH.

AURORA (V.O.)  
And second, Amy Feinbaum wasn't my  
real name either. But it was the  
perfect name for a plastic surgeon  
in Miami.

AURORA  
So, let me make sure I have a hold  
on the situation. You both had  
gender reassignment surgery?

The couple nods in unison.

AURORA (CONT'D)  
And you're both happy that you  
transitioned?

The couple nods together again.

AURORA (CONT'D)  
But you're both unhappy with your  
respective genital reconstructions?

The couple stares at her.

AURORA (CONT'D)  
Okay, then. Let's take a look. If  
you'll follow me to the examination-

Marsha stands, lifts her foot onto the front of the desk,  
exposing her smooth muscular leg. She raises the front of her  
skirt.

AURORA (CONT'D)  
Well...I can see why you might be  
dissatisfied.

AURORA (V.O.)  
It looked like a Venus Flytrap. But  
not as elegant. Seriously, had they  
ever seen a vagina before?

John stands, unzips and drops his pants. The couple stares at  
the Doctor, both exposed and embarrassed but a little  
defiant. Aurora shakes her head and raises her eyebrows.

AURORA  
Not any better, I'm afraid.

AURORA (V.O.)  
And he's a miniature anteater. I  
bet I know the fucking idiot they  
went to.

The couple readjust themselves and sit. Aurora sits, too. She  
leans forward.

AURORA  
And was it Dr. Wenker who did the  
initial surgery?

They nod in unison.

AURORA (V.O.)  
Told you.

AURORA  
The good news is, I can fix both of  
them. It's my specialty.

END FLASHBACK

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - ROOM 105 - LATE P.M.

Aurora is still sitting next to Adam and watching him work.

AURORA  
I've never done anything really  
interesting. Well, maybe one thing.

ADAM  
Which was?

AURORA  
None of your business.

ADAM  
Whatever it was, I hope it didn't  
involve a lot of lying.

AURORA  
Why's that?

ADAM  
Because you're fucking terrible at  
it.

Adam triumphantly removes the compressor.

AURORA  
Why don't you start a rival company  
and drive your prick father out of  
business?

ADAM  
The goal is to avoid hard work. Not  
invent it.

Arnie peeks in the room doorway.

ARNIE  
I finished one and two.

ADAM  
The second floor, too?!?

ARNIE  
There were a lot of "Do Not  
Disturb" signs on the doors.

ADAM  
Words to live by. We'll come with  
you to three. That other compressor  
will come out easy.

ARNIE  
I have to do room 107 first. I  
think Mr. Liang called the sheriff  
again.

ADAM  
You skipped Margaret?

ARNIE  
She didn't have the cats out yet.

ADAM  
Try not to mention me to her.

ARNIE  
She's gonna ask about you.

AURORA  
What is room 107?

INT/EXT. THE COME INN MOTEL - ROOM 107 - LATE P.M.

MARGARET HEMP, a fifty-something hippie with gray braided hair in a tie-dye blouse, is gently lifting cats one by one out her motel room window. She HUMS to them gently as she does it.

FREEZE FRAME W/LEGEND: Margaret Hemp (Hippie) - Cat-Lady, Palmist, Former CIA Assassin. Oh, and Vegan.

The window faces the small lawn and woods behind the motel. Dozens of cats trot towards the trees or sprawl on the grass.

As she places the last cat out the window, there's a KNOCK on the door.

ARNIE (O.S.)  
Housekeeping!

MARGARET  
You don't have to count to ten,  
Arnie. They're all out.

Arnie opens the door, surgical mask and gloves already on, and gets to work quickly.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Thanks so much, honey. You're a  
lifesaver.

ARNIE  
Nobody should have to give up their  
friends.

MARGARET  
Speaking of friends, how's that  
lazy good-for-nothing conceited  
jackass you hang out with?



AURORA (V.O.)  
 Just a guess, but I think she had a  
 thing with Adam. And he handled it  
 as maturely as he handles  
 everything.

Arnie turns to her.

ARNIE  
 He's the best friend I ever had.

MARGARET  
 Oh, honey. That's so sad.

INT. DR. MALET'S HOUSE/OFFICE - OFFICE - LATE P.M.

Dr. Malet waits patiently for Carl to continue.

CARL  
 Look, I don't...I'm not who I  
 pretend to be and I'm into some bad  
 shit, all right?

DR. MALET  
 I'm not gonna tell you I can help  
 you fix things, Carl. My job is  
 to help you understand why you do  
 what you do, and maybe help you  
 make sure you do what's best for  
 you going forward. But I can't  
 change the past.

CARL  
 Then why even do this?

DR. MALET  
 Good question. Couple of reasons:  
 Don't do it, and your gonna explode  
 eventually. Stress breaks the  
 strongest of men if they don't vent  
 it, or handle it correctly. If it  
 helps, think of me as a kind of  
 overflow valve for stuff that  
 builds up. In that head of yours.  
 Make sense?

Carl nods.

DR. MALET (CONT'D)

And the second is worth the most -  
You can come here and talk to  
someone who won't judge you and  
doesn't care what you're into and  
you don't have to worry about being  
strong in front of me.

CARL

I never met no one like that.

DR. MALET

Now you have.

EXT. THE COME INN MOTEL - STREET SIDE - FOLLOWING

One of Margaret's cats wanders around the front and heads for the street. As it's about to step onto the parking lot blacktop, a sharp BARK startles it and it steps back.

A police cruiser pulls sharply into a space, narrowly missing the cat. The cat stares across the street, then dashes off behind the motel.

SHERIFF NIELSEN unfolds from his cruiser. He's built like a scarecrow, with a nose even sharper than his piercing eyes.

SHERIFF NIELSEN

Goddammit cat! Arnie just cleaned  
our cruisers for the week!

FREEZE FRAME W/LEGEND: Sheriff Nielsen (Big Kahuna) - The soon-to-be busiest small-town sheriff. Ever.

Another BARK causes the Sheriff to look across the street and spot Norman, who wags his tail and then struts proudly on.

SHERIFF NIELSEN (CONT'D)

Afternoon, Norman! Be safe now!

The Sheriff heads into the motel. He steps over another cat to go through the front door.

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff ambles up to the front desk. He RINGS the bell and Mr. Liang pops out of the back.

MR. LIANG

Sheriff Nielsen! You have to kick  
her out! She's not allowed pets!

SHERIFF NIELSEN  
Yeah, but you never find a trace of  
them in her room.

MR. LIANG  
Because Arnie cleans it!

SHERIFF NIELSEN  
Tell him to wait until I can see  
some evidence of the cats.

MR. LIANG  
It's like trying to hold back a  
river with a spoon! One time, I  
invalidated his passkey. Locked him  
out of 107. By the time Deputy  
Hayes got here, the room was  
spotless. I think he climbed  
through the ceiling!

SHERIFF NIELSEN  
Mr. Liang, if Arnie can remove  
every trace of cat, why-

MR. LIANG  
It's the principle!

SHERIFF NIELSEN  
Course it is. I'll go take a look.

As he pushes off the counter, he yanks his left hand back and  
HISSES slightly.

MR. LIANG  
You okay?

SHERIFF NIELSEN  
Splinter. I've had worse.

MR. LIANG  
Hurry!

The two men hustle out of the lobby, the Sheriff shaking his  
hand and then putting it to his mouth..

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As the Sheriff and Mr. Liang round the corner, they see Arnie  
leaving room 107. They stop, and Mr. Liang's shoulders slump.

MR. LIANG  
Too late. You could operate in  
there now.

SHERIFF NIELSEN  
Arnie? You see any sign of cats in there?

ARNIE  
Nossir. But I'm colorblind and I have no sense of smell. Wouldn't know it if I saw it.

The Sheriff looks at Mr. Liang.

SHERIFF NIELSEN  
What's that called again?

MR. LIANG  
It's called anosmic. Shit.

SHERIFF NIELSEN  
Want me to fill out another report?

MR. LIANG  
Come on.

The two men go back the way they came. Arnie calls after them.

ARNIE  
I'm almost ready to head up to three!

He gets no response, shrugs, and heads on his way.

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - LATE P.M.

Aurora follows Adam towards room 313, carrying the toolbox while Adam carries the faulty compressor.

The stairway door at the far end of the hallway BANGS open and Deirdre storms out.

DEIRDRE  
Hey! Asshole!

Adam stops in his tracks and Aurora bumps into him.

ADAM  
Oh, fuck me.

AURORA  
What's happening now?

Deirdre charges right into Adam's face with an accusatory finger.

DEIRDRE

You had Arnie write that text!  
Didn't you!?

ADAM

What? Are you-No! No fucking way!

DEIRDRE

You are so fulla shit, Lang! I'll  
bet you showed him the pictures of  
me! How'd he like my tits, huh?!

ADAM

You need to stop. I never showed  
anyone your photos! I swore I-

DEIRDRE

There's no way you know how to  
spell 'ethereal'!

ADAM

...the phone helped me?

DEIRDRE

Bullshit! I tried it! How fucking  
dysfunctional are you?!

ADAM

That's kind of a harsh question-

Aurora is trying to back down the hallway unnoticed.

DEIRDRE

Did you tell your new poontang that  
you can't come? Huh? He can't come!

AURORA

I'm not anybody's poontang, thanks.  
Wait...what?

ADAM

That's kinda private-

DEIRDRE

Like our text conversations? Or my  
photos?

She punches him in the stomach and he folds with an OOOMPH of  
lost breath. Deirdre points a finger at Aurora.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)

That's right, he never comes! At  
first it's great, but then it's  
just fucking weird.

(MORE)

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
Come near anybody I date again and  
it's the end for you, bitch!

Aurora holds her hands up in surrender.

AURORA  
Okay dokey.

Deirdre storms back the way she came and the stairway door  
BANGS again.

Adam drags himself to a sitting position against the door to  
313, a 'Do Not Disturb' sign over his head.

ADAM  
The worst part is...I never showed  
Arnie her photos.

AURORA  
Did you show him her texts?

ADAM  
Oh, that I definitely did. But only  
because he could make her feel  
better than I ever could...shit.

AURORA  
She reminds me of a Venus Flytrap.

ADAM  
Fucking 'ethereal'. Dammit Arnie,  
it was too good.

Aurora is looking at her cell. She texts a few letters and  
shrugs.

AURORA  
My phone does it.

INT. CARL HAYNES' HOUSE - CARL'S ROOM - EVENING

Ma carries a busted laundry basket into Carl's room. She  
picks some socks and underwear off the floor, then opens his  
closet.

She begins to transfer a large pile of laundry he's shoved in  
there into her basket.

Under the clothes, there's a shoebox with the lid ajar. She  
lifts the box out of the closet and straightens up.

Holding the box, she hesitates, then moves to put it back.  
She stops herself and stands there again, considering.

Finally, she takes off the top of the shoebox and her eyes widen.

MA  
Shitfire.

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - BACK OFFICE - EVENING

Mr. Liang steps into the office, finding his wife behind its lone desk and smoking.

MR. LIANG  
You're not supposed to smoke in here.

She looks at him. He looks away.

MR. LIANG (CONT'D)  
Are we really gonna give that girl a job?

MRS. LIANG  
If it's her, we should keep an eye on her. If we're wrong, we'll just fire her.

MR. LIANG  
The two idiots are already becoming attached.

MRS. LIANG  
If you can't deal with them, I will. Is Sheriff Nielsen done with his report about the cat lady?

MR. LIANG  
Any minute now.

MRS. LIANG  
Then get back to the desk.

He opens his mouth, closes it, then turns and leaves.

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Nielsen is writing on the front desk. He straightens up as Mr. Liang comes out of the office.

SHERIFF NIELSEN  
Sign here, and I'll get you a copy.

As Mr. Liang signs the form, Orrin sprints into the lobby and starts setting up a light stand.

ORRIN

I'm so sorry! Would you mind? She's  
having a day. Please!

Mr. Liang calls over his shoulder.

MR. LIANG

Miss Genevieve is coming!

He takes out his cell phone and Mrs. Liang appears in the office doorway, already holding hers up.

Orrin measures the light with a meter, then sprints over to open the lobby door. Cats YOWL and MEOW outside as Miss Genevieve charges through them.

The Liangs start flashing pictures, and the Sheriff pretends to hold back crowds and make way, as Miss Genevieve sweeps across the lobby and into the 1st floor hallway, waving.

MR. & MRS. LIANG

Miss Genevieve! Miss Genevieve!  
Over here! This way!

ORRIN

I'm sorry, not today! Miss  
Genevieve is very tired! Not today!  
Sorry!

The entourage of two is gone. The Liangs put their cameras away and Mrs. Liang fades back into the office. The Sheriff steps back to the counter and separates a copy of the report for Mr. Liang.

MR. LIANG

Sorry to call you out again.

SHERIFF NIELSEN

I admire your principals. Besides,  
nothing much happens around here  
anyway.

The Sheriff heads out the door.

SHERIFF NIELSEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Get off my car, ya damn cats!



INT. DR. MALET'S HOUSE/OFFICE - WAITING AREA

Dr. Malet walks Carl out of her office and towards the outer door.

DR. MALET  
Same time next week, okay?

Carl nods and puts on his hat.

DR. MALET (CONT'D)  
And Carl? Maybe just this once...I  
will give you a little bit of  
advice.

CARL  
What's that?

DR. MALET  
Don't get caught.

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - EVENING

Adam still sits against the door of 313. Aurora leans against the wall across from him.

AURORA  
I don't mean to be insensitive...  
but, shouldn't we do the air  
conditioner now?

ADAM  
Yeah. We don't finish before  
Arnie's done with the rooms, and  
we'll have to clean up after  
ourselves.

He stands a little unsteadily.

AURORA  
It's not great, the way you take  
advantage of him.

ADAM  
Hey, I'm a shit about a lot of  
things, but not Arnie. Ever. You've  
never seen him when he doesn't have  
something to clean. He complains,  
but it keeps him busy enough not to  
freak out. When the motel gets  
slow, he's tried to wash the road.

AURORA  
Holy shit.

ADAM  
With a sponge. Being a dick to  
Arnie is the only thing nobody can  
accuse me of.

AURORA  
Okay. Apologies. I just liked him  
right away, and felt a little  
protective.

ADAM  
Yeah, I get that. Let's get this  
over with. Take this.

He hands her the 'Do Not Disturb' sign on the door, then uses  
his passkey. The door swings open into the room. Both of  
their eyes widen and they freeze.

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - ROOM 313 - CONTINUOUS

Room 313 is an abattoir. Blood soaks the carpet and the walls  
and DRIPS from the ceiling. A body lies on top of the bed, so  
mutilated that it's impossible to tell the sex, let alone the  
identity.

AURORA  
I'm not gonna scream. I'm not gonna  
scream.

ADAM  
I'm gonna-

Adam VOMITS noisily into the room.

INT. CARL HAYNES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Carl lets himself in the front door. He puts a huge ring of  
keys on a wall hook near the door, and his uniform hat on a  
coatrack.

Carl reacts when he notices his mother is not in her chair,  
even though the TV BLATS her shopping network.

CARL  
Ma? Where are ya?

MA (O.S.)  
Here.

She steps into the living room from the hallway.

MA (CONT'D)  
What'd you have in that shoebox,  
Carl?

CARL  
What?

She raises a .44 Magnum Revolver.

MA  
I asked what you were keeping in  
the closet. In a shoebox. In my  
house! What's in the fucking  
shoebox, boy?!

CARL  
Nothing, Ma! It's-

The gun ERUPTS and Carl flies backwards into the coatrack.  
Ma's mouth trembles but her gun hand is steady. Her son GASPS  
and MOANS from the floor.

The keys fall off the wall with a JINGLING CRASH.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Ow.

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - LOBBY - EVENING

Aurora and Adam stumble into the lobby. Her hair is wild and  
he has vomit down the front of his shirt. Mr. Liang looks up  
from a newspaper, irritated.

ADAM  
Mr. Liang!

AURORA  
Sir! There's a-

MR. LIANG  
Did you fix it or not?

AURORA  
Sir, you don't understand! There's-

ADAM  
There's a fucking dead body in 313!

MR. LIANG  
What?!

Then, from the office:

MRS. LIANG (O.S.)  
Gi?!?

Sheriff Nielsen BANGS back through the lobby door.

MRS. LIANG (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
What?!?

SHERIFF NIELSEN  
Goddammit, I think I hit one of her  
cats!

MR. LIANG  
It wasn't Norman, was it?

AURORA  
Who's Norman?

SHERIFF NIELSEN  
Naw, it screeched like a cat. I  
think it's under the car. Shit!

MRS. LIANG (O.S.)  
Có phải Norman không?

MR. LIANG  
No, it wasn't Norman!

Orrin suddenly bustles into the lobby. He whispers fiercely  
at everyone:

ORRIN  
Just pictures will be fine. God,  
the lighting in here is awful!  
Thank you so much!

Everyone except the Sheriff snaps flash pictures as Miss  
Genevieve sweeps grandly through the room.

SHERIFF NIELSEN  
Sorry folks! No autographs! Miss  
Genevieve has to be on set!

MISS GENEVIEVE  
Thank you all! I love you! Thank  
you!

Miss Genevieve and Orrin are gone. Everyone puts away their  
cell phones.

MR. LIANG  
So, did you fix the air  
conditioner?

ADAM  
There's a dead fucking body in room  
313!

Everyone turns to look at him. He tries to say something and  
VOMITS everywhere.

INT. CARL HAYNES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Carl MOANS from the floor. He tries to get up.

CARL  
Oh my God, I think you broke my  
fucking ribs! Jesus! Aw, it hurts!

Ma shakes her head and puts the gun on top of the TV. She  
crosses and sits on the couch.

CARL (CONT'D)  
That's Dad's 44! Ah, my fuckin'  
ribs!

The keys have opened a gash in his forehead that bleeds down  
his face.

MA  
Don't be a pussy! Ya had yer  
fucking vest on!

She picks up the remote and starts flipping channels. Carl  
tries to stand and falls back on the floor with a CLUMP. He  
CRIES OUT.

MA (CONT'D)  
Your father would be ashamed of yer  
wailing. And get that fucking thing  
out of my house!

From the floor, Carl stops moving and says:

CARL  
Now, I'm gonna haveta fucking kill  
ya.

MA  
Wait til yer laundry is done. And  
get it the fuck out of the house!

She turns up the TV.

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - EVENING

Sheriff Nielsen leads Adam, Aurora and the Liangs to room 313. The door is closed, but there is no sign on it.

The Sheriff pauses with his hand on the doorknob.

SHERIFF NIELSEN  
You know, not everybody has to see  
this.

MR. LIANG  
It's our motel.

AURORA  
And we've already seen it.

ADAM  
And thrown up on it.

The sheriff shrugs and nods to Mr. Liang, who opens the door.

INT. THE COME INN MOTEL - ROOM 313 - CONTINUOUS

Arnie is on his hands and knees scrubbing the carpet.  
Everything is pristine.

There is no sign of blood or gore. Arnie doesn't even notice  
they're there.

ADAM  
Arnie, what did you do?

Arnie looks up and sees them all right over him staring at  
him. He SCREAMS.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
It's okay, buddy.

Adam helps Arnie up. Arnie is visibly shaken. He SCREAMS  
again, startling everyone but Adam.

AURORA  
Why is he screaming?!

ADAM  
He was in the zone. We scared him.  
When it's a really bad mess, he  
gets really Zen.

AURORA  
He just cleaned up the fucking  
Texas Chainsaw massacre!

SHERIFF NIELSEN  
(to Arnie)  
What did you clean up here?

ARNIE  
I don't know. But there was a lot  
of it all over everything.

They all stand there looking at him. He shrugs.

ADAM  
Buddy, where's your cart?

Arnie points. They all turn to look at his cart. Blood seeps through a canvas bag spilling over with bloody sheets.

SHERIFF NIELSEN  
(to Arnie)  
What possessed you to tamper with  
evidence, son?

ADAM  
He can't smell and he's colorblind!  
He had no idea what he was cleaning  
up!

The sheriff sighs and tilts his hat back on his head.

SHERIFF NIELSEN  
That's right. You said that. What's  
that called again?

ADAM  
Anosmic.

ARNIE  
What is happening?

SHERIFF NIELSEN  
Anosmic. Hmph. Wish I had a dime  
for every time I heard that one...  
I'm gonna need all three of you to  
come with me.

EXT/INT. THE COME INN/SHERIFF'S CAR - FRONT CURBSIDE

Adam, Aurora and Arnie sit across the back seat of the police cruiser as the door CHUNKS shut.

Adam rubs his eyes, Aurora rubs her temples and Arnie touches his mouth nervously.

FREEZE FRAME W/LEGEND: See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil...sooo embarrassing.

AURORA (V.O.)

Two days on the run and I'm in the back of a police cruiser. Not arrested, but close. Material witness in a homicide with a missing body. And like I said: this was only the first. Welcome to Liberty.

**FINI**

Warren Zevon's "Lawyers, Guns & Money" BLARES as the CREDITS roll.