

SANTA CLARITA DIET

"Emotional Fracking"

A spec by

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EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Right where we left the end of Season 2.

ANNE

How may I serve you?!

GARY'S HEAD

Well, this just got fucking weird.

GRAPHIC MATCH TO:

A VASE much like Gary's head --

SUPER: 2 Months Later

INT. GORGEOUS HOME - DAY

Joel hands the vase to a HAPPY COUPLE. Sheila holds out keys.

SHEILA

Small key for the mailbox, big key
for the front door. Let the new
chapter of your life...begin!

HAPPY HUSBAND

I was surprised we hadn't heard of
Hammond Realty, but your Yelp page
doesn't lie. You're good.

JOEL

Or, as power-user Cheryl Klein
says, "the best in town! Smiley
emoji star emoji."

HAPPY WIFE

Well Cheryl's on to something.

Anne enters, cleaning supplies in hand. Sweaty. Fake smile.

ANNE

Okay, bathrooms are clean. Watch
out for that second master bath
faucet. Sticks a bit.
(dabbing at the sweat)
Whew, it is toasty in here.

Sheila shoots Anne a look.

EXT. GORGEOUS HOME - DAY

The trio hotfoot to their van. Joel checks his watch.

SHEILA

Anne. How many times do I have to tell you? Nothing. But. Positivity. You're killing me with the commentary.

ANNE

I know, I know. Between this and work and Lisa I'm just burning out. This isn't my thing.

SHEILA

It's hard enough being undead. Don't tell me I can't rely on my flock.

Joel shoves a sheaf of papers (more on those later) under the driver's seat. Pokes his head out the window.

JOEL

Enough chitchat ladies. Let's go!

EXT. RENTAL PROPERTY - DAY

Anne repaints a Hammond Realty sign in the front yard.

INT. RENTAL PROPERTY - DAY

Joel pulls another (identical) vase out of a box.

JOEL

You know these work great. Part Gary head-holder, part homeowner gift. And the bulk price? C'mon!

SHEILA

Right! Let's have Anne get another box when she's done painting.

JOEL

(beat)

Are we taking advantage of her?

SHEILA

The Lord sent her to help us, Joel. If she can't handle me at my business worst, she doesn't deserve me at my zombie best.

She goes back to sprucing, done.

JOEL
Y'know I've always found that
saying problematic.

EXT. RENTAL PROPERTY - SKETCHY VAN - DAY

CHRIS and CARL fit JIM and SANDRA CHO (40s) with earpieces.

JIM
And all we have to do is ask if the
place is haunted?

CARL
No. You have to ask if someone *died*
there. Very important.

CHRIS
And the plan is vastly more complex
than that. But yes, that is all you
pawns must do.

SANDRA
What'd these guys even do to you?

CHRIS
Oh it's a lifetime of grievances.
On the field *and* off.

CARL
Since they started their own
company they've been eating our
sales for breakfast, brunch, lunch,
afternoon snack, dinner, and
dessert.

CHRIS
You should really see my
nutritionist.

CARL
It's putting the both of us out of
business. You guys ready?

Sure. JIM Sandra
Yeah I guess.

Carl rolls his eyes. Lets them out of the van. Chris pulls out a walkie.

CHRIS
Testing...excellent.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

ABBY eats lunch alone.

ERIC (O.S.)

Sup babe.

Reveal ERIC, dressed like a cliché 90s bad boy. Track suit. Single earring. Poofy hair. He plops his tray on the table.

ABBY

Eric? Why are you dressed like a bully from Boy Meets World?

ERIC

Whatchoo mean? This is how I roll.

ABBY

No it's not. Is this still about the bomb thing? It's been weeks. We're scot-free. Quit freaking out.

ERIC

Freaking out? As if! I mean maybe my guilty conscience craves punishment and as such is throwing up strange walls to protect my sense of self. But freaking out? You trippin'.

ABBY

Ugh. Can this Eric still help me with my AP Euro test? Or do you have to meet up with your rollerblading gang?

ERIC

Pssh. Pssh. Pssh. I didn't even study for that test. I got a C.

He flicks a graded exam onto the table.

ABBY

Eric! A C?! You've gotten straight A's the entire time I've known you. What happened to college? Scholarships? Getting into Cornell's world-class robotics program and building the dad you never had?

ERIC
Babe, that was the old Eric. The
one that didn't commit felony
crimes. Though the father issues
persist.

They see CHRISTIAN playing with Eric's old drone outside.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Now if you'll excuse me. I got a
score to settle.

He struts towards. Abby flags a passing teacher.

ABBY
Yeah, hi. How good is our nurse?

INT. RENTAL PROPERTY - DAY

Sheila eats from a bag of fingers.

JOEL
Then I show em the Sicilian crown
moldings and WHAM! Sale.

SHEILA
God you're hot when you *realator*.

Anne enters, whipping off rubber gloves.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
There's no way you bleached all the
grout that fast.

ANNE
No, I gotta go. Lisa's been weird
lately. I can't be late again.

SHEILA
What happened to the Anne of a few
weeks ago? My passionate disciple
from that night in the desert?

ANNE
She got put on toilet duty. Guh,
are those fingers?

SHEILA
Fine, go.
(beat. She bites. CRACK)
And I miss carrots.

DING DONG. Guests. Anne goes for the front door. Sheila TUTS.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Showing hours. You remember.

Sheila points to the back. Anne fumes.

EXT. RENTAL PROPERTY - SKETCHY VAN - DAY

Chris and Carl listen in on their mics.

SHEILA (O.S.)
*So she said "That's no dumbwaiter.
That's my husband!"*
(LAUGHTER)

CHRIS
Damn that was charming. No wonder
they're killing it lately.

CARL
Chris. Focus.
(feeding a line)
And are they both walk-ins?

INT. RENTAL PROPERTY - DAY

Joel and Sheila finish their tour in the entryway.

SHEILA
And then back to this beautiful
foyer. So. Whaddya think?

JOEL
We don't like to play favorites
with our clients, but you're our
favorite clients.

SANDRA
I love it. Jim? Any questions?

JIM
(clearly forgot)
Oh, yeah. Uh. Is it haunted?

SHEILA
I'm sorry?

JIM
No, wait. I mean, like. No one died
on the property. Right?

JOEL
No sir. The only casualty here is
low expectations, because at
Hammond we always deliver.

SANDRA
Well...okay! I guess we'll --

EXT. RENTAL PROPERTY - SKETCHY VAN - DAY

CHRIS
-- "take it."

JOEL (O.S.)
Great! I'll get the paperwork.

Chris and Carl HIGH FIVE.

EXT. CLARITA CAFE - DAY

Lisa sits, peeved. Eyes her watch as Anne hustles towards.

ANNE
I know, I know. I'm so sorry. Did
you order yet?

LISA
Obviously. What's going on with
you? You've missed all our couples
lately. They're getting worried
over at couples Kama Sutra.

ANNE
It's...work. I'm so used to seeing
bad guys get away, but I got to
join this special...task force that
I thought would be able to do some
real good for once. It's just. Not
at all what I expected.

LISA
So you're not cheating on me?

ANNE
What? No. I'm just lost. I thought
I could make the world a safer
place. But I'm not even doing
that...

LISA
So you're definitely not cheating
on me?

(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

Whenever someone gets distant from me they're always cheating. Like just because I did it once they think they can use it as payback.

ANNE

Babe. I promise. Not cheating. Can we just relax? Have a normal time for once? I need that.

LISA

I wish. Everything's been so weird in this town lately. Eric's been--

Lisa's phone RINGS. She answers.

LISA (CONT'D)

Mhm. Oh no. Was it the same girl? Oh good. We'll be right there.

(she hangs up)

Speak of the devil. Eric just got his ass beat at school.

ANNE

Oh my god! Is he okay?

LISA

Oh yeah. Trust me, this is not his first time. There was a young lady on the lacrosse team who --

ANNE

-- shouldn't we be going?

A waiter approaches with their coffee.

LISA

...it's not like he got stabbed.

INT. SCHOOL NURSE - DAY

A battered Eric holds an ice pack to his head. Bruised. Still dressed like a dope. Lisa and Anne nurse iced coffees.

LISA

Oh sweetie...are you okay? You haven't gotten wrecked like this since Jackie left for Cornell.

ERIC

You know how I do. Two hits: I hit him, he hits me back very hard and I pass out on the concrete.

ANNE

Um. Was he like this before he got hit?

LISA

Kinda. It's gotten worse lately. But it started a little after those frackers got bombed.

NURSE

Maybe they didn't just frack our land. But our hearts, too.

They shoot her a weird look. But it lands with Eric.

ERIC

(deeply agreeing)
Cha.

LISA

We should get you home.

ABBY

I'm coming with.

NURSE

You're not even sick.

ABBY

...achoo.

LISA

Whatever, we'll take her too.

They roll Eric out in a wheelchair. Nurse shrugs, apathetic. Starts to make a note in her phone.

NURSE

"Fracked...our...hearts." Nice.

INT. HAMMOND HOUSE - NIGHT

A lovely spread on the table. Glasses up.

SHEILA

To Hammond Realty!

JOEL

To another sale!

(clink)

Wow, this champagne is delicious.

SHEILA

And the paprika really makes this
gallbladder pâté pop.

Joel backs away from his plate.

JOEL

It's just crazy how this all came
together. When Anne caught us I
thought our chicken was cooked.

GARY'S HEAD

Me too!

Reveal: he's been in a vase on the table the whole time.

JOEL

Gary, what did we say about
interrupting?

GARY'S HEAD

I was just agreeing...

SHEILA

It was a close call. But I think
between my undead energy and having
a new disciple we've really hit our
stride. I haven't killed a man in
weeks!

JOEL

And we've sold six properties in
the meantime! Turns out there's a
pretty high opportunity cost to
murder.

SHEILA

Did we get any more champagne for
the buyers? I think this was our
last bottle.

JOEL

Ooh, I'll text our little helper.
Maybe she can get some more air
fresheners on the way. And my
blazer should be done at the dry
cleaners!

(stopping mid-text)

Yeah we're taking advantage of
Anne.

SHEILA

Joel. This was *fate*. It's not every
day a police officer --

GARY'S HEAD

-- Sheriff --

SHEILA

-- discovers your zombie cannibalism and decides to worship and not kill you.

JOEL

Maybe we can meet her halfway somehow. Does the Bible say anything about this?

SHEILA

No idea. Everything I know about religion I learned from watching VeggieTales with Abby when she was young. As far as I'm concerned, Moses was a cucumber.

Sheila's phone RINGS. She answers it.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Sheila Hammond, Hammond Realty. Oh hey! Mhm. Fantastic. We'll be right there.

(she hangs up)

That was the Chos. They signed the paperwork and want to meet at the house to get the keys.

JOEL

Great! Let's table the murder talk for tonight and get over there. To the realty-mobile!

They exit. Gary tries to nudge over and lick at the food.

GARY'S HEAD

You could at least pass the *pâté*!

INT. RENTAL PROPERTY - NIGHT

Pitch dark. Joel and Sheila poke in the door.

SHEILA

Jim? Sandra? Why are you OH GOD.

The lights FLICK ON. Carl and Chris step into the hallway, slightly off time.

CARL

You messed up the cue.

CHRIS
You did.

JOEL
(just confused)
I had a nightmare like this once...

SHEILA
What are you dweebs doing here?
Where's Christa? I thought you two
were surgically attached.

CHRIS
That was a rumor! We do things
alone sometimes...

Carl tosses an OLD NEWSPAPER at their feet.

SHEILA
Why did you toss an old newspaper
at my sensible flats?

CARL
Look at it you idiots!

JOEL
(reading)
"February 3rd, 1963. Santa Clarita
man found dead in Oakwood Ave
residence." Oh. Here...

SHEILA
What does this poor dead man and
his "diabetic episode" have to do
with us?

CHRIS
You may recall our friends Jim and
Sandra?

Jim and Sandra step out. The mess up their timing too.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
The cadence is not that hard guys.

JOEL
Jim? Sand? Are you in cahoots with
these jokers?

Carl plays a RECORDED CLIP from earlier -- *Joel and Sheila promising no one had died on the premises.* Jim and Sandra awkward in the background.

CARL

Someone died on this property and you lied about it to a buyer. That's called failure to disclose a material fact. And if Jim and Sandra here were to sue, the lawyer I golf with assured me it would be an open and shut case.

SHEILA

Are you threatening us?

CHRIS

I thought we were making it clear that this was a threat.

CARL

Yeah that's the entire point.

SHEILA

But why? What's your game here?

CHRIS

Retire. Now. Give all your territory back to us. Or you'll be caught in a legal battle for who knows how long.

CARL

And you know how crippling that is for a new business. A death sentence, even.

JOEL

Fellas...I'm sure there's a middle ground here. We didn't even know-

SHEILA

-we will NEVER give in to you! We will see you in court!

JOEL

Now hon, calmer heads might-

SHEILA

-JOEL!

She pulls him out of there, furious.

INT/EXT. JOEL'S CAR - NIGHT

SHEILA
 Those cowards. I will fight this
 till my dying breath. Which
 insurance is this? Liability?
 Where's our like...card?

Joel grabs the sheaf of papers from beneath the seat.

JOEL
 Um. Hon...

He hands her a page. LIABILITY INSURANCE APPLICATION. Blank.
 Sheila fumes. Pulls out her phone.

JOEL (CONT'D)
 I thought I --

She SILENCES him with a finger.

SHEILA
 Anne, we have an emergency.

INT. ANNE'S PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Mid-meeting. Anne tries to answer discreetly.

ANNE
 This isn't a good time.

BILL RAMIREZ
 There a reason you're interrupting
 this briefing Garcia?

On the whiteboard in the background: *WHY SO MUCH MURDER?*

SHEILA (O.S.)
 We need you at the house right now.
 Everything is in jeopardy.
Everything.

BILL RAMIREZ
 Garcia!

ANNE
 Sorry sir. It's my...grandmother.
 Doesn't look like she has much
 time. I have to go.
 (into the phone)
 Tell Gam Gam I'm coming.

BILL RAMIREZ
...understood. Gather your things.
Touch base with Newman later to get
back up to speed.

ANNE
Yes sir.

Off his suspicious stare...

INT. HAMMOND HOUSE - NIGHT

Anne, Joel, and Sheila gathered around the table.

ANNE
That's it?! I thought you'd killed
the mayor or something!

SHEILA
Do you know what happens if that
fat baby wins? Our lives are over.
We'll have to move to Topeka just
to stay out of the poorhouse. And
our holy mission is *here*. In SoCal.
Sunny SoCal.

JOEL
Can't we arrest them or something?
Throw em in the clink?

ANNE
We? And no. The less police in your
life, the better. We need to pray
on this.

She extends her hand. Joel and Sheila grab. Very reluctantly.

ANNE (CONT'D)
(closing eyes)
Dear Lord, we come to you today
with a very unique problem...

She continues, eyes closed. The Hammonds 'talk' silently.

SHEILA
How is this helping?!

JOEL
I think it's part of her process.

SHEILA
How about you process my --

ABBY (O.S.)

Yo!

Abby enters. They stop praying. Conspicuously.

ABBY (CONT'D)

And I thought Eric was being weird.
Were you guys praying?

SHEILA

Yes sweetie, like we always do.

JOEL

Amen, hon.

ABBY

...how about you just tell me
what's really going on?

JOEL

Honestly, why do we ever lie to
her? She sees through us like a bay
window. How do I say this...

SHEILA

We're outselling Chris and Carl and
"ruining their lives" so they're
blackmailing us.

JOEL

Huh. Succinct.

ABBY

Jesus. Forget I asked. My best
friend turned into 90s Eminem so
I've got enough on my plate right
now. Just let me know if I'm
getting forcibly relocated to Aunt
Kathy's this time. Mmk? Mmk.

She beelines out for school.

SHEILA

She really took that to heart,
didn't she?

ANNE

How about we focus on the problem
at hand so I can go home to my
angry girlfriend?

JOEL

Right. So what do we do?

They think for a beat. A few false starts. Then, tentative --

ANNE

...we could kill them.

They do a TERRIBLE spit-take. Awful flow. Back into the mug.

SHEILA

I realize this may sound funny
coming from your divine cannibal,
but we should not kill them.

JOEL

Chris is my rival. If he was dead,
I'd be like Batman without a Joker.
Peanut butter, no jelly. Balsa wood
sans termites. Actually that one
might be nice. We said bad idea?

ANNE

These guys weren't afraid to
blackmail you, threaten your entire
livelihood, over your success.
Those type of people are always
doing something worse. I see it
every day at the precinct. And
those bastards always get away with
it. We can stop that!

SHEILA

Sweetie I think you *might* be
reaching here.

ANNE

Really?! I have been aiding your
holy quest for two months now and
we haven't killed a single
evildoer! I didn't sign up to be
one of the soldiers of Christ just
to clean grout and let bad guys get
away with bad things. I do enough
of that at work. But you've got me
doing even less! Maybe this was all
a mistake.

JOEL

Hoh, kay, let's not get crazy here.
Um. Middle ground. Before we kill
them, we go talk to them. Talk
first. Kill later. Like good
Christians. Amen?

ANNE

Fine. I've gotta go. But if we don't start fulfilling our holy mission soon...

She shakes her head. Shows herself out.

SHEILA

Well that was the passion I was looking for.

JOEL

I'll go talk to Chris. You take Carl. And let's hope she wasn't going to end that sentence with something murder-y.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Abby walks to class. Principal Novak pokes his head out of his office.

PRINCIPAL NOVAK

Abigail. I need to speak with you. Posthaste.

ABBY

This should be fun.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

PRINCIPAL NOVAK

We need to talk. It's Eric.

He pulls out a stack of files.

PRINCIPAL NOVAK (CONT'D)

Look at this! Straight A's his entire school career. And now: B. C. D. D. D. He's supposed to be our valedictorian. His grades should not resemble the cup sizes of a budding bombshell!

ABBY

Do you have this many files on everyone? And ew.

PRINCIPAL NOVAK

Look. I'm worried that you're bringing Eric down like a lead balloon. Worried is the wrong word. I'm certain.

ABBY

This feels highly inappropriate.

PRINCIPAL NOVAK

Inappropriate is latching your succubus hooks into my Eric! Our Eric. Just Eric. I'm getting better at that.

KNOCK KNOCK. Eric pokes his head in.

ERIC

Yo. I think I'm needed in this piece.

PRINCIPAL NOVAK

Oh, Eric. I didn't hear you clomping by. Come right in.

He hobbles in and shuts the door behind him.

ERIC

So what's the haps, paps?

ABBY

Your secret admirer here thinks I'm the one bringing your grades down.

PRINCIPAL NOVAK

If she is putting you up to this charade, blink in Morse Code. I know you know it.

He stares, unblinking.

ABBY

Can I go now?

Eric stops her with a hand on her shoulder.

ERIC

No, stay. Listen up, home slice. I'm tired of you harassing Abby. She's so much cooler than her awful grades make it seem. And my grades are my choice. It's my life. And it's now or never. I ain't gonna live forever. I just wanna live while I'm alive. And how I -- how we do that is none of your business.

Stunned silence. Abby looks at him, beyond impressed.

ABBY
Welp, you heard Bon Jovi. I can see
us out.

She grabs Eric's hand and leads him out the door.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

They head towards class. Neither really sure what to do.

ABBY
That was pretty cool. You wanna get
drunk?

ERIC
Both parts of my personality say
yes.

They make a hard left turn for the door.

EXT. CHRIS'S LISTED HOUSE - DAY

Joel slowly rolls up next to (Chris's) crappy van. Chris
exits the house. Bids the CLIENTS a smiling goodbye.

JOEL
Man I've got good timing.

Chris fakes for a Lexus on the street as Clients pull away.
Then pivots and makes way for the van -- but it looks like
he's seen Joel.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Oh shit. Shit!

He ducks down. Beat. The van SQUEALS away. Joel pokes his
head back up.

JOEL (CONT'D)
What the...

EXT. COBY REAL ESTATE - DAY

Sheila storms for the door -- just as Carl and a wheelchair-
bound, oxygen-toting CHILD come out. She panics. DIVES into a
bush for cover. Carl's head jerks. Did he hear it?

CARL
There we go junior, just the one
step. I really gotta make this ADA-
compliant.

CHILD
I missed you!

CARL
Me too buddy. Mommy and I are just
spending a little time apart right
now.

Sheila softens at the sob story...

CARL (CONT'D)
Besides, your medication isn't
gonna pay for itself! I do that.
Not your mother. Never forget.

SHEILA
(to herself)
No. Don't feel emotion. Kick some
ass. Kick some ass!

She JUMPS out of the bushes. Carl barely reacts.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Byah! Why didn't that scare you?

CARL
I saw you go in there.

SHEILA
Well I'm not playing hide and seek,
Carl! I'm trying to stop this
madness! Now you to drop this
stupid lawsuit before there are
consequences. *Consequences!*

He takes a deep breath. Looks to his son.

CARL
Lord. Carl Jr, earmuffs. Listen.
You think I want to be doing this?
Look at my boy. Ever since you've
been stealing my sales, I haven't
been able to afford his medication.
Do you know who pays for all that?
I --

SHEILA
Yes, you, not mom, I heard. You'll
be paying for a therapist soon too.

CARL
Which I will happily do once you
and your turncoat husband are out
of my life.

(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)
 Alright, earmuffs off, pal. Let's
 roll. The handicap section at Chuck
 E Cheese will only hold our seats
 for so long.

Carl rolls them towards the back, shaking his head.

SHEILA
 If he heard you say earmuffs off,
 he heard the whole thing!!
 (not good enough)
 And he's named after a
 cheeseburger!

MOMENTS LATER - SHEILA'S CAR

She calls Joel, dejected.

SHEILA
 You would not believe what happened
 with Carl.

INTERCUT WITH JOEL -- also driving. Stunned look on his face.

JOEL
 Oh, I bet I can one-up you.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Empty save for Chris's van. Joel KNOCKS. Chris looks out.

CHRIS
 ...nope. No no no. Go away.

JOEL
 I'm not leaving till we talk!

Beat. The door slides open.

INT. CHRIS'S VAN - DAY - FLASHBACK

[The same as Loki's van from S1] -- Joel and Chris sit across
 from each other in Chris's live-in backseat area.

JOEL
 Okay. What the fuck.

CHRIS
 (instantly sobbing)
 It's Christa! Ever since my sales
 dropped she kicked me out of the
 house!

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I have to live in this old van I found on Craigslist. It smells like vomit and it's too small for my athletic frame!

JOEL

Christopher...that's why you're giving us the squeeze?

He nods mid-sob.

CHRIS

We try to live like the perfect couple but it's all a facade! We're under a mountain of debt. Once our cash flow dried up so did the loooove.

JOEL

Do you know how hard it is to reverse-extort you when your life is this complex? Why couldn't you make this easy? I hate moral gray areas!

Chris sobs even more.

END FLASHBACK

INT. JOEL'S CAR - DAY - INTERCUTTING

JOEL

And then he apologized for always rubbing my failed Hail Mary in my face.

SHEILA

Did he?

JOEL

No. But I did tell him to stop. Or else.

SHEILA

Did you?

JOEL

No! The moral gray is very hard for me to handle!

SHEILA

God. Well we really can't kill them now!

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lisa watches reality TV as Anne walks in. She faceplants onto the couch.

LISA
Hey stranger. How was your day?

She tries to cozy up. Anne gets a call from Sheila. Silences.

ANNE
Hnnnnnnnngh.

LISA
I know something that could make
you feel better...

ANNE
(muffled by face-in-couch)
Not today. I'm so dead.

Lisa recoils, stung.

LISA
Again? I knew something was up.
What's the excuse today? Another
murder-suicide? More with your
stupid "task force?" Maybe if I was
the Holy Ghost you'd start going
down on me again.

ANNE
Lisa. Do not make fun of my
relationship with God. It is the
most important thing in my life.

LISA
Oh, the *most important* thing, huh?

ANNE
Babe, no, not like -- you know what
I mean. I thought after your
baptism this would be something we
could share.

LISA
I didn't know you'd be this gung ho
about religion like, forever! I
figured we'd go on Easter and
Christmas and maybe get that little
fish on our car.

ANNE

Having a relationship with Christ
isn't that easy. It takes work.

LISA

Well where's your work with me,
huh? I'm your last priority! Eric
is going through a very weird phase
and I don't even have you for moral
support or hot sex! I had to use
the vibrator I haven't used since
Dan. Do you know the kind of
emotions that dredges up? It makes
it very hard to finish.

ANNE

I don't know what you want me to
say to that.

LISA

I think you should sleep out here
tonight.

ANNE

Fine. If that's what you need.
(beat, sincere)
Lees...what IS going on with Eric?

LISA

I have no fucking clue.

INT. HAMMOND HOUSE - NIGHT

Eric and Abby stare at the liquor cabinet. He SMASHES it with
a wrapped fist.

ABBY

Oh my god! Badass. You know it was
unlocked, right?

She pulls off the padlock, key inside.

ERIC

I'm just in that sort of place
right now.

He pours their vodka into regular cups, starting a toast.

ERIC (CONT'D)

To felony use of an explosive
device!

ABBY

To vigilante justice!

They clink and drink. Both try to mask how much they hate the taste. Eric does worse. But pours another.

INT. ABBY'S ROOM - LATER

Drunk. They recreate their fracking bombing.

ABBY
So I just ka-dropped the bombs
where you said.

ERIC
The tertiary intake valve. Then
when you came back, I hit dat
button. Kablowie!

They knock over a faux structure made of forks and paper plates. Laugh so hard they collapse to the floor.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Hey Abby?

ABBY
Yeah?

ERIC
Have you ever been drunk before?

ABBY
...no.

ERIC
Me neither. But you hide it well.

ABBY
Yeah. You don't.

ERIC
Disrespect! The disrespect...
(beat)
I'm glad our first time was with
each other. I mean --

ABBY
I know what you mean, Eric.

ERIC
Good. Now can we move the monkey?
It's starting to freak me out.

He points to a big, plush, scary monkey in the corner.

ABBY

No. I like 'em scary. He's my type.

ERIC

Really? I mean. What IS your type?
It obviously isn't me which is
cool. Or whatever. But. What is it?

ABBY

Man...I don't know. I tend to just
hate everyone. It's easier.

ERIC

I'm sorry for kissing you a few
months ago. I know you regret it.

ABBY

I don't regret it, Eric. I just
don't know how to feel about it.
Or, like, anything in my life
lately. Except this Goose. Nice
Goose-y.

She pats the bottle like a pet. Nuzzles into a pillow.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I like to stay stoic but lately
I've been awash with all kinds of
stupid...feelings.

ERIC

I've been in a weird place too with
Dan and Mom and Anne and
everything. You're like the first
person who's made me feel kinda
normal. So if nothing else that's
special, and I really value-

SNORE. Abby's fast asleep. Sigh.

ERIC (CONT'D)

-- how much you care...

He shuts his eyes. A not-unhappy big spoon.

INT. ABBY'S ROOM - DAY

Close on Abby. She wakes with a grunt, pained.

ABBY

Oh my god. It feels like my mom
took a bite out of my head. I can't
believe we -- Eric?

He's gone. The thing touching her is that giant stuffed monkey. She flops back down. UGH.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - DAY

Eric, hungover (but normal), tries to concentrate on Lisa.

LISA

-- and then you don't even come home last night! As if things weren't confusing enough with you anyways. Now Anne's cheating on me with like God or something. Do you know what I've been going through lately?

ERIC

Only because you share an inappropriate amount with me.

He clutches his head.

LISA

Eric...were you drinking? Oh my God. Have you ever drank before?!
(beat)
Nice. But next time do it at home. I want to know you're safe. You sure you're okay?

A pained smile starts to crack.

INT. HAMMOND HOUSE - DAY

Joel and Sheila go over bank docs in their robes. Abby, wearing blackout shades, storms by. Looks awful.

SHEILA

Sweetie, isn't it a school day?

SLAM. She's gone.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

We have got to find a moral high ground with her.

JOEL

Sheel, you're stirring your coffee with a human rib.

SHEILA

I like to think of it as a boney biscotti.

She BITES into it. CRACK.

EXT. RENTAL PROPERTY - DAY

Abby passes the Jim-and-Sandra house. She flips it off. A NEIGHBOR covers her son's eyes.

INT. CLARITA CAFE - DAY

Abby grabs her 30oz coffee from a barista. She turns to leave when she sees Chris and Carl at a table. Laughing with their wives. She eavesdrops.

CHRISTA
And my trick worked?

CHRIS
Thinking about Schindler's List to cry? You better believe it. First time I've cried in 15 years. Wahhhh. Wahhhhh!

CARL
And the kid I found on Craigslist? Nailed the pathetic wheelchair thing. I even called him Carl Jr. Like the burger place!

CHRIS
Isn't that just Hardees?

CARL'S WIFE
(smothering with kisses)
Oh my genius baby.

Abby throws her hood up. Exits out a side door.

ABBY
You *fucks*.

EXT. CLARITA CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

Abby finishes a call to her parents. We can overhear them even from Abby's end.

SHEILA (O.S.)
No! They didn't!

JOEL (O.S.)
Honey don't move a beautiful bone in your body!

They hang up. Abby shakes her head. So weird.

LATER

Joel and Sheila SKID into a parking spot.

ABBY

Subtle.

INT. CLARITA CAFE - DAY

Joel and Sheila storm in.

CHRIS

Uh oh.

JOEL

Alright liars, we can do this the easy way or the --

SHEILA

-- you kill this lawsuit right now or I'm going to cut your nuts off with one of these sporks and eat it raw.

JOEL

Yeah. The jig is up. And she will do that.

CARL

Can we do this somewhere else?

SHEILA

Why? Lil baby scaaaared?

CARL

Oh have some sense. If we make a scene here, it'll be all over the Clarita Courier. Do you want that? I don't.

CHRIS

Yeah. What the baby said. Sorry. It's stuck in my head now.

JOEL

Fine. Tonight. The Oakhurst property. Come alone. Or say hasta la vista to your...balls. Let's go babe.

They strut out. Chris and Carl quickly follow.

CARL
They didn't even say a time.

CHRIS
I'll text him.

They exit. Off their wives, still at the table --

CARL'S WIFE
They had that whole conversation
like we weren't even here.

CHRISTA
Pigs. What's your name by the way?

EXT. CLARITA CAFE - DAY

They get into their car with Abby.

ABBY
How'd it go?

JOEL
So good we're not even mad at you
for skipping school again.

SHEILA
But go tomorrow or you're grounded.

Abby shrugs. Fair.

INT/EXT. JOEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Parked in front of the Oakhurst house. Joel and Sheila hold hands.

JOEL
Are you stressed? I'm stressed.
This feels high stakes.

SHEILA
Baby. We once murdered a man three
times our size. We can negotiate
with two of our colleagues. Even if
they are pricks.

Anne pokes her head up from the backseat.

ANNE
Why am I even here if you guys
won't let me go inside? This is the
opportunity we've been waiting for!

SHEILA

Anne. We are not going to kill
Chris and Carl. It would cause us
so many headaches. I mean. What
would Jesus do?

ANNE

He would protect his holy messenger
at all costs. These guys are
criminals. Take me with you.

SHEILA

We'll give you the signal if
something goes down. Let's go.

They exit.

ANNE

What signal?!

INT. JOEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Parked on the street *behind* the house. Chris and Carl debrief
Jim and Sandra.

JIM

So you'll actually give us our
money after this? Promise?

CARL

Whine whine whine.
(to Sandra)
I have no idea what you see in him.
Yes, you'll get your money after.
Carl's honor.

Chris pulls out a REVOLVER. Woah.

CHRIS

Take this.

JIM

No way.

SANDRA

Absolutely not!

CHRIS

Oh relax, it's not loaded.

He fires six empty shots up. Like a madman. Hands it over.

CARL

It's just a scare tactic. Sheila's
been a human Red Bull lately.

(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)
She might be on PCP. I will not let
that harlot eat my testicles.

SANDRA
Ew. Fine. Just...let's get this
over with.

Chris opens the car door.

CARL
Give it a few minutes so it doesn't
look like you're following us.

Door shuts behind them. Off Jim and Sandra's WTF look --

INT. RENTAL PROPERTY - LATER

Noir. Carl and Chris sit at the table, mafioso style.

CARL
Welcome, Hammonds. You came alone?

SHEILA
...yeah. You? No Christa, really?

CHRIS
I am my own man!

SHEILA
Good lord. Let's just settle this
okay? Once and for all.

CHRIS
And what do you propose?

SHEILA
A compromise. Joel and I-

CARL
-Why should we compromise? We've
got all the power here.

JOEL
As our old therapist once told us,
compromises don't have to be fair.
They just have to work.

CHRIS
You two went to a couples
therapist?

JOEL

We had a rough patch after Abby was born. Happens to a lot of parents.

SHEILA

Don't have all night here fellas.

INT. JOEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Anne fiddles with the radio. Restless. Faithless. Bored. She starts to pray.

ANNE

Lord. This can't be my purpose. Can it? Just scrubbing grout and selling houses? I thought the signs were so clear, but...is this really your plan for me? Is this it?

Beat. The doubt creeps in, a life misspent. When HOLY LIGHT shines on her face. A message from God!

ANNE (CONT'D)

I knew it...

(chill, to God)

You are killing it with these signs lately.

Ahead, the source: two figures with a flashlight. Faintly --

SANDRA

Turn the light off, dumbass! We're being sneaky!

The light goes dead. Anne exits the car, faith restored.

INT. RENTAL PROPERTY - NIGHT

CARL

So what are you offering?

SHEILA

A split. Real estate agent to real estate agent. Santa Clarita's a big town. We drafted a 3-way divide. You'll see we've made some choice concessions. Check it out.

Joel lays a map on the table. Sections marked in red.

CARL

Mhm. Mhm. Chris, did you hear her say real estate agent?

CHRIS
I believe I did Carl.

SHEILA
We already did the whole '*realator*'
thing, can we please just focus?

CARL
Oh but this is much better. See,
Chris and I, while real estate
agents, are also real estate
brokers. I take it you two
upstanding *realators* know the
difference?

SHEILA
Of course we do.
(to Joel)
What's the difference?!

JOEL
I don't know! I only study the
night before the test!

CHRIS
We obviously heard that.

CARL
The difference, my friends, is that
brokers can sell real estate by
themselves. Unlike...

SHEILA
...agents. Oh god. Joel.

CARL
That's right. Once you proved
persnickety about this whole
lawsuit business, we did a little
more digging.

CHRIS
Turns out neither of you even
bothered to upgrade your license
once you went solo.

CARL
You make terrible entrepreneurs.

CARL (CONT'D)
We're not left with many options
here. But we'll leave it up to you.
Either go quietly.
(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)
Or face the legendary wrath of the
Ethics Board of the National
Association of Realtors. Either
way, you're done.

JOEL
But we just hit our stride! We were
Hot and New on Yelp!

CHRIS
Clock's ticking. What'll it be?

As their fate sinks in --

EXT. RENTAL PROPERTY - SIDE - NIGHT

Anne pursues. A text from Lisa: *If you're going to disappear like this, just don't come home tonight. I need to think.* Her face hardens.

SANDRA (O.S.)
Do we really have to do this?

JIM (O.S.)
You heard him. Worst case we'll
wave the gun around a bit and
finally get paid.

Anne rounds the corner, sighting them. Her gun at the ready.

INT. RENTAL PROPERTY - NIGHT

JOEL
I mean. C'mon guys. You don't have
to do this. Sure there's some
friendly competition going on. But
we're good people. Normal people.
This'll kill us...

CHRIS
Oh everyone think's they're good.
Then life deals you a bad hand and
you've got to do whatever possible
to win the pot. Even if it's
unethical or shitty. Because at the
end of the day, all that matters is
survival. I don't play poker so I
really mixed a metaphor there. We
don't want to do this. But we have
to. It's not personal.

Not unlike Sheila and Joel's situation...a short beat.

CARL
Frankly it's pretty personal too.

CHRIS
Honestly yeah.

Sheila turns to Joel. Starts to put her hair in a ponytail.

JOEL
Honey. What are you doing?

SHEILA
Anne was right. We gotta kill em.

JOEL
Didn't you hear Chris' speech? Look
at the parallels! Maybe we can-

SHEILA
-Joel. What choice do we have?
They've threatened our livelihood.
Our family. Our future.

JOEL
I think we should vote on-
But Sheila's already turning back to them --

EXT. RENTAL PROPERTY - SIDE - NIGHT

Jim and Sandra peer in as Sheila starts to charge.

SANDRA
Oh my god she's --

ANNE
Hey!

Jim turns. Bewildered. Gun pointed.

INT. RENTAL PROPERTY - NIGHT

SIX GUNSHOTS stop Sheila in her tracks. Everyone dives for
cover. A beat. A long, painful, silent beat.

CHRIS
Okay what the *fuck* was that?!

EXT. RENTAL PROPERTY - SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

They peek out. Tentative. Nothing there but a bloodstain.

CHRIS
What the hell...

CARL
Jim? Sandra?!

Joel and Sheila share a look. Dread. In the distance, a car SPEEDS away.

INT. JOEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Up on a SHERIFF'S BADGE -- pulling out -- Anne at the wheel. Panic-stricken. White-knuckled.

And in the back seat, the DEAD BODIES OF JIM AND SANDRA.

END EPISODE