

STIFFED

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PATHWAYS CEMETERY - DAY

Perfect day for a funeral, if there is such a thing.

Setting sun casts a golden glow over a FUNERAL CROWD. They watch in silence as a coffin is lowered into the ground.

Behind them, the San Diego city skyline sparkles against a majestic backdrop of Mt. Laguna.

An attractive WIDOW (40's) begins to cry. She is comforted by a muscle-bound FABIO look-alike, half her age. A YOUNG BOY (7) upset, looks away.

Note: Voices appear to be badly dubbed - Karate Movie bad.

Fabio shakes his long blonde hair, puts his arm around the Widow, whispers in her ear.

MALE VOICE 1
(Schwarzenegger accent)
I want to bend you over a
gravestone and bury my love muscle
in your hallowed ground.

The Widow starts to cry.

MALE VOICE 2
(high pitched, girly)
Boo hoo hoo.

Fabio pulls the Widow close, she looks up at him, says...

MALE VOICE 2 (CONT'D)
(high pitched, girly)
I'm just pretending to be sad. Now
that the old fart is dead we can
finally spend his millions!

Fabio throws a rose onto the coffin, looks to the heavens, says what might be a prayer, or...

MALE VOICE 1
(Schwarzenegger accent)
Tonight, for you Lord, I will shave
my testicles.

A white-haired PRIEST (60's) extends his hand to the Widow, says...

MALE VOICE 1 (CONT'D)
Elliot, do the Priest.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATHWAYS CEMETERY - HILL - CONTINUOUS

ELLIOT BOARDMAN, 22, borderline nerd, pasty, but potentially handsome.

He's sprawled on the grass commando style, watching the funeral below. Next to him are:

TIM LOGAN, 24, wild haired, chubby, stoner.

RICHARD CRANMORE 22, preppy, bespectacled, lies on a beach towel to prevent grass stains.

They're playing a game where they put words in the mouths of the people they're watching.

Tim hands Elliot a near empty bottle of Jim Beam.

TIM (MALE VOICE 1)
Come on, do the Priest.

Elliot squints into the setting sun.

ELLIOT'S POV

Funeral breaks up, Young Boy stands alone at the grave.

ELLIOT
I'll pass.

TIM
No way José, take your medicine

Elliot takes a small swig, not a bourbon fan.

ELLIOT
It's over anyway.

Tim grabs the bottle, takes a big swig.

RICHARD (MALE VOICE 2)
Do you shave your testicles?

TIM
It's called manscaping.

ELLIOT

Didn't know they made razors that small.

TIM

Carved a love heart above my junk. Chicks dig it.

RICHARD

What chicks?

Elliot flips over.

ELLIOT

Let's just do this.

All three wobble to their feet. Turn to face a double-wide gravestone marked "Walter and Maria Boardman."

RICHARD

Ready?

Richard and Tim put their arms around Elliot's shoulders.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

We're gathered here today to honor the anniversary of the passing of our dear friend Elliot Boardman's parents. Walter and Maria, who were tragically taken from us three years ago today.

TIM

(shouting)
So uncool!

RICHARD

I do believe you're drunk sir.

Tim grabs the bourbon, nearly polishes it off, backwashes a bit in the bottle.

TIM

So? I'm walking.

Tim stumbles to the gravestone, pats it.

TIM (CONT'D)

Don't worry. We're looking after your boy. Taking good care of him. Always have, always will.

Elliot kneels in front of the headstone, says a silent prayer. Richard elbows Tim to "be cool."

Elliot stands, holds back tears.

Tim thrusts the bottle over, Elliot swigs the last of the bourbon.

Richard dry heaves, covers mouth with his towel.

RICHARD
Backwash! Disgust.

TIM
Attaboy.

ELLIOT
You know I love you guys right?

TIM
Here we go.

RICHARD
Come on, let the man speak.

ELLIOT
Seriously. You've always been
there for me. You're, my family.

TIM
Amigos!

They do a well practiced three-way high-five that ends with them bumping their right elbows together in the center.

All three have identical Mexican sombreros tattooed on their right elbow.

TIM/RICHARD/ELLIOT
(in unison)
For life!

RICHARD
Let's relocate. Dead people freak
me out.

EXT. KIMO'S KNIGHT KLUB - NIGHT

Establishing. Regal banners hang over the entrance. A line of PEOPLE wait to get in. A DOOR BITCH, (20's) sexy in her metal bikini and thigh high leather boots, opens ropes for VIP's.

INT. KIMO'S KNIGHT KLUB

The three amigos sit at a lousy corner table.

A WAITRESS (30's), also in a metal bikini, serves drinks, and dirty looks.

WAITRESS
Three Cokes. Thirty dollars.

Tim gestures for Richard to pay. Waitress takes off.

Tim slurps half of all three Cokes, tops them up with bourbon from a bladder hidden under his shirt, hands out the drinks.

In the VIP section three BANKER GUYS (20's) flash cash and perfect teeth at a throng of HOT GIRLS.

TIM
How can anyone afford to get a girl drunk in here? I'd go bankrupt.

ELLIOT
Don't you have to have a business before you can declare bankruptcy?

TIM
I'm working on it! Fro-2-Go is going to revolutionize the frozen pizza delivery industry.

RICHARD
There is no frozen pizza delivery industry.

Tim squirts bourbon directly from the bladder into his mouth.

TIM
Exactly. Open up!

Tim squirts bourbon at Richard, nails him in the chest.

RICHARD
Oh, that is fantastic.

Bankers and girls laugh and point.

ELLIOT
I think I'm gonna go.

TIM
What? No way. Babes are just getting warmed up.

One look around the joint and you know, the babes are not warming to these dudes.

TIM (CONT'D)

Come on man. You always bail.
Live dangerously for once. Besides,
you need to get your liver into
shape for Mexico. We're still
going right?

Elliot stands.

ELLIOT

I don't know.

RICHARD

I'm in.

TIM

What do you mean "I don't know?"
It's tradition.

ELLIOT

I'm too broke.

TIM

Oh come on. Mexico is dirt cheap.
Dicky Rich will spot you, right?

Richard squeezes bourbon out of his shirt, rolls his eyes.

ELLIOT

I have to get my life together.

TIM

Whatever man. Have fun in The
Matrix.

Richard sucks bourbon out of his scrunched up shirt.

TIM (CONT'D)

Me and Dick are gonna unsheathe our
swords on some fair maidens up in
here!

They do their high-five/elbow bump thing.

RICHARD

Do say hello to your dear old
Granny for me.

Waitress delivers a bottle of Cristal to the Bankers. The gaggle of girls SQUEAL in delight.

TIM
 (to the Bankers)
 Show offs!

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Establishing. A big house, built for La Jolla royalty. A plaque on the porch says "Boardman 1849."

A 1971 Cadillac Eldorado Wagon is parked in the driveway, looks like a hearse.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Beautifully decorated, period pieces and antiques.

A hospital bed in the middle of the living room. On it, Elliot's GRANDMA (90's), barely alive, dealing with dementia.

Elliot sits next to her, holds an orange Popsicle to her lips. She shakes her head "no."

GRANDMA
 A purple one.

ELLIOT
 You ate all the purple ones already
 Grandma.

She takes it from him begrudgingly.

Elliot adjusts a home-made video call rig mounted on an adjustable swing-arm.

Think Skype web-cam meets Life Call - the "I've fallen and I can't get up" thing. Henceforth referred to as the Granny-Cam™.

Elliot points to the Granny-Cam buttons.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
 Remember, press "Call," not
 "Record" OK? I'll be downstairs if
 you need anything.

GRANDMA
 What I need is a purple one.

On Grandma's night stand, under an ornate lamp, next to an overflowing pillbox, is a photo of a younger Elliot and his PARENTS taken in the front yard.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Elliot's tomb-like lair aka "The Matrix."

Piles of electronics and computers in various states of disrepair.

One window. Double metal basement doors above stone steps.

Single mattress on the floor in the corner.

Elliot sits at an old workbench working on a circuit board. He sports nerdy magnification goggles and a soldering iron.

A PC screen saver plays slide show photos of Tim, Richard, and Elliot wearing Mexican sombreros on a beach.

Elliot connects the circuit board to the PC. Screen saver fades away to reveal the Granny-Cam video stream.

Grandma seductively eats a Popsicle, unaware of being watched.

Elliot minimizes the video, studies the screen, now displaying computer code.

A red light mounted to the ceiling flashes, from upstairs the faint sound of a DOORBELL.

Grandma appears on screen again, face close to the camera.

ELLIOT

I got it.

GRANDMA

Door!

Elliot fishes out a PC laptop from a stack of hardware.

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

A tattooed GAY BIKER guy (30's) stands on the steps. Elliot squints into the bright sun.

GAY BIKER

Get out much?

Elliot hands over the laptop.

ELLIOT

I flashed the firmware and P-RAM so nobody will be able to track it.

(MORE)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
 Installed a VNC client and a
 firewall too, to hide your ISP.

GAY BIKER
 Sprecken zee English?

ELLIOT
 You won't get caught downloading
 porn. Again.

GAY BIKER
 Sweet. So, ass, grass, or cash?

ELLIOT
 Fifty bucks?

Biker pulls out a bag of weed.

GAY BIKER
 You sure? This is some killer.

ELLIOT
 I'm high on life.

GAY BIKER
 Ass?

ELLIOT
 I told you, I'm straight.

Biker grabs his wallet on a chain, pulls out cash.

GAY BIKER
 Hey, spaghetti is straight too,
 before it hits hot water.

A shiny BMW pulls into the driveway. Out steps LARRY
 BERTLEMAN (60) polished in a pin-stripe suit.

Larry and the Biker size each other up. Biker blows Larry a
 kiss, hops on a Harley with pink streamers, speeds off.

LARRY
 You never came to see me.

ELLIOT
 I can't afford to come see you.
 Cost's a hundred bucks to say
 hello.

LARRY
 This is off the clock.

ELLIOT
In that case, hello.

Larry grabs a briefcase from the BMW.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Larry and Elliot sit at the dining table, legal papers cover the top. Grandma visible in the living room behind them.

LARRY
Technically you can't inherit your parents debt. However, since the IRS has discovered the, how shall I put it? Creative accounting methods used by your Father, rest his soul, they can legally sell this place to collect.

ELLIOT
But my great, great, great, great, great, great grandfather built this house.

LARRY
How many is that? Six or seven?

Larry hands Elliot a folder.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Then there's the matter of several years unpaid property taxes. Again, technically, you're not liable.

ELLIOT
What are my options?

LARRY
Sell the house. Or come up with three-hundred and twenty-seven grand in the next thirty days.

ELLIOT
That's all? Let me grab my wallet.

LARRY
I know the past three years have been tough, but maybe it's time to get back out into the world Elliot. Your parents would want that.

Grandma GROANS in the background.

LARRY (CONT'D)
How is your Gran by the way?

ELLIOT
She likes purple Popsicles now.

Elliot looks over towards his Grandma.

Larry stands, gathers papers.

LARRY
Get yourself a job, maybe we work
out a payment plan. A real job,
not this computer stuff. Something
the bank can see on paper.

ELLIOT
I don't need a job, I need a
winning lottery ticket.

GRANDMA
What's that jerkface doing here?

LARRY
Hello Mrs. Boardman.

GRANDMA
Get me a Popsicle.

LARRY
One last thing. I've arranged an
estate sale. Should help keep the
wolves at bay. Besides, you don't
need all this fancy old furniture
do you?

GRANDMA
Jerkface.

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Estate sale in progress. Elliot watches a hoard of BUYERS
swarm over tables of silverware, books, household items.
Some of them load furniture into their cars.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Grandma's hospital bed sits in the middle of the empty room.

A Mexican MOVER has Grandma's lamp in one hand, tries to take
her night stand with the other.

GRANDMA

Don't touch that you chimichanga!

Elliot enters, motions to the Mover to leave them.

Grandma reaches out for her night stand.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

It's all I have.

ELLIOT

It's OK. We'll keep it.

He sits on the bed, comforts her, takes in the empty house.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Elliot, Tim, and Richard sit together on his single bed.

ELLIOT

This house has been in my family for generations. I don't want to be the one to lose it.

TIM

You could just sell it and be rich.

ELLIOT

I could just nibble your balls and be gay, but I'm not.

RICHARD

It is quite the pickle.

Tim moves off the bed, sits on an old computer case.

TIM

OK, this is gay. You gotta get some chairs or something. Seriously.

RICHARD

No doubt you would have received a tidy sum from today, no?

ELLIOT

Not tidy enough. Have to get a job.

Tim picks up a keyboard, tries to balance it on his finger.

TIM
Come work with me at Domino's man.
Make some Mexico money.

RICHARD
You know, we are looking for an IT
Professional at work. I'd be glad
to put in a good word.

TIM
Chicas.

ELLIOT
The Mayor's office? I can't handle
that much responsibility right now.
It's hard enough looking after
Grandma.

TIM
Cervezas.

RICHARD
Sure you can. Besides, I'll be
there the whole time.

TIM
Chicas con cervezas.

Tim's computer case seat crumples under his weight, the
keyboard falls on his head.

TIM (CONT'D)
Damn. Someone could die down here.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Elliot waits in reception. Watches a chubby SECRETARY (20's)
slip potato chips into her mouth from a bag under her desk.

Elliot uses his phone to check the Granny-Cam video feed.

INSERT VIDEO

Grandma reads a tattered 70's copy of "Playgirl."

BACK TO SCENE

The MAYOR (60's) tan, silver fox, dressed in nautical theme,
complete with anchor pattern tie and boat shoes, bursts
through a set of mahogany doors, followed by Richard.

The Mayor waves his iPhone.

MAYOR
What the hell is IMAP? I don't
need a map, I need to send e-mail!

Elliot puts out his hand.

ELLIOT
I might be able to help.

RICHARD
Sir, this is my friend, the one I
told you about.

Mayor hands the phone to Elliot.

MAYOR
You get one minute or I swear on
Poseidon's watery grave I'll
scuttle the thing.

Elliot does a few quick swipes/taps, hands back the phone.

Mayor taps awkwardly at the screen, looks up, impressed.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
(to Elliot)
You own a tie?

ELLIOT
Yes sir.

MAYOR
Call me Captain.

Richard gives Elliot a "thumbs up."

ELLIOT
Yes, Captain.

MAYOR
Welcome aboard.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elliot comes home with a manila folder and grape Popsicles.

Tosses the folder to the floor, employment forms spill out.
Gives his Grandma a Popsicle.

GRANDMA
Is this purple?

Elliot strokes her hair.

Doorbell rings. Tim and Richard let themselves in, armed with a case of beer and a bottle of Scotch, respectively.

TIM

You know you gotta start every new job with a hangover. It's a rule.

RICHARD

I brought the good stuff.

TIM

That's questionable.
(to Grandma)
How we doing Mrs. B?

GRANDMA

Don't let them take my table!

ELLIOT

It's OK Grandma, it's just Tim and Richard.

Grandma reaches out, grabs Tim's beer, takes a big sip.

RICHARD

Won't that react with her medications?

GRANDMA

Hopefully.

She alternates sips of beer and bites of grape Popsicle.

TIM

We should invent the beersicle!

Elliot takes the beer from Grandma. She pouts.

Tim notices the forms on the floor, picks them up.

TIM (CONT'D)

(reading)
You got a million dollar life insurance policy?

RICHARD

Standard. Everyone who works for the city gets that.

TIM

Who gets it if you die?

RICHARD

My parents.

TIM
 Like they need it. Besides I
 wasn't talking to you.
 (to Elliot)
 You should put us. We're family
 right? Then we could kill you and
 split a mill.

On Elliot, thinking.

INT. ELLIOT'S CUBICLE - DAY

No windows, no privacy. Stacks of ancient computers and
 cables, a worse version of his basement "Matrix."

Elliot bored, uncomfortable in a mismatched shirt and tie.
 He types into a browser, pulls up the Granny-Cam video feed.

ELLIOT
 Hey Grandma.

GRANDMA
 Beer me.

ELLIOT
 I can't beer you. I'm at work.
 The Nurse will be there any minute.
 Remember? I left a key. Be nice.

The Secretary sticks her head in, chip crumbs on her chin.

SECRETARY
 Who you talking to?

GRANDMA
 Who's that?

ELLIOT
 Nobody.

Elliot closes the Granny-Cam window.

SECRETARY
 My e-mail keeps doing this funny
 thing. Also, Steve is here to see
 you.

Off Elliot's look.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
 Insurance guy. Hotty.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE/MEETING ROOM - DAY

Elliot sits across the table from STEVE GREY, 25, football player build in a tight, cheap suit.

Steve slides his business card towards Elliot, curious look on his face.

STEVE GREY
La Jolla High right?

Elliot nods.

STEVE GREY (CONT'D)
I knew it. You're the third nerd!
What's up bro?

Steve puts his hand up for a high-five, Elliot leaves him hanging.

ELLIOT
You put me in a trash can once.

STEVE GREY
(laughing)
That was you? Damn. Good times.
Now look at you. Super nerd,
working for the Mayor.

ELLIOT
Weren't you supposed to go be some
pro football star?

STEVE GREY
Didn't pan out. I'm just working
for my Dad until I get accepted
into the NFL Official Clinic.

ELLIOT
Like an Umpire?

STEVE GREY
They're called Officials. Anyway,
this is just a courtesy visit to
see if you have any questions about
your life insurance policy.

ELLIOT
Can I name my two best friends as
beneficiaries?

STEVE GREY
Most people just put their spouse,
or their kids, or their parents.

ELLIOT
I don't have any of those.

STEVE GREY
Yeah, right. Heard about that.

Elliot fills in the forms, signs, slides them over to Steve.

STEVE GREY (CONT'D)
Just remember, when life deals you
a hard tackle you get right back up
and soar. Like an eagle, find your
prey, then take it down, capturing
your dreams in the claws of life.

ELLIOT
I will remember that, exactly.

STEVE GREY
Go Vikings!

Secretary pops her head in.

SECRETARY
(sexy, to Steve)
Hey Steve.
(cold, to Elliot)
Copier's busted. Again.

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cop car parked out front.

Elliot pulls up in Grandma's Cadillac, Richard rides shotgun.

On the porch a muscle bound MACHO COP and a buzz cut LADY COP
talk with ALICIA RODRIGUEZ, 23, Mexican, attractive, despite
an unflattering hospital uniform.

INT. CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

RICHARD
Who's the Mamacita?

Elliot jumps out.

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Macho Cop eyeballs the Cadillac.

Elliot bounds up onto the porch.

MACHO COP
 (to Lady Cop)
 You call the Coroner?

Lady Cop shakes her head.

ELLIOT
 It's not a hearse. What's going
 on?

LADY COP
 Sir, please step back.

ELLIOT
 This is my house. Is my Grandma
 OK?

ALICIA
 Besides being a racist? And loco?

MACHO COP
 Sir, do you know this woman?

ALICIA
 She called the police on me. Told
 them I was trespassing and illegal.

LADY COP
 Are you?

Alicia waves ID on a lanyard.

ALICIA
 I told you I'm from Chula Vista.
 Born and bred.

MACHO COP
 Do you know this woman?

ELLIOT
 We haven't actually met.

Lady Cop goes to handcuff Alicia.

LADY COP
 So then you're trespassing.

ELLIOT
 I know her! I mean, sort of. I
 just hired her. She's the Nurse.
 Obviously.

ALICIA
 Its "Home Carer," soon to be
 Doctor, thank you.

RICHARD
 Hola. Me llamo Ricardo.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - LATER

Cops gone. Elliot, Richard and Alicia at Grandma's bed.

ELLIOT
 Grandma, this is Alicia. I told
 you she's going to be here from now
 on helping out, remember?

GRANDMA
 I want a Popsicle.

RICHARD
 Allow me.

Richard takes off. Elliot and Alicia move towards the door.

ELLIOT
 (to Alicia)
 I'm sorry about that. She's, you
 know.

ALICIA
 So she's got dementia and she's a
 Popsicle addict. Anything else I
 need to know?

ELLIOT
 Don't go in the basement?

ALICIA
 Is that where all the furniture is?

Doorbell rings, Tim barges in with a frozen pizza, no box.

TIM
 Check this out. Prototype.

He notices Alicia.

TIM (CONT'D)
 What's the best thing about home
 cooking?

ALICIA
 No rude Waiters?

TIM
The aromas! With Fro-2-Go, we
bring, you bake, so your whole
house smells like a pizza parlour.

ALICIA
Is that a good thing?

TIM
You can customize it with your own
toppings.

ALICIA
That's kind of cool.

Elliot ushers Alicia out the door.

ELLIOT
Leave her alone, will you?

TIM
What?

ELLIOT
(to Alicia)
Thank you for today, and sorry,
again.

Elliot shuts the door.

TIM
She's hot.

ELLIOT
You know what else is supposed to
be hot?

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Elliot, Tim, and Richard munch burnt pizza.

Elliot blows on his slice. Richard scrapes his charred slice
with his finger.

TIM
Your oven is old man. Needs to be
re-calibrated.

ELLIOT
I'll get right onto that.

TIM
 Whatever, why are we still hanging
 out in The Matrix? You've got a
 whole empty house up there.

ELLIOT
 I like it down here.

TIM
 Its dungeon-esque. Plus you got
 Mrs. B upstairs losing brain cells
 by the second, it's like a freaking
 funeral home.

RICHARD
 He doesn't mean that.

Tim ponders his charred pizza crust.

TIM
 We need beer.

RICHARD
 Indeed.

TIM
 Let's get out of here. Live a
 little.

EXT. LA JOLLA SHORES - NIGHT

Elliot, Richard, and Tim sit around a campfire, 40 ounce
 beers in hand.

TIM
 So, can we talk about your hot
 Nurse for a second?

RICHARD
 Si. Vamos hablar esta Home Carer.

ELLIOT
 She's gonna get half my paycheck,
 but someone has to look in on
 Grandma when I'm at work.

RICHARD
 Maybe she can help you with your
 Español before our annual Mexico
 camping trip next weekend. We're
 still going right?

ELLIOT
I'm not a hundred percent.

TIM
Hell yes, we're still going. I
already got off work.

RICHARD
Speaking of work, I've got rather
exciting news. I've decided to run
for City Council.

TIM
Sweet. Can I get my parking
tickets cancelled?

RICHARD
I haven't won yet. I need capital
for my campaign. Father won't let
me tap my trust fund.

ELLIOT
Who are you running against?

RICHARD
Nobody. Karl Jeffries resigned.
Wife caught him drinking Schnapps
with a transvestite on a beach he
campaigned to make alcohol-free.

Tim raises his 40, gestures towards groups of YOUNG PEOPLE
gathered around other campfires, all drinking, partying.

TIM
Serves him right. So wait, let me
get this straight, you need money
for a campaign, but you're the only
guy running?

RICHARD
I still have to win.

ELLIOT
You're the only guy I know who
could lose to himself.

Tim takes off his clothes.

TIM
Nudie swim!

Tim runs naked towards the water, people cheer him on.

RICHARD
 Stop! I just told you I'm running
 for office.

Tim frolics in the water.

Richard runs to the water's edge, holds up a towel for Tim.

Elliot walks down to join him.

Tim prances out of the water, uninhibited. Richard wraps the
 towel around him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 Drunk swimming is not the best
 idea.

TIM
 It is the best idea. Right after
 Fro-2-Go. And maybe the beersicle.

Tim punches Richard and Elliot on their shoulders.

TIM (CONT'D)
 What's wrong with you scaredy cats?
 Afraid you might drown?

ELLIOT
 If I did, you guys would be rich.

Hunh?

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
 I named you. On my life insurance
 policy? One million dollars?

Tim drops his towel, jumps naked onto Elliot, drags him into
 the water, dunks his head under, pretends to drown him.

RICHARD
 Hey! Towel!

TIM
 Who wants to be a millionaire?

ELLIOT
 Get off me tool!

EXT. LA JOLLA SHORES - LATER

Elliot shivers next to the withering fire in his wet clothes.

ELLIOT

Think about it. I save my family home and keep Grandma comfortable in her old age. You get money for your campaign. And you get money for Fro-2-Go, or beersicles, or whatever.

TIM

I'm not killing you man.

ELLIOT

You just tried to.

TIM

That was a joke! What you're talking about, faking your own death? It's kind of awesome, but it's never gonna work.

RICHARD

Not to mention completely against the law.

On Elliot, face glimmering in the fire light.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The trio stumble down the sidewalk.

RICHARD

Will you please just agree this is a stupid idea that will most likely end up with you in jail, and me disowned. And never able to run for any public office ever.

TIM

Why do we go to jail, but not you?

RICHARD

Family connections. Cranmores don't do jail.

ELLIOT

People disappear all the time. All those kids on milk cartons? How many of them are ever found? Or runaway hookers? They just go off the grid. People die all over, every day. One more death isn't gonna raise any suspicions. We just have to plan it right.

RICHARD
Stop. There is no "we." "We" are
not talking about this.

TIM
You'd have to disappear someplace
with a high probability of being
hurt, or kidnapped.

ELLIOT
Like Mexico.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Elliot researches online articles about famous death fakers.

INSERT HEADLINES/ARTICLES

Man Bribes Undertaker, Attends own Fake Funeral.

Amir Vehabovic - Caught when he wrote angry letters to his
"friends" who didn't attend.

Death Certificate Forger Suffered from Killer Phone Bill.

Corey Taylor - Caught when he kept using the same phone.

Woman Fakes Brain Hemorrhage to Break Up with Boyfriend.

Dianne Craven - Caught when she posted pictures on Facebook
of herself in Bali with her new boyfriend.

Richard pokes his head in, motions "let's go."

EXT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Elliot and Richard sit on a brick wall, eating lunch.

ELLIOT
I did some research. Technically
speaking, pseudocide isn't
inherently a crime.

RICHARD
First of all, we are not having
this conversation. And second,
that's a word?

ELLIOT
You only hear about the idiots who
get caught. Like bank robberies.
You know how many banks get robbed
every day?

RICHARD

In San Diego? Ninety-eight last year.

ELLIOT

See? You never hear about the guys who get away with it, because if the public knew, everybody would be robbing banks instead of them robbing everybody.

RICHARD

I can't have anything to do with this. I didn't get you a job here so you could scam taxpayers.

ELLIOT

This job pays jack.

RICHARD

If you want more money, stop fixing things. The Captain will give you a raise real fast. You didn't hear that from me.

ELLIOT

We wouldn't be scamming the taxpayers, we'd be giving payback to that meathead football player who picked on us in school.

RICHARD

Steve.

ELLIOT

If I remember correctly, he took a dump through the sunroof of your old man's Jag at prom.

RICHARD

Father still thinks I did it.

They watch a PRETTY GIRL walk by.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

If we'd invested all the lunch money he stole from us in Apple, we'd probably have a million dollars now.

ELLIOT

See? He owes us.

RICHARD
What's Tim say?

ELLIOT
He's in.

RICHARD
Well, it's your funeral.

INT. DOMINO'S PIZZA - DAY

Elliot stands at the counter across from Tim.

TIM
No way!

ELLIOT
Come on man. You could quit this joint. Go-2-Fro.

TIM
Shh! These guys will steal the idea. And it's Fro-2-Go. Hang on.

Tim hands his headset to a pimply CO-WORKER (16).

TIM (CONT'D)
Break. Back in five.

I/E. CADILLAC - DAY

Eric and Tim parked in the "not a hearse" Cadillac.

ELLIOT
Don't you hate that job?

TIM
It's not a job, it's school, only they pay me to go. Get it? To go?

ELLIOT
Be serious. We can do this.

TIM
You'll never get Dicky Rich on board.

ELLIOT
Already did.

TIM
Bull.

ELLIOT
"Father" won't give him campaign
money.

TIM
OK, hypothetically, just for the
sake of discussion only, how would
you do it?

EXT. CORONADO BRIDGE - NIGHT

Elliot stops the Cadillac, backing up traffic, places an envelope on the dashboard, gets out.

He climbs the railing, about to leap off.

ELLIOT (V.O.)
Wait, you don't get paid if it's
suicide.

Elliot turns around, gets back in the car.

EXT. KAWEAH RIVER, KINGS CANYON NATIONAL PARK - DAY

Elliot tugs a white water raft to the shore, slashes at it with a knife, pushes it back into the water. Takes off on foot with a backpack.

TIM (V.O.)
Don't they have those heat sensor
cameras?

Elliot hides under a tree next to a makeshift camp, a helicopter hovers overhead.

I/O. SMALL SAILBOAT - DAY

Elliot, throws off his life jacket, straps on SCUBA gear, uses a hammer to smash a hole in the fiberglass hull, drops overboard.

ELLIOT (V.O.)
A, I can't SCUBA. And B, sharks.

Elliot scrambles back onto the boat, a shark fin circles.

EXT. ULTRA-LIGHT AIRCRAFT - DAY

Elliot pilots one of those go-kart/parachute combo thingys, flies it far out over Mission Beach. A second ultra-light appears, lower in the air - piloted by Tim.

Elliot jumps from his ultra-light onto Tim's, lets his crash into the sea.

TIM (V.O.)

A, I'm not helping you. And B,
you're not James Bond.

EXT. BLACKS BEACH - DAY

Elliot zooms full throttle on a Jet-Ski aimed for the cliffs. He jumps off, Jet-Ski slams into rock, blows up.

Elliot swims away. Two NUDE MEN covered in body paint notice him from the beach and jump in.

ELLIOT (V.O.)

Those free-ballers can sniff out a
straight man anywhere.

Elliot on the beach getting super gay mouth-to-mouth.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elliot douses the basement with gasoline. Pulls out a box of matches.

I/E. CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

ELLIOT

Dude, that totally defeats the
whole purpose.

TIM

It's too hard man. And besides
who's going to look after Mrs. B if
you split? You know I love her,
but get real.

ELLIOT

I'll still be here, I'll just be
dead.

TIM

So will we, if you get caught.

They watch a DELIVERY GUY walk past, watching them.

TIM (CONT'D)

Maybe you should quit worrying
about how to die, and get your gear
together for Mexico. It's gonna be
epic.

ELLIOT

You're right. Forget it. I just
need to get away from this place
for a minute. Mexico will be
great.

TIM

Hell yeah it's going to be great.
(Speedy Gonzalez accent)
Cervezas, tequila, womens, donkeys!

ELLIOT

I'll see if Alicia can look after
Grandma.

Tim makes a sexy face. They do their hi-five/elbow bump.

TIM

Seriously though, if you try
anything down there, I'll kill you
myself.

INT. REI CAMPING STORE - DAY

Elliot strolls the aisles, shopping cart loaded with folding
camp chairs, camp table, cot, tent, camp stove, gas bottles,
inflatable sink, a hammock, and dried food.

He ponders a set of walkie-talkies, chucks them in the cart.

INT. REI CAMPING STORE - LATER

At the check out.

CASHIER

Going camping?

ELLIOT

Something like that.

I/E. CADILLAC - DAY

Tim, Richard, and Elliot crammed into the front seat of the Caddy. Elliot drives, not happy.

TIM
Mexico!

RICHARD
Si!

Tim nudges Elliot.

TIM
Come on amigo.

He starts to chant the "Mexican Hat Dance" song.

TIM (CONT'D)
(singing)
Da-nant, da-nant, da-nant.
Da-na-na-na-na-nanant.

Richard joins in.

TIM/RICHARD
Da-nant, da-nant, da-nant.
Da-na-na-na-na-nanant!

Elliot gives in.

TIM/RICHARD/ELLIOT
Da-nant! Da-nant! Da-nant!
Da-na-na-na-na-nanant!

TIM
Olé!

EXT. USA/MEXICO BORDER - DAY

A grim CUSTOMS OFFICER (40's) studies the boys' ID's, sticks his head in the car window.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Purpose of your visit?

Richard leans over.

RICHARD
Cultural studies sir.

TIM
Mucho grande fiesta!

Richard arm blocks Tim.

Customs Officer steps back, checks out the Cadillac.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
How about this car?

ELLIOT
My Grandmother's.

Customs Officer hands Elliot back their ID's.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Looks like a hearse.

EXT. TIJUANA - DAY

The Caddy rolls past zombie-like ADDICTS, Lycra clad HOOKERS, dirty faced BEGGARS, out of tune MARIACHIS, shadow boxing DRUNKS, a VENDOR carrying an impossibly giant load of inflatable toys, and a skeezy TOUT with a Donkey painted to resemble a Zebra.

RICHARD
I know I say this every time we
come here, but we are so lucky.

ELLIOT
Are we? Can't get your picture
taken with a Zebronkey in La Jolla.

RICHARD
Life is cheap here.

TIM
And so are the cervezas! Vamanos!

EXT. EL FARO CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

Sunset.

Tim, Richard, and Elliot sit on the beach, drinking beer.
Tim has a Mexican wrestling mask on his head.

The Cadillac is parked on the sand, next to their tents.

None of the gear Elliot bought at REI is there.

Tim raises a beer.

TIM
Salud.

ELLIOT
Salud.

RICHARD
To your health!

A lone MARIACHI (50's) approaches, plays a romantic melody.

TIM
This has got to beat Mt. Soledad as
the best make-out spot.

RICHARD
Better than Torrey Pines?

Tim puts his arms around Richard and Elliot.

TIM
I wish you guys were girls.

ELLIOT
I'm glad you're not a girl.

RICHARD
You'd be most fugly.

Tim kisses Richard on the cheek, Richard pushes him away.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Behave will you?

Tim drops his beer, pulls down his mask, does a flying leap
onto Richard.

TIM
But I am El Santo!

The Mariachi, changes his song to match the pace of their
"fight," strumming rapidly as they wrestle in the sand.

Elliot watches, emotionless.

Tim has Richard pinned, the Mariachi stops. Tim looks over
at Elliot, then down at Richard.

TIM (CONT'D)
El tag team?

RICHARD
Si.

Tim helps Richard up, they run at Elliot.

Mariachi starts up again. Richard pins Elliot down, Tim slaps Elliot's belly repeatedly.

TIM
Pink belly!

Elliot squirms, but doesn't fight back.

ELLIOT
Cut it out.

Richard and Tim stand up.

TIM
What's your problem? We're down here trying to have a good time.

Mariachi switches to sad music.

TIM (CONT'D)
I thought we were amigos. I thought we were going to have some fun, forget about real life for awhile, but no, mister "I'm too depressed to live in the real world" has to be a total buzz kill.

RICHARD
Hey, come on, that's out of order.

Richard hands the Mariachi money.

Elliot pops open a beer.

ELLIOT
It's OK. He's right. I'm sorry, I'll try to be more fun.

EXT. EL FARO CAMPGROUND - DAY

Next morning.

Campsite littered with beer cans, empty tequila bottle upside down on the Cadillac's antenna.

Mariachi is passed out in the sand, hatless, shirtless.

Tim, in his underwear, kicks at Richard's bare feet sticking out of his tent.

TIM
Wake up. Necesito café.

Richard pokes his head out wearing the Mariachi's jacket, looks like death. Ducks his head back in, comes back out with Mariachi's sombrero, pulls the brim down over his eyes.

RICHARD
I do hate you.

Tim goes over to the other tent, kicks it.

TIM
Vamanos. Café o'clock.

The Mariachi wakes up, starts to play "La Bamba." Tim grabs his guitar by the neck, shakes his head "no."

Richard stumbles out of his tent, hands money, the jacket and sombrero to the Mariachi.

Tim unzips Elliot's tent, looks inside. Nobody home. Goes to the Caddy. Nobody inside, keys in the ignition.

TIM (CONT'D)
No way.

RICHARD
No way what?

Tim gestures, "look around." Mariachi down the beach, retrieving his shirt from a tree branch flagpole.

TIM
He freaking did it.

RICHARD
Oh dear. Now what shall we do?

TIM
Get coffee. Obviously.

INT. ENSENADA, MEXICO POLICE STATION - DAY

Tim and Richard chat with a sleepy MEXICAN POLICEMAN.

The Mariachi plays by the entrance, smiles enthusiastically.

MEXICAN POLICEMAN
You lose your friend. You have to pay the fine.

RICHARD
Señor, por favor, we no "lose" our friend. We just need to find him.

MEXICAN POLICEMAN
You want to file the report?

TIM
Yes! We want to file the report.

MEXICAN POLICEMAN
Then, you have to pay the fine.

RICHARD
Let me handle this OK?

Richard pulls out a wad of cash.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
We can pay.

MEXICAN POLICEMAN
OK my friends.

Policeman pulls out an ancient Filefax, blows dust off a sheaf of forms.

MEXICAN POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
You like girls? Marijuana? Sniff
sniff?

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tim and Richard pull up in the Caddy, road weary.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tim and Richard look around.

GRANDMA
Who's that?

TIM
Hey Mrs. B, is Elliot around?

GRANDMA
Left me here with that dirty
tortilla.

RICHARD
When was that?

GRANDMA
Beer me, will you?

TIM
Was Elliot here today?

RICHARD
I'll check downstairs.

Richard tries the door to the basement. Locked.

TIM
Where's the dirty tortilla now?

GRANDMA
Fired her brown ass.

RICHARD
So you haven't seen Elliot today?

GRANDMA
Don't you touch my table.

Tim and Richard exchange a look.

TIM
Where is that fool?

EXT. MEXICAN STREET - NIGHT

A MAN at an ATM withdraws a wad of cash, he turns to reveal it's Elliot in full disguise - Corona hoodie, "Hecho en Mexico" baseball cap, sunglasses.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Elliot nervously pays a sketchy Mexican HOMBRE (40's).

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

The Hombre squeezes Elliot into a secret compartment next to five other ILLEGALS, shuts the door, seals them in darkness.

Someone farts.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Richard walks with the Mayor.

MAYOR

You vouched for him. Now the server is down and he's the only one with the password, so unless you want to walk the plank, find him.

RICHARD

Yes Captain.

INT. DOMINO'S PIZZA - DAY

Tim behind the counter, Richard walks in.

RICHARD

We have to tell someone.

TIM

Tell them what?

RICHARD

What if something really happened to him? Twenty-five thousand people went missing in Mexico in the last six years.

TIM

Yeah, half of them work here.

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elliot, still in disguise, peers out from behind a tree. Runs to the basement doors, unlocks them, disappears inside.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Elliot strips off his disguise. Looks around the basement. It's now set up for indoor "camping" with folding chairs, table, stove, microwave etc.

Elliot tapes black fabric over the window.

Checks the Granny-Cam, Grandma snores loudly.

Elliot lays down on his bed, falls asleep.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Next morning.

Elliot awoken by the flashing red doorbell light on the ceiling. From upstairs, the faint sound of someone KNOCKING.

Grandma appears on the Granny-Cams, her face close to the camera.

GRANDMA

Door!

Elliot creeps up the stairs, puts his ear to the door.

ALICIA (O.S.)

Hi Mrs. Boardman, how are we feeling today?

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

GRANDMA

Get out! I fired you.

ALICIA

I know you did, and that wasn't very nice, but since you didn't originally hire me, I'm back.

GRANDMA

Elliot!

ALICIA

He's not back til tomorrow, but I'm here to help you.

Grandma throws a fit.

GRANDMA

Taco. Taco! Taco! Taco!

Elliot bursts through the door.

ELLIOT

Grandma, it's OK, I'm here.

GRANDMA

Fire this taco.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

Elliot and Alicia sit on the counter eating Popsicles.

ALICIA

I'm actually just doing this job to help pay for Med. School.

ELLIOT

What made you want to be a Doctor?

ALICIA

Guys are always getting shot in my neighborhood. One time this kid who wasn't even in a gang bled out right in front of me. So I decided I should learn to fix people.

ELLIOT

Hard to believe we live in the same city. Boredom is the biggest cause of death around here.

Elliot hops off the counter.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow?

ALICIA

You mean I'm not fired?

ELLIOT

Its good for her to have someone to bitch at. Makes her feel in control. Alive.

Alicia hops down.

ALICIA

Great.

ELLIOT

And hey one other thing. Anyone comes looking for me, you haven't seen me.

ALICIA

(suspicious)

OK.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Tim paces in reception, armed with a Fro-2-Go prototype.

Richard enters, stressed.

TIM

Any word?

RICHARD

I'm busy.

TIM
I brought lunch. You guys have an oven here?

RICHARD
How can you be so relaxed? Elliot is still dead, or pretending to be dead, or both.

DING! Steve steps off the elevator.

STEVE GREY
Well, if it isn't nerds one and two.

Notices the frozen pizza.

STEVE GREY (CONT'D)
Sweet. You got an oven here?

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE/KITCHEN

Steve, Tim and Richard in front of a microwave, chewing soggy pizza.

TIM
It's not really made for microwaves.

STEVE GREY
Fro-2-Go? Sounds like a wig shop for disco singers in a hurry.

Tim's slice flops to the floor.

STEVE GREY (CONT'D)
So, what happened in Mexico?

Richard nearly chokes.

STEVE GREY (CONT'D)
Any time a gringo goes missing in Mexico, they tell the government. We subscribe to their database.

TIM
We don't know anything.

STEVE GREY
Kind of ridiculous him going AWOL right after naming you as his beneficiaries.

RICHARD
Surely we're not suspects.

STEVE GREY
No, of course not. And if you get
me a pen, I'll sign that million
dollar check over to you right now.

TIM
For real?

Steve smacks Tim in the head.

STEVE GREY
Duh. First of all its only been a
few days. If he's still missing in
a year, then maybe we can talk.

TIM
A year?

RICHARD
A year?

STEVE GREY (CONT'D)
That's right nerd burgers. Til
then, no body? No money.

Steve tosses his soggy pizza into the sink.

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Elliot peers through the basement doors, cautious.

He climbs out, runs around to the front of the house, surveys
the street, runs onto the porch, quickly goes inside.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Elliot closes all the blinds, checks on Grandma, asleep.

Alicia comes out of the kitchen, eating a Popsicle.

They whisper.

ALICIA
You OK?

ELLIOT
Just another crazy day at the
office. How's she doing?

ALICIA
Still racist.

They laugh, quiet back down. Alicia grabs her bag.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
Adios muchacho.

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elliot installs a video camera above the front door.

INT. DOMINO'S PIZZA - DAY

Tim's Co-Worker waves an order slip in his face.

CO-WORKER
Yo, some dude wants you to deliver
a large three amigos special. Do
we even make that?

Tim grabs the slip, reads the order.

TIM
I knew it!

He grabs the nearest pizza box, runs out.

CO-WORKER
Hey, that's pepperoni!

EXT. DOMINO'S PIZZA - DAY

Tim straddles a Domino's delivery moped, dials his phone.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Richard collates reports, phone tucked against his shoulder.

RICHARD
I'm in a Committee meeting.

EXT. DOMINO'S PIZZA - DAY

TIM
Meet me at Elliot's. Thirty
minutes or less.

Tim zooms off on the moped.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Tim, Richard, and Elliot sit on camp chairs, mid argument.

RICHARD
No. Not possible. At all. I can
not participate.

ELLIOT
I'll tell you the server password.

TIM
I say we kill him for real.

ELLIOT
You guys are on the policy. So
like it or not, you're in this.

RICHARD
We could turn you in.

ELLIOT
And implicate yourselves.

Richard and Tim exchange a look.

TIM
What's the split?

ELLIOT
Three amigos, three ways.

RICHARD
I hate this.

ELLIOT
All you have to do is keep your
mouths shut.

Tim rocks back in his camp chair, contemplating.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
And loan me some money.

RICHARD
What money?

ELLIOT
And one other little thing.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elliot and Tim, dressed in shirt and tie, peer into the morgue.

Elliot pulls out Alicia's lanyard, swipes her ID through the lock. BEEP.

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT

Elliot and Tim unzip body bags, check out corpses.

TIM
What about this guy?

Tim pulls back the bag to reveal an INDIAN MAN (60's)

ELLIOT
He's not even white.

Tim unzips another bag, reveals an attractive WOMAN (40's).

TIM
Cougar alert! She totally died
having sex.

ELLIOT
Gross. Come on.

TIM
What? You think only old dudes
croak mid-pump? Look at her face.

The woman does look blissful, even in death.

TIM (CONT'D)
That's an orgasm face.

ELLIOT
Like you'd know.

Elliot unzips a bag, inside - a ROCKER GUY (20's).

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Hey.

Tim comes over, they stare at the body. Tim reads the tag.

TIM
John Doe. Overdose.

EXT. HOSPITAL LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Elliot and Tim wheel out the Rocker Guy on a gurney.

Richard jumps out of the Caddy, opens the tailgate.

Elliot and Tim lift Rocker Dude, start to slide him into the Caddy.

A pudgy SECURITY GUARD (60's) Coke bottle glasses, steps out of the shadows.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey.

Elliot and Tim freeze.

Rocker Dude's naked body flops to the ground, out of sight.

Guard taps a pack of Marlboro Reds.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

You guys got a light?

TIM

Sorry sir.

SECURITY GUARD

Yeah, I should quit. Don't want to end up in a hearse.

ELLIOT

It's not a --

Tim punches Elliot's arm.

TIM

Have a good night sir.

Guard meanders off.

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tim, Richard, and Elliot drag the body into the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

They stare at the body on the floor.

RICHARD

We're so going to jail.

ELLIOT
Relax. He's already dead. And
we're just borrowing him.

TIM
I thought Cranmores didn't do jail.

The red doorbell light on the ceiling starts flashing, from
upstairs the faint sound of someone KNOCKING.

RICHARD
I knew it! We're dead.

ELLIOT
Shut up.

The Granny-Cam window opens up on Elliot's computer.

GRANDMA
Door!

Elliot sits down at the workbench, pulls up the front door
video feed.

Alicia.

TIM
She knows?

RICHARD
She cannot know.

ELLIOT
No, shut-up.

They listen - front door opening, footsteps above, the door
to the basement rattling.

Tension. Then the footsteps reverse, Alicia appears on the
front porch video feed again, walks off.

RICHARD
What's she doing?

Elliot pulls Alicia's ID from his pocket.

ELLIOT
Probably just looking for this.
It'll be OK. Let's get some
clothes on him.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Tim, Richard, and Elliot stare at the Roker, now dressed in Elliot's clothes, cowboy hat pulled low over his face.

TIM
He doesn't look right.

RICHARD
Because he's dead.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Someone pounds on the basement doors.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Who the holy hell is that?

ELLIOT
I got it, don't worry.

Elliot, climbs the stone steps, lets in the Gay Biker.

BIKER
Hey! Back door. Just the way I
like to enter.

ELLIOT
Shh.

Biker raises his tattoo kit.

BIKER
So, who is my next victim?

ELLIOT
He's passed out drunk. Can you
still do it?

BIKER
Oh, I've done some naughty things
to bad boys who passed out on me,
but a tattoo, I don't know.

Elliot raises his elbow, shows his sombrero tattoo.

ELLIOT
We all got them.

He indicates for Tim and Richard to show theirs.

RICHARD
Actually, do you do removals?

ELLIOT

We just want him to wake up tomorrow and know he's our best friend.

BIKER

Well, that is so sweet. Where do I plug in?

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Elliot, Tim, and Richard hold their elbows next to the Rocker Guy's new sombrero tattoo. It's a perfect match.

RICHARD

So now what? What about dental records?

TIM

We could smash out your teeth, and his, and swap them.

ELLIOT

We're not doing that.

TIM

Come on you'll have a denture perfect smile afterwards. Plus you'll be able to give great hummers.

ELLIOT

Shut-up.

TIM

What? Ask Mrs. B. I've seen her up there gumming Popsicles.

RICHARD

Disgust.

ELLIOT

We're not keeping the body.

Elliot holds up a giant set of souvenir shark jaws.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

All we need is the elbow.

RICHARD

Wait, what?

Elliot places the jaws around the Rocker Guy's elbow, uses a giant "C" clamp to hold the jaws shut.

ELLIOT

Help me.

Elliot tightens the clamp, the jaws close against the elbow, teeth puncture dead skin.

TIM

Do what exactly?

Elliot tightens the clamp until the jaws snap.

Elliot grabs a Dremel tool from his workbench, fires it up, mini rotating saw blade on the end.

RICHARD

No way. My career is over.

TIM

Sick.

ELLIOT

We're in too deep. This has to be done. Tonight.

Elliot cuts away at the elbow - skin, blood, and bone fly, covering his face.

Richard and Tim gross out.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

I need something for my face.

He looks around, grabs Tim's El Santo mask, puts it on.

El Santo saws maniacally at the arm, his face peppered with skin, blood and bone - a serial killer moment if there ever was one - and then it's done.

El Santo holds up the elbow triumphantly.

RICHARD

Seriously, disgust!

TIM

Congratulations, you officially look like a mass murderer.

ELLIOT

Except I can't be charged for murder if he's already dead.

RICHARD
Yeah, well, now what Einstein?

ELLIOT
Now we borrow the Captain's boat.

RICHARD
That will never happen.

I/E. MAYOR'S BOAT - DAY

Richard drives, speeding South.

RICHARD
We are so not friends.

Elliot touches his sombrero tattoo.

ELLIOT
For life is for life, amigo.

Tim reaches into a giant ice box.

TIM'S POV

The elbow floats among cans of beer, boxes of bait.

Tim reaches in, buries the elbow, cracks a beer.

TIM
Hard to do twelve ounce curls
without an elbow.

The boat approaches the Mexico border - a giant fence extends off the beach, out into the sea.

A Coast Guard cutter appears, Elliot slows the boat to a stop, lets the engine to idle.

ELLIOT
Damn.

RICHARD
What do we do?

Elliot drops to his knees, crawls to the back of the boat, throws a SCUBA tank over.

TIM
Where you going? You can't SCUBA.

ELLIOT
Keep the engine idling.

SPLASH! And he's gone.

The Coast Guard cutter is nearly to them, on deck a COAST GUARDSMAN (30's) barks through a bullhorn.

GUARDSMAN
Permission to come aboard?

RICHARD
Holy hell.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Elliot, struggles to breathe through the SCUBA, positions himself below the engine so his air bubbles blend in.

ELLIOT'S POV

Hull of the Coast Guard cutter passes overhead.

I/E. MAYOR'S BOAT - DAY

The Guardsman and a SECOND GUARDSMAN (30'S) begin a routine safety inspection.

GUARDSMAN
Heading into Mexico are we?

Tim and Richard nod.

GUARDSMAN (CONT'D)
Well, let's start with you boys
showing some ID and boat papers.

INTERCUT ELLIOT AND THE GUYS ON THE BOAT

- Elliot struggles big time without a mask, pinches his nose.
- Guardsmen rummage the bulkheads, count life-jackets.
- Elliot drops the regulator, waves his arms, frantic.
- Guardsmen search the interior of the boat.
- Elliot pops his head up, gasps, goes back under.
- Guardsman 1 pops his head out, looks over the railing.
- Elliot blows out air bubbles near the engine prop.
- Guardsmen switch lights on and off, check the radios.

- Elliot struggles to hold his breath.

I/E. MAYOR'S BOAT

GUARDSMAN

Well, everything looks in order.

He notices the ice box, peers inside.

Reaches in.

GUARDSMAN 2

What's this?

Guardsman pulls out...

GUARDSMAN 2 (CONT'D)

Frozen anchovies?

RICHARD

Most ideal for catching Tuna.

TIM

But mostly not ideal on pizza.

Guardsman 2 drops the bait, nods to his partner.

They hop back onto their boat, motor away.

Elliot climbs aboard, flops onto his back, shivers, coughs.

ELLIOT

What took so long? I nearly died
down there.

I/E. MAYOR'S BOAT - LATER

Offshore from the El Faro Campground in Ensenada.

Elliot grabs the elbow from the ice box, throws it overboard,
along with a pair of swim shorts and his wallet.

ELLIOT

Time to say adios to Elliot
Boardman.

TIM

He was a lousy friend.

RICHARD

Indeed.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Mayor and the potato chip addicted Secretary stand next to a BEEPING fax machine.

MAYOR

First the server, and now this?

Secretary reaches over to push some buttons, spills chip crumbs into the paper feed.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Stop. Stop it. Something is always getting fouled up around here. It's worse than a damn boat.

Mayor punches the fax machine, throws it to the floor.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Where is our blasted IT guy?

EXT. EL FARO CAMPGROUND/BEACH - DAY

A MEXICAN BOY (5) builds a sand castle, decorates it with Elliot's credit cards and ID.

He runs down the beach, comes back with the elbow, places it on top of his castle, sombrero right side up.

His MOTHER (25) approaches.

BOY

Mami! Mira mi castillo!

Mother sees the elbow, SCREAMS, grabs the boy, drags him through his sand castle, ruining it.

MOTHER

Policía! Policía!

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Tim, Richard, and Elliot open the basement doors.

POW! Rocker Guy stink hits them in the face, hard.

RICHARD

Holy hell!

TIM

Smells like rotten pepperoni, only way worse.

ELLIOT
We have to move him.

TIM
We?

RICHARD
To?

ELLIOT
Back to where we got him.

TIM
Screw that. Security guy saw us
man. No deal.

ELLIOT
That guy? He had Coke bottles,
couldn't see squat.

RICHARD
We need a better idea.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Interstate Highway 5. Tim, Richard, and Elliot drive North, windows down. Rocker Guy's body bag in the back. Richard pinches his nose, Tim has his nose tucked into his shirt.

TIM
Hey pull off, I gotta whiz.

INT. 7-11 STORE - NIGHT

Tim, Richard, and Elliot stand in front of a freezer case. Tim points out the frozen pizza options.

TIM
See this? Cardboard crust. This
one? Plastic cheese. I'm serious.
Plus you have to drive all the way
to a fluro lit buzz kill like this
joint to get it. Fro-2-Go is going
to blow up.

ELLIOT
Can we go?

EXT. 7-11 STORE - NIGHT

The trio exit. Tim has a donut in his mouth, rummages through a bag of junk food and drinks. Richard flips through a copy of "The Economist."

Only Elliot notices a SKINNY MAN (60's) peering into the windows of the Cadillac.

ELLIOT

Hold up.

Skinny Man turns, sees the Cadillac keys in Elliot's hand.

SKINNY MAN

This your car?

Elliot looks over his shoulder, Tim runs, Richard freezes - deer in headlights.

SKINNY MAN (CONT'D)

Seventy-one right? My old man had one of these. We used to play in the back. Can't do that anymore. Pesky seat belts. No fun.

ELLIOT

Not unless you want to live.

SKINNY MAN

Five-hundred cubic inch?

Elliot shrugs.

SKINNY MAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, the V-8 is a total torque monster. Not too many of these around. Mind if I look inside?

Skinny man leans towards the rear window.

SKINNY MAN (CONT'D)

Is that --

Richard blocks his view with the magazine.

RICHARD

Have you ever read "The Economist?"

ELLIOT

Actually, we're kind of in a hurry.

Elliot grabs Richard, gets in quickly, burns rubber.

SKINNY MAN
Love that front wheel drive!

INT. CADILLAC - LATER

Nobody talks. A handful of Green Tree air fresheners hangs on the rear view mirror.

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY 5 - NIGHT

Caddy takes the Del Mar Fairgrounds exit.

EXT. SAN DIEGUITO RIVER - NIGHT

Tim, Richard, and Elliot stand next to the Caddy, parked near a train bridge that crosses the small estuary.

Elliot checks his watch.

ELLIOT
Let's do this.

EXT. SAN DIEGUITO RIVER TRAIN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Elliot and Tim drag the body bag to the middle of the bridge.

INT. CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

Richard keeps watch, talks on the walkie-talkie

RICHARD
What if a train comes?

INTERCUT RICHARD AND THE GUYS ON BRIDGE

Elliot puts down the body bag, pulls out the walkie-talkie.

ELLIOT
A train is supposed to come.

TIM
Say "over."

Elliot pockets the walkie-talkie, unzips the bag.

TIM (CONT'D)
You're supposed to say "over."

Elliot positions Rocker Guy's forearm on the rail.

ELLIOT
Shut-up and help me.

Elliot grabs the end of the body bag, pulls it upwards,
Rocker Guy slides out.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Put his shoulder on the rail.

TIM
I'm not touching him.

RICHARD
Train. Train!

Elliot pulls out the walkie-talkie.

ELLIOT
Got it. We're coming.

TIM
Over.

ELLIOT
OK, OK. Over.

HURRRRRNK! Train horn. They scramble off the bridge.

I/E CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

From the front seat they watch the train approach.

RICHARD
What's the plan?

ELLIOT
Train comes. Runs over his arm and
shoulder. Everything falls into
the water, by the time they find
him, they'll never miss the elbow.

RICHARD
In theory.

ELLIOT
In theory.

HURRRRRNK! HURRRRRNK! More horn, followed by the SCREECH of
train brakes. Train slows, but not enough.

BAM! Theory proven.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
I think we just crossed a line.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Elliot wakes up on his camping cot, next to Grandma's bed.
Alicia arrives.

ALICIA
You're here.

She catches a whiff of lingering Rocker Guy stench.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. I know she meant a
lot to you.

GRANDMA
I'm not dead you enchilada. Get
away from him.

ALICIA
OK, something died.

ELLIOT
I know right? Found a rat in the
basement.

Alicia starts opening the curtains.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Hey, stop. Don't do that! Please.

ALICIA
It reeks.

ELLIOT
I'll fix it. I'll find it I mean.
Some incense. Just, leave the
windows.

Elliot heads for the basement door.

GRANDMA
Do what he says burrito breath.

Alicia leaves the blinds, opens the basement door just as
Elliot comes back upstairs with a can of Lysol.

ALICIA
Wow. Must have been a big rat.

ELLIOT
You want to go outside?

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE/BACKYARD - DAY

Elliot in hat and sunglasses, pours a glass of water for Alicia.

ELLIOT
Think you'd ever go back to Mexico?

ALICIA
No way. Love it here. First generation American.

ELLIOT
Sixth. Or seventh.

She waves at his house.

ALICIA
That has its advantages, I'm sure.

ELLIOT
If you only knew. I'd go live in Mexico in a minute. Or the Maldives, Vanuatu, Vietnam.

ALICIA
What's so special about those places?

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Elliot online, researches non-diplomatic countries without extradition treaties. Guess which three meet the criteria?

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE/BACKYARD - DAY

ELLIOT
Oh, nothing. Just could use a holiday.

ALICIA
Between the Home Carer work and Med. School, I won't get a holiday for a long time.

ELLIOT
So no time for fun?

ALICIA
You asking me out?

ELLIOT
No. Unless you want to.

ALICIA
Smooth.

ELLIOT
OK, but it has to be a costume
date.

Alicia, confused.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE/SERVER ROOM - DAY

Mayor taps angrily at a pull out keyboard on the server rack.

MAYOR
P-A-S-S-W-O-R-D.

Tries again.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
One-two-three-four-five-six.

Tries again.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
M-O-N-K-E-Y-A-S-S.

Mayor smashes the keyboard.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
I have a city to run here!

Secretary pokes her head in, offers the Mayor her bag of chips.

He knocks her hand away.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
This is mutiny! I want all hands
on deck. Find that landlubber!

EXT. MT. SOLEDAD - DAY

Elliot and Alicia on the hill, picnicking, giant memorial cross in the background.

Elliot, barely recognizable, channels Joey Ramone - long hair wig, leather pants, leather cuffs, leather jacket with collar up, eyeliner.

Alicia looks hot, form fitting dress, hair feathered, sexy makeup, high heels. Perfect groupie to Elliot's rock star.

ELLIOT

I thought Doctors only dated
Doctors.

ALICIA

First of all I'm not a Doctor, yet.
And second, they're boring. This
journal says this, this journal
says that. Snore.

ELLIOT

Hope I don't see you on the
operating table.

ALICIA

Oh come on, that stuff is
important, but you have to have a
life too you know?

A TOURIST COUPLE approach to take in the view. Elliot hides his face.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

You embarrassed to be seen with me?

ELLIOT

No way. You look amazing.

ALICIA

I live in my scrubs, so this is a
fun change. Let's go someplace
where you can show me off.

Elliot balks, pulls out his phone.

ELLIOT

Of course.

Elliot pulls up the Granny-Cam video feed.

INSERT

Grandma rocking out with headphones on.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
 Just, I should probably get home
 and make dinner for your favorite
 person.

Elliot shows Alicia his phone.

ALICIA
 You're sweet. I like how you look
 after her. Even if she is a puta.
 Most gringos stick their elders in
 sad little retirement communities,
 away out of sight.

ELLIOT
 She's all the family I got.

Alicia leans over, kisses Elliot.

A Tourist Bus pulls up, lets off a load of TOURISTS.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
 We should go.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Conference room. Richard compares campaign poster options.

"Get more with Cranmore!"

"Live more - Vote Cranmore!"

"Don't settle for less - Vote CranMORE!"

INT. DOMINO'S PIZZA - DAY

Tim folds up a pizza box with Fro-2-Go branding. The logo is
 a girl in a bikini on a moped with a pepperoni pizza Afro.

Co-Worker comes in, Tim stashes the box out of sight.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Elliot fixes computers at his workbench. Distracted and
 bored. Melts a circuit board with his soldering iron.

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Macho Cop and Lady Cop are back. Lady Cop knocks on the
 front door.

GRANDMA
 (from inside)
 Help! Help!

Cops draw guns, push open the door.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cops barge in, scope the place.

GRANDMA
 Get that empanada out of my house!

LADY COP
 Ma'am?

Alicia runs into the room, armed with a banana.

MACHO COP
 Freeze!

Alicia, puts her hands up.

ALICIA
 (to Grandma)
 Seriously?

GRANDMA
 Arrest her. Look what she makes me
 eat. Bananas! Oh, be a good
 Officer and make her get me a
 Popsicle, will you sweetie?

Cops put their guns away.

LADY COP
 I remember you. Nurse right?

ALICIA
 Home Carer, yes. And I'm legal
 too. Do you remember that?

LADY COP
 If you don't mind we need to have a
 word with Mrs. Boardman about a
 private matter.

GRANDMA
 Empanadas are taking over.

Alicia goes into the kitchen.

MACHO COP

Ma'am, I regret to inform you that your grandson, Elliot Boardman has died.

Lady Cop hands Grandma a bag holding Elliot's wallet and ID.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alicia stands by the door listening, confused.

GRANDMA

No. He's not.

MACHO COP

Just after his reported disappearance his bank accounts were emptied and credit cards maxed out. Could have been kidnappers, drug dealers, who knows down there.

GRANDMA

Dirty beans. Dirty beans.

MACHO COP

Partial remains were found in Ensenada, Mexico and those will be delivered to the local Medical Examiner tomorrow, so you can make arrangements.

GRANDMA

Men in this family, always been lousy with money.

LADY COP

I'm very sorry Ma'am.

GRANDMA

(into the Granny-Cam)
Elliot! Elliot!

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alicia about to push through the door. Elliot grabs her from behind, covers her mouth with his hand.

ELLIOT

Don't.

Elliot quietly pulls Alicia down the basement stairs.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cops watch Grandma shout at the Granny-Cam, certain she's nuts.

GRANDMA

Beer me?

MACHO COP

Maybe the empanada can get you a beer.

Grandma starts to cry. Cops turn to leave.

LADY COP

Empanada and a beer sounds good actually.

MACHO COP

You buying?

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Elliot releases Alicia, she pushes him violently.

ALICIA

Jesus Christ! You're freaking Norman Bates!

Grandma cries on the Granny-Cam. Elliot turns it off.

ELLIOT

What? I'm not.

ALICIA

Are you high? You live in a giant mansion with your dying Grandma. The cops think you died in Mexico?

She looks around.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

You're hiding something. Or from something.

ELLIOT

I'm not hiding.

Alicia looks for another way out. Notices her ID lanyard on a camp chair, grabs it.

ALICIA

What the hell?

ELLIOT
 You left that. I've been meaning
 to give it back.

ALICIA
 Do you know what a pain it is to
 replace these?

ELLIOT
 I'm sorry.

ALICIA
 You're sorry? You and your racist
 Grandma are both crazy. You know
 what? Do whatever you want, but I
 quit. This is too weird.

Elliot blocks her path.

ELLIOT
 Hang on a sec. Please.

ALICIA
 I'm from Chula Vista homie. I can
 hurt you.

Elliot reaches for her.

CRUNCH. Knee to the nuts. Elliot hits the deck, Alicia
 bolts upstairs.

GRANDMA (O.S.)
 Jump on home beaner!

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Steve is across the street in his Ford Mustang, studies an
 NFL Official Rule Book. Watches Alicia leave.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE/KITCHEN

Grandma is out of bed, guzzles Richard's Scotch out the
 bottle.

Elliot comes through the basement door, startles her.

She stares at him - is that guilt on her face? Shock?

GRANDMA'S POV

Elliot has a white aura around him, almost glowing.

GRANDMA
Are you a ghost?

ELLIOT
Come on Grandma, let's go.

GRANDMA
An angel.

Elliot extends his hand.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
I'm not ready.

ELLIOT
Come with me. It will be OK.

GRANDMA
My table. I need to take
confession.

ELLIOT
The booze and the meds are just
confusing you Grandma. Let's get
you to bed OK?

Elliot leads her to bed.

GRANDMA
What's it like?

Elliot helps her into the bed.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
Are there Popsicles there?

ELLIOT
I'll get you all the Popsicles you
want.

Elliot tucks her in. She nods off, then jerks back awake.

GRANDMA
What about nachos? I'm not going
if there's a bunch of illegal
nachos up there driving around
without insurance.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Steve chats up the chip eating Secretary.

STEVE GREY

Nerds like him can't handle TJ.
He's probably just tweaked off his
gourd on mescal, face down in a
gutter.

SECRETARY

He better get himself back here
fast. The fax machine is busted
and the Captain is not happy.

STEVE GREY

What's a fax machine?

SECRETARY

Seriously? It's a way of sending
pages telegraphically using --

STEVE GREY

I'm kidding. What is this
nineteen-eighty-five? You heard of
e-mail?

SECRETARY

Ha. Ha. Server is busted too.
Nobody but him knows the password.

Richard walks past, sees Steve, changes direction.

STEVE GREY

Hey Nerd-o.

RICHARD

Sorry, I'm late for a Committee
meeting.

STEVE GREY

This won't take long. I just
wanted to give you your check.

RICHARD

Oh. OK. Great.

Steve reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out his middle
finger.

STEVE GREY

Sucker. We don't pay squat if he
offed himself.

RICHARD

He didn't kill himself.

STEVE GREY

Maybe not, but it would make sense.
Solo nerd. No family. Family home
about to be repo'd. Guy probably
had the suicide hotline on speed
dial.

RICHARD

Don't talk about him like that.

STEVE GREY

Ooh. Who's going to stop me?

Richard storms off.

STEVE GREY (CONT'D)

How's your Dad's Jag?

Steve grabs a potato chip out of the Secretary's hand, pops
it in his mouth, tries to be seductive.

STEVE GREY (CONT'D)

What else do you like to nibble on?

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Elliot checks the Granny-Cam. Grandma sniffs her fingers,
licks them.

BANG! BANG! Knocking on the basement door, scares Elliot.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Elliot. It's me.

Elliot exhales big relief. Opens the doors. Richard and Tim
scramble in.

ELLIOT

That is not even close to the
secret knock.

RICHARD

Steve knows.

TIM

You don't know that.

ELLIOT

Knows what?

RICHARD

He's not going to pay. Thinks
maybe you killed yourself.

Richard's phone rings.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 (on phone)
 Richard Cranmore speaking, how may
 I be of service to you and our
 community?

Tim and Elliot roll their eyes.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 I see. Yes sir. Thank you.

ELLIOT
 You can be of service to me by
 loaning me some coin till this is
 over.

RICHARD
 They want us to ID your body.

WTF?

INT. CITY MORGUE

A CORONER (50's) slides open a metal drawer, peels back a white sheet to reveal... the elbow.

TIM
 That's him.

CORONER
 How can you be so sure?

Tim and Richard flash their matching elbow sombrero tats.

CORONER (CONT'D)
 You some kind of Mexi cult?

RICHARD
 What was the cause of death?

Coroner casually picks up the elbow, makes a racquet swing motion.

CORONER
 Tennis. Get it? Tennis? Elbow?

Richard and Tim just stare.

CORONER (CONT'D)

Sorry. We don't have much to work with, obviously, but the morphology, skin tears, and bone chipping is consistent with shark bite.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Elliot plays a computer game, bored.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Definitely not the secret knock

TIM (O.S.)

It's Donald Trump, let me in.

Elliot let's Tim and Richard in.

ELLIOT

Can you please use the knock?

TIM

Who else is going to come here? Everyone thinks you're dead or doing cocaine off a hooker's tits in Tijuana. Which you should be.

ELLIOT

I'm out.

RICHARD

What do you mean your out?

ELLIOT

I'm out. This is never going to work. I'm going crazy in here.

TIM

You practically hermitized in here for three years and now, when our asses, not to mention a boatload of coin, is on the line, you want out?

RICHARD

I never thought I'd say this, but he is correct. The ruse is indeed working. They had your elbow. Bought the whole shark thing too.

TIM

Yeah, meathead Steve will have to pay up as soon as he gets the report from the Coroner.

ELLIOT
I hooked up with Alicia.

TIM
Define "hooked up."

ELLIOT
She knows.

RICHARD
That is inconvenient.

TIM
Knows knows?

ELLIOT
I don't know, she just, suspects.
Something.

TIM
So she doesn't know?

ELLIOT
Still, we have to abort.

TIM
No way man. We're so close. Just
give it a couple more days, and
then you can take the naughty Nurse
out in style. Somewhere far from
here, but still, in style.

ELLIOT
I need to find her now.

RICHARD
That cannot happen. And you cannot
tell her anything, ever.

TIM
This stays between us.

Tim starts the three-way high-five.

TIM (CONT'D)
Amigos.

Richard puts his hand up, they wait for Elliot. He
reluctantly does the high-five/elbow bump.

TIM/RICHARD/ELLIOT
For life.

RICHARD
 Whatever you do, don't leave the
 house.

EXT. CHULA VISTA STREET - DAY

Elliot leans against a lamp post, barely recognizable in a loose plaid shirt, khaki pants pulled down past his hips, massive black sunglasses, and a red bandana on his head. Oh, and a fake goatee.

He watches a house across the street.

Six GANG BANGERS, blue bandanas, watch him from the corner.

ELLIOT'S POV

Alicia steps out of her house, onto the sidewalk.

Elliot looks around, crosses the street.

Gang Bangers notice, start to follow.

SCARY GANG LEADER
 Yo ese, maybe I think you are lost.

Elliot spins around to face the gang.

TATTOOED GANG GUY
 I think he is a long ways from
 home, homie.

ELLIOT
 No. It's cool.

SCARY GANG LEADER
 Oh!

Turns to his gang, big smile, arms spread wide.

SCARY GANG LEADER (CONT'D)
 Homie says its cool. I didn't
 realize that. Did you guys realize
 that?

They all shake their heads "no."

Gang leader shrugs at Elliot, pulls out a pistol and taps him on the side of the head. Elliot's sunglasses fly off.

SCARY GANG LEADER (CONT'D)
 Oh, sorry amigo. Is that cool?

ELLIOT
No, not at all. Look, I'm just
visiting.

SCARY GANG LEADER
Or stalking, but hey, its cool.

He hits Elliot again, harder. Knocks him to the ground.

SCARY GANG LEADER (CONT'D)
I think Mr. Cool likes our women.

TATTOOED GANG GUY
Homie got Latina feeva.

SCARY GANG LEADER
(calling after Alicia)
Hey Leash! You got a secret
admirer.

Alicia turns around, sees Elliot on the ground, runs back.

ALICIA
Elliot?

Elliot peels off his fake goatee, rubs his jaw.

TATTOOED GANG GUY
Ho! Snap.

ALICIA
Antonio Garcia you best put that
piece away right now.

Scary Gang Leader/Antonio Garcia hesitates.

SCARY GANG LEADER
You know this creeper?

ELLIOT
You know this dude?

ALICIA
Don't make me call your abuelas.

Scary Gang Leader puts his gun away. Alicia offers Elliot a
hand up.

SCARY GANG LEADER
Next time you come in this hood
wear blue. Unless you got a death
wish.

ELLIOT
Right.

SCARY GANG LEADER
You hear me?

ELLIOT
Yeah. Blue.

EXT. ALICIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Alicia has a First-Aid kit, patches Elliot up.

ELLIOT
How'd you do that? They could have killed us.

ALICIA
They're not all bad boys. Mostly scared little men with big guns.

ELLIOT
I'm scared.

ALICIA
They won't bother you again. They know who runs this hood.

ELLIOT
You?

ALICIA
Abuelas. Grandmothers.

ELLIOT
Right. Look, what I meant is I'm in trouble. I did something stupid. Ever since my parents died I've felt alone. Guilty. They left me in charge of my grandmother in a house I can't afford to keep, with a car I wouldn't be caught dead in. The property taxes alone are more money than most people make in a lifetime, and my only family, besides your favorite person, is Tim and Richard, and they're no help. I don't care if I get caught. I just thought maybe we could try again. I'm sorry.

ALICIA

I don't know what you're talking about exactly, but a lot of people around here got it worse than you'll ever know.

Elliot nods.

ELLIOT

Its just that, I think I... I like you.

ALICIA

Look around Elliot. I like you too, but you and me? Two different worlds.

ELLIOT

So you're not coming back?

ALICIA

I'm surrounded by enough trouble. I don't need yours too.

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Steve is across the street in his Ford Mustang, watches the house, NFL Official Rule Book on the dash.

He reads Elliot's obituary in the newspaper.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Tim and Richard, dressed in dark suits, talk to each other on the walkie-talkies. They are five feet apart.

TIM

Once this funeral is done, we're rich. Over.

RICHARD

If he doesn't muck it up.

TIM

I wonder where he'll go. Over.

RICHARD

Quite possibly Vietnam. No extradition.

TIM
 No pizza either. Chopstick food only. He's going to hate it. Over. Wait, not over. Maybe I should go with him and set up a Fro-2-Go franchise. Now over.

RICHARD
 You don't have to say "over." I'm right here, I know when you're over.

TIM
 Copy that.

RICHARD
 What are we going to do about his Grandmother?

TIM
 I got a plan. Over.

Elliot comes downstairs, holds binoculars.

ELLIOT
 He's still out there.

TIM
 Guess that means you're not coming.

RICHARD
 Pity to miss your own funeral.

Elliot hands Richard a stack of index cards.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 At least you got to write your own eulogy.

TIM
 I'll be back in a sec.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Tim sits on Grandma's bed, pulls out a joint.

TIM
 Hey Mrs. B. So this, is a special cigarette. It will make today's adventure a little more, interesting.

Grandma reaches into her night stand, pulls out a bong.

GRANDMA
Spark it up rookie.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Richard and Elliot come up from the basement, see Tim and Grandma eating Popsicles, doing bong hits.

ELLIOT
Dude, what the hell?

TIM
Mrs. B is rad! Check out her binger.

ELLIOT
Grandma, is this yours?

GRANDMA
Mister motorcycle's. Its a loaner.

ELLIOT
What?

TIM
Damn! We gotta go. Funeral is now. Grab us some roadies.

EXT. PATHWAYS CEMETERY - DAY

Another perfect day for a funeral, if there is such a thing. Actually screw that, it's drizzling. Dreary as hell.

A SMALL CROWD gathers around Elliot's grave.

I/E. CADILLAC - DAY

Tim and Richard sit in the car with Grandma. Tim gives her a handful of pills and a 40-ounce beer.

TIM
Time to take your medicine Mrs. B.

GRANDMA
Such a nice boy.

RICHARD
You sure about this?

TIM
No.

EXT. PATHWAYS CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Elliot and Richard escort Grandma towards the crowd.

GRANDMA

I don't mind the orange Popsicles,
but purple, that's the color for a
Queen.

TIM

Yep. Sure is.

RICHARD

How much did you give her?

TIM

Enough.

They smile politely at the crowd. Among them Larry Bertleman, the Gay Biker, and JULIANNE MIDDLETON (20's), tall, sexy, cover of "Vogue" hot.

RICHARD

My goodness. Is that Julianne
Middleton?

TIM

Grater face?

GRANDMA

Get me a Popsicle.

RICHARD

She certainly hasn't got braces or
bad skin anymore.

Julianne smiles at them.

TIM

This funeral just became a poon
party.

GRANDMA

I love a poon party.

The Priest (same guy as in the opening scene) waits for Tim, Richard, and Grandma to approach the coffin.

The coffin is tiny. Big enough for an elbow.

Priest clears his throat.

PRIEST

We are gathered here today to honor
the life of Elliot Boardman.

Richard pulls index cards from his pocket.

RICHARD

Father, if you please.

Priest accepts the cards, graciously.

PRIEST

(reading)

Elliot Boardman was a great lover,
with a massive...

Priest looks at Richard. Richard looks at Tim.

Tim shrugs, guilty.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

I see. Perhaps a bit of ad lib is
required. Elliot Boardman was a
great lover of life with a massive
desire to make his deceased parents
proud. He was a good son and the
last of the Boardmans, a family who
have been a part of our La Jolla
community for over a century.

GRANDMA

I need to suck on something.

Gay Biker comes over.

GAY BIKER

Oh dear. Methinks someone's had a
little too much smokey-smoke.

GRANDMA

I'm wiggling out. He's not dead.

GAY BIKER

Everything is fine darling. Just
breathe.

Gay Biker comforts Grandma, makes sexy eyes at Larry.

Tim makes sexy eyes at Julianne, walks over to her.

TIM

Grater face! What are you doing
here?

JULIANNE MIDDLETON

I used to have a crush on him. Big time.

TIM

You know, I was his best friend. Maybe we could grab a drink, remember the good old days.

JULIANNE MIDDLETON

As if. I've seen you at Domino's.

TIM

That's just school. I'm a Food Technologist. Working on something big. You might want to invest.

Steve shows up, stands back from the group, scans the cemetery.

RICHARD

Shh!

Richard nods towards Steve.

The Priest finishes up.

PRIEST

May he rest in peace. Amen.

GRANDMA

I need a purple Popsicle!

Steve approaches Grandma.

STEVE GREY

My condolences Mrs. Boardman.

GRANDMA

You know my Elliot?

STEVE GREY

Know?

GRANDMA

Can you get me a Popsicle?

STEVE GREY

You said know, not knew.

GRANDMA

No, you said "no" and I need a Popsicle. Or a beer would be oh so nice.

STEVE GREY
Mrs. Boardman, is your grandson
still alive?

PRIEST
Sir, if you don't mind. We are at
his funeral.

STEVE GREY
Are we?

Alicia shows up with flowers. Richard nudges Tim.

ALICIA
Hi. I'm sorry to be late. I had
to see this for myself.

TIM
He will be missed.

RICHARD
Indeed.

ALICIA
You don't look very sad.

Richard and Tim pull sad faces.

Tim discreetly pulls a cut onion from his pocket, rubs it in
his eye.

RICHARD
People grieve in different ways.

ALICIA
(whisper)
He's not dead at all, is he?

Grandma sees Alicia, shrugs off the Gay Biker, goes after
Alicia.

GRANDMA
Taco! Taco! Taco! Taco!

Tim and Richard rush to Grandma, escort her away from Alicia,
towards the car.

RICHARD
There, there Mrs. Boardman, lets
get you back to the car.

GRANDMA
Why does she keep coming back?

EXT. PATHWAYS CEMETERY - HILL

Elliot watches from above, baseball hat pulled over his face.

EXT. PATHWAYS CEMETERY - FUNERAL

Alicia throws her flowers onto the coffin.

ALICIA

What are you running from Elliot?

Steve looks around, sees Elliot on the hill, too far away to know for sure it's him.

STEVE GREY

Hey!

He sprints up the hill.

EXT. PATHWAYS CEMETERY - HILL - CONTINUOUS

Steve gets to the top where Elliot was. No sign of him.

STEVE GREY

Oh no, I will not be vanquished!

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Elliot lies on his bed, stares at the ceiling.

Tim and Richard, still in their funeral clothes.

ELLIOT

I'm telling you he saw me.

TIM

You don't know that for sure.

ELLIOT

My Grandmother thinks I'm a ghost, Alicia thinks I'm a dick, and now I'm broke. This was a great idea.

RICHARD

You've had your funeral. They'll have to cut checks soon.

ELLIOT

Let's just turn ourselves in.

TIM
Chillax. Hang tight man.

MONTAGE

- Elliot alone in basement, makes faces in a mirror.
- Elliot tries to calm his Grandmother, feeds her a rubbery looking Fro-2-Go pizza prototype.
- Elliot works on computer at his workbench. Grandma on the Granny-Cam, ecstasy face, looks like she may be masturbating. Elliot closes the video window.
- Elliot in bed, bounces a ball against the wall.
- Elliot does jumping-jacks in the El Santo mask.
- Elliot peers out the window, a FAMILY across the street plays lawn darts.
- Elliot boils 2-Minute noodles on his camp stove.

EXT. PATHWAYS CEMETERY - NIGHT

Moonrise over San Diego, city skyline sparkles.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Elliot is disheveled, needs a bath and a shave, big time.

Tim and Richard are deadly serious.

RICHARD
We've got a problem.

TIM
Serious problem.

ELLIOT
(freaking)
Is it Steve? I knew it. That meathead was onto me at the funeral. Now we're going to go to jail, well not you, because "Cranmores don't do jail," but me for sure and maybe Tim. Jesus. I'm such a screw up.

RICHARD
Can we just tell you what the
problem is?

Richard slides a backpack towards Elliot.

TIM
How to spend all this money!

ELLIOT
Bull.

Elliot peers inside. Stacks of wrapped bills.

TIM
Now we party!

RICHARD
After the funeral, he had to pay.

TIM
What are you drinking? I'm buying.
Whatever you want man. We'll go
get it and turn this Matrix out!

ELLIOT
Screw that. I don't want to spend
another second in here.

RICHARD
You cannot leave still.

ELLIOT
Yes I can.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Tim mixes drinks. Richard plays with the sliding window.

Elliot in disguise again - this time in a blonde wig, fedora, sunglasses and a suit - has his head out the sunroof.

ELLIOT
Woo-hoo!

EXT. KIMO'S KNIGHT KLUB - NIGHT

Limo pulls up, the trio get out, walk to the front of the line, get ushered straight in.

INT. KIMO'S KNIGHT KLUB - NIGHT

The three amigos sit in the VIP section, drinking Cristal.
Waitress delivers more bottles.

WAITRESS
Anything else I can do for you
gentlemen?

Tim gives her a wad of cash, licks her metal bikini.

TIM
My tongue is a magnet!

Waitress laughs, ruffles Tim's hair.

INT. KIMO'S KNIGHT KLUB - LATER

The boys are surrounded by GIRLS thirsty for free booze.

Richard has his hands full with two orangey FAKE TAN GIRLS.

FAKE TAN GIRL 1
So Mister future Councilman, will
you make it legal to drink on the
beach? Pretty please?

FAKE TAN GIRL 2
Yeah, we love the beach.

A DITSY CHICK (20's) sits on Elliot's lap, takes off his
sunglasses.

DITSY CHICK
You got a black eye? Or are you
just so cool?

ELLIOT'S POV

Blurry "Drunk-O-Vision." Steve look-alikes everywhere, might
even be Steve.

Elliot puts his sunglasses back on, jumps up.

ELLIOT
I think I'm gonna go.

TIM
What? No way. Babes are just
getting warmed up.

Elliot bolts out a back door.

DITSY CHICK
I like you too.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Elliot is online, researches Vietnam.

Tim walks in with a pizza.

TIM
I think I perfected it.

Elliot takes a bite. Nods his head, "not bad."

The doorbell light flashes. Grandma comes on the Granny-Cam.

GRANDMA
Door!

TIM
She still doesn't get it?

Elliot shakes his head, turns on the front door video feed.

Larry Bertleman.

ELLIOT
Shh.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Larry sticks his head in the door.

LARRY
Mrs. Boardman?

GRANDMA
Jerkface.

LARRY
You here all alone? Where's your
Nurse?

GRANDMA
Fired that quesadilla. Elliot and
his friends look after me.

Larry notices the bong.

LARRY
I see. Mrs. Boardman, Elliot is
gone.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

It's time for you to think about your next move. The IRS are taking the house. The silver lining is, once they get their money, you'll get the rest. A substantial amount that will easily cover the cost of whichever retirement community you choose. I brought you some brochures.

Larry pulls brochures from his briefcase.

GRANDMA

No, take my night stand.

LARRY

They won't take your night stand. I'm sure you can keep that. Maybe you should take your medicine though, all right?

Larry drops the brochures on Grandma's lap.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I'll get the Nurse to come look in on you. Figure out where you want to end up in the meantime.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Elliot and Tim watch on the Granny-Cam.

GRANDMA

No taco!

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Mayor at his desk, tries to access the server on his computer. It's not working.

He hits a key.

BEEP!

Hits another key.

BEEP!

Hits another key.

BEEP!

Hits all the keys, pushes monitor off his desk.

MAYOR
Blow me down! Cranmore!

Richard pokes his head in.

RICHARD
Captain?

MAYOR
I need that password.

Richard nods, thinking.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
Anchors aweigh! Go on ! Find him!

Richard scurries off.

RICHARD
Yes Captain.

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Steve in his Mustang, eating potato chips, watching Elliot's house.

Finishes his chips, crumples the bag. Drives off.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Elliot gives Grandma a purple Popsicle.

ELLIOT
Grandma, I need a big favor.

INT. LARRY BERTLEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Larry plays a game on his PC. Grandma enters, wearing the money filled backpack, struggles to remove it.

GRANDMA
Help me.

Larry jumps up, removes the pack.

LARRY
Mrs. Boardman, I'm surprised to see you up. Did you decide on a home?

GRANDMA
Yes. Mine.

Grandma leaves Larry peering into the bag.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
Jerkface.

INT. CADILLAC - DAY - TRAVELLING

Elliot in baseball cap and sunglasses, Grandma rides shotgun. They pass a strip mall, a sign says "Coming Soon - Fro-2-Go!" Banners flutter from lamp posts, "Score with Cranmore."

GRANDMA
Now I need a favor.

ELLIOT
I don't have any Popsicles.

Grandma pats his leg.

EXT. PATHWAYS CEMETERY - DAY

Caddy pulls up outside the main office. Elliot gets out, Grandma stays in the car.

EXT. CEMETERY OFFICE - DAY

Elliot tries the door, locked. An elderly CEMETERY WORKER (70's) rounds the corner.

CEMETERY WORKER
Hearse parking is over there.

ELLIOT
It's not a... Of course. I have someone who would like to pay for her burial. Maybe visit her family plot.

CEMETERY WORKER
Not too many breathers arrive by hearse, but I understand. Some people like to experience Pathways in life before they "experience" it in the afterlife.

Worker reaches above the door, pulls down a hidden key.

CEMETERY WORKER (CONT'D)
Come on in.

Elliot waves to Grandma.

INT. CEMETERY OFFICE - DAY

Worker types away at an 80's looking PC.

CEMETERY WORKER
OK, you're all set.

He slides a credit card receipt to Grandma, she signs.

CEMETERY WORKER (CONT'D)
Righty-o, that should do it. May I
escort you to the site?

ELLIOT
I know where it is, thank you.

EXT. PATHWAYS CEMETERY - DAY

Sunset.

Elliot and Grandma stroll, hand in hand.

GRANDMA
Isn't it beautiful?

ELLIOT
I guess.

They approach a marble bench.

GRANDMA
Let's sit. Fresh air. Good for
the mind. Good to get out of that
stuffy house.

ELLIOT
I thought you loved the house.

GRANDMA
A house is just a house, but a life
without Popsicles just isn't sweet
at all.

They watch the sun go down in silence. Grandma leans on
Elliot's shoulder.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
You know what? I'm ready to go.

ELLIOT
I'll get the car.

GRANDMA
No. I mean, I'm ready, to go.

I/E CADILLAC - NIGHT

Elliot and Grandma drive in silence. Elliot notices a car following. Slows for a red light. Checks the rear view mirror.

Steve's Mustang.

Elliot checks Grandma's seat belt.

ELLIOT
Hang on Grandma.

He floors the Caddy, puts that 500 cubic inch V-8 to work, swerves wildly through the intersection.

GRANDMA
(loving it)
Wee!

I/E STEVE'S FORD MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Steve stuck at the red light, pounds the steering wheel.

STEVE GREY
Major penalty!

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elliot helps Grandma quickly up the steps.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elliot tucks Grandma into bed, frantic.

ELLIOT
Grandma, we're gonna get you nice and loopy so you don't spill the beans if Steve shows up, OK?

GRANDMA
Sweet. Let's party.

Grandma reaches for her pillbox, tosses a handful of pills in her mouth.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
Beer me.

Elliot heads into the kitchen.

ELLIOT (O.S.)
I'm going to stay over at Tim's.

Grandma grabs her bong, sparks it up.

Elliot returns with a six-pack.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
I'll sneak back in the morning to
check up on you, and in the
meantime, if you need me, use this.

Elliot taps the Granny-Cam. Kisses her good-bye.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Love you.

Grandma coughs up a lungful of smoke.

GRANDMA
If you don't cough, you don't get
off.

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Steve snoops around the basement doors armed with a flashlight, tries to open them - locked.

He yanks on the aluminium doors, flimsy lock gives way.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Steve's flashlight beam crisscrosses the basement.

CRASH! He knocks over a pile of computer parts.

Turns off the flashlight. Waits, listens. Silence.

Flashlight comes back on under Steve's face, spooky.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Grandma in bed, super high, sucks the hell out of a Popsicle.

CRASH! She hears Steve knock over more things.

She pushes buttons on the Granny-Cam, hits "Record" instead of "Call."

GRANDMA
(loopy, blissful)
Elliot. Elliot? They're here.
They're coming for me. The angels.

She looks up, Steve is right next to her.

GRANDMA'S POV

Steve has an evil red aura around him, almost glowing.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
Devil? Lord save me, it's the
devil!

STEVE GREY
(slow, warped speech)
Hello Mrs. Boardman. Where is
Elliot?

Grandma flips on her bedside lamp, momentarily blinds Steve.

She reaches into her night stand, pulls out a giant black dildo, smacks Steve in the face with it.

GRANDMA
Get away devil! Be gone.

STEVE GREY
I'm not the devil you old bitch.

GRANDMA
I'm sorry I was mean to Mexicans!

Grandma keeps smacking Steve with the dildo.

Steve grabs Grandma's wrist, yanks the dildo out of her hand, tosses it aside.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
Oh lord, please. Don't let him
take me! Lo siento!

STEVE GREY
Tell. Me. Where. He. Is!

And then, Grandma croaks.

STEVE GREY (CONT'D)
Mrs. Boardman?

He pinches her cheek. No response.

STEVE GREY (CONT'D)
Oh no. No. Mrs. Boardman?

Steve lays her back on the bed, hides the dildo under the sheet, turns off the lamp.

Scrambles away.

On Grandma's face: illuminated by the Granny-Cam's flashing red "Record" light.

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Sun rises over the street, birds chirp.

A Domino's delivery moped pulls up, driven by Tim, Elliot on the back in disguise as a Domino's employee.

Elliot grabs a pizza box, sprints up onto the porch.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Elliot sees Grandma "asleep," sits down on the bed. Nudges her gently.

ELLIOT
Hey Grandma, you hungry?

No response.

Elliot nudges her again. Puts his ear to her chest. Holds his hand over her mouth.

Pizza falls to the floor.

DING DONG! Doorbell.

Elliot peers out the front door, full of guilt and panic.

Alicia.

Elliot opens the door a crack.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Hey. What's up?

ALICIA
I got a call to come check on the
racist. She off her meds?

ELLIOT
Oh. Yeah. Cool.

ALICIA
So can I come in?

Elliot opens the door.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
(re: Domino's uniform)
You change jobs?

ELLIOT
What? No.

ALICIA
Costume date?

Alicia pushes past, heads to Grandma's bed.

ELLIOT
No. Wait.

ALICIA
It's fine.

ELLIOT
It's not fine. I think she's gone.

Alicia runs to the bed, checks Grandma's pulse.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
I just found her like this.

Alicia pulls back the sheets, reveals the black dildo.

ALICIA
Well, it looks like she died happy.

ELLIOT
Gross.

ALICIA
How can she hate on Mexicans, but
diddle herself with that monster?

ELLIOT
Is there any chance she could have
OD'd?

ALICIA
What are you asking me exactly?

ELLIOT
If she took a lot of her pills?
With beer?

ALICIA
Stuff she was prescribed? Not
likely. Probably would have just
made her sleepy. And really high.

On Elliot, visibly relieved.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
I'll call the Medical Examiner to
come get her for you.

ELLIOT
It's down to me now.

INT. LARRY BERTLEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Larry at his desk, Skyping with the Gay Biker.

LARRY
Who is my little dancing Bear?

ON SCREEN

Gay Biker does a dance that may, or may not, be sexy.

Elliot walks in.

ELLIOT
Boo!

Larry closes the Skype window, looks likes he's seen a ghost.

LARRY
Elliot?

ELLIOT
We on the clock?

LARRY
Jesus Elliot. It can't be. I was
at your funeral.

ELLIOT
Yes or no?

LARRY
Sure. We're on the clock. What
the hell?

ELLIOT
So we have attorney, client
privilege?

LARRY
OK, yes. We do.

ELLIOT
Then I need you to arrange a
funeral.

LARRY
Who didn't die this time?

ELLIOT
Grandma.

LARRY
She was just in here the other day.
Paid off all your father's debt, in
case you didn't know. In cash no
less. Must have had it under the
proverbial mattress or something.
Crazy bat. Why aren't you dead?

ELLIOT
And I want you to sell the house.

LARRY
You're kidding right?

ELLIOT
Fast.

LARRY
Hold on. This is too much. You're
supposed to be dead.

ELLIOT
Well, I'm not. And if anyone asks,
I was in Mexico. Now stop the
clock.

Elliot gets up to leave.

LARRY
Where you going?

ELLIOT
I'm not sure. Maybe Vietnam.

EXT. PATHWAYS CEMETERY - NIGHT

Vietnam War movie homage.

Elliot, dressed in military fatigues, camo face paint, peers out from a row of hedges. Checks his perimeter, darts across the open lawn towards the office.

EXT. CEMETERY OFFICE - NIGHT

Elliot uses the hidden key above the door.

INT. CEMETERY OFFICE - NIGHT

Elliot sits at the 80's PC, searches a database.

ON SCREEN

Elliot pulls up his burial record. Changes his plot status from "occupied" to "reserved."

Then swaps his plot number for Grandma's.

Elliot grabs a set of keys off the wall.

EXT. PATHWAYS CEMETERY - NIGHT

Same set of keys dangles from the ignition of a small excavator. Elliot in the driver's seat.

He digs up his own grave, scoops out the mini elbow coffin.

Ties a chain around his headstone, drags it into the deep grave. Covers it with dirt, but leaves the grave open, ready for its next tenant.

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

"For Sale" sign on the lawn.

Steve in his Mustang, across the road, staring at the house, brightly lit up inside.

STEVE GREY
Freaking nerd.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The mini coffin burns in the fireplace.

Elliot sits on a camp chair, surrounded by sun lamps, sweating, turning red.

EXT. PATHWAYS CEMETERY - DAY

A perfect day for a funeral, if there is such a thing. OK fine. There isn't, but it is a nice day to be above ground.

Everyone is there except Elliot. They gather around what used to be his grave site.

Among them an ELDERLY MAN (80's) leans on his cane.

Gay Biker and Larry stand together.

LARRY

Deja vu right?

GAY BIKER

Tragic. She was such a dear lady.
Good customer too. Big fan of the
Purple Haze.

Richard arrives with the Mayor.

RICHARD

Hello Father, Richard Cranmore.
Running for Councilman this
election. Hope I can count on your
vote.

PRIEST

Of course.
(to Mayor)
Mayor.

A SECOND ELDERLY MAN (80's) arrives, removes his hat, nods to the Priest.

Tim arrives on his delivery moped.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

(to Tim)
Have another speech for me young
man?

TIM

No sir.

PRIEST

Very well. We'll get started in a moment.

Alicia shows up, nods to Tim and Richard.

A THIRD ELDERLY MAN (80's) shows up, extends his hand to the Priest.

ELDERLY MAN 3

Father.

Elderly Man 2 approaches.

ELDERLY MAN 2

What are you doing here?

ELDERLY MAN 3

I was her boyfriend.

ELDERLY MAN 2

I was her boyfriend.

Elderly Man 1 joins the fray, swats at the other two men with his cane.

ELDERLY MAN 1

I do believe I also have the honor of holding that title.

ELDERLY MAN 2

Who are you?

ELDERLY MAN 1

Who are you sir?

The old men start to fight, slapping each other.

MAYOR

Check out these salty dogs. Oh, this is good.

Richard steps in.

RICHARD

Now, now. Gentlemen. Please.

ELDERLY MAN 3

What a slut.

ELDERLY MAN 2

Indeed.

ELDERLY MAN 1
She played us all for a fool.

PRIEST
Gentlemen, if you please.

ELDERLY MAN 2
Well sirs, it seems we share a certain "passion." Shall we call a truce and adjourn to Sundale perhaps? It is bingo night and the ladies, they are awaiting.

ELDERLY MAN 3
Great buffet there too. Let's crash.

ELDERLY MAN 1
Only if we stop and get whisky first.

ELDERLY MAN 3
And condoms.

The three elderly men head off.

PRIEST
OK, now that that's over, perhaps we can get started?

Everyone gathers around the grave.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
We're gathered here today to honour the long, and, apparently, very exciting, life of Mrs. Lillian Boardman. Mother, Grandmother and...

Elliot walks up in a suit, his skin sun lamp burned red.
In his hand, a small cooler.

ELLIOT
Sorry I'm late.

Tim and Richard feign surprise, hug Elliot.

TIM
Hey man, you're alive!

RICHARD
Holy hell, we thought you were dead! Didn't we?

TIM
Yes. We did. Think that.

ELLIOT
Didn't you get my note?

Wink, wink.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
(loudly)
I decided to stay in Mexico for
awhile. Practice my Español.

MAYOR
Thank the mighty winds, now we can
get the damn server password.

Steve jumps out from behind a nearby gravestone.

STEVE GREY
Ah ha! I knew he was alive.
You're gonna have to pay back the
money suckers.

ELLIOT
What money?

PRIEST
Sir, if you don't mind, we've had
enough excitement for one funeral.

STEVE GREY
Woo! I got you nerds. You're
going down.

Steve does a touchdown dance.

Gay Biker grabs him by the arm.

GAY BIKER
I don't mind your moves sugar, just
the place.

STEVE GREY
Hey. OK. Just one question
though.

Steve points to Elliot.

STEVE GREY (CONT'D)
If lobster face is alive, then who
is in his grave? Answer me that.

Steve walks over to the nearest gravestone - not Elliot's. He runs to the next, and the next, and the next. None of them are Elliot's, because Grandma is in it.

STEVE GREY (CONT'D)

Wait a second.

Tim and Richard step up to Steve.

TIM

You should go.

RICHARD

Indeed.

Steve scratches his head, wanders off, checking gravestones.

STEVE GREY

I'm coming for my money, nerds!

PRIEST

Ladies and gentlemen, if you don't mind?

Elliot winks at Richard and Tim.

ELLIOT

Father, I'd like to say a few words.

Priest nods, "of course."

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

As most of you now certainly know, my Grandmother was a wonderful woman with many, passions.

Elliot reaches down, opens his small cooler, pulls out a pack of grape Popsicles.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Among those was a relentless taste for grape Popsicles.

Elliot takes out a Popsicle, hands the box to Tim.

Tim hands out Popsicles.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Grandma taught me that a life without Popsicles, without a little sweetness once in a while, isn't a life worth living at all.

Elliot holds up his Popsicle in a toast.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
So here's to you Grandma.

Everyone raises their Popsicles.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
You will be missed.

EXT. PATHWAYS CEMETERY - LATER

Elliot talks with Larry.

ELLIOT
Thanks for arranging this.

LARRY
Hey, it was already pretty much
arranged. She'd even paid for it
herself with her own credit card.
Very clever.

Tim and Richard join them.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Credit card debt is unsecured debt.
When you die, it dies with you.
Nobody can come try and collect it.

TIM
You're really alive!

RICHARD
What are we going to do about el
meathead?

ELLIOT
I don't know. Pay him back. I'm
just glad the charade is over.

Panicked looks from Richard and Tim.

TIM
But I spent it on Fro-2-Go.

RICHARD
And my campaign.

ELLIOT
Give me a sec.

Elliot crosses to Alicia.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Hey.

ALICIA

You need to get some aloe on that face.

ELLIOT

How are you?

ALICIA

Alive.

ELLIOT

I'm glad you came.

ALICIA

She was mean, but she was memorable. So what is this craziness? What are you all about?

ELLIOT

I made some bad decisions back there, but I've got a new lease on things. And for as long as I'm alive, you're the sweet thing I want in my life. Your my Popsicle.

ALICIA

You expect that to work?

Elliot sucks on his Popsicle.

ELLIOT

They are good.

ALICIA

I'll think about it. You pull any shit, I'll sic my homies on you.

ELLIOT

Whatever, I'll just wear blue.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

The blinds are open, letting in the bright summer sun.

Grandma's bed is gone. Only her night stand and lamp remain.

The camping furniture, equipment, and workbench from the basement are now set up in the living room.

Richard, Tim and Elliot come up from the basement with boxes of computer stuff.

ELLIOT
That's pretty much everything.

TIM
About time you got out of The Matrix.

Elliot hooks up his PC.

RICHARD
So, about the money. Steve was in at work again giving me grief. Says he's going to get the Cops involved.

TIM
Think you got grief? What about me? I don't have a trust fund. I can't ask "Father" for an advance. Fro-2-Go is screwed.

Elliot fires up his PC.

ELLIOT
Guys. We'll pay it back. You're going to be a Councilman soon. And you're going to be selling frozen pizzas. Or not. Can't be too sure about that one actually. And I'm going to start my own repair business, for real this time.

TIM
We'll be in debt to that meathead forever. I can't live with that.

Elliot notices a flashing Granny-Cam alert. Clicks on it. The recording of Grandma and Steve pops up.

ELLIOT
Holy shit.

Richard and Tim gather around.

INSERT: GRANNY-CAM FOOTAGE

Grandma smacks Steve with the big, black dildo.

GRANDMA
Get away devil! Be gone.

STEVE GREY
I'm not the devil you old bitch.

GRANDMA
I'm sorry I was mean to Mexicans!

Grandma keeps smacking Steve with the dildo.

Steve grabs Grandma's wrist, yanks the dildo out of her hand, tosses it aside.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
Oh lord, please. Don't let him take me!

STEVE GREY
Tell. Me. Where. He. Is!

And then, Grandma croaks.

STEVE GREY (CONT'D)
Mrs. Boardman?

He pinches her cheek. No response.

STEVE GREY (CONT'D)
Oh no. No. Mrs. Boardman?

Steve lays her back on her bed, hides the dildo under the sheet, turns off the lamp.

Scrambles away.

BACK TO SCENE.

TIM
No way.

RICHARD
Holy hell. That is damning indeed.

ELLIOT
You know what this means?

TIM
Mrs. B had a mandingo craving?

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE/MEETING ROOM - DAY

Richard, Tim and Elliot sit across the table from Steve.

STEVE GREY
I'm glad you nerds decided to stop
screwing around and pay up.

ELLIOT
About that.

Elliot pulls out his phone, plays the Granny-Cam video for Steve.

STEVE GREY
What's this supposed to be?

ELLIOT
This is where I tell you that we'll
pay back what we haven't already
spent, but what we have spent,
that's gone. Call it a meathead
tax.

STEVE GREY
Tweet!

Steve moves his right arm in a sideways karate chop motion.

STEVE GREY (CONT'D)
Illegal Motion. Never gonna
happen.

ELLIOT
I'm not saying you killed my
innocent, helpless, defenseless,
sick Grandmother in her own bed,
but a jury might.

STEVE GREY
You're blackmailing me. And she
hit me with a black dildo!

ELLIOT
Someone once told me, when life
deals you a hard tackle you get
right back up and soar. Like an
eagle, find your prey, then take it
down, capturing your dreams in the
claws of life.

STEVE GREY
What, so I'm your prey? You think
you can take me down?

ELLIOT
I think we already did.

Tim makes claw hands, SCREECHES like an Eagle.

RICHARD
And that, I believe, concludes our
business for today.

Chip eating Secretary sticks her head in.

SECRETARY
Hey Steve.

Steve storms out.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Ooh, I love when they play hard to
get.

TIM
Amigos?

TIM/RICHARD/ELLIOT
Amigos!

Richard, Tim and Elliot do their three-way high-five/elbow
bump.

TIM/RICHARD/ELLIOT (CONT'D)
For life!

Mayor walks past, sees Elliot.

MAYOR
You! I swear by the hair on
Blackbeard's chinny-chin-chin, if
you don't tell me the blasted
server password this instant, so
help me, I will tar and feather
your hide.

ELLIOT
Richard is a twat.

TIM
Richard is a twat.

ELLIOT
Use fours for the A's.

RICHARD
What the heck?

ELLIOT
What? It had to be something
nobody would ever guess.

TIM
I could have totally guessed that.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Elliot arranges a stack of computer parts in the living room.

Tries to move Grandma's night stand, it's heavier than it looks. Elliot kneels down, goes through the drawers.

First drawer holds: the dildo, the "Playgirl," the bong, a sack of weed, an iPod, a little black address book and a cache of Taco Bell sauce packets.

Second drawer holds the plastic bag with Elliot's ID and credit cards.

And an old, wooden lock-box.

Elliot can't open it.

Gets a screwdriver from his workbench, pries open the lid.

ELLIOT'S POV

The box is full of gold, jewels and bands of money.

ELLIOT
(remembering Grandma's
words)
It's all I have.

He shakes his head, laughs.

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Elliot leaps off the porch, kicks over the "For Sale" sign.

Jumps in the Caddy, puts the V-8 to work.

EXT. ALICIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Caddy screeches to a halt.

Gang Bangers come off the corner, saunter over.

Elliot gets out of the car.

SCARY GANG LEADER
Hey, it's Mr. Cool!

TATTOOED GANG GUY

I like your wheels ese. Looks like a hearse.

ELLIOT

Yeah, I know right?

SCARY GANG LEADER

You need to drop that thing. Get some rims.

Alicia steps out onto her porch.

ALICIA

You be nice Antonio.

SCARY GANG LEADER

Hey, I'm just talking whips with Mr. Cool. We cool right?

ELLIOT

We cool.

SCARY GANG LEADER

Let me know if you want some pinstripes, I'll hook you up.

Gang Bangers move on.

Alicia steps off her porch.

ELLIOT

Hey.

ALICIA

Hey.

ELLIOT

So, I'm going to live dangerously here and try something. Please don't kick me in the nuts, OK?

ALICIA

No promises.

Elliot steps to Alicia, kisses her passionately.

CHYRON: NINE MONTHS LATER

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE/SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY

Steve and the Secretary make out.

STEVE GREY
You taste like salt and vinegar.

She goes down on her knees.

SECRETARY
You taste like an almost Umpire.

STEVE GREY
Its "Official." Official. Oh
yeah. Official and...

He shoots his hands up, field goal style.

STEVE GREY (CONT'D)
Its... Good!

Secretary comes back up with a bag of salt and vinegar chips,
stuffs some in her mouth. Tries to put some in Steve's.

SECRETARY
(mouth full)
Yummy bunny.

Steve looks up at his watch.

STEVE GREY
My NFL interview!

He runs out of the closet pulling up his pants, knocks the
chip bag to the floor.

Secretary drops to her hands and knees, gathers chips.

EXT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Richard holds a Press conference on the steps. A massive
banner reads: "Councilman Cranmore - Proud to Serve."

The two Fake Tan Girls from Kimo's are at his side. He waves
to the crowds, loving the limelight.

RICHARD
There's no reason to keep our
beaches alcohol-free. As long as
you all behave responsibly. And
stay off the Schnapps!

Steve runs out the doors behind Richard, still doing up his
pants. Pushes his way through the photo-snapping Press, out
onto the street.

EXT. FRO-2-GO - DAY

Tim stands outside a Fro-2-Go franchise, ready to cut a "Grand Opening" ribbon with giant scissors.

Julianne Middleton at his side.

They're surrounded by the "FRO-ETTES" - hot girls in pizza print bikinis and Afro wigs.

A sign on the window says "Our 13th Location!"

TIM

We make!

FRO-ETTES

(in unison)

You bake!

Tim cuts the ribbon, Fro-ettes CHEER.

Tim hugs Julianne, tries for a kiss, gets a handshake.

Tim turns, makes out with the nearest Fro-ette.

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

A Fro-2-Go DELIVERY GUY zips by on a moped.

Elliot, stands on a ladder in the front yard, painting the porch. The whole house is now a different color.

And so is Elliot, with a deep tan, dark sunglasses and a bright smile.

Parked in the driveway is an orange van with "Nerd Patrol - Your IT Department on Wheels" painted on the side.

Alicia comes out the front door, visibly pregnant, carrying a glass of lemonade.

ELLIOT

Perfect timing.

ALICIA

Mayor's office called. Copier is busted again.

ELLIOT

I'll have one of the other guys fix it. Too nice a day to be indoors.

Elliot steps down off the ladder, accepts the lemonade, takes a sip.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Ah.

ALICIA

Good?

Elliot removes his sunglasses, puts his arm around Alicia, and gives her a kiss.

ELLIOT

To die for.