

WITNESS THE ALLURE

Pilot

Written by

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EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A shiny jet black mint 1970 Cadillac Deville convertible roars down a two lane highway.

The humming engine revs the beast past a doppler blur of pine trees, their scent whips in the air.

An older thin mustached man, right out of a Sicilian passport picture, knee on the wheel, leans right and grabs the lighter that has just popped out and presses the bright red filament onto the end of his Montecristo cigar.

His puffs of thick smoke blow into the passenger window of a red Honda Civic as it races past at eighty miles an hour.

Cadillac man raises his arm and flips the bird.

Suddenly a Dodge Challenger blast by as it signals left in front of the Cadillac and almost cuts it off, then screams past the Civic at a hundred.

Cadillac man whirls up his two arms and flips double birds.

INT. RED HONDA CIVIC - DAY

BRENDAN FARRELL late forties, fit, salt and pepper hair is dressed in sharkskin suite. His Armani loafer tromps on the gas pedal.

The speedometer reads eighty five.

A cell phone rings over and over.

A wedding picture of a smiling couple duct taped to the dash wind flutters as the electric windows grinds up.

Brendan with a calm gesture, lifts his phone out of his suit coat pocket and answers.

BRENDAN
(slight Brooklyn accent)
What's up? Kind of busy.
(pause)
No, no, guess I'm never to busy for
you.

Brendan thumbs the phone on speaker and tosses in in the passenger seat as he tromps the gas, revs the engine, his head pressed into the headrest.

LOVE FARRELL his wife sounds irked.

LOVE (O.S.)
Did you take your blood pressure
and you heart pill?

He white knuckle grips the wheel into a tight head tilt turn.

BRENDAN
You're all the heart I need,
aspirin and the statins too.

LOVE (O.S.)
Well I counted your pills this
morning and you forgot to take your
blood pressure and your heart pill.

BRENDAN
You stopped counting the Viagra?

LOVE (O.S.)
You know how dangerous it is if you
skip them. Your heads gonna pop of
someday. You're supposed to reduce
your stress.

BRENDAN
The industrial revolution and its
consequences.

LOVE (O.S.)
I'm not gonna be a widow stuck in
this shit town.

BRENDAN
Ok, Ok. I have some spares in my
wallet. I'm going to the diner now
to check in.

Brendan flips open his wallet on the console and digs out a
little baggie with his finger while he keeps glancing up
quick at the road.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
I'll take them right when I get
there. Isn't the view on?

LOVE (O.S.)
Another repeat, half of them got
suspended again. Watching Reservoir
Dogs again.

BRENDAN
That's a fun wake up and get the
blood flowing morning movie.

Brendan slaps the wheel as the Challenger zooms over a hill and out of site.

The Hondas four cylinders whine with a car chase movie complex.

LOVE (O.S.)

I think Heck is burning bugs again.

BRENDAN

You're the one who gave him the magnifying glass to get him into science.

LOVE (O.S.)

Eight years ago.

BRENDAN

(Thomas Dolby style)

SCIENCE!

LOVE (O.S.)

This is serious my lighters are all empty, I had to use the stove. An electric fucking stove. I miss my gas stove.

BRENDAN

When did you ever cook?

Brendan jerks the wheel hard taking a tight turn.

LOVE

That's my point, it was clean, Steak Fromage at Sparks Steakhouse, Crab Carbonara at Rao's, here its Sonic drive in and Half Fancy Diner.

BRENDAN

We have the Picked Fish.

LOVE

They can't even cook the fish. Next you'll mention the culinary delights of Moose Lodge 2362. And you sure as hell can't shop for furs at a souvenir shop, but forget that 'cause I can't even wear them Or I'll stick out.

The Honda Civic swings out onto the highway shoulder racing through a tight turn.

BRENDAN

Well have fun at the beauty parlor.

LOVEL (O.S.)

Have you at least talked to the new girl yet about how loud she being. During the day even now. Sex is one thing but she sounds possessed.

BRENDAN

Just turn the AC on.

LOVE (O.S.)

I have a right to have my window open and should be no means have to turn up my TV.

BRENDAN

Ok but you should be the one. You good?

LOVE (O.S.)

Are you going to get a new job soon?

Brendan leans forward and squints up the highways horizon.

BRENDAN

My job is my job Love.

LOVE (O.S.)

You job is death, it's not respectable, I can't be the wife of a morticians ASSISTANT anymore, at least give me that.

He rounds a corner, a man with a wide grin leans against the Challenger in the HALF FANCY DINER parking lot.

BRENDAN

Your Roomba gets delivered on Monday. I'm here, have to go.

LOVE (O.S.)

Don't you dare talk to Donna Do You Wanna.

BRENDAN

Why would you say such a thing? You were the best ever this morning.

Brendan pulls into the parking lot next to the Challenger.

LOVE (O.S.)
Well I'm not forgetting Daddies
mistress is somewhere in here with
us.

BRENDAN
Getting out of the car now.

LOVE (O.S.)
Bring home chocolate cake, an
overdose amount.

BRENDAN
Death by chocolate it is.

LOVE (O.S.)
From Nellie's Custom Cakes.

The man leaning on the Challenger makes a cracking a whip
motion.

BRENDAN
(annoyed)
Bye Love.

LOVE (O.S.)
(rushed)
And a shaker full of sprinkles!

BRENDAN
All the colors.

Brendan looks up and shakes his head at the man.

LOVE (O.S.)
Egg whites and oatmeal remember

BRENDAN
Waffles are life bye.

Brendan starts to get out of the car and in the rearview
mirror we see the black Cadillac convertible roll by slow.

The older mustached man now in sunglasses taps a fully ringed
hand on the steering wheel.

INT. HALF FANCY DINER - DAY

Brendan and VINCE HAYES, dressed in a dark suit, sit across
from each other in a booth near the window of this typical
rundown diner on the edge of town.

VINCE
You going to get the waffles?

BRENDAN
Hell yes I am. Extra boysenberry
syrup too.

Brendan waves his arm at a bug flying by his face.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Enough to drown a rando fly.

VINCE
What the hell is a boysenberry?
Sounds like they ran out of fruit
names.

BRENDAN
I actually looked it up once.

VINCE
Of course you did.

BRENDAN
Cross between a raspberry, dewberry
and loganberry.

VINCE
Guess Frankenberry was taken huh.

BRENDAN
They're soft so they don't ship
well, so they grind them into
syrup.

VINCE
The boys are back in town. Speaking
of that I hate to be the one to
tell you but--

DONNA a dive bar and diner hot waitress bumps her hip into
the booth table.

DONNA
You hotties ready to order?

VINCE
He'll have egg whites and oatmeal.

DONNA
(smiling)
I already wrote down waffles.

She steps back and grabs another boysenberry mini pitcher from the neighboring table and spins it towards Brendan.

DONNA (CONT'D)
There you go baby.

BRENDAN
You always read my mind.

DONNA
You should let me read my tarot cards on you.

BRENDAN
Then you'd put a spell on me.

DONNA
Already have, I'm sure you can feel it.

VINCE
I think I feel it.

Donna sticks her pen in her mouth and chews with a glance over at Vince.

DONNA
What'll you have Egg White?

Brendan LAUGHS.

VINCE
Oh uh, I'll have the biscuits and gravy please.

DONNA
Can't Johnny lost a Band-Aid three days ago and I won the pool when we found it this morning.

VINCE
Ok...

Vince grabs a menu from the condiment holder.

VINCE (CONT'D)
How about... chicken fried steak.

DONNA
Can't, uses the same gravy.

Vince taps his finger on the menu.

VINCE

Uh...

DONNA

If it helps you any, I already
wrote down waffles.

BRENDAN

Waffles are life.

Vince flips the menu up to Donna as she catches it like a pro, leans way over the table and sticks the landing.

VINCE

Waffles it is then. More
boysenberry to please.

Donna bumps the table again with her hip as she pushes off.

DONNA

You go easy on that stuff Egg White
I can tell you're a beginner. It's
the loganberry part that gets ya.

Vince looks at Donna's wiggling butt as she sashays away.

INT. FARRELL KITCHEN - DAY

Love still in her white nightgown leans over the sink and
slams the window shut, cracking the glass in the corner.

She reaches over and jerks a box of wine up to her open mouth
and pours it full of Merlot. So full the wine overflows,
dribbles down and stains the white flannel fabric.

She is unbothered by the mess.

Love starts to tap out the beat to Queens "We Will Rock You",
getting louder and louder, as her wedding ring whacks on the
fake marble counter top.

She stares out at the grill in the backyard, Brendan's "Best
Dad Ever" apron leans over it.

Out of the corner of her eyeroll she spy's two squirrels
doing it on the perfect manicured lawn.

She reaches down without looking, opens a drawer and pulls
out a long boning knife.

Her eyes squint, her nostrils flare.

INT. HALF FANCY DINER - DAY

VINCE

So everything going Ok? Seems like
your finally settled into your life
of garage beers and TV.

BRENDAN

Me more than Love. Don't make fun
of me but I love the town. Calming
ocean waves, great scenery, smell
of pine, people are nice if not a
lotta quirky, low crime
(laughing)

Brendan makes an origami rose out of a napkin.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

A tourist trinket Mayberry. Born
here you always want to leave and
end up at a Starbucks in some city.
I love it. I never have to watch
the Hallmark channel. But Love she
misses everything. New York to here
is... Friends, places we ate... The
family.

VINCE

It's hard on the spouses but harder
on the kids, how's Henry.

BRENDAN

Oh he's never been happier. He's
changed Henry to Heck, but
everything seems fine.

VINCE

Great spaghetti western name
"Heck."

Vince cracks his knuckles.

VINCE (CONT'D)

There is one bit of news.

BRENDAN

They're increasing the stipend from
sixty thousand to seventy thousand?

VINCE

No, and don't forget that runs out
at the end of the month.

BRENDAN
Love with be so thrilled.

VINCE
Sylvesto's out.

BRENDAN
Wait, What!? How?

VINCE
Technicality, one of the FBI agents
was dirty. Every case is back out
on bail, if you will, until
everyone is recharged.

BRENDAN
(sarcastically)
Figures, so all of you Federal
Marshals are boy scouts right?

VINCE
Well the witness relocation program
hasn't lost anyone yet. And I'll
have you know, I was an Eagle
scout.

BRENDAN
Of course you were.

Vince throws up a stiff three fingers boy scout salute for
Brendan.

Brendan pours a little boysenberry syrup on a saucer, dabs
his finger in it, then taste it.

VINCE
You going to tell Love? Every girl
is a Daddies girl, and he's going
to want to see his grandson at any
cost.

BRENDAN
He's not going to mess up my
family, my family!

Vince's eye grow wide and he leans over to Brendan.

VINCE
Lets not set off the pyro.

BRENDAN
(eyes glaring)
Sylvesto "Icepick" Armone.

VINCE

At least you know how you'll get it. I'd hate to think how a "Bobby two fingers" starts and finishes.

Brendan unfolds the origami rose back into a napkin.

BRENDAN

You all keep saying you have never lost anyone.

VINCE

Let me do the worrying.

BRENDAN

I had to do what I had to do.

VINCE

We don't know that he whacked Johnny.

BRENDAN

My right hand man, in solitary? Sylvesto's the only one. That's from the inside.

VINCE

You did you best to get him a life sentence.

BRENDAN

His life or mine. I should have taken him out when I had the chance.

VINCE

Well now I have a chance.

BRENDAN

He skinned Heck's birthday puppy, had it taxidermized with red glass eyes and mailed it to Heck's classroom marked "Show and Tell" 'cause Heck disowned him.

VINCE

Could be seen as a bit evil.

BRENDAN

He wears my pinky toe bone on a chain around his neck.

VINCE

An evolutionary non starter really.

BRENDAN
You're an evolutionary non starter.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
WAFFLES UP!

VINCE
Bet your life on it.

Right next to their window a sheriffs car pulls up sharp to the diner.

Out pops BARRY DERRYBERRY and MARY DERRYBERRY, the Sheriff and Deputy Sheriff. Their smiles beam and their uniforms full of military junta like flare

A bell dings above the door as they walk in.

Donna yanks the waffles off the pass and sashays over to Brendan and vince.

BARRY
What is the special of the day
baby?

Donna spins the waffle plates down in front of Brendan and Vince with a grin on her face.

DONNA
Biscuits and gravy Sheriff,
biscuits and gravy.

MARY
I can eat those 'till I damn well
hurt.

DONNA
I'll get you a Band-Aid.

EXT. SMALL TOWN SIDEWALK - DAY

A Roman Goddess of a young blonde woman, tall and thin in a flowing white dress, races in a forceful walk, her heels click in long leggy strides.

She stares straight ahead, doesn't blink, as she flashes a smirky Kubrick smile.

A tall lumberjack looking man well ahead of her keeps turning around to look at her as he tries to quicken his pace.

The young woman suddenly smacks her hands together with a POP!, as she laughs like a feasting hyena.

Lumberjack man stumbles then begins to boot clomp into a run.

EXT. SMALL TOWN DOWNTOWN - DAY

We see a main street in quaint tourist town on the western coast of Washington state, where everyone leaves with a souvenir unless you can't ever leave.

Angle parking spaces in front of the bustling downtown shops full of pick up trucks and visiting sedans plastered with state park bumper stickers.

Brendan hurries down the sidewalk snaking his way through the townsfolk and tourist.

He suddenly stops, gazes down, a Montecristo cigar butt smolders on the sidewalk.

Brendan quick looks all around, his eyes glaring, his face tight, as he stomps on and twists the butt out.

He spots his wife as she smiles and talks with Mary Derryberry, Mary's arm around Love, in front of the beauty salon.

Brendan lowers his head and ducks into "Pete's Hardware" store.

He keeps glances out through the front window as he stands in front of the shovels and rakes.

A clerk moseys up to him.

PETES CLERK

Can I help you Sir, are you looking for a new shovel? Those are the top of the line, ready to dig.

BRENDAN

Got a sick cat at home.

PETES CLERK

Lime is in isle four near the litter.

BRENDAN

Thanks, you're the best.

Brendan rolls his eyes towards the clerk as he smirks and paces away.

Brendan glances up again at his wife and Mary in an animated chat.

Love throws her hands up and storms into the beauty shop.
Brendan smiles then catches a glimpse of a shovel price tag.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
(mumbling to himself)
Fifty one dollars for a shovel.

MONSIGNOR (O.S.)
(Jersey accent, slightly
out of breath)
In our day you could get a shovel
for the cost of a cannoli.

Brendan spins around startled.

It's the man who was being followed earlier. MONSIGNOR a tall very tanned man dressed in a short sleeve plaid flannel shirt, Dad jeans and hiking boots, holds his arms out in front of him wide.

MONSIGNOR (CONT'D)
And the cost of rope and zip ties
overheard would bury us.

BRENDAN
(laughing)
I can't believe this, you're a
lumberjack, and it's OK.

They embrace and kiss each others cheeks as the clerk looks on, his eyebrows raised.

MONSIGNOR
You're here?

BRENDAN
I heard you were in. So Humptulips
Washington. What a name huh?

MONSIGNOR
What a life, but I'm just visiting
my new wife's sister, she owns the
beauty parlor. But yeah, some town
name.

Brenden glances up out at the parlor.

BRENDAN
The 'ol love God right here in
town.

MONSIGNOR
But you got the Love.

BRENDAN
So much Love.

MONSIGNOR
So what job you got? I'm a church
secretary of all things.

BRENDAN
Took your nickname seriously. I'm
still in the death business so to
speak.

A ding comes from Monsignor jeans pocket. He pulls his phone
out and glances down at it.

MONSIGNOR
Hey I got to be going. My wife's
almost done shopping, Got to carry
bags to the car.

BRENDAN
(sarcastically)
We're still the same guys.

MONSIGNOR
We should meet for dinner tomorrow
night. Drove by a place called
Scallywags on the way in, is that
good?

BRENDAN
No one's died there yet.

Monsignor turns to leave.

MONSIGNOR
Seven baby.

The clerk looks over again with a look on his face like he
didn't hear.

Brendan watches Monsignor dart across the street, dodging a
slow roll black Cadillac convertible, then into the salon.

Brendan white knuckle grips a shovel, stares down at the
price tag, then jerks it out of the display rack.

EXT. BRENDAN AND LOVES HOUSE - DAY

Brendan stands in a lazy stance at the back part of his
driveway that runs along the side of his and Love's copycat
row, Frank Lloyd Wright style home.

He has a garden hose in his hand as he waters some newly planted Chrysanthemums along the end of the driveway.

He whistles as he sways the hose with a lackadaisical back and forth. Swirls and takes a sip from the old fashioned that's in his other hand.

Suddenly a Porsche 718 Boxster speeds up and stops short at the end of the driveway that mirrors Brendan and Love's.

Door swings open wide and out steps a long sexy leg belonging to in block heels attached to a young thin blonde woman ALANZA, in a white silk dress who loves a challenge.

It's the woman from in town who was following the Monsignor.

Brendan swings around as the garden hose splashes water on her part of the driveway.

ALANZA

Please don't splash water on my car
dude.

BRENDAN

You must be the new neighbor.

Alanza shakes her head at him, clutch in one hand, keys twirl on the other.

ALANZA

So now you want to trade pie
recipes or something.

BRENDAN

I just wanted--

ALANZA

Exchange safe words? Expect me to
ask and remember your name?

BRENDAN

I'm Brendan.

ALANZA

I'll never care, and you don't look
like a Brendan, more like a Carmine
or a Doof.

BRENDAN

And you're Alanza.

ALANZA

Not creepy at all you know that.

BRENDAN
Wife read your mailbox.

ALANZA
How nice of her to bring back my
misdelivered mail.
(awkward pause)

BRENDAN
Well my wife's a bit concerned
about--

ALANZA
So you're going to mansplain a
woman's concern?

BRENDAN
Oh you know how it goes.

ALANZA
Never have.

BRENDAN
Well it's about the noise. The wife
likes to have the window open...
Well she wanted to make sure... The
noise is awkward.

ALANZA
Maybe to her. Sounds like she needs
to make her own noise. Does she
need singing lessons.

Brendan notices a deep bruise on her wrist and biceps.

ALANZA (CONT'D)
It was a hit song that made those.
By consensual opera.

BRENDAN
I heard it had quite the aria.

ALANZA
I'm sure you've heard of the Three
Tenors.

BRENDAN
(annoyed)
Bravo, so we have a maestro.

Alanza pretends to conduct Brendan with her keys as a baton.

A splash of water from the yard of Brendan's other neighbor as Barry Derryberry shoots up from his hot tub, dressed in a black speedo with the Sheriffs emblem as a banana sticker.

BARRY

Hey, you all wanna join us in the hottie tub? Hubba, hubba tubba, tubba.

ALANZA

(Quietly to Brendan)

Oh he was allowed to cuss his Mom out.

Brendan, as her turns around towards Barry, douses Alanza with hose water across her mid section.

She doesn't flinch.

ALANZA (CONT'D)

On purpose.

BARRY

Looks like you're already wet, come on in.

Up pops Mary Derryberry from below the water sporting a teeny white bikini and Sheriffs Deputy ball cap, waving a cupped pageant hand.

MARY

Ladies drink free, with suntan lotion rubs from me.

ALANZA

(quietly to Brendan)

We live next to the sheriff and his wife? Cute couple.

BRENDAN

No, I live next to the Sheriff and his deputy sisters upside down pineapple plantation. You live next to a concerned citizen who can save your life right now.

ALANZA

I feel so much safer.

BARRY

You comin'? Waters warm and cozy.

MARY

If it's too hot, clothing optional.

Suddenly Brendan's Patio door slides open quick into a slam.

Love Holds a box a merlot wine and stares right at Alanza.

LOVE

Brendan I think you've been out
there long enough.

ALANZA

Sorry my fault, he was just
admiring my lovely soprano voice.

The patio door bangs shut. Love is still standing there
staring.

ALANZA (CONT'D)

She is going to sing to you so
hard, your ears are going to bleed.

Brendan flashes a hook 'em horns sign at her.

BARRY

OK, well we are having a party next
weekend. It's gonna be a seven keg
rager. Grill fired up, all the
wieners you can eat.

MARY

Bring your keys.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A cell phone rings on a nightstand. The alarm clock read 3AM.

Brendan's arm swings over wild and whacks it.

The phone still pierces the sleep.

Brendan grabs the phone, leans over on his pillow and answers
it.

BRENDAN

Hey
(pause)

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

(sounding tired)
Now?
(pause)
OK, OK, why can't they get there
own morgue?
(pause)

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
OK I'm going.
(pause)

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
I got to piss first.

Brendan tossed the phone back on the nightstand with a clunk

LOVE (O.S.)
Again.

BRENDAN
Again...

Love rips the covers down to her waste.

LOVE
I mean dead is dead. You'd think it
could wait 'till a decent hour.

BRENDAN
They're coming in the morning to
process it.

LOVE
Everything is a process.

INT. RED HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

Brendan in a pink shirt and black slacks, taps his fingers on the steering wheel, he yawns as he turns a corner.

A fog hangs in the air, it leaves a slight salty taste on the lips.

A street light flickers as he rolls past.

With an annoyed flick of his wrist, he flips the windshield wipers on as it begins to mist and spit sprinkle.

He glances down at the gauges.

BRENDAN
(to himself)
Should have got gas, now I'm an
ass.

Suddenly he notices out of the corner of his eye, red taillights in the town kiddie park.

He jerks the wheel and zooms up and almost hits the Dodge Challenger, with a gravel scraping halt.

The Challenger's headlights shine past the kiddie pool with its "Lifeguard Never On Duty" sign, and off into some trees.

EXT. KIDDIE PARK - NIGHT

Brendan hops out and runs up to the Marshal's Dodge Charger, opens the drivers door and shuts off the engine and pockets the keys.

Runs his hand under the bucket seats, pops open the center console and the glove box and quick rummages through them.

He juts his head back for a quick look around the backseat.

THUMP, THUMP... THUMP, THUMP.

He stretches forward and pops the trunk as he's stands up out of the car.

He races and lifts the trunk, his brow wrinkles into canyons.

A man in the fetal position is crammed in the rear portion of the trunk and wrapped around him is a gaged woman hands tied behind her back, in a blood soaked white satin dress.

The woman's head suddenly turns back, Alanza's eyelashes bat droplets of fresh rose red.

Brendan eases the trunk lid back down just short of latching it.

THUMP, THUMP... THUMP, THUMP.

He flings the lid up and as Alanza bangs her head on the trunk bed again.

He rips the gag off of her mouth.

ALANZA

What the hell are you doing?

BRENDAN

What did you do?

ALANZA

Get me out of here.

Brendan bends over Alanza turns the mans head, gazes at Vince's open eyed face and pushes his index finger into his neck.

ALANZA (CONT'D)
He's dead, he's dead, stone cold
dead!

BRENDAN
Quiet...

Brendan tried to untie her bound wrist but has trouble with
the rope.

ALANZA
Could you move it along a bit.

BRENDAN
The blood soak is swelling the
rope.

ALANZA
There's a knife in my purse, where
ever that is.

BRENDAN
Nothing in the car or the trunk,
didn't see it on the ground.

ALANZA
Great it has my...

BRENDAN
Just call the credit card company.

ALANZA
Maybe you by things on credit.

Brendan grunts in frustration as he gets the rope knot
undone.

ALANZA (CONT'D)
Took you long enough MacGyver.

Alanza jumps out of the trunk with Brendan grabbing her pinky
to lift her out.

ALANZA (CONT'D)
Don't help too much.

BRENDAN
That's a lot of DNA. Dripping DNA.

ALANZA
Don't worry I'm fine.

She leans back in and grabs the corpses wallet out of his
blood wet pants.

ALANZA (CONT'D)
He's a fucking Marshal.

Brendan leans over, pulls the Marshal on his back and pats him down.

BRENDAN
What happened?

ALANZA
(annoyed)
I don't remember, look at me, how
can I remember.

BRENDAN
Well you seem to remember who I am
pretty good.

ALANZA
Oh you're the one thing I would
just love to forget.

BRENDAN
Well something happened and the
spotlight shines on the living
Dear.

ALANZA
Do you know him?

BRENDAN
How would I know him. Your the one
spooning him.

ALANZA
Do I look like I play the spoons?

Brendan with a slow push, closes the trunk.

ALANZA (CONT'D)
So no calling the cops?

BRENDAN
We need to hurry and leave. We are
in the gone wrong center of the
universe right now.

ALANZA
And I was just starting to enjoy
our date.

BRENDAN
I think you might be a romantic.

Alanza holds her arms out.

ALANZA

Hug?

A clap of thunder and it begins to rain.

He eyes her over as he looks for a spare white spot on her dress.

She gives him an (oh really look).

ALANZA (CONT'D)

So you don't think I'm attractive?

BRENDAN

That would be a challenging wank.

Alanza slaps her hands together in his face with a splatter of rainy blood.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

(leaning back)

Come on that dress needs to come off and you need to wash up in the kiddie pool.

Brendan bends over and wipes his hands clean in the wet grass, his eyes in a desperate squint.

ALANZA

Oh you would love that wouldn't you, biggest deposit in your bank.

BRENDAN

We just need to get out of here.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

So you expect me to get in your car?

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

If you'd like to put your thumb out feel free.

ALANZA

Well get it all in.

Alanza flips down the straps of her dress and shimmy's out of it with every attitude wiggle she has.

BRENDAN

(smirking)

Acceptable. Now in the pool.

ALANZA

It'll look like someone was piranha
chummed in there when I'm done.
Think of the kids.

Alanza begins to rub the blood off of her skin with "can't
help it" sensual strokes of her hand as the rain pours.

ALANZA (CONT'D)

Nightswimming is my favorite song
though.

Brendan stares at Alanza with rapid blinks of his eyes.

His finger suddenly jerks up to his lips.

Alanza's head snaps towards a tapping noise.

An older man in a fedora hat, yellow galoshes and a trench
coat, approaches walking his dog, white cane tapping hard on
the sidewalk.

Brendan holds his finger to his lips as him and Alanza stand
frozen.

The dog stops and flares his nose up in front of them. The
dog tugs on his lease towards a fire hydrant and lifts its
leg.

The dog finishes, sniffs at his work and runs towards Alanza.

The man jerks on the leash, turns and begins his tapping gate
down the sidewalk.

BLIND MAN

You kids have a nice night.

Alanza and Brendan still chilled, watch him tap away.

BLIND MAN (CONT'D)

If you're going to go humpity
bumpity, pop it in a bag.

Alanza turns around and shakes her butt at him.

Brendan just shakes his head.

ALANZA

(laughing)

He thought we were horny teenagers.

BRENDAN

None of this seems to bother you at
all.

ALANZA

The innocent are never in a hurry
to leave are they.

Brendan looks over her body.

BRENDAN

Innocence is in the body of the
beholder.

ALANZA

And you're holding the keys.

BRENDAN

What?

ALANZA

Toss me your keys, no way in hell
are you driving.

BRENDAN

That ain't happening Pope Alanza
Pius the Tenth.

ALANZA

My safe word is Cross In The Pussy.

Brendan tosses her the keys.

BRENDAN

You're not so pretty.

ALANZA

Is that yours?

BRENDAN

You wish.

ALANZA

We gonna torch the car?

BRENDAN

No, they'll arrest some local
teenagers for life.

ALANZA

Well look at you McPope Happy Meal.

Brendan begins to undo his shirt.

BRENDAN

Well at least take my shirt. It's
wet but--

ALANZA

(laughing)

Oh god no, I'd never be caught dead
in pink.

BRENDAN

(bewildered amazement)

Whatever, grab the dress, we'll
toss it in my trunk.

ALANZA

That dress has a rigor stain.

BRENDAN

We have to stop by my work. I have
a few things there you can wear.

ALANZA

What the hell do you do that you
have women's clothes at your job?

INT. RED HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

The windshield wipers streak across the glass at breakneck
speed.

Alanza with one hand on the top of the wheel, turns on the
radio with the other.

Mexican Tejano music thumps out of the speakers.

Brendan has his phone smacked to his ear.

BRENDAN

(quietly)

I said I was on my way.

(pause)

What??! Dark hair?... Very tan?...

(pause)

Flannel shirt, jeans, damn I know
who it is.

(pause)

Fine, fine.

Brendan jams his phone into his pocket, brow furrowed.

Alanza glances over at Brendan, eyebrow cocked.

ALANZA

You alright?

BRENDAN

Did you know that Mexican music evolved from the polka music of German settlers that emigrated there.

ALANZA

Driving in a car with a naked woman and that is your conversation topic?

BRENDAN

I'm sorry, where are my manners, nice tits.

ALANZA

You're my knight in shining armour. It is refreshing though.
(pause)

ALANZA (CONT'D)

Open the glovebox.

BRENDAN

What? Why?

ALANZA

Oh a girl likes to know if there's some Kleenex or candy she might want, or a gun, yeah lets go with gun in the car in the car. Defiantly a gun.

BRENDAN

No gun.

ALANZA

You're having me drive to your "work" whatever that is, so yeah open it.

BRENDAN

Being nosy a hobby of yours or a profession?

ALANZA

Then home it is.

She jerks the wheel hard throwing Brendan against the door.

BRENDAN

Fine, fine.

Brendan pops open the glove box.

Alanza leans over for a look.

ALANZA

A police scanner? Hobby of yours or occupation?

Brendan slaps up the glovebox shut.

BRENDAN

For my job.

ALANZA

So a?

BRENDAN

Morticians assistant.

Alanza turns to him with an expression of total disbelief.

ALANZA

(laughing)

So you're taking a naked woman to a funeral home, in the middle of the night?

BRENDAN

Happens more often than you would think actually.

ALANZA

Well haven't you planned the perfect first date.

BRENDAN

Still processing your safe word.

ALANZA

And you haven't even tried to kiss me yet.

BRENDAN

You do smell nice. I love that perfume. Still there after all the blood and the rain. You must bathe in it.

ALANZA

I have too.

BRENDAN

I think it's time to play hobby or profession again.

ALANZA
You wish. I have Bromhidrosis.

BRENDAN
What is that?

ALANZA
It's a condition where my natural
body oils mix with bacteria, making
my armpits stink really bad. So I
use a lot of perfume.

Brendan leans over and take in a deep inhale near her armpit.

He suddenly snaps back straight up in his seat and slaps his
hand over his mouth.

BRENDAN
Oh yeah, there's defiantly
something there.

ALANZA
(in a sexy Marilyn Monroe
voice)
Does it bother you that much Mr.
President?

BRENDAN
It does take the edge off the
nudity.

Suddenly red lights flash off the rearview mirror as it
bounces off the glass inside the car.

The sound of rain pummels the roof of the sedan.

Alanza looks back as her foot eases into the gas.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
What are you doing, be cool. Just
pull over.

ALANZA
I think your forgetting what
happened at the restaurant. The
little incident with my steak and
it being very rare.

BRENDAN
Defiantly a low point of our first
date, but that's not the matradee
in the cruiser behind us.

ALANZA

Fine, but you get to explain the naked.

She jerks the wheel and pulls over and bumps the curb hard.

BRENDAN

Relax is just a Derryberry. The Sheriff of the Land of Oz Mayberry.

ALANZA

With upside-down pineapple trees.

BRENDAN

Does add a bit of edge back to the nudity.

ALANZA

I do believe you're the romantic.

BRENDAN

Just tell him you're a nudist.

ALANZA

Show and tell is the easy part here.

BRENDAN

Just say you were out for a walk to clear your head of something and it started to rain, you fell in a mud puddle and I picked you up.

ALANZA

But I'm driving.

BRENDAN

I always recommend a couple improv classes for a life of crime.

ALANZA

I'm going to the hot tub party aren't I.

BRENDAN

Oh defiantly, your face will be on the flyer.

Alanza stares into the side mirror as Barry Derryberry strolls up to the car with his hands firm on his hips.

Brendan's phone rings in his pants pocket.

He quick flips it out, then rolls his eyes.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

It's Love.

He quick thumps at his phone texting. The display reads: "Yes I'm at work, it's why they don't call it Witness Vacation!"

Alanza smiles as she glances up and rolls down the window.

A magnum flashlight glares down onto her breast.

ALANZA

Hi neighbor!

THE END