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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
RIVERSIDE

MY ROOMMATE IS A HITMAN

Three Sitcom Episodes

"PILOT"/"CANINE CONNECTIONS"/"PRESSURE COOKER"

A Thesis submitted in partial satisfaction
of the requirements for the degree

Master of Fine Arts

in

Creative Writing and Writing for the Performing Arts

by

Allen Andrew Ivers

June 2012

Thesis Committee:

Prof. Stu Krieger, Chairperson

Prof. Robin Russin

Prof. Charles Evered

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The Thesis of Allen Andrew Ivers is approved:

Committee Chairperson

University of California, Riverside

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I want to thank my family for being so supportive through this process.

And, of course, to my girlfriend Lyn Stephenson for dealing with my mania, my frustration and my reclusive tendencies. I am so lucky to know you.

ACT 1

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A knife glides through vegetables. The diced bits slide into a frying pan. Eggs SLOP into the mix, stirred together by fork.

TOBY, 28, a lanky man with a puppy dog face, mixes his stir fry from muscle memory. He hums a tune to himself as he washes a dish with one hand.

This is a large house, but cramped by the clutter and mismatched furniture. TVs are everywhere, most of them on. Electric cables line the floors like tripwires.

A bachelor pad.

The front door opens, and the THUNDERING STEPS of ACE, 29, a giant of a man with a even larger presence. He carries a crate full of mail.

ACE
Make some for me.

TOBY
I'm sorry you weren't schooled in the necessary skills to feed yourself.

ACE
Me too, Toby. Make some for me.

Ace sets down at the table, rifling through the letters.

ACE (CONT'D)
I need the rent check today.

TOBY
Isn't that due at the end of the month?

ACE
And today is...

TOBY
The end of the month?

ACE
(announcer voice)
Tell him what he's won, Johnny.

Toby takes some milk from the fridge, taking a swig from the bottle-- and coughing out CHUNKS OF CHEESE.

ACE (CONT'D)
Oh, I need the car. Gonna widen my job hunt to... what the Hell--?

TOBY
Are we making cottage cheese?

ACE
Gargle some saltwater, right now.

Toby exits with the milk. Ace lifts a RED ENVELOPE. And another. And another.

ACE (CONT'D)
My student loan bills are starting to resemble wallpaper.

TOBY
Did you pay the utilities, Ace?

The phone rings, Ace answers.

ACE
(in Russian accent)
Hello?

VOICE
(on phone)
Don't hang up on me, Ace. Where's Toby?

Ace hangs up the phone.

TOBY
Who was that?

ACE
Wrong number!

Toby comes back, bearing the milk and lighter fluid. Ace raises a letter.

ACE (CONT'D)
For you.

Toby grabs it, rips it open. Freezes.

ACE (CONT'D)
What is it? The restaurant? Did you
get the job?

TOBY
(reading)
We regret to... Overqualified?

ACE
(forcing optimism)
You'd be too good at flipping
burgers. They want to keep it a
level playing field.

TOBY
I went to-- Ace, I have a Master's
Degree in Culinary Arts!

ACE
And the place that dunks chicken in
a tub of boiling oil respects that.

Toby chokes for a moment, then recovers.

TOBY
I know what we have to do.

ACE
What's that?

TOBY
Don't worry, it's under control.

EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Toby steps out onto the patio, Ace in lockstep.

ACE
You gonna get a loan?

TOBY
No.

ACE
You gonna sue somebody?

TOBY

I'm going to win the money
gambling.

Ace stares at him, his heart falling into his shoes.

ACE

Okay, I understand, Toby. You can't
find work, we're buried in debt,
and you drank expired milk. But
you're still stupid.

TOBY

Duly noted.

EXT. BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER

A series of chairs encircle a small hole has been dug in the
ground, where many things have been burned before. A pile of
wood lies nearby.

Toby tosses the disgusting milk into it, and sprays it with
lighter fluid. Ace stands nearby, judgemental stare.

ACE

Gambling is going to end with you
standing on a street corner in a
miniskirt, and one day someone you
know is gonna stop, wave you over,
and it will be very awkward for
everyone.

TOBY

And what do you suggest?

ACE

What I usually do: Call home in a
panic.

Toby twitches, but hides it.

TOBY

Yeah well, I try to avoid talking
to the people that yell loudly.

ACE

It's a good policy. How 'bout we
get roommates? Somebody on the
internet needs a place to stay.

TOBY
Try paying our utilities.

 ACE
Maybe we'll get lucky, get a--.

 TOBY
There is no luck! There is only
skill, good sir! And that skill
that presents to us good fortune.

Toby flicks a match at the milk, and a massive FIREBALL
ERUPTS! Ace and Toby jump back.

Then they both start to gag.

 ACE
God- That reeks!

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Toby pushes a cart, loading up groceries. Ace follows along,
taking items out of the cart and pocketing them.

 ACE
Gambling doesn't fix our problem.

 TOBY
Neither do roommates. They'll be
here for a few months, see the
conditions and request hazard pay.

 ACE
Well, there's a whole batch of 'em
coming over right now.

 TOBY
How much would this save us?

 ACE
Depends on how much we could force
them to take on. Roommates is the
best option, it's the safest, and
possibly lucrative.

Ace and Toby swoop towards the checkout counter, Ace trying
to shove a carton of milk into his jacket.

 ACE (CONT'D)
There are times I am simply genius.

TOBY
You go to school around here?

A FRAT BRO nods, a dumb smile on his face.

FRAT BRO
Yeah, the CC. Folks pay the fees,
and I just get to drink and party.

Toby sits forward, interested by this man's line of logic.

FRAT BRO (CONT'D)
Don't get me wrong, some cool stuff
in the classes and all, but the
ladies... you know what I'm saying?

Ace and Toby share a victory smile.

ACE
That's all the questions we got for
ya. Got any for us?

FRAT BRO
Yeah... you got any meth?

Toby glares at Ace. Then back at the Bro.

TOBY
No... I really don't.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Toby marches for his car. Ace jumps in his way.

ACE
One more, let's just see one more.

TOBY
Good! I wanted to get stabbed
tonight!

ACE
That-- he wasn't that bad.

TOBY
(pointing)
He wanted to sell us his liver!

A GRIZZLED MAN carrying a trash bag of soda cans marches out
the front door and across the yard.

ACE
He had a good price.

TOBY
Dammit, Ace! We are out of options!
It's over, kaput! The roommates are
lunatics, you're drunk and lazy,
and I can't get a job dropping
chicken tenders in scalding oil! I
am done! We're gonna go to a
casino, win the rent money at
Blackjack and be done with this!

INT. CAR - DAY

Ace pulls the parking break and switches off the car. He
turns to Toby, who has a massive black eye.

ACE
Yeah, they don't like you there.

END ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ace brings Toby an ice-pack, while reading from a paper.

ACE
This says cold will bring the
swelling down--

TOBY
I know how to treat blunt force
trauma. You got any liquor?

ACE
Didn't you drink enough last night?

TOBY
I need to treat my extensive shame.

Ace's cell phone rings!

TOBY (CONT'D)
That'll be the landlord. Get me a
gun so I can shoot myself.

ACE
It's not the landlord, calm down.

TOBY
My father calls to express his
total disapproval!

ACE
It's a woman, you moron!

TOBY
I can't live on the streets!

ACE
Shut up!
(into phone)
Hello?

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

BECCA, 29, a harsh woman who would win an Army beauty
contest, holds a cellphone to her ear.

BECCA
Hi, name's Becca. I'm calling about
the room you have to rent?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ace covers the phone with his hand, turning to Toby.

ACE
Another roommate call, girl. Sexy
voice too.

Toby gets up, goes into the kitchen. Ace turns to the phone.

ACE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Thanks for calling-- what was your
name again?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

BECCA
Becca, as in Rebecca. Saw your
flier, looks like a good match.

The picture on the flier is grainy, dirty and looks like
someone spilled something on it.

ACE
We're interviewing people today, so
if you want to stop by, we can show
you the place. See what you think.

Behind Ace, Toby DUCT-TAPES the icepack to his head. He's
doing quite poorly at it.

BECCA
Was gonna live with my friend,
Shane. That alright?

ACE
(to himself)
Of course she does.

BECCA
What was that?

ACE
(through his teeth)
Sure, bring him over! We'd love to
meet him.

BECCA
Great, be there at four.

ACE
Sounds good.

Ace hangs up, smiling. He turns to see Toby wearing the ice
pack-- DUCTTAPED over his eyes like a blindfold.

ACE (CONT'D)
What in God's name made you think
that would be a good idea?

TOBY
I got tired of holding it.

The LIGHTS GO OUT!

TOBY (CONT'D)
What was that noise?

ACE
Okay... I may have forgot to pay
the utility bill.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

A dark bathroom lit by flashlights and candles.

Ace spins the knobs on the sink, only hearing an odd gurgling
in the pipes. Toby slowly peels the duct-tape off his head.

ACE
You don't get it-- she sounded
sane!

TOBY
Yes, because I'm trusting your
judgment on women.

ACE
There's nothing wrong with my
judgment.

Toby rips off the last piece of duct-tape, and forcing through the obvious pain, continues his train of thought.

TOBY

Ace... the last woman that came through that door, you thought was the housekeeper.

ACE

She was wearing an apron!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

More candles litter the space, as Toby goes for the door. Ace follows after him.

TOBY

We should open some windows before you burn this place down.

ACE

You need to stay, help me fix this.

TOBY

I am fixing this, Ace.

ACE

Toby--

TOBY

Don't worry about it.

ACE

You know, when you say that: it's usually cause for panic!

Toby smiles, closes the front door.

EXT. PHARMACY - DAY

An empty parking lot. But cheers and shouts can be heard.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

A crowd of men sit around a particle-board table, rolling dice. Money and coins are laid on a marked board, each over different numbers-- a CRAPS GAME.

Toby stands a good distance away. He takes a breath and approaches-- STOPPED by a hand to his chest.

OSWALD, 30s, stands with crossed arms. Pudgy and classy, in that stereotype of a drunk.

SHELLY, 30s, a petite little blonde woman, wearing a bowler hat and sunglasses, stands at his back.

They both speak with mild London accents.

OSWALD
What have we here?

SHELLY
Little man wants to join the game,
does he?

OSWALD
His money's good as any other,
Shelly. You got money, kid?

TOBY
Hi. I'm Toby.

OSWALD
(repeating)
You got money, kid?

Toby stares at him, trying to hide his abject terror.

TOBY
No.

OSWALD
Then walk on.

SHELLY
Hold that thought, Oswald. Maybe we
could work something out.

TOBY
Maybe we could, maybe we could.

Shelly thumps Toby on the shoulder. Hard, but playful.

SHELLY
You're a cute one! Maybe I front
you a grand, you play for a bit,
pay me back before you leave?

OSWALD
Shelly, is that such a good idea?

SHELLY
It's my money, I do with it what I like.

TOBY
Yeah!

Awkward silence, as Oswald and Shelly glare at him.

He swallows hard.

Shelly pulls a STACK OF POKER CHIPS out of one pocket, hands it to Toby. His eyes glow.

SHELLY
(fishing for name)
Good luck to ya, Mr...

TOBY
Toby...

SHELLY
Toby. Enjoy the game.

Oswald and Shelly part, leaving Toby to stare at the game.

DICE BOUNCE across the particle-board table.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

A knock at the door.

The room is cleaner, but still dark and candlelit. Ace trudges forward, far too eager..

He gets up, and opens it to reveal Becca-- her camo jacket is unbuttoned to reveal a surprisingly attractive undershirt. It's a grungy look, but suits her.

BECCA
You know the closed windows and blinds make this place look like a drug den.

ACE
You get right to the point.

BECCA
What's with the candles? No power?

ACE
We have power, that's just a...
(bullshitting)
Seance.

BECCA
Cool. Shane!

Ace looks toward the street.

SHANE, 28, an eclectic young man with a 'do not care' attitude, is examining the neighbor's car and brushing his teeth.

BECCA (CONT'D)
That's not yours. Get over here!

Shane jogs over. Becca gives Ace a proud smile, but Ace can't decide to be scared or laugh.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Shane's into that kinda thing.

ACE
What kinda thing?

Becca and Shane push past into the apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shane swoops into the room, examining all the candles and smelling the air. Becca waits, smirking at Ace.

SHANE
Interesting set-up. Red candle should be over there-- while you're on that, you should have a number divisible by three. You need two more, make it twelve. And more importantly, you need people. Is anybody else here? Don't answer that, of course no one is. Which means this isn't a seance. What do you use candles for-- light! Of course, you use them for... Light. Why didn't you just open a window?

Shane stares at Ace. Ace stares right back.

ACE
You're brushing your teeth.

SHANE
I like to be clean.

Becca is on her phone.

BECCA
Could ya swing that? You're the
best, Terry.

Becca hangs up. And all the LIGHTS TURN ON.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Hey, how 'bout that?

ACE
How did you do that?

BECCA
I know a guy.

ACE
Is he Jesus?!

Becca snuffs candles with her fingers, flops on the couch.

BECCA
God, this place stinks! It's
awesome!

ACE
You like the smell?

BECCA
I just got out of the Army. Once,
just once, I want to be messy.

ACE
(re: Shane)
And what's his story?

BECCA
Do we have time for that?

Ace shakes his head, turns to find Shane still staring.

ACE
Alright, could you... stop...

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Toby tries to jump the fence, trips and falls to the ground.

TOBY
Ow...

He pulls himself up and starts to run, scampering behind bushes and trees. He makes his way to the house, looking--

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Toby SLAMS into the glass door to the backyard. Shane and Becca jump. Ace bites his tongue and opens the door.

ACE
I swear to God, I'm gonna put a piece of Duct tape on it so you--

TOBY
I'm dead!

ACE
Good to know, thanks for sharing. Toby, this is--

TOBY
No, you don't get it! I'm dead, they're gonna kill me.

Becca sits up, far too interested in this.

BECCA
Who is?

TOBY
Who-- THE HELL-- are you?!

BECCA
Becca. This is Shane. We live here now. What's going on?

Toby looks to Ace for confirmation. Ace is entirely too pleased with himself.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The dice roll, and poker chips slide across the pavement. Hundreds, thousands of dollars.

Shelly and Oswald look on as the dice rolls again and again. Things are not going well, as the DEALER takes all the bets on table.

DEALER
Craps! Next shooter!

The dice fall to Toby's hands. His hair is wet, his heart racing, everyone looks at him.

Shelly looms over him. She whispers something...

INT. LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

Everyone stares at Toby, wide-eyed and shocked. But Shane nods with a smile.

SHANE
Nice...

EXT. ALLEY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Toby raises dice, ready to roll. His hands shaking, drops of sweat falling off his hands.

He raises his closed fist and lets the dice roll...

Shelly and Oswald take his money, loom over him laughing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

Ace stands up, shaking his head.

ACE
Okay, that can't possibly be how--

TOBY
Details! They are coming for me.

BECCA
How did you escape?

TOBY

What?

BECCA

How did you get away?

EXT. ALLEY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Toby stares wide-eyed at the board. The other gamblers glare at him. Shelly and Oswald mutter in disapproval.

Toby leers at Shelly, trying to listen--

SHELLY

(mouthed)

...kill...

In a flourish, Toby flips the particle board table, sending chips and money everywhere. Gamblers lunge for their cash. Knives and guns are drawn.

Toby climbs over the mess and runs, leaping a fence.

Shelly and Oswald look at each other.

OSWALD

What was that all about?

SHELLY

I don't know! Don't look at me.

OSWALD

He was your little pet!

INT. LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

Toby paces to and fro, as Becca hands him glasses of water. Shane and Ace go over paperwork.

BECCA

Yeah, that was a little overkill.

TOBY

How do we have power?

BECCA

I know a guy.

TOBY
That sounds ominous.

BECCA
It's really not, but I like the
sound of it.

Ace is deep in negotiation with Shane.

ACE
You'd both be taking the back room,
making you responsible for about a
thousand five hundred a month--

SHANE
Where do you get that number?

ACE
It's a large room.

BECCA
Is it the Ballroom?

Toby breathes into a bag, which Becca snatches away from him.
Ace looks to his papers, where Shane is staring at him.

ACE
Seriously, I need you to stop that.

TOBY
(hysterics)
Can I get something? Anything? I
need to--

ACE
What do you want? What do you think
I have?

BECCA
Can I see the room?

Ace looks at her, unable to come up with an answer.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Ace opens the door. Becca and Shane ease into the room.

The garage has been converted into a 'master' bedroom, with a
giant bed, a large couch, and posters on the walls.

TOBY
Welcome to the Sex Pit.

BECCA
Are you serious?

Ace nods. Becca looks at the bed. And jumps into it.

ACE
Those sheets haven't been washed--

BECCA
(smells them)
These are clean.

Shane tries to lift the couch, as if exercising.

SHANE
I like it.

BECCA
I'll make ya a deal, Ace. Leave the
furniture, we'll pay whatever.

ACE
Done.

Toby ducks behind some empty boxes.

TOBY
Maybe I can hide in here.

SHANE
I can still see you.

TOBY
Yes, but Shelly and Oswald British
won't necessarily be looking over
here!

BECCA
Okay, that's a losing strategy.

ACE
Relax, they don't know where we
live.

Ace goes for the door--

SHELLEY and OSWALD are standing there.

OSWALD
Well... that was awkward.

END ACT 2

ACT 3

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Toby taps his fingers on the table. Ace and Becca sit across the table from Shelly and Oswald. Shane stands at the counter, making a sandwich.

OSWALD

This was all a misunderstanding,
see?

SHELLY

We don't want to kill the boy.

TOBY

You don't?

SHELLY

No! We're not monsters! We're
British.

OSWALD

Technically, Shelly... I'm British.
You just have an accent.

SHELLY

I am British! Just as much as
you! I got a green card,
don't I?!

OSWALD

You were born in Canada. That
is a logistical fact that you
can't get away from.

ACE

(interjecting)
Hello, excuse me?

SHELLY

Limey bastard.

OSWALD

Okay, now you're just insulting the
English language.

BECCA

Idiot twins!

They both stop, glaring at Becca.

OSWALD

Our mother used to call us that.

SHELLY
She was blind.

TOBY
What do you... want to do to me?

SHELLY
Well, I was thinking we beat it out
of you with a billy club. Money
comes out like a piñata.

OSWALD
But we couldn't find a billy club.

SHELLY
So I found this mallet.

Shelly slaps a wooden mallet onto the table with a BANG!

OSWALD
Or you could just pay us the one
thousand that you owe us.

ACE
(at Toby)
One thousand dollars?!

TOBY
I panicked!

SHANE
(to Oswald)
Is that a shark's tooth?

Oswald lifts his necklace-- a large serrated tooth.

OSWALD
It is. You are the first person to
correctly identify it.

SHELLY
I knew what it was.

SHANE
Hang it over your bed tonight.

Oswald stares at Shane. Ace coughs, refocusing attention.

ACE
We don't have a thousand dollars.

OSWALD
(not listening)
Why do I have to-- why should I
have to do that?

Shane grabs a knife and bread, cutting some slices off.

Shelly turns a disturbed Oswald back to the table.

ACE
Maybe we can reach an agreement, a
payment plan or--

OSWALD
We were... we were kind of hoping
to get the money back. Now.

BECCA
Well, that's not happening so--

Toby notices Shane's failing attempts at a sandwich.

TOBY
Shane, you gotta... gotta cut it--

Toby gets up, and fusses with Shane over the knife.

SHANE
I know what I'm doing!

TOBY
Clearly, you don't!

SHANE
I'm a grown man!

TOBY
Meat sack! Watch my hands.

Shane watches as Toby deftly wields the knife, cutting slices
of fresh bread and laying peanut butter and jam.

TOBY (CONT'D)
(gesturing with knife)
You are not a grown man if you
cannot feed yourself! Good general
rule.

Toby finally notices everyone's stares.

SHELLY

He's good with a knife.

TOBY

Fifty grand in culinary school,
Shelly! I am the best man you'll
ever meet with a frying pan, spices
and EVERY kind of knife. And that
fried chicken place had no idea! I
would've rocked their world!

OSWALD

Excellent! I know what you can do
for us!

TOBY

What?

OSWALD

We can give you a job!

ACE

We're listening, get to the good
part.

SHELLY

You'll kill people. You know, for
us. Not like a murderer, but
professionally. With standards.

Everyone stares.

ACE

What?

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Toby sinks into a chair, holding a beer against his head.

TOBY

They want me to kill people?

Becca and Ace set up a fire in the pit. Shane holds the
lighter oil, a little too happy about it.

ACE

Don't think about it. You're not
doing it.

SHANE

You guys burn things!

ACE

Yes, we do. Toby, look at me.

(waving)

Toby! We'll find another way.

TOBY

Really? Rent check to the landlord, utilities, student loans-- basic human hunger! And just for kicks, I owe money to a pair of wannabe British crimelords who want me to become a hitman!

BECCA

You'd be a good one.

Toby eyes Shane, an irritated curiosity.

BECCA(CONT'D)

I'm serious. You're tiny, unassuming-- no one picks you out of a crowd. With a little training, might be good work for ya. We should actually think about this.

ACE

Where exactly are you from that you think this is a good idea.

BECCA

I'm wearing combat fatigues.

TOBY

Fine. You be the hitman!

Ace lights a few pieces of kindling, setting them in the pit.

ACE

Give that a few--

SHANE

Fire!

Ace jumps back as Shane sprays the lighter fluid into the pit, releasing a huge fireball.

Ace looks at Shane, terrified.

BECCA
That was cool.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Toby sits on the couch, a cell phone to his ear.

TOBY
It would just be for the month. No,
Dad... I'm sorry I...
(something bad)
Yes, I know... I know.
(silence)
Hello? Hello?

Toby hangs up, pockets the phone.

ACE (O.S.)
Why don't we think about it?

Toby looks up to see Ace, two beers in his hand. He sits next to Toby, handing him a fresh beer.

ACE (CONT'D)
I mean seriously now, let's think
about it.

TOBY
About professional murder?

ACE
Yeah. Why not?

TOBY
Well, it's wrong.

ACE
Says who?

TOBY
My Dad just disowned me.

Silence.

TOBY (CONT'D)
I wasted time, money... his doctor
told him to stop eating red meat
his blood pressure was so high.
Apparently, that's my fault.

Ace sits down next to Toby, who's reliving that phone call.

 TOBY (CONT'D)
 He said it was all a 'mistake.'

Ace takes Toby's nearly empty beer, chugs the last of it.

 ACE
 You're too smart, Toby. Too smart
 to be a cook, too smart to work in
 fast food, and way too smart for
 your dad's fragile ego. Look at
 what's in front of you. You have
 the chance to feed yourself, and
 feed yourself good. It's more than
 I can say. You're overqualified,
 man. Maybe you should look at
 something you are seriously not
 qualified for.

Ace is gaining energy and fighting off his drunk slurring.

 ACE (CONT'D)
 Think about it... no debt, no
 bills... more money than you or I
 have ever seen. Who knows where
 you'd get to go, places you'd see,
 people you'd meet... and then kill.
 And the strippers. We could get
 strippers! We won't need roommates--

 TOBY
 They're staying.

 ACE
 Good. I like them.

 TOBY
 You'd have to get Becca a stripper.

 ACE
 I'll think about it.

Toby sits up, smiles.

 TOBY
 Ace?

 ACE
 (fake formal)
 Yes, Tobias?

TOBY
You want to be a hitman?

Pause.

 ACE
No. No, that's gonna be you. I'm
just the support structure.

 TOBY
Okay. Just thought I'd ask.

Ace gives Toby a good natured push.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Blank walls with the barest of furniture. Ace, Toby, Becca
and Shane sit, awkward tensions in their bodies.

Oswald and Shelly sit in comfortable suits.

 TOBY
How exactly... would this work?

 ACE
Would it be everybody? Just him?

 SHANE
We don't have the equipment, the
resources, the training-- logistics
alone would be a nightmare.

 BECCA
Do we get costumes?

 TOBY
No-- No! We don't get costumes.

 ACE
I'm not wearing-- I'm comfortable
the way I am.

 SHANE
What kind of leather?

 ACE
Don't answer that! No leather! No!

BECCA

Just saying, a little bit. Kinda
sexy.

Oswald and Shelly nod, murmuring agreement.

ACE

No, no... Shelly. Do we have to
wear leather? Shelly?

Shelly and Oswald shrug.

SHELLY

You're gonna be professional
murderers. Who cares about looking
good?

Blank stares.

SHANE

I do.

ACE

Shut up, Shane.

END ACT 3

TAG

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

The fire blazes and crackles, while Shane sleeps in a chair. Ace and Becca sit up, nursing their drinks.

BECCA
So the electric company owed me a favor, and voila.

ACE
Never thought I'd meet someone who actually saved Christmas.

BECCA
Not many opportunities to.

ACE
So... are you and Shane?

BECCA
No. He's just fun to have around.

ACE
Fun as in...

BECCA
No.

Awkward.

ACE
So that would mean you're...

BECCA
(back off)
Full of murderous intent.

ACE
Gotcha.

She looks at him, checks him out. He looks at her, and she jerks away before being caught. He checks her out, she almost catches him.

They drink.

END EPISODE

"CANINE CONNECTIONS"

TEASER

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ace and Toby sit on the floor, leaning on the coffee table. They toss a rubber ball at the wall, bouncing to each other.

Shane saunters into the room, carrying a vase and a big stuffed bear. He grabs a box of salt.

ACE

Gotta give it more bounce. Go off the floor.

Toby bounces the ball. It lands gently in Ace's hands.

TOBY

You lose too much energy. One bounce, that's what you need.

SHANE

What are you doing?

ACE

We're playing Battleship. What are you doing?

SHANE

I'm making a replica Buddha shrine, with western Pagan influences, and Egyptian ideology.

TOBY

You can just... do that?

SHANE

You want to join me?

TOBY

I'm not entirely sure how.

SHANE

You'd do well to have some kind of spirituality in your life.

ACE

I worship the TiVo. Does that count?

Shane sets down his tools, squats next to the guys.

SHANE

This game's changed since I was a kid.

ACE

You were a kid? Shane, I always thought you congealed in a gutter somewhere.

SHANE

Common misconception. Actually, my parents had sex.

Becca sidles into the room.

BECCA

We got the call.

TOBY

We're playing Battleship-- why does no one respect the Battleship?

BECCA

Where's the battleships?

ACE

If you have to ask, you had no childhood.

Becca raises the paper in her hand.

BECCA

Oswald and Shelly. They got a job for us.

ACE

Fantastic. What's the job?

BECCA

You're gonna hate it.

TOBY

Becca, we're semi-professional assassins. Odds are, I'm not gonna like the job. Who do I kill?

BECCA

A puppy.

Silence.

TOBY

I've been hired to kill a dog?

BECCA

An eight-month old Husky Labrador mix, with green eyes. He enjoys frisbee and eats ping-pong balls.

TOBY

Why did you tell me all that?

BECCA

I don't think we should do it.

ACE

Becca, we may not have a choice. Last time we stood up to Oswald and Shelly, they brought a mallet.

SHANE

You've got the power of Buddha on your side.

Shane holds out the giant teddy bear. Toby stares at it. It's giant happy eyes.

Staring back at him.

TOBY

I'm not okay with about eight different parts of this. Let's go see the British.

Ace hurls the ball at the wall, and it bounces hard into Toby's crotch! Toby curls in pain.

ACE

I sunk your battleship!

END TEASER

ACT 1

INT. OSWALD'S OFFICE - DAY

The featureless office has added a bit of color. They've hung a rug over the window.

Oswald and Shelly sit behind the desk, with Toby and Ace sitting across from them.

SHELLY

What precisely is the problem you're having?

TOBY

Shelly, I think the problem is obvious. It's a dog.

OSWALD

What, you think all dogs go to Heaven?

SHELLY

You're just mad 'cause you're allergic.

OSWALD

I told you, I was coughing because of the cocaine!

Ace waves, trying to get Oswald and Shelly to focus.

ACE

Okay, I think our point is-- why kill the dog and not the owner?

SHELLY

We don't wanna kill the owner. We like him.

TOBY

But you're perfectly okay with paying us to kill his dog?

OSWALD

That just about sums it up.

ACE

Who is this guy?

OSWALD

Oh, he's a... a very good friend.
Very good friend.

ACE

He supplies your coke, doesn't he?

SHELLY

(nods)

And he's not a very friendly type.
We'd like to teach him some
respect.

OSWALD

Some British table manners, if you
will.

SHELLY

So we send the boy a message.

ACE

By killing his dog?

OSWALD

That's what you do over here, isn't
it? You want to get in touch with
somebody, you--

TOBY

(snapping)

Pick up the phone! This is not new
technology!

Ace stands, nudges Toby to follow.

ACE

We'll take the job.

TOBY

No, we won't! They will learn how
to use the corded device sitting
right here on this desk!

Oswald hefts his mallet, SLAPS it onto the table.

TOBY (CONT'D)

I'd love to do this for you.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Toby bursts through the door, Ace in tow. Shane is washing a dish while Becca smokes from a hooka pipe.

TOBY
I'm not killing the dog.

ACE
That's fine, but they're gonna collect the fillings from your teeth.

TOBY
People do bad things. Dogs are--

ACE
Oh, for crying out loud! Dogs do all kinds of bad things. They're filthy, they're loud, they're--

BECCA
You just described yourself.

TOBY
(re: Becca)
What the hell are you doing?

BECCA
Shane has some cool toys.

ACE
Are you high right now?

BECCA
Should I be?

Toby turns to Shane, pointing at Becca's set-up?

TOBY
This is your spirituality, and Buddha and western Egyptian-ness?

SHANE
Hey. You're killing a dog.

TOBY
I'm not killing the dog!

ACE

You have to kill the dog. Dogs are evil.

TOBY

You're a cat person, aren't you?

Shane takes Toby by the hand, sits him down next to the pipe. He hands him a hose.

SHANE

I want you to do something for me.

TOBY

Am I about to be ruffied?

SHANE

Take a deep breath of the pipe.

BECCA

(giddy)

Seriously. Do it.

Toby cautiously sucks on the hose-- his eyes go wide.

SHANE

Now hold a happy thought in your head. Something from childhood, like ice cream or first snow.

Toby closes his eyes to think...

SHANE (CONT'D)

This is called Spiritual Honing. Gets you in touch with your surroundings, nature itself.

ACE

Oh, for the love of-- can we just let him kill the dog?

Shane shushes Ace. Becca laughs silently. When Toby opens his eyes-- he sees the giant bear over Shane's shoulder.

Staring.

Toby stands up and leaves. Becca hops up and follows him.

SHANE

(to Ace)

When you were playing Battleship...

ACE
The Battleship is our nuts.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Toby huddles on his bed. Becca stands in the doorway.

BECCA
Let me give you a piece of advice.

TOBY
You're high.

BECCA
It's tobacco, chicken wuss. Not
ecstasy.

Becca plops onto the side of the bed.

BECCA (CONT'D)
I don't like it. You don't like it.
Ace kinda likes it. The dog's gotta
die.

TOBY
It doesn't have to.

BECCA
It's owned by a coke dealer, and
there's a contract out on its
fluffy head. Something tells me
home life ain't so stable.

TOBY
What do we do then?

BECCA
Well... you could always trick
yourself into killing it.

TOBY
Trick myself?

BECCA
What do you hate about dogs?

Toby thinks hard.

TOBY
They're adorable.

BECCA

Yeah, but they drool on you. And tackle you. And they bark in the middle of the night. Neighbor's dog?

TOBY

Three AM, barks at a squirrel for half an hour.

BECCA

Exactly. Dogs are pests.

TOBY

No, they're not.

BECCA

No, they're not. But it was a worth a shot.

TOBY

You think Ace is enjoying this?

BECCA

Ace enjoys a lot of things that puzzle me. Like iced tea and ketchup.

TOBY

He doesn't drink them together. You know that, right?

BECCA

Ace ain't a bad guy. He'll do what you ask him to do.

TOBY

Let him kill the dog.

BECCA

Yeah, he's not gonna do that.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A GANGBANGER, dressed in torn jeans and a wife-beater, holds the leash on a fluffy black-furred puppy. The puppy tugs on the leash, eager to run off.

A black van idles in the parking lot.

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

Ace leans back from the driver seat.

ACE
I can see the dog. Operation Puppy
Punch is in effect.

Becca sits in the back as Toby pulls on a black jacket.

BECCA
Remember, in and out. Wait for the
dog to be alone.

TOBY
Just like we practiced.

BECCA
And Toby. That dog ate your graham
crackers.

TOBY
What?

BECCA
Just trying to motivate you. Kill
that dog.

TOBY
My graham crackers? I'm not twelve.

ACE
It's the baby face.

Toby pulls a ski mask down, shakes his head.

TOBY
Let's do this fast.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The van rolls into motion, moving towards the Gangbanger and his adorable dog. The sliding door opens.

Toby steps out, marches straight for them.

The gangbanger unhitches the dog from his leash, waves him toward the park.

But the dog takes off into the parking lot, straight for Toby. Toby stops as the dog slides to a stop in front of him. Tail wagging, eyes wide, big ears...

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

Becca sits forward in the van, leaning by Ace.

ACE
What's he waiting for?

EXT. PARK - DAY

Toby looks down at the dog. It licks his hand.

Can't do it.

He leans down and scoops the dog into his arms.

GANGBANGER
Hey!

Toby looks up, seeing the Gangbanger pointing at the obvious man in a ski mask holding a dog.

Toby takes off at a run, the gangbanger in pursuit.

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

Becca clambers into the back, as Ace shifts the van in gear.

ACE
Oh, very bad! Very bad!

Becca slides the door open.

Toby dives inside, dog safely in his arms.

TOBY
Go! Go! Go!

EXT. PARK - DAY

The van peels out of the parking lot, and tears down the road. The gangbanger slides to a stop at the driveway.

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

Toby huddles in the back of the van, the puppy in his arms.
It cranes its neck up and licks his cheek.

Ace tries to settle himself in the front seat.

ACE

Did we just take that dog hostage?

END ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The puppy sits on the coffee table, a BLIND FOLD wrapped around its head. Shane sits nearby it, watching. Becca and Ace cluster around Toby, hissing questions at him.

ACE

What made this a good idea?

TOBY

I don't know, I couldn't kill him!

BECCA

So you took the dog hostage?!

TOBY

Why are we whispering?

ACE

Because we're mad at you!

SHANE

Dogs can hear sounds as high as sixty thousand hertz and as quiet as a cupboard being opened. It is often called the dog's second most important sense, behind smell.

ACE

You are a walking Encyclopedia.

SHANE

I'm just saying, blindfolding it does pretty much nothing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The dog now has EARMUFFS on, shaped like turtle shells.

BECCA

You were supposed to kill it!

TOBY

You look at that face and then--
what did you expect me to do?

ACE
Something violent involving piano
wire!

Shane sits down next to the puppy, starts petting it. The dog
smiles, nuzzles his hand.

TOBY
I will kill people, that I can do,
but the puppy is out of bounds!

ACE
You're gonna have to, and it'll be
messy, so you're gonna do it
outside.

The dog gets up and moves for the door.

ACE (CONT'D)
Wait, where's he going?

It wanders blindly and wanders out the open back door.

SHANE
Well, that's nice.

TOBY
Can we restart this day?

ACE
Why? You want to get hit in the
nuts again?

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Becca and Ace stand in the driveway, opposite Oswald and
Shelly. Shane plays with the puppy in the yard.

OSWALD
No. No. This is entirely
unacceptable.

BECCA
Message was sent. He no longer has
the dog.

SHELLY
Yes, but we were hoping there'd be
a tad more blood involved.

ACE

Don't get me wrong, I'm on board with that. But just because the puppy is alive doesn't mean the damage isn't felt.

OSWALD

Your services were contracted to insure that the miniature beast died a brutal death in a public place. This...

Oswald and Shelly watch as Shane lets the puppy 'tackle' him.

ACE

Yeah, gotcha. So what do we do?

BECCA

I've got it! I need a phone number.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ace and Becca stand proud, having just explained the glorious plan. Toby, Shane and the puppy stare back.

TOBY

We're sure that would work?

ACE

Toby... you know what would work for sure?

TOBY

What?

ACE

Killing the dog! Since we're not doing that, we've got this.

SHANE

Walter won't help you.

BECCA

Shane, you can't name the dog.

SHANE

Why not?

ACE

Because we're not keeping the dog!
When we're done, it goes to the
pound.

The dog flops onto the ground.

TOBY

See? Now you're just scaring him.

ACE

He'll get adopted, it'll be fine.

SHANE

Roughly sixty four percent of all
shelter animals are euthanized.

ACE

See? Those are coin toss odds.

TOBY

Not even close.

ACE

What exactly do you...

Ace stops, seeing the puppy chewing on a shoe.

ACE (CONT'D)

He's eating my shoe. Toby--

TOBY

I see it.

The dog flops flat on the ground again. When Ace stands,
Shane flops on the ground next to the dog.

ACE

Not funny, Shane. Get up.
(beat)
Get up, Shane.

SHANE

I stand in solidarity with my
spiritual brethren.

ACE

You worship random objects. That
doesn't mean you can talk to the
dog.

SHANE

It's not talking. Not really.

Becca pushes Shane with her foot. He refuses to move. She nudges the dog, and he slides across the floor.

BECCA

We could mop the floor with Shane's head.

TOBY

This is the not even the weirdest part of my day.

INT. RENTAL AGENCY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Used cars with company logos. A small office.

The Gangbanger struts out of the office with purpose, pulling up his baggy pants. He raises his keys, and a bland family mid-size sedan BEEPS back at him.

A nearby pay phone RINGS.

He stops, looks at it. He walks over, carefully observing.

GANGBANGER

This is how slasher movies start.

He lifts the receiver.

INT. CAR - DAY

Toby sits in a car, with Oswald and Shelly in the backseat. Out the rear view window, Toby can see the gang banger. She cups a cell phone to her ear.

TOBY

(deep voice)

You know why I'm calling.

OSWALD

What is that? Is that your Orson Welles impression?

SHELLY

Let him work.

OSWALD
Orson Welles didn't sound like that
at all.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The Gangbanger looks around, phone to ear.

GANGBANGER
You're the guy who has my dog.

TOBY (O.S.)
(filtered)
He didn't like you. Asked us to
take him away.

GANGBANGER
Let me tell you something. You're
about to have a very bad day.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

Toby listens to the tirade, surprised at the vigor.

GANGBANGER (O.S.)
(filtered)
I know you were you sleep!

TOBY
You don't know where I sleep.

GANGBANGER (O.S.)
(filtered)
Forty Seven Baker street. I am
going to feed you to a meat
grinder, mother--

Toby holds the phone away from his ear. His eyes are wide,
panic. Only muffled sounds can be heard from the phone.

OSWALD
I sense bad news.

TOBY
We're at the rental company. Oh my
God, that's the rental company.
That's where we are! Oh my God!

SHELLY

That van you rented for the kidnapping... did you happen to register it with your actual address on it?

OSWALD

You're really bad at this.

TOBY

There is a learning curve!

Toby cups the phone to listen for more. Oswald pops open a bag of chips.

TOBY (CONT'D)

What's a flashlight?

END ACT 2

ACT 3

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The puppy sits on the couch. On the coffee table, Shane sits with a hooka pipe in his mouth and the giant stuffed bear at his side. He meditates in an unrecognizable fashion.

SHANE

You have to understand...
connection... focus.

Toby bursts through the front door.

TOBY

I'm a dead man.

SHANE

You say that all the time.

TOBY

No, this time, I am toast. That
gang banger-- he's coming here!

SHANE

For his dog?

TOBY

That's one of the things on his to-
do list, yeah.

SHANE

You're a hitman so....

TOBY

(angry whining)
"But we like the owner! We like the
owner!"

Toby marches into the other room. Shane gives the dog a look.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Becca sips a beer while Ace shovels ash out of the fire pit.

BECCA

I'm just saying, Battleship is
played with a board and a grid--

ACE
It's not actually Battleship.
That's just what we call it.

Toby runs up to the pair.

TOBY
Guys, we have a problem shaped like
an angry gang-banger.

ACE
We have a different problem--
Shane!

Becca and Toby look up to see the dog racing through the yard
and jumping over the fence.

Shane comes out, holding the still-smoking hooka.

SHANE
The guy wants his dog. Now we don't
have the dog.

TOBY
Great, so now we can tell the gang
banger that not only did we steal
his dog, but now we've lost it?!

SHANE
(pointing at Ace)
Hey. He was gonna euthanize it.

ACE
Not personally!

Becca grabs Ace and shoves him toward the fence.

BECCA
Get the dog. We'll handle the gang
banger.

ACE
How?

BECCA
Don't question me. I've been
drinking.

Ace shakes his head, dashes for the fence. He labors himself
over the fence, and with one last heave-- makes it over.

TOBY
(to himself)
Slow, complete breaths.

BECCA
Toby, I need to know. How long do
we have?

GANGBANGER (O.S.)
Where are you?!

BECCA
Not very long.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ace slows his jog, comes to a stop. He catches his breath,
looking around the street.

ACE
Where the hell... did you go?

He turns, and there it is. The puppy stares back at him, like
an Old West stand off.

ACE (CONT'D)
There. Get over here.

Ace makes a move and the dog jerks. They both freeze, waiting
for the other to move. Like a game of Tag.

ACE (CONT'D)
Not now.

Ace moves again and the dog jerks again. It gets low, wagging
its tail.

Playtime.

ACE (CONT'D)
I catch you, I'm gonna sell you to
a nice Korean family. You hear me?

The dog BARKS.

ACE (CONT'D)
I know it's racist.

Ace pauses, thinking. *What the...*

He cocks his head. And the dog does the same.

ACE (CONT'D)

No way.

Ace takes a slow couple of steps, and the dog lets him get closer. He stops, a few feet away.

He kneels down to the dog. And closes his eyes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The gang banger has Toby pinned against a wall, knife in his free hand. Becca and Shane stand nearby.

TOBY

If you could ease up on the choking thing just a bit--

GANGBANGER

Shut up!

BECCA

Calm the hell down-- the dog ain't here, alright?!

The gang banger glares death at Beca.

GANGBANGER

You lost Walter?!

SHANE

I told you his name was Walter!

GANGBANGER

How did you know?

SHANE

I communed with him and he told me his name. Buddha told me how.

The banger looks to the giant stuffed bear on the couch. Shane smiles, pleased with himself.

The banger grabs the bear and heads for the door.

SHANE (CONT'D)

What.... What are you doing?

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Shane's heart sinks into his chest, as the giant bear goes up in flames. The fire pit CRACKLES as it consumes the giant thing. Toby and Becca watch its beady little eyes glow.

SHANE

You killed Buddha. Why would you
kill Buddha?

The banger smirks at his handiwork.

GANGBANGER

Ready to tell me where my dog is?

TOBY

You're a delightful person. Remind
me to send you a 'thank you' card.

GANGBANGER

I'm not gonna ask again.

ACE (O.S)

Wow!

Ace steps out onto the patio, the dog trotting behind him.

ACE (CONT'D)

You are... really ugly.

GANGBANGER

Walter! Come here boy.

The dog cowers behind Ace.

ACE

Sorry. He don't like you so much.

GANGBANGER

Oh really?

ACE

He been peeing on the carpet?

GANGBANGER

What?

ACE

Has the dog. Been peeing. On the
carpet?

The gang banger leers at Ace. So do Toby and Becca.

Everyone's lost.

ACE (CONT'D)

You take him to all those dog parks, get him all neat and groomed, all that stuff. Turns out he's very anti-social. You've been stressing him out.

GANGBANGER

How do you know all that?

Ace glances at the fire pit and the burning bear. Shane whimpers, reaching gently towards the fire.

ACE

One word. Buddha.

The gang banger raises an eyebrow. Ace shrugs.

GANGBANGER

To hell with you people.

The gang banger raises his knife to Toby's throat.

Shelly runs in from the side yard, holding a cricket bat and her face peppered with WHITE POWDER. Oswald chases after her, trying to corral her.

SHELLY

Hold your Mustang horses, Jeremy!
You're not laying a finger on him,
see?!

OSWALD

You are not a 1920's gangster. Now
give me the bat.

SHELLY

Not until Jeremy backs the hell
off!

Toby and Becca look at each other. Then to the banger.

TOBY

(mouthing)
Jeremy?

BECCA
(mouthing)
Really?

Shane pokes at the ashes of 'Buddha' with a stick.

SHANE
You used to be so beautiful.

GANGBANGER
This ain't none of your business,
British.

SHELLY
The six inches of Bowie knife to
little Toby's throat makes it my
business! My business!

OSWALD
Please, everyone. She is very high,
and needs to be taken quite
seriously.

TOBY
Maybe we can talk this out with
slightly less knife--

GANGBANGER
(to Toby)
Screw you!

BECCA
This'll end well.

Shane clutches a fistful of ashes.

SHANE
(whispered)
He murdered you!

GANGBANGER
They stole my dog!

ACE
Stole him? Really?
(to dog)
Walter, go home. Go on.

The dog lays down on Ace's feet.

ACE (CONT'D)
What dog you talking about, boss?

GANGBANGER
I will cut him!

BECCA
What is this? 1996?

OSWALD
Everyone needs to cool off just a
little--

The puppy BARKS! The banger looks away--

Toby slams his head back into the banger, and breaks free. He rolls to one side.

Coked-up Shelly charges into battle, Braveheart style. She tackles the gang banger to the ground, screaming in his face.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Shane holds an icepack to his head. Ace places a band-aid over Oswald's eye. Becca chats on the phone. Shelly puts her hand on Toby's thigh. He is far too scared to remove it.

OSWALD
Okay, that was possibly the worst
way that could have happened.

SHANE
Is Walter gonna be okay?

OSWALD
Well, I'm not entirely certain that--
- Ow!

ACE
You could do this yourself!

Becca hangs up.

BECCA
Okay. The gangbanger--

SHELLY
Jeremy.

BECCA
'Jeremy' has agreed to let the dog
stay with us. He's gonna let us be,
we let him be, kapish?

ACE
You believe him?

BECCA
I don't believe my own mother, Ace.
He'll be back. Comically large
knife in hand.

TOBY
Can a knife be 'comically' large?

BECCA
(chuckling)
Oh Toby... memories.

SHANE
We get to keep the dog?

Becca looks at Ace, waiting for a denial.

He simply smiles.

BECCA
I guess so.

Toby is now supremely uncomfortable with Shelly's fondling.

TOBY
(escape)
Who wants to play Battleship?

ACE
Sure!

TOBY
Excellent. Let's go into the other
room and--

Toby tries to get up, but Shelly holds him down. Repeated
attempts lead to the same result.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Somebody help.

END OF ACT 3

TAG

EXT. PARK - DAY

Ace sits on a bench with 'Walter' the puppy. They look out towards the people in the park.

Especially the ladies out jogging.

ACE
(to Walter)
That was the deal. Don't back out
on me now.

The dog whimpers.

ACE (CONT'D)
Oh, I get it, it's not fun for you.
But you know that treats are
waiting back at the house, and
there will be plenty of pets and
belly rubs to be had.

The dog perks up, still cautious but interested.

ACE (CONT'D)
We had a moment. We had a deal.
Don't puss out on me now. Are you a
cat? Are you?

The puppy stands up, almost petulant.

ACE (CONT'D)
I didn't think so. Now let's do
this.

Two very hot WOMEN jog by, smiling at him. Seeing the puppy they stop. Walter gives a dog smile, lolling tongue and floppy ears.

JOGGING WOMAN 1
Aww, he's adorable. What's his
name?

Ace tries to hide his dirty old man smirk.

ACE
That's Walter.

END EPISODE

"PRESSURE COOKER"

Teaser

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ace duct-tapes beer cans together, one on top of the other. The staff stands about as tall as he is.

Becca pushes through the front door, arms full of groceries.

BECCA
Little help here.

ACE
Oh, now she wants my help.
(Random whining)

BECCA
Did you make a walking stick out of beer cans?

ACE
It is a wizard's staff, thank you very much.

BECCA
And public school takes an arrow to the knee.

Becca drops the groceries on the table. Cans of food, veggies, and a massive turkey. Ace raises an eyebrow at Becca, holding a can.

ACE
Cole slaw?

BECCA
I don't know what goes in a turkey.

ACE
It's meat. You cook it. Done.

Becca grabs a knife and honing steel, sharpens the blade.

BECCA
Remember. Toby doesn't see this.

ACE
Toby is a actual breathing chef. He doesn't believe I want to operate an oven, let alone know how to.

Toby saunters into the living room, reading something.

ACE (CONT'D)
Hey, Toby. We got a turkey.

TOBY
(without looking up)
Liar.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Becca and Ace follow Toby into the room. Ace props himself on his beer can 'staff'.

BECCA
What're you reading?

TOBY
After-action reports for the butterfly gig. Did you know we caused something like thirty thousand dollars in damages?

ACE
This is our problem how?

TOBY
I'm just saying, the foot-long butterfly was not cheap. That a beer staff?

ACE
Surprisingly stable. Mail's on the couch.

Toby grabs the mail, sifts through it.

Shane sidles up to Ace. He's wearing footie pajamas.

SHANE
Operation Turkey Day still a go?

ACE
Do you ever wear normal clothes?

SHANE
This is my space suit. I'm going to space.

ACE

If you strap rockets to your shoes,
I will pay you real people money.

Toby turns around, gripping a letter in his hands.

BECCA

What is it? Another anonymous death
threat?

Toby raises it up-- a CHECK.

TOBY

No, but my estranged father is
trying to pay me to stop calling.

Awkward silence.

ACE

How much is it?

Becca kicks the beer staff, breaking it in half. One end
dangles by the duct tape.

ACE (CONT'D)

(squeaky)

Why?

END TEASER

ACT 1

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ace and Shane sit at the kitchen table, eying the open envelope: 'Daniel Mencher'.

ACE

I can't believe his Dad did that.

Becca tries to worm the turkey out of its plastic packaging.

SHANE

I don't understand what the problem is.

ACE

Toby has a... screwy relationship with Mom and Pop.

SHANE

And free money turns him into a psychedelic bridge troll?

ACE

Last time they spoke, Dad kinda banished him. There's gonna be some injured pride in there somewhere. Toby's been trying to reconnect...

Becca gives up on the plastic, drawing a knife.

BECCA

Not our problem. Ace, could you help me with this?

ACE

You bought it, you own it.

SHANE

That is a very large bird.

BECCA

Could we not talk so loud about the thing?

Ace stands up, with a sigh.

ACE

Shane: Distract Toby-- get him out of the house, pick up his mood, something-- While I help Becca with the comically large bird.

SHANE

Sure thing.

BECCA

Shane. Don't tell him about the turkey.

SHANE

Why?

ACE

Drive-by holiday, that's why. Off you go.

Shane exits. Ace look at Becca.

ACE (CONT'D)

You owe me a beer staff.

She rolls her eyes.

INT. TOBY'S ROOM - DAY

The glow of Toby's computer. He taps away at the keyboard. Shane knocks on the door.

SHANE

Whatcha doin'?

TOBY

Nothin'. Just work.

SHANE

Oh... Like assassin work?

TOBY

Since when has the resident pacifist been interested in my-- The internet is awful!

Toby smacks his monitor. Shane leers at the disturbed man.

SHANE

What did it do?

TOBY

I'm trying to find information on Esteban Correia.

SHANE

That's just an impressive name.

TOBY

We're talking actually impressive, Shane. This isn't Guinness book stuff.

SHANE

Well, I found the world's oldest man quite fascinating. He smells like cumin.

Toby turns to look at Shane. Something's off. Toby's eyes are just a little too open for comfort. Serial killer look.

TOBY

You met the world's oldest man?

SHANE

Yeah, few years back. Great guy. Lousy gambler.

TOBY

I need to meet this man.

Shane stares. Toby is deadly serious. Soap opera serious.

SHANE

There is something really strange about you today.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Becca reads from a box of instant potatoes. Ace ties an apron around his waist: it reads "Kiss Me, Or I'll Kill You."

BECCA

Okay, I need all of the butter.

ACE

We're not doing instant potatoes. This is Thanksgiving. We go fancy.

Ace heaves a bag of really old potatoes onto the counter. They're wrinkly, sprouting roots, but otherwise edible. Ish.

BECCA
You know how to do this?

ACE
Saw it in a movie once.

Ace grabs a potato, raises a TENNIS RACQUET.

Ace SLAMS the racquet onto the potato-- and the racquet strings SNAP, the fossilized potato punching clean through.

BECCA
Get me the butter, we're doing it
my way.

ACE
No! This is Thanksgiving!

He grabs another wrinkled potato, throws it in the microwave.
He punches a random number, and the microwave HUMS.

ACE (CONT'D)
I did this all the time in college.
Insto-presto baked potato.

FUMP! The microwave jumps! Ace and Becca restart their hearts.

ACE (CONT'D)
Okay, it exploded. Give me another.

BECCA
No! This is Thanksgiving. An excuse
to eat a lot of bad things. That's
all. No antics, no tennis racquets,
and no personal injury. Bad people
eating bad food. That's it.

The idea hits them both at the same time.

ACE
You know what's really bad for us?

BECCA
Pie.

ACE
See? This is why I like you. This,
right here.

INT. SEX PIT - DAY

Toby works at a cork board. Pins in pictures, red strings stretching between the pins like a spiderweb.

A conspiracy theorist's wet dream.

Shane looks at it with a cocked head.

SHANE

It looks like a Love Knot.

TOBY

Do you know where Esteban Correia is?

SHANE

Why would I?

TOBY

Then I need you to be quiet. My focus cannot be split for any period longer than five seconds.

Shane raises an eyebrow.

SHANE

I recognize this.

Toby dramatically shushes Shane. Shane doesn't listen.

SHANE (CONT'D)

You're trying to impress someone. Who is he?

TOBY

(sarcasm, manic)

His name is Kyle and he lives under the East Side bridge and you have to speak very quietly before he shuts you up forever!

Shane doesn't even flinch. Toby turns back to the board.

SHANE

Seriously, you need to take a relaxing stroll, breath in the Autumn air, and forget everything your father ever said.

TOBY

How did this get to be about my
Father?

Shane pulls the CHECK off the corkboard, a STRING connecting
it to the other points on the board.

SHANE

Come outside with me. There's a
squirrel I'd like you to meet.

TOBY

(ignoring)
I can't. I have work. Can't put it
off.

SHANE

Esteban Correia?

TOBY

Drug runner from Mexico.
Specializes in being invisible.

SHANE

In some cultures, eating your
enemy's brain grants you their
wisdom and power.

TOBY

Eat his brain, become invisible?

SHANE

It tastes like curry.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Becca and Ace are staring at the oven. The oven light is on.

THROUGH OVEN WINDOW: The pink flesh of the raw turkey, in a
roasting pan. Just sitting there.

BECCA

Well, this is boring.

ACE

I got an idea.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Becca strings a power cord to an already full surge protector... which is plugged into a surge protector, which is plugged into-- God, that's a fire hazard.

BECCA
Ace, don't break it!

Ace tries to wedge the turkey into a pressure cooker.

ACE
I know what I'm doing.

Ace lifts the lid, punches the turkey a few times.

BECCA
Rocky, stop beating up my dinner.

ACE
Give me a knife.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

A chunk of turkey sizzles in a frying pan.

Ace slaps the cooked meat between bread, settles down next to Becca. They stare at the pressure cooker.

The flesh of the bird mashed up against the glass lid.

A quiet moment as they both figure something out.

ACE
You know what we forgot to do?

BECCA
Take the guts out of the bird?

ACE
We forgot to take the guts out of the bird.

INT. SEX PIT - DAY

Shane tapes cardboard boxes together. He's building something. Toby writes on a white board. He idly plays with a gun in his free hand.

SHANE

You have your own room to work in.

TOBY

I need the room to move around, to think, to wrap my head around this. What are you doing over there?

SHANE

I am creating a new space program, thank you very much.

TOBY

You're building a cardboard spaceship?

Shane slides into the 'ship'. It barely fits him, and only covers his shoulders, like a helmet.

SHANE

Ground control to Major Tom.

Toby goes back to his scrawl. Shane pokes his head out of the box, leering at Toby's work.

SHANE (CONT'D)

How do you find that which is invisible?

TOBY

Usually by running into it on accident in the middle of the street. Maybe, maybe I just need heat-vision, so I can--

Toby slams his head against the wall, trying to knock thoughts loose of the cobwebs in his mind. He regrets it.

SHANE

Don't fight the wall. The wall will win.

TOBY

I have to find something that can't be found! I have to kill something that can't be found!

SHANE

You need to relax a little, man. Take off your shoes and really walk around. You know what I mean?

TOBY
Shouldn't you be devising some kind
of religious mash-up right now?

SHANE
You know what you need to do?

TOBY
Take all of the poisons and die
happy?

SHANE
I was gonna say Disneyland.

Toby whirls around, rushes over to Shane. Toby gestures with
the gun, Shane wincing with every move.

TOBY
Why are you trying to distract me
from my very important things?

SHANE
Something about a turkey. Please
stop with the waving of the thing.

TOBY
Let me guess. We worship the
turkey?

SHANE
You need to take a break.

TOBY
And let Esteban Correia kill
himself?

SHANE
That would be convenient. You
killing him today?

TOBY
No, today is where I stand in front
of a cork board looking frantic and
confused. There are days in this
job that are just boring, you know,
boring preparation days. Days we
prepare. For the jobs. So today
there is... no, there's no killing,
today I'm just--

SHANE

Take your shoes off and sit down.
What are these?

Shane lifts a small bag of white pills out of Toby's dangling shirt pocket.

TOBY

Caffeine pills. They help me stay awake. And focused. Mostly awake, with a little bit of focused. Nice blend. You want one?

SHANE

...yeah.

Shane opens the bag, takes out one pill. Toby grabs a handful, eats them fast. Shane's eyes go wide.

Toby snuffles, scratching his crotch with a gun.

END ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Becca slides the plastic bag full of guts out of the turkey, slapping them onto a cutting board. Ace stares on, trying to keep his stomach from revolting.

ACE

We cooked plastic. That's not gonna be a problem?

BECCA

No. Not really. Maybe.

Ace turns-- Shane is standing right next to him.

SHANE

So Toby is, much like a hyperactive Ocelot would, taking caffeine pills and possibly other likeable substances.

ACE

I'm gonna have to come back to that sentence at some point with a couple of serious questions, but in the meantime: WHAT?

Becca sighs, ready to skip ahead.

BECCA

He's just working his ass off on this Correia thing, isn't he?

The back door slides open, Shelly and Oswald sauntering in.

OSWALD

Did you get him? Are we done?

ACE

No, it's cool, just walk into my house.

SHELLY

I thought we were friends.

BECCA

I thought I changed all the locks.

Oswald slaps a broken door knob onto the table.

OSWALD

You did. What smells so good?

SHANE

Poultry, ten pounds, one twenty
degrees Fahrenheit.

(beat)

And Rosemary.

Shelly sniffs the air, testing Shane's statement.

INT. SEX PIT - DAY

Toby has gone Beautiful Mind-- frazzled hair, eyes red,
sketching incoherent images onto the wall.

Shane, Shelly and Oswald ease their way into the room.

SHELLY

Hey Toby...

OSWALD

They tell us you're having some
collective anxiety issues.

Toby spins around, setting his crazy eyes on them.

TOBY

Did you know that bologna is one of
the many smuggled materials into
the United States?

SHELLY

I love riddles!

TOBY

No, no no, Shelly, this is real.
People are smuggling bologna,
sausage-- This is a real thing.
Sausage smuggling. And you know the
worst part?

SHANE

(giggling)

The 'wurst' part.

OSWALD

What's the worst part?

Toby stares at Oswald for a long moment.

TOBY
What are you talking about?

OSWALD
I was talking to you. You started a
thought, I was waiting for you--

TOBY
I can't have distractions right
now, Oswald. So you, you beautiful
man, get yourself gone from here!

Shelly turns to Shane.

SHELLY
(suggestive)
Do you think he needs...

SHANE
Needs what?

SHELLY
That's good enough for me.

Oswald looks at the board, sees the writing.

OSWALD
What is 'ball-ahg-nah?'

Shelly sidles up to Toby.

SHELLY
(pick-up)
What're you doing?

TOBY
(fast)
What you pay me to do. Why, do you
need me to do something else? Got
something more important? I'll take
something more important.
(MORE)

TOBY (CONT'D)

I could really use a boost right now, something to take the edge off, some kind of thing to drive my focus onto-- I'm really kinda distracted right now, so I'm sorry if that makes me seem cold, I'm just really busy right now and I don't want to screw this up so I have to keep in the zone, 'kay?

Even Shelly is creeped out now.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ace works at a soup can. Becca examines a plastic bag of white pills.

BECCA

I don't know where he got this.
This is concentrated stuff.

Ace struggles with the soup can, prying with a butterknife.

ACE

You can buy caffeine pills over the counter.

BECCA

Not at three hundred milligrams you can't.

Ace leers at her.

ACE

Is that bad?

BECCA

About two grams of it can kill you.

ACE

So he's sailing right now?

BECCA

He should be dead right now.

The butter knife breaks, and Ace stares at the handle.

Becca grabs the can, and grabs the pull tab-- POPPING it off.

ACE

I think this is what shame feels
like.

Shelly, Oswald and Shane march back into the room.

SHELLY

What did you do?

ACE

What?

SHELLY

You broke him.

BECCA

Yeah, you see our problem--

SHELLY

I don't know what you did, but you
have to fix it, because you broke
him.

OSWALD

She is taking this very seriously.

SHANE

(concerned)

Her face is really red.

ACE

She just needs some food. Shelly--

Shelly strides up to Becca.

SHELLY

This is your fault!

Becca doesn't respond. Just glares right back.

And Shelly backs down.

BECCA

That's what I thought.

Shane's eyes bug out- the way Becca's holding the caffeine...
the pills slip out of the bag and DROP into the gravy.

He hides a giggle.

OSWALD

Let's everyone take a single solid
breath-- and that smells amazing.
What are you cooking?

ACE

Okay, we get it, you're British,
but you have access to mass media.

OSWALD

What does that have to do with the
turkey in the pot?

SHANE

They're preparing to eat and give
thanks, in that order.

OSWALD

Eat and give thanks--
(gets it)
Thanksgiving! Oh, that thing! But
where are all the natives?

ACE

We killed them all. It's not
something we're proud of.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

A knife slams into the wood. Then another. Another.

Toby stands a few yards away, hurling a stack of knives one
by one at the fence. Is he drawing a circle?

A NEIGHBOR walks by on the other side with his groceries.

NEIGHBOR

Happy Thanksgiving, Toby!

TOBY

(muttered)
Happy Thanksgiving, George.

NEIGHBOR

Stay in school.

Ace comes out, marches straight for Toby.

ACE

Hey, buddy.

TOBY
Not now. I'm sketching.

ACE
Pointillism. I get it.

TOBY
I wasn't telling a joke, Ace. You don't have to defuse me with humor-- why don't you ever take me seriously?

Ace leans away from the verbal assault.

ACE
Toby, can you settle down for like five seconds?

TOBY
You got three seconds.

ACE
That'll do. We need you to stop taking those caffeine--

Toby can't sit still, bouncing on his toes.

ACE (CONT'D)
(snapping)
Sit still, right now.

Toby stops moving, standing in front of Ace. Twitching.

ACE (CONT'D)
You need to get your head out of this Correia thing.

TOBY
It's not about Correia.

ACE
I know that, you know that, so why are we still doing this?

TOBY
Shelly and Oswald want me to--

ACE
What if I told you Shelly and Oswald called off the hit?

TOBY
I'd call you a liar.

 ACE
 (calling inside)
Shelly?

 SHELLY (O.S.)
 (from inside)
We're calling off the hit!

 TOBY
She's lying too.

Toby goes back to his knife throwing. Ace considers this next moment carefully.

 ACE
Okay then.

Ace grabs Toby from behind, puts Toby into a sleeper hold. Toby struggles, flailing like an inflatable boxing toy.

 ACE (CONT'D)
Shh, shh, it's okay. Let it happen.

Becca and Shane watch from the window.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Becca and Shane are clustered by the window. Shelly and Oswald sample the grubby looking potatoes.

 SHANE
Should we call someone?

 BECCA
 (amused)
Why?

 OSWALD
That... that smells like fire.

Smoke rises from the pressure cooker.

END ACT 2

ACT 3

INT. SEX PIT - DAY

A blackened turkey sits on a greasy platter, next to pasty potatoes, and slimy food of unrecognizable nature. Oswald and Shelly pile food onto their plates.

Ace, Shane and Becca stare at them from a safe distance.

OSWALD

I don't know why you're all
avoiding this.

SHELLY

This is what sex tastes like!

SHANE

Crunchy?

Shelly ladles some gravy over Oswald's turkey.

SHELLY

That's the good stuff.

ACE

She's eating a fossil.

BECCA

Don't take the bait, Ace.

ACE

(to Shelly)

You're gonna hurt yourself.

Shelly bites the turkey leg-- something CRUNCHES, but it's not the food.

BECCA

What are we gonna do about Toby?

ACE

We gotta sober him up.

SHANE

We've got liquor, sleeping pills,
electrotherapy--

ACE

We're not electrocuting Toby.

Toby is duct-taped to a wall, like a cocoon.

TOBY

I'm gonna kill you, Ace, and it
won't even be my fault.

ACE

How much electricity would it be?

A KNOCK at the front door.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

A UPS GUY stands with a box. Ace, Becca and Shane stare at
the name on the box.

UPS GUY

I need you to sign for--

ACE

I need you to take it away.

UPS GUY

This is the correct address.

BECCA

And somebody told you wrong.

UPS GUY

I was told to bring a special
delivery to Tobias Mencher.

ACE

The last guy who did that sent him
into a hyperactive tilt-a-whirl, so
no thank you.

UPS GUY

I deliver packages. That's all.

BECCA

Okay, are you FedEx or somebody's
carrier pigeon?

UPS GUY

(grinding teeth)
I'm wearing brown.

ACE
Okay, girl scout Brownie, whatever
said package is-- it's yours, enjoy
the contents. Now go away.

UPS GUY
Is it a bomb?

Long pause.

ACE
Yes.

The UPS guy takes his clipboard back. Ace and Becca look to
see Shane taking the box.

SHANE
You two are just rude.

Shane wanders into the house.

Ace and Becca look at each other-- race after Shane.

UPS Guy glares at the open door.

UPS GUY
One of these days... they'll know
your name.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Shan fusses with the box as Oswald and Shelly heaves the
cocooned Toby off the wall, carrying him into the other room,
gibbering.

Ace stops in his tracks, eyeing the Brits.

ACE
Where are you taking him?

Oswald turns to hear that, slamming Toby's head into a wall.

OSWALD
He was being belligerent.

ACE
So are you.

Oswald shrugs, and the Brits hauls Toby away.

Shane pulls the tape off the box, Ace and Becca .

ACE (CONT'D)
Are you a lunatic? Have you lost
your mind?

SHANE
Why? Did you find it?

Shelly turns back, slamming Toby into the wall again.

SHELLY
I've got a spare.

BECCA
(ignoring Shelly)
Toby's gonna go mental! You've got
to get rid of it.

Shane raises the mail label.

SHANE
Is that you? Is that you?

Ace and Becca shake their heads.

Oswald and Shelly re-enter, dusting off their hands. There is
visible clouds of dust as they do.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Hume says that what goes up must
come down.

ACE
What does that have to do with--
who the Hell is Hume?

OSWALD
Read a book.

ACE
No!

SHANE
Toby has to face his father or face
eternal itching in the darker
place.

Shelly swallows hard, looking at her crotch.

SHELLY
That sounds awful.

SHANE
It's a real thing.

BECCA
No, it's not.
(beat)
But we get your point. Running from
this is what got Toby where he is.

SHANE
Eternal itching...

ACE
Shane, please tell me you're a nice
person every day because you think
there's a dark room where
everything itches forever and
always.

SHANE
(duh)
Why are you nice?

ACE
I'm not.

Becca stoops over the box.

BECCA
What was in the box?

Shane dumps the box out on the table, clutches the cardboard.

SHANE
I don't care. I have a new module
for my spaceship.

Shane runs off with the box.

Becca lifts a letter, pulls out a picture. Glares at it.

ACE
I'm impressed anyone's still
sending mail the long way.

OSWALD
You know what we do in the UK?

ACE

What?

OSWALD

I don't know, I don't care! Turkey!

Oswald dives in, taking big bites of a GRAVY LACED DRUMSTICK.

ACE

You okay, Oswald?

Oswald curls around the drumstick, a defensive wild animal.

Shelly nibbles on the burnt stuffing.

SHELLY

(crying)

It's just so delicious.

BECCA

That son of a bitch.

Everyone turns to Becca. She brandishes the picture.

IN PICTURE: A large family around a massive table, uncles and aunts, cousins and friends, all eyeing a plump golden turkey.

In small words: MENCHER FAMILY HOLIDAYS

ACE

Well, that is a proverbial 'screw you' if I ever saw one.

BECCA

I'm burning this.

ACE

He needs to see it.

BECCA

So he can cry like a seven year old girl?

ACE

Yes, because that would be hilarious!

BECCA

You're a terrible friend.

ACE

Anger is the only thing that'll
keep that kid alive right now. They
don't want him around. He needs to
see that.

BECCA

This is the last thing he needs to
see right now!

Without even looking, Ace points toward a mysteriously
shirtless Oswald, burying his face in mashed potatoes.

ACE

No, that is the last thing he needs
to see. Oswald put your shirt on!

OSWALD

You're not the boss of me! I'm the
boss of me! And I get to have pie!

ACE

I'm not arguing with you!

OSWALD

This is arguing! We're arguing
right now! You're trying to oppress
me. Shelly, are you seeing this?

SHELLY

What's wrong with you?

Paranoia beams from Oswald's eyes. The same look Toby had.

OSWALD

Wrong with me?! What's wrong with
your tits?! They're lopsided and
small and...

ACE

Kay, this just got way weird.

SHELLY

(crossed arms)
I'm your sister.

OSWALD

The sister with weird tits!
(to Ace)
Stop staring at my face!

Oswald slurps gravy off a wooden spoon. Ace and Becca stare.

ACE

...Where are the caffeine pills?

Becca searches, lifts a GRAVY-GOOPY plastic bag from a pot.

ACE (CONT'D)

Oh good.

INT. SEX PIT - DAY

Tape marks all over him, Toby stares at the board, the lines and the sketches. And the check from his father.

Shane tapes the small box onto his 'space ship.'

SHANE

You should cash it. Money is money,
and it buys us beer.

TOBY

I'm not taking that man's money.

SHANE

Think of it as stealing. That'll
make you feel better. That and a
low-grade opiate. Although, you
probably have one already.

Toby looks at a picture: a silhouette with a question mark?
The picture is labeled ESTEBAN CORREIA.

He blinks and the name reads: GO TO SLEEP.

Toby takes the check down, tears it up.

SHANE (CONT'D)

That was half the funding for
SHASA!

Toby reads the badly scrawling label on Shane's boxes.

TOBY

Well, "Shane's Aeronautics and
Space Administration" just got
poorer.

SHANE

How am I gonna afford rocket fuel
now? You gonna tell me? Because I
tell you, Gehenna is a tough place
to get a refinery permit for.

Toby freezes. He saw another label. On the little box that
Shane just taped on-- DANIEL MENCHER.

TOBY

Where did you get that?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Becca empties a trash can, places underneath Ace's hands.
He's got the pictures in one hand, a lighter in the other.

The pictures won't seem to light.

ACE

What are these made of, titanium?!

BECCA

No, you just suck.

Toby rushes in, slaps the lighter from Ace's hands.

It sails into the side of Oswald's head. Oswald fumes,
glaring toward Toby.

TOBY

What are you doing?!

ACE

Manipulating you from a safe
distance!

TOBY

You don't get to do that!

ACE

I've always done that!

TOBY

Who are you?!

OSWALD (O.S.)

I deserve an apology!

TOBY
(ignoring Oswald)
What are you, some kind of
supervillain?!

ACE
I would be an awful supervillain.

BECCA
It's true.

ACE
Wow. Thanks for the back-up.

BECCA
I broke your beer can staff. I can
say what I want.

TOBY
Give me the picture!

Ace tears the picture in half, tosses it over his shoulder.
Toby is speechless.

ACE
They're not your family anymore!
They've made that clear. You're the
only one still fighting. Your
father is never going to like you.
He might respect you, acknowledge
you, maybe even listen to you. But
he is never going to like you. The
sooner you accept that, the sooner
I can have a peaceful Thanksgiving
with you crazy people.

Toby's face falters, weakens. He looks at his feet. Ace waits
for something, anything. Becca stands in shock.

Everyone is spent.

TOBY
They're my family, Ace.

ACE
So am I.

Toby bites his tongue, genuinely touched.

Finally...

Nothing happens.

He turns to leave-- the DOOR OPENS.

DANIEL MENCHER, 50s, in the richest cargo shorts and a stylish Hawaiian shirt. He's squat, fat, and commanding-- Caligula meets Beer God.

DANIEL

Toby?

Toby wrestles with his mind, opens his mouth...

TOBY

(censored)

F*** you.

Daniel's eyes go wide. Toby's too. They stare at each other.

Before Toby smiles.

END ACT 3

TAG

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Bones, scraps, dirty dishes. The remnants of Thanksgiving scattered all around. Shelly lies unconscious on the floor, next to a turkey leg.

Oswald sips at a glass of water, shaking as he comes down.

Shane sits in the cardboard spaceship, footie pajamas and all.

SHANE

Caffeine is a rough mistress.

Abusive, powerful.

(beat)

What was it like?

OSWALD

(pained)

It was like the sun was powering my brain. I was the sun. I was all powerful.

Shane scribbles notes.

Becca and Ace struggles to finish beers. They set them down and grab duct tape.

BECCA

What's the point of this?

ACE

There isn't a point. It's just awesome.

BECCA

Is there a record?

An epiphany hits Ace.

ACE

(drunk-speak)

We should break the record!

Toby cleans the carving knife, watching the others. Seeing them together. On Thanksgiving.

TOBY
We should do this every year...

END EPISODE