



LOW-LIABILITY

LOW LIABILITY

"Pilot"

written by
Tyler Chatham

ACT ONE

EXT. CANAL - NIGHT

A quiet canal lined with palm trees. Every dock has a boat nicer than the next. We close in on one of the houses. Through the house's sliding glass doors we see-

INT. WATERFRONT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A fancy house with a nautical theme. A PORTRAIT of a fancy man in a fancy sailor's hat hangs on the wall.

We hear GRUNTS as RICK, 50s, not fancy suit, overweight and meek, drags something heavy.

RING. RING. Rick, startled, whips open a FLIP PHONE and wedges it between his ear and shoulder.

RICK

Hello, Ellis Insurance, this is Rick.

A beat. Rick continues to drag.

RICK (CONT'D)

We're happy with the channels we have.

(a beat)

I don't want to be rude, but now isn't a good time.

It's revealed Rick is dragging a DEAD BODY riddled with BULLET HOLES. The body is the fancy man from the portrait.

RICK (CONT'D)

Yes, my daughter likes the HBO.

The dead body bumps into a table with a STATUE OF A MARLIN. The statue falls off and impales the dead body. Rick tries not to vomit as he continues to drag the body.

RICK (CONT'D)

I only watch the Golf Channel. Please, I don't like hanging up on people.

The marlin statue knocks a vase off of a table. The vase lands on the head of the dead body and shatters. CERAMIC SHARDS embed the face.

Rick panics. He searches the room.

RICK (CONT'D)

I promise I'll buy all the packages if you let me call you back.

Rick starts to sprint when he TRIPS on pieces of the vase. He catches himself on a BOOKSHELF.

He uses the bookshelf to pull himself to his feet. His weight causes the bookshelf to TOPPLE OVER. Rick gets out of the way, but the dead body doesn't.

SMASH. SQUISH. CRUNCH. POP. Rick is splattered with blood.

Rick vomits.

RICK (CONT'D)

Fine, just give me the gold package.

The HEAD OF THE MARLIN STATUE rests at Rick's feet.

DISSOLVE TO:

TITLE: 12 HOURS EARLIER...

INT. ELLIS INSURANCE AGENCY - WAITING ROOM

A GUY HARVEY PAINTING of a Marlin sits on the wall of a tiny waiting room. The room is packed with SOUTH FLORIDIANS listening to the news on the small TUBE TV in the corner.

NEWS ANCHOR

South Floridians are bunkering down,
waiting for Hurricane Butch.

A sign on the door reads 'ELLIS INSURANCE, INC.'

INT. ELLIS INSURANCE AGENCY - RICK'S OFFICE

Rick's office is covered in SPORTS MEMORABILIA. A FOOTBALL signed by Dan Marino sits next to a DOLPHINS HELMET signed by Don Shula.

Rick sits at his desk talking on the landline. Big smile.

RICK

Ellis Insurance, please hold.

Rick punches a button on the phone.

RICK (CONT'D)

Hey, so you wanted to add flood?
(a beat)

No, hazard doesn't cover flooding.

Rick gets on the computer. The screen reads WINDOWS 95.

RICK (CONT'D)

In case things go south, why don't I write you up a life insurance policy as well?

A beat. Rick's face falls flat.

RICK (CONT'D)

What do you mean it's *turning*?

Rick hangs up and rushes into the-

INT. ELLIS INSURANCE AGENCY - WAITING ROOM

Rick finds an empty waiting room. The TV shows a graphic of a hurricane with arrows pointing away from Florida.

Rick falls back against the wall and slides to the ground.

EXT. ELLIS HOME

A 2006 Honda Civic crawls into the driveway of a small house. The house sticks out like a sore thumb in a neighborhood of beautiful estates.

INT. ELLIS HOME - DINING ROOM

JALIMA, 50s, sits at a small table in a cluttered room with her daughter CARLINE, 20s.

CARLINE

Shouldn't we wait for him?

Jalima stuffs her mouth with brussels sprouts.

JALIMA

Why should we wait? Not our fault your father is incompetent. You know he can't get it up anymore?

CARLINE

Mom!

Rick bursts through the door.

RICK

Sorry. Car kept stalling out.

JALIMA

How do you fuck up hurricane season?

RICK

It turned.

JALIMA

Hurricanes don't *turn*. It's not a fucking car.

CARLINE

Did you get your new iPhone?!

Rick takes a seat at the foot of the table. A family style meal sits in the middle of the table.

RICK

The iPhone will have to wait. The darn hurricane turned so-

Rick reaches for the PASTA.

JALIMA

You think you need the carbs?

Jalima looks at Rick's gut. He sheepishly reaches for the bowl of BRUSSELS SPROUTS instead. He dumps a spoonful on his plate. Jalima dumps another spoonful on his plate.

CARLINE

Dad, only drug dealers and Steve down the street use flip phones.

JALIMA

Steve *is* a drug dealer.

RICK

I think he only sells marijuana.

JALIMA

ONLY marijuana?! You want the devil's lettuce around your daughter?

RICK

No, of course not. I'm just saying...

JALIMA

You smoke Satan's Spinach once, and God stops listening to your prayers.

RICK

Jesus, Jalima-

JALIMA

Linda's boy smokes marijuana and now he's-

(whispers)

Gay.

CARLINE

Mom!

(a beat)

Why don't you put your new phone on a credit card, dad?

RICK

Your mother maxed out all my cards.

JALIMA

Should've told me to stop using them.

RICK

I did.

Jalima shoves a spoonful of pasta into her mouth.

JALIMA

Just ask your brother for help.

RICK

Stop bringing Wayne into this!

JALIMA

If you won't take his money, I will. We're past due, and this mortgage needs to get paid somehow.

RICK

I'll get the money! I'll donate blood, or sperm or something.

CARLINE

Ew! You are not donating sperm!

JALIMA

Yeah, who would want it? I wouldn't.

BEEP. BEEP. Carline looks at her phone and panics.

CARLINE

Shit. I gotta go. I'm on night shift.

RICK

Hopefully it's a slow night.

CARLINE

Don't say that! I need some action.

Carline gathers herself and looks down at her dirty plate.

CARLINE (CONT'D)

I don't wanna waste. Want my pasta?

RICK

Don't worry, I got it.

Carline smiles, grabs her keys, and runs out the door.

JALIMA

I didn't want to embarrass you in front of your daughter, but I said no pasta because you're fat. And stupid.

RICK

Yeah, I think we all got that. I'm working on it.

JALIMA

You in for the night?

RICK

Have to get pictures for a policy.

JALIMA

Do they live nearby?

RICK

Rio Vista.

JALIMA

Ugh, alright. But hurry. I WILL start Criminal Minds without you.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFRONT HOUSE - NIGHT

It's the nautical themed house from the OPENING. Rick's HONDA CIVIC pulls into the driveway.

Rick steps out of the car with a POLAROID CAMERA. He presses the button to swing open the flash.

KNOCK. KNOCK. Rick knocks on the door, but no one answers.

Rick takes a photo of the house. No flash. The picture prints. He shakes it. Waits. It's pitch black.

Rick closes and reopens the flash and takes a photo.

Still nothing.

RICK

Not this again.

Rick walks around to the back of the house. Light from inside the house illuminates the backyard. Rick takes aim.

Through the camera viewfinder, Rick sees A MAN back into frame with his hands up. The man is the fancy man from the opening.

RICK (CONT'D)
Well look who's home.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP!! The fancy man is pelted with bullets.

RICK (CONT'D)
WHA-

Rick catches himself when he sees a FEMALE MOBSTER and MALE MOBSTER enter. The female mobster holds a pistol.

Rick slowly backs away from the crime scene. He's almost in the clear when-

FLASH.

RICK (CONT'D)
Fuck.

FLASH. FLASH. FLASH. FLASH.

Rick tries to cover the rogue Polaroid with his hand.

As the flash clears, Rick is able to see the two mobsters staring at him. Their guns pointed at his head.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. WATERFRONT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The dead body with fresh bullet wounds lays on the ground at Rick's feet. Rick's worn SPERRY'S soak in the puddle of blood.

Rick sits in a hammock chair hanging from the ceiling. He stares down the threaded bull barrel of a RUGER MARK III. MAURICE, the male mobster, is on the other end.

MAURICE

Tell me why I shouldn't kill you.

Rick is at a loss for words, terrified. The hammock chair slowly rotates Rick away from Maurice toward-

ALYSSA, the female mobster, is on the other side.

ALYSSA

And then tell me why *I* shouldn't.

Alyssa cocks her pistol. Rick continues to rotate.

Maurice shoves the barrel of his gun into Rick's crotch.

RICK

No! Please, dear god, no!

MAURICE

I swear, motherfucker, I will blow your god damn weener off!

ALYSSA

Jesus, Maurice! Let him answer before you castrate him with a bullet.

MAURICE

Hey! It gets results! You know that.

ALYSSA

I also know I'm sick of picking up penis shrapnel every time we interrogate someone.

RICK

Oh my lord.

MAURICE

Who could he possibly be that we wouldn't kill?!

ALYSSA

I dunno, the cleaner or something.

RICK

Yes! Yup. That. I am that. I clean.

MAURICE

Then what's with the pictures?

RICK

It's the- uh- before and after. I like to show my clients what they paid for.

ALYSSA

See! Bet you feel like a dumbass now.

Rick, riding off the adrenaline of escaping death, blurts out-

RICK

Yeah, dumbass.

(off Maurice's annoyed look)

Me, dumbass. I'm the dumbass. I should've led with who I am.

Alyssa holsters her gun. Maurice lays his on the table.

MAURICE

You didn't bring nothin to clean with?

RICK

I like to use what's here. Less chance of contaminating the scene.

MAURICE

Ah! Duh. Sorry for asking such a stupid question.

ALYSSA

What's your name?

RICK

Rick-

Shit.

RICK (CONT'D)

Cardo. Ricardo.

MAURICE

Gimme your phone so we can coordinate next time.

Rick eyes the gun on the table. He hands over his phone.

While Maurice is on Rick's phone, Rick grabs the gun and hides it behind his back. Maurice gives his phone back.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

This thing come with a fucking Duran Duran cassette?

ALYSSA

What are you doing with Maurice's gun?

Rick turns to see Alyssa standing directly behind him.

RICK

I- getting rid of it. And his prints!

Rick pretends to inspect the gun.

MAURICE

You ain't gotta worry about prints.

Maurice and Alyssa lift up their hands. All four palms and fingers are burnt and disfigured. Rick gags.

ALYSSA

But look at you, cocky mother fucker. Gettin' your prints all over it.

Rick panics and quickly puts the gun down.

MAURICE

I knew he had balls when I saw he parked in the fucking driveway.

Rick panics even more.

ALYSSA

Here, can you get rid of mine too?

Alyssa tosses her gun to Rick. He fumbles it, accidentally FIRING a shot directly into the chest of the dead body.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Relax, I think he's dead.

MAURICE

Don't let us stand in your way! Let's get out of here and let the master go to work.

ALYSSA

Ricardo doesn't give a fuh! Love it!

Alyssa and Maurice exit. Rick stares at the body before running to the-

INT. WATERFRONT HOUSE - KITCHEN

The kitchen is covered in white marble counters and white cabinets. Rick whips open all of the cabinets.

He begins to grab PAPER TOWELS, but stops when he notices a large stack of SARAN WRAP BOXES.

EXT. WATERFRONT HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Rick slams the trunk of his car shut. He sighs as he tries to catch his breath. A streak of blood can be seen oozing from the trunk. Rick wipes it with his shirt.

Rick sees that the coast is clear and hops into the-

INT. HONDA CIVIC

The backseat is filled with EMPTY SARAN WRAP BOXES.

Rick turns his key in the ignition. The car turns on for two seconds before powering down. Rick turns the key again.

STUTTER. STUTTER. Nothing.

Rick slams his head against the steering wheel in defeat.

BEEP!

RICK

Shit!

INT. NEWSROOM

A bustling newsroom is full of REPORTERS. They loudly type, text and talk. Carline stands in the doorway of a glass office. SARAH (40s) sits at the desk in the office.

SARAH

Train hit a van carrying a family of five. Need you there asap.

CARLINE

Are you sending a photog with me?

SARAH

Just use your phone. I don't feel like paying Donnie just to click a button.

Sarah nods.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Fucking go. Get down there before they take the bodies away.

REPORTER (O.S.)

No bodies! They all survived!

SARAH

Shit! Forget it.

CARLINE

You're killing it? What about an
'entire family survives' angle?

SARAH

If it bleeds, it leads. Hopefully next
time it's something newsworthy.

CARLINE

(sarcastic)

Like a new swing at Holiday Park for
pregnant women?

SARAH

You got something to say?

CARLINE

You've been having me cover this
cookie cutter bullshit. Then something
big happens and it's no good?

SARAH

What about that assignment I gave you
yesterday?

CARLINE

The naked dude running around on
Flakka? I'm sick of seeing penises,
Sarah. That's not news.

SARAH

Fine. You bring me something BIG, and
it's yours.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

A large, empty lot is filled with dirt piles and large holes.
The Honda Civic slowly moves along the empty road.

It is revealed Rick is pushing it. He sees the lot and stops.

EXT. EMPTY LOT - NIGHT

A large pit is surrounded by mountains of dirt. The dead
body, cocooned in bloody SARAN WRAP, tumbles down the pit.

Rick uses a MANILA FOLDER to scoop dirt from one of the
piles. He covers the body.

INT. HONDA CIVIC

A very sweaty Rick with hands covered in dirt sticks his key in the ignition. He closes his eyes. Turns the key.

BRYAN ADAMS plays through the radio. The engine roars.

Rick smiles at the only win he's gotten tonight.

It suddenly starts POURING rain.

EXT. ELLIS HOME - NIGHT

The Honda Civic is hard to see through the onslaught of rain. It parks three houses down from Rick's house.

Rick, in a rain coat, sneaks along the side of his house.

He lifts a PLANT out of its pot. Rick is about to dump the GUNS in the pot when he sees something through the window-

INT. ELLIS HOME - CONTINUOUS

Jalima sips on a VODKA CRANBERRY at the table. Across from her is ANOTHER MAN. She laughs comfortably with the man.

JALIMA

I just love all those jokes on
Facebook with the Minions.

The front door swings open, slamming against the wall. Rick stomps through the door, soaked.

RICK

Hey!

The man turns around. Rick realizes the man is his brother, WAYNE, a good looking man in his 40s.

RICK (CONT'D)

Wayne?!

WAYNE

There he is! Join us big bro.

Rick, hiding the GUNS behind his back, grips them tight.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ELLIS HOME - DINING ROOM

A drenched Rick conceals the GUNS in his coat. He sits at the end of the table between Jalima and Wayne.

JALIMA

Wayne was telling me about the time he made a kid pee his pants in dodgeball.

Jalima and Wayne laugh. Rick does not.

WAYNE

Wait, you were there, weren't you?

RICK

I was the kid.

Jalima and Wayne CACKLE loudly.

RICK (CONT'D)

So how's your garbage business?

WAYNE

Not to brag, but every time I see trash, I think about how smart I am.

JALIMA

How *did* you come up with Waste-Me?

WAYNE

I thought to myself one day, what if waste management was more personable? What if your garbage *man* was a garbage *gentleman*? Comes up to your door and takes your trash with a smile? Suit and tie. Louis Vuitton loafers. Giorgio Armani cologne.

JALIMA

He says we can't afford your service.

RICK

We can afford it! I just think a real man disposes his own waste.

WAYNE

Nonsense, Ricky. I'll send my trucks out free of charge.

RICK

Please don't. You ever feel gross playing with garbage all day?

WAYNE

Hey, gotta get dirty to live clean.

RICK

I guess not all of us like playing with trash.

WAYNE

You just like dressing like it then?

JALIMA

And having sex like it?

Rick fumes, gripping the PISTOLS, with no comeback. Jalima and Wayne take the cackles to a new level.

EXT. ELLIS HOME - NIGHT

The rain has stopped. Rick stands next to the potted plant.

RICK

(mocking)

Gotta get dirty to live clean.

Rick drops the PISTOLS into the empty, dirty pot. He places the plant back into the pot, covering the weapons.

RICK (CONT'D)

Ugh, smug jerk. I hate him!

INT. ELLIS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jalima sits on the couch, painting her nails. Rick enters.

RICK

Why did you invite him?

JALIMA

Now and then, it's nice to have a man around the house.

RICK

Wow, ok, there it is. You know, you are really hurtful sometimes!

JALIMA

So emotional.

RICK

I'm going for a drive!

JALIMA

Don't crash during your hissy fit.

RICK

You'd like that, wouldn't you!

JALIMA

It'd be the first time your insurance did something useful for this family.

Rick stutters, trying to retort. Pauses. *Maybe she's right.*

Tears welling, Rick quickly leaves.

EXT. BEACH - JETTIES - NIGHT

A pile of HUGE BOULDERS marks the end of the beach. A group of TEENAGERS drink beers on the rocks.

Rick slowly approaches the rocks, watching the waves crash against them.

RICK

Hey, excuse me.

TEENAGE BOY

What do you want?

RICK

Do kids still call these the Jetties?

TEENAGE BOY

Yeah?

RICK

Cool. Cool, thanks.

Rick sits on the closest rock. He reaches into a small crevice and pulls out a SMALL BOX.

The box has a tiny LOCK. Rick uses a small key to OPEN it.

Sitting in the small box is a single JOINT. Rick takes it out and lights it up. Takes a hit.

TEENAGE GIRL

You came out here just to smoke?

RICK

So?

TEENAGE GIRL

Don't you have, like, a house?

TEENAGE BOY

Shit, are you homeless bruh?

TEENAGE GIRL

Fuck, you're right. Look at his rags.

RICK

No, I'm not homeless, *bruh*. I don't want my daughter to see. And my wife would kill me. She hates the *devil's lettuce*. Hates me.

TEENAGE GIRL

Sounds like a bitch.

Rick chuckles. Takes a hit.

RICK

Yeah, she is a bitch.

TEENAGE BOY

I wish my dad smoked weed. Be so dope. Like aye, pops, lemme hit that!

TEENAGE GIRL

My dad is so straight edge, he folds his socks up like a fucking loser.

Rick puts out the joint and slowly walks into the ocean.

TEENAGE BOY

Wow! Hey! Please don't commit suicide while we're, like, right here!

TEENAGE GIRL

Yo, self-harm is never the answer. Call 1-800-SAY-YES-TO-LIFE.

TEENAGE BOY

That's way too many numbers.

TEENAGE GIRL

No, like, the 'to' is the number two.

RICK

I'm just getting rid of the smell. Plus it feels nice.

Rick relaxes in the ocean. It's quiet. Calm. The one place in South Florida with no mosquitos. He closes his eyes.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - DAY

Eyes closed. Rick sits at a red light. The light turns green. A honk from behind snaps him out of it.

BEEP. BEEP. Rick answers his phone.

RICK

Ellis Insurance, this is Rick.

(a beat)

Hey Maude. Yes, I'm on my way to the office now. I'll see you there.

Rick passes by the empty lot. He SLAMS on his brakes.

The lot is FLAT. The mountains of dirt GONE. Holes FILLED.

BEEP. BEEP. Rick answers.

RICK (CONT'D)

Hello?!

(a beat)

Yes, Maude. I'm still on my way.

Rick looks ahead. His jaw drops.

RICK (CONT'D)

No. Oh no, no.

Rick realizes why the holes were filled. Large construction vehicles carry PLAYGROUND EQUIPMENT.

RICK (CONT'D)

I buried a body where children will play. Tiny, innocent, little children. Playing in a sandbox one day and finding a finger. Jalima was right, I'm an awful person... Fuck, Jalima was *right*!

BEEP. BEEP. Rick angrily flips the phone open.

RICK (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, Maude! I said I'm-

(a beat)

Ricardo? No, this is Ri-

Rick catches himself, realizing who is on the other end.

In a state of panic, Rick SNAPS the phone in half.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

Carline sits at her desk playing with a POLICE SCANNER.

POLICE SCANNER

Ten seventy one. We have a possible
five thirty three.

CARLINE

Sarah!

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carline stands next to Sarah's desk.

CARLINE

Police are investigating a missing
person over in Rio Vista. Neighbors
say they heard gunshots last night.

SARAH

They got a body?

CARLINE

No body. But my guy says they found a
Marlin statue with blood on its spear
thingy.

SARAH

Oh my god.

CARLINE

I know. They're dealing with one sick
fuck. Let me have this one!

Sarah bites her lip in thought.

CARLINE (CONT'D)

Come one! You said!

Sarah cracks a smile.

INT. HONDA CIVIC

The Honda Civic SPEEDS through traffic. Rick bits his nails.

RICK

It's done. Body is gone. Guns are
gone. *Ricardo* is gone. It's all gone.
In the past. Buh-bye.

Rick swerves as cars honk.

RICK (CONT'D)

No way they can find me. They don't
know who I am! No one knows who I am.
I'm a nobody. I'm in the clea-

Rick brings the car to a stop and looks up at-

A LARGE BILLBOARD with Rick's face on it.

'LET ME INSURE YOU, I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!'

The face on the billboard smiles at Rick. Rick does not smile
back.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. ELLIS HOME - DAY

Jalima plays WII FIT in the living room. She stands on the WII FIT BOARD with ankle weights and sweat bands on. Rick comes rushing in.

RICK
Spray paint!

JALIMA
I can't pause this.

RICK
Do we have any?!

JALIMA
Any what?

RICK
Spray paint!

JALIMA
You know, this should be you on this board right now.

RICK
Where do we keep it?!

JALIMA
Keep what?

RICK
The fucking spray paint!

Jalima pauses the game.

JALIMA
Continue to use that tone with me and you'll be sleeping in your car again.

RICK
(whispering)
Where do we keep the spray paint?

JALIMA
We don't have spray paint.

INT. MICHAEL'S CRAFT STORE - DAY

The store is packed with quiet shoppers. CLANG. CLANG.

Rick fills his SHOPPING CART with SPRAY PAINT CANS. He uses his arm to clear the shelves.

INT. MICHAEL'S CRAFT STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Rick stands at the counter next to a MOUNTAIN of cans. A TEENAGE EMPLOYEE swipes Rick's CREDIT CARD. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

TEENAGE EMPLOYEE

Declined.

Rick grabs one of the SPRAY PAINT CANS in his cart and puts it off to the side.

RICK

Try it again.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. A beat.

TEENAGE EMPLOYEE

Declined.

Rick puts another SPRAY PAINT CAN to the side.

RICK

Again.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

CUT TO:

EXT. MICHAEL'S CRAFT STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Rick walks out of the store with four spray paint cans.

INT. SIDE OF THE ROAD

Rick stands at the base of a tall billboard. He looks up the seemingly endless, metal ladder.

RICK

Nope.

EXT. JETTIES - DAY

The same TEENAGERS from before cover the large rocks. They drink and smoke.

Rick awkwardly runs through the sand toward the teens, the PLASTIC BAG with spray paint in hand.

RICK

Show of hands! Who's a delinquent?

TEENAGE GIRL

For what?

RICK

I need every billboard with my face on it defaced. Sunglasses, devil horns, unibrows. All of it, all over my face.

A couple of the TEENS are intrigued.

TEENAGE GIRL

What's in it for us?

RICK

I- Uh- Your car insurance. I'll cut your rates by at least ten percent.

TEENAGE BOY

My parents pay for my insurance.

TEENAGE GIRL

Yeah, I don't give a shit what my insurance cost.

The teens tune Rick out.

RICK

Beer!

The teens tune back in.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

The Teenage Boy and Teenage Girl stand on the raised billboard. Rick's face on the billboard is covered in graffiti. It is unrecognizable.

The Teenage Girl draws one that reads: 'I SMOKE WEED BY THE JETTIES.'

The Teenage Boy draws a speech bubble that reads: 'MY WIFE IS A BITCH'

Rick sits across the street in his car, biting his nails.

RICK

Oh, come on. Too much.

The Teenage Girl draws a PENIS. Rick rolls down his window.

RICK (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Too much!

INT. ELLIS HOME - DAY

Jalima puts groceries away. Carline washes dishes.

CARLINE
I seriously doubt he vandalized his
own billboards.

JALIMA
The man was *just* asking for spray
paint!

CARLINE
Maybe he needed it for something else.

JALIMA
For what?! Arts and fucking crafts?!
I'm telling you, your father has
finally lost it.

Rick enters, exhausted.

CARLINE
Did you paint over your billboards?

RICK
What? Someone painted over my ads?
Shoot, that sucks.

Carline looks at Rick suspiciously. Jalima buys it.

JALIMA
Don't worry, we'll find the punks
responsible. The billboard people said
it'll be days before they fix them.

RICK
Shucks, well that's no good. Grrr. So
angry! Welp, what's done is done.

CARLINE
Why'd you do it?

RICK
Do what, sweetie?

CARLINE
You painted over them. Didn't you?

RICK

What? Psh- Carline, I mean- How could I-

Carline stares, seeing right through her father.

CARLINE

Don't lie to me, dad.

RICK

Fine. Yes, it was me.

JALIMA

I knew it. I didn't believe you for a second.

CARLINE

You need to tell us what's going on.

RICK

Nothing is going on.

CARLINE

You're out all night. Not answering your phone. Your shoes are covered in sand. Dirt under your fingernails.

JALIMA

You didn't beg for sex last night.

CARLINE

Start talking.

Rick takes a deep breath, hangs his head and sits down.

RICK

I am not proud, or even happy, with who I am. I don't know where to start.

CARLINE

I think I know. This is mom's fault.

JALIMA

What?!

RICK

What?

CARLINE

You're constantly cutting him down and making him feel like shit! No wonder he covered those billboards up! He's ashamed of himself.

RICK
You're right! I am!

CARLINE
I'd stay out late too to avoid
constantly being put down.

RICK
It's constant.

CARLINE
You tell him he's trash, he starts
treating himself like trash. Avoiding
basic hygiene.

Carline points to Rick's dirty fingernails.

RICK
They truly are filthy.

CARLINE
He busts his ass everyday at quite
possibly the worst job in the world-

RICK
Ok, reel it in.

CARLINE
To provide for us. And all you do is
consume. You're a leech, mom. A leech.

Jalima is silent. She catches Rick's grin and sneers.

RICK
Thank you, Carline. But it isn't
entirely your mother's fault.

Rick stands up and gathers himself.

RICK (CONT'D)
However, it is primarily her fault.
And I want to thank you for
recognizing that.

JALIMA
Great. Once again, I'm the bad guy.

CARLINE
Dad, I appreciate you.

Carline hugs Rick. Jalima continues to glare at him.

RICK

Now if you'll excuse me, I've got a long day of work ahead of me. Don't worry, Jalima. Our mortgage *will* be paid! And I *will* beg for sex tonight!

INT. ELLIS INSURANCE AGENCY - RICK'S OFFICE

KNOCK! KNOCK! Rick sits behind his desk. He takes a deep breath. Readies himself.

RICK

Come on in, Maude!

The door opens, but it isn't Maude who enters. It's-

WAYNE

There's my favorite pencil pusher!

RICK

Jesus. Harassing me in my home isn't enough for you? You gotta come to my work and finish the job?

Wayne calmly takes a seat.

RICK (CONT'D)

Well you know what? Fuck you. I'm not going to let you put me down anymore.

WAYNE

Ricky.

RICK

That's another thing! Don't call me Ricky! It's condescending!

WAYNE

Richard.

RICK

Don't use my full name, smug prick!

Wayne, fed up, reaches into his coat and throws a WAD OF MONEY on the desk.

RICK (CONT'D)

I told you I don't want your handouts!

WAYNE

This isn't a handout.

RICK

No? Then what is it?

WAYNE

Compensation.

RICK

For what?

KNOCK. KNOCK.

WAYNE

Come in.

Maurice and Alyssa enter. Rick stands up, kicking his chair back. He instinctively grabs his DAN MARINO SIGNED FOOTBALL and chucks it at them.

The football WHIRLS past them and SLAMS into a filing cabinet, leaving a huge dent. The FOOTBALL bounces into the painting of the Marlin, shattering the glass.

RICK

Wayne! Get back! These people are-

WAYNE

My employees.

Rick stares at Wayne. At the mobsters. Back at Wayne -- who nods. Rick's mouth drops.

EXT. WATERFRONT HOUSE

The house is taped off and swarming with law enforcement. Carline, note-pad in hand, talks with an OFFICER.

OFFICER

The victim may be alive, but we believe him to be deceased.

CARLINE

Any leads as to who did it?

OFFICER

Given the circumstances, we believe we're dealing with seasoned criminals.

CARLINE

Criminals? Multiple?

OFFICER

Off the record?

CARLINE

Of course, Mitch.

MITCH

This whole thing is fucked. We got at least two shooters and then whoever took the picture. But no leads.

CARLINE

Picture?

MITCH

A fresh Polaroid of the scene was left behind. They're toying with us.

CARLINE

Who still uses a Polaroid?

MITCH

The psycho who left this. That's who.

Mitch shows a POLAROID OF A BLOODY MARLIN HEAD.

CARLINE

Jesus.

MITCH

This is some Hannibal Lector shit, Carline. I wouldn't be surprised to find these walls coated in semen.

INT. ELLIS INSURANCE AGENCY - RICK'S OFFICE

Rick is paralyzed in his office chair. Wayne is across from him, with Maurice and Alyssa by his side.

RICK

So you're just fucking killing people now?

WAYNE

Don't be so dramatic, Ricky. You knew what line of work I was on.

RICK

I thought it was like money laundering and stuff!

WAYNE

A little money laundering here, a little murder here. It's all the same.

RICK

I don't want your blood money.

WAYNE

That's your blood money! You earned that shit!

ALYSSA

Seeing your talent in action, I should've known you were related to the boss.

MAURICE

And this whole insurance salesman front? Fucking genius, Ricardo.

ALYSSA

Leave it to this guy to pick the lamest fucking job as a front.

Wayne rolls his eyes.

WAYNE

Welcome to the team.

Wayne extends his hand. Rick ignores it.

RICK

I'm not on your team. In fact, I'm thinking about coming clean and turning your ass in!

Maurice and Alyssa reach for their guns, but Wayne stops them. Wayne slowly stands.

WAYNE

This guy. Such a comedian. Fucking love it. Turn me in? Ricky would never do that. Because Ricky knows if he turns me in, it'll affect a lot more than just me. Maurice and Alyssa here will be in trouble. The sister-in-law who continuously shops on my dime will be in trouble. The niece whose college tuition I paid for...

Rick's eyes widen.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Trusted journalist's career funded by South Florida mob. What a headline.

RICK

You didn't...

WAYNE

That's the thing, Rick! I fucking did!
Unless you want their worlds, her
world, to crumble, you'll join me.

Rick starts to tear up. Wayne extends his hand.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Now. Shake. My. Fucking. Hand.

Rick nods, extends his hand, and meekly grabs Wayne's.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Wonderful! My big bro! Welcome to the
family, Ricky.

The mobsters head to the exit. Wayne stops and turns.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Oh! One last thing.

Wayne reaches into his coat and tosses an IPHONE to Rick.

RICK

An iPhone?

WAYNE

An iPhone 8. *Plus*. We call, you
answer. Got it?

Rick nods. The mobsters exit.

Rick sits, staring at his new phone. His new life. He holds
the power button down until the phone turns on. The iPhone
startup screen reads: 'Welcome, Rick! Let's Get Started!'

END OF SHOW