

Culebra City

written by

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INT. RANDALL'S TAVERN AND SUNDRY - AFTERNOON

It's a comfortable, musty silence. The fixtures are worn, and the light creeping in through the cracks and windows is a warm amber. At a table sit GEOFF, ALEC, EDWARD, and BOB, all in their 70s-80s with thick facial hair. They're playing blackjack. You could easily imagine any one of them riding a motorcycle, but in a grandfatherly way. The bartender, ALAN, is at the bar wiping glasses.

BOB

Well, I bust. 24.

GEOFF

Hit me.

Alec, the dealer, passes Geoff a card

GEOFF (CONT'D)

20

ALEC

For the last goddamn time, Geoff,  
don't tell me how much you have.  
I'll see it when I see it.

GEOFF

Hit me.

ALEC

What?

GEOFF

I want another card.

ALEC

That will-- you have 20 already.

GEOFF

Hit me.

Beat. Alec hands Geoff another card. A queen. Geoff looks at his cards, pauses. Geoff pushes them toward Alec.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Bust. 30.

ALEC

Christ, Geoff!

GEOFF

Hit me, I'm starting over.

ALEC  
No! We're moving on.

BOB  
(to Geoff)  
Next time, pal.

ALEC  
Ed?

ED  
Oh, I bust. 26.

ALEC  
HOW?

ED  
Well, I have three cards. I saw  
them next to ya there and picked  
one up while you were yellin' at--

With a rumble and a crack, the tavern is split in half. The  
table falls into the pit, along with Ed and Geoff. Bob and  
Alec appear unfazed. Beat.

BOB  
Hey Alan!

ALAN  
Hyup?

BOB  
Alan, what is that?

ALAN  
Well it looks like... some kinda  
pit.

BOB  
Has that always been there?

ALAN  
No, I reckon it's new. Them kids  
again.

BOB  
New pit, huh?

ALAN  
Hyup.

BOB  
Huh.

Beat.

BOB (CONT'D)  
I don't like it.

INT. MASSIVE CORPORATE OFFICE -- NOON

LIZ, our protagonist, is at the head of a long desk. She was born with a full head of hair, and it was already tied up in a ponytail -- 8 months premature because she waits for nobody. She's a metropolitan Leslie Knope. Behind her are the doors to the conference room.

LIZ  
(As if giving a presentation)  
To be frank, our expenditures this quarter have been massively understated. Due to an adherence to outdated manufacturing practices, we've fallen behind the times, and it's showing in our coffers. Carbon fiber is the way of the future -- no, the way of the present! Lightweight and sturdy, it's the ideal material to bolster AND ENCASE our product!  
(Informally)  
And then here's where I would have clicked to the next slide if I hadn't left my STUPID laptop at home.

Cut to SHERRIE at the table -- the only other woman on the board, the only other person in the room.

SHERRIE  
That was ALL the first slide?

LIZ  
Yeah. I talk fast. It won't feel that long when I say it out loud.

SHERRIE  
Like you did just now?

Beat.

LIZ  
Fuck.

SHERRIE

And cut the, "coffers". You're not  
my grandfather.

The doors open behind Liz. A stream of yuppies flows into the room, each one finding a chair to stand behind. Last to enter is the BOSS. Think Shia LaBeouf. He stands in commanded silence.

BOSS

Sit.

Everybody sits except Liz, still petrified and without a chair. Boss points at a scrawny yuppie in the back.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Not you.

The scrawny yuppie stands.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Lay down.

The yuppie begins to lay prone on the table.

BOSS (CONT'D)

On the floor, idiot.

The yuppie lays on the floor. Boss looks at Liz.

BOSS (CONT'D)

I'm assuming your mouth is going to  
make words now.

LIZ

That's the plan.

BOSS

Of course it is.

Boss walks to take his seat.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Let's get this over with. I'm sending you on an errand. Pack your things. I'm transferring you to our Culebra County branch. Haven't heard from them in a bit. Maybe a woman can get 'em talkin. You have family there, right? Right. I knew that already, so you don't have to say it. Why are you still up there?

LIZ

Wait -- what -- okay, but I  
prepared a powerpoint to present t-

BOSS

Then where's your computer?  
(Chuckling derisively)  
Kinda need a computer for a  
powerpoint presentation, and you  
don't have one where it would be  
right in front of you. Or am I  
stupid?

YUPPIES

(in unnerving unison)

No.

Beat.

LIZ

Okay.

Flustered, Liz turns to collect her things and leave. Boss  
looks down and sees the floor yuppie.

BOSS

What are you doing down there, boy?  
Sit in your chair like a real man.  
(To himself)  
Like a big man.

INT. OFFICE, LIZ'S DESK — SOON

Liz angrily packs her things into a box. She's approached by  
her coworker JOSEPH — a Jack McBrayer type holding balloons.

JOSEPH

Congratulations!

LIZ

(Without looking at  
Joseph)

Next cubicle.

Quick pan, we see that Liz's cubicle neighbor CARLA's cubicle  
is decorated as if she is having a baby. There are people  
chatting joyfully with Carla.

JOSEPH

Oh! Very good, thanks!

Joseph trots to the next cubicle.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

(To Carla)

Congratulations!

Joseph's spot is immediately claimed by Sherrie.

SHERRIE

Hey, girl. That really sucks, I'm so sorry. You know I'm gonna miss you now that you're having a baby—

LIZ

(Without looking at Sherrie)

Next cubicle.

Whip pan. Pan back.

SHERRIE

Well, shoot.

Sherrie trots offscreen toward Carla's cubicle.

INT. LIZ'S CAR — LATER

That, "I'm on the road to nowhere" song by Talking Heads plays. Liz is driving through the desert. She gets a call from her mom. She takes it through the car speakers. It's her mom (who has a distinctly New York accent).

MOM (O.S.)

Lizzie!

LIZ

Mother.

MOM (O.S.)

Sherrie told me the news.

LIZ

Oh, she did?

MOM (O.S.)

Carla's pregnant!

LIZ

She sure is.

MOM (O.S.)

With a baby!

LIZ

Whoa.

MOM (O.S.)

Anyway, I was checking your location on my phone, and why does it look like you're headed to Culebra County?

LIZ  
I am. I got transferred.

MOM (O.S.)  
Were you gonna tell me at any point?

LIZ  
That's what I'm doing! And stop the surveillance, it's uncomfortable.

MOM (O.S.)  
Hm. Well. I'm sorry to hear that, Lizzie Bear. At least now you'll be able to spend time with your uncle! That'll be nice, right?

LIZ  
Gotta go, mom, there's a thing.

MOM (O.S.)  
Oh! Ok. Have fun with the thing!

LIZ  
Thanks, mom. Love you.

MOM (O.S.)  
Love you! Bye.

LIZ  
Bye.

MOM (O.S.)  
Bye.

LIZ  
Goodbye.

MOM (O.S.)  
Oh, your father is—

LIZ  
Goodbye, mother.

Liz hangs up. She changes the station on the radio. It's a local shock jockey with a deep voice, ala Cecil Baldwin.

RADIO VOICE  
—To Culebra County Radio. Up next, we have a special request — a song for a girl named Elizabeth; it's called, "wait, I wasn't done on the phone" by Mom. And it goes like...



MOM (O.S.)  
I was gonna tell you that your dad  
is gonna be—

EXT. CULEBRA CITY COURT MOTEL -- NIGHT

Liz's car pulls up, parks.

INT. CULEBRA CITY COURT MOTEL LOBBY/OFFICE -- SOON

Liz enters. It's empty, aside from the woman and her child behind the counter. Even if it were full of people, it'd be empty.

LIZ  
Hi, I called ahead. Liz, single  
bed.

The woman — MARSHA, 40, too much human to handle — turns to look at Liz. Completely synchronized, her son — Hansel, 10, kinda... weird, looks like he'd be one of those kids with sticky hands — turns to look at Liz as well.

MARSHA AND HANSEL  
Oh, you called ahead! You must be  
Liz!

LIZ  
Uh... yeah.

MARSHA AND HANSEL  
Don't worry about him, he does  
that.

LIZ  
Yeah, but... how?

MARSHA AND HANSEL  
—We'll get you situated in room 107  
just down the way.

Marsha begins rifling through a drawer.

MARSHA AND HANSEL (Cont'd)

I'm gonna need your credit card, sweetheart. Why'd you swing on down to our neck of the woods?

Liz produces her credit card from her wallet. Marsha shuts the drawer and places a key on the counter.

LIZ  
Oh, for work.

Marsha prepares to swipe Liz's card. Pauses.

MARSHA AND HANSEL  
(Mildly offended)  
Work? Just work?

LIZ  
Um, also for the, uh... mountains?

MARSHA AND HANSEL  
Oh, you must have heard the jingle,  
then!

Marsha swipes the card, removes a receipt. Places both in front of Liz.

MARSHA AND HANSEL (CONT'D)  
Sign here, sugar.

LIZ  
Sure — hey, can you stop doing  
that?

MARSHA AND HANSEL  
Oh, of course.

Marsha whacks Hansel over the head.

MARSHA AND HANSEL (CONT'D)  
You stop that, now!  
(To Liz)  
Alright, follow me.

EXT. CULEBRA CITY COURT MOTEL -- A FEW SECONDS LATER

Marsha, Hansel, and Liz step out of the office. Marsha points down to a room in front of which stands a tall, slender male silhouette. It's Bob, Liz's grandfather, but she can't see that from where she's standing.

MARSHA AND HANSEL  
You're gonna be down there. 107.  
Right next to that creepy shadow  
man.

LIZ  
Who is that?

MARSHA AND HANSEL  
How should I know?

Liz's phone rings. She answers it.

LIZ  
Hello?

BOB  
Lizzie Butt?

LIZ  
Grandpa?

Bob waves from afar.

BOB  
That's me!

Liz hangs up. She takes the key from Marsha and Hansel.  
Begins walking to her room.

LIZ  
Thanks.

MARSHA AND HANSEL  
Come back soon!

LIZ  
Don't have a choice!

EXT. CULEBRA CITY KOLLEGE - NIGHT

ANTHONY, 20, lanky, dressed in a band t-shirt and baggy jeans, the kind of guy you'd imagine your dad smoking weed with in an LA basement, sits at the bottom of a large outdoor staircase. JORDAN, 20, a human hoodie, approaches holding two gas canisters. He sits next to Anthony.

ANTHONY  
Those look light.

JORDAN  
You asked for two gas tanks. I brought your weird ass two gas tanks.

ANTHONY  
Gas tanks full of gas?

JORDAN  
That's not what you said.

ANTHONY  
That's the implication, Jordan.

JORDAN

Oh my god, Tony. You know I can't afford two full tanks of gas.

ANTHONY

That doesn't sound like a *me* problem.

Jordan puts the tanks down.

JORDAN

You gonna give me the cerulean discount?

ANTHONY

Nah, man. You know I don't practice anymore.

JORDAN

Ah, yeah, yeah, forgot about that. What about the best friend discount?

ANTHONY

Here's the best friend discount: gimme the tanks and 100, and then fuck off. I'll get the gas on my own.

Jordan scoffs.

JORDAN

How the hell you gonna afford gas?

ANTHONY

I don't have to afford it.

JORDAN

Mm. And by, "a 100"... did you mean dollars?

Beat.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Because I don't have 100 dollars on me.

A hand-written sign next to Anthony comes into view as Anthony points to it. It says, "PAY WITH MONEY, JORDAN"

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, huh. You don't want the payment now, do you?

ANTHONY

I can't believe that you and your  
sister came out of the same vagina.

JORDAN

I like to imagine she got all my  
good chromosomes.

Anthony tosses Jordan a baggie.

ANTHONY

Take it and leave the tanks. Just  
get me the 100 by the end of the  
day.

JORDAN

I love you with all of my heart.  
And some of that woman's heart over  
there. And a kidney.

ANTHONY

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah. I believe  
I told you to fuck off a little  
while back, what happened to that?

JORDAN

True! That's true! On it!

Anthony and Jordan do an intricate secret handshake. Jordan  
fucks off. Anthony spots a paper coffee cup on the ground  
marked, "Randall's Neighborhood Coffee", picks it up, empties  
it out.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Liz unpacks as Bob watches from a chair nearby.

LIZ

This town, grandpa.

BOB

Do they not have formalities in the  
big city? No small talk?

LIZ

I know you're asking as an  
indictment of my behavior, but  
actually, no they do not.

BOB

Hm. Well you seem have taken to it  
easily.

LIZ

Yeah, I've actually really felt at home in the city. I think I always—

BOB

—Like a fish to water! That's what it was. I forgot the idiom.

Beat.

LIZ

Yeah, ok. Look, it was nice to see you, grandpa, but let's catch up when it's not one in the morning.

BOB

About that — would you mind if I spent the night here? Maybe for a couple nights?

Liz looks at the single twin bed.

LIZ

Yes. Grandpa, I'm gonna be in town for a while; you don't need to—

BOB

I lost my house, Lizzie foot.

LIZ

What? Grandpa, oh my god, I'm so sorry. I didn't know things were that bad.

BOB

Oh, they weren't. My house fell into a giant pit when I was at work.

Beat.

LIZ

I'm gonna need a second to process that.

BOB

Well, I was at work, and my house fell into a giant pit. I don't really know what's so hard to understand, the longest word in that sentence was five letters.

LIZ

You're okay though, right?

BOB  
Oh, yeah. Right as a fish to water.

LIZ  
And your belongings are...

BOB  
All at the bottom of the doozy,  
yep.

Beat.

LIZ  
The doozy?

BOB  
Oh, sorry. The pit.

LIZ  
And you call it the doozy?

BOB  
We all do.

LIZ  
Can you show me the doozy?

EXT. HILLSIDE — NIGHT

Liz and Bob trek up to the top of a nearby hill to a vantage point from which a small sinkhole is visible.

LIZ  
So that's it, huh?

BOB  
What? Oh, no, it's over there.

Bob points to an area to the right of where Liz had been looking. There's a massive hole in the center of the town.

LIZ  
Oh. Tell me, how long has that been  
there?

BOB  
A couple weeks, maybe?

LIZ  
WEEKS?

BOB  
They're increments of seven  
consecutive days—

LIZ  
This has been going on for weeks?!  
Why haven't I heard about this? Why  
isn't this on the news?

BOB  
Well the town's taken a degree of  
ownership over it. It's OUR pit.  
Nobody else has a pit. Before the  
doozy, all this city had was its  
own two-team peewee football  
league, Tall Mike — the world's  
83rd tallest man between the ages  
of 50-59, and dozens of mead  
breweries. Now we have all that AND  
the doozy!

LIZ  
Oh, I remember Tall Mike.

BOB  
He actually fell into the doozy a  
couple days ago—

LIZ  
Damn it!

BOB  
There's gonna be a memorial for him  
at this month's Mayor Meeting and  
Karaoke Jam.

LIZ  
When is that?

BOB  
Tomorrow.

LIZ  
Oh, convenient. I'm gonna bring it  
up with the mayor.

BOB  
It ain't hurting anybody, Lizzie  
pop.

A car drives into the hole.

BOB (CONT'D)  
It—



Another car drives into the hole. A man walks up to the hole and jumps in.

BOB (CONT'D)  
That last one was clearly  
voluntary.

INT. BANQUET HALL — DAY

A podium stands alone on a stage at the front of the banquet hall. Chairs are arranged as they'd be for a press conference. Liz and Bob enter and stand in the back. It's packed. The lights turn off with a, "SHUNK".

LIZ  
Ah! What the—

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
ARE YOU READY... FOR... POLITICAL  
DISCOURSE?!

Lasers and fog machines activate, there's a massive light show, along with some hype music. The crowd goes wild.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE ONE, THE  
ONLY, THE STRIKINGLY HANDSOME,  
COMPLETELY COMFORTABLE WITH HIS  
MASCULINITY — MAYOR!

A trapdoor opens in front of the podium. From Beneath it, a platform rises. On it is the MAYOR — the stereotype of an American politician with golden chains and a Crimson Cobra medallion, flanked on either side by attractive women in bikinis. When the platform is level with the stage, he walks to the podium and the two women are escorted offstage by armed security.

MAYOR  
CULEBRA CITY, HOW Y'ALL FEELING  
TONIGHT?

Crowd roars with applause.

MAYOR (CONT'D)  
THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!  
EXCLUSIVELY POSITIVE!

More applause.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

So a few things have been brought  
to my attention — a few issues to  
discuss, yeah? But first, how about  
FREE ALCOHOL?

The front doors open, two more bikini-clad women enter  
pushing a cart full of liquor. They're swarmed. Bob joins the  
swarm. Liz watches incredulously. As the swarm disperses—

MAYOR (CONT'D)

I hope y'all came with empty  
stomachs. I'll give the alcohol  
some time to be absorbed into your  
system.

LIZ

What's going on here?

BOB

Isn't it great?

MAYOR

That should be good. Alright,  
question time starts... now!

The entire audience erupts into a tsunami of incoherent  
questions. The mayor, looking at his watch, closes his non-  
watch hand like a mouth shutting. As soon as it shuts, the  
crowd goes silent.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Alright — great questions,  
everybody. Next month's meeting  
will take place at my new casino in  
Eagleview. God bless and goodnight—

LIZ

What about the massive hole in the  
middle of the city? Any plans to  
deal with, again, the massive hole  
in the middle of the city?

Beat.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Because, and I can't stress this  
enough, there is a massive hole...  
in the middle—

MAYOR

Whose mouth is making words right  
now?!

A spotlight shines on Liz.

LIZ  
Hi there. I'm Liz, concerned  
citizen and—

MAYOR  
Alright — listen, Liz — Liz, was  
it?

LIZ  
Yeah.

MAYOR  
Oh. Listen, uh, Lisa—

LIZ  
(as Mayor talks over her)  
Wait, what?

MAYOR  
I've got an incredible plan when it  
comes to the hole, and it's right  
here.

Mayor holds a large piece of blank paper above his head.

MAYOR (CONT'D)  
It's right on the back of this  
sheet of paper. You can't see it  
because it's facing away from you  
and you're so far away, but it's  
here and it is incredible, let me  
tell you.

LIZ  
Well then can you read it to us?

Beat.

MAYOR  
No.

LIZ  
Why not?

MAYOR  
Because it's time for karaoke! Come  
on, everybody -- you ready to belt  
it out? Somebody do that Beastie  
Boys Fight for your Right song, I  
love that one. You? You wanna? Come  
on up here!

The crowd roars in excitement, a member of the audience trots up onto the stage, Mayor hands him the mic. As he does, his cheery demeanor falls away and he stares intensely at Liz.

EXT. RANDALL'S GAS - DAY

Anthony sits on the periphery of the gas station with his two empty gas tanks and the coffee cup from earlier. A car pulls up to a pump. The driver gets out of the car, places an identical cup of coffee on the roof of his car, and begins interfacing with the pump. Anthony sneaks up to the car and swaps the cups. The driver goes to take a sip of the cup, feels that it's empty. Driver contorts his face in confusion, tosses the cup to the ground. He searches the front of his car, produces an identical cup, places it on the hood of his car. Anthony scrunches his brow. When driver turns around, Anthony switches the cups out again. Driver goes to take a sip, empty again. Driver leaves to go get coffee from the gas station snack shop. Anthony sneaks around between the pump and the car, disconnects the pump from the car, begins filling the first tank up. Footsteps approach. It's SHERIFF MARTIN - 38, imposing but fatherly, the kind of guy you'd confess your crimes to out of mutual respect.

ANTHONY

Fuck.

SHERIFF MARTIN

What's going on here, Tony?

ANTHONY

Oh, I'm, uh... getting gas. For my car.

SHERIFF MARTIN

It's a pretty nice car.

ANTHONY

That's... not my car.

SHERIFF MARTIN

I know, Anthony. It's been less than a week since I pulled your Chevy over. It's nice of the owner to buy you a couple gallons, though.

ANTHONY

Look, man, I'm completely empty, and I really don't have the cash to buy--

SHERIFF MARTIN  
I know, I know. Gas is...

Sheriff Martin looks up at the sign which displays the gas prices. Instead of numbers, it shows a frowning face.

SHERIFF MARTIN (CONT'D)  
here's what I wanna see, I wanna see you pour most of that into our friend's car here. Most, not all. I want you to keep the dregs, and use it to drive your bum-ass Chevy down here when you get enough cash for a couple gallons. And I want you to hide this punk behavior from your brother. He's a good kid.

Anthony pours most of the gas into the car.

ANTHONY  
I do this stuff so Jerry doesn't have to.

SHERIFF MARTIN  
Mhm. How long is that guy gonna be in there?

ANTHONY  
He seems to really love coffee.

SHERIFF MARTIN  
Good mark, huh?

ANTHONY  
Woulda been.

SHERIFF MARTIN  
Aight, get out of here. And say hi to your parents for me.

Anthony takes off. Stops, looks at Sheriff Martin.

ANTHONY  
I really appreciate this, Sheriff.

SHERIFF MARTIN  
Man, you fuckin' better.

Driver approaches the pump and Sheriff with eight coffees in two beverage holders.

DRIVER  
Is everything okay, Sheriff?

SHERIFF MARTIN

Oh, yeah, everything's fine. Your hose was a little loose, I was fixing it for ya.

Sheriff Martin looks briefly at Anthony who's watching this unfold from a moderate distance. Anthony gives a grateful, yet slight, smile. He turns to leave. Sheriff Martin pats Driver on the shoulder, walks to the snack shop. He snags a pastry and a cup to pour himself a coffee, gets in line behind the woman at the coffee station. The woman pouring herself a coffee is Liz.

SHERIFF MARTIN (CONT'D)

Oh, it's the concerned citizen!

LIZ

(without looking at him)

What do you want?

SHERIFF MARTIN

I think that might have come off... differently than I thought it would. I'm Sheriff Martin, I've actually been hoping to talk to you since your performance at the Mayor Meeting and Karaoke Jam.

LIZ

It's not illegal to ask questions.

SHERIFF MARTIN

Nah, see, I was impressed that you asked them.

Liz stops filling her cup, looks at the Sheriff.

SHERIFF MARTIN (CONT'D)

Not a lot of people around here would.

Beat.

SHERIFF MARTIN (CONT'D)

Are you done with the coffee--

LIZ

--Oh, yeah, sorry.

Sheriff Martin steps in, begins pouring himself some coffee.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Why is that, anyway? Don't take this the wrong way, but people around here are absolutely bizarre.

SHERIFF MARTIN

Not too many ways to take that.

LIZ

Well, take it the best way.

SHERIFF MARTIN

It's alright, I wonder that myself. I moved here from Albuquerque fifteen... yeah, fifteen years ago. This place is... not Albuquerque. I don't know why that is, but I do want you to know you're not the crazy one.

LIZ

I didn't think I was.

SHERIFF MARTIN

Good. Let's see how long that lasts.

LIZ

Yeah, let's.

SHERIFF MARTIN

You got a minute?

LIZ

How literal are we talking?

SHERIFF MARTIN

(chuckling)

Not. Maybe 45. My treat.

LIZ

I'm leaving at minute 46, I hope you know that.

SHERIFF MARTIN

Hey, if it's 45 more minutes of this, you might not be the first out the door.

Beat. The two begin walking out of the snack shop.

LIZ

Nice.

SHERIFF MARTIN  
Thanks, usually I'd think of  
something that clever in the shower  
a week later.

Beat.

SHERIFF MARTIN (CONT'D)  
We've gotta pay for these, though.

LIZ  
Ah, who's gonna arrest us? You?

SHERIFF MARTIN  
Yep.

They stop.

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Anthony lays on the living room couch. His brother, JERRY --  
15 -- along with Anthony's parents -- father ROBERTO, 58 and  
mother JULIA, 56 -- all dressed in blue robes, walk through  
the room to the door.

JULIA  
Last chance!

ROBERTO  
They're gonna have the cookies and  
juice you like afterward, come  
with!

ANTHONY  
Guys, you know I don't practice  
anymore.

ROBERTO  
Oh, that's right, you're too cool  
now.

JULIA  
HMMMMM, yeah, I keep forgetting how  
cool and grown up Toño is now.

Anthony groans.

ANTHONY  
I'm waiting for Jordan, he's coming  
by tonight so I couldn't anyway.



ROBERTO

Oh, tell him we say hi! We'll let  
you know how it goes.

Roberto, Julia, and Jerry head to -- and then through -- the  
door.

JULIA

Love you, hijo!

ANTHONY

Love you back!

The door closes. Anthony's phone rings, he answers it. It's  
Jordan putting on a deep, breathy voice.

JORDAN

Be silent. That's a nice family  
you've got there. Picturesque,  
idyllic. Americana banana. It'd be  
a shame if anything... happened to  
them. I have prepared for you a  
gauntlet of questions, the first of  
which I ask you now: Radiohead's  
song "Reckoner" off their hit 2007  
album "In Rainbows" has been  
described as--

ANTHONY

Jordan, I see you.

JORDAN

HOW?

Quick pan to a window opposite the door, Jordan is standing  
quite obviously in view.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, huh.

Jordan walks to the back door, enters.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I really did have a whole gauntlet  
of questions prepared.

ANTHONY

I bet.

Jordan sits near Anthony.

JORDAN

I also have your hundred prepared.

ANTHONY

Finally.

JORDAN

The things I had to do for this money, I tell ya. I got you this too, as a little thank you for your... leniency.

Jordan produces a couple joints.

ANTHONY

Oh shit!

JORDAN

Cheaper than gas.

ANTHONY

Speaking of which, that 100 might get me a couple gallons. You wanna come with? My other idea... didn't work out, but I was able to snag enough to get to the gas station.

JORDAN

Sounds thrilling.

ANTHONY

It's a yes or no question, J.

JORDAN

Let's get it over with.

INT. ANTHONY'S CHEVY - SOON

Anthony and Jordan drive down the street. All the houses lining the street are dark.

JORDAN

Sundays, man. Creepy. Creepy creepy.

Anthony grunts in agreement. They pull up to the gas station. It is completely dark. They stop.

ANTHONY

Oh, you've GOT to be kidding me!

JORDAN

It was a gamble.

ANTHONY

It's not even that late! Ugh. I think there's a joint in the neutral zone that's open Sunday nights.

JORDAN

Well come on, then.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - SOON.

Anthony's Chevy sputters to a stop.

INT. ANTHONY'S CHEVY - IMMEDIATELY

The boys sit in a tense silence.

JORDAN

Welp. Walking to Neutral, then?

ANTHONY

Fuck that, I'm gonna get help. You coming with?

JORDAN

Help from where? Everybody's... No, dude, everybody's in their meetings.

ANTHONY

There's a temple right down there, see it? I'll bring the tanks, and ask one of our kind, benevolent, sweet neighbors to take me to the gas station and then back here. It's really no sweat.

JORDAN

Yeah, well have fun. I'll guard the car.

ANTHONY

Besides, I don't practice. I'm neutral. I ain't got beef with nobody.

JORDAN

Oh, yeah, now it sounds like a good idea! Come on, man. If you're gonna do this, do it. And if you can't get help, ring me up and I'll walk with you to Neutral.

Anthony exits the truck.

ANTHONY

Deal.

Before closing the truck door, Anthony and Jordan do their handshake again. Anthony shuts the door, begins walking down the street toward the only lit, steepled building in the distance.

INT. CRIMSON COBRA TEMPLE - NIGHT

The many pews are lined with hooded cultists -- men, women, and children adorned with crimson robes emblazoned on which are ornate crimson cobra emblems. At the altar is a COBRA CHANTER clad in modest, priestly crimson attire. Behind him is a large eyeball insignia.

COBRA CHANTER

(Chanting)

By the fangs of the cobra, by the  
scales of the snake, by the eye of  
the fanged one, I bid you all  
awake. We reside in the gaze of the  
all-seeing eye, he is with us when  
we're born, he'll be with us when  
we die.

In the front row, a child lightly beatboxes over the chant.

COBRA CHANTER (CONT'D)

O lord please do hear my prayer,  
smite the heathens who live over  
there--

CHILD'S MOM

(to child)

Stop that.

COBRA CHANTER

Let us bask our underbellies in  
your glory... and that's all I've  
got so far.

The cultists applaud.

COBRA CHANTER (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The chanter collects his things from atop the altar. From behind him appears the crimson PRIEST, with far more ornate crimson snake-themed regalia. The chanter scurries offstage. crimson PRIEST assumes his place at the altar.

CRIMSON PRIEST  
Let's hear it for Donald, huh?

Crowd cheers.

CRIMSON PRIEST (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Wow, really something. Alright, we,  
let's see, uh, where did we leave  
off last week? We, uh... the  
dangers of technology, uh... maybe-  
-

RON  
--The cerulean Cobra Crew!

CRIMSON PRIEST  
That doesn't narrow it down at all.  
Who said that?

RON, the man who spoke, stands. He's in the back row.

CRIMSON PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Come here.

The man approaches the altar.

CRIMSON PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Ron?

RON  
Hiya.

CRIMSON PRIEST  
I knew you sounded familiar. How's  
Diane?

RON  
Been better. She passed last night.

CRIMSON PRIEST  
Doozy?

RON  
Nah, heart attack.

CRIMSON PRIEST  
No shit.

Anthony enters through the front doors. He stops in his  
tracks, eyes wide. It's a loud silence. Beat.

ANTHONY  
 ...I'm really, really sorry, my car  
 ran out of gas, can somebody please  
 give me a ride to--

Anthony is grabbed from behind by a cultist, another yanks  
 Anthony's shirt up, revealing a small blue snake tattoo.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
 Wait, I don't practice, I don't  
 practice, I--

Gunshot. Anthony is shot in the head, dies immediately. He  
 was shot by the Priest. The crowd goes wild. Priest raises  
 his arms in encouragement.

CRIMSON CULTISTS  
 (chanting)  
 Red or dead! Red or dead! [...]

MIKE -- a cultist boy of around 15 -- and ERIN -- a cultist  
 girl of around the same age -- emerge and drag the body away.

EXT. CRIMSON COBRA TEMPLE BACKYARD -- IMMEDIATELY

The two young cultists drag the body into the back. They drop  
 it and approach cautiously, removing their hoods.

MIKE  
 Is this--

ERIN  
 Anthony Sanchez? Jerry's brother?

Mike nods. They look at the corpse. Slowly, Erin removes his  
 wallet, checks it.

ERIN (CONT'D)  
 Fuck!

MIKE  
 What?!

ERIN  
 It's Jerry's brother.

MIKE  
 Fuck!

Light beat. Erin tosses the wallet to Mike. He reacts the  
 same as Erin did.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Fuck!

ERIN

Right?

MIKE

I've gotta go tell his family.

Mike searches under the corpse's robe until he finds Anthony's Culebra City Citizen Card. He snatches it, along with the corpse's hood. He takes off running.

ERIN

But you're gonna miss the rest of the service!

MIKE

(running, voice fading)

Don't care!

INT. CERULEAN COBRA TEMPLE -- 15 MINUTES LATER

The temple, an exact replica of the Crimson Cobra Cult temple (aside from the implicit difference in color palette) is full of Cerulean Cobra Cultists, all mid-service as was the Crimson Cult when last we saw them. The front doors swing open. Everybody turns to look. Silence. It's the hoodless Mike, gasping for breath, crimson hood and CCC Card in hand. He holds the items in the air.

MIKE

Jerry Sanchez!

Jerry pokes his head out into the aisle.

JERRY

Mike?!

Mike runs over to Jerry and his family. They approach him, removing their hoods.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Mike, what are you d--

MIKE

Anthony accidentally came in to one of our Crimson Cobra meetings, and-

-

Jerry's mom gasps in horror.

JERRY

Mike, what are you saying? Are they keeping him there? Mike, Anthony's okay, right?

MIKE

Jerry--

JERRY

Mike, what's going on?

MIKE

Jerry, they shot--

Mike is shot in the head by the Cerulean Priest, dies immediately. Jerry is splattered with Mike's crimson blood. Jerry's mom lets out a blood curdling scream. Jerry stands still -- his brother's belongings in his hands, his gaze a thousand yards away.

CERULEAN CULTIST

Kids, right?

All aside from Jerry and his family erupt into cheers and applause. The Cerulean Priest points his gun at people in the audience jokingly, then raises his arms to the heavens as the crowd chants.

CERULEAN CULTISTS

Red means dead! Red means dead!  
[...]