

# HARVEST

Written by

Ian Sobel & Matt Morgan

3rd NETWORK DRAFT  
6.10.15

Spike TV  
Warner Horizon Television  
Jerry Bruckheimer Television

TEASER

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Sometime after 3:00AM on this peaceful street in the Northern California suburbs. Upper-middle class McMansions. Tree-lined sidewalks. Parked at the curb in front of one particular two-story house is a beat-up Chevy Nova.

**CHYRON: NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, 15 YEARS AGO**

INT. CHEVY NOVA - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN CARVER sits silently in the passenger seat. He's a hard-lived 17. Could've been the star quarterback, even a surgeon if he'd been given the chance. But he wasn't. So here he is, probably dreaming about that other life while he gazes out at this suburban fantasy land.

The GRAVEL-CHEWING VOICE of the man in the driver's seat snaps him out of his trance-

BEN (O.S.)  
Alright. Let's saddle up.

Brian looks over at the driver: BEN CARVER, a forty-year-old face as leathery as the jacket he wears. A perfect match to the grit in his voice.

Ben takes one last drag from his unfiltered Camel and tamps it out in the overflowing ashtray. Game face on, he steps out of the car, the heels of his Lucchese Western Boots clicking on the concrete. Brian stays put.

Ben tracks back. Shoots an icy stare through the window.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Listen to your father.

Brian considers an act of defiance, but follows orders.

INT. HOME - MOMENTS LATER

The lock-picked back door swings open, setting off a HIGH-PITCHED WHINE. An ADT alarm. A warning before the big sirens blare.

Brian moves past Ben, to the keypad. As the timer counts down, he goes to work. Snaps off the panel cover, revealing circuitry underneath. Brian pulls out a Palm Pilot. Hooks it up to the keypad.

Ben, duffel bag slung over his shoulder, sidles up to him, breathing down his neck.

13...12...11...

The system program boots up on the Palm. It asks for the DEFAULT INSTALLER CODE. Brian punches in 4140.

10...9...8...

He scrolls through the menu options. Selects PROGRAMMING MODE. Selects EDIT USER PIN.

BEN

Christ, can't you just cut a wire?

7...6...5...

Brian punches in 1234. The pinwheel spins for what seems like an eternity, processing the request.

4...3...

USER PIN CHANGED pops up on the screen. Brian quickly punches the new code into the keypad. Alarm disarmed with one second remaining.

BEN (CONT'D)

Next time spare us the suspense.

Brian glowers at the dig in place of a kudos. Ben moves off to the left side of the house. Brian to the right. This is clockwork for them as they swipe valuables off the shelves.

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brian goes to work carefully emptying drawers of silverware. When-

CLICK. A startled Brian turns around to see the HUSBAND OF THE HOUSE behind him pointing a shotgun at his face.

HUSBAND

Freeze, asshole.

Scared shitless, Brian drops his bag of loot, throwing his hands in the air, revealing his palms to be covered in BADLY-HEALED BURN SCARS -- a surefire way to hide fingerprints.

The Husband pauses at the sight of the scars, and this moment of hesitation costs him everything as a hand holding a SWITCHBLADE emerges from the darkness-

BRIAN

NO!

-and slits his throat.

Blood sprays across the center island. Some lands on Brian. A loose SHOT RINGS OUT, buckshot burrowing into the ceiling.

The Husband drops to the Spanish tile floor, revealing Ben as the knife wielder. He stares daggers at Brian.

BEN

You said they were on vacation.

Before Brian can even stutter out a response, the sound of a BABY CRYING draws their attention upstairs. They share the same thought: Fuck.

INT. HOME - STAIRWELL/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Brian cowers at the bottom of the staircase, Ben positioned behind him, not letting him go anywhere but up.

Brian nervously ascends the stairs, uncertain of what the second floor brings. He reaches the landing. An empty hallway.

The WIFE OF THE HOUSE charges out of the shadows in her nightgown.

Toned and athletic, she jabs at Brian with a screwdriver, getting in a few good stabs to the arm before Brian shoves her back, accidentally sending her down the hardwood stairs. Her bones CLATTER like bowling pins until she lands with a sickening CRACK.

Ben nudges her limp head with his boot. Gazes up at Brian.

BEN

You killed her, Brian.

Brian remains frozen at the top of the stairs, staring down in horror. The sound of the CRYING BABY demands their attention.

INT. HOME - NURSERY - MOMENTS LATER

Ben and Brian stand in the doorway, looking in at the crib where the BABY WAILS helplessly. They exchange a glance.

BEN

Ain't a total bust. The right folks'll pay a pretty penny for a white baby.

Brian can't fathom the suggestion. Ben reaches into the crib and pulls out the crying child. Looks at the tears rolling down her plump, flush cheeks.

Brian eyes the polished wood handle of Ben's switchblade peeking out of his jacket pocket. The silver trim glints in the moonlight. Acting on pure instinct, he snatches the knife, flicks it open, and STABS BEN IN THE THIGH.

Ben drops the baby back into the crib as Brian backs away, instantly regretting what he's done.

BEN (CONT'D)

You little bastard! I'm going to end you!

Ben pulls the knife out of his leg and charges Brian. The two of them struggle. Ben SLAMS Brian up against the dresser. Brian knocks the knife from Ben's hand. Ben wraps his meaty paws around his son's neck.

Brian's face turns purple. Life is leaving him. His hand fumbles for something. BAM! -- he breaks the baby monitor over Ben's head. Ben drops to the floor, out cold.

The SOUND OF SIRENS rises in the background, mixing with the child's cries. Brian's eyes dart back and forth from his father to the crib. He scoops up the baby.

He gazes into the child's pale blue eyes. Her crying ceases as she stares back into his. They both feel the connection.

INT. HOME - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Brian races down the stairs, gripping the baby tightly against his chest. His sneakers smack on the polished hardwood at the bottom, directly in front of the mother's lifeless face. The door SLAMS in the background.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

CLOSE ON A HUMAN SKULL. PULL BACK to reveal the bones of shoulders linked to arms linked to a rib cage. A full upright anatomical skeleton is grinning at us. It's on display in front of -

INT. ST. LOUIS COMMUNITY COLLEGE - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

A classroom of fifteen STUDENTS. PROFESSOR NEIL EVERED (50s, salt & pepper, dry wit & wisdom) approaches the model.

PROFESSOR EVERED

Our bones, ladies and gentlemen.  
All two hundred and six of them.

A recognizable face in the very back row -- Brian, now known as SIMON STONE (33) -- listens intently. He's noticeably older than everyone, scruffier, definitely wiser. Simon takes copious notes as Professor Evered lectures.

**CHYRON: CENTRAL MISSOURI, TODAY**

PROFESSOR EVERED (CONT'D)

Put them all together and what do you get? The skeletal system that protects the things that are most important to our continued existence. Ligaments, tendons, and cartilage, they all connect to bone, and together, they help us walk, skip, and sometimes even run away from this very classroom.

The Students LAUGH, but not Simon. He's too focused.

PROFESSOR EVERED (CONT'D)

Who can tell me the only bone in the human body that does not articulate with any other bone? Anyone? It's gonna be on next week's midterm.

SIMON

(to himself)  
The hyoid.

PROFESSOR EVERED

No takers? It's the hyoid. A horseshoe-shaped bone in the throat suspended above the larynx anchored by ligaments to the skull. Neanderthals are the only other species to have hyoids like humans.

(MORE)

PROFESSOR EVERED (CONT'D)  
 I guess you could say it's what  
 separates us from the animals.  
 (beat)  
 At least as far as bones are  
 concerned.

Professor Evered checks his watch.

PROFESSOR EVERED (CONT'D)  
 That's it for tonight.

Everyone packs their things as Simon finishes writing the  
 last of his notes.

PROFESSOR EVERED (CONT'D)  
 Don't forget to review those pretty  
 pictures in your textbooks  
 because...

STUDENTS	SIMON
(reciting in unison)	(softer)
Nobody wants a nurse who doesn't know his bodies.	Nobody wants a nurse who doesn't know his bodies.

Simon packs up his things and is about to bolt when-

PROFESSOR EVERED (CONT'D)  
 Simon, wait-

Simon stops as Professor Evered approaches.

PROFESSOR EVERED (CONT'D)  
 You realize the school won't allow  
 you to take the midterm unless-

SIMON  
 I know, sir. I got the notice.  
 I'll have the tuition paid in full.

PROFESSOR EVERED  
 Did you apply for financial aid?

Simon considers his fake identity.

SIMON  
 I'm not eligible. But I'll make it  
 work.

PROFESSOR EVERED  
 Good. I know you'll ace it. Hide  
 in the back all you want, I can  
 still see you mouthing the answers.

Embarrassed, Simon slips out the door.

EXT. CREVE COEUR CEMETERY - STONE HOUSE - NIGHT

A beat-up Dodge Ram pulls into the dirt driveway of a modest, one-and-a-half-story house. It sits at the cemetery's perimeter, half-shielded from the sea of graves by a row of towering pines.

INT. STONE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Simon enters the small kitchen that has as much charm as his budget will allow. He drops his textbooks on the table next to the mail. Spots the overdue tuition bill from his school. Final notice.

Simon moves to the freezer. Opens it, retrieving a coffee can from the back. Simon pops the lid and pulls out a wad of CASH. Counts out around \$500. That's all of it.

Frustrated, he stuffs the wad in his pocket, tossing the empty can back in the freezer.

INT. STONE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Simon is almost to his bedroom at the end of the narrow hallway, but pauses outside another door first. He cracks it just a sliver, enough to peek in at-

A young girl's bedroom. Bright colors. Clothes spilling from the closet. Trophies on the dresser. And several posters on the walls of hot lead singers and actors.

Simon observes the SHAPE sleeping under the covers. Offers a smile. Just checking in. He closes the door quietly.

INT. STONE HOUSE - SIMON'S BEDROOM - LATER

Simon collapses onto his bed. The clock reads just after midnight.

TIME CUT

The clock flips from 5:14 to 5:15...AM. The ALARM BUZZES. Simon's eyes snap open with no need to adjust to the sunlight that hasn't yet come. He takes a deep breath and sits up, steeling himself for another day.

EXT. CREVE COEUR CEMETERY AND CREMATORIUM - DAWN

A sprawling cemetery on the outskirts of a quaint Midwestern town. Traditional section, long grave, and ornate monumental headstones rise from the ground.

CLOSE ON: A patch of grass is ripped up as the pronged bucket of a yellow Bobcat loader buries itself in the earth.



Simon operates the loader. Working the levers, Simon dumps the bucket of earth into a nearby trailer. QUICK SHOTS as Simon prepares a fresh grave: the hole is dug, burial vault dropped in, and casket lowering device fitted to the gravesite.

Using a hand crank, Simon tightens the straps on the lowering device. The crank JAMS, leaving the straps slack.

Simon opens the small control box, revealing a series of gears. He adds a little grease. Tries the crank again. The straps tighten as they should. Success.

Simon stands proudly over the prepped gravesite. His work complete. He jams a LOT MARKER STAKE into the ground, only getting it halfway in when the top cap breaks off. That won't do at all. He goes to fix it, but-

A distant CAR HORN steals his attention. Checking his watch, Simon abandons the broken lot marker and races off.

EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Simon hurries towards his Ram idling in the driveway.

INT. SIMON'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Simon gets behind the wheel.

SIMON

Sorry. Running behind.

In the passenger seat sits the shape that was asleep only a few hours ago -- LUCY (15 going on 30) -- a pretty mix of intellect and athleticism.

LUCY

Was a blade of grass out of place?

They trade a playful smirk. She knows her father's habits well. Simon puts the truck in gear and they're off.

INT. GREAT EGGSPECTATIONS CAFE - MORNING

A warm, inviting breakfast joint. Tchotchkes by the register. Paintings from local artists on the walls. Simon and Lucy are seated at a corner booth.

Lucy flips through a trigonometry textbook, her untouched plate of pancakes pushed off to the side. Simon is already halfway through his hash and eggs.

SIMON

You gotta eat something.

LUCY

Dad, I can't. I'm too stressed.

SIMON

Stressed about what, your victory lap? You got this in the bag, kiddo.

LUCY

It's not the race. Mrs. Foley sprung a test on us last minute, and I haven't been able to study at all. I don't even know why they make us take trig. Like I'm ever going to use the law of cosines in real life.

SIMON

You never know, things always come back. What about college?

LUCY

A math scholarship isn't what's going to get me into Oregon State. Besides, you never needed it.

SIMON

If one more math class keeps you from digging holes the rest of your life, it wouldn't be the worst thing. Now if you don't eat those pancakes...

Lucy pushes the plate over to him.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Your loss.

Simon digs in. BEBE the waitress, a cougar in khakis and a pastel polo, stops by the table with coffee.

BEBE

(to Lucy)

You can dress him up but you can't take him out.

(to Simon)

How about somethin' to wash that down?

Simon drinks, gulping down the mush.

SIMON

What would I do without you, Bebe?

BEBE

Walk around with syrup on your face.

She takes Simon's napkin and wipes his chin. Leaves the check on the table.

BEBE (CONT'D)

Take that when you're ready.

(to Lucy)

Good luck today, girl. We're all rooting for you.

Bebe struts off. When the coast is clear-

LUCY

I think she wants to bang you, Dad.

SIMON

You itching for a stepmom?

LUCY

And on that note, I'm gonna be late for school.

SIMON

Alright, kiddo. See you this afternoon. Front and center.

Simon carefully counts out some crumpled cash and loose change for the check. This is living money, not tuition money. Lucy notices the meager funds as she sticks her textbook in her bag.

LUCY

Did you get a chance to think about those sneakers I found online?

(awkward)

I know they're expensive, but I think they'd make a big difference. They conform to your foot for better support.

SIMON

Hey, it ain't the shoes, it's who's wearing them, right?

That won't suffice. He looks her in the eye, embarrassed.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Luce. We just can't afford it right now.

Lucy is obviously disappointed, but she puts on a good face.

LUCY

It's okay. Your classes are more important.

She slips out of the booth, plants a kiss on her dad's cheek.

LUCY (CONT'D)

My old ones still have a few miles left in them.

She exits. Simon watches her go, registering a mix of guilt and frustration.

EXT. CREVE COEUR CEMETERY - STONE HOUSE - DAY

Simon unloads his grounds-keeping cart, putting the tools away in a rickety old shed.

HOBART (O.S.)

Simon!

HOBART GAINES (late-40s, bad comb-over, perpetually on the verge of a coronary) hurries over, wiping perspiration from his upper lip.

HOBART (CONT'D)

Come on, the alarm guy's here. I told you, I need you to help him set up those cameras.

SIMON

You never told me that, Mister Gaines.

HOBART

I didn't?

SIMON

I've got Lucy's track meet at three. We talked about it last week. Remember?

HOBART

We did? Awe, hell. This has to happen now, otherwise we gotta reschedule, and who knows how long until - and with those robberies happening over in Parkway, I don't want us to fall victim. I'd supervise him myself, but I gotta be over at the crematorium for the delivery of the new retort.

Simon checks his watch.

HOBART (CONT'D)

You could probably still make the race after. I'll even throw ya an extra hundred, how's that sound?

He produces the bill. Simon eyes it.

EXT. CREVE COEUR CEMETERY - GROUNDS - DAY

A uniformed ALARM TECH stands on a ladder as he mounts a small surveillance camera on the cemetery's perimeter fence. An annoyed Simon stands nearby, shifting his attention between his ANATOMY TEXTBOOK and the funeral service taking place across the way.

AT THE FUNERAL

A PASTOR stands before the MOURNERS, several of them POLICE OFFICERS in dress uniform.

PASTOR

We commit his body to the ground  
and his spirit to God, to join his  
dear wife Mona in everlasting  
peace. Amen.

The Mourners ECHO HIS AMEN.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

Clark, if you would.

A SOMBER OFFICER - CLARK BARRETT - late-40s, with a once muscular physique softened by age - rises from his folding chair and releases the handbrake on the lowering device. The casket descends into the ground.

BACK ON SIMON

He checks his watch. Glances up at the Alarm Tech, who's positioning the camera.

SIMON

You should probably aim that a little lower.

ALARM TECH

Huh?

SIMON

You'll have to set it at a sixty-five degree downward angle to get optimal coverage of the area.

ALARM TECH  
 (whatever)  
 Thanks for the tip.

The distant sound of a MOTORCYCLE ENGINE draws Simon's attention. Way off in the distance, a MAN IN A FAMILIAR LEATHER JACKET sits on an idling Harley, smoking. Simon can't quite make him out.

His concentration is broken when the lowering device JERKS the Barrett casket up and down. Everyone at the service GASPS.

ALARM TECH (CONT'D)  
 Looks like you're needed elsewhere.

Embarrassed, Simon rushes over.

AT THE FUNERAL

SIMON  
 I apologize, everyone.

Simon flicks on the handbrake and goes to work on the lowering device.

PASTOR  
 (shifting focus)  
 In remembrance of his father, Clark Barrett is hosting a reception at his home for anyone who would like to attend.

Everyone files off except for Clark, who stands over Simon.

CLARK  
 Don't sweat it, that funeral needed a punch-line. Stubborn bastard even refuses to go in the ground.

SIMON  
 I don't know what's wrong with this thing.

CLARK  
 (studies Simon)  
 I've seen you before.

Simon hides a look. Doesn't like those words.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
 One of those craft rallies or prep fairs. I think my son goes to school with your daughter.

SIMON

Oh. Yeah.

CLARK

(re: lowering device)

Mind if I take a look?

Simon nods. Clark removes his white dress gloves and leans down to examine the control box.

SIMON

I'm sorry for your loss. Your father sounded like a lovely man.

CLARK

That's what they keep telling me.

Clark inspects the gears.

SIMON

Mister Barrett, I don't want you to be late for your reception. I can take care of this.

CLARK

I'm in no rush to get to that catered pity party. People are more interested in the cold cuts than the condolences.

Clark reaches deep down in the device, underneath the gears, and pulls out an acorn.

CLARK (CONT'D)

There's your problem.

He chucks the acorn across the cemetery. Hits the handbrake. Clark and Simon watch the casket lower into the ground.

CLARK (CONT'D)

At least we can't disappoint each other anymore.

EXT. CREVE COEUR HIGH SCHOOL - SPORTS FIELD TRACK - DAY

Lucy, wearing a COLTS track team uniform -- shorts, tank-top - stretches on the bleachers with JENNY, spunky, and MALS, bookish. TEAM MEMBERS prep in the background.

As the stands begin to fill, Lucy scans the crowd for her dad, but he isn't there yet.

JENNY

(re: Lucy's sneakers)  
Those things are gonna like come  
apart in the middle of the race.

LUCY

So what, I'll still beat both your  
times.

JENNY

Oh we've got Jackie Joyner-Curtsy  
up in here.

MALS

It's Kersee.

JENNY

Whatever! Seriously though, I've  
got a bunch of extra pairs in my  
closet if you want one.

Lucy, grateful but not one for pity, deflects.

LUCY

Yeah right, and expose myself to  
your foot funk?

They both share a laugh. As Lucy straightens up from  
stretching, a wave of dizziness comes over her. She stumbles  
a step, losing balance. Mals catches her.

MALS

You alright?

LUCY

...Yeah. Pre-race jitters.

A fellow teammate, TRISHA, notices.

TRISHA

I'd be loaded at school too if I  
always had to go home to dead  
people. Hey Skeleton Girl, did  
your daddy bang a corpse to have  
you?

Trisha's COHORTS support her with LAUGHS. Lucy restrains her  
anger. Jenny doesn't.

JENNY

That doesn't even make sense,  
bitch!

Lucy does one last leg stretch. Eyes fixed on Trisha.



EXT. CREVE COEUR HIGH SCHOOL - SPORTS FIELD TRACK - LATER

The stands are full of students and family. TWO TEAMS lined up on the track. FIVE GIRLS from each on the starting line.

Lucy sucks in a deep breath. Shoots a glance over at Trisha, who's standing on the sidelines. It's go time.

The STARTER PISTOL FIRES! And the girls are off. The STANDS come alive with SHOUTS and CHEERS as they round the first bend in the track.

Lucy lags. Going short of breath. Then, with a second wind, she pushes herself harder -- comes around the outside.

The COACH jumps up and down on the sidelines. GO! GO!

And she goes alright. Lucy takes the lead. The finish line in sight! With one final GASP -- she crosses it to CHEERS and APPLAUSE.

Lucy throws her hands in the air, victorious. The only thing missing is a Vangelis score. Trisha glowers at her from the sidelines, while the rest of the team celebrates.

As the beaming Lucy looks to the stands, confusion and disappointment wash over her. Scanning the FACES in the crowd, she realizes... Simon's not there.

Lucy's smile fades as her teammates swarm her. Getting dizzy, she stumbles. She brings her hand to her chest. Short of breath. Losing balance, her eyes roll back and she collapses.

EXT. CREVE COEUR CEMETERY - GROUNDS - DAY

Simon drives his grounds-keeping cart across the cemetery, checking his watch. When he looks up he SLAMS on the brakes -  
- brings the cart to a screeching halt.

Sitting in his path is the MOTORCYCLE he saw earlier, now riderless. Simon gets out of the cart. He throws uneasy glances around the cemetery as he approaches the Harley, its engine still cooling.

BEN (O.S.)  
Hi, son. Been a long time.

Simon turns to see BEN, older, greyer, standing by the cart.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. CREVE COEUR CEMETERY - GROUNDS - DAY

Where we left off. Reunited father and son yards apart. Ben acts like this is Sunday brunch, while Simon's a bundle of nerves.

BEN  
(re: the Harley)  
A beaut, ain't she?

SIMON  
I bet the owner thought so, too.

Ben takes in the full view of the cemetery.

BEN  
Some gig you got yourself.  
(looks over Simon's tools)  
Funny, actually. You never really think about all the work that goes into putting someone in the ground.

SIMON  
Must be getting rusty in your old age. Took you a while to catch up.

BEN  
Taught you to cover your tracks too well. Only thing is, you should've known better than to trust Ray. His secrets come cheap.

Ben moves toward Simon with a noticeable limp. Simon makes a fist around his utility keys, one protruding from between each finger. Makes sure Ben can see he's ready to strike.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Relax. If I wanted to kill ya, I would've done it already.

SIMON  
Maybe you decided to take in the sights first.

BEN  
And the people.

Does he mean Lucy? Ben is face to face with Simon now, who holds steady in spite of his fear.

BEN (CONT'D)

Turns out a couple of business associates in your neck of the woods got a special job. But I can't do it alone. I need your help, son.

SIMON

You must be either insane or desperate. Who do you owe?

BEN

My dance card's clear.

SIMON

Then I'd say it's early onset dementia.

BEN

Mind's still sharp as a tack. Especially my memory. So let's talk about who you owe, Simon. Or whatever the hell you call yourself now. I oughta bury you in one of these goddamned holes after what you did. Instead, I'm giving you an opportunity to make things right.

Simon's phone RINGS. He stays focused on Ben.

SIMON

We both know that's not possible.

RINGS again, punctuating the tension.

BEN

You gonna answer that?

Simon finally picks up-

SIMON

(on phone)  
Hello?

He listens -- whatever it is, it's bad. He takes a step away, shielding the call so Ben can't hear.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(on phone)  
What happened? Which hospital?

Simon turns back at the sound of Ben's bike KICK-STARTING.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
 (on phone)  
 Tell her I'm on my way.

He watches Ben speed off, knowing this won't be the last he sees of him.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - DAY

Simon pushes his way through the chaos of the ER. Nurses and EMTs moving to and fro. Gurneys. CHATTER. Paperwork.

Simon passes a handful of Lucy's TRACK TEAM MEMBERS, gathered in concern. Jenny and Mals among them. The TRACK COACH chats with a nearby DOCTOR, gesturing to Simon as they see him approach in panic.

SIMON  
 Where is she? Where's Lucy?

The COACH steps aside as DR. ALICE WILGA (40) intercepts Simon. Her natural beauty is overshadowed by the fact she's going on hour 10 in the ER.

ALICE  
 Are you the girl's father?

SIMON  
 Yes. Is she okay? What happened?

ALICE  
 She's going to be fine. I just need to ask you a few questions-

SIMON  
 I want to see her.

Simon muscles his way past Alice into the hallway, poking his head into several curtained areas.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
 Lucy?!

ALICE  
 Mister Stone-

Alice cuts in front of him, whipping a curtain closed.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
 I'm going to need you to calm down,  
 for your daughter's sake.

Simon calms himself. Nods his understanding.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Simon stands outside Lucy's room, looking in on her laying in bed. Alice stands beside him.

ALICE

I'd like to keep her overnight for observation. We're still running some tests.

SIMON

One of those better be an ECG.

ALICE

Are you a doctor?

SIMON

No, but I-

ALICE

Saw it on WebMD?

(continuing)

Has this ever happened to Lucy before?

SIMON

Awhile back she told me she got dizzy at practice. School nurse said it was just exhaustion.

ALICE

Her friends said she hadn't eaten anything all day. Is that true?

SIMON

Yes, but- She's under a lot of pressure. I try to- I tell her to slow down, but she doesn't listen.

ALICE

Any history of disease in the family?

Worst question. Even worse timing.

SIMON

Not that I know of.

ALICE

I see. Can I have the name of her primary care physician?

SIMON

Listen, we've moved around a lot and I don't exactly have the world's greatest coverage. We've missed a few regular check-ups. I just want to know what's wrong with my daughter.

Seeing the desperation on Simon's face-

ALICE

We'll know more soon.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - LATER

Simon sits at Lucy's bedside. The oppressive silence punctuated by the BEEPING heart monitor. Lucy is awake, but keeps her back to Simon.

LUCY

So.

SIMON

The doctor thinks it's just exhaustion.

LUCY

What if it isn't? What if it's something more? What if I can't run for the rest of the year? That means no scholarship.

SIMON

Luce, you're overreacting. Everything will be fine.

Lucy turns to him.

LUCY

How do you know? You didn't even see what happened.

Simon can't respond fast enough. So she puts her back to him again, hiding her tears.

LUCY (CONT'D)

The whole school saw me get put into that ambulance. Coach had to ride with me to the hospital.

SIMON

Mister Gaines asked me to stay at work.

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

I was gonna use the extra money to-  
I should've been there, Luce. I'm  
sorry.

No response. Simon sits back, crushed. His eyes find Lucy's folded track uniform on the chair in the corner. Muddy running sneakers beneath it.

EXT. CREVE COEUR CEMETERY - NIGHT

Simon, exhausted, shuffles up to the entrance of the cemetery. He goes inside and locks the gate.

INT. CREVE COEUR CEMETERY - OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Simon enters his code, arming the security system.

INT. STONE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Simon sits at his hand-me-down desktop PC. ZAPPOS.COM is on the monitor. One pair of Asics running shoes for \$98.00. Simon eyes Hobart's \$100 by the keyboard, weighing whether to use it for tuition or to put a smile on his daughter's face. He then hits "PURCHASE."

As he waits for processing, something outside the window catches his eye -- A SOFT GLOW HANGING IN THE DISTANCE.

INT. STONE HOUSE - SIMON'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Simon retrieves a small PISTOL from inside his closet. Checks to make sure it's loaded.

EXT. CREVE COEUR CEMETERY - BARRETT GRAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Simon rolls up to the Barrett grave in his cart. He approaches, freezing when he reaches the precipice of the bluff. That same SOFT GLOW BEAMS OUT OF THE GRAVE.

Simon dismounts the cart and cautiously makes his way to the hole. Draws the pistol from the back of his waistband. As he gets closer, he can make out the VOICES of TWO MEN, working inside the freshly-dug grave.

BURLY (O.S.)

I can't get this damn lid to lift  
up. The casket's inside a  
somethin'.

ELI (O.S.)

Why do ya think I brought the rope,  
ya idiot? That thing's heavier  
than your left tit.

Simon cocks the gun, causing the men to stop arguing. They both rise up from the grave. On the left: ELI (20s), a tweaker with the missing teeth to match. On the right: BURLY (20s), the size of two Elis combined.

SIMON

Don't move.

ELI

What the hell are you doing, man?  
Ben said you were cool.

SIMON

You're working for Ben?

BEN (O.S.)

Would've been easier with your  
help.

Simon whips around to see his father holding wire cutters.

BEN (CONT'D)

Had to take care of security myself  
this time.

Gun in one hand, Simon pulls out his cell with the other.

SIMON

The system in prison will be a lot  
harder to bypass.

Simon starts to dial.

BEN

Seeing as we'll be cellmates, maybe  
we can do it together.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

(on phone)

911, what's your emergency?

Simon hesitates. CLANG! -- Eli CLOCKS him upside the head with a shovel from behind. He drops to the ground with a nasty gash, unconscious. The phone and gun tumble away.

BEN

The hell are you doing?!

ELI

He was gonna turn us in!

Ben grabs Eli, getting in his face.



BEN  
I had it under control.

ELI  
You didn't have shit!

Eli shoves Ben back.

ON SIMON as he regains consciousness on the ground. He's facing Eli's legs, catching a blurry look at the SMALL TATTOO ON HIS CALF -- the gnarled face of some of kind of GHOUL.

Ben's about to tackle Eli, but Burly grabs him.

BEN  
Get your ham hands off me, fat-ass.

Simon sees he's right next to the LOT MARKER STAKE that broke earlier. He loosens it.

ELI  
Uncle Ted will give us twice as much for the fresh stuff.

Eli raises the shovel over Simon, about to finish him off while his father watches.

Ben won't stand for that. He suddenly drives his head back into Burly's face -- breaking Burly's nose.

This catches Eli off-guard. He turns as Ben slips Burly's grip, taking his eyes off Simon, who-

STABS Eli in the foot with the lot marker stake. Eli drops the shovel, HOWLING in pain.

Burly lunges for Ben, who grabs up the shovel and -- CRACK! -- takes Burly down in one swift blow to the skull. Burly crumples.

Ben whips around to finish off Eli, who's now booking it halfway across the cemetery. Ben is torn. Follow Eli or tend to his son? Damn it.

Ben goes to Simon, grabbing him up as blood trickles from his head wound. Simon passes out in his father's arms.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

GRAINY SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE

*Eli and Burly struggle getting the burial vault lid off in the Barrett grave.*

CUT WIDE TO:

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Simon sits on a hospital bed. He holds a cloth up to the bloody wound on his head, watching the footage on Clark's SMARTPHONE.

CLARK

Thirty years on the force, I've seen my fair share of sickos, but this...? I wasn't my father's biggest fan, but that doesn't mean I'll tolerate some assholes desecrating his grave.

IN THE FOOTAGE: *Just as Simon's cart peeks into frame, the screen goes BLACK.*

CLARK (CONT'D)

That's it. 911 dispatch traced your call. First responders found you conked out in the grass next to the big fella. You sure you don't remember anything?

Simon remembers. But knows better than to rat.

SIMON

Nothing. Until waking up here.

CLARK

I'd say you're damn lucky to be alive, then. My guess is you spooked them pretty good. The fat one took a shovel to the brain. He won't be getting out of ICU anytime soon. The other two are in the wind.

SIMON

Other two?

CLARK

Figure a third guy cut the video feed.

(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna put a patrol detail at the cemetery for the time being, but if you recall anything... any distinguishing characteristics, scars, tattoos...

SIMON

I'm sorry.

Simon tries to hop off the exam table before Clark can push any harder.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I gotta get back home.

CLARK

Whoa, take it easy. You could have a concussion. The doctor needs to check you out.

Spotting Alice making her way towards them-

CLARK (CONT'D)

Speak of the Devil. We'll talk later.

Clark slips away before Alice enters. She sits on a stool and wheels herself over to Simon. Examines his head wound.

ALICE

Back with us so soon. Hope you're not afraid of needles. We're way beyond Band-Aid territory.

SIMON

It helps that I can't see what you're doing.

Alice gives Simon a local. He winces. She goes to work stitching up the wound.

ALICE

About earlier. I'm sorry for being so short. It's just been one of those days, that has somehow already turned into night.

SIMON

You were only doing your job. I was the one acting like a mental patient.

ALICE

You kidding? You're a parent with a sick kid. I'd say you acted accordingly.

SIMON

How's she doing?

ALICE

She said the food here sucks, so I take that as a good sign.

They share a laugh.

SIMON

You have any? Kids I mean.

ALICE

A son. Just turned seventeen. Talk about the need for a straight jacket.

SIMON

You'll probably think I'm an ass for saying this, but sometimes I almost wish Luce was a problem child. She's perfect. I don't deserve that.

ALICE

Because you missed a track meet? I'm sure you had good reason. Just give her time.

If it were only the track meet he was talking about.

ALICE (CONT'D)

We all try to do what's best for our kids to give them a better life than we had.

SIMON

And in the process, we hope we don't screw them up even worse than us. But how many would you say succeed?

ALICE

Let's just say I should have specialized in psychiatry.

Simon's comforted by Alice's levity. She reaches over to the tray for more gauze and notices Simon's badly-scarred palms.

ALICE (CONT'D)

What happened to your hands?

SIMON

Oh. When I was a kid, I was messing around in the garage. Got into a bucket of lye on my dad's work shelf. First instinct was to wash it off.

ALICE

Where was your father?

SIMON

(beat)  
Out.

ALICE

There are procedures that can help fix the skin.

SIMON

Nah. Helps me remember that water and lye don't mix.

She touches his hands. The look between them lasts a moment too long. Until -- Alice's PAGER BEEPS. She breaks eye contact. Checks the message.

ALICE

Heart attack patient is coding.  
(rips off gloves)  
I'll have a nurse finish up here.  
Try not to get into anymore trouble, Mr. Stone.

SIMON

Call me Simon.

And she's gone. Simon's smile fades.

EXT. HIGHWAY 40 - EARLY MORNING

Ben coasts down the highway on his motorcycle, the St. Louis skyline in the distance ahead of him. The orange rising sun peeks through the Gateway Arch like a burning eye facing off with city traffic.

EXT. PRICE DENTISTRY - EARLY MORNING

An inconspicuous strip mall dental office squeezed between a pizza joint and a clothing boutique. A cartoon monkey with a bow tie is prominently featured on the sign.

## INT. PRICE DENTISTRY - EARLY MORNING

The waiting room at this children's dental office. Playful wallpaper. Toy chest. Muzak. And then there's Ben. He eyes a rambunctious CHILD ripping pages out of a Highlights Magazine. His MOTHER pays him no mind.

Ben shifts his focus to a wall of FRAMED PHOTOS: "CAVITY WARRIORS!" A row of smiling kids missing various teeth.

Above that, another framed photo of the dentist couple that owns this establishment: DRS. TED and ANNA PRICE DDS. Plain faces. Good hair. Great teeth.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Mister Carver, the doctors will see you now.

## INT. PRICE DENTISTRY - EXAM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A SEDATED CHILD is in the dentist chair. Beside him, TED PRICE (40s) fills a syringe with novocaine. His wife, ANNA PRICE (40s) sits on the other side, fitting a nitrous mask on the patient's nose. Both wear face masks.

TED PRICE

(eyes on the work)

Eli called in a panic. Said it was your son that botched the operation. The only reason we even let that moronic nephew of ours bring you onboard was because of that so-called connection. Yet here you stand, alone and empty-handed.

Ted sticks the needle into the child's back gums.

TED PRICE (CONT'D)

(to Anna)

Drill, please, darling.

As Anna hands Ted the dental drill, REVEAL Ben -- standing opposite them, unnerved but playing it cool.

BEN

That's right. Here I am, owning up to my mistake, while Eli's off cowering in a corner somewhere.

TED PRICE

That's because he knows we don't like to be disappointed.

ANNA PRICE

(to Ted)

So I'd say Mr. Carver's certainly earned himself a bravery lollipop.

TED PRICE

(to Ben)

Be sure to take one on your way out.

Ted DRILLS into the patient's back molar. The chill-inducing WHINE causes Ben to wince. Talking over the sound-

BEN

If I were Eli, I sure as hell wouldn't show my face either. Not after what he said out there.

(off Ted and Anna's pause)

He went crazy. Going on about taking over the business. Said he could show you two how to really turn a profit. I wouldn't take it personally, though. Addict like that would sell his own mother into slavery to get a fix.

TED PRICE

I think we can both agree that working with family has its pitfalls. We'll deal with Eli when we find him. The more pressing issue is that all you're giving us are excuses we can't take to our buyers.

ANNA PRICE

No respect for our operation.

She dabs the sweat from her husband's brow.

TED PRICE

Thank you, darling.

Ben's looking more weirded out by the second.

BEN

Look, I'm a professional. I'm here to make things right.

TED PRICE

Either you're the most noble body snatcher I've ever encountered. Or you're trying to dig up Peter to pay Paul.

Ted can smell the ulterior motive just like Simon could, but Ben betrays nothing.

BEN

You'll have a body by tomorrow night.

Ted pauses drilling. Looks up at Ben for the first time. Something in his calm, precise stare is downright terrifying.

TED PRICE

Oh, I know.  
(re: Ben and Simon)  
Maybe even two.

He resumes DRILLING. Ben remains defiant as always, even in the face of these twisted motherfuckers.

INT. STONE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The sound of METAL TUMBLERS being manipulated. The back door swings open, revealing Ben on the other side. He steps in, putting away his lock picking tools.

He scans the space. Spots the mail sitting on the kitchen table. He sifts through it, coming across a past due bill addressed to Simon: SCHOOL OF NURSING. Ben CHUCKLES to himself.

INT. STONE HOUSE - LUCY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door is nudged open with a CREAK. Ben drifts into the room, taking it in like he's evaluating a crime scene. He picks up a wood framed Sears Portrait Studio photo showing a happy infant. The name "LUCY" carved on the bottom.

We can see Ben's gears turning as he observes Lucy's innocent face. She's the same girl from that night. And this confirmation is something Ben can use.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - MORNING

Simon, wearing a ball cap to hide his bandaged head, is asleep in the chair next to Lucy's bed. A THUMP from the bathroom causes him to spring awake.

Simon goes to investigate. Switches on the light to find the bathroom empty. He pulls back the shower curtain -- Nothing. Simon looks in the mirror, seeing only his exhausted reflection staring back at him.



After a beat of inner self-loathing, he closes the door, turning back to Lucy's bed, where BEN STANDS OVER HER, WIELDING HIS SWITCHBLADE. He brings the knife down to Lucy's throat and SLASHES-

SIMON SNAPS AWAKE IN THE CHAIR. It was a nightmare. He looks at Lucy, who's picking at a pale fruit salad while watching Good Morning America.

ALICE (O.S.)

The time has come. Bet you can't wait to get the heck out of here.

Alice enters.

LUCY

My God, yes.  
(hopping out of bed)  
No offense.

Simon's still trying to get his bearings.

SIMON

She's feeling a lot better.

ALICE

How about her father?

She touches Simon's forehead, checking on the gash.

SIMON

He could use a little more recovery time.

Lucy glances at both of them, picking up on the flirtation.

LUCY

So is anything wrong with me?

Alice turns her attention back to her patient.

ALICE

Clean bill of health.

Lucy beams. Simon breathes a sigh of relief.

ALICE (CONT'D)

But I need you to remember, high school is a marathon, not a sprint. Slow and steady wins the race, okay?

LUCY

Tell that to college admissions.

ALICE

How's that campus I.D. going to  
look if you pull all your hair out?

Lucy humors her joke.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Your dad's going to make sure you  
take care of yourself. Right, Dad?

SIMON

You better believe it.

ALICE

I'll see you in a few weeks for  
your follow-up. If you have any  
questions, don't hesitate to reach  
out.

SIMON

Thank you, Doctor.

ALICE

Please, call me Alice.

Simon likes that.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - FRONT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

But he doesn't like this. Simon forlornly counts out all of  
the cash he was saving for tuition. He hands it over to the  
CLERK, who smiles back and hands him his receipt.

LUCY

All good?

Simon stuffs a twenty back in his pocket. Stares at his  
healthy, beautiful daughter. Doesn't feel so bad anymore.

SIMON

All good.

He tries to gently squeeze her shoulder, but she coldly pulls  
away and walks off.

INT. SIMON'S TRUCK - MORNING

Simon pulls up to the house, Lucy in the passenger seat.  
They both notice a PATROL CAR idling at the front of the  
grounds. Hobart talks to an OFFICER. Both turn and look in  
Simon's direction.

LUCY

What's with the po-po?

Simon knows the truth about the grave robbery would only frighten Lucy. So-

SIMON

Not sure.

INT. STONE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Lucy's sprawled out on the couch. Simon brings her over a bag of popcorn and some orange juice. When she doesn't take it from him, he sets it down on the table.

SIMON

If you need anything, I'm just a text message away.

Lucy keeps her eyes on the TV, still with a firm grip on her grudge. Simon turns to go.

LUCY

You might think that this whole track thing is just some little hobby I'll dump after senior year, but it's serious to me.

SIMON

I know how important it is, Luce.

LUCY

Well in the hospital when you told me I was overreacting, it was patronizing.

SIMON

I was just trying to comfort you. I'm not always good at knowing what to say.

Lucy studies her father a beat, her grudge weakening. She spots blood oozing from his forehead cut. Lets some genuine concern slip through.

LUCY

You're bleeding.

Simon touches the cut and pulls back bloody fingertips. Lucy's guard goes right back up as she turns her attention to the popcorn and television.

INT. STONE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Simon turns off the faucet and dries his hands. He spots the PAST DUE tuition bill on the kitchen table, slightly off kilter from the rest of the mail. Holds it in his hand like a lost cause.

HOBART (V.O.)  
(pre-lap)  
Unfortunately you couldn't have  
picked a worse time.

INT. CREMATORIUM - MORNING

Simon trails behind Hobart, who waddles down a hallway and into the cavernous crematorium. The sounds of CONSTRUCTION echo throughout.

SIMON  
I can pay you back within a couple  
of months. It's just that the  
hospital stay drained my savings  
and the other bills are-

HOBART  
Don't get me wrong, Simon, I'm  
grateful for your heroism. And I'm  
sorry about what happened to Lucy,  
really I am.

Hobart approaches the RETORT - a massive, brand-new cremation oven that fills the far side of the room. A MAINTENANCE MAN ratchets away underneath it, finishing the installation.

HOBART (CONT'D)  
But between the hundred grand I  
dropped on this beast, plus a  
security system that apparently  
isn't worth a damn-

He places a hand on Simon's shoulder.

HOBART (CONT'D)  
I would help if I could, but you  
understand? Tell Lucy she's in my  
prayers.

Hobart goes off to confer with the Maintenance Man, leaving Simon feeling desperate.

INT. GREAT EGGSPECTATIONS CAFE - DAY

Bebe greets Simon at the counter as he enters.

BEBE

Order's not up yet, but we're makin' 'em extra special.

SIMON

Thanks, Bebe. Her favorite pancakes should cheer her up. I'll be in the usual spot when they're ready.

BEBE

Sorry babe, it's taken.

Simon looks over at the corner booth. There's Ben, chomping away. Simon is not pleased.

AT THE TABLE

Ben scarfs strips of bacon like it's his job. Simon sits across from him.

BEN

I'm starting to understand what you see in this town. No traffic. Nice people. Great bacon.

He eats another piece as he leers at Bebe, who's cleavage is on display as she pours coffee for patrons at the counter.

SIMON

You need to leave right now.

BEN

Relax. I'm not gonna blow your cover. We still need it.

SIMON

You almost got me killed.

BEN

As I recall, I saved your life.

Ben casually places Simon's PISTOL in the center of the table. Simon grabs it and shoves it into the pocket of his hoodie, making sure no one saw.

SIMON

So you're into body snatching now? That's a new low, even for you.

BEN

I've dabbled here and there. But when I saw you knee-deep in the dead, I knew I'd found my golden goose. So whaddya say you help me finish the job you botched?

SIMON

When hell freezes over.

Bebe interrupts, handing Simon a Styrofoam box.

BEBE

Hot off the griddle. You two know each other?

BEN

From another life.  
(eyes her name tag)  
Hey, Bebe. Think you could add some extra blueberries to those flapjacks? Would be a real treat for Lucy.

Simon goes white at the sound of his daughter's name from Ben's lips. Ben looks him dead in the eye.

BEBE

Already two steps ahead. Tell her to enjoy now.

Bebe saunters off. Simon remains speechless.

BEN

When I first saw you drop her off at school, I didn't even want to believe it was the same girl. Then I asked myself, what the hell was he thinking? I mean I get why you took her. What I couldn't put my finger on is why you kept her. You could've just left her on the stoop of a church or in a Toys for Tots box.

(Ben leans in)

But then it came to me. You're still you. With my blood pumping through those veins. And we both know a grifter's best friend is a child with a face you can't say no to.

SIMON

You would think that.

BEN

Then why did you keep her?

SIMON

I'd be wasting my breath trying to explain myself to a father like you.

BEN

Could you explain it to the Feds, then?

A look of pure hate from Simon.

BEN (CONT'D)

Good intentions or not, it's still kidnapping. And I'm betting there's a hefty reward for that missing angel.

SIMON

You turn her in, we both go to jail.

BEN

Maybe. Only one thing's for sure though: You never see your daughter again. Something tells me once she learns the truth, it'll take a lot more than pancakes to win her back.

Simon seethes. Hands on the verge of snapping the table.

BEN (CONT'D)

Now, the sooner we get down to business, the sooner I'll be gone. You can avoid having a very uncomfortable father-daughter conversation, and enjoy all the perks of this little haven you seem to love so much.

Ben shoves his plate aside and extends his hand for a shake. We now see that HIS PALMS ARE COVERED IN BURN SCARS just like Simon's.

Simon stares coldly at his father's open hand.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. CREVE COEUR CEMETERY - NIGHT

A PATROL CAR passes, sweeping the rows of tombstones with its spotlight. As it rounds the corner, we stay on the PERIMETER FENCE. A SECURITY CAMERA. Its little red light blinks off.

BEN (V.O.)

(prelap)

It's real simple. All we do is drop off the body, collect our fee, and let the brokers do the rest.

INT. CREVE COEUR CEMETERY - OFFICES - SAME

Simon scoffs as he punches in his code on the security panel, disarming the alarm.

SIMON

The guy's been dead too long. Whatever organs are left are useless.

BEN

It ain't about the organs. It's about the tissue. The raw materials, man. Veins, heart valves, corneas, tendons -- shit, even the skin off someone's back -- all sold at full value, we're talking a max profit of 250K for a body broker, depending on the condition of the parts. And as suppliers, we get a solid piece of that action.

Simon clicks off the security monitors.

EXT. CREVE COEUR CEMETERY - GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

The patrol car coasts by in the distance. Simon and Ben watch it pass, hiding behind the trunk of a large oak.

SIMON

The Barrett grave is in the Garden of Peace section, Lot 4, Space 4. Once the patrol car goes behind Tranquility Bluff, it should take him about fifteen minutes to make a complete round. That's our only shot.



They watch the patrol car's light bar disappear below the bluff. Simon sets the timer on his watch.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Let's move.

EXT. CREVE COEUR CEMETERY - BARRETT GRAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Simon and Ben shovel dirt from the half-filled Barrett grave.

BEN

See, everyone always assumes that organs are where the money's at. But they're too highly regulated. Too much risk for the reward. Tissue, on the other hand...The dead don't care what you pick off 'em.

Irritated, Simon digs harder and faster.

SIMON

Use your strength for digging, not pitching. This job is one and done.

BEN

Why the hell are we shoveling, anyway? Let's just use that machine of yours.

SIMON

Loud noises tend to draw cops.

Ben keeps digging -- THUNK. He flashes a victorious grin. His shovel hit something first. They clear off the rest of the dirt, revealing the vault lid.

BEN

What the hell is that?

SIMON

Burial vault. Protects the casket from rot. And it's what stopped your two idiot partners from getting to the body in the first place.

BEN

Guess I've never snatched from a graveyard this fancy.

Ben digs the dirt out from around the sides, while Simon wheels over the vault lid placer. Simon hooks it up and quickly cranks, raising the vault lid, revealing the casket.

BEN (CONT'D)

Ah shit, the lid's one solid piece.  
We can't jump down and open it  
while we're on top, and we can't  
reach it from up here.

SIMON

The lowering device. It's not  
really built to lift, but it'll  
raise the casket up just enough so  
we can reach it.

Simon and Ben drag the lowering device over to the grave and telescope it out. They work the straps under the bottom of the casket, then attach them to the side rails.

Simon cranks the device backwards. The casket rises. It's almost up to the top when -- the GEARS JAM and the STRAPS TEAR OFF from the side rails. The casket drops back into the hole with a loud THUD.

A bright light shoots in their direction. Simon and Ben both jump in the grave as the patrol car, a distance away, SWEEPS ITS SPOTLIGHT across the cemetery, looking for the source of the noise.

After a moment, the light shuts off. Simon peeks his head up to see the patrol car heading in their direction.

SIMON (CONT'D)

We have to get this thing open now.

Ben has a light bulb moment and springs into action. He ties a broken strap around a thin guide rod from the lowering device and wedges that under the casket lid. He climbs back up to the ground.

BEN

Get off the damn top of it.

Simon climbs out. Ben pulls on the strap, opening up the casket lid. Mr. Barrett's corpse is revealed, looking healthy, painted, and peaceful.

Ben jumps down and hoists the corpse out of the casket. Simon unfurls the sheet he brought -- My Little Pony-themed. Ben shoots him a "What the Fuck?" look.

SIMON

They're Lucy's old bed sheets.  
They're all I had for a corpse!

They pull the body out and wrap it up.

INTERCUT:

The patrol car rolls to a stop at the bottom of the bluff.

Ben drags the casket lowering device back over by the loader.  
Simon carefully places the vault lid back on.

THE OFFICER gets out of the patrol car. Draws his  
flashlight. Other hand on his gun.

Simon and Ben furiously pile dirt back into the grave with  
their shovels.

Sweeping his light across the headstones, the Officer ascends  
the hill... Getting closer... Closer...

He finally arrives at the top to find... Nothing. The grass  
set is back on the grave. No shovels. He looks under the  
grass set to see dirt covering the casket.

In the distance, Simon and Ben slink through the trees  
carrying a long My Little Pony roll.

EXT. CREVE COEUR CEMETERY - FRONT ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Simon and Ben drive past the crematorium building in Simon's  
grounds-keeping cart. The body, still wrapped in the sheet,  
and now covered by a tarp, is strapped in back.

BEN

Woo, that was a rush! You get that  
tinglin' in your balls? The one  
that lets ya know you still have  
'em?

Simon finds himself concealing a smile. Did he enjoy the  
thrill of living dangerously again? His smile vanishes as he  
SLAMS ON THE BRAKES-

CLARK, drunk and disheveled, makes his way up the path  
carrying a bottle of Jack Daniels. He spots the cart,  
looking like another deer in the headlights. He quickly  
tucks in his shirt. Pats down his hair.

CLARK

Evening, Simon. Didn't realize  
you'd be up and at it so late. Or  
early, I guess.

SIMON

Part of the job. ...Is everything okay?

Clark leans on the cart for support.

CLARK

Fine. Everything's...fine. Was gonna send the uni home. Me, my Dad, and our mutual friend Mister Daniels, here, needed to hash out a few more things.

SIMON

Well...I'll let you get to it then.

CLARK

He was a mean old bastard. But I loved him. And he loved me back in his own way.

(beat)

Jesus, my son's probably gonna say the same shit about me when I bite the dust.

Clark wipes his nose. Simon and Ben remain frozen in awkward silence. Until-

BEN

A father's love is an enigma wrapped in a riddle.

Simon stares at Ben. Clark takes a moment to process this.

CLARK

Ain't that the truth.

Clark takes a swig of Jack. As he does so, he notices the CORPSE HAND STICKING OUT from underneath the tarp in the cart. He blinks to adjust his hazy vision.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Is that a hand?

Simon meets Clark's stare and his eyes widen. Ben's already going for his switchblade, but Simon stops him.

SIMON

We were just headed over to the crematorium. Duty calls.

CLARK

Looks like someone's late for their own funeral.

Clark bursts into LAUGHTER. After an awkward beat, Ben does the same.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
 Say, you mind if I tag along? I've always wanted to see how those things actually work. I promise I won't tell.

Clark gives an Eagle Scout salute. Simon and Ben exchange a nervous glance.

INT. CREMATORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

The furnace comes to life in the belly of the brand new retort. Ben mans the temperature gauge, while Simon slowly pushes Howard Barrett's body, still covered, into the oven hatch. Clark remains clueless as he takes another swig.

CLARK  
 How hot does she get, anyway?

SIMON  
 About a thousand degrees Celsius. Takes an hour or so of burning for every forty-five kilograms.

CLARK  
 And that does the job, huh?

SIMON  
 With a few remains.  
 (looks to Ben, hesitant)  
 Start her up.

Ben turns to the control panel. The glowing red button beckons. He's about to push it when-

CLARK  
 Can I do it?

Ben steps back, allowing Clark to take his place.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
 Who's the dearly departed, anyway?

BEN  
 Just another old man.

CLARK  
 May he rest in peace, then.

Pushes the button -- WHOOSH! -- Flames are released into the central oven chamber and consume the body.

Simon gazes through the small port-hole window into the flames, watching as his soul and product burn.

DISSOLVE TO:

Later. The flames have died away. Nothing left now but glowing embers in the pile of ash.

Clark is gone. Simon, tamping down the disgust of what he's just done, rakes out Mr. Barrett's bone fragments while Ben paces the room.

BEN

We'll just have to dig up another.

SIMON

Last funeral was over a week ago. We were already pushing the expiration date with Grandpa Barrett. Nothing usable is coming out of that ground, now. Nothing.

Simon dumps the bone fragments into the cremulator. He flips it on. It WHIRS AND HUMS, grinding bones into dust.

BEN

Hospital morgue. We'll steal a fresh one from there.

SIMON

Because that's a cake walk.

BEN

I'm trying to come up with options!

SIMON

There aren't any. You'll just have to tell your buyers you can't deliver.

BEN

These are not understanding people, Simon. If we don't deliver a body tonight, we're both dead.

Simon flips off the cremulator.

SIMON

You son of a bitch.

BEN

Hey, if you would've just helped me in the first place...

Simon closes in on Ben.

SIMON

I finally had something here. And now I've gotta tell my daughter we have to leave our home again.

BEN

She's not your daughter.

Knowing Ben's not wrong, Simon charges off.

BEN (CONT'D)

How far you think you can go, Simon? You can't run forever!

INT. STONE HOUSE - LUCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Simon walks in, ready to have a conversation he is dreading.

SIMON

Luce, we need to talk.

He stops when he sees Lucy modeling a new pair of sneakers in front of the mirror.

LUCY

I can't believe you got them! They were just delivered!

Simon totally forgot he ordered them.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Now I feel like a total ass. This is why you stayed late for Mister Gaines, isn't it.

SIMON

Hey, I still missed your race.

Simon watches her, so happy, steeling himself, figuring out the best way to tell his daughter they have to completely uproot their life. Just as he opens his mouth-

LUCY

Sometimes I like to imagine that Mom ran.

This catches Simon off-guard.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I mean in high school. Before she got all messed up.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

I know it's stupid, but for some reason, pretending that we might've actually shared something... I don't know. Makes me feel better than thinking she just took off and left nothing of herself at all.

Simon swallows the impact of this revelation as Lucy approaches him.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Dad, I know how hard you had to work for the extra money. And I'm sorry about all the things I said before. I'm so proud of you.

(hugs him)

I love you.

SIMON

I love you, too, Luce.

Simon holds her tight, his guilt-stricken face hidden from her. He can't rip her away from this life. Lucy pulls away.

LUCY

What happened to your head, anyway?

Simon studies her. The gash is how this whole thing started-

SIMON

Took a bad step.

-and he now knows how it needs to end.

EXT. HALF-MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

A flea-bag joint on the outskirts of town. Simon's Dodge Ram parked in the lot.

INT. SIMON'S TRUCK - SAME

Simon sits staring at the motel. Through the windshield we see Ben, rushing into his motel room. Simon looks to his PISTOL, which rests on the passenger seat. Trying to work up the courage to finish off the man who's ruined his life.

INT. HALF-MOON MOTEL - BEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ben quickly stuffs the handful of shirts he has into a tattered duffel and zips it up.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK on the door. Ben rushes over-



BEN

I knew you'd change your mind.

-and opens it to reveal not Simon but Eli. High and pissed.

ELI

Mind if I come in?

BEN

There's a no animals policy.

Eli pulls his gun and enters, closing the door behind him.

ELI

You turned Ted and Anna against me.  
I got nowhere to go. I want what's  
owed to me, asshole.

BEN

Remember the part where you tried  
to kill my son and the whole job  
went to shit? There is no money,  
dumbass.

ELI

(aims pistol)  
Maybe I should finish what I  
started, then.

BEN

Alright, alright. I'll give ya  
what I got, but it ain't much.

Ben turns to rifle through his bag. A GIGGLING COUPLE passes by on the balcony outside the room, distracting Eli. This gives Ben his only chance. He flicks out his SWITCHBLADE and SLASHES at Eli's wrist. Eli drops the gun. Grabs his wound.

BEN (CONT'D)

Now you get the hell out before I  
slice you up so bad even Uncle Ted  
won't be able to sell you.

Eli charges. Ben jams his knife into Eli's shoulder. Eli, so hopped up on adrenaline, can't feel anything. He slams Ben against the wall. Ben struggles to overcome the drugged-out cretin.

Past Eli and Ben -- Simon has entered the room. A beat of confusion as he watches the fight. Didn't expect to see Eli.

He raises the gun, but hesitates. Deciding whether or not to let Eli take out his father for good. Deciding if he can even kill a man.

Moving fast, Simon tucks the pistol in the back of his waistband, rushes over and pulls Eli off Ben. Eli fights back as the two plow through the door into the-

BATHROOM

As they smash into the vanity and the wall, Simon finally shoves Eli into the tub, holding him down.

Ben gets his bearings. He spots Simon's PISTOL tucked in his waistband. He races into the bathroom and in one swift move -  
- grabs the pistol, uses the barrel to scoop up a roll of toilet paper (make-shift silencer), presses it against Eli's head and -- POP!

Eli's brains coat the tub. Ben and Simon fall back. The toilet paper silencer catches on fire from the gunshot. Ben swats it into the tub and puts it out under the faucet. A holy shit moment as father and son collect themselves.

BEN

Son of a bitch came to finish me off. Good thing you were here.

Yeah, good thing...

SIMON

I wanted to figure out a solution to our problem.

BEN

(re: Eli's corpse)  
I think we just got one.

EXT. CREVE COEUR CEMETERY - SHELLEY CRYPT - NIGHT

Establishing. A beautiful, ornate white stone structure with pillars on either side of the turquoise door.

INT. SHELLEY CRYPT - NIGHT

Simon and Ben stand over Eli's corpse, laid out on a large plastic sheet inside the cold, stone room. Simon dons a rubber cremation apron. Ben in a cloth one that reads, "Stand Back, Dad's Cooking."

BEN

I've done a lot of awful crap in my day, but this...

SIMON

We can't very well deliver them their own nephew intact, now can we?

Simon consults one of his anatomy books. A small "Property of St. Louis Community College" sticker visible on the back.

BEN

That from your personal library?

SIMON

I'm sure this will come as quite a shock to you, but I do have more interests than digging holes and ripping people off.

BEN

No offense, but I never thought you had much else to offer the world.

SIMON

Never got the chance.

BEN

Well now you do.

(grabs a hack saw)

And this is your golden ticket.

SIMON

I'm looking to better myself, not continue scrounging in the dirt.

BEN

You wanna go legit, you can get there faster by embracing your natural talents. Hard-bodied graduate students work the stripper pole every night on a quest to better themselves. Because there's no more honor in waitressing than there is in digging holes. Only less bills and less thrills.

Simon lets this sink in. Ben places the saw blade along Eli's neck. Just as he's about to drag it across-

SIMON

Not there. Higher. The softest part is above the hyoid bone.

That doesn't help Ben. Simon snatches the saw. Positions the blade below Eli's chin. As he saws-

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. UPSCALE STREET/PRICE HOUSE - PRE-DAWN

Still dark. This is where the other half lives. Upscale homes. Luxury cars in every driveway. Ample acreage. Only one thing doesn't belong: SIMON'S TRUCK, parked at the curb.

INT. SIMON'S TRUCK - SAME

Simon and Ben sit in silence, observing the Prices' house. Not so different from the way we first met them in the teaser.

They perk up as the Prices' garage door opens. A GOLDEN RETRIEVER bounds out ahead of Ted, who emerges in designer pajamas and slippers. Even his bedhead looks perfect.

He strolls to the end of the driveway and picks up his freshly-delivered newspaper, while the Golden Retriever does his business on the lawn.

Ted gives a nod toward the truck, then turns and walks back into his garage.

Simon puts the truck in drive and pulls into the garage. The automatic door closes behind them.

INT. PRICE HOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS - MOMENTS LATER

Ben and Simon carry a LARGE IGLOO COOLER, following Ted down a hallway, through the cathedral-ceiling living room, and into the immaculate-

KITCHEN

-where Anna Price, in a designer camisole and silk robe, scrambles a bowl of eggs. The awkwardness is palpable.

BEN

Hope we're not interrupting  
breakfast.

ANNA PRICE

(to Ted)

Make it quick, hon, or your eggs  
will get cold.

TED PRICE

Nothing worse than cold eggs.

Ted moves to the basement door in the hallway. Punches a code into the keypad.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A flight of wooden stairs leads to a concrete basement. A more clinical feel than the rest of the home. Ted ushers Simon and Ben past metal operating tables. Electric bone saws and blades prepped and waiting.

Ted moves to the polished STEEL DOOR at the far end. He removes the padlock and it opens with a pressurized HISS -- revealing a large WALK-IN FREEZER.

Nursing a healthy dose of dread, Ben and Simon enter with their Igloo cooler, setting it on a long, steel table. Both of them stunned by the space: row upon row of wrapped, bagged, and catalogued HUMAN PARTS.

Ted opens the cooler. Picks up a Saran-wrapped part.

TED PRICE

You did all this yourself?  
Impressive disarticulation. But I think we're missing a piece.

BEN

Guy ate his own bullet. Wasn't pretty.

SIMON

You going to pay us or not?

Ted sizes up Simon. He goes to an open wall safe and retrieves a zip-up lunch bag. Tosses it to Ben. Ben unzips it and thumbs through the cash inside.

BEN

I think we're missing a piece.

TED PRICE

That is your piece. The buyer kicks it down to me. I kick it down to you. And there's plenty more where that came from, assuming you prove to be more dependable than Eli. With a direct line to the cemetery, I think this could be a fruitful partnership. One that's mutually beneficial for all those involved.

Ted extends his hand to shake with Simon. Simon nods to the racks of bagged parts.

SIMON

Except for them, right?

BEN

Guess that's our cue.

They turn to leave, but Anna stands in their way.

ANNA PRICE

Exactly who's getting hurt?  
Instead of burying or burning  
precious parts, we're helping them  
find their way to people who need  
them.

SIMON

Whatever you need to tell yourself  
to turn a profit, lady.

ANNA PRICE

We're making money off it like any  
good business. But I think you'd  
agree, heart valves are better than  
heroin.

Simon stares at Anna for a moment as this resonates. He  
pushes past her. Ben follows.

INT. SHELLEY CRYPT - DAWN

Ben divides up their money, while Simon wipes up leftover  
blood with bleach. He sets Simon's share of the cash down on  
the stone slab beside him.

BEN

How many holes you think you'd have  
to dig to earn that kind of dough?  
(no response)  
Nice doing business with ya, son.

Ben grabs up his duffel bag and exits the crypt.

BEN (CONT'D)

Take care of that little girl, now.

Simon continues to scrub away the red, flattening the  
bristles with the pressure of his frustrations. A distant  
CAR HORN steals his attention. The work ceases as Simon's  
mind comes to singular focus on the person waiting for him.

EXT. CREVE COEUR CEMETERY/SHELLEY CRYPT - DAWN

Ben lights up a smoke as he makes his way towards the fence  
where his motorcycle is parked.

SIMON

Wait.

Ben turns back to see Simon standing there. A proposition at the ready.

INT. GREAT EGGSPECTATIONS CAFE - MORNING

Simon and Lucy are seated at their corner booth. Simon flips through a textbook, cramming. His untouched plate of pancakes pushed off to the side.

LUCY

Dad. Your breakfast is getting cold.

Simon looks up, studying her a beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)

What?

Simon can't help but smile. A look that says "I love you so damn much." He closes the book and enjoys breakfast with his daughter.

INT. ST. LOUIS COMMUNITY COLLEGE - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Simon sits patiently as Professor Evered passes out the midterms. He finally arrives at Simon's desk.

PROFESSOR EVERED

I guess you made it work.

Professor Evered smirks as Simon takes a test packet. He gives it a quick once over and starts breezing through.

INT. CREMATORIUM - NIGHT

Simon tosses the garbage bag of Eli's leftovers in the retort and watches the evidence burn.

INT. PRICE HOUSE - WALK-IN FREEZER - NIGHT

Anna places the Saran-wrapped body parts on a shelf. She puts the final piece down -- the bottom half of a severed leg -- before stripping off her gear.

We push in on the side of the leg that's facing away from Anna. Through the plastic wrap we see -- ELI'S GHOUL TATTOO.

As Anna slams the freezer door shut we-

SMASH TO BLACK.

END SHOW