

The Gig Economy
Pilot: "Fresh"
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TEASER

INT. CAR - NIGHT

CODY, 22, is behind the wheel of a parked car.

He's in a sport's jersey and jeans. Casual, a little stoner-ish.

He digs into a bag of fast food on the passenger seat and pulls out a burger.

He unwraps it, lifts the bun. It's a plain burger, no toppings.

He snaps open a ketchup packet and squeezes it on. Then a mustard packet.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Cody hands the bag of fast food to ANDY, 40's, in a bathrobe.

Andy closes the door and Cody walks away.

Ten steps later, the door flies open and Andy leans out.

ANDY

Excuse me. Excuse me!

Cody turns around, walks back to him.

CODY

What's up?

Andy holds up the burger with he top off, the ketchup and mustard smeared.

ANDY

I ordered the burger plain. I specifically asked for plain.

Cody shrugs.

CODY

Don't know what to tell ya, man.

ANDY

They put the ketchup and mustard on by default, okay? They make a hundred of them in the morning like that and they sit under a heat lamp. Understand?

CODY

I don't think that's how...

ANDY

I order it plain so you have to make it fresh. This, my friend, is not fresh.

CODY

I don't make 'em. I just deliver.

Andy tosses the burger in the bag and hands it back.

ANDY

Well, you can deliver this back to whoever did make it and bring me back a fresh, plain burger.

Cody rolls his eyes, grabs the bag.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

GREG, the cook, 28, in the bright colors and paper hat of "Herbie Burger", looks at the burger.

GREG

No way, dude. I made it plain.

CODY

Don't know what to tell you. He wants a new one.

Greg shakes his head, moves to throw the bag in the trash

CODY (CONT'D)

Woah, woah. Don't just throw it out.

Cody snatches it from his hand.

GREG

I'm not a fuckin' idiot, you know. You're double dipping. Twice the delivery charges plus you eat the burger.

CODY

So what do you care, man?

GREG

Because I have to write a god damned doctoral dissertation to the managers every time shit like this happens.

CODY

And I appreciate your sacrifice, my dude. I really do. That's why I don't say shit about the little side hustle you got going on.

Greg looks around, winces, motions to keep it down.

CODY (CONT'D)
It's cool, man. We're all just trying
to get by, right? So, you know...
(shakes the bag)
Dude wants his food.

Greg huffs, turns to the grill.

CODY (CONT'D)
Fries are cold too. Should probably
re-up them too.

*

Greg cringes.

CODY (CONT'D)
Maybe throw in some onion rings.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Andy nods and smiles at the bare burger.

ANDY
Now that's fresh.

Cody turns and leaves.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Cody drives and munches on the burger, fries, and onion rings.

His phone buzzes. He checks it.

His App - Munchr - alerts him to a two out of five starr
rating. He sneers at it.

CODY
Still got your burger, bitch.

He finishes the last bite and tosses the wrapper into the
back seat.

It lands on a pile of dozens of other fast food wrappers and
boxes.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. MALLORY'S CAR - NIGHT

The LCD screen of the stereo lights up. Fingers tap at the buttons until a speed metal track BLARES from the speakers.

MALLORY, 25, is at the wheel. She's in a leather jacket, metal band t-shirt and jeans. Her long hair whips around as she bangs her head to the music.

INT. DOWNTOWN CLUB - MENS ROOM - NIGHT

Music thumps outside the crowded room.

Each stall is packed. In the middle stall is EFFREM, 30, and DONNIE, 29. They're both in suit and tie.

DONNIE

He was buying smack for some musician.
Cops busted 'em all on the spot.

EFFREM

Is that why he never picks up now?

DONNIE

Wait, you've been calling Vince?

EFFREM

Yes!

DONNIE

From, like... your own phone?

EFFREM

Yes!

DONNIE

You didn't leave a voicemail or
anything, though?

EFFREM

Yes!

Donnie thinks a moment, slowly lifts a key with a bump of coke on it to his nose. He snorts it up.

DONNIE

I'm sure you're fine.

He dips the key into a small baggie and offers it up to Effrem. Effrem waves it away.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
Okay. Confused. You told me to
meet you here with coke.

EFFREM
It's for a client.

DONNIE
What am I, Joe Cocaine? Talk to a
dealer.

EFFREM
I only knew Vince. You said you had
some.

DONNIE
Yeah. This.

He holds up the small baggie with very little powder in it.

EFFREM
Well, who's your guy?

DONNIE
Vince! I don't do it every day.
I've had this shit sitting in my
desk for a month.

EFFREM
Fuck.

DONNIE
Ask a bouncer.

EFFREM
Seriously?

DONNIE
These fucking guys all have a side
hustle going. It's like cab drivers
in Vegas. You wanna score, you ask
them. And in the clubs, you ask the
bouncers.

Donnie snorts up the last bump, rubs his nose.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
Too bad, bro. Primo booger sugar.

EFFREM
So, I should just walk right up and
ask one for coke?

DONNIE
Yeah, what the fuck they gonna do?

EXT. DOWNTOWN CLUB - NIGHT

A line of people wait in line at the entrance.

Effrem is DRAGGED out the exit by a BOUNCER in a black club t-shirt. He pulls away from the Bouncer, straightens his clothes.

EFFREM

Okay! Okay! I'm going!

Effrem looks to the crowd at the door. All eyes on him.

He takes out his phone and launches the Wheelr app.

INT. MALLORY'S CAR - NIGHT

Mallory drives, the Wheelr light-up logo in her window.

Speed metal screams from the speakers.

Effrem's in the back seat. He waves for her attention.

She looks at him in the rear view.

MALLORY

What's up?

EFFREM

The music! Could you turn it-

She turns it off.

EFFREM (CONT'D)

-down.

(beat)

Thank you.

They drive a moment in silence.

He brings up her profile on the Wheelr App, sees her name.

EFFREM (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a question, Mallory?

MALLORY

I suppose.

EFFREM

Does anyone ever ask for, uh...

An uncomfortable beat.

MALLORY

Head?

EFFREM

What? No! I was gonna say coke.
(beat)
Do people actually ask for head?

MALLORY

With disturbing frequency. What
makes you think I can get coke?

EFFREM

You know. Like in Vegas, if you
wanna score, you ask a cab driver.

MALLORY

I'm not a cab driver.

EFFREM

So, that's a no on the coke?

MALLORY

I'm supposed to kick you out if you
ask for drugs, you know.

EFFREM

I didn't ask for drugs. I asked if
anyone ever asks for drugs.

MALLORY

Clever. I can still kick you out.

EFFREM

And yet, here I am.

MALLORY

You don't seem like a coke head.

EFFREM

I'm not.

MALLORY

And you've exhausted all avenues?
Hit up your friends?

EFFREM

I'm not much of a friend guy.

MALLORY

Oh. You're the loner. The rebel.

EFFREM

I have acquaintances.

MALLORY

No, I'm with you. Travel light, I
say.

EFFREM

Exactly.

She looks at him in the mirror.

MALLORY

What do you do? Your job?

EFFREM

What do you think I do?

MALLORY

I wanna say actor. You look like the sleazy guy in an HR training video making fingerblasting jokes in front of the receptionist.

EFFREM

That's strangely precise.

MALLORY

So?

EFFREM

I'm not an actor. I just do what I gotta do. Same as you.

MALLORY

Same as me? What, you think I'm struggling 'cause I drive Wheelr?

EFFREM

Didn't say that. It's just, you know, a gig's a gig.

MALLORY

I do this because I like it. I get to be whoever I want. I am the master of my own mythology. Not a number on a spreadsheet jockeying phone calls for some middle aged pervert.

EFFREM

I guess you're missing out on all the fingerblasting jokes then.

MALLORY

Fuck that. I make the fingerblasting jokes.

He laughs.

MALLORY (CONT'D)

Seriously. What's your deal? You a lawyer?

EFFREM
Because of the suit?

MALLORY
Nah... lawyers know how to get coke.
Pretty much anyone in a profession
that required a suit like that would
know where to score. So, I gotta
admit, I'm flummoxed.

EFFREM
What does my suit have to do with my
profession?

MALLORY
Good point.

The car pulls into Herbie Burger and parks.

EFFREM
Why are we stopping?

MALLORY
I'm hungry. You're buying.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

Effrem is the only customer. Greg is at the cash register.

EFFREM
I'll have a, uh, a number eighth
meal with, uh... coke.

Greg squints, then looks out the window to Mallory's car
parked outside. She smiles at him.

GREG
You know Mallory?

EFFREM
Yeah. Sure.

GREG
You know she likes chicks, right?

EFFREM
Okay. Whatever.

GREG
Took me a while to crack that code.
We did this flirty dance for a long
time. Thought she was into me.

EFFREM

The heart wants what it wants.

(beat)

So... can I get the, uh...

GREG

Huh? Oh, yeah. Eightball of coke
coming right up, bro.

INT. MALLORY'S CAR - NIGHT

Effrem gets in the back seat with a bag of fast food.
Mallory snaps her fingers and he hands it over to her.
She digs into the bag, pulls out a burger and fries.
She passes the bag back to him.
He takes a bag of coke out and pockets it.

MALLORY

Some fries in there if you want.

EFFREM

I'm good.

She snaps her fingers. He hands her the bag and she digs a couple fries out.

EFFREM (CONT'D)

Do I owe you anything?

MALLORY

It's not how I make my money. I
just know people and their business
is their business.

She puts the car in gear and pulls away.

EFFREM

So, why did you help me out?

MALLORY

Wow, how do the gums look on that
there gift horse?

EFFREM

You're right, you're right.

(beat)

It's just... you just met me.

MALLORY

I have a soft spot for desperation.

EFFREM

Fair enough. Thank you, though.

MALLORY

You know you're giving me five stars,
right?

He smiles, and hits the 5-star rating on his phone.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

ZOE, 24, walks a purebred bulldog on a fancy studded leash.
She holds the leash and flicks her phone with the same hand.

She comes to a large estate behind a high security fence.

INT. MANSION - DAY

Zoe reads her phone on an antique chair in the foyer of the
expensively decorated mansion.

The sound of dogs screwing echoes from down the hallway.

CLAY, 28, sits across from her on another antique chair.
The dogs let out a sharp howl then go silent. He laughs.

She looks up from her phone.

ZOE

My boy's really rockin' her world in
there, huh?

CLAY

Sounds like it.

She looks back to her phone.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Beautiful dog, by the way.

ZOE

Not my dog. Just walking him.

(beat)

So are you, like, a dog pimp or
something?

CLAY

Nope. Just hired to walk a dog,
same as you.

ZOE

To get laid.

CLAY

They call it breeding, I think?
Perpetuation of the species?

She looks up from her phone, annoyed.

ZOE

What app you walk for? Woofr?

CLAY

No, Snarlr.

She shakes her head, back to her phone.

ZOE

Terrible name.

A door down the hall opens and DERRICK, 40's, in an expensive suit, comes out with the bulldog. He's creepy, sweaty.

DERRICK

Thank you so much. Brutus
performed... admirably.

Zoe takes the leash and kneels down to pet the dog.

ZOE

Yeah, look at him. He's all groggy
and shit. Can we get him a cigarette?

DERRICK

Lady's quite spent. She needs rest.

CLAY

Oh, okay. Yeah.

DERRICK

Twenty minutes.

(beat)

Marvelous work today. Marvelous.

Derrick eerily backs out of the room and into the hall.

Zoe and Clay look at each other a moment and laugh.

CLAY

He has watched too many dogs bang.

ZOE

You think he just watches?

Clay laughs, shifts gears.

CLAY

Once Lady's done with the afterglow,
you wanna grab a coffee or something?

ZOE

For real? You wanna tell our
grandkids that Gammy and Pop-Pop met
at some dog orgy?

CLAY

Our grandkids, huh? Look at us.
Perpetuating the species.

ZOE

Oh, sorry. That was supposed to be
a brush-off.

CLAY

No worries. Jitters coffee's just a
hop, skip, and a jump if you wanna
make it up to me.

ZOE

Make it up to you?
(rolls her eyes)
I gotta drop this stud off with his
owner and bounce to the next gig.

CLAY

Some other time, then?

ZOE

Oh, you're serious?

CLAY

Okay then. This has been...
unpleasant.

Zoe tugs the dog's leash.

ZOE

Let's go, Brutus.

EXT. DEAKINS MANSION - DAY

Zoe rings the bell of a mini-mansion. The door opens and
PETER, 60's, grizzled and run down even in an expensive suit,
is there with a small, yappy show dog.

Zoe kneels down, pets the dog.

ZOE

Oh there she is. Who's a good girl?
You a good girl?

(MORE)

ZOE (CONT'D)
(looks up at Peter)
Is Mr. Deakins here?

PETER
Afraid not. Could you come inside?

He steps aside. She hesitates.

ZOE
Are you, like, the butler?

PETER
I'm an attorney.
(motions inside)
Please.

She goes in. Peter closes the door.

Mallory's car pulls into the driveway. She gets out and walks to the door. She rings the bell.

Cody's car pulls in behind hers. He gets out and approaches.

Peter opens the front door and greets them both.

PETER (CONT'D)
Good, you're both here.

Peter steps aside. Cody shrugs and goes in. Mallory pauses.

MALLORY
Where's Mr. Deakins?

PETER
It'll all be explained inside.

INT. DEAKINS MANSION - OFFICE - DAY

Peter opens the door to the office. Effrem is in a chair next to Zoe in front of an antique desk.

They turn around as Peter shows Mallory and Cody in.

Mallory and Effrem recognize each other.

EFFREM
Hey.

MALLORY
Hey.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DEAKINS MANSION - STUDY - DAY

Cody, Zoe, Mallory, and Effrem sit in expensive antique chairs lined up across the desk from Peter.

PETER

As you know, Mr. Deakins had been battling cancer for some time. Unfortunately he passed away last week.

They all look at each other, shocked.

PETER (CONT'D)

In his last days, each of you helped him in some way. More than just what your jobs dictated.

Peter slides four envelopes across the desk, each with one of their names.

PETER (CONT'D)

He left these for you. And, he's left this home to all of you.

They all reach over and grab their envelopes.

PETER (CONT'D)

Are there any questions?

MALLORY

Yeah. What do you mean he left us his home?

PETER

This house. And all the contents. They belong to you.

CODY

No shit? I call master bedroom.

MALLORY

Yeah, but, why?

PETER

I'm sure he explained it in the envelopes.

ZOE

So, do you come with the house?

PETER

Again. Not a butler. I'm an attorney. I've exclusively represented three generations of the Deakins family. And as of now...

(snaps briefcase shut)

...I am retired. There's a very serious drinking problem I abandoned a decade ago that I'd like to reacquaint myself with.

Peter walks to the door.

PETER (CONT'D)

There will be some paperwork in the coming days. But, as of now, this is your property.

He opens the large double-doors and walks out. As he closes them, Effrem jumps up and approaches him.

INT. DEAKINS MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY

They step outside the doors. Effrem closes them.

PETER

Sweet fuck, Effrem. I am beyond done here, okay?

EFFREM

Okay? Who the fuck are these people? They all get as much as me? Does that seem fair?

PETER

So hire a lawyer. Sue his estate. Not. My. Problem.

EFFREM

It's not the money. I just... I need to know. What was I to him?

PETER

He left you a letter.

EFFREM

What did it say?

PETER

I didn't read it.

EFFREM

What about the other thing?

PETER
What other thing?

Effrem looks around, uncomfortable. Mumbles his words.

EFFREM
Autopsy?

PETER
What?

EFFREM
Was there an autopsy?

The doorbell rings. Peter groans, shakes his head.

PETER
God dammit. I was afraid of this.

The Study door opens and Mallory, Zoe, and Cody come out.

Peter opens the front door.

DREW, 28, a wormy little man in an expensive suit, shoves an envelope in Peter's face.

PETER (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing, Drew?

DREW
I'm serving you.

Peter snatches the envelope. Drew walks away.

Effrem pushes past Peter and follows.

EXT. DEAKINS MANSION - DAY

Drew walks towards his BMW parked in the driveway and hits his alarm. The car chirps. Effrem races after him.

EFFREM
Wait! Drew! Hold on!

Drew turns to him, annoyed.

Everyone comes out onto the front porch.

DREW
I've got nothing to say to you,
Effrem.
(to the others)
Or to any of you. A little advice
though.

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)
Get yourselves a better lawyer than
this joke. If you can afford one.

Mallory charges down off the porch.

MALLORY
Who the fuck are you?

DREW
I'm Mr. Deakins son. And what did
you do for my father, exactly? Pick
up his laundry? Walk his dog?

ZOE
No, I walk the dog, motherfucker.
You got a problem with that?

Zoe shoves the dog into Cody's hands and charges at Drew.

CODY
Wait, no... I'm allergic...

PETER
The will is air tight, Drew. Just
move on.

DREW
What's the first line in a will?
Something about being of sound mind?
Does this seem like he was of sound
mind?

PETER
I have everything documented. You
won't win.

DREW
You want to know how I even knew
what was in his will? He told me.
It was our last conversation. Great
guy, huh?

EFFREM
He was complicated. Let's just talk
about this.

DREW
Talk? With you? His rent-boy?

Effrem looks back at everyone, all eyes on him.

DREW (CONT'D)
Oh. You didn't know?
(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)

Effrem's a prostitute. Or escort.
Whatever. He was in my father's
employ for, what is it now, Effrem?
Two years.

EFFREM

It's not like that.

DREW

It's exactly like that. You're a
whore and you think this is your pay
day.

MALLORY

Oh, fuck this.

Mallory storms toward the house. Effrem steps in front of
her.

EFFREM

Where you going?

MALLORY

I'm gonna get a butchers knife and
split this little fuck into quadrants.

EFFREM

Hold on, no need to get all gangster.

DREW

I'll make you all a deal. Give up
any claim to his estate and I'll
make sure you each get something.

EFFREM

That's not what he wanted.

DREW

Who the hell are you to tell me what
he wanted? He didn't love you. He
didn't love anyone. But he didn't
love me alot longer than he didn't
love you.

Cody sneezes, doubles over.

The dog LEAPS from his arms and charges at Drew, snarling.

Drew rushes to his BMW.

DREW (CONT'D)

Keep that yapping little gargoye
away from me!

He gets in the car and starts it up.
He hits the gas, the car peels backwards down the driveway.
The dog let's out a loud, painful yelp.
Everyone shutters and gasps, then freezes.

EFFREM
Call the cops!

Mallory and Cody rush into the house.

Effrem and Zoe run to the dog, slumped in the driveway.
Effrem gently picks it up.

EFFREM (CONT'D)
He's alive.

ZOE
She's a she.

EFFREM
(to Peter)
Where's your car?

INT. PET HOSPITAL - DAY

Zoe, Effrem, and Peter sit in the waiting room of the pet hospital. They stare straight ahead, in shock.

Effrem's shirt is bloody.

Peter leans over to Effrem.

PETER
I'm postponing my retirement. I
want to make sure that little shit
doesn't get one red cent.

EFFREM
I think we should just sell it. Go
our separate ways.

PETER
You're gonna be stuck with each other
a while. You can't sell shit as
long as that little human upper-decker
is suing.

EFFREM
Well they can't stay there, right?
I don't know these people.

PETER

Legally, it's as much theirs as it is yours.

EFFREM

I actually live there!

PETER

You'll figure it out. First thing's first, you gotta get respectable employment. How you met is gonna be a problem in court.

EFFREM

I don't care.

PETER

But a judge and jury might. You need to get a regular job.

The sliding front doors open and Clay comes in, a limp bulldog in his arms.

He goes to the RECEPTIONIST, 50's.

CLAY

Please, I was walking her and she just passed out.

Clay looks over and sees Zoe. She stands up and approaches.

He lays the dog on the counter and strikes a casual pose.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Oh, hey.

ZOE

Holy shit, he fucked her to death.

Effrem looks to Peter, confused.

EFFREM

I have no idea who any of these people are.

EXT. DEAKINS MANSION - DAY

Mallory and Cody talk to OFFICER BLAYLOCK, 30's.

Cody continually blows his nose, rubs his itchy eyes.

BLAYLOCK

Sorry, it's not a hit and run.

MALLORY

What the fuck do you mean? He hit the dog. Then he ran.

BLAYLOCK

Well, it's his dog.

MALLORY

Hello? Isn't animal cruelty illegal?

BLAYLOCK

Look, he says it was an accident. I can't arrest a guy for accidentally hitting his own dog.

Blaylock walks to his car.

MALLORY

Well thank you, Officer, you've have been most un-fucking-helpful.

Blaylock drives away.

CODY

If that dog lives, we're gonna need to set up some boundaries where it can go. I'm allergic as hell.

MALLORY

What the fuck are you talking about? We're selling and cashing out.

Mallory walks to the house. Cody follows.

CODY

What for? This place is way better than my apartment.

MALLORY

So cash out and you can afford a better place.

CODY

Yeah, but it won't be as sweet as this place. We got a bidet. A real one. Not some gadget you latch onto the rim of the shitter. An honest to god, stand-alone, marble bidet.

MALLORY

I like a squeaky clean asshole as much as the next guy, but I don't need roommates.

CODY

It's a big house. We'll probably go
days without bumping into each other.

They go inside.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. PET HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Effrem paces as he talks on his phone.

EFFREM

I'm gonna be a little late.

(beat)

Sorry. Yeah. Yeah. I got it.

(checks time on phone)

About an hour.

(beat)

Okay. See you then.

He hangs up.

INT. PET HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Zoe's eyes bulge as she looks at the check from her envelope.
She holds it up to Peter. It's for \$50,000.

ZOE

Holy shit. This is mine?

PETER

It's got your name on it, right?

Clay's jaw drops.

CLAY

Damn, girl. You're rich. All my
customers ever got me was a vegan
gift basket.

ZOE

You're vegan?

CLAY

No, which makes it all the more
confusing.

Effrem walks in.

EFFREM

I gotta get going.

Zoe shows him the check.

ZOE

Check this shit out!

EFFREM

(reads the check)

You know, it says "For Pet Care" in the memo line.

ZOE

Right. Because I care for his pet.

EFFREM

I think he meant it more to be for dog food, vet bills, whatever the fuck this whole misadventure is going to cost. That type of shit.

ZOE

Did he give us all this much?

INT. BANK - NIGHT

Cody is at the counter with a TELLER, 20's.

TELLER

I'm sorry? You want the full fifty-thousand in...

CODY

Small bills. Singles. Fives. Tens.

TELLER

I think you should talk to one of our account managers.

CODY

Why?

TELLER

This is a lot of money.

CODY

Right. So... chop chop.

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT

Peter pulls into the driveway. Effrem in the passenger seat.

PETER

From time to time, Mr. Deakins expressed some concerns. About you.

EFFREM

What about me?

PETER

That you'd be alone once he was gone.

Effrem looks out the window. Mallory's on the porch smoking a joint.

PETER (CONT'D)
Why haven't you looked in your envelope yet?

EFFREM
Because I don't need to see what I meant to him in dollars and cents.

Effrem takes out his phone and checks the time.

EFFREM (CONT'D)
I gotta get changed for my gig.

He gets out of the car.

EXT. DEAKINS MANSION - NIGHT

Effrem approaches Mallory on the porch. She puffs on the joint.

EFFREM
You can smoke that inside, you know.
It's your house. Technically.

MALLORY
You open your envelope?

EFFREM
No. How much did he leave you?

MALLORY
Nothing. Just a note.

She takes the note from her pocket and hands it to him.

MALLORY (CONT'D)
It's the last thing he ever said to me.

QUICK FLASH

Mallory pulls her car up to the entrance of the Rocky Mountain Oncology Center.

MR. DEAKINS, 48, is in the back. He's thin, frail.

DEAKINS
I'm just saying, people need friends as much as they need food, air, shelter, and water.

MALLORY

We have different definitions of friends, I think. Friends are transient. People come into your life and they go. They move away. They pick other friends over you.

DEAKINS

Or they die.

She looks at him in the mirror.

MALLORY

No, I wasn't...

He laughs, waves his hand.

DEAKINS

It's fine. Really.

He opens the door.

MALLORY

Need some help?

DEAKINS

Not this time, Mallory. I'll be fine.

(he touches her
shoulder)

And I want you to be, too. Friends are not transient.

He taps the 5-star rating on his phone and gets out.

BACK TO SCENE

Effrem reads the note.

It says "Friends are not transient" with a drawing of five stars.

MALLORY

How the fuck did he know that would be the last thing he said to me?

Cody's car pulls into the driveway. He gets out with a garbage bag full of stacked cash. Some falls out, he picks it up.

EFFREM

What's in the bag?

CODY

Fifty thousand dollars.

EFFREM

Okay then.

Cody walks to the front door and goes in.

CODY

Dollar Dollar Bills Y'all.

Another car pulls in the driveway.

Clay gets out of the drivers side, Zoe from the passengers.

ZOE

Which room is mine?

EFFREM

Take your pick, I guess.

She nods and leads Clay inside. She stops and turns to Mallory.

ZOE

This is Clay, by the way. We're gonna do some over-the-clothes stuff.

MALLORY

Mazel-tov.

ZOE

Oh, are you Jewish?

MALLORY

(confused)

No.

ZOE

This is gonna be fun. I can't wait to get to know you guys.

She goes inside, pulls Clay in.

Effrem and Mallory are left in silence for a moment.

EFFREM

I got a gig. Can you give me a lift?

INT. MALLORY'S CAR - NIGHT

Mallory drives. Effrem's in the passenger seat, in clean clothes, hair styled, ready for a night out.

EFFREM

I killed Mr. Deakins.

She looks at him.

MALLORY

Wow. Pretty fucking gangster, Ef.

EFFREM

No, I mean... I didn't shoot him in the back of the head execution style. He was sick, the chemo was... it was bad. So he had me get a drug he researched. And I... I gave it to him.

A silent moment.

MALLORY

That sucks. I'm sorry.

EFFREM

I loved him. I know it started out with him just renting me through an app. But we did have something. He wasn't paying me in the end. I mean, he took care of me. But it wasn't a gig.

They pull up to the curb outside a townhouse.

MALLORY

Is this it?

Effrem looks out the window.

EFFREM

I think so.

MALLORY

So that coke. It's for this... client, or whatever?

EFFREM

Yeah.

MALLORY

You don't have to do this, you know.

EFFREM

What else am I going to do?

MALLORY

We'll figure it out together.

EFFREM

I don't need your help.

MALLORY

Well, fuck you. You're going to get it. Don't you get what Mr. Deakins is doing here?

EFFREM

Yeah, I do. He's setting up play dates for me from beyond the grave.

MALLORY

Think about it from his side for a minute. He's facing death, eternity. He's got that perspective, looking back on life. And this is what he did with it. He wants us to have friends.

EFFREM

Yeah, well, the cancer was in his brain.

MALLORY

Fuck that. He knew exactly what he was doing. I have to trust that. Otherwise... what the fuck are we doing with our lives?

Effrem shakes his head, points to the house.

EFFREM

I really gotta go.

MALLORY

Open your envelope first.

EFFREM

I left it at home. I'll read it later.

She takes his envelope from her pocket. He sighs.

MALLORY

No. Do it now. You owe it to him.

He opens the envelope, takes out the note and reads it.

He takes a sharp breath, covers his mouth.

After a moment, he hands the note to Mallory and gets out of the car.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Effrem walks up the steps of the townhouse.

He pauses.

INT. MALLORY'S CAR - NIGHT

Mallory unfolds the note and reads it.

QUICK FLASH

Mr. Deakins is in bed. Effrem injects a syringe into the IV bag attached to Mr. Deakins arm.

Effrem sits next to him, tears streaming, takes his hand.

EFFREM

I'm going to miss you so much. I
love you.

DEAKINS

I love you, Effrem.

(beat)

You're going to have such a great
life. Don't be selfish. Share it.

Effrem brings Deakins hand to his lips and kisses it.

Deakins closes his eyes and fades away.

BACK TO SCENE

Mallory reads the note.

It says "Don't be selfish. Share it."

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Effrem is at the front door, a dazed look on his face.

The door swings open. It's Andy, in a bathrobe. He smiles as he sees Effrem.

ANDY

Well, you certainly look fresh.

Effrem takes a step back, shakes his head. He looks to the curb. Mallory's car is still there

EFFREM

I can't. I'm sorry.

He takes the coke from his pocket and hands it to him.

EFFREM (CONT'D)

Here, no charge. I just... I gotta...

He runs back down the steps.

INT. MALLORY'S CAR - NIGHT

Effrem gets in the car. He looks at Mallory.

She nods.

He nods.

She pulls away.

END ACT THREE

TAG

INT. DEAKINS MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Mallory and Effrem sit at the table and drink coffee.

Cody comes in with bags of greasy fast food.

CODY

Okay! Got a good spread today.
Breakfast from McDonalds, Jack in
the Box, Herbie Burger...

EFFREM

Can we start eating something other
than fast food? I'm starting to get
acne from all this grease.

CODY

It's free, dude.

EFFREM

More like stolen.

CODY

Potato, po-tah-to.

MALLORY

Weren't you gonna go to culinary
school with all that money he left
you?

CODY

Sure, but I'm not gonna turn into
Wolfgang fucking Puck in the blink
of an eye.

Effrem digs into the bag and pulls out a McMuffin.

EFFREM

God dammit.

He takes a bite. Mallory digs in as well.

The door opens and Zoe enters. Cody turns to her.

CODY

Got breakfast.

ZOE

Oh, cool. First...

She turns and waves.

Clay enters with the dog on a leash.

The dog's lower body is rigged up to obscene mechanical devices. As it walks it sounds like a the gears and pistons of a giant robot.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Good as new!

MALLORY

Jesus fuck, Zoe. It's a fucking cyborg now.

EFFREM

How much did all of that cost?

ZOE

Oh, it ate up pretty much everything Mr. Deakins left me.

EFFREM

So you're broke?

She nods.

EFFREM (CONT'D)

We're all broke.

They all nod.

EFFREM (CONT'D)

You know it costs alot of money just to own a house like this.

MALLORY

We'll figure it out.

Zoe sits down at the table and pulls out a sandwich. She takes a bite, looks at everyone, and smiles.

ZOE

This is gonna be fun.

The dog yelps.

Effrem and Mallory eat their food. Mallory smiles.

Effrem chews a moment, then shrugs and smiles back.

FADE OUT