

FINE DINING

PILOT  
"LEAN MEAT"

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

**INT. ALLENTOWN ELEMENTARY - JAMES' CLASSROOM - DAY**

A typical elementary classroom. Maps and educational posters litter the walls, and a DOZEN CHILDREN sit at tiny lacquered desks.

At the chalkboard, JAMES SEAL (late 20's), a dark haired, scrawny man, sketches out a terrible map of the U.S. He puts on the finishing flourishes and turns to face the class.

JAMES

This is America. I have taught you  
that this shape represents America.

James, without looking, chalks a dot in the upper west of the map.

JAMES (CONT'D)

That's where Olympia might be, if  
this was an actual map.

The students look confused.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Olympia is the capital of  
Washington state. You are expected  
to learn each and every capital.

James makes another dot.

JAMES (CONT'D)

That's where Montpelier is,  
probably.

A student, ALEX, raises her hand.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Alex.

ALEX

My mommy said it's not safe to go  
outside.

JAMES

We're learning capitals, Alex.

ALEX  
 But Mr. Seal. What about the...  
 (bashful)  
 ...the cannibal.

The class ERUPTS into gasps, conversation, and nervous laughter.

JAMES  
 Quiet. Everybody quiet. Alex, we've heard enough about this so-called cannibal. We're here learning capitals, and all you can think is cannibal? We can't go one second without hearing "cannibal this," or "cannibal that."

A boy, JED, raises his hand and grins.

JED  
 But there's all those body parts in Morristown.

JAMES  
 Morristown is miles away.

ALEX  
 Mr. Seal, I'm scared.

JAMES  
 Well that's pointless, Alex.

The bell RINGS. The students pack their things.

**INT. ALLENTOWN ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY - DAY**

The children BURST out of the classroom like a stampede of tiny elephants. James follows at a distance, eyeing them warily.

OLIVIA LEAN (late 20's), a pretty woman in a wheelchair, rolls towards James, waving happily.

JAMES  
 Olivia! Hi! I mean --  
 (coughs, deeper voice)  
 Hello, how are you today?

OLIVIA  
 Hi James!

She comes to a stop.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
I'm great! Just wonderful!  
Actually, not wonderful. My  
grandfather's funeral was  
yesterday.

JAMES  
Oh my God, I'm so sorry.

OLIVIA  
No it's okay, he was a Nazi. Like,  
literally, he wore the armband  
around the house and stuff.

JAMES  
Not a huge loss, then?

OLIVIA  
God did he love those armbands.  
They were striking, I'll give him  
that.

JAMES  
Are you doing anything tonight?

OLIVIA  
I was going to burn some armbands  
that were left to me in a will, but  
otherwise nothing.

JAMES  
Want to come over for dinner? Might  
help you relax a bit, forget your  
troubles, you know?

OLIVIA  
I'd love to!

JAMES  
Great. My place around six? I'll  
order a pizza.

OLIVIA  
Don't forget the pepperoni!

James LAUGHS far too hard.

JAMES  
That was, like, really funny.

Olivia LAUGHS with him. They look completely insane.

**INT. JAMES' CAR - DUSK**

James drives down the semi-desolate main street of Allentown. It's quaint, midway between suburban and very dusty rural.

"Werewolves of London" by Warren Zevon blasts on the radio.

JAMES  
(singing)  
Ah-ooooooh, werewolves of London.  
Ah-ooooooh --

BUZZ. James' phone rings. He maneuvers it out of his pocket and looks to the screen. "Call from CARLOS ESCALADAS." He rejects the call.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
Ah-ooooooh...

**INT. CROSSTOWN BUS - DUSK**

CARLOS ESCALADAS (late 20's) sits on the crowded bus with his phone to his ear. A heavy set WOMAN sleeps next to him, her head about to flop onto his shoulder. She jerks up and SNORES, then almost flops onto him once more.

CARLOS  
(into phone)  
James, it's Carlos. We need to talk. Call me right away, please.  
Thanks.

The woman's head crashes onto Carlos' shoulder. He FLINCHES and GRIMACES.

**EXT. JAMES' HOUSE - DUSK**

A squat little one story house with a sad American flag poking out of the front lawn.

**INT. JAMES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK**

A cozy little living room with a nice TV in the corner and a gray couch. It looks like James has not lived here very long.

James sits on the couch watching TV. BUZZ. He looks at his phone. He mutes the TV and puts the phone to his ear.

MESSAGE SERVICE (O.S.)  
 (over phone)  
 Two new messages. Playing first  
 message.

CARLOS (O.S.)  
 (over phone)  
 James, it's Carlos. We --

BEEP.

MESSAGE SERVICE (O.S.)  
 (over phone)  
 Message deleted. Playing second  
 message.

GEORGIA (O.S.)  
 (over phone)  
 James, it's Georgia. You need to  
 get your gutter sewage trash out of  
 my house. It's just rude. Forget  
 picking up and leaving without a  
 word, whatever, who needs you. But  
 I'll be damned if you think I'll  
 hold on to your "World's Greatest  
 Cad" shirt. Call me. Now.

James grimaces and puts the phone down. KNOCK. He jumps up  
 and opens the door. Olivia comes in.

JAMES  
 Hi, welcome.

OLIVIA  
 Thanks for having me.

JAMES  
 The pizza isn't here yet, but we  
 could watch some TV and stuff.

OLIVIA  
 (forced chipperness)  
 Okay, that sounds okay! Perfectly  
 okay!

James sits on the couch. Olivia stops her wheelchair next to  
 him. James unmutes and flips the channel.

It's a news program. On screen below the ANCHOR, a graphic  
 proclaims "Morristown Cannibal Looser Than Ever."

JAMES  
 Ugh, I've had enough of this.

OLIVIA  
No, no, no, leave it for a second.

**INSERT - ON TELEVISION SCREEN**

The Anchor emotes into camera.

ANCHOR  
-- a large horse with a severed  
finger in its mouth. We have with  
us today an employee of that very  
morgue who claims to have seen the  
cannibal.

Splitscreen. A window pops up next to the anchor, with TOM  
(30's) inside, a slackjawed, grubby guy. Graphic: "Tom,  
Morgue Employee."

ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
Tom, you claim to have seen the  
cannibal?

TOM  
Seen him? Few times, few times.  
Real nice guy. Pretty sure he was  
the one eatin' all those people.

ANCHOR  
How did he get into the morgue?

TOM  
Well, he'd come in round one AM  
every Sunday, which was during my  
shift. We'd get to chattin' about  
this and that. Said he liked  
lookin' at bodies. Probably eatin'  
those people. Would always leave  
with a big black bag that smelled  
real bad, like rabbit meat that the  
cats been at, you know?

ANCHOR  
I do not, sir, no. But let me ask  
you -- if you were so... familiar  
with the man, why can't you  
identify him to police?

TOM  
See, now that's the tricky thing.  
He always come in, big sunglasses,  
red baseball cap pulled down. Black  
jacket with that collar, cover him  
up real good.

**BACK TO SCENE**

James SIGHS.

JAMES

I don't understand the big deal here.

OLIVIA

It's amazing, James! I mean, not amazing, it's awful and dreadful and terrible. But it's so, I don't know, interesting, don't you think?

JAMES

I, uh...

KNOCK.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Must be the pizza.

James gets up and opens the door. LIGHTNING STRIKES, showing a dark silhouette in the doorway.

BOBBY

Hey bro.

BOBBY SEAL (early 30's) enters. He wears a red ball cap, dark sunglasses, and an evil grin. One leg of his jeans is torn, and blood drips from a cut underneath.

JAMES

(horrified)

Bobby? What the hell are you doing here?

BOBBY

I need to crash for awhile, thanks man. Things gettin' rough over in Morristown like you wouldn't believe.

Olivia leans forward, interested.

JAMES

Oh, Bobby, this is my gir -- uh -- my friend Olivia. Olivia, this is my brother Bobby.

OLIVIA

James, I didn't know you had a brother!

BOBBY

What's that, Jimmy? Didn't tell her about me?

(to Olivia)

It's alright, we haven't spoken in years. But James here's gonna make that all up to me by letting me sleep on his couch with one of his stuffed animals tonight.

OLIVIA

How lovely!

JAMES

(seething)

Yes. Lovely. What are you doing here?

Bobby puts his bag down. It JINGLES loudly.

BOBBY

I got driven out of town. Like, literally this guy picked me up and drove me out of town. Said he'd bash me -- his words -- if I showed up again. So I found a truck and came your way. Georgia told me where to find you. By the way, eh, she is amazing with mouth stuff.

JAMES

Let's roll back a few steps. "Found a truck?"

Olivia rolls over to get a good look at Bobby. She looks at his glasses, then his hat, then his jeans. She GASPS. Bobby notices.

BOBBY

Oh, this? Yeah, little mishap with the truck. I was ditching it, you know, because of the police and stuff, and, uh...

**FLASHBACK - EXT. HILLY FIELD - NIGHT**

Bobby gets out of a dirty brown truck. He grabs the door through the open window and pushes it down a huge hill. He looks down. He closed the door on his pant leg.

The car starts rolling. Bobby YELLS. He falls flat on his back and gets dragged down the hill, whining pathetically.

**BACK TO SCENE**

BOBBY

So I rolled like, seriously, like a  
hundred feet. Pretty fun.

Olivia looks suspicious. She grabs James' arm and pulls him  
to her level.

OLIVIA

(whispering)

Can I talk to you in the kitchen?

**INT. JAMES' HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Olivia sits in the kitchen, James in front of her.

OLIVIA

Your brother is the Morristown  
Cannibal.

James LAUGHS.

JAMES

What? I know he's a weird idiot,  
but --

OLIVIA

No, hold on. The bloody leg, that  
fake story about a truck, it all  
fits. Why was he "driven out of  
town?" And that hat...

JAMES

Our grandpa got him that. We both  
have them. And I'm amazed he wasn't  
driven out of town years ago, by a  
whole posse of villagers with  
torches and everything.

OLIVIA

Why aren't you taking me seriously?

JAMES

Because you're being ridiculous.

Olivia HUFFS. She rolls out of the kitchen. James follows.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Olivia, wait.

**INT. JAMES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Olivia rolls through the living room. Bobby is splayed on the couch, devouring pizza.

BOBBY

You guys got terrible pizza.

Olivia opens the front door. James rushes to her. She gives him a terrible look and leaves. She slams the door behind her.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I mean, roasted peppers? Really?

James flops onto the couch next to Bobby.

JAMES

Thanks for that, man. Why couldn't you go somewhere else?

BOBBY

Because we're brothers! You can't not help your brother! I need a place to stay, buddy.

JAMES

(hesitant)

Fine, but just one night.

BOBBY

Just a few nights, swear.

James SIGHS and stares at the TV.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

This place is boring as hell.

JAMES

You can leave.

BOBBY

Nah.

JAMES

You've ruined my night.

BOBBY

It's what brothers do.

JAMES

You know what? You want some entertainment? There's a strip club four blocks from here.

James reaches into his pocket and pulls out some cash. He hands it to Bobby.

JAMES (CONT'D)

The principal at my school says you should ask for Jasmine.

BOBBY

I knew you'd help out. Thanks, bro.  
If all goes as planned, I'll be  
back in like, sixteen hours.

Bobby jumps up and rushes out of the house, ecstatic.

James turns off the TV, sits back, and thinks.

**EXT. JAMES' BACKYARD - NIGHT**

The backyard is nice, though it has its share of dead grass. High fences block everything from sight. A little tool shed in the far back sits locked up. To the side, a shovel sticks out of a freshly planted rose bush.

In the center of the yard, a fire burns in a small metal bucket. James fans it. He turns to a box by his side.

He grabs a red baseball cap and throws it on the fire. Then, a black jacket. Then, dark sunglasses.

He pushes the items around in the fire, making sure they burn.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

**INT. JAMES' HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

James sleeps on his side, muttering, smiling, frowning.  
MUFFLED VOICES off-screen. He jerks awake, looks around, and  
SIGHS.

GONG. James rubs his head and looks furious.

**INT. JAMES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

James walks blearily into the living room. Bobby sits on the  
couch, excited, banging a miniature gong. GONG. GONG. GONG.

BOBBY

Pretty sweet, right? Only 14  
dollars. You can have it for 16, if  
you want.

On a chair opposite Bobby is DETECTIVE SETH (early 40's), a  
pudgy, kind looking police officer.

DETECTIVE SETH

I will have to pass. My wife hates  
gongs.

BOBBY

See, that's why I'll never marry.

JAMES

What the hell is going on here?

BOBBY

Jesus Jim, swearing in front of an  
officer of the law? I thought I  
raised you better.

JAMES

You didn't raise me.

DETECTIVE SETH

Mr. Seal, we are doing routine  
questioning on an important and  
very secret case.

(to Bobby)

Mr. Seal, have you ever, I don't  
know, looked at a person and  
thought, "gee, I wonder what that  
tastes like?"

BOBBY

Not once. What case is this for?

DETECTIVE SETH

Can't tell you. But let me ask you this. Do you ever find yourself thinking about dead people?

BOBBY

Sometimes.

DETECTIVE SETH

And if you were to find a dead person, what would you do with that person who is a dead person?

BOBBY

Probably leave it alone.

DETECTIVE SETH

Makes sense, makes sense. I think that's all the questions I've got.

Seth gets up and walks to the door.

DETECTIVE SETH (CONT'D)

Oh, just one more thing.

He turns.

DETECTIVE SETH (CONT'D)

Have you ever eaten anyone?

BOBBY

Nope.

DETECTIVE SETH

Alright then. Have a good day, gentleman.

Detective Seth opens the door and leaves. James sits next to Bobby.

JAMES

He thinks you're the cannibal.

BOBBY

(genuine)

What? Huh. I guess I didn't pick up on that.

JAMES

Bobby, what were you doing in Morristown?

BOBBY

I was just living my life, you know. Got arrested a few times. Tried to go straight.

JAMES

Did you have a job?

BOBBY

Yeah, for a bit. I was tattooing people out of the back of a van. But then I got arrested for tattooing people without a license and stealing a van.

JAMES

And now you've forced yourself on me.

BOBBY

Hey, at least I'm no cannibal. I wonder why he thinks it's me. Could be anybody. Nobody evens knows I'm here.

James gets up and grabs his bag.

JAMES

I have to go to work, can I trust you not to, I don't know, poop all over the floor and spray cat urine everywhere?

BOBBY

I think so.

James HUFFS and opens the door. Bobby spots James' phone on the couch. He says nothing. James leaves.

**EXT. ALLENTOWN BUS DEPOT - DAY**

A bus rolls up and opens its door on the tiny bus depot in the middle of nowhere. Carlos exits the bus, phone to his ear.

**INT. JAMES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Bobby sits, pants down, on the couch, holding James' phone to his face. He watches LOUD pornography and grins like a maniac.

BUZZ. A window pops up: "Call from CARLOS ESCALADAS." Bobby looks annoyed and rejects the call.

**EXT. ALLENTOWN BUS DEPOT - DAY**

Carlos waits on the phone.

JAMES (O.S.)  
 (over phone)  
 Hi, this is James, leave a message  
 now, thanks.

BEEP.

CARLOS  
 (into phone)  
 James, seriously. I'm in town, and  
 we have to talk about --

**INT. JAMES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Bobby enjoys the pornography. A window pops up on the phone. "One new voicemail."

BOBBY  
 Ugh, fine, if you're gonna be like  
 that.

Bobby hits the play button and holds the phone to his ear.

**INT. ALLENTOWN ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY**

The bell RINGS. James' classroom door opens to let out the stampede of small children again. James exits, looking morose. Olivia sits outside, waiting.

JAMES  
 Olivia, hey. Look, I wanted to say  
 sorry about --

Olivia holds up a binder.

OLIVIA  
 James, shush. And don't worry about  
 it. Look at this.

Olivia opens the binder to a map of Morristown and a picture of Bobby Seal.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I've been thinking things over. I don't have any proof yet, but I'm piecing things together, and I just can't ignore it. All the signs point to your brother being the...

She looks around for kids.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

The you-know-what.

James grabs the binder and looks through it.

JAMES

I really think you need to stop watching those true crime shows.

OLIVIA

What are you talking about?

JAMES

It's messing with your brain. Bobby is too... too Bobby to be a cannibal.

Olivia turns her chair away and starts to leave.

OLIVIA

(over her shoulder)

I guess the police will have to figure that out for themselves, won't they?

JAMES

(calling after her)

Wait, did you call...

She's turns the corner.

**INT. JAMES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

James enters looking miserable. He drops his bag on the ground. Bobby sits on the couch staring at him, like a puppy waiting to play.

JAMES

What is it?

Bobby giggles.

BOBBY

I know your secret.

JAMES

What, the expired milk? Yeah, I have to take care of that.

BOBBY

No. Your s-e-c-r-e-t.

JAMES

That doesn't make it clearer.

BOBBY

You forgot your phone this morning.

Bobby tosses James the phone, who bungles the catch.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Your friend Carlos called. Said something about how "Sacramento was a one time thing," and how he knows what you've been up to in Morristown, and how you should have left that all behind in Paypa New Guina.

JAMES

Papua New Guinea. You weren't even reading it, you heard it. How did you mess that up? And I have no idea what you're talking about.

Bobby stands and sidles up next to James.

BOBBY

(whispering)

You're the Morristown Cannibal.

JAMES

(outraged)

What? What the hell are you talking about?

BOBBY

At first I thought you were just having weird sex with this Carlos guy or something, but then I put the pieces together. I'm not dumb, you know.

JAMES

Right. You're not dumb, but you think I'm the cannibal.

BOBBY  
 I know you are.  
 (mumbling)  
 Cannibal-says-what?

JAMES  
 What?

BOBBY  
 Aha! Look bro, I'm not gonna tell anyone. It's super cool that you eat people. I'm so down.

JAMES  
 I don't eat people.

BOBBY  
 Ate people, right.

James sits on the couch and puts his head in his hands. He SIGHS and looks miserable.

JAMES  
 I can trust you, right? Because you're my brother? That means I can trust you?

BOBBY  
 Sort of. I mean, I wouldn't, but you might.

JAMES  
 This is very... complicated.

**FLASHBACK - BASEMENT**

James, in a dark basement, eats from a plate of cooked human and WEEPS pathetically.

**BACK TO SCENE**

JAMES  
 It's wrong. Obviously it's wrong. I just... I couldn't help myself.

BOBBY  
 You've never killed anyone though, right? It was all people from the morgue and stuff.

JAMES

Yeah, but that doesn't make it better. Once you start, it's impossible to stop, at least I thought it was.

BOBBY

How'd you start? Just like, saw some dude and was all like, "bet that's pretty good with hot sauce?"

JAMES

You remember that plane crash? I mean, Papua New Guinea is a weird place. Carlos and I thought we were the only ones who survi--

KNOCK. Someone is at the door. Bobby jumps behind the couch and hides.

BOBBY

I forgot to mention that, uh, Carlos was on his way over.

JAMES

(furious)  
What?!

James jumps and hides behind the couch as well. KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. Bobby and James look at each other as the knocking continues. Then, it stops. They breathe heavy SIGHS of relief.

**INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The room is covered with framed pictures of mug shots and posters for "The Murder Channel." There are also posters for princess movies and romance novels, and on each surface, there are little unicorns figurines.

Olivia sits with a binder in her lap watching television. On screen, a graphic that says "Murder Channel" above the tagline "MURDER MURDER MURDER." A HOST emotes next to the police sketch of the Morristown Cannibal.

HOST

(from TV)  
The police have released this sketch based on the testimony of several witnesses. Though, of course, with the precautions the cannibal took, it is unlikely he will be identified on sight alone.

Olivia grabs a sheet from the binder and rolls up to the television. She places it next to the sketch. It is a mugshot of Bobby Seal. She considers the two, side-by-side.

**INT. JAMES' CAR - NIGHT**

James drives, Bobby in the passenger seat.

BOBBY  
Where are we going?

JAMES  
Circling the block a few times.  
Throw Carlos off our trail.

They pass by rustic houses in derelict fields of dying wheat. This town is dying.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
This town is so dead.

BOBBY  
I know! Dead enough for you to.

Uncomfortable silence.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Who is that guy?

JAMES  
We sort of... did it together in  
Papua New Guinea. Now Olivia's got  
the cops thinking it's you, and  
that only makes things more --

BOBBY  
You "did it together?"

JAMES  
You know what I mean.

BOBBY  
Hell yeah, I do!

James SIGHS.

JAMES  
I wish it were sex. That would be  
way more... okay. You have to  
promise not to tell anyone. This  
could really screw me. I'm trying,  
you know, to put this behind me.

BOBBY

I won't tell anyone bro, I swear. I mean, you're letting me stay in your house. I owe you.

JAMES

Thanks man, that means a lot.

BOBBY

Imagine how much fun it could have been though, when you were eating people and junk, if I were tagging along.

JAMES

You're ruining the moment.

**INT. ALLENTOWN POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT**

Detective Seth sits at a gray metal table, a piece of paper in front of him. Olivia sits across the table with her binder in her lap. Seth drinks a cup of coffee and looks distressed.

A broad chested, BALD COP in sunglasses pokes his head in.

BALD COP

Everything alright, dum-dum?

DETECTIVE SETH

Yes. Go away.

The Bald Cop leaves.

OLIVIA

Okay, so I've brought all my notes down, and I think we can get to the bottom of this with a good sixteen to seventeen hours between us.

DETECTIVE SETH

What?

OLIVIA

The case? The cannibal? That is what you wanted to talk about, right?

DETECTIVE SETH

Why?

OLIVIA  
 Because I gave the tip on Bobby  
 Seal? And I'm -- something -- of an  
 authority on the subject.

DETECTIVE SETH  
 How?

OLIVIA  
 Is this not about the cannibal?

Seth looks at his notes.

DETECTIVE SETH  
 No.

Two cops, IDENTICAL to the first, poke their heads in.

IDENTICAL COP 1  
 I hear you've got a case, Seth.

IDENTICAL COP 2  
 A case nobody cares about. Perfect  
 for you! Because nobody cares about  
 you either, you get it? Huh? You  
 get it?

IDENTICAL COP 1  
 He doesn't get it!

They LAUGH, are joined by two more IDENTICAL LAUGHING COPS,  
 and walk away.

OLIVIA  
 Why am I here?

Seth looks at the paper.

DETECTIVE SETH  
 (reading from paper)  
 I am agriv--agray--aggrieved to  
 inform you, Ms. Lean, that the  
 grave of your grandfather, Adolph  
 Lean, has been vandalized.

OLIVIA  
 What? Vandalized how?

DETECTIVE SETH  
 Well, for starters, he's gone.

OLIVIA  
 Oh my god. All the pieces are  
 coming together.

DETECTIVE SETH  
I don't know what that means.

Olivia looks like she doesn't either.

**EXT. ALLENTOWN CEMETERY - NIGHT**

Police tape boxes in an open grave, that of Adolph Lean.  
Several POLICE OFFICERS comb over the site searching for  
evidence.

Several yards away, behind a tree, Carlos stands watching. He  
laughs to himself and shakes his head.

**INT. JAMES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

James watches television.

ANCHOR (O.S.)  
-- the body of Adolph Lean,  
prominent white supremacist,  
earlier this evening. Police are  
investigating several leads in the  
case and --

Bobby enters holding two dinner plates filled with delicious  
looking meat.

BOBBY  
Dinner's ready! I thought I'd cook  
something up to thank you for  
letting me stay.

He hands Bobby a plate and sits down. He forks a bite, looks  
at it proudly, and eats it. His face lights up.

James stares at his plate.

JAMES  
What is this?

BOBBY  
Don't worry, it's lean meat.

James' jaw drops. He looks to his plate, to Bobby, back to  
his plate.

JAMES  
You didn't.

BOBBY

You can't prove I did. Same thing,  
pretty much.

JAMES

No. No. No.

Bobby eats happily. James watches him. He drools a bit. He licks his lips. He looks at his plate. Very hesitantly, he forks a bite and stares at it. He looks very distressed.

He eats the bite.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

**INT. JAMES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

James and Bobby lean back on the couch, heads limp, hands on their bellies. They GROAN with pleasure.

BOBBY  
That. Was. Amazing.

JAMES  
I know. God, do I know.

BOBBY  
I guess now I've got "the hunger."

JAMES  
It's a terrible thing to have. But  
God, is it good!

BOBBY  
I'm so happy my first time was with  
you.

JAMES  
Don't make this even weirder.

BOBBY  
I can't wait for more.

JAMES  
No. No more. This was a one time  
thing. I swore I was done with  
this.

BOBBY  
Huh. Then what should we do with  
the rest?

James shoots up.

JAMES  
The rest?

**EXT. JAMES' BACKYARD - NIGHT**

The tool shed lock lays on the ground. A soft light comes through the crack in the door.

**INT. TOOL SHED - NIGHT**

It's cramped, with tools and discarded DIY projects everywhere.

James and Bobby stare down at a workbench. A blue tarp covers what is clearly a man's body. Bobby uncovers the face. James GASPS. It's blue-white, the face of a geriatric corpse.

JAMES

Oh my god, Bobby. Not cool.

BOBBY

What?

JAMES

Dude, you only take a little at a time. Not a whole body!

BOBBY

Well, what should we do with it?  
Can we keep it?

JAMES

We can't, the cops are too suspicious. Let's get out of here, I can't think with this... guy looking at me.

**EXT. JAMES' BACKYARD - NIGHT**

James and Seth exit the tool shed.

Carlos stands in the yard, waiting for them.

CARLOS

You should have started with the ass meat. That's the best part.

JAMES

Carlos! I mean, hey, how's it going buddy?

CARLOS

I've been calling you for days. I know Morristown was you. I wanted to help you. But now I see you're doing it all over again.

JAMES

Carlos, you don't understand. My brother --

CARLOS

(interrupting)

Sacramento was a one time thing,  
James. After New Guinea, we said it  
was just one last time, together.  
Now I find you here, with delicious  
Nazi decomposing in your tool shed.

BOBBY

Listen pal, if you turn me in, I'll  
turn you and James in.

JAMES

What?

CARLOS

Turn me in for what?

BOBBY

For being a cannibal!

CARLOS

You've got nothing on me. I haven't  
eaten anyone in a year. And I'm not  
the one with a body in my backyard.

JAMES

Why the hell would you turn me in?!

BOBBY

Seemed like the right thing to say.

CARLOS

This has to end, James. Now. I'm  
sorry, but if you can't control  
yourself...

BOBBY

Hold on.

Bobby walks to Carlos and puts an arm around his shoulder.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Listen, guy. Tonight? It was all my  
fault. I promise, it's true. James  
here swore off the stuff. I got the  
body, I cooked it up, I tempted  
him. But it's a one time deal. No  
more after this. I promised James  
that this was the last corpse he'd  
ever eat. Now we just have to get  
rid of it and end this once and for  
all.

Carlos looks at him, confused.

CARLOS

You swear? I really don't want to turn James in. If there's another way, then...

BOBBY

Of course. But before we get rid of it, why don't you have one last taste?

CARLOS

What?!

James gets the idea.

JAMES

This is like a real send-off. We ate it, you eat it. One last time.

BOBBY

How can we trust you to keep our secret if you're not with us?

CARLOS

I could just go to the police right now.

BOBBY

You could. But you won't. I know you can't resist one last taste. Well, I don't anything about you, but James does. James?

JAMES

You know it's true, Carlos.

BOBBY

We'll wait out here. Just go in, no one will watch you. Have one last taste, and soon we'll all be free of this thing.

Carlos looks at each of them. He's torn. He takes a step towards the shed, stops, takes another step.

Bobby grabs the shovel in the rose bush. As Carlos quickens his pace towards the tool shed, James sneaks up behind, and THWACK.

Carlos goes down. Bobby hits him over and over and over.

JAMES

What the hell?! What are you doing?  
What in God's name --

BOBBY

(interrupting)  
Couldn't be trusted. Safer this  
way, yeah? Good idea? Was this a  
good idea? Thank God you have high  
fences, man.

JAMES

(quietly)  
This is too far. We don't... kill  
people, Bobby.

BOBBY

If they're going to turn us in?  
Come on dude, this guy was a  
cannibal. He didn't deserve to  
live.

JAMES

You're a cannibal.

Bobby stops hitting Carlos.

BOBBY

Yeah but that's different.

JAMES

No, it's really not.

BOBBY

From now on it's just you and me.  
We've gotta stick together.  
Otherwise, one of us will have to  
go down, and I have a lot more  
experience running away from cops  
and junk than you do. So who's it  
gonna be?

James looks at Carlos, then Bobby.

JAMES

Help me pull him in the shed.

BOBBY

Good idea.

They start dragging.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
 Hey, do different people taste  
 different?

JAMES  
 Yeah.

BOBBY  
 Neat.

BUZZ. James' phone rings. He stops pulling. Bobby struggles with it by himself.

JAMES  
 (into phone)  
 Hello?

**EXT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Olivia sits with the television on, the phone to her ear.

OLIVIA  
 (into phone)  
 Hi James, I just want to let you  
 know that my grandfather's body has  
 gone missing. Probably the  
 cannibal. Maybe your brother?

**EXT. JAMES' BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS**

JAMES  
 (into phone)  
 What? That's ridiculous.

Bobby struggles with the corpse.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 He's been with me all night.  
 Besides, why would he steal your  
 grandpa?

OLIVIA (O.S.)  
 Uh... to eat him.

JAMES  
 (into phone)  
 Olivia, I really like you and all,  
 but this suspicion of Bobby is  
 getting out of hand. I'm sure it  
 was someone else. I...

James looks at Bobby pathetically dragging Carlos' body.

A look of dawning realization.

**EXT. GAS N' FUN GAS STATION - NIGHT**

A bank of payphones stands yards behind the decrepit, dirty gas station. James stands, speaking into one.

JAMES  
(into phone)  
Yes, his name was Carlos Escaladas.

DETECTIVE SETH (O.S.)  
(over phone)  
How do you know all this?

JAMES  
(into phone)  
I can't tell you. That's why this is an anonymous tip.

DETECTIVE SETH (O.S.)  
(over phone)  
Oh, neat.

JAMES  
(into phone)  
Either way, he's the one that dug up that body. And he's probably the Morristown Cannibal too. I swear it.

DETECTIVE SETH (O.S.)  
(over phone)  
Double dog swear it?

James looks disgusted.

JAMES  
(into phone)  
Double dog swear it.

DETECTIVE SETH (O.S.)  
(over phone)  
Thank you for the information, sir.  
I'll be in touch if we need more.

JAMES  
(into phone)  
How, if this is an anonymous tip?

DETECTIVE SETH (O.S.)  
 (over phone)  
 What?

JAMES  
 (into phone)  
 Never mind.

**EXT. JAMES' BACKYARD - NIGHT**

The tool shed is on fire. A gas generator stands next to it, pumping and exuding smoke. Bobby watches it, wide eyed.

BOBBY  
 God I love accidental fires.

The shed starts to collapse under its own weight.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
 I hope I haven't gotten weird. This  
 all feels like the part where you  
 get really really weird.

**INT. ALLENTOWN ELEMENTARY - JAMES' CLASSROOM - DAY**

James' map is now full of dots placed at random. He labels them one by one.

JAMES  
 (to self)  
 I guess this was supposed to be  
 Baton Rouge.

He moves to the side.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
 (to self, quickly)  
 Sacramento.

He moves to another.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
 (to self)  
 Albany.

ALEX (O.S.)  
 Mr. Seal?

James turns to look at her. The kids all look frightened.

JAMES  
 Yes, Alex?

ALEX

My mommy says the cannibal is in town now and that I should be safely locked away in the basement.

JAMES

That's... disturbing Alex.

ALEX

Would the cannibal hurt us?

JED

Of course the cannibal would hurt us. He would eat us!

The kids ERUPT into nervous conversation.

JAMES

(loud)

Everybody quiet!

The kids shut up.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Everything is going to be alright. None of you will even meet the cannibal. And he definitely won't hurt children. You see kids...

(clears his throat)

There's this thing called moral relativity. What is okay to one person might be not okay to another. A cannibal who eats people might be okay with eating people, but not necessarily children people. Why would he hurt a kid? There's been no news about him hurting any kids. Right? So everything will be fine!

The kids look more terrified than ever.

**EXT. ALLENTOWN ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY - DAY**

The bell rings. The kids run out of the room, horrified. James exits and walks down the hall. He comes to a stop in front of another classroom. Olivia rolls out of the door.

OLIVIA

Oh, hi James!

JAMES

Uh, yeah, hi.

OLIVIA  
I guess I need to apologize about  
the whole Bobby thing. It looks  
like the cops have a new suspect.  
This Escaladas guy.

JAMES  
Yeah.

OLIVIA  
And Bobby, though weird, seems like  
a nice enough guy.

JAMES  
Yeah, he's fine.

OLIVIA  
He's still my secondary suspect,  
though.

James looks uncomfortable.

JAMES  
Oh. Well, I guess that's better.

**INT. JAMES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

James flops onto the couch.

Bobby hands him a plate of meat.

BOBBY  
Saved a bit.

JAMES  
Jesus, dude.

BOBBY  
What? That whole "last time" thing  
was just a distraction. I thought  
you were on board here. I need you  
board, buddy!

James looks at the plate.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
(between bites)  
I wonder how we could get more.

James takes a bite of the meat.

JAMES  
Eh, we'll figure something out.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE**