

**GLENDALE**

"Pilot"

Written by  
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COLD OPEN

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A large craftsman house in a quaint, suburban neighborhood. A U-haul truck is parked on the street.

KATE (O.C.)

I told you. It doesn't feel like  
Los Angeles at all.

EXT. WALKWAY - SAME

KATE and RYAN CLARK, both late 20s, pass through a metal gate. Hand in hand, they walk along a driveway beside the house.

KATE

It's safe. Quiet. The perfect  
place for you to write.

RYAN

You found it on Craigslist, huh?  
You know it's all psychos and  
perverts, right?

KATE

Hey! I sell stuff on there!

RYAN

How many couples do you think these  
people have lured like this?  
Twenty bucks says our bodies turn  
up in an ally and the rental  
posting is back on the site within  
a week.

KATE

If we're dead how do you plan to  
get your twenty dollars?

RYAN

Good point. Pay me now.

KATE

If someone from Craigslist was  
going to murder us, they'd probably  
eat us, not dump us in an ally.

RYAN

Sounds like you've thought about  
this before.

KATE

Like you said, psychos and perverts. Ever consider this might be a ruse to lure you back here?

RYAN

Playing the long con? Marry me. Move across the country. Plant a fake rental posting just to kill me in cold blood?

KATE

Something like that.

RYAN

Nah. I'm poor. I die, you ain't getting squat.

KATE

Please, after planning a wedding and having kids, plotting to murder her husband is, like, number three on every woman's to do list. Since you don't want kids...

They approach a large, two car garage. Beside the garage is a covered patio area with a large grill, tables, couches, etc...

RYAN

Is this the right place? I thought we were renting a guest house?

KATE

We are.

Kate unlocks a door along the side of the garage.

RYAN

That's a garage.

KATE

No, it's a guest house. Look, there's a window.

Kate enters.

Ryan stares at a filthy, papered up window.

RYAN

You were joking about the whole set up thing, right?

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

One gigantic room, a small bedroom, kitchen, and bathroom.

KATE  
See? Hardwood floors, crown  
moulding.

RYAN  
Garage door.

The massive two car garage door.

KATE  
It doesn't open.

The garage door begins to open.

SYLVIA, 50s, Armenian, stands at the open garage door with a  
mop and a bottle of "Pine Sol."

SYLVIA  
(heavy Armenian accent)  
Who are you? I call police.

KATE  
No, no, no! We're moving in.  
We're the new tenants. I'm Kate.  
This is Ryan.

SYLVIA  
You early! I not clean yet!

KATE  
It's okay.

SYLVIA  
No! I clean!

Sylvia pulls the garage door closed.

KATE  
Okay. Maybe it's a garage.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Ryan and Kate watch TWO MEN, with thick back hair and wearing "wife beater" t-shirts, remove metal runners from the ceiling. They speak in Armenian, laugh.

KATE

Happy? Now it won't open.

Sylvia washes the walls with Pine Sol.

RYAN

It's everything I hoped for.

KATE

It's not my fault everything in L.A. is so expensive. This costs more than my parents' mortgage.

Ryan and Kate exit.

EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS

PETE (O.C.)

Hello?

THREE KOREAN MEN, 30s, smile and wave.

PETE (CONT'D)

Kate and Ryan?

RYAN

Yeah.

PETE

We're from the church. We're here to help you move in.

KATE

Oh, thank God!

PETE

Glad we can help. So, where do you want everything?

RYAN

(re: garage)  
In there.

PETE  
The garage?

RYAN  
It's a guest house.

PETE  
But there's a garage door.

EXT. MOVING TRUCK - LATER

Pete and Ryan carry a large bookshelf from the nearly empty moving truck.

RYAN  
So, what do you guys do?

PETE  
I'm a doctor. Ernie's an attorney.  
And Adam's a dentist. How about  
you guys? What brings you to L.A.?

RYAN  
The usual. Chasing the dream. I'm  
a writer. We got married last  
month. Went on our honeymoon and  
now here we are.

PETE  
Oh.

RYAN  
Kate's a teacher.

PETE  
Oh! Okay! Stability is nice.  
It's so sad to see people show up  
with big dreams just to move back  
home after nine months, dreams  
totally crushed.

RYAN  
Nine months?

PETE  
Yeah. Maybe longer if they can't  
afford to get back. Homeless  
shelters get really crowded out  
here.

RYAN  
We have a plan.

PETE

Girls tend to stick it out a bit longer if they can make it in...

(sotto)

Porn.

(normal tone)

And then there's the suicides. Lots of suicides.

RYAN

Suicides?

PETE

Tons of em'. You seen the suicide bridge yet?

Ryan and Pete set the dresser on the ground outside the garage, now filled with furniture and boxes.

PETE (CONT'D)

You sure you want to leave everything out here?

RYAN

My wife wants to clean up in there before we move stuff in.

ERNIE, the attorney, arrives with a box.

ERNIE

So, Ryan, what do you do?

PETE

Writer.

ERNIE

Oh.

PETE

But his wife has a real job.

Adam arrives with another box. Ernie starts to speak to him in Korean. Pete joins in.

RYAN

I'm just going to grab another box.

PETE

Alright, be there in a sec.

Ryan walks off. The three continue to speak in Korean, start to laugh.

EXT. PATIO - LATER

The patio is littered with boxes and furniture. Ryan sits on the cement, exhausted.

KATE

Hey, I found a washer and dryer on Craigslist, but if we want it, we've got to get it now. Where are the guys?

RYAN

They left. I told them we'd go to their church service on Sunday though.

KATE

Really? Is it in English?

RYAN

I... actually don't know.

Sylvia passes with her mop and Pine Sol.

SYLVIA

I know good Armenian church. You speak Armenian? If not, is okay. Very close to Russian. You will understand.

Sylvia disappears inside the main house.

KATE

We better get the washer before it's gone. Here's the address.

EXT. MAIN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan and Kate get in the moving truck. There's a ticket on the window.

RYAN

You've got to be kidding.

Ryan grabs the ticket.

KATE

What's it for?

RYAN

Parking an oversized vehicle on the street. A hundred and fifty bucks?!



KATE  
That's ridiculous!

Kate grabs the ticket, looks at it.

KATE (CONT'D)  
No murder yet, but definitely a  
little penetration without consent.

RYAN  
Let's hope it was just the tip.

KATE  
Meaning you hope there's more?

RYAN  
No. I mean --

KATE  
-- And we came so you could be a  
writer?

RYAN  
Shut up.

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - DAY

The moving truck is parked at the bottom of a maze of steps  
that lead to a hillside house.

EXT. PORCH - SAME

Bars on all the windows.

Ryan rings the door bell.

Ferocious barking, followed by the sound of large paws  
against the door.

WOMAN (O.C.)  
(through the door)  
What?!

Ryan and Kate look at one another.

KATE  
Hi! I called about the washer and  
dryer!

WOMAN (O.C.)  
Alright, I'm coming, I'm coming!  
Hold your damn horses! Lucifer!  
Hades! Down! Momma said down!

The door swings open to REVEAL a MORBIDLY OBESE WOMAN carrying a swaddled, headless doll. Behind her are two mangy bulldogs.

OBESE WOMAN  
Yeah, come on in.

Ryan and Kate share a glance.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A pig sty.

THREE KIDS (one with a mullet, one with a rattail, and another with a shaved head) play X-Box on a cigarette burn covered couch.

An OLD MAN, possibly dead, is on a filthy recliner.

OBESE WOMAN  
It's right back here.

Ryan and Kate follow the obese woman, who continues to cradle the headless doll. The bulldogs are close behind.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The obese woman leads them through a kitchen straight from the show *Hoarders*.

Ryan eyes dull knives strewn about the counters.

A bloody cutting board.

OBESE WOMAN  
Don't mind the mess. Makin'  
homemade jerky.

RYAN  
(whispers to Kate)  
Probably from the last people to  
look at this thing.

OBESE WOMAN  
I may have a lazy eye, but I ain't  
deaf.

KATE

Sorry. He's an ass.

OBESE WOMAN

It ain't no joking thing. My Pappy had to eat human flesh when he an' his brothers got lost on a huntin' trip. Ain't that right, Pappy!

The old man in the recliner stirs.

OLD MAN

HUH?!

OBESE WOMAN

I said, you had to eat someone on your huntin' trip!

OLD MAN

Hiker! I had a thigh! Better than I expected! We got some?!

OBESE WOMAN

(to the old man)

No!

(to Ryan and Kate)

This here is squirrel jerky.

RYAN

Of course it is.

OBESE WOMAN

The boys shoot 'em down from the power lines with their BB guns. Well, here's the washer. I'm askin' \$200 for it.

Just past the kitchen is a nook with a single unit washer/dryer combo. It looks to be in surprisingly good shape.

OBESE WOMAN (CONT'D)

Won me a new one on *The Price is Right* so I gotta get this one out.

KATE

It works?

Ryan looks down to find one of the dogs trying to mount his leg.

The obese woman turns on the dryer to prove it.

The dog is going to town on Ryan's leg.

RYAN  
Um, excuse me?

OBESE WOMAN  
What do you think?

KATE  
We'll take it.

RYAN  
Excuse me?

Suddenly, standing two feet away, the BOY WITH THE RATTAIL scares the crap out of Ryan. The boy stares blankly at him.

BOY WITH RATTAIL  
(monotone)  
Once he gets goin' he ain't gonna  
stop 'til he gets done.

EXT. PORCH - LATER

Ryan precariously tries to move the washer/dryer down the steep steps on a dolly.

Kate pays the obese woman, who still cradles the headless doll.

KATE  
Here you go. Thanks so much.

OBESE WOMAN  
(re: Ryan)  
He need help with that?

Ryan gets the machine down another step, his face strained beet red.

KATE  
You okay, babe?

RYAN  
Actually...

The machine starts down the next step. Ryan loses his grip.

The washer/dryer goes tumbling down the hill, end-over-end. It comes to a crashing halt beside the moving truck.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
...I think I got it.

END OF ACT ONE