

MAN ON RADIO (O.S.)
*Don't worry darling, at first I
 wasn't mad about spending my days
 in a coffin either...*

INT. JOHN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

John glances at his rearview as he listens to the radio.
 The woman screams and the organ music swells in a spooky
 crescendo.

ANNOUNCER ON RADIO (O.S.)
*That concludes tonight's Tales of
 the Doomed. Tune in next week--*

John shuts off the radio, turning into a winding driveway.

EXT. FRED USHER'S MANSION - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A large home with an old world feel, nestled among trees.

John parks beside an idling PICK UP TRUCK. He makes eye
 contact with the DRIVER. Mid-30's. Mexican. John gives him
 a nod, but the man doesn't acknowledge him.

John approaches the front door, where TWO MEN are chatting.

ON THE TWO MEN. FRED USHER, 50's, warm demeanor, and CARLOS
 SANCHEZ, Mexican, 30's.

CARLOS
Hasta Manana Don Usher.

Carlos heads out, smiling at John as they pass each other.
 John watches Carlos get in the Pick Up, then turns to Usher.
 More suspicious than curious.

JOHN
 You always keep your gardener this
 late?

USHER
 He was tending to my 'reinas de la
 noche.' They only bloom at night.

JOHN
 He shouldn't be here Fred. Not
 when we're meeting.

USHER
 I've known Carlos since he was a
 boy. He's a sweetheart.
 (then)
 Come on, everyone's inside, except
 for Antonia. You two seem to be
 vying for the tardiness record.