

METHOD
Episode 101 "Pilot"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. DARBY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

OPEN on a dimly lit house. Thunder rocks the night sky as lightning lights it up. It is raining big ol' fat rain outside. A WHITE MERCEDES pulls up to the driveway. The car engine shuts off and out steps JONATHAN DARBY. He is dressed in a beige trench coat, like he is doing a cosplay of Morgan Freeman from "Seven".

Jonathan places his briefcase over his head to avoid the rain. He takes his keys out, place them into the door, and turns the knob. He looks suspiciously as the door was already open. He steps inside and looks around.

JONATHAN
Hello? Honey?

He flips the light switch, but the power is out. He cautiously continues into this house. He looks down and notices a drop of blood on the hardwood floor. He sees that there is a trail of blood that leads upstairs. He follows the trail upstairs slowly.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
(strain in his voice)
SARAH? HONEY??

As he reaches the top of the stairs, he hears a noise coming from the master bedroom. He glances over and the door to the bedroom is shut. He places his hands on the doorknob, turns it, and opens the door. Inside we see SARAH DARBY, his wife, on the floor with her throat cut. She lay lifeless as blood stains her clothes. Jonathan is in shock.

A figure emerges behind him. Jonathan turns around and sees MICHAEL standing with a knife.

MICHAEL
(almost cheesy)
Welcome home, Jonathan.

Michael SLASHES Jonathan's throat. Jonathan falls to the ground and bleeds out on the carpet. Michael stands over his two victims and smiles.

Beat.

PATRICIA
(off screen)
Aaaaand, CUT!

INT. STUDIO C - DAY

The camera pans out and we are actually at STUDIO C. "Michael", a character played by actor DAVID DECKER, 29, breaks out of character and starts laughing. David is a young, handsome actor. He has the hair of Patrick Dempsey and the suave of a Jeffrey Dean Morgan.

DAVID
(to Jonathan actor)
Nicely done my friend!

The actor playing "Jonathan", BARRY, laughs along with David. David reaches a hand down and helps Barry up off the floor. Barry gestures to his blood stained clothes.

BARRY
Looks like I could use a shower!

The CAST and CREW laugh together. PATRICIA, the show's creator and director, dressed in jeans and a grey blouse, smiles as her actors walk off set.

PATRICIA
Great job everybody! That's a wrap for today, we'll pick it up early tomorrow morning, double check your schedules!

She starts applauding the cast and crew and they applaud as well. David is handed a water bottle by a crew member. He walks over to Patricia.

DAVID
(taking a sip)
Sure that wasn't too over the top?
Got some heat from critics case season over that.

PATRICIA
Nah, fans will dig it. Will be a great way to open the season. Seriously, don't worry about critics.

DAVID
Yeah, I'm sure they won't be doing much talking anymore anyway.

PATRICIA
(chuckling)
That's the spirit.

MARTIN LANDRY
(off screen)
David Decker!

David and Patricia are greeted by MARTIN LANDRY. He is dressed in a five thousand dollar suit and has hair so fake you could raise a family of birds in it. Beside him is HARRY LANDRY, dressed in nothing particularly special, think a young James Franco.

MARTIN
And Patricia Milano. Good to see
you both. You guys remember my son,
Harry?

PATRICIA
Of course, good to see you both
again.

DAVID
Hey Harry I don't think we've met,
David Decker.

HARRY
Sup man.

David extends a hand for a handshake but Harry goes for a fist bump. It's awkward.

MARTIN
So, Harry here finally got his
degree in the fine arts and I said
I would help him get a head start
in the business.

DAVID
Very nice, congrats. What college?

HARRY
LACCD.

DAVID
Oh, Community college.

Patricia shoots a glare at David.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Uh, cool, cool.

MARTIN
Yes sir, so, David, don't be
surprised if you find yourself
sharing the screen with my boy
sometime soon.

PATRICIA

Well, we're still casting for an important guest spot in a few weeks so, you're welcome to audition Harry!

HARRY

Word. Maybe when ya'll decide to kill off David I'll take over the reigns of the show.

Harry does a doucheey laugh. David does a fake laugh.

MARTIN

Anyways, good to see you both. Keep up the good work both of you.

Martin and Harry exit.

DAVID

(to Patricia)

LACCD?

PATRICIA

I know.

MARTIN

The guy is rich as fuck, owns a network, and could only get his kid into LACCD?

PATRICIA

I know!

DAVID

Jesus.

PATRICIA

Alright, I gotta get going. I'll see ya tomorrow.

She turns away, then quickly turns back.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Oh! Clean yourself up before Kimmel tonight!

DAVID

Thank you! Will do!

Patricia exits. David looks down at the fake blood covering his clothes. He wipes a glob off of his chest and looks at it for a beat.

He puts his finger in his mouth and takes a quick taste of it. He lets the taste sit, and makes a sudden gagging noise.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(disgusted)
Ugh, not my thing.

INT. SHOWER - DAY

David undresses and steps into the shower. The hot water fogs up the bathroom mirror. Water rains down David's face and down his body. The water turns red and goes down into the drain.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

David, now in a fresh set of clothes, and fully showered, sits on the couch on his laptop. He reads an article with the headline "TV CRITIC FOUND DEAD IN HIS HOME". He shuts the laptop and pulls out his phone. He checks for any missed calls or texts, or Snapchats. He has two voicemails; one from EMMA, and one from ROSS. He listens to Emma's first.

EMMA
(voicemail recording)
Hey! Just checking in. We're a few hours behind over here. Some dumb fuck stunt guy landed weird on his ankle or something.

David chuckles.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(voicemail recording)
Anyway, hope the shoot went well this morning. I'll see you at Kimmel tonight we can talk then. Alright, love you, bye.

DAVID
(to himself)
Well that was sweet. What does Ross have to say?

David presses play on Ross's message.

ROSS
(voicemail recording)
David fucking call me back I need-

David presses stop.

DAVID
(to himself)
Mmmk, you can wait.

David puts his phone in his pocket and gathers his things. He places his belongings into a duffle bag and heads towards the door. As he opens the door, he is greeted by Ross, who is not happy.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Oh, well don't you look peachy.

Ross enters the room, making himself at home.

ROSS
Did you listen to my voicemail?

DAVID
Uh...yeah, was just about to get back to you.

ROSS
Did you hear what I said about Kimmel?

DAVID
Mhm, you wished me good luck and...told me I'm handsome?

ROSS
Jesus, stop lying to me. You think it's wise to lie to your agent?

DAVID
All right, I'm sorry. What's up.

ROSS
Sit down.

David takes a seat next to Ross on the couch.

DAVID
What?

ROSS
(takes a breath)
Kimmel is gonna ask about the murders tonight.

Beat.

DAVID
(shrugs shoulders)
So?

ROSS
So? You don't see a problem with
that?

David stands back up.

DAVID
Uh, not really? Why would I?

ROSS
David use your goddamn head! Do you
really want Jimmy Kimmel grabbing
you by the balls on national
television?

DAVID
I mean he's a handsome guy but I'm
married so-

Ross slaps David across the face.

Beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You get one of those.

ROSS
David, I'm serious. Four television
critics, murdered, since the show
started airing. All with one thing
in common.

DAVID
Ross, I understand your concern.

ROSS
No, I don't think you do. I'm
cancelling the appearance tonight.

DAVID
What?? No you are not! That's gonna
hurt the show even more if I decide
not to show up!

ROSS
If this goes badly tonight who
knows what could happen? The show
could get shut down, you could lose
your job, meaning I eventually lose
my job-

DAVID
-Ross!

Ross takes a breath.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Don't worry. I got this. Alright? I
got this.

ROSS
Let's be clear about one thing. If
the truth were ever to come out, I.
Know. Nothing.

Ross turns to exit.

DAVID
Ross.

Ross turns back to David.

DAVID (CONT'D)
There's as much blood on your hands
as there is mine.

The two share a knowing look as Ross finally leaves the room.
David closes the door and walks over to the mirror. He stares
at himself and adjusts his collar.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM AT "JIMMY KIMMEL LIVE!"

David stands in front of the mirror in the same position as
the previous shot. He is now dressed in a dapper black suit
and is adjusting his tie. There is a knock on the door.

DAVID
Come in!

EMMA enters the room. She is dressed in an elegant yet casual
black dress.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Hey!

David walks over and kisses Emma.

EMMA
Ready?

DAVID
I think so. Ross gave me some
advice for tonight.

EMMA
Awesome, anything in particular?

DAVID
Nah, nothing too important. How was the rest of the shoot?

EMMA
Oh fine. We didn't finish on schedule. As usual. Gonna have to cut a scene or two.

DAVID
Aaaand that's why you're number two!

EMMA
(laughing)
Oh fuck you!

They laugh for a moment.

Beat.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Hey so you know who called me today? Brandon.

DAVID
Brandon? Is he okay? What'd he want?

EMMA
He's good! I was surprised he didn't call you at first but then he asked if we were casting soon for the show and I told him no unfortunately, so.

DAVID
Well, why didn't he call me and ask?

EMMA
David, you know he's probably too proud to ask you for help again.

DAVID
That's ridiculous. If he's still struggling for work I'll help him out. I'll give him a call tomorrow.

EMMA

Why don't you stop by his place
after work? I'm sure it'd mean a
lot to him.

DAVID

Yeah. Yeah that's a good idea.

EMMA

Not all of us can be as successful
as the great David Decker.

DAVID

Well, I'm about to go ruin my
career, so.

A producer enters the dressing room.

PRODUCER

David? We're ready for you.

DAVID

There's my cue!

EMMA

Good luck babe.

They kiss as David heads towards the door.

INT. "JIMMY KIMMEL LIVE!" STUDIO

JIMMY KIMMEL sits at his desk and waits for the cue from his
producers. They countdown from three and Jimmy is ready to
go.

JIMMY KIMMEL

Our first guests is an incredibly
talented actor, you can catch him
in the upcoming new season of "Life
of Crime", please welcome David
Decker everyone!

The audience roars as David makes his way out. He bows for
the crowd with a huge smile on his face. He greets Jimmy with
a handshake and brings it in for a huge. The two take a seat
as the audience calms down.

JIMMY KIMMEL (CONT'D)

Welcome my friend.

DAVID

Thank you, thank you, thanks for
having me!

JIMMY KIMMEL
Of course you look great. Doesn't
he?

The audience Woos! David laughs.

JIMMY KIMMEL (CONT'D)
So congratulations on the show,
wildly successful first season.

The audience applauds.

DAVID
Thanks so much.

JIMMY KIMMEL
Now, you play a serial killer on
the show.

DAVID
I do, yes. His name is Michael
Freeman.

JIMMY KIMMEL
And what's it like playing such a
horrible person that fans seem to
love?

DAVID
Well I try to find the good in him
you know maybe he's just a bit
misunderstood.

The audience laughs. We see Emily backstage watching David
and smiling.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I mean I chatted with guys like
Michael C. Hall who of course
played "Dexter".

JIMMY KIMMEL
Oh nice.

DAVID
Yeah, yeah. And I was also
fortunate enough to speak with Mads
Mikkelsen who played Hannibal
Lecter on the series "Hannibal".
So, I think they both gave me some
solid advice on how to make these
characters "likable" despite their
dirty deeds.

JIMMY KIMMEL

Sure, sure. I certainly like you, I think everyone else does, right?

The audience goes nuts.

DAVID

(chuckling)

You're all too kind.

JIMMY KIMMEL

Now, I gotta ask, because it's super bizarre, but, it seems that there are those out there who have some problems with the show, and you know, have literally ended up dead.

DAVID

(nodding his head)

Right, right. It's terrible.

JIMMY KIMMEL

I mean if every critic who disliked my show ended up dead, I mean, we'd probably have a female president.

The crowd goes nuts as David laughs.

DAVID

I know, I know. You know, it really is terrible, that our show has to be associated with such, awful, crimes. Um, hey, maybe less people should criticize the show, you know?

David lets out a faint chuckle.

JIMMY KIMMEL

You're saying less people should criticize the show? David are you killing these people?

The audience laughs as do David and Jimmy.

DAVID

No, no, I'd be sloppy and leave a finger nail behind or something.

JIMMY KIMMEL

Right, right.

DAVID
My point is this...

CUT TO:

EXT. A DARK HOUSE - NIGHT

We see a darkly lit house, similar to the opening of the episode. A man steps out of his car and walks up to his door. He goes to insert his keys, but the door is already open.

INT.

The man steps inside. When the lights turn on, we see that this is the same man from the article that David was reading earlier. The man continues through his house.

DAVID
(voiceover)
...So many people love the show. I
love working on the show, and I
love the people who work on the
show...

The man steps into the kitchen and turns the light on. Behind him is David, dressed in black, with a knife in hand.

CUT TO:

INT. "JIMMY KIMMEL LIVE!" STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

David is now addressing the camera head on. Backstage, Emily watches nervously.

DAVID
I just think there should be a bit
more positivity in the world, you
know? And it's possible
some..."fans", have taken things
far, far too seriously...

CUT TO:

INT. A DARK HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The man stands shocked at the sight of David. David slashes his throat with the knife.

The man falls to the ground and bleeds out. David, covered in blood, takes a deep breath and slowly stares at the camera.

CUT TO:

INT. "JIMMY KIMMEL LIVE!" STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

David is staring at the camera in the same position as the previous shot.

DAVID

...All I want? I just want people to enjoy the show. It means a lot to me. And I just want everyone, to be careful out there.

Beat.

JIMMY KIMMEL

Well said my friend. Season two of "Life of Crime" premieres Monday, November 5th at nine, eight Central, thanks so much for being here David.

DAVID

Oh the pleasure is all mine Jimmy!

JIMMY KIMMEL

David Decker everybody we'll be right back!

The crowd goes wild as David shares a handshake and a hug with Jimmy.

INT. BACKSTAGE - "JIMMY KIMMEL LIVE!" STUDIO

David walks backstage and wipes the sweat away from his forehead. He fixes his hair and re-adjusts his suit jacket. He is greeted by an elated Emma.

EMMA

Hey! That was amazing!

DAVID

Nah, it was fine I mean-

EMMA

Oh shut up, stop being modest.

They walk and talk, heading towards the green room.

DAVID

No I'm serious I- I could've been a bit funnier.

EMMA

Did you not hear them laughing?

DAVID

Eh, they're supposed to there's a big ol' sign that says "LAUGH".

EMMA

Listen. You were funny, you were charming, and I would totally tune in to season two of your show.

DAVID

(sarcastic)

Oh how sweet of you.

He kisses her cheek.

Beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I didn't seem um, what's the word, unempathetic?

EMMA

Unsympathetic?

DAVID

Yeah that.

EMMA

Um, no? What do you mean?

DAVID

Like for the uh, victims.

EMMA

Oh, um. No, I thought you did fine with that.

DAVID

(takes a breath)

Alright. Alright. I assume Ross called?

EMMA

Six times.

DAVID
Eh, fuck it. I'll deal with it
tomorrow. Let's grab McDonalds.

EMMA smiles as they walk down the hallway hand in hand.

FLASHBACK - 2003

INT. GEORGE WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

David, 14, stands in his high school lobby, eagerly waiting for the cast list of the school's play to be posted. Students start to hover over to David's area, including BRANDON LEWIS, 14.

BRANDON
They post it yet?

DAVID
No, not yet. I so nervous man.

BRANDON
Yeah me too. I think I would make
quite the Jean Valjean.

DAVID
Totally dude. I hope you get it.

A teacher walks over and posts the cast list. The students all take several steps in to examine the list like they are getting blood test results back.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(slightly disappointed)
Hmm. I got Marius.

BRANDON
Dude cut the crap, that's a LEAD!
I'm friggin "French Soldier number
six".

DAVID
You're right I should be grateful.
I-

A bunch of jocks approach David and Brandon. They are all wearing Letterman jackets, it's super stereotypical. The leader, JOSH, 17, who looks like he didn't get the memo that Vanilla Ice is not popular anymore, steps forward.

JOSH
Aww, did you guys make the play?

DAVID
Uh, yeah, we did, I'm Mar-

BRANDON
-Josh get the fuck out of here man.

David gives Brandon a "WTF" look.

JOSH
The hell you say to me?

DAVID
Look Josh, he didn't mean it he
just-

Josh hits David square in the nose with a right hook. Brandon pushes Josh, but his friends hold Brandon back.

JOSH
Looks like you guys are gonna need
a little extra makeup come play
time.

The jocks all laugh. Josh winds up and connects with a punch to Brandon's face. The sound of the punch rings through David's ears as he looks on.

BRANDON
You alright, David? David?

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO C - PRESENT DAY

TOM, 33, dressed in a Cop outfit, stares at David.

TOM
David?

David is looking down at his script, unresponsive. Tom gives David a little nudge.

TOM (CONT'D)
David?

David snaps out of it.

DAVID
Oh, yeah, my bad guys, just keep
going.

Tom, David, and ANNA, 29, dressed in blood stained work clothes, continue to read through their lines.

TOM

(acting)

This woman here says she saw you
lurking around the hotel at 2 AM.

ANNA

(acting)

Yes officer! It's him!

DAVID

Officer I can assure you I
have an alibi. Let me-

Harry Landry butts into the rehearsal. He has his own script in hand. He starts reciting David's lines.

HARRY

(acting, badly)

Let me show you some proof officer!
At 2 AM I was at home watching TV!
At-

DAVID

-Hey, hey! What are you doing?

HARRY

(normal voice)

I'm reading your lines bro. Just
wanted to inspire you a bit, you
know? And these lines are kinda dry
I think I should have a chat with
the writing staff.

DAVID

The lines are...dry? Did you learn
that at LACCD?

HARRY

Why, yes I did! And where did you
learn to act?

DAVID

NYU.

HARRY

...Never heard of it.

DAVID

Look, Harry, we're busy. Go grab a
juice box or something and let the
professionals rehearse.

David pushes Harry out of the way and grabs his script out of his hand.

HARRY
Hey! You can't tell me what to do!

MARTIN
(off screen)
Harry!

Martin, Patricia, and WHIL WHITTAKER, 40, dressed as a detective, because he is actually a detective, walk towards them.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Harry, leave them alone. Come with me now. Patricia I'll let you handle this.

Martin grabs Harry by the wrist and drags him away. Patricia and Will stand before the actors.

DAVID
(pointing to Harry)
I will kill him.

PATRICIA
You got my permission just don't let him
(points to Will)
find out.

Beat.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Guys, this is Detective Will Whittaker, with the LAPD. One of our biggest criticisms last season was accuracy involving the police and what not, so, we've brought in a consultant.

David reaches a hand out.

DAVID
David Decker, pleasure to meet you.

Will shakes his hand.

WILL
Big fan. Don't mind me I'm just here to help.

Will points to Tom's costume.

WILL (CONT'D)

Hate to be a stickler but it's what I'm here for. LAPD officers do not wear crewneck shirts under their uniform. They wear white V-neck during the day and black at night. V-necks hide easier under the uniform.

Everyone is impressed.

TOM

Well, I'll go change then.

Tom and Anna head towards the wardrobe department.

PATRICIA

(to Will)

Very impressive.

DAVID

Yeah, how long you been on the force?

WILL

About twenty years, give or take. Saw you on Kimmel last night!

PATRICIA

Oh, wasn't he great?

WILL

Yes, yes, very funny.

DAVID

(nervous)

Oh yeah? Well, thank you.

WILL

Thought it was interesting how Jimmy brought up those two murders.

DAVID

Oh, yeah, yeah.

WILL

Seemed like an, inappropriate, forum to bring that kind of stuff up, but, they are interesting cases. I've been looking into them myself.

DAVID
Really? Well, I'm sure you'll catch
your man.

EXT. BRANDON LEWIS APARTMENT - DAY

There is a knock on the door. The door swings open and David stands outside. We see BRANDON LEWIS, 29, inside the apartment, smiling.

BRANDON
David!

DAVID
How you doing man?

BRANDON
Bro, come on in.

INT. BRANDON LEWIS APARTMENT

David steps inside Brandon's studio apartment. It is a bit small and dark. The only light comes from the sun through the windows. It is a bit cluttered. Clothes are on the floor. Dirty dishes fill the sink. Different from what David is used to.

BRANDON
I wish you had called man, I
would've cleaned up bit.

DAVID
Ah it's no big deal man.

BRANDON
Still a Miller guy?

DAVID
Absolutely.

Brandon tosses David a MILLER LITE and takes a seat on the couch.

BRANDON
Make yourself at home my friend.

David takes a seat on the recliner. The two clink bottles and take a swig.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

So, what do I owe the honor of the great David Decker stopping by my place?

DAVID

(chuckles)

Well, I haven't seen you in a while and I just wanted to check in, you know?

BRANDON

Ah, you know. It's tough out there. Well, actually, I guess you don't know, you lucky bastard you're on the hottest show on TV!

DAVID

Eh, I got lucky.

David's phone vibrates. He checks it. It's Ross calling. David thinks about it but puts his phone back in his pocket.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So, Emma told me you gave her a call the other day.

Brandon, while taking a sip of beer, nearly spits some out while listening to David.

BRANDON

Well, that was supposed to be confidential but, I see where loyalties lie.

DAVID

(laughing)

Dude, why didn't you call me? If you're having a hard time finding work I can talk to some people and maybe work something out.

BRANDON

Man, I don't know. Just wanted to do something on my own for once. I feel like you've been the one helping me out since high school. I just don't wanna ask you for anymore favors.

DAVID

Tell you what, grab me another beer and I'll consider us even.

Brandon smiles and gets up to grab another beer from the fridge. David finds the TV remote on the ground and turns on the TV. He flips around the channels and lands on TMZ. HARVY LEVIN stands talking to the TMZ crew, they are talking about David. David watches.

HARVEY LEVIN

(on TV)

I mean did you see how he looked at
the camera? I mean it was creepy
right? He's a creepy dude!

The TMZ crew nods and laughs. David takes a sip of beer. Brandon looks out from the kitchen.

BRANDON

Ah don't listen to em. I thought
you were funny as hell.

David lets out a nervous chuckle.

DAVID

Thanks man.

He takes another sip of beer, eyes glued on the TV.

INT. STUDIO C - DAY

David speaks with a fight choreographer for a fight scene they will be filming today. He, the choreographer, and a second actor speak inaudibly in the distance while Brandon watches. He admires his friend David's job and takes in the studio. Brandon walks over to craft services and grabs himself a DONUT.

Patricia walks in his direction. She grabs herself a donut as well. She notices Brandon's donut selection.

PATRICIA

Glazed? Nice. I'm a chocolate
frosted fan myself.

Brandon cannot muster up any words so he just lets up a nervous laugh.

BRANDON

Ah-ha-ha.

Patricia reaches a hand out.

PATRICIA

Patricia Milano.

Brandon shakes her hand.

BRANDON

Oh I know who you are, I'm a huge fan. I'm Brandon Lewis, I'm a friend of David's.

PATRICIA

You look familiar, have I seen you somewhere?

BRANDON

Well I played a patient with no lines on Grey's, The Good Doctor, General Hospital, House...basically every show featuring hospital rooms.

David makes his way over to the conversation.

DAVID

Hey! Glad to see you two have met.

PATRICIA

Your friend Brandon here seems like quite the actor.

DAVID

You kidding? He's the best. Hey Brandon, mind grabbing my phone from my bag for me?

BRANDON

Yeah, no problem.

Brandon heads off to get the phone.

DAVID

Okay, now that I have you alone. Take a meeting with Brandon.

PATRICIA

Take a meeting?

DAVID

Yes! He's an incredible actor. He's struggling, just hasn't been given a chance. Get to know him. I know we're looking for a few guest appearances soon, so, he's your guy.

PATRICIA
(considering it)
You must owe him a favor or
something.

DAVID
Well, he's been a great friend.

PATRICIA
All right. But now you owe me one.

DAVID
Hey, I give you ratings, ain't that
enough?

Patricia flips him off. Brandon meets back up with them and
hands David his phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Thank you sir.

Beat. David glances at Patricia.

PATRICIA
Oh, hey, uh Brandon, why don't you
come with me, let's chat.

BRANDON
Uh, sure thing. David, I'll see
you.

Brandon and Patricia turn away. Brandon looks back and
glances at David. David gives him the "okay" symbol with his
hand and winks. David reaches for the last donut at craft
services, but a hand reaches in and grabs it first. Harry
picks the donut up and takes a big bite.

HARRY
Oof. Sorry bro.

Harry walks off.

DAVID
(to himself)
Calm yourself. It's just a donut.

INT. STUDIO B - DAY

Emma walks down a hallway, texting on her phone. She hears
chattering coming from the writers room of "Truth or Death".
She walks into the room to see a group of writers watching
clips from the first season of "Life of Crime".

EMMA

What are you guys doing?

WRITER 1

Just taking some inspiration.

EMMA

...From "Life of Crime"?

WRITER 2

Yeah, I mean obviously we'll change some stuff around but, they're the number one show for a reason.

Emma reaches for the remote and turns the TV off.

EMMA

Seriously?

WRITER 1

What's the big deal?

WRITER 2

Yeah, I mean Marvel has Hawkeye-

WRITER 1

-And DC has Green Arrow! It's the same thing, but different.

EMMA

(fuming)

We are not stealing from another show.

WRITER 1

Oh, why? Cause you're sleeping with the star?

Beat.

EMMA

Just do your jobs.

Emma slams the door. The writers shake their heads.

INT. PATRICIA'S OFFICE.

Patricia sits at her desk across from Brandon, they are finishing up their meeting.

PATRICIA

Well, Brandon, it has been a pleasure chatting with you.

(MORE)

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

I would say things are looking good, and we will have someone reaching out to you soon!

BRANDON

Thank you so much for meeting with me, you won't regret it!

Brandon gets up and shakes her hand. He exits her office full of excitement. As he exits. Martin Landry enters. He does not acknowledge Brandon.

INT. BRANDON'S CAR

Brandon gets into his car and fist pumps in excitement. He grabs the wheel and calms himself down. He takes out his phone and gives David a call.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID AND EMMA'S HOUSE

David is sitting at his desk on his laptop. He is reading articles about the murders. He is also reading articles talking about his appearance on Kimmel. He feels his phone vibrate.

DAVID

(to himself)

Christ Ross, take the hint.

He looks at his phone and sees Brandon is calling. He picks up the phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hey man!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BRANDON'S CAR.

BRANDON

(into phone)

Hey, just got done meeting with Patricia.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DAVID AND EMMA'S HOUSE

DAVID
(into phone)
Yeah? And?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BRANDON'S CAR

BRANDON
(into phone)
She basically said I got it man. I
GOT it man!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DAVID AND EMMA'S HOUSE

DAVID
(into phone)
Holy shit. You're gonna work on the
show?

David glances over at Emma who mouths "Yes!".

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BRANDON'S CAR

BRANDON
(into phone)
Hell yeah man!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DAVID AND EMMA'S HOUSE

DAVID
(into phone)
Dude, come over, Emma and I will
make you dinner, we can celebrate.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BRANDON'S CAR.

BRANDON
(into phone)
Word, I'll head over now.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DAVID AND EMMA'S HOUSE

David hangs up the phone and smiles. He looks over to Emma.

DAVID
Let's learn how to cook!

INT. PATRICIA'S OFFICE.

PATRICIA
What can I do for you Martin?

MARTIN LANDRY
Who was that?

PATRICIA
His name is Brandon Lewis, he's an actor and a very nice guy. We had a meeting and I think he would be perfect for the guest spot coming up.

MARTIN LANDRY
Guest spot? No, no. We're not giving the guest spot to some no name actor.

PATRICIA
Well, he has a good resume, I mean-

MARTIN LANDRY
-Patricia. The spot is going to Harry. End of discussion.

PATRICIA
Martin-

MARTIN LANDRY
-End. Of discussion.

Martin exits her office. Patricia puts her head in her hands.

INT. DAVID AND EMMA'S HOUSE

David and Emma are in the kitchen preparing dinner. David has a few bottles of champagne ready to pop. His phone rings and he picks it up.

DAVID
(into phone)
Yello?

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICIA'S OFFICE.

Patricia sits at her desk.

PATRICIA
(into phone)
David have you talked to Brandon yet?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DAVID AND EMMA'S HOUSE

DAVID
(into phone)
Yes! Thank you so much for giving him this chance! He's on his way over now we're gonna celebrate.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PATRICIA'S OFFICE.

PATRICIA
(into phone)
Fuck.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DAVID AND EMMA'S HOUSE

David's smile fades. He looks at Emma and looks away. He walks into another room.

DAVID
(into phone)
What does that mean?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PATRICIA'S OFFICE.

PATRICIA
(into phone)
David, the meeting went great and I
told him things were looking good
and then Martin burst into my
office and left me no choice.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DAVID AND EMMA'S HOUSE

DAVID
(into phone)
...So what does that mean?

PATRICIA
(over phone)
I did everything I could. The part
is going to Harry.

David closes his eyes and hangs up the phone. David walks
back into the kitchen. He looks at Emma.

EMMA
What's wrong.

DAVID
...He didn't get it.

EMMA
What?

There is a knock at the door. David and Emma look at each
other.

INT. LAPD OFFICE - NIGHT

Will Whitaker sits at his desk in a dark room lit only by his desk lamp. He sifts through photo after photo. The photos are of grizzly crime scenes. He places the photos back into a manilla folder and tosses it on his desk. We see two folders on his desk. One folder reads "JOHNSON MURDER" the critic murdered by David.

Will sits back in his chair, places his hands behind his head and lets out a long sigh. Will noticed ANGELA RAMIREZ, 32, walk past his door. She is dressed in a standard LAPD uniform with tan skin, bright eyes and a curly ponytail.

WILL
Hey Ramirez!

She stops in her tracks and peeks her head into his office.

ANGELA
Yes sir?

He motions for her to step into his office.

WILL
Oh, Close the door too.

She closes the door. He motions for her to sit and she takes a seat across from him.

WILL (CONT'D)
Settling in okay?

ANGELA
Meh, I think so. I was told the first few weeks would be the worst but, I'm here so, can't complain.

WILL
(nodding his head)
Good to hear. How's your father?

ANGELA
He's in and out. Going back for more tests Thursday.

WILL
Well, give him my best, we all miss him down here.

Angela smiles. Beat.

WILL (CONT'D)
Anything interesting happen in your first few weeks?

ANGELA
(shrugs shoulders)
Nothing out of the ordinary. Couple drug busts. Some robberies. The usual.

WILL
You catch up on these at all?

Will pushes the manilla folders in Angela's direction. She is hesitant to look at the files.

WILL (CONT'D)
Something to sink your teeth into.

She takes them and flips through them, nodding her head.

ANGELA
(chuckles)
Couple of unfortunate guys who didn't like a TV show. Good thing I didn't publish my thoughts on the "Will and Grace" reboot or I'd be dead too.

Will chuckles because cop murder talk is funny.

WILL
I mean the way I see it there's two possibilities here. One, there's some cult out there who want every person who says something bad about this show dead. Or two, it's one person. Either way, they're gonna kill again.

Angela continues flipping through, nodding her head.

WILL (CONT'D)
What are you thinking?

Angela's head shoots up in surprise.

ANGELA
(chuckling)
You want my opinion on this?

WILL
Why not? I could use a fresh set of eyes.

ANGELA

(takes a breath)

Well. Think about this. Who would have the most to gain out of a show's negative critics just disappearing?

Will sits up in his seat, smirking.

WILL

Keep going.

ANGELA

I mean. Maybe it's not some cult or some random person on the street who watches TV. Maybe they care so much because-

WILL

-They work on the show.

Angela nods her head. Will takes a breath and leans back in his chair.

WILL (CONT'D)

Now that'd be a "plot twist" eh?

INT. DAVID AND EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

David, Emma, and Brandon sit at the dinner table. There is a bit of awkward silence surrounding the space. The sound of silverware clinking and clacking on plates is very audible. Emma and David hardly look up from their plate, while Brandon scans the room, looking for an opening.

BRANDON

So uh, like what can you tell me about my character, man? Good guy? Bad guy? Okay guy?

David finishes consuming his food and looks up bleakly at Brandon.

DAVID

Uh, good guy. He's a cop.

BRANDON

Cool, cool. And will we be sharing the screen together? Man I hope so it'd be just like old times.

David looks up and gives a faint smile.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Man you remember that time Senior year of high school when we were in fuckin' "Music Man"? That shit was tight.

David nods his head and chuckles.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You were Harold Hill, cuz you were always the lead, you talented fuck. And I was Marcellus. Man the two of us up there were unstoppable. We hit every beat, landed every note of every song. We got a standing ovation all five nights. Now I'm not saying we peaked in high school but, ha, those were some damn good times. I can't wait to do it again brother.

Brandon resumes eating. David and Emma share a look. Emma places her silverware and her napkin on her plate and stands up.

EMMA

Brandon excuse me one second I just need to make a phone call.

BRANDON

Hey, do your thing Em.

Emma smiles and brings her plate into the kitchen, leaving David alone with Brandon.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

So, I know you have to be secretive and all, but give me a little preview of this season. I mean Christ, you killed your dad last season, are we supposed to root for you or something you evil prick.

Brandon starts laughing. David has a hard time mustering up laughter.

Beat.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Hey man I'm just playing you know I love the show.

DAVID

No, I'm sorry, it's not that, um.

BRANDON
What's good man?

DAVID
Brandon. You know that sometimes in this business, promises can be broken by unforeseen circumstances.

BRANDON
...Uh huh. And?

DAVID
Brandon, man, you didn't get the part.

Brandon sits back in his chair and crosses his arms.

BRANDON
(chuckling)
What?

DAVID
Brandon I can explain everything it-

BRANDON
-You told me the part was mine. Patricia told me things were looking good! I mean why the hell am I even here "celebrating"?

DAVID
Brandon I had no idea until I got a call right as you showed up!

BRANDON
Well, isn't that convenient timing. Who got the role then?

DAVID
(sighs)
Harry Landry.

BRANDON
Who the hell is that?

DAVID
He's Martin Landry's son, the head of the network, Brandon. Neither you, me or Patricia had any say in it.

BRANDON
Does this kid even act?

DAVID
...This would be his first role.

Brandon starts laughing. We see Emma in the other room eavesdropping on the conversation, looking worried.

BRANDON
Typical. They just didn't want a black man for the role. They'd rather save me for the criminal role, right?

DAVID
Brandon it has nothing to do with race-

BRANDON
-You just brought me here to gloat didn't you?

DAVID
What the hell are you talking about?

BRANDON
All our lives I've been your supporting cast. And when I am struggling and need you the most, you can't go to bat for me?

DAVID
I was put in an impossible situation! Open your eyes.

Brandon stands up and puts his jacket on.

BRANDON
Man, fuck this.

DAVID
Where are you going?

BRANDON
Oh, just going back to my shithole apartment. And I know you feel the same I could see it on your face when you came over. Thanks for the help pal.

Brandon heads for the door, opens it...

DAVID
Brandon-

And slams it shut. David takes a deep breath, anger and frustration consume his face. He storms into the bedroom.

INT. DAVID AND EMMA BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

David puts on his jacket in a fret. He grabs his phone and storms out.

EMMA
Where are you going?

DAVID
I'll be right back. I'm gonna make
this right.

David heads towards the front door, opens it, and slams it shut.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

David holds his phone to his ear and storms towards his car.

DAVID
(into phone)
We need to meet, now.
(listening)
I don't want to hear it! Meet me
now! I'll be there in ten minutes.

He hangs up the phone and gets into his car. The car starts up, the headlights turn on, and he speeds away.

EXT. SOMEWHERE OFF THE PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

David's car pulls up to a uninhabited location. He gets out but keeps the car running. He walks up and we see Ross standing in front of his car, headlights glaring.

ROSS
So you finally decide to call me
back when it's convenient for you?

DAVID
Harry Landry.

ROSS
What about him?

DAVID
I want him dead.

Ross bursts out laughing.

ROSS

Okay, well, I want my wife to stop cheating on me, but hey, life is crazy.

DAVID

This is serious!

ROSS

I know, I know I heard. Your failed actor pal lost out and you're upset about it.

DAVID

Watch it-

ROSS

-And now your solution, is to kill a man?

Ross starts laughing again.

DAVID

You and I both know he's a problem.

ROSS

Sure, doesn't mean you kill him!

DAVID

Brandon is my best friend, he deserves that role!

ROSS

God, you sound like Vin Diesel for Christ's sake.

(Vin Diesel impression)

"He's my brotha, we're family, I'd do anything for him".

(normal voice)

Ugh. Glad I dropped him.

DAVID

(takes a deep breath)

This is more of a heads up than anything. If you're not gonna help, fine. I don't need your blessing.

David turns and walks back to his car.

ROSS

You know you really are an incredible actor.

David stops in his tracks.

DAVID

What's that supposed to mean?

ROSS

I mean, you really play the role of "killer" well. I admire it. You walk around like you're some sort of seasoned, hardened, serial killer. You've killed what? Two people?

DAVID

...That you know of.

ROSS

Yeah. Two people. Like I told you before, you get caught, I know nothing. You've gotten lucky.

DAVID

Lucky huh?

David takes a few steps towards Ross.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And what if I decided to kill you right now?

ROSS

You don't even have a weapon.

DAVID

I don't need one.

Ross laughs to himself.

ROSS

They're already looking into you.

DAVID

You're lying.

ROSS

It's true. You'll find out soon enough. You're not good at this David. Stick to what you're good at, and walk away.

David backs up. He takes a minute to gather his thoughts. He finally takes another step towards Ross.

DAVID

I told you. I'm going to make this right.

David turns and walks towards his car. Ross stands watching David intently.

ROSS

David! You don't have to kill the man to make him back down.

David stops for a moment, then resumes getting into the car, closes the door, and speeds off.

EXT. STUDIO C PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

David pulls into a parking spot. He turns the car off, exits the car, and walks to the front door. The door is locked, but FRANK the security guard sits inside. David taps on the door.

DAVID

Hey Frank! I left some things upstairs could I head up real quick?

FRANK

Sure thing David.

Frank lets David inside. Once upstairs, David heads towards Patricia's office. He checks the knob, and the door is locked. He notices some security cameras lurking. He turns his back towards the cameras and takes out a lock-picking kit. After a few beats, he is able to open the door and enter...

INT. PATRICIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

David walks into the office and searches her desk. He finds folder after folder of useless information. Finally he comes across a folder labeled "TALENT INFO". He searches through the folder and finds a page for Harry Landry. Close up on the page as we see David searching for Harry's address. He finds it, 454 North Rosela Drive. David takes a picture of the page, puts everything back, and exits her office.

INT. STUDIO C LOBBY

David walks past Frank in a hurry.

FRANK

I thought you needed some things.

DAVID
I found everything I need! Night
Frank!

INT. LAPD OFFICE - NIGHT

Angela Ramirez sits at her desk doing some paperwork. Will Whittaker approaches her.

WILL
I had a thought.

ANGELA
Do share.

WILL
I spoke with Martin Landry the other day when I was helping consult on the show. He seems like a guy who would know a lot about the people working for the show.

ANGELA
You thinking of paying him a visit?

WILL
I'm sure he'll let me pick his brain. He lives not far from here on Rosela Drive.

Will starts towards the door, then turns back.

WILL (CONT'D)
You coming or what?

Angela springs up in surprise.

ANGELA
Uh, yes, of course.

Will smiles as they both head out the door.

EXT. LANDRY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

We see a huge house, the type of house that you dream of living in but you know you will never get. As we pan out we see the house now in David's driver's side mirror. He is parked far away from the house as to avoid suspicion. He takes a bite of a protein bar and sits quietly, waiting.

Finally, he sees Harry Landry leave the house. He takes a swig of his beer bottle and chucks it on his own front lawn.

David places a black ski mask over his face, pulls out a pistol, cocks it, and exits his car. He walks quietly towards Harry, who appears to be going for a midnight stroll. He gets behind Harry, raises the gun, and pulls the trigger. BANG! Harry collapses as the bullet goes into his calf. He agonizes in pain as David walks over to him.

David stands over him and raises the gun to Harry's head. Before he can pull the trigger, Police Sirens start blaring! The street is lit up by the red and blue lights of Will Whittaker's SUV. Will and Angela exit the car and draw their guns.

WILL
LAPD! Drop your weapon and get on
your knees!

David stands frozen. He puts his hands up and slowly bends down to place the gun on the ground. Before he places the gun fully on the ground, Angela takes a step towards David.

WILL (CONT'D)
Wait, WAIT!

David quickly raises the gun and fires a bullet into Angela's chest. David sprints away from the scene. Will fires a few bullets in his direction, but to no avail.

WILL (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Will gets on his knees and holds Angela's wound. He takes out his cell phone and dials.

WILL (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I need paramedics now, 454 Rosela
Drive. Officer down. Civilian
wounded. I need all units to scan
the perimeter, suspect on the move,
he is armed.

He hangs up the phone and focuses on Angela.

WILL (CONT'D)
You're gonna be okay. I promise.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S CAR

David speeds away from the area and heads home. He whips off his mask, tears covering his face.

He starts sobbing as the car gets faster and faster. He notices how fast he is going. He slows down and comes to a sudden halt on the side of the highway. He breaks down crying and punches the roof of the car.

DAVID
Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!

CUT TO:

EXT. LANDRY RESIDENCE

The road is now filled with several emergency vehicles. The flashing lights of the police cars and paramedic cars light up the street. We see Angela laying on a stretcher, half conscious. Blood soaks her shirt. Will stands over her with a worried look stuck across his face. He holds her hand.

WILL
(to Angela)
You're going to be okay. I'm so, so
sorry.

He lets go of her hand and passes her off to the EMTs. The EMTs put her in the back of an ambulance and shut the doors. The ambulance sirens blare and they drive off into the night.

Will looks down at his white button up shirt, covered in Angela's blood. He takes a deep breath and composes himself.

Will glances over at Harry, who is receiving medical attention for his leg wound. His father, Martin is by his side. Will and Martin make eye contact for a beat. Will takes out his phone, dials a number, and places the phone to his ear.

WILL (CONT'D)
(voice cracking, into
phone)
Hey pal.
(listening)
I know it's late, but
uh...Robert..Angela's been shot.

INT. DAVID AND EMMA'S HOUSE

The sound of David's car coming to a screeching halt can be heard from inside the house. David burst open the door and hurries inside. He slams the door shut and takes his jacket off.

He goes to the kitchen and finds a glass. He fills the glass with water and chugs it. Emma comes out from the bedroom in a hurry.

EMMA

Hey! Where were you I was so worried!

DAVID

(out of breath)

I uh...just talked with Brandon.

EMMA

Is he okay?

DAVID

Yeah he's fine.

EMMA

Well what did he say I mean-

DAVID

-He's fine Em-

EMMA

-Well tell me what happen-

DAVID

(losing his cool)

-I SAID HE'S FINE!

Beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(calming down)

Just...go back to bed. I'll be in soon.

Emma does not move, does not back down. In fact, she moves in closer to David.

EMMA

Look at me.

David looks at her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Don't you ever raise your voice at me like that again. I could show up at work tomorrow with so much as a bruise on my arm and make sure you'd never work another day in your life.

DAVID
You wouldn't.

Emma glares at him, then turns and walks into the bedroom. She slams the door shut. David looks down and shakes his head. He wipes the sweat off of his forehead.

He walks over to the couch, since he knows that's where he will be sleeping tonight, and takes a seat. He grabs the TV remote and turns on the TV. He turns on the news and sure enough, there is breaking news of a shootout in the Los Angeles area.

NEWS ANCHOR
Shots were heard at around 1 AM.
Two people are confirmed to have been shot. Harry Landry, the son of HBO executive Martin Landry, is in stable condition. LAPD officer Angela Rodriguez is in critical condition. Both have been taken to UCLA Medical. We will keep you updated on their condi-

David turns the TV off. He slowly lays down on the couch and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA MEDICAL HOSPITAL

Martin Landry sits in the waiting room. He has an anxious and nervous look on his face. He keeps checking his watch and tapping his foot quickly.

Will Whittaker enters the waiting room and walks over to Martin.

Will is still on his phone, finishing up a call.

WILL
Mr. Landry.

Martin looks up and has some relief on his face.

MARTIN LANDRY
Detective Whittaker. How you doing?

The two shake hands.

WILL
I've been better.

MARTIN LANDRY
What the hell happened tonight?

WILL
We don't know for sure. But your
son is gonna be just fine.

MARTIN LANDRY
And what about the officer? Officer
Ramirez?

MARTIN LANDRY (CONT'D)
(takes a breath)
She's in surgery right now. No
update yet.

Martin nods his head. He runs both of his hands through his
hair and leans back in his chair.

Beat.

WILL
Look, Mr. Landry-

MARTIN LANDRY
Please, Martin.

WILL
Martin, I know this may be an
inappropriate time, but there is
something we need to discuss.

INT. DAVID AND EMMA'S HOUSE

David lays on the couch with his eyes closed. He is in a deep
sleep. His phone starts to vibrate loudly on the coffee
table. After a few rings, David suddenly wakes up.

David slowly reaches for his phone. He looks at it, the phone
reads "ROSS". David rolls his eyes and answers the phone.

DAVID
(into phone)
I take it you saw the news.

ROSS
(off screen, on phone)
Open the door please.

David, confused, looks over at his front window. He sees Ross
peeking inside the house. David walks over and opens the
door. Ross steps inside.

DAVID
What are you doing here?

ROSS
This is not a chat we should have
over the phone, David.

David takes a seat back on the couch. Ross takes a seat on
the love-seat. The two stare at each other for a beat.

DAVID
Just say it.

ROSS
Say what?

DAVID
"I told you so".

ROSS
You shot. A fucking. Cop?

DAVID
(yelling whisper)
Keep your voice down.

ROSS
How could you be this stupid??

DAVID
You think I planned on that
happening tonight? Everything was
going fine. I had Harry alone and
the cops must have been watching
the house or something. They
could've cuffed me if I didn't do
something.

ROSS
(takes a breath)
Did you get yourself seen in any
way.

DAVID
No. I had a mask on.

ROSS
(sarcastic)
How smart.

Beat.

ROSS (CONT'D)

David, a police officer was shot.
Will Whittaker is already
connecting the dots on the two
murders. It's only a matter of time
before he sees the whole picture.

DAVID

He has no leads yet.

ROSS

Yet.

Beat.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Harry Landry was shot in the knee.
Why?

DAVID

...I wanted to see look him in the
eye. I wanted to..savor it.

ROSS

David. Did you take the time to
really, really think this through.

DAVID

Of course I did.

ROSS

No, I don't think you did. Tell me,
why did you want Harry dead in the
first place?

DAVID

He's an asshole. He gets involved
in things he shouldn't. He fucked
with my friend-

ROSS

-Ah. Your friend. Brandon.

David sits with a curious look on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA MEDICAL HOSPITAL

Martin and Will find a quiet place to talk. The two sit
across from each other.

MARTIN LANDRY

Look, Detective, I'm not sure if there is really much I can offer.

WILL

I'm just trying to get any lead I can.

MARTIN LANDRY

Sure.

WILL

Martin, you're well aware that two people have been murdered in the past couple of months. Two people who have continuously published negative reviews about "Life of Crime".

MARTIN LANDRY

Of course. Tragic.

WILL

At first, I figured coincidence. But then I thought-

Beat.

WILL (CONT'D)

-Well, Officer Ramirez, thought they may be connected. And she came up with a theory. She said "Who would have the most to gain by people saying bad things about a show disappearing".

Martin sits back in his chair.

MARTIN LANDRY

Detective are you here to tell me I'm a suspect?

WILL

No, not at all. But we did come to your house tonight to speak with you. To ask you about people who work on your show that you have ever noticed any problems with. We showed up, and boom. There is a man in your driveway pointing a gun at your son.

MARTIN LANDRY

So, what are you thinking?

WILL
I want to know if there is anyone
involved with the show that may
have some sort of problem with your
son?

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID AND EMMA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ROSS
(to David)
Of all the people in the world
right now. Who may have the biggest
problem with Harry Landry right
now, besides you?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. UCLA MEDICAL HOSPITAL

MARTIN LANDRY
Well, Harry could be a pain in the
ass. I'm sure a handfuls of people
had their problems with him.

WILL
Can you think of anyone who may
have a serious problem with Harry
right now?

Martin takes a moment to think.

MARTIN LANDRY
Well, I mean, Harry did just land a
gig on the show. I remember
Patricia saying some other guy
would get the role, but I insisted
it go to Harry.

WILL
Do you remember the man's name?

MARTIN LANDRY
I believe it was Brandon...Lewis.

Will nods and writes down a name.

WILL
(to himself, writing)
Brandon...Lewis.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID AND EMMA'S HOUSE

David places his head in his hands.

DAVID
No. No. No..

Ross shakes his head. He stands up and heads for the door.

ROSS
Maybe this will be a wake up call
for you.

Ross opens the door, exits the house, and closes the door.
David lunges for his cell phone and dials a number.

CUT TO:

INT. BRANDON LEWIS APARTMENT

A cell phone is seen vibrating on a cluttered coffee table. The phone reads "DAVID". The camera slowly pans over and we see Brandon being placed under arrest by the LAPD. The officers cuff Brandon, take him outside, and close the door behind them.

The camera pans back to the cell phone that now reads "ONE MISSED CALL". The camera continues to pan passed the cell phone and focuses on two beer bottles sitting on the table. They are the two bottles that David and Brandon shared together earlier in the episode, as we fade to black.

END OF EPISODE