hurt people

pilot

by
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FADE IN:

INT. DINER - DAY

Typical Los Angeles diner during a busy lunch hour. We are focused on an older black man in a booth wearing a sharp suit and sixties style tie sitting across from a yet to be revealed YOUNG WOMAN with red hair.

He is MICHAEL FELL.

She is nothing to us other than the back of a head.

YOUNG WOMAN
The light bulb must've come on at some point.

MICHAEL
Two clues, then one hundred mother fucking watts. She--

YOUNG WOMAN
(teasing)
So you're sticking with "she?"

MICHAEL
She pulls down her skirt.

YOUNG WOMAN
Black underwear?

MICHAEL
Red *thong*. She pulls down her skirt. Red laced thong says hello. I am basking in the warmth of this womanhood. Sophia Loren? Fuck you. Brigid Bardot? As sexually appealing to me as my hairlipped cousin at this point. This individual is *that* attractive.

YOUNG WOMAN
Brigid who?

MICHAEL
(sarcastic)
Fonda. Grow up.

YOUNG WOMAN
Anyway--

MICHAEL
Anyway. So I start at the ankles. Both hands. Tickle, tickle: calfs.
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Tickle, tickle: knee cap. Now knee caps are the secret sauce for this one. She lets out a moan. One of those moans you know is all real. From her chest cavity. Or from Kathleen Turner's chest cavity. *Feral*. Deep fucking moan.

Michael mimics the MOAN.

YOUNG WOMAN
Clue number one?

MICHAEL
Indeed. Which led systematically to clue number two. Now I ain't no Don Motherfuckin Draper, but there are ladies in the populous that would say I know a thing or two about a thing or two, and one of those two things happen to be pussy.

The Young Woman laughs.

YOUNG WOMAN
The other?

MICHAEL
Writing birthday cards. People fortunate enough to get one of my birthday cards don't throw those suckers out. They're keeping them for posterity purposes.

YOUNG WOMAN
My birthday was two months ago.

The Young Woman holds her hands up. *Where's my mother fucking card?!*

MICHAEL
We'd only been out on two dates. No inherent value to a birthday card from a complete stranger.

YOUNG WOMAN
I've known you since I was 8.

MICHAEL
You've known my name, my occupation, my physical dimensions, since you were eight.
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You can say the same thing about Billy Ocean but I don't see Bill giving you no birthday card, nor do I think he's expecting to get one from you any time soon either.

YOUNG WOMAN
What if we're not together by my next birthday? I'll only be able to speak to one of the things you know.

MICHAEL
For you, I'll do a half birthday.

Michael leans across the table, KISSES the Young Woman.

YOUNG WOMAN
Continue.

MICHAEL
As I was saying. An amateur of females might've immediately gone for the breasts once that first moan was heard. Don Draper knows better. My boy Don knows that groping titties, albeit fun and a reminder of far happier and acne laced times-- ain't helping the cause when behind closed doors.

YOUNG WOMAN
I like it when I'm felt up.

MICHAEL
No doubt. But you see Don Draper knows that at that hour, that precise moment of arousal, a man's got to be a man. Mother Nature's in the room and that chick wants to get raped.

YOUNG WOMAN
Excuse me?

MICHAEL
Retraction. Poor choice of words.
(pause)
Taken. Mother Nature wants to be *taken*. And if you're gonna *take* Mother Nature, titties just don't offer the leverage. But the ass...
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You want some Kung Fu Grip control, the ass is the key. Don knows this. I know this. So I reach around with both hands, cup the bottom of each cheek, and bring them up and back, as if I'm trying to splash my face with them.

Michael takes a sip of water.

YOUNG WOMAN
Enter clue number two?

MICHAEL
Close, but not yet.

CLOSE ON

The Young Woman tapping her BRIGHT GREEN FINGERNAILS on the table top.

BACK ON Michael...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
So my pinkies have pushed the corners of her ass so far up into the recesses of her thighs that I am using them to massage her labia.

YOUNG WOMAN
Your pinkies?

MICHAEL
Her own ass. I'm massaging, I'm massaging, and her lips are swelling. Female genitals are prone to do that. Then comes the moan. This ain't Kathleen Turner anymore. This is like, Jabba the fucking Hut.

YOUNG WOMAN
I have to pee.

MICHAEL
Almost there. Jabba moans...

Michael gives his best Jabba...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
...legs quaking, giving out, I rub, rub, rub.
(moaning imitation)
She's losing her balance.
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I'm rubbing!
(moaning imitation)
She has to take a wider stance or she's literally going to topple over! My cue! The moment has arrived!

Michael points up to the heavens.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
"This is for you Don!" I pull my hands from the back, I rip open her panties like it's Christmas morning...

Michael quiets. Takes another sip of water.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Clue number two.

YOUNG WOMAN
Is...?

MICHAEL
Clue number two was what was hiding in between her thighs. Clue number two was what I was massaging with her ass cheeks.

Michael takes another sip of water.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Clue number two came to attention and exploded all over this beautiful, heterosexual face.

The Young Girl's jaw drops in pure disbelief.

YOUNG WOMAN
Clue number two was a cock.

MICHAEL
Six point eight inches.
(pause)
Asked me what two life lessons I learned from that gooey chain of events.

YOUNG WOMAN
What two life lessons did you learn from that gooey chain of events?

MICHAEL
Lesson number one. The combination of letters, numbers at the end of the casual encounters classified section on craigslist? “M4W?” “W4W?” That shit stands for something and I highly recommend paying attention to it. In this particular listing, “T4M,” the “T” stands for “transgender.”

YOUNG WOMAN
Lesson number two?

MICHAEL
A chick is always hiding something. Even the ones that are dudes.

YOUNG WOMAN
I have to pee.

The Young Woman stands.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT’D)
What does one say when one is expecting a vagina and is unexpectedly presented with a throbbing, rock hard cock that ejaculates all over one’s face?

MICHAEL
One is me in this scenario?

YOUNG WOMAN
Ain’t me, buddy.

MICHAEL
Pee. I’ll tell you over coffee.

The Young Woman goes to the bathroom. Michael takes another sip of water, reaches inside his coat pocket, and lays something on the table.

CLOSE ON the something:

A CARD. The name on the card says, “Ms. Brown.”

Back on Michael. We slowly push in on his face which is forging into a definite smile. The closer we get, the bigger the smile gets.

By the time we are in a close-up on him, the SILVER BARREL OF A HANDGUN ENTERS THE FRAME just behind his head.

The camera pans ever so slightly to the left, just enough so we can see the Young Woman's BRIGHT GREEN FINGERNAILS wrapped around the trigger, and the gun's handle.

We stay on this shot. A waitress SCREAMS. She must've just noticed...

then...

BLAM! BLAM!

CLOSE ON

THE ENVELOPE, now with a healthy coating of iron rich blood. The Young Woman's hand enters the frame, FLICKS off a chunky piece of BRAIN, takes the card.

WIDE NOW

Ms. Brown walks out of the diner. The camera pans over the dead heap that is the body of Michael Fell, and to the window.

Through all the dripping blood and brains, we watch Ms. Brown get into her FAMILY SEDAN and drive away...

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Numerous purchased goods are scanned at the checkout counter from the POV OF THE SCANNER. FEMALE DIAPERS, DENTURE CEMENT, METAMUCIL, PREPARATION H...

The plastic bag of items and a NEWARK STAR LEDGER are handed to a man in a LEATHER JACKET. His back is to the camera as he walks away out of the store.

PRE-LAP

The sound of door knocking...

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY- 2ND FLOOR - DAY

The man in the leather jacket hands the bag over to an elderly MRS. CALDWELL, who gladly accepts.

OLD LADY
(pitching him)
My Stephanie's visiting next week. From Baltimore. You should swing by for some rummy. It will be oodles of noodles of fun.

LEATHER JACKET
We'll see. Same time next week, Mrs. Caldwell?

OLD LADY
Yes, dear.

LEATHER JACKET
Have a good one, Mrs. Caldwell.

OLD LADY
(re: Leather Jacket)
So nice...

Mrs. Caldwell closes the door.

In a STATIC SHOT we watch Leather Jacket walk towards us from the far end of the hallway until finally he is close enough for us to see his face. This is HOLLIS BROWN (50's, white).

Hollis presses the elevator button. He waits. Waits. Waits some more. Waits even more. Then finally the doors open and he gets inside.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY- 11TH FLOOR - DAY

From the same perspective as the last shot, we watch Hollis exit the elevator and walk completely down to the far end of the hallway.

He arrives at his apartment door. There is a note taped with BAND AIDS just below the apartment number. It says, "Relaxo Is Here."

Hollis turns the door. Locked. He unlocks it and enters.

INT. HOLLIS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Hollis cautiously enters. He sniffs. There is someone cooking in the kitchen.

From Hollis' POV we see a man wearing an APRON (white, 50's, good ole boy accent) do a little jive dance from inside the kitchen, into the living room and then disappearing back again.

After a beat, he dances back into the living room, this time with a SAUCE SPOON. He tastes whatever it is he is cooking, and then turns his attention to Hollis.

This is RELAXO.

RELAXO
Hello there, friend!

HOLLIS
You broke in and put a note on my door.

RELAXO
I didn't want to alarm you. For men like us, alarming moments lead to--

Relaxo puts his GUN on the counter.

RELAXO (CONT'D)
-- *mishaps*. And the last thing I want to have is a mishap, least not today.

HOLLIS
And the band aids?

RELAXO
Pure necessity. Out of tape, by the way. But when my melon started riping up a bit, and I gave some thought to our relationship-- our painfully blood filled past-- *thematically* their addition was sort of pitch perfect. Don't ya think?

Hollis takes a seat on the couch.

RELAXO (CONT'D)
That's the ticket. You rest them pups, let your ole' friend Relaxo work you up some fine home cooking.

Relaxo takes a taste of whatever it is he's stirring.

RELAXO (CONT'D)
Heck. Just like Mama Relaxo's. Ain't got her looks. Ain't got her brains. But when it comes to the bud tasters, might as well put on a wig and let the old man fuck me, cause we are *identical*.

HOLLIS
15 years.

RELAXO
15 years. 3 months. 7 days. 14 hours.
(looking at the clock on the wall)
Depending on the coast. I'd like to propose 15 years, 3 months, 7 days, and *11* hours. Keep our dealings on my time. Los Angeles time.

HOLLIS
Not sure what dealings you're referring--

RELAXO
(interrupting)
Not that I don't like New Jersey. As far as putrid sounds of refuse go, it is the bees knees. And for an individual like you, I can't think of a finer neck of the woods to call home. It suits you. All that being said, this is *not* your home and the Boss Man's sent me here to convince you on a long overdue homecoming.
(re: the couch)
May I?

Relaxo sits.

RELAXO (CONT'D)
You might not have noticed but there is a third party sitting right there.

Relaxo points to an empty chair. Hollis' eyes slide towards it. They are the only ones in the room.

RELAXO (CONT'D)
The 800 Pound Gorilla.

Relaxo looks at the chair and unleashes a steady succession of monkey grunts/squeals-- SPEAKING GORILLA.

RELAXO (CONT'D)
That there Gorilla, in perfect *Monkey-nese,* just told me her gorilla name is Jessica Brown.

Hollis's aloofness has become anything but at the sound of that name.

RELAXO (CONT'D)
See Jessica's been up to no good. She put a bullet in the brain of an old colleague of ours, Michael Fell. Scrambled his eggs all over a diner window in North Hollywood. Now typically, I don't pay much heed to 800 pound gorillas, them being lesser creatures than us. But when the gorilla's the daughter of Hollis Brown, my ears perk up a tad. And when that big ole' bitch gorilla executes a friend-- *and Michael was a friend*-- I find myself on the 3pm LAX to Newark post haste, because that monkey business just evolved into some pretty serious homo sapien business and cooperation is requested, expected and required.

Relaxo removes a ZIPPO LIGHTER from his pants, flicks it open and close for the duration of the following speech.

RELAXO (CONT'D)
I ain't gonna go put a pistola to your head, torture ya like you were some *Talibany* son-of-a-gun, nothing like that. Defeats the purpose of the visit. I'm here to save myself time, and to save your little girl a whole mess of pain.
(pause)
The Boss Man wants Jessica's head. Such a public display of defiance demands it. I'm gonna deliver. No two ways around that. But the way I will go about delivering is what's on the table. You come back with me to the great state of California, you cooperate, and serve that girl up on a silver platter, her last breathe will be one of ease, and you got yourself a milky white, luminous angel girl in an open coffin. You go about doing things the way you typically have been known to do things? Her body will be charred, blackened, done in--

Relaxo finally ignites the ZIPPO.

RELAXO (CONT'D)
-- with this here lighter and *only* this here lighter.

Relaxo retrieves a BEER, twists off the cap, and gives it to Hollis.

Hollis drinks the beer in its entirety, ONE IMPRESSIVE GULP and lays the empty bottle down on the coffee table.

HOLLIS
Will I be reimbursed for my flight?

RELAXO
(amused)
You been on a 10 grand a month retainer the last 15 years for doing *shit*. At that price, you best save them free itsy bitsy bags of peanuts they hand out and bring them as a gift to the Boss Man. You owe him plenty.

An EGG TIMER RINGS and Relaxo smiles. He disappears into the kitchen.

HOLLIS
(calling out)
Jessica had her reasons for doing what she did.

RELAXO (O.C.)
Revenge being the obvious.

HOLLIS
She'll be coming for you too.

RELAXO (O.C.)
I reckon. You want to hear the unobvious reason? The subconscious one?

HOLLIS
Lay it on me.

After a beat, he returns with a tray.

RELAXO
She misses her daddy.
(re:tray)
Bon appetite.

ANGLE ON THE TRAY

It is a QUARTER POUNDER WITH CHEESE, LARGE FRIES, AND A SOFT DRINK.

RELAXO (CONT'D)
They didn't give me no straw. Sorry.

Hollis shakes his head, his lips curled in a wry smile.

RELAXO (CONT'D)
So ole' buddy, ole' pal, what's it gonna be?

HOLLIS
I'll mull it over.

Relaxo shakes out a CIGARETTE and lights it.

RELAXO
We both know how this sticky wicket's gonna shake out. I just wanted to offer up a neighborly gesture before our spurs start rattling.

They shake hands.

RELAXO (CONT'D)
Should be all sorts of fun.

HOLLIS
Oodles of noodles. Relaxo, you are one proper sociopath.

Relaxo winks, heads for the door, and exits.

Hollis takes a bite into his burger, wipes his chin...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DINER - DAY

We are back to the opening scene, but this time WIDE on the exterior of the diner from the POV of the parked FAMILY SEDAN

From this distance we can barely make out that the man in the window booth is MICHAEL FELL, but we should have a suspicion leading right up to when we hear a distant SCREAM, a distant GUNSHOT and the WINDOW suddenly turns BLOOD RED.

Yup. That's him.

Moments later, the YOUNG WOMAN exits the diner, and scurries across the street to the car. We finally see her face.

She is pale, and tired looking, but her green eyes are vibrant and, as of this moment, huge and scary looking. SPECKS OF BLOOD mark her face, and her bottom jaw quivers.

JESSICA BROWN has just killed someone for the first time.

Jessica opens the glove box, and shoves the gun inside.

Her shaking hand inserts the keys in the ignition, starts the engine.

The car pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jessica's roommate CARLY (20's) is on the couch with a towel wrapped around her head and wearing a MUD MASK. She is watching *The Jersey Shore*.

Off camera, the jangle of keys can be heard, followed by the front door opening, and then finally the sound of approaching footsteps.

CARLY
(re: the Jersey Shore)
Deena is a fat, disgusting whore--

Jessica takes a seat on the couch, yet to clean herself up after her lunch date. The blood on her face has turned brown, and her hair is matted. She is most definitely still in shock.

Carly is glued to the television and does not notice the bloody mess that is Jessica...

CARLY (CONT'D)
-- and The Situation? Get this. He and Snooki fucked in LA two months ago. They don't tell anybody. He has an aside with Ronnie, and is like, "You can't tell anybody this, but Snooki and I smooshed in LA." Hello! There's a camera RIGHT there! Don't tell anybody??? Fucking idiot. He makes 5 million dollars a year to basically act like a retard. Or just *be* a retard. No acting necessary.
(pause)
I think JWoww's anorexic this season.

Jessica, trance like, stands and exits the frame.

We stay on Carly, and listen to the absurdity of *The Jersey Shore.*

Moments later, the sound of running water can be heard...

CARLY (CONT'D)
(confessing, calling out)
I shouldn't have said that about Deena!
(to herself)
She's really nice...

The water shuts off...footsteps...and Jessica sits back down on the couch, her FACE CLEAN, her HAIR WET, and wearing a fresh CARE BEAR T-SHIRT and underwear.

We can hear *The Jersey Shore* go to commercial. Carly finally turns to Jessica, completely oblivious.

CARLY (CONT'D)
What did you do today?

JESSICA
Broke up with Michael.

Carly frowns.

CARLY
Jessie! Why didn't you say something? I'm sorry. What happened?

JESSICA
It'd been coming for a while.

CARLY
How'd he take it?

JESSICA
Wasn't pretty.

Carly frowns again, throws her arms around her.

CARLY
He was way to old for you. And way too black. Whatever. All's fair in love and war.

JESSICA
This was a little bit of both.

CARLY
Just don't become a "Ronnie and Sammy," breaking up, getting back together, breaking up.

JESSICA
The way I left things...I'm not overly concerned about that.

The Jersey Shore comes back on. We lose Carly again.

CARLY
I'm gonna order coke. You want coke? I want to snort some coke.

Carly grabs her cell off the coffee table, starts TEXTING her dealer.

CLOSE ON

CARLY's PHONE

Her dealer is listed as "*Inigo Montoya.*"

She types -- *YOU AROUND? PALM AND OLYMPIC??*

Beat.

The response -- *30 MINUTES.*

BACK ON

THE GIRLS on the couch.

CARLY (CONT'D)
Inigo says thirty.

Jessica stands.

JESSICA
I'm gonna lie down.

She exits the frame...

Beat.

Carly bursts out in hysterical laughter.

CARLY
(calling out)
Deena just fell down a flight of stairs! She's always falling! *Fucking mess...*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SAME CAMERA ANGLE.

Carly is now lying on the couch. The DOOR BELL rings. Carly sits up.

CARLY
Coming!

We stay focused on the couch as Carly hurries out of the frame.

The sound of her opening the door, then...

CARLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Can I help--

Oh boy. By the sound of it...CARLY'S FUCKED. Sure enough...

Carly enters the frame, but she is not alone. A brute of a killer, BILL (20's, white) has her by the neck and he is wringing the life out of her.

And we see it all. No cut aways. No chance to alleviate the brutality.

Taking as long as it takes to strangle someone to death, Bill lowers Carly's now lifeless body to the floor.

He stands above her, and stares for a couple beats, before his head turns ever so slightly. *He's noticed something off.*

ANGLE ON

CARLY'S CORPSE, specifically the BLACK HAIR that has revealed itself from under the towel that had been wrapped around her head.

BACK ON

BILL. He takes out his cell phone and dials.

Beat.

BILL
(into the cell)
I'm here now. Just finishing up...Oh yes. Dead as disco...Momentarily. Hey, quick question...Her hair. Is that-- *was* that-- like, red, red hair? Or a more dark, auburnish, almost *black* hair?...Uh, huh...Uh, huh...Red, red huh? No way it could be confused as black?...
(scrutinizing the ceiling)
Maybe its the lighting...What roommate? You never said anything about...No, no. All good...See you in a few.

Bill hangs up the phone.

BILL (CONT'D)
(to himself, re: Carly)
Fuuuuuuck...

As soon as the words leave his mouth, the left side of his HEAD EXPLODES, and he falls limp to the ground on top of Carly.

Jessica enters with her SILVER GUN smoking. Her eyes look red, as if she had just been crying.

She takes Bills's CELL PHONE.

ANGLE ON

BILL'S CELL. Jessica cycles through to the CALL LOG. The last number called. *RELAXO*.

Then from off camera:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hello?

Jessica points the gun in the direction of the voice.

BARRINGTON (20's, white) stands in the doorway, a deer in the headlights.

JESSICA
Who are you?

BARRINGTON/INIGO
I sell drugs.

JESSICA
You have a car?

Barrington nods.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You have an apartment?

Another nod.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I want to see both. Let me get my ipod.

FADE TO BLACK.

PRE-LAP:

The sound of a HEART MONITOR. *Beep. Beep. Beep.*

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

We are looking at Barrington laid out in a HOSPITAL BED. His face is now badly beaten.

After a couple additional moments of heart monitor beeping, Barrington's eyes begin to flutter open as he regains consciousness.

HOLLIS (O.S.)
Where were we, Inigo?

REVERSE

Hollis sits in a chair at the foot of the bed.

As soon as Barrington focuses, his eyes become huge with fear and he tries to sit up but his wrists have been tied to the arms of the bed with PLASTIC GROCERY BAGS.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
(remembering)
Oh that's right...

Hollis rushes over to Barrington's bedside like an unleashed pitbull, and COLD COCKS him, re-breaking his nose. BLOOD spills forth, staining his hospital gown.

Barrington begins to scream, but before he can squeeze out the tiniest of squeals, Hollis has a GLOVED HAND over his mouth, stifling it.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
Inigo? Are you done? Because I found the floor's medical closet and ever since I can remember finding the floor's medical closet, I've always wondered how many tongue depressors I could fit inside *your* mouth, and since you are *you*, you seem like the only viable candidate in the room to satisfy my curiosity...

Hollis removes a handful of TONGUE DEPRESSORS.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
If you got something to say, use your inside voice, okay Inigo?

Barrington nods his head. Hollis removes his hand from his mouth.

BARRINGTON/INIGO
Why do you keep calling me Inigo?

HOLLIS
Because "punching bag" seemed like an insult.

BARRINGTON/INIGO
My name's Barrington.

HOLLIS
I don't give a fuck what your name is. I called someone named Inigo, and you showed up. And when I found you with this--

Hollis holds up the SILVER GUN.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
-- Inigo became the man I was looking for and you became "Inigo."
(re: GUN)
Do you know what this is?

BARRINGTON/INIGO
A gun.

HOLLIS
My gun. What were you doing with my gun*?*

BARRINGTON/INIGO
A girl gave it to me.

HOLLIS
Gave it to you?

BARRINGTON/INIGO
I took it.

HOLLIS
Red hair?

BARRINGTON/INIGO
(nodding)
Green eyes.

HOLLIS
You sell coke to her?

BARRINGTON/INIGO
Her roommate. Sometimes weed.

HOLLIS
How long you been dealing?

BARRINGTON/INIGO
I don't know. College, I guess.

HOLLIS
Drug dealers were a different breed when I was in the game. *Lazy* seemingly being the lone common trait that spans the generational gap. But dealing these days-- it's *almost* a last resort. What were you gonna do if this line of work didn't fly?

BARRINGTON/INIGO
Starbucks.

Hollis contemplates this...

HOLLIS
You made the right career choice. Drinking coffee used to be an anonymous pastime.
(pause)
The red head. Where she holding up?

Barrington doesn't answer.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
We were doing so well, Inigo. Much better than last time. Loose lips sink ships--

Hollis pulls the slide back on his gun, points it at him.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
-- but this gun sends you to the morgue. Four flights down.

BARRINGTON/INIGO
My apartment. Crescent and Hollywood.

HOLLIS
This apartment have an exact address?

BARRINGTON/INIGO
Do you want it?

HOLLIS
The thought crossed my mind.

BARRINGTON/INIGO
8916 Hollywood. 3A.

Hollis pulls out a JOINT, lights it.

BARRINGTON/INIGO (CONT'D)
Are you allowed to smoke in hospitals? Cigarettes or...*other*.

HOLLIS
I smoke everywhere.

Hollis takes a pull, stands, stretches.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
There's two groups of people that will be coming here looking for you. The cops being the first. They're gonna ask who drove over you with their car.
(pause)
Who drove over you, Inigo?

BARRINGTON/INIGO
Not you.

HOLLIS
Good. Cops are gonna ask you for a description. You're going to close your eyes, tighten those eye lids, and paint yourself a real clear picture of, I don't know. The car from *Knight Rider.* Then blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. Got it?

Barrington nods.

Hollis removes a different, SMALLER GUN. He hands it to Barrington.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
Under the mattress.

Hollis starts for the door...

BARRINGTON/INIGO
What's this for?

...and as he walks out in a cloud of smoke, the door swinging closed in his wake...

HOLLIS
The *other* group of people...

CUT TO:

INT. INIGO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

AN APARTMENT INTERCOM. It BUZZES.

The sound of footsteps, then:

Jessica's GREEN POLISHED FINGERNAIL enters the frame, presses the intercom button. This repeats.

INTERCOM (V.O.)
Domino's.

JESSICA (O.C.)
Wrong apartment.

INTERCOM (V.O.)
This 8916?

JESSICA (O.C.)
Yes it is.

INTERCOM (V.O.)
'3A.' You ordered a pizza.

JESSICA (O.C.)
I didn't order shit. I would never order Domino's. I hate Domino's. If I wanted to order shit, I'd order Domino's, but I don't, so I didn't. Go away.

Footsteps walking away...

Beat.

The intercom BUZZES.

Footsteps approaching again, then...

JESSICA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Yeeeeeeeeees...

INTERCOM (V.O.)
Barrington Stringer placed the order?

Beat. Jessica's finger BUZZES him in...

CUT TO:

INT. INIGO'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica looks through the PEEPHOLE.

HER POV

The DELIVERY GUY is bent down, tying his shoes. A PIZZA BOX, and SIX PACK OF COKE is by his side.

BACK ON JESSICA

She opens the door.

The Delivery Guy is finishing tying...

JESSICA
(re: method of the tie)
Thought *I* was the only adult who still does bunny ears...

The Delivery Guy finishes and stands.

DELIVERY GUY
Could've sworn *Domino's* was your favorite.

We don't see his face yet, only Jessica's reaction.

JESSICA
(re: identity of the Delivery Guy)
What a fucking week...

ANGLE ON

The Delivery Guy...it's HOLLIS, looking like the cat that ate the canary.

HOLLIS
(re: his pizza choice)
Or was it Pizza Hut?

CUT TO:

INT. 8916 HOLLYWOOD - MOMENTS LATER

Hollis and Jessica sit on opposite couches facing each other.

Hollis eats a SLICE OF PIZZA. Jessica watches, unenthusiastically.

JESSICA
When'da get to town?

HOLLIS
This morning.

JESSICA
Had a good flight? Flight was good?

HOLLIS
Last row in coach. Seat didn't recline all the way.

JESSICA
Must've been annoying.

HOLLIS
Yeah.

JESSICA
Rental car? Full size?

HOLLIS
Compact.

JESSICA
(hemorrhaging sarcasm)
Ouch. Tough break.

HOLLIS
I survived.

JESSICA
Funny choice of words coming from a 15 year old corpse.

HOLLIS
Was wondering how long it would take for that topic to surface.

Hollis pulls out a JOINT, lights it...

JESSICA
Where've you been?

HOLLIS
You know. Here and there.

JESSICA
Not here...

HOLLIS
No. Not here. New Jersey.
Detroit a bit.
(to himself)
How do I explain this?

JESSICA
One word in front of the other.

HOLLIS
Don't you want to eat something?

Jessica takes a SINGLE PEPPERONI, puts it in her mouth. She *slowly* chews...

JESSICA
(hamming it up)
Mmmmmmm.

...then swallows.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You were saying?

Hollis takes a deep pull...

HOLLIS
I've killed-- *people*.

JESSICA
How many peoples *people*?

HOLLIS
More than two. And since you've recently discovered how taxing it is to walk this earth with a red hand, you might agree that killing an additional 64, might change the way you wake up in the morning.
(MORE)

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
God and all his infinite power is replaced by, “Shit happens.” The one night stand you took home Thanksgiving night-- she’s knocked up? “Shit happens.” FBI’s got you talking on a wire tap? “Shit happens.”

JESSICA
Your ten year old daughter grows up an orphan?

HOLLIS
I only have one ass. I saved it.

JESSICA
(re: the FBI)
You could’ve made a deal.

Hollis shakes his head.

JESSICA (CONT’D)
Why not?

HOLLIS
Because.

JESSICA
That’s not an answer.

HOLLIS
It is to me. It is to the Boss Man. Though you’ll never hear me say it, you work with someone thirty some odd years, love will inevitably burrow its way into the list of adjectives used to describe the relationship.

JESSICA
(hurt)
More than your wife? More than your daughter?

Jessica stands, takes the joint out of her father’s mouth, puts it in her own, SMOKES.

JESSICA (CONT’D)
I was expecting a lie.

HOLLIS
(realization)
So was I.

JESSICA
Why now?

HOLLIS
15 years is a long time. You're in trouble.

JESSICA
Hollis Brown grew a conscience.

Hollis smiles warmly.

HOLLIS
Shit happens.

JESSICA
(peace offering)
I have ice. I have whiskey.

HOLLIS
Inigo has ice. Inigo has whiskey. You have nothing.

JESSICA
Is he dead?

Hollis licks his fingers, extinguishes the joint.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(guilt ridden)
Put it on my tab.

Jessica exits.

CLOSE ON

AN IPOD DOCK. Jessica attaches an IPOD, presses play.

Lou Reed's *Walk on the Wild Side* starts playing...

ANGLE ON

Hollis, his face breaking into a smile, recognizing the song instantly.

After a few beats, Jessica returns with TWO GLASSES OF ICE, BOTTLE OF JAMESON.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(amused, affectionate off Hollis' look)
Lou Reed runs through my veins.

Father and daughter build their drinks, imbibe during the remainder of the scene.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
So, I'm in trouble. What do you suggest?

HOLLIS
Shotguns.

JESSICA
This is the best you can come up with? This is your professional opinion?

Hollis shrugs.

HOLLIS
Always worked for me.

JESSICA
When do we do it?

Hollis looks at his watch.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(incredulously)
Now?

Hollis downs his drink, shakes the ice in his glass, BITES DOWN ON A CUBE.

HOLLIS
Once the ice melts.

EXT. 8916 HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

From the POV INSIDE A CAR, the STEERING WHEEL in the foreground out of focus, we zero in as Hollis and Jessica exit the front door, and approach.

Jessica stops in her tracks.

JESSICA
(re: the car)
Is that what I think it is?

Hollis holds up a SET OF KEYS.

HOLLIS
Thought you might like to drive.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. 7-ELEVEN - NIGHT- FLASHBACK

AN EMPTY PARKING SPACE.

***** THIS ENTIRE SCENE SHOULD ALL HAPPEN IN ONE CONTINUOUS TAKE FROM THIS STRAIGHT AWAY CAMERA ANGLE.*****

After a couple beats, a 1979 MONTE CARLO pulls into the spot, directly at the camera.

Behind the wheel is SHANNON (20's, red hair, JESSICA'S MOTHER). In the passenger seat is 10 YEAR OLD JESSICA.

Shannon turns off the car, the FAN BELT slapping to a halt.

SHANNON
Jessica, what you saw--

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA
I don't want to talk about it.

SHANNON
(got off easy)
Alright then! Slushie time! Come on. Let's--

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA
Are you going to marry them?

SHANNON
Who?

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA
Those men. Those *naked* men.

SHANNON
No.

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA
But you were naked? Who were they?

SHANNON
I don't know their names.

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA
They were calling you, Dusty?

SHANNON
Sometimes, some men call me that. *Sometimes*.

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA
What times?

SHANNON
Evidently, times when that irresponsible little bitch Susie Nichols brings you home early from the movies.
(changing the subject)
How was the movie?!

Jessica shrugs.

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA
Aliens blew up The White House. *The Fresh Prince of Bel Air* blew up the aliens.
(pause)
Are you a prostitute?

Susie's jaw drops...

SHANNON
What?!

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA
Pretty Woman's on HBO this month.

SHANNON
We don't have HBO.

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA
Susie Nichols does.

SHANNON
(re: Susie)
Dead woman. A fucking dead women!

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA
Are you?

Shannon takes a beat to try and think of a way out of having this conversation.

SHANNON
(the light bulb goes on)
What's a prostitute?

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA
(nice try)
Susie Nichols has a dictionary.

Shannon rubs her temples, gives up.

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA (CONT'D)
Men pay you to have sex with them.

SHANNON
Yes.

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA
Are you good at it?

Shannon looks at her daughter.

SHANNON
Don't have to be a good prostitute to get good marks at prostitution. It's all about attendance. Men are very easy graders. You'll learn that about men.

Jessica thinks about this for a second.

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA
You went to school for it?

Shannon laughs to herself. *I can't believe this is my life.*

SHANNON
I was being witty.

Shannon lifts one of her legs up on the seat, turns herself completely towards her daughter.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
My father once told me that if times get tough? I mean, utter hopelessness. No money, your stomach is screaming because it's so hungry. Commit a crime. Go to jail.

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA
Grandpa said that?

SHANNON
There's food in jail. Beds in jail. Books! Do your time. Learn something new. And when you do get out, the prison people even help you land a job!
(pause)
You have a sense of what I'm getting at?

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA
No.

At this point, through the back windshield and out of focus, appear TWO MASKED MEN approaching at a clip...

SHANNON
When push comes to shove, you do what you have to do to, and you answer to no one but yourself.

...the two men get CLOSER...

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Let me be the first to tell you, Jessica Brown.

...and CLOSER...

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Push is a real shovey sonofabitch.

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA
Is that the lesson?

SHANNON
(affirmative)
The center of the Tootsie Pop.

Jessica looks off away from her mother.

10 YEAR OLD JESSICA
I wish dad didn't die.

...until finally...

SHANNON
He didn't...

THE BLACK MASKED MAN SMASHES the driver's side window with a TIRE IRON.

*****NOTHING BUT SCREAMS FOR THE REMAINDER OF THIS SCENE FROM SHANNON AND JESSICA*****

THE WHITE MASKED MAN reaches in, grabs Shannon by her hair, and DRAGS HER OUT OF THE WINDOW.

We can hear Shannon getting the life beat out of her, and there are a few instances where we even catch a glimpse of it.

After a few agonizing moments of this, Shannon is THROWN ONTO THE TRUNK OF THE MONTE CARLO, her face and clothes ripped messes. The masked men drag her off, and yank her down to the ground directly behind the car.

SHANNON (O.C.) (CONT'D)
(weakly)
I won't...I won't tell anybody anything...I swear...Please don't...My baby...

Jessica, still screaming, climbs into the backseat. She perches herself up just in time to see the masked men pull out their GUNS and FIRE. They empty their clips.

It is a gruesome death that we as audience members are thankfully not allowed to witness.

10 Year Old Jessica sees it all...

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

THE CHILDREN'S SECTION.

ANGLE ON

A small table, with small chairs, with small little people sitting in them. Some kids are reading. Some are drawing. All are innocent, and sweet looking.

THE LIBRARIAN (40's, British) pushes a BOOK CART past the table. An out of shape HENRY CRANSTON (50's, black) walks with him.

THE LIBRARIAN
I'm somewhat of the math nerd asking the head cheerleader to the prom, aren't I?

CRANSTON
Didn't know you had prom over there.

THE LIBRARIAN
In England, we call them "Leavers' Balls."

CRANSTON
That's terrible.

One of the children's CRAYONS roll off the table.

The Librarian stops, picks it up, and gives it back to the child.

THE LIBRARIAN
Whoopsy!

He continues pushing the cart to the STACKS. They turn down an aisle.

CRANSTON
(tongue in cheek)
I heard this was a young operation.

THE LIBRARIAN
Whispering is less suspicious here, don't you agree?

The Librarian pulls a BOOK from the cart, hands it to Cranston.

THE LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
Open it.

Cranston does so. There is a thin STACK OF 100 DOLLAR BILLS inside.

THE LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
Intel. Guns. Crime scene manipulation. I've been told this is what you are offering.

CRANSTON
By who?

THE LIBRARIAN
(repeated line)
I've been told this is what you are offering...

CRANSTON
You invited me. As the nerd, you better have a big ole' wanker in those knickers, cause the quarterback of the football team carries my books home. I'm not offering you shit.

THE LIBRARIAN
Then why are you here?

CRANSTON
Reading is fundamental.

THE LIBRARIAN
In that case, there's nothing else to discuss.

The Librarian walks away.

EXT. LIBRARY PARKING LOT - DAY

As Cranston is getting into his car, the Librarian hurries outside, carrying the BOOK WITH THE MONEY.

THE LIBRARIAN
Mr. Cranston! You forgot your book!

Cranston smiles. *He's persistent that's for sure.*

The Librarian reaches the car.

THE LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
(holding the book out)
Your book. For your time.

Cranston takes it.

CRANSTON
Slinging dope is great and all, and my gut tells me you're good at it. But my current employer doesn't have to surround himself with the Lollipop Guild or hide the fact that he whispers. He doesn't whisper. *He doesn't have to.* I don't want you to get the wrong idea. It's not that I can't get bought. Believe me I can. But acquiring my skill set is a bit premature for you right now.

Cranston gets in the car, closes the door. He starts the engine, and lowers the window.

CRANSTON (CONT'D)
Cops aren't your only hurdle at this juncture. You want to grow? You're gonna have to start hurting people. Hire the right people to do that type of thing.

THE LIBRARIAN
That's why I contacted you.

Cranston hands the book back.

THE LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
I take it I can't count on you for any referrals?

CRANSTON
You ever gain the high ground, give me a call. Best of luck...

Cranston pulls out of the parking spot and drives away.

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

We are TRACKING Cranston walking down a hallway. After a few beats, he reaches inside his blazer, removes a POLICE SHIELD. He attaches it to his outside pocket.

He KNOCKS on an apartment door.

A BEAT COP opens, and Cranston slips inside.

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cranston, a handkerchief over his mouth and nose, approaches the rigor mortis stricken bodies of Carly and Bill.

CRANSTON
(re: smell)
Jesus fucking Christ.

BEAT COP
I know.

CRANSTON
What did you tell the neighbor?

BEAT COP
Dead cat and a Bronson movie.

Cranston squats down, begins scrutinizing the bodies.

CRANSTON
(re: smell)
Dead cat? Dead lion. Dead puma, maybe.

His eyes slide to the couch, and a HOT PINK CASED IPHONE sticking out slightly from under it.

CRANSTON (CONT'D)
You hear that, Mosely?

BEAT COP
Hear what, sir?

CRANSTON
In the hallway? The sound of suspicious activity sounding just loud enough for only you to register that it is suspicious...

BEAT COP
(playing along)
Very suspicious, sir. I hear it loud and clear.

CRANSTON
Best check on that. Could also use a Starbucks Venti Iced Vanilla Breve when you have a second or two.

BEAT COP
Venti Iced Vanilla what?

Cranston takes out his wallet, counts out TEN 100 DOLLAR BILLS, and gives it to him.

CRANSTON
Breve. It's a latte. You can keep the change.

BEAT COP
Thank you, sir. How much time you need?

CRANSTON
Oh, I don't know. Length of the average shit.

The Beat Cop turns to go.

CRANSTON (CONT'D)
Mosely?

BEAT COP
Yes, sir?

CRANSTON
I take long shits.

BEAT COP
Yes, sir.

The Beat Cop leaves.

Cranston reaches under the couch, and pulls out the pink cell phone.

CRANSTON
(tsking, putting the cell in his pocket)
Bill, this isn't yours.

He pats down Bill, finding his GUN. He pockets it, then continues searching until he is thoroughly satisfied.

Cranston then pulls out his cell phone. DIALS.

He lowers his phone from his hear, and starts walking around the room, craning his neck in multiple directions trying to hear if another phone is ringing.

CUT TO:

INT. INIGO'S APARTMENT - DAY

EXTREME CLOSE ON

BILL'S CELL PHONE RINGING/VIBRATING on a coffee table.

Out of focus in the background we can see Jessica sitting across from Barrington, the SILVER GUN trained on him.

Barrington's face is unbruised. This must be before his encounter with Hollis.

BARRINGTON/INIGO
Your cell.

Jessica digs into her pocket, removes HER CELL.

JESSICA
Not mine.

We stay focused on the vibrating cell. Ringing, and ringing, and more ringing, until it STOPS.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Pick it up.

Barrington cautiously rises, takes the phone, sits back down.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Pop out the battery.

He does as he is told.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Now the SIM card.

Again, like a well trained puppy, OUT POPS THE SIM CARD.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Hand them to me.

Barrington eases forward, drops them in Jessica's outstretched hand.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Sit.

Barrington retreats back to his chair.

Beat.

BARRINGTON/INIGO
Simon says, "Give me the gun."

Jessica's brow furls...

BARRINGTON/INIGO (CONT'D)
Worth a shot.
(pause)
Carly was the one on the floor near the couch? Wearing the bathrobe?

JESSICA
(sarcastic)
No, she was the one wearing the pants and the penis.

BARRINGTON/INIGO
(fear really starting to set in)
Holy fuck. Who was he?

JESSICA
He? He's a run of the mill hit man type not making it home for supper, that's who he is. He's the one no one will miss.

Off Barrington's look.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I hang with an eclectic circle of personalities.

BARRINGTON/INIGO
What are the odds of *me* not making it home for supper?

JESSICA
You are home.

BARRINGTON/INIGO
I meant it, the way you meant it.

Jessica holds up her hands. *These are the odds...*

BARRINGTON/INIGO (CONT'D)
What are the odds of you not making it home for supper?

JESSICA
My arms can only stretch so far.

Barrington counters with a sad smile.

BARRINGTON/INIGO
Is there anything I can do?

JESSICA
As we speak, a band of poorly trained, moderately intelligent, but highly homicidal maniacs are prowling the streets looking for yours truly. If they find you with me, they will undoubtedly kill you in an inefficient and painful manner because that is what they do, and they honestly don't know any better. The instant I leave your apartment, I'm alone in this. *Forever*. Until that moment-- and I swear to you that moment will be in the not so distant future-- I'd like to lay this gun down, curl up into a ball on your couch, and pretend I'm still my mother's daughter. Maybe watch a re-run of *Friends.*
(pause)
If it's not an inconvenience.

Barrington slowly approaches. He holds his hand out.

For a beat, Jessica just looks at his open palm, then she RELINQUISHES THE GUN.

In its place, Barrington gives her the REMOTE CONTROL.

EXT. CRANSTON'S HOUSE - DAY

Cranston's car pulls into the driveway of his Miracle Mile home. He emerges from within sucking on a half drunk Venti Iced Vanilla Breve and heads for the front door.

Beat.

A WHITE HYUNDAI ACCENT comes to a halt on the opposite side of the street. The driver steps out, and sets the alarm.

Cranston does a double take in his direction, then stops in his tracks.

CLOSER NOW we see that the driver is HOLLIS.

Cranston bares the subtlest of smiles, then enters his house. He leaves the front door slightly ajar.

Hollis moves towards the home and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. CRANSTON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Cranston is sitting on the bottom step of the staircase, shuffling CARLY'S PINK IPHONE between his hands.

Hollis leans back against the closed door.

HOLLIS
Jessica and Michael? They were...?

Hollis makes a thrusting motion with his fist. Cranston nods.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
For how long?

CRANSTON
Six months maybe.

HOLLIS
He's black.

Cranston nods.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
He's also...

Beat. Hollis starts chewing on a hang nail.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
Four or five years back in Detroit. The Partnership gig. Relaxo relayed to me some story Michael had told him, this parable--

CRANSTON
(aware)
-- the tranny, never trust a woman...

HOLLIS
(re: the parable)
I mean. That's--

CRANSTON
True is what it is.

HOLLIS
The lesson is true. Absolutely.

CRANSTON
Still...

HOLLIS
A dude jizzes on your face?

CRANSTON
That's...

HOLLIS
...that's *gay*, right?

CRANSTON
Not gay enough for your daughter.

Beat.

HOLLIS
How pissed is he?

CRANSTON
The Boss Man? Boss Man doesn't get pissed. He looks forward to the occasional revolution. Flex those muscles.
(pause)
Were you trailing me today?

Hollis nods.

HOLLIS
There was no meat wagon out in front of her place.

CRANSTON
Hadn't arrived yet.
(re: Jessica)
Meat wagon wasn't coming for her.

Hollis gives a sigh of relief

HOLLIS
Who?

CRANSTON
Kid named Bill. Bright young star in the organization. Which is to say he earned his GED. Big Man's not gonna waste any Kleenex on Bill's passing. Although he did have a cousin that worked at the multiplex in Century City. Free movies became a fringe benefit.

Cranston tosses Hollis the pink iphone.

CRANSTON (CONT'D)
The dead roommate's. Thirty minutes before Bill called Relaxo telling him the deed was done, the roommate texted someone named "Inigo" to come over. Checked with my source at UCLA. Number's for a dealer to the spoiled and well-read.

HOLLIS
Who replied back saying it would take him thirty minutes to get there. So Inigo saw something.

CRANSTON
Or nothing.

HOLLIS
(skeptical)
There would've been another text when no one answered the door. "I'm outside." "I'm here."
(pause)
Either way...

Hollis takes out his cell phone. Using the pink iphone as guidance, he begins texting.

CRANSTON
Oh, Inigo. For your sake I hope you called in sick.

HOLLIS
You have a basement?

Cranston nods.

CRANSTON
Hollis, my man. You've been roped back in with a noose.

INT. INIGO'S APARTMENT - DAY

The studio is dim, the only light sneaking its way in through the Versailles Roman shades.

Barrington reads the TEXT MESSAGE he's just received. He stands above Jessica who has fallen asleep on the couch watching TV.

His eyes slide to the SILVER GUN on the coffee table.

Barrington hesitates for a moment, takes the gun, and then leaves the apartment as quietly as he can.

INT. CRANSTON'S HOUSE - DAY

Hollis and Cranston sit quietly in the living room. Twenty-seconds or so go by of them just WAITING when...

The door bell rings. Hollis stands. Suddenly--

CRANSTON
This business is built like any other. On relationships. You're on my Christmas card list and patronage is commonplace.

Cranston stands...

CRANSTON (CONT'D)
But the end of the year bonus doesn't come from you. I'm not getting rid of the body. I don't want to know where Jessica is. You got me?

HOLLIS
Of course.

CRANSTON
I'll be in the bedroom pretending not to hear anything. Please use bleach when your done.

...and exits.

Hollis goes to the door, and opens it. BARRINGTON is waiting on the other side.

BARRINGTON/INIGO
I got a text.

Hollis smiles, and steps aside.

HOLLIS
Come on in.

Barrington enters. Hollis closes the door after him.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. CRANSTON'S HOUSE- BEDROOM - DAY

Cranston lies on the bed reading a book, "Uncommon Ground: The History of Coffee."

Off camera we hear the rapid shuffling of feet up the stairs, down the hallway, getting louder and closer until:

Knock, knock, knock.

CRANSTON
(without lowering the book)
Yeah.

Hollis enters, sweaty. He is wiping his hands with a bloodied paper towel.

HOLLIS
How's the book?

CRANSTON
(doomsday)
What is it?

HOLLIS
(waving him out of bed)
You'll see.

INT. CRANSTON'S HOUSE- BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Barrington lies on the cement basement floor in a pool of his own PISS and BLOOD. Hollis and Cranston stand above him.

CRANSTON
I scratched your fender is a "You'll see." We have a surprise guest in the living room is a "You'll see."

Hollis scratches his head.

HOLLIS
(sheepishly)
I'm rusty.

CRANSTON
Finish him off. I want to go to *Coffee Bean*.

HOLLIS
I didn't get the info.

CRANSTON
Excuse me?

HOLLIS
The info? Where Jessica is? I didn't get it out of him.

CRANSTON
Maybe he doesn't know.

HOLLIS
He knows.

Hollis pulls the SILVER GUN from inside a paint bucket.

CRANSTON
That your Kimber?

Hollis nods.

HOLLIS
Inigo had it on him. We gotta take him to the hospital.

CRANSTON
You can do that yourself.

HOLLIS
In what? My rental car?

CRANSTON
Dump it after.

HOLLIS
(not gonna work)
LoJack.
(pause)
Where are your keys?

CRANSTON
No way.

HOLLIS
Not the LAPD issued one. Your personal.

CRANSTON
I'm a cop. Dropping off half dead drug dealers at the ER with a note pinned to them saying "sorry," is not something I'm very keen on doing. Besides, I got to give that shit back in a year. Haven't been riding my ass back and forth on a bus to Vegas just to blow the lease 'cause you forgot all your interrogation techniques!

HOLLIS
How often could you possibly go to Vegas?

CRANSTON
That's not the point, but if you must know, I have a pretty serious gambling addiction and those miles add up.

Barrington VOMITS blood and gastric juices all over the floor.

HOLLIS
(disgusted)
Jesus...

CRANSTON
(disgusted)
Ah, shit...

Hollis puts the gun in the back of his pants, grabs the paint bucket, and brings it up to his own face.

CRANSTON (CONT'D)
You puking?

HOLLIS
(without removing his head)
It's been a while, alright?

Cranston watches befuddled.

CRANSTON
We have another option.

Hollis peers out from inside the bucket.

INT. CRANSTON'S HOUSE- GARAGE - DUSK

We are in pitch black. We hear the sound of an approaching struggle as Hollis and Cranston's voices get louder and louder.

A light is turned on, revealing the outline of a DOOR in the darkness, then...

THE DOOR OPENS, and light from the foyer floods in.

Hollis (walking backwards) and Cranston are carrying the garbage bag wrapped body of Barrington like a giant sack of potatoes.

CRANSTON
It's on the left!

HOLLIS
(hand searching)
The left?

CRANSTON
Left! Left!

Hollis searches for the light switch, and finds it. He flips the switch, and we now see we are in the garage.

A CAR COVER is draped over a yet to be identified automobile.

CRANSTON (CONT'D)
Keep backing up! Got to get the cover.

Cranston holds Barrington's legs with one hand, as he pulls the car cover free with the other.

HOLLIS
Don't drop'em!

Cranston gives a hard yank, and the cover whips off.

THE MONTE CARLO.

As soon as Hollis sees the car, he lets go of Barrington, and his head hits the cement with a thud.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
(dazed)
The Monte Carlo.

CRANSTON
Fuck man, watch what you're doing!

HOLLIS
(still dazed)
That's my car.
(to Cranston)
I been here three hours!

Cranston lowers Barrington's legs to the ground. He opens the back door.

CRANSTON
Pick him up.

Hollis and Cranston begin lifting Barrington off the ground.

HOLLIS
How'd you get my car?

CRANSTON
After it was impounded, I *un-pounded* it.

They move Barrington towards the backseat...

HOLLIS
Uh, uh. Stop.

CRANSTON
What?

HOLLIS
The trunk.

Off Cranston's disapproving look.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
I'm not messing up the backseat!

CRANSTON
Fine.

They shuffle the body towards the trunk.

HOLLIS
You weren't going to tell me, were you?

CRANSTON
I don't want to hear it.

Cranston takes the keys out of his pocket and pops the trunk. They start laying Barrington into it.

HOLLIS
You know how much I love this car. It broke -- no-- *shattered* my heart when I had to give it up.

CRANSTON
If you felt that way about your daughter, you wouldn't be in this mess.

HOLLIS
Low blow, Henry. Low fucking blow.

They get Barrington completely into the trunk.

CRANSTON
I was gonna give it back. Just wanted to roll with it on a date later in the week.

HOLLIS
You been pimping my car out on dates the last 15 years?

CRANSTON
Not every date. Just first dates.

Hollis shakes his head.

CRANSTON (CONT'D)
Can I borrow it on Wednesday?

HOLLIS
Fuck you.

Hollis slams the trunk closed.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL- EMERGENCY ROOM UNLOADING AREA - NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSE ON

A CCTV MONITOR AT A SECURITY DESK. The everyday sounds of a hospital can heard, but not any of the action playing out on the monitor.

We see the MONTE CARLO PULL UP.

Hollis jumps out of the car, and runs out of frame.

Beat.

He comes back rolling a WHEEL CHAIR. He opens the trunk, and drags Barrington's body into it, and wheels him inside...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Cranston sits idling in Hollis' rented Hyundai Accent. He drinks something from *Coffee Bean* and listens to the radio.

The Hyundai is parked next to the Monte Carlo.

Cranston's eyes slide to the rearview mirror.

HIS POV

Hollis speed walks from the parking garage staircase, towards the car.

Hollis gets to the driver's side window.

CRANSTON
You get what you need?

HOLLIS
I did.

CRANSTON
You going to see your girl?

HOLLIS
I am.

CRANSTON
Where's Mr. Inigo at?

Hollis hesitates.

HOLLIS
(re: Barrington)
Got the life damn near bled out of him, and he didn't give her up until just now. Met her last night. There's a word for that.

CRANSTON
Stupid.

HOLLIS
I don't know. In case you're on the fence.

CRANSTON
He's seen my house, Hollis.

Cranston takes a sip of his coffee.

HOLLIS
North wing. Room 3208.

Hollis starts to say something, can't find the words, then stops trying. He smiles, pats Cranston on the back of the head and walks away.

We stay on Cranston sipping his coffee as the Monte Carlo backs up, then drives off.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The elevator doors open and Cranston steps off.

He casually walks down the hall, eyeing each room number as he goes.

He stops for a split second at an ORDERLY'S CART, and steals a pair of LATEX GLOVES.

Cranston arrives at ROOM 3208. He finishes putting on the gloves, removes his BADGE from his pocket, and enters holding it up.

For the briefest of seconds we see Barrington, his hand entrenched under his mattress.

But by the time Cranston shuts the door, Barrington has rested his hand back by his side.

It's just the cops...

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

JESSICA
Is that what I think it is?

HOLLIS
Thought you might like to drive?

FADE IN:

EXT. 8916 HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

CLOSE ON

JESSICA'S REFLECTION off the side of the Monte Carlo. Twisted. Distorted.

JESSICA
Was it always this black?

HOLLIS' REFLECTION enters from behind, blending with hers.

HOLLIS
Can you drive stick?

Jessica turns around and faces her father.

JESSICA
No.

He drops the keys in her hands.

HOLLIS
Try not to leave the transmission on Venice Boulevard.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBRARY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Librarian walks to his car in the empty lot.

ANGLE ON

A man, EMILE DILLARD (20's, white, British), waiting by the chained off entrance to the parking lot.

The Librarian gets in his car, drives to the entrance, and gets out, leaving the car idling with its lights on.

EMILE
Bum a fag?

The Librarian takes out a pack and offers a cigarette to Emile.

THE LIBRARIAN
(correcting him)
A *smoke*, Emile. Bum a *smoke*. West Hollywood. You might get in trouble for saying that.

The Librarian begins the process of unlocking the chains, as Emile smokes and talks with him.

EMILE
Barrington's dead.

The Librarian is obviously disappointed to hear this.

EMILE (CONT'D)
Internal hemorrhaging from a hit and run. His sister got a call to come down to Cedars. Brown bread by the time she arrived.

THE LIBRARIAN
(shaking his head)
First Thursday night of the school year, we lose our man on campus. I take it we lost a full day's package as well?

EMILE
(affirming)
He just got on the clock.

THE LIBRARIAN
Who has worse luck than me?

EMILE
Barrington.

THE LIBRARIAN
Right, right. Send flowers. *Anonymously*, please Emile. Make up a girl's name or something. Don't need the bobbies knocking on my door because of my fear of poor etiquette.

The Librarian gets in his car and pulls just into the street past the threshold of the driveway. He gets back out.

EMILE
Barrington was fifth man next week. The Los Feliz job.

THE LIBRARIAN
All expansive activities beyond our normal operating procedures are to be put on hold. Cranston did not take the bait.

EMILE
Fucker.

THE LIBRARIAN
He was pointed, yes, but professional. Offered me advice actually.

EMILE
Which was?

THE LIBRARIAN
Manifest Destiny.

Emile's brow furls.

THE LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
Americans always think there are more Indians to kill and more land to grab. In this instance, they might be right.
(pause)
Call our friends in Brixton. Book flights. One-way.

Emile flicks his cigarette and walks away.

We stay on The Librarian as he chains the driveway closed.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MONTE CARLO - DRIVING- NIGHT

Jessica drives while Hollis, observes, instructs, and loads two SHOTGUNS.

HOLLIS
(re: driving)
Give it gas. Wait. *Now*.

Jessica shifts.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
Nicely done. Where's your purse?

JESSICA
I threw it in the back.

Hollis reaches back, retrieves her purse, and puts TWO BOXES OF AMMUNITION inside.

HOLLIS
Close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades, and blowing holes through peoples stomachs with Mossberg 935 Magnum shotguns. Point it in their general direction. And if that doesn't work--

Hollis digs into his pocket, pulls out a GRENADE.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
-- I brought grenades anyway.
(re: driving)
Clutch. Nicely done again.
(re: killing)
Now--

JESSICA
Shift?

HOLLIS
No, don't shift. Stay in third. I'll say shift, if I want you to shift.

JESSICA
You said "now" last time. You're making me nervous!

Hollis smiles. *The driving instruction makes her nervous. Not the fact she's about to go into a mob hideout blasting.*

HOLLIS
Now. Don't get picky. If they're holding a cocktail tray, don't shoot'em. If they're not holding a cocktail tray, fair game.

JESSICA
What if I shoot someone holding a cocktail tray?

HOLLIS
I don't know what to tell ya. Pretty sure TGI Friday's was hiring and they knew the risk involved with this particular establishment.

Jessica is now shifting like a pro, weaving in and out of traffic. She's a quick learn.

JESSICA
Anything else?

HOLLIS
You hold the door for me going in. I hold the door for you going out. Exit at the back of the kitchen. If you can't figure out where that is exactly, just follow the tan guys in white.

JESSICA
Who are they?

HOLLIS
The fleeing Mexican busboys. They know *exactly* where the kitchen is.
(pause)
Don't shoot them either.

JESSICA
Anything else?

Hollis relights his JOINT, rolls the window down. He takes a drag.

HOLLIS
Silence is OK by me.

We push in on Jessica...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT- JESSICA'S ROOM - FLASHBACK

A static shot of Jessica's white princess BED, and the Velvet Underground poster that hangs above it.

Voices are heard from the other room.

CARLY (O.C.)
Inigo says thirty.

JESSICA (O.C.)
I'm gonna lie down.

The sound of the bedroom door opening...

CARLY (O.C.)
Deena just fell down a flight of stairs! She's always falling! *Fucking mess.*

...then Jessica, in her Care Bear T-shirt, lies down on the bed. She stares up at the ceiling for a beat, then eyes something on the night stand.

MICHAEL'S BLOODIED CARD

She sits up in bed, tucks her pillows behind her, then grabs the envelope. She opens it. Holds up the card in front of her face, and begins reading.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
(as written)
Dearest Jessica. From a man that always has been, and always will be in love with the Brown family, and on this, your twenty-four and one fifth birthday...an observation. Your mother would be proud of the woman you have become. Happy, happy. Michael.

Jessica lowers the card...and she is hysterical crying. We watch her cry, and cry, and cry...

CARLY (O.C.)
Coming!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOSS MAN'S BAR AND LOUNGE - NIGHT

Jessica's dry and emotionless face as she sits in the parked Monte Carlo with Hollis. Through the front windshield we can see the 1940's era bar and lounge. A neon sign above the entrance says, "Boss Man's."

We sit in darkened silence with them, until...

HOLLIS
Killing Michael was one thing. Killing the killer sent to kill you for killing Michael? Well, that got me thinking.

JESSICA
Thinking about what?

HOLLIS
Got me thinking it's in the genes.

Hollis hands her a SHOTGUN, touches Jessica's face. She doesn't pull away.

They exit the car, and walk with confidence -- and shotguns-- towards the bar.

As they near the entrance, we notice RELAXO carrying his own shotgun, trailing at a not so safe distance behind.

Jessica holds the door open for Hollis...

INT. BOSS MAN'S- COAT CHECK AREA- CONTINUOUS

The small foyer is separated from the main room by a dark colored, velvet curtain. Congenial photographs of the lounges' 70 year history hang on the walls and a coat check booth is off to the side. It is empty.

Jessica follows Hollis towards the curtain.

HOLLIS STOPS.

JESSICA
What's wrong?

The shotgun falls to Hollis's side, his head drops slightly towards his chest.

RELAXO ENTERS and charges towards them menacingly. Jessica swings her shotgun in his direction but he catches the barrel with his free hand and pries it from her.

Hollis turns expectantly. He does nothing.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(confused, heart broken)
Dad?

Hollis trains his shotgun on Jessica. *He has never hated himself more in his life than this moment, but his eyes are as dry as ever.*

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT