RAKE PILOT

Third Draft

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RAKE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 1

We're inside a fairly nondescript apartment. Camera tracks along the floor and finds a man's shirt, shoes and socks, then a woman's shoes and pants. Over this we hear a man and a woman talking. The woman is apprehensive.

MIKKI (O.C.)
Key, I don't know. I don't think I can do this.

KEEGAN (O.C.)
Come on. Do you love me or not?

And now the camera finds - an open toolbox?

MIKKI (O.C.)
But this is - I've never done this before.

KEEGAN (O.C.)
Honey, just get in there, get a good grip on it and pull.

And now we find the shapely bare legs of a young woman. The camera moves up and reveals MIKKI, 24, pretty with a beautiful, welcoming smile.

MIKKI
But what if I hurt you?

A man is flat on his back on the bed. He sits up a little to face her, and we're introduced to KEEGAN JOYE, 46, a man with no end of boyish good looks - and an equal amount, at the moment, of tooth pain.

KEEGAN
You? Hurt me? Not in a million years. Climb on and get busy.

She straddles him, then lifts a pliers into view.

MIKKI
Which one is it?

1 CONTINUED: 1

KEEGAN
Molar - lower left - farthest one back. Mikki, I'm begging you. I'm in a cloud of blinding, throbbing pain, and only you can get me out.

MIKKI
You're sure you want this?

KEEGAN
Please!

She slowly leans forward, wincing, and moves the pliers into his mouth. They're not even inside when he lets out a yelp, forcing her back.

MIKKI
They weren't even in your mouth!

KEEGAN
I know! You're sitting on my keys.

She adjusts herself.

MIKKI
That's what you get for keeping your pants on!

KEEGAN
I'm sorry, I didn't feel like tearing my clothes off and getting it on with Vesuvius erupting in my lower jaw. Now get in there!

MIKKI
Oh, god.

She sticks the pliers into his mouth. They make contact with the tooth. His eyes go a little wide.

MIKKI (CONT'D)
Okay?

KEEGAN
(scared)
Uh-huh.

MIKKI
I'm gonna start pulling now.

KEEGAN
(a little more scared)
Uh-huh.

1 CONTINUED: (2) 1

She moves to pull - and he quickly yanks her hand and the pliers out of his mouth.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
You know what? All better. Weird. Maybe you knocked something back into place.

MIKKI
You're chickening out.

KEEGAN
Oh, totally. It's just - here you are - straddling me - looking so great. Why waste this on a dental emergency?

He pulls her close and kisses her with real passion.

MIKKI
You'd better get that looked at.

KEEGAN
Would you still adore me if I was toothless?

MIKKI
"Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit."

KEEGAN
That's either Frost, Auden or Wu Tang Clan.

MIKKI
So close. T.S. Eliot.

KEEGAN
Oh, yes - *The Waste Land*. He's always good for a laugh, old T.S., isn't he?

He pulls her close again. She responds with a serious kiss, as their hands start running over each other. This will be something to watch very soon - but then her phone buzzes.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
You're kidding. No way that was an hour.

Mikki smiles, kisses his neck and pops up off the bed. She starts putting her pants back on.

1 CONTINUED: (3) 1

MIKKI
Sorry, Key. Time flies when you're rolling around with a bad tooth.

KEEGAN
Hold on. I'll pay for another hour.

MIKKI
Key, I've got another client.

Oh - she's not his girlfriend. She's a prostitute.

KEEGAN
Right now?

MIKKI
Ten minutes. I'll see you soon. You see a dentist, okay?

She exits into the bathroom to tidy up her hair and make-up. Keegan falls back on the bed, defeated.

2 EXT. MIKKI'S BUILDING - NIGHT 2

Keegan heads out of the building rubbing his aching jaw. As he walks away, he passed a well-dressed man heading for Mikki's building. Keegan has a sense that this is Mikki's next customer. He turns and watches the man head inside. His face goes dark - he considers confronting the man - but what would that achieve? He turns and walks away.

3 INT. WU'S CAFE - THE NEXT DAY 3

MR. AND MRS. WU, a Chinese couple in their fifties, are the proprietors of this small cafe in Echo Park. A wall-mounted television chatters away in Mandarin. Mr. Wu watches as he sets tables. Mrs. Wu checks her watch - there's a task she's almost forgotten. She picks up a broom and raps it against the ceiling repeatedly. Her husband sees this and his face registers annoyance.

4 INT. KEEGAN'S APARTMENT - AT THE SAME TIME 4

Keegan half sleeps in his small, very undistinguished studio apartment, still in considerable jaw pain. He snorts awake at the sound of the rapping from below.

5 EXT. WU'S CAFE - MINUTES LATER 5

Keegan exits onto the sidewalk from the stairs that lead to the apartments above the cafe. He's unshaven, his hair is askew, and he's decked out in a maroon robe and slippers. A passerby turns and watches as he ambles into the cafe.

INT. WU'S CAFE - MINUTES LATER

Keegan sits at his usual table. He drinks tea and tries not to wince as the heat comes in contact with his aching molar. Mrs. Wu is at his side. She finds Keegan quite handsome. Actually, she finds anyone who isn't Mr. Wu quite handsome.

KEEGAN
Zao an.

MRS. WU
Tano phi mien chinsta piein. Ni chfan le ma? Ni yijing lai le duo jiu ne?

KEEGAN
Never mind.

MRS. WU
Tea is helping your tooth?

KEEGAN
Oh, yeah - it's great.

Keegan sees Mr. Wu throwing him a hostile stare.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
Good morning.

Mr. Wu says something to his wife in Chinese. She fires something right back. They engage in a short, but intensely unpleasant volley of angry Mandarin. It ends as Mrs. Wu turns back to Keegan with a bright smile.

MRS. WU
He says good morning.

KEEGAN
Great. Listen, I was wondering if you needed the car today.

MRS WU
Today is market day. But maybe we work something out.

7 INT. WU'S VAN - LATER 7

Mr. Wu drives, Keegan is his passenger. Mr. Wu stares at the road, his mouth in a grimace. A silent beat. Keegan checks his watch. He reaches over, turns on the radio and tunes it to a sports station. He starts to listen with interest - until Mr. Wu reaches over and switches it off.

KEEGAN
(a beat)
Yeah. Quiet time's better.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

A bit of a cathedral actually. Very formal, many people with money and power draped in black. And then - the Wu van bounces up to the curb and shudders to a halt. The van features large Maoist portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Wu. They don't even look happy together even on the side of a van. Keegan climbs out and turns to thank Mr. Wu.

KEEGAN
Thanks. I'm sorry about the inconven -

Mr. Wu guns it and tears away. Several mourners turn and stare at Keegan.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
My regular driver's on vacation.

A long limo has pulled up and a well-dressed power couple is disembarking. We will come to know them as MARCUS BARZMANN, 55 - the Mayor of Los Angeles - and his wife GLORIA, 48 - a steely law professor. She and Keegan see each other and exchange a quick knowing look; there might be a history there. Marcus greets Keegan with a soupcon of distaste.

MARCUS
Sweet ride, Keegan. You're all class - as usual.

KEEGAN
Thanks, Marcus. I appreciate that.

MARCUS
I prefer you call me Mr. Mayor.

CONTINUED:

KEEGAN
I'm sure you do - but you see, I've been looking at the polls - and the election's only two months away. I think Marcus might be more fitting.

Marcus is about to lay into Keegan, but an elderly man comes over to greet him. Marcus smiles and they head inside together. Gloria looks back at Keegan and shakes her head.

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - MOMENTS LATER

Keegan huddles in the corner with his phone. A priest stands a distance away welcoming mourners as they head inside.

KEEGAN
(into phone)
Roy? You there? Hello?

Keegan inspects the phone. The screen is held together by its own shattered tension and gaffer tape.

ROY (V.O.)
What the hell, Keegan. Get a new phone already, huh?

KEEGAN
Packers and Vikes. What's the spread?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROY'S KITCHEN - AT THE SAME TIME

ROY, 33, is a large mountain of a man. He sits in his underwear at the kitchen table surrounded by betting slips.

ROY
Packers minus seven.

KEEGAN
How about the point total?

ROY
Forty-four.

KEEGAN
I'll take the under for two dimes.

CONTINUED:

ROY
You're already underwater half a mile, you stupid bastard -

KEEGAN
Watch your language, Roy. I'm maybe ten feet from a priest.

ROY
You're gonna need a priest - for last rites.

KEEGAN
Am I down?

ROY
Yeah, you're down.

KEEGAN
(not hearing)
Roy? Hello? Am I down?
(louder)
Am I down?

A throat is cleared nearby. Keegan looks up to see a family standing nearby. This would be BEN MEAGHER, 45, balding and Keegan's best friend; his beautiful wife SCARLET, 42, an assistant District Attorney for the city of Los Angeles and also an old friend; their three fine children; and - oh, yes - the matriarch of the clan - the widow of the moment and bitch on wheels, FRANCES MEAGHER, 68.

BEN
Everything okay, Key?

KEEGAN
Just telling someone - how we're all down today. Yeah.
(nodding, somberly)
Shall we go in?

9 INT. CHURCH - LATER 9

Ben delivers the eulogy - or attempts to anyway. Gripped by a terror of public speaking, he stumbles, fumbles and sweats. There are more pauses than a Pinter play.

BEN
My father was many things. He was - uh - a man's man - and a - uh - lawyer's lawyer. He was a man and - uh - a lawyer.
(MORE)

9 CONTINUED: 9

BEN (CONT'D)
A lawyer who could turn a jury on its head - or who could turn a case on its head - for a jury.

ANGLE ON

Key, seated in a pew next to a little girl. He nods, taking in Ben's words - seemingly fully focused. But as the camera moves closer, we see that Key is wearing an earpiece. He's listening to the Packers game on his phone.

Suddenly he loses sound. He taps the earpiece - then pulls out the phone and semi-discreetly tries to position it for better cell reception. Unfortunately, he reaches a little too far - and the ear piece is pulled out.

The sound comes back - quite nicely - and now the game is being broadcast to everyone sitting nearby. Mourners turn to see where the noise is coming from. Keegan struggles to silence the phone, but in his haste he drops it, and it skids under the pew and bounces a few rows ahead.

Scarlet turns to glare at the offender. Keegan immediately affects an air of nonchalance - as the phone announces a Minnesota touchdown. A male mourner nearby hears this and reflexively lets out a cheer. Scarlet looks back at Keegan. He shakes his head in disgust - the nerve of some people. But as he's doing this, we hear the phone start to ring. A recorded message follows.

KEEGAN (V.O.)
Hi, you've reached Keegan Joye. I can't take your call right now because I'm drunk off my ass. But I promise, as soon as I sober up, I'll get right back to you.

10 EXT. BEN AND SCARLET'S HOUSE - LATER 10

Mourners arrive at Ben and Scarlet's comfortable home.

11 INT. BEN AND SCARLET'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 11

Keegan is at the bar. He spots Frances across the room and shoots her a smile - she doesn't respond. He mouths a "Sorry" and shrugs. She gives him a cold shoulder that defies global warming. Scarlet appears at his side.

SCARLET
It drives you crazy, doesn't it?

11 CONTINUED: 11

KEEGAN
What?

SCARLET
The fact that you haven't been able to charm her. I guess there's one woman on the planet who can see right through you, Key.

KEEGAN
Oh, don't sell yourself short, Miss Scarlet. You can see through me. In fact, I can feel you undressing me with your eyes right now. Take a look - boxers or briefs?

SCARLET
Key, knowing your relationship with clean laundry, I'll say neither. Nice injection of football into the proceedings today, by the way. How much did you lose?

KEEGAN
As a matter of fact, I won.

SCARLET
(she knows him too well)
Key.

KEEGAN
I lost a couple grand. But so what - it's about having a good time before we end up in the same condition as your beloved father-in-law. How's Ben doing?

SCARLET
Make an effort, Key. Find out for yourself.

12 INT. BEN AND SCARLET'S HOUSE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER 12

Ben sits alone, staring at a portrait of his father. He's a handsome, powerful-looking man. There's a knock at the door and Keegan enters with a bottle of scotch and two glasses.

KEEGAN
Hey, buddy. Don't think you should be alone. You need you a little best friend time. Check that - best friend with booze time.

12 CONTINUED: 12

Keegan pours a drink and hands it to Ben.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
I thought it would be nice to offer a toast to your old man. My way of saying goodbye.

BEN
You mean other than broadcasting the Packers game?

KEEGAN
Hey, come on. I think I said I was sorry about that. Get your glass up.

Keegan lifts his glass to the portrait. Ben grudgingly follows suit.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
(to the portrait)
I'll speak from the heart. Arthur - you're gone now - and you leave behind some great people - but, boy, were you a miserable douche.

BEN
What's the matter with you? He was my father! The body's not even cold yet.

KEEGAN
Yeah - but with him - how could you tell? I mean, the guy was <u>cold</u>.

Ben grabs Keegan and pushes him against the nearest wall.

BEN
You turned his funeral into a circus!

KEEGAN
I'm gonna spill!

BEN
Get out of here, Key. So help me - if you don't get out of here this second -

12 CONTINUED: (2) 12

KEEGAN
(calmly, a real friend)
Benj - it's me - the guy who loves you way more than your father ever did. I know you, brother. I know exactly what you're feeling right now. You want to mourn, you want to cry - but you can't - because deep down inside, you're celebrating a new sensation called freedom. So let's have a drink - because this just might be the happiest day of your life.

Ben's eyes burn. He's either going to kill his best friend - or burst into tears.

EXT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE STUDY - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

A mourner passes by and reacts to the laughter coming from inside the room.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Keegan and Ben are now sitting on the floor. The bottle is already half empty.

BEN
What a miserable - miserable prick! My mother - I've seen pictures - she used to smile when she was younger - she'd laugh! But look at her now, after forty-two years with that prick! Look at me!

KEEGAN
You're good, Ben. You've still got the fires burning in your soul.

BEN
It's not that he didn't respect me, Key. It's that he actively disrespected me.

KEEGAN
Your father and respect lived in two different time zones.

CONTINUED:

BEN
Tell me about it!
(a beat, quietly)
He respected you.

KEEGAN
Well, come on, buddy. Who doesn't?

BEN
He used to say - "Keegan's a train wreck, but at least he's got balls." Like I didn't have balls! I have balls, Key!

KEEGAN
I know! I've seen them. At the gym. They're great. And you have two, which is the number we're all aiming for.

BEN
I love you.

KEEGAN
(opening his arms)
Give me something.

They embrace sloppily.

BEN
(then, small)
I'm still gonna miss him.

KEEGAN
I know.

BEN
You gotta help me.

KEEGAN
Anything.

BEN
I've gotta take over the practice - sit in his chair -

KEEGAN
You're gonna nail it.

BEN
I know. But I'm not - I need some time to - adjust.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

BEN (CONT'D)
Dad had this case - I mean, I have this case - it would really help me, Key, if you could -

KEEGAN
I'm in. Does it pay? If the answer's no, ignore that previous "I'm in" comment.

BEN
It's murder.

KEEGAN
First degree?

BEN
Yeah.

KEEGAN
Special circumstances?

BEN
Very special.

KEEGAN
(encouraged)
Capital crime. Nice. These things can drag on for months. I smell me some billable hours here.

BEN
Don't get too excited. The client's insane. It won't go to trial.

KEEGAN
So it won't pay.

BEN
It gets worse.

KEEGAN
How? I have to pay?

BEN
No.
(the really bad news)
Scarlet's prosecuting.

KEEGAN
(a beat, chuckling)
So much for your balls. This has nothing to do with your father.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (3)

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
You don't want to go up against your wife in court.

BEN
At least I'm man enough to admit it. Just take it, okay?

KEEGAN
Who's the nutjob?

BEN
You've heard of Graham Murray?

INT./EXT. BAR/ALLEY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Roy sits finishing a beer. He glances up at the news playing on a television overhead.

ON THE SCREEN

An ANCHOR reports with accompanying news footage.

ANCHOR (V.O.)
City Hall so far remains in a state of stunned silence after the arrest of the Mayor's top economic advisor, Graham Murray, for both murdering and eating the remains of a young area accountant, Paul Wilson. Murray, seen here with the Mayor election night three years ago, was not only said to be the chief architect of the city's financial rescue plan, he's also an extremely close friend and confidant to Mayor Barzmann.
(a beat)
A memorial service was held for the victim this morning in Pasadena -

AND NOW WE SEE

Footage of Paul Wilson's funeral - including the arrival of his parents and his sister.

Keegan enters, looking up at the set.

KEEGAN
They're playing my song. That's my new client.

CONTINUED:

ROY
You're defending the cannibal?

KEEGAN
Any advice?

ROY
Wear long sleeves. They say that guy's brilliant at picking the stock market.

KEEGAN
Maybe I should ask him for a couple tips.
(motions to the bartender)
Can I get a Jameson's on -

ROY
No time. Come on.

Roy pushes away from the bar. During the following, he walks through a back room and into the alleyway behind the bar. Keegan nods grimly and follows.

ROY (CONT'D)
You going to Billy's thing Thursday night?

KEEGAN
Yeah.

ROY
You wanna split a present?

KEEGAN
I guess.

ROY
He likes those fancy English shows. Maybe we could get him some DVDs from that new one - *Downtown Abbey*.

KEEGAN
Downton.

ROY
Huh?

KEEGAN
It's *Downton Abbey*. Not *Downtown*.

CONTINUED: (2)

ROY
See, that's why I don't watch that crap. What's a *Downton*? It's not even a word.

They're in the alley now. Roy turns to face Keegan.

ROY (CONT'D)
You're sixty-seven thousand in the hole, Key. Victor says he's gonna need half by the end of the month.

This is bad news - but before Keegan can react - Roy punches him hard in the gut. Keegan doubles over. He reaches out, gasping - trying to convey an urgent thought before Roy strikes anew.

KEEGAN
Roy - big favor - there's a chance I may need root canal, so if could stay away from this side of my -

Roy smashes Keegan in the jaw - on <u>that</u> side. The pain arcs like lightning through Keegan's body and he falls to the ground.

ROY
See you Thursday night. You need a ride?

Keegan nods in the affirmative. Roy strolls away.

Keegan stays on the ground, blood trickling out of his mouth. He coughs and spits out a tooth. He picks it up and looks at it. Then he feels his jaw. It's fine. No more pain. He smiles. Finally - a fucking break.

<u>CUT TO BLACK</u>:

<u>END OF ACT ONE</u>

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

15 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - THE NEXT DAY 15

Keegan gets off a bus and joins the city's masses as they pour into office buildings. He carries a full duffel bag with him - and makes his way into an unexpectedly impressive building.

16 INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 16

Keegan walks into an office that's also unexpectedly impressive. He discovers LEANNE ZANDER, 28, his extremely put-upon yet no-nonsense assistant, packing boxes.

KEEGAN
What's going on, Leanne?

LEANNE
Great news. We're homeless again.

KEEGAN
What?

LEANNE
Mr. Stein's coming back earlier than expected.

KEEGAN
What? They've only been gone four days. He said I could use the office for a month. What happened to the second honeymoon?

LEANNE
They were skiiing, first day on the slopes, Mrs. Stein fell and broke her leg. Honeymoon over.

KEEGAN
What the hell was she doing skiing? The woman's the size of a small shed. Damn her!

LEANNE
I see. So she's in a hospital with a cast on her leg just to ruin your life?

16 CONTINUED: 16

KEEGAN
Yes. To ruin my life, and to cause a world plaster shortage. Have you found a new office yet?

LEANNE
I'm on it.
(off the duffel bag)
I'm not doing your laundry.

KEEGAN
Did I ask you to -

LEANNE
I see the bag, Key. I'm not doing your damn laundry. It's humiliating enough being your assistant. I don't need to be getting the stains out of your shorts.

KEEGAN
First off, my shorts are immaculate. And second, this isn't my laundry.

LEANNE
Then what is it?

KEEGAN
(a beat)
Come on - one load. It'll take you two seconds.

LEANNE
(a beat)
Fine. But this is the last time.
(taking the bag)
God, I'm such a pushover. I think it's because I'm secretly in love with you.

KEEGAN
Really?

LEANNE
(disgusted)
Get over yourself. Just a couple things - you have Harry at ten -

KEEGAN
Fun.

16 CONTINUED: (2) 16

LEANNE
And there's a rumor - I don't know if this is true - but somebody saw Margaret in the lobby today.

KEEGAN
(a little thrown)
She's gone. She left town.

LEANNE
She might be back. Just keep your eyes open, that's all I'm saying.

KEEGAN
Margaret doesn't scare me.

LEANNE
Then why do you have a restraining order against her?

Keegan digs through the boxes and collects assorted papers and a newspaper.

KEEGAN
Get busy and dig up whatever information you can find on cannibals.

LEANNE
No problem. I smoked so much of it during college, I can tell you anything you -

KEEGAN
Not cannabis, Leanne. Cannibals. People who eat people.

He checks his watch and heads for the door.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
Get me everything you can lay your hands on. I need indictments, PSIs -
(a beat, then)
Hey, doesn't Bill Hocking have an office on ten?

LEANNE
Yeah.

16 CONTINUED: (3) 16

KEEGAN
His wife stabbed him this weekend. Just missed his heart. He's in Cedars. We can take his office.

LEANNE
We don't have a key, Key.

KEEGAN
So you'll break in. Come on, like it's the first time you've done that.

He exits.

18 INT. FEDERAL COURT - LATER 18

DAVID POTTER, 43 but looks ten years younger, is on his feet, representing the IRS. His boyish looks and round-rimmed glasses have earned him the nickname (bestowed by Keegan) Harry - as in Harry Potter. Keegan sits at his side. An older JUDGE sits on the bench.

DAVID
Your Honor, the Government asks yet again that Mr. Joye comply with our subpoena or be held in contempt. The IRS has been more than patient.

JUDGE
I agree, Mr. Potter. Mr. Joye?

David sits. Keegan stands.

KEEGAN
Your Honor - good seeing you, by the way - but once again - may I object to this witch hunt?

JUDGE
You may not.

KEEGAN
Your Honor, as you and Mr. Potter are well aware, owing to the outcome of previous proceedings against me, the IRS has already levied my bank accounts and is currently garnishing seventy percent of my income.

18 CONTINUED: 18

JUDGE
Mr. Joye, your financial records. We would like to see them - preferably <u>now</u>.

KEEGAN
Your Honor, in respect to those documents, the absolute truth is I am a victim of the weather. While I was moving offices -

DAVID
(under his breath)
A daily occurrence.

KEEGAN
- there was a torrential storm that hit the west side of Los Angeles. In case you're questioning the truth of what I'm saying -

JUDGE
(under his breath)
God forbid.

Keegan shows the newspaper he brought from the office.

KEEGAN
- I brought along a paper from the day after. As you can see - right here on page one -

JUDGE
Yes, yes -

KEEGAN
(reading)
Freak Storm Delivers Rain and Wind. That was August eighteenth. A day that will live in infamy.

JUDGE
Get to the point, please.

KEEGAN
A number of my boxes suffered water damage. Relevant journals and files relating to my financial affairs were lost, as well as cherished personal items.

18 CONTINUED: (2) 18

DAVID
Your Honor, after all this time, I have to ask - is this the best Mr. Joye can come up with?

JUDGE
Mr. Joye, do you have anything further to add before I find you in contempt?

KEEGAN
I have three affidavits here. One from the President of the moving company involved, and two from the relevant staff members.

Keegan hands copies of the affidavits to David and the judge.

JUDGE
Mr. Joye, these would appear to be in Spanish.

KEEGAN
Yes. Unfortunately, as Your Honor can see, they were signed only yesterday. I haven't had time to have them translated. So in order to facilitate said translation, I would like to ask your Honor for a continuance.

David drops the documents into the table, exasperated. The judge can only shake his head in odd admiration.

19 INT. FEDERAL COURT - HALLWAY - LATER 19

Keegan and David head for the elevator.

DAVID
I'm disgusted - and yet I'm in awe. Movers, rain damage - how long do you think you can keep this going?

KEEGAN
You know - your cynicism frightens me sometimes, Harry. Believe me, there's nothing I'd like more than to have those boxes back. They'd exonerate me completely, Harry.

19 CONTINUED: 19

DAVID
Okay, lay off the Harry stuff. It's not funny - and it's starting to get around.

KEEGAN
Look, David Potter - nice name - a little boring. But Harry Potter - that stands out. What's the name of that game you used to play? The one where you flew around on your broom?

The elevator arrives and David steps into it.

DAVID
Be glad I don't have a broom right now.

KEEGAN
Because you'd - oh, wow. Why did you go there? I'm catching a sexual undercurrent. You're into me, Harry. Admit it.

The other passengers in the elevator all look at David. He bites his lip and looks to the floor as the doors close.

20 EXT. DOWNTOWN BOOK SHOP - LATER 20

Keegan passes by a second hand book shop and sees a heavily loved edition of the COLLECTED WORKS OF T.S. ELIOT in the window. He smiles and enters the shop.

INT. DOWNTOWN BOOK SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The salesperson is wrapping up Keegan's purchase. His cell rings and he answers it.

KEEGAN
Yeah?

LEANNE (V.O.)
You need bail?

KEEGAN
I got a continuance.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OFFICE - AT THE SAME TIME

Leanne is on the phone.

LEANNE
Lazarus, back from the dead yet one more time. You're not gonna believe this, Key. I checked everywhere. Cannibalism - it turns out - is not a crime.

KEEGAN
You're kidding.

LEANNE
Nope. Nothing on the books - state or federal. Makes you wonder why more people aren't doing it.

KEEGAN
(his mind spinning)
So the actual charge in these cases would be murder. Interesting. Cannibalism isn't a crime.

21 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - AT THE SAME TIME 21

MARCUS
(exploding)
What do you mean it's not a crime?

Marcus is being briefed by RICK, 44, the District Attorney, and Scarlet, one of his deputies. Several aides hover nearby, ready to put out fires.

RICK
Don't sweat it, Marcus. We'll get him on the murder charge.

MARCUS
Don't sweat it? Is <u>that</u> what you just said? We're two months from an election, my numbers aren't looking great -

AIDE
Actually, the most recent -

21 CONTINUED: 21

MARCUS
Shut up! And now it turns out that I've entrusted the city's financial future to a cannibal - and you tell me not to sweat it? Thank you, Mr. District Attorney!

SCARLET
Marcus, we really believe this will go away very quickly. We'll get him on the murder charge, he'll plead insanity -

MARCUS
That's your husband's plan? He'll go for insanity?

SCARLET
You'd have to be insane yourself to mount any other defense. And trust me - Ben's not insane. A little quirky at times -

MARCUS
Don't be cute, Scarlet. I'm not in the mood.
(a beat)
You say this will go away? You say don't sweat it? Fine. But I'm warning you both - if it doesn't go away - I won't be the one sweating.

22 EXT. MIKKI'S BUILDING - LATER 22

His book purchase in hand, Keegan presses Mikki's buzzer.

FEMALE VOICE
(over speaker)
Hello?

KEEGAN
Surprise. I'm actually on time for once.

FEMALE VOICE
Who's this?

Keegan realizes it's not Mikki's voice.

KEEGAN
I'm sorry - I was looking for 513.

22 CONTINUED: 22

FEMALE VOICE
This is 513.

23 INT. MIKKI'S BUILDING - PENTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 23

Keegan paces angrily in the company of Mikki's employer, her madam - if that's the word - JULES, 40 - an overweight African-American man in a voluminous caftan. The penthouse is lavishly and tastefully decorated. Three pitbulls sit on dog beds along one wall.

JULES
Mikki didn't call you?

KEEGAN
No, she didn't call me. What the hell's going on, Jules?

JULES
Keegan, I swear to you, I'm just as upset as you are. These girls are like family - and when one of them retires and moves on -

KEEGAN
Retires? What are you talking about?

JULES
The smart ones, they set a financial goal. Once they reach it, they're gone.

KEEGAN
No. She would have said something to me about this. She wouldn't just leave.

JULES
What can I say? Other than you owe me for the last seven sessions with her.

KEEGAN
Give me her number!

JULES
I can't do that.

Keegan advances on Jules, losing it a little.

23 CONTINUED: 23

KEEGAN
(roaring)
Give me her damn number <u>now</u>!

JULES
Step back, brother! This ain't no ninety-five pound skinny bitch Heidi Fleiss you're dealing with. You want the dogs on you? Keep bringing the disrespect.

KEEGAN
(quietly, intense)
I need her number. Please, Jules.

JULES
Don't work that way. She probably has your number. If she wants to talk, she'll use it. Now unless you want to talk about a new girl, I suggest you run along.

KEEGAN
You have to help me. Mikki and I - we weren't like the others. We were different.

JULES
Honey, you sing it nice, but that's a tune I've heard a hundred times. Maybe it felt different - but there was no <u>we</u>.
(a beat)
I need my money.

A wave of sadness overcomes Keegan. It's a wave he doesn't understand.

KEEGAN
If you talk to her -

Jules just stares at him. Keegan turns for the door and slowly makes his way out.

<u>FADE OUT</u>.

<u>END OF ACT TWO</u>

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

25 INT. PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - I/E. LA COUNTY JAIL - DAY 25

Marcus faces the frenzied press. He attempts to remain graceful under extreme pressure.

MARCUS
I want to be absolutely clear. At no point have I ever denied my former - acquaintanceship with the accused.

PRESS #1
Can you confirm Dr. Murray was the best man at your wedding?

MARCUS
Yes - he was my best man. But that was at my wife's request. The truth is, my relationship with Dr. Murray was based primarily on the friendship of our wives.

EXT./INT. LA COUNTY JAIL - AT THE SAME TIME

A distracted Keegan arrives at the facility, signs in and is led through the building into a sterile interview space.

MARCUS (V.O.)
Dr. Murray demonstrated formidable policy skills which I put to work in the service of our great city. That decision was based on responsible government. It was not a personal choice.

PRESS #2 (V.O.)
Are you saying it was responsible to appoint a cannibal to such a senior position?

And now we see GRAHAM MURRAY, 55, distinguished even in his shackles, being led to the interview space.

CONTINUED:

MARCUS (V.O.)
No, I'm not saying that. Obviously I didn't know Dr. Murray was a - I didn't know he did what he did when I appointed him. Ladies and gentlemen, my pledge to you is that the full might of the law will be brought to bear against this murderer. This crime is too shocking and depraved for any other response.

26 INT. LA COUNTY JAIL - PSYCH WING - MOMENTS LATER 26

Graham is centered. He doesn't seem crazy. Keegan wants to get in and out. He doesn't expect there will be much of interest here.

KEEGAN
So listen, we're both busy guys, no reason to drag this out so - did you eat him?

GRAHAM
I did.

KEEGAN
Don't want to think about that for a second? Mull it over?

GRAHAM
I ate Paul Wilson.

KEEGAN
Great. So I'm thinking we hit it right down the middle of the road with an insanity plea -

GRAHAM
I'm not insane.

KEEGAN
Right.

GRAHAM
You do know there is no crime of cannibalism in the statute books?

KEEGAN
I do.

26 CONTINUED: 26

GRAHAM
Then why am I still in here?

KEEGAN
There <u>is</u> the small matter of murder.

GRAHAM
(lost)
Murder? Who was murdered?

KEEGAN
Paul Wilson. Your dining companion slash entree?

GRAHAM
Aren't you here to help me?

KEEGAN
(a beat, now he has to work)
Okay, why don't you tell me exactly what happened?

During the following, we see FLASHBACKS of the events detailed by Graham.

GRAHAM
We met in an online chat room. I posted a question: *Is there anyone out there who wants to be eaten?* Paul was one of the yes's.

KEEGAN
<u>One</u> of the yes's.

GRAHAM
He was an accountant. Turned out he was a bit of a fan, actually. He'd followed my career with interest. We discussed the market for a bit -

KEEGAN
(interest piqued)
The market? Did you give him any stock tips that you can remember?

Keegan picks up his pen, suddenly eager to take notes.

GRAHAM
What would he want with stock tips? I mean, given the circumstances -

26 CONTINUED: (2) 26

KEEGAN
All right. We'll put a pin in that for now. Go on.

GRAHAM
We had a couple drinks then he went off to take the pills.

KEEGAN
The pills? What pills?

GRAHAM
The pills that killed him. An hour later he was dead - and then I went about my business. So you see, Mr. Joye - nobody was murdered. Paul Wilson committed suicide.

Keegan leans forward, suddenly very interested in this case.

KEEGAN
That's interesting, Dr. Graham, but because you ingested the victim, there's no way of proving it.

GRAHAM
I can prove it. Paul can tell you himself. He made a video confession. The lenses on the new phones are really quite amazing.

Keegan is now riveted.

KEEGAN
You're telling me that he recorded a confession on his phone?

GRAHAM
Yes. He even filmed himself taking the pills.

KEEGAN
What happened to the phone?

GRAHAM
It's in my desk at home. At least it should be - unless the police took it.

Keegan stands and prepares to go.

26 CONTINUED: (3) 26

KEEGAN
I won't make any promises, sir, but if this phone exists, I don't think you'll have to worry about the murder charge.

GRAHAM
You're going to my home? Please do me a favor. My wife Annie - she hasn't been here to see me - I'm worried this business may have upset her. Please tell her I'm sorry - and that I'm not a murderer.

KEEGAN
I'll talk to her. And don't worry. Every family has their ups and downs.

Keegan starts out, but turns back near the door.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
If you had given Paul a stock tip, what would it have been?

GRAHAM
Australian iron ore. The Chinese are about to go through another major growth cycle, and they'll need steel. Australia is the biggest producer of iron ore in the world.

KEEGAN
That helps. Thank you.

27 EXT. MURRAY HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY 27

It's a grand house. The street has been invaded by media. There are news vans, camera crews and reporters everywhere. A cab pulls up and out steps Keegan. The reporters swarm from every side and surround him. Keegan comes alive, looking every inch the successful defense attorney.

28 INT. SCARLET'S OFFICE - AT THE SAME TIME 28

ON THE TELEVISION IN THE OFFICE

28 CONTINUED: 28

KEEGAN (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen - I think it's extraordinary how quickly we condemn - and forget. Recently, my client was hailed as a hero. He turned the economy around and returned our city to growth and prosperity. But now we point fingers at this man and call him a murderer. Here are the facts. Graham Murray did not murder Paul Wilson. Paul Wilson committed suicide.

Cameras flash and questions are shouted out - but then the screen is blocked - by an angry Marcus.

MARCUS
I thought Ben was handling this.

SCARLET
So did I. I called him soon as I heard. He's dealing with his father's death. He gave this to Key - Keegan. I still don't see any way Keegan can defend this.

MARCUS
Keegan has devoted his professional life to defending depravity because he himself is well-versed on the subject.
(a beat)
Tell me - are you still thinking of running for DA at some point in the future?

SCARLET
I wasn't aware you knew about that.

MARCUS
You lose this case, that some point in the future will never come. I'll be out of a job - which will give me plenty of time to figure out how to ruin you.

He exits, leaving a shaken Scarlet behind.

29 INT. MURRAY HOUSE - LATER 29

Keegan sits with ANNIE MURRAY, 56 and exhausted from a lack of sleep. She's not happy having Keegan in the house.

KEEGAN
You know, we have a mutual friend. Gloria Barzmann.

ANNIE
I know all about you and Gloria, Mr. Joye.

KEEGAN
Please call me Keegan.
(a beat)
I was hoping to take a look in your husband's desk.

ANNIE
He told you about the phone.

KEEGAN
Yes, he did. You found it?

ANNIE
Yes.

KEEGAN
Can I see it?

ANNIE
No.

KEEGAN
Can I ask why?

ANNIE
Because I destroyed it.

Keegan nods, trying not to show his panic.

KEEGAN
Did you see the video?

ANNIE
(a beat, then starting to crumble)
It was just so tragic and so awful. I couldn't bear the thought of anyone else seeing it. I need this nightmare to be over.

29 CONTINUED: 29

KEEGAN
I understand, but your husband is facing a murder charge. Did Paul Wilson overdose?

Annie nods.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
Why haven't you told the police?

ANNIE
What difference would it make? It would just make drag things out. Graham's going to spend the rest of his life in jail anyway.
(a sudden look of horror)
You're not - thinking of mounting a defense, are you?

KEEGAN
If your husband didn't kill anyone -

ANNIE
No. This has to end. Graham has to pay for what he did and I have to get on with my life.

KEEGAN
Mrs. Murray -

ANNIE
You requested twenty minutes of my time and you've had them. Please don't contact me again. I will not testify for Graham under any circumstances. And if asked - I'll deny everything I just told you.

She gets up and walks out of the room. Keegan is absolutely thunderstruck - and left without a plan of attack.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

30 INT. BEN AND SCARLET'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT 30

Ben and Scarlet are having a quiet dinner to celebrate his aunt's birthday. Frances is in attendance, along with her sister, the birthday girl, and several other women of a similar age. It's all very civilized. Quiet conversation and not too much wine.

The doorbell rings.

BEN
I'll get it.

Ben proceeds through the living room and answers the front door, which is visible from the dining room. He opens the door and finds Keegan standing with a kid of about twenty wearing a pizza delivery hat and shirt.

KEEGAN
Hey, Ben. Am I interrupting anything?

BEN
If I said yes, would that have any impact on you at all?

KEEGAN
Not really.

BEN
Then come in. My mother's here, as well as some other older people who probably won't like you.

KEEGAN
This is Mike -

PIZZA KID
Mark.

KEEGAN
Mark - he gave me a lift here. Do you have a spare twenty on you?

Ben stares for a beat, then reaches for his wallet.

31 INT. BEN AND SCARLET'S - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 31

Keegan, Ben and Scarlet have a heated dispute in the kitchen.

SCARLET
Are you back on coke? You walk in here unannounced -

KEEGAN
I'm here as a professional courtesy.

BEN
Yes, you're very professional. You go on the news and shoot your mouth off about some suicide -

SCARLET
Bad news, Key. We have statements from all of his family members and a list of friends and business colleagues half a mile long. Paul Wilson had no reason to commit suicide!

BEN
He was about to be made a partner in his firm. He just bought a mountain bike -

KEEGAN
What - <u>that's</u> a sign the guy wasn't suicidal? Maybe he was planning to ride it off a cliff!

SCARLET
He was telling his friends about a trip to Greece next summer.

KEEGAN
Oh? Did he tell those same friends about that cannibal-themed website he went on where he said he wanted to be eaten? Seems like a hell of a strong conversation starter compared to a trip to Greece, don't you think?

Frances enters, loaded for bear.

FRANCES
Enough! We're trying to enjoy our meal and you are not welcome here.

31 CONTINUED: 31

KEEGAN
I am sorry, Frances. I'm trying to save a man's life. I realize that's not as important as your plate of chicken out there.

FRANCES
Saving a man's life? Don't make me laugh. This case is one more example of your love of self-promotion, self interest and quick cash.

KEEGAN
You know, if you weren't my best friend's mother and a really old lady, I'd -

FRANCES
Go ahead, take your best shot, cowboy. You're a moron! Everyone knows the longer you wait to mount an insanity plea - the more likely it is your client will wind up facing the death penalty. My youngest grandchild knows that!
(to Ben)
Throw him out.

BEN
We're having a discussion -

FRANCES
(welcome to the Death Star)
Benjamin Henry.

Ben makes a quick grab for Keegan's elbow.

BEN
You gotta go.

KEEGAN
You're afraid of her?

BEN
Completely.

Ben steers Keegan out of the kitchen and into the dining room. Frances follows and takes her seat at the table.

31 CONTINUED: (2) 31

FRANCES
Goodnight, Keegan. I have friends in many high places. I think I'll make some calls in the morning and see what I can do about getting your sorry behind disbarred.

Keegan breaks free of Ben and stands his ground.

KEEGAN
Hey, Frances - go for it, baby. By all means. You think you can scare me? Not a chance. I'm half a year behind in my alimony, I've got my bookie sending a nice man to beat the tar out of me every couple weeks, apparently a woman who tried to stab me to death once is back in town and looking for me - and I've got the IRS so far up my fanny it's only a matter of time before I end up in jail. And with this face, girlfriend? My dance card's gonna be awfully full.
(a beat, a little too deep)
I got nothing. I got a son I don't see enough -
(nodding to Ben and Scarlet)
I got him, I got her - everyone else in my life either hate my guts or - they just disappear. All I have is my license to practice law. And despite what you think, Cruella, I'm damn good at it. I'm a big fan of doing what's right - and the truth. I'm not so great with it in my personal life - but in a court of law - I'll defend it with my last breath. Graham Murray did not murder Paul Wilson.

FRANCES
Save those theatrics for the courtroom. You'll need them.

He turns to go, then turns back with a smile.

31 CONTINUED: (3) 31

KEEGAN
Oh, and speaking of Mr. Murray - I got it straight from the horse's mouth. It's true. We actually do taste like chicken.

One of the old ladies drops her fork. The birthday girl covers her mouth with her napkin. Keegan exits - his work here done.

32 INT. KEEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 32

Keegan lies in bed, unable to sleep. He turns on a light and picks up the book of Eliot, then opens it.

33 INT. MADDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY 33

Looking like he didn't sleep a wink, Keegan lays on the couch opposite MADDY, 41, very attractive and nurturing.

KEEGAN
Four years. Four years together and she just vanishes without so much as a - "so long." Like I was just some -
(a beat, hard to say)
Like I was no different than all the others.

MADDY
It's more common than you'd think.

KEEGAN
What?

MADDY
Falling in love with a prostitute. You thought you'd finally found a relationship you could control - dictate all the terms - but you transgressed the established boundaries of the arrangement and allowed real feelings to develop.
(a beat)
Are you in love with her?

KEEGAN
(a beat, tired)
Oh, Maddy. I'm a wreck.

The front door is heard to slam shut.

33 CONTINUED: 33

FINN (O.C.)
Mom?

MADDY
In here, honey!

FINN, 15, tall and handsome with a fine mop of hair, enters. Keegan sits up to greet him.

KEEGAN
Hey, buddy.

FINN
Dad. Mom giving you another free session?

And now we realize - Maddy is Key's ex-wife, not his shrink.

KEEGAN
Well, she knows I can't pay.

MADDY
I'm painfully aware of that. I've got to run. You still want a ride downtown?

KEEGAN
Yeah.

MADDY
Two seconds. I'll be right back.

She exits. Finn crosses to his father and gives him a hug.

KEEGAN
What's that for?

FINN
You don't look so good. And I love you - I guess.
(quietly, looking off)
If Mom asks - I was with you Friday night.

KEEGAN
Excuse me?

FINN
Do me a solid, bro.

KEEGAN
Uh, hold up a second, bro. I'm not playing that game.
(MORE)

33 CONTINUED: (2) 33

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
Lies like that - they become easier and easier to tell - and they keep getting bigger. We're talking a slippery slope, dude.

FINN
You should know.

KEEGAN
Yeah - that's right. I'm not lying to your mother for you. And you're not lying to her either.

FINN
Okay. So if I'm not lying to her, I guess that means I have to tell her the truth about her pearls. Yeah - about how they weren't stolen, but that you took them to pay off a gambling debt.

Keegan considers this for a beat.

34 INT. MADDY'S CAR - LATER 34

Maddy drives. Keegan's in the passenger seat.

KEEGAN
Last Friday? Yeah. We had a good time.

MADDY
What did you do?

KEEGAN
Just stayed in. Had pizza. Real father/son bonding event.

MADDY
Great. Good to know.
(a beat)
Just to refresh your memory, Key, we were married for eleven years. I know you pretty well. What you just told me was a lie. Admit it right now or I'm pulling over and you're walking.

KEEGAN
I - did not lie.

34 CONTINUED: 34

MADDY
Then you were hanging out with Finn at some girl's house in Los Feliz where he spent the night without telling me. *Find My iPhone* - great app and a mother's best friend. I'm giving him a couple more days to come clean - but you? This is where you get out.

KEEGAN
(a beat, pointing ahead)
Could you at least take me to the next corner?

She turns the wheel and pulls over sharply.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
Guess not.

MADDY
Grow up, Key. I forgave a lot of your bull when we were younger because of your boyish good looks. Hate to tell you - they're on the way out. As are you.

KEEGAN
You've become awfully hard, Maddy.

He climbs out of the car.

38 EXT. USC CAMPUS - LATER 38

Keegan walks across the campus talking on his cell phone.

KEEGAN
(into phone)
You're positive, Leanne?

LEANNE (V.O.)
(through phone)
Oh, yeah. I went through all his phone records.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KEEGAN'S NEW OFFICE - AT THE SAME TIME

Leanne stands in the new office surrounded by the unpacked boxes.

CONTINUED:

LEANNE
Wilson didn't make any calls, send any texts or send any emails using his phone during the hour before he died.

KEEGAN
Well, isn't that helpful?

LEANNE
You never know. Maybe he uploaded his suicide video somewhere. Facebook. YouTube. Cannibal's Digest. Where are you?

KEEGAN
USC. Gloria Barzmann teaches down here. I went to see her because she's close with Annie Murray, and I thought maybe I could get her to talk some sense into her.

LEANNE
How did that go?

KEEGAN
Just got a real nice escort out of the building by security.

LEANNE
There you go. Hell hath no fury like any woman you've ever slept with even once.

KEEGAN
Yeah, thanks. Is there a computer in the new office?

LEANNE
Yeah.

KEEGAN
Get on it and do a search. See if you can find that video.

LEANNE
We're all good.

Something catches her eye. She turns and sees a security person and a uniformed police officer in the doorway.

CONTINUED: (2)

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Okay, maybe we're not <u>that</u> good. Call you back.

Keegan slips his phone into his pocket - and then something catches his eye. It stops him in his tracks. Can it be - yes - it's Mikki! He calls and starts after her.

KEEGAN
Mikki! Mikki!

She sees him, turns and quickly exits into a nearby building. Keegan gives chase.

INT. LECTURE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Keegan enters. He spots Mikki taking a seat in the back of the room. This isn't a good place for a confrontation. He crosses to the lectern and clicks on the microphone.

KEEGAN
Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. My name is Keegan Joye and I've been asked to fill in for your usual instructor who is temporarily indisposed. So what are we discussing currently?

STUDENT
Deceptive trade practices.

KEEGAN
Excellent. California Business and Professions Code - 17500, I believe. Deceptive Trade Practices and False Advertisement. These are measures designed to protect innocent and trusting purchasers -
(in Mikki's direction)
- from unscrupulous vendors. So, would anyone here have a recent example of this situation from their own life?
(to Mikki)
You, miss? The very attractive but heartless and obviously untrustworthy young lady in the back?

Mikki bolts out of the room. Keegan starts after her.

CONTINUED:

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
(to the students)
Think about what I just told you. Pop quiz in five.

He hurries out.

42 EXT. USC CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER 42

Keegan and Mikki walk together. Her face is stone.

KEEGAN
You're studying law? I suppose I should be flattered.

MIKKI
It has nothing to do with you. My father was a lawyer. Look, I have to get back -

KEEGAN
What the hell, Mikki? I mean - no goodbye? Maybe a text - "So long, sucker?" Given what we had -

MIKKI
We had a business relationship.

KEEGAN
No, it started that way, but -

MIKKI
It started that way and that's how it ended. I mean - I really can't believe you of all people are this naive.

KEEGAN
Okay, stop - this isn't you. Just be - who you were and talk to me.

MIKKI
This is who I am. Before this - I was who you wanted me to be. You wanted me to be your friend, so I was. That was the gig. You can choose to believe whatever you want.

KEEGAN
I'm not choosing to believe anything. It's an objective fact.

42 CONTINUED: 42

MIKKI
What is?

KEEGAN
You and I. Us. Our connection was real, Mikki. You can't just write it off as part of some exit strategy.
(a beat, not easy)
I was happy when I was with you. You were happy with me. That wasn't an act. It felt right - and safe. Please - you can't just cut me out of your life. Not me.

She stares at him for a beat. Has he won her over?

MIKKI
If we happen to bump into each other in the future, I assume I can rely on your discretion?

Keegan reels at the coldness of these words.

MIKKI (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Mr. Keegan.

Mikki walks away - leaving Keegan utterly lost.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

43 INT. BAR - NIGHT 43

Keegan sits downing a scotch. He looks bleak. Scarlet walks over and takes a seat next to him.

SCARLET
Hey.

KEEGAN
Hey.

SCARLET
(to the bartender)
Vodka tonic. Thanks. So what's up?

KEEGAN
Australian iron ore, I'm reliably informed.

SCARLET
We're having some friends over for dinner tomorrow night - in case you'd like to stop by and set fire to the couch.

No reaction from Keegan.

SCARLET (CONT'D)
Okay, I thought that was funny.

KEEGAN
It's probably just me, but have you noticed there's almost no certainty about anything anymore?

SCARLET
I've noticed. Are you changing your plea?

KEEGAN
Wasn't planning on it.

She takes a file out of her bag and puts it on the bar.

SCARLET
Our amended witness list.

43 CONTINUED: 43

Keegan opens the file and gives it a glance. His face falls immediately.

KEEGAN
Come on - Red. Really? Do we have to endure another blubbering mother sideshow?

SCARLET
There are four mothers on the jury, Key. That gives me four guilty verdicts right there.
(a beat)
You don't look good, sweetheart. As in worse than usual.

KEEGAN
I just bumped into Mikki.

SCARLET
Oh. Ben told me she flew the coop.

KEEGAN
Yeah, she flew, all right. She's a veritable phoenix. Burned down her old life, emerged from the ashes, spread her wings and started anew. I should've asked how you do that. Reinvention could really come in handy right about now.

Scarlet looks to Keegan and smiles sadly. Then her face falls and she fights back tears. She seems on the verge of hyperventilating.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
Red? Are you okay?

SCARLET
He's such - a good man. He's such a good man.

KEEGAN
Who?

SCARLET
Ben. He's - I don't think I can do it anymore, Key.

KEEGAN
Do what?

43 CONTINUED: (2) 43

SCARLET
The marriage. The whole -

KEEGAN
My god. I don't believe - is this for real? Does he know?

SCARLET
Of course not. I barely know.

KEEGAN
Ben did something. What did he do? Look, Ben's the sweetest guy in the world, but he's still a guy. So if he screwed around on you -

SCARLET
He didn't do anything! God - he is the sweetest guy in the world. How can I do this to him? But I don't have a choice - I'm sorry.

She grabs her bag and rushes away. Keegan watches her go, amazed and disturbed.

45 INT. COURT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 45

Keegan sits with Graham.

GRAHAM
What? Why do we have to change the plea?

KEEGAN
We don't have the video. You and I may know it existed -

GRAHAM
No! You're not going out there and telling the world I'm a murderer! I have a reputation -

KEEGAN
Yes, as a cannibal. You could have saved the city's coffers twelve times over but all you will ever be from this point on is a cannibal, Dr. Murray.

GRAHAM
I disgust you.

45 CONTINUED: 45

KEEGAN
I didn't say that. I may turn my nose up at your - hobby - but -

GRAHAM
You fear me, Mr. Joye.

KEEGAN
I don't.

GRAHAM
Not because you think I'll eat you.
(a beat)
Because I know passion. Your life is cold and dull, and what little passion you've known has evaporated away, leaving not even a pleasant memory to relive. I'm alive, Mr. Joye. I've tasted life fully.

KEEGAN
Among other things.

GRAHAM
Put me on the stand. This can all be explained.

KEEGAN
Sir - I can't do that. You expose yourself to cross-examination and the prosecution will ask you in exquisite detail about every single detail of that night. She'll ask what part of Paul Wilson you ate first. She'll ask whether you drank his blood - how you disposed of his head. And the jury will sit there, sir, in abject horror. She'll do to you legally what you did to him physically. And then, I have no doubt, you will be sentenced to death.

GRAHAM
(a beat)
We eat God's creatures every day. We are but one of them.

44 EXT. COURT - DAY 44

The reporters come to life as Paul Wilson's family arrives for the trial. They seem respectable and tight-knit. The mother and daughter hold hands as they head inside.

46 INT. COURT - DAY 46

Paul mother, LORRAINE, 58, is on the stand, already in a state of distress.

SCARLET
Mrs. Wilson, you will have no doubt heard the defense trumpeting a claim that your son committed suicide. Tell me - were you at all concerned about his mental health?

Lorraine starts to cry. Keegan rolls his eyes. He looks into the gallery and spots Lorraine's weeping daughter.

LORRAINE
No. He loved his job. He worked hard. His firm was about to make him a partner. He had everything to live for - until that monster drugged him and murdered him -

Keegan stands, objecting.

KEEGAN
Your Honor?

JUDGE #2
The jury will disregard that last remark.

Keegan sits.

SCARLET
You were a close family.

LORRAINE
Oh - yes. My husband and I adored Paul. My daughter worshipped him. Paul and Dena were as close as two siblings could possibly be -

As Lorraine continues, Keegan looks back to the daughter. She locks eyes with Keegan, then looks away. A thought occurs to him. He turns to Leanne.

46 CONTINUED: 46

KEEGAN
Give me Wilson's phone records.

She hands them to him. He looks at them. He sees one number appear many times. Maybe a third of all the calls. He has a thought.

LEANNE
What are you thinking?

Keegan gets out his phone and starts typing a text.

KEEGAN
No harm trying.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN

We see the text being finished. It reads *Do you still have the video Paul sent you?*

Keegan pushes send. He watches Dena out of the corner of his eye, and sure enough - she leans down to check her bag. Dena takes out her phone, sees the text - and the blood drains from her face. She turns and looks at Keegan, her eyes wide. Keegan turns away and nods to himself.

INT. COURT - LATER

Keegan cross-examines Lorraine.

KEEGAN
Mrs. Wilson, did you know your son visited websites relating to cannibalism?

LORRAINE
I did not.

Keegan holds up a file.

KEEGAN
These are the records we obtained from your son's internet service provider. Do you still maintain your claim that your son was in a pristine state of mental health?

LORRAINE
My son would never have killed himself.

CONTINUED:

KEEGAN
I see. You didn't really know your son at all, did you?

LORRAINE
I beg your pardon?

KEEGAN
He didn't confide in you.

LORRAINE
Of course he did.

KEEGAN
His colleagues at work said he was good at his job, but socially reserved - almost awkward.

LORRAINE
He was a little shy.

Keegan places the file in front of her.

KEEGAN
This is your son's cell phone usage for the last three months. This number here is the one he called most. Is that your number?

LORRAINE
That's my daughter's number.

KEEGAN
How about this number. Is that yours?

LORRAINE
No.

KEEGAN
Okay. Mrs. Wilson, can you point out your number anywhere here? There are quite a few pages, I'll give you a minute.

Lorraine is rattled. She scans the pages quickly - and points out her number only twice.

LORRAINE
Here - and here.

CONTINUED: (2)

KEEGAN
Only twice in three months. That's interesting. And these were calls <u>from</u> you, not <u>to</u> you. I guess your idea of a close family differs from a lot of people's. Can you see your husband's number anywhere? Take your time.

Keegan turns and looks directly at Dena. She knows what's coming and she's terrified.

LORRAINE
No.

KEEGAN
No what?

LORRAINE
I don't see his number here.

KEEGAN
So zero communication between a son and his father for three months. You're right, Mrs. Wilson. That <u>is</u> a close family.

Scarlet stands.

LORRAINE
Your Honor?

JUDGE #2
You've made your point, Mr. Joye.

KEEGAN
Thank you, Your Honor. I certainly hope I have.
(a beat)
Mrs. Wilson, I can't imagine the pain you've had to endure. But the simple truth is that it's easier to cope with the thought that your son was beguiled and ensnared - that he was a victim of some hideous, depraved plot - it's easier to cope with <u>that</u> thought than the idea that he took his own life and chose to have his physical remains disposed of in such a manner. That choice doesn't appear out of thin air, does it? That choice is the result of years of what - sadness?
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (3)

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
Neglect? Do you think you and your husband bear any responsibility for that? I imagine the guilt you'd be feeling would be unbearable.

LORRAINE
(breaking down)
You can't do this to me!

KEEGAN
(oddly heavy-handed, but with a purpose)
Yes, I can. I can and I will, Mrs. Wilson, because Graham Murray is <u>not</u> the monster you want him to be. He was a participant in an agreed-upon arrangement with your son. And rather than see him punished for a crime he did not commit, I will have you sit there and answer my questions for as long as it -

Dena jumps to her feet.

DENA
Stop it! Leave her alone! Please!

Keegan smiles to himself as all eyes turn to Dena.

DENA (CONT'D)
(to Keegan, simply)
I have what you want.

47 INT. COURT - LATER 47

Dena's phone is hooked up to a computer - which is connected to a large screen. Everyone watches Paul Wilson leaving his final message to his sister and the world.

PAUL (V.O.)
(on the screen)
Hey, Dena. This is going to sound a little formal, because it has to be right for the record. My name is Paul Matthew Wilson, my address is 27 Holroyd Road, Brentwood. I am an accountant currently employed by the firm of Russell and Garland. I am about to commit suicide. I have here sleeping pills purchased by myself which I shall take in order to induce my death.
(MORE)

47 CONTINUED: 47

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I repeat - I am committing suicide, and I wish for my remains to be consumed by Dr. Graham Murray.
(a beat)
I'm sorry, Dena - hard to explain. But tell Dad - just tell him he's always been right. He said I was crap - and now I will be.
(a beat)
Love you.

He starts downing the pills. Paul's father sits very still, his face void of emotion. The screen cuts to black. Everyone in the courtroom is shocked into silence. Keegan puts a hand on Graham's arm.

JUDGE #2
Ms. Meagher?

Scarlet stands.

SCARLET
Yes. Your Honor - irrespective of this new evidence, it is our contention that the defendant lured a vulnerable and mentally ill young man to end his own life.

Keegan is on his feet.

KEEGAN
Your Honor, the state has spent its entire case telling us how mentally healthy the deceased was. As we now know, my client did not murder Mr. Wilson - and as the charge here is murder, I believe he has been entirely vindicated.
(to Scarlet)
Unless we need to watch the video again?

The judge looks to Scarlet again.

SCARLET
(reluctantly)
Your Honor, the state would like to discuss a lesser charge with the defense.

JUDGE #2
Very well. The charge of murder is dismissed.
(MORE)

47 CONTINUED: (2) 47

JUDGE #2 (CONT'D)
Dr. Murray will remain in involuntary commitment. Court is adjourned.

The guards come to take Graham back to confinement.

GRAHAM
Thank you, Mr. Joye.

KEEGAN
Least I could do after the Australian ore tip.

GRAHAM
Tell Annie for me. Tell her I love her. She can come see me now.

KEEGAN
I don't know if she'll come.

GRAHAM
She will - we love each other. She won't just disappear. That doesn't happen.

KEEGAN
(it hits home)
No. It shouldn't.

He watches as Graham is taken away.

48 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - EVENING 48

Marcus sits staring out over the city. Rick is at the door.

RICK
Forget about Murray. He's going away for good. Nobody will ever see him again.

MARCUS
I'm not worried about Murray.
(a beat)
Keegan Joye. We're done with that prick. Follow him, watch him, and figure out a way to get rid of him once and for all.

RICK
That sounds a little sinister, Mr. Mayor.

48 CONTINUED: 48

MARCUS
(a tight smile)
Good.

EXT. COURT - NIGHT

Keegan waits outside the building with Scarlet.

SCARLET
Blubbering mothers.

KEEGAN
Get you every time.
(a beat)
You doing okay?

SCARLET
Yeah. Forget what I said in the bar. I was -

But here comes Ben to join them. Keegan cuts her off and makes her aware of her husband's presence.

KEEGAN
Hey, buddy. Well - did I kick some ass in there or what?

BEN
I bow down to you, sir. But only a small bow, since my wife is present and she lost. I still love you, darling.

KEEGAN
I just wish your mother was here to help celebrate my victory.

BEN
I'm sure she'll make her feelings known the next time you see her.

KEEGAN
Now as to my bill -

BEN
I'm cutting you a check for twenty grand tomorrow.

KEEGAN
(appalled)
Twenty grand? I got a cannibal off for murder!
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
I deserve the Nobel Prize, not twenty stinking grand!
(a quick beat)
Can I have it in cash?

BEN
What?

KEEGAN
Help me get around the IRS.

BEN
Sorry, Key. They're getting their seventy percent. Come by the office tomorrow.

KEEGAN
Yeah. You guys want to grab some drinks - maybe buy me dinner?

SCARLET
We've got to run, Key. But have a great night.

KEEGAN
(glumly)
Yeah, I'm sure I will.

EXT. SIDEWALK NEAR WU'S CAFE - LATER

Keegan strolls home, feeling down. He feels a sharp pain in his jaw and rubs it.

KEEGAN
God - not again.

His phone sends out a chirp. He takes it out and looks at the screen.

ON THE SCREEN

A phone number - and a message: *I'm sorry. We need to talk. It's me - Mikki.*

Keegan smiles broadly - for the first time in a long time. Things might finally looking brighter. In fact - they <u>do</u> look brighter. A lot brighter. Because a car's headlights have found him - and boy, they're getting closer. Keegan notices, reacts - and dashes for safety as a car jumps the curb and smashes into trash cans, sending them spinning. The car door flies open - and Keegan reacts.

CONTINUED:

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
What the hell is wrong with -
(oh shit)
Margaret!

He takes off down the sidewalk, running for his life - such as it is.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF PILOT