

RAKE - PILOT

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RAKE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

1

We're inside a fairly nondescript apartment. We see the faces of 2 people whom we presume to be lovers:

KEEGAN DEANE, 46, a man with no end of boyish good looks and MIKKI, 29, pretty with a beautiful, welcoming smile.

MIKKI

Key, I don't know. I don't think I can do this.

KEEGAN

Come on. There's a first time for everything.

MIKKI

Yes, there is. I've never done this before. What if I hurt you?

KEEGAN

You? Hurt me? Not in a million years. Just get in there, get a good grip on it and pull.

They share a look and she raises a pair of PLIERS into shot.

MIKKI

Will you please just go to a dentist.

KEEGAN

(shakes his head)

Last time I went to a dentist it cost me seven grand and my favorite bicuspid. So will you please climb on and get busy.

She straddles him.

MIKKI

Which one is it?

KEEGAN

Molar - lower left - farthest one back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKKI
(still hesitant)
You're sure you want this?

KEEGAN
Mikki, I'm in a cloud of blinding,
throbbing pain!

She slowly leans forward, wincing, and moves the pliers towards his mouth. 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.

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

She adjusts herself, takes a deep breath and sticks the pliers into his mouth. They make contact with the tooth.

MIKKI (CONT'D)
Okay?

KEEGAN
(scared)
Uh-huh.

MIKKI
I'm gonna start pulling now.

KEEGAN
(a little more scared)
Uh-huh.

She moves to pull - and he quickly yanks her hand away.

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

Mikki smiles, genuinely amused by his bullshit.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
I mean - here we are - you looking so
great. Why waste this on a dental
emergency?

He pulls her close and kisses her with real passion.

(CONTINUED)

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
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*. 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 - 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.

MIKKI
Sorry, Key. It's not my fault you
opted for a game of backgammon and a
sermon on gum disease.

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. 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 passes 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.

A3 EXT. WU'S CAFE -- DAY

A3

Establishing shot.

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. He stares at the ceiling as he considers what might befall him today.

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 brogues. A passerby turns and watches as he steals a newspaper before ambling into the cafe.

6 INT. WU'S CAFE - MINUTES LATER

6

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 charming.

KEEGAN
(Cantonese)
Good morning.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. WU
(Cantonese)
*How are you doing handsome? Have you
eaten? How about some eggs?*

KEEGAN
(English)
Never mind.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. WU
 (English)
 Tea is helping your tooth, Keegan?

KEEGAN
 (English)
 Oh, yeah - it's great.

Keegan sees Mr. Wu throwing him a hostile stare.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
 (English)
 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 Cantonese which will not be subtitled.

MR. WU
 (Cantonese)
 When are you going to wise up to
 this guy?

MRS. WU
 (Cantonese)
 I enjoy talking with him! Whatever
 I talk about with him is none of
 your business!

MR. WU
 (Cantonese)
 I live here to!

MRS. WU
 (Cantonese)
 Are you listening to our
 conversation? That's horrible! Go
 away!

MR. WU
 (Cantonese)
 Do you want to give me a green hat?

(The "green hat" is a Cantonese reference to a cuckold.)

MRS. WU
 (English)
 He says good morning.

(CONTINUED)

KEEGAN
(English)
Listen, I was wondering if you needed
the car today.

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

A7 EXT. STREET - WU'S VAN - DAY

A7

The Wu's van drives by.

7 INT. WU'S VAN - LATER

7

Mr. Wu drives, Keegan is his passenger, checking something on his phone. Mr. Wu stares at the road, his mouth in a grimace. A silent beat. Keegan reads something that provokes a smile.

KEEGAN
You like football, Mr Wu?

No response.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
I figured as much.
(speed dials)
Roy? You there?
(about phone)
Piece of junk.

Keegan searches for better reception.

ROY (V.O.)
Key?

CONTINUED:

KEEGAN

Yeah. Packers and Vikes. What's
the spread?

ROY (V/O)
Packers minus seven.

KEEGAN
How about the point total?

ROY (V/O)
Forty-four.

KEEGAN
I'll take the under for five large
and I want to parlay it with the
over on the Skins.

ROY (V/O)
You're already underwater half a
mile, you stupid bastard -

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

We descend from the heavens through the face of a church to discover 3 MOURNERS who are amongst many people with money and power draped in black. They are distracted by the sound of a roaring engine.

The Wu van screeches up to the curb and shudders to a halt in front of a LIMO. (The van features large, aspirational Maoist portraits of the younger Mr. and Mrs. Wu.)

Keegan get out of the van:

KEEGAN
(into phone)
Am I down? Roy, am I down?! Roy
can you hear me?! Am I down you
bastard?!!

ROY (V.O.)
Yes, you're down!

Only then does Keegan notice the 3 Mourners staring at him.

KEEGAN
I was just saying how down I feel
today. So, so ... down. God bless
him.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

KEEGAN (CONT'D)

(to Mr Wu)

Thanks, sorry for the incon -

Mr Wu peels the van away.

The Mourners look away and Keegan notices MARCUS BARZMANN, 50, the Mayor of Los Angeles who resolutely ignores Keegan as he approaches the Church

He is approached a SMALL GROUP OF REPORTERS who are asking incomprehensible questions about someone called MURRAY.

MARCUS

(trying to contain anger)

Now is not the time. I have no comment.

9

DELETED. DIALOGUE MOVED TO SCENE 7

9

10

DELETED. DIALOGUE MOVED TO SCENE 7

10

11

INT. CHURCH - LATER

11

Ben Leon, 45 and Keegan's best friend, delivers the eulogy - or attempts to anyway. Gripped by a terror of public speaking, he stumbles, fumbles and sweats.

His beautiful wife SCARLET, 42, an assistant District Attorney for the city of Los Angeles and also an old friend; watches, anxious for her husband.

Their three fine young children are also there; and - oh, yes - the matriarch of the clan - the widow of the moment and bitch on wheels, FRANCES LEON, 68.

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED: (2)

11

BEN (CONT'D)

hated losing, so it was a ... a
good thing for all concerned that
he very rarely won ... lost sorry.

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED: (3)

11

A small sympathy laugh from some members of the congregation.

BEN (CONT'D)

He very rarely lost ... He was a straight shooter, never afraid to say what he was thinking. I admired that about him ... I'm sure we ... all did ...

Suddenly Key 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. Now the game is being broadcast to everyone. Keegan struggles to silence the phone, but in his haste, 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 innocence - 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. His phone picks up. His recorded message blares around the church. Whilst the message itself is proper and business-like, it's apparent that he's recorded it late night in a very noisy, crowded bar.

KEEGAN

(phone)

Hello, you've reached the offices
of Keegan Deane, please leave a
message.

(beep)

12

EXT. FRANCES' HOUSE - DAY

12

Mourners, including Keegan, arrive at Frances' comfortable home.

13

INT. FRANCES' HOUSE - DAY

13

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?

(CONTINUED)

KEEGAN

What?

SCARLET

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

KEEGAN

You can see through me, Scarlet. 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.

KEEGAN

You know, black really suits you.

SCARLET

That's why I prefer funerals to weddings.

KEEGAN

I prefer funerals too. At least there's a sense of finality. Weddings are so inconclusive.

SCARLET

How much did you lose on the game?

KEEGAN

I broke even.

She stares at him blankly, not buying this.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)

Okay. 8 grand. But don't worry it's all on credit. I'd never gamble money I actually had. That's when you know you've got a problem ... How's our boy doing?

She gives him a look that says not good.

He thinks about this for a moment, then leans over the bar and grabs a bottle of scotch.

(CONTINUED)

SCARLET
(oh dear God)
Key ...

14 INT. FRANCES' HOUSE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER 14

(CONTINUED)

Ben sits alone in the dark room, staring up at a portrait of his father, a handsome, powerful-looking man. Keegan approaches with a bottle of scotch and two glasses. He takes in the scene and registers the depth of his friend's funk; this isn't going to be easy.

KEEGAN

(sotto)

Oh, boy.

(a beat)

How you doing, pal? Everybody's asking about you.

Nothing from Ben. Keegan puts the glasses on the table and pours.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)

You know, you really shouldn't be alone today.

He picks up his glass.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's raise a glass to the old man.

Ben, for the first time, turns his eyes to Keegan. The look says "Don't you fucking dare," but Keegan forges ahead.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)

(to the portrait)

Arthur, you're gone now - but you leave behind a wonderful son, his beautiful wife and their children. Ben's the greatest, sweetest guy I know - and frankly, Arthur, I don't know how he turned out that way, because you were such a relentlessly miserable sonofabitch.

BEN

(seething)

I'm just trying to give my father the sort of send off he'd have want.

KEEGAN

Then you should have charged admission.

Ben leaps up, grabs Keegan by the shoulders and pushes him against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (2)

14

BEN
He was my father!

KEEGAN
I know.

BEN
You don't know anything, Key.

KEEGAN
I know you.

BEN
You have no clue -

KEEGAN
You're sitting in here trying to
mourn - trying to cry - but you
can't -

Ben's face tells us that Keegan knows his friend all too well.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
Because he's finally gone - and
there's this whole new thing you're
feeling - called freedom. So let's
have a drink - let's celebrate -
because this just might be the
happiest day of your life.

15

DELETED

15

16

INT. FRANCES' HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

16

(CONTINUED)

Ben and Keegan sit next to each other on the floor. Ties are undone, a fresh round of drinks is being poured.

BEN
This is stupid.

KEEGAN
Do it, man.
(Ben reacts)
Get it out, lighten the load.

Ben stares forward. He takes a deep breath. He stares forward for the entire next speech.

BEN
Remember our first mock trial at school?

Keegan nods.

BEN (CONT'D)
He showed up to watch - which was, like - he never showed up for anything. Afterwards - he said he wanted me to see his new car. We walked outside - in dead silence, as usual - and there it was - a silver Mercedes convertible. Beautiful car. I leaned down to look inside - and he hit me.

Keegan reacts.

BEN (CONT'D)
He hit me on the side of the head. Hard. He said I'd humiliated him. That - based on my performance in the trial - I couldn't be his son.
(to Keegan)
I hated him.

KEEGAN
Don't tell me.

Keegan nods and Ben stares forward again.

BEN
I hated you.

And now we see that the portrait is down on the floor - and Ben and Keegan are sitting across from it.

(CONTINUED)

BEN (CONT'D)

You were a bully - you only cared about yourself and your blessed professional reputation. You were a cold, uncaring -
(a beat, to Keegan)
I really feel stupid.

KEEGAN

No, it's good. You've got him on the ropes. He can't even respond, you're hitting him so hard.

Ben laughs.

BEN

He liked you. He thought you had balls. He never thought I had balls. I have balls, Key.

KEEGAN

I know. I've seen them. And you have two, which seems to be the number we're all aiming for.

Ben looks at Key, his eyes brimming with love.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)

Gimme something.

They embrace sloppily.

BEN

I can't believe I'm taking over the firm. Sitting in his chair -

KEEGAN

You're gonna kick ass, brother.

BEN

You're right.

KEEGAN

I know.

BEN

I'm gonna kick ass!

KEEGAN

Talk about it!

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Just not right away.

(off Keegan's look)

I need a little time - it's a big adjustment, Key. I was sort of hoping - Dad had this case - I mean, I have this case - it would really help me if you could -

KEEGAN

Does it pay?

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 of billable hours.

BEN

Don't get too excited. It'll never go to trial. The client's a nutjob.

KEEGAN

So it won't pay.

BEN

It gets worse.

KEEGAN

I have to pay?

BEN

No. Scarlet's prosecuting.

KEEGAN

(chuckling)

Oh.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (4) 16

KEEGAN (CONT'D)

Somebody's afraid to face his wife
in court? So much for those balls
you were telling me about. Who's
the nutjob?

17 INT./EXT. BAR/ALLEY - LATER THAT NIGHT 17

ROY (40, a mountain of a man) sits nursing a beer. He glances
up at the news playing on a TELEVISION OVERHEAD.

An ANCHOR reports with accompanying footage (which includes
Mayor Barzmann and Graham Murray, celebrating).

(CONTINUED)

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 accountant, Paul Wilson. Murray, seen here with the Mayor on 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 confidant to Mayor Barzmann. A memorial service was held for Paul Wilson this morning in Pasadena -

(FOOTAGE of Paul Wilson's funeral - including the arrival of his parents and his sister.)

KEEGAN

(entering)

They're playing my song.

ROY

You're defending the cannibal?

KEEGAN

Any advice?

ROY

Wear long sleeves. They say he's brilliant at picking the stock market. Maybe you should ask him for a couple of tips.

KEEGAN

(motions to the bartender)

Maybe I will. Can I get a scotch on -

ROY

No time. Come on.

Roy pushes away from the bar and walks through a back room, into an alleyway. Keegan nods grimly and follows:

ROY (CONT'D)

You going to Billy's thing Thursday night?

KEEGAN

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

ROY
You wanna split a present?

KEEGAN
I guess.

ROY
He likes those fancy English TV shows.
I was thinking the *Downtown Abbey* box
set maybe.

KEEGAN
Downton.

ROY
Huh?

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

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

ROY
Funny, I didn't realize that ...
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 you could
stay away from this side of my -

Roy smashes Keegan in the jaw - on that 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 and 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 break.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

17

CONTINUED: (3)

17

ACT TWOFADE IN:

18 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - THE NEXT DAY 18

Keegan gets off a bus and joins the city's masses as they pour into office buildings.

19 INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 19

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

He throws a bag on the floor and a newspaper on a stack of newspapers.

KEEGAN

Have you seen those affidavits I
drafted Friday night?

LEANNE

(into cell)

Oh that's fantastic. I'm so
thrilled.

KEEGAN

Why are you packing?

LEANNE

We're homeless again.

KEEGAN

What?

LEANNE

Mr. Stein's coming back earlier than
expected.

(into phone)

So what's the due date?

KEEGAN

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

LEANNE

Oh so a Sagittarean then. Lovely.

(to Keegan)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

LEANNE (CONT'D)

They were skiing, first day on the slopes, Mrs. Stein fell and broke her leg. Second honeymoon over.

KEEGAN

What the hell was she doing skiing?
- the woman's the size of a small shed.

LEANNE

(into phone)

You have Harry at ten - No sorry -
(to Keegan)
You have Harry at 10.

KEEGAN

I know. That's why I need the affidavits.

LEANNE

You have a high range DUI at 11.
Verbal assault at 12.
(into phone)
Look can I call you back?
(to Keegan)
Break and enter at 3.

KEEGAN

Aggravated?

LEANNE

Yes I am, Key.
(enjoying this a little)
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

Just keep your eyes open, that's all I'm saying.

KEEGAN

Margaret doesn't scare me.

Keegan ponders this then starts digging through the boxes and collects assorted papers.

(CONTINUED)

LEANNE

Then why do you have a restraining
order against her?
(off the bag)
Is that your laundry?

KEEGAN

(feigning offence)
What are you talking about?

LEANNE

(calm but extremely firm)
I see the bag, Key. I thought we'd
talked about this. Don't you
remember talking about this?

KEEGAN

(a little scared)
That is not my laundry.

LEANNE

Then what is it?

KEEGAN

(a beat)
Listen can you dig up whatever
information you can find on cannibals.

LEANNE

No problem. I smoked so much of it at
university, I can tell you anything -

KEEGAN

Not cannabis, Leanne. Cannibals.
People who eat people. Get me
everything you can lay your hands on.
I need a history - indictments, PSIs -
(a beat)

KEEGAN (CONT'D)

Hey, is it true Bill Hocking's wife
stabbed him this weekend?

LEANNE

With a knitting needle. Just missed
his heart.

KEEGAN

Is he in the hospital?

LEANNE

Cedars. Intensive care.

KEEGAN
 Then his office must be free. Check it out. Slip his secretary a few bucks.

Leanne gives him a "you're kidding me" look as she exits.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
 Her name's Tatjana!

20 INT. FEDERAL COURT - LATER

20

DAVID POTTER, 43 is on his feet, representing the IRS. His 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. He doesn't like Keegan.

We presume Keegan is there, representing a client but ...

JUDGE
 Yes, Mr Potter.

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

*

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

David sits. Keegan stands.

KEEGAN
 Your Honor, may I once again object to this witch hunt?

JUDGE
 You may not.

KEEGAN
This is what heppens to decent Americans when a massive, petty bureaucracy is able to stifle their spirit.

*

*

*

*

JUDGE
No, it isn't.

*

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.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

*

JUDGE

Mr. Deane, do you have anything further to add before I hold you in contempt?

KEEGAN

I have three affidavits here, Your Honor, supporting my claim that my financial records were ~~rain~~ damaged. 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. Deane, 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 onto the table, exasperated. The Judge can only nod his head in odd admiration.

21

INT. FEDERAL COURT - HALLWAY

21

Keegan and David walk towards the elevator.

KEEGAN
What's up, Harry?

DAVID
Movers and rain damaged boxes. How long do you really think you can keep this going, Keegan?

KEEGAN
Harry, there's nothing I'd like more than to have those boxes back. They would exonerate me in an instant.

DAVID
Yeah, right. And will you lay off the Harry crap. It's starting to get around.

KEEGAN
Oh come on. David Potter's nice but a little boring. Harry Potter stands out.

DAVID
Be thankful I don't have my wand with me ...

The elevator doors open.

DAVID (CONT'D)
... because you know where I'd like to stick it right now.

KEEGAN
Harry, I'm flattered but for the last time I just don't roll that way. You'll have to keep your magic wand to yourself.

David seethes as the doors shut.

22

EXT. DOWNTOWN BOOK SHOP - LATER

22

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

23

INT. DOWNTOWN BOOK SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

23

The STORE CLERK 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:

24

INT. OFFICE - AT THE SAME TIME

24

Leanne is on the phone.

LEANNE

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

The Store Clerk indicates that Keegan's credit card has been declined. Not really a surprise, Keegan starts dragging cash out of his pockets.

KEEGAN

You're kidding.

LEANNE

Nope. Nothing on the books - state or federal.

KEEGAN

(his mind spinning)

So the actual charge in these cases must be murder, right?

LEANNE

Right.

By now Keegan is handing cash to the STORE CLERK.

KEEGAN

What do you know? Cannibalism isn't a crime.

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

We notice a WOMAN'S OUT OF FOCUS SILHOUETTE has been watching Keegan through the window.

Keegan suddenly senses someone is watching him and turns but she is gone.

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

25

MARCUS
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.

MARCUS
Don't sweat it? Is that your considered advice? We're in an election year and it turns out that I've entrusted the city's finances to a cannibal - and you tell me not to sweat it? I was 8 points ahead! Now I'm what?

A POLITICAL AIDE checks his Blackberry.

POLITICAL AIDE
Down 6.7.

MARCUS
Down 6.7!

POLITICAL AIDE
Down 6.8. 6.9.

MARCUS
I get the idea! So what's the plan, geniuses?

VERY JUNIOR DA GUY
(nervous)
Well, there's section 7052 of the Health and Safety Code.

Everyone looks to him. Marcus becomes dangerously calm.

MARCUS
The Health and Safety Code?

VERY JUNIOR DA GUY
It deals with ... human remains.
There's a felony charge ...

Everyone in the room knows this was the wrong thing to say.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

I am not going out there to tell the world's media that we can get this lunatic on a Health and Safety issue!

SCARLET

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

MARCUS

He'd better. Because if this thing drags on and becomes a full blown trial I will become a very unfunny political joke.

26 EXT. MIKKI'S BUILDING - LATER

26

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.

FEMALE VOICE

This is 513.

KEEGAN

Is Mikki there?

FEMALE VOICE

Who's Mikki?

Keegan is bewildered. He pulls out his phone and speed dials someone (presumably Mikki). No answer. The line is dead. Even more bewildered, he presses the buzzer for the penthouse.

JULES (O.S.)

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

KEEGAN
Jules, it's Key.

27 INT. MIKKI'S BUILDING - PENTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 27

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. TWO DOGS sit on dog beds along one wall.

Jules is cooking up a storm throughout the following:

JULES
Key, 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, that can't be it -

JULES
Speaking of finances, you owe me for your last five sessions. Jules needs some green, Mr. Deane.

KEEGAN
She would have said something to me about this. She wouldn't just leave.

JULES
What can I say? I have a couple of new girls; if you like -

KEEGAN
I want her new number.

JULES
I can't do that.

(CONTINUED)

KEEGAN

Listen, I need to talk to her. I -
I just want to know she's okay. All
right?!

JULES

She's okay.

(CONTINUED)

KEEGAN
(advancing on Jules, roaring)
Give me her damn number now!

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 has your
number. If she wants to talk, she'll
use it. Now unless you're thinking
about a new girl, I suggest you run
along.

A wave of sadness overcomes Keegan. It's a wave he doesn't understand. He turns for the door and slowly makes his way out.

Jules starts dishing out the food into three elaborate bowls - which we now realize are "personalized" dog plates

JULES (CONT'D)
Oh Key honey.

He turns back, hopeful ...

JULES (CONT'D)
Be smart for a change. Forget about
her

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

27 CONTINUED: (4)

27

ACT THREEFADE IN:

A28 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

A28

Establish City Hall.

28 INT. CITY HALL - PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

28

Attempting to maintain his cool, Marcus faces the frenzied press.

MARCUS

The city employed Dr Murray because of his considerable business skills. It was a decision you all applauded at the time. When you remember the dire financial circumstances I inherited from the previous administration, the economic turnaround we have achieved in this city is nothing short of a miracle!

(pointing)

Yes, Dennis.

PRESS #1

Is it true Dr Murray was best man at your wedding?

MARCUS

What does that have to do with our economy?!

PRESS #2

Did he do the catering?

Marcus seethes. The Press dissolve into LAUGHTER which bleeds into the next scene ...

29 INT. LA COUNTY JAIL - DAY

29

GRAHAM MURRAY, 50, distinguished even in his shackles, is led by GUARDS to meet Keegan

30 INT. LA COUNTY JAIL - MOMENTS LATER

30

Graham is centered. He doesn't seem crazy. Distracted, Keegan is there in body only. He can't stop thinking about Mikki.

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

It's a practice as old as time
itself. In some societies, it's a
cultural norm.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED: (2)

30

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Certain tribes eat the remains of the dead as part of their grieving process ... Mr Deane?

KEEGAN

So you ate him.

GRAHAM

I did.

KEEGAN

You want to mull that over for a second?

GRAHAM

I ate Paul Wilson.

KEEGAN

Okay so I'm gonna have to fill out some forms here. I'll be as quick as I can. I don't want to keep you.

Keegan prepares for the tedium; picks up pen etc.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)

So, you are aware the charge is murder.

GRAHAM

I'm not a murderer, Mr Deane, I'm an economist.

KEEGAN

(patronising)

Okay.

GRAHAM

I'd been led me to believe that you were tenacious; that you were prepared to vigorously defend what many may consider indefensible. But that seems not to be the case because I'm betting the next words out of your mouth will suggest a plea of "not guilty by reason of insanity".

No response from Keegan.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Do you want to take that bet, Mr Deane?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3) 30

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(smiles)
I'll give you 20 to 1.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED: (4)

30

Keegan realizes Graham has done his homework but wants to stay at least quasi-professional.

KEEGAN

Why don't you tell me exactly what happened?

GRAHAM

I'll give you odds 5 to 1, I'm betting I'll be found guilty.

KEEGAN

Okay.

GRAHAM

Okay what?

KEEGAN

I'll take that bet at 5 to 1.

Graham nods.

GRAHAM

(almost amused)

Okay ... 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

One 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 while -

KEEGAN

The market? I see. You didn't happen to give him any stock tips by any chance?

GRAHAM

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

KEEGAN

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

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED: (5)

30

GRAHAM

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

KEEGAN

The pills? What pills?

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

The pills that killed him. An hour later he was dead - and then I went about my business. Nobody was murdered, Mr Deane. Paul Wilson committed suicide.

Keegan leans forward, suddenly very interested in this case.

KEEGAN

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

GRAHAM

Oh, I can prove it. Paul Wilson can tell you himself. He made a video confession. The lenses on these new phones are really quite amazing.

KEEGAN

(suddenly rivetted)

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.

His mind now alive with possibilities, Keegan stands.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Please will you do me a favor. My wife Annie - she hasn't been here to see me - I'm worried this business may have upset her a little. Please tell her I'm sorry if I've caused her any distress.

KEEGAN

I'll talk to her.

GRAHAM

Every family has their ups and downs.

Keegan turns to leave then turns back:

KEEGAN

If you had given Paul a stock tip, what would it have been?

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

Australian iron ore. Growth in China means they'll be needing steel.

KEEGAN

Makes sense.

31 EXT. MURRAY HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

31

It's a grand house. The street has been invaded by media. 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.

Questions are hurled at him ...

KEEGAN

I have no comment at this stage ladies and gentlemen. Maybe something later ...

32 INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - AT THE SAME TIME

32

ON THE TELEVISION IN THE OFFICE, MAYOR BARZMANN WATCHES Keegan make his way through the press ...

His eyes widen with rage and fear. He turns off the TV, picks up his phone and calmly puts buds in his ears.

CUT TO:

Scarlet, entering Marcus' office to find him vigorously conducting an invisible orchestra outside his window - the city of LA. Whatever the music is, she can't hear it. It's all in his head.

When Marcus notices her, he pulls the buds out of his ears and looks to her.

SCARLET

Ben gave the case to Key.

No response from Marcus. He just nods.

SCARLET (CONT'D)

He needed some time. He's still dealing with his father's death.

Marcus bursts into rich laughter. Scarlet fails to see the joke.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

I'm sorry ... I'm sorry but of all the lawyers in all the court rooms in this city Ben had to give this case to Keegan Deane. The grotesque turns into farce yet again. But that's politics I guess. Our only political hope Scarlet was to get this thing behind us as soon as feasibly possible. Now a human hand grenade has been thrown in the mix.

SCARLET

Keegan doesn't change anything. It's still murder and an insanity plea. There won't be a trial.

They share a look.

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

MARCUS

I sincerely hope not. Tell me - are you still thinking of running against Ed for DA this year?

SCARLET

(caught out)

I ...

MARCUS

Ed knows. You're in deeper water right now than you think, Scarlet. And the sharks are starting to smell blood. The question is whose?

33 INT. MURRAY HOUSE - LATER

33

ANNIE MURRAY (48) exhausted, looks out at the throng of news vans and press before she draws the curtains.

ANNIE

There has to be something better they could be doing with their time, don't you think?

She turns and sits down.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You think you know someone.

KEEGAN

I beg your pardon.

ANNIE

After 14 years of marriage, you think you know someone. And now

...

KEEGAN

I'm sorry.

ANNIE

Yes well, what can I do for you, Mr Deane?

KEEGAN

Your husband told me about something in his desk.

ANNIE

The phone, you mean.

(CONTINUED)

KEEGAN
 (surprized, this is a
 break)
 Yes, he did. You found it?

ANNIE
 Yes.

KEEGAN
 May I see it?

ANNIE
 No.

KEEGAN
 May 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.

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 drag things out. My
 husband is insane. He's going to
 spend the rest of his life locked away
 anyway.

(a sudden look of horror)
 You're not - thinking of mounting a
 defense, are you?

(CONTINUED)

KEEGAN

The charge is murder. If your husband
didn't kill anyone -

ANNIE

You requested 10 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

33

CONTINUED: (3)

33

ACT FOURFADE IN:

34 INT. BEN AND SCARLET'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT 34

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 a FEW other MEN and WOMEN of a similar age. It's all very civilized.

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 people who 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.

35 INT. BEN AND SCARLET'S - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 35

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

(CONTINUED)

SCARLET

(sotto)

You are unbelievable. You burst in here and expect me to drop everything, including a murder charge because the killer's wife remembers some convenient evidence.

KEEGAN

She is not lying. Believe me!

BEN

Are you back on coke?

KEEGAN

I'm here as a professional courtesy. There was no murder. This changes things.

BEN

What does?! The video confession that you haven't seen, which was recorded on a phone that no longer exists?! Give me a break!

SCARLET

We have statements from all 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

A mountain bike? - that's 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 the cannibal themed website he went on where he said he wanted to be eaten?!

Frances pipes up from the dining area.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCES
Enough! We're trying to enjoy our meal!

Keegan yells back into the other room.

KEEGAN
I am sorry, Frances! I didn't want to interrupt your plate of chicken; I'm just trying to save a man's life!

Ben and Scarlet roll their eyes. Frances stands and approaches.

FRANCES
SAVE 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
Am I out of my mind here?! Or is this some sort of legal Twilight Zone? The charge is murder yet my client didn't kill anyone. Call me old fashioned but I thought I might be doing my job if I defended that charge. Is there a lawyer in the house?!

FRANCES
If there is, Keegan, it can't be you. You say you're wanting to save your client's life? 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 grandson knows that!

BEN
Are you two having fun?

FRANCES
You will be dis-barred if your client gets death in these circumstances ...

KEEGAN
You'd love that Frances, wouldn't you?

FRANCES
It's what's keeping me alive.

BEN
Maybe it's time, Key?

35

CONTINUED: (3)

35

KEEGAN

You know why she hates me, Benji?
 It's because she knows she doesn't
 scare me.

FRANCES

The hell I don't.

KEEGAN

You want to know what's scary,
 Cruella? I'm half a year behind in
 alimony. My bookie sends a nice
 man to beat the tar out of me every
 couple of weeks. There's this
 woman who almost stabbed me to
 death; I'm told she's back in town
 and house hunting. And I've got
 the IRS so far up my ass, it may
 only be a matter of time before I
 end up in jail. And with this face
 girlfriend, my dance card's gonna
 be awfully full ... Whatever else
 Graham Murray has done is
 irrelevant according to the law, he
 is charged with a crime he didn't
 commit which is why I'm gonna win
 this case even if it means keeping
 you alive ...

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

KEEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh, and by the way. It's true. We 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.

A36

EXT. KEEGAN'S APARTMENT - WINDOW NIGHT

A36

Low angle establisher.

Keegan's light comes on.

36

INT. KEEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

36

Keegan lies in bed, unable to sleep. He turns on a light and
 picks up the book of Eliot, then opens it. After a moment,
 his phone beeps. There's a message from an unidentified
 caller:

(CONTINUED)

Hey Key, I see you're up. Still having trouble sleeping? XXX

His eyes widen. He gets out of bed and goes to his window:
but he sees no one.

36 CONTINUED: (2) 36

KEEGAN
Margaret ...

He turns out his light and sits in the dark, a little afraid.

37

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

37

Looking like he didn't sleep a wink, Keegan sits 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 and allowed real feelings to develop.

KEEGAN

The established boundaries of prostitution?

MADDY

There are boundaries to every relationship, Key. Business. Marriage. Whatever. Most people are aware of them ...
 (a beat)
 Are you in love with her?

A long look between them.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Do you think you might be in love with her?

The front door is heard to slam shut.

FINN (O.C.)

Mom?

MADDY

In here, honey!

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

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?

KEEGAN
Nah. Just catching up.

They hug.

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

MADDY
I've got to run. You still want that ride?

38

INT. MADDY'S CAR - LATER

38

Maddy drives. Keegan's in the passenger seat.

MADDY
I got another love letter from the school yesterday.

KEEGAN
I know. I'll fix it. I promise.
Things are turning round. I got a new client -

MADDY
I know. I saw. Did you really think 20 years ago this is where you'd be today?

KEEGAN
Hey defending a famous, rich cannibal is exactly where any defense lawyer wants to be.

MADDY
That poor boy ...

KEEGAN
That poor boy?! ... At least he was dead when he was devoured. I'm being eaten alive ...

(CONTINUED)

MADDY
(teasing him)
Yeah, it's annoying how you have to
pay for stuff.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2) 38

KEEGAN
Capitalism sucks.
(new thought)
Hey, I got this tip.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED: (3)

38

MADDY

Oh please.

KEEGAN

I know - I know what you're thinking
 but if we joined forces on this one
 Doc -

MADDY

Horse? Dog? Ball team? Cock fight?
 You know, there's an election in Japan
 soon. I hear you can get great odds
 on the Social Democrats. What have
 you got for me, Key?!

KEEGAN

Australian iron ore.

She bursts into lovely hearty laughter.

39

I/E. UCLA - LAW SCHOOL - LATER

39

Keegan waits outside the UCLA Law School.

After a moment, his cell rings.

KEEGAN

Yeah?

INTERCUT:

39A

I/E. KEEGAN'S NEW OFFICE - DAY

39A

Leanne is setting up their stuff in a distinctly differently themed office.

LEANNE

I've been through all Wilson's phone records. He didn't make any calls, send any texts or 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. Cannibal's Monthly.com perhaps. Gourmet Cannibal
 ...

(CONTINUED)

39A

CONTINUED:

39A

KEEGAN

Listen where is this so-called expert? It's after 3. His expertise clearly isn't punctuality.

LEANNE

You outside the law school?

KEEGAN

Yeah.

LEANNE

USC law school.

KEEGAN

USC? You said UCLA.

LEANNE

No, I didn't. Check your texts.

KEEGAN

I will. And when I do -

He does so and finds, to his unending frustration, that he was wrong. Just before he is about to shower the campus with expletives -

- his eye is caught by a crowd of passing students. Can it be - yes - it's Mikki! He jumps up and starts after her.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)

Mikki! Mikki!

She sees him, turns and accelerates her pace. Keegan gives chase.

41 INT. LECTURE HALL - MINUTES LATER 41

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 Deane and I've been asked to fill in for your usual instructor who is temporarily indisposed. So what are we discussing currently?

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

STUDENT
Deceptive trade practices.

KEEGAN
Excellent. California Business and Professions Code. Deceptive Trade Practices and False Advertisement. These are measures designed to protect innocent and trusting purchasers -
(in Mikki's direction)
- from unscrupulous vendors. If in the course of a professional transaction, the party whose services you have engaged makes certain warranties - are you not as a purchaser entitled to rely on those warranties? If this professional were to say something to me like "I'll see you next Wednesday, Keegan" am I not entitled to rely on the fact I can see this professional next Wednesday?"

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

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

He hurries out.

42

EXT. 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 before he joined the State Department. 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 -

(CONTINUED)

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. Can you just be you - be who you are and talk to me.

MIKKI

This is who I am. Before this - I was who you wanted me to be. Some guys wanted me to be a nurse, a school girl, a dominatrix. 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.

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)

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.

(CONTINUED)

45.

42

CONTINUED: (2)

42

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (3)

42

ACT FIVEFADE IN:

43 I/E. BEN & SCARLET'S -- KITCHEN -- EVENING 43

Post dinner, Scarlet cleans up while Keegan sits with two of the Leon children, MAX (6) and ZOE (8) (both in pyjamas) climbing all over him. He tries to summon some enthusiasm for the game but is failing miserably.

Ben enters.

BEN
All right, you little monsters,
time for bed.

The kids protest.

BEN (CONT'D)
Come on. Say good night.

Max and Zoe hug Keegan. He hugs them back.

MAX & ZOE
Good night, Key.

KEEGAN
Night guys.

MAX & ZOE
Night mom.

Scarlet embraces them etc.

Keegan and Ben share a look.

KEEGAN
I should probably go.

BEN
I'll just be a minute. Grab
yourself another glass.
(exiting)
Come on guys! Tooth time!

Ben exits. Keegan thinks for a moment, picks up his empty wine glass and proceeds into the kitchen where he finds Scarlet tidying. He fills his wine glass.

(CONTINUED)

KEEGAN

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

SCARLET

I'm not sure ... Oh ...
(indicating a file on a
bench)
I printed out our amended witness
list for you.

Keegan opens the file, reads and sighs.

KEEGAN

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

SCARLET

(an anticipated victory)

There are four mothers on the jury, Key. That gives me four guilty verdicts right there. I'd really think about changing the plea, if I were you.

They share a look.

SCARLET (CONT'D)

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 her 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.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED: (2)

43

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
Red, you okay?

She hurries out of the house into the back garden. Keegan follows her, catches up with her and stops her.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)
Red, what is it?!

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?

SCARLET
The Marriage. The whole - thing. Our life together. I don't want it. I think I don't.

Pause.

KEEGAN
You're kidding me. Does he know?

SCARLET
Of course not. I barely know.

KEEGAN
Okay he did something. What did he do? Look, Ben's the sweetest guy in the world, if there's something he's done -

SCARLET
He didn't do anything! That's the problem.

Then Keegan sees Ben re-enter the kitchen.

BEN
Hey guys!

Scarlet wipes her tears away. A beat.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED: (3)

43

KEEGAN
We're out here.

44

INT. COURT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

44

Keegan sits with Graham.

KEEGAN
We don't have the video. So,
tactically it might be better to cop a
plea on insanity.

GRAHAM
You're not going out there and telling
the world I'm a murderer and I'm
crazy. I have a reputation -

KEEGAN
Yes, as a cannibal. That's it.
That's all you'll ever be from this
point on.

Pause.

GRAHAM
You don't fear me, do you Mr. Deane?

KEEGAN
No, I don't. I fear what might happen
to you.

GRAHAM
You know, I think we're cut from
the same cloth. You strike me as
someone who has passions; someone
who'll give in to passions. I'm
no stranger to passion myself.
I've tasted life fully.

KEEGAN
Among other things.

GRAHAM
We all have our idiosyncracies. You
love touching human flesh, don't you.
Caressing it. Kissing it. There are
millions out there who love to smack
it and who love it to be smacked.
It's just a question of degree ... Put
me on the stand. This can all be
explained.

(CONTINUED)

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 aspect 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.

45

EXT. COURT - DAY

45

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's 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. 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?

(CONTINUED)

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 -

She breaks down.

JUDGE #2

Take a moment Mrs Wilson.

As Lorraine calms herself, she looks to her daughter, DENA, who smiles supportively. Keegan then looks back to Dena. She locks eyes with Keegan, then looks away. A thought occurs to him. He turns to Leanne.

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.

LEANNE

What are you thinking?

Keegan gets out his phone and starts typing a text.

KEEGAN

Long shot.

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.

JUDGE #2

Are you ready to continue, Mrs
Wilson?

47

INT. COURT - LATER

47

Keegan cross-examines an already weakened Lorraine.

KEEGAN

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

LORRAINE

I did not.

Keegan holds up a file.

KEEGAN

You didn't really know your son at all, did you?

LORRAINE

I beg your pardon?

KEEGAN

He didn't confide in you.

Keegan places the file in front of her.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)

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?

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

LORRAINE

Here - and here.

(CONTINUED)

KEEGAN

Only twice in three months. That's interesting. And these were calls from you, not to you. Can you see your husband's number anywhere? Take a moment.

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 is a close family.

Scarlet stands.

SCARLET

Your Honor?

JUDGE #2

You've made your point, Mr. Deane.

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 that 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?

LORRAINE

It wasn't his choice!

KEEGAN

That choice is the result of years of
what - sadness?! Neglect?! Abuse??!

LORRAINE

(breaking down)

You didn't know him! 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 not
the monster you want him to be. He
is, no doubt about it, a man of
strange passions but he's simply not a
murderer.

*
*
*
*

LORRAINE

He is! He murdered my boy!!

KEEGAN

He was a participant in an agreed-upon
arrangement with your son to dispose
of his remains!

*

LORRAINE

A participant?! Is that what you
call him?!

*

KEEGAN

Your son reached out to him, Mrs
Wilson. It would seem your son was
prepared to reach out to anyone,
except you or your husband ...
You've seen the video, haven't you
Mrs Wilson?

*

LORRAINE

(genuine)

What video?

*

KEEGAN

The video your son sent to you in
which he confessed his desire to be
eaten by Dr Murray! The video you
have hidden from the police! The
video you have hidden from your
family!!

*

Dena jumps to her feet.

(CONTINUED)

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.

48 INT. COURT - LATER 48

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. Graham can be seen in the background making preparations.

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, Latural Canyon. I am an accountant currently employed by the firm of Russell and Garland.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I am about to commit suicide. I have here sleeping pills purchased by myself which I shall take in order to induce my death. 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. Engels?

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 moves to dismiss the murder charge.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE #2

Very well. The charge of murder is dismissed. Dr. Murray will remain in involuntary commitment pending further psychiatric assessment. Court is adjourned.

The guards come to take Graham back to confinement.

GRAHAM

Thank you, Mr. Deane.

Graham looks back at the faces in the court.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Annie was never going to come, was she.

KEEGAN

No.

GRAHAM

I don't blame her. I was a coward.

KEEGAN

How's that?

GRAHAM

I was never really honest with her. I think I was scared she'd discover the real me one day.

(smiles)

Here I am. For good or ill, Mr Deane ...

(being led away)

Don't forget. Australian iron ore.

Marcus is getting changed into black tie. His TEAM sits unperturbed as he changes.

Loud classical music is playing, over which Marcus speaks.

MARCUS

There's an old political maxim: in victory revenge, in defeat, malice. We can't change the verdict but we can change the public's perception of it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

MARCUS (CONT'D)

It was a verdict obtained by Keegan Deane, a man who is prepared to do anything, who is prepared to defend anyone to win, even a cannibal. He is a man without a moral compass, who distorts and perverts our system of justice etc etc. This campaign is going tough on crime people. We are lurching right. Marcia has the file. Defence attorneys like Keegan Deane are the problem not the solution. I want to read that in every paper tomorrow or you're all fired. Thank you.

50

EXT. COURT - DUSK

50

Keegan waits outside the building with Scarlet.

SCARLET

Blubbering mothers.

KEEGAN

Get you every time. You'll bounce back ... You doing okay?

SCARLET

Yeah. Forget what I said the other night. I was -

But Ben appears. Keegan cuts her off:

KEEGAN

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

BEN

I bow down to you, sir.

KEEGAN

Where's your mother? She must be elated. Give her a call. Time to party.

BEN

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

KEEGAN

Now as to my bill -

(CONTINUED)

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

(CONTINUED)

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

KEEGAN
 You um taking the 101?

BEN
 The 10's probably quicker right
 now.

KEEGAN
 Of course.

SCARLET
 Have a great night.

KEEGAN
 (glumly)
 I'm sure I will.

51 EXT. SIDEWALK NEAR WU'S CAFE - LATER 51

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

KEEGAN
 Oh God.

Then he sees Mikki, waiting on his stoop.

Keegan is surprised and confused.

She looks anxious.

A car's headlights find Keegan - and boy, they're getting closer. Keegan notices but there's not enough time to react. The car mounts the curb and clips him, sending him flying into the trash cans.

A silhouetted figure gets out of the car.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)

Margaret!

(forcing a smile)

Surely we can sit down and talk
about this like adults.

CUT TO:

Keegan, running for his life - such as it is - pursued by Margaret's headlights.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF PILOT