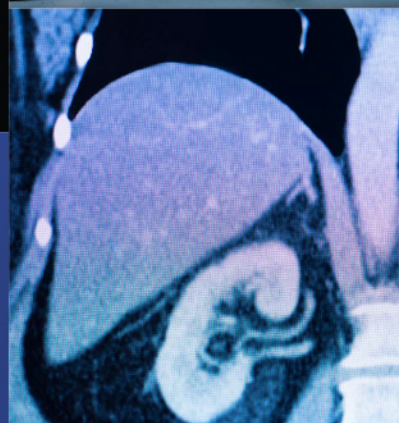
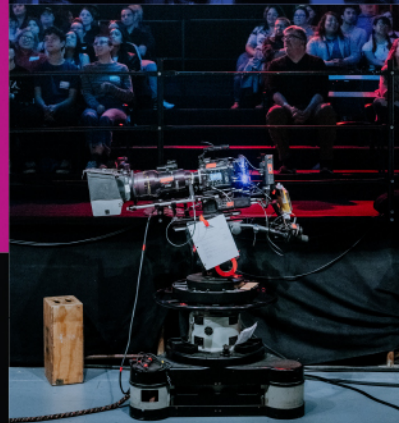
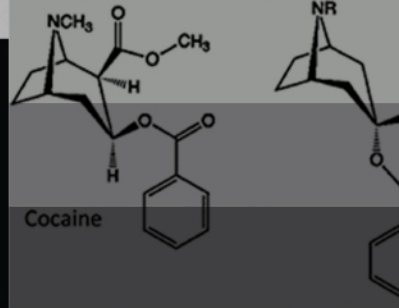


STAGE

4



ORIGINAL

TELEPLAY

AMENDS



BY

RUDI O'MEARA

AMENDS

PILOT - "IT'S ALL GOOOOOOD"

Written by

Rudi O'Meara

(415) 806-9527
rudi@rudiwithaneyeye.com

INT. TRAILER - DAY

In TIGHT CLOSE-UP, a MAN'S HAND delicately sprinkles a fine white powder from a tiny clear vial onto a long, curving, light brown surface.

From the hand's wrist dangles a gigantic silver dive watch. Around one pinkie sparkles a fancy gold signet ring.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
That tickles.

The hand pauses briefly.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Must be nice...

The hand continues laying down what might be the world's longest line of coke - along what we begin to realize is the zealously spray-tanned spine of a YOUNG WOMAN.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
...still being able to feel.

In the distance, we can barely make out a dogeared set of PAGES sitting next to a half-empty BOTTLE OF VODKA. But not the nice kind. The plastic kind. With a handle.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
I ever tell you about the time...

The vial empty, the hand leaves the frame - and returns with a rolled \$100 bill. Because, of course.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
...I hot-wired Travolta's--

The meticulously gelled and coiffed head of the YOUNG MAN enters the frame. We can't quite make out his face as he loudly SNORTS his way up the woman's spine.

SNNNNOOOOOORRRRT!

She GIGGLES. He stops - EXHALING loudly and switching nostrils - before HOOVERING up the last ten or so inches.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Oh... my--

Suddenly, the young man tumbles backward out of frame and hits the floor hard: KA-THUMP!

Another set of knuckles loudly pound at the thin metal door to the trailer: KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

P.A. (O.C.)
Wyatt? Ten minutes to call.

With the now cocaine-free spine of the young woman still in the foreground, the young man LEAPS back to his feet.

On his coke-dusted face is plastered a 1,000-watt smile.

WYATT
(catchphrase-y)
It's all goooooood...

HARD CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE, SET - DAY

The set your average, run-of-the-mill, 25 million viewers a night late 90s sitcom.

Three hulking cameras. Dimmed applause signs. Miscellaneous CREW silhouetted before a live STUDIO AUDIENCE of starstruck mid-westerners. Thin, well-worn flats.

From behind, we see the same young man - WYATT BAILEY (20s, fit but not buff, a kid hooked on the limelight) - stumble across the stage like a clown and shout:

WYATT
(identically)
It's all goooooood...

The applause signs FLASH! And a rolling thunderclap of UPROARIOUS APPLAUSE rumbles down from the bleachers.

All three cameras slowly PUSH IN on Wyatt - who's clearly accustomed to precisely this reaction all the time.

TITLE SEQUENCE: **AMENDS**

INT. HOSPITAL, EXAM ROOM - DAY

A brightly-lit, anonymous-looking hospital exam room.

SUPER: **TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LATER**

Clad now in a light blue hospital gown, a much older-looking Wyatt (now mid-50s), lies on the the bed of a donut-shaped MRI machine.

His eyes are puffy, his hair thinner. No gel. He's road-worn and wrinkled - evidently chewed up and spit out by the network and the industry writ large.

A MALE NURSE in pale green scrubs steps up and slides a thin foam pillow underneath Wyatt's neck.

NURSE
Any jewelry. Watch?

Wyatt anxiously wags his head. But then he remembers. *The signet ring!*

WYATT
Shit.

He tries lifting one arm. But it's strapped to the table.

The nurse nods - reaching across Wyatt's chest to yank the ring free of Wyatt's pinkie.

WYATT (CONT'D)
Sorry 'bout that.

The nurse struggles with it for a moment and then finally gets the ring free. Pausing, his eyes are locked on Wyatt's.

An odd, overlong second ticks by. It's like the nurse is waiting for something. But what?

NURSE
So, you're not gonna?

WYATT
Gonna what?

NURSE
Because, I can't!

WYATT
Can't what?

NURSE
Please.

Wyatt screws up his face. The giant machine behind and above him PURRS and WHIRS to life.

WYATT
What?!

NURSE
Do the, uh...

Wyatt grimaces.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Do the thing.

WYATT

No.

NURSE

(pleadingly)

Just once.

Wyatt looks like he's about to leap off the bed - before he remembers. His chest is strapped down, too. So are his legs.

He looks past the nurse - toward a trendily-attired MIDDLE-AGED MAN standing in the corner, presumably checking his email on his phone.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Pretty please...

Wyatt, looking like a caged animal, BARKS toward the man in the corner:

WYATT

See!

The nurse does a quick double-take - as if there's no one actually there.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

(not looking up)

As your agent, I recommend you soak this shit right up.

(scrolling)

I mean, at least somebody still recognizes you.

Clearly not seeing the man in the corner, the nurse stiffens - backing away. *WTF?*

NURSE

I'm sorry. That was rude. I shouldn't have--

Wyatt SIGHS - swiveling his view back to the ceiling.

WYATT

No, no. It's... it's...

Wyatt closes his eyes.

WYATT (CONT'D)

(halfhearted)

It's all goooooood...

The nurse spins in his Crocks - fist-pumping.

NURSE

Yes!

Behind him, the man in the corner is, indeed, gone.

There's literally nobody there.

SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK! The nurse crosses the empty room.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Alright. This should only take
about fifteen minutes.

The bed JOLTS slightly - and Wyatt's Velcroed-down body starts sliding head-first into the tube.

NURSE (O.S.)

And, please. Do your best to stay
as still as possible.

WHOOSH! The nurse exits through unseen doors - his
DISEMBODIED VOICE now echoing over speakers as the magnets
inside of the machine CLICK AND WHIR.

NURSE (CONT'D)

(overly chipper)
Gotta get a good look at what's
growing... I mean going... on
inside that tumor of yours!

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

Done with his scan (and dressed now in expensive but
threadbare sweats and a tattered cashmere hoodie), Wyatt
crosses the lobby.

The Hollywood type from the exam room - HARVEY (60s, slicked
back hair, martini paunch, bleached teeth) - follows Wyatt.

Yes, he's still checking his email.

HARVEY

(into his phone)
Why'd they have to send someone to
fetch you?

An ELDERLY WOMAN piloting a walker across the floor looks
up, clocks Wyatt, drops a used tissue from her bony hand.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

That's just insulting.

Wyatt pauses, bends to pick up the tissue, gallantly hands
it back to the woman.

WYATT
No, it's a courtesy.

HARVEY
What do they think? You're gonna bolt? Again.

Wyatt winks a puffy eye toward the woman.

WYATT
Maybe?

She squints her eyes back. *Who the devil is he talking to?*

HARVEY
You wouldn't get far.

Wyatt turns away from the woman. She crumples the tissue in her hand, starstruck.

WYATT
What's that supposed to mean?

HARVEY
(changing the subject)
What'd they say up there?

Wyatt takes a bend toward a pair of doors to the street.

WYATT
Nothing.

HARVEY
Nothing?!

WHOOSH! WHOOSH! The doors glide open.

WYATT
They said the doc would call with the results...

Still trailed by Harvey (who's still not looking up), Wyatt steps out into the bright sunshine, squinting.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Reaching into the pouch pocket on his hoodie, Wyatt fishes out a battered pair of Persols - sliding them on.

WYATT (CONT'D)
...once they have 'em.

In the distance, a YOUNG ORDERLY in a uniform (looking almost like a cabana boy at a fancy spa) lifts a hand, gesturing toward Wyatt.

Wyatt nods discretely back - seeming a tad humiliated.

Harvey finally pauses, glancing up. The white Range Rover behind the young man is emblazoned with a decal reading:

SERENITY MALIBU - WORLD-CLASS TREATMENT

Harvey scowls.

HARVEY
Such a cliché.

WYATT
Shut it.

Wyatt pauses in front of the young orderly - his eyes scanning his name tag.

WYATT (CONT'D)
Hey... Ben.

The young orderly - BEN (20s, irritatingly clean-cut) - smiles serenely and reaches to open the back door.

BEN
Mister Bailey.

I/E. RANGE ROVER - DAY

Wyatt tumbles into the SUV and slides quickly across the leather to the other side to make room for Harvey.

WYATT
Please, Mr. Bailey's my dad.

BANG! The door slams shut - leaving Harvey standing out on the sidewalk.

Ben skip/jogs around the front of the car.

WYATT (CONT'D)
(muffled, from inside)
Who left when I was three.

Ben throws open the driver's side door and leaps inside.

WYATT (CONT'D)
Heartless rummy.

Out of nowhere, Harvey suddenly chimes in from the seat right next to Wyatt:

HARVEY (O.S.)
Rummy? What are you, Hemingway?

Wyatt turns and HISSES toward Harvey, not so discretely:

WYATT
Shhh!

BEN
I'm sorry?

WYATT
Shhhooow... how's about we make a little stop on the way back?

Ben lifts a thumb to the ignition button. VROOM!

BEN
Afraid that's not allowed, Wyatt.

WYATT
Just the Country Mart?

BEN
My orders are to--

WYATT
I'm out of American Spirits.

Ben throws the car into gear, pulling out.

BEN
(eyes on the street)
You really should consider quitting.
(eyes in the mirror)
I mean, I'm sure they'll wanna reboot the show. Have a reunion, like, someday. Right?

WYATT
Pfffft.

HARVEY
Pfffft.

BEN
You'll wanna look your best.

HARVEY
That ship has sailed.

WYATT
 (toward Harvey)
 Hey!

Ben does a weird double-take in the mirror. *Who the heck is he talking to?*

BEN
 (after a second)
 Fine. In and out. But don't tell you know who.

WYATT
 Secret's safe with me.

Ben smiles, eyes back on the road. For a second it looks as though he can barely contain his excitement - like he can't wait to tell Mom who's in his back seat. Again.

After a second:

HARVEY
 (toward Wyatt)
 Look at this schmuck. Probably thinks this is his ticket to the big time. Schlepping your sad ass back back and forth from rehab.

Wyatt looks away - out his window. As he does, we notice that the arm of his glasses is being held together with a rusty paperclip.

WYATT
 (toward Ben)
 So, uh, tell me about your script.

Harvey SMACKS his palm flatly against his own forehead.

BEN
 How'd you know I had a script?

Wyatt begins to answer. But Ben cuts him off excitedly:

BEN (CONT'D)
 Okay! So, you know "Planet of the Apes"?

Wyatt nods toward his window.

BEN (CONT'D)
 Well, think: "Planet of the Apes" meets "Little Miss Sunshine".

Next to Wyatt, Harvey just wags his palm-covered forehead side-to-side. *Please, make it stop.*

EXT. MALIBU COUNTRY MART - AFTERNOON

The rehab Range Rover pulls up to an empty spot in front of the fancy/folksy boutique mall.

Nearly every other car in sight is either a Lamborghini, a BMW, or a Bentley.

Ben cuts the engine and leaps out onto the tarmac.

I/E. RANGE ROVER - DAY

From the back seat, Wyatt SHOUTS through the open door:

WYATT
(toward Ben)
When we get back, I'll see if I can
sneak it into conversation...

Wyatt lets his eyes drift sideways, toward Harvey.

WYATT (CONT'D)
...with my agent.

HARVEY
Nope!

BEN
(from outside the car)
You'd really do that?! For me?

WYATT
Sure I would.

BEN
(over the moon)
Dude! DUDE!

Ben mimics Wyatt's signature clown-like moves from the soundstage earlier

BEN (CONT'D)
It's all goooooood...

HARVEY
(back to his phone)
Oh, buddy.

WYATT
Now, remember. Blues. Not the
yellows. Or the greens.

Ben nods, flashing pistol fingers.

WYATT (CONT'D)
Blues! Yessir!

BANG! Ben slams the door, disappearing from view.

For an overlong few seconds, Wyatt and Harvey sit side-by-side in silence - not saying a word.

Finally, Harvey lowers his phone.

HARVEY
You know they'll never, ever invite
you to a reboot. Not after all of
your... *shenanigans*.

INSERT :

In a swift series of FLASH CUTS set to the driving beat of "Oh!" by The Linda Lindas, we watch as Wyatt:

-- Tumbles backward out an open window at a LATE NIGHT Hollywood Hills pool party with a brimming tumbler of whiskey in one hand and fist full of pills in the other --

-- Lands an awkward DAYTIME cannonball in the pool at the Chateau Marmont while wearing nothing but a monogrammed bathrobe and an old-fashioned gas mask --

-- Floats at the bottom of another pool - suddenly AT NIGHT and no longer wearing the gas mask - clad only in a gold Speedo and his then brand-new Persols --

-- Gets yanked up from the bottom of yet another pool - this time in BROAD DAYLIGHT - by a SECURITY GUARD and someone resembling a much younger-looking Harvey --

-- Lies on the deck of a different pool (this time AT NIGHT and wearing his cashmere hoodie, now soaked) while reaching across himself for a small mirror on a nearby chaise --

-- Snorts up a beefy line of cocaine from a different mirror next to yet another pool - somehow again in BLINDING DAYLIGHT and suddenly shirtless --

-- Stands - dressed again and clutching the same tumbler - beside the open window at the SAME HOLLYWOOD POOL PARTY from earlier --

END MONTAGE.

I/E. RANGE ROVER - MOMENTS LATER

Wyatt and Harvey both SIGH loudly - seeming as if they've both just shared the same flashback we did.

WYATT
I stayed at the party too long.

HARVEY
Understatement of the century.

WYATT
No wonder I lost my place in line.
In the industry.

Harvey nods.

HARVEY
No wonder the network pulled the
show out of syndication...

Wyatt draws a quick breath as if to argue.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
...after you *crash* landed your
fucking plane upside-down on PCH!

WYATT
PCP. And, technically, it was
Travolta's plane.

RING! RING! A pocketed phone blares.

Wyatt looks to Harvey. Harvey flashes him his phone. It's black. Powered off. Of course.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Aren't you gonna get that?

RING! RING!

Wyatt jolts forward, as if having fully forgotten he even had a phone.

WYATT
Shit.

He yanks his phone out of a pocket in his sweatpants and unlocks it without even looking at who's calling.

WYATT (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
This is Wyatt.

We don't hear the other side of the conversation. Just:

WYATT (CONT'D)
Oh, hey. Yeah. Thank you. Yeah,
that was... fast.

Harvey looks at him expectantly. *Who is it?*

WYATT (CONT'D)
Yeah.
(beat)
Uh-huh.
(beat)
Okay.
(beat)
Right.

Wyatt turns his face away from Harvey - as if trying to shield himself from his gaze.

In the distance, we can make out Ben returning to the car.

WYATT (CONT'D)
Well, that's--

Long pause. Someone on the other end of the line is clearly elaborating, in detail.

The driver's side front door opens and Ben throws himself back into the front seat - tossing two packs of American Spirits (both yellow) onto the center console.

WYATT (CONT'D)
(gravely)
I see.

Ben starts the car. Harvey gestures. *Who the fuck is it?*

Whatever color left in Wyatt's face drains swiftly away.

WYATT (CONT'D)
(flat)
Yes. I understand. Thank you. Thank
you for--
(beat)
Yes. You, uh, you too. I mean--

CLICK. The line goes dead.

Wyatt lowers the phone - his eyes on the two yellow packs of cigarettes in the cup holder up front.

Ben backs the Range Rover out of the lot.

BEN
 Sorry, man. No blues. Only lights.
 Better for ya anyway.

HARVEY
 What is it?

WYATT
 The 'c' word.

BEN
 Huh?!

Wyatt ignores Ben (who obviously can't hear or see Harvey).

WYATT
 (toward Harvey)
 Stage four. Inoperable.
 (beat)
 Liver. Gallbladder. Lymph nodes.

HARVEY
 Fuck me!

Looking nervous, Ben accelerates.

WYATT
 Growing. Unstoppable.

BEN
 I'm sorry--

HARVEY
 Just like your career.

WYATT
 That's not--

BEN
 (eyes on the road)
 Are you talking to me?

WYATT
 (toward Ben)
 No. No, kid. It's not--

Wyatt slips his phone back into his pocket. Harvey's clearly beside himself - normally less of an open book.

WYATT (CONT'D)
 (pained)
 It's all goooooood...

HARVEY
Jesus! FUCK! How long?

Wyatt shrugs, a man broken.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
God fucking...

PRE-LAP: The door to the Range Rover SLAMS shut.

EXT. REBAB CENTER - DUSK

Surreptitiously palming the packs of cigarettes, Ben opens the door for Wyatt - who slowly slides out revealing an empty back seat. No Harvey.

Wyatt hands Ben a \$20 and takes the packs.

WYATT
Keep up the writing, huh?

BEN
Yessir!

Wyatt turns to walk around the back of the Range Rover - toward the grandiose, colonnaded façade of the rehab center.

Behind it, high clouds are tinged a faint pastel pink.

As soon as Wyatt clears the back of the car, Harvey suddenly jogs up behind him, shouting:

HARVEY
What are you doing?!

Wyatt does his best to tune him out - marching on.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
You can't go back to that... gulag!

INT. REBAB CENTER - EVENING

WHOOSH! Wyatt wordlessly pushes his way through another set of automatic doors and into a grand-looking lobby.

Harvey follows him in.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Not now! Not after all this!

Wyatt waves to a BURLY RECEPTIONIST who nods his direction before lifting a pen to some sort of guest log.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
 (way too loud)
 For god sakes, man! You're FUCKING
 DYING!

No one in the posh domed space full of ferns and Grecian sculptures even bats an eye.

Clearly, no one can see him but Wyatt. And, frankly, right now he'd rather not.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
 What'd he say? Weeks? Months?
 Years?!

WYATT
 (keeping his voice down)
 She. And weeks.

Wyatt bends toward a long hallway. The place looks more like a chic five-star hotel than a rehab center.

Wyatt slows at a door down the hall and thrusts a hand into his sweats pocket - pulling out a key card.

WYATT (CONT'D)
 Sooner, if I'm lucky.

SWISH. BUZZ. CLICK! The door opens and Wyatt slips into --

INT. REHAB CENTER, WYATT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The place feels more like a suite at a destination resort than a court-ordered lockup.

Wyatt tries tugging the door shut behind himself. But it's too late, Harvey's already inside.

HARVEY
 We gotta get outta here!

Wyatt (still looking pale) tosses his wallet and the American Spirits onto an ebony credenza.

WYATT
 And do what? Go on one last epic
 bender?

He pulls off his hoodie - revealing a baggy light gray t-shirt emblazoned with an oversized Yves Saint Laurent logo.

WYATT (CONT'D)
 No thanks.

HARVEY
Fuck! We gotta do something!

Wyatt lets his shoulders fall.

WYATT
Just my luck having an imaginary
agent with no agency.

HARVEY
Talk about zero agency! You're
pathetic!

WYATT
And you're dead!

HARVEY
No thanks to you.

WYATT
What's that supposed to mean?

HARVEY
You gotta get a second opinion,
another--

Wyatt veers toward a mini fridge - bending to open it.
Instead of tiny bottles of vodka, it's stocked with nothing
but aloe water.

WYATT
Already did. Past tense.

HARVEY
Something you happen to know an
awful lot about. Mister has-been.

Wyatt cracks a bottle, downing it swiftly (seemingly
imagining it's something else entirely).

WYATT
You always knew just what to say.

Suddenly, Harvey loudly SNAPS his fingers.

HARVEY
(excitedly)
I got it!

Wyatt bins the empty bottle.

WYATT
I'm gonna take a swim.

HARVEY
Listen to me. If you could do
anything - ANYTHING - right now,
what would it be?

Wyatt pulls off his t-shirt. Where once we've seen actual
abs, now there's nothing but flab.

WYATT
I told you. I'm going for a swim.

HARVEY
No, no. Think about it.

WYATT
About what?

HARVEY
Closure!

Wyatt pushes roughly past him - toward the bathroom.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
That's the one thing I never got.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY [FLASHBACK]

A younger Harvey - dressed in tennis whites - collapses to
his knees and drops his racket, clutching his heart.

Across the net, seemingly readying to serve, a jittery
(presumably coked-up) Wyatt looks up from bouncing a ball
rapidly up and down with his left hand.

WYATT
Harvey?

Wyatt's face falls. The lone ball bounces away from him. He
throws his racket and charges toward the net.

WYATT (CONT'D)
(screaming on the run)
Help! Somebody call--

END FLASHBACK.

INT. REHAB CENTER, WYATT'S ROOM - SAME

Harvey shouts toward the bathroom:

HARVEY
God, all the people I fucked over.
All the careers I ruined!

Wyatt emerges from the bathroom wearing nothing but the golden Speedo from earlier. Now, it barely fits.

WYATT
I'm right here.

Harvey surges toward him, grabs him by his naked shoulders.

HARVEY
No, no. Listen! If I'd known my time was up, I would've done things differently. Said goodbye. Found some fucking closure!

WYATT
You're forgetting. Nobody out there even remembers I'm still alive. Nobody cares!

HARVEY
You know that's not true.
(beat)
Here's what we do. I spring you outta here. We head to Canter's. Start making a list.

WYATT
What kind of list?

HARVEY
A schmuck-it list! Of every person you ever wronged.

WYATT
That's a terrible idea!

Harvey lets go of Wyatt, steps back.

HARVEY
Like Sarah.

Wyatt STAMMERS, stunned.

INT. HOUSE - DAY [FLASHBACK]

A slightly younger Wyatt stands with a clenched fist pressed to a pink door with the words DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT slashed across it in thick magic marker.

WYATT
But honey, Daddy didn't mean to--

From beyond the door, a GIRL'S VOICE. His daughter's voice.

SARAH (O.S.)
I said leave me ALONE!

Wyatt relaxes his fist, runs his palm over the door.

WYATT
I swear it won't happen again. I'm
done with that stuff. I'm clean!

Beat.

Wyatt brightens. Then:

SARAH (O.S.)
Like I'm gonna trust you?! You're
an actor!
(beat)
A professional liar!

END FLASHBACK.

INT. REHAB CENTER, WYATT'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harvey crosses his arms cockily. The sky through the windows
behind him is a ridiculous scarlet.

Wyatt looks rocked to the core.

HARVEY
What's the eighth step?

WYATT
(distantly)
Make a list of all the persons
you've harmed...

HARVEY
(ecstatic)
...and become willing to make
amends to them all!

Wyatt nods more to himself than to Harvey.

WYATT
Okay. I'm in.

Harvey SMACKS his hands together loudly.

HARVEY
That's more like it! Put some
fucking clothes on! And no more
goddamn sweatpants!
(theatrically)
We're going OUT!

EXT. REHAB CENTER, SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

While a LONE SWIMMER slowly traverses the brightly lit, turquoise pool, Wyatt slowly strides along the decking wearing a plush cotton bathrobe.

One of his hands is tucked inside the lapels of the robe, Napoleon-style. A towel is draped over one shoulder. He's barefoot. And Harvey's nowhere to be seen.

Maybe Wyatt's come to his senses and is going for a swim after all?

But then he pauses, dropping the towel to a chaise in the far corner of the deck next to a tall chain link fence.

As he does, we notice that his back is bulging slightly. Something backpack-like must be tucked up under his robe.

SPLASH! The lone swimmer does a kick turn at the near end of the pool and paddles swiftly away.

There's not another soul in sight. Until, from just beyond the fence:

HARVEY

Go, go, go!

WYATT

Fuck me.

Wyatt reluctantly drops his robe. In the hand previously tucked into the robe, he's clutching a pair of black Italian loafers. And he's wearing a tailored black suit.

A leather laptop bag is slung over his shoulders. And the cuffs of his trousers are rolled up to his knees.

HARVEY

Hurry! We don't have all night!

With the swimmer nearing the far side of the pool, Wyatt drops his shoes, kicks his feet into them (no socks), and then lunges for the fence - climbing as fast as he can.

INT. CANTER'S - NIGHT

From the pool to the warm glow of this landmark deli. Florescent lights above HUM behind a grid of transparent images of autumn leaves.

An ELDERLY WAITRESS slams two bowls of mish mosh soup down in front of Wyatt.

He's seated solo in a dark orange Naugahyde booth.

WAITRESS

Two?

WYATT

Yeah. He'll be here in a little--

WAITRESS

Say, aren't you that--

WYATT

(distantly)

It's all goooooood...

The waitress nods, unimpressed. *Thought so.*

WAITRESS

(turning to leave)

You've aged.

As she departs, Harvey SLAMS himself into the empty seat across from Wyatt.

HARVEY

Talk about aged. I think she worked my bar mitzvah.

He leans forward, dips his nose into the steam, breathes in.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

So good!

Trying to ignore him, Wyatt reaches out for his coffee.

WYATT

Three years at Julliard. Six Emmys. And now my only audience is the ghost of my fucking agent...

(taking a sip)

I just violated my parole, I'll have you know!

HARVEY

So what? You're dying. Remember?

Harvey eyes his soup longingly.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Wyatt looks around. Thankfully, in this town, anyone talking to themselves alone in front of two bowls of soup is either running lines or closing deals over AirPods. Or both.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
 Alright. Names!

Wyatt SIGHS, looking broken. A doomed man.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
 I mean, sure, I know all the usual
 suspects. Like, the entire cast!

INSERT MONTAGE:

Again, via super-swift FLASH CUTS, we catch quick glimpses
 of Wyatt imagining trying to make amends and instead:

-- Getting SLAPPED in the face by a YOUNG MODEL, presumably
 the one with formerly coke-laden spinal column --

-- Getting PUNCHED in the gut by a more appropriately aged
 woman - possibly Wyatt's resentful FIRST EX-WIFE --

-- Getting SMACKED over the head with a bright red plastic
 lunchbox by a young girl - likely Wyatt's DAUGHTER --

-- Getting SHOVED backward off the stoop of a mansion by
 someone resembling super-agent MICHAEL OVITZ --

END MONTAGE.

INT. CANTER'S - SAME

His face still shrouded in steam, Harvey nods toward Wyatt.

HARVEY
 And you know who...

EXT. TOPANGA CANYON, DRIVEWAY - DAY [FLASHBACK]

A feral Wyatt jogs across a steeply pitched residential
 street as a dust-covered, late 80s Jaguar idles at the curb
 behind him belching smoke.

On the opposite side of the street waits a BEDRAGGLED DRUG
 DEALER (30s, greasy).

WYATT
 (out-of-breath)
 Two seventy-five a gram?

DRUG DEALER
 Man. Keep your voice down.

Wyatt skids to a stop, yanking a out wad of bills.

Behind him, the driver's side rear window of the Jaguar lowers. In the back seat waits the girl with the lunchbox.

Finally we see Wyatt's daughter SARAH (13 going on 27).

SARAH
I know what you're doing over there!

WYATT
(ignoring her)
Can you break a hundred?

The drug dealer rolls his eyes, passing Wyatt a baggie.

Behind Wyatt, the Jaguar slowly comes un-moored from the curb and starts rolling backward - in neutral not park.

SARAH
Um, dad?

DRUG DEALER
(eyes on the car)
Uh, dude?

Wyatt does an impatient double-take - BARKING toward the drug dealer:

WYATT (CONT'D)
Change!

His eyes still tracking Sarah in the Jaguar, the drug dealer distractedly thrusts him wrinkled pair of twenties.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD, CITY STREET - NIGHT

Sated but beleaguered (and more than a little nervous about being on the lamb from rehab again), Wyatt walks quickly down a sidewalk lined with posh stucco bungalows.

Harvey's right behind him.

HARVEY
Yeah. Maybe you're right. Save the poor kid for last. Start with someone easy.

Clearly, Wyatt's mind is elsewhere. He's not even listening.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Like, Ovitz. Jealous fucker.

Wyatt rounds a corner. Harvey follows.

WYATT
Ovitz?!

HARVEY
The yutz.

WYATT
Jealous? Of what?!

HARVEY
Me! That you chose me after he
fired you!

WYATT
That makes literally no sense.

HARVEY
Where are we going?

No answer.

HARVEY
Alright, start easier. Who'd you
bully? As a kid.

WYATT
Bully?

HARVEY
Everyone bullied someone.

WYATT
Not me.

HARVEY
Especially the kids who were picked
on the worst.

Wyatt nearly trips on a crack in the sidewalk.

WYATT
What makes you think I was picked
on?

HARVEY
Four failed marriages. Three DUIs.
Two felonies. God knows how many
bastard children!

WYATT
Hey!

HARVEY

Hell, you were a sitcom star!
Meticulously conditioned to seek
out abuse on a weekly basis before
a live studio audience!

Wyatt rounds another corner, slowing.

Down the block, we can see a cluster of news vans with their
satellite dishes pointed to the sky.

WYATT

(distantly)

Sam. Sam Thorn.

Harvey slows too at the sight of a pack of REPORTERS
gathered around the vans. Wyatt stops dead. *That's my house.*

WYATT (CONT'D)

Used to beat the shit out of him in
fourth grade.

Harvey grabs Wyatt by the shoulders, spinning him back
around - away from the reporters.

HARVEY

With a name like that, I'd have
thought it'd be the other way
around.

(beat)

Hurry! Before they--

In the distance, a minor COMMOTION. *Have they been made?*

Together, Wyatt and Harvey sprint away - disappearing back
around the corner they just rounded.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

(already winded)

Where'd you grow up again?

WYATT

Connecticut. Greenwich.

HARVEY

Oh. Right. Fancy!

Harvey darts across the street and toward a darkened alley.

WYATT

I just wanna go home and die in
peace!

HARVEY

You are not dying on me!

He runs like his life (and his commission) depends on it.
Wyatt can barely keep up.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Where are we going?!

HARVEY

LAX!

WYATT

But I'm--

HARVEY

And home? Are you nuts?!

WYATT

I'm a flight risk!

Harvey slows, spinning back around. So far, no one seems to be following them. *Are they're in the clear?*

HARVEY

Of course you are, my boy. Of course you are.

Harvey, GASPING, nods - a mischievous glint in his eyes.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Video of you climbing that fence is probably all over TMZ by now. So, let's go. No time to waste!

EXT. BACK GREENWICH, COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

From the darkened alley to the bucolic country roads of Greenwich, Connecticut. Mansions and amber leaves.

An anonymous shitty RENTAL CAR trundles swiftly by.

I/E. SHITTY RENTAL CAR - DAY

Equal parts cramped and disgusted, Harvey sits with one hand dangling from the grip above his grimy window.

HARVEY

Man, you are broke.

WYATT

I told you! Simone got everything.
Literally everything!

HARVEY
Should've had Burt draw up...

WYATT
...a prenup! I FUCKING KNOW!
(beat)
NOW!

HARVEY
Touch-y.

WYATT
I just found out I'm doomed!

Both men stare out the hazy windshield, saying nothing.

WYATT (CONT'D)
And I hate being back here. Gives
me the creeps.

HARVEY
Why?

Harvey rubs the cuff of his jacket across his window in
small, smear-y circles.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
If I could see out my window, I'd
say it looks perfectly--

Wyatt suddenly slams on the brakes. SCREECH!

WYATT
Shit.

HARVEY
What?

WYATT
That's it.

HARVEY
That?!

WYATT
I can't--

Out the windshield, we can barely make out what appears to a
sprawling Tudor mansion surrounded by verdant, lavishly-
manicured grounds.

It's like something out of a BBC period costume drama.

WYATT (CONT'D)
That's his parents house! He never
fucking left!

HARVEY
Jesus.

WYATT
It was a wreck when I was a kid.
Everyone thought it was haunted.

HARVEY
Yeah, by that little man with the
monocle in Monopoly maybe.

Wyatt speeds up again - not wanting to draw attention.

WYATT
Smaller than I remember.

HARVEY
Looks big enough to me!
(beat)
Pull in.

WYATT
No!

HARVEY
Pull in!

Wyatt accelerates.

WYATT
No way!

HARVEY
See now, that's always been your
problem. Terrible follow-through!

Wyatt GROANS, speeding up. Everywhere we look there are
sprawling idyllic estates.

WYATT
Hate this fucking place!

HARVEY
Just turn around. And do what we
came here to do.

WYATT
Which is what again?!

HARVEY
Apologize. Mend fences.

WYATT
His fence is fucking fine!

It is. Indeed. And expensive looking.

HARVEY
Two words: I'm sorry. Then we go
anywhere you want.

Outside Wyatt's window, the impeccable stone fence is still
rolling gaudily by. *Will it ever end?*

WYATT
FINE!

HARVEY
Fine.

Wyatt SQUEALS a hard left.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. THORN ESTATE - DAY

Wyatt stands on the doorstep with his fist still hovering
next to a massive brass knocker. The bright red door flies
open - revealing a hulking MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

Meet SAM THORN (mid-50s, deeply-tanned, effortlessly suave
and unbelievably ripped). Think: Bond villain or monied,
high-end enforcer. Not someone to be trifled with.

WYATT
So, I uh-- You might not...

Sam narrows his eyes.

Of course, Harvey is nowhere to be seen.

WYATT (CONT'D)
...remember me.

Sam crosses his arms. His truly enormous biceps ripple.

SAM
Remember you?

Wyatt reflexively lifts both hands, palms-out.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Your stupid face was beamed into my
 house every Thursday night to
 remind me...

Wyatt takes a half step back.

WYATT
 Whoa, whoa, whoa.

SAM
 ...of what you did to me.

WYATT
 That's not--

Sam doesn't budge.

SAM
 What're you doing here?!

WYATT
 I'm here to-- I'm here to say I'm
 sorry! That's it, man! I'm--

Sam uncrosses his arms - his expression doesn't change.

SAM
 Get the fuck outta here.

Wyatt takes a second step back. Over his shoulder we see
 Harvey listening in from behind a thick potted topiary.

WYATT
 Yeah, yeah. Good--

Suddenly, Sam LUNGES across the threshold - wrapping his
 mammoth arms around Wyatt and lifting him up off the ground.

SAM
 Dude. I'd recognize you anywhere!

Sam CRUSHES Wyatt in an overlong, inescapable bear hug.

SAM (CONT'D)
 I was so bummed when they canceled
 your fuckin' show. SO bummed!

WYATT
 (barely able to breathe)
 You, uh, you were?

SAM
 It's all goooooood...

Sam drops Wyatt. Beyond them both, no sign of Harvey.

SAM (CONT'D)
This calls for a fuckin' DRINK!

He yanks Wyatt like a rag doll back across the threshold.

WYATT
Well, actually I--

SAM
Fuck that shit. Rehab's for
quitters!

Sam SLAMS the door shut behind them loudly. BANG!

As if on cue, Harvey steps slowly out from behind the
topiary, rubbing his chin.

HARVEY
Interesting. Very--

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL END CREDITS --

To "Crown on the Ground" by Sleigh Bells.

END PILOT